

## Champions 181

### Chapter 181: The English Premier League's Footsteps Part 2

"Des." Walker waved at Walker, signalling for him to come forward. "Shall you say a few words?"

Walker did not decline, and walked forward. As the assistant manager, he was the main executor of Tang En's plans during the daily trainings. All the plans devised by the coaching staff were executed by him. The other coaches were in charge of their respective training plans, and Walker was the person in command of all these people. Most of the time, he was fully in charge of all matters related to the team's trainings. Most of the time, Tang En would take his hands off the training-related matters once he confirmed the training plans.

"I..." Walker cleared his throat and continued, "I am very happy that I am able to bid farewell to everyone under this kind of situation. Very happy that in our last match, we won our opponents. You all made me see that moment, which I very much wanted to see once again. What I want to say is... no matter where I am, what I'm doing, I will never forget the second half of the 03-04 season for the rest of my life. As the manager that was able to lead all of you, I... feel proud from the bottom of my heart! You guys are the best players I have met, and the same can be said for the staff from the coaching team. You guys are the best colleagues I've ever met, and I thank all of you for the help and support you have rendered me all these years! Thank you!"

Another wave of claps and whistling exploded on site.

"Additionally! I would like to add on that.... Tony, is the best manager amongst all those that I've ever worked with! I'm not lying!"

This kind of raw, genius praise was accepted by Tang En happily. The players also showed their agreement with Walker's comment by whistling excitedly.

"Of course we know that Des doesn't lie..." As he walked up, Tang En smiled and said, "Just like him, I would like to thank all of you, lads. To be honest, the manager is a role that just moves his mouth outside the field. If not for your spectacular performance, we would also not be able to get this kind of results. Frankly speaking, the difficulties of some trainings would have made me raise my hand and surrender a long time if I were in your shoes. But you guys persisted, and what was your reward?"

"Champions! Victory!" Everyone answered in unison. This had already become a kind of mentality Tang En had infused into the players: He, Tony Twain, existed for the sake of pursuing victory and championship titles, and his team would also work hard towards this goal.

"Looks like you guys haven't got carried away from the victory." Tang En clapped his hands and continued, "That's right. We attained the qualifications to be promoted directly to the Premier League, and you guys will have an additional two weeks of holidays. Look, what a beautiful thing. I'm very happy that you guys didn't give up at any point in time, and didn't give up on this idea. I also feel extremely proud for being able to coach all of you, for winning the EFL Cup championship title and for our promotion to the Premier League! You guys are not one of the best! You guys are the best! Of course, me too..."

“Hahahaha!” Everyone started laughing.

“That’s all the nonsense that I’m going to say. We’ve worked hard for one entire season, so just enjoy this holiday to the fullest. Wish all of you an enjoyable one! Dismissed!”

When Tang En passed down the order to dismiss, the players did not turn around and leave immediately. Instead, they lined up to hug Walker, who was about to leave the team.

At that moment, this assistant manager who was extremely strict during trainings fully experienced the players’ respect for him.

Tang En quietly stood at the side as he witnessed everything, unable to hide the smile on his face.

After waiting for everything to end, when everyone that should have left was gone, Walker looked at and said to Tang En, who was still standing beside him, “Tony, you said you wanted to give me the best farewell, and you did it. Thank you...”

Tang En shook his head and replied, “No, ‘we’ did it. You think I could have achieved this on my own?”

Walker smiled, but did not answer his question.

“Actually, I really want you to stay. You’ve help me with a lot, a lot of things....Still remember the first match I directed here?”

Walker nodded his head.

“I asked Fleming who you were, and I made you direct the match on behalf of me... Thinking back now, it is really hilarious.” Tang En started laughing and continued, “In the blink of an eye, one and a half years have passed since then. Time really flies. The only people left from those drinking sessions are Kenny and me.”

“Tony, the times I’ve spent with you were my best times at Nottingham Forest. I spent the last year of my professional career here, hoping that I could do something for the relegated Nottingham Forest. Now, I’m very happy, because I’ve finally accomplished it. I think...when I go over to Hereford and tell Ian about what happened in the second half of this season, he will definitely be extremely envious of me.”

Walker laughed, and Tang En laughed foolishly as well. He did not know what more he could say at this moment.

“Very sorry Tony, I can’t go with you to the Premier League. But I think you need an assistant better than me. After all, it’s a completely different world there compared to the League One. My abilities are still not up to par with requests on a higher level than this.

“No, Des, you are great! I mean it...”

“Goodbye, Tony. And I wish you good luck.” Walker waved his hand and interrupted Tang En’s sentence, before turning around and leaving the training field which was only left with the two of them.

“...I wish you good luck too, Des.” Tang En murmured as he watched Walker’s back.

The wind blowing from the northern Sherwood Forest stirred up the fragrance of the training field's green grass and the smell of the soil. That, was the smell of the start of summer. The forest in the distance made swishing noises, but it returned back to a state of quietness very soon. Tang En turned around to look at the empty training grounds. The silhouette of Walker shouting and scolding loudly on the training grounds in the past was fading away slowly. Wilford, which had been bustling for the past ten months, had finally quietened down. One month later, this place would once again become bustling once again. The days of sweating it out for the victory of every match on this training grounds repeated time and again, and it had gone on for many years. Each year, some people would leave while some new people would join. And Des Walker's figure would cease to appear here from this year's summer onwards.

One season had passed, and another season was slowly approaching.

When the sounds of the wind stopped, the branches stopped swaying. Tang En listened attentively, and he could even hear the footsteps of the new season. It sounded increasingly heavier, as it inched nearer towards them from afar.

One year later, he finally did not pass by and miss those footsteps narrowly again.

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Those who should have left had done so, and those going on a vacation... had already left after rallying their friends. Tang En walked home alone, and took the opportunity to seriously consider how he was going to spend this holiday.

During last year's holiday, because they lost their matches, Tang En had been uninterested in entertainment for a long period of time. It was not easy for his mood to finally improve slightly, before he ended up meeting a troublesome young girl during the last few days of his holiday. This caused his hard-to-come-by holiday to become very fragmented. Now that he had finally gotten a holiday that nobody would interrupt, what was he going to do?

Learn from Crouch and search for passionate Spanish girls on the Iberian Peninsula beaches, and experience a romantic one-night stand in a foreign land?

It seemed like a pretty good idea...but he definitely could not be seen by Crouch.

With his head lowered, Tang En walked and when he reached his house, he finally snapped out of his own fantasy world as he whipped out his keys and prepared to open the door. It was at this moment, that he suddenly heard a voice from behind that sounded familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time. "Uncle Tony."

This voice appeared to be from the distant Brazil, but it did not sound too distinct after travelling from a distant place.... It pierced through Tang En's body, causing his hand which was holding on to the keys to stop right in front of the keyhole. It was only after he was stunned for a while, before he suddenly turned around.

He looked at that girl with a ponytail standing under the bright sunlight, wearing a T-shirt and jeans while carrying a large sports bag and smiling at him very happily. It was Jude Shania Jordana.

**Chapter 182: The Free Babysitter Part 1**

Shania, whom he had once lived with for over ten days, who had ran over to Spain from England, whom he had secretly considered taking in, was currently standing in front of him and smiling with both hands behind her back. She was very happy that she had been able to shock Tang En.

It was as though all of his memories from last summer had been blown past his eyes; he almost did not dare to believe what he was seeing.

“What’s going on? Did we go back in time?” He furrowed his brows and muttered, before immediately nodding his head. “That’s right, I know... Of course I know how to get to Branford Garden Street 13. Are you looking for your aunt?”

Shania giggled and said, “No, I’m looking for Uncle Tony. Is he not in?”

Tang En rolled his eyes, before opening the door at a lightning fast speed, rushing into the house, and closing the door. Afterwards, he immediately opened the door again and snuck his head out to take a peak. That was when Tang En saw Shania and said to her, “I heard that a young girl was looking for me? Ah! Look who’s here!” He opened the door and walked out of the house with his arms spread wide. “Shania! Why did you come here?”

Tang En’s exaggerated body language and expressions made it seem as though he was acting in a play. The sight caused Shania to giggle uncontrollably.

“You didn’t run away from home again, did you? You’re a bad kid...”

Shania pouted. “I didn’t. They approved my visit to England this time. And I didn’t come here just for a vacation. I might be staying in England for a long time this time.

“Hm?” Tang En felt slight bewildered, and sought further clarification.

“Because they’re both very busy with their work, they feel that they don’t have the time and energy to take care of me. Hence, they decided to send me to my aunt’s house in England, and I’ll be attending school here...”

“You’re planning to quit modelling?”

“I’m still continuing. There are models in both England and Brazil... It’s the same everywhere.” Shania shrugged. The moment they talked about models, her excitement level dropped drastically. She quickly changed to another conversation topic. “I went to my aunt’s house at Newcastle first, before coming here. Because of my good performance, I have an entire summer to plan! This time, I want to stay at your place for free, and then we can go to Spain to play. But I don’t want to go to some football field this time...”

The moment she mentioned playing, Shania’s excitement level rose back up again.

However, Tang En became anxious instead after hearing about it. With Shania by his side, his plan to have a one-night stand at Spain’s nude beach would have to be called off. He couldn’t possibly flirt with a half-naked girl in front of a child, right? That was simply unimaginable.

“Um... Come on in first. Of course I won’t collect money from you. You can stay for as long as you want. After all, the house is pretty empty with me being the only person living here.” After welcoming Shania in, Tang En took the bag from her hand. The bag was not as heavy as he had thought it would be. It most likely had clothes and toys inside.

Upon entering the room, Shania abandoned Tang En and ran upstairs. The thumping of her footsteps resounded over Tang En’s head. Afterwards, he heard Shania shout loudly, “Totoro!”

