Including training drills & footy tips from Hawks star Cyril Rioli

FOX SWIFT

DAVID LAWRENCE with CYRIL RIOLI
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Fox Swift stared out the window of the lime green Kombi van as it roared noisily down the highway. He was lost in thought. He was thinking about last year’s win in the under-11 Grand Final. He smiled as he remembered a passage of play in the last quarter…

Fox picked up the ball on the wing, and sped along the boundary line. He took three bounces and dodged around four Clifton Cobra defenders—the last after a magical blind turn. None of his teammates were free, so Fox shot for goal and, from 35 metres out, he kicked the ball directly over the goal umpire’s head. Car horns sounded and Port Pembla players rushed in to congratulate their dynamic blond-headed captain…

Fox shook his head sadly. It was so unfair he wouldn’t be lining up with the Port Pembla Pirates this season. Why did his parents have to move again? And why move to some remote country town called ‘Davinal’?
Davinal? Fox had never heard of Davinal. It was a town in the middle of nowhere. Worse, he wasn’t even sure they had a football team.

He was really going to miss playing for the Pirates—but the Pirates were going to miss him even more. After he had won the Port Pembla best and fairest award at the end of the season his coach ‘Bluey’ Watkins told the audience, “I have coached two under-11s players who later went on to play senior AFL footy—and at the same age, Fox is better than both of them…”

Fox’s thoughts were disrupted by the sound of his younger brother’s voice. Fox couldn’t actually see Chase—he was buried under a small bookcase and some pillows in another part of the van.

“I spy with my little eye,” said Chase, “something beginning with… ‘C’”.

“Cow!” yelled Fox and his parents in unison.

They all burst out laughing. Chase always picked ‘C’ for ‘Cow’ in ‘I Spy’, even if there were no cows around. This little routine never failed to crack everyone up.

Fox, who was sitting rather uncomfortably under a lamp and a cardboard box marked ‘crockery’ with a doona stuffed on top, returned to his favourite pastime: daydreaming about footy.

He couldn’t help it. Footy, footy, footy—it was all he thought about. Even when he was walking down the street, he would pretend the telegraph poles
were goalposts, and visualise splitting the sticks with a banana kick.

When he came across community statues, he imagined drilling them on the chest with a spearing drop punt pass. He even did this when the statues were of long-gone heroes on horseback.

Nobody could explain why Fox Swift was so good at footy. His parents had absolutely no interest in sport—in fact, his dad’s major sporting triumph had been in a sack race at a school fair when he was seven.

“I came in a very honourable third,” Fox’s father had once proudly told the family over dinner.

“But weren’t there only three people in the race?” asked Mrs Swift, much to the amusement of Fox and Chase.

The only trophies his mum and dad had ever won were for debating.

Most parents urge their kids to head outdoors for some exercise, but Fox and Chase were more likely to hear, “Boys, put down the footy and come inside for a game of Scrabble!”

“Scrabble?” thought Fox, shaking his head. If he and Chase didn’t look so much like their parents, he would have sworn they had been adopted.

But despite their different interests, Fox thought his parents were pretty cool. With their abundance of blond hair, they looked like a couple of ‘surfie hippies’. Mr Swift’s first name was Jacoby, but his friends just
called him Jack. He had a small triangle of facial fluff under his bottom lip that he referred to, cheekily, as his ‘Flavour Saver’. Fox’s mum, Sasha, was tall and slim with deep blue eyes and a smile that could light up a room.

Jack and Sasha Swift laughed a lot and made friends easily. Fox also liked the fact they helped other people. His parents were lawyers; not just any lawyers—they worked for Social Justice. That meant they looked after people who couldn’t afford expensive legal assistance. And often they worked for nothing.

Of course Fox loved his parents—there was no question of that—he just wished they understood the difference between a drop punt and a torpedo. Or even a goal and a behind! Last September, Fox had been absolutely gobsmacked to discover that neither of his parents knew who was playing in the AFL Grand Final. When an exasperated Fox told them the names of the two teams, his dad replied, “Oh yes, of course. I sure hope it doesn’t come down to a penalty shoot-out.”

