

## The Good Football Fan

It was the day of the big match between United and City. Matt was a United fan and he put on his blue football top and scarf, said goodbye to his mum and dad and made his way to the football ground.

On his way he thought he better text his mate Zak so that they could meet up before the match. He got out his mobile and started texting, looking up now and again to make sure he didn't walk into anything.

Now to get to the ground Matt had to walk through an underpass. It didn't smell very nice and sometimes there were beggars down there. The light at the end had been smashed so it was dark. Matt didn't really notice because he was too busy texting, he didn't hear the footsteps behind him as he walked down the stairs.

He was nearing the end of the underpass when a voice said;

'Give us yer phone,' he was pushed back against the wall. He gripped his phone tightly as a group of girls surrounded him. Someone punched him in the stomach and he dropped his mobile, it clattered loudly to the floor. But they didn't stop there and they punched and kicked him to the ground, grabbed his phone and ran off laughing.

Matt lay on the ground, he was badly hurt and bleeding, he groaned. He must have blacked out because when he came round he could hear someone approaching. He opened his one good eye and gave a sigh of relief, it was a fellow United supporter, he could see they were wearing a blue top. He looked up but the person just moved across to the far side of the underpass and walked on. Matt lay back down and tried not to cry.

It was a little while later that he heard more footsteps.

'Help me,' he gasped. He felt a wave of relief as the person approached him, it was another United supporter, someone Matt recognised this time, it was one of his neighbours. Matt reached out towards the man but he just recoiled back in disgust and walked on without a backward glance.

This time Matt really cried, he was in such agony and he thought that no one was going to stop and help him.

What seemed like hours later, after the match had finished, Matt heard footsteps again. He didn't bother to look up or call out, sure that whoever it was would just walk on. This time however he heard the footsteps slow and then felt a hand upon his shoulder.

'Are you alright mate?'

Matt opened his eyes and saw a red shirt with 'City' emblazoned across the front. A man crouched down in front of him a look of concern on his face. Matt explained to the man what had happened as the man helped him to his feet. The man took off his coat and draped it across Matt's shoulders before phoning for an ambulance. The ambulance soon came and the man got in with him, he'd rung Matt's parents and they would be meeting them at the hospital.

The man, Jim, came to visit Matt at his home the next day and brought with him the new United Away strip and a football signed by all the United and City players as well as a get well card. Matt was so grateful to Jim that he didn't even mind that City had beaten his beloved United at the match.