

Football 136

Chapter 136 Free Kick

Spotting me making a run in-between two of the crocodile's midfielders Ben sent a precise thru ball in my way. Letting it go through my legs I quickly knocked it to the right the moment it appeared in front of me. Just in time to avoid the tackle of the closest East River midfielder. Not at all flustered at being on the right wing due to my ambidexters ball feel I charged down the wing.

Feeling the wind wish past me as my dreadlocks fluttered, I continued to charge down the wing. For some reason, I felt freer as soon as I entered the wing, but I couldn't relish in this feeling as two dark blue jerseys surrounded me caging me in. With their left back in front of me and one of their midfielders to my left, they started to apply pressure on me forcing me to slow down slightly.

Knowing that I couldn't let them get any closer I lowered my centre of gravity a little making a swift change of direction towards the boy on my left. My sudden movement caught the boy off guard resulting in him subconsciously stepping back slightly. I did not advance further though having no intention to brute force my way past him.

Dragging the ball back towards the touchline with my left I changed direction yet again. This resulted in both defenders bumping shoulders slightly as the left back followed up to help his teammate. Seeing the gap down the wing a slight smile appeared within my vision as I lightly knocked the ball forward with my right.

However, before fully committing to accelerating down the touchline I noticed the Midfielder pushing the left back into my run. Sensing the danger as my adrenaline boiled, I came to a sudden stop scooping up the ball with my left foot and turning in one motion. Performing a hundred and eighty-degree turn I vaguely saw the left back fall behind me as I knocked the ball past the midfielder quickly slipping past him.

Taking another step to reach the edge of the box from the right flank I swung my left foot with gusto before their centre back could get closer. However, just as my foot was approaching the ball a hand from behind yanked my left shoulder. The sudden shift in my balance caught me off guard but I tried my best to adjust wrapping my foot further around the ball.

The shot that should have headed to the goal in a straight line now followed a curved arc similar to the shape of a banana. My pink Nike boot sent the ball curling in the air with a lot of backspin as it headed towards the far corner of the goal. Slicing through the air it quickly arrived close to the goal as the keeper sailed through the air in the flight path of the ball.

However, all this was not within my sight as my back roughly impacted the ground causing a slight pain to course through my body. Before I could even let the impact register a blue figure landed on top of me with his elbow jabbing into my stomach. This caused the air within my body to uncontrollably escape through my mouth as I gasped for breath.

Just as I started to get a clear understanding of what led to my current satiation, I heard the shrill ding of the ball hitting the woodwork. My hope of it bouncing into the goal was also quickly diminished by the audible sighs from the spectators. Knowing that my shot attempt was unsuccessful I decided to push the boy who was still on top of me in order to steady my breathing.

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It took me a second to steady my breathing as the boy's landing on me was quite heavy. Luckily, I don't feel particularly hurt other than the pain caused due to my rough landing there shouldn't be anything to worry about. Well, I might have a massive bruise but that's a problem for later.

My musing came to a sudden stop just as I sat up from the ground and I felt someone yanked me up pulling my dreads. "Get up and stop faking," a boy's voice said from behind me trying to force me up by

my hair. Not bothering to look back I swung my hand slapping his grip off his grip my hair stooping the pain cursing on top of my head.

Turning around to face the boy I was just about to let my displeasure known but he was sent tumbling to the ground by Ole. "What do you think you're doing?" He bellowed at the boy with venom clearly laced in his tone as he protectively stood in front of me. He wasn't the only one to rush up as most of my teammates came running over with Tom and Max being at the forefront.

A chaotic crowd from both teams quickly developed prompting the referee to quickly take control of the match. With us still being young and innocent no one was quick to choose violence with pushing being the most that happened. Added with the referee quickly taking control of the situation any potential violence was nipped in the bud.

He quickly booked the boy who took me down which by the way is the same boy who pulled my hair. The boy was given a yellow card, but the referee asked the East Rivers coach to take him off. Given the fact that the league is a youth development platform, the coach was quick to agree and took him off.

He was probably thankful that the referee chose not to give him a straight red causing his team to suffer. However, this seemed like an unspoken rule within the league as the referees gave coaches a bit of leeway in order to allow them to take troublesome players off before they were forcefully sent off. Whilst the ref was dealing with the chaos, I got up to on my feet lightly stretching my back to reduce the strain.

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The referee blew his whistle indicating a freekick for the Eagle's players due to the illegal challenge of the East River's midfielder. Although disgruntled by the official's decisions they could only obediently set up for the defence of this set piece. They quickly set up a four-man wall ten yards away from the ball following their keeper's instruction.

Both Rakim and Ben could be seen standing over the ball discussing what they would do with this opportunity. By the time the referee blew his whistle to give them the go-ahead to take the shot, they were ready. Rakim stood a couple steps to the right of the ball looking to hit the ball with his left. Whistle Ben faces the ball head-on ready to send a powerful shot to the goal.

The two didn't waste another second after receiving the go-ahead from the referee with Ben racing towards the goal. Rakim followed suit beginning his approach towards the ball a second later confusing the defenders. It looked like Ben would take the shot head-on as he swung his foot towards the ball.

However, the midfielder's foot never met the ball as his foot missed the ball entirely as he ran past it heading in the direction of the corner flag. His action received the desired effect of confusing the defensive wall as some turned in his direction. Their laps of focus was exactly what Rakim wanted as his left foot curled around the ball sending it towards the box.

The ball took on an outside curve from the edge of the box heading towards the crowd of players in the box. Both team's players rose into the air fighting with all their strength to win in the aerial duel. A couple steps behind the penalty spot Ole could be seen rising high above the crowd swinging his head to meet the ball.

With a powerful header the trajectory of the ball abruptly changed veering downward towards the goal. With the power of his header, the ball pierced into the net unimpeded as the keeper was left rooted to the spot unable to react. Ole who steadily landed on the ground exclaimed in happiness upon seeing that he scored a goal.

He wasn't the only one happy though as the rest of his teammates swarmed him celebrating his goal. They were happy at being able to regain the initiative in this game. Ole more than anyone knew how important this goal was as he could feel how lax his team was becoming. As the captain he could easily tell how dangerous the situation was having experienced losing matches he should have won last season.