

## Football 55

### Chapter 55 55 The Game (1)

"The photoshoot sure was unexpected, and something is seriously wrong with that dude" Yunus exclaimed as he slumped on his bed. We had returned from the photo shoot an hour ago but were all gassed out from the day's happenings. So, we literally had a small snack and got ready for bed.

"Yeah, the guy gave me chills I don't think I'll come to another Nike event anytime soon," I told him as I tucked myself into the bed. My body instantly melted into the bed as all the fatigue from the day finally hit me.

"He wasn't as bad when it was our turn to take pictures," Dest said gathering our attention. when it was his turn to take pictures, I was already gone so I wouldn't know what happened.

"That's because both of your spirits lack fire according to his words," Yunus commented snickering at the glares he received from the two.

"Anyways how do you think you will do in tomorrow's game?" Giovanni spoke up to change the topic. Since tomorrow is the last day of the camp the game is the highlight of the week. All our parents will be there to watch the game so we can show off what we learned.

"I will dominate for sure, I'm going to be the Hokage after all," I proudly told the group only to be bombarded with pillows. Guess my will of fire burned a little too bright for them.

"I should have known you would say that, your confidence never ceases to surprise me," Dest commented as he started looking at me as if I was sick.

"Rakim's right though I will make tomorrow's game count," Yunus chimed in looking excited at the chance to show off his skills. His excitement is warranted though as scouts will be able to talk to us with our parents present. This could basically catapult anyone's football career as they might enter one of the European giant's academies. Kids below the age of nine would have to get a caregiver to move with them but this still allowed them to receive the best training available.

"My family said that we would all move if I got an offer from one of the giants in Europe," Giovanni spoke up getting all our attention. The only thought that went through my head after hearing his words was how much pressure he must be under. After all his whole family would be willing to move across the globe for him. His pressure to succeed must be immense, no wonder he is so serious.

"My dad will probably move with me too if I get scouted by one of the giants," Dest also chimed in looking more excited than worried. Seems like he is not weighed down by the pressure, instead he relishes the opportunity more than anything.

"Let's get some sleep then otherwise we will waste our chance tomorrow," I told the group as I flicked off my table light. It didn't take long for me to sink into dreamland finally letting sleep take a hold of me.

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[Next Day]

Tightening the laces on my Nike boots I started wiggling my toes to feel more comfortable in the boots. I was wearing the Nike boots that dad had bought for me since I was explicitly told not to wear my Adidas boots today. Not wanting to get my parents in trouble as they were the ones that got me into the camp.

I don't mind wearing the Nike bots since I move a lot swifter when I'm wearing them. They are just a lot tighter than my Adidas boots, so I hardly wear them if I don't want to risk blisters.

Jumping to my feet I joined Yunus and the rest of the boys and started warming up. We were currently in the stadium getting ready to play today's match. It was currently 10:30 in the morning and the game would start at 11 sharp so we were all currently just getting ready for it. The stands started to fill with people, most of them were our parents who had come to watch the game and take us home afterwards.

I couldn't see my family yet, but I knew they were on the way as Emma had called me first thing in the morning. She sounded more excited than me, talking about how awesome I'll look running rings around my opponents. Apparently, she had woken up our parents early in the morning making sure that they wouldn't be late.

"Guys let's do a rondo so we can get a feel for the ball," Giovanni called out to the team as we gathered around him. Due to his calming presence, he became the defacto captain of our team. Another plus that helped his nomination was the fact that his job was to delegate passes across the pitch. We were in the same teams we were in on the first day's game. The coaches wanted to see how much we had grown over the past five days.

"Yes, I love rondos, let's make it only two touches though otherwise, it's too easy," I exclaimed as we formed a circle. Yunus and I were in the middle first as we started chasing the ball trying to intercept one of the passes from those around us. With both of our speeds, we managed to win the ball back after their third pass.

Once we won the ball the guy who made the mistake and the boy to his left had to go in with him. This made it a lot more fun as no one wanted to be the reason your teammate had to run around the circle like a dog. We continued this exercise for around ten minutes as our bodies started heating up. I did end up in the middle another two times due to the boy on my right messing up.

"We have ten minutes left let's go and take some shots at the goalkeeper," Giovanni told us as we lined up a couple of yards before the edge of the box. The exercise was rather simple and served to just let us practice our accuracy. All you had to do was pass the ball to the person in front of you and he would set you up for a long shot. Once you took your shot you would set up the next person's shots and so on.

I took my first shot with my left foot pulling it across the keeper and hitting the top right. The shot didn't carry much power since I only focused on placement rather than pure power. Since the shot wasn't too fast the keeper managed to tip it away from his goal. My next shot was with my right foot this one carried a lot more power with it as I sent it to the same spot as the last one. This time the keeper didn't even have the chance to react to my shot as the ball bounced off the bar and curled into the net.

"Yo that was cold bro," Yunus said to me as I reached the back of the line, seemingly more excited than me about my goal. Giving him a quick fist bump we started discussing how we were going to play in the game. Since we were both speedsters, we came to the consciousness that we would use sudden changes in speed to create opportunities. All the other party had to do is react to his movements so we could link up better.

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[General Pov]

In the arena below two teams could be seen lining up on the football team on their respective sides. They both wore distinct black and white tops that helped distinguish them. The black team adopted the classic 442 formations whereas the white team adopted a more dynamic 433 formation.

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[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

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The line-up for both teams was the same as it was on Monday but judging by the looks on the player's faces, they seemed a lot more comfortable with their positions. They all had a deterrent expression ready to prove their talent.

[Fweeet]

With the whistle of the referee Jonas from the white team didn't hesitate and hit the ball back to Giovanni. The midfielder calmly took control of the ball as he scanned his surroundings. Taking a stride forward he skipped past the approaching Pepi before sending a weighted ground pass into the hinterland of the black team.

At the end of that pass, Yunus took control of the ball with his right foot as he rushed down the wing. Reece wasted no time closing him down pressuring him to words the touchline. Just as he was about to reach the touch line he stepped over the ball and abruptly changed direction pulling the ball back. Not holding onto the ball any longer he sent a short pass to Jon who was following behind him.

Pushing the ball to his left in an attempt to dodge Blake's tackle, he didn't notice Ron on his other side who took the opportunity to steal the ball from his feet. Not wanting to hold onto the ball in that dangerous position he sent a sharp pass forward.

Ferreira was on the other end of the pass. He easily took control of the ball with his second touch whilst using his body to hold off the defender behind him. Using a quick glance around him he didn't hesitate to flick the ball to his left into the stride of Pepi. The striker smelling the chance at a goal strode into the box looking for an opportunity to pull the trigger.

Just as he was about to shoot, he felt a shoulder impacting his right side causing him to stumble to his left side. Although he was now off balance, he didn't waste the opportunity and shot the ball towards the goal. The ball left his foot in one swift motion cutting along the grass towards the far post. The

Goalkeeper tried his best to dive after the ball stretching his body to the fullest, but his fingertips just missed the ball as it curled into the net. As soon as the ball entered the net Pepi ran to the corner flag wildly celebrating his goal as the black team chased after him.