

## Football 100

### Chapter 100 Coach Gone Crazy

Training started off great the energy levels of the entire team are just on another level with the most recent wins. We seemed more united as a unit now that all our preseason efforts were showing tangible results through matches.

Although the intensity of our training continued to increase, we were having fun with it. No one blamed anyone for missed touches and just continued to encourage each other to do better. During the shooting exercises everyone used this as a chance to show off their celebration when they managed to get past Ben or Mike.

Generally, everyone was on cloud nine even those that haven't gotten a chance to shine yet were soaking in the positive atmosphere. Those that haven't gotten the chance to play in official matches yet were the ones trying the hardest to stand out during training.

The intoxicating atmosphere encouraged me to give full freedom to my creativity trying new things that I normally wouldn't. An example of that is that during the shooting drill, I tried numerous ways of scoring from the edge of the box. First, I took it easy calmly launching a precise shot to the top right corner out of reach of Ben.

The second time I tried to shoot with my outstep which ended with the ball flying for an easy save for Mike. I continued to experiment with the shot until I manage to slot the ball with a banana-like curve past Mike hitting the far corner of the goal. Happy at seeing my success I tried a few more times but my aim was quite erratic.

Moving on from that shot as I was getting quite a bit of grief from my teammates; I tried my hand at the Rabona a couple of times. I had more control of this shot since I'm quite flexible due to all the yoga I do. I even managed to outwit the keepers a couple of times due to them not expecting the shot.

Even though I failed quite a few times my mood didn't falter as I was enjoying the carefree atmosphere. This is probably the first time I've had so much fun just experimenting with the ball. Just like that the training session continued on with us fooling around whilst enjoying the atmosphere of the training.

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"Did you all have fun today?" Coach Garret asked us after gathering us for a meeting at the end of training. Subconsciously nodding at his words, I waited with bated breaths to hear what he would say next. Some of the boys around me even went as far as to make small comments earning a laugh from their friends.

"I must admit that you have been in great form for the first two games of the season, I myself am impressed by how fast you are improving each day," Coach continued praising us causing the rowdy atmosphere to pick up a notch. Even I was swept up by the atmosphere, especially after Max started shaking me.

"However, I'm really disappointed in what I've seen today, you are too busy celebrating winning two meaningless matches instead of taking your training seriously." He said again, instantly quietening the jubilant mood in the atmosphere. It was at this moment that I realised that even throughout his praising he never once smiled.

Even though his words were correct it still left a bitter taste in my mouth. Especially since we still gave our best throughout the training. Listening to him continue to berate us over having fun whilst training made a sour feeling rise within me. However, I wasn't the first to voice my displeasure at coach Garret's words as Max bet me to it.

"Coach we were just having fun and still give the same amount of effort as usual," He loudly exclaimed from my right interrupting Coach before he could continue to berate us. His hooked expression at being interrupted was quite comical, almost as if the unsaid words had choked his throat.

Although Max only said one sentence it seemed to convey all our emotions of indignation. Some of the boys even went as far as to nod in agreement with the brave ones even Voicing their rebellious nature with a meek "yes".

"Good, Good, since you are brave enough to interrupt me then you can sit on the bench for a while." Coach Garret retorted with anger visibly on his now reddened face. His messy dark hair fluttered slightly with the warm evening breeze but even that was overshadowed by his bulging veins.

Looking at the goalie coach and the fitness trainer at the side I could tell that they were just as baffled as the rest of us. Their shocked expression spoke volumes, probably not expecting their colleague to snap like that. It was good to know that I wasn't the only one feeling baffled about why a twenty-something-old man was berating a bunch of kids.

Max took a step back out of shock from the entire situation, probably not expecting him to react so extremely. Knowing how Max likes to play pranks and often gets into trouble but I'm fairly sure he's never been berated like that. Heck, it's not like he is a bad kid that doesn't know his limit when causing mischief.

He wasn't the only one shocked though as even I am taken aback by how weird our coach was acting. Don't get me wrong he's always been strict, but this just felt different. It feels like one of those days in my past life when our boss would just take out his anger on us. Before I even knew what I was doing I stepped forward pulling my friend behind me and shielding him from the glare he was receiving.

"Hey, don't you think that's too far coach, after all, it's not like we didn't complete the training," I told him in a calm tone as he focused his attention on me, looking as if he didn't expect yet another kid to challenge his authority. I didn't care what was going through his mind though as I was too busy trying to find a reason as to why I stepped up in the first place.

Yes, me and Max are good friends, heck I would even go as far as to say that he's one of the best people I've met through the sport. However, that shouldn't be enough to make me go against my instincts though. Although I've noticed that I've been quite vocal in this new life, however, I still actively try to avoid confrontations. Especially when I'm faced with adults, I would like to blame my just fooling around and trying fancy tricks," He exclaimed with even more rage in his tone if that was even possible. Taken aback by his young body, but authority figures just seem to have a hold over me.

"I don't know why you are talking, you spent most of the training just fooling around and trying fancy tricks," He exclaimed with even more rage in his tone if that was even possible. Taken aback by his words I started questioning myself wondering if I was really just fooling around the entire time.

However, no matter how I think about it I didn't do anything wrong that would warrant his anger. After all, isn't the whole point of training to get better at skills you struggle with so that you can implement them in games?

"I still tried my best and it's not like I don't perform during games," I retorted with a hint of indignation at his unreasonable behaviour. Since I had already stepped up to rebel against this injustice I might as well go all the way.

My words seemed to only enrage him further as he started to visibly tremble. Looking at his body language I was getting a bad feeling from him but right now I didn't want to back down. To my side I felt Max tug at my shirt in an attempt to get me to stop, probably wanting to end this ordeal as soon as possible. Deciding to listen to my friend for whom I had stepped up for in the first place I looked to my left and gave him a short nod.

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[Doge idiot,] Eva's voice sounded in my head causing me to subconsciously tilt my body, but it was too late as I felt something hit the right side of my face. It was a round ball with a bouncing puma on it.

Looking at the ball in a daze a weird emotion started welling up within me. This is probably the first time that I've ever hated seeing a football in this life. Just this thought alone made the anger within me boil up to another level. Because I don't know when it happened but my love for this sport had grown exponentially over the past months.

Ignoring my emotion for a second, I looked up from the ball on the ground staring at the cause of my anger. Coach garrets arm was still in his throwing motion as a look of disbelief and horror appeared on his face. The look on his face told me that even he himself couldn't believe what he had done. Still, in shock at what just happened, I watched as the other two coaches tackled him from both sides preventing him from acting up further.

"RAKIM!"