

# God of Cricket!

## #Chapter 1: Prologue [1] - Read God of Cricket! Chapter 1: Prologue [1]

### Chapter 1: Prologue [1]

### Chapter 1: Prologue [1]

*Today 6 Sep, 2035.*

A middle aged man was watching TV and outside of his apartment we can see the world has changed by watching high speed Bullet trains and metro stations are built and green energy used vehicles are driven. Opposite side a tall building can be viewed and above them there were holding Advertisement of Drones delivery system.

The whole city is buzzing with people because this is not an ordinary city . It is the capital city of India , New Delhi..

Even through the internet has reached 7G ( 7th generation) India is still in development stage.

But for Raghav Roi who is now 42 years old and running out of energy to stand properly but everything was ok just like a half-empty pizza box that he was eating while looking at the television screen.

Tonight wasn't just any night!

Because it was the night of War that going on between two cricket team.

The IPL Final match between Delhi Daredevils V/S Mumbai Indians.

In past few years of office life make his face dull and his eyes from dark circles like he was not sleeping comfortably.

But today his eyes were wide with childlike anticipation as he take sip of cold coffee and put it down beside him and his hand were fold against the armrest in an uneven rhythm as the match was pounding inside his chest.

"Yes..you can do it "

"Please God .....only six runs needed in one ball...just one six...come on Delhi Daredevils," he Started cheering through the tv, as if saying it aloud could from here could bring any impact.

*In his college days he was in the team and his days passed by playing cricket on the field.*

*In the past there was a time when he was virtuous to keep him fit to play cricket in Indian team. Perhaps not a perfect fit for Indian team, but sufficient to aspire. Satisfactory enough for his college coach to remark,*

"You have something unique in you, Raghav."

*After that his life go on a tracks with internships, part time job, a job that consumed his twenties, after that he get married and that marriage didn't last long as his wife want divorce.*

*At some point his life was filled with regrets and loneliness.*

All that was left in his life was drinking beer, watching cricket match, and live his life daily repeatly.

But today evening was anticipating day for him and many cricket fans in India.

The camera swept across the stadium with wide angle where we can see the batsman and the fielders.

Above the stadium there was a huge scoreboard showing Delhi Daredevils Score.

The crowd was a full in the stadium with blue jersey and red jersey waves colliding in rhythmic chants the supporting team name.

Raghav leaned more near towards the tv screen to see the final ball of the match and to see Delhi Daredevils scoring a 6 to win this match but if it is a four it will be draw.

His supporters of Delhi Daredevils, his is an hardcore fan of two team one is RCB and DD.

RCB loss at semi final with MI ( Mumbai Indians).

The Reason he support both team because RCB was Virat Kohli team and Delhi was his home team.

But to be clear he was born in North East — Assam,when he was five years old his family shift to Delhi because of his father job. Its not had doesn't support Assam team but till now the Assam team has just formed and the team name is Assam Warriors was Announced this year.

He is crazy fan of cricket and now that is IPL season he doesn't miss a single match .

Like now his eyes were on the Tv screen watching the match.

Score show that Delhi needed six runs in this one ball to win the match.

It means that if Delhi Daredevils want to beat Mumbai Indians who have won 9 IPL Trophy just needed six run , mean they need one boundary.

He looks at match as the Bowler was to ready ball his last ball of the game.

[ Run: 212, Over 19.5(19)]

Raghav know the bowler ; the bowler was called young prodigy from Mumbai.

In Tv it show that the bowler adjusted his grip ready to Ball a fast bowling.

[ The Bowler Name appear on the screen with his image and his statistics:

Name : Aarav Malhotra

Age:20 year old

Bowling averages:12.2

Bowling speed average:152 km/h.]

The batsman at the crease is Arjun Khanna, Delhi Daredevils team captain and our last hope. We can see him in pressure and sweat on his back as now it is on shoulder to win this match for his team.

He eyes on the screen so determination to fight the ball and hit with his full might and set out to the boundary.

He was so excited as his heart beat beating faster than usual and his hand tightened around the armrest as he watching the match seriously.

Finally —

The bowler began his run-up and the time seems to slow down for the crowd and for the viewers.

The stadium lights reflected off the white balls, turning it into a comet streaking through the air towards the stumps but the batsman swung his bat as he hit the ball.

CRACK!

The ball shot high—so high that it cannot be view because of the stadium light block view of the camera. Finally it show that it was flying towards the boundary.

"Come on... come on..." he muttered in trembling voice.

For a single moment he forgot to take breath.... he saw imaginary glips—a six, a miracle, redemption after years of despair finally the trophy is coming home.

The Tv screen shift to the ball that was high up in a the sky is getting slow...down ...but with its speed at this rate it can touch the edge of the boundary for a Six.

( To be Continue)

## **Chapter 2: Prologue [2]**

### Chapter 2: Prologue [2]

The camera also recorded the arc of the ball in the sky as it flew down towards the edge of the boundary but the nearby fielder was running backward as their eyes locked at the ball like an eagle eye and the fielder raised hands to catch the ball.

And then—

THUD.

Caught.

The ball that about cross the boundary was caught by the fielder and he caught it by a jump at the line of the boundary.

At the same Umpire raised his up as he is point his finger up and the meaning is simple as it is declare as OUT .

The big screen also show us the review of the caught from moment how the filder run back and stand inch away from the boundary line.

As the ball was about to cross the boundary line the filder jump high and caught the ball with one .

The impossible ball was caught and the screen show and declared it as OUT.

Raghav's apartment went pin drop silence.

His knees gave way...as he lay him back into the wall.

On tv screen, the scoreboard froze.

Delhi Daredevils — 212/7 (20 over)

Mumbai Indians — 216/8 (20 over)

MI win by 4 Runs.

Result was declared on the big screen :-

Mumbai Indians won the Championship title of 2035 .

The stadium fans erupted with loud explosion of cheers and noise as they chant winning team name.

" Mumbai Indians"

" Mumbai Indians"

The Mumbai Indians players and staff rush out to the field, they were cries echoing through the broadcast by the fans and staff.

Beautiful fireworks continuously shot up as it bloomed across the sky.

The commentator Raj ' voices came through the Tv screen announcing with excitement and disbelieving the outcome .

"What a strategic fielding set by Mumbai Indians captain which is commendable."

" I also think it Raj , that Mumbai Indians has a well visionary leader as their captain and they will one step ahead of others team with today's victory "

" I am completely agree with it in you, this is not the end of Mumbai Indians but it show how high they set their game play on a level of international cricket."

" Yeah, this is well trained team, ok let us look at today match highlights who is Man of the Match and Man of the Tournament."

The second commentator Aditya also announced with excitement.

"This how a final match should be and impossible finishing catch out was done fabulously by player R.Das !"

"And today history is created by Mumbai...baaai Indians as they secure their tenth IPL championship title! "

"There gameplay was absolute dominance in this year series!"

Raghav stared blankly looking at the unbelievable victory of Mumbai Indian and after a moment as the realisation of Delhi Daredevils loss hit his heart as we can see sadness and grief eyes as well as his lips parted, but no sound came out from his mouth.

It wasn't just a game — Not to him because it reminds him of his past regret and mistakes that every missed chance he'd ever had.

A goal or a dream that had slipped just out of reach but every boundary of his life that had fallen one foot short.

He slumped deeper into the recliner into his regret and desire to play for India.

Then his hand slipped ~

The pizza box fall down on the ground and the remaining Slices were scattered around the floor.

On the screen, the camera cuts to Arjun Khanna whose head is bowing towards the fans then he gloves off, kneeling on the turf as the Mumbai players lift the trophy. The Delhi fans eyes were numb seeing the victory slip away from them.

