

Football 275

Chapter 275 Lennon Under Scrutiny

That single statement wouldn't satisfy them though as a reporter with BT Sports stood up to voice his question. "Good afternoon Mr Lennon I'm Mike Jones with Sky Sports." the handsome man in his thirties introduced himself with a reassured confidence garnering everyone's attention. "We saw a different Celtic side from what we've seen in the past few games. What would you say went wrong in the first half that it ended with a 1:0 lead for the home side despite your team controlling 78% of ball possession."

There was an eerie silence in the press room following his questioning as no one seems to have expected this. After all it was customary to praise the winners of a match no matter how scrappy their performance was. Even if they did wanted to question the winners poor performance, they would be polite in their questioning.

However Mike Jones seems to have completely forgot this unwritten curtesy. It was more precise to say that the young man didn't care and was fishing for sound bites. Lennon facing the question was also taken aback, his happy smile quickly morphing to a professional one.

Sitting up with a slight scowl in his brows he faced Mike, "That is a stupid question young man, football is an unpredictable sport for a reason an sometimes that one per cent of luck is what stands between a dominant team and a win." He told him in a calm tone sounding as if he was lecturing one of his players rather than talking to a reporter.

"As for why you saw a different Celtic side, it's only natural as my predecessors coaching style differs quite a bit from mine." He continued with tact none of his usual jolly mood to be seen. "His cautious possession style is not my cup of tea, my version of Celtic is a more attacking playstyle. Ideally I would have had a pre season to work with the lads on new formation's and tactics instead of having to slowly introduce my coaching style at the end of the season."

Not willing to give up with his line of questioning Mike quickly doubled down with his question finding another way to bait the Manager to say something explosive. "Are you saying you were using a league game and this Dundee side to experiment with tactics?" Whilst his question sounded like something an interested party would want to know, it was all about context. If Lennon was to answer with a simple Yes tomorrows headline would read 'New Celtic Manager Looks Down on the Premiership after only 3 games.'

He could only sigh with annoyance all his happy mood from the win instantly disappearing. "Unlike other team's in the league who are still fighting for Europa league spots, We have already won the league making these games useless to us. I don't know about you, but I believe in making the most of every match, even if the stakes aren't high for us anymore," Lennon replied, his tone sharpening, though still controlled. "This is football. Every game is an opportunity to improve, to refine our approach, and yes, to experiment. But let me be clear, there's no disrespect in that. If anything, it shows respect to the game and to our future ambitions. Every game is a chance for the lads to adapt, to get better. We plan to build for the next season a little early and not rest on our laurels."

The room seemed to shift, sensing Lennon's firm stance. Mike Jones, however was not so easily deterred looking ready to throw another question as he jumped up from his chair. However before he could speak up he was interrupted by Lennon's stern voice who seemed to have lost all patience for him. "I don't remember you Sky paying for an exclusive, show some professionalism Mr Jones." His words caused the other reporters to chuckle lightly as Jones stood frozen on his spot with his mike in his hand.

"I'm Carla Jacobs with the Glasgow Guardian, let me start of by congratulation you on the win," Taking the opportunity caused by Mikes awkward moment, Carla Jacobs dressed in a professional woman's suit with matching skirt took the opportunity to ask her question. She is just twenty and this was her first solo assignment after spend years as a model and taking journalism classes since graduating high school at 17.

"Thank you Miss Jacobs, It was good to see the lads to implement what we have been working towards in the past two weeks. The results of their effort was our eventual win," Lennon paused, offering a genuine smile to the young reporter, his demeanor softening as he addressed her. "It's always a positive when you see progress, especially when you've had limited time with the squad."

"My question is this how would you describe both Rakim's and Forrest performance. The latter had a solid performance throughout the game putting up a goal and the former achieving a hattrick in assist's."

Lennon leaned forward slightly, a thoughtful expression crossing his face as he considered the question. "James Forrest is one of the most reliable players I've had the pleasure to coach, especially with his excellent acceleration and ability to find the right pass," he began. "Forrest, as you mentioned, was solid throughout. His goal was well deserved, and it's always a pleasure to see a player like him deliver when it matters. He's experienced, he's reliable, and his ability to find space and exploit weaknesses in the opposition is second to none. He's a player you can count on in tight situations."

Lennon paused briefly, shifting his focus to Rakim. "Now, Rakim, he's a bit different. He's just 15 and continues to amaze the world with his actions with every game. Today in particular he showed a maturity beyond his years as he played outside his natural position at a moments notice. For those ready to question that decision let me remind you that three assists in a single game, is not something you see every day,"

The room filled with the soft sounds of scribbling pens and clicking keyboards as reporters noted his remarks. Carla offered a appreciative nod before taking her seat. Another hand shot up from the middle of the room. The rest of the questions went of in a similar manner with Mike being the only outlier in todays press confreres.

As the press conference neared its conclusion, Lennon began to relax slightly, his posture less rigid. The tension that Mike Jones had stirred earlier seemed to dissipate, replaced by a more casual atmosphere as reporters moved on to broader, less confrontational topics.

"One last question, Mr. Lennon," a deep voice called from the back. It was Gordon Mackay, a veteran sports journalist with The Scotsman, known for his insightful yet respectful questioning. "You mentioned earlier about preparing for next season and instilling your more attacking style of play. How do you plan

to approach the transfer window, considering the financial budget and especially regarding recent online rumours regarding Rakim's destination in the next season."

Lennon adjusted his posture, his expression once again shifting to a more serious, contemplative one as he prepared to address the weight of Mackay's question. The room quieted, sensing the importance of the topic. The transfer window and the future of Rakim had been hot topics of speculation, and now everyone waited for Lennon's response with bated breath.