

Frozen! - Day 2

All in a fluster after trying a number of different formations, Mr Andrews had abruptly ended training early, as the first snow flakes had started to fall.

‘Too cold, too wet, and too confusing!’ he had cried, half in frustration and half in triumph.

They were now gathered in Hardy’s kitchen, drinking hot chocolate, wondering about the Cup game to come. Hardy had cheered up considerably.

‘Considering everything, I have cheered up considerably’, he announced, downing another mouthful of chocolate.

Nobody said anything.

‘We’ve been doing adverbs and subordinate clauses’, he said, sitting up a little straighter on the stool, ‘very difficult, actually’.

Silence.

There was a loud slurp from someone’s cup. And a giggle, from Wil.

‘Just because you’re in Year 5 now doesn’t mean you know everything!’ he said.

‘Well, you young ones wouldn’t understand anyway’, replied Hardy, looking round the room at his team-mates, ‘we do loads of hard stuff, you wouldn’t believe it...really hard’.

‘Go on then, tell us something hard’, challenged Wil.

Hardy looked round the room. Sitting up next to him was his mate Freddy, who was pretty good at everything. Slumped on a chair in the corner was Jaz, who was a maths hot shot. Wil was brilliant at science. Clara, who was sitting at the table looking through a fixture list, was known to write amazing stories.

‘Actually, who are we playing, and why are we playing on a Sunday?’ said Hardy, changing the subject.

Clara muttered into her mug. ‘Mnmla’.

‘Who?’, said Wil.

‘Sorry!’ replied Clara, swallowing, ‘I meant Villa. And in the Cup. Cup games are always on a Sunday’.

Outside, the snow was falling relentlessly, those thick snowflakes, like little clouds, falling gracefully and settling on the frozen ground. The trees in the garden bore a heavy fruit of snow which bore down

on their branches, making them droop listlessly, hanging around like bored teenagers.

‘We need more action!’ said Hardy suddenly. ‘Not enough action! Not enough!’.

With that, he ran round the room waving his arms at each one of them in turn. Not saying anything. Just waving.

‘Snow does that to people’, said Jaz quietly, ‘well-known fact. Can go quite mad actually’.

‘I’m not MAD!’ screamed Hardy madly, ‘I need to get out of here! OUT! Just let me out!’

‘We need to bottle this!’ said Freddy, ‘he’s never that enthusiastic about his football!’

‘Out, out OUT!’ said you-know-who.

‘Outy, outy, outilly out! OUT!’ he added.

Freddy stood up. ‘Right let’s get him out of here!’

‘Yes! Outy-poos!’, cried Hardy with a mixture of childish joy and a kind of sinister madness. His eyes widened and shone like jewels.

‘You OK?’, said Freddy, peering at him.

‘Oh yes! Oh Yes! OH YES!’ said Hardy, tears appearing at the edge of his eyes.

Hardy skipped out through the back door wearing only his Chelsea t-shirt, pursued by Freddy, Wil and Michael, hurriedly pulling on coats. Jaz remained in the room, poring over the recent results from Villa’s matches. Clara decided to keep him company.