

Inspiration

AJdPdP

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The locker room was fully abuzz. The full bearing weight of the Frog Dogs let the room begin to ruminate of thick sweat and the steam that came barrelling in from the showers didn't really help the fact too much.

The three week season was only a third of the way through, but the Frog Dogs had seen their placement slip. This was a room of people who didn't seem to care. Their rivals from across town, the Rotworms had taken a lead on the table and this didn't seem like a locker room with people who thought anything of it. That wouldn't do for bench boss, Alaris Jinn.

The twi'lek sat in his office with a sneer, glaring out at the boisterous players. They had squeaked by with a draw in the first half and the twi'lek was tired of it. He slammed his way through the door into the dressing room and waited for the crowd to notice him at the front. There was a slow simmer of voices and laughs, until eventually the entire room looked at anything but him.

"What." his voice started low in a near whisper, but the room was so silent he might as well have bellowed it.

"Was." The anticipatory crescendo made every muscle in the room tighten. They knew what was coming and it still didn't prepare them for-

"That?!"

If the room hadn't been full of people it would have echoed for several seconds. It didn't need to echo. The point had been made very clearly.

"This side doesn't look like a side that has any interest in a league championship!" His eyes darted around the room, waiting for a pair of eyes to meet him dead on, yet he knew he wouldn't find them. "Eyes on me." There was a slow smattering of heads that raised so he repeated, with vigor. "Eyes on me!"

He slowed paced back and forth. "I don't know what it was. Was it ownership selling Drac's contract to DC United? Because I look at the stats from last week and I can tell you straight up that we have power houses in this clubhouse."

He spun on his heel and faced the lads, lasses, and otherwise in the Frogdog kit. "You know what I saw in here when this began? Belief. This was a team that believed they could get the job done. That could come in here every week and dominate the pitch." Eye contact was more readily present now.

“TuQ’uan!”

“Yeah, boss.”

“You’re a brilliant striker, but I need you to make that extra pass.” He locked his eyes on TuQ’s and stared intently. “You don’t need to try to do everything yourself.”

He shifted his eyes to Ramar. “Teylas, you’re a storied vet. We need that leadership out on the pitch. I want you to be vocal and lead this team like the champion I know you can be.”

He looked back out over the room. “Who are you? Are you the sheepish little younglings Vader slaughtered in Order 66 or are you the Commando troopers who went toe-to-toe with the droids of the CIS and brought them to heel? Because this ain’t no junior league. This isn’t some relegated, hard-luck side. We’re Frogdogs! We don’t draw. We win. We have a long history of proving that true. Now let’s get the hell back out on that pitch and show these poodoo pedlars who the hell we are!”

Cheers erupted through the room. Hi-fives echoed the chorus. “Everyone get in!”

Several arms and tentacles covered each other in a circle. Alaris looked up at Sang and nodded his head. “Break us down, Captain.”

Sang exhaled audibly then took a deep breath. “Dominate on three! ONETWOTHREE!”

“DOMINATE!”

The whole team ran out of the locker room at fever pitch leaving the twi’lek mostly alone. He glanced over at Cletus, the janitor. Cletus gave him a knowing smile and nodded before going back to his sweeping. “Go get ‘em, boss,” he said in a near whisper.