



"WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS" - ARTICLE

Champions, our boys. Nothing short of champions.



Believe me, if I could successfully embed mp3 audio files on my newsletters... you can bet your boxers you'd be hearing Queen's 'we are the champions' around about now.

On the 13th of June, on one particularly glum looking Thursday, Meadowcroft School engaged in its very first football tournament (no doubt the first of many), hosted at William Henry Smith School. However, the odds weren't always in our favour. Before the day had even begun, Mr Clarke, Mr Arshad and Mr Costa (our team's coach Carters) were met with the news that they were one man down for the match; their best defender, Liam, was unable to attend. Disastrous (or as Mr Clarke would violently cry, "SHAMBOLIC").

Who could possibly fill the void, step up to the plate and save us in our hour of need? His name... Sean the brawn (it's obviously just Sean, but I love a good rhyme). Known for his formidable shoulders and African sunset hair, Sean was an unlikely hero for our first ever slew of tournament matches. With little to no notice, he joined the ranks of Alfie, Connor, Oliver, Chance, Reece, George and Callum. Let me tell you, Sean was nothing short of a wall, fiercely fending off any opposing players who dared attempt a strike against our boys.



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