

Football 106

Chapter 106 Chaos In The Box

The ball drew a sharp arc towards the centre of the box where both Max and Ben were fighting with their markers for a chance to score. The four of them rose into the air taking their battle to the sky using their arms and bodies to fight for aerial supremacy. The ball arrived in front of Ben first, but he was pushed off balance by his marker and barely missed the ball as it grazed his hair.

It was not over though as Max also took to the skies just a few yards behind him near the back post. The winger managed to jump higher than his opponent connecting his head with the ball and sending it towards the goal. With a dull bang, the ball sharply changed direction sailing toward the front post.

However, the goal wasn't meant to be as the keeper displayed his individual brilliance by raising his gloves just in time to tip the ball out for a corner. A loud collective sigh reverberated throughout the field from the fans in the stands. This however didn't stop some football enthusiasts from clapping in admiration for the keeper's heroics.

A couple of seconds later the Eagles quickly got set for the corner kick looking to capitalise on the set piece. Rakim was the one to execute the corner from the left side choosing to set up for an in-swing. Raising his hand, the left winger took a curved run-up as he whipped his right foot to the ball.

The ball drew a sharp arc towards the box sailing along the Six-yard line just inches above the figures that had jumped up in hopes to score or clear the ball. Close to the back post, the ball took a dip meeting the Two figures of Ole and Henric who were battling one of the defenders for aerial dominance.

Ole emerged victorious in the duel of the three of them using his arms to ward both his teammate and opponent away. This provided him with enough space to swing his head to meet the ball. Connecting off his head the ball sharply flew towards the bottom right of the goal sneaking past the keeper.

A second later the atmosphere around the pitch erupted with the vigorous shouts of the home fans. Some rowdy boys even started jumping on the stands causing the entire section to shake as a thunderous sound rained down on the pitch. With the Eagle's players excitedly celebrating their captain's goal the crowd further cheered them on in encouragement.

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"Hmm so is that the kid you wanted me to, see?" A Caucasian man with shoulder-length blond hair that had streaks of grey in them asked his younger companion. Just by looking at him, you could only describe him as a gentleman.

His grey suit gave off the aura of a scholar which was only enhanced by his matching C-Crown hat and the pocket watch in his hand. Compared to all the students and parents around him in school colours he truly looked out of place. Even his friend who was also smartly dressed in a navy suit couldn't match his aura only serving to enhance his own.

"You might just have found a special talent, Mike," he lightly commented with a subtle smile on his lips as he continued to observe the match. Those that know the man would be surprised by his words as he rarely gave out compliments.

"Sure is, he has the technical skills, speed and vision to become a great winger," Mike said as he started analysing the player to the man who seems to hold a prominent position. From their conversations, one could easily gather that he was trying to convince the older man of the player's potential.

"That's not all, from what I've gathered he is only six years old and if you coupled that with the potential he displayed, I believe you could mould him into an excellent player." He continued his sentence just as Rakim whom he was talking about received a pass from Rayan Garcia the left back.

Instead of stopping the ball, he let it slip through his legs catching the opposing player who was tightly guarding him off guard. Circumventing him with a quick turn he latched onto the ball speeding off down the left flank. Quickly crossing the halfway line, the winger continued to pick up speed as he approached the penalty box.

Seeing that the defenders continued to back off instead of coming to challenge him he sent a crisp pass forward to Tom. The striker struggled a little to take control of the ball as he was receiving pressure from a defender behind him. Managing to hold his ground, he brought the ball under his control scanning the area around him.

Dropping a shoulder to the right he quickly turned to his left sneaking past the defender who had taken the bait of the fake move. Using his arm to further distance the defender from himself the striker sped into the box. Not giving the Keeper a chance to rush forward he let loose a powerful shot before reaching the penalty spot.

Like a rocket, the ball zoned in on the right side of the goal skimming past the outstretched fingers of the keeper. A second later the ball reverberated within the net changing the score to 3:1. Tom did not care about this though as he ran off celebrating with a knee sliding towards the corner close to the stands. The crowd reciprocated his enthusiasm chanting to celebrate the striker's brace.

