

## Football 135

Chapter 135 We Are Not The Same

[Ding: Match Quest]

-Provide 3 Assists (2/3)

-Win the match

----

'I feel like the system is trying to tell me something by giving me this quest,' I muttered inwardly as I made my way back to the field. The intermission has ended, and it is time for another half of football which I personally am looking forward to.

Our halftime talk wasn't as intense as the one from last week, with the coach praising us for our decisiveness. Stating that he wants to see more of that, especially in front of the opposing goal. He did however emphasize for us to remain grounded stating that we haven't won the match yet and there is still plenty of time for them to catch up with us.

He didn't make a change to our line-up yet other than switching the keepers as he promised at the start of the match. No one minded this since we are doing well so far but we knew that we can't count our winnings just yet. Plus, coach indicated that he would make some changes after the first five minutes.

Most likely he would strengthen our defence so there is a high chance I would come off leaving me with little time to complete the mission. All I can do now is to try my best and everything else is just an added bonus. What is the worst that could happen? If I fail it just means I have to work harder.

[It's probably trying to test you by giving you the corresponding tasks to the position you selected at the start.] Eva spoke up bringing me out of my musing making me realise that her words were probably true.

After all the main job of a traditional winger is to create attacking situations along the flank and assist the strikers. It doesn't really matter though, If I get the chance, I'll provide an assist but if I'm through on goal I won't hesitate to shoot.

~~~

(Fweet)

With the sound of the whistle signalling the start of the second half the East River striker quickly knocked back the ball to his midfielder. Like a pack of hungry Crocodiles, they swarmed the Eagles half eager to put a goal on the score sheet.

The midfielder instantly sent a weighted pass to his right winger narrowly dodging the tackle of Tom and Rakim. The right mid calmly received the ball taking off down his flank trying to shake the guard off Finn. He cleverly utilised his arm to hold off his opponent whilst maintaining his speed.

It was only when they reached the side of the box that the winger came to a stop ready to face Finn head-on. Performing a quick body feint the right winger played a quick pass towards the edge of the box. One of the East River central midfielders was there to receive it nimbly dodging the tackle of Ben.

The midfielder didn't bother moving any further with the ball choosing to fire a shot at goal from there. With a muffled bag, the ball left the embrace of his boot charging toward the light side of the goal. The sudden shot didn't leave enough time for Mike between the sticks to react forcing him to move on instinct.

However maybe due to still not having acclimated to the match atmosphere or maybe his motor was still heating up he was unable to get to the ball in time. He could only helplessly watch it pierce into his net as he was a second too slow in his reaction.

His feelings or excuses for conceding a goal so early in the second half didn't matter to the East River players who wildly celebrated the goal. They had finally left their mark in this game, and they were letting all their pent-up frustration out. From the beginning of the match, they had struggled to really find their footing in this match and at times it even seemed hopeless.

After all, falling to a deficit of 3 goals is devastating for a team's morale and would usually lead to friction chemistry. Not for the East River crocodiles though as they let their frustration fuel their game play which rewarded them their long-awaited goal. Although it would not do much to affect the score line, it is definitely a start for now, It's a glimmer of hope for the Crocodiles.

~~~

As the cheers from the opposing team echoed through the ground, I felt a pang of disappointment. I know that it's not entirely my teammate's fault that we lost that goal since some credit needs to be given to the opposing players. But a part of me can't help but rage with anger at them for underestimating them. Even though we are winning it doesn't mean it's a foregone conclusion, especially with how shaky our defence is.

"Heads up boy let's not let that happen again," Logan loudly Hollard in an attempt to get our morale going but you could easily tell that it was profunctor. There was hardly any passion in his words with him even laughing at a Joke Finn made.

Looking around I Easily noticed that apart from Ben Miller and Tom no one else seems really bothered by the goal. Well, Mike is also angered by the goal but his frustration stems from the fact he conceded, and Ben did not. For some reason, he developed a largely one-sided revelry with Ben, trying to compete with him at every chance he gets.

Ben however is just on a different level from him, it's not due to physical skill since they have quite the similar stature with him only being a little shorter. Their difference if I had to pinpoint it is their spiritual presence. Before you ask, No I'm not talking about some anime superpower mumble jumbo. This is real, but then again so is my system, so who am I to stop you from believing you could become Him.

In all seriousness what sets Ben apart is the fact he is special, not in the huge exclamation mark above his head way. But in a sense where you could easily trust him to get a job done without verifying his actual skill. You can just tell that if he continues to improve at the rate, he is going he is going places. That is the type of vibe he gives off at age 9 which is quite impressive if you ask me.

The scary part is he approaches his goalkeeping like his life depends on it. He rarely makes mistakes and if he does, he will train to never easily make the same mistake. That is probably why he doesn't really take Mike seriously since the latter does not put all his attention on football dabbling as a part-time basketball player.

However, disregarding those few everyone else is seemingly unbothered by the warning shots our opponents have been sending us. Heck even after they tasted blood by scoring against us there is not a hint of worry in their faces. This is probably the first time I realise that me and them are not the same. Whilst I'm trying to use every chance to improve my skills on the road to reaching a higher stage. They are simply happy to take one game at a time and enjoy the happiness that the sport offers.

It's not like I can fault them though since football primarily is all about having fun, especially at this age. I couldn't help but think about how this goal might impact my mission. Would coach be more inclined to make changes to a more defensive formation? I shook off my doubts, reminding myself that I still had time to take the matter into my own hands.

~~~

Coach's voice boomed across the field, urging us to stay focused and not lose our momentum. He reminded us that we were still in the lead and that we needed to continue playing our game. The referee's whistle blew, signalling the restart of the match as we kicked off from the middle spot for the second time in this match.

We regained possession of the ball, and I could feel the determination burning within me. As the Crocodiles pushed forward, I found myself in a perfect position to receive a pass from Ben after dropping off the ball. With a burst of speed, I sprinted down the right flank, leaving the opposing defenders trailing behind realising the danger of letting me roam free.