Fox and Chase looked at each other wide-eyed, then buried their heads in their hands in disbelief.

Sheep-filled paddocks flashed by the window, as Fox’s thoughts were once again disturbed by the sound of his brother’s voice.

“I spy with my little eye, something beginning with…”

“Here we go!” thought Fox, a smile already
appearing on his face in anticipation of Chase spotting yet another ‘cow’.

But to everyone’s surprise, Chase finished his question with “…an ‘S’!”

“An ‘S’?” asked Mrs Swift from the passenger seat. “Are you sure?”

“You mean ‘C’, don’t you?” said Mr Swift, grinning from behind the wheel.

“Mmm,” said Chase, “not unless ‘Spider’ starts with ‘C’.”

“Spider?” roared Mr Swift, slamming on the breaks and hurriedly pulling the vehicle over into the emergency stopping lane.

Fox’s dad was a brave man in many ways—just not when it came to spiders. The thought of a creepy spider lurking somewhere in his beloved Kombi made his skin crawl and he was not about to take any chances.

“I’m going to find this spider if it’s the last thing I do!” he cried.

But after an hour of unloading the van and exhaustively searching through all their possessions no spider could be found.

“I’m not sure why you can’t find it, Dad,” said Chase, “It was absolutely massive—you know, black and kind of furry with dark red eyes and big fangs.”

“You’re really not h-h-helping, Chase,” stammered a now terrified Mr Swift.
“Not scared of a little old spider are you Dad?” teased Fox.

“Yeah right,” replied Mr Swift indignantly as he mopped the sweat from his brow and climbed tentatively back into the driver’s seat.

Smiling broadly, Mrs Swift chimed in with some wise advice, “Remember, the spider is more scared of you than you are of him.”

“Sure,” grumbled Mr Swift. “That poor spider must be petrified I’m going to sneak up on it and sink my fangs into its neck!”

Everyone laughed except for Mr Swift. And for the rest of the trip he kept a close watch in the rear-view mirror, half expecting a spider the size of a well-fed corgi to pounce on him at any moment.

Fox dozed off for a while. Eventually he was jolted awake and looked out the window to see the sun was setting and they had reached a sign that read: ‘Welcome to Davinal—Population 8753.’

“That’s a pretty specific number,” said Fox. “I wonder if they’ll have to change it to 8757 now the four of us have arrived in town?”

The Kombi cruised past a giant water tower and then on to a stretch of single-storey houses with neat front gardens, before turning left into the main shopping strip of the small town. Fox and Chase thought it was
pretty funny that the town’s main street was actually called ‘Main Street’.

“Mmm, must have taken them a long time to think up that one,” laughed Fox.

Mr Swift parked the van in front of a milk bar that, to the delight of Fox and Chase, was called ‘The Main Street Milk Bar’.

“The Main Street Milk Bar? No way!” shouted Chase.

“You better believe it!” yelled Fox, pointing to ‘The Main Street Bakery’ next door.

They all jumped out of the car and Fox’s dad entered the milk bar. Mrs Swift chatted to the boys on the footpath while they stretched their legs.

“The real estate agent has left the keys at the milk bar,” she said. “As soon as Dad picks them up, we’ll head out to our new home.”

“What was wrong with our old home, Mum?” asked Chase in a gloomy voice.

“Nothing honey, but your father and I decided to move to Davinal because there are a lot of people in this town who need our help. I’m sure you guys are going to love it here. Unlike Port Pembla, there’s hardly any traffic, and country people are really nice and friendly.”

Just at that moment, a man wearing black jeans and a dark hoodie emerged from the laneway next to the milk bar and bumped into Mrs Swift. He froze on the spot. The man was unshaven, had pale, pasty skin and
his red eyes were mere spots under his hood. His clothes were dirty and the sandy hair that was poking out of his hoodie looked greasy and unwashed.

