

## Football 61

### Chapter 61 Meetings

Emma and I started looking through the list looking for anything we could recognise. There were three major teams from Europe on the list with the rest being minor teams trying their luck. The most prominent team that I recognised is the German giant Borussia Dortmund which I wasn't expecting if I'm being honest. After all, shouldn't they be looking for some youngster to sell in the future? Wait now that I think about it aren't I quite talented? Does that mean that I'm the sheep that they want to raise for the auction?

Don't get me wrong It would probably be quite the profitable move on their part after all I'm basically a golden goose in the making with the system on my side. However, I'll have to carefully consider what they have to offer me compared to other teams. Even though I'm a Bayern fan I wouldn't turn them down if going there would be the best move for me.

"Let's go our first meeting is with a team from France called Brest, they seemed to be a strong team in Ligue 2," Dad said as he quickly led us to the room where we would be meeting them. It didn't take long for us to find the room since it had the team's name on the door.

Entering the room that resembled a small teacher's office we saw a man sitting behind the desk with a small stack of papers before him. He had a name card on his suit with Hugo written on it which matched his overall looks. He looked to be in his late forties with wavy hair that trickled down to his shoulders. He wasn't too handsome, but he had a ruggedness to him that made him stand out.

"Welcome take a seat, you must be Rakim's family," he said in broken English that had a certain accent to it as he stood up to shake hands with my parents. Quickly taking a seat I waited in anticipation at what my first meeting with a scout would be like. If only I knew that I would be severely disappointed in the next moments.

"let's get right into it shall we, I would like to invite your son to join our academy in France once he is of age but in the meantime, he would join one of our associate schools to help him integrate with our culture," The man started pitching his offer to my parents without really paying attention to me which was kind of odd to me. After all, shouldn't he be trying to convince me to play for them instead of bragging about the culture and scenery in Brest?

"What would your development plan for my son be?" Mom cut into his rant about the rivers and whatnot trying to get some answers from him. Just by listening to the guy's description of France almost made me think he was some type of holiday trip salesman. I wouldn't say this out loud but after his rant I really want to go to France but just for a sightseeing trip. The guy was caught off guard by her question looking a little angry at being interrupted but begrudgingly chose to answer the question.

"We believe he could be the next Frank Ribery; we have a great atmosphere that will benefit him," He answered her question as he started listing the philosophical side of Ribery's play that is compatible with me. Honestly, I felt like it was a big waste of time meeting this guy in the first place.

My thoughts would prove to be right as he just went on to flatter my parents trying to entice them. It was so awkward because my parents were taking this seriously and he was acting as if he was some type of sales rep. Dad made us leave early when the man tried passing him a napkin with the number 7 and a bunch of zeros written on it. This only served to infuriate my dad as he quite literally dragged me out of the room before I could realise what was going on.

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Two hours later we met with all kinds of scouts from different teams most of them were just trying to sell their team's positive parts to my parents. I've still got two more meetings before I'm finally done, one with the Dortmund scout and the other with an agent. My excitement for these meetings has somewhat died down since most of them tend to say the same things. I did have a good meeting with the scout from Tottenham, unlike the other scouts who looked like they wanted to kidnap me he was calm and composed as he presented what his team had to offer.

If I was being honest Spurs Academy is probably at the top of my list of teams, I would consider developing my skills at. As an organisation, they value young talent more than other big teams and unlike development teams, they strive to compete for honours. They do tend to fall short of their goal and barely achieve anything but the idea of being able to play with prime Alli is something I wouldn't pass up.

After all, great wingers can only thrive once they have a good midfielder who can accurately supply the ball. If I have the opportunity, I will join whatever team has a player like Toni Kroos or Kevin de Bruyne since I want to debut at 16 it's the best choice since I won't be a physical match for my opponents. Let's just focus on this next guy, let's hope it goes better than the rest.

It didn't take long for us to finally meet the guy as he barely had any meetings today. Entering the office room, we were met to the sight of a middle-aged man who was sipping a cup of tea without a care in the world. Seeing us enter he simply nodded his head and motioned for us to take our seat at the table across from him. He was wearing a neat navy-blue suit that accentuated his blue eyes and coupled with his dirty blond locs it made him look handsome.

You could see the effects time had on the man through the slight wrinkle on his face that were caused due to stress. He did not have a lot of documents like the other scouts we met earlier he simply had a black notebook with the BVB logo on the front. Looking at him he seemed a lot more organised than the other scouts.

"Hello, my name is Mike James, would like some tea," He spoke up first as he motioned at the tea set on a small table at the side. The aura he gave off is that of an experienced scholar that had been through a tough journey.

"No thank we just had lunch not long ago" Dad answered the man probably wanting to get right to the point of this meeting. After all, we have been through a lot of meetings in the past hours and going through pleasantries is annoying.

"Shall we get right into it then, Rakim what kind of player do you want to be?" He said as he looked me in the eyes seemingly trying to read my thoughts. His attention on me startled me a little as this is the first time one of the scouts has actually asked me a question. They would usually just praise my skill's, or they would give me advice on what they would want me to improve on. Most of their advice would just piss Eva off causing her to rant about them trying to steal her job even though there are just frogs in a well. According to her letting them put me in certain boxes would hinder my evolution as play and I should just focus on developing my own playstyles instead of trying to copy whoever they want me to.

"I want to be the type of player that other teams fear, I want them to have to adopt a specific play style just to deal with me alone," I honestly answered him wanting to see his reaction to my ambition as a player. The look on both of my parent's is priceless, I could practically see the pure disbelief written on their face. What surprised me though is the wide grin I received from Mike, by the smile alone you could assume that he seemed to appreciate my answer.

"I'm sorry about my son he tends to just live his life like a movie character," Mom said after a moment of silence in an attempt to reassure him that I wasn't crazy. Although I am not sure if her description is any better than just saying I'm delusional. Her answer was only met with hearty laughter from the man.

"That's quite alright, I was surprised at the answer, but it helps to paint a clear picture of your son" he said after he calmed down from his laughter. "You see I've been observing the improvement of your son throughout the week, and I have to agree with his analysis he has the potential to be a player that will scare his opponents." He continued explaining his thought process thoroughly so my parents would not think he is also crazy.

He went on to open his notebook going through several pages that seemed to have information of just me on them. He explained how he notice that I had a lot of physical talents but lacked the experience to properly utilise them at the start of the camp but continued to improve throughout. His detailed

explanation of my improvement journey not only amazed me but also surprised my mom as she started to have an Indepth conversation with him.

She would ask him questions on what he thought my strength as a player are and how to best improve them. It was as if she met a kindred spirit as they almost spoke a foreign language as they stared through around biology terms around. At some point they started talking about the importance of certain muscle groups that she needed to watch out for so I can develop stably. I cannot tell you how happy I was when dad finally interrupted the two of them. At some point this meeting turned into a biology class instead of whatever it was supposed to be before.

"(Ahem) so are you going to offer my son a spot BVB's youth academy?" Dad asked cutting the lecture short and steering it back on track.

"Oh, I'm sorry about that but developing young athletes has always been my dream so I tend to get carried away whenever I speak about it," he quickly apologised as he composed himself taking a quick sip of the team in front of him.

"It's alright its partly my fault for getting carried away as well," mom guiltily said not wanting to let him bare the blame alone.

"Yes, it was, so much to no studying for the week" I heard Emma meekly mutter form my side annoyed at the whole situation. Dad seemed to have heard her as well causing his eyes to twitch slightly

"I'm not going to be offering Rakim a spot at BVB" he said with a serious tone which caused the atmosphere to turn awkward in an instant.