Suddenly Raghav's vision became blue....

At same time his chest tightened—a dull ache, like sharp stab in his heart . As he feel the pain immediately he pressed his hand against his chest with gritting his teeth.

"Ahh... I... can't..."

As soon as this words just came out so low like whisper and the remote that was in his hand slipped out as his trembling hand and the remote hit the floor with a hollow clack.

Thum~

He tried to breathe with all his strength but his lungs refused to breath.

He look straight to the TV and he saw the colors of the screen bled together the reds, blues, and golds fading into a blur of grey. Now he can't properly listen to sound of the crowd as it was slowly dimmed to a low frequency.

Then his eyes shift outside of his balcony where his old cricket bat was placed hanging there shoke in mud and dust. He started to recalling his passionate days of his cricket career in his college days. His hope for waiting for the selected call from Delhi Cricket Board but the call never came. Thier were many regrets now one of them was the apology that he want ask to his son but he never made and like that the life passed quitley by him while he was chasing after job interview in his nineteenth and after that his life went on project deadline of his office work life.

At this moment his mind is full up with his past regrets and some decision he wants to change and now there is only one thought in his mind.

'If after death reincarnate exist I just don't want to repeat the same mistake as my current life .....

He can't let go his past regrets at his last moment of his but his thoughts were on something imaginary.

'but If only I could have another chance to restart my life from beginning I could have changed all my regrets and decision '

He thought shifted to an imaginary dream If only I could have tried hard and focus on my career might things would have changed.....'

'....it would have been better from my current life, as loser in his life, without family and friends.'

Lastly he glanced at the Tv screen as it was showing the victory parade of Mumbai Indians and the tv screen light reflection fell across his face.

And then he closed his eyes,... everything went dark.

After sometime he didn't feel anything, it was like his whole six senses were blocked and his surroundings were like eternal darkness...pure darkness.

Suddenly a question came into his mind.

'Is this hell or heaven, where I will be going ''

As he was wondering where he was but then a gentle smell of sunflower and also the smell distinctive combination of spices and aromatic spreads in the air that tickled his nose. After few seconds he realised this familiar scent of sandalwood incense and his mother's cooking sabji filled his nostrils.

"Wow , this smell feels familiar"

Raghav's eyes slightly open as he looked around, then he realized that this wasn't in his sterile apartment but it is that he was in... his childhood bedroom.

The room walls were full of posters of his favourite cricketers , they were the God of the Cricket, The Master Blaster — Sachin Tendulkar; The poster is where he is raising his bat, next poster is of Rahul Dravid in his defensive poses on the ground and lastly the poster of Sourav Ganguly , the Maharaja of Indian Cricket, fans called him as Dada, the poster is on how he is holding the T20 World Cup trophy.

They were all his idol of his childhood,a boy who has dream to become like them.

After taking a deep look on every poster as he remembered how he struggle to collect this poster from the festival street stalls.

He protested to his family to buy this poster for him , he also threat them that he will stop eating food. Finally after some struggle his mother give up and buy him this posters.

At that time this were his happiest days for him to collect this poster and dream to become a great professional player like his idols.But in the future, things got out of his track.

As he was lost in his awful past memories....after some moment give up on think what has happen as he face was is dull expressions.

Then he sigh~

He scrambled out of the small bed but his limbs feeling strangely light from his orginal body and as he walk few step that was slightly uncoordinated with is mind . It seems his body is not in his full control then to conform his doubt he looked at his hands.

(To be Continue)

### **Chapter 3: Prologue [3]**

#### **Chapter 3: Prologue [3]**

His hand were small and slim and his body skin is flawless by his age, if it was his old body should been fat and wrinkle in his skin.

He rush to the mirror hanging on the wardrobe.

In the mirror show the reflection of a young boy , around 12-year-old by looking at his height we can assume. His eye look confused or utterly lost which were stared back at him.

"Raghu! When will you be awake? Get up already..don't be late for school!"

The voice of scolding shout come from outsidof his room.

He was taken aback by the voice and he want to see the person.

'The voice... It was his mother , Nirmala Das. But her voice is lot younger then last time I hear and she has a vibrant that shows full of the life which had been lost in work after my father death. '



He stumbled out of the room and saw her in the kitchen. She looked exactly as he remembered her from his childhood, her smile lines not yet etched deep into her face.

Then he saw someone, who had left him early. His father died when he was 26 years old in an accident but now he will definitely stop it.

Then he looks toward the Dining Table that was beside the kitchen. The he saw a scene that he had missed to the very day.

His father Umesh Roi, sat at the small dining table as he is reading a newspaper as his hobby.

His had noticed him but didn't look to direction as he continued reading newspapers

"Morning, beta... finally you'r wake up," his father said, not looking up.

(AN: Beta refer to Son in Hindi in India)

His father continue to say as he read the newspaper.

"Big day for India today because the Test match against England starts from today."

Raghav was not in a state to reply because infront of him as happening something unheard of unseen.

He repeatedly asked himself to confirm as he secretly pinch in his hand himself.

'I am really back to the past? How can this happen maybe he I am dreaming ' But he knows deep inside him doesn't want to awoke even if is dream

' ahh..that hurt..so this real but which year am I came back '

He hardly accepting the fact that has done time travel to the past but first thing he need to confirm the year and date has time travel before he cleared his doubt.

Raghav's eyes scan through the newspaper that his father was holding. He looks at the top conner of the newspaper where date is written usually.

The date that was printed on the newspaper in bold black text is April 11, 2005.

He was really back.. back in time, back before the regrets, before the failed dreams, before a life of mediocrity now he has chance to change everything.

It was too much for his legs gave way, and he sat down hard on the floor, tears streaming down his face.

Just as tear appear his mother also came out of kitchen with a plate full of roties and his mother also noticed his tear in his eyes.

"Son, Is something wrong with you? Today you are acting unusual from your usual self?" his mother asked hurriedly and rushing to his side.

The she placed her hand on my forehead to check if have gotten feaver or sick.

He can understand his mother concern but he couldn't explain that he not young Raghav but the future Raghav who has gotten emotional by seeing his mother healthy and alive but he couldn't explain it not now or ever...

'How could he tell that I came from future? he could not and even he tell his mother would think he has gone insane and they would drag him to the temple priest! '

'And I am hundred percent sure what the temple priest will say, that some kind of Demon/devil shadow upon me'

'That faud will take money from my family in the name of removing ' kala shaya ' 'upon me and after that they will do perform some nonsense rituals claim that they remove whatever 'kala shaya' from my head '

' So , I better keep this unbelievable event with me for rest of my life '

He just shook his head to avoid her questions but he burying his face in her sari to cover his crying face .

At that moment he was emotional seeing his mother who he lost her in his 30 and now he was overwhelmed by the impossible, beautiful, terrifying reality of his second chance.

Later that afternoon, as he was lied down on his bed he was thinking what to do with all the knowledge of future events.

Then... suddenly something appears..he was scared and about to scream but he stop him self and look at holographic screen.

It was a transplanted screen appears with something written...it was like his son video game .

[System Binding ... ...]

[ Host as bind to World Greatest Cricket System]

Raghav blinked as he again looked at it .

He was in stood there in stunned when he saw a transparent screen appears infront of him out of thin air.

[Your deep regret and dying wish have activated this unique opportunity. The System will guide you in fulfilling your dream of becoming the greatest cricketer in the world.]

