

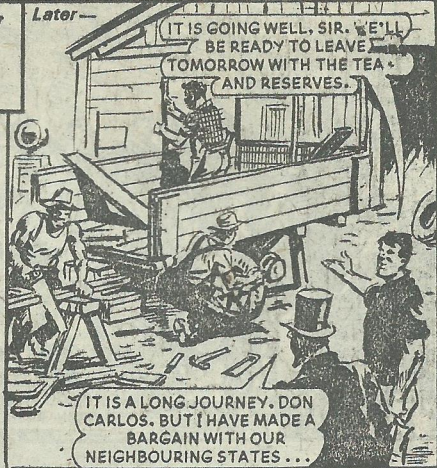
THE ROCKY ROAD TO SPAIN



ONLY ONE LORRY LEFT, DON CARLOS.

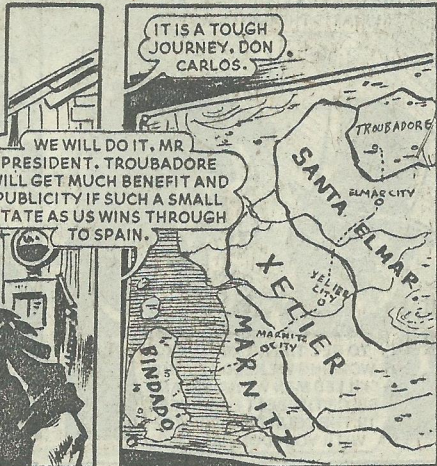
WE'LL STILL GET TO BINDADO, MR PRESIDENT. I WILL GET CARPENTERS TO BUILD A TRAILER.

Troubadore, a tiny South American state, was very poor, but its tip-top football team headed their World Cup qualifying section and had only to win an away match against Bindado to get to Spain. Unable to afford air fares, the team planned to make the journey overland in two old lorries. But one of them had been blown up by a mystery explosion. Team skipper Don Carlos Smith discussed the crisis with State President Sidney.



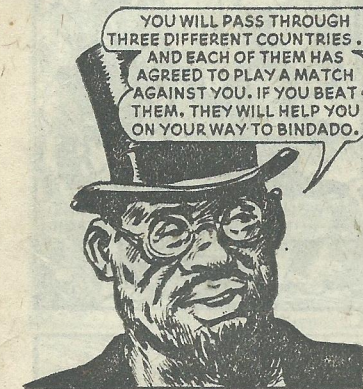
IT IS GOING WELL, SIR. WE'LL BE READY TO LEAVE TOMORROW WITH THE TEAM AND RESERVES.

IT IS A LONG JOURNEY, DON CARLOS. BUT I HAVE MADE A BARGAIN WITH OUR NEIGHBOURING STATES...

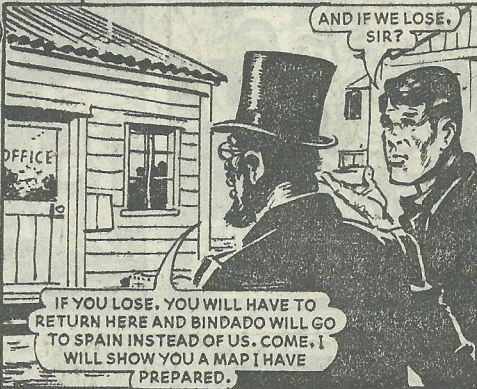


IT IS A TOUGH JOURNEY, DON CARLOS.

WE WILL DO IT, MR PRESIDENT. TROUBADORE WILL GET MUCH BENEFIT AND PUBLICITY IF SUCH A SMALL STATE AS US WINS THROUGH TO SPAIN.

