

Football 60

Chapter 60 Club Sandwich & Plans

"(ahem) Good afternoon, everyone my name is Jon Myers senior Nike executive," The guy in a suit introduced himself in a slightly awkward manner. His voice carried an air of confidence with him though, so it quickly overshadowed the awkwardness created by coach James's departure.

"I want to thank you all for supporting the Nike foundation by participating in this camp, I know you are all busy people so I'll make this short we have booked empty offices in the schools for each team and would encourage you to hold your meeting with the players there and not crowd them," He quickly spoke up saying what he wanted to say in order not to lose the attention of all these people. He went on to explain that each team's scout could invite the player and their family for a meeting. After talking about this he went on to hold a small sales pitch about how Nike was a family and whatnot. If I'm being honest, I stopped paying attention to the guy as soon as he started his sales pitch.

"Please enjoy the rest of your day make sure to schedule a meeting with the player within the hour with our designated staff at the back so we can notify them after the lunch break," He finished off his speech causing the audience to start clapping wildly as if he had told them the earth is round or some other mind-blowing revelation.

At the end of his speech, most of the people in suits that had swarmed around us, and other player's families quickly dispersed. They were probably heading over to the Nike staff to book meetings with players they wanted to meet. This was honestly a relief as I don't think I would have the patience to entertain those guys on an empty stomach. what can I say I'm just not me when I'm hungry.

"Can we go and eat now before those guys change their minds and come back," I asked Mom wanting to get some food in me as soon as possible. Hearing my word, she just chuckled before looking over at Dad for his opinion.

"Yeah, let's go get some food now, we already have the rest of your stuff in the car so we can go right now," He answered me looking slightly amused at my pleading look that probably told him I was ready to eat anything right now.

"Ibrahim, would you and your son like to join us for lunch?" Dad asked the man next to him who was talking to Yunus who is presumably his dad judging by the closeness. The man seemed slightly taken aback by the sudden invite but quickly agreed to join us. It seems like the two of them got familiar with one another throughout the match since I remember him sitting next to Dad in the stands.

"Excuse me would you mind if we join you too, it seems our kids became friends over the past week." A man dressed in a sports tracksuit approached us with a warm smile on his face. Although he was lightly dressed among all the suit-wearing mobs here he had a certain charisma about him. Next to him was Giovanni who had a smile on his face as he talked with who I assume is his mom and sister judging by their resemblance. Dest was walking with his dad who looked like he had just come out of an office meeting to be here.

"Sure, why not the more the merrier" Dad quickly replied shaking hands with the adults as we finally left the area to get some food. Once we left the stadium it didn't take us long to find a cafe that could accommodate our large group. we attracted a bit of attention from the three customers already in the cafe, but we didn't mind as we took our seats at a table that could accommodate us.

I was sitting with Yunus on my left and Emma on my right as we had a small conversation among us kids. It didn't take long for a waiter to come and take all of our orders and lucky for me Giovanni had a cereal bar which helped hold me over before our food arrived. We mostly talked about what we were going to do for the rest of the summer amongst other things. Our parents would occasionally ask us questions about what we did in the camp. They were surprised to learn that we were teammates and that we would get up before breakfast to do some yoga to loosen up for the day.

"So, what kind of teams are you going to consider offers from?" The blond woman whom I found out is Giovanni's mom asked us. She looked genuinely curious as to what type of teams we were looking to play for in the future.

"We are only looking for an agent for Gio that can connect him with a team in the top three leagues whilst he is still in the academy" Giovanni's Dad was the first to speak up for his son letting us know what he had planned for him. According to him he has connections from his playing days and got his son into New York city academy. Giovanni seemed surprised by his dad's plan for him, but he didn't seem to mind it.

"I'm taking Sergiño to the Netherlands their youth systems have been taking major strides, plus I have business partners there, so it works out well for us," Dest's dad spoke up looking like he already had this answer ready to go a long time ago. All of us were surprised that Dest had a first name since we all just called him by his last throughout the first week. The fact that he introduced himself by just his last name didn't help the matter.

It seems I wasn't the only one confused by his first name but unlike me who put two and two together, Yunus didn't seem to do so. "Excuse me but who is Sergiño?" he asked the man looking genuinely confused which only served to show that he wasn't joking. The man looked taken aback by the question and looked to his son probably asking if his friend is mentally stable or something.

