

CHAPTER 21

ENGLAND

When Harry first joined the England squad back in 2015, he was really nervous. It was a massive honour to represent his country but there was a lot of pressure too. If he didn't play well, there were lots of other great players that could take his place. Plus, it was scary being the new kid.

'You'll get used to this,' Wayne Rooney reassured him. 'I remember when I first got the call-up. I was only seventeen and it was terrifying! Just try to ignore the talk and enjoy yourself.'

Wayne helped Harry to feel more relaxed around the other senior players. They had fun playing golf and table tennis together. They were nice guys and Harry soon felt like one of the lads.



MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

‘France, here we come!’ he cheered happily.

England qualified for Euro 2016 with ten wins out of ten. Harry added to his debut goal with a cheeky chip against San Marino and a low strike against Switzerland.

‘At this rate, you’re going to take my place in the team!’ Wayne told him.

Harry shook his head. ‘No, we’ll play together up front!’

When Roy Hodgson announced his England squad for Euro 2016, Harry’s name was there. He was delighted. There were four other strikers – Wayne, Jamie Vardy, Daniel Sturridge and Marcus Rashford – but none of them were scoring as many goals as him.

‘You’ll definitely play,’ his brother Charlie told him.

Harry couldn’t wait for his first major international tournament. His body felt pretty tired after a long Premier League season with Tottenham, but nothing was going to stop him.

‘I really think we’ve got a good chance of winning it,’ he told Dele, who was in the squad for France too.

His friend was feeling just as confident. ‘If we play



KANE

like we do for Spurs, we can definitely go all the way!’

Harry and Dele were both in the starting line-up for England’s first group match against Russia. With Wayne now playing in midfield, Harry was England’s number-one striker. He carried the country’s great expectations in his shooting boots.

‘I *have* to score!’ he told himself as the match kicked off in Marseille.

England dominated the game but after seventy minutes, it was still 0–0. Harry got more and more frustrated. He was struggling to find the burst of pace that got him past Premier League defences. What was going wrong? His legs felt heavy and clumsy.

‘Just be patient,’ Wayne told him. ‘If you keep getting into the right areas, the goal will come.’

When they won a free kick on the edge of the Russia box, Harry stood over the ball with Wayne and his Tottenham teammate Eric Dier. Everyone expected Harry to take it but as he ran up, he dummied the ball. Eric stepped up instead and curled the ball into the top corner. 1–0!

‘Thanks for letting me take it,’ he said to Harry as



MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

they celebrated the goal.

‘No problem!’ he replied. England had the lead and that was all that mattered.

But just as they were heading for a winning start to the tournament, Russia scored a late header. As he watched the ball flying towards the top corner, Harry’s heart sank. He was very disappointed with the result and with his own performance in particular. It wasn’t good enough. If he didn’t improve, he would lose his place to Jamie or Daniel or Marcus.

‘I believe in you, we all believe in you,’ Hodgson told him after the game. ‘So, believe in *yourself*!’

Harry tried not to read the player ratings in the English newspapers. Instead, he focused on bouncing back. If he could score a goal against Wales in the next game that would make everything better again.

But at half-time, it was looking like another bad day for Harry and England. He worked hard for the team but his goal-scoring touch was gone. The ball just wouldn’t go in. When Gareth Bale scored a free kick to put Wales 1–0 up, Harry feared the worst.

‘We need a quick goal in the second half,’



KANE

Hodgson told the team in the dressing room. ‘Jamie and Daniel, you’ll be coming on to replace Harry and Raheem.’

Harry stared down at the floor. Was that the end of his tournament? He was really upset but he had to accept the manager’s decision.

Harry watched the second half from the bench and cheered on his teammates. He was a good team player. When Jamie scored the equaliser, he joined in the celebrations. When Daniel scored the winner in injury time, he sprinted to the corner flag to jump on him.

‘Get in!’ he screamed.

It was only after the final whistle that Harry started worrying again. Had he lost his place in the team, or would he get another chance against Slovakia?

‘I’m sorry but I’ve got to start Daniel and Jamie in the next match,’ Hodgson told him. ‘Rest up and get ready for the next round. We need you back, firing!’

Without Harry, England couldn’t find a goal, but 0–0 was enough to take them through to the Round of 16. He would get one more opportunity to score



MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

against Iceland, and he was pumped up for the biggest game of his international career.

It started brilliantly. Raheem was fouled in the box and Wayne scored the penalty. 1–0! It was a huge relief to get an early goal but two minutes later, it was 1–1.

‘Come on, focus!’ Joe Hart shouted at his teammates.

Harry and Dele both hit powerful long-range strikes that fizzed just over the crossbar. England looked in control of the game, but then Iceland scored again.

‘No!’ Harry shouted. His dream tournament was turning into an absolute nightmare.

