

## Football 101

### Chapter 101 Rejected

"RAKIM!" The loud yet familiar voice of my big sister resounded throughout the training field capturing my attention. I don't think I've ever seen her run so fast, she particularly teleported to my location as all the boys around me took a step back.

Judging by the worried expression she was sending me she must have seen everything. Before I knew it, we were surrounded by a bunch of people as the whole situation escalated. With the crowd gathering around us I lost sight of the coach but judging by the riled-up parents around he was not having a good time.

He managed to wrestle himself free from the two coaches as he glared at us like a man possessed. Oliver The goalie coach tried to calm him down, but he seemed like he wanted a fight and swung for the man. Caught off-guard the man was sent flying to the ground after receiving a shiner to the left cheek. Not satisfied with the havoc caused by his action he angrily kicked one of the balls on the ground in our direction hitting a few of my teammates.

Realising that coach had lost the plot We quickly dispersed in all directions wanting to get as far away as possible from this guy. Not leaving any man behind I spotted both Ben the keeper and Damian pick up one of our teammates who had stumbled to the ground. I followed my friend's action's promptly grabbing Emma's hand and getting as far away from this lunatic.

"Are you Okay?" I asked her once we had distanced ourselves from the angry mob-like group that was gathering around Coach Garret. Oliver the goalie coach had sprung back up from the ground looking angry at being punched as he tackled the coach to the ground. He didn't lose his mind though and proceeded to try and subdue him with the help of the fitness trainer.

By the time we made it to the side of the pitch where my bag was, things had calmed down a little. Many of the dads who had converged once the situation escalated helped the two coaches subdue Garret. From their furious expression, I could tell they were doing their best not to beat up the lunatic who attacked their kids. Not mind them though I focused on calming down my worried sister who didn't believe that I was okay. A pat on the head reassured her a little but she still insisted on making sure I was not hurt from the hit of the ball.

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[Earlier That Day Coach Garret Pov]

"Hi coach, how is your morning," the familiar voice of Mike the school's security guard greeted me as soon as I walked through the gates. The man somehow manages to always have a smile on his face.

"Morning Mike," I greeted him with a warm greeting as I quickly headed to my cubical in the office. This school is pretty generous to give all the faculty their own area space to sort themselves out.

Although everyone here is pretty great, I can't wait to leave this place. Even though I can't play like I used to anymore my career as a coach has given me hope. I've learned so much working here and Coach Baker practically picked me up in the darkest moment of my life.

Powering on my laptop I eagerly checked my emails expecting to see answers from clubs I've applied to. Sure enough, there are a couple of replies from some team's academies. I would rather join the main team's coaching staff, but my young age and lack of a coaching education make it hard.

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[Dear Garret J. Ledger,

I hope this letter finds you well. We sincerely appreciate the time and effort you put into your application for the coaching position at LA Galaxy under 18's. Your interest in joining our club and your passion for coaching were evident throughout the application process.

After careful consideration and a thorough review of all applications, we regret to inform you that we have chosen to move forward with another candidate for the under 18's assistant coach position at this time. Please know that this decision was not made lightly, and we understand the dedication and commitment required to pursue a career in coaching.

Your lack of a coaching education was one of the deciding factors that led us to this decision. Your recent experience with youth-level coaching at Red Oak Preparatory is one of the reasons we considered you for the position. However, we have chosen another candidate due to a lack of tangible results.

We sincerely wish you all the best throughout your season and hope you continue to keep up your passion for the game. We will keep your application on file, and should an appropriate opportunity arise, we will not hesitate to reach out to you.

Once again, we sincerely appreciate your interest in joining La Galaxy. We wish you the absolute best in your coaching endeavours and hope you find the perfect match for your talents and ambitions.

I appreciate your understanding.

Sincerely, John F. Ronalds

[Youth Director]

[LA Galaxy]

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Wolfsburg Academy: "It is with deep regret that we must inform you that we have chosen another candidate for the under-16 head coach position.

Wolverhampton Wanderers F.C.: "We appreciate your interest in our club, but we regret to inform you do not meet our organisation requirements,"

FC Schalke 04: "We are sorry Mr. Ledger, to inform you that we have found someone more suited for our organisation,"

AFC Ajax: "I'm sorry to inform you that we have chosen to promote an in-house talent for the open coaching position."