"(cough) My first name is Sergiño I just go by Dest since it's easier to say" Dest quickly spoke up clearing the awkward atmosphere that was being generated. Yunus seemed to have a moment of realization as he nodded sagely which only served to cause Dest's dad's mouth to visibly twitch.

"Is the youth system in the Netherlands really promising maybe that is something we should look into," Mom asked Dest's dad breaking through the awkward silence that had been created by my friends. By the curious look, I could tell she was genuinely interested in whether football programs were that good. Ever since she accepted the fact that I was serious about becoming a footballer she has been doing her research on what is the best path for me.

"Yeah, as far as I know, teams over there are converting to training youngsters and getting them ready to join the European stage a big example of this is Ajax which is following the footsteps of the German giants Borussia Dortmund." He patiently explained gaining some nods of understanding from the parents around us.

"Of course, that is not to say that joining a major teams youth system wouldn't be better as they have better facilities to offer their players and would mould their players into what they desired." He continued to explain making sure to not offend anyone's viewpoint on the type of youth system they would send their children to. After all the scariest type of parents are the ones that support their children in a sport, they can get a little intense if it's for their children's best interest.

"Haha, we won't send Rakim to join a team's youth program yet, our daughter goes to a sports academy that has a good football program that is linked with some professional teams abroad, so we'll have him go there until he enters Junior high," Dad spoke up bringing back the conversation to the original topic. Most of the parents seemed surprised by his choice for the future probably thinking that it might hinder my progress. Listening to his plan for me I was a little surprised, but I didn't hate the plan as it was the best of both worlds. I'll get to have a somewhat normal primary school life whilst still being able to pursue my football career.

"We thought it through, and we don't want him to enter a youth program where they will make football seem like work for our child at such a young age," Mom spoke up again answering the doubtful gazes of the parents around us. After hearing her words, they seemed to understand why my parents made this decision.

Not long after our conversation, the waiter started bringing out our food. The chicken club sandwich that was placed in front of me has a mouth-watering scent. I could barely hold myself back from devouring my food at once and simply sipped on the strawberry smoothie I got and waited for everyone to get their food. The atmosphere became livelier once everyone got their food and without further delay, we started feasting.

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'Hey Eva, can I see the consumable section of the shop I wasn't able to check them out earlier,' I asked her in my head as I followed my parents and the rest back to the campus. We had finished our food not long ago and were just going to see if anyone wanted to meet us.

[sure, why not] She answered me lazily as she directly pulled up the consumable section of the shop without much delay.

The consumable section was set up vastly different from the skills shop. There was no raking structure for the items. They all seemed to be there to help me train and maintain my health throughout my career. this would undoubtedly be a great boost to my training efficiency in the future.

[Consumable]

Blue Energy Drink: 100 Sp (Gives 50% more energy)

Hunters Focus fruit: 200 Sp (Allows you to Focus on something fully without being distracted) 60 minutes duration

concentration fruit: 200 Sp (Allows you to retain things you learn a lot easier)

Green Slime Potion: 50 Sp (Massages the body after an intense training session reducing the risks of injury by 50%)

Recovery Potion: 250 Sp (Allows the host to Recover from fatigue 50% faster)

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'It would probably be best to save up for some passive skills and only send Sp on the green slime potions to relax when I train,' I inwardly mused to myself as I started making plans for the future.

[That's probably for the best you could use the green slime potion once a week to help your body relax and recover] Ever threw in her two cents as she went back to sleep from what I could tell from her yawning.

"Let us split off here I wish you all the best in your meetings and for the future of your kids," Dad said as he shook hands with the other parents as we headed to the staff responsible for assigning our meetings to us. We took a group photo of the four of us to commemorate our week of brotherhood before parting ways.

"Can I see the list please?" I asked Dad who had just re-joined the three of us after getting the list from one of the staff. It was only us three since the rest of the families had split up to take their respective sons to their assigned meetings.

"Sure, why not?" He said as he handed me a notepad with a list of things written on it. Seven of them seemed to be representing teams and the other three might be agents or something similar.