

Football 43

Chapter 43 Grind (2)

[Right away, thought you would never ask] she answered me sounding like she had been expecting my question.

[Ding Singularity Mission]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Grand Stage!

>Task 1 Chosen one: Impress three scouts from one of the major five leagues. (7/3) - All eyes on me

>Task 2 Killer instinct: Score more than ten goals (3/10)

>Task 3 Not on my level: Score 3 goals after passing past five defenders (2/3)

(Note: The Singularity cannot be ignored)

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Rewards:

> Unlock shop function

> 10x energy-boosting drink

> 1000 SP

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'Wow I've already impressed seven scouts after only playing one game,' I mused to myself surprised that I managed to complete that task so fast. I personally thought that would be the hardest part. I don't know why but I've always thought of scouts as people who can't be easily impressed unless you fight tigers or score ten goals while also preparing them a five-star meal.

[Of course, they would be impressed, your physical data on its own puts you in the top three in the camp, and that's not even bringing up your skills with the ball,] Eva chipped in giving me an explanation as to why I so easily impressed the men in black. That's not me making a joke but all of them were wearing black, whether it be tracksuits or suits it was all black. They might have done that to put pressure on us, but I think they had a group chat before to plan out the dress code.

'That's good to know that I'm making headway on the mission, what about that other one that popped up suddenly' I asked her wanting to know what happened to it.

[Ding]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Don't Forget About Me!

#Task 1 I'm here: Impress 6 of your teammates (3/6)

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

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Rewards:

> 600 SP

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"Why is it not completed I'm pretty sure I played well enough to impress my teammates?" I asked her slightly confused as to how that mission was not done yet.

[You did indeed manage to leave a lasting impression on all your teammates but most of them just thought that you are a skilful player, or you simply got lucky. The only players on your team who were

hugely impressed by you are Giovanni, Yunus, and Jonas] She slowly explained to me before I could have any thought of claiming unfair treatment.

'Those lazy bums actually think I just got lucky; I'll make sure to nutmeg them a couple of times for revenge' I expressed my dissatisfaction to Eva as I started thinking of numerous ways to humiliate them on the pitch.

[It may not have looked like it but some of the boys here are probably the most talented group of players to come from this nation,] Eva spoke up again surprising me with her comment. Looking to my right at the other three boys on the table I started staring at them trying to check if she was telling me the truth.

"Why are you staring at us like that?" Dest spoke up seemingly annoyed at the fact I was looking at him for a minute. I must have looked at all of them as long as they all seemed to want to know the answer to the question asked by Dest. Out of the corner of my eyes, I noticed Yunus slowly distancing himself from me.

"Oh, sorry I just wanted to see if you three are talented," Ignoring the odd actions of Yunus I answered him keeping a straight face. Seemingly not expecting my answer I saw the corner of his mouth twitch as he proceeded to ignore me.

"No, I was just thinking about how this camp probably has the most talented group of kids to ever play football in this country, I was just wondering if you three are among the talented ones," I told them still keeping the quizzical expression on my face. I was really trying to think about whether I heard their names in my past life. No matter how hard I think about it, I can't seem to recall them. Maybe they were not famous enough back then for me to have known them or I just forgot all about them.

"Sometimes I think you're just trying to trigger us, one of these days someone going to beat you up," Giovanni said as he shot me a glare before refocusing on his breakfast.

"But you know he is right there are some really talented players here" Dest cut into the conversation before it got too awkward. "Pluss this is the first year they invited kids at the age of six which means they have great expectations for those kids" He continued his sentence before looking at me curiously. It seems like he thinks I was invited because of the talent and skill I displayed yesterday.

"Haha don't look at me like that I wasn't Invited, my dad knows a guy who knows a guy you know how it goes right? well, maybe not since you were invited," I answered his unspoken question quickly trying to explain his misunderstanding. However, judging by their baffled faces maybe I shouldn't have explained it.

"You are somethi..." He started saying but was interrupted by the sudden quietness after the doors opened to reveal Coach James and his coaching crew.

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"Listen up brats you have twenty minutes to finish your breakfast it's time to do some training," he said in a loud commanding voice that left no room for objections. Not wanting to waste any more time we quickly finished the last of our breakfast before rushing to our rooms to get our training gear.

After around twenty-five minutes everyone was standing on the stadium grass again. I was wearing my Adidas football boots with some shin pads and long socks. I don't usually wear my shin-pads when I train but I don't trust one of these kids to have enough self-control to not kick my legs. Why risk my livelihood as a football player on some snorty brats who are just here to laze around and enjoy the little success they have achieved.

Throughout the large American football field Loads of different sections were set up all over the field. The only distinguishing thing was a dividing line in the middle of the field that separated both sides. Looking around the stands I saw that only a handful of the scouts that were here yesterday have shown up. Looks like they are lazy too or maybe they have seen all they wanted to see yesterday.

"This Is coach Chris, all of you who think you're a striker or defender go and follow him to the right left side of the field" Coach James instructed us as half of the forty children followed coach Chris to the left field.

