

## Football 215

Chapter 215 215 Medical's

[11/01/19, Lennoxtown Training Centre, Glasgow]

At around 10 am Rakim arrived at Lennoxtown Training Centre at the outer edge of Glasgow. He and his mum met with the club officials who would be there during his medical evaluation. This was the last hurdle that could barred his way from becoming a Celtic player.

Greeting the various doctors and coaches, Rakim frowned at the fact he didn't see the coach nor his assistant present. Not minding it for long he was led to a room where he could complete his warm-up. His warm-up was rather swift and efficient as he tried his best to get his body in the best condition possible.

5 minutes later Rakim found himself on one of the exercise bikes in the well-equipped gym room. He was given an oxygen mask that would measure his breathing and also facilitate him getting fresh air. One of the medical specialists stepped forward ready to lead him through the first exercise.

The doctor was either trying to torture him or was simply doing his job, but Rakim couldn't tell as he simply followed his instructions. He took him through a progressive overload session increasing the resistance every five minutes. This worked out all his limbs at once and also tested his endurance and by the time it ended he was already in agony.

"Okay, that's enough mate," Dr smith intoned not letting anything slip from his poker face on whether he was impressed or not. That didn't matter to him for long though as he simply hopped off his bike ready for the next exercise.

They moved on to a series of agility drills. Cones were set up in intricate patterns, and Rakim was instructed to weave through them at varying speeds. His muscles burned with the effort, but he pushed through, determined to show his capability. The drills tested his balance, speed, and coordination, all crucial for his position on the field.

This drill was especially important to the coaches and doctors as they tested his head and shoulder. They made him turn right more than left during the exercise wanting to see to what extent he had recovered. To their surprise, he did not make any mistakes and in fact, continued to increase his efficiency the longer they went.

Adding a ball into the mix didn't seem to slow him down in fact his movement became more wild yet efficient. His long legs manoeuvred the ball between his body and around the cones. Many times his feet seemed to move before his body did making it especially surprising when he suddenly accelerated towards one side.

"That's enough laddy," one of the trainers called out prompting him to come to a sliding stop after rounding a cone. Surprisingly the ball remained glued to his feet sitting at the edge of his Neon under armour boots.

"Next, we shall carry out the Biodex assessment, which is a test designed to test the strength between your muscle groups," the doctor explained.

After a quick warm-up, Rakim was strapped into a white chair and instructed to extend his leg by kicking out before pulling it back to the starting position. Dr Smith requested him to repeat the exercise five times, then again with more resistance for each leg. Pulling the elastic strap, with his legs tired him out until he was panting like Zeus after one of his runs. This wouldn't normally have him out of breath but after undergoing all the exercises today he was feeling it.

Later, the doctor instructed him to run on a treadmill at varying speeds while breathing into a mask to determine his aerobic capabilities. He had great endurance that enabled him to go through all the required exercises without a hitch. His recently regained C+ stamina grade was working overtime right now.

Throughout the day, he underwent several tests, most of which seemed to be senseless to him. Hours seemed to fly by in a blur of activity. Rakim maintained his focus, answering questions when asked, but mainly concentrating on performing each task to the best of his ability. He knew this step was crucial not only for the club but also for him to gain a baseline on where his abilities lay.

Next, they took him to the medical wing for a series of tests. Blood samples were taken, heart rate monitored, and every joint and muscle was scrutinized. Rakim was prodded, poked, and made to perform various movements to assess his flexibility and strength. Each test was thorough, and designed to ensure that he was in peak physical condition.

The doctor put him through bone scans, blood and urine tests, plus several other medical check-ups that He had seen many times at Ace Academy. He spent 4 hours with the doctors and was only permitted to leave a few minutes after four in the afternoon. He couldn't tell whether they were satisfied with his performance but he for sure felt great feeling glimpses of his past self before the injury.

~~~

As Rakim and his mother stepped outside the training centre, the rain had finally ceased, leaving the air crisp and fresh. They walked towards the car, the sky now a muted grey, promising more rain later. Lisa glanced at her son, noting the tired but satisfied look on his face.

"You did great today," she said, unlocking the car. "I'm proud of you, it was good seeing you out there again,"

"Thanks, Mom," Rakim replied, a small smile gracing his lips. "I felt good out there. Like I was finally getting back to where I was."

Lisa nodded, understanding the significance of his words. "Remember, this is just the beginning. You've passed the medicals, but now you have to keep your foot on the gas and impress on the field. Show the world they made a mistake counting you out" she stated with a bright smile as she sped along the M way heading back to the flat.

Rakim's smile widened, his confidence bolstered by his mother's words. "I will. I promise," he said closing his eyes for a moment to relax his breathing. He had gone through a yoga session after all the tests but the adrenaline rush was still affecting him.

They drove back to the apartment in a comfortable silence, both lost in their thoughts. Rakim replayed the day's events in his mind, analyzing his performance and thinking about what he could improve. He knew the real challenge lay ahead—proving himself in training and securing a spot on the team.

Back at the apartment, Rakim took a long, cold shower, letting the water soothe his tired muscles. As he stood under the spray, he thought about his journey so far—the injury, the recovery, the doubts, and now this opportunity. After his shower, he joined his mother in the living room. Lisa had ordered takeout, and they ate in companionable silence, both appreciating the quiet after the day's hustle. Rakim felt a sense of contentment, knowing he had given his all today.

~~~

Sitting in a comfortable Brendan Rodgers could be seen sitting behind his large desk looking over files. Although the season was at a break he was still at the club looking planning the later stage of the season. He is quite an ambitious man which led him to the hard decision to leave the club looking for greener pastures.

The club is too content with remaining champions of this small nation and has no plan on investing in players. The level of football here is just too low and they see no need to reinvest in the team since they have been winning the league for the past 7 years. Now someone on the board dared to shove a kid down his throat who had just been shot not too long ago.

"So how was the kid Smith?" He asked the elderly doctor who had just entered his office with a report. He had worked with the man for many years and trusted his evaluations to T.