England needed a hero, and quickly. Daniel crossed the ball to Harry in his favourite position near the back post. It was too low for a header so he went for the volley. Harry watched the ball carefully onto his foot and struck it beautifully. Unfortunately, it just wasn’t his day, or his tournament. The goalkeeper jumped up high to make a good save. So close! Harry put his hands to his face – he was so desperate to score.

KANE

As the minutes ticked by, England started panicking. Harry's free kick flew miles wide. What a disaster! The boos from the fans grew louder.

'Stay calm, we've got plenty of time!' Hodgson called out from the touchline.

That time, however, ran out. At the final whistle, the Iceland players celebrated and the England players sank to their knees. They were out of the Euros after a terrible, embarrassing defeat.

As he trudged off the pitch, Harry was in shock. It was the worst feeling ever. He felt like he had really let his country down. Would they ever forgive him?

To take his mind off the disappointment, Harry watched American Football and focused on his future goals. With Tottenham, he would be playing in the Champions League for the first time, and trying to win the Premier League title. With England, he would be playing in the qualifiers for World Cup 2018. There were lots of exciting challenges ahead.

'I need to make things right!' Harry told himself.



CHAPTER 22

TOTTENHAM FOR THE TITLE?

‘Argggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!’ Harry screamed as he lay down on the turf. He tried to stay calm but it felt like really bad news. As he waved for the physio, the pain got worse and worse. White Hart Lane went quiet. The Spurs fans waited nervously to see whether their star striker could carry on.

‘You’re not singing anymore!’ the opposing Sunderland fans cheered bitterly.

If only Harry hadn’t slid in for the tackle. Tottenham were already winning 1–0 thanks to his goal. That was his job: scoring goals, not making tackles. But Harry always worked hard for the team. As he went to block the Sunderland centre-back, his

KANE

right ankle twisted awkwardly in the grass. If the injury wasn't too serious, Harry promised himself that he would never defend again.

Unfortunately, it *was* serious. Harry tried to get up and play on but that wasn't possible. He hobbled over to the touchline and sat down again. The Spurs fans cheered and clapped their hero but Harry's match was over. He was carried down the tunnel on a stretcher.

'There's good news and there's bad news,' the doctor told him after the X-rays. 'The good news is that there's no fracture. The bad news is that there's ligament damage.'

Harry wasn't a medical expert but he knew that 'ligament damage' meant no football for a while. 'How long will I be out of action?' he asked, fearing a big number.

'It's too early to say but you should prepare yourself for eight weeks out. Hopefully, it won't be that long.'

Eight weeks! If everything went well, Harry would be back before December but it was still a big

MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

blow. His 2016–17 season had only just started. He had only played in one Champions League match. Tottenham needed him.

‘Who’s going to get all our goals now?’ he asked.

‘Without you hogging all the chances, I’ll score loads more!’ Dele replied.

It was good to have Katie and his teammates around to cheer Harry up. It was going to be a boring, difficult couple of months for him. He would just have to recover as quickly as possible. To keep himself going, Harry picked out a key date in the calendar: 6 November. The North London Derby – that was what he was aiming for.

‘I always score against Arsenal!’ Harry reminded everyone.

Thanks to lots of hard work in the gym, he made it just in time. Harry was delighted to be back on the pitch, even if he wasn’t at his best. Early in the second half, Tottenham won a penalty and Harry quickly grabbed the ball. It was the perfect chance to get a comeback goal.

He took a long, deep breath and waited for the

MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

‘I can’t leave!’ Harry said happily. ‘This is my home and we’ve got trophies to win.’

To celebrate, he went on another scoring spree. Two against Watford, three against West Brom, three against Stoke, two against Everton. By March, he was up to nineteen goals and at the top of the goal-scoring charts again.

‘Congratulations, you’re back where you belong,’ Katie told him.

Harry was pleased but the Premier League title was his number one aim. Spurs were in second place behind Chelsea. Harry would give his all to catch them.

For Harry, winning the 2017 FA Cup was aim number two. In the quarter-finals, Tottenham faced his old club Millwall. So much had changed in the five years since his loan spell there. He would always be grateful to the Lions for their support but that didn’t mean he would take it easy on them. Trophies always came first.

As soon as the ball came to him, Harry shot at goal. The Millwall keeper saved it but Harry didn’t even notice. He was lying on the grass in agony.



KANE

‘Is it your right ankle again?’ the physio asked after rushing over to him.

Harry just nodded. Was it the same injury all over again? He couldn’t bear to think about another eight weeks on the sidelines. He managed to limp off the pitch and down the tunnel. He didn’t need to use the stretcher this time and that was a good sign.

‘There is ligament damage,’ the doctors confirmed, ‘but it’s not as serious as before. We’ll do our best to get you back for the semi-final.’

With a target to aim for, Harry was determined to recover in time. He was back in action two weeks before their big cup match against Chelsea. There was even time for him to score a goal.

‘See, I’m feeling sharp!’ he promised Pochettino. There was no way that he could miss playing in the FA Cup semi-final. He was a big game player and his team needed him.

