

## Football 73

### Chapter 73 Try-Out

The exercise quickly restarted with the non-bib group in possession of the ball. A dark-skinned boy with a sturdy build used his body to protect the ball as he sent it to one of his free teammates. Already bored from watching the other team play with the ball I quickly closed down the boy who had received the pass.

Maybe through luck or entirely by accident the boy's failure to gain control of the ball resulted in him knocking it past me to one of his teammates. Not being flustered by missing an opportunity to steal the ball I made a U-turn closing down the next guy. Before I could even get close to the boy one of my teammates managed to sweep the ball away from him.

Reacting quickly, I moved to a free position and asked for the ball. Listening to my shout this time I received a slightly slow pass from him. Taking a step towards it I deftly took control of the ball as I manoeuvred past one of the non-bib players. Getting past him was the easy part but as soon as I did another non-bib player came lunging into the path of the ball.

Seeing his actions, I stopped the ball with my left foot as his foot slid past me before I slid the ball through his now-open legs. Doing a quick three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turn I took control of the ball again before passing it to one of my teammates.

The drill continued for another ten minutes as both our teams continued to battle for possession. It felt great training with a team again especially since training with Liam isn't that much help. Although he is quite athletic, however, football just wasn't god's gift to him. It's like he has two left as soon as he touches the ball heck, I once saw him fly-kick a ball as if he was in of his taekwondo meets.

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[Gen Pov]

On one of the green pitches behind the school, a group of kids could be seen taking part in a crossing drill. At this moment, a lanky kid was speeding down the right flank past a gate of cones Before sending a cross into the box.

In the box, a group of six boys could be seen battling for possession with three of them wearing yellow bibs signifying their role as defenders. As the ball soared towards them at a high speed one of the boys separated from the pack dashing towards the near post at the five-yard line.

Seeing that the ball's flight path was a round chest height he jumped to the sky and watched the ball sail past him just at waist height. Before the ball could get away from him, he twisted his body slightly using the momentum to swing his left foot hooking the ball and changing its flight path towards the top right corner. The poor goalkeeper could barely react fast enough to watch the ball price into the net.

"That's how you do it, send another one just like that," The boy who is a head smaller than most of the other kids exclaimed with happiness particularly emanating off his body. He could be seen walking back to the line of players with a pep in his step.

"Yo Rakim that's the fifth ball in a row let some of us score," One of the boy's teammates exclaimed seemingly annoyed at his younger teammate. Rakim upon hearing the boy's exclamation stopped his celebration as he looked the boy up and down in silence seemingly pondering over something.

"What's the fun in that? if your good enough just win the ball out of the air like the rest of us," After an awkward moment in silence Rakim said to the boy in a flat tone sounding as if he was disappointed in the boy. Upon hearing the younger boys scolding he could only glare at him as he balled his fists.

"Ryan calm down coach is watching," his friend whispered from his side just as he was about to take a step closer to Rakim. Seeing that his friend was speaking the truth he unclenched his fist and settled for glaring at Rakim.

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[Rakim Pov]

'That was weird right?' I asked Eva opting to ignore the angry glare I was getting from the guy whose ego couldn't keep up with his skill level.

I mean it's common sense to win the ball from a cross right? I mean what kind of attacker would let the ball pass him just so his teammate could have a go at trying to score? I don't know about other players but the only person I trust to score the ball is me. I could be forty yards away from the goal and would still choose to go for the shot rather than set up someone I hardly know for a five-yard tap-in.

[It's more common than you think especially in the sports world where everyone wants a chance to shine,] Eva commented sounding happy about being able to witness such a dramatic cut scene. Ignoring her slightly weird tendency to see me end up in a confrontational situation I started considering her words.

'You know what maybe your right, I'll let him take the next one,' I told her as we reached the front of the line ready for our turn to fight for another cross. Getting ready at the top edge of the box I watched Ryan signal the players at the crossing station with a raise of his hand not forgetting to send me one last glare.

[Wait what why would you do such a stupid thing, if he has any pride as a player, he wouldn't even ask you to give him a free shot,] She complained as she shifted her anger towards Rayn calling him some choice words. I felt like she has just entered her mother duck mode when she thinks I'm doing the wrong thing.

'I know, I know but I just want to see what he can do, maybe he's got some amazing talent that I've been holding back,' I told her as I focused all my attention on what was going to happen next.

