

**All Footballers
Experience:
Anxiety
(Newcastle
United)**

Daniel Matharu

Welcome to "All Footballers Experience: Anxiety"

Dear Reader and Supporting Adult

This book is special. It's not meant to be read all at once, like a regular story. Instead, it's designed to be experienced one section at a time, allowing young readers to properly understand and practise each anxiety management technique they learn from their Newcastle heroes.

Why One Section at a Time?

Just as footballers don't learn all their skills in one training session, managing anxiety takes time and practice. Each section of this book introduces a new technique through a different Newcastle player. By focusing on one section at a time, readers can:

- Really understand each player's experience with anxiety
- Practise each technique properly
- Build confidence gradually
- Avoid feeling overwhelmed
- Make the learning journey enjoyable

How to Use This Book

1. Read one section (one player's story and technique)
2. Try the practice activities together
3. Use the QR code to access additional resources
4. Spend 1-2 days practising that technique in daily life
5. When you feel comfortable, move on to the next section

For Supporting Adults

Your role is crucial in this journey. Each section includes:

- Technical explanations of the anxiety management techniques
- Tips for supporting practise
- Signs of progress to look for
- Discussion prompts
- Guidance on when to seek additional support

Remember, this isn't a race. Some techniques might take longer to master than others, and that's perfectly okay. The goal is understanding and practical skill-building, not finishing the book quickly.

For Young Readers

You're about to go on an amazing journey with some of Newcastle's biggest stars! They're going to share their own experiences with the worry monster and teach you their special techniques for handling it. Remember:

- Take your time
- Practise each technique
- Ask questions
- Be proud of your progress

Are you ready to start your anxiety-management journey with your Newcastle heroes?

Let's learn how to understand and tame the Worry Monster...

Jude bounced his football against the faded black patch on the wall of his bedroom. He caught it perfectly on his instep just like his hero Anthony Gordon, whilst ignoring the rhythmic thud echoing through the small space. A bedroom wasn't the best place to practise football skills, and his mum always complained about the constant banging, but Jude loved the repetitive nature of this task.

Posters of Newcastle players - Anthony Gordon mid-celebration, Bruno Guimarães taking a free kick, Alexander Isak scoring yet another goal, covered most of his bedroom and his cluttered desk was piled with schoolbooks and the stray Panini stickers from his album that he needed to swap with his mates.

The faint smell of his mum cooking Jude's favourite meal of spaghetti Bolognese wafted up the stairs.

Jude had practised catching the ball with his instep a hundred times but today felt different. Today was Saturday, and Saturdays meant football in the park, with his mates.

Usually, that would make Jude's heart soar with excitement. Football was his absolute favourite thing in the entire world. But lately, even though he still loved football more than anything, something strange had been happening to his body when he thought about playing.

It started with his stomach doing backflips, like he'd just gone down a really big slide. Then his hands would get all sweaty, making it hard to grip the ball. His heart would start racing super-fast, like he'd just run around the pitch ten times. Sometimes he even felt a bit shaky, even though he wasn't cold at all.

His mum had a name for it - anxiety.

Jude called it his worry monster.

The confusing thing was that these feelings showed up even when he was thinking about things he loved doing. Like right now - his stomach was tied in tight knots just thinking about playing football in the park, even though football was his favourite thing in the world. The worry monster didn't seem to care if something was fun or not; it could make anything feel scary.

The worry monster often showed up on Sunday evenings before school on Monday, when he had to answer questions in class, when he had to partner up with someone for group work, or even when he was just thinking about his upcoming school football tournament.

It was like having an unwelcome shadow that followed him everywhere, whispering doubts and fears in a voice only he could hear, growing louder with every passing second. It said things like "What if you mess up?" or "What if they laugh at you?"

Through his window, Jude could see the local park where his friends were already gathering for their usual Saturday kickabout. He recognised them all - Malik from his class, Sarah who could nutmeg anyone, and Tommy from Jude's football team who always wore his Newcastle away kit.

The park's towering oak trees swayed gently in the breeze, but to Jude, the scene felt distant, as though separated by an invisible wall of nerves. Jude had played many times before, but recently, the worry monster had been making it harder and harder to join in.

"What if you miss an easy pass?" the worry monster whispered, making Jude's stomach twist even tighter.

"What if you let in a goal and everyone blames you?"

"What if they think you're not good enough?"

"Don't play today Jude, then you can't mess anything up."

Even though his stomach was in knots, he remembered the feeling of scoring his first goal last month. His friends had cheered so loudly, and for once, he'd felt like a hero. "Football is the one place where I feel like I belong," he thought.

When Jude was on the pitch, he didn't think about schoolwork, what others thought of him, or even the worry monster. All that mattered was the ball at his feet.

Jude hugged his gold World Cup 2022 football tight to his chest, trying to quiet the worry monster's voice, but it just seemed to be getting louder.

His eyes drifted to his prized possession - his Panini sticker album. He'd been collecting stickers all season, and it always made him feel better to look through the Newcastle players in there. Maybe he should do that instead of going to the park...

"Yes, that feels safer," Jude told himself, "I'll stay at home and flick through my Panini album."

As he flipped through the pages, he came to his favourite sticker - Anthony Gordon celebrating a goal, with a huge smile on his face and his arms spread wide with pure joy. Jude wished he could feel that confident, that free from worry.

"I bet Anthony never feels anxious," Jude mumbled, tracing his finger over the sticker.

That's when something magical happened. The sticker shimmered, its edges glowing with a golden light that spilt out across the pages of the Panini album.

Jude blinked, his heart pounding as the glow grew brighter, filling the room with a warm, comforting radiance. Suddenly, the light condensed into a figure sitting cross-legged on the carpet - it was someone Jude instantly recognised.

