

Football 23

Chapter 23 I'm A Farmer

[General Pov]

The calm morning sea breeze brushed the deserted streets of Santa Cruz del Norte. The early morning sun was peaking over the horizon ready to greet a new day. The morning dew had yet to fully form on the blades of grass. Not a soul can be seen wandering the street almost like they were waiting for the sun to wake up first.

On this quiet morning, a man by the name of Anton was driving his car on the empty roads in an attempt to get an early start to his busy day. Austin is what you would call an ambitious man. For generations, his family have been working people of the land, owning their own far which has allowed their family to prosper. His Father was a farmer and his father's father was a farmer as well it is in his blood to work on the land for a living. He did not like the idea of wasting his youth working on the farm only to end up having to put his children through the same hardships.

He decided to start a business using what the land has given to him to create a brighter future for his family. It is not that he is lazy and does not value the effort his father has put into working the fields day in and day out. If he was honest, he loves the calmness and satisfaction, he gains from working in the field and harvesting a good yield. However, he wants to be like his great grandfather who went from a normal man living off the sea to investing in building a farm for his family.

Wanting to step into his hero's footsteps he decided to start selling the goods that his family produces on the farm. He spent years studying how to increase the yield and looking into how to best market and sell his products. Two years ago, he started to slowly sell his products in the farmer's market. He gained a lot of connections with small supermarkets and other farmers whom he pestered for advice in his endeavour till they complied.

He managed to get a trade deal with a big supermarket at the start of the year catapulting his small business astronomically. His dreams were finally becoming true and the proud look on his dad's only affirmed it. He was currently on his way to one of the warehouses he had rented to check on the inventory for the goods that are to be delivered today. Just as he turned the corner, he slammed the brakes out of shock at the sight that was before him.

The street that was supposed to lead to a row of warehouses was now in a state of chaos. Bodies were lying everywhere and blood was still flowing down the street soaking it in a sea of red. He could see what seems to be the aftermath of a fight. Looking at the state the bodies were in it looked more like a death match. The sight of so many bodies scared him shitless to the point his body started shaking in panic.

Somehow managing to reach for his phone Antonio managed to dial 106. Stepping out of his pickup truck while the phone rang, he tried to breathe in some air to calm himself. However, the air had a sickening metallic aftertaste to it, that made him vomit his breakfast out. Just as the last of his scrambled eggs left his body the phone finally connected. The cell connections of his old Nokia are not the best but due to sentimental reasons, he has kept it.

"This is the police how can we help you" a rugged male voice came through the phone. The man on the other end sounded like he had just woken up from his sleep.

"I, I need help, there are dead bodies everywhere" Antonio managed to spit out before he started feeling sick again. His stomach contracted up and down in an attempt to squeeze all the remaining fluids out of it.

"Calm down sir tell me where you are?" The man on the other end spoke up with a bit more urgency now. Hearing the man's serious voice helped him calm down a little enough to formulate his thoughts to answer him.

"I'm in Camilo, at the warehouse district," I quickly told him as I averted my eyes from the messy scene that the street has turned into. Looking at the scene was like looking at a movie that you could touch. Only he could smell everything as well which only made him feel sick. While he was zoning out, he did not even realise that the call was ended.

He only snapped out of his trance when he heard the distant sirens approaching him. Not long after squads of police officers came to a halt behind him. Not paying him any attention the officers quickly started investigating the massacre that the street had turned into.

"Excuse me sir are you the one that made the call," a young officer asked him. The young man looked like he had just passed the police exams and was looking to make his mark in the force. How great youthful ambition is let us hope reality does not hurt him too much with its ruthlessness.

"Emm, Yes I'm a Farmer" I stammered out with a little shock when he appeared before me. Why did I tell him I am a farmer though, oh well at this point it is better to be a farmer.

"Emm ok can I ask you some questions? What is your name?" The officer asked again a little surprised by Antonio's answer. The officer was looking at him up and down wanting to confirm that he did not have anything to do with the gruesome scene in front of him.

"I'm Farmer Antonio" I reradiated again wanting to make sure that the officer knew I was not involved in this nonsense.

"Of course and I'm a police officer" The police officer states in a deadpan voice obviously getting sick of this interaction.

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In another place at what seemed to be a small orphanage, a man was having the worst morning of his life. He had been drinking all night and was feeling the aftereffects of it now in the early morning. A massive migraine was hellbent on torturing his head as he felt a massive hangover clouding his eyes.

Somehow making his way to the toilets in his hazy morning stumble he sat down and started relieving himself. Taking a seat as he was unable to keep standing, he passed out after a while in his sleepiness. After an unknown amount of time, he was awoken by a hot sensation he felt. Looking around through his hazy eyes he did not understand where the sudden heat was coming from.

Moments later he jumped up as a painful sensation coursed through his rear end making him rub it in an attempt to rub away the pain. His bum felt smooth all the hair that was there before seemed to be burned off. Moments later he noticed a smoky scent that seemed to be coming from around him making him cough. He quickly pulled up his pants and charged out of the stall only to see walls engulfed in flames.

"Cough I must be having a nightmare" he muttered as looked around the raging inferno that was coming from below him. Not wasting any more time he ran out of the bathroom as quickly as he could in an attempt to save his life.

"WAKE UP THERE IS A FIRE" he started yelling as he run down the hallway quickly leaving the area. He had no intention of making sure everyone got out as his life was his priority.