

Football 57

Chapter 57 The Game (3)

[Lisa Pov]

Watching my son run widely around the pitch I felt a sense of pride well up within me. He really does have a gift for the sport especially when gets within the vicinity of the box. It's like the ball does exactly what he wants it to do. At the start of the game, I was a little worried since his team went a goal behind. But that little look of frustration on his face as he was digging his toes into the ground just told me he was getting ready to do something. He does that whenever he is frustrated at something and just wants to prove something at one of our training sessions.

I remember when we first started training together and I told him that I did not think he was going to make it through my training regimen. And I was right as in order to discourage him I made a training regimen suitable for high school kids. What surprised me though is the fact that he never gave up. He developed a habit of lightly digging his foot into the ground whenever he is getting ready to explode with energy to complete a task he set out. Whenever he did that, he would usually surprise me with whatever he did next exceeding my expectations.

My assumption was spot on as in the very next second he put on a show for all of us. I knew he was good but since I've never seen other kids his age play, I didn't know how good he actually is. The way he just seamlessly went by other kids who were older than him was an exciting sight. Emma said that it was almost like he was dancing, and she was right it looked like he was dancing. If I was being honest, I had wanted to ask some of the people nearby if the other kids were just bad at the game. Luckily, I restrained my curiosity as I was simply content watching my son have fun out there, and it's probably for the best as I might have made some parents near us angry. Not that I would mind them being angry but if I were being honest, it is more of a hassle than it is worth.

"Hey mom that's his second goal now, how many more do you think he will score?" Emma spoke up from my right side sounding way too excited. Then again, she has been looking forward to this for the entire week. It's almost as if this is one of her dance competitions by how early she woke us up in the morning.

"Yeah, he'll probably try to score as many as he can," I answered her as the game kicked off again. The black team seemed a lot more eager to equalise the score as soon as possible so the game will probably be more exciting.

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[Fweeet]

With the sound of the whistle, Ferreira instantly sent a pass back to Ron. The boy quickly took control of the ball and immediately started charging forward. As if trying to prove his determination to score a goal he sent the ball forward.

Pepi was on the other end of the pass as he made his way down the middle charging at the black team's defence. Before John could get the chance to close him down, he sent a through ball down the left flank for Weah to run into. The winger used his pace to catch up with the ball as he stared down Tyler looking for an opportunity to get the ball past him.

Using a quick body feint, he managed to create some separation from the defender as he sent a teasing cross into the box. Both Ferreira and Chris rose up high in the air fighting for an opportunity to hit the ball. Luck seemed to be on Ferreira's side as he was able to manoeuvre his body to head the ball towards the goal despite Chris's interference.

The goalkeeper was able to react fast enough stretching out his to push away the ball from his goal and back towards the edge of the box. Pepi the black team's striker was closest to where the ball landed. Taking a quick touch, the boy let off a powerful shot into the crowd of players looking for a goal. The ball

whooshed along the ground between the feet of a lot of players only to bounce off the feet of Tyler who had made his way back into the box just in time to interfere with the shot.

frustrated with the fact that his shot missed Pepi angrily kicked the ground before getting ready for the corner kick. The black team quickly set up for the corner not wanting to waste any time. Dest was the one to take the corner kick sending a fast-paced cross into the box looking for one of his teammates.

In the Box, both teams could be seen battling one another as they rose up in the air in hopes of clearing or converting the ball. Jake from the black team managed to rise above his marker and use his head to stir the ball towards the goalpost. However, his shot wasn't able to hit the net and just barely missed the goal by inches. The goalkeeper could be seen sighing in relief at narrowly escaping the dangerous moment.

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The game quickly resumed after the corner kick with the white team moving forward into the opponent's half. Both side's midfielders were battling with one another in an effort to gain control of the game's flow. Both sides could be seen fighting desperately for every inch and every loose ball. In the fifteenth minute, Giovanni could be seen dribbling down the right flank looking for an opportunity to create a chance for his team.