Tang En, who was downstairs, started to smile. He had kept that toy all the while, leaving it in the room that Shania had once stayed in. The furniture and decoration of that room remained untouched. Aside from the weekly cleaning by the cleaners that he had hired, even Tang En himself rarely entered the room.

The thumping footsteps resounded again. This time, Shania came running down the stairs while hugging Totoro. She said happily to Tang En, “I thought you’d have thrown it away, Uncle Tony!”

Tang En scratched his head and replied, “Why would I do that... It doesn’t even take up much space. Plus, I personally don’t have a habit of throwing things away. But I do have a bad habit of picking up things that I see on the street, such as you...” Tang En said with a frown on his face, as he pointed at Shania.

Shania hid behind Totoro, leaving only her eyes exposed as she looked at Tang En timidly.

He did not know why, but whenever Shania looked at him like that, Tang En’s heart would suddenly tighten its grip, and an inexplicable feeling would come over him.

Seeing Tang En suddenly staring at her dazedly, Shania slowly shifted Totoro upwards until it completely covered her face. Afterwards, she started to imitate the sound which Totoro made in the cartoon. “Uwaaa Uwaaa...”

After he had snapped out of it, Tang En saw Shania and laughed embarrassedly. “How long will you be staying in England for?”

“I don’t know, maybe two years, or maybe I’ll just stay here forever!” Shania said as she hid behind Totoro.

After hearing her reply, Tang En muttered, “That would be really good...” What was so good about it? He could not put it into words.

A short moment of silence suddenly enveloped the room; neither of them uttered a word.

“Um, are you tired?” Tang En was slightly at a loss for what to say. Shania’s arrival had surprised him. After his initial excitement, it was apparent that he was somewhat unprepared for it.

“I’m not tired.” Shania turned around and ran up the stairs again. It was highly likely that she had returned to her room to unpack her bag. Tang En seized that opportunity to sit in the living room as he wondered about how he was going to spend the holiday. It was apparent that Shania would definitely be with him during the holiday, so Spain was out of the question. The plan of going to Italy or other countries to visit their football fields was impossible too. Last summer, upon returning from Spain, Tang En had only had the chance to reflect on his actions after Shania left. He realized that he only cared

about himself at that moment, and had completely overlooked Shania's feelings. She had originally wanted to play with Tang En, and it was not her intentions to become someone to be compared against.

But he really did not have any experience dealing with kids... What was he supposed to do with a young teenage girl beside him?

While Tang En was still deep in thought and had not had any ideas at all, Shania walked down the stairs with a phone in her hand.

"My dad wants to speak with you."

Tang En received the phone, and the sound of a man's polite voice came from the other end. "Hello, Mr Twain? This is Shania's father. I'm so sorry that she's troubling you again."

What ensued was just some idle chatter. In short, her father was saying that his daughter was rather mischievous, and that he hoped she wouldn't cause Tang En too much trouble.

After hanging up, Tang En looked at Shania and said, "I feel like I've become your free babysitter."

Shania smiled. "You mean sugar daddy!"

Tang En raised his hands and made a knocking gesture towards her head. "I'm not one of those old men who curry favor with girls by buying expensive gifts."

Shania raised the Totoro soft toy high in the air, until it completely blocked her face. Afterwards, she shouted excitedly, "This is the proof!"

Tang En shrugged his shoulders. "But it is not valuable."

"No!" Shania shouted. "This is very valuable to me!"

This girl... Tang En did not continue to debate with her on the matter. "Hmm, Shania... I don't think we can go to Spain anymore."

"Why?" She replied dejectedly.

Even Tang En could not quite explain the specific reason for it. Perhaps it was because going to the same place for two consecutive trips would bore him. However, he could not say that to Shania. His eyes suddenly lit up, and he thought of a rather ingenious idea. "Because I thought of an even better place than Spain."

"And where is that?"

"China!" Tang En had decided to secretly pay a visit to his parents from his past life, and at the same time show Shania around to appreciate China's scenery. Sichuan Province had beautiful scenery, and was definitely a good place for them to spend their holidays touring.

Shania's reaction was beyond Tang En's expectations; she was very happy, and she exclaimed excitedly, "Awesome! I've been wanting to go since forever!"

"Ah?"

"Because I'm of a Chinese descent! People say that I look like an Easterner all the time!"

“Resembling one doesn’t necessarily mean that you’re of Chinese descent...”

It would have to be such a distant Chinese descent that by the time it reached Shania’s generation, there would be nothing much left to speak of. Aside from her facial features and her eyes still retaining some semblance of it, no matter which direction one looked from, they would not be able relate her to China.

However, this additional connection instantly made Tang En feel much closer to Shania. Even though he was currently British, that did not prevent him from taking a liking to everything related to China. After all, he was still Chinese through and through.

“That’s right. I was worried that you wouldn’t be willing to travel to somewhere that far.” Tang En started to call the airline company, making reservations for flights flying from London to Hong Kong in two days.

Shania laughed from the side as she watched Tang En make the call. It seemed like she was looking forward to the trip. Tang En stole a glance at her and thought, “What a small kid...” She was just like Tang En when he was young. Whenever he heard that they were going to the city market, Tang En would become elated. As long as he could leave his house and go to an unfamiliar environment, he would be thrilled.

Although Shania had the height of an adult female, she was still a fourteen year-old girl. She still liked things that girls her age liked, and hated things that they hated.

Tang En had not expected that his soft-heartedness in the heat of the moment would have caused him to become a free baby sitter. But Tang En liked taking care of kids like her. That’s right, he liked it a lot!

That night, the two of them went to the Chinese restaurant where the team had gone the other day to celebrate their promotion to the Premier League. Tang En told Shania that it was called a “welcoming dinner” in China, a formal dinner hosted to welcome guests that had come from afar. At the dining table, Tang En took the opportunity to explain some China-related things to Shania: China’s food and drink, China’s local customs, the etiquette and taboos in China...Tang En regarded this as a cultural lesson that would be her tuition before they went China.

It was evident that Tang En, who had drunk some red wine, had gotten a little too excited; he spoke much more than he usually did. He even started talking about the gimmicks he employed in the Cardiff Millennium stadium, causing Shania to laugh uncontrollably.

Tang En was surprised to find that the sight of Shania chuckling at the table had caused him to be a great sense of accomplishment. The feeling was actually comparable to the feeling of leading the team and winning a match!

Tang En scratched his head, thinking that he perhaps had had a drink too many.

## **Chapter 183: The Free Babysitter Part 2**

The two of them returned home excitedly, and Shania insisted on watching television right after she got there. Now that Tang En was her babysitter, Shania’s demands had to be met as soon as possible. Tang En obediently switched on the television, but before anything showed up on the screen, he could hear

Lineker's familiar voice coming from it. "I think that the viewers seated in front of the television today must have waited a very long time for this week's episode!"

The famous gentleman from the English football circle raised his voice as though he was not hosting a football program, but instead commentating live at a match.

After that, Tang En heard whistling sounds, which were soon followed by Alan Hansen's excited reply. "That's right! We've waited for far too long!"

The television finally displayed something. Lineker looked the same as he always did, but Alan Hansen, who was beside him, looked much more dramatic. He held a small red flag in his hands, which he waved around excitedly. Meanwhile, Mark Lawrenson sat in between the two of them with his head lowered. In front of him was a brand new electric shaver, with its packaging still intact.

Seeing this, Tang En completely forgot about Shania's request to watch cartoons. Instead, his eyes fixated onto the screen and he started giggling. Alan Hansen is right, I've also waited a long time for this!

Seeing Tang En smiling in such a sinister way, Shania's curiosity was piqued. She squeezed forward, intending to see exactly what had made Uncle Tony so happy.

Lineker pointed towards the shaver on the table, and said with a sinister smile, "When trying to decide whether an electric or manual shaver should be used, we did a ballot; Mark luckily got the faster and more convenient option, the electric shaver. Although we express our deepest regrets towards this, we cannot do anything but accept it. It's just like a match. Once it ends, even if people have doubts, the score doesn't change. Therefore, Mark, what I want to say is... After the program today, please remember to buy a lottery ticket. Your luck is simply too good! Come, let's first give the shaver a close-up. It is, after all, the star of today's program."

The cameraman obediently closed in, and gave a close-up shot of the electric shaver that lasted for a full thirty seconds. The shaver's exterior design had been displayed from all angles, just like a product that was on sale. It was so clear that even the brand could be seen distinctly. At the same time, a banner ad appeared at the bottom of the screen: Gillette—men's choice!

After seeing this, Tang En, who was seated in front of the television, finally could not hold it in any longer, and burst out laughing.

There were also others laughing together with Tang En: Lineker, Alan Hansen, as well as the Nottingham Forest fans and countless other viewers who were seated in front of the television at that very moment.

"Thank you, Gillette, for your special sponsorship of this event. After the program, the electric shaver that they specifically provided will be put up for auction. Viewers can start calling the number 091114400 or send an SMS to bid for the shaver. All these years, after retiring from his professional football career, Mark Lawrenson has always appeared in front of us with that huge moustache of his..." The television screen displayed an image of what Lawrenson had looked like when he was still playing for Liverpool. The big moustache above his lips was extremely eye-catching. "I believe that everyone must be tired of seeing him that way, right? Let's interview Lawrenson's teammate in Liverpool, Alan Hansen, and see what his view on it is."



The camera turned towards Hansen, and he answered the question with a mock-serious expression on his face. “Hmm, that’s right... because the team had too many big moustaches, like Souness... we often got them mixed up. When you see a big moustache walking towards you from afar, and you wave to him and greet him saying, ‘Hey, Mark! How was your night?,’ and you discover that that person was actually Graeme Souness... do you know how awkward that is?”

