

## Football 24

### Chapter 24 Sunny Smile Kaka

Far away from the morning chaos on the high sea, a little boy could be seen sleeping soundly next to a girl on a large double bed. They seemed to be on a large boat speedily moving across the Gulf of Mexico towards the bay of Miami. The waves seemed to be in a state of calm almost as if it was making way for the ship that charged through them.

The little boy seemed to be having a happy dream as seen by the wide smile that was on his little face. The only indication of movement from the boy was the twitching of his eyes that appeared every so often. Unknown to anyone his eyes lightly glowed with a golden sheen, which was being covered by his eyelids.

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[Rakim Pov]

Looking around me, I seem to be on a green football field with two goals at each side surrounded by a dome that resembled a gladiator ring. The stand's looked deserted with not a soul in sight but that took nothing away from the beauty of the structure. I could easily imagine how intense the atmosphere would be if it were a field with a few thousand people.

Looking at my body seemed to be wearing a white sports top with black stripes that matched the colour scheme of my white Adidas boots. I was also wearing black shorts which matched my knee-high socks. Bending down to fold my socks down to just above my shin pads as I hate the feeling of having the socks so high. Jumping up and down I felt far more comfortable now that my knees were freed from their restraints.

Mesmerised by the structure of the stadium and the football gear I was wearing I did not notice how a figure approached me. Looking up at the shadow that covered me the first thing that came to my sight was an AC Milan strip. The man towered over me he was at least six feet tall. He had dark brown hair that had slight locks in them matching his chestnut brown eyes. All his features were overshadowed though by his bright sunny smile that seemed to illuminate the entire world. You have probably guessed it the smiling man in front of me is the one and only Kaka.

"Haha, Hallo kid you want to play some football" Kaka spoke up to me as his smile never left his face. Stunned by his sudden appearance in front of me and his words I was left speechless. Looking at his feet I was wondering where he got a football from guess some Brazilians truly are magicians with the ball.

"Huh, Hello Mr Kaka, I'd love to play with you, but I don't think I'm good enough to give you a good challenge," I told him honestly after coming out of my stupor. My words made him frown for a second as he bent down on one knee, so we were at eye level.

"You got to start somewhere kid, believing is half of the battle," he said with a serious tone while placing a hand on my shoulder in an attempt to comfort me. Gaining a bit of confidence from his words I nodded at him indicating that I understood.

"Ok let's play, what are we doing first," I asked him curiously, excited to finally be kicking a ball even if it is in my dream. My words seemed to have activated whatever forces controlled my dream as different training drills started appearing all over the field. It looked like one of those army training courses you would see in movies.

"Follow me and we will get started" He stated as he started drilling the ball into a square-shaped box filled with cones of assorted colours. Looking at the box that was covered with cones was like looking at a packet of skittles.

"Alright, you're going to dribble the ball in the box and try to round the cone of the colour I'm going to call out whilst avoiding all other cones." He stated as he demonstrated the drill for me. He expertly manoeuvred around all the cones which were barely fifty centimetres from one another. Using both of his feet he managed to arrive at every cone colour I called out for a whole minute straight without missing a beat.

"I've got this" I pumped myself up as I entered the square and got a hold of the ball with my feet. Touching the ball with my feet it felt almost electric as if I were reunited with a long-lost friend. It just felt right to kick the ball underneath my feet almost as if I were missing something when I normally walked.

"Blue" hearing his shout I carefully manoeuvred around the Red, green, yellow, and purple cones making my way to the blue one. My speed might as well have been a snail's pace compared to Kaka or anyone really. However, by getting around the cones and playing one-twos with my feet I got a better feel for the ball.

"White" He shouted again as soon as I made it around the blue cone leaving me no time to celebrate my small achievement. Hedging his command I instantly located a white cone and started making my way through the maze.

"Black" The shout came again setting my next course. Feeling a little more confident I decided to pick up the pace. This turned out to be a mistake as in an attempt to speed up I used too much power and sent the ball straight at a cone. This messed up my rhythm causing me to trip over the ball in an attempt to reach the ball in time.

Quickly getting up after my tumble I controlled the ball again with my right foot and charged at the cones again. This scene repeated itself for quite a while to the point I and the grass became best friends. However, after each time visible felt that my control over the ball increased with each try. At some

point, I completely lost sight of my surroundings the only thing in my field of vision being the ball and the cones. The only sound that could register in my ears was the colour kaka called out and the drumming of my heartbeat that set the rhythm of my dribble.

"STOP" I heard him say after I made it around a pink cone which caused my whole body to abruptly stop. This turned out to be an unwise decision which I found out the next second as the inertia of my motion send me flying to the ground into the arms of my friend the grass. Sitting up from the fall I could not help and smile widely like a madman who had just discovered a treasure. I am not losing my mind or anything from the fall or anything so no need for a psychologist. The reason for my smile is that I had managed to round ten cones in a row without failure and increasing my speed each time I felt like a little tornado which was zooming past each cone as the wind gently hugged my body changing directions in split seconds.

"Haha, kid follow me to the next drill," he said chuckling as he walked to the next station leaving me on the ground. Not wanting to get left behind I quickly followed him eager to learn more from the smiling prince of football.