Managing to escape the marking of Ron he was looking for an opportunity to connect a pass with Rakim. However, he was being tightly marked by two defenders leaving him with no opportunity to send him a pass. Looking for the next best option he sent a weighted pass to the centre forward who was now loosely marked due to the attention Rakim attracted.

Jonas who was on the receiving end of the pass could be seen waiting for the ball at the edge of the box. Just before the ball arrived at his feet Finn his defensive marking stepped ahead of him to clear the threat before it could develop any further.

The ball soared high in the air heading to the centre of the field. Both Jon and Jake fought the areal duel battling for possession of the ball. Jon managed to make contact with it but was unable to bring it under his control. The ball bounced off his head and landed close to Weah who promptly brought it under his control.

Not giving his opponents the chance to pressure him he started racing down the wing quickly picking up momentum. Tyler quickly approached him as he aligned his body in a way to send him towards the corner flag. Seeing the defender's cautious actions, he assumed that he was trying to buy time for his teammates to come back helped him. Not wanting to be boxed in he performed a quick body feint to the wing before changing direction towards the centre of the box. His little skill did the trick as Tyler could be seen falling to the ground having lost his balance.

Charging for the box he sent a through ball close to the near post for Pepi to run into. The striker seemed to have read his mind as he quickly run after the ball forcing Chris to follow after him. Managing to catch up with the ball the striker kept his composure as he stared down the keeper who was quickly charging at him.

Not flustered by the small encirclement he quickly swung his foot at the ball only to step over it. His fake shot did the trick in forcing the keeper and defender to commit to trying to block his shot. Simply ignoring their efforts to block his shooting lane he dragged back the ball a little before sending a pass back to Weah who was around the penalty spot.

The winger who had somehow found himself completely unmarked in the opponent's box facing an open goal didn't bother taking a touch and directly blasted the ball to the back of the net. As if venting his frustration, the winger started celebrating widely as he made his way back to his side of the pitch.

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[Mc Pov]

Not long after the equaliser was scored the whistle for halftime sounded indicating it was time for the players to recharge their energy. Not wasting any time, I went to the sidelines and picked up my bottle of Gatorade to quench my thirst. Since we didn't have a coach every was just busy trying to rest with the occasional few trying to push the blame around. One of those players was Chris who had been complaining ever since he got here.

"I'm not saying it's your fault but you in the midfield need to start controlling the game better and not just let them run at us freely," he said in a proud voice as if his words were law and it was only natural for us to head it. Well, I guess Jon must have missed the memo as he stomped his way towards the kid.

"That's rich coming from someone who has been useless all game, I mean Pepi made you look stupid out there," The boy retorted seemingly amused at how the opponent's striker had managed to goad him into sliding in only to manoeuvre around him. I understand how it could be considered funny as from where I was standing, I watch Pepi stare him down as he skidded past him. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion I knew it was bad, but I was also looking forward to seeing the following explosion.

"What did you say to me? at least I'm involved in the game unlike some of you passengers," Chris retorted at the midfielder as he sent shots at some other players in the team. Giovanni like the captain he is stepped in between them and started trying to calm them down. None of it seemed to work until he finally mentioned something both of the cared about.

"Now is not the time for this petty BS, especially with all the scouts watching," he said as he pointed at the stands that seemed to be paying attention to our group specifically because of the little commotion.

Both boys had embarrassed expressions covering their faces as all the attention seemed to focus on them.

"SORRY!" Both loudly exclaimed as they walked away from each other in an attempt to get rid of the spotlight that was on them now. Our whole group was silent for a few seconds until I couldn't hold it any longer and burst out laughing drawing everyone's attention.

"Haha, I don't know why the both of you are so riled up, it's not like any of you performed your job out there," I told the two of them as I got up from my spot and started walking towards the stands. "Instead of trying to push the blame for your poor performance in the first half do better and stop dragging the rest of us down," I told them as I jogged to a specific spot in the audience stands. I was defiantly not running away in case a hoard of angry kids decided to jump me. No, it's defiantly because I spotted my family in the stands and wanted to say hi.