



THE SEARCH



'The truth is all we have to give'

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First published in 2022 in Great Britain by

Far Lands Press

www.nicclare.com

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ISBN: 978-1-7396017-2-0

The Nether Bridge Chronicle

At the Sidings football field yesterday, the Allsorts Ladies Football Team secured a famous victory against a competent team of lady munitionettes put forward by Lord Carmody.

The match kicked off at a tremendous pace. With the wind at their backs the accomplished Munitionettes, led by captain Aggie Longstaff played an organised game. The teams went into the half time break with the Carmody Munitionettes two goals to the good. Both scored by Longstaff.

The second half began much as the first, but the Allsorts came out with spirit. A corner kick by Bracken found striker Ivy Winstanley for a neat first goal bringing the underdogs to only one behind. A good individual effort from Allsorts captain Kit Bracken drew the Allsorts level. A scramble for victory followed with both teams pressing towards goal. A high kick hit the Carmody post and in the tussle the goalkeeper brought down Allsorts forward Matilda Mossop. A penalty was awarded. With the last touch of the game captain Bracken converted the penalty into the winning goal. At the whistle, the Allsorts sealed victory with three goals to two. An excellent time was had by all. The Bamford Motorised Ambulance fund and the Blind Veterans Association will split the takings.

Chapter 1

I trapped the ball underneath my right boot and looked up as a defender rushed in at me. I had to act fast, so I stepped to my left, tapped the ball gently to stop it and then, as if I had all the time in the world, I drew my leg back and chipped the ball over the Carmody team's defence. I knew instantly that it was going all the way. The ball brushed the goalkeeper's fingertips as she stretched, but she could only watch as it burst into the back of the net. I think I might have gone deaf for a second, because the sound of the crowd roaring almost burst my eardrums. Well, it felt that way to me. My team mates rushed in to celebrate. To score like that for your team is... well, it makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up to remember it. I never dreamt of playing football. To be honest, I never even knew girls could play football, but the world is changing, the war has seen to that. For the rest of the match I kept running it over and over in my head. I couldn't keep the smile from my face. I wasn't to know then that the best day of my life was about to become the worst.

As we sat in the changing room with our trophy, reliving every kick and tackle, Miss Bamford our manager came in.

"Very well done girls. I knew you could do it. You should have seen the look on Lord Carmody's face when they blew the final whistle." Her cheeks were flushed like ours even though she hadn't been running on the pitch for ninety minutes.

Kit handed over the trophy, "Here, this is as much yours as it is ours." Miss Bamford held it out in front of her and shook her head in disbelief.

"You'd better remember this feeling." She said. "I've just met a chap from the Football Association and we've been entered into the National League Cup competition. This is just the beginning for the Allsorts."

As the singing started, I saw my little sister Maud hovering by the door. She didn't have to say anything. I could tell by the look on her face,

“There's been a telegram, Ivy.” She said. I took her hand, and we ran.

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