

SAM KERR

KICKING
GOALS



A NEW KNIGHT

Hi,

Sam Kerr here, captain of the Matildas and striker for Chelsea FC.

I am so excited to be bringing you this book series about little Sam Kerr. This series follows my story from a soccer newbie to a skilled striker.

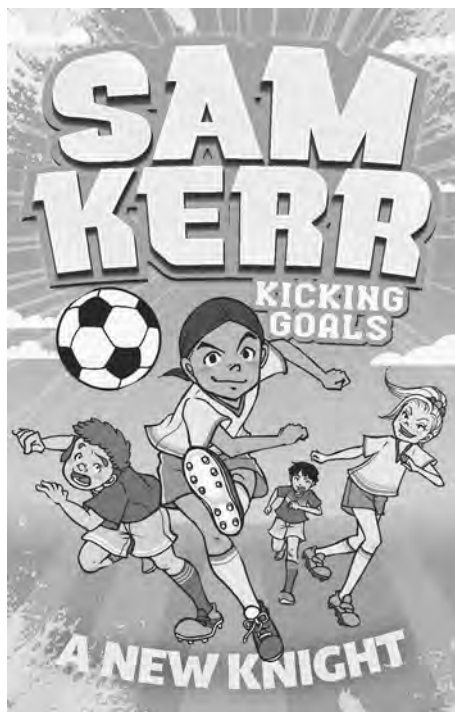
Growing up, I faced many challenges on and off the pitch. These books will share these experiences and I can't wait to share my journey with you.

I hope you love it as much as I do!

Sam



COMING SOON!



**Available in print, eBook and eAudio
in December 2021.**

Read on for a sneak peek!



CHAPTER ONE

EAST FREMANTLE

WEDNESDAY

8.35 am

‘*Chelsea Flint* joined your soccer team?!’

Indi stops so suddenly that Dylan bumps straight into her.

‘Um, hello?’ he says, glaring at her.

But Indi keeps staring at me, eyes wide behind her blue-rimmed glasses.

It’s Wednesday morning, and Indi, Dylan and I are walking to school together, like

we do every day. Well, Dylan and Indi are walking. I'm gliding beside them on my skateboard. It's a sunny day in East Fremantle but with Chelsea now on our soccer team, it feels like a storm is coming.

She's East Fremantle Primary's biggest bully and in the six years we've been at school, I've only ever stood up to Chelsea once. That happened last week when I told her to 'Blow it out her ear' in front of the whole school. She's won't forget about what I said anytime soon. No one embarrasses Chelsea Flint and gets away with it.

When Chelsea rocked up to training yesterday and our coach Ted told us she was joining our team, Dylan and I laughed and joked about it. But when I woke up this morning the terrible truth hit me like a

tonne of bricks. It feels like a bad dream. Actually, it feels more like a nightmare. The kind where you wake up screaming, fall on the floor and scare the life out of your dog who's sleeping on your bed.

‘What a nightmare,’ Indi says now.

I stare at my best friend in amazement. Did she just read my mind? Actually, yeah, she probably did. Best friends can do that sometimes.

‘Maybe Chelsea will get bored and quit?’ Indi adds hopefully, starting to walk towards school again.

‘I don’t think so,’ Dylan says. ‘She was having fun last night, and she’s a good player too.’

I almost skate straight into a tree.

‘You thought she was *good*?’

Dylan looks like he wants to hide behind the nearest bush. Not an easy thing to do when you're a five-foot-eight-inches tall eleven-year-old.

'I dunno . . . she wasn't terrible,' he shrugs.

Has Dylan lost his mind? Why is he sticking up for Chelsea Flint? If anyone has the right to bag her out it's Dylan. Chelsea is meaner to him than anyone else at school. Most people would think that a five-foot-eight-inches tall boy wouldn't be scared of a tiny blonde girl with a big mouth, but they'd be wrong. Dylan is super shy and awkward. But he's honest too, so if he reckons Chelsea is a good player, it must be true.

This fact only makes me feel worse.

Indi puts her arm around me – an awkward thing to do when I’m rolling along on a skateboard.

‘It’ll be fine,’ she says reassuringly. ‘Chelsea can’t be mean to you at soccer. She’ll be on her best behaviour in front of her uncle!’

Oh yeah, I forgot to say. Ted, our coach, is Chelsea’s uncle. But I wouldn’t say that she’d be on her best behaviour for him. She’s *never* on her best behaviour.

Urg. I’d *finally* started to feel good about playing with the Knights. I even kicked my first goal last Sunday.

Yep. Life was good . . . and then Chelsea Flint had to go and spoil everything!