"All of you wanna be wingers and Midfielders follow me we will start in twenty minutes so go warm up," he said to us as he walked off to the right field to talk to his coaching team. This guy acts like he does not want to be here but still does his job seriously. After twenty minutes of warm-up, we got split into groups of five wearing different colour bibs. Lucky for me, I was put into a group with Giovannie and three random boys. Overall, my cup is half empty, but you cannot always get everything you want right.

"Name of the game is hot potatoes, the team with the ball after three minutes wins the game, if you manage to play ten passes without losing the ball you win, sounds easy right?" He asked us with a smile that was baiting us to agree with his words. Like chickens to the slaughter, I watched all the boys nod as if it were the easiest task to keep possession of a ball for three minutes straight.

"Since it's so easy and you kids are oh so talented you only get to touch the ball twice, if you touch it this time your team loses possession." He told us with a shit-eating grin that said he was waiting to see us fail. The kids who were nodding enthusiastically a minute ago suddenly began to pale a little at the increased difficulty of the drill.

"Oh, and trust me you don't want to lose, so give it your best," he said as he indicated the four teams to split off in the two boxes.

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Standing in the five-by-ten-yard box Rakim's team dawned yellow bibs over their training kit whilst the other team wore green bibs. Coach James did not bother giving a starting signal and directly threw the ball into the box. A Random boy on Rakim's team whose name is Ben was closest to the ball and took control of it. Like hungry beats spotting a juicy piece of steak all most of the players charged at him wanting to obtain the ball.

The boy panicked seeing the crowd of players rushing towards him and decided to hit the ball away to his next team member. Giovanni, who received the ball with his chest, was slightly surprised but easily took control of it. Not bothering to hold onto the ball he flicked it to Rakim who was standing by himself in one of the corners of the square.

Two boys wearing green bibs immediately charged at him trying to win the ball from him. Seeing the two boys charging at him Rakim drew his right leg back and swung it powerfully at them causing them to turn around in fear. However, after noticing that none of them was hit they turned around only to notice that the ball had been passed to Giovanni.

Giovanni masterfully controlled the ball with his first touch before passing it to the nearest open teammate. They continued this drill for the next three minutes, running around in circles, keeping the ball away from the team. The team that didn't manage to win the ball within the next ten passes were forced to do suicide runs. After the first loss, they ran from the fifty-yard line to the forty line and so on until they reached the end zone.

The training session focused on developing the player's possession awareness that we had to continue moving into open spaces as an option for our teammates to pass into. This forced the players to stay on the move and think before they received the ball. This difficulty resulted in some players making easy mistakes, such as taking three touches or accidentally hitting the ball away.

Lucky for Rakim's team, they never let their opponents keep the ball for ten consecutive passes. However, they did lose three times when their opponents managed to win possession just before the time run out. After returning from the thirty-yard line Rakim continued to stare at one of his teammates who had lost the ball for the second time. The boy felt so uncomfortable that he didn't dare make a mistake until the drill finally ended.

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[Mc Pov]

"Your name is Ben, right?" I asked one of the random boys on my five-man team. The boy is quite tall for his age and has a strong physique that makes him look like a giant among us kids. He has a quiet yet friendly nature that gives him the vibe of a friendly giant, however, this also conceals the presence he should have for someone who is 5'1 tall at the age of seven. He had played decently throughout the drill, so I felt it was only right that he levelled up to the status of a named character. I think I'm watching way too much anime, if they knew my thoughts, they would probably beat me to death.

"Yes, why do you ask?" The tall boy asked me in confusion as he was panting on the ground. His fitness is fairly good but after basically carrying the other two lazy teammates with me and Giovanni he is pretty much spent.

"No reason you played well, If I get into a fight, I hope you have my back big guy," I told him with a smile as I patted his shoulder. Hearing my words seemed to have shocked him as he immediately started shaking his head.

"n'no I don't want to get into a fight" He quickly spit out as if I would get into a fight the very next second and he needed to clarify he was a natural party.



"So, you will just let me get beaten up, don't you see how small I am?" I asked him trying to look as pitiful as possible. His reaction was gold, he looked like he was stuck making a life-and-death decision that would decide whether I would get beaten up.

"Leave him alone, he thinks you are being serious, don't listen to him he tends to be annoying most of the time" Giovanni spoke up from the side coming to the rescue of the panicking Ben.

"Hey, I was actually being serious though, with how amazing my dribbling skills are it's only a matter of time till someone wants to beat me up for nutmegging them or snapping their ankles, a couple of times," I told the two of them with a worry-filled look. This is a grave issue that talented wingers face as defenders just start flying into tackles as they can't beat them otherwise.

This problem plagued future stars such as the Brazilian prince Neymar and the Wales warrior bale. Neymar was forced to start diving to protect himself on the pitch as the refs wouldn't call small fouls that were made on him since he was held to a higher standard, and this just gave regular players a fighting chance. As for the warrior from the Island nation, he wasn't as good at adapting to the changes and suffered a lot of injuries that delayed his career and sullied his legacy.

"Knowing your personality, you would probably annoy your opponent to the point you would deserve a beating," Giovanni said with a straight face showing no hint of remorse.

"Your mean I'll go back to training since I'm not as lazy as you lot," I told them as I jogged back onto the field approaching coach James who had just finished setting up our next drill.