Most mums would completely freak out in this situation, but Mrs Swift stayed completely calm.

“Hi,” she said with a warm smile. “How are you going?”

Instead of answering, the man put his hands up to cover his face and turned to run away, but in his hurry he ran into several garbage bins and fell to the ground with a noisy crash.

The owner of the milk bar rushed out to see what was causing the commotion just as the man in the hoodie was leaping to his feet.

“That poor man,” said Mrs Swift as they watched him bolting back down the laneway.

“Don’t worry about him, he’s just the town weirdo,” said the milk bar owner. “He’s completely harmless—hasn’t spoken a word to anyone in 40 years.”

Mr Swift returned with the keys, and as they pulled back out onto Main Street Fox thought, “Mmm, so much for everyone in the country being nice and friendly.”

At the start of the drive towards their new home, the family cruised past some beautiful two-storey homes with large flower-filled gardens and views of the stunning Morton River.
Fox’s eyes had begun to droop, but they widened suddenly when he spotted the most magnificent football ground he had ever seen.

In between the trees surrounding the oval he could see an impressive grandstand that could easily seat a few hundred spectators, and even in the fading light he could see that the grass was thick and spongy, the lines freshly marked and the well-padded, shiny white goalposts stood tall.

Catching a glimpse of the modern red-bricked clubrooms, Fox noticed even the large brown tiles on the roof sparkled. At the ground’s entrance there was a large red and white sign that said: ‘Home of the Davinal Dragons’. It had obviously been freshly painted.

A relieved Chase whispered to Fox, “At least we know they play footy here!” All Fox could do was stare at the oval and mouth “Wow!”

As they drove on, Fox noticed the size of the houses and gardens were becoming smaller.

This was especially noticeable after they crossed over the railway line that ran through the middle of the town. They also passed by a bunch of large sheds and warehouses that housed local manufacturing businesses. There was a cabinetmaker, a boat builder, an ugg boot ‘craftsman’ and a company called ‘On Tap’, which produced bathroom fittings.

Fox thought he was imagining things when he spied
another footy ground looming in the distance. But this ground was nothing like the previous one; the paint on the tiny grandstand was peeling and Fox swore he saw a magpie land on the roof only to fall straight through it a split second later.

At the far end of the ground one of the goalposts was at least a metre taller than the other. To make matters worse, the point posts sprouted from the ground at angles that would have made the Leaning Tower of Pisa jealous.

The four posts at the other end were all exactly the same height, which Fox thought must make things very confusing for the players, not to mention the goal umpires.

The boundary lines were barely marked and the playing surface looked like a rough old farm paddock during a long dry spell.

Fox strained his eyes to read the sign that was hanging on its side near the entrance to the ground. The blue and gold paint had faded so badly it was pretty hard to read, but eventually he made out the words: ‘Go the Mighty Diggers’.

At first Fox had thought it said ‘Go the Mighty Daggers’, but his mum assured him that ‘The Daggers’ would be a fairly inappropriate name for a junior footy club.

Fox thought the word ‘Mighty’ seemed just as inappropriate given the rundown state of the facilities.
About two streets past the ground, Mr Swift turned left into Andrews Street and pulled into the driveway next to a letterbox with the number six marked prominently on it.

Fox’s old number with the Port Pembla Pirates was six, so he took this as a good sign—until he realised that it was actually a nine that had slipped upside down.

The Swifts’ new rental home was a modest single-storey weatherboard. It was popcorn yellow in colour, with mint green trim along the eaves and a faded red tiled roof. It was not as spectacular as the houses they had passed with river views, but Fox was still very excited—for the first time in their lives, he and his brother were to have their own bedrooms.

After Mr Swift unlocked the front door, Fox and Chase raced through the house to explore all the rooms. To Fox, this was always the best part of moving—the excitement of discovery. Everything was ‘new’. The house, the neighbourhood, the school—the school! Fox had forgotten about school, and the fact that he would be starting at a new one the next morning.

