

Foolish 400: Dan Coyle

It was the 31st of March 1992 and if I remember correctly, a Tuesday. Up for work at 5.30 slice of toast and a mug of tea, driving to my depot listening to status quo not a care in the world. Clocked in, serviced my JCB and off I trundled to my job digging trenches for drainage on a school field. Day came to an end, went to the wife and 4 year old son, had tea then into Sheffield city centre to meet a couple of mates. We were having a day off the next day so a couple of pints seemed apt. Little did I know that at 12.01 past midnight my life would change forever, Everyone enjoying themselves having a laugh, the time came to go home so off I set for a taxi. That is when the poo hit the fan, I heard someone shouting for help so being 6'4" and weighing in at 18 stone I was no slouch. So went up this alley, 3 guys beating 7 bells out of this chap, naturally I pulled them off but didn't see the 4th man with a knife, I was stabbed 6 times died in the ambulance luckily they got me back, 13 operations over 3 years 4 years unable to work but as foolish as I was to help I would do it again because that's me and luckily I have still been here for my wife and son, thank you for reading, Dan Coyle.