

No Merry Men to be found

There was an outlaw from Nottingham, championed for his exploits throughout the world. He robbed from the rich and gave to the poor, rescued country and fair maiden from the grasp of evil, and lived happily ever after. Well now Nottingham has a team that wishes to emulate the might of Robin Hood.

While the local masses continue to swell the ever-decreasing coffers of Nottingham Forest, Nottingham Forest continue to deceive, as loaves, loot and, more often than not, three points are duly delivered to the doorsteps of football clubs the length and breadth of the country.

With two thirds of the season gone and more travels and travesties to come on the road than there are games in the fair city of Nottingham, a dilemma has arisen. A panic not seen since the arrival of Eugene Dadi.

This season was supposed to be so great. A stroll along easy street; the good times

BY CARL BLACKBOROW

returning. Players of this calibre would surely fire us out of the ebbs we found at our lowest. Hasn't quite turned out that way has it?

What has actually happened is that 'players of this calibre' have got us into a very tricky situation. It seems travel sickness has affected the entire squad, although I'm not convinced there is a doctor out there with the skills to find a cure.

Who is to blame for the away form that is a serious haemorrhage to Forest's potential points tally? The players? The manager? Maybe it's a little bit of both?

Megson has no excuses anymore for not having the squad large enough or good enough to scrape their way up the table above such luminaries as Oldham and Colchester. The chairman has put his money where his mouth is. If Megson did

the same, who's Roman Abramovich?!

The winless run on the road threatens to undo all the good things that have been gained at the City Ground. Time is running out, it's put up or shut up. Do or die.

The 'P' word remains a constant noose around Megson's neck. Each game that passes with no points, the noose is taut tighter. The stool on which he stands is inched away from his feet. He can keep those shoes only because there is nobody to fill them. For now.

If Forest achieve the diminishing hopes of promotion, unlike their famous cloth-capped ancestor before them, there will be no Hollywood movie, just a round of applause and a merry conclusion to a very sorry saga.

But the script of the legend may have to be altered, because the poor will have taken what the rich assumed was theirs, and kept the loot and the glory all to themselves.

The Time-waster Letter

Forest's recent defeat away at Colchester prompted many different reactions from fans – most of them involving excessive use of the f-word! However, we like to be a bit more constructive, so our very own RICH FISHER rattled off this letter to the Nottingham branch of Trading Standards...

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing to inform you of an apparent scam that has seen thousands of unwitting customers hand over money under the mistaken impression that they will be getting to see a top football team.

As you probably know, Nottingham Forest were European Cup winners in 1979 and 1980, and have long had a strong reputation for their attractive interpretation of the beautiful game.

However, there is a team currently trading as Nottingham Forest who are quite clearly a bunch of charlatans.

I make this suggestion after a recent trip to Colchester, where I paid good money to see what I thought would be a match between Colchester United and Nottingham Forest. Clearly though, I'd been duped – far from

what you'd expect from a club with such a proud history, the 'Nottingham Forest' that turned up on the day in question had all the verve and flair of a hungover pub team. A particular offender were a guy called Nicky Eaden, who did nothing other than constantly hoof the ball in the air, posing a huge risk to conservatory-owners living in the vicinity of the stadium.

I hope you can investigate this bunch of imposters before any more fans are fleeced of their hard-earned cash.

Yours faithfully,
Rich Fisher

We will, of course, let you know if we get a reply, or indeed, in trouble with the police.



Perfect for the rabble of chavs that seem to appear at the City Ground every time there's a 'Kids for a Quid' offer, this wristband – currently available on eBay – is the ideal way to show your support for the Reds. However, the starting price of £1.99 might be a bit beyond the means of potential customers.



Send pictures of any Forest tat you have spotted or purchased to rubbish@tlf.co.uk