

Football 68

Chapter 68 First Day

"Rakim wake up or you will be late for your first day," I heard a familiar voice call out to me, but my pillow was just way too soft to let go of. I was already awake and was just enjoying the relaxing sensation of my bed which was still warm from my body heat.

"If you are late for school, I won't let you try out for the football team," I heard the same sweet voice threaten me without losing a beat as if she was complimenting me. Her words instantly jolted me awake causing me to throw the pillow away that almost led me astray from my path to greatness. After getting rid of the pillow of temptation I glared at the figure of my mother who only sent me an amused smile.

"You know you are going to find a new threat after I join the team, right?" That is all I could say to her after remembering the countless times she used that same threat over the summer in order to get me to do something. One time Liam and I created such a big mess in the backyard with one of our pranks that she made us clean it up for three days.

"I know, who do you think is going to sign all those consent forms for your tournaments?" that's all she said as she walked off next door to torture Emma awake. Realising that she was right I quickly jumped out of bed and made my way into the bathroom to get ready.

Taking a glance at my phone I saw that it was just 6:30 in the morning. School starts at 7:45 so I should have plenty of time to get ready. Not wasting any more time, I quickly took a shower and went through my morning routine. Looking at myself in the mirror brought a small smile to my face. Although I have braces now my hair has grown out into an afro adding to my already good looks. You could say I became more handsome over the past few months. I managed to pack on a bit of muscle whilst gaining weight making my whole stature look a lot healthier.

"Zeus, where are you?" I called out as I stepped out of the bathroom whilst still drying my hair. Not long after my shout a k9 puppy came trotting into my room curiously glancing at its surroundings with its blue eyes. Quickly grabbing one of his treats from my desk I held it out for him to which he immediately pounces on devouring the bone-shaped snack.

We got Zeus a month and a half ago just like our parents promised us at my birthday party. He's a German shepherd and is barely three months old so he is in the curious phase where he's still deciding whether to chew on Mum's slippers or not. Lucky for me he seems to like my sneakers and just stays away from them, but he absolutely hates crocks or open shoes in general for some reason. As soon as he finds a pair, he treats it like a new chew toy for its developing fangs.

Ninety per cent of his fur is entirely black but with a shine to it that makes you want to run your hand through it when you see it. The other ten per cent is golden brown only covering his front paws and his hind legs. The reason we named him Zeus though is due to the only patch of brown on his cheek resembling a small thunderbolt.

"C'mon Zeus let's get some breakfast," I called out to him as I made my way downstairs but not before checking myself out in the mirror one more time.

I spent all of last week getting fitted into my school uniform and it was worth it as it now has a comfortable feel to it. The uniform has a black and red coloured scheme, my trousers were fully black with a white shirt and a black tie with red stripes running through it. Oh, I also get a blazer that is dark red with black outlines and the school's logo of an eagle is embroidered on the left breast pocket, which is part of the only reason I like wearing it.

"The Eagle's colours suit you," Dad called out to me as I took a seat on the dining room table.

"Yeah, hopefully, the team's colours are just as good," I answered him as I pour myself some orange juice.

"Here eat some pancakes I just made them," he said to me as he placed a stack of them in front of me. Not wasting another second, I put some sliced strawberries on the top one and started devouring them.

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"Have fun at school kids, Rakim are you sure you don't want me to come in with you on your first day?" Mum asked me from the front passenger seat as a worried expression washed over her face.

"I'll be fine don't worry, I'm meeting the principal first anyways and he seems like an okay guy," I answered her with a smile as I quickly hopped out of the car before she could start crying. However, I felt bad for her the next second so I went to the boot of the car and picked up Zeus handing him to her so she could worry about him instead of me.

"You need me to lead you towards the principal's office?" Emma asked me as we walked through the majestic stone gates that led towards the school. The school building is a remodelled castle that stood here in the 17th century. In all honesty, the whole building just screams money and prestige from the architecture alone.

"No, it's alright I still remember the way from when I took my tests here," I told her as we approached the castle doors to which we quickly parted ways so she could go to her class.

Above the huge door was the name of the school, Which was highlighted by an impressive emblem of the school's insignia.

The name of the school is, Red Oak Preparatory and from what I've gathered it's quite a young school only coming into existence in 1990. This used to be a boy's institute, but the original owner run into money problems and decided to merge with another girl's private school thus this school was born.

This private school is the definition of luxury as they virtually offer the best opportunities for their students. Almost every club has their own facility from the swim club to the American football team. The bonus of this private school is that it was split into two separate schools. The smaller building is for elementary students who use the old building of the girl's school. Whilst the high school and middle school kids use the main building.

The only times both of the school's students would interact with each other is during club activities. This was due to elementary school students having an earlier break from snack time and lunch. This was done so that the school grounds wouldn't get too congested with kids from both schools.

Surprisingly, the elementary school has almost 50% more students than the higher-grade school, but then again kids have to pass the school's test in order to get into their middle school. No amount of money can get the school to budge on that rule on the other hand it may result in them blacklisting you if you tried to offer them money.

This would only make it harder to get your child into another private school, not because they wouldn't accept your money but for the simple fact that nobody wants another person's sloppy seconds. You might think it's extreme for the school to do this but with the standard of education and resources, they offer it's understandable why you would want your kids to go here.

The school does offer special scholarships for athletes allowing them to be less academically inclined. However, the academic standard they have to maintain would still allow them the freedom to pursue a career away from their chosen sport. Back to reality, I had arrived in front of an old wooden door that was the Dean's office. I honestly wish I hadn't turned down Emma's offer to be my guide as I had gotten

lost quite a few times. The massive door was decorated with a beautiful carving of an Oak tree that looked almost life-like by how beautifully it was carved.

(Knock Knock) Coming out of my awe I quickly knocked on the door after realising that class had already started. After a second a gruff aged voice called me in, to which I complied without any more fuss.

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[Gen Pov]

In another part of the building within the class, 30 thirty children below the age of 9 could be seen getting settled on their chairs. All of them are buzzing with excitement at the prospect of starting the new school year as they animatedly chatted with their friends retelling tales of their summer adventures. In the same classroom, a boy who seemed younger than the rest of the kids was sitting on top of his desk as he conversed with a group of kids who had gathered around him.

"Hey, Liam you said your friend was joining our class, where is he?" The boy that asked the question could be seen smirking condescendingly as his blue eyes told everyone that he didn't believe the younger boy's words. He has a mop of blond hair that made his average facial features somewhat more appealing.

"Yeah, class is about to start, and he still hasn't shown up, are you sure you didn't just make him up?" Another boy chimed into the conversation clearly siding with the blond kid. This boy was quite a bit chubby but that didn't stop him from being just as active as the rest of the kids here.

"Shut up Reece he will arrive when he arrives, what's it to you anyway? And Bennett you go wag your tail somewhere else," the boy we now know as Liam exclaimed with a visible annoyance on his face as he shooed away the two boys.

"Do you want a beating?" The blond boy exclaimed with rage palpable in his voice as he raised his right fist towards Liam. The latter reacted immediately to the provocation as he jumped down from his desk ready to meet the challenge. However, before tension could escalate further between the two the sound of the door opening and children scrambling to their seats brought them back to their senses.

"Good morning students I hope you all had a good summer vacation," The voice of a middle-aged woman in her late forties reverberated throughout the room as all the children stood behind their seats. Seeing the children standing in an orderly fashion the woman smiled lightly as she started calling out each student's name as she ticked off her list. After their names were called, they would sit down on their chair and wait for her to finish.

"Liam Mckinnon?"

"Present"

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"Lee Nickles"

"Present"

"Sarah Queens"

"Present"

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"Rakim Rex"

she was met with silence after calling out Rakim's name. Noticing the awkward silence all the students started curiously looking around the room for the mystery figure that their teacher could possibly be looking for.

"Rakim?" The teacher called out again but was met with no answer once more. The students started doubting themselves as they started scrutinising the few that remained standing as if looking for an imposter. The standing students started pleading their case with their friends using their facial expressions, that they were truly who they said there were. One boy even pointed out their moles as evidence but was only met with doubtful glances from his friends.

"Sigh let's move on John Tyson," She called out as the boy with the mole quickly responded taking his seat with a sigh of relief but his friend that was sitting next to him merely sent him another doubtful glance as he whispers something to his other neighbour.