

## Football 176

Chapter 176 Hospital

[Mc Pov]

[Ding Post Match Review]

>Goals scored: (1) = 200Sp

>Assists: (1) = 50Sp

>Cards: 1 (Yellow) = -10Sp

>Final Match score: 3:4 Victory = 30Sp

>Match Rating: 8.4

'Don't you think that match rating is a little harsh,' I asked Eva as the familiar notification came up in front of me. Although 8.4 might seem good in actual fact it is average in the eyes of the system for someone who's played a full game.

If your match Rating doesn't reach 8 after playing a whole game, it simply means you were useless throughout the match. You can reach a match rating of 8 by having a solid performance. Having a few breakout moments during the match and making a key pass that creates an attacking opportunity or a bout of solo heroics is all that's needed.

8 basically means you are above average and genuinely contributed to your team's victory. That is why I'm upset at my rating since I scored a screamer that ended up being the winning goal and provided an assist. It feels like I just realised that I was barely above average in that entire game.

{Other than a few decent moments throughout the game you were just going through the motions. Maybe you have improved too fast, but you tend to just slack on the pitch whenever you get bored} Eva commented directly entering teacher mode as she started pointing out all my flaws.

My lack of hustle on defence, playing just well enough to beat my markers and my utter lack of passion. She went on for hours nitpicking at all the little mistakes at least it felt that long. In the end, I knew she was right school games have just become boring. If not for the fact that my friends played in the team and were so far in the season I would have quit.

Can you blame though playing in tournaments for Ace Academy and playing a bunch of mediocre teams in the league is annoying. Academy teams we play against have literal beasts in their teams from all over Europe. Due to the excellent sports development environment in the US, most major teams have an academy branch here.

So, playing against some of their systematically trained players is truly exciting. compared to that playing against kids just trying to have fun is very boring. That is despite the fact I'm 3 years younger than most of my opponents in the league. Even playing against Ben, Ole, Henric, Max, and Tom is starting to become too easy.

None of them have chosen to join an academy thus their improvement is rather slow. Despite being clearly talented at the sport their focus is split between multiple sports. Max, Tom, and Henric all play American football, which is basically a glorified game of tag called flag football. Ole and Ben both are part of the rowing team, why for the lord of me I don't know.

So going from playing and training with people who are actively trying to get better it's bittersweet playing for the Eagles. Some of my teammates have started to notice this creating a little friction. This especially goes for Tom who seems to take this personally the most.

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[Ding]

! Wonderkid!

#Task 1 New Kid: Join any type of football team (1/1)

#Task 2 Real contender: Reach the Knockout stage in a competition (1/1)

#Task 3 Goal Machine: Win a Golden Boot (0/1)

#Task 4 Shark in a pond: Have 3 of your physical stats reach the S Rank (0/3)

## #Task 5 7 Wonders: Create Unforgettable Goals in one season (7/7)

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'Oh, just two more tasks to go,' I thought to myself as I watched the missions tab pop up. With that side volley from outside the box, I completed the 7 Wonders task. Finishing the task is a weight off my shoulders since the season is pretty much over.

If I didn't complete the task this season, I would have to redo it next season all over again. Adding to the difficulty of 7 wonders means that every goal needs to be different. Good thing I completed the task, now I can simply grind on the simpler tasks.

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[Dr.Jones to CT, Dr Jones to CT, Dr Jones to CT,]

In the busy St Patrick med lobby, a group of kids in football gear could be seen jumping about in the waiting room. Most of them were still wearing their cleats much to the displeasure of the on-call nurses. Some of the more mature ones were wearing sliders but the rest just didn't care.

The Eagles team rushed to the hospital the moment the game ended, wanting to check up on their injured teammate. He had been rushed here after being stabilised at the side of the field. Painkillers did the trick in numbing his pain until he reached the hospital.

"Stop jumping on the chairs," one of the nurses behind the counter pointing at Max being chased by a few of the boys. he had somehow managed to piss them off enough for them to chase them despite their tiredness.

"Stop running bro," A group of three boys shouted in unison as they jumped from couch to chair chasing after Max. They nimbly dodged the other people in the waiting room like nimble traceur performing parkour.

"Yeah, face us like a true man," One of them shouted after managing to get a hold of his hoodie. His grip didn't last as Max suddenly turned behind someone standing up to stretch his legs. Rayn got dragged along with him crashing headfirst into the man's thighs allowing Max to escape.

Ignoring their fallen teammate the other two decided to chance after their target. "Stop being a chicken and receive your punishment," Logan exclaimed as he jumped up on an empty chair using it as a springboard to chase after him. His timing was a little off though as he missed Max completely bumping into the unsuspecting Ole who was busy with his Gameboy.

"It's not my fault I'm more handsome than you, honestly it's your fault for not buying the extension packs at birth," Max retorted as he dodged yet another pair of hands trying to take hold of him. He was about to continue running when he spotted Ben's Dad walking into the waiting room. Coming to a sliding halt in front of the man he almost tripped when Lucas bumped into the back of him.

"Thanks for coming everyone, Ben has just come back from doing tests and he got lucky," Ben's father explained to the group of kids and parents allowing them to sigh with relief. The doctors concluded that he had a minor fracture to the fibula which will require him to wear a cast for some time.

Luckily for him, his injury didn't affect his ankle in any way leaving it relatively healthy. This made it so that he didn't require surgery and should be able to recover fully. The only problem would be the fact he couldn't use his leg for a while and would lose quite a lot of muscle on that foot.

This is not ideal for him since he is naturally left-footed and now that his right foot would need retraining after healing. He probably wouldn't be the same player he is now once he recovers. All in all, the news is good, especially considering that Ben would make a promising recovery given his young age.

Following Ben's father, the group quickly made their way to his hospital room. Upon entering his room, they were met with a figure laying on a hospital bed with his leg raised in a sling attached to the top of the bed. From his overly happy smile, one could easily tell that he was still on the high of whatever meds were in his IV drip.

"Can I sign your cast?" Maxed asked almost immediately after spotting the massive white cast encasing Ben's right foot. Quickly the rest of the kids followed suit signing their names without even waiting for the boy's responses.

After a while, everyone calmed down and started chatting with Ben trying their best to make him feel better. Telling him about their eventual win helped a little but it also reminded him that his season was over. "Just keep your head bro you'll be back in no time," Rakim told him from the side after an awkward to break the silence.

That helped ignite the conversation as the kids continued to joke about various topics. Around 20 minutes later more kids from their school show up to check on Ben. They had been at the game and seen what happened, so they wanted to make sure he was ok. Seeing the many people come to cheer him up helped lift the boy's spirit a lot.