[Displaying Host's Initial Stats:]

---

Name: Raghav Roi

Age: 12

Stamina: 15

Strength: 12

Batting Technique: 10

Bowling Skill: 5

Fielding: 8

Cricket IQ: 25 (Based on his future knowledge about cricket and techniques that came with practice and experience.)

---

He analyzed his stats and he came to conclusion is that he was pathetically weak.

The stats confirmed what he knew about himself, the reason why he couldn't progress in cricket in his past life.

He was a boy who loved cricket, but had no real talent for it.

Not yet till in future he will played well in his college day but not as a professional but as a casual player with good skill.

Then

Ding ~

[Newbie Mission Quest : A Single Step]

[The Great Cricket must be start by taking small step at time to build his foundation.]

[Mission:Practice batting defending you wicket from 10 ball from any opponent.]

[Reward: +1 Batting Technique Point, 5 SP.]

As if system know what going to happen then a voice called from the street outside his window.

"Raghav! Oye, Raghav! Coming out to play?"

It was Abinav Varma, his best friend.

Raghav didn't answer immediately but he looked at the blue screen, then at the worn-out tennis ball and the bat that is resting in the corner of his room.

'I don't care anymore about the past , future because all I have to focus on my present now and I suppose it not a dream that I came back to past.'

Now for him this wasn't a dream and can definitely say that this was his reality now with this he can change his lifestyle and people around him and mainly his regrets than had made his life living hell.

Then a genuine smile appeared in his young face, it was a smile that he had lost years ago.

" I am coming, Abhi! Wait for me there I will be right back" he yelled back as his young voice cracking with an emotion ,that he couldn't possibly understand that his true self is coming out that has been Buried under his job life.

He grabbed his bat, it was the same bat and he was familiar with the weight as it is comfortable in his small hands the dream that he once vision .

Then he went out of his house and closed the bamboo main gate as he went to play with his friend Abhi.

His cricket career is on the track.

(To be Continue)

---

• Kala ( Black) Saya ( shadow) : it is refer to that I am possessed by black magic or devil or demon or it means that some had put curse on him.

## **Chapter 4: Gully Cricket [1]**

Chapter 4: Gully Cricket [1]

There was a playfield behind the house of Raghav, a narrow lane. Then Raghav and Abhi went there to play cricket on that ground.

Other basic equipment to play cricket was unavailable to them, therefore, on one side they used a dull brick wall as a wicket and three old white lines were drawn on it.

The ground was hard dry with crack gap because of summer season there playing pitch is dry and dusty.

This ground was only playground for them aside school ground so then the pitch is not good they have to adjust it.

But nobody care about ground like his friend Abhinav Varma, who is arguing with another boy that he want to do bowling first as he brought the ball.

He state the rule that the person who brings ball must be first to ball and the person who also bring bat must be first to bat.

And this why it called gully cricket because we have own rule.

It was a gully cricket to all Indian boys in their boyhood, as it was passionate , engaging, and the purest game of all the game Raghav had heard of.

These afternoons were a mere pleasure in his past existence. They had been his training ground now.

Raghav had a smile in face. It displays the extent of his lack of these days. Tension of job, family, money no longer exists since he is back to his days of freedom.

"Raghav, finally!" Abhi smiled, and threw him the ball.

"You're batting first. Before Ajay mom calls him in to do his homework we have to score fast and finish the match.

Raghav picked up the bat, the wood of which, though cheap, was foreign and yet very familiar.

He took his stance. He could see the ideal balance of Sachin, the minimal crouch, the frozen head still in his mind.

He attempted to imitate it, yet his 12 year old body was like a puppet with twisted ropes. His back was all straight, his hold was awkward.

The mind of the 42 year old was aware of the theory/technique, but the 12 year old himself was unaware of the theory/technique at this time.

Abhi walked back for a pick up run a step or two and the tennis ball, which in has started moving as soon as he throw the ball from his hand . The ball spin faster towards him, it was a good length ball.

The ball came fast as it was a good length ball.

Then he want to go forward and give shot a on drive.

But unknowingly some instinct kick him and stop his actions that trained by future practice and used in watching professionals, screamed out that he must pull.

His manly reason didn't perform that shot because his mind reaction speed and body doesn't match up.

At that time his body? His body flinched and convulse<sup>1</sup> in his back muscles and results is that the ball bumped in the brick wall (wicket ) in the back of him with a loud ~whack.

"Out!" said by Ajay, the self-qualified umpire.

"First ball is trial ball!" I refute the OUT decision.

All the boys who fielding laughed out at his reasoning. Young Raghav would have laughed normally. But there was something stinking with shame and frustration in the 42 year old within him.

It was his Cricket IQ, a curse and a blessing at the same time; his Cricket IQ enabled him to see his own glaring inadequacies perfectly and more clearly.

"It is only a game, man, it is only a game" Abhi thought said to his friend and he picking up the ball and ready to Ball.

They didn't agree with his reasoning of trial ball.

Then Abhi came forward to give the bowl for bowling.

"Your turn to bowl."

But Raghav shook his head. "Let me face a few more...Please just practice for practice."

Abhi directly refuse him in his face by saying .

"NO..others are also waiting for there turn if we waste more time than others will return home."

Raghav don't know what to say as he was planing how to convince ahbi now.

'I can denied his answer but I have to play 10 balls for the mission.'

'It seems like I have to used Abhi Weakness to convince him '

Next moment Raghav said.

"Please..Just ten more ball for practice...last ten ball '

Raghav gazes at Abhi with tearful faces and this leaves Abhi emotional and to induce him to change his mind.

Raghav noticed the abhi got emotional as he can see his eyes were started to get wet.

'Always a good-natured fellow'

Abhi shrugged. "Okay, but we will not count in our score table as your score is Zero now. ".

Raghav nod to Abhi, " yes"

As Abhi agree, Raghav remeber one of his regret.

'Abhi is emotional as everyone and this was also his weakness in the future since he died committing suicide due got cheated by his girlfriend.'

Raghav says in his low voice " what a sentimental dummy this guy is.

Abhi who was about to bowled was looking at Raghav as he had not heard what was said and so he enquired. "What did you say?"

Raghav shakes his head.

"No...I said nothing... you go on with your bowling."

Then Raghav tightened his bat grip and make a promise to himself.

'I will change the outcome this time as it with will different this time because I never let the bitch to get together with my best friend,' he said and took his bat firmly in his hand.

Abhi nodded and he shifted his concentration on bowling.

He again bowled with a full toss ball delivery.

This was the time when Raghav was not interested in scoring, but in surviving. He swung his bat down, and attempted to hit the ball midway.

He was late to react again but luck was his side as he was standing in the same pose the ball automatically hit the bat.

But the surprising thing is that his system count it as defence pose.

[ Mission Progress : 1/10]

Now he had face one ball and nine are yet to faced.

Sunil , one of his friends who was fielding at the mid-off stop the ball and immediately throw back to Abhi.

Abhi catch the ball and ready to Ball his second ball bowling.

The second one hurled in all swing and he missed to strike.

The third ball was a full toss Ball so he forward strike with bat and send a long off direction hit.

[Mission Progress: 2/10]

The fourth ball bowling was a full toss,he made a feeble push on Ajay side.

[Mission Progress: 3/10]

Fifth came was yorker and he maintained defence and hit the ball with straight drive.

[Mission Progress: 4/10]

It was a painful process from him to stand in defence.

His mind was like a supercomputer . He was a modem era person but was an old and slow machine that was not very reliable. He did not resemble any professional cricketer, but looked more a wild batsman.<sup>1</sup>

Yet was persisted and simply concentrating on receiving the ball in any from like yorker, full tose bouncer, short ball now his main goal is to defend.

