



FALKNER HOUSE  
L O N D O N

## Y3/Y4 Cothill House Football Tournament

### 13<sup>th</sup> October 2023

It began like any other tournament at Cothill; with a rowdy bus ride up the M4. Mr Webb and Mr Greenlees chanting along merrily, reliving the fan away days of their youth. (Though for Mr Webb this was considerably longer ago than Mr Greenlees, obviously). With the M4 firmly behind us and the possibility of footballing immortality in front, the boys began to talk only of tactics.

Focused but excitable we changed our boots, then straight into the warm up drills where both age groups were shaking off the cobwebs. With the introduction complete, there was an emphasis on fun but you could see in the FH boys' eyes that they hadn't come to mess around. The games started and that pre-match adrenaline that had lifted so many to such great heights before them spilled over and threatened to topple two strong FHB sides. With the games drawing on, calm heads prevailed and excellent skills were on offer from FHB and, dare I say, the opposition schools.

After many gruelling games back-to-back the FHB men were tired but satisfied with their efforts. The waft of fish and chips drifted over from the cafeteria with expert timing to carry our weary boys indoors before the final presentation. Now with tummies full and the red flush of cheeks from the soothing warmth of the dining room, not the undying effort seen on the pitch, the boys listened carefully to

the Cothill headmaster. A man who would have been more confident commenting on the playing style of England rugby than perhaps the football attributes of seven and eight year-olds, but he held his own, pulling names like Messi and Beckham into the fray. The bus, the bright lights of London and a two week half term were calling us, so we set off.

Naps, hushed conversation and the low hum of magic radio guided us back to Earls Court, another successful tournament in the bag. Roll on the next.