

Football 38

Chapter 38 First Game

Just as I caught my breath, two tired and sweaty figures plopped on the grass next to me. They looked haggard as they gasped for breath, sweat seemingly flowing like a river out of their body. Looking at them I didn't bother saying anything and just watched them slowly regain their ability to normally function without gasping.

"Looks like the both of you have finally decided to finish up," I told them once they had regained a little bit of their breath. My comment seemed to have been taken in poor taste as both boys just glared at me as if I had stolen their most prized possessions. The dark-skinned boy seemed angrier though looking like he was getting ready to tackle me if I made another sarcastic comment.

"What is your deal dude, do you want a fight or something," He asked me rather loudly sounding mad as he sat up on the grass so he could look down at me. Having to look up at a child my age wasn't doing my ego any favours.

"Yeah, what he said what's your deal?" the other boy asked also sitting up looking down on me as well. I really hate being short I'll have to start growing fast otherwise I will have to deal with people looking down on me for the rest of my career.

"Just thought you two were interesting and I was right, names Rakim by the way" I answered them with a cheeky smile as I held my fist out for a fist bump. Both of them seemed stunned by my statement their faces visibly twitching at my words.

"Names Giovanni, I guess you did end up pushing us to do better" the taller of the kid finally said bumping my fist. This released some of the awkwardness my hand was feeling just hanging there. The boy with the Italian name had black hair that was styled to the side matching his auburn eyes.

"I don't know if I like you yet, but I respect your strength bro, my name is Yunus," the other boy said to me also bumping my fist. Now that I look closer at him, I could see that other than his mop of black nappy hair that seemed to match the fierceness of his brown eyes.

"Alright now that we are friends try and keep up with me can't let my friends drag me down now, can I?" I told both of the quickly getting up from the ground and avoiding the hands they had swung my way. They seemed slightly shocked that I dodged them but more than anything they seemed annoyed sending a glare my way.

"Haha too slow C'mon next drill is up" I spoke up as I headed to the next station not wanting to wait for the slackers that had just finished to catch their breath.

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It took around three hours till we finally finished all the tests, from agility drills to sprinting drills, heck we even did flexibility drills. The only drill I sucked at is the jumping drill gaining a chuckle of revenge from my two new forced friends. It sure is an advantage to be tall, good thing I could wipe the smug look off their faces by reminding them of how I beat them in all the other tests.

"Some of you did good and some of you should take this as a wake-up call" Coach James spoke up gaining all our attention. Looking around some of the kids looked proud at his words but most kids seemed to be disheartened and on the verge of crying.

"You will have a chance to prove us wrong in the game so for those that are holding back start giving us a reason to pay attention to you" He continued his speech with a smile that seemed like it was smoking us. I didn't really mind it though as the prospect of playing my first game is exhilarating.

"Team one will be players one to ten and so on, you will only be playing twenty minutes each half so make it count" A blond-haired coach spoke up as he started separating us into teams. Apparently, the camp had four keepers in training that were going through a different assessment and would be joining us for the match.

Listening to the blond man's words the three of us approached the slackers in our group trying to make some sort of game plan. All the boys seemed excited at the opportunity to show what they could do. Looking at their eager faces, almost made me believe that we didn't just spend three hours displaying our bodily talents.

"So, what position do you play?" Giovanni the fake final boss asked me with a quizzical look. At least he lives up to the name I think team rocket would be proud of him.

"Never really played a match but I'm comfortable on the right wing though, left is ok too I guess," I answered him with a serious look on my face. My answer must have amazed all of them as none of them spoke for quite a while.

"(sigh) you can play right just don't get in the way" Yunus stated getting nods from the rest of the group.

'I think they are looking down on me I inwardly mused to myself trying to understand their sudden change in attitude.

[You did just tell them that you have zero experience playing even a single game of football] she said with an amused voice sounding slightly happy that I was being underestimated.

[Ding Mission Triggered]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Don't Forget About Me!

#Task 1 I'm here: Impress 6 of your teammates (0/6)

(Note: Your teammates see you as a burden prove them wrong)

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Rewards:

> 600 SP

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'Hmm, a mission makes this whole thing more interesting' I mused to myself as I slid down the shin pad on my legs a little making sure they wouldn't restrict my leg movements.

'Let us say hello to the world of football with a bang,' I thought to myself as I walked onto the pitch that seemed to be shortened from the regular-sized ones. One of the coaches handed me a light white top which had my number twenty-two on the back. Guess they still don't want to know my name; I'll have to make them beg to want to know my name then.

