

Football God 49

Chapter 49: A father's support

In his room in the guest quarters provided by his club, laying down on his bed, Sam looked up at the ceiling, paying attention to the rotating ceiling fan.

He had a lot of things on his mind.

5 months ago, he played his first football as a professional football player. Compared to that time, Sam had experienced a lot of things, mostly highs since his footballing career had been smooth-sailing so far.

Despite all these though, he had a trauma that remained stuck at the back of his mind. Even in his dreams, Sam still had flashbacks to 12th May, 2018, the day he suffered the horror ankle injury that initially doomed his football career.

With the Ultimate Football System, Sam already learned to forget about a lot of his insecurities but still, he knew that this was real life.

And experience already taught him that in real life, there are always ups and downs. 'It's only been ups so far; I wonder when the low will eventually come'.

'And when it does come, will I be ready for it?' He thought.

Somehow, against all odds, his club, Enyimba FC made it all the way to the semi-finals of the CAF champions league already, no one saw it coming.

'Will Al Ahly be our roadblock?' He thought. 'Honestly, despite the high expectations that were set by the system with the season system goal, I never expected that we could make it this far'.

'Considering how Enyimba performed last season and with me being the only true significant business they did in the transfer market,' he grinned to himself. 'That means I'm really good, right?' He chuckled, feeling mischievous.

Despite his thoughts at this moment though, Sam could not stay optimistic. 'Can we keep it going?' He was lost in his thoughts.

'What if I get injured in the next game?'

'What if Austin gets injured?'

'Can we keep on going? Besides, the pressure of a major semi-final, will we be able to overcome it to perform at our best?'

All these thoughts and more went through Sam's mind, weighing him down till he was distracted by the sound of his android phone.

Ring! Ring!

Looking to the side of his bed where the drawer was, where he kept his phone, he looked at the screen to know the caller.

(Incoming call from My Superman...)

Sam did not hesitate as immediately rolling over, he picked the call. It was a call from his dad.

"Hey man," the voice from the other end echoed. "How are you?"

"Hey dad, I'm good".

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah".

"But the tone of your voice tells me a different story".

Sam stayed silent.

"I gave you a day to return from Egypt before making this call. I know that this is the only time you'll be free to receive my call. Don't worry, I have a lot of time in my hands, I'm not at home, I'm taking a stroll so you can talk to me".

Sam opened his mouth to speak but no words came out, he didn't know what to say so in the end, he stayed silent.

Mr. Moses was patient. "Don't worry, I understand. You know, your mom doesn't know but when I was your age, I also aspired to play professional football".

He chuckled. "I never got to your level of playing professionally but I did play a few grudge matches. I once played in a grudge match between Abraka and Orogun and boy, you had to see the tension in that game".

"Having beaten us the last time, we were determined to win by all means and son, I'll tell you this now, in those type of games, skill matters less than will". He laughed. "Damn, this takes me back to the days man".

"In that game, whenever the ball got to me, I felt like I suddenly lost all my footballing ability as the opponents come for you first before the ball".

"It's almost like a game of wrestling than it is a game of football".

"It's scary, but it also has this touch of excitement to it".

"Man, it's exhilarating!"

"But at the same time, the pressure gets to you. It's one reason why you can't perform at your best, all you have to do is try your best".

Mr. Moses stayed silent for a few seconds, letting those words sink into his son's head and then, in a softer tone, he continued. "Son, you just made it to the semi-finals of the CAF champions league".

"I always wanted my son to play football, achieve the dream I couldn't achieve but not even in my wildest dreams did I expect you to reach this level so fast, and in such a short time".

"The critics may not say it yet, they may not appreciate you and your teammates' efforts yet but to me, son, you already overachieved".

"Like, honestly, who expected any Nigerian team to perform this well in the CAF Champions league?"

"Not even Plateau United, the other Nigerian team who qualified was able to get near the quarter finals but here you are, in the semi-finals".

"Sam, your sister may not say it yet but she's your fan girl already".

"And do you know how many Nigerian girls like her already fell in love with you and your football?" Mr. Moses grinned cheekily. "You're a star already son, a star on its way to global stardom".

"I may not exactly know how you're feeling at this moment, but just know this". Mr. Moses took a deep breath. "In that game, I am 100% behind you no matter the result, including your mom and sister".

"Don't let the critics get to you, don't let anyone, only let our support get to you, let it be your strength".

"And no matter the result," Mr. Moses laughed again. "Keep your head high Sam, you played your best football, believe that".

"And lastly, I love you son".

Mr. Moses didn't cut the call, he stayed patient, waiting for Sam who never said a word since. And finally, Sam spoke.

"Thank you dad," he hesitated, then added. "This really means a lot".

"Anytime Sam, I'm your dad".

And with that, they ended the call.

That night, having forgotten about how he was feeling just a moment ago, Sam stood up from his bed and started working out.

Motivation came from nowhere.