On the tenth delivery, there was a clicking. Abhi ball a yorker and Raghav was expecting it so he easy to hit a straight drive.

[Mission Progress: 9/10]

(To be Continue)



- meaning: suffer violent involuntary contraction of the muscles, producing contortion of the body or limbs."she convulsed, collapsing to the floor with the pain"
- Learn everything by himself it can be seeing others or copying others.

## **Chapter 5: Gully Cricket [2]**

### Chapter 5: Gully Cricket [2]

[ Mission Progress: 9/10]

Raghav look his mission progress bar which shows the he need to defend one more ball but I can't continue.

Because all of his teammates are starring at him,

he also put the bat there at batsman crease and went for fielding.

'if I say that I want to play one more ball...then I am sure they will beat shit out of me.'

If he was his youngerself probably would have demanded one more ball but he was not , because he is the future Raghav who had experience up and down in his life and learn when to demand or to be patience.

He knows this were the best moments of his life with his friends so he didn't argue and he will wait for his turn again like a mature man.

-----

Now Abhi will be batting and sunil will do bowling.The game continue as everyone taking there turn to play ten ball each.

Finally my turn came back for playing.

He changed his batting position, his manly now focus now is to send the ball flying towards the boundary.

(Note: there is no boundaries in this ground but children there had made an imaginary boundary for score 6 and 4. Like hiting the front wall will given 6 , and the wall behind him will give him score 4)

Abhi started long running as he reach bowling crease he released the ball from his grip. He delivered a a short ball.

Raghav is in full focus on ball as soon as the ball reach his crease he react fast enough to swing his bat and hit the ball with with his full strength.

Surprisingly ball went shot flying straight past through above Abhi head and the ball rotating with full speed then it bending twice and hitting the wall at the end.

It was a good shot by Raghav as he shot a straight hit. To performance this kind of shot the batsman must have good control on his body muscles and reaction timing.

The other boys stood quiet a second in disbelief as they say the shot. So was Raghav himself.

[ Mission Progress: 10/10]

Then the blue screen appeared again before his eyes.

Ding ~

[Newbie Mission Quest : A Single Step (completed)]

[The Great Cricket must be start by taking small step at time to build his foundation.]

[Mission:Practice batting defending you wicket from 10 ball from any opponent.]

[Mission Progress: Completed]

[Reward: +1 Batting Technique Point, 5 SP.]

[Your stats have been updated.]

[Batting Technique: 10 -> 11]

As the system show that his stats is increased but didn't feel anything for few seconds.

Then suddenly a warm stream of energy that ran through his arms. He could hardly feel it, but when he tightened grip as he hold the bat then feel that he can perform different techniques of shot in different angles.

Something click in mind and started to implement it.

As he adjusted his batting pose with a small modification in his stance.

Then he he try same fake shot strike with is bat.

"Whoa, nice shot!" Abhi said look at the ball direction.

Raghav was just about to reply to this when another message appeared in the system screen.

Ding ~

[Host has received system point for the first time ]

[ System is updating  
itself....10%>>>>30%>>>>66%>>>>74%>>>89>>>96%>>99.3%>>>100%]

[System Update is Completed]

[ New— Growth Currency Quest ( unlock)]

[Growth currency is in the form of System Points (SP). ]

[New— System Store (unlock)]

[Host the System Store is available]

'Wow ...the system update itself automatically and I got new features' Raghav thought,'  
show me System store.'

The status screen switch to a simple menu appeared with a name 'system store'.

[SYSTEM STORE]

[Stat Points:]

[Stamina (+1 Point) - 10 SP]

[Strength (+1 Point) - 10 SP]

[Batting Technique (+1 Point) - 20 SP]

[Bowling Skill (+1 Point) - 20 SP]

[Fielding (+1 Point) - 15SP]

[Skill( Lock)]

[Character Traits (Lock)]

[Luck Draw: 50 SP]

He looks at the system price and stunned it is easy to get upgraded his stats. He saw the price on batting technique which is twenty SP points needed to purchase one point.

He had only earned 5 SP from the quest. It will take some amount of time to collect 20 SP point to purchase it.

'It means that each and every point would have to be won with sweat and hard work.'

"Raghav? Raghuuu...? Do you play or will you stand there dreaming? "

Then the voice of Abhi calling him bring back to reality and he saw himself back in the dusty playing ground.

I replied " Noo.. let start "

Abhi nod as he went back to his bowling crease.

Up he ran, and bowled--a short, jumping strike which skittered along.

The ball only travelled more quickly than Raghav figured it was supposed to be a short ball, nevertheless his body was moving and went front to swing his bat and hit ball to long off Side.

Thock.

A clear sound- hard, crisp, flawless.

The tenise ball flew over Amit head , Amit was in the fielding position at mid-off, he try to jump up to caught ball but his hand didn't reach so the ball hit the dull blue wall crashed into it.

Thum~

For a moment, no one moved from there place to collect the ball. The boys stood there like paralysed, with their mouths agape, and everything in the street had become very quiet.

The crows on the electric wires even flinched in mid-caw and fly away as they got scared by the sound.

Then came the exclamation. "Bhaai... did you see that?" one of the kids gasped.

Amit swiveled around and looked in disbelief.

"What the hell was that bro, that is..... that is a sixer!"

Raghav dropped the bat and his breath went on slow and steadily. The impact was felt in his palms. The warmth in his arms, the one that had forgotten shot long ago has returned in his mind.

He could feel it Strength, Precision.,Rhythm of the ball and the strength he used when hitting the ball with his bat.

Even Raghav was somewhat paralysed by seeing his own shot.

'Again this is the feeling want to feel it again.'

He want to repeat this moment again.

Than he smile and look at his status.

'The +1 on his Batting Technique was not some simple number, but was actually physically changed, was a kind of rewiring of his muscle memory.'

-----

Game restart again.. Abhi ball again this time he deliver a yorker .

Raghav also in his zone focusing on the ball angle and he swing his bat hit with a cover drive shot.

Everyone looking at him in confusion on his batting technique like a experience player.

Amit asked him directly "Where did you learn that shot?"

A broad smile came to his face and Abhinav trotted away to bring the ball.

Sunil asked him with a suspicious look on his face.

"Were you taking secret lessons by a professional coach ?"

Raghav shook his head, with a smile on his lips. "Just got lucky."

He can only lie because could not possible describe that his coach is a futuristic disembodied interface. A so called system that was granted by his own dying wish.

Game continue and he couldn't restrain on trying more shots like square drive,on drive,flick shot.

He was like a crazy manic striking every ball deliver by Abhi and Ajay run continuously to get the ball.

He score three sixes continuously and score total twenty Run for him.

They were not just flashy sixes, but it show batsman full controlled on himself.

With his Cricket IQ of 25, he can visualise exact position of fielders and then he performed appropriate shot.

It was like he is playing chess game in his mind ,like he knows which pieces will move and when.<sup>1</sup>

(To be Continue)

- Raghav was Analysing the fielder position to strike in the gap. so he don't get out.
- Explain: A screen that is Transparent form or screen existing without the body.

## **Chapter 6: Home [1]**

### Chapter 6: Home [1]

But the 1 points in Batting Technique add was like fresh oiled gear in machine which was rusty.

Still he was not in a level of playing district level cricket for now he must atleast have 25 points in his batting technique .

After half an hour Amit Mother is calling him and we also stop our game as the sun was setting.

Abhinav and my house is the same way so we left together.

Abhinav threw a his arm around the shoulder of Raghav like a buddy.

