CHAPTER ONE

The goal is mine. All I have to do now is boot it through. With only seconds left to play a free kick has been awarded to me. Two metres in from the sideline, it’s not an easy goal, but I think I can do it. This means the Ninja Turdles will win the Under 10's footy final. I'll be a legend. Time is running out. I need to kick the ball before the umpire blows the whistle. Wait! What if I miss? My team will totally hate me. They'll probably never speak to me again. Okay that's not helping.

"What are yah waiting for? Christmas?" shouts some random kid, waving a banner in the crowd. What a loser. Can't he see I'm rehearsing the goal in my head first? All good AFL players know how important it is to picture yourself scoring the winning goal before you kick the ball. Clearly banner-boy over there has no idea.

"Don't just stand there, Nuttell," hollers Coach Muldoon from the sidelines.

I take a few steps back so I can line up the goal then quickly boot the ball across the field. The crowd goes wild as the ball hurtles through the air. I don't believe it. I can actually hear people chanting my name.

"*Max, Max, Max*, breakfast is ready, Max,"shouts a familiar voice in the crowd.

What the heck! My eyes suddenly spring open. I'm in my room. The footy field has gone. So have the cheering fans.

“What a rip off,” I groan, as I snuggle back under my cosy, warm covers and close my eyes. I'm not ready to get up yet. Breakfast can wait. It's the weekend. That means I have a little extra snooze time to catch up on.

"*Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzz ...Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ...Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ... Zzzz ...*"

"Max Nuttell, if you're not down here by the count of three there'll be serious trouble," shouts Mum from the bottom of the stairs.

I open one eye and glance at my clock. *Yikes!* Half an hour has already gone. No wonder Mum sounds mad. I need to hurry before she totally loses it down there.