Chase, who had darted off in front of Fox, immediately claimed the larger of the two children’s bedrooms. He did this by jumping on the bed and yelling out the words that have settled ownership disputes between brothers for generations: “Bags this one!”
To Chase’s surprise, Fox calmly accepted this decision and said, “No problems—I wanted the other room anyway.”

“Huh?” said Chase suspiciously as Fox started to walk towards the other bedroom. “How come?”

“It’s… no reason. I’m sure you’ll be fine…” said Fox. “What do you mean ‘I’ll be fine’?” demanded Chase, unable to hide his anxiety.

“Well, it’s just with the tornadoes…” answered Fox with a casual shrug of the shoulders.

“Tornadoes? What tornadoes?” said Chase.

“Well apparently in Davinal these massive tornadoes blow in from the east, so this bedroom will cop it first,” explained Fox.

“Are you serious?” said Chase, searching for some sign that his brother was making the whole thing up.

“Look, it probably won’t happen—tornadoes only hit Davinal about once every 10 years and they haven’t had one here for… you know what, about 10 years.”

There was a blur as Chase raced past his brother and out of the room. Fox heard him bounce onto the bed in the smaller room and yell out triumphantly, “Bags this one!”

Fox smiled to himself. Even though he was usually extremely protective and caring towards Chase, it felt good to put one over on him.

“Tornadoes? Really Fox?” queried Mrs Swift, who had overheard the tail end of the conversation. “Did
you just con your brother out of a bedroom—your little brother who is *three years* younger than you?"

Now there was probably only one thing that Fox was hopeless at and that was lying to his mum. Whenever he tried a wave of guilt would wash over him and he would turn bright red, making it completely obvious he was telling a fib. For that reason he no longer bothered.

“Okay so the tornado story might not be 100 per cent true, but Chase started it with the whole ‘bags this room’ thing,” mumbled Fox, avoiding eye contact with his mum.

“Chase, come in here!” called out Mrs Swift “I’m going to flip a coin to see who sleeps in which room.”

In a flash Chase charged back into the bedroom and pleaded, “But Mum, the tornadoes!”

“Fox, tell your brother the *truth* about the tornadoes,” said Mrs Swift with her hands on hips.

“The truth? Yep, sure,” said Fox thinking on his feet. “Um, well you see Chase, it kind of turns out the town with all the tornadoes is not actually *this* Davinal—it’s a town called Davinal in the *USA*.”

Fox had no absolutely problems fibbing to his younger brother.

“Mmm, now that is *almost* unbelievable Fox,” said Mrs Swift with more than a hint of sarcasm. “Okay who wants to call?”
“Fox can!” said Chase, wanting to shift the pressure onto his older brother.

“Okay Fox, your call,” said Mrs Swift as she tossed the coin high up into the air.

As captain of the Port Pembla Pirates, Fox always played an old saying in his head before the toss of the coin: ‘Tails never fails’. Over time he had discovered that tails did sometimes fail—in fact about half the time—but he always chose it regardless.

“Tails!” he yelled, just before his mother caught the 20-cent piece and slapped it onto the back of her hand.

“Tails it is,” announced Mrs Swift.

“Um, let’s see, it’s a tough one but… I’ll take this room,” said Fox, trying to play down his enthusiasm.

Chase immediately dropped his head and acted disappointed, but he was secretly relieved to be in the smaller room—just in case any tornadoes really did hit Davinal.

After helping move all their belongings inside the house, Fox started setting up his new bedroom.

Although some might worry about the positioning of the bed or where to put the desk for homework, the only thing Fox was concerned about was where his footy posters should go.

Fox was a bit unusual in that he didn’t barrack for a specific club, he just loved Aussie Rules in general. It didn’t matter which teams were playing on TV, he
would watch the game enthusiastically and appreciate the amazing skills of the players, no matter what jumper they were wearing.

