

# THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME

## Chapter 7 - A New System Mission

"DING"

No sooner had Coach Damata announced the first test in the trial than the familiar system notification resounded in Zachary's mind. The translucent blue screen shimmered and then popped up in front of him without being summoned. The incident was a first as he usually had to will the screen to appear when he needed to check the user interface of the system.

Zachary ignored the chaos around him and checked the contents of the notification.

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G.O.A.T MISSIONS

#NEW MISSION: Lubumbashi soccer trials (serial missions)

\*Task 1: Become the first in the physical fitness testing at the soccer trials.  
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\*Rewards:

->B-grade agility-enhancing-elixir

(Will make you faster and more in control of your body.)

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\*Punishment in case of failure:

->The G.O.A.T system will go offline for three months.

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\*Remarks: A G.O.A.T is a player who should dominate his profession from the start or at the very least try to. Cheers to the beginning of your rise as a potential G.O.A.T.

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NB: Mission tasks to be updated as the trials continue.

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"What the fuck?" Zachary exclaimed out loud, forgetting where he was. "How will I achieve this with all the monsters partaking in the trial?" He mumbled.

"You have anything against my instructions, young man?" Zachary heard Coach Damata bellow, his voice sounding incensed. He looked up only to find the other players staring at him with stunned and perplexed eyes. Some like Luyinda, Patrick, and Tony were trying their best to suppress their laughter.

[What have I done?] Zachary's heart leaped into his throat.

He looked towards the front and saw the dark-skinned Coach Damata wearing a scary face as he glared at him, his hands akimbo.

"Young man," he intoned. "Do you have anything against my instructions?" He once again asked, his fists clenching and relaxing. Zachary could tell that the no-nonsense coach was angry. He resolved to save the situation before it escalated.

"I'm sorry, sir," Zachary stammered, trying his best to sound humble. "I quite forgot myself there and shouted out loud. I meant no offense." He added, giving a slight bow to the coach. He was aware that Coach Damata liked honest students who could acknowledge their faults rather than gloss over them. So, he decided to disclose some half-truths to gain the coach's pardon.

"Can you tell us what you were thinking at the time? We want to understand what could make a young man forget himself when at one of the most rewarding soccer trials in the country."

Zachary let out a breath of relief as he heard the coach's tone lighten. He appeared to have passed the first hurdle.

"I was thinking about how I need to best all the players here to catch the eye of one of the scouts. I am very nervous, sir." He replied in a shaky voice.

A titter rippled across the otherwise silent stadium. Some of the young men held on to their stomachs and laughed like there was no tomorrow. The adolescents seemed very amused by Zachary's cowardice. But this did not affect him in any way as he was only concerned about the coach.

"Quiet," Damata bellowed once again, putting a stop to the waves of roiling laughter.

"Young man," he said, turning back towards Zachary. "I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt. I will let this slide in the meantime. But mark my words, this should be the last time an incident like this happens." The coach let his gaze roam over the players to emphasize his point.

None of the players wanted to have a negative tag from the coach so, they remained quiet with their heads bowed.

"Young man," Damata once again eyed Zachary. "What is your name?" He asked.

"I'm Zachary Bemba, sir."

"Zachary Bemba," Coach Damata mumbled. "That name seems abit familiar." Another coach standing to his left whispered a few words to Damata. The latter raised his head and looked at Zachary, grinning.

"I will be watching you during the trials. Try to do your level best." Damata intoned. He then continued giving out his directives.

Zachary only half-listened to the rest of the coach's instructions. His mind was mainly on the system mission. The system had offered the best possible reward for him at that moment. He needed the agility-enhancing-elixir to break through his bottleneck. But he was supposed to outrun everyone, including the boy prodigy - Steven Mangala. Zachary didn't think that he was already the best in his age group just because of a few gifts from the system. There may be players who were already at the S grade by fifteen. Zachary suspected that Mangala was such a player.

[But what's there to fear?] He thought after calming down.

[Mangala is still fourteen. I have longer strides and pretty good stamina. I can definitely win.] Zachary grinned.

He then concentrated back on the words of Coach Damata who seemed to be completing his peroration.

"From our records, we know that there should be 120 players here," Coach Damata stated. "We will divide you into four groups, each with about 30 players."

"When coach Mande here reads your name, you're up in the first group," he said, pointing to a thin man on his left. "Head to the tracks and wait for the whistle. And good luck."

Coach Mande swiftly finished announcing the names of the players in the first group. Zachary was not among and just waited on the grass with the rest. However, the likes of Fredric Luamba and Ngoda Muzinga were in the group.

The race soon started after Coach Mande blew his whistle. Fredric led the others around the pitch from beginning to end. He completed the 32 laps in only 41 minutes and was a couple of minutes ahead of the second rank. The

other would be famous names that Zachary was familiar with were also in the top ten.

After the coaches recorded the finishing times of the 30 participants, the second group commenced their race. Zachary was again not selected among the participants. But he noticed that his former friends, Tony and Patrick, were in the group. They managed to finish among the top five, behind the monstrous Chris Luyinda that had almost doubled the rest of the players.

By noon, the third group was finishing their race. It was now finally Zachary's turn to head to the running tracks. And as fate would have it, the boy prodigy - Stephen Mangala, was also in the fourth group.

Zachary stepped on the running tracks knowing he would have little chance to win against Mangala. But if he did win, he would win an agility-enhancing-elixir from the system that would upgrade his talent. Zachary would then not have to worry about not being agile enough later in the trials. Thus, he was more psyched up to win than anyone.

[I'll win this race.] He inwardly vowed while lining up with the others on the tracks. He was only waiting for the whistle.