Anthony Gordon himself, in full Newcastle kit, was grinning up at him as if stepping out of a dream!

"Actually, that's not true at all, Jude," Anthony said, his voice calm and filled with warmth.

"Everyone experiences anxiety sometimes, Jude," Anthony said kindly. "Even Premier League footballers. Especially Premier League footballers! Want to talk about it?"

Jude's mouth fell open, but before he could say anything, his mum called up the stairs. "Jude? I heard voices. Is everything okay, love?"

"Mum!" Jude called back, immediately, remembering the very important rule she had taught him about never talking to anyone he doesn't know, even if they seem friendly and even if they were a Premier League football star...

"Can you come here right away, please? Something really strange has happened!" his voice squeaking with excitement. "You'll never believe this - Anthony Gordon is in my room! He came out of my sticker album!"

Footsteps hurried up the stairs, and Jude's mum appeared in the doorway. Her eyes widened when she saw Anthony sitting there. "Oh my... you're really... but how...?"

"You did exactly the right thing calling for your mum straight away, Jude," Anthony said with an approving nod. "It's super important to always tell a trusted grown-up when something unusual happens, even if it's someone you recognise from football or TV. We should never talk to anyone without checking with an adult first."

Jude's mum walked into his room, smiling proudly at her son.

"That's right, love. You followed our safety rule perfectly." She turned to Anthony. "This is certainly unusual, but since I'm here and I can see it's really you, would you like to stay and talk with us?"

Anthony stood up politely. "Thank you, Mrs. Matharu. I know this seems strange, but I'm here because Jude needs someone who understands what he's going through with his worry monster. Sometimes the best help comes from unexpected places." His naturally warm smile and gentle manner immediately put them both at ease.

After they'd caught their breath and pinched themselves a few times, Jude's mum sat down on his bed. "Well, this is certainly unusual, but if anyone can help Jude understand his anxiety better, it would be you, Anthony."

Anthony sat in Jude's chair facing them and shuffled his bum to get comfortable. "Before we talk about anxiety, Jude, can you share a memory with me? Tell me about a time when your heart was racing, and your hands were shaking."

Jude thought for a moment. "Well... last week I had to read a story out loud in front of my whole class. My hands were shaking, and my heart was beating really fast."

"And did you read your story in the end?" Anthony asked with an encouraging smile.

"Yeah, I did! Mrs. Thompson said it was brilliant, and everyone clapped!" Jude's face lit up at the memory.

"That's a perfect example of something really important I want to explain," Anthony said.

"What you felt then - that was nervousness, not anxiety. And you know what? Nerves are actually pretty cool! They show up when we're about to do something that matters to us. Those butterflies in your tummy, the shaky hands - they're just your body's way of saying 'Hey, this is important to you!'"

Jude looked puzzled. "But isn't that the same as anxiety?"

"It might feel similar in your body, but there's a big difference," Anthony explained. "Nerves are like that excited, jumpy feeling you get right before a football match kicks off - your heart's beating fast because you can't wait to play! They actually help you do better! They don't stop you from doing things. Like when you read out your story - you were nervous, but you still read it out loud."

"Anthony gestured toward the window, where they could still see Malik, Sarah and Tommy playing football. "But anxiety... that's what was happening earlier when you decided you'd rather look at your sticker album than go play with your friends in the park. Even though you love football more than anything, anxiety was trying to stop you from doing it completely."

"Oh," Jude said quietly, understanding dawning on his face. "So nerves are okay?"

"Nerves are more than okay - they're good! They mean you care about something. I still get nervous before every match, and that helps me stay focused and sharp. But anxiety?" Anthony's voice softened. "That's when the worry monster tries to stop you from doing things you love altogether. That's when you might need a little help putting it back in its place."

"That makes so much sense," said Jude's mum. "I remember you being nervous before your class trip last year, but you still got on the bus and had a great time. But lately, you've been missing football in the park completely..."

"This is what makes anxiety so confusing," Anthony said, sitting back down. "It can take our favourite things and make them feel scary. You know, Jude, I felt exactly the same way you're feeling now before the biggest moment of my career."

Jude leaned forward eagerly. "Really? You get anxiety too?"

"Yes, Jude, I do," Anthony smiled. "And that's why I'm here - to help you understand the difference, and to show you how to be the boss of the worry monster when it tries to stop you doing things you love. Want to learn how?"

Jude nodded.

Anthony continued. "Whenever I have to take a penalty, my stomach is in knots and my legs shake so much that I can hardly walk up to the penalty spot. That worry monster? It screams so loud in my head I can barely hear the crowd."

"But you step up anyway," Jude whispered, remembering watching Anthony on TV.

"I do. And you know what? Even though I missed that penalty against my old team Everton, something amazing happened. People sent me thousands of messages of support. My teammates, my family and Newcastle fans - they all stood by me. That's when I learned something really important about anxiety and mental health: we don't have to face it alone."

Jude's mum smiled encouragingly. "That's right. Just like you can always talk to me about your worries, love."

"Exactly," Anthony agreed. "And you know what else? Some of my other teammates have their own ways of handling anxiety. Would you like to meet them and learn their special tricks for taming the worry monster?"

Jude's eyes lit up, but then he glanced uncertainly at his mum.

"It's okay," Anthony assured them both. "I think someone is waiting for us right now in your back garden. He's got something really cool to show you about breathing that helps him when he's feeling anxious before a big match."

Jude's mum nodded. "As long as you're just in the garden where I can see you, that sounds wonderful."

"Come on then," Anthony said, holding out his hand to Jude.
"Ready to learn how to be the boss of that worry monster?"

Jude took a deep breath, feeling a tiny bit braver already. He picked up his backpack and placed his Panini album inside it. He went everywhere with this sticker album.

"Ready!" Replied Jude...