"Hmm, that striker is not so bad either," The man in the grey suit commented to his friend as he flipped another page in his notebook to jot down the striker's details. If one looked closely, one would notice just how detailed his description of the striker is. Detailed notes of the player's tendencies and characteristic traits started appearing on the page as his pen seemed to move with a mind of its own.

Anyone else would be baffled at how quickly he was able to make a judgment of a player he's only seen for less than twenty minutes. However, Mike who was sitting next to him seemed to be used to it as he

also wrote in his own notebook. The two men received odd glances from the fans around them, but they already seemed used to it.

"Yeah, he has amazing instincts for a striker, and his ball control is above average not to mention the strength and body control he has displayed," Mike said with a slight frown on his face as he attempted to think of other facts he had observed.

"Agreed but he seems to show a lot of restraint in this formation, and so does your wunderkind by the way," the man absentmindedly commented as he observed the Tigers team trying to mount another attack.

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Crossing the halfway line, the tiger's right winger was engaged in a heated duel with Rakim along the flank. Taking the outside lane, he had tried to use his speed to bypass his opponent only to end up entangled in a battle for possession. Rakim being able to easily keep up with him put a lot of pressure on him especially when he was forced into the path of Ryan Garcia.

Coming to a stop he performed a couple of sloppy stepovers forcing his opponent backwards. However, whether he stepped back because of the move or due to the fact he didn't want to get hit is another question. Seeing the effect of his special move the tiger winger violently swung his foot sending a crisp diagonal pass to the top of the box where his team's striker was.

The lone Tigers striker seeing the ball coming towards him spread his arms as he leaned back to hold off Henric behind him. However, the next moment the resistance he was expecting never appeared making him lose his balance. Trying to steady himself he felt his left arm being violently pushed away as a figure stepped in front of him.

Before he could even attempt to try and fight for the ball, he lost his footing as Henric calmly took control of the ball. Like a beast released from his restraint, the defender took off rushing forward with the ball at his feet. In a matter of seconds, he arrived at the halfway line before being intercepted by the opposing midfielder.

However, he had no intention of slowing down as he poked the ball past his opponent before shoulder-budging him out of the way. Sending the poor midfielder to the ground he showed no remorse continuing forward towards the opponent's box.

The other opposing midfielder seemed to be struggling with whether to engage with him or continue marking Ben. This hesitation cost him as missed the best chance to intercept Henric as he reached the top of their penalty box. Tom had veered off to the right side bringing with him the central defender thus creating a hole for Henric to capitalise upon.

It was only when they realised that Henric had no intentions of passing the ball that the nearest defenders scrambled to get in his way. At this point, it was already too late though as he had already let loose a shot as soon as he entered the box. It was just in time to miss the sliding feet of two of the opposing defenders heading straight for the goal. He wasn't as lucky though as he felt himself lose balance when the opposing player made contact with his only foot on the ground.

The next thing he knew he was eating grass as the ball seemed to impact something before hitting off the bar. From the crowd's disappointed exclamation, he knew that most likely the ball didn't go in, but he still had to confirm it for himself. So, ignoring the pain that was currently trying to get his attention he looked towards the goal wanting to know the outcome of his shot. What met his sights was the opposing keeper sitting on the ground and the ball a couple of meters behind the goal.

"Shit," he cursed lightly after realising that his shot had been saved, he angrily punched the ground. Whoever the next moment his anger was replaced by pain that cursed from his left foot. It was then that he was reminded of the new sensation that had been trying to get his adrenalin-filled mind's attention.

Trying to check on his foot he realised that the defenders that had taken him out were still on top of him.

This only served to further anger him as he used his strength to push them away from him. Ignoring the fact that they rolled back onto the grass just as they were about to get up, he started checking on his foot. Slowly rotating his left foot, he felt a stinging pain course through it disparaging any further thoughts of moving it. Closing his eyes in an attempt to try and compose himself as the pain started to crowd his senses, he heard someone shout.

"What is your problem dude," One of the opposing defenders that had been pushed away by Henric exclaimed in anger after getting up from the ground. Not getting a response from the kid who pushed him he strode towards the still-down player forcefully pushing his head to get his attention.

"Get away from him," The very next second, he was pushed to the ground again by Tom who was now angrily glaring at him. Chaos ensued the very next moment as all the close-by players came to defend their teammates.