

New Year Blues – Day 6

*Whatever the reason, Freddy's mind drifted far away to an imagined universe and started to experience one of its most vivid dreams - ever. ******

'I just don't know', said Jaz, peering into one of his books, 'long arms, you say?'

'Well, sort of like, one long arm, really', replied Freddy, lying back on the sofa in Jaz's second floor bedroom, 'and another one had this mad roving eye'.

'Was that the thing on the wavy stalk?'

'Yes, that was it, any clues?'

Jaz peered again. One of his many odd interests was the study of unidentified flying objects and extra-terrestrial life, which he pursued with great relish, accounting for the occasional strange noise or ghostly light which emerged from his room. He pressed another button on his computer, and the huge screen lit up once again.

'Nothing here about long arms and roving eyes', he said disappointedly, scouring the 'aliens' section of all his online searches.

'Maybe it was something really strange then', said Freddy, trying to recall more of his dream.

'I doubt it,' said Jaz, 'it says here that most dreams are just journeys through the imagination, and that even the worst nightmares never really mean much in the end.'

'But this wasn't a nightmare, this was real!', protested Freddy.

'Get over it my friend, it was a dream. Just look forward to our next game. I've looked up the Champions League, and I've done some work on Athens, one of the oldest cities in the world, centre of ancient Greek civilisation...'

'Woah, woah, woah...!' said Freddy, suddenly overwhelmed by the facts. 'Just tell me, when is the match, and how to do we get there?'

'OK, my friend' said Jaz wisely, 'the match is on 23rd May, and getting there...' he paused for a moment,

*'Leave that to me!'******