

Football 89

Chapter 89 Just Getting Started

Monday Morning came in no time. I spent Saturday afternoon helping Dad at the store, which was fun since I got to have a first peak at all new goods. We did not spend the whole afternoon there, as Mum had us meet them for an early dinner with the girls. We went to an Italian restaurant where they made these huge stone-baked pizzas which attested heavenly.

Sunday was uneventful as well, all we did was wake up early and head to church. My family is a Christian so we go to church every Sunday. If it was me in my past life I wouldn't see the point in this but I'm basically living proof that there is a higher being looking over me. We spent the day as a family going on a stroll around the lake and barbecuing for dinner. Dad used that as a chance to show off his ability to cook, and surprisingly everything was tasty. Then again Mom was the one who prepped the food all Dad did was not to burn it.

Anyways I had quite a calm weekend if you ask me the only thing I would change about it is playing more football. However, that will have to wait for later as I'm currently trying my best not to laugh out loud. I had just reached class for morning homeroom and I was receiving more attention than I normally do. However, that is most likely due to the game being a big matter to the school.

The reason I was trying my best not to laugh out loud was because my best friend Liam was sitting in front of me with a black eye. That seemed to be the only thing that was wrong with him physically. Despite how worrying the bump on his face is the fact that he was proudly showing off his gold medal is what caused the current predicament.

"Don't give me that look I won," He indignantly said as he shoved the medal in front of me just to make sure I could see it. His actions made my lips twitch slightly almost bursting out in laughter.

"I can see that, What happened to your eye though?" I asked him as I brushed off the medal wanting to focus on the problem at hand.

"Don't worry about its nothing serious, I accidentally walked into a high kick," he answered me with a straight face as he scratched the back of his head as if it really was just a moment of clumsiness. I almost would've believed him too if it wasn't for the fact that his bruise was staring right at me.

"(sigh) So you got kicked in the face," I asked him with a deadpan look trying to cover the fact that I almost fell for his bad acting skills.

"pretty much but I got my revenge by sending him flying," he answered me with a proud smile as he started demonstrating a roundhouse kick. I could only watch him with slight amazement as he performed kick after kick without losing balance. This just goes to show you how much effort he put into his training.

"Yo Liam, who messed you up?" We heard a smug voice from the front of the classroom grabbing our attention. Looking at who it was we were met with the smug looks of Reece and Bennett as they walked towards us. However much to their dismay, Liam had no intention of stopping his kicks causing them to jump narrowly dodging his foot.

"Are you crazy, or are you just itching for another blackey," Reece angrily exclaimed as he took up an improvised fighting stance that even made me question just how many brain cells he has. He clearly didn't know how to fight properly yet he was trying to pick a fight with someone who just won a gold medal in a taekwondo tournament.

"What's the deal do you want us to mess you up even more?" Bennett exclaimed with indignation as he quickly backed up his friend. At this point, I don't think I've ever seen him disagree with Reece. He's a certified yes-man at this point.

"It's not my fault if you happened to walk into my foot, see I told you it's normal to walk into a kick," Liam calmly said as he brought his foot down, with the last portion of the sentence being for me. That made me chuckle lightly as my friend just had one of those attitudes that only thought of the consequences once they needed to.

"I see what you mean guess it really wasn't your fault," I answered him with an understanding nod as I looked back and forth between him and Reece. My actions only served to enrage them more but they didn't dare to take a step closer.

"Just wait I will deal with the two of you sooner or later," Reece said anger virtually written all over his face. However, no matter how threatening his words were he still ended up walking away to his seat obediently.

"(sigh) What is it with the two of you?" I asked him as they seem to clash with each other quite a lot. I've asked the girls about it but even they have no idea what happened between the boys to start the beef. According to Jenna, they didn't like each other from the day they met but because their families are close they were forced to see each other.

"Honestly I don't even remember anymore but a man doesn't need a reason to stand back for his dignity," Is all he said as he sat down on his seat in front of me making sure to sound like a knowledgeable sage. Sighing for what feels like the hundredth time this morning I chose to lay my head on the table to catch up on sleep before class.

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Coach Garret gathered us as soon as we finished our warmup. Taking a knee in front of him I was quite eager to see what he had to tell us. He seems like the type of person to be hands off and just wait to reap the rewards but I've personally seen how much effort he puts in our training. He's quite meticulous in his training plans of us making sure to give us an all-round session when it comes to developing our skills.

When I first meet him I wasn't sure if I would like him since he seemed like he would rather be anywhere else than be stuck with a bunch of kids. However, after seeing how much time and effort he puts into the team I had to reevaluate him. Plus according to Eva, he's the type of Coach to put more effort into numbers and statistics rather than blindly hoping his players will suddenly channel Messi and win him the match.

Looking around at the players present I could tell that most of them were still riding the high of Friday's win. Even though Coach had gathered us some of the boys were still whispering among themselves. I can understand their feeling though as literally what feels like everyone congratulated me on the win during the day.

"(Ahem) First of all I would like to applaud you all on a fantastic job on Friday," Coach Garret exclaimed instantly capturing our attention, his voice filled with excitement as he scanned the crowd. A couple of the guys started getting rowdy after hearing his words brushing shoulders with each other.

"You showed true grit and determination out there and I'm proud of you for it," He continued his speech with unusual enthusiasm for him as he continued to raise our spirits. By the end of his speech, a small smile had spread on my face as I got caught up in the atmosphere.

"Let's not let this get to our head, we're just getting started let's continue to work hard and build up a winning streak." Coach Garret's words started picking up as he fully managed to grasp our emotions. Looking at him I could tell that he fully believed every word he said and was trying to convey that message to us.

"Eagles on there" He exclaimed as we all jumped up to huddle up holding up our fists in the middle of the circle. "EAGLES!" we all loudly exclaimed as we broke off the huddle heading to our assigned training station.

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I partnered up with Max for the first drill as we both have quite decent chemistry with each other. We shared a friendly rivalry since our play style carries some similarities and our desires to excel. We positioned ourselves a few yards apart, to where Coach Garret set up a series of cones, forming a passing grid. The objective was simple: maintain possession and complete accurate passes within the grid.

Max and I shared a quick nod as we focused on the maze that lay ahead of us trying our best to get into the zone. Max was the one to start the drill as he passed the ball a yard ahead of me. taking control of it I dribbled through the gate of conse before returning the ball to him.

he deftly received it with a gentle touch, seamlessly transitioning into his own dribble. The rhythm between us continued to increase in speed as we gave full way to our pace as we raced through the maze.

At some point, as we continued the drill, the intensity started to grow exponentially. We started to increase our speed in an attempt to make the other make a mistake to prove we were the better winger. The cones seemed to blur into a colourful blur as we navigated through them with precision and finesse. Each pass was crisp, each touch purposeful as we tried our best to make it through the maze. We pushed each other to the limits, challenging ourselves to maintain flawless accuracy.

I could vaguely hear the voice of one of the coaches shouting instructions but at this point, none of his words were retained. Our focus paid off as we managed to make it through the maze with no mistakes in record time. Max was loudly exclaiming in joy at our achievement but I had something else on my mind.

'Hey Eva am I dreaming?' I directly asked what has been going through my mind as soon as the whole passing drill started. Although I was confused at what was happening right now I couldn't help a bright grin from forming on my lips.