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[General Pov]

[WHITE TEAM (4 4 3)]

23 (RB) Tyler, 24 (CB) Chirs, 30 (CB) John, 21 (LB) Ben

25 (CM) Ryan, 26 (CAM) Giovanni, 27 (CM) Jon

22 (RW) Rakim, 28 (ST) Jonas, 29 (LW) Yunus

[BLACK TEAM (4 4 2)]

31 (RB) Reece, 34 (CB) Finn, 40 (CB) Bruce, 33 (LB) Dest

35 (RM) Blake, 36 (CM) Ron, 37 (CM) 32 Jake, (LM) Weah,

38 (ST) Ferreira, 39 (ST) Pepi

FWEEEEEE

With the whistle going off the black team's Ferreira kicked the ball back to their midfield before dashing off towards the white team's half.

Ron who received the ball looked slightly panicked on his feet as he spotted a figure dashing at him at an incredible speed. In an effort not to be disposed of the ball, he quickly passed it to Weah on the left.

Not expecting the sudden pass, the boy's first touch of the ball was rather hard causing the ball to bounce off his left foot. Just as he was about to stretch out his right foot to regain control of the ball a small figure poked it away from him.

Rakim who poked the ball free from the loose control of Weah wasted no time chasing after it pushing it down the right flank.

Jake, the other midfielder was the first to react to his team's loss of possession as he charged at Rakim sliding in with a lot of momentum in an effort to dispose of the ball at his feet. Just as the two were

about to make contact Rakim suddenly slowed down his dribble and suddenly jabbed the ball to his right avoiding the boy who slid out of the pitch.

Not looking the slightest bit flustered by the rough tackle the kid continued running down the flank. Dest the black team's left back approached the boy tilting his body, seemingly guiding him away from the box in an effort to minimise his threat.

Rakim seemed to notice the boy's approach as he slowed down his dribble a little looking slightly flustered at the pressure. "Here" Giovanni the attacking midfielder called for a pass drawing both their attention. Seemingly having gotten his answer to get out of his predicament he tilted his body to the left getting ready to send a pass to the boy in front of the box.

Dest immediately reacted to this movement as his body squared trying to block off the passing lane. Just as he jabbed his leg forward to block the passing lane Rakim changed direction again and run past the off-balanced boy.

Rakim increased his speed heading into the box and straight at the goalkeeper who came out trying to close down his shooting options. seeing this he feigned going right to the near post by dropping the shoulder causing the keeper to commit to challenging him before jabbing the ball to the left putting him off balance.

seeing an open lane to the goal he drew his left leg back ready to blast the ball into the net. However, he paused slightly and chipped the ball further to the left barely dodging a slide tackle as he calmly passed the ball into the net.

The boy dashed to the corner flag taking off his top and showing off his little developed muscles as he slid onto his knees celebrating like a madman.

"Hey, Kai what did you say the kid's name is again," Mike asked the young scout next to him with a teasing smile remembering his comments about the boy from earlier.

"Erm er, I think his name is Rakim or something" The young man answered sounding a little embarrassed.

"He's been quite the wild card throughout the trials, I don't think his physical results have fallen below the top two except the vertical" Mike quietly mused out aloud in an attempt to get the reaction of the other.

"Yeah" Is all the answer he received as the young man seemed to be in deep thought.

Fweee

The whistle sounded again restarting the match, however, this time Ferreira seemed to hesitate slightly before passing the ball back all the way to their defenders. No longer hesitating after unloading the ball into his backfield he once again charged forward into the opponent's half.

"Finn, pass here," Ron called out to Finn in an attempt to redeem his blunder from earlier. He run into free space ready to receive the ball however the latter ignored him and kicked it towards the right wing.

Blake the black team's number 35 received the ball with confidence turning with momentum, avoiding the approaching Yunus. Not wasting any time, he dribbled the ball down the right flank trying to create an opportunity.

Jon the closest midfielder charged forward at the boy trying to tackle the ball away from Blake. The latter didn't bother engaging in a confrontation with Blake as he passed the ball to Pepi who had gotten free as he ran past Jon.

Pepi performed a Marsili turn avoiding the tackle from Giovanni before sending a sharp through ball to Ferreira. The latter took control of the ball with a deft touch stepping into the box as he immediately pulled the trigger sending the ball flying to the top right corner of the goal.

The goalkeeper was glued to the spot unable to react to the powerful shot as he watched it hit the bar falling into the net. Ferreira who saw his shot go in only pumped his fist in the air to celebrate seemingly not wanting to cause a scene like the kid from earlier.