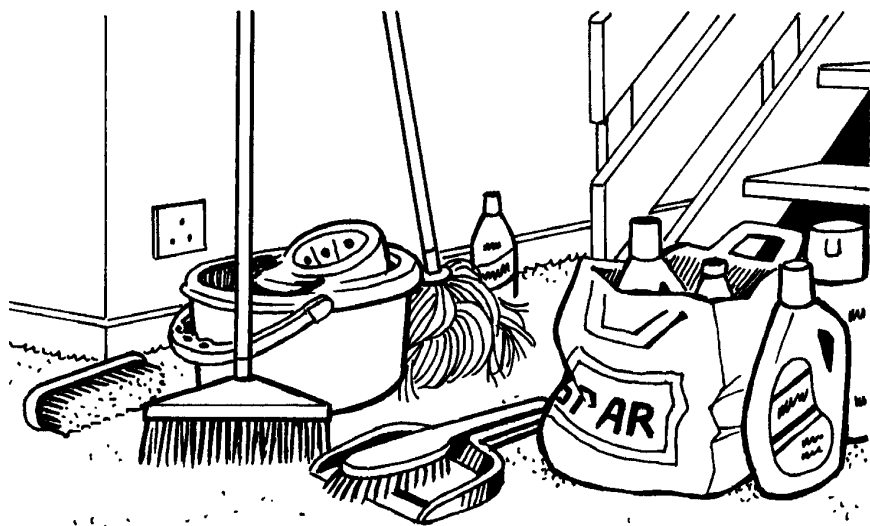


On Saturday morning, Danny and his mum came round early. Danny was wearing his oldest jeans and wellies. His mum had a big bag, two brushes and a bucket. "You ready yet, Sam?" said Danny.

Sam looked at the brushes and dust-pans, mops and buckets that his mum had put by the kitchen door. "I think we need a truck for this lot," he said.

"Not if we all help," said Mum.

She gave out all the cleaning stuff. "I feel like a pack horse," Sam said and set off happily. He didn't see her get another big bag too.



The old hut had been a big tool shed. It had been used to keep the pitch mowers and tools. Now they had all been put in another building.

Eddie was waiting at the door of the hut. "Come in! Come in!" he said. He looked just as happy as the lads.

Some of the team were already there with their mums and dads. Sam and Danny ran inside and had a good look round.

The hut had a sink at the far end and a bench top. It was dusty, and there were cobwebs in the roof but there were lights and even a window in one wall.

Foz was sitting on an old box by the sink. "Hi, Sam, ... Danny," he said and grinned. "Isn't this just brill?"

By half past nine, there were lots of helpers. Fran, Maz and Janey from school had come to help.