Lineker was already laughing at the table, with Mark Lawrenson, one of the main characters, seated between them. Tang En felt sure that he was extremely nervous right now, but as the victor of the bet, Tang En was thrilled to see what was happening.

Shania did not understand why Tang En was so interested in a man’s moustache, so Tang En explained the bet between Lawrenson and him. After finishing the story, Shania was very excited. Shouting, “Uncle Tony, you really are evil,” Shania watched the television attentively, looking forward to seeing Lawrenson shave off his own moustache.

After finishing their joke about Lawrenson, Lineker whipped out a glove from nowhere, as though he was performing magic, and put on the pair of white gloves. Afterwards, he solemnly tore open the shaver’s packaging. Meanwhile, Lawrenson, who was by his side, had steeled his resolve long ago, and was quietly awaiting his fate.

When the packaging for the shaver had been torn open, Lineker quickly installed the batteries. After switching it on, the camera did another close-up shot.

“Please pay close attention. This is a real Gillette electric shaver. The blades are smooth and sharp, and it is very safe. It has a comprehensive design that is compatible with human ergonomics... This is definitely not a movie prop, and you can buy it at any store. But the shaver that shaved off Mr. Mark Lawrenson’s moustache is one-of-a-kind, and is therefore very valuable as a collector’s item! What are you waiting for? Why are you hesitating? Call now to place your order through the phone... Let the auction begin!”

All of the viewers seated in front of the television fixed their eyes on the screen. They saw Lawrenson hesitate after receiving the shaver, before slowly extending it towards the area slightly above his lips. Lineker, who was by the side, thoughtfully raised the mirror in front of Lawrenson, while Alan Hansen cheered from the side.

This sight was extremely comical; Shania was rolling around on the on the sofa, laughing uncontrollably. Although Tang En also laughed very loudly, his eyes never left the television screen at any point.

When the shaver got in contact with Lawrenson’s moustache, the television started playing “Time to Say Goodbye,” the classic song sung by the blind Italian singer, Andrea Bocelli, and the famous high-pitched singer Sarah Brightman. This caused the atmosphere to reach its climax. This was a classic song, and amidst the two world class singers’ melodious voices, Mark Lawrenson’s stern and solemn expression actually created a strange feeling in the viewers’ hearts—it was a comical feeling born of the incompatibility between the solemn atmosphere and the theme of the program.

At that time, all the viewers seated in front of their television to watch this week’s episode of Match of the Day were laughing uncontrollably—of course, Tang En and Shania were no exception.

Tang En laughed so hard that there were tears in his eyes. As he wiped away the tears, Tang En said, "I will always love this song, from now on!"

At the same time, the bottom of the screen also displayed the auction figures bid by the viewers. From the original bid of five pounds, the highest bid had already risen to three figures — the newest bid was 141 pounds. For an electric shaver, this was already a ridiculous price, so the number did not change for a long time.

Shania realized that, and gave Tang En a playful suggestion. "Uncle Tony? Why not buy it as a memento?"

Tang En froze for a while, before smiling and saying, "That's a great idea!" He whipped out his phone and called the hotline. After doing as he was told, the system informed him to enter his bid amount.

Here, Tang En hesitated for a while, before decisively entering his bid: 3,000 pounds!

For an electric shaver, a bid of 3,000 pounds was almost inconceivable! But Tang En felt that it was worth it. This was like spoils of war that he had obtained by defeating his enemies. It was something that no amount of money could buy. What if he gave an amount that was too low, and got out-bid by someone else? He did not know whether he would be allowed to re-bid. What if it was an auction that only allowed each person to bid once, in order to prevent acts of mischief that would drive up the price?

After putting all of this into consideration, Tang En decided that he might as well offer a high price right from the start, to make others back off from the auction. Moreover, as long as it was something that he liked, he did not care how much money he spent on it. Even if Tang En had money, happiness was something that was difficult to buy.

The auction price would refresh and appear at the bottom of the screen once every ten minutes. Ever since the 3,000-pound bid came out, the price that flashed across each time remained the same. This persisted all the way until the program ended, and there were no further changes to the price.

After Lawrenson had kept his word and shaved off his moustache, Lineker and Alan Hansen praised his new look all the way until the program ended. Truth be told, Tang En also felt that Lawrenson looked much more spirited and stylish after shaving his moustache.

Match of the Day had been over for less than ten minutes before Tang En received a phone call from the program staff to confirm his bidding details, as well as to obtain his contact details and address. Once he had paid for the shaver, they would mail it out to him.

On the other end, the three people who had just finished the program sat in the studio, chatting as they packed up.

"Mark, I'm not joking, I'm saying this completely seriously: you look much more handsome with your moustache shaved!" Lineker said with a smile.

Lawrenson looked at his own reflection in the mirror, before picking his eyebrows and replying, "Perhaps."

Alan Hansen listened to his headphones carefully, before taking them off and saying to his two partners, "The news just came in that we have just broken the highest viewership record for this week, across the five stations' programs in the same time slot. Mark, beautifully done!

Everyone started laughing.

"And one more piece of news... Do you all know who the person who won the auction for the shaver was?"

Lineker shrugged his shoulders and said, "It couldn't be Tony Twain, could it?"

Alan Hansen nodded his head and said, "Gary, you are spot on. It was him! Our editor just contacted the winner of the auction for his contact details and name: Midlands County, Wilford district, Branford Gardens, Street thirteen, and his name is Tony Twain. Three thousand pounds, payment received."

Lineker and Lawrenson both looked at each other with immense shock written all over their faces.

Hansen was very satisfied with their display today, and he said with a laugh, "Seems like we really will have more interesting things happening in next season's Premier League."

#### **Chapter 184: The Flow of Time on the Other Side Part 1**

When Tang En stepped on the floor of the terminal building of Chengdu Shuangliu International Airport in Sichuan, he was somewhat moved. No matter what skin color he was on the outside now, he was still made in China on the inside. At this moment... could he also be considered as returning to his hometown?

This feeling was truly inexplicable. After the mysterious transmigration, he used a brand-new identity to return to Chengdu, Sichuan, China in 2004. When he was chatting with a pretty stewardess on the plane, with a proficient and completely unaccented Mandarin, it caught the attention of many passengers on the plane. Even Shania, who was sitting next to him, looked at Twain with an expression of astonishment and admiration. After all, she did not think that Twain could speak fluent Mandarin.

Tang En was secretly pleased. I haven't even started speaking in my fluent Sichuan dialect!

Coming out of the airport, Twain pulled along the similarly striking Shania to the cab stand, in order to wait in line for a cab. Next to them, an airport staff suggested to them, in stumbling English, to take the airport bus instead. Twain politely declined his kind suggestion in Mandarin, and headed straight to a cab.

Every time he had taken the airport bus, he did not know which places the bus would go. Hence, it was much more convenient to take a cab, state a destination, and go straight to it.

Seeing that they were not only foreigners, but were an older person and a younger person, a man and a woman, and even a beauty at that ... The cab driver was full of warmth towards them, and helped them put their luggage in the trunk. The airport staff member, who had advised them to take the airport bus, registered Twain's destination of their trip, and then waved them off.

“Shifu, Sichuan Hotel.” Twain spoke confidently, as if he was familiar with the area. But, in fact, he knew very little of the hotels in Chengdu. In the vicinity of Chunxi Road, where he shopped and watched pretty girls, he would always see the Sichuan Hotel, and would even flag down cabs there. It was one of the few hotels that he had any impression of.

When he heard Twain state the destination in Mandarin, the cab driver looked back at him in surprise. Twain smiled at him, then opened his mouth to say something that made the driver even more shocked, “I’m also from Sichuan. Drive, Shifu.” He now spoke with a Sichuanese accent.

The driver dumbly turned his head back, then dutifully started the car. Pleased with himself, Twain turned to Shania, and gave her a wink.

Although she did not understand what Twain had said just now, Shania could still comprehend a little from the driver’s face, and his subsequent reaction, to understand enough. She buried her face in her Totoro soft toy, which was always with her, and giggled.

It was a smooth ride along the way, perhaps because Twain had immediately shown his hand to curb the driver. There were no detours, and no taking of the long route. When they reached their destination, the price on the meter was reasonable. Twain paid the fare, and also gave a tip. Then Twain alighted the cab with Shania. Immediately, there was a bell boy there to help them with their luggage and lead the way.

To tell the truth ... If it weren’t for the bell boy’s cues, Tang En would not have known where to go. He had not been to the hotel before, and as such, would not know where to go to book rooms, or any other procedure.

The bell boy took them to the front desk, and Twain gave the customary, usual tip. He then looked at the front desk service staff, smiling warmly, and started to worry, wondering in his mind about how he should book the rooms.

He was a man, and Shania was a female. Males and females were quite different. They should book two rooms. But... why did he feel somewhat reluctant to go according to this plan? For two people to stay in two standard rooms, it feels empty and cheerless, plus, it’s extravagant and expensive ... and, if something happens, it’s inconvenient to have to go out and look for each other.

Seeing that Twain still had not spoken, the front desk service lady asked in English, “What can I do for you, sir?”

Twain frowned, “You can speak Mandarin, as I can understand it.”

Seeing the pretty lady’s expression, Shania buried her face in her Totoro soft toy, and laughed. Shania’s giggle reminded Twain that he was being a little impolite. So, he immediately smiled at the lady, and said, “Sorry. I can speak and understand Mandarin, so it’s not a problem at all. Well, I would like to book ...”

Perhaps she was charmed by the adorable Shania, or she wanted to please the foreign guests, but the young front desk lady looked at Shania, and smiled, saying, “It’s okay, sir. Is this your daughter? She’s really beautiful! Would you like to book a room for the both of you?”

