

# **Rise of a Football God**

## **#Chapter 13: Training game - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 13: Training game**

Sam arrived at exactly 3:47pm.

He didn't need to search to find where he was going.

In one of the pitches in the gigantic grass field of the university, a group of players in black jersey were gathered. At the side of the pitch, 2 Lexus cars were parked, making Sam raise his eyebrows.

'The coach is definitely an internet fraudster, or its 1 or maybe more of his players. This really is a luxurious gathering'.

Unlike most of the players here that were on the black jerseys, Sam wore an unassuming black combat shorts on a plain black polo shirt. The kit bag strapped to his shoulders was perhaps the only indicator that he was a footballer.

As soon as Sam arrived in the premises, he heard his name.

"Yo, Sam! Over here!" It was Favour.

With a slight smile on his face, Sam walked over. Favour was in a crowded place where some of the players in black jersey were gathered and, in their midst, he recognized the coach immediately.

Just like Favour, the coach was tall and heftily built.

"Bro, this is the player that I told you about, Sam".

Hearing that, the coach paused what he was doing and looked over, he scrutinized the tall boy that stood before him.

Short silky black hair, a handsome face, a tall physique, and a leg with thick calf. He almost nodded in approval till he saw the slight bulge from the polo shirt.

His eyes were sharp, the only reason why he noticed it. Despite the fact that Sam had worked hard to improve his physique, his belly fat was not completely gone. He noticed the coach's eyes pause there, he gulped.

The coach briefly glanced at him again. "Your name?"

"Sam, Samuel Moses".

"Ok Sam, you'll be in the B team, what position do you play in?"

"I can play across the midfield and forward lines, mostly as a midfielder, but my preferred position is to play as an attacking midfielder".

"Oh, ok," he nodded and looked away. "Meet that guy over there, Frank, he'll give you your jersey".

"You'll be a part of the B team, you can be a back-up to their attacking midfielder, Joshua".

Hearing that, Sam's face changed slightly but he controlled it. He nodded. "Thank you, coach". He nodded at Favour before walking off to take his jersey.

'F\*ck! What a way to start, back-up to the back-up attacking midfielder'. He sighed. 'Well, what did I expect? I've only been working on my fitness for 6 days'.

'Anyways, this is still good, I just need a chance to prove myself'.

By the time it was 4 on the dot, the coach finally blew his whistle, assembling his players as he assigned them to either of team A and team B.

Team A was the real team, his starting lineup. There were 3 other new players just like Sam today, 1 of them was enough to complete team B, meaning that 3 players would stay on the sidelines for most of the training session.

It was not just any training, but rather a training game, meaning that 11 players would be playing against 11 players like it was a real competitive game.

Unfortunately, Sam became one of the players to start on the bench.

Team A stuck with the black jerseys while team B wore green bibs on top of their black jerseys to distinguish both teams.

When the training game finally started, from the sidelines, Sam paid keen attention to the game, mostly scrutinizing the competition for his preferred spot.

Just 10 minutes into the game and it was clear that Team A was vastly the superior team, they dominated possession, pushing Team B to defend deep.

Team A's forwards were decent, but the true strength of this team was in the midfield and their star player was unfortunately their attacking midfielder. Sam grimaced after seeing Joshua in action for just a few minutes.

This powerful and agile attacking midfielder was the heart of the team, orchestrating and dictating play.

On the 13th minute of the game, he unleashed a powerful shot that beat the keeper but rattled against the crossbar, eliciting a gasp from the coach.

Seeing the coach's reaction, Sam sighed. 'And there goes my spot'.

Feeling a bit defeated, he focused on other spots in the midfield. The midfield was talented but he was a bit more confident in displacing the others of their starting position if he got a chance.

In the 21st minute of the game, the deadlock was finally broken as taking the ball and drifting to the right, Joshua crossed a deadly ball in for team A's striker to find with a header, adeptly poking into the back of the net with his head.

"GOALLLL...!"

8 minutes later, in the 29th minute, Joshua assisted his second goal of the game, playing a defense-splitting through pass that tore team B open and again, it was the lightning-swift striker who ran through and lobbed the ball over the goalkeeper to score his second goal of the game.

In the 43rd minute, Joshua finally opened his account, drilling a powerful outside the box shot into the top left corner of the post, making it 3-0.

Team B's goalkeeper stood no chance.

Joshua was in top form.

A few minutes later, the coach blew for half-time before engaging in some team talk mostly directed team A's way. The game restarted with no substitutions made. Just 5 minutes in, Joshua made his mark again.

He made it a hatrick of assists as crossing the ball in from a corner, Isaiah, one of team A's center back rose highest to power the ball into the net through a header as he celebrated his goal excitedly.

It was 4-0 yet team B barely improved their play.

As the minutes ticked on, Sam itched for some action, constantly throwing glances the coach's way and finally in the 55th minute, 2 changes were made.

None of them involved Sam though, he grimaced in the bench.

In the end, it was only when Favour went to personally persuade his brother that this coach finally decided to bring Sam into the game, taking off team B's attacking midfielder for the boy.

'This is it!' Sam felt his blood boil as he entered the pitch.

The game restarted, it was a goal kick to team B.

As soon as team B started playing again, in the halfway line, Sam demanded for the ball. "Here, here!" He called, raising and flailing his arms.

"Pass me the ball!"

It was annoying but the center midfielder didn't deny him, passing him the ball. As soon as that ball touched Sam's leg, electricity seemed to course through his body as he observed the pitch.

At that moment, all the feelings he lost since 4 years ago returned to him.

With the ball on his leg, at that moment, Sam felt like he never left football.

Team A's midfielder came rushing in, going for a dangerous sliding tackle. Sam did not panic; he evaded the tackle with a silky-smooth roulette skill.

The other team A players were stunned but they didn't dally, Sam leaving their teammate on the floor only invited a more aggressive press from them.

Sam stayed calm like a robot.

The second player came rushing in. Sam did a feint, faking to one side before using a Cruyff turn and a burst of speed to rush to the other side.

There, he met another player but Sam executed a la croqueta.

It was not perfect, filled with flaws even as the player almost dispossessed him but maybe it was luck but Sam somehow retained possession.

"Pass! I'm free". A player called.

Sam was still in the midfield position.

Passing seemed like the better option but at this moment, Sam didn't want to pass. Instead of passing, he raised his head, took one glance at the opposition post and noticed the goalkeeper slightly off his line.

That was all Sam needed. Raising his leg, he hit the ball with power.

Bam!

The ball ricocheted off his leg like a rocket.

Team A's goalkeeper furiously retreated but it was already too late. The ball went above him before dipping into an empty net..., it was a goal.

Silence..., no one could speak.

In his first minute on the pitch, Sam scored an absolute banger of a goal.

Sam pumped a fist triumphantly. "Yeah!"

"GOALLL!" Favour celebrated in the sideline, hugging his big brother. "Brother, I told you right, my guy is the real deal!"

"Shut up," his brother snapped at him. "And leave me".

For the first time today, the players finally paid more attention to this tall boy. 'He's good'. They thought.

Team A restarted the game, adamant to wipe off the effects of that sudden stain to their pride yet, this was when they met the true Sam.

That goal may have been a fluke but one true attribute of Sam that stood the test of time was his stamina that started all the way since he was a child.

On this evening, Sam ran himself to the ground, being everywhere in this midfield as he intercepted passes, threw himself in tackles, and played to his fill.

Singlehandedly, he protected his team with his work rate, preventing the score from turning more embarrassing.

The game ended 4-1.

At the end, the coach finally paid more attention to him. "Sam, right?"

"Yes, coach".

"You did good," he finally smiled at Sam for the first time today. "Tomorrow, be here on time, the game will commence at the same time".

"If you're lucky, you may play tomorrow".

"Thanks coach, I'm satisfied with that". Sam smiled.

Sam returned home satisfied. On his way home though, something happened. He got a new system notification; it was a system mission.