

## Football 107

### Chapter 107 Chaos In The Box (2)

"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.

The opposing Keeper who was still on the ground a second ago appeared before the striker in a matter of moments pushing him back. His actions served to escalate the situation as the players around them started to get involved.

Rakim stepped up to stand between his teammate and the keeper, glaring at the latter. This was quite comical considering that the keeper was a head taller than him. Seeing this, other opposing defenders stepped up for their keeper wanting to defend him.

Max who was close also joined in and unlike Rakim who was trying to stop their fellow teammate from escalating things, he was actively stringing the pot. "You chickens have to play dirty because you're getting beat," he shouted with enthusiasm pointing at the two defenders who had taken down their teammate.

Tom who heard his words couldn't help but agree with him as he involuntary nodded his head. Just as he was about to say something to back up his smaller friend, he noticed that the said person was using himself as a shield. Taking a step to the side in order to not take his limelight he was left baffled when said person followed, still staying behind him.

"You're lucky he's holding me back," Max shouted again pulling up Tom's hand in front of him to demonstrate what he was talking about. All this while he continued to send provocative glares to the opponents in front of him. What he didn't notice though was the odd looks he was getting from Both Tom and Rakim.

His provocative actions of stringing the pot showed immediate effect as one of the more hot-headed defenders lost his cool. Raising his hand, he charged towards the group but was immediately stopped by the referee who came in between the two. Not expecting the referee's appearance, his hand that was already swinging impacted the man's stomach.

The air seemed to still for a slight second as all the players were stupefied at what just happened. However, the moment of silence ended with the referee's stern glare as he reached for his cards. Without mercy, he showed the defender the yellow card instantly taking control of the rowdy crowd.

He wasn't the only one to receive a yellow card as Tom and the other centre back that had tackled Henric also received one. Tom's card is a bit excessive since all he did was to defend his friend but at this point, the referee left no room for bargaining. Having taken control of the match he blew his whistle and then pointed at the penalty spot giving the Eagles a penalty.

The crowd seeing his decision started to cheer in appreciation even though they were just booing him a second ago when he booked their striker. However, before the game could resume trainer Oliver ran onto the field carrying the med kit. He started checking on the still-downed Henric whilst simultaneously providing treatment with cold sprays.

After a short while Henric was able to stand up with the help of the trainer but he seemed to have a sprained his foot. Unable to put weight on his left foot he could only hobble with the help of trainer Oliver as he made his way off the field. From the trainer's expression, it's not a severe injury but just to be sure he still took him off for today's match.

Coach Bauer at the side heaved a sigh of relief after confirming that his player is ok and immediately substitute him. Finn came on for him to stabilise the Eagle's midfield changing their formation to a 3-4-1. Shortly after Henric came off the referee instructed the Eagles to take their penalty wanting to resume the match as soon as possible.

Both Tom and Rakim were discussing who should take the penalty passing the ball between them. Under Rakim's insistence, Tom was forced to take the penalty since they couldn't waste any more time. It's not that the young winger didn't want to take it, but he wanted to give his friend the chance at scoring his Hatrick.

Forced to take the penalty the striker stood over the spot eyeing both the ball and the keeper's positioning. Taking three steps back with his hands at his hips he continued to watch the keeper like a predator eyeing its prey. The keeper's attempt at distracting him with his waving and jumping around didn't seem to bother him in the slightest.

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Hearing the refs whistle he calmly strode towards the ball in a curved run with his eyes still staring down the keeper. Almost as if daring him to flinch first and he did take a slight step to his right. This didn't escape the vision of the striker making the choice of where to hit the penalty easy as he fired it to the top left.

Before the goalie could even react to the shot it pierced his net ushering a crescendo of cheers from the stands. Watching the striker calmly celebrate his goal as if he never expected to miss in the first place only served to infuriate the keeper. However, before ~~~

he could do anything about it the referee blew his whistle signalling the end of the first half with a score of 4:1.

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[Rakim Pov]

"First of all, congratulation on the first half, we were quick and decisive when attacking although we conceded a goal you managed to bounce back quickly," Coach Bauer stated with his ever-so-calm demeanour as he stroked his grey beard as he continued to address us.

He went over some mistakes we made throughout the first half and how we should adjust. With his grandfatherly vibe, every word of his seemed to ring with clarity within our minds. Contemplating how I could play better I was brought back to reality when coach addressed me.

"Rakim and Max I want to see more from the two of you in the second half, now that our central midfield is strengthened with Finn's presence you will have more freedom so use it," He stated with an encouraging smile further heightening my desire for a goal even further.

Although I'm quite satisfied with the way I've played today it just doesn't feel right not scoring a goal. Maybe I'm a little selfish in my thinking but I have no intention of becoming a supporting wing player. If you play anywhere that is not a defensive position, you should not only be able to create goals for your team but also produce your own goals.

[who are you trying to kid you are just doing it for the SP,] Eva's voice sounded with a possession of the ball.

hint of amusement lace in it. Her blunt words instantly deflated any feeling of righteousness I had built up for myself.

'(Sigh) Sp is also useful but keeping my goal streak going is even more important,' I told her trying to justify myself since she wasn't wrong. I was met with no answer though as she seemingly lost interest in the conversation.

"I know some of you are worried about Henric, but he is fine, he's got a sprain, but nothing is severely wrong, but he is on his way to get ex-rays just in case." Trainer Oliver told us bringing a sombre mood to the locker room. Injuries are a player's bane but luckily, it's not bad and since he is young, he should be able to make a full recovery.

[Yeah, he should be fine, he didn't break anything and the sudden twist from the tackle just caused too much strain hence the pain.] Eva commented making me heave a sigh of relief that my friend would be ok. We may not be close friends, but he is one of the few people whose playing style is stable and distinct from everyone else.

Everyone else in the team has a more technical playing style that is complimented by their physical prowess. Henric is different though he is a pure physical player whose technical skills only serve as a compliment. Even though he has quite a strong build he is still very agile making him quite the menace to get past if you want to keep possession of the ball.

"Alright let's get back out there, keep up the same momentum I want to see a faster transition from defence to attack," Coach Bauer said as he motioned for us to head out of the changing room. Adhering to his instruction I followed my teammates out ready for another half of football.