This was a timely question, and Twain went along with it, agreeing readily, “Yes, one room ... We need a room.” He looked back at Shania. She had no interest in the conversation, especially since she did not understand Mandarin. She was just looking around curiously, watching people coming and going in the lobby. Most people were yellow-skinned and black-haired Chinese. Apart from the different skin tones, she felt that these people were similar to her.

Although she was part-Chinese, she did not understand their language at all, so it was like they were from two completely different worlds. When she saw how Twain was communicating fluently in Mandarin with the other people, Shania frowned. She also wanted to learn Mandarin, so at least she would not have a feeling of being excluded at this time.

After Twain finished paying at the front desk, the attendant took them to their room. Shania did not raise any objections to the arrangement of sharing a room. Twain was still a little nervous, however. He only gradually felt more at ease, when he saw that Shania did not have any reaction to it.

To tell the truth, although Shania was still a child, besides having a small chest, she looked no different from other twenty-something year old girls in other aspects. When Shania was staying at his place, they would not be sleeping in the same room... But now at the hotel ...

He gave the attendant a tip, and sent away the young lad, who had showed a keen interest in Shania. Twain pointed to the bathroom, “You can use the shower first, Shania.”

Shania went ahead. Later, Tang En listened to the sound of water coming from the bathroom, and his thoughts gradually drifted.

To be honest, he did not quite understand why Shania liked to hang out with him. She had just arrived in England, after briefly visited her auntie in Newcastle first, and had then come to Nottingham to look for him.

Tang En admitted that he was also delighted the moment he saw her. There was something likeable about this child, although he could not specifically explain why. Anyhow, when he was hanging out with Shania, he did not feel bothered. Instead, he was rather comfortable. If he was not in a good mood, he could not help but have a smile on his face, when he looked at the vivacious Shania. She had a joyful spirit, and maybe that was the reason.

“I’m done, Uncle Tony!” Shania walked out of the bathroom, as she dried her hair with a towel. Tang En glanced at her, and suddenly, everything swam before his eyes.

She was wearing a yellow strappy camisole top, which showed her collarbones and slender delicate neck ... and she paired it with a very short pair of jeans, which was an outfit that was a bit too revealing for the situation, Tang En felt, his heartbeat quickening as he thought of this.

## **Chapter 185: The Flow of Time on the Other Side Part 2**

He grabbed his change of clothes in a haste, and hurried into the bathroom, “I’ll also have a shower ...” Fortunately, Shania’s focus was on her hair, and she did not notice Twain’s gruff, hurried manner.

In the bathroom, Tang En turned on the cold water, and then stood under the shower nozzle and gave himself a slap in the face ... Damn it, she's just a 14-year-old kid, this may not be an appropriate situation!

To distract himself from this possible snafu on his part, Tang En began to recite the technical and tactical analysis handbook of the FIFA's 2002 World Cup. He then further diverted himself by thinking about who he should add to his transfer-in list for the new season, and who would be transferred out on the list ...

When the list became clearer in his mind, he had calmed, and decided all would be fine. Not knowing how long he had been in the shower, Tang En came out to find Shania all curled up and fast asleep. He stepped forward and covered her with a thin blanket. Then he went to the window. It was still currently in the afternoon.

The Chengdu skies were still grey, the same as they had been in 2007. Four seasons a year, with more rainy and cloudy days, it would almost rain every night in the summer, whether it be heavy or light. Tang En liked this kind of weather very much. Although the winter was cold and damp, the weather in Chengdu would turn lovely, when the sun did come out.

If there was such weather on the weekends in winter, he would sit in the warm sun, brew a pot of tea, and read a book. It was a leisurely and carefree way to spend a day.

Although Nottingham was nice, Sichuan was the place where he lived for more than twenty years. He stood in front of the window on the twenty-third floor, and looked at the endless flow of traffic and crowds on Shudu Avenue. Everything felt extremely familiar.

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Tang En's plan was first to bring Shania on a sightseeing tour within Chengdu and its surroundings for a few days, and then travel along the way to the south, to his hometown, and then, from his hometown to Kunming, to Dali, Yunnan, and then fly to Hong Kong en route to returning to England.

Shania was very interested in everything about China, which made Tang En very happy, because, originally, the suggestion to come to China was out of his own selfish interests. Thus, if Shania was unhappy, he would also feel guilty.

Tang En took her to Wenshufang to watch Li Boqing perform his Sanda Pingshu style of storytelling. Although Shania did not understand anything, she could appreciate that kind of traditional atmosphere. And she liked to touch the wood carving of the Maitreya Buddha at the entrance.

Also, since they were in Sichuan, then food was a must in the plan. There were more than enough snacks and street food to satisfy Shania. She told Twain, while training to be a model, that her dietary requirements were very strict, in order to maintain her physique. So, she always felt that she did not eat enough to feel full, but there was no other way.

When Tang En heard this, he finally understood why Shania liked to hang out with him. With him, she could be free to relax, and eat whatever she wanted to eat. Her modeling coach was not beside her with endless criticism. Occasionally, he just had to look stern, and she would immediately obey.

Perhaps she was stifled as a child in her own home. He thought of his childhood. In the countryside of South Sichuan, his parents were good-natured farmers. They would not plan their child's future and life before he was born. Therefore, his childhood was carefree, and without worries, and he was free to do as he pleased. Other than not being able to compare to Shania now, in terms of material wealth, Tang En felt that his spiritual wealth was much more abundant.

The two of them spent three days in Chengdu, and were almost done with their sightseeing in the city. They had even been to Dujiangyan. Tang En planned to go to Mount Emei and Qingcheng Mountain, and then go to his hometown to visit his "parents".

But his plan met with an unexpected event...

On Sunday, at Chunxi Road, outside the Southwest Book City, he encountered himself. This sounds somewhat paradoxical, so it could best be explained in this way:

Tony Twain encountered Tang En...

At that time, Twain was standing with Shania at the junction of Chunxi Road, waiting for the traffic signal to change. By the safety barrier opposite the road, a crowd was waiting. This was an intersection with a relatively concentrated flow of traffic and people, so the waiting time was longer.

Shania was still curiously observing the unfamiliar city, and the surrounding people with yellow skin and black hair. Twain was just glancing around without purpose or focus, as he usually did. But soon, he saw a once-familiar face in the opposite crowd!

It was a once very familiar face, although he had not seen it for one and a half years...

The man, who was standing across the street and holding a stack of books in the crowd, was Tony Twain's former body... the real Tang En! And evidently, because he was staring too intently, he also attracted attention to the opposite Tang En. The two of them looked at each other across the street. Even the cars passing by in the middle could not interrupt them.

Such an encounter was so inconceivable, that Tang En could not describe this moment. Even though he was Tony Twain in appearance, he was still Tang En on the inside. Therefore, since he was still Tang En of China, then, who was that Chinese Tang En standing across the street? A Tang En, who had the same thinking, same memory, and same character as himself?

How could there be two identical Tang Ens in the world?

Besides, I have traveled back to 2003 from 2007, which is three years later, so ... what happens to Tang En after 2007? Does he just disappear into thin air? Death? What happens to Tang En before 2007?

He had also lived through the period from 2003 to 2007. So, why did he not remember meeting a foreigner, who was staring so intently at him?

If he continued to delve deeper, if the time really progressed in a linear fashion, then it meant that, changing the past could affect the future. Could changing the future also affect the past?

Just like him, coming from the future, and then squeezing someone in the past out of his "place", and then replacing that person... How would this kind of thing impact the person who had been squeezed out? In other words, when Tang En suddenly came to Nottingham in 2003, from China's Sichuan

Province in 2007, and possessed someone else's body, what was the fate of the man whose body had been possessed by Tang En? The same one who had suddenly come to Nottingham, England, in the 2007, from Sichuan, China, in 2003, to the other person? Did he disappear into thin air? Could a person's consciousness really be discarded, just like that?

The thought of it made Tang En shiver a little. He seemed to feel that he was touching a door, which had been strictly forbidden, and that what was behind that door ... he did not know.

The middle-aged woman, who stood on the side of the road to maintain order, blew the whistle in her mouth, and then made way for the pedestrians. The crowd from both sides of the road merged together, and crossed the main road, which was not too wide.

Shania was going to walk over, but she found that Uncle Tony did not move beside her. He just stood there, and frowned, staring at a particular spot in front of him. She followed his gaze, and saw that there was a man on the other side of the street, who looked over at this side with the exact same expression.

Tang En realized that the other man had noticed him too. Suddenly, a seemingly preposterous, but entirely probable, idea jumped out in his mind: He had inexplicably transmigrated from 2007 to 2003, and possessed an Englishman Tony Twain's body. And, the soul of the Englishman Tony Twain, whose body was taken over, possessed the body of the Chinese Tang En in 2003!

As to where this 2003 Chinese Tang En had gone, perhaps he had transmigrated to Sichuan, China in 2007, in order to fill in the gap first left by Tang En. Once he had woken up, he would be stunned that he had traveled to the future. However, Tang En, who transmigrated from 2007, could not think about this matter now.

It sounded like a very complicated matter, but if one did not look at "time" as a single line, but rather as a net, then this problem would be better understood. In other words, Tang En in 2007 and Tang En in 2003 were not on the same timeline.

Even though they all looked the same, that was just looking at their appearances, as in actual fact, they were not exactly the same. Then, there was a division point in the timeline of Tang En in 2007. From this point, the original timeline splintered into several different directions, one of which was folded into the timeline of Tang En in 2003.

Meanwhile, in England in 2003, Tony Twain's timeline was splintered, when he first coached the Forest First Team, and one of which bent towards Tang En in 2007, and merged with Tang En's splintered timeline. This was why Tang En had transmigrated and possessed another stranger's body.

While this 2003 timeline was not done splitting yet, the other timeline flew towards the timeline of Tang En in Sichuan in 2003. At the same time, in Sichuan, China, that Tang En's timeline also similarly splintered, one of which turned towards Tang En's timeline in 2007.

