

## Football 120

### Chapter 120 Decent Into Chaos

With the Eagles taking the lead the score now stands at 0:1 for the visiting team that seemed to almost be non-existent for the majority of the game. The Pasco players on the other hand were left bewildered after being the first to concede a goal. Their shocked expression slowly morphed into one of anger and determination as they watched their opponents celebrate with glee.

This directly translated into their gameplay as soon as the match resumed with them launching a fierce attack. With more vigour than before they rushed forward launching several attacks at the eagle's goal. From trying to muscle their way into the box to bombarding the goal from long range. They tried it all, but the Eagles valiantly defended their eighteen-yard box with even Blake the lone strike being forced to come back.

It was during one of the Pasco player's attacks when their number four managed to spot a chance at goal. At the top of the Eagle's penalty box, he sidestepped the tackle of Damian and immediately shot at the goal. With a sound rubber impacting the ball it shot off in a straight line towards the goal.

The ball resembled a guided missile as it managed to just barely bypass all the Eagles players who threw themselves in its way. With a little bit of luck, it sneaked between the outstretched leg of Jake, skimming off the back of his heels. This minor impact abruptly changes the trajectory of the ball going in the opposite direction of the keeper's dive.

Mike could only try to stretch out his legs, but it was to no use as the ball firmly struck the back of the net. With the ball in the net, an avalanche of emotion erupted around the park as the home team spectators cheered. Their cheers were nothing compared to the players themselves who madly chased after their number exclaiming wildly to express their frustration.

Mike who fished out the ball from his goal couldn't help but glare at his teammates. "What are you all doing? I feel like I'm playing by myself," He exclaimed with anger after seeing that none of his teammates dared to meet his glare. What further infuriated him was the fact that his teammate still hung their head in dejection instead of trying to fight back.

"Stop letting them stroll all the way to my eighteen-yard box, if you are tired or just forgot how to play go sit on the bench," He shouted again angrily launching the ball at Blake who seemed to just be acting as a bystander. Not expecting the keeper's sudden action, he shirked to the side, but the ball still struck his stomach.

"What was that for?" the striker angrily shouted after brushing away the shock of being hit with the ball. He strode towards the keeper obviously enraged but what he didn't expect was for Mike to do the same and raise his hands seemingly wanting to punch him.

"Stop wasting every chance the team creates by trying to challenge that number four when you are obviously outmatched," Mike shouted without the slightest intention of showing mercy to his teammate. His words were harsh but none of the other players stepped up to defend Blake making his face flush in embarrassment.

"Alright that's enough from both of you, pack it up it's not like we are losing," Ole finally exclaimed before the situation could escalate any further. His words managed to cool down the situation but judging by the glare of the two involved things were far from over.

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The small verbal scuffle of the eagles didn't kick up waves under their captain's intervention. Plus, their coach's stern warning at the side of the field served to quickly cool off any thoughts of them descending into chaos. This however didn't help them improve their performance in any way.

As a matter of fact, their performance actually continued to decrease further in the last three minutes plus extra time. The Pasco players did not let that disused them from launching fierce attacks at them. Coupled with the Eagles lack of cohesion after the argument they managed to easily steal the ball by the time the added minutes started to flow.

The opposing left midfielder managed to intercept a pass from Logan that was headed for Lucas. Caught flat-footed the midfielder couldn't react fast enough as the ball was stolen. The opposing winger speedily priced into the Eagle's box using the gap between Logan and Jake.

Jake managed to react fast enough to keep up running parallel to him blocking off a clear passing route into the middle of the box. That didn't stop the winger from running all the way goal line before cutting back to send a pass to the edge of the box. Jake looked over to see if one of his teammates would intercept the ball but what met his eyes scared him.

Running onto the ball was the opposing number six completely unmarked as Ole seemed to have been dragged to the far post by his defensive assignment. The opposing midfielder wearing the number six jersey didn't hesitate in the slightest firing a shot towards goal.

The Ball did not take flight but instead glided along the ground like a fish in the water as bits of grass were kicked off the ground. Mike who had closed down the front post after the opposing winger entered his box couldn't react fast enough. He could only watch the ball entering his goal without being able to do anything.

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"(sigh) When it rains it pours," Max dejectedly exclaimed after witnessing the events that led up to the goal. If I had to describe how my team has been playing today in one word, it would be chaotic.

"At least it's over for now at least," I said out loud to no one in particular just voicing my thoughts. The referee should be ending the first half any minute now after all they spent most of the extra time celebrating their goal.

This is good since my team are playing like headless chickens out almost as if they were totally different players from the ones we trained with for the past weeks. For example, Blake is just trying way too hard to prove something. To whom I don't know but he's basically highlighting his major flaws compared to Tom.

'Maybe that's why he's trying so hard to stand out,' I thought to myself after thinking of the fact that his playing time hasn't been much. After all, Tom has quite an impressive physical compared to kids in his age group. That coupled with his talent when it comes to controlling the ball at his feet it's no wonder our coaches favour him.

That's not to mention his attitude when it comes to football, or anything related to it. He's probably the most football-obsessed kid I've met in my life other than me but then again, it's not a fair comparison. The boy is a little socially awkward when it comes to normal interaction. However, whenever it comes to football, he's like a different person able to talk for hours about football.

Gone is his awkwardness and replaced by it is a passionate boy who loves the game of football. His cousin Ben even told me that he watches game tapes on YouTube during math class. If that wasn't weird enough the fact that he watches, it at a slowed-down pace definitely is.

The scary fact about him is the fact he fills up notebooks with different ideas he comes up with related to his gameplay and the videos he watches. That might sound like just a simple unhealthy obsession, but the scary part is he maintains a B+ grade average in Maths.

[He's got the potential to become a great dynamic striker or a mobile Target man if his body can keep up with his passion,] Eva commented for the first time since the game started and surprisingly it's not about the match. Then again, she wanted me to learn throughout the match so she wouldn't give me tips.

'You think he could go pro?' I asked her curious about my friend's potential of becoming a professional footballer.

[You don't necessarily need high talent to become a professional player, all you need is enough training that will hopefully result in constant development of your skills as you grow older. That added with a little bit of luck to step into the professional stage is what impacts a player's ability to take that next step.] She answered me in a calm manner causing me to have a greater understanding of what it takes to take the step up to the professional stage.

'He must have above-average talent at least because I don't think I've seen him struggle using his weaker foot. In fact, he uses it more than his stronger foot sometimes,' I told her hoping she would confirm my conjecture of my friend's talent, but I knew that it was unlikely she would. Just like I was expecting she neither confirmed nor denied my words.

[It seems like it, unlock the snooping tool and you will know for sure,] she answered in a teasing tone once again advertising the system skills.