



Prologue

Two Legend sports down and I'm behind in Legends points. Travis Fisk seems more determined than ever to win the Legends this year, but I want it too. It's the golden anniversary year. The trophies are gold and the school is celebrating 70 years of Legends competition against Ascot College.

Travis has already won the first Legends event. That was held at camp at the start of the year. And although I placed one better than him in soccer, he remains one point ahead of me.

My friends Bubba and Rat are planning to get right into the rugby action. Bubba should be



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brilliant round the packs and Rat will dart up the wings with his amazing speed. I'm not so sure about Bryce. But no doubt he'll have some input somewhere along the line.

Luci and Becky will be battling it out for the Legend of Netball while the rugby is happening. They're going to spend a few weeks out of school in some big house and train and play against other schools there. Maybe we'll check it out.

I wonder how they'll get on with Karla. She's new. She's a strong girl who is very talented at sport. And she is tough. Maybe even tougher than Travis Fisk. She says what she thinks, and doesn't care who she's saying it to or what the consequences will be. She just gets on with life. Her way.

But it's rugby and the school is buzzing with excitement. Rugby wasn't on the Legends program last year, so it's a bit of an unknown. But still, every day brings a new rumour about which team we're playing, who's coaching and how the Legend of Rugby will be organised.

Chapter 1

Mr Fisk's Invitation

It was lunchtime and I was checking out the Legend's noticeboard. The third section of the board hadn't been added to in weeks. The heading was there and a fading border of rugby goalposts too. But the big section in the middle remained blank.

The netball section was full of news and information. There was even a sketch of the old mansion where the netball girls were staying in a week's time. The no-show in the rugby section made me think more and more



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of Mr Fisk. He was the reason Travis kept his head in. His father was involved in all the Legend events. Actually, it seemed that Mr Fisk was getting more involved as time went by. Soon he'd be running the whole show.

There were all sorts of rumours flying about. It was going to be cancelled because it was too dangerous. That rumour lasted three days, until Mr Spears (he was in charge of sport at Sandhurst) sent a note to all classrooms saying that there would definitely be a Legend of Rugby. Then there was the rumour that the school had no one qualified to coach it. That only lasted a few days.

And last week, a new one. That Karla had set up a protest because girls weren't allowed to be in the Legend of Rugby. She was going to sue the school for discriminating against girls.

'What are distimorating girls anyway?'

asked Bubba.

A group of us had gathered now in front of the blank section of noticeboard.

Mr Fisk's Invitation

'Dis-crim-in-ating,' Bryce said slowly. 'It's like being unfair; not giving a chance for the girls to do something they should be allowed to do,' he added.

'Oh,' said Bubba, looking confused. 'But, girls'd get hurt.'

'Bubba, boys can get hurt too,' Becky said.

'Yeah, but boys are stronger and tougher and are meant—'

'Bubba!' Luci cried, dropping her water bottle. 'Careful, or I'll show you how tough girls can be.'

She bent down to pick up her bottle.

'The thing is, most girls probably don't want to play rugby.' Luci looked at Becky for confirmation. 'Well, I don't anyway,' she added, taking a swig from her bottle.

'It's gonna be the best, isn't it Mitch!' Bubba said, excitedly.

'If it ever—' I stopped mid-sentence as I noticed Mr Fisk striding over the grass towards us.



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He was waving a piece of paper in the air. He looked like the Pied Piper with a line of little kids following behind him.

‘Well!’ he barked as he approached the noticeboard, ‘Look who’s popular now!’

He looked around, beaming at the crowd that had gathered.

‘Preps,’ I whispered to Luci, shaking my head. ‘They don’t know any better.’

‘The only followers Mr Fisk can get are six-year-olds,’ said Becky.

I noticed Travis and Richard Mazis standing a cool 30 metres away, leaning against the side of the gym wall.

‘Hey Preppies! Did you hear? There’s a lolly scramble over by the art room,’ Luci shouted.

A split-second later the noticeboard area was deserted. Thirty-five little prep kids, and one big Bubba had streaked off around the corner and were heading to a non-existent lolly scramble.

Mr Fisk's Invitation

'Nice one, Luci,' I whispered.

But Mr Fisk hadn't noticed. He was huffing and puffing over a couple of drawing pins. His nails had been bitten so low that he was struggling to pull the drawing pins out of the board.

'Do you want a hand, Mr Fisk?' Bryce asked, politely.

'Don't be stupid, boy,' he yelled, his face getting redder by the second.

Mr Fisk pulled out his car keys and dug one in behind a drawing pin. Becky winced as he gouged out a chunk of the noticeboard. He was getting more and more flustered, especially as a crowd started to gather.

'You put it up!' Mr Fisk said, throwing the piece of paper at Bryce. 'Probably the only contribution you'll make to this sport anyway,' he muttered quietly.



THE LEGEND OF RUGBY

No girls allowed.

All boys interested in being involved in the Legend of Rugby should attend a meeting and demonstration on the oval next Tuesday lunchtime. At the end of the session, you should record your name if you are still keen to participate. There will be games during lunchtimes this week for interested students.

Rugby is NOT for wimps.

Boys who wear glasses will not be permitted to play.

Mr Fisk's Invitation

At the bottom of the note there was a scrawly piece of writing. Only Bryce could read it.

'It says, "Boys who wear glasses will not be permitted to play." We'll see about that.'

'Are you going to play, Bryce?' Rat asked, wide-eyed.

'Why not? It doesn't say anything about contact lenses.'

'Bryce, you'd hate it!' Luci said, shaking her head.

'We'll see,' he replied.

Someone pushed me as more kids jostled in to get a look at the notice.

'So, now that you've seen the notice, are you up for a throw?' Travis Fisk said in my ear.

'Yeah, why not,' I replied, looking over at Rat for support.

'Good idea,' Bryce added.

'You?' Richard spat the word out.

'Couldn't you read the note down the bottom, Square Eyes?'



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‘Actually, I could read it quite easily,’ said Bryce in a friendly voice. ‘I was thinking of contact lenses. You know what contact lenses are, don’t you Richard? You see, instead of wearing—’

‘Save the speech, you bore. C’mon, Richo. They’re puttin’ up the posts.’ Travis wheeled around and headed towards the oval.

I caught Rat’s eye. He nodded. We set off after Travis and Richard. The others followed.