

All Goalies Are Crazy

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About the Author

Also by Rob Childs

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About the Book

ALL GOALIES ARE CRAZY . . . but some goalies are more crazy than others!

No-one enjoys keeping goal so much as Sanjay Mistry – the regular, if unpredictable, goalie both for the school team and for the Swillsby Swifts, the Sunday league team led by soccer-mad Luke Crawford. But after Sanjay makes a series of terrible match-losing blunders, Luke decides that it's time someone else had a go at playing in goal – himself!

Determined to prove himself as the number one goalie, Sanjay rises to the challenge with some outstanding and acrobatic saves. But Luke's enthusiasm and crazy antics make him a surprisingly serious rival . . .

ROB CHILDS
ALL GOALIES
ARE
CRAZY

**... BUT SOME GOALIES ARE
MORE CRAZY THAN OTHERS!**

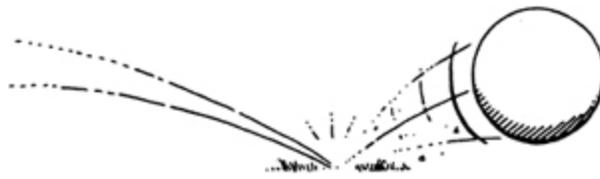
**ILLUSTRATED BY
AIDAN POTTS**

RHCP DIGITAL

Especially for all crazy goalies - like me!

ALL GOALIES ARE CRAZY . . .

. . . BUT SOME GOALIES ARE MORE CRAZY THAN OTHERS!



1

The One and Only

IT LOOKED A certain goal. The ball swerved and dipped as it flew towards the target, an inviting expanse of unguarded netting.

Matthew, the school team captain, let out a groan of dismay, angry at himself for failing to block the shot. Nothing could stop it going in now. Suddenly, a blur of bright colours flashed across his line of sight, deflecting the speeding missile at the last possible moment up and over the crossbar to safety.

‘Sanjay!’ Matthew cried out. ‘Where did you come from?’

The gangly goalkeeper sprawled on the ground, his grin almost as wide as the goal itself. Sanjay lay like that for several seconds, as if posing for a posse of photographers, before springing up onto his feet. ‘No sweat!’ he smirked, tugging his crumpled, multi-coloured top back into position. ‘You know you can always rely on me.’

‘Huh!’ the captain grunted, hands on hips. ‘That’ll be the day. If you hadn’t fumbled their first effort, they wouldn’t even have had another chance to score.’

‘Saved it, didn’t I?’



Matthew could hardly argue with that. The applause from the smattering of spectators was still continuing and Sanjay soaked it all up.

‘Dead brill save, Sanjay!’ yelled an excited voice. It came from behind a bobbing camcorder rapidly heading towards them around the pitch.

None of the home players needed to guess who was trying to film and talk at the same time. Everyone in Year 8 of Swillsby Comprehensive knew the sound and sight of soccer-mad Luke Crawford. In fact, most of the pupils in other year groups had heard of him too.

‘Keep out of the way, Loony Luke,’ Matthew warned him. ‘We don’t want you here putting us off with that thing.’

Luke’s thin, flushed face appeared round the camera, looking hurt. ‘Only trying to help, recording the game so you can see what went wrong.’

Matthew scowled. ‘Nothing’s gone wrong, thanks very much. At least not until you turned up. It’s still nil-nil.’

‘Won’t be for long, if you don’t watch out,’ Luke replied cheekily. ‘They’re taking the corner.’

The captain whirled round. 'C'mon, men, mark up!' he shouted.



Too late. The ball was whipped low across the penalty area straight to an unmarked attacker lurking just outside the six-yard box. He hit it first time before any of the defenders could react, but Sanjay's reflexes were sharper. He flung himself instinctively towards the danger and the ball smacked him full in the face, his hands unable to parry it.

The goalkeeper had done his duty. He had successfully protected his goal once more, but it was a little while before the game could go on. Sanjay needed some running repairs.