

Football 290

Chapter 290 Post Match Reactions

"Now that is what I call an exciting Old Firm," Callum McDonald stated with a slightly exhausted tone after spending a moment of silence to catch his breath. He had been animatedly commentating on Rakim's last run from the moment he passed Ryan Jack with excitement and a disbelief at what he was witnessing.

The boy seemed to glide along the wet ground as he firmly controlled the ball under his feet. If that wasn't enough, he had the cheek to go past 5 of the best players in Scotland and trick the ranger's keeper with a fake shot to score his goal. The sheer audacity and certainty in which he moved is what left Roy both amazed and stupefied. That's why Callum wasn't surprised to see his friend still with his mouth open as he watched his team set up to restart the match.

"(hahaha), Look's like our wunderkind left Roy speechless," he said with an amused expression before proceeding to manually push the man's chin up to close his mouth. "What was that, like are they even playing the same game?" were his first words as he snapped back to attention, but his mind was still on the beautiful display of football ability he had just witnessed.

Not minding his friend who seemed to be having an existential crisis Callum simply continued with the commentary. "Oh, looks like Rakim is getting his Yellow card for removing his shirt." Like he said the referee dressed in his official black officiating kit stood before Rakim raising a yellow card as they talked. However, despite receiving a booking the smile on the players never disappeared in fact he was even joking a little with the referee who also seemed reluctant to book him.

"I don't think he'll mind that booking as this will be a goal he will remember for a long time," Roy said with a faint smile after finally remembering that he possessed something called composure.

"Not at all Roy, matter of fact I don't think he would mind if he was sent off after such a spectacular goal." Callum agreed as the broadcast played another replay of Rakim's run as he spoke to the official. "That was truly a Massiesc type goal with shades of Christian Ronaldo, however it's the nimble execution for me that makes this goal so special. Because there are a lot of players who can dribble only few who can seize the moment and execute when everything is on the line,"

Listening to Callum's analysis Roy couldn't help but nod his head in agreement as he had seen many players who were truly skilled dribblers. Both as a player and as a commentator but only the few of them were truly successful. Most crumbled under pressure and others got in their own way by doing too much when a simple feint could do the job.

"I'll have to disagree with you there Callum for me it's, the confidence to think you can pull something like this off, especially in the dying minutes of extra time when everything is on the line. Then the Audacity to actually try it, the stones on that boy must be Dimond plated." Roy retorted after his thoughts seemingly short circuited after realising that no normal player would do what the winger had just done.

Callum chuckled at Roy's comment, shaking his head. "Diamond-plated stones, eh? Well, he's certainly got something special. Not many players would have the nerve to even think about attempting that in this kind of match, never mind actually pulling it off."

As the broadcast replayed Rakim's goal again, showing every intricate touch and shift of his body, Callum leaned back in his chair. "You know, Roy, this reminds me of that famous goal by Maradona—when he dribbled past half the England team in '86. There's just something magical about moments like this. It's not just talent; it's like... the stars align, and the player becomes untouchable."

Roy raised an eyebrow, his grin widening. "Comparing Rakim to Maradona already? Might want to hold your horses on that one."

"Hey, I'm just saying, moments like these define a career," Callum replied, pointing to the screen where Rakim was still being mobbed by his teammates. The energy on the field was palpable. Fans, drenched from the rain, stood on their feet chanting Rakim's name, their voices echoing around the stadium. "This might be the moment everyone remembers."

"Don't know about everyone but this Old firm will be remembered by this moment," Roy stated with smile as he watched the last bit of celebration unfolded on the Celtic side. While in contrast the Rangers players looked deflated as they set up for the restart.

"Aye, I'll give you that. Whether it's Maradona-level or not, this lad's just made history. And if he keeps this up, it won't be long before bigger clubs come sniffing around."

As the ball was placed in the centre circle, Callum noticed the time "Extra time has elapsed so I'm not sure how much the referee will want to add on to this meeting,"

Roy let out a low whistle, glancing at the scoreboard. "Wouldn't blame him if he blew the whistle right now. Think both teams are about spent, and after that goal... well, there's no topping it."

Callum nodded, eyes still on the pitch. "You can see it in their faces. Rangers look like they're running on fumes, and Celtic—well, they've got that swagger now. Rakim's put the fire back in them. This might just be the nail in the coffin."

As if on cue, the referee checked his watch, and a murmur rippled through the stands. The ball was passed back to the Rangers defence, but there was no sense of urgency as in the next moment the shrill sound of the whistle signalling the end of the match.

"There it is!" Callum exclaimed following the whistle as the stadium erupted in cheers from the respective sides. Despite the game ending in a draw, they were left entertained till the very last moment.

Despite all the noise in the stadium the loudest in Rakim's ears were those of the Celtic fans on their feet chanting his name. They sung the chant they made up for him with unrelenting passion as a thank you to his performance and he relished in it. Matter of fact as the players approached the prominent home stands, he took an elegant bow to show his appreciation.

Roy sighed in awe. "Man, it's like the whole stadium's singing for him."

Callum smiled, glancing at his co-commentator. "Well, after that kind of performance, I'd be surprised if they didn't."

As the Celtic players began to shake hands with their opponents, the cameras zoomed in on Rakim. He was surrounded by his teammates, all of them patting him on the back, ruffling his hair, and offering congratulations. Despite the drizzle still falling, his smile shone brightly under the floodlights, the adrenaline from his final goal keeping him energized.

As the Celtic players started to make their way off the pitch, Rakim was approached by a stadium official who gestured for him to head toward the centre circle where the post-match interview setup had been arranged. Cameras from various angles zoomed in, following his every step as he wiped the sweat from his brow and straightened his kit, the damp shirt clinging to his frame.

Rakim took a deep breath, still buzzing from the adrenaline. He had done many interviews in his short career, but this one felt extra special. As he approached the interviewer, a young woman dressed in a navy-coloured business dress with a blazer to finish off the look. Her hands grasped a microphone as she smiled at him, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

She had already been giving a report to the studio and was just waiting for him to join her for his interview. "Hi Rakim, I'm Carla Jacobs, what a performance! That final goal... simply breathtaking. Can you walk us through what was going through your mind during that run?"

He smiled, chuckling a bit as he scratched the back of his head. Before he could even answer her though, Forrest walked by and placed a gold and black hood on his head. This instantly reminded him that this was the best opportunity to advertise the product. Thus, he spent an extra moment adjusting it on his head by moving a couple strands of his dreadlocks until it was sitting perfectly.

"You want the Honest answer or the one my coaches would want me to tell you?" He seriously asked as his green eyes made eye contact with the young reporter who was starting to become annoyed at his antics.