

# God of Cricket!

## Chapter 50: Come on, a System

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The Match was over, and it was our team lost ,but one good thing happened as my system under go and update

And I was here!

On a rainy night in Guwahati, the sharp thwack of a tennis ball hitting an old bat echoed through a narrow, empty gully.

A Raghav, who seemed out of breath, was still practicing his forward defense against a brick wall, his cheap bat swinging in a repetitive, desperate arc. He looked like he could faint any minute.

He was in a daze, seemingly trying to forget something, but he couldn't. He had been practicing for three hours, the rain plastering his thin shirt to his body.

Finally stopping, Raghav Roi realized that if he didn't take a break, he might pass out or, worse, get injured.

An injury was a nightmare for any aspiring cricketer, especially when he was so young.

The boy sat down on the wet concrete, his back against the wall, and the tears he'd been holding back finally came.

He was 12 years old. Now that the sweat and rain had washed the dust from his face, one could see his refined features, his most distinctive trait being his dark, intensely focused eyes.

Regret and disappointment were written on his face. He had just been told by Coach Sarma, the head coach of the Shanti Vidya Mandir school team, that they would be laying him off. He was not showing any promise.

This was a disaster. He was only 12, in Class 8, and he was already being cut.

His performance in the last school selection trial had been terrible. He was, by far, one of the worst batsmen but with system he should have grown strong but it seems there is long way go.

The school, Sarma had explained, had to make budget cuts.

They couldn't afford to waste kits and coaching time on players who weren't showing progress. Raghav was caught in this net.

He sat there, contemplating. He thought he still had time. He thought he could prove them wrong.

As Raghav stood up, his cheap bat in hand, he felt the hair on his arms rise. The air felt static, heavy, and a strange, metallic smell filled his nostrils.

He remembered a science class. When you're in a storm and your hair stands on end, you are in danger of being struck by lightning.

Just as he was about to move, a blinding flash of blue-white light arced from a nearby telephone pole, a sound like a cannon shot. It struck the top of his bat.

Electricity surged through him, causing him to go unconscious before he even hit the ground.

Raghav lay there. He recovered after a while, his whole body tingling, but he couldn't stand.

["Host Update is Completed"]

"Huh?" Raghav looked around, his vision blurry.

The gully was empty. "Okay... that was weird."

As he was about to ignore the sound, it came again. A neutral, mechanical voice, inside his head.

["Legend Sequence initiated. System program starting in 3... 2... 1..."]

Then it went silent. Raghav thought he was going mad. The voice returned.

["System initiated. System welcomes Host to the God of Cricket Sequence."]

"WHAT WITH ..... NEW NAME ALL OF SUDDEN!" Raghav exclaimed, scrambling backward.

He looked around, then at the translucent blue screen that had just appeared in front of his eyes. It looked... it looked just like the player-stat screen has also updated and information has come.

Raghav saw a shining object on the screen in the shape of a small, wrapped gift box. He tried to press it, but his finger just passed right through.

[Does the Host want to open the Starter Gift Pack?]

"Uh... yeah," Raghav replied, his voice trembling, still not believing what was happening.

' seem like system is getting generous '

The box opened, and words were displayed on the screen:

[BEGINNER UPDATED STARTER PACK]

+10 Stat Points to one selected attribute

+5 Stat Points to any 3 selected attributes

+1 Star "Weak Hand" (Fielding/Batting)

+1 Star "Skill Moves" (Bowling Variations / Batting Shots)

"This... this is just like a video game," Raghav breathed. Before he could explore any further, an old Maruti 800 horn honked from the end of the gully.

"Raghav! It's pouring! Get in the car!" a feminine voice called.

Raghav looked to see his mother, Nirmala. He quickly grabbed his bat, his school bag, and ran to the car.

He got in, throwing his bag in the back, and sat in the passenger seat, shivering.

"How was practice, beta?" Nirmala, his mom, asked.

"It was... good, Mom," Raghav said, lying. He couldn't tell her he'd been cut. It would only add to her worries.

They finally returned home.

He saw his father, Umesh, sitting on the porch, reading a newspaper. Alive. Healthy.

Raghav smiled.

Eager to try out the system, he quickly grabbed his bag and headed inside, giving his father a quick nod.

He went straight to his room, shutting the door behind him.

He first entered the bathroom, washing the gully dirt and rain from his face. After, he sat on his bed, his legs crossed, his heart hammering.

"System."

[Yes, Host.]

"Can... can I see my stats?"

A blue, Game-like game screen appeared.

[PLAYER INFO]

NAME: RAGHAV ROI

AGE: 12

PROFESSION: CRICKETER

STATUS: YOUTH PLAYER (REJECTED)

SYSTEM EVALUATION: NO VALUE

PLAYER RATING: 48/100

POTENTIAL: 72

[BATTING STATS]

Hand-Eye: 50

Footwork: 45

Timing: 40

Power: 40

Defense: 55

[BOWLING STATS]

Pace: 30

Accuracy: 35

Swing/Spin: 20

Variation: 20

[FIELDING STATS]

Agility: 50

Reactions: 48

Catching: 45

Throwing Power: 40

[MENTAL STATS]

Composure: 60

Cricket IQ: 55

[WEAK HAND (LEFT)]: 1 Star

[SKILL MOVES]: 1 Star

"Wow," Raghav exclaimed.

"This is... this is terrible. No wonder Coach Sarma cut me. My Timing and Power are 40. I can't hit the ball off the square. And my bowling... it's a joke."

He had the mind of a 42-year-old, but the body of a 12-year-old who had never trained properly.

Raghav decided to distribute his stat points.

'I'm an all-rounder. But I have to be a batsman first. That's what India respects.'

For the +10 stat points, he used them all on Batting: Timing, raising it from a 40 to a 50.

He used his three +5 attributes on:

Batting: Hand-Eye (50 -> 55)

Batting: Footwork (45 -> 50)

Batting: Power (40 -> 45)

After this, he used the +1 Star Weak Hand and +1 Star Skill Moves.

[PLAYER INFO]

NAME: RAGHAV ROI

AGE: 12

...

SYSTEM EVALUATION: A LOW-TIER YOUTH PLAYER

PLAYER RATING: 52/100

POTENTIAL: 77

...

[BATTING STATS]

Hand-Eye: 55

Footwork: 50

Timing: 50

Power: 45

...

[WEAK HAND (LEFT)]: 2 Stars

[SKILL MOVES]: 2 Stars

Raghav saw his player rating had gone from 48 to 52. He also saw his Potential had risen.

"System, can you explain 'Potential'?"

[POTENTIAL: Describes the maximum cricket ability a player can reach.]

[70-74 Potential = Mediocre Player]

[75-80 Potential = Decent Player]

[81-85 Potential = Good Player]

[86-89 Potential = Great Player]

[90-92 Potential = World Class Player]

[93-96 Potential = Legendary Player]

[97-99 Potential = God of Cricket]

Raghav smirked. "So I have the potential to be a decent player. No... that won't cut it. With this system, I'm going to become a God."

"Raghu! Dinner!" his mother's voice called.

"Coming, Ma!" Raghav replied, closing the screen.

His career is just began.

(To be Continued)