

Illness Strikes - Day 1

It is Saturday, just before kick-off at the top-of-the-table clash between Lancaster Road and Butterfield. The commentators are preparing for the start of the game.

Good morning, and welcome to Radio Springhurst!

'Welcome too, to Springhurst Park, where we are gathered eagerly awaiting kick-off for the game between Lancaster Road and Butterfield. A new fixture this one, but both teams are doing well in the league. Could be a close one. Over to you Brian.'

'Well, Ron, I can see a number of small birds twittering in the trees, the clouds are a fluffy white, and the sky a powdery blue'

'Thanks Brian, any views on the game?'

'er...No'

'Right...er...thanks Brian'.

'Well perhaps we should start with a look at the two teams. In goal for the Lancaster Road side, we have Hardy, whose eccentric antics in goal haven't stopped him from keeping a clean sheet on at least one occasion. In defence today we have brothers Wil and Freddy, lining up alongside each other in a new formation. The midfield comprises the combative Clara and the jinking Jaz. Intelligent player that one, eh Brian? Brian...?'

'Er...yes...no, I mean maybe. Who?'

'I was talking of Jaz helping to run the midfield, Brian. Intelligent player, good passer of the ball?'

'Right'.

'OK...thanks again Brian. In attack, we have as usual the blonde bomber Alex, and the amazing Michael. Have you seen the boy play, Brian, quite something isn't he?'

'Who?'

'Michael, the Lancaster Road striker. I was just saying, quite a handful for defences I think you'll agree, Brian?'

'I haven't seen him'.

'OK...thanks...yet again, Brian'.

'Y'know, small boys in the park, jumpers for goalposts, isn't it?'

'Isn't what, Brian?'

'Well, it... y'know, glory days of Liverpool in the 70s?'

'Yes...thanks Brian. Well, you and I have been chatting for long enough, Brian, we don't have time to go through the Butterfield team. It's enough to say they are a tight outfit. Could cause some problems'.

'Problems, problems...'

'Thanks Brian'.

(40 minutes later)

'Well, we're well into the second half and the score is still nil-nil.

But it's Springhurst on the attack, so far they've found it almost impossible to break down this Butterfield defence. The ball is with Freddy, linking well with his brother down the left. Wil takes it forward ten metres, slips it to Michael, he jinks inside one defender, inside another, then crosses with his left foot, Alex is coming in...OOOOOH!, that was close, he just couldn't stretch quite far enough, could he Brian?'

'OOOOOOOOH!'

'Thanks, Brian. And here's another attack, it's Butterfield this time, quite some distance out, he's not going to try a shot from there is he, ohmyword he is, and it's gone in. That's the first goal, Hardy had no chance with that one. One nil to Butterfield!'

'The birds are twittering now, Ron'

'Yeh, thanks again, Brian. And here, as we approach the final whistle, most of the good work has come from patient build-ups from midfield...Freddy sends a long cross-field ball to pick out Alex on the right...has he seen Jaz? Has he seen him? Yes he has, a perfect cross, and Jaz nods it in at the far post. What a brilliant goal, you don't see many headers at this level of the game, do you Brian?'

(there is a loud thud in the commentary box)

'Brian...Brian...wake up!'

'Urgh, aagh, urm...sorry, Don, now what were you saying? Ron? Good goal that was'.

'Thanks Brian. And it's really end-to-end stuff now, Brian, here come Butterfield again, straight down the middle...two against one, they're bearing down on Hardy in goal, he shoots...oh, that really was a save out of the top drawer, Brian, reminded me of Federici saving from Larsson on Saturday...! And there is the final whistle... what a game, Brian?'

'Top drawer, middle drawer, even the bottom drawer, Ron. What a game indeed! Everyone gave 110 per cent. I'd be over the moon with that result, neither team deserved to lose. On the other hand, I'm

feeling sick as a parrot.'

'Thanks again...Brian! See you next week! Over to you in the studio, Gary'.

'Yes, thanks Ron, that sounded like a great game from where I was sitting!'

'OK, Gary, thanks, I've got to go...Brian's just fallen out of the commentary box.'

'OK, good luck Ron. Well, let's take a look at the table following this afternoon's games. Starting from the bottom, we have Hags United, going through a dreadful spell (ha, ha, ha!). Next up from them, with three points, are Derby Road. Mid-table, but improving all the time are the Merry Men, with Wanderers in third. But clear at the top, on the same number of points, are Butterfield and Lancaster Road. Both have won four, lost one, and drawn one. It's very tight up there at the top. But only one team can win. Only one team can win tickets to the Champions League final!
