

Football 125

Chapter 125 Little Mis Prodigy

"I understand how you feel, I was like that when I joined last year." She replied with a bright smile on her face before proceeding to give me a pep talk. Not sure what about me gives off the impression that I need encouragement but I'll have to fix that.

"Emm, do you know where I can find the Pride 3 group," I quickly interrupted her wanting to find out something useful instead of listening to her talk about how she tripped over her own foot on her first day.

She has quite an extroverted personality and seems to be able to easily start a conversation. However, she also seems like the type to lose track of what she actually wants to talk about once she remembers something interesting. This was evidenced by the fact she would talk about her friends in between recounting her first-day story.

"Oh, you're part of Pride 3 congrats, I can show you the way by the way my name is Akari Jones," she told me with a smile before turning around to lead the way to the pitch I'm supposed to be at. Hearing the studs of her pink Nike boots clank on the ground brought me out of my musing as I quickly caught up with her.

"By the way my name is Rakim Rex," I told her once I caught up to her left side not wanting her to walk me to my pitch without knowing my name. Plus, I would feel a little awkward if I didn't tell her my name.

"Nice Name bad taste in boots though," she told me with a sly smile as she pointed to my classic Adidas boots. Taken aback by her comment it took me a while before I could react.

"Your one to talk your boots are too bright for no reason," I retorted with indignation not wanting to take this one lying down. Her expression to my retort was quite amusing as her thought process lagged for a second.

"Hmph what do you know, Pink is the best colour when making a statement in midfield," She responded with a pout sending a glare my way daring me to say otherwise. Too bad for her I wasn't intimidated, since I'm already used to dealing with girls and their mood swings by now. After all Emma, May and my own Mother are quite the personalities to deal with when they get into a mood.

"I don't need gimmicks my presence on the wing is scary enough, but maybe I should get green boots just for insurance," I responded with a confident smile as I seriously thought about the latter part of my sentence.

[You should seriously consider it as outside factors like looks and in this case, boots can play a psychological role on your opponents. It may not seem like much, but some players can develop a fear for a player just by seeing their boots,] Eva commented making me think deeper on how to play psychological games on the pitch. Mental warfare is just as important as physical battles are and sometimes it can be even more important.

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"This is pitch three and over there is the Pride 3 group," Akari said as she pointed at a group of boys and girls sitting by the side of the pitch. Some of the kids were just chatting with their friends whilst others were doing light stretches.

We spent five minutes getting here due to just how massive the institute is. Then again, I might have picked the wrong person to guide me as at some point she had the bright idea to let me lead. I only realised this when I noticed the fact that she was not giving me instructions and just letting me lead. Her

excuse for her action was that she forgot that she was the one leading as she got too engrossed in the conversation.

I could only sigh and lament the fact that God just felt like playing a trick on me on this particular morning. After that, we spent most of the time arguing with each other over the smallest things. We even started a little rivalry at some point as it turns out that the both of us are quite competitive and a little too petty.

With the need to compete with one another, we started comparing all sorts of things. From arguing about music taste to which of our dogs is the cutest, honestly, anything we could compete about we did. However, it turns out that Akari is pretty talented as she is a part of one of the Ace teams. So, we decided to let our achievements on the pitch decide our battle.

She managed to get there in the span of 7 months from one of the Pride groups like I am in. That's what brought out my inner rivalry as I promised to beat her record. Let's just say she did not appreciate that especially after I told her that Pokémon is not really an Anime.

Turns out she actually likes to watch anime so that's a plus but for some reason, she is a big Pokémon fan. Heck, she even wears a Pikachu bracelet saying something about it making her more electric on the pitch. Yeah, I gave her a strange look after hearing that too but it's all good she also likes real Anime.

"Alright thanks, Guess I'll see you later little mis prodigy," I thanked her with a teasing smile on my face waiting to see her embarrassed expression. Like clockwork, she blushed slightly upon hearing my words. for some reason even though she likes to boast about her prowess she isn't too good with taking a compliment.

"Just go before you get lost again," She retorted before instantly scurrying away not giving me a chance to respond. Looks like she realised that she isn't going to easily win an argument with me when it comes to talking nonsense.

[At least you know that you talk a lot of nonsense,] Eva chided throwing an unnecessary jab at me.

'Sometimes I wonder whose side you're on,' I commented as I went over to the group of kids who were going to be my competition and comrades.

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"Good morning kids hope you're up for a fun day of training, my name is Coach Carlos for those that are new and those that have forgotten," A young dark-skinned coach in his early twenties said to a group of kids in front of him. He has the classic facial features of a Brazilian and if his bracelet is any indication that seems to be his Origen of birth. The group of twenty-seven kids seemed to be eagerly awaiting his instructions raring to get started with their day of training.

The atmosphere was pretty tranquil as the boys and girls tried their best to shake off the remnants of their sleep. The coach had an understanding smile on his face knowing that the early start is probably not easy for the kids. Deciding to do something about it he continued his speech wanting to retain their attention.

"We have a new boy joining our group hope you make him feel welcome but do that on your own time since time waits for no one," he said with a smile pulling out a small remote pressing the red button on it. Following his action music started playing from a boombox at the side of the pitch.

"Let's get you all to wake up, the first thing I want you to do is to copy me," Coach Carlos instructed as he signalled for them to spread out so they would have enough space to move.

He started by waving around his hands before proceeding to shake his entire body to loosen up his muscles. All the kids tried their best to keep up with his movements with some of them bursting out in laughter. He moved on to different fun exercises aimed at loosening up the body and waking up the kids.

The exercises went from being fun and easy to progressively increasing in difficulty with the kids building up a little sweat. This entire process took a whole twenty minutes fully preparing the players for the day of training. Seeing that the kids were fully awake now he took them through a light dynamic warm-up session aimed at raising their heart rate and preventing injuries.

[20 minutes later]

"Congrats on completing today's warm-up, go get a drink so we can start our actual training, Today's theme is making the ball my best friend," The young coach said with a bright smile on his face as he emptied a bag of footballs letting the spill to the ground.

The kids who were already sweating slightly didn't rush towards the balls but instantly headed to the side of the pitch. At the side, there was a small fridge filled with different fruit-flavoured water bottles. Everyone quickly picked out their flavour and quickly satiated their thirst.

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"All you have to do is dribble the ball within the box, don't let it get further than a meter from your body easy right?" Coach Carlos said with a slight smile on his face as he put us in two square boxes with a ball each. The drill itself seems pretty easy and shouldn't be too hard but the only thing that worries me is that he didn't set a duration for the drill.

[I see you caught that tad bit, this will both test your physical skill and mental ability to manage your energy levels,] Eva commented from inside of my head making me realise that my train of thought was along the right track.

"Since that is too easy for you, I will be giving you instruction throughout the drill, When I say sprint, you have to do just that whilst keeping control of the ball, losing control of it will result in a lap around the pitch. When I say pass you have to swap balls with another player. lastly, when I shout turn, I want you to change the direction you are headed too." Coach instructed us with a smile on his face that seemed rather devious now that I took a closer look at it.