The atmosphere at Wembley was electric. As usual, Harry was the second Spurs player out of the tunnel. As he looked up, he could see big blocks of white in the crowd.

KANE

the North London Derby against Arsenal. Dele got the first goal and Harry scored the second from the penalty spot. The dream was still alive! But at West Ham a week later, Spurs fell apart again. Harry, Dele and Christian tried and tried but they couldn't get the goal they needed. In the second half, Tottenham panicked and conceded a silly goal. The 1-0 defeat left them seven points behind Chelsea.

'No, the title race isn't over yet,' Pochettino told his players. 'Come on, let's finish on a high!'

There was no chance of Harry relaxing. Even if he didn't win the Premier League, he could still win the Golden Boot. He was only three goals behind Everton's Romelu Lukaku with three games to go. Harry closed the gap to two with a neat flick against Manchester United.

'Three goals against Leicester and Hull? I can do that!' he told Dele.

'But what if Lukaku scores again?'

Dele was right; Harry needed to aim even higher. Against Leicester, his first goal was a tap-in, his second was a header and the third was a rocket

MATT AND TOM OLDFIELD

from the edge of the penalty area. Harry had another amazing hat-trick but he wasn't finished yet. In injury time, he got the ball in the same position and scored again!

Harry was pleased with his four goals but he couldn't help asking himself, 'Why couldn't I do that against West Ham?' He was never satisfied.

Harry would have to think about that later, though. With one game to go, he was on 26 goals and Lukaku was on 24. At the final whistle in the Arsenal vs Everton game, Lukaku was up to 25 goals for Everton thanks to a penalty, but meanwhile Harry was way ahead on 29! With two fantastic finishes and a tap-in, he had grabbed yet another hat-trick against Hull.

'Wow, you were only two goals off the Premier League record,' his proud dad told him. 'And you missed eight games through injury!'

Harry was delighted with his second Golden Boot in a row but it didn't make up for another season without a trophy. Tottenham kept getting so close to glory but would they ever be crowned champions? Harry, the local hero, never stopped believing.

CHAPTER 23

ONE OF EUROPE'S FINEST

Harry jumped up in the England wall but the free kick flew past him and into the top corner. As he watched, his heart sank. Scotland were winning 2–1 at Hampden Park with a few minutes to go.

‘Come on, we can’t lose this!’ Harry shouted to his teammates.

England were unbeaten in qualification for the 2018 World Cup and this, in June 2017, was a key match against their British rivals. It was also Harry’s first match as the national captain. For all of these reasons, he refused to let it end in an embarrassing defeat.

With seconds to go, Kyle Walker passed to Raheem Sterling on the left wing. Harry was surrounded



KANE

Ronaldo and Lionel Messi but I can score as many goals,' he told Dele.

Harry was full of ambition ahead of the 2017–18 season. It was time to shine in the Champions League as well as the Premier League. But first, he had to get August out of the way.

'Maybe I should just take the month off!' Harry joked at home with Katie.

No matter how hard he tried and how many shots he took, he just couldn't score. He was trying to ignore all the talk about his August goal curse. Their beautiful baby daughter was certainly helping to take his mind off things.

'Yes, you could stay home and change Ivy's nappies with me!' Katie replied with a smile. She knew that Harry could never stay away from football. He loved it so much.

On 1 September, he travelled with England to play against Malta. 'Don't worry, I've got this,' he told his teammates. 'August is over!'

As Dele twisted and turned in the penalty area, Harry got into space and called for the pass. The



KANE

area, the defender tried to push him wide. Harry didn't mind; he could score from any angle! Before the keeper could react, the ball flew past him.

The Tottenham fans went wild.

*He's one of our own,
He's one of our own,
Harry Kane – he's one of our own!*

Harry went hunting for another goal and he got it.

'He just gets better and better!' the commentator marvelled.

It was Harry's first Champions League double, but he wanted a third. He was always hungry for more goals. With a few minutes to go, Pochettino took him off.

'The hat-trick will have to wait until next week!' he told his star striker, patting him on the back.

The APOEL Nicosia defence was prepared for Harry's arrival but there was nothing that they could do to stop him. He made it look so easy. He scored his first goal with his left foot and the second with his



KANE

often watched videos of his matches to help him improve. He never stopped working on his game.

‘Is Kane the best striker in Europe right now?’ the newspapers asked. Harry had already scored thirty-six goals by September and he still had three months of the year to go!

To keep his feet on the ground, Harry thought back to his early football days. Arsenal had rejected him and Tottenham had nearly done the same. As an eleven-year-old boy, he had told his hero David Beckham that he wanted to play at Wembley for England. Thanks to lots of practice and determination, Harry had achieved that dream and so much more.

His shirt now hung next to Becks’ shirt in the hallway at Chingford Foundation School. Harry had the future at his goalscoring feet. He would do everything possible to lead England to World Cup glory in Russia. But before that, Harry was still determined to win trophies with his boyhood club, Tottenham.