Watching a short boy dribble past the obstacle and dash down then the flank with an impressive display of speed and control. We slowly angled our run as we entered the box as the defenders tried to obstruct us. Just before the boy on the wing reached the touchline, he sent a teasing cross into the box.

Seeing this I performed a quick feint creating separation from my marker before dashing towards the near post. Although I escaped, I could sense that someone was just a step behind me by the sound of footsteps following me. Not bothering with whoever it was I jumped up in the air towards the ball.

Before I could make contact with the ball, I ducked my head letting it sail past me. The Plan was to fake out the defender behind me so that my teammates could have a chance. However, the very next second I was left confused by the fact I felt the ball hit my back. Turning around in an attempt to clear up my confusion I was met with the sight of Ryan who was clutching his face that had the faint imprint of a ball on it.

Looking at his pained expression as what seemed like blood and snot trickled out of his nose, I was left with only one thought; 'maybe he's just ordinary after all.' Not wanting to bother with him any longer I just jogged away from him towards my bag to get a drink of my Gatorade. After all, who knows if whatever he has is contagious, they do say you are who you hang around.

"Why didn't you header the ball at that last cross?" I heard someone from my right ask me as I was taking a swig of my drink. Taking a second to think about my answer as I enjoyed the refreshing taste of the riptide rush flavour, I finally turned to face whoever was talking to me. To my surprise, I saw the inquisitive look of Coach Baker who was currently eagerly awaiting my answer.

"Oh, that Ryan complained about how he wasn't getting a chance at scoring so I decided to leave the next one to him, who knew he would turn out to be such a dud in the end..." I started ranting about all the ways wasting that opportunity was a crime to any footballer and how he shouldn't have asked for a chance if he couldn't even handle such a sweat cross. Oh, the look on his face, as I started questioning why the dude was so close to me in the first place, was priceless. By the time I finished ranting, he looked glad but more confused than anything else.

"I see," were the only words he said to me before he walked away rubbing his goatee seemingly contemplating something. Leaving whatever that weird conversation was I rejoined the training just in time as the team's medic walked Ryan off the field.

'Remind me to never let someone else try and score when I'm in a better position because that wasn't fun whatsoever and frankly neither I nor the ball deserved whatever that was," I inwardly grumbled to Eva still not satisfied by my rant to Coach Baker. However, for some reason, I was only met with awkward silence from her as if I had said something wrong.

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"How was training today?" Dad asked me as Mum, and I walked into the house. Looking in his direction I spotted him on the sofa watching an NBA game with Zeus chilling by his side.

"It was okay I guess but there was this one guy who overestimated himself and got smacked right in the face with the ball," I told him with a slight frown on my face as this was now the third time, I was telling this story. First to coach then mum and now it's Dad, this must be what they mean by word of mouth. Noticing his confused look I began telling him the full story.

"So that is what happened, Mum says it's my fault, but I think it's his for overestimating himself after all I wasted such a great opportunity because of him." I finally told Dad with an expectant look in my eyes waiting for him to agree and take my side. However, he had been silent for a good minute not saying anything as his eyes darted between me and mum as if he was contemplating a million-dollar question.

"Your mum is right what you did was wrong, Next time don't show any pity and just score if the other kid was any good, he'd do the same." Dad finally said with a little scolding in his tone but the more I thought about his words they didn't seem to match his tone. It seems Mum also agreed with this as she started giving him a disappointed glare.

"Your right from now on no matter how much anyone begs I'll still choose to shoot instead of letting them waste the opportunity," I answered him with a smile on my face as I made my way up the stairs ready to go for a shower. Looking at the exasperated look on Mum's face as I walked past her, I knew that she had lost all hope in making me feel remorse for my actions.

"What will I do with you? And you why are you encouraging him?" she commented with a huff as I made my way up the stairs with Zeus closely behind me. Not bothering with her words, I made my way to my room heading straight for my drawers to get a clean change of clothes.

Not long after I was in the shower, I felt the refreshing sensation of the chilly water hit my body as it trickled down from the ceiling. What left me surprised was the fact that Zeus jumped into the shower jumping up and down in an attempt to drink the water.

"Hey, stop that you are going to make a mess," I reprimanded him with a slight frown on my face but was simply ignored by him as he seemed more interested in the water.

"Woof, woof, woof," Looking at his excited expression I could only sigh as I started shampooing his fur which he seemed to enjoy.