



I USED to love manoeuvring myself onto that big, stiff wood, writhing myself up and down on it, riding it roughly, screaming out with pleasure, wondering, worried if I could take it all, and how much it would hurt and then finally, when the relief came, covering myself in the big wet, salty splashes it gave off. I used to have to pay for it like, but it was worth it.

And now The Logs at Blackpool have shut down. Forty years they have been there and not so much as a Farepak farewell.

You go into a petrol station in Cheadle and when you come out some fckr has nicked it.

No 80 new super nannies that the government have ordered is going to sort my distraughtness out. Where was fckn Kroney Goodchin or Gordon 'The banter' Burns, the bastards? Not a fckn tap on the news. One minute The Logs are trying to sort you out a ticket for Squires Gate because you got them a ticket for the New Order gig in Blackpool and the next minute Paul 'The limp' Lake is heard to be after the scrap, the pretend bi-ped. That's no end for such a ride.

And it was a ride.

I was born on a cross-fire hurricane. No you wasn't...

The Bobs at Belle Vue went. And now The Logs at Blackpool. It comes in threes. Somewhere a ride is going to end. There was nothing Mancunians could do about stopping The Bobs going. We thought they were ours because we loved them so.

But they weren't. Americans had it away. The Logs were a bit of grufftyness moved out of our area and plonked by the sea. A close family friend that had got

herself a bit of a glamour job, and that we only ever saw a couple of times a year, but when we met up nothing had changed. She was exactly the same. Get the beers in precious. We'll clink.

Our glow is your glow, the glow of the knowerty-know-know. Hands that are warm are hands to hold. We'll put Donny Hathaway and Roberta Flack on and hear them duet to us the



soulful words that glisten up our viewers: "The closer I get to you, the more you make me see, by giving me all you've got, your love has captured me."

And now she's gone. Partly unexpected as it should never end. Dimps tell us things end. These tits obviously never went on the journey to Crystal Palace mid-week.

It comes in threes. The third ride. The threatened. The treble. It's ours to save. It's Manchester's to save. It doesn't have to end.

When you are sparkled you see stars. No astronomer has ever documented those stars. They exist, we've all seen them in the less-than-wanted-for circumstances of the second prize. They plink and plonk and plonk and plink. Dotting, racing, shifting, rumba'ing. I'd like to say pogo'ing but I could never be so London.

No one has ever charted them though. For all the Bamber Gascoignes that have existed, and exist, it's little thicky us who find ourselves looking up

and discovering. Perhaps because it's only us who are looking. And only then because we were forced.

We're in the midst of our cuffing but the uncharted stars are there for us to all see.

And because it's a mass cuffing we can share what we see.

The undocumented becomes the documented. New stars. New galaxies. New cadburys. The undiscovered Jameson ruffle bar awaits a Red to peek at, to confer and confirm its presence with other Reds.

And then we unwrap it and eat it unafraid.

I didn't go to Celtic Park - truly disconsolate. We own our football club - truly Bob and Log'ish. A duality. It's easy. It's uneasy.

Then again we've always known that as the word 'Saturday' - that we ardently admire - has the word 'turd' written exactly right through the middle of it.

ROBERT BRADY

Spread the marj and the loveable loveliness of love this yuletide Log and Bob. Visit www.fcunitedbook.co.uk and get the unshiftable footballing belief book. It's for those around you, that you hold close enough to want them to understand. I see your wanting on the website. I get the book out of a box in my parlour, put it in an envelope, write your address out, wish it luck on its travels and send it out to you from Ardwick Post Office or from the post box by Woolworths in Piccadilly.

