

well, happy birthday again mum

20 June 2006

Football World Cup - England v Sweden

You've retrieved me again

Well, it is your birthday. I do pick you out at other times, you know

Yes, I know. After so long you don't have to do it anymore

I know. Can't stop it. You appear. Always at the best times. A bit sad, as well, if you must know. 109 now

Am I really? Well I never! You sure? Memory not what it was. Not that it was ever much. Couldn't get anything to stick from one day to the next. 108, you say?

No. 109

It doesn't get any easier. What's that?

A TV. Don't worry about it. It's my problem

What are you doing?

Half time: England 1 Sweden 0. "Great goal by Joe Cole"

Watching the football match

It's important?

Yes and no. If we win, or even draw, we play Ecuador, beaten by Germany, in the next round. Sound more complicated than it is.

Just a bit of simple logic. Don't worry about it!

Germany? Why are they allowed to play?

They're the hosts. Would be good if we meet them in the final. Even better if we beat them! I don't suppose you remember it, but that match will be played in the rebuilt Stadium where Jesse Owen won 4 gold medals at the 1936 Olympic Games

Well, now you mention it, Yes, I think I...Weren't you...?

Yes

What are you doing now, with nothing on your top, standing in front of the mirror smacking your tummy?

I'm smacking out the Ecuadorian National Anthem

Truly?

No, of course not. I'm trying something, that's all. How are you?

Well, not good not bad. More bad than good, I suppose. On the other hand, as I'm only on a short-stay retrieval ticket, maybe I

can't really be good or bad. Just very old, and feeling every inch of it, too! Well, Yes, I know it's all relative. But...

Shouldn't really say this, but I'm not sure I would want to know you now. Prefer something different. Sorry, birthday girl!

Perfectly understandable! I am definitely not a pretty sight. So, sad to say, I have to agree with you

They've scored! England has scored, and there's only 5 minutes left on the clock. We are going to win. We are going to win. We...

Luckily, I can't differentiate between loud, soft and normal. By the way you leapt off the sofa, though, that looks a scream all the way

It's a great goal, a fantastic goal. At last, we are going to beat them. First time for 38 years

Well, it certainly seems a serious relationship you have with those moving pictures

They've scored! In the last minute, they've scored! How could we? Where's our defence gone? Can you believe it? Those Swedes, they've got a spell on us

You don't really believe that

Course not! How do they do it, though?

Play as good as...? Life is full of ups and downs

And death?

Well, it's no honey garden! In fact it's not a garden at all

Well, what is it?

Black. White. More black than white, I suppose. Only a place of retrieved birthday girls. Even that is failing. Return me. Now!

What's the mechanism?

I don't know, but whatever it is, it works. So, jumpy jumpy to it.

Before it does, well, happy birthday again mum

England 2 – Sweden 2

England will play Ecuador

*another birth date
from beyond the far goalmouth
a ball is retrieved*

