

## Football 53

### Chapter 53 53 Camera Action Pose

[Mc Pov]

Opening my eyes, I could feel the bright morning sun rays on my body. Pulling out my phone I checked the time to see its five-thirty in the morning. Quickly texting my family good morning, I rolled out of my bed. Grabbing a new set of training gear and a towel I made my way to ward Yunus's bed.

"Yō dude wake up if you want to get a shower before morning yoga" I whispered to him as I nudged him awake. That didn't seem to help much as he just simply turned to the other side ignoring me. (Sigh) Deciding he might need some drastic actions I yanked his blanket off him which caused him to roll off the bed crashing to the floor.

(thud) "Ouch, what was that for?" Yunus called out as he groggily sent me a glare for interrupting his peaceful dreams. Ignoring his discontent stare, I started making my way out of the room.

"Come if you want to shower, let the other lazy brats rest for a while," I told him as he got up from the floor. It didn't take him long to get his stuff before we made it out of the room heading towards the showers.

"Why do you always get up so early in the morning," Yunus said still sounding tired, stretching his arms trying to wake up. We quickly reached the bathroom entering one of the many stalls. As soon as the cold water hit my skin, I felt so refreshed, all the tiredness and fatigue in my body left me.

"It's something about the cold water that just refreshes me in the morning," I told him from across the stall. Looking at him he didn't seem to agree as he was still squirming around the stall trying to doge the cold water. He did end up getting accustomed to it after a while when his water started heating up.

"Let's go wake the other two up, want to splash them with cold water," Yunus said as he grabbed a small bucket and filled it up with cold water. Looking at his devious face it seems like he just wanted someone else to experience what he felt.

Not arguing with him I also picked up a bucket and filled it up as well. After we were done with that, we promptly made it back to our room. Both of them were still fast asleep off in dreamland and judging by how they were hugging their blankets they seemed to be enjoying it. Quickly making eye contact with Yunus we both got ready, and we dumped both our buckets on top of them.

"Argh HEELP" both shouted simultaneously as they jumped up from their bed. Giovanni even ended up falling out of bed due to the shock of it all. It was quite funny to see both of them flaring around their bed and looking around for an explanation.

"What was that for?" I heard Giovanni shout as he sent me a quizzical but angry glare. Ignoring him I simply went to my bag to get my workout bag wanting to do some Yoga as soon as possible.

"It's time to wake up, hurry up before we leave you," Yunus hollered at the two who now looked like drenched cats. It took them a moment to get over their discontent before they finally complied with us and got changed into workout gear.

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The morning went by quite fast after the two of them got over their anger over the rude awakening. The Yoga session was refreshing though, it helped clear our minds and let us focus on the day. By the end of the session, the two of them had more or less forgiven us for what we did to them.

We had a short breakfast with all the guys before we headed to the stadium for our morning training. The coaching staff had us gathered around them as coach James explained what we will be doing. What he was basically saying is that coach Chris is a specialist in physical conditioning, and he will be working with us.

"Hi kids we will be starting with some dynamic stretches that should help loosen you up," he told us as he started demonstrating the exercises for us to follow. Most of them were simple leg raises on the moves that were easy to follow. It did start to get progressively harder as the intensity of the exercises increased.

It felt like we went from doing yoga on the move to a full-blown pre-match warm-up. What I thought was a recovery drill ended with most of us drenched in sweat and breathing raggedly. Heck even though I have pretty decent endurance I was also out of breath following his lesson.

After the long warm-up, we finally moved on to something different. There is something calming about having a ball at my feet. These days I feel weird whenever I don't have a ball at my feet. It makes me feel like something is missing from my body as if I was incomplete without it.

They had us do running drills with the ball going past cones and pinging passes to one another. It felt like a continuation of all the drills we have been doing this entire week as it brought a lot of variation with it. The fun thing was that we finally got to do some shooting drills outside and inside the box.

