

Football 155

Chapter 155 Proud Father

In one of the beautifully decorated halls of the Ventura Country Club, a gathering of young and old could be seen. Sitting in the old hall that was filled with both luxury and history bright smiles graced those in attendance. Many people could be seen walking around the banquet hall engaging in riveting conversation with their peers.

Men dressed in smart suits indicating the fact they had come straight from the office could be seen with a drink in their hands as they conversed. Some were simply having an enjoyable time on a day meant to support their kids whilst others engaged in business talks. They were using this chance to strike up possible deals for their respective business.

It was in one such conversation where a pot-bellied man in his fifties could be seen bragging about his son. The man's name is John Steven's Young the 3rd, and his impressively long name adequately reflects his background. Some may better know him as resort king as he runs the third most successful hotel group in the states.

Added to the fact that his family has run the most successful resort in Miami speaks to his wealth. Other than his obnoxious tendency to brag about things he was passionate he is quite a well-liked member of the community. At this very moment, he was the centre of attention as he eagerly talked about his eldest son Marcus.

"He is the next Roger Federer, Federer I tell you," The man said with a proud smile raising his glass of brandy with vigour. His son standing next to him smiled brightly happy at receiving praise from his father.

"I heard Marcus just won his first match in the state circuit, congrats, you must be proud," A bespectacled grey-haired man around his late fifties commented from the said.

He seemed genuinely impressed by the boy's feats unlike most of the people trying to curry favour with Steven. Turning their attention towards the man who spoke up they were met with the calm blue eyes of Dean Oak. Even in his late fifties the man still retained his good looks that matched his calm demeanour.

"Haha your praise means a lot for us, Dean Oak," Stevens answered with a happy smile expressing his gratitude to the elder man. His son quickly followed suit after receiving a glance from his father.

"Call me Lance, it has been a long time since I've been your teacher," Dean Oak quickly replied as he engaged in conversation with the father and son pair.

From simple conversations about his former student's life to questions about his business endeavours. After all, he still remembers the little boy who felt confined by the path that was set out for him by his parents. Lance especially enjoys occasions whenever he gets to have conversations with his former students. Especially those from his teaching days, they were extra special to him since he got to personally guide them.

"Oh, now that I remember, I watched your younger son's game earlier his goal was a thing of beauty," He suddenly said after a full ten minutes of talking with his former student.

After conversing for so long about the elder of the man's son he had completely forgotten the younger one. He couldn't be blamed though since the boy wasn't with the group at the moment. Steven upon hearing his words was slightly surprised but shortly after smiled brightly.

"Yes, Blake has been working hard so it's good to see some results, although I'm not so fond of soccer his passion for it is commendable," he replied in a slightly less excited tone than when he talked about his son Marcus.

With soccer not being as popular in the States as Football, Basketball, and Baseball his lack of excitement is understandable. Added to the fact that the sport is primarily played by girls and women in college doesn't help the matter. After all, what's the point of winning the World Cup when you can win the Super Bowl instead? If you were to ask any American in 2009 which they preferred from the two their answers would be obvious.

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"Ladies and gentlemen let's give it up for your Varsity Eagles Football team," the announcer exclaimed with excitement prompting the crowd to loudly cheer. Following their cheers a group of high school kids run onto the stage wearing letterman Jackets.

With music playing loudly the announcer started listing the feats of certain players who performed exceptionally well in the team. This garnered louder appreciation from the crowd as their parents cheered for them. In the background, some of the team's season highlights were playing highlighting their abilities and achievements.

After the crowd cooled down the players started dancing to the song You Can Still Rock in America by Night Ranger. This was a school tradition for each team to perform something at the Christmas party. Their dance moves were inspired to say the least, but effort is all that counts in this event.

"Let's wish them well for the rest of the season," The commentator exclaimed raising the crowd's cheers to a whole new level as everyone wished them well.

Once they were done with their performance the announcer quickly called the next team garnering a lot of cheers from the crowd. The night continued in this joyous mood as many of the teams either sent someone to present a talent or performed as a group. It wasn't until 22:00 pm that Rakim's team got their chance to perform.

The moment they entered the stage a soft strum of a guitar could be heard from the speakers. This served as a backtrack to their performance but even before they sang the audience was captivated. All those who have lived in America long enough knew the song and subconsciously started humming along with the beat.

With perfect timing five of the fifteen players stepped forward singing the first verse. "Where it began, I can't begin to knowing

But then I know it's growing strong." Although they didn't have the best singing voices, they made up for it by staying in harmony and rhythm.

It also helped that their simple two-step dance moves were well synchronised with hardly any mistakes. The chorus soon came in prompting all the players to jointly sing it. However, to their surprise, the crowd loudly sang along with them. "Sweet Caroline

Good times never seemed so good."

With the chorus resounding within the room some of the kids on stage and in the audience were started by the scene. Never in their life had they seen their calm and composed parent acting like kids passionately singing a song like right now. To make matters worse most of their parents didn't even know the right words to the song.

They were simply mumbling but with a lot of conviction that left no room for questioning. By the time, the second verse came the hall noticeably quietened down as all the adults regained their sanity for a moment. However, that was quickly thrown out of the window the moment the second chorus played.

This time though it was exceptionally louder than before as almost everyone in the room joined in. This song by Neil Diamond seemed to mean a lot to the older generation in attendance. By the time the group of boys finished their performance most of the people had completely forgotten about them.

The cheer for the song didn't lag though as the crowd loudly applauded showing their appreciation. Bright smiles could be seen on all the boys who proudly bowed their heads. Little did they know that the applause they were receiving wasn't for them but merely the crowd's appreciation of a masterpiece.