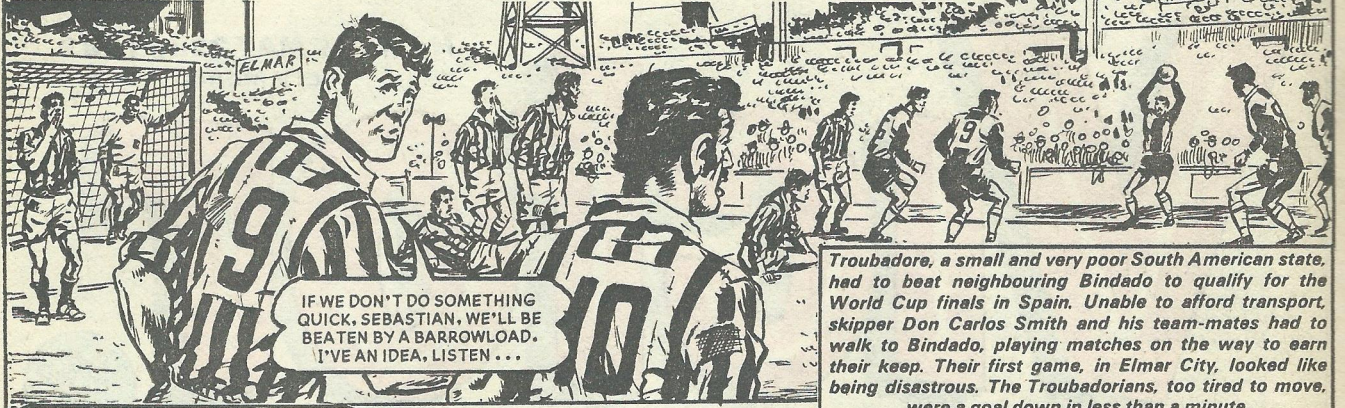


The Troubadore players are too exhausted to play well—so their captain allows them to sleep two at a time during their vital match!

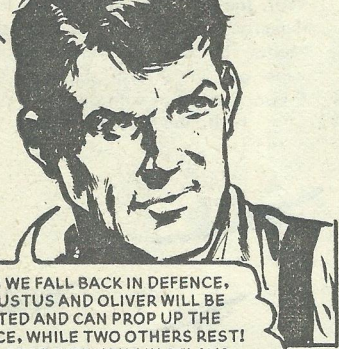
# The ROCKY ROAD TO SPAIN



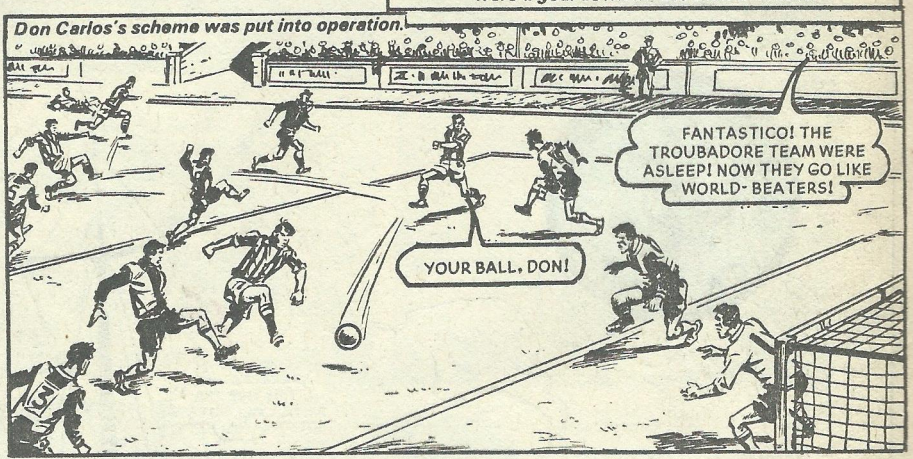
IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING QUICK, SEBASTIAN, WE'LL BE BEATEN BY A BARROWLOAD. I'VE AN IDEA, LISTEN ...

Troubadore, a small and very poor South American state, had to beat neighbouring Bindado to qualify for the World Cup finals in Spain. Unable to afford transport, skipper Don Carlos Smith and his team-mates had to walk to Bindado, playing matches on the way to earn their keep. Their first game, in Elmar City, looked like being disastrous. The Troubadorians, too tired to move, were a goal down in less than a minute.

EVERYONE, EXCEPT AUGUSTUS PEREZ IN GOAL, AND OLIVER CROMWELL AT CENTRE-HALF, WILL GO FLAT OUT IN THE NEXT TEN MINUTES—IN THAT TEN MINUTES, WE MUST SCORE!



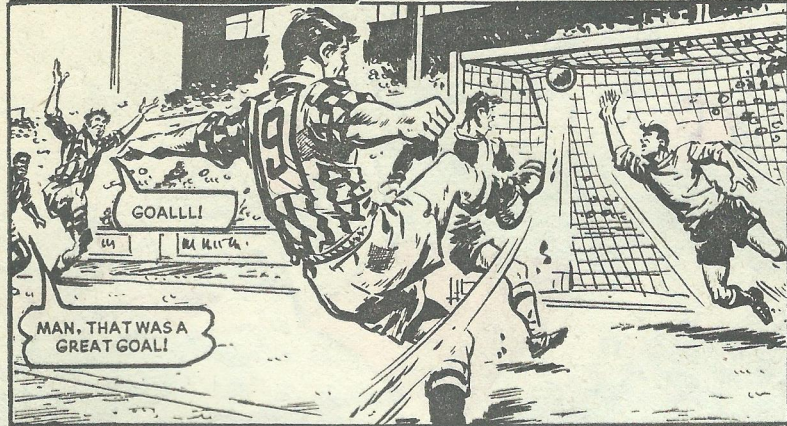
THEN WE FALL BACK IN DEFENCE, AUGUSTUS AND OLIVER WILL BE RESTED AND CAN PROP UP THE DEFENCE, WHILE TWO OTHERS REST! WE'LL REST EVERYONE IN RELAYS.



Don Carlos's scheme was put into operation.

YOUR BALL, DON!

FANTASTICO! THE TROUBADORE TEAM WERE ASLEEP! NOW THEY GO LIKE WORLD-BEATERS!



GOALLL!

MAN, THAT WAS A GREAT GOAL!



Meanwhile, at the other end of the field.

HEY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO! THEY'RE SLEEPING!

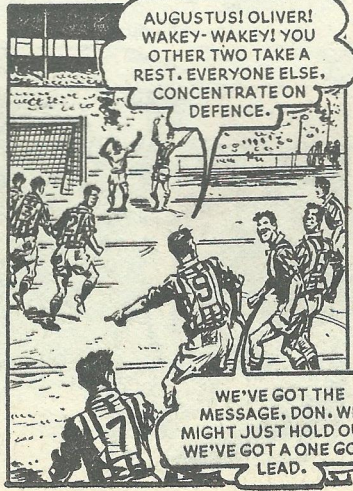
ZZZZZ!

Oliver Cromwell's rest had done him a power of good.



Ten minutes later—

GOAAALLL! TWO-ONE TO TROUBADORE!



AUGUSTUS! OLIVER! WAKY-WAKY! YOU OTHER TWO TAKE A REST. EVERYONE ELSE, CONCENTRATE ON DEFENCE.

WE'VE GOT THE MESSAGE, DON. WE MIGHT JUST HOLD OUT. WE'VE GOT A ONE GOAL LEAD.



THAT'S IT, OLIVER. KEEP 'EM OUT!