After the divergence, it merged perfectly with his main timeline in 2007, and continued to progress in the original direction. Hence, he had replaced his future self!

Like the Chinese character "爪", it was split into several lines in the middle, and then countless characters of "爪" were lined up in an array. They were connected to, or parallel to, each other, forming an intricate relationship.



Tang En was not a scientist, nor did he have any theoretical knowledge. He simply imagined it, solely based on the novels, movies, and comics that he had read in the past.

When the cars moved again at the intersection, many pedestrians gathered on both sides of the road, waiting to cross the street. Tony Twain was still on this side, and Tang En was still over on that side. There was a road between them, but it looked like the flow of time in between.

### **Chapter 186: The Two Tang Ens Part 1**

When Tang En woke up, startled, on January 1, 2003, he sat on his university dorm bed, drenched in sweat. His head hurt a lot, and his entire body was drained of energy. He had forgotten what he had been dreaming about the instant he opened his eyes. Even Tang En himself found it strange that he had woken up with a start from his afternoon nap. When he had finally recovered from his initial daze, he sat up in bed and tried his best to recall, but to no avail.

Picking up his watch from beside the bed, Tang En discovered that it was already 3.30pm. The dorm was completely empty, and his roommates had all gone out. This was rather meaningless for someone like him, who had few friends and did not have a girlfriend. Aside from sleeping and reading, he could not do much of anything. So, after he had gently massaged his temples, which were still experiencing sharp pain, he fell back onto his pillow.

Afterwards, Tang En discovered that his body seemed to be undergoing some sort of unknown change. For instance, he, who had always had mediocre English scores, found himself able to completely understand an English movie. He also suddenly became more familiar with things related to England.

This persisted for around half a year.

Half a year later, when he had graduated from a university in Northern China and gone to Chengdu city to find a job, he once again woke up from a dream one night, startled. Amidst the pitch-darkness of the room, he finally recalled what had happened in the dream.

In the dream, there was a man and a woman. He did not know their names, but he knew that they were his parents. They quarrelled frequently; his mother looked down on his father for being unable to support the family despite being a man. His father, who had lost his job, carried a huge amount of pressure. Faced with countless setbacks, he could only drown his sorrows in alcohol. When he returned home in his drunken state, it was inevitable that he would be met with his wife's sarcasm. Unable to win against his wife in an argument, the man could only resort to his fists, which he had always been proud of.

It was a very common case of domestic violence. His dream was filled with the woman's screams, the man's angry shouts, and the sounds of things being smashed. Tang En felt very uneasy; faced with a family like that, he did not know what he should do, and nobody told him what to do. The two adults, who were fiercely battling it out, did not care about the feelings of their six year-old child.

Even if he had said something, what use would it have been?

"Mom, I'm hungry. What time are we eating?"

“Go and find food on your own, if our house still has that kind of thing.”

“Dad, I...”

“Scram! Don’t bother me!”

So he shut his mouth, and shut it tightly.

Everything that had happened in the dream was incredibly real, including the feeling of loneliness. He did not know where he was inside the dream, but he could assure that it was a completely different place from China. It was mostly unfamiliar, yet with a tinge of familiarity. And he had a name that did not conform to traditional Chinese names: Tony Twain.

He did not know how he suddenly became Chinese... Prior to this, he had known nothing about the country. After figuring out his situation, he lived his life in panic for a period of time; clearly, the actual Tony Twain was less capable of adaptation than the fake Tony Twain was.

It was not that Twain did not have any thoughts of starting anew back in England. But his job at that time was still very unstable. It could be said that he was penniless, and he still had to rely on his parents, who were staying in the village, to support him financially. How could he possibly buy plane tickets? What could he use to pay for his travelling expenses?

When Tang En had mysteriously transmigrated to England and had worried about his own survival, it was the same for Tony Twain, who had mysteriously transmigrated to China himself. He was quiet by nature, but he was not at all stupid. He could assess the situation calmly. As a result, the thought of returning to England had been suppressed by the urgent need to find a stable job with which to support himself. During Chinese New Year, he made a trip back to his house in China. He had been completely enveloped in the Chinese New Year atmosphere, with the entire family seated around as they celebrated the festival happily.

This was a completely different world from that of his past. For as long as he could remember, the only things that had filled his ears were the sounds of his parents quarrelling, as well as the sounds of objects being smashed. When he was ten years old, that fragmented family of his had finally become unsustainable. His mother, who was still quite pretty, ran off with some rich man, while his father, who was unable to find work, could only do some odd-jobs. His father continued to indulge in his drinking habits, and would take it out on Twain whenever he was drunk. After Twain had turned eighteen, he had moved out of that ice-cold house.

When Twain returned home for Chinese New Year and casually mentioned that the bed was slightly cold at night, he saw electric blanket on the bed the very next day. For someone like Twain, who had come from an unloving family background, there was no way to understand how he felt at that moment.

After that New Years, Tony Twain completely gave up on the idea of returning to England. After one year of learning, he was already becoming accustomed to China’s way of living. Even though he was still not quite used to it, it did not pose much of an issue to him anymore. He felt that everything that was happening must have been arranged by God. It was God who had given him a family that was not wealthy, but was extremely warm.

He was very content, and was fine with having exchanged his body to get what he had now. It did not matter to him that his soul currently possessed a stranger's body; he felt that it would be fine as long as he could adapt to it psychologically. Moreover, the process of adapting was actually very easy. But finding a place that could be called home...that was not so easy.

He had decided to work hard and earn lots of money; so much money that it could allow his parents, who were not his biological parents but who treated him far better than his biological ones ever had, to retire and stay at home without worrying about their expenses.

That was the current plan of the ex-Tony Twain.

In May of 2004, that plan was in the process of being put in place step by step, even before Twain met himself outside Southwest Book City at Chunxi Road.

That afternoon, Twain had just spent an entire day shopping at the bookstore, and was standing by the side of the road waiting to cross and take a bus. While waiting, Twain was hugging a few books related to Chinese history when he caught a glimpse of a foreigner on the opposite side of the road. At first, it did not bother Twain much; it was not uncommon to see foreigners on the streets of Chengdu City. However, he soon discovered that that foreigner was staring intently at him, so Twain decided to take a closer look at the person's face. Afterwards, he thought that he was not standing in front of a bustling street, but a mirror.

Inside the mirror, he saw himself from one-and-a-half years ago. That face, the face that he had seen in the mirror for thirty-four years, had appeared in the streets of Chengdu City and was staring intently back at him.

Seeing the other's expressions, Twain suddenly came to the conclusion that the soul that was currently in his original body was, in fact, the original owner of the body that he was currently in control of. There were no reasons, no scientific proofs, no rational analyses to support his conjecture. But he just felt a sense of familiarity that had come from the bottom of his heart; a type of resonance.

Just as he stood there lost in a daze, the Tony Twain on the opposite side of the street walked towards him. Beside him, there was also a woman... Well, judging from the youth and immaturity of her face, perhaps the word "girl" was more accurate.

The man walked and stopped in front of him, before asking with a slight Nottingham Village accent, "Mister, may I ask if you know the directions to Xinhua Gardens? We want to go there..."

Xinhua Gardens? Isn't that where I live? Why would he ask me that? Don't tell me he is hinting at something?

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Tang En felt that he should be slightly more proactive at the moment. If everybody froze there, then Shania would soon realize that something was amiss. A child's intuition was not to be belittled. His true identity and his background were absolute secrets that had to be kept. It was something that could not be mentioned even to the people closest to him, and Tang En had no intention of telling Shania.

So he crossed the road and walked directly to the person, before pretending to be someone asking him for directions as though he was lost. Tang En also conveniently mentioned a place that the other person

should be very familiar with. Upon asking his question, Tang En stared at the man, intending to use the changes in his facial expressions and body language to find out any useful traces of information that he could.

Shania felt that it was slightly strange, because there was no such place as “Xinhua Gardens” in the travel itinerary that they had prepared prior to the trip.

If this Tang En was still himself, then he should respond to the question as though it was any other passerby asking him for directions. He would tell Tang En how to walk there, before saying goodbye and turning around. He would not be so cold as to say that he didn’t know despite the fact that he knew, nor would he be so kind as to personally show them the way if they did not understand his directions.

However, it was very obvious that the Tang En before him had gone into a daze after hearing him. Would something as simple as being asked for directions make one become lost in a daze that way?

Tang En could therefore confirm his suspicions that the person in front of him was definitely not the past him. Instead, it was the unlucky Englishman, Tony Twain.

“Mister?” Tang En asked again, snapping Twain out of his daze.

“Umm, Uh... Xinhua Gardens is just, just right in the vicinity of where I live...” Tongue-tied, the real Tony Twain answered in English. It had been a while since he had tried conversing in the language.

Hearing him reply that way, Tang En smiled. “That’s great. Are you going back now? We can head there together.” Afterwards, Tang En did not wait for the other man’s reply. He simply extended his hand and flagged down a car.

Having completely understood Tang En’s intention, the other Twain knew what to do as well. He said in English, “You might not be able to get a car here even if you wait for half an hour.” Pointing to the front, he continued, “Walk a bit more in this direction.”

In the street slightly farther ahead, the three of them managed to flag down a car easily. Perhaps it was because the driver saw that there was a foreigner by the side of the road, and drivers generally thought that it was easier to earn a foreigner’s money.

Once in the car, Tang En intentionally asked for the other’s name. As expected, the reply he got was “Tang En.” This Tang En was a man of few words, which matched the personality of the original Tony Twain. By then, all of Tang En’s doubts had been resolved.

Looking at the version of himself who was seated quietly in the front seat, Tang En suddenly had a thought: Walker had already officially left the team, and he was lacking a capable assistant manager who had a sufficient understanding of Nottingham Forest, and could have good rapport with him. A capable assistant manager was much harder to find than a capable manager...

