

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



LFC in CLT by **Mike Bozart** (Agent 33) | AUG 2014

Finally. Finally, it was August 2<sup>nd</sup> (2014). It was the Saturday when the legendary EPL (English Premier League) titan Liverpool would be playing in our city (Charlotte), on our field (Bank of America Stadium), or pitch as they say across the pond, against Serie A (the top league in Italy) powerhouse AC Milan.

We, Agents 32 (Monique, my wife), 33 (me) and 666 (my provocative soccer-playing son) had got hooked on LFC (Liverpool Football Club) while watching them play on NBCSN on Saturday and Sunday mornings the previous season. Their attacking style and raucous, ultra-passionate Anfield fans had won us over. This would be our EPL team through thick and thin.

I had bought tickets for the three of us online several months in advance, as I feared the match might sell out. Once I received the e-mail from the ticketing agency, I printed the attachments (the tickets) and left the sheets of paper in the tray, where they proceeded to collect dust. This morning at 9:47 AM I brushed them off and counted to make sure that I had all three of them.

“Well, today is the big day, guys,” I announced to my two sleepyheads.

“Dad, do you think that I don’t know that?!” My son gave me a ‘duh’ facial expression.

“I’m so excited to go in that stadium and see Liverpool play, hon,” my wife said.

After lunch we donned our Liverpool shirts, gathered our things and loaded the Kia. The six-mile drive to our secret free-parking area (eight tenths of a mile southeast of the stadium) went off without a hitch or a post.

We disembarked and walked to Bank of America Plaza for some pre-game refreshments. A parade of people in red were walking south on Tryon Street, chanting their way towards the stadium. They were Liverpool fans.

I had anticipated a lot of noisy LFC supporters, but my wife and son were in total awe with mouths agape. I was a bit surprised, too. The loud, spirited, jubilant procession continued with no end in sight.

“Hon, how long is that line?” my wife asked.

“I think it will be nonstop for the next hour, Agent 32” *Agent 32? He’s already recording.*

“Really?!” my son shouted.

“Yeah, Agent 666. [He demanded this nefarious agent number over my fervent protestations.] Liverpool has a global fanbase. There are people in Charlotte today from all over North America, and probably a sizeable contingent from northwestern England.”

“They are really filing in now, 33.” *Great. My wife has already picked up on my psecret psociety recording and is calling me Agent 33. Most excellent.*

“Let’s go now!” my son yelled as he jumped out of his chair.  
“I want to chant with them. We’re wasting time just sitting here! Let’s not let the LFC parade pass by without us.”

“Ok, ok, ok. Just give us a few seconds.” I was trying to stall my eager-to-go son for a minute.

My wife and I quickly gulped down our soft drinks. Then we got up and walked over to Tryon Street and merged into the Red Sea march.

The first chant we heard was an easy one-worder (the pitch just alternated from high to low). *LIVERPOOL, Liverpool, LIVERPOOL, Liverpool ...*

Next, we heard the one about the famous Liverpool defender Jamie Carragher. It was being sung to The Beatles *Yellow Submarine* melody. *And number one is Carragher, and number 2 is Carragher, and number 3 is Carragher, and number 4 is Carragher, Carragher! We all dream of a team of Carraghers ...*

But then, not surprisingly, the chants started to attack rival Premier League teams. Arsenal got shelled first. *Same old Arsenal, always cheating ...*

Chelsea got an off-color blast next. *F::ck off Chelsea FC, you aint got no history ...*

And, as we turned right onto Stonewall Street to close in on the stadium, looming just ahead, the most vulgar chant commenced. *All Manchester is full of sh:t ...*

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