

I AM the Football Star

#Chapter 1: Superstar Talent, Moment Card - Read I AM the Football Star Chapter 1: Superstar Talent, Moment Card

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The internet has connected the world tightly, amplifying both joy and sorrow.

This has been vividly demonstrated over the first two decades of the twenty-first century.

On November 25, 2020, Argentine football legend Diego Maradona passed away, and the world mourned.

But as time passed, people gradually realized that the final destination for all stars is death.

Zidane, Ronaldinho, Ronaldo, Kaka, Robben, Rooney, Pirlo, Lewandowski, Neymar...

This pain reached its peak after Messi and C Luo moved on.

No fan can accept the years without these stars.

If there is truly a world without these stars in football, then Lu Yang's existence is to let them know there is a kind of football called Messi, called C Luo, called Pele, called Ibrahimovic, called Cruyff, called Lummenige, called Kahn, called Buffon, called Mbappe, called Haaland...

...

"Lu, it's you, it really is you! My god! You are so lucky, my friend!"

Lu Yang was shaken awake by his buddy Morici, and countless people around were casting envious glances at him.

In an instant, too many memories surged forward.

He had traveled through time, crossing over to a parallel universe into the body of another person also named Lu Yang.

Lu Yang, sixteen years old, Chinese of Italian descent, youth player for Sanremo Football Club in the Italian D League, playing as a central defender, with a height of 1.78 meters.

He was now on the east stand of the Marassi Stadium, watching this year's "Italian Football Legends Invitational Match."

As a convention, the director would randomly switch the camera to pick a lucky spectator to participate in the game, implying that he was the luckiest person in the world today.

This gimmick made the celebrity match extremely popular every year.

And this year, Lu Yang, became that lucky boy.

But at this moment, Lu Yang showed no signs of excitement at all.

He murmured constantly, "Real Madrid without C Luo? Barcelona without Messi? San Siro Stadium without Kaka? No Ronaldinho, no Batistuta, no Adriano, no Shevchenko, no Ibrahimovic, no Lukaku..."

"Prince Zebra is not Pierro, but Ancelotti? Wolf King is not Totti, but Perrotta? Milan has no Three Musketeers but four Butchers? Inter has no Trident, but Juventus got a star and four arrows?"

Everything is messed up, many things are messed up.

Lu Yang came back to his senses, looked around, and listened to the surrounding noise and cheers, watching those fans crazy for football.

Many things are still intact.

Soon, Lu Yang entered the green field with countless envious, jealous, and hateful gazes on him.

He was assigned to the "Star Arrow Team," because this team had the biggest Italian football legend of the day, Maniero!

As the absolute mastermind among Juventus' one star and four arrows of that year, Maniero's rear-placed midfield core style brought a huge impact to the entire football world. His long black hair was still flowing.

"Hey, kid, don't be nervous, just treat it like a game." Maniero kindly patted Lu Yang on the shoulder. He naturally had a good character, and his eyes that could never open were his trademark.

Lu Yang nodded: "Thank you, Maniero, you are one of my favorite midfield players, I love your precise and fast long-distance passes, just like missiles, hitting where you aim."

"Hahaha!" Maniero laughed happily, "You don't look like an ordinary fan, have you played football?"

Lu Yang said: "I am a youth player of Sanremo."

"Oh, my God, really?" Maniero was even more delighted, hugged Lu Yang, and pointed to a bearded guy in the Butcher Team opposite, "Do you see that guy? His name is Sotu, a very annoying, talentless midfield workhorse."

"Unfortunately, this annoying guy will become the head coach of Sanremo's first team in the next half season. He's a devil, only knows destruction, never the art of creation, he will not bring good luck to Sanremo."

"As a member of Sanremo, you should teach him a lesson. How about scoring a goal against him?"

Maniero was talkative.

The guy named Sotu was the leader of Milan's four Butchers, doing the job of a troublemaker, like an adhesive bandage disrupting the opponent's midfield.

Maniero was once frozen by this guy, and finally had to resort to a rear-placed midfield core action. Yet it turned out to be a blessing in disguise, leading Juventus to the pinnacle of Europe.

The two were arch-enemies in club football, but a perfect fit in the national team.

After retiring, their relationship became increasingly good.

Lu Yang feigned a smile: "Are you sure? He used to be a world-class defensive midfielder, even though he's been retired for several years, but... I play as a central defender in the team."

Maniero was taken aback, then smiled and said: "Modern football no longer has a place for a 1.78-meter central defender, kid, I don't know your level, but you people from the East have a saying, a tree can die from staying in one place, and people can thrive by moving!"

"Go play as a forward, at least in this match you can play as a forward, I need a partner who can run and is willing to run!"

Maniero spoke his mind.

Even after retirement, even with Sotu as a good friend, Maniero wouldn't want to lose to that guy on the green field.

He needs a player who can keep up with his passes.