

Carry On Camping – Day 2

The next day, Mr Andrews was once again trying to motivate his team at training, with tales of great matches gone by. 'I was there in '53', he started, 'When Tom Finney and Sir Matthew were at their peak... worked like clockwork they did', he said, tapping his watch, which seemed to have stopped. 'Where is Clara?', he continued, 'I told her to be here at four!' 'Do you mean, Sir Stanley, Mr Andrews?' said Freddy politely. 'That's right, lad, Sir Matthew Stanleys, once of the best ever, he was!' replied the coach, his eyes misting over at the memory of it all. 'And then, it seems like yesterday, at Anfield, seeing the great Kevin Keegan leap above three defenders to glance the ball in at the near post', he said, his eyes now filled with tears as the emotion got to him. 'What – THAT Kevin Keegan?', said Hardy brusquely, 'the one with grey hair who's at Newcastle? You mean, he actually used to PLAY?' 'Of course, son. He didn't always have grey hair, you know, he used to have one of the best hairdos in the business!' Mr Andrews ran his hand through his own hair, which pinged back into place, like Homer Simpson's. 'And then, it seems like only last year, that goal Michael here scored against Butterfield', continued Mr Andrews, looking down at Michael, who was juggling a training ball from left foot to right foot, 'the way you picked up the ball in midfield, two steps over, a turn, a quick look up, and the ball, soaring... majestically... into the far corner'. The coach was now bawling his eyes out with the memory of it all. Freddy pulled the team together. 'Now, Derby Road on Saturday, it could be easy, but we've been out of the league for a long time. Come on, we need to work on those passing movements!' Mr Andrews, who had now composed himself and wiped the tears away with a spotted handkerchief, started them on some training moves, slaloming in between the poles and shooting at Hardy in the goal. ***** After a few minutes of this, and some penalty practice, Mr Andrews organised them into two teams.

'Right... you, you and... er... YOU! Over here!' he motioned to his left, and Alec, Hardy, Wil, and Freddy wandered vaguely towards his left hand. Hardy carried on wandering. 'Oi, Hardy! Come back here!' the coach yelled, 'you're captain of the Blues'. Hardy stood proudly to one side of Mr Andrews, glaring at his team mates. He was wearing his full Chelsea kit, with its Premiership sleeve badge glinting in the weak May sunshine. Beside him Freddy and Wil, wearing matching dark blue t-shirts, and Alec, coolly clad in a no-sleeved sky-blue vest, jogged impatiently up and down. 'And you, Michael, you can be captain of the Reds today!' Michael brought the ever-bobbing football he was juggling down to rest on the back of his neck, then flicked it up and caught it behind his back. He smiled quietly to himself as Clara, Jaz, and JoJo, also in red (well... pink in JoJo's case) came to his side. '3-2... 3-2... to the Blues!' said Freddy, taunting the opposition before the match had even started. 'I bet you'd rather be Arsenal!' Michael turned away, a determined look on his face, remembering his team's early exit from the European competitions. ***** 'Right then, what I want to see is this... then this... then this...' Mr Andrews was scrawling roughly on his flipchart. 'You, Wil, you run down here, like Kally, cross it here to Diddy... that's you, Ally, then you fire it from here to... er... here, like that. One-nil to the Blues, OK?' They all looked at his chart, and then at him. Kally, Diddy, Ally? 'Yes that's a good move', said the coach, looking again at his artwork. 'Next, I want you, Michael, to burst into the penalty area like Stevie, or is it Gerry, then pass it to Ferdy... that's you Jazzy... then pull it back and score. That'll be 1-1, right?' 'How can you plan what the score is going to be?' moaned Wil as Mr Andrews continued, warming to his Champions League semi-final theme. 'So, then, it goes to extra time, and you, Freddy, step up and take the penalty when Hippy brings down Bally. That'll be 2-1! Then all it needs is for Droggy

to hit another one, and Babby to rescue one for the Reds, and it'll be 3-2, just like you said, and just like last night! Mr Andrews mopped his brow again, and chuckled to himself. 'Excellent, excellent, hmmm, yes... excellent... well done Azalea old chap...', he chuckled to himself. 'Does he really know those players?' said Wil, amazed at the way the coach seemed familiar with the stars of Chelsea and

Liverpool. 'Nah!' replied Hardy dismissively, 'he's making it up as he goes along, as usual'. 'Well, let's play it his way, anyway', said Freddy poetically, 'it's a big day on Saturday, we're playing away, and we might as well make hay before the May Day holiday!' The Blues looked at him, impressed. The Reds looked at him, stressed, and depressed. When it came to poetry, Freddy considered himself... the best!*****