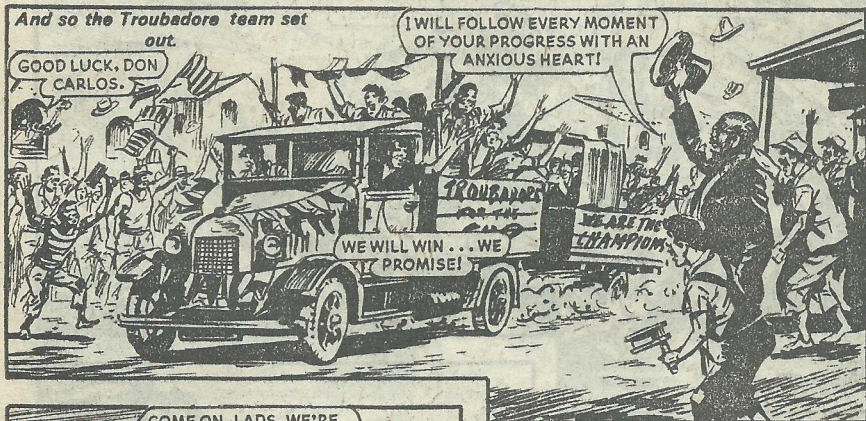


YOU WILL PASS THROUGH THREE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES... AND EACH OF THEM HAS AGREED TO PLAY A MATCH AGAINST YOU. IF YOU BEAT THEM, THEY WILL HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY TO BINDADO.



AND IF WE LOSE, SIR?

IF YOU LOSE, YOU WILL HAVE TO RETURN HERE AND BINDADO WILL GO TO SPAIN INSTEAD OF US. COME, I WILL SHOW YOU A MAP I HAVE PREPARED.



And so the Troubadore team set out.

GOOD LUCK, DON CARLOS.

I WILL FOLLOW EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR PROGRESS WITH AN ANXIOUS HEART!

WE WILL WIN... WE PROMISE!

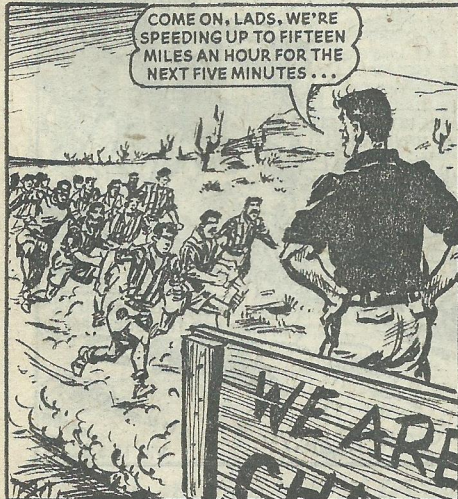
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS



Don Carlos drove and Oliver Cromwell, the lanky centre-half, sat beside him.

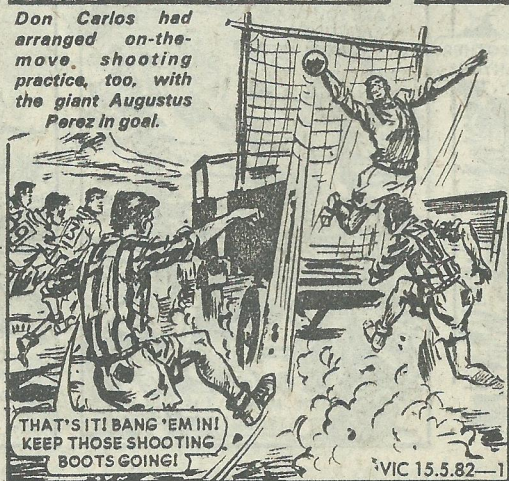
IT'LL TAKE US SOME DAYS, DON. THE LADS WILL GET RUSTY SITTING IN THE LORRY ALL THE TIME.

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, OLIVER. I'VE ARRANGED A TRAINING PROGRAMME... ON THE MOVE!



COME ON, LADS, WE'RE SPEEDING UP TO FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES...

WE ARE CHEER



Don Carlos had arranged on-the-move shooting practice, too, with the giant Augustus Perez in goal.

THAT'S IT! BANG 'EM IN! KEEP THOSE SHOOTING BOOTS GOING!



By nightfall, the team had reached the Troubadore frontier.

A PRESENT FROM THE FARM DOWN THE ROAD! CHICKEN FOR SUPPER, LADS!

THAT'S USEFUL. WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH IN THE LARDER EXCEPT CAST-IRON BISCUITS AND WATER.