

Football 54

Chapter 54 Interview

Quickly making my way to the back of the crowd of boys where Ben stood, I was happy to get away from the hippy. The manic look in his eyes still gives me chills; do not even get me started about the weird stench that comes off him. I could legit smell the entire forest from his long, Rasta-like hair, which was not just from the bits of suspicious green bits poking out from it. I don't mind the forest; it's rather relaxing, but like Mr Miyagi said too much of something is bad and, in this case, it's awfully bad.

He is either a genius or Nike is going broke and had to hire this dude. I almost thought he got in through connections, but I realized that was my trick. Looking at Yunus, who was now making his way up the stairs, he seemed to be weirded out as well. Judging by the frown on his face, it appears that he was contemplating whether to call child-protective services or simply take the risk of being traumatized. He shot me a glance begging for help, but all I could do for him was send a prayer his way, so I did.

"Hey, loosen up kid, show me your spirit" I heard the hippy call out to Yunus. The latter looks petrified, as he just stood there with the ball at his feet. I think he was scared that if he started doing some freestyle skills, he would end up exciting the guy. It was honestly fun to watch Yunus just stood there like a statue while the man kept trying to get him to do something. This scene reminded me of the guards at castles who would not flinch, no matter what you do.

This continued for about five minutes until the guy finally gave up on Yunus. He looked rather happy to finally be free, as he dashed away as fast as possible. He had a relieved look on his face and his breathing was visibly more relaxed.

"You good bro," I asked him worriedly as I patted his shoulder.

"Yeah, I just hope I never have to work with that guy again, he gives me Orochimaru vibes," He answered me as he visibly shivered. He hit the nail in the coffin with that comparison; no grown man should smile like that at kids no matter what his job is.

"Me too I'll think twice before coming to another Nike camp," I told him as we watched Giovanni stumble onto the stage. Looks like everyone was creeped out by the dude, to the point of making silly mistakes. This scene continued for a while as all the boys that went on stage were too wary of the guy to focus on showing off their skills.

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"Excuse me are you Rakim?" I heard a female voice speak up from behind me causing me to turn around to face it. In front of me stood a good-looking brunette dressed in a black suit Jacket and skirt that accentuated her curves. Her shoulder-length bob-cut hairstyle and glasses enhanced her looks even more making her look like a hot librarian. Well, if your librarian looked like she could easily become a model, now I wished I had gone to school in my past life, I can't believe I missed this view.

"Emm, yeah that's me," I answered flustered a little at the sudden approach from her. I don't have trouble talking to beautiful women after all my new mom and sisters are both beauties. I'm just not a fan of surprises and don't have a game plan yet. I may only be six doesn't mean that I can't shoot my shot anyways, I'm probably going to miss but it's good practice.

"Alright come with me You've been picked for an interview," she told me with a smile as she led the way out of the room. Not wanting to embrace myself anymore I quickly followed the woman out of the room. After a five-minute walk, we got to a room with a bunch of Nike boots and gear set up behind a table and two chairs. Looking around the room I saw a camera operator on standby ready to start shooting. On the table, there were two bottles of