

"Football's only a game, mate!"

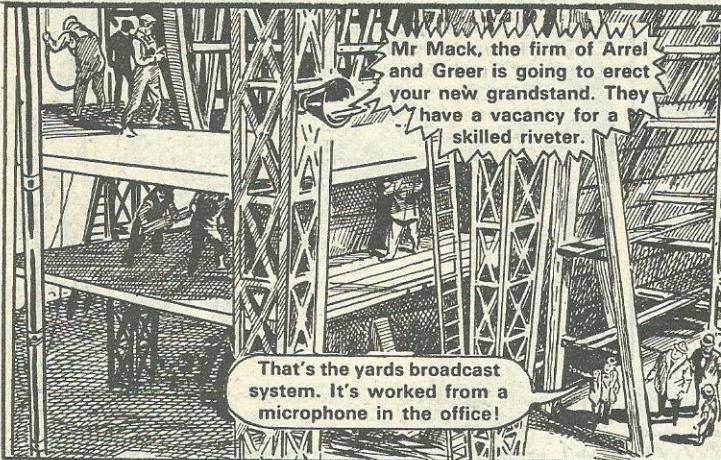


Fetch him down, will you? I want a word with him.



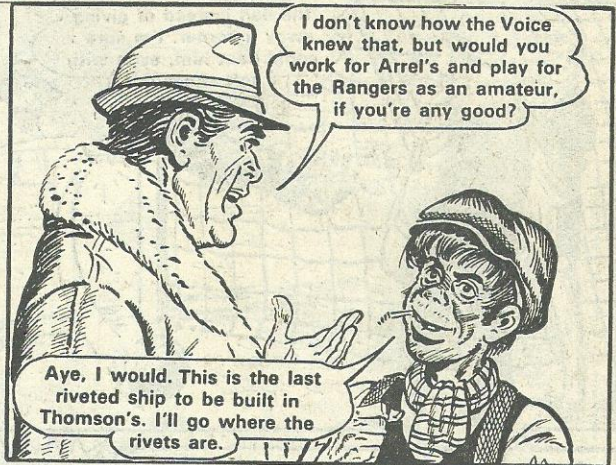
A bloke phoned me last night and told me to expect you, but I ain't plannin' on leavin' the yard. Rivetting's real work. Football's only a game, mate.

What? You won't consider playing for Blackton Rangers?



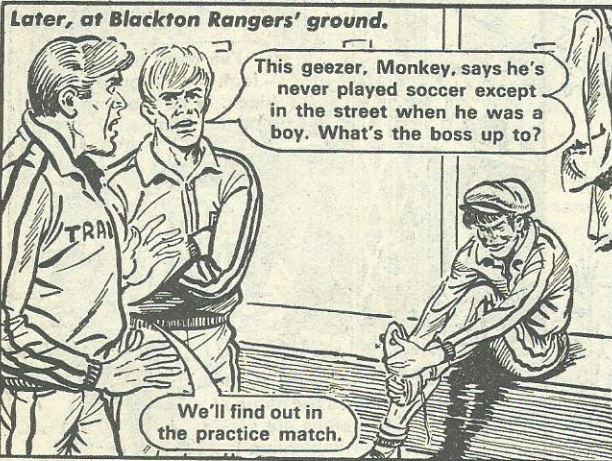
Mr Mack, the firm of Arrel and Greer is going to erect your new grandstand. They have a vacancy for a skilled riveter.

That's the yards broadcast system. It's worked from a microphone in the office!



I don't know how the Voice knew that, but would you work for Arrel's and play for the Rangers as an amateur, if you're any good?

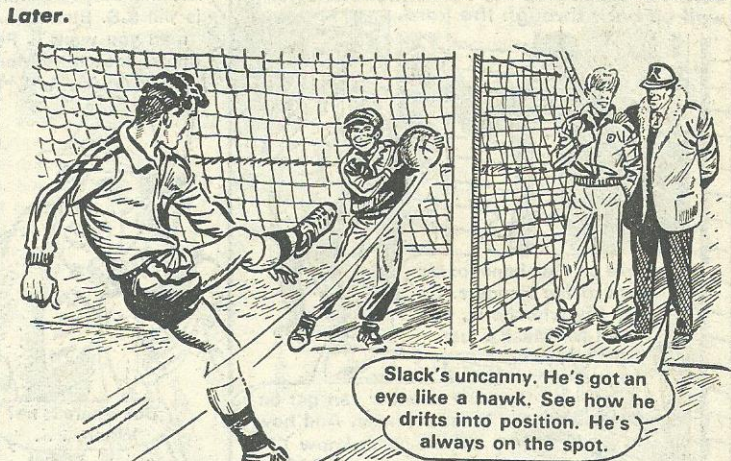
Aye, I would. This is the last riveted ship to be built in Thomson's. I'll go where the rivets are.



Later, at Blackton Rangers' ground.

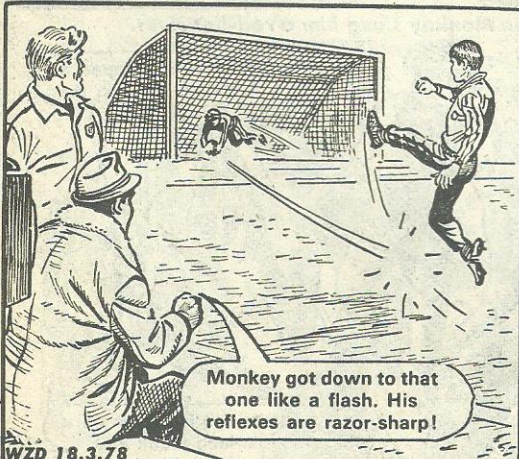
This geezer, Monkey, says he's never played soccer except in the street when he was a boy. What's the boss up to?

We'll find out in the practice match.



Later.

Slack's uncanny. He's got an eye like a hawk. See how he drifts into position. He's always on the spot.



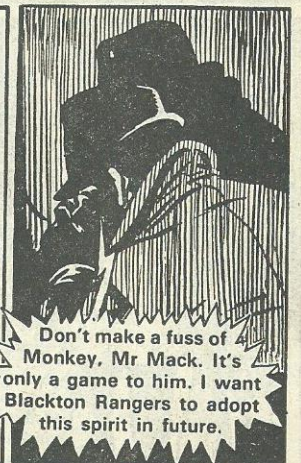
Monkey got down to that one like a flash. His reflexes are razor-sharp!

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See that! He charged Ginger off the ball. He's made of iron.

That's the phone. What's up now?



Don't make a fuss of Monkey, Mr Mack. It's only a game to him. I want Blackton Rangers to adopt this spirit in future.

More shocks from the mysterious Voice, NEXT WEEK.