But wasn’t there a perfect candidate right in front of him right now?

## **Chapter 187: The Two Tang Ens Part 2**

When Tang En transmigrated and travelled back in time, he did not inherit much of the original Twain's football knowledge. Therefore, when the original Tony Twain possessed Tang En's old body, he must have brought all of his memories with him. The original Tony Twain was a manager that Paul Hart had held in high regard; that was why he was recommended to become the substitute manager for Nottingham Forest.

However, after Tang En learned about everything, he felt that the original Tony Twain's personality made him unsuitable to become the manager of the team. Paul Hart had valued Tony Twain's ability to train the team, but he had overlooked his personality. And that just happened to become the determining factor for Tang En's decision.

Tang En felt that the original Tony Twain was most suited for the position of an assistant manager. In terms of planning for the team's trainings, Tang En firmly believed that he would be just as good as Walker. After all, he was a professional manager—someone with an England Coaching Certificate—despite the fact that his certificate was now Tang En's.

If Shania had not been standing next to him, Tang En would have conversed with Twain in English to discuss the issue. However, now was not the right time.

The car reached Xinhua Gardens, and the three of them got out. Tang En wrote down the phone number of the hotel in Chengdu City where he was currently staying on a card, and told the other Tang En that he wanted to express his gratitude for leading the way. As a way of thanking him, Tang En wanted to treat him to a dinner.

Upon receiving the card with phone number written on it, the Chinese Tang En lowered his head and flipped it over. On the other side of the card, he saw the following words written on it: I want to talk to you.

He did not agree to it, nor did he disagree. He looked at it again, before putting the card in his pocket and saying goodbye to them. Afterwards, he turned around and left.

As Tang En watched him leave, it was as though he had seen a reflection of himself. However, it soon changed into a reflection of Tony Twain, who had only existed in his imagination prior to this meeting.

Will he come tomorrow?

Tang En, who had snapped out of his daze, discovered that Shania, who was standing beside him, was looking at him. He smiled and said, "Let's go, we'll walk around the garden. I'll bring you to see the one of the traditional pastimes of Sichuan people. It's the most popular and most influential game..."

"What might that be?" Upon hearing that it was related to playing, Shania's interest skyrocketed again.

Alongside swooshing sounds, what appeared before the two were hundreds of tables with four people seated around each table. People from all walks of life were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

"Mahjong," Tang En said, as he started laughing.

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The next day, because he wanted to treat the real Twain to a meal, Tang En did not plan any activities for the day, allowing Shania to sleep in instead.

In the afternoon, Tang En, who was watching television in the hotel, received a phone call from Twain.

“Sir, I would like to talk to you as well.”

At 7 in the evening, the three of them ate authentic Sichuan dishes in the private room of a small restaurant. Afterwards, they casually chatted in Chinese, as though they were old friends who had known each other for many years.

Shania was very interested in the delicious Sichuan cuisine, and instead paid no attention to the conversation between the two men. Even if she had tried to listen in on their conversation from time to time, she would have been unable to understand their Chinese. From the expressions on their faces, it seemed that they were discussing something important, almost as serious as a football match.

Tang En looked at the Tang En seated opposite himself (it is quite confusing to say it like this, despite the fact that that really is the situation) and both of them felt that they were looking into a mirror.

At that point, nothing more needed to be said about who the person seated opposite him was. Deep down, both of them knew the other's identity.

The only troublesome question that they had right now was, how should they address each other? The relationship was far too complicated; I know that the person seated opposite me isn't myself, but on the surface, it is me.... Do you understand? I'm not me and you're not you... It would probably sound something like that.

Although it was a thank-you dinner on the surface, the two Tang Ens were not in the mood to eat. They stared at each other, wanting to see for themselves the changes to their original body over the last year-and-a-half.

“This meeting is... something that I didn't expect.” The Twain seated opposite Tang En was an introvert, and did not say a single word for quite some time. The Manager Tang En was slightly more proactive, and he naturally chose to speak in Chinese. “Actually... when I first discovered the situation I was in and found out who this body belonged to, I wanted very badly to apologize to you. I just didn't know where you were at the time. But after seeing you yesterday, I suddenly felt like neither of us owes the other anything. Our debts cancelled each other's out!”

Tang En started laughing, and Twain raised his head and shot him a look, but did not say anything.

Seeing this, Tang En thought to himself that this person was indeed very gloomy. As such, he suddenly switched to another topic. “My parents... Are they doing fine?”

This question made Twain, who was seated opposite him, nod his head. “They are doing very well.”

Tang En revealed a bitter smile and asked, “Do you know why I came to China?”

The person opposite him nodded his head again and replied, “I know.”

“I'm preparing to leave tomorrow, after I sneak a look at them. Of course, if they suddenly saw a foreigner calling them mom and dad, they would get the shock of their lives... You see, although I don't know the reason why we swapped bodies, me going to England and you coming here, our futures have already changed completely, right? I don't think it's possible anymore for me to return to the South Sichuan countryside and call them mom and dad...”

Upon saying this, Tang En became silent for a brief moment.

“My life has already completely changed... But I feel like yours hasn’t.” They were finally getting to the point. “I know that you don’t have much experience in the past... but I also know that you are different from me, I’m just a fake. You are a real football manager... But I replaced you, and I personally think that I’m pretty well suited for the position. By the way, Nottingham Forest has been promoted to the Premier League by the end of this season.

After he finished speaking, the Twain seated opposite him, who had his head lowered and did not speak at all, raised his head instantly.

“You didn’t expect that, did you?” Manager Tang En smiled. “I’m doing pretty well in this position, right?”

Twain seemed to be trying his hardest to recall what the team had been like when he had first taken over Nottingham Forest. Afterwards, he compared it to the current situation of the team, which had already made it to the Premier League. Upon finishing the comparison, he nodded his head, admitting that the fake seated opposite him had indeed done a better job. Of course, this was only a possibility. After all, his career as the manager of the team had only just begun, before it was ended due to various absurd reasons. Nobody knew what would happen in the future.

Tang En continued, “Now, Des Walker, who had always been my partner, left the team after this season ended. What do you think of him?”

Twain tried to recall for a while, before replying, “I think that he’s better off being a player than a manager.”

Seeing the assistant manager whom he had worked so well with being commented on that way, Tang En could only give a bitter smile. That was because he knew that Walker was indeed lacking in some respects; Walker himself knew that. However, the requirements for League One were not as high as those of the Premier League.

Tang En had become even more interested in the person who had just made this comment.

“Before I met you, I was still wracking my brain over where I should go to find an assistant manager who could work well with me. Now, I think that my problem is resolved... Are you interested in quitting your current job and returning to Nottingham Forest?”

Hearing the fake Tony Twain ask that question, the real Englishman stared at him intently, as though trying to judge if he was serious.

### **Chapter 188: The Assistant Manager Candidate Part 1**

With regards to Tang En’s invitation, the real Tony Twain did not give an answer on the spot, because he did not know what to choose. He currently had a stable and well-paid job, and as long as he continued to work hard, it would not be a problem for him to become the regional manager, and even the general manager, in the future. Thus, he valued his second life. God gave him a perfect family, which was also his biggest concern.

He thought that his future would continue in this way, according to plan. But, when he met the other him, he listened to him talk about Nottingham Forest's recent developments. When he asked him, "Do you want to return to Nottingham Forest?", he admitted that he was indecisive, as to what to do.

Now, there was a chance for him to return to the old days. No, not return, exactly, because he knew very well that he could not be the manager, if he went back. He would be going there with a new identity, and not in the capacity of the authentic Tony Twain.

Did he not love football? Of course, he loved it, whether it was before, or now. The perfect combination of passion and work, this was the former life of Tony Twain. Now that he could return, he had to admit that he was somewhat tempted.

Tang En did not ask the other man to give an answer immediately. When they were bidding farewell to each other, after their meal together, he said to his imitation, "Give it some consideration. Anyway, I will still be staying in China for a few days. This is my phone number in China, and as for the the number in UK... you already know it. When you have an idea about what you want to do, please call me immediately."

Tang En was trying to frame his words well, when he said those things. He did not know if the other man would follow him to England. He always felt that he had robbed another person's body, status, glory and money. Now, it was very thick-skinned of him to ask the man for help.

The next day, Tang En took Shania on a sightseeing tour, all the way to the south. They toured Qingcheng Mountain, Mount Emei, and Leshan. And, when they passed through his hometown, he made an excuse to bring Shania to go eat the most traditional bean curd, so that he could sneak a glimpse of his biological parents. Looking at their busy figures on the embankment, he was assured and relieved that both his parents were healthy and in good spirits.

As for calling on them to pay a visit, he'd better forget about it. With Shania always at his side, Tang En did not want her to feel confused.

Furthermore, he would only bring about complications, if he called on them. Besides, that imitated Tang En must be doing better than him, as they did not think their son had any problems. After all, who would have thought that the soul of one's son would transmigrate, possess another body, and then swap with the other person? As long as his parents felt that their "son" treated them well, then Tang En would not have any objections.

From his hometown, Tang En and Shania went on a tour of Shangri-La in Yunnan Province. This was an amazing journey that made Shania exclaim in admiration repeatedly. When they boarded a flight back to Britain from Hong Kong, she was still recollecting everything that she had seen in Shangri-La. She had never been as happy as she had been during this period.

Shania was very happy, and naturally, Tang En felt happy too. But, he still had one regret: until he had left China, that other Tang En did not call him, and he did not respond to his invitation.

Could it be that he had already decided to stay in China? Does everything in Britain have nothing to do with him? Had he completely accepted his new identity?



