

Semi-Finals Week – Day 2

'Oh nothing really, I've just invited Barry round for tea tomorrow'

'Ding dong!'

The doorbell rung loud and long in Wil's ears.

'Seeya!', said Freddy, *'I'm off!'*

'Yeh...bye..' said Wil miserably. Freddy disappeared out of the back door.

'Ding dong!' went the bell again. Wil dragged himself over to the door to answer it.

No-one there. He looked around. He closed the door. He went back into the room.

'Ding dong!' went the bell again.

Wil opened the door again. Barry's mum was standing there, with a grinning, gurning child just behind her.

'Oh hello, Wil dear, Barry IS looking forward to this afternoon, aren't you Barry darling?'

Barry peered out from behind his mother and grinned again.

'Now do be good, dear, I'll come to pick you up at six. Remember it's your karate lesson this evening. Bye!'

Karate lesson! thought Wil, *that's all I need. Not only the meanest dude in the entire universe, but now one that is trained in advanced martial arts. For three whole hours. Oh no!*

He looked miserably down as Barry marched through the door and started to check out the house.

'What've you got then?' demanded Barry, looking disdainfully around the room.

'Not much, what do you wanna do?' replied Wil, trying to sound tough and cool at the same time, *'you want to play football?'*

'I DON'T play football!' replied Barry to Wil's surprise, *'football is for losers and boozers, forget it!'*

'Right...' said Wil, *'how about cricket?'*

'I DON'T play cricket, cricket is for dropouts, washouts, and layabouts, forget it!'

'Hmmm, do you like board games?'

'BORED! That's just what they make me. That's why they're called BORED GAMES. Only for cissies, prissies and little missies!'

'Oh, well, I like Monopoly...' ventured Wil.

'Monopoly? MONOPOLY? A game played with old boots, a hat and a silly little car? No THANKS! Only for mugs, bugs, slugs and thugs!'

'Well, you should know...' whispered Wil under his breath.

'What did you say?' Barry said threateningly.

By this time, Wil was thinking that there was nothing at all that would please or entertain Barry. Wil was almost past caring about the afternoon, when he remembered what Barry's Mum had said. With a deep breath, he said to Barry,

'Shall we do some karate?'

'Yessss!' said Barry finally, 'but I warn you, mate, I'm brilliant at karate, actually, don't tell anyone, but I'm licenced to kill...!'

Wil gulped a couple of times, then looked across at Barry, who was rolling up his sleeves and standing with his hands splayed out in front of him, karate-style. Wil gulped again, and took a step backwards.

'HIIII-AAAAGHH!' screamed Barry, running a couple of steps before launching himself into the air, his right foot pointed and aiming straight at Wil's throat.

'AAAARGGGGGHHHH!' screamed Barry, as Wil dodged to one side, grabbed Barry's outstretched foot as it passed by him, and helped Barry fly into the leaves of the pot plant in the corner. Barry came to rest tangled up in the foliage, with his head embraced by the leaves and branches. He sat there for several minutes, panting pathetically.

The doorbell rang again. Wil looked pitifully at Barry before going down to answer it.

He was relieved to see Michael at the door, clutching a small package.

'Hiya, come in, great to see you!'

Michael stepped in quickly through the doorway.

'I recorded the semi-final last night, d'you want to watch it?'

'Yeh, great...' said Wil, before adding, '...er...I've got Barry upstairs...'

'Oh sorry...' said Michael quickly, turning for the door, 'I've had enough of him at school'.

'No, it's OK, I've got him sort of trapped'

'You've trapped Barry?'

'Well, he's tangled up in a Russian Vine'

'OK, this I have to see!' said Michael, coming back into the house.

They went back upstairs to find Barry dusting himself off having extracted himself from the vine's clutches.

'That's the last time I come here!' he said.

'Fine by me,' said Wil, *'now just sit down, shut up, eat that, and watch this!'*

Wil handed Barry a plate of sandwiches that his mother had prepared downstairs. Barry sat on a chair and launched into a sandwich.

'Urghhh! Marmite!' he yelled.

'Shut UP!' yelled Michael and Wil together. Barry chomped miserably and watched as the Manchester United v Milan match came on the screen.

'Look, look now...' said Michael excitedly as Cristiano Ronaldo bundled in United's first goal.

'And this...this is brilliant!' Wayne Rooney latched on to Scholes' precise pass.

They watched until the ninety minutes was up.

'Well, that's it, full time...' said Wil as Ryan Giggs set off on another run.

'Wait for it...' said Michael, as Giggs turned inside and slipped the ball to Rooney, who instantly fired it past a surprised Dida in the Milan goal. Michael and Wil hugged each other in the excitement.

As the match ended, Wil turned to Michael,

'OK, if you know so much about football, what's the score going to be in the other semi-final tonight? Chelsea-Liverpool?'

Michael scratched his chin. Michael scratched his head. Michael scratched the underside of his foot. Michael jumped in the air whilst scratching his left ear. Michael scratched both knees at the same time.

After a short while, he said,

'Chelsea at home? Stamford Bridge? Definitely 2-1 to Chelsea. Vital away goal to Liverpool.'

'We'll see!' said Wil.
