

Sie dürfen meinen Freund von der berühmten britischen Fernsehapparat Drama Serie Howard's Weg erkennen

you may recognise my friend from the famous british tv drama series, Howard's way

Last season's Euro away to Marburg with the famous FCUM Yorkshire firm was a journey of monumental excess, love, violence and statistics.....

Thursday - It's 1am and we are setting off from Yorkshire for our 7.20am kite from Stanstead to Frankfurt Hahn. Me, onelove, specialk, bradfordred and Zutroy are making the trip with an exiled Yorkie (Tommy) living down south who is joining us at Stanstead. Talk on the Yorkies forum prior to the trip was what everyone was taking clobber wise and onelove compiled a definitive list. It was agreed that we should mirror the image of Ken Masters from that great 80's british TV drama Howard's Way, think a couple of organic tees, a linen shirt or two and a lightweight cashmere sweater to drape over your shoulder should the temperature drop of an evening. Also think Karl Denver in the Monday's promo for Lazyitis. Literature for the journey was The Blair years - Alistair Campbell diaries, Kate Adie's autobiography, Hooligans 2 and Tottenham Massive. We're a broad church. Conversation on the journey down was the previous evening's "The Apprentice". We all wanted Claire from Wakefield to win because she was a Yorkshire wefter. We love wefters in Yorkshire especially the ones where you have to wait for them to fart before you know which hole to go for. Onelove enthused "she would look good with a cock in her mouth"...enough of that.

Zutroy is a euro away virgin. You may remember him for making an arse out of himself (and the club) at the pre-season game at Halifax in 2006. He was representing the club in the Halifax boardroom after an all-dayer supping whiskey and coke, which were the main factors of him showing the Halifax Chairman's wife his undercarriage. He was then escorted from the boardroom and watched the game with us plebs. More on this later on in the article.

We duly arrived in Frankfurt and picked up our 7-seater for the 1 1/2 hour journey to Marburg. Once we set off passing cars were pointing at us and we thought we had a flat – turns out it was the open petrol cap. We had to follow signs for Koblenz but somehow we contrived to follow the signs for Luxembourg. The journey took 4-hours and we had to listen to Bayern 1089FM throughout because if we used a CD the sat-nav would've been fucked. We stayed in the Marburger hotel - as did many reds - and we had an ideal little bar over the road for a base camp. I was paired with Zutroy and it was agreed we would meet in the said bar within the next half hour. I got to my room and stripped off informing Zutroy that I was taking a shower. When I had finished I returned to the room finding Zutroy looking a little disturbed. "I can't believe you just got undressed in front of me - I'm getting undressed in the bathroom" he said with his bottom lip quivering. He's gonna need educating. We had a little walk around Marburg, lovely city, cobbled streets lined with shops, bars, restaurants and beautiful architecture. We were made up and got pitched up in a little bar and started our first session. The red

legend that is Mickey O'Farrell was the first to join us with his trusted acoustic guitar. He was aggressively interrogated by onelove in a "They bleed red, white and black" kind of way. All time favourite 5 games you have ever seen (which included 68 ECF and Great Harwood Town at home in 2006) and have you ever decked an opposing fan. MOF didn't disappoint with his answers.

We then met up with Adam and Joe, MOF's southern comrades. They looked like they'd just left school - young guns go for it - but good friendly lads. We then had a good session and bumped into numerous faces that had made the trip. We ventured into the Cave bar but eventually settled into a nice little boozier round the corner from it. Mickey played the guitar and sang about someone's badge and northern milltowns. Discussion turned to our Mancunian friend JP being called up to the FC 1st team for this trip and another member of our entourage who liked wearing a stocking on his head, nose bent to the right, who likes to break into a lady friends house, which supposedly turned her on. "you're gonna get it" was his one liner. She loved it and so did we. Mint.

Friday - Yesterday was a long day - Over 24-hours on the go. We were back in base camp by 12 bells for another session. Hair of the dog. Voxra and the Southern lads were already pitched up in the bar. Everyone was heading to the old town but we decided to swerve that and head for the University campus where "flag day" was taking place. We struck gold. 5 beers for 7 euros sitting out in the sun. At every opportunity we handed any passing local the paper with "Sie dürfen meinen Freund von der berühmten britischen Fernsehapparat Drama Serie Howard's Weg erkennen" but they either laughed or were confused. The Chorley lot had the same idea as us, but they decided to go topless in the sun. We, however, didn't want to show off our six-packs. A good four hours were spent on the University campus and eventually we decided to make our way to the ground. We arrived just in time for kick-off at 6pm. Tidy little ground with a bar and seated area behind the goal but we plotted up down "united road" with the brass band playing at the side of us. Flashdance! We saw JP who unfortunately due to an injury couldn't play, but we gave him our love by singing "he plays on the left, he plays on the right, that boy JP is fucking shite". He didn't look too impressed.