In this case, I'm going to have a headache finding a suitable assistant manager. Well, maybe David Kerslake from the youth team would be a good choice. But, if he gets transferred to the First Team, who's going to manage the youth team?

The Forest team's youth training system was a great success, and Tang En did not want to touch the youth training department, at least until a suitable candidate could be found. That was the foundation on which the Forest team could continue to develop.

Assistant managers were easily well-known, just like the players and managers. Hence, it was difficult to appoint an assistant manager. It was common to find someone from one's own coaching team.

However, Tang En had very high requirements for his assistant manager. The person needed to know what he was good at, and what he was not good at. Then, he needed to know what the manager was good at, and what the manager was not good at. He must also know how to coordinate with the manager for his work, assist in managing the coaching team, manage the players, and, in addition, it would be better if he was familiar with the team.

So, yes, it was as if he must like Superman!

Was he being too exacting? Tang En did not believe this was the case. What did "excellent" mean? If he could not do it, he could not be considered as being outstanding. At the most, he was considered as simply being eligible. After believing and understanding Tony Twain's past, and looking at his room filled with all kinds of books and notes, Tang En thought that man was perfectly capable of meeting his requirements.

He originally thought that he could not find this person again, so he did not take it to heart. But, when he saw the vanished Tony Twain in his body, appear before his eyes, he could not suppress the surge of thoughts in his mind.

We have both inexplicably swapped bodies, but still retained our memories. If we work together, what would it be like? I know your past, and you also understand mine. I am now in your position, and you are in my position. I am you, and you are me. Is this not the highest level of cooperation, with rapport?!

But, it was now useless to say all these things. That real Tony Twain did not reply to him, and he did not know what the other man thought. Also, it was not Tang En's habit to put all his eggs into one basket.

Since this man did not give him an answer, he would be busy when he returned to the United Kingdom. If he could not find an assistant manager in time, he would do all the work himself, first. Then, he would slowly make his plans.

After all, the UEFA European Championship was about to begin. He would have to go to Portugal to watch the entire tournament, and pick the right players for the Forest team...

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Once they returned to England, Shania reluctantly bade farewell to Twain. It looked like, although she did not like her auntie, she was still a little afraid of her. Why did she come to England, if she did not like to be with her auntie?

Tang En shrugged his shoulders, and could not figure it out. Hence, he did not give it any further thought.

After sending off Shania, Tang En's work had already begun, even though the team was still on vacation. He specially made a call to Evan Doughty, who was in the United States with his wife and daughter.

In fact, there was nothing specific to discuss. He just told Evan some of his plans before the season, to coordinate with the club. He needed to go to Portugal in June, to watch the tournament and personally inspect all kinds of players, an expense that was definitely not going to be from his own pockets!

In addition, there were some personnel matters to attend to, such as Twain hoping that the club would increase the number of football scouts. Old Moore had completely retired, so now the club only had two football scouts, which was obviously not enough.

Apparently, the football scout database system, which he had proposed at that time, was nearing completion. This required more football scouts to continuously add detailed information on players to the database. In summary, as the new team in the Premier League for the next season, Nottingham Forest had a lot of things to prepare.

Evan's answer was that Twain could decide on his own any matters that had to do with the team. If he needed football scouts, he could issue the recruitment notice, and notify the club during the signing of the contract.

All of the expenses of going to Portugal to watch the tournament, would be covered by the club, including the buying and selling of players. But, after deciding which players to buy, he must make sure to draft a list for both Evan and Allan. They had to know where the club's money was being spent, and if it was worth the expense. Needless to say, Twain understood.

Ultimately, Evan honored his original promise to not interfere with all matters of the team, and Twain had the final say in the team. Indeed, after witnessing Evan's sincerity, Tang En felt the heaviest weight lift from his heart. But, he also knew what it was that enabled him to have all of these things: results.

If he had led the team on a losing streak, and lost the FA Cup and the EFL Cup, then losing the EFL Cup would also mean losing the League Championship. At that point, regardless of whether he was promoted from within the club, or how much the Chairman liked him in private, there would have been only one ending waiting for him: dismissal.

Every transfer market before the season, the boss of the football club always wanted to see results, especially after spending a lot of money. Playing well was not the result the club owner wanted to see. Otherwise, he might as well spend a few dozen pounds on an Arsenal home game ticket. No, the real result that he wanted to see was his team's achievements: the champion's glory, and the vast benefits it brought along with it.

If you take the money, you have to work for it. It was the same everywhere.

Tang En was well aware of this hard truth. Therefore, after carefully studying the UEFA European Championship's tournament schedule, he began to prepare the itinerary, and the list of players that required focus and special attention.

It was more difficult without an assistant manager. Originally, he wanted to pull in Old Moore, who had been a football scout all of his life. However, he was getting on in years, and his vigor was not like before. It was still manageable for him to travel around Nottingham, but to let him fly across the sea to Portugal, seemed a bit too taxing.

With only one person, Tang En's time and energy were limited, so he must plan his itinerary well for the trip ...

## **Chapter 189: The Assistant Manager Candidate Part 2**

At that moment, while he was still working, he received a call from China.

A call that he had been looking forward to for a long time, and had almost given up waiting on.

When Tang En picked up the phone, he did not immediately hear the voice that he had once been most familiar with. However, he did not urge the person on the other end. He just held the receiver and waited patiently. He did not know what kind of response the person would give him, but he could still look forward to it.

After some time had passed, Tang En finally heard the voice he wanted to hear the most. "You... still need an assistant manager?"

With the cellphone in hand, Tang En grinned widely and soundlessly. His biggest problem had been solved.

"Certainly! Of course, I still need an assistant manager! Very much indeed!"

After he had hung up, Tang En called Evan Doughty again and told him that an assistant manager had been found, and that the club did not have to worry about it anymore.

Evan was delighted as well. "That's great, Tony. Who is he?"

Tang En was stumped for a moment. What was he going to say to Evan? Was he going to tell him that the assistant manager that he had found was just a 24-year-old Chinese guy who was unknown in football circles, had no coaching experience, and was younger than the players? He could almost imagine that Evan would have thought he had had one drink too many.

After carefully weighing the pros and cons, Tang En decided to be honest and tell Evan. He did not want to let him find out later and think that he had deceived him. It would not be good for the cooperation between them.

"Um, Evan... He's a young man who hasn't even received his coaching license..." He tried to frame his case with a more tactful approach.

However, Evan was obviously happy, and ignored the true meaning of the sentence. "Young people are good; the Forest team lacks young people. Aren't you one as well? We both are, Tony. Good, you can prepare a contract for him, however long you want to sign him for."

Seeing Evan speak so boldly, Tang En felt too sorry to tell him that he had misunderstood him... he could only pretend not to know.

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A week later, Tang En had finished redrafting the schedule and itinerary for the two-men Portugal tournament trip, under Ms. Barbara Lucy's proactive workings. It was then that his assistant manager, the other guy named Tang En, arrived at Nottingham, England from China.

Tang En made a special trip to London to pick up his assistant manager at Heathrow Airport. In reality, even if he had not gone, the other Tang En would have known his way. After all, he was the genuine Englishman. However, to show his enthusiasm, Tang En felt that he owed this Tang En. If he did not try to do better in other areas, he would feel guilty.

Sitting in the car while returning to Nottingham, Tang En from China looked out the window at the fleeting scenery and was quiet all the way. Perhaps the familiar sights reminded him of his past here.

Landy's car sent the two men directly to No. 13 Branford Garden Lane. After getting out of the car, Dunn stood in a daze in front of the house where he had once lived.

Tang En put the luggage on the ground as he watched this scene, not knowing what to say. I feel like a cuckoo stealing a magpie's nest; I'm like a body snatcher... I occupy this other person's body, and also occupy his house. Of course, he also occupies my body. But from the current point of view, I seem to be doing better than he is.

"Um, some things have been changed since you last lived here." Tang En opened the door in front, then stood aside in the doorway and motioned for the other man to come in.

Once they had entered the house, Tang En closed the door, and led Dunn to the second floor. A bedroom was specially prepared for him, on the east side of Shania's room. Incidentally, Shania now also had her own fixed bedroom here.

When they had just walked up the stairs and the main bedroom was directly ahead, Dunn looked up and saw the photograph hanging on the wall. Upon seeing him staring blankly again, Tang En scratched his head, laughing awkwardly. "I think I did a good job."

Dunn said nothing, walked into the bedroom, stood under the photograph and looked up at the photograph of him with his arms raised and shouting—his former self. He had never had such a wild, glorious moment. After looking at it for a while, he looked back at Tang En standing at the door.

Tang En knew what he was going to ask, so he pointed to the photograph and said, "This was the first victory I led the team to win after I came to this place. The next day, this photograph was published in the newspapers. I like it a lot, so I asked for an enlarged copy. I have to admit that sometimes I can be kind of vain..."

"It's looks good," Dunn replied. He turned to walk out of the room.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come at first, because you didn't call me until the day I left China. What made you decide to come back to Nottingham?" Tang En asked, standing at the door.

Dunn looked back at the photograph hanging on the wall and said, "I... I just don't think I can do anything well except football."

"I decided to agree with your self-evaluation so that I could have a great partner." Tang En laughed. "I've seen the notes and information you left in this house. I must say... I don't know what you'd achieve in other jobs, but it's truly a shame if you're not a football manager! I'm very glad that you could come. I've made a few friends here, and we have a great plan. I think if you listen to it, you'll be interested." Seeing Dunn looking less than convinced, he continued. "Well, even though you don't say much, and you don't seem too likeable most of the time, I know you and I are the same person. Do you like failure?"

Dunn shook his head.

"I don't like it either." Tang En smiled and spread his hands. "You see, I'm right in what I said. We are men who don't like to fail. Okay, do you want to hear the plan for the Forest team? Well, it's not something that can be made clear in two or three sentences. Why don't you take a shower first? And then, we will talk this over slowly... I guarantee you'll like it, because we're both men who dislike failure. In other words, we both like to win, like to be champions, right?"

