

Football 126

Chapter 126 Weird Coach & Sam

"Sprint" Coach Carlos exclaimed, and I instantly started picking up the pace in my dribble making sure to keep control of the ball. Dodging one of the players in the box I nimbly manoeuvred forward trying my best to maintain control of the ball in the chaos.

"Enough, John, Sarah, Mike and Ben start running, The last one back runs another lap oh don't forget to take your ball with you, by the way, stay outside the pitch throughout," Coach said in a relaxed manner announcing the end of our crazy sprint and sentencing those that made a mistake to their punishment.

Surprisingly, no one complained and obediently went off to do their punishment as the rest of us continued to dribble the ball around the box. From time to time, he would give us different instructions trying his best to catch us off guard. A couple of times I lost control of the ball due to not anticipating the sudden movements of the people around me.

Although annoyed at this I still obediently did my punishment promising to do better next time. Coach made this drill a lot more fun though as he started talking about the weather and something called samba. He kept trying different methods to test our reaction speed after receiving sudden information.

"Hahaha, I feel like this is too easy for all of you, maybe we should all just go and run," Coach Carlos suddenly said causing me to almost trip over myself whilst inwardly hoping he was just joking. I already realised that the coach has a weird hobby of trying to get a rise out of us doing his best to annoy us in random ways.

"haha don't look at me like I'm just joking go get a five-minute rest," He exclaimed in a hearty laughter after seeing our pleading looks. You can't really blame us as he has been cranking up the intensity throughout the drill. The only time we got to rest a little was when he called out people for punishments.

I can't even remember the number of times I had to complete punishment due to either messing up or bumping into someone. This should be easy for me, right? Well wrong as the man is quite fond of telling random stories and suddenly calling out a command. The kids around me seemed like they were already used to this and that is why they didn't bother complaining.

I appreciate the difference in intensity though which honestly is a welcomed surprise. The weird thing is that the atmosphere still remains quite friendly whilst the intensity continues to increase. Coach seemingly doesn't see the need to angrily yell at us to bring across his point. Instead, he has a relaxed approach to his coaching philosophy often cracking jokes when we mess up.

~~~

"Yo new boy I'm Jake the Great, that big feller there is big Sam, and lastly there is Jen the swift," A dark-haired kid around a year or two older than me said to me from my side causing me to focus on them.

Not quite sure how to react to this book-like introduction I was left speechless for a few seconds trying to think of how to respond. Sam was easily the tallest boy here and he has this teddy bear-like vibe about him. With blond hair and blue eyes, he has the typical template for an all-American. The girl Jen on the other hand has brown hair done up in pigtails with an okay face with little bits of baby fat.

"Ehm, I'm just Rakim I guess," I replied not knowing what exactly I was supposed to say about myself introduction. However, based on the odd looks that they were giving me my self intro wasn't that impressive.

"Well work on your name later, what position do you play?" He answered me with a nod not scared to let me know that he wasn't impressed with my name. Guess I need a Power Ranger-like name to fit in with these guys.

"I like my name though and I play left wing," I answered him with a slight frown still trying to decide if I like these guys. After all, they basically told me that they didn't like my name in their second sentence. Not sure about anyone else but I happen to like my first name just the way it is.

"You haven't tried a new name yet, so you don't know any better and being a winger is okay I'm a striker like Philips from AC Milan" he told me with a cheery smile putting an arm around my neck.

Normally I would have pushed him like he was COVID-19 since I don't really appreciate body contact with sweaty people. However, his words threw me a curveball as I've never heard of the player he mentioned. Normally I would think that he is not a famous player but judging by the bright smile on his face he seems to be well known.

'Eva, can you fill in the gaps for me please,' I asked her in a pleading tone hating the feeling that I was missing some crucial context in the conversation. It's like everyone seems to know something obvious to everyone, but you are the only one who is not in the know.

[You could just ask him you don't need to know everything and it's not like every football fan knows every player. However, for your information he was like a mix of Samuel Eto'o and future Lewandowski] She patiently told me despite her previous complaints about me asking her.

I know that she was right in her words, and I should stop trying to think that I know everything and just discover it anew. Plus, it doesn't help that I was a passing fan at best in my past life. So, I should treat this as a chance to of a dover and try to study the history of the sport in this world.

"Sorry I've not seen him play but I like Ronaldo," I truthfully answered the boy who had been waiting for a response from me. His face took a shocked expression upon hearing my words but quickly went back to normal.

"Quaresma is better he won the Champions League with AC Millan two years ago and almost won the Ballon d'or, but Kaka was just a monster." He responded with a serious expression on his face as he started talking about the greatness that is AC Millan.

The Quaresma of his world I do know about since I happened upon his game tape from a few years back when studying wingers. According to Eva, he is doing slightly better than his counterpart from my original world. He somehow managed to draw a golden lottery that ended him on a loan spell at AC Millan when they won the Champions League in the 2006-07 season.

Apparently, he got into a huge argument with his coaching staff and management of the Porto team which resulted in the move. He had the last laugh as he managed to help his new team lift the most coveted trophy in club football. However, the crazy thing is that at the end of last season, he just joined their archrival Inter due to contract problems.

"Didn't he join your rival team Inter?" I asked him after remembering how much fun I had reading this controversy of the crazy Primidone. At least that is what the Italian Media called him for his prideful behaviours on and off the field.

"That doesn't matter he is still better than your guy," He answered me with a proud expression brushing away my words. Not sure how to react to this guy I decided to not engage in an argument with this guy as he seems crazy.

"Oh, look coach is calling us," I told the guy instantly turning around and running back onto the field having no intention of continuing this conversation.

"What I didn't hear him call," He curiously asked me after catching up to my right side. The fact he looked genuinely curious almost made me want to stop and confess to my lie, but I was already too far gone.

So, I measuredly placed my hand on his shoulder before he could ask another question and said; "He did trust me," but that only seemed to confuse him further as the gears in his head started to turn.

Almost comically he regained a sense of common sense and shook off my hand before confidently saying "Trust you? I don't know you." His words left me speechless not knowing whether this guy was smart or simply crazy.