"You were so cool today..man, you were, he said.

"If you play like that in the school trials next month and you will be definitely selected in the team.. all right."

The words were a like shock as someone poured cold water to Raghav.

'How can he forgot about the School trials.' 'Naturally, there is an opportunity to him to demonstrate his talent and he would have forgotten all about it. '

'During his previous life, he had applied for the school team, he thought he would get selected but he didn't make it...when he asked coach he said I don't have enough skill to be part of the team and I should try next year '

It was among event that happened that make him disappointment on himself and regrets of his youth.

His eyes look determined as he made a promise to himself.

' But this time things will be different because I have experience of my past life cricket and also I have my system who will make me skilled enough to progress '

'Even I have a system I will work hard to not repeat the same mistake...yes from tomorrow all I have got a month before the Selection Trial start'

'I work even harder than my past self....month..just wait I will prove that what talent mean.'

As he was thinking...they reach near their home.

He bid his farewells and went back to his 2BHK house. As he opened the entrance door, the aroma of onions and garlic being fried welcomed him at the door.

He removed off his dusty sandals outside of the entrance door and announced his arrival.

"I am back ".

"So our star cricketer finally knows his way back to home " his sister's voice came from the living room.

His sister, Priya, was seated on the floor and she had textbooks all around her.

When she was sixteen, she was in the midst of her board exams, she had forgotten how big the world is and was reduced to physics formulae and history dates.

"He spends his day hitting a ball with a stick and believes that he is fit to play in the World Cup in the Indian Team."

Priya had a tendency to tease him in his first life and this irritated him.

But the 42 year old Raghav merely smiled remembering how proud she was to be taken into a good university and how she had tried hard to be a successful software engineer.

He did not view her as a disruptive sister, but an ambitious young woman on her progressive life journey.

But her life becomes hell when she gets married to that man, later he hears that man started to abuse her and she died taking sleeping pills.

He stops thinking of that, which made him depressed..so he switched his mood and answered to her.

"Perhaps I am" he continued and even he was surprised by the amount of confidence in his own voice.

Her eyebrows twitch but Priya made no further comment.

Then he greeted by his mother, Nimala, asking what she is preparing for dinner.

His mother telling him what she had prepared for dinner.

" Today ,I plan to cook steam rice, plain roti, masoor dal tadka<sup>1</sup>

and bindi ki sabji.<sup>2</sup>

As she was saying her menu she noticed that Raghav body cover with dust and sweaty and she look down at her clean floor which is dirty now because of raghav.

She immediately pinch his ear .

Raghav let out a painful scream.

"Ahh..it hurt..ma..let me go.."

She angry yell at him." How many times I have to tell you..after coming from the playground..you should wash yourself first then enter home."

Raghav didn't argue with her and nod what she is saying.

"Yes..Yes."

But his 'yes' doesn't seem to work on his mother as she again give a warning.

" Ok..I will ignore your today mistake.....but if you repeat it again, ...then look at corner "

She tell me look a the conner and I turn my head side but my ear is still in her hand.

I saw a broom was placed there and I immediately understood what will be her next wording.

"As you saw that book next I will break it by beatting you next time...have you understand the consequences "

I nod to her warring and she also finally let go of ear . I rub it to relieve my pain as my ear as trun red like as a mosquito bite me.

Then I run back to take bath.



10 minutes later-----

I came out of the bathroom feeling fresh and energetic as all his stress are gone wash away.

I sat on the chair near the dinning and mother came out from the kitchen.

She gave to drink a glass of cold water in a steel glass.

Then she asked me . " I have made some onion pakora<sup>1</sup> do you want eat."

As soon as he heard named pakora , his mouth filled with water. Because this is one of his favourite food and this is specially made my his mother hand which he a missed for long time.

His understood than he want to eat by looking a his expression ...so she directly went to kitchen and bring a Bowl full with onion pakora .

Then just his hand want to pick up the pakora then his mother sham away his hand . She said.

"Wash hands properly before eating anything...I don't understand why are you forgetting your manners."

He had forgotten because nobody was there to see if he was eating washing his hand or not for 10 years and it has become his habit.

Then he get up from his chair went to the basins to wash his hand.

Now getting yell from his mother made him feel like home, pure like simple life and he missed it so much.

As he was taking time in washing his and he heard his mother call from behind.

" What happened now..why taking so much time "

"I'm coming, Ma."

(AN: Maa/Ma refer to Mother in India )

(To be Continue)

- Ladies finger dry curry.
- Pakora is a fritter originating from the Indian subcontinent. They are sold by street vendors and served in restaurants across South Asia They often consist of vegetables

such as potatoes and onions, which are coated in seasoned gram flour batter and deep-fried.

- Simple lentil-based curry. It is typically served with jeera rice or regular rice. Masoor dal Tadka is prepared similarly to normal dal tadka in a tomato and onion-based sauce with other dry spices. It is an ideal curry that can be served with both rice and roti for lunch and dinner.

## **Chapter 7: Home [2]**

### Chapter 7: Home[2]

He wash his hand and to eat the pakora.

After eating he went to his room to take rest.

As soon as lay down on him, today's playing load make me fall sleep in seconds.

He wake by 8' o clock..he walk to the living room , he saw his father watching tv sitting there and smoking cigarettes.

He didn't didn't distributed his father and he directly went to bathroom to wash his face.

Then he went back to his room for study and to complete his homework.

He has been studying and doing his homework for an hour in his room.

Then he heard his mother voice.

" All of you grather and wash your hand.... dinner is ready to serve."

Afterwards the four of them took their dinner on mats placed over the floor of their small living room. In the corner was a small, boxy television which was showing the news.

His father Umesh Roi was home because he was an accounts clerk in a government office and his face was equal parts the silent tiredness of a man who had to work many hours without getting much money.

He is a good man and wanted Raghav to be the quiet of a desk and a pension, which was his dream.( A.k.a : Government Job, good salary and get pension after retiring)

"How was school, son?" Umesh asked his usual opening question.

" Everything is going well...father "I said.

He knew this his the opportunity and timing to tell his father, the decision that he made by the experience it today in the gully cricket that he want to take the Cricketing as his life career.

He took a deep breath and started his the discussion.

"Father... next month the school will be holding a selection trial for the students those are interested in cricket to be part in with the school cricket teams."

Umesh was nodding, and torn off a piece of roti dipping it into bowl of dal and eat it. "That's nice ... .Sports are good because they help you be healthy.

His statement is like he taking about a hobby,like he talk about his stamp collection hoby...and cricket as a career is significant to growth and like he means it is not to existence career.

"I would like to be selected in school team this time", Raghav insisted, but his voice was stronger than one which a 12-year-old should to have.

Then he make a serious expression like his life is depend on in and said."I want to take it seriously."

No one responded but Priya smiled to herself like she got an idea of something.

"Seriously? You mean to skip tuition to have more practice?"

"Priya eat your food quitely ", said their mother reprovngly.

Umesh ceased to eat and stared at Raghav with a keen analytical eye.

It was the expression he said when hollowing his books. "What do you mean by saying 'seriously'?"

In this instance it was the moment he wished he was to ask whether it was really true, what he wished, thus this moment will be the juncture of his life.

"I would like to attend an academy....A nice one... the one by the university premises. They possess net-sacks, leather balls, trainers..."

The air in the room grew heavy because Cricket academies are also expensive...we have pay monthly fees, pay for equipment, pay for travel. Money consumed process practicaly on rich kid join the academy and there budget is not much that they can afford to send Raghav to the Academy.

This very question had been quietly and yet decisively suppressed in his primeval life in Raghav but he want to put forward this issue so he can put out his decision slowly.

