

Rise of a Football God

#Chapter 12: Preparation - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 12: Preparation

"Hey Favour, it's Sam, I'm in for that football game you told me about, what do I need to be a part of it?"

"Wow! Really? That's good, my brother has been so paranoid since, he'll be really happy to get another player".

"Don't worry, just come to the field in the university to train with the squad ahead of Christmas, that's all you need to do".

"Ok man, thanks for giving me this opportunity".

"Don't thank me yet man, thank me if you can make it into the team".

"Ok, I will".

And with that, Sam became mentally prepared for a Christmas that would most likely be his most exciting one in years.

Returning to his workplace at the pharmacy, he had a big smile on his face.

"What happened?" A co-worker asked.

"Huh?"

"You look giddy".

Sam was baffled. "And?"

"That's not your normal face. Your face naturally looks depressed, I'm used to it, I'm just surprised to see such a look on your face".

Now, Sam was more weirded out than he was baffled.

That little conversation didn't affect his mood though. For the rest time he spent in the pharmacy, he was distracted as he juggled different things.

Of course, the first thing Sam did was messaging his best friend on whatsapp.

{Sam: Ian, you're the G.O.A.T!}

{Sam: Guess what, I spoke with my dad, I told him everything and surprisingly, he was supportive. Tomorrow, I'll go for training and on Sunday, Christmas, I'll be playing the big game.}

Ian replied after only a minute.

{Ian: Told ya, didn't I? He's your dad after all, he'll understand. Anyways, you better make sure your team wins because I'll be sacrificing my Christmas to be there. If you don't win, forget about the system, I'll skin you alive myself.}

Seeing that message, Sam could not reply for a few minutes as he became overwhelmed with different emotions.

In the end, he replied.

{Sam: Thanks man, for always being there, I appreciate it. You're the real OG.}

And with that distraction off his mind, Sam got distracted by another thing. 'F*ck! My kit'.

4 years ago after suffering that demoralizing ankle injury and after promising his mom, reluctantly, Sam dumped all his football kit, burning them, including his football boots, knee pads, and even his personal football.

Thinking of the current price of a football boot and comparing it with his personal savings, he winced.

Luckily, he was no longer going solo. He made a list and took his Redmi android phone again, navigating to his whatsapp app again.

{Sam: Umm, dad, there's a problem, I just remembered that I burned all my football kits after promising mom 4 years ago. I don't even have a football boot, please I need financial assistance. I'll be sending the list of things I need.}

{Sam: List...}

*Football boots: 25,000 naira

*Knee pads: 5,000 naira

*Socks: 2,000 naira

*Size 5 ball: 22,000 naira

*Total: 54,000 naira

Sam's dad took just 5 minutes to reply to his message and the first reply was an exclamation.

{My Superman: What?! A pair of football boots cost 25,000 naira now? What is this country turning into?}

Sam winced; he could literally imagine his dad sighing in frustration but the message he saw next brought a smile to his face.

{My Superman: Send your account number, you better make this worth it.}

Sam leapt for joy; he did as his dad instructed.

10 minutes later, he received a credit alert on his Redmi phone that made his smile widen further. Sam bid his time, staying till his shift was over around 4 in the evening before taking a bike to the nearest sports store.

There, he got the 4 items that were on his list. Of course, he didn't have the guts to go home with them, he rather took them to his best friend's home.

Only after this did he go home.

Later in the night, he called Favour again. "Good evening man, about that stuff..."

"Oh Sam, I was just about to call you," Favour interrupted him. "I already told my brother and he agreed. I better hope you're as good as you say though, my brother, he's pretty demanding".

"Anyways, the last training session tomorrow will start by 4 in the evening and it'll last for 2 hours".

"I'll see you there, right?"

"Sure".

"I trust you, my bro".

And with that, they ended the call.

That night, after their dad arrived back home from work, his wife welcomed him more energetically than usual as she soon started hitting him with conversations about preparations for Christmas enthusiastically.

Of course, they already got their Christmas clothes, what Mrs. Moses was particular about at this moment was the Christmas meal.

Of course, she wanted to make something memorable to commemorate the occasion. Sophia was also heavily involved in the conversation.

While they conversed, all Sam could think of was the training game tomorrow. Going to his room, he looked at himself in the mirror.

'It's been 4 years; do I still have what it takes?'

'It doesn't matter, I'll prove myself either ways'.

At that moment, he remembered Nephis, his favorite character from one of his best web novels, Shadow Slave, a hobby he picked up in the last 4 years of being away from football. "If its my will, who can stop me?" He grinned.

That night, while everyone else stayed awake, Sam slept on time.

The next day, he was the one to wake up first, saying a little prayer before going on his early morning jog to complete the daily system quest.

He didn't return home immediately though, rather, he went to his best friend's place, took the football before going back to the university field.

There, Sam reacquainted himself with a football.

After 4 years without it, of course, it was awkward at first but juggling it a few times and practicing with Ian as his partner, Sam slowly regained his touch.

There was only so much he could do in a single morning though.

It was at this moment that he appreciated the daily system quest. Imagining himself of 6 days ago practicing with a ball felt like a scene from a horror movie.

Returning home, his mother complained, nagging about why he would suddenly leave on Christmas eve knowing that there would be work.

That morning till afternoon, Sam suddenly became the most obedient boy, helping his mom fervently with all the work to be done.

He had an ulterior motive though, morning to afternoon was for his mom, evening was his.

Around 3:15 in the afternoon, Sam snuck to his bathroom, took his bath to freshen up from the smell of the kitchen before sneaking out.

Sam went off to his first training game in 4 years.

