

Rise of a Football God

#Chapter 11: An opportunity - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 11: An opportunity

Sam jogged back home.

Seeing him enter again in a hurry, Mrs. Moses who was already in the kitchen could not help but comment. "Hmmm, you and this your new hobby of early morning jogging, hope we're safe".

"Don't worry mommy," Sam smiled. "You are completely safe".

"It's a good thing sha," she commented. "That way, you won't look like a sack of overboiled beans again, you were beginning to turn obese".

"..." Sam was speechless.

"Besides, maybe, it will help you finally get a girlfriend".

"Hey, don't give me that look, are you not old enough to have a girlfriend? And when you do, you must bring a beautiful girl like your mom and sister, I'll kill you myself if you bring an ugly girl to my home".

Sophia who was in the sitting room laughed. "Mom, he's blushing".

"Shut up!" Sam snapped.

"That should occupy you from football too, so it's good". She added.

Hearing his mom say that, Sam didn't say anything else as he rushed to his room to take his bath. On getting back, everyone was already in the dining room as Mrs. Moses already made a sumptuous meal for them.

Sam dove in, eating to his fill.

Throughout, his dad kept on throwing looks his way. Both men didn't say a word though and like usual, Mr. Moses finished eating first before leaving to work.

Sam finished after his dad before also leaving for the pharmacy.

While leaving, Sam picked up his android phone and went to his WhatsApp, easily navigating to his best friend's number.

{Ilan, we need to talk}

{I...}

...

2 hours later, while Sam was at work...

{Ilan: What? You want to start playing football again?!}

{Ilan is typing...}

Seeing his best friend's message, Sam sighed and picked up his phone.

{Sam: Yeah, what's wrong? Can't I play football anymore? The passion always lingered even after 4 years ago, but that match, that match brought it all out. I rediscovered my calling, Ilan. My calling is not to be some doctor saving lives, it's to be a footballer like Messi and Ronaldo entertaining millions.}

{Ilan: Ok, calm down mate. First of all, I'm beginning to regret taking you to watch the game, and I'm dead serious man. Do you want to be a cripple?! Your legs are no longer cut out for playing football!}

{Sam: I'm healed now, trust me.}

{Ilan: Who healed you? God?}

{Sam: You can say that, it was a miracle.}

{Ilan: Omg, I can't believe it, my buddy is going insane. Sam, what the hell has gotten over you? What of your mom? Your promise?}

{Sam: That's why I'm coming to you bro. I already made up my mind but I'm scared, I feel guilty. I want support, any type of support that's why I chatted you up. I'm at work, you can come check my leg out yourself, I swear I'm healed now.}

{Ilan: Wait for me, I'm coming.}

...

25 minutes later, Ilan's jaws almost fell off his face.

"What the f*ck!"

"Sam? Is that you? What the hell happened to you?"

Sam grinned. "That's what I was trying to tell you, I'm healed".

"Tell me what happened".

Well, this was the moment of truth.

For the past 5 days since on Sunday after it happened, Sam had been thinking, should he reveal the truth of the Ultimate Football System to anyone?

At first, he was scared of the prospects of anyone else knowing about the system but in the end, he thought. 'Can I keep such a big secret to only myself?'

'Though I'm not a many people person, I've also never been a one-man person, I can't keep such a big secret to myself'.

In the end, after thinking hard for 5 days about it, he decided to tell his best friend and that was exactly what he did at this moment.

Ian stood still, staring at his best friend with a weird look on his face. "You're meaning to tell me that right now, as we speak, there's a holographic projection before you that only you can see and I cannot see?"

Sam nodded.

Ian also nodded, he looked to the side, then back at his best friend, then he exclaimed. "Wait! You're really not lying?"

"I'm not"

"Holy freaking Jesus, Sam, that's crazy!"

"I know, right? But don't raise your voice". Sam stressed.

In the end, after having an extensive conversation where Ian repeatedly stressed on why he shouldn't reveal the system to anyone else, his best friend gave him the only piece of advice that he could.

"It's your family we're talking about man, your family presides over even me, the only one that can advise you on this is your family".

"I don't recommend talking to your mom, but your dad, you can talk to him".

"Tell him about everything, the system, your goal, tell him".

In the end, Sam could not refute it, he nodded. "Ok, thank you Ian".

"Don't mention bro, you're my homie".

Shortly after his best friend left, Sam took permission from his boss at the pharmacy before leaving. He took public transport to his dad's office.

Once he was outside the big consortium, he picked up his phone and called.

"Hey, Sam, how're you doing?"

"Hey Dad, I'm outside your workplace".

There was silence for a few seconds, then, "are you ok?"

"Yes, I think".

"Ok, wait for me, I'm coming".

Leaving all his work behind, Mr. Moses came out to meet his son. He didn't come emptyhanded, he brought 2 cups of ice cream with him, giving his son one.

"Take, follow me, let's go on a walk, tell me what's bothering you".

Sam looked up at his dad. "How did you know?"

Mr. Moses gave his son the 'are you really asking that?' eye. "I'm your dad".

Sam smiled and followed.

For minutes, father and son just strolled without saying a word, observing and admiring the surrounding scenery then out of the blue, Sam spoke. "Dad, I want to tell you something".

"Go on".

"It's about that day".

"When Argentina won, right?" His dad smiled at him.

Sam looked at his dad, wondering how he knew again, then he nodded. "Yes, I want to tell you the true reason why I fainted".

His father's face became a bit more serious. "Ok, I'm listening".

Sam took a deep breath, and then he spilled the beans.

By the time he was done explaining, Sam looked down, imagining a multitude of scenarios in his head on how his dad would react, in the end, his dad didn't react in any of the ways that he expected.

"Sam," he patted his boy by the shoulder. "What happened to you, it really is nothing short of a miracle".

"You know, in my high school days when Messi and Ronaldo were in their prime, scoring goals for fun week in week out, I once prayed in church fervently to give birth to a professional football player".

"Who knows?" He chuckled. "Maybe, it's my prayer coming to pass".

Sam looked up at his dad nervously. "So?"

Mr. Moses chuckled. "You have my blessings, son". He grinned. "Follow your passion, fight for what you want and be happy, I support it".

"Don't worry, I'll make time to come watch you play on Sunday".

"Really?"

"Yes".

Sam was excited, but then his expression changed again. "What of mom?"

His dad smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, you do what you want and you better not make a mess of it".

"As for your mom, leave her to me, I'll take care of her".

Sam smiled, and this time, tears flowed from his eyes, tears of joy.

He hugged his dad tightly. "Thanks dad".

"I won't let you down!"

On that evening, a dream metamorphosized to become a conviction.