"Focus on your studies, son. Cricket will not pay you to have enough food for future."

His father lose his patient, but now he said the harsh reality of that his family is in .

"Those places are expensive. And your studies are more significant. You have your exams coming up. The most important thing to have is a good education. Sports are... for fun."

"But father.., Sachin Tendulkar..." Raghav began the stated a debate like a cricket fan boys in India.

"And there is only one Sachin Tendulkar," his father interrupted him, with not unkindness, but absoluteness.

"There are millions of boys who dream, and then they wake up and have to find a job."

What I mean that everyone want to be like him but I would like you to have secure a future, beta... Cricket career is like gambling you might have full career or be an unknown in this career

."

( AN: Beta refer to Son in India)

These were the same ideal lines of his past, and they hurt just as much now as they had hurt then.

But not he his not same raghav who only play cricket has hobby because he didn't have potential growth at that time but now have things is changed he has a system to help him progress without any block.

And he knows how famous and profitable the cricket star in the future.

The have millions of income but with his future knowledge he can turn his millions of income to Billions ...maybe I can become next Ambani or like Dubai sherk.

His father response didn't demotivate him . The 42 years oldself within him realized, the fear of his father, his practicality of life due to the struggle in finance.

A childish argument could not bring him victory. He had to show them. He also needed to demonstrate that his commitment was not a child fantasy or young age immature demand.

He didn't press this matter further as he ate his dinner quietly together but another side of himself also believed that his father was right.

He could not simply demand that they would invest or support in his dream and first thing he have to show his parents his efforts and eagerness to be a cricket.

Then, later at night, as he lay in his little bed, and heard his family also went to sleep as they turned off their room light, the sound of them going to sleep pervading the thin walls, he shut his eyes and said to himself,

'System'.

Then the Transparent blue panel screen appears right before his eyes.

[Host: Raghav Roi]

[Age: 12]

[Stamina: 15]

[Strength: 12 ]

[Batting Technique: 11]

[Bowling Skill: 5]

[Fielding: 8]

[Cricket IQ: 25 ]

[System Points (SP): 5]

The stats were still ridiculously low with these stats we will not get selected in the team. He was aware that there was no better way of improving than entering an academy.

The door was closed, however, at the moment. He had to find another way.

He was forced to establish a goal that even the common sense of his father could not oppose. He needed to get stronger not only strong but it should be done fast...no faster.

The system posted a quest as if it was reading his thoughts, a well-pleasing sound in his mind.

Ding~

[Hosts have proven to have a great desire to get strong in order to establish a base of future development. A new chain quest has been posted.]

[New Mission: Building up the foundation of a Champion.]

[Purpose: \*\*\*\*\*]

(To be Continue)

## **Chapter 8: Training [1]**

Chapter 8: Training [1]

Ding~

[Hosts have proven to have a great desire to get strong in order to establish a base of future development. A new chain quest has been posted.]

[New Mission: Building up the foundation of a Sportsman.]

[Purpose: Buildup the spirit of a sportsman. The following fitness routine should be performed every day of the seven days:].

[Run 1 kilometer continuously]

[Complete 20 push-ups.]

[Complete 30 sit-ups.]

[Note: the routine will have to be done on a daily basis. The unable to finish the routine on a particular day will restart at Day 1.]

[Reward: +2 Stamina Points, +1 Strength Point, 15 System points (SP).]

Raghav widen his eyes and read the mission details. This could not be a mere exercise such as playing a few balls in the gully with my friends.

This was a real hard working quest.

His present strength was a pathetic at 15. He did not know whether he could manage running 1 kilometer without taking break and then he must also do Twenty push.

I ,sigh~

I know well that after running one kilometre without break I can perform twenty push up with that pain in muscle. Even I try best I can do upto five push up before his arms get muscle pain.

When he made that promise to himself on working hard was by thinking system will provide him similar task on cricket like previous 10 ball defend quest.....now would have thought it will give me exercise related quest.

" I have not done exercises in ages and to do this exercise I have to wake at 5 o'clock morning".

" Damn System...I thought I would have an easylife." I Curse at the system..at that moment a idea came to my mind.

"I just wast to play cricket..I should be on international only I can play in state level also so let not perform this mission..I will be a Investment God". As I was about to give up on my desire than the system notification pop up again infront of my eyes.

[ Ding~ It detect that Host career goal is changed so the system will destroy itself along with the host ]

[System self destruction countdown start:00:30]

[00:29]

[00:28]

Raghav was taken aback by the system unusual behaviour, when he said destroy itself, I thought the system will disappear itself but it said that 'along with the host' and that moment I know I fuck up badly.

[00:19]

[00:18]

"Wait.. system I am doing the quest and I will be the best cricket in the word and all over the world they will refer me as 'God of Cricket'." Raghav said this with full honest and with determination.

[Ding~ System detect host determination towards his goal in Cricket career]

[ System stop it self destroying command]

[00:7]

[00:6]

[00:6]

'sigh~ '

" I was forgotten by my promise because my past self behaviour to let go of this that is hard to do " I stook my head , slap my chick my myself.

So that I could remember all the difficulties and regret I have changed...so should be lazy and I make my ego stronger so I can have energy to the things I let it go.

He could hear the words of his father in his ears. 'Focus on your studies.' The world had been advising him to follow the safe route of his life but the regrettable one.

But now he will not fall of it. He gritted his teeth and said ." Father this time I will prove you that even in cricket there is an incredible future for me."

Now his determination is at pinnacle of his ambitions.

Then he looks at the mission/quest screen once again.

" Seven days " he mumbled " It felt like eternity for me now...but I have to do it for my goal....for my family."

Lastly he look at clock at 10:28 Pm it was already late and he went sleep.

He was sleeping but he also constantly reminder himself that he have proof himself if to show his worth to other in this world.

There is no beginning of end of the path to becoming the greatest cricketer in the world in a fancy academy what matters is your dedication , discipline and hard work.

And from tomorrow morning he will start his training journey for one week.

Raghav closed his eyes and fall in a deep sleep.

---

Next day Morning

It is early in the morning, and the sky was all deep blue when Raghav jerks to the wake. No alarm, no office stress.

Last night Raghav slept so peacefully like never before but in reality he never had a peaceful stress free sleep for the past decade in his pervious life.

He has a 42 year old mature man mind but his body is as young as a child. He understands know what childhood feel like,....we can say it as freedom of stress.

He gets out of bed like a pro, unobtrusive and smooth. The floor is cool to bare feet. He can hear his parents breathing gentle rhythmic in his neighboring room.

He picks up a pair of old shorts and a worn Tshirt-- which he wore during the cleaning days of household.



He is shoelacing his battered canvas shoes and glances at the interface of the system showing the mission progress that appears right before his eyes.

[Mission: Building up the foundation of a Sportsman.]

[Day 1/7]

[Task 1: 1 kilometer (Incomplete) running.]

[Task 2: 20 push-ups (Incomplete)]

[Task 3: 30 sit-ups (Incomplete)]

The task appear simple on the screen words and with number that start counting his progress.

However, Raghav is aware of the fact that having a stamina of 15 points, it is his baseline.

'I now feel like I am going for climbing the Everest mountain '

He gets out, and the main door iron latch is groaning.

Raghav was standing in front of main gate to feel the coolness of the air of morning and with its smell of damp earth and jasmine flower.

And the street , I can view the shadows cast by streetlights are long and lonely, it just looks beautiful.

Raghav take long breath of the fresh air.

'The air is so fresh unlike 2035 Delhi air quality.'

