

Football 148

Chapter 148 Vs St Arthur's Prep (4)

With a resounding thud, the ball left his leather boots heading on a collision course with the Eagle's goal. Mike who had taken a couple of steps forward just in case the saint's number 8 managed to slip past his captain, was left with no choice but to rely on his instincts. With no time to properly adjust his positioning, he pushed off from the ground leaping across his box towards the oncoming ball.

Stretching out to the max he wished he could instantly grow a few more inches as his eyes trailed after the ball that seemed so close. In the end, through his sheer determination and fighting spirit he managed to get his fingertips to the ball. His contact didn't stop the ball but only served to slightly deviate its flight path.

After making contact with the keeper's glove the ball continued heading to the right side of the goal. The result of the midfielder's effort and the keeper's determination showed in the next moment when the ball made contact with the post. It wasn't over though to the sheer horror of Mike, who heard the cheerful exclamations of the Saints fans.

His hope of the post coming to his rescue was shattered leaving him to concede yet another goal. Whilst he was feeling frustration well up within him the Saints players led by the number 8 burst into celebration. They were celebrating the fact they so convincingly took the lead from the front runners of the league. Adding to the fact they didn't start the game at their best the 0:2 cushion is defiantly welcomed.

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"Get it together guys," Coach Bauer shouted from the sideline after we once again lost our composure giving away control of the ball. Ever since conceding the second goal our team seemed to seemingly lose any semblance of tactical organisation.

We went from strictly following coaches' tactics to simply trying to mount an attack as fast as possible. If it was only that I wouldn't really complain since the sooner, we score the better it is for us. However due to the urgency of wanting to score a goal we went from attacking as a team to trying to solely charging through our opponents.

One example is what happened moments ago when Max suddenly turned on his axis after receiving a pass from Ole. At the moment of his turn, he seemed to flip a switch and immediately sped forward. In a matter of moments, he circumvented a saint's midfielder by leveraging his speed. Nimbly speeding past the boy's outstretched leg he continued forward only to be met by two opposing players.

He spotted Ben making a run on his left but for some reason, he hesitated to send a pass to him. In the next moment, the passing lane was gone forcing him to have to look for a way to get past the two players in front of him. Quickly performing a couple of stepovers in an attempt to create some more space he suddenly tripped to the ground.

This happened the moment he tried to jab the ball towards the flank right after completing the second stepover. But to his utter dismay, the left-footed number 8 cleverly anticipated his move snatching the ball at the right time. Upon snatching the ball, the saint's midfielder calmly sent a pass back to one of his defenders.

It seems he had no plans of launching a hasty attack like my team and was content with slowing down the pace of the game. The Saints retained control of the ball by pinging passes back and forth along their backline. My team who previously just let them keep the ball in their own half now eagerly charged forward.

Our back line was inching ever closer to the halfway line with Ole acting as a libero the only one being a couple yards back. This was an extremely dangerous situation that could end badly if the saint managed

to play a sudden long ball over the top. However, that was made increasingly difficult with the pressure we were putting on the ball carrier.

To whomever the ball was passed to, they would find at least one of the Eagle's players pouncing towards them. Many times, they came remarkably close to winning the ball back in a dangerous position, but lady luck seemed to favour the Saints. That didn't dampen the mood of the eagles as they continued charging a head determined to make their presence known in this match.

This continued for another five minutes where the saints barely managed to retain possession of the ball. However, in the 24th minute after Finn and Ben, cleverly pincerd a Saints midfielder forcing him to hastily pass the ball back. This sudden pass set off a chain reaction as both Tom and one of their centre backs charged towards the ball.

Both players actively clashed their shoulders with each other looking to win the duel of strength. Both seemed to be equally matched, but Tom had a slight edge when it came to speed. Managing to reach the ball he flicked the ball behind him as he turned with momentum. But the defender that had followed him didn't give up that easy as he lunged toward the ball managing to poke it in the direction of his keeper.

Tom seeing this immediately stepped on the gas pedal as he sprang into action in order to chase after the ball. He didn't get far though as he felt a powerful hold on his foot causing him to lose balance and tumble to the ground. Before he even had the chance to voice his complaints to the referee said official blew his whistle signalling for a freekick at the edge of the box.

Although angry at the defender's action of grabbing his leg with his hands he was quickly placated by his teammates. Most of them didn't want to risk their striker getting a card for his rash actions. But Ole as the captain let his dissatisfaction known to the official stressing just how dangerous such actions are. After all, if Tom had landed wrong he could have twisted his foot badly and suffered a major injury.

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The ref seemed to agree with Ole's words or maybe he decided to rush his decision after spotting a certain Left back strutting towards him. Before Ryan even had the chance to raise his voice the official booked the Saints centre back. He also sternly warned him that he would send him off at the next misstep.

The saint's defender could only calmly take the scolding of the ref with a sheepish smile as he didn't understand the danger of his actions. After all, in his wrestling meets he has used this move a lot and has never hurt anyone badly. In the end, he could only chalk it up to the striker being too soft and not manly enough.

Nodding at the ref he quickly turned to get back into position only to halter in his steps as he met the angry stare of Tom. Startled by the striker's glare he quickened his steps heading into the box to mark someone. He had no intention of joining the three-man wall that his teammates were mounting. This was due to seeing Tom angrily picking up the ball looking as if he was going to kill someone.

With how angry the boy is after his actions he had no plans of presenting himself as a target in the wall. After all, if he was in Tom's shoes and someone tried to pull an ankle lock on him, he would definitely blast the ball towards the player to get his revenge. After all, he is not a coward and won't let anyone bully him even if it's just a game he will stand on Business. . .