This explained why Fox had such a diverse collection of footy posters, featuring players across a number of the AFL teams.

His favourites were ‘Daisy’ Thomas from Collingwood, Trent Cotchin from Richmond, Nathan Fyfe from Fremantle, Dyson Heppell from Essendon, Lewis Jetta from the Sydney Swans, ‘Buddy’ Franklin and Cyril Rioli from Hawthorn and, of course, Gary Ablett from the Gold Coast Suns. Other than ‘Buddy’, they were all midfielders who kicked goals—just like Fox.

Shortly after Fox finished blu-tacking his footy heroes to the walls, Mr Swift joined him, holding Fox’s school bag in one hand and a coat hanger carrying his school uniform in the other.

“Better get some sleep, Fox—big day tomorrow,” said Mr Swift.

“Yeah,” said Fox eyeing off his boring grey and green Davinal Primary uniform, “New school. Can’t wait.”

“You’ll be fine, son,” said Mr Swift. “You always get on with everyone and I’m sure there’ll be quite a few kids that play FAL.”

“It’s AFL, Dad—A-F-L!” groaned Fox, shaking his head in frustration. “It’s the Australian Football League.”

“You know what?” said Mr Swift, “I reckon they
should change it to ‘ALF’, that would be so much easier to remember.”

“You know what, Dad?” said Fox, “I think it’s time you went to bed!”

Mr Swift smiled and left Fox alone to think about what was ahead of him. He lay down on his bed, scanned the posters and wondered what these stars of the game would think of his dad.

It had been a very long day, so not surprisingly the Swifts all slept very soundly that night. There was no movement in the house at all—with one notable exception.

Chase hadn’t been seeing things. The giant black spider that had hitchhiked its way to Davinal crawled stealthily from its hiding spot in a box marked ‘Kitchen Utensils’. It inched its way towards Fox’s bedroom and eventually made itself at home inside his school bag.
Fox Swift is an 11-year-old football star. When his family moves from the city to the small country town of Davinal, Fox has to choose which of the town’s two teams to join: the rich Dragons, which attracts all the best young footballers, or the Diggers, a struggling club that battles to field a side each week.

Following a run-in with the school bully, who turns out to be captain of the Dragons, Fox decides to join the Diggers, and even manages to recruit a new coach and a few new players—two Sudanese refugees, the mumbling but super-tough son of a farmer, and a girl who plays in a helmet to disguise her identity. When the coach contacts Hawthorn superstar Cyril Rioli for help with football tips and training drills, all of a sudden the Diggers start to win.

With its genuine football tips and training drills from AFL ‘magician’ Cyril Rioli, as well as the cheeky cartoons and laugh-out-loud story line, *Fox Swift* is a fun-filled book that will encourage footy-loving kids to read.
But the Wileyfox Swift is something special. This brand new contender has put together a £129 phone that crams the specs you might have to pay almost £200 for elsewhere. And yet it doesn’t feel or look bad either. There’s a little embossed Wileyfox ‘fox head™ logo on the back, the company name in orange and a little orange ring around the camera lens. Would it look better without some of these flashes, or if the font was silvery/grey so that it stands out a bit more subtly from the back? Probably, but it’s not a bad-looking phone. Wileyfox Swift bootloop and not being identified by PC. Thread by 4ndyL4f4y3tt3. Latest Post: 7th May 2020 01:17 PM by 4ndyL4f4y3tt3. [ROM][TREBLE] Project Treble for Wileyfox Swift 1 2 3. Thread by GuestK00367. Latest Post: 18th August 2019 12:57 AM by aeoi. 2020 popular Wileyfox Swift Lcd trends in Cellphones & Telecommunications, Mobile Phone LCD Screens with Wileyfox Swift Lcd and Wileyfox Swift Lcd. Discover over 135 of our best selection of Wileyfox Swift Lcd on AliExpress.com with top-selling Wileyfox Swift Lcd brands. Shop the top 25 most popular Wileyfox Swift Lcd at the best prices!