The city is still asleep and a giant is asleep in his body. This is his moment to awake that Gaint that is sleeping ,his secret.

( The Gaint is referring to his old self )

He is going to the local municipal park a small green square with a dusty track surrounding it.

'The way is approximately 500 meters, two circuits. That's the plan.'

He begins by slow jogging without using up much of his energy. The adult aspect of him understands pacing, understands the trick of not going too fast.

Yet the 12 year old lungs are not ready. His chest gives a complete protest within a hundred meters. A Deep gasp with every breath , he slow down a little to take some air.

He was about to stop but he keep jogging in slow pace to cover this one kilometre track.

He was gritting teeth and trying to remembering all his grief moment in his life so he can push himself further .

He continues running, his jogging becoming a pitiable stumble. And even the half point of the first lap is a marathon finish line.

His legs are lead, his tshirt is already wet in his sweat. The sweat his showcasing his efforts and hard work. He wants to quit but his ego is stop him to do it.

All the broken muscles fibers cry to surrender, to stride and he want to simply lie on the grass.

A notification alert comes up on the screen, and the words are blue ridiculing his pain.

Ding~

[Host stamina decreasing at an alarming rate,as host current Stamina: Mid]

( Low> Mid> High> Top)

{ Note: Low is when you reach your end }

He burnt over fifty per cent of his stamina in a single circle of 500 meter. But he can't stop here where has already completed half kilometres.

The rules of the mission are quite understandable: no stopping when you start.

If he stops, he fails and if he fails,all progress he done will get resets and for him the idea of repeating this suffering is worse than the death.

He starts the second lap with his pure will of endurance because his body that has given in.

He can feel all the pain all over his body with this little Training but he body has never done any exercise before so his body trying adapt it so he couldn't feel less pain for upcoming training days.

( To be Continue)

## **Chapter 9: Training [2]**

## Chapter 9 : Training [2]

He recalls his life how he used to live in his apartment drinking beer on holidays because no one is there to take care of him.

Both his parents passed away, his wife divorce him and marry a rich guy .

Those memories fuel him to keep his focuses on the on completing task .

But he keep running when his sufferings to breath , his legs are feeling numb but he gritted his teeth to complete to the task.

He slow down now he more like walk hardly as he keeping one step... another step...again step .

One step by step he force to complete with sheer will power.

Finally he passes the imaginary finish line and he directly falls upon the grass, shaking his chest as rapidly breathing as his body is in low oxygen.<sup>1</sup> . He is lying there and it seems like forever, gasping and dizzy as his blood pressure and heart rate drop suddenly from overexertion .

Then,he open the system panel to check his task, if it show complete or not .

Ding~

[Task 1: Run 1 kilometer (Complete)]

[A little experience is granted to Stamina.]

He did it. This is the worst one kilometer run of his two lives.

He picks himself up slowly and painfully. The mission's not over.

He goes to an isolated place under a large banyan tree and falls on the ground to perform the push-ups.

His legs are too feeble, as it constantly shaking . He count four till his body collapses, breast to the ground.

He takes a minute, screaming with his arms, then he can get three. It's a pathetic show. He needs to do them in batches of four, three, three, two, and then six tormenting push-ups alone, each a massive struggle, until he reaches twenty.

[Task 2: 20 push-ups (Complete)]

[Host body is healing minor injury]

The sit-ups were equally painful. His abdominal muscles were practically non-existent and he was obliged to fasten his legs beneath a low root of the banyan in order to make the initial few.

Every sit-up was a spasmodic, stilted movement that caused him pain in his stomach. But he completed them, and his body was an entire symphony of pains.

[Task 3: 30 sit-ups (Complete)]

[Finished daily routine of the building up the foundation of a Champion.]

[Progress: Day 1/7.]

[Next mission will update tomorrow ]

Raghav was lying on his back with all his muscles trembling with fatigue. The sunrise was putting the clouds in pink and gold strokes.

He had never been so shattered, and so completely that getting is now painful for him.

Going home was now as he take step by step walk in hell flame and each movement of his muscles was a new torture for him at this moment.

He move slowly and carefully in order to avoid being heard or noticed by anyone as he enter his house.

He directly went take bathed as his mother begin her morning prayers. He sat with a stiffness at the breakfast table attempting to conceal his feelings.

"Is everything well with my son? "his mother asked in a worried look as she had noticed my strange behaviour today.

"You look pale...today."

"Tired, Maa<sup>1</sup>, very tired," he mumbled, and pick a paratha from the hotcase to his plate to eat.

"Eat fast and go dress yourself for school"His mother said to him.

'School day was one kind of torture.'

He replied " Yes".

After eating he went to his room to dress up well in his school uniform, he also organised his books for the day as per class time table.

-----

By 8:30 Am he reach school.

He entered his class 8 , ' all students are busy in gossiping , where girls are taking about someone marriage ceremony as they discussing on what to wear.'

'As for the boys...lets forget them as their all talks on based Shaktiman topic. Yeah it is a popular Tv Fantasy show of a superhero. His power are similar to superman but not same.'

He walk to the last bench to take his sit.He had a soreness that was deep and lingering. The hard wooden bench was a punishment on its own.

But today was his handwriting was shaky because of his muscles pain.

But with the mist of physical suffering his intellect was clearer than ever. He was aware that he would have to fulfill his promise that he had never said to his father.

He never doodled in the back of his notebook in mathematics class, which was a subject he had never excelled at but today he is listening the teacher explaintion .

The older half of himself comprehended the logic of algebra as the 12 year old never did.

' why can't I.... because I graduate from Indian Institute Of Technology Delhi (IIT Delhi) and if I could not then shame on me '

He can fully understand the squares and cube roots, and geometry. Raghav also lifted his hand when the teacher asked a tricky question which the class was unable to answer, and he responded with the answer in his mind. He talked as his description clear and brief.

All the rest of the classmate and the teacher gazed at him in amazed silence.

The remaining class went in the same manner. He was active and attentive, taking in information not because he was force to do so, but because he now knew the value of it.

This, also, was a part of the training for him now became when he will be a start cricket then nobody will criticism him upon his education..so sure grades matter for past life or now.

By the end of school, Abhinav was there holding a tennis ball.

"Ready for a match? I have a new delivery gimmick to demonstrate to you."

Raghav, who would have leaped at this opportunity but today he shook his head.

"I can't play today, Abhi....there are lots of homework to do...so next time will play."

Abhinav gazed were giving him very puzzle look and said. "Homework? You? Are you sick?"

He make for forward to check head if I have fever but when his hand about to reach my head , I slap side his hand .

"Just need some rest today...that all", Raghav said, and his sore body made a decision.

"Ok then.... see you tomorrow...bye." Ahbi didn't enquired futher as he can see that Raghav was not well by looking at his expression.

-----

Finally he came home by a riksha because today his body has not in a good position to walk home back.

By evening his mother bring a bucket of hot water to shoke his feet and hand which make his muscles relief much better.

At night, he would eventually get into bed after finish his school homework and eat a meal that cook for him by his mother special by looking at his condition.

And lastly she gave him hot haldi milk to drink.'but he didn't like favor and his mother force him to drink it.

His body was a concert of extreme physical or mental suffering he went through.

He lie down on his bed and before going to sleep, he brought up the system interface one more time.

[Mission: Building up the foundation for a Sportsman.]

[ Progress: Day 1/7 Complete.]

Seeing the progress of the first made him happy,he had satisfaction smile on his face .

After few seconds he closed his system pannel and also closed his eyes to sleep. His mind went to dreamless sleep rest of utter fatigue that has to overcome by his body and he had six more days to perform the same task.

