

Football 228

Chapter 228 Mini Derby (3)

The equalizer injected fresh energy into both sides. Rangers and Celtic players began to push harder, eager to tip the scales in their favour. In the 60th minute, Rakim picked up the ball near the halfway line and started orchestrating an attack. He dribbled past two Rangers midfielders, with a display of quick footwork and agility. Seeing Douglas bend his run towards the right flank he delivered a defence-splitting through ball.

The striker timed his run right allowing him to latch onto the pass just beyond the opposing left back. He controlled the ball well allowing him to compose himself before the left back switched onto him. Both boys raced down the win with the striker having a slight lead in their race. He only came to a stop when he ran out of grass near the corner flag and was forced to face the Rangers number 3 head-on.

Matthew wearing the number 3 remained composed as he watched Douglas come to a stop in front of him. He didn't want to risk lunging in and letting the striker slip past him thus he remained composed. Since he had the advantage he watched as Douglas manoeuvred the ball back and forth between his legs.

Douglas, displaying his own brand of trickery, feinted left and then right, testing Matthew. However, the defender held his ground, not allowing Douglas any space to manoeuvre towards the goal. Sensing the pressure, Douglas attempted a quick nutmeg, but Matthew anticipated the move and closed his legs just in time to block the ball.

A scramble for the now loose ball ensued with the striker barely managing to regain possession after using his body to block Matthew. With his back to the goal, Douglas tried his best to find a way past Matthew to create a scoring opportunity. He shifted his weight, feinting to the left once more, trying to force Matthew to commit.

However, following his move the right back capitalised on the space on the right. Jumping into action he pushed his body between the ball and Douglas snatching it away. Douglas hit the ground with a thud, frustration evident on his face as he watched Matthew break away with the ball.

The Rangers left-back surged up the flank, carrying the ball towards Celtic's half. Douglas tried to call for a foul from the ref but was promptly waved off by the man as he ran to follow the play. Seeing this he could only get up in frustration as he watched the play unfold.

The left-back quickly picked up speed cutting past the crowd of Celtic players getting in his way. A couple of one-two passes with Cole is all he needs to manoeuvre past a few midfielders trying to get on his way. In a matter of moments, he had raced into the final third with only the opposing right back in his way.

Facing the right-back, he suddenly stopped just as he was closed down. His marker had been trying to lead him towards the flank was left flat-footed. Seeing Mathew dip his shoulder to cut across from him he lunged forward not willing to let him by him. That proved a mistake as the blue number 3 knocked the ball forward accelerating past him.

before he could even react Mathew reached the side of the box and let loose a whipped cross into the box. The ball sailed tantalizingly across the six-yard box in a curved arc just beyond the keeper's reach. The Ranger's number 9 had been racing into the box followed by two the moment Mathwe beat his marker.

Thus seeing the cross he jumped into the air feet first ignoring the tugs on his arms. His boot connected with the ball the next moment changing the ball's trajectory into the back of the net. The ball nestled into the back of the net, evading Kyle's outstretched hands by miles.

The Rangers' number 9, Billy, landed with a thud, triumphant as he leapt up, fists clenched in celebration. The score was now 1-2 in favour of Rangers, a sudden turnaround in the heated Glasgow Derby. Watching their opponents celebrate their lead Rakim couldn't help but frown thinking of what went wrong.

He had just orchestrated an attack just moments ago only for it to fail miserably. If that wasn't enough it had somehow ended up with them going behind by a goal. The Celtic fans around the pitch who had taken a day off their busy days to watch them were momentarily silenced.

Their previous bravado was replaced by murmurs of concern not sure if their team would bounce back. "Hey Tam, didn't you say the team was unstoppable?" a potbellied man in his mid-forties asked his friend with a slight frown after witnessing the goal.

Although he was a diehard Celtic supporter he had never been one to come and watch the youth teams. The only time he would come to watch them was when they reached a final or when he was frustrated with the senior team. Today happened to be one of those days as he was still angry with the senior team's performance yesterday.

The 0:2 thrashing by Valencia at Celtic Park wasn't something he liked to see. He expected a loss since they were playing LaLiga side but he still had pride in his team. So seeing them put on such a poor performance really irked him hurting his pride as a fan.

"Aye, I ken not sure what is happening though," Tam stated with a thoughtful look as he scanned over the field looking for something. "There Boab, that's Rakim just watch when he starts dribbling no now can touch him." He continued with a bright smile as he pointed at the green number 22.

Just as he pointed at Rakim he received a cross from his team's right back at the other side of the field. Watching the ball descend towards him he remained calm as he looked over his shoulders scanning for

his nearest defenders and teammates. Noticing his left back overlapping him looking to make a run and two opposing players closing in on him.

Watching the ball descend towards his feet he didn't raise his feet to control it. Instead, he scooped the ball with his right foot turning backwards guiding it down the wing. The ball took a hop sailing above the oncoming right back and into the path of his own left back.

The boy wearing the number 2 deftly brought the ball under his control accelerating down the flank. Turning on the jets he quickly arrived at the side of the box and sent in a piercing cross along the ground. In the box, Douglas and another Celtic midfielder fought fiercely to reach the ball first. Their fight was for nought as the Ranger's keeper dove out with his hands outstretched and pounced on the ball with cat-like precision.

"What'd I tell he is brilliant," Boab exclaimed after the play concluded confusing those nearby. "You realise we didn't score right?" Tam counted not believing his friend was still boasting about a player while their team failed to capitalise on a scoring opportunity.

"I know but that move was absolutely brilliant, brilliant I tell you," He responded with a bright smile not minding the failed attack. Watching players execute brilliant moves and changing the flow of a match is something he lived for. Half the reason he has been going to matches for more than a decade is to catch such glimpses live.

"Whatever, let's just hope they turn things around there are only 15 minutes left," Tam retorted with a speechless expression no longer wanting to argue. He turned his focus back to the game, urging the team silently to push forward.