

The Keys players left the pitch. The crowd charged out into the streets.

WE'VE LANDED OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF A REVOLUTION!

Later, at their hotel, grim news awaited the Keys.

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW, LADS, THAT KUBLA AND HIS TEAM WERE BEHIND THE REVOLT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT? WELL, IT'S MISFIRED, THE PORTER TOLD ME, BECAUSE IT CAME TOO SOON. IT SEEMS THERE'S NO NEWS OF KUBLA OR THE OTHER PLAYERS EITHER.

Suddenly.

KUBLA!

HELLO, MY FRIENDS.

IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO TAKE THE RISK. THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE FOR SAFETY. I TOOK ALL THE OTHER PLAYERS TO SAFETY AND WAS ALMOST TRAPPED, UNTIL I THOUGHT OF YOU—

WELL, THE LADS HATCHED UP THE PLOT. THEY THOUGHT THAT IF YOU TURNED UP WE'D BE ABLE TO GET YOU BACK TO ENGLAND IN OUR PLANE. IN THE KIT BASKET. LET'S HOPE IT WORKS!

A few minutes later.

At the airport, the Keys put their plan into operation.

AH, KEYS—YOU WERE LUCKY, EH? THAT KUBLA, I BET YOU LIKE HIM IN YOUR TEAM—PERHAPS HE'S IN HERE, EH?

NO, NOTHING SPECIAL IN THERE, MATE.

Aboard the plane.

I WAS LUCKY, MY FRIENDS. THIS BALL COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN ME!

GOSH—YOU'RE OK. WE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD IT WHEN THAT GUARD BAYONETTED THE KIT BASKET.

GOODBYE, KUBLA—AND GOOD LUCK!

I VERY MUCH LIKE TO PLAY FOR KEYS, BUT I BRING TROUBLE TO YOUR CLUB. I MUST GO INTO HIDING.

A year later, the Keys got an invitation to a return game at Kroslov.

WELL LADS WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO BACK TO KROSLAV? I'LL HAVE TO CONTACT THE GOVERNMENT TO SEE IF IT'S OK.

LADS, THE TRIP TO KROSLAV IS ON! THE GOVERNMENT THINK OUR TRIP MIGHT HELP RELATIONS WITH IT. KROSLAV TO GET BACK TO NORMAL.

THEY SEEM TO WANT US TO GO, BOSS—PERHAPS WE MIGHT FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT OLD KUBLA. ANYWAY, WE OWE THE DYNAMO A BEATING—

TAKE CARE OF THAT OLD KIT BASKET, LADS. LAST TIME IT CAME IN USEFUL—YOU NEVER KNOW, WE MIGHT JUST NEED IT AGAIN.