(To be Continue)

- Mother
- Turmeric milk: boosting the immune system, improving digestion, and promoting heart and brain health. I
- Insufficient oxygen can cause shortness of breath, a feeling that your lungs and heart cannot keep up with the demands of the activity.

## **Chapter 10: Training [3]**

### Chapter 10: Training [3]

The second day was more difficult to him than the first. Raghav awoke early in morning but it was worst from yesterday because today his muscles was screaming in pain.

This was due to the training of yesterday. It was the agonizing process of getting out of bed.

He wanted to just lie on bed, so his muscles tissues that break yesterday can heal nicely.

But the system interface shattered his rest..he got a reminder that he cannot skip the training.

[Mission:Building up the foundation of a Sportsman.]

[Progress: Day 1/7.]

[Day 2 yet to be completed ]

As soon he read 'Day 2 yet to be completed ' he understood that the system doesn't care about his body or its know that I can do it.

And what there to be complaint about...as I made up my mind I get up from my bed like an oldman.

He started the runing one kilometre task first .

As he started to run but after few meters his leg stated to feel like someone has tied up ropes and he is have hard to take steps forward as the first two hundred metres well like running by carring weight behind his back.

But the strange thing is that this pain and sufferings unable to stop him doing his as his resolved is like a unmovable stone.

When he was running he constantly remembering his misery of his past life and this keeps him motivating to complete his task and forgetting his pain.

He completed his task in 30 minutes and fell in the same position under the banyan tree.

The System notified him as he completed his task.

[Task 1: Run 1 kilometer (Complete)]

[Your body stamina has gained little experience.]

Next taking rest of five minutes he started to do the push up and sit up accordingly.

When he had finished it was already 6:30 Am, so he directly went to home and the system also shows that he has completed today's task.

[Mission: Building up the foundation for a Sportsman.]

[Progress: Day 2/7 Complete.]

---

Similarly the days of training and experiencing pain has become a daily dose for him.

On the third day, his muscle soreness was the greatest pain. He replaced his steps with a lame walk, and all his actions were deliberate as everyone can notice it.

Priya stabbed him with her arm at school.

"Why is it you are walking like an old man", she asked, half looking curious, half ridiculing.

He just glared at her and didn't reply to her ridicule.

On the fourth day he experienced a slight change. The running didn't make him uncomfortable as he can feel that his stamina is increasing and now it's showing its hard work efforts of I could say the system efforts.

He was able to do fewer sets of his push-ups. It was the first indication that his body is starting to give in, to restore itself to be stronger than before.



On the fifth day, he felt that his school uniform was slightly looser at his belly has loose weight as his abs are developing and also his shoulders is bit tight.

He was losing the soft, childish fat and the building of lean muscle. He completed the run and he has never collapsed in the first place like before.

This change did not go unnoticed as his mother's worry deepened and she began to put more ghee into his rotis and attempted him to drink glasses of milk everyday, believing that he was getting sick.

His father was staring at him letting out no expression.

The little academic concentration of his son some startled Umesh, in his reserved manner. The teachers of Raghav had noted that he was more involved, and his current test scores were the best he had ever done.

This made Umesh happy, although he could not accept it with the boy who was getting himself up at 5 AM every morning and running himself to rags.

It made him feel the discipline and not the motivation, and there was an unspoken and searching gap between them.

The greatest shift was his relationship with Abhinav as Raghav continued to refuse his invitations to go out and play gully cricket, and he had an excuse of homework.

On the sixth day, Abhinav confronted him after school in an frustrated way and I can also feel is anger towards me.

He leaned forward me aggressively and place his hand on my shoulder as his eyes were wide and full fury. It like he will eat me alive If I didn't give him proper explanation of whatever he his going to asked.

So I my keep posture clam and composed and waiting for his question.

"What the hell is wrong... with you,.. Raghav?" he asked with sharp pitch voice not his usual normal tone.

"You're never coming to play. And you're always tired. Did I do something?" His question was full of anger tone and doubt in himself and their friendship.

Raghav saw the unhappy and the puzzled expression of his best friend and his heart sank.

"No, Abhi, it's not you..... I promise," he said earnestly.

"I just preparing for upcoming school trial...that's all and it has nothing to do with you"

"Preparing how? By not playing cricket?" Abhinav shot back unconvinced.

"It's not about playing....it just that I my build up my strength these days ," I said a little inadequately. "Just trust me...bro when I will show something new in the field and all this will make sense."

Abhinav did not seem convinced, but he changed the subject, and there was an awkward silence between them that had by no means existed before. It was another price to pay.

At last, there came the seventh of days. Raghav woke up feeling . . . different. The pains were not as great, a background music one recognized, and no longer were enormous. He had a kind of wirey strength in his extremities, an energy that was coiled about and he had never been acquainted with it.

He visited the park; this had become his daily job to do and train.

He began running and this time he could feel it--there was something light in his step. His breathing was sweet and smooth. It was the lap where he did not feel the stabbing pain in his side.

The second lap elicited a greater push of his legs and the wind passed cool air in his face. He completed his run but today was different as he will complete his mission today.

He can't wait to receive his reward and he immediately started working on his next task.

His push-ups were tight and his arms like solid steel. He completed two sets of ten. The sit ups were still tough, but he could no longer have to hook his feet underneath the root.

After performing the last sit up ,he directly lay back on the grass and a smile appear on his face which indicates the victory that he achieved by his continuous efforts.

Ding~ The system status of task just came in time.

[Task 1: Run one kilometer (Complete)]

[Task 2: 20 push-ups (Complete)]

[Task 3: 30 sit-ups (Complete)]

[Congratulations, Host!]

[New Mission: Building up the foundation of a Sportsman]

[Purpose: Buildup the spirit of a sportsman. The following fitness routine should be performed every day of the seven days ]

[Progress: Completed ✓]

[Reward are given to the host]

[Reward: +2 STA (Stamina Points)1 STR (Strength Point) and 15 SP ( System Points) ]

[ Bonus Reward: 5 SP ]

Then the system disturbed his stats points the a warm sensation spread he could feel his strength his increase incredibly and the process it is hard to notice.

And the deep-seated soreness which had been his constant effecting him for a week seemed to melt away, and in its place there was a feeling of the deepest vitality.

He immediately open his status screen to look for the changes.

[Host: Raghav Roi]

[Age: 12]

[Stamina: 17] (+2)

[Strength: 13] (+1)

[Batting Technique: 11]

[Bowling Skill: 5]

[Fielding: 8]

[Cricket IQ: 25]

[System Points (SP): 20]

The changes were still small in absolute numbers but the increase was unbelievable as now he could feel the difference between each muscle fiber has strengthened and with 20 System Points he knew exactly what to do.

He thought, "System Store." The menu appeared. He went through the Stat Points section to the end.

[Batting Technique (+1 Point) – 20 SP. ]

In his mind, he commanded the action to buy.

[Are you sure that you want to spend 20 SP to upgrade the Batting Technique by 1 point? ]

[Yes/No]

'Yes.'

[Purchase confirmed. Batting Technique: 11 -> 12.]

[System Points(SP): 0]

Then a warm sensation spread to his whole body and his mind his filled up with new techniques and experience of a batsman.

He get suprise everytime how magical this system is.... how it can make him learn more about cricket just by increasing his stats points.

He had completed the first step , that is building up his foundation as a sportsman now he has to practice his technique then he can get selected to the school team.

There is only three week left before the Selection Trial start...and I am looking forward to it as it will be my very first step to change my destiny.

(To be Continue)