

Football 113

Chapter 113 Family Time (2)

What me my sight was not the chaos I had expected but something truly heartwarming. The table was decked out with a variety of foods explaining the tantalising scent. A tall stack of waffles reminiscent of a tower was the first thing that caught my eye.

They had even pulled out the glass turntable that I'm sure I hid so they wouldn't break it. It stood in the middle of the table with little plates of cut-up fruits on them. From strawberries, bananas and even avocados.

The next thing to catch my attention was a poster with the words "Happy Family Day". It's probably the sweetest thing I've seen in a while. The pink and white roses scattered all over the place only served to enhance the ambience.

Wait roses, who bought the roses? Plus, those look quite fresh and somewhat familiar like I've seen them somewhere.

"Those look like grumpy Maggie's roses, hon You don't think they." Ben suddenly spoke up bringing me out of my musing and voicing what was on my mind. However, looking at my kid's happy faces that we're looking for me to praise them I couldn't voice my answer.

"Wow kids this is so cute," I exclaimed in joy bringing bright smiles to the two of them who were seemingly waiting for me to say something. The both of them cheered in happiness charging at me and embracing me in a hug.

"Kiddo's this looks great, but where did you get the roses from," Ben spoke up from the side bringing me out of my moment of bliss.

"Emm, our neighbour Rosebush is growing over into our garden, so we just took a few," Emma replied instantly all her innocence shining through seemingly not seeing anything wrong in her actions.

Looking at Rakim's worried expression it seems like he has a hint that what they did was wrong. (sigh) He just can't say no to her, whenever she wants to do something no matter how silly he just goes along with her whims. Let's just enjoy this the rose bush probably didn't suffer that much.

"Let's eat, Emma put a lot of effort into making the waffles," Rakim enthusiastically proclaimed dragging me to my seat before I could have a chance to chastise her.

Before I could regain my train of thought I was served a bowl of Greek strained yoghurt. The yoghurt alone is actually tasteless even having a sour aftertaste but added with the fruits it creates a divine taste. Looks like the two of them really tried their best with this breakfast.

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[Mc Pov]

"Kids, are you ready to leave?" Dad's voice rang out throughout the house calling out for me and Emma. After enjoying the family breakfast, we had created with all our effort we went to our room to relax. Even Zeus joined us with a content smile after enjoying his breakfast as well.

With our stomachs full of the heavenly breakfast, we spent about an hour lazing around in Emma's room. She animatedly told me about this book called Breth of Fire that she and the girls were reading. Apparently, it is a book about a girl who lives in a civilisation where they take part in a survival battle royal game.

Listening to her explain what happened in the first book it reminded me of the Hunger Games in my past life. Which I found odd at first since it was the first inconsistency I found in this timeline. It is to be expected I guess, and this is probably not the first one to appear in front of me.

[It is not, the timeline is 80% similar to your past one,] Eva's confirmation was all I needed to know. I don't particularly mind the change since my past life can hardly be called a life worth living. The fact that it changed actually puts my mind at ease since I'm really living a new life.

"We should go, You know how Dad hates to be late," Emma called out to me bringing me back to reality. Nodding at her words I sprung up from the carpet where I ended up at some point.

Sitting in the back of the range we were ready to go and were just waiting for Mum so we could leave. I am not sure what she is doing but maybe she was still cleaning the kitchen. After our breakfast, she started cleaning it anew muttering something I couldn't understand but she seemed to be mourning something.

"Alright let's go," Mom exclaimed happily as she jumped into the passenger seat passing us a picnic bag. It seems like she was preparing snacks for the road maybe we are going somewhere after the ace academy.

"Honey is that Maggie's rose bush," Dad asked Mum with confusion laced through his words almost as if he was trying to convince himself. Looking in the direction where Dad was pointing, I suddenly remembered what we had done.

What met our sight was a bush looking as if a group of rabbits had ransacked it. The numerous flowers that had been there before were now gone with only a few petals on the ground pointing to the crime that occurred. The bush that had been lush was now a shell of itself.

"Dad We should go, or we will be late," I called out to him snapping him out of his stupor. That seemed to be the trigger he was waiting for as he pulled away from the driveway like an F1 driver leaving the pitstop.

Having left the crime scene, the car was drowned in silence as no one seemed to know how to start the conversation. The only one who was seemingly unbothered by this is Emma. Looking over to her she was busily testing on her iPod whilst her head bopped to the musing from her earphone.

[Hmm, this must be what you earthlings call a smooth criminal,] Eva commented with an impressed tone after seeing her composure. To think she is the same shy girl I met on the boat that day.

Although usually sweet she sure knows how to hold a grudge an example is what happened in the morning. When all the food was ready, she said that it lacked decoration for it to be special. I didn't really see the need but decided to just trust her and started thinking of ways to decorate our creation.

However, before I knew it, we were outside plucking roses from our neighbour's rose bush. When I asked her why we were specifically defiling Maggie's flowers her response was that we were helping karma do its work.

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"This is our state-of-the-art 4G indoor pitches, they are specifically for the younger kids such as yourself." Mr. Bob Cooper said to the group and me specifically as he introduced the facilities in front of us.

Looking through the glass windows I observed kids of different ages train on two massive eleven's pitches. They were split into four sections at exactly the middle through net walls that came down from the ceiling. This place is probably a football paradise for a kid trying to pursue the road to becoming a professional.

"Moving on we have our strength and conditioning section which we like to call Base Alpha," He spoke up again after we walked down the corridor arriving at the next set of viewing platforms. Looking below us, we were met with a gym area but with a mixture of track and field.

"Our trainers follow a philosophy of dynamic physical development, which means that the strength exercises will be composed of different drills targeted at building muscles as you grow whilst also ensuring we enhance your flexibility," Bob Explained as he pointed at a group of older kids going through a training session.

Some of the boys could be seen going through a calisthenic-based workout that kept them moving. There was also a running track that was being used to work on their speed and stamina by running laps. The odd thing though is that the track is also made up of the same grass as in the 4g park.

All the athletes here have a focused air about them as they go through certain drills. The atmosphere isn't a stifling one though judging by the eager looks on everyone's faces as they strive to get better. The

coaches, trainers, doctors and even athletes seemed to be moving forward with this singular goal in mind.