

SLEEPING SOCCER STAR

One sunny September day in Buckingham Palace, a quiet gathering was being held. Family members from all across the globe were flying in to pay their respects to the new Princess. The baby Avery was wailing in her crib, but still her relatives approached her and offered gifts. When it was her three crazy Aunt's turn, they all walked up to the screaming child and her parents and one exclaimed, "Blimey! Those are good runner's legs, those are! Golly gosh, my gift to her shall be speed!" Avery's parents exchanged 'oh, boy.' Looks and thanked the aunt graciously for her thoughtful gift. When the next insane Aunt stepped forward, she took one look at the little girl and said, "My oh my, look at her little limbs twitching everywhere! My gift to her shall be agility and good reflexes!" As the third Aunt approached, the King and Queen were looking quite bored. "Well," said the third Aunt, "My gift shall have to fit with my sisters', so... Ah! I know! The gift of great soccer-shooting aim!" The King and Queen sighed with relief when the Aunts finally retreated, but their relief wouldn't last long. All of a sudden, David Beckham burst through the doors of the dining hall and roared at the crowd, "You fools! You have just presented this girl with all the gifts she needs to replace me as the star of soccer! I will have to make sure this doesn't happen..." he said more to himself than anyone else, "Ah! On her sixteenth birthday she will be hit in the head by a flying soccer ball and she will sleep forever!" with that, the famous soccer star left the dining hall.

As Avery grew older, much to her parents' surprise, she exhibited all the traits that her Aunts had blessed her with. She was the finest teenage girl soccer-player in the country, maybe even the world, but her parents never thought for a second that maybe the curse placed upon her by David Beckham would come true as well.

On Avery's sixteenth birthday, she went outside into the palace grounds to play soccer with some of her best friends, and while making a heroic dive to head the ball into the goal, the ball turned to stone and she was knocked out. Her parents were summoned and they brought some servants to carry her up to her room. She lay there for months, no doctors could help her.

She had been out cold for almost a year, when one bright crisp Autumn day, a soccer ball flew in through her tower window, and hit her on the head. She was jolted awake, and lay there breathing heavily for a few minutes before calling for her parents. They came dashing in and the happy family was united once more.

A few years later, Avery stood in the middle of the most famous soccer stadium in England, preparing to kick-off for the grand final of the world cup. She smiled happily to herself and passed the ball to her teammate. The game had begun.

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