

Football 142

Chapter 142 Glimpse of Ego

"Wow I didn't know Jen was that fast," I heard a slightly chubby boy exclaim from behind me. Although not as surprised as he is at her speed, I would be lying to say that I'm not surprised by it.

Even though I know that she is a speedy winger I've never seen her display her agility this close. She manages to maintain her speed with the ball despite performing hard and quick forty-five-degree turns. Pumped up at her display of speed I was eager to get my turn at the challenge. Not long after I got my shot as just after she handed me the ball coach called me up for my turn.

However, before I could start a slight commotion on the right square caught my attention. From the looks of it, Logan had squeezed himself to the front wanting to directly confront me. At his antics, I frowned slightly not because I was scared to compete with him but by the fact I didn't care much for this rivalry.

Don't get me wrong he is a talented player in his own right, but I just don't feel the pressure to compete with him like I do with Tom at the school. Maybe it's because he has autism or the fact, he only seems to care about football, but his gameplay is almost instinctual. I subconsciously find myself wanting to compete with him excuse we are similar types of players. However, with Logan, I don't get that same urge, even though he is quite talented in his own right it is just not the same.

That does not mean I will simply let his provocation go since I still remember the sheer amount of ego Zlatan had when I first got the system. With just his willpower he developed an ego of not losing to anyone and I want to be just like that. If I had to pick a player's philosophy that I want to emulate it would be his without a doubt. Because no matter what team or league I will play in in the future I will conquer it with my strength.

"Alright now that your done fooling around, get ready set go!" Coach Carols exclaimed signalling us to start as the two trainers at the side pressed their stopwatches. Without hesitation the moment I heard go I took off running as my surroundings blurred with every step.

Clearing my thoughts, I arrived at the cone by the time I let go of the breath I had been holding. Not wanting to slow down I pushed the ball slightly forward with my right foot nudging it half a foot past the cone. My left foot didn't continue forward though pulling my momentum back and allowing me to scope up the ball with my right foot as I rounded the corner.

Not holding onto the ball with my right foot I knocked it forward to my left for me allowing me to accelerate further. Taking too long strides as my speed picked up, I was at the second cone before I knew it. Deciding to take a page out of Jen's skill book I performed a quick Ronaldo chop as I turned the corner.

Knocking the ball forward with a heavy touch I accelerated with all my strength crossing the finish line in the next breath. I only came to a stop a yard after the finish line not wanting to come to a sudden stop without channelling the energy somewhere. According to Mum, it's easier for speedy wingers to get injured because of how much stress they put their bodies under.

All the momentum they build up with their burst of speed must go somewhere and usually, it is channelled at the ball through crosses. That's why she stresses the importance of taking care of my legs with Yoga exercises and cold baths. I agree with her Ideals since I plan on having a successful career and that means I have to take great care when it comes to injury avoidance. Especially since I will probably receive a lot of harsh tackles by defenders who can't stop me with their own strength.

"Rakim 3.9 and Logan 4.1" Coach loudly exclaimed as he signalled the next two to step up. Happy at my score I quickly joined Jake and the other two or as I like to call them the three musketeers.

"Dang that was quick bro," Jake exclaimed as he swung an arm around my neck shaking me in excitement. He seemed genuinely happy for me as he started proudly taunting Logan and his friends as if it was him who had beaten him.

"Well done, Bro," Is all big Sam said as he turned to glare at Logan and his friends who were locked in a verbal spat with Jake. The big guy is not of the chatty type preferring to let his actions speak for himself. From what I've observed he is the definition of a big and friendly giant.

"Well done, even though you beat me with a little luck," Jen also told me making sure to emphasise that she will beat my time in her next go. Guess she is really competitive when it comes to her speed.

"What are you glaring at? It's your fault you lost so take it like a man," She exclaimed at Logan who was glancing in our direction before I could answer her earlier statement.

Surprisingly after hearing her words everyone stopped not planning on continuing this stare-down. They could seemingly sense her mood and didn't want to be on the receiving end of her wrath. This is largely due to her always taking things too far when arguing with someone. She is that one kid who threatens to kick you and actually kicks you. In her case though she will not only kick you but also get all her girlfriends to ostracize you by spreading gossip.

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"Kid these are your results for the physicals, you have done pretty good for your first time. Continue working hard and aim to improve for the next time." Doctor Bill told me with a smile as he handed me my result sheet. He had just taken me through my physical check-up taking my measurements to make sure I didn't pick up a hidden injury.

"Cheers Mr Dollar Bill," I answered him with a cheeky smile knowing full well he didn't like the nickname. Just as expected his grandfatherly smile immediately vanished quickly replaced by an annoyed expression.

"Brats get out of here before I decide to fail you," He angrily exclaimed as he pushed me out of the room. Not bothering with him anymore I quickly grabbed my score sheet and exited his office not wanting to hear his ranting. Akira was the one who let me know his nickname when we passed him in the hallway last week.

At first, I didn't get the joke until I realised how genuinely annoyed the old man got when he heard that name. Adding to the fact all the kids would ask him for a dollar whenever they saw him didn't help the matter. I think he secretly appreciates the joke judging by the fact he doesn't hold grudges and makes sure to take diligent care of us when we have to see him.

"Oh, hello my Dollar Bill," Sam loudly exclaimed as he strode into the office brushing past me causing me to snicker slightly. Sure, enough Dr Bill's angry shouts could be heard from inside the room as he started scolding Sam. Something about not respecting your seniors and being a lousy brat. At some point, he was even scolding him for his hairstyle and his poor looks at such an early age.

'Sigh let's see how I've done,' I muttered to myself as I took a seat on an empty bench finally focusing my attention on the sheet of paper in my hands.