### **Chapter 190: The UEFA European Football Championship Part 1**

The only thing that Tang En remembered about the 2004 UEFA European Football Championship two years after it took place was the Greece national team. In that European Football Championship, there were many occurrences which had shocked Tang En at the time, such as Rooney's springing to fame, and Zidane's turning of the tides at the last minute of the match. However, it was only at the end of everything that Tang En realized: the thing that had left the deepest impression on him was a team, not any football star in particular.

Being able to watch and relive the 2004 European Football Championship live was an entirely new experience for Tang En, and this made him feel that travelling back in time still had many perks. In addition, he could also learn, from close up, how Rehhagel deployed his tactics. The overall tactics of the Greek team was simply too strong, and Tang En even felt that it had completely surpassed that of every other team in the 2004 UEFA European Football Championship. They were really the most deserving team of the championship title in the end.

Now, the only thing that worried Tang En was the question of whether the ripple effects caused by his arrival would affect the UEFA European Football Championship held in Portugal. What if Greece did not become the Champions in the end? Of course, luck would have a part to play in a team's obtaining of the championship title. But still, Tang En felt that Rehhagel's train of thought and the tactics he deployed at the UEFA European Football Championship would still be proliferated and passed down, even if the Greeks did not win the championship. The only difference was that their proliferation would be much faster if the Greek team were to win the championship title.

In the past, everyone had said that the Greek team's skills were very unpolished. Counterattacking relied heavily on the interception of the ball with very tight defense, before doing a long pass to the front and making use of the tall center-forward's header advantage to pose a threat to the opponent.

However, the counterattacking style displayed by the Greek team during their matches was different: from the moment they intercepted the ball, to the moment when they pushed the ball into the opponent's penalty area, their speed was very fast; but they did not always perform long passes and let the ball fly through the air without touching the ground. Instead, the coordination between two or three of the players, as well as their swiftness in passing the ball, was the essence of Rehhagel's counterattacking tactic. Seeing the tall players passing the ball around skilfully and reaching the opponent's goalpost after just a few passes with the rest of the team positioned favorably was very enjoyable for the viewers, even though it was just a counterattack.

Upon getting news of Tang En going to Portugal to watch the matches, Nottingham Evening Post hoped that Tang En would write some observations in his special column. Tang En was still troubling over what to write at that time, but now he decided that he would fully focus on watching Greece. Regardless of whether the team could win the championship title, they would definitely give the whole world a pleasant surprise.

After hearing Tang En's plans, Pierce Brosnan was in a slightly difficult position. "Well, actually, we were hoping that you would write more about England..."

Tang En shrugged and replied, "Everyone else is writing about England, and I don't want to jump onto the bandwagon. Mr. Reporter, I would be willing to bet that Greece will be the greatest dark horse in this year's European Football Championship!" Tang En did not mention the other reason he did not want to write about England. It was because he simply did not like Eriksson as a manager, so he was never optimistic about England's prospects in big matches.

During the 2002 World Cup, the English media advocated and promoted the idea that the English team for that year was the best one since England won the World Cup in 1966. And look what happened in the end? England had lost to Brazil, which was stumbling during the qualifiers and had been completely suppressed in their first match against Turkey. The only consolation for them was that Brazil ultimately became the World Cup Champions for that year. In the 2004 UEFA European Football Championship, Tang En, who was still a football fan then, still did not look favorably upon the English team. So when Rooney got switched out due to an injury and England was eliminated by the host in a penalty kick, Tang En thought that it was reasonable. In the 2006 World Cup, if not for David Beckham, who had been widely criticized by the media as largely incapable, perhaps Eriksson's team would not have even made it out of the group matches.

English people always had this sense of arrogance, often thinking that they were the place of origin of modern football, and that their playing standards should therefore be number one in the world. As a result, no matter what new football star they had, he would be propped up into a world-class football star by the media. With the English team made up of this group of "world-class" football stars, it was only natural that they would be the best team.

England's arrogant mentality was not only reflected in terms of football. It was reflected in many aspects of the society. There were many people who were still reminiscing about the past, about how glorious it was for the empire on which the sun never set. Now, their influence internationally had been greatly weakened, and they were reduced to being America's lackey. As a result, they could only use their absurd sense of arrogance to continue and sustain their dignity in their hearts.

Tang En was completely uninterested in this ridiculous national pride. He was not an Englishman himself, so he did not bear any good feelings towards the British empire. In addition, Tang En knew the English team's fate in this year's European Football Championship, and he could not pretend that he was looking forward to their performance and tell the readers, "We will definitely become the champions!"

Eriksson was much more suited to be a football club manager instead of a national team's manager. He had too soft of a personality.

Perhaps it was prejudice on his end, but Tang En simply felt that people with soft personalities were not suited to be a strong team's manager.

"Greece?" Bruce remained stunned for a while before he continued. "I haven't heard that name for a long time in international matches. Are you sure?"

Tang En nodded. "I'm sure of it. They have a very, very capable manager, and a team of players with decent abilities."

On the plane to Lisbon, Portugal, Tang En also talked to Dunn about this problem, and expressed his opinion that the tactics employed by Greece were something that Nottingham Forest could emulate in their first Premier League season.

Compared to the other teams in the Premier League, Nottingham Forest had no advantage in terms of overall strength. Many teams would look down on their opponents when fighting against a team that had just been promoted, and often lacked understanding of their opponents. Nottingham Forest could deploy a tactic of counterattacking to stabilize its position in the Premier League.

Dunn was curious as to why Tang En would know so much about the national team of a country which Europe was not too familiar with. Tang En could only scratch his head and say that he preferred to pay more attention to small teams.

Bruce Pearce reached Portugal earlier than Tang En, but their targets of interest were different. In order to bring back news that readers cared about most, he had to follow the English team throughout their entire journey. He had to report everything back, regardless of whether they were important or trivial. Even the type of clothes worn by the wives of the players when they went out on street had become a topic of interest for reporters.

Before the matches started, practically all of the newspapers in England were filled with articles regarding the English team. The article in the Nottingham Evening Post, in which Tang En had written about Greece extensively, had been completely ignored by the readers.

In the end, after the opening matches were finished, Bruce's first reaction was to find a two-day-old copy of the Nottingham Evening Post, which had an article written by Tang En and published in his special column. Matching the words in the articles to the results of the opening matches, Bruce discovered that he perhaps had no choice but to admit that Tony was God.

The words that he had written two days ago were completely correct after checking them against the match results.

Bruce was not the only person who was shocked. Dunn, who had been inseparable from Tang En since the beginning, was surprised as well. The only difference was that Dunn's shock came much earlier,

because he had watched the opening matches with Tang En. During the match, he and Tang En could not stop discussing the tactics used by Greece and Portugal.

When Karagounis scored the first goal, Tang En affirmatively said that Rehhagel's tactics could completely suppress Portugal. After watching the first half of the match, Dunn already completely believed the person next to him.

Scolari was a master tactician, but so was Rehhagel. Although the cards in Rehhagel's hands were not as good as those in Scolari's, Rehhagel managed to be in a more commanding position than Scolari. Perhaps in the eyes of the hosts and many fans, Greece's playing style was boring, as they made ten people defend and one person attack. However, from a manager's perspective, Dunn felt that all of this was quite normal.

The Greek team currently did not have the qualifications to dance the European Samba in front of the Portuguese. If they wanted to prove that they were stronger than the hosts, they only had one way of doing so: they had to defeat them, regardless of what tactics they used.

And Rehhagel managed to accomplish it. The results that nobody had expected prior to the match had become a reality. Despite him saying, "This is the greatest victory in the history of Greece!" after the match, both Tang En and Dunn knew that Rehhagel did not let the victory get to his head. He was very clear about his goal for participating in the UEFA European Football Championship. It was not to win an opening match, or to score a goal, or to draw a match... He had a very noble goal, one that nobody knew.

Only Tang En knew.

In the remaining days, aside setting time aside to write articles for the Nottingham Evening Post, Tang En and Dunn spent most of their time on the bustling streets. They watched most of the matches live at the stadium, and they also watched the remaining matches which took place at the same time on the television, not forgetting to record them.

The reasons for Tang En going to Portugal to watch the matches live were firstly to assess the cheap yet useful football players. The second reason was to learn from the various outstanding managers' experiences. Regardless of whether those experiences were successes or failures, they would still be in Tang En and Dunn's list of things to analyze.

In terms of finding players for the team, this year's Championship League made Tang En feel slightly disappointed. Those who had been called the "stars of hope for the European Football Championship" were all players who had been famous for quite some time. As a result, it was completely lacking in terms of novelty. Even if Nottingham Forest wanted to buy some of those players, they would be facing off against a lot of competitors; for instance, Wayne Rooney, who was still under Everton F.C, had been immensely sensationalized by the media, with various experts sharing the opinion that Rooney was the greatest reward the English team had in this year's UEFA European Football Championship. However, Tang En knew that after the Champion's League, Wayne Rooney would be purchased by Manchester United at a high price. For Nottingham Forest to try to snatch a player from Manchester United? Fat chance!



As for the new star from Holland, Robben, the new Swedish player, Ibrahimovic, and the Czech Republic's young goalkeeper, Cech, all of them had already been famous for a long time. Robben and Cech were already reserved by Chelsea, and no matter how rich Evan Doughty was, how could he be richer than Abramovich? Furthermore, although Ibrahimovic rejected the Italian team for this year's European Football Championship, Italian Football Clubs were still very interested in him. If everything went smoothly, Juventus F.C should successfully snatch this young Swedish man, who had been nicknamed the "second Baten" ever since Ajax's time.