I realised that my effective shooting range is just within the box as all shots outside of it were quite haywire. The most embarrassing one was when I completely missed the goal by almost hitting the

corner flag. I tried playing it off as a fluke accident, but it didn't help that my next two shots outside the box also missed the target. My only redeeming quality was that ninety percent of my shots in the box went in. My favourite one was when I scored a side volley sending the keeper in the wrong direction.

pàndá-ñovêl.cóM "That's enough for today go get cleaned up for the event," coach James called out to us ending our training session. Complying with his order we all quickly made it back to the dorms to get ready for the shoot. Actually, I am very excited about this since it feels like we are some type of movie star.

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"Kids go get changed into the outfits we prepared for you, we have also prepared our new line of boots for you," a guy that looked like he was going through a midlife crisis instructed us. He looked more like a hippy than anything, but his massive Nokia camera was a dead giveaway as to what his occupation is.

We were currently at a Nike facility that seemed to be close by. It seems to be a sort of fitness centre that they owned. When we were looking around, we were told that the state swim team are currently training here for a meet. According to coach James, the reason they get to use the good equipment is due to them being a more valuable asset to the company. In a sense, he's right as they probably are more popular to the outside world compared to us.

Entering the changing rooms, we found USA kits with our numbers on them with various kinds of Nike boots under each kit. Looking around the kits set up throughout the area it looked like they wanted to show a variety of them in the shoot. Most of them were the Mercurials they released this year.

"Yunus want to swap me for those matt black ones for the red and white," I asked him since we got the same shoe size.

"Yeah, why not I don't mind what colour I get anyways," He answered me as we swapped them over. Dawning our kits, we lined up outside of the room where the hippy guy had set up a stage for the photo shoot.

"Let's get this party on the road" he hollered out loud as he instructed the first of us to get in front of the camera.

It was fun watching some of the kids tripping over themselves trying to pose like some superhero or something. It didn't help when the hippy guy started telling them to just be free and let their spirits run wild. The highlight of it all was when the guy in front of me tried to do an around the world and ended up blasting the ball towards the camera guy. Lucky for him the boy's aim was still as bad as it was in the morning.

"That's enough kid maybe your spirit is a little too wild," he said as he sent the kid off the stage as he regained his composure from the shock.

"Hey, let's see whose spirit can impress him the most," I said to my friends as I stepped up on stage. Picking up one of the footballs I immediately started juggling it with my feet.

"That's good just don't hit me with the ball and will be best friends," he told me as he started snapping pictures of me. He was giving me instructions about just vibing or something like that, but I just drowned him out as I tried to do some tricks I knew with the ball.

I did hear him gasp when he saw the ball go up to chest height. I think he may have experienced his recent trauma again because I could have sworn, he almost ducked for safety again. When he watched the ball safely bounce on my right knee, he was visibly relieved as he went back to snapping pictures.

"Alright, that's not bad now show me something that will blow my mind, keep in mind figuratively don't blast that ball at me," I heard him instruct as he took a closer step towards me ready to capture every little detail.

Not wanting to let him down I lifted the ball above my head before deftly trapping it on my left leg. I held it completely still for like five seconds before flicking it in the air. Taking a step forward I managed to balance it on my forehead before abruptly looking straight at the guy. The guy visibly flinched back as if he was experiencing a jump scare but his shocked look was replaced by amazement soon after. The ball was perfectly still on top of my head as I spread my hands to my side to pose better.

"Now that people is what I'm talking about, I asked for mind-blowing and that is exactly what was delivered to me on a silver platter," He started ranting again but he never stopped taking pictures. At some point, it was so bad that he was naming different dishes of food that he thought tasted better.

"This is getting weird now, I'm out," Is all I said as I let the ball land on my foot before running off the stage to get away from him. He complained something about losing his muse and how he wanted to take more pictures but that only made me run faster. At this point I didn't even want to win that impromptu bet as my first experience of a photo shoot was now tainted.