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Celtic: "We don't require your talents in our academy at the moment, however, we do wish you all the best in your future endeavours."

"Fuck more rejections," I exclaimed after reading yet another rejection email from a team that's not even in a prominent league. What more do they want from me I'm already going to night school.

Why is it always like this? if I just hadn't shattered my knee I wouldn't even have to grovel for a job at these below-average teams. I could still be playing the game living an easy life playing for one of these teams. Just my luck that even my path to becoming a coach is being impeded. They are probably just giving these jobs to people based on nepotism rather than actual skills.

(driiiiing drriiiiing driiing)

"Hi, what's up Molly?" I asked my girl with a little impatience at the poor timing of this call. I don't even know why she is still with me since she loves to complain about how much of a failure I am.

"Don't what's up me, did you get the job?" She asked me with a hint of annoyance and expectation in her voice. Used to her straightforward nature by now I didn't mind it, but it still annoyed me how little respect she shows me.

"I haven't gotten a positive answer yet, but I still have some I'm waiting on," I told her with a bit of shame lying with practised ease on the latter part of the sentence. It's not that I want to lie but knowing her personality she wouldn't let me hear the end of it for a good twenty minutes.

Usually, I wouldn't mind her nagging but right now I feel like I'll snap at any moment. Why did her parents pamper her so much to the point that her dream job is to be a stay-at-home spouse? My friends think that I'm living the dream with a girl willing to take care of the house, make my meals and whatnot. However, it's no dream I assure you especially when you not only have to pay all the bills but also support your girlfriend's shopping addiction.

Just because her father the redneck that he owns one of the biggest farms in the state she spends money as it grows on trees. If it wasn't for the fact that I genuinely love her since she stood by me throughout my injury, I would have left her a long time ago. Plus, the fact that I still owe her family money for covering my medical expenses makes it hard for me to break up with her.

"(sigh) I guess Daddy dearest was right about you, you are going nowhere in life," was all she said to me sounding as if she was expecting it and was just waiting for me to confirm it. What did one of my players call it again, having a pig teammate is worse than an enemy.

Hearing her nonchalant voice made the gloomy mood around me drop another notch. All kinds of negative thoughts started flooding my mind as I wrestled with the idea that the person that who was closest to me doesn't even believe in me. Then again what was I expecting she has always been spoiled even back in high school. I should've listened to my friends when they told me she was no good for me.

"Garrett let's end things, I'm not going to waste another day with someone who is going nowhere in life, especially when you insist on chasing a stupid job that embarrasses me in front of my family." She spoke up again dropping a bomb before I even had the chance to respond to her.

"Why so out of the blue?" I asked her with anger clearly in my voice wanting to understand why she was doing this to me. I've been putting up with all her BS over the years and she is so easily giving up on me.

"(Sigh I didn't want to say it but since you want an answer so bad, I'll tell you, I'm going to date Mark he just signed an extension with the Jaguars so he can at least take care of me." I heard her say with mockery laced throughout every word she said seemingly proud of this mark guy. The fact that she is in the mood to mock me whilst breaking up with me makes me want to punch something.

Already angry from the earlier rejections, this finally pushed me over the top. The shame and embarrassment of all that happening just glared at me. What enraged me, even more, was the fact that I know who this Mark guy is. He is one of her brother's obnoxious friends whom they used to know when they lived back in Kentucky. The guy is pretty much a playboy/farm boy and the only good thing he's got going for him is his ability to catch a football (American football).

"You are breaking up with me for that guy? You bi\*\*h deserve him hope he doesn't get bored of you too quickly," I growled at her with all the anger erupting from within me. All the shame, embarrassment and above all anger needed a place for me to vent it, so it's only her fault for giving me an excuse.

"He is still better than you who is useless, anyway I'm not going to argue with you anymore I've packed my things so you can stay in the flat but I'm raising the rent by 30%," she told me in anger quickly hanging up the call leaving me dumbfounded and the rest of my anger left choking within me.

"Who the f\*\*k does she think she is, I'll make her pay for this," I exclaimed in frustration to no one in particular. Throwing my phone away in a fit to vent my anger I watched it bang against the bin. Ignoring my phone that came apart I swept my hands across the desk clearing all the cluttered things on it.