Bradfordred a younger looking Harry Hill, was looking for love and at half time and started chatting up the only lesbian in Marburg. We were all ears. His opening one liner was a belter "what's the current political situation in Marburg?" and as he couldn't understand her broken English, he replied "wouldn't the world be a beautiful place if everyone got on". We rolled around the terrace pissing ourselves. We then had the pleasure of bumping into Jo the blue and that fucking water pistol. As she was heavily intoxicated she once again showed everyone her city tattoo "MCFC" which is plastered across her left breast, tit, funbag, top bollock or whatever you wish to call it. After years of action from her hubby Steve this left breast ain't what it used to be and the said tattoo has, shall we say, sagged. The MC is now lower than the FC. It looks like Stevie Wonder was the tattooist. I'm sure we'll see it again throughout the 2008/2009 season. We had beer and bratwurst on tap throughout the game, which FC won 3-1 with a mixture of players from the

1st, resses and youth teams. MOF had the best seat in the ground, face down in-between a bush and a fence behind one of the goals. When I asked him if he is still enjoying the trip he slurred "1975/1976, Maine Road, aggressive behaviour, 3-months". Superb.

We had a few more bevvies as the brass band played on the pitch and that daft get Joe Pasquali danced the night away. We then moved onto the old town. Did I tell you that Bradfordred was looking for love? The first bar we went in he clocked another bird and before we could say "what the fuck are you doing" he had bought her the ubiquitous red rose and then left for the evening. As I said to onelove "I don't think he's gonna come back from this" and "It's not football". We went to the Cave bar but it was rammed so again we headed to the cheeky bar around the corner. We had a nice little group with us that also included certain FC officials. JP decided that a kangaroo court should be held in respect of Zutroy's actions at Halifax in 2006. As judge, JP wore a crisp packet as a wig and evidence was given. We told the group of the stitch up on Zutroy by the Yorkshire branch where we wrote to him using FCUM headed paper asking him to attend a board meeting to explain his actions. The FC officials were then overheard discussing if they DID send a letter to him. Doesn't look good for the lad. The packed courtroom, erm bar, awaited the verdict until someone shouted "sex case, hang him, hang him, hang him". Guilty as charged. The remaining hours of this evening were a blur. Today was a good day.

Saturday - I bumped into Bradfordred in the hotel foyer. The German bird who he gave the red rose to was apparently getting married in a few weeks. He was shall we say "chubbed". After a healthy lunch we decided to head back to the ground and watch the cabbages, erm I mean the supporters team. We really love them, we need to cuddle them, cherish them until they are the best supporters team in the world. Before entering the ground we had a 100m sprint at the adjoining athletics arena. Shet won. Some of us struggled getting down on our knees at the blocks. We entered the ground as FC scored. We settled at the bar behind the goal and the first beers we had were bought by the club. Respect. JP made up for his absence yesterday by weaving between the opponents defence and delivering a left foot shot into the bottom corner. "viva JP". He then went onto annoy Joe Pasquali with the water gun. Pasquali threatened him "you'll see a side of me that you haven't seen before". No, honestly he was being serious!!!

More beers were supped and we lost count of the score. They were well and truly beaten. We headed back into town after the match and stopped off in a couple of bars on the way. We ended up in a bar with the players and officials watching the opening game of Euro 2008. We had a top sing song tonight. As the bar erupted with "the yorkshire firm are gay ole ole" we sang our gay anthem "Go West" and "I've Got a Brand New Combined Harvester". We then clocked one of the barmen who was the spitting image of our hero Cheadle Chopper. We serenaded him with our top 10 popstastic classics such as "he's cheadle, cheadle chopper, don't know when he'll be back again, hold him close don't let him go" and "we'll be running round cheadle with our chopper's hanging out, singing I've got a bigger one than you". It was all filmed for

posterity.

We headed to another bar where Walshy was eyeing up talent.....that was in the Portugal match, looking at some cheeky acquisitions for the next campaign. Everyone looked like they were on their last legs. Bradfordred and Shet were asleep. Zutroy was fidgeting as he had not phoned his bird.....for 5 minutes, I did offer to breastfeed and wind him but he wasn't interested. At the end of the night we went for a nosh, at a nice bar. We were shocked at Zutroy's table etiquette as he was holding his knife and fork like a neanderthal whilst grunting and groaning. This from a bloke who's got a degree. We were ready for home after three days on the rock n roll. Cabbaged.

A top trip, lovely city and as the saying goes..."but you just know it's all worth it and you'll be at it again".

Fatbob.