

## Football 40

### Chapter 40 Dormmate

[General Pov]

Just as the second match had ended coach James could be seen on the side line with a slight smile on his face. This was an odd scene since he was known for his stoic nature hardly ever smiling. The blond coach seemed to notice this too as he stared at the man with his mouth a gape seemingly wanting to say something.

"Don't look at me like that we have some promising talents here" Coach James spoke up breaking the awkward silence. He could be seen smiling as he stared at a six-year-old boy celebrating wildly as if he had scored a goal in the World Cup final.

"Your right that No. 22 was a surprise, but most of the noteworthy talents we have been watching like Pulisic, and Mckennie have defiantly improved." The blond coach commented as checked his clipboard which seemed to hold information about the players.

"Yeah, I wouldn't be surprised if the two of them left the country to join one of the major teams in Europe," Coach James told the young man next to him as he started making his way towards the match that had now ended. The blond coach had a look of surprise as he listened to his mentor's words but after thinking about it he also came to the same conclusion.

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"Haha, now that is something you don't see every day my young friend," Mike said to Kai as he sat back down in his seat again. He doesn't know when it happened but at some point, he and the rest of the scouts had stood up to get a better look at the happenings on the field ahead. This is a scene you would almost never see since most of the scouts here are quite proud people who make sure to keep up a certain image.

Ignoring the happenings around him Mike started taking some notes on his notepad and focused on the young boy named Rakim. The notepad highlighted all the strengths of the boy from his preferred foot when dribbling with the ball to his ability to seemingly find a route to the goal by circumventing the players in his way. The amount of detail in the information was quite surprising considering he had just watched a single match with the boy.

After a whole five minutes of non-stop writing, he had filled in two pages worth of information on the boy. He even wrote three different paths that the boy could take in the future as he grew into a proper football player. The only conclusion that Mike had formed from assessing the boy's talent is that he is special.

"The boy sure is a wildcard too bad he's still too young to be scouted abroad." Kai lamented as he sat down next to Mike. He was seemingly quite sad that such a talent would have to be wasted here in a country that is still lingering behind the level of football of the rest of the world.

"Yeah, it's a shame if he lived in Europe some exceptions could be made by joining a flagship school from one of the teams, but since he's not nine yet no academy can touch him," Mike said as he started packing up his things getting ready to leave. The older man had seemingly seen all there was to see so he saw no reason to continue staying here.

"Wait for me, Let's grab something to eat" Kai shouted after the retreating figure of Mike as he chased after him. Looking around it seems that the two men were not the only scouts who decided to leave. Men and women who wore articles with different club logos from teams all over the world slowly stood up leaving the stands and making their way out of the stadium.

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[Mc Pov]

After the game finished things went by in a hectic manner, I felt like I was on cloud nine after scoring my hat-trick. My team celebrated our narrow win for a little while until coach James got annoyed, forcing us to stop so he could give us our next instruction. We were instructed to grab our things from the side as we were done for the day.

Quickly making my way to my bag I immediately took out my headphones and put on a mixtape by Lil Wayne on my phone. Listening to the drop of the beat calmed me down, I don't know what it is but the sound of music just helps me state focused on whatever I am trying to achieve at the moment.

Hardly resisting the urge to break off in a dance I picked up my duffel bag and followed the group of kids out of the stadium. It only took us ten minutes to reach a building that seemed to be the student dorms. The building looked quite old, but the inside was quite neat and tidy showing the effects of progress which was a stark contrast to the history-filled campus.

"Brats pay attention, on the wall are your room numbers go get settled and wash up before we get some dinner" Coach Mike spoke up getting everyone's attention as he pointed to a whiteboard with a list of names on them.

Going over to the wall I quickly found my name and next to it was the number two hundred twenty-three. Not wasting any more time I quickly walked up to the second floor to find my room which seemed to be where all the player's rooms were. After a moment of searching, I finally found my room door.

Going in I was greeted with the sight of a decently sized room with four beds and a Tv hanging on the wall. It was about half as big as the one I have at home but it had enough space to survive, I guess. Since I was the first one here, I quickly threw my bag on the bed closest to the window and furthest from the door. I had read in a spy novel that is the best spot to be in case someone breaks in you can either escape out the window or use the people closest to the door as decoys.

"It's you" I heard a voice say making me turn around. At the door stood a Caucasian boy around 4'3 he had short black hair with clear brown eyes. Staring at the boy's surprised look I slowly realised who he was. How could I not realise who he was after all I ran past him three times to score my hat-trick.

"No. 33 it's you" I exclaimed after finally realising who it was. My voice seemed to have angered him though as a small frown developed on his face. Not knowing if he was about to jump me, I quickly took a step back and picked up the remote as it was the closest thing around me. I've heard some defenders would try and break talented attackers and I don't want to end up like Mr Salah.

"What did you call me? And what are you doing?" He asked as he took another step forward causing me to step back once more. He seemed to notice my actions as he stopped, and we entered another staring contest.

"It's the number on your strip, and I know how to fight," I said to him as I entered an improvised Bruce Lee fighting stance in an attempt to intimidate him. Half the battle is mental so if I make him think that I know some type of fighting style he will be less likely to attack me.

"I knew there was something wrong with your head," he said as he threw his bag on one of the beds. The atmosphere was quite awkward for a moment as I still remained in my fighting stance as he ignored me.

"What Is going on here?" A surprised voice spoke up at the entrance of the room grabbing both of our attention.