



His Main Passion was Football

AUBREY is frantically searching for something in the bedroom and comes across a scarf, Aubrey would rather have not found the scarf.

AUBREY: (*Emptying out a cardboard box*) And that's when I found it. I wasn't really looking for it - Jonny's scarf. I stole it years ago.

Let's not get into this blame thing, I know it's wrong to steal. But all I intended at the start was to borrow it, just to show it to my friends, then I'd have put it back before Jonny even noticed it had gone.

(*Hugging the scarf*) It seems like ages ago, and I still blame myself to this day. If I'd not taken the scarf, none of this would have happened. Jonny was my hero. He was seven years older than me. I worshipped the ground he walked on. Jonny was already eight when mum met my dad. And he was bright. No I mean really bright. He did very well at school. But his main passion was football — Leeds United.

He was obsessed. What he didn't know about football wasn't worth knowing. He knew every player who'd ever played for Leeds United, all the managers, every game they'd ever played. He had all the kit. Shorts, socks, hat, gloves, water bottle, snack box, everything. But his most prized possession was this scarf, It was Cantona's — you know... Eric Cantona... from the 1980s. Dad bought it at auction for hundreds of pounds, and he wore it religiously to every game.

It was show and tell at school you see, and Peter Johnson had brought David Beckham's autograph in. He was such a show off. Then I thought of Jonny's scarf. I thought that'd wipe the smile off his face. But I knew Jonny wouldn't let me have it. The only way was to borrow it. I don't know how I managed to sneak it out that Friday morning without anyone noticing... Not even Mum. It was brilliant. I felt so important. I was buzzing all day. The only trouble is that I'd left it at school, so when it came to Leeds versus Manchester United the next day the scarf was nowhere to be seen.

I don't know much about what happened that day. I kept mostly out of the way. All I know is that Jonny went crazy looking for it everywhere. I've never seen him like that. And I knew they were late leaving — very late. Dad had gone off without him, so he'd arranged to get a lift with a friend who also had a season ticket.

It was the knock on the door that I remember most vividly.
(Becoming wistful) Mum was in the kitchen making shepherd's pie.

The two policemen were waiting on the step outside. He never made it to the match. The driver that hit them was three times over the limit. He didn't stand a chance.

The scarf stayed at school for ages. I couldn't bear to look at it. One of the teachers just gave it to me one day.

'Oh isn't this yours', he said one break time and put it in my hand. I felt sick and hid it at the bottom of my bag. And I've not seen it since. Until today. I still can't face telling anyone. Not yet.

(Folding the scarf) I'm putting it back in the box. Where it belongs.

By Nicola Higgs