

Football 72

Chapter 72 Try-Out 2

[Ding]

[FOOTBALL SINGULARITY SYSTEM

USER: Rakim Rex

AGE: 6yrs

TALENT ASSESSMENT: Grade- B

Singularity Points: 2700

Position: Winger

(Evaluation: A boy with a lot of potential for becoming a professional soccer player, who possesses a lot of talent)

USER MENU

[USER STATS]

>Physical Fitness: C+

>Football Technique: B

>Game Intelligence: D+

->Mental Ability: S

->X-Factors:

[SINGULARITY MISSIONS: 1]

[SYSTEM SHOP (unlocked)]

[SYSTEM LOTTERY (locked)]

[SNOOPING TOOL (locked)]

'Sigh looks like my improvement during the summer is rather slow,' I inwardly mumbled as I started getting dressed into my school uniform. I had just finished my morning Yoga session after a light workout which felt great after skipping it yesterday.

[That's because you haven't even used the shop to boost your training yet,] Eva commented sounding a little disappointed at my lack of utilisation of the system.

I understand where she is coming from but there hasn't really been a need for it as of yet. Mum has me on a strict schedule making sure I don't damage my body with regular check-ups with a specialised sports orthopaedist. If that wasn't enough, she forces me and Emma to go to a spar with massage sessions. Well, the last part was an ultimatum she set after she realised how detriment I was about training to be a footballer. I don't really mind all the extra hassle as it helps to reassure me that I'm on the right track and not just damaging my body for temporary success. So, although my progress is much slower than I had hoped my foundation is a lot more stable than it was at the Nike camp and that without having to use the cheats of the system.

'Don't worry I'll be using it more now that I'm joining a club allowing me to fully utilise the items effects,' I told her in an attempt to placate her anger. At this moment I felt like I was dealing with a shop owner that is angry at me for not buying things from their shop.

[Just don't overdo it you have been making rapid progress over the summer especially when it comes to your feel for the ball." She said sounding genuinely proud of the progress I've made over the summer. Sometimes she reminds me of a mother hen who is proud of the progress her little chicks are making.

'I won't promise, and it's not like you or Mom would let me overdo it during a training session,' I told her with a smile on my face remembering how they would both nag me whenever I overdid it during a training session.

Mum would just directly drag me out of whatever training hall I was using to put a stop to me. Whilst Eva would just go on a non-stop rant on the dangers of whatever environmental issue she chose at that moment. Sometimes she would pick the most random topic like the biology of starfish or even the pattern changes in the clouds. Honestly, it makes me wonder what is going on in her brain sometimes.

Quickly getting dressed I made my way downstairs to get some needed breakfast. Mum was already there having her morning tea, for some reason she hates drinking coffee and says it's a lazy way to wake up your body. Something about a cold shower and a healthy sleep schedule during the trick.

"Morning" I called out to her as I took a seat at the dining table ready for the most important meal of the day.

"Good morning let me let me prepare your breakfast," she said as she started preparing me a plate of what she happened to cook today. Five minutes later I had two slices of avocado bred with a poached egg on top. Looking at the seasoning and bits of green letters on the plate made me want to question why she didn't become a chef.

"So good," I mumbled after taking a bite, the explosion of taste in my mouth made me want to savour every moment of my meal. By the time I had finished both slices, I was left in a daze pondering over who could have stolen my food. Looking up to Mum who was looking at me with a smile I watched as she handed me an apple.

"Don't give me that look you agreed to the diet I set out for you," she told me smirking at my look of betrayal of not getting another slice of that heavenly dish. Realising that she was right I just settled for

snacking on the apple as I started going through my phone. During the summer she has been taking care of mine and Emma's diet throughout all the training we have been doing. At first it was pretty odd since she would make some of the weirdest dishes for us.

"I'll go and hurry Emma along she loves taking her time getting ready," Mum said after a little while making her way up the stairs. Emma isn't lazy but she just gets distracted way too easily when getting ready especially when she is on a call with her friends. The number of times I've caught them dancing in her room instead of getting ready or just gossiping over the phone is uncountable at this point.

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"Hey Lexi," I said to the beautiful blond as I took a seat on the table to her right as Liam wasn't in yet. After a little enlightenment from Liam, I finally remembered where we had met before, and it turns out she was the blonde with a ponytail at PE who threw a laser beam of a shot at Reece. Finding out she was on the handball and gymnastics team made a lot more sense, serenely explaining her athleticism and strong hand grip.

"Oh, Hey Rakim," She answered with a slightly surprised look on her face probably not expecting me to start a conversation. Which would probably be normal after how awkwardly our conversation ended yesterday. I Personally wasn't embarrassed by it but she on the other hand run out of class as soon as the bell rang.

"How's your morning," I asked her with a slight smile on my face at her slightly blushing expression.

"I, it's alright, I'm tired from last night's practice though," she answered me causing me to notice the slight haggardness around her eyes.

"Oh, that would explain the wrinkles around your eyes," I told her as I watched the tired expression on her face morph into a look of horror as she brought out a small mirror to check out her face.

"Hey there's nothing on my face," She exclaimed glaring at me as if I had just touched upon her Achilles heel or something. Her expression reminded me of whenever Zeus would get mad at me for teasing him too much.

"Had you panicking though," I told her as I flicked her nose causing her expression to go to shock. The rate at which her expression continues to change was quite amusing and I could get used to it. However, all good things must come to an end as I spotted Liam and some of the girls who are her friends walking into the class.

"Morning Bro," Liam called out to me as he took a seat to my right settling down his things for homeroom. Not long after they arrived the teacher came to class to start the morning homeroom.

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"Welcome to another day soon to be Eagles, go ahead and warm up," Coach Baker called out to us at exactly six o'clock to start with the warm-up. Following his words, we all quickly commenced with the same warm-up from yesterday. Unlike yesterday none of the kids rushed through the warm-up and just kept a steady pace.

"Yo, you are Rakim right?" a blonde-haired boy spoke to me whilst we were going through the stretch routine. He was a few years older than me one of the middle school kids in grade six.

"Yeah, that's me what's up?" I asked since I didn't really know why he was starting off a conversation. Most of the kids here are already friends and are just focused on the training since all the coaches are quite strict.

"Oh, nothing just wanted to know what position you play?" he asked with a slight frown on his face probably wondering if we play the same position.

"I play on the wing what about you?" I responded curious if he and I are competing for the same position. However, after hearing my words a bright smile appeared on his face.

"By the way, my name is Max and I'm a striker so make sure to send some assist my way," he said as he held his fist out for a fist bump all the while almost falling over himself.

We continued to chat with each other as we went through the stretch routine talking about all sorts of things. Apparently, Max has been playing for a local team since the age of six. He's now eleven so he has a few years of experience and now that he is in middle school, he's trying to move up into the B team.

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"Let's start with possession drills today, for every ten passes your team scores a point," Coach Baker announced as we were split into boxes for four versus four matches.

Looking at my teammates who were wearing white bibs I was quite excited about getting started. After all, I haven't been able to touch a ball all day and I miss the sensation of the ball moving in sync with me. This must be how addicts feel whenever they start needing their next hit. Well, at least that's what the guy on CSI said.

[FWEEET]

With the sound of the whistle, I quickly dashed towards the ball nimbly dodging two of the non-bib players. creating a little separation from my opponent I sent a crisp pass to one of my teammates.

The boy struggled to take control of the ball with his second touch but managed to do it before he could lose it to one of our opponents. Quickly moving into a free space, I call out for a pass only to be ignored as my teammate chooses to pass to someone else. The pass was too rushed and ended up ricocheting off a couple of legs before leaving the square.