

## **The Hothouse Project**

**Charles Shaar Murray's Journalism as Craft and Art writing course**

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### **Autumn 2013 coursework**

#### **AJIT PATEL: Back From the Future**

Year Three Thousand, Four score and Four

I am Winston; my station in life is to revise historical events to the satisfaction of my controller.

My Sports Police assignment is to review the greatest event since Armstrong left his paws on the Sea of Tranquillity. Namely, the Football World Cup Final of 1970 between Brazil and Italy to be held at the dizzying altitude of Mexico City.

My travels are facilitated by Herbert George who is the chronological pilot. My companions include Andy, John and the serene Weena.

'Are you ready, HG?' 'Uh huh.'

'Andy?' 'Okay.'

'John?' 'Yeah.'

'Weena?' She nods, sheepishly.

'Alright fellas, let's go. Soccer pitch blitz'.

On our arrival at Estadio Azteca the scene is set. The theatre is buzzing and heaving with the hundred-thousand-plus souls melting in the flaming heat of June 21st. Will they mexican-wave for the camera? Oh no, that's another era ... 1986.

The pitch is green baize ready for the patter of 22 artisans, and the puppeteer is the referee Rudi Glockner, I wonder if they named the shady hand gun after him.

The Glock blows his pea and the show begins.

Fifteen minutes have flown by with no look back in anger. Andy growls, 'I am bored', wishes he was at the Factory, stands up, flicks his ashen mane and leaves to stretch his linen.

Brazil struck first with Pele heading in a cross by Rivelino at 18 minutes. John leaps up and screams, 'Auhhhh rice man!!!' He hoped Paul could grace us; he would not get hung up about anything.

At 37 minutes Boninsegna scores, restoring Italian parity.

The interval is upon us. The Army Band marched up and down the arena. There is no dissent or protest nor the sight of a clenched-fist salute. These footballers are no Olympians.

HG lights up, with Weena resting on his shoulder. John, looking at the happy couple, scribbles on his match program the lyrics to 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand'.

In the second half, the Brazilian *ordem e progresso* was too hot for the Italians. Gerson shot-fired Brazilian the second at 66 minutes. Pele the provider for the onrushing Jairzinho who sports a Barnet which probably inspired Marc Bolan Goal number three had been chalked.

The fourth and final goal was a musical octet, conducted by Tostao, strung by Brito to Clodoaldo on to the Black Pearl, baton passed to Gerson back to Clodoaldo sped to Rivelino who down the line to Jairzinho, who floats the ball over to the maestro Pele who passes for Captain Carlos Alberto's crescendo.

The Jules Rimet Trophy won thrice by Brazil. They get to retain it until time shall be no more.

HG prepared our return with Andy silver-foiled, John at peace and Weena in his heart.

My report is uploaded on to the monstrous mainframe computer JCN.

I am such a day dreamer.

Oh-oh, what a lonely boy!