

# **Rise of a Football God**

## **#Chapter 5: 18, December, 2022 - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 5: 18, December, 2022**

18, December, 2022...

...

Sam was asleep, he had a dream.

'No football again!'

'Promise me!'

'Promise me Sam or just kill me now!'

'Promise me Sam!'

'I promise'.

Ha!

With a startle, Sam woke up from his sleep only to be subjected to the glare of his sister. Looking at his sister who for some reason seemed even taller today, he coughed awkwardly. "Umm, sorry".

"You were dreaming again, right?" She scoffed. "Come eat, mom already made food".

"Ok, I'll be there before you know it". Sam stretched and stood up from his bed. The big bed and bedframe never seemed to amaze him, it still seemed like a luxury despite it already being 2 years.

A few years ago, he didn't have a room of his own.

Standing up, he went straight to the bathroom to watch his face.

In the bathroom, after watching his face, with no shirt on, Sam stood motionless, staring at his body, his current self.

Fat cheeks, fat legs, and a slightly protruding belly, an atrocious physique which was only complimented by a fairly handsome face in his standards.

4 years ago, Sam never imagined himself looking like this but here he was, facing reality.

It was already 4 years since the European trials' accident...

During this time, though occasionally, he was still haunted by the trauma. Sam managed to stick with his promise to his mom, abstaining from football as he didn't even watch the 2018 World Cup.

This was how, well, he became like this.

Sam didn't quiet regret his decision though. Afterall, football abandoned him first, it was only natural that he abandoned it back.

During these past 4 years, things went fairly swimmingly for his family. His dad got the government job that he always wanted, improving their standard of living in the process as they moved into a 3-bedroom apartment.

He was 17 now, and just yesteryear, he graduated from secondary school.

As for his dream career? Sam wanted to be a doctor now.

He wasn't exactly sure if it was because of what happened to him 4 years ago, but since then, he got this yearning to become a doctor.

This was what pushed him to becoming a science student. Now, 17 years old, his dad registered him in the nearby pharmacist shop to get practical experience.

Apparently, if things go well, in a year, he would be admitted into medical school. Life was going just as he wanted, so Sam was happy.

Going to the sitting room, he enjoyed a sumptuous African meal with his family before waving his dad on his way to work and kissing his mom goodbye. He was ready to go to the pharmacy shop.

"Oh! I forgot my bag". Exclaiming, he went back to his room to get his bag.

He left it on his bed yesterday.

Getting to his room, he was right, the bag was there waiting for him. Picking up the bag though, Sam froze, this was because of the face towel that stared at him there. It was not the face towel itself, but its design.

It was designed in vibrant blue and red colors, and on its center had words imprinted.

(Lionel Messi #10)

Staring at that number and the name, Sam grimaced. 'Right, Ian gave this to me yesterday as a gift, apparently he wants to go out with me'.

'For what again?'

Then, his eyes widened. 'It's today?' Quickly picking up his phone, he hesitated before doing something he had not done in a long time, he went to a football site and quickly, he saw it.

(2022 World Cup- 18, Dec, 2022)

(Final: Argentina – France)

(Time: 4:00pm Nigerian time)

Sam grimaced again at the sight. "I'm not supposed to be doing this," he mumbled before quickly leaving the site. "I've changed, I no longer like football".

Casually throwing the towel to the side, he went to work.

His manager was the first person to greet him at the entrance to the large pharmacist shop. "Hey Sam, how are you doing? You should have heard right?"

He was baffled. "Heard about what?"

"The world cup final of course! Everyone is talking about it, apparently, the old G.O.A.T is going up against a young G.O.A.T!"

Seeing the baffled look on Sam's face, the middle-aged man was exasperated. "C'mon boy, do you live under a cave? It's all over the internet, it's Lionel Messi vs Kylian Mbappe, all my kids won't rest about it, even the girls".

"The girls are all over Mbappe, while the boys are Messi".

"It's a literal war in my house, its annoying but also exciting". He chuckled. "You'll watch it too right?"

"I intend to broadcast it here in the shop".

"No, I...", Sam paused, his jaws dropping in shop. "Wait, what? You intend to show the football match here in the shop?!"

"Yes," the middle-aged man winked happily. "It's free publicity, and I bet that more customers will come today than usual".

Sam looked at this middle-aged man, suddenly feeling light-headed.

"I heard you once played football, so you should know a thing or two more than I do which means you'll definitely watch, right?"

Sam nodded absentmindedly. "Yeah". In his mind though. 'Definitely not!'

For the rest of the morning, Sam tried to avoid his manager, he succeeded in that but in the grand scheme of things, it was futile.

From his fellow intern co-workers to the veteran pharmacists, heck, even the customers, the only thing that was in the lips of everyone today was just 2 different phrases. "Argentina vs France".

"Messi vs Mbappe".

'What the f\*ck!'

'What the heck is actually going on?!' Sam was exasperated.

At some point, Sam was so suffocated by the atmosphere at the shop that he contemplated going home early from work but at exactly 3:30pm, he got a call.

(Incoming call from My Best Buddy...)

Staring at his phone, Sam was wary but still, he picked it up hesitantly. "Hello?"

"I'm staring at you".

Stunned, Sam looked straight at the see-through glass doors only to see his best friend standing there, smiling and waving at him.

Ian was dressed in trendy blue jean trousers and a white and sky-blue jersey, Argentina's national team jersey. His brown hair was prominent.

He waved his right hand that held a shopping bag. "I got you one, the jersey".

"What are you waiting for? It's less than 30 minutes".

"Let's go cheer on your idol".

"Let's go watch football".

Silence...