Boys_S3_65

The Night I Won the Cup

Last night I had a wonderful dream,
Dreamed I was the captain of the England football team,
Running on the pitch, feeling ever so proud,
Hearing the roar of the capacity crowd

Shouting, cheering,
Booing, jeering,
Oohing and aahing,
As the game got underway

It was nearly full-time. There was still no score.
It looked like we'd have to settle for a draw.
From deep in defence we developed an attack.
I jinked and I swerved. I was past their full-back.

And the crowd started shouting:

Whack it! Smack it!
Give it all you've got!
Swerve it! Curve it!
Go on! Take a shot!

The goalie rushed out to do the best he could.
I kept my head down as a striker should.
Into the net, the football soared.
The crowd went mad. Everyone roared:

It's a goal! It's a goal!
He's scored! He's scored!
They were hand-clapping, back-slapping,
Yelling, jumping up.
He's done it! We've won it!
We've won the cup!

I raised my fist to punch the air
And suddenly my Dad was standing there
Saying, 'Wake up! Wake up! What's up, our kid?
You sound as if you'd won the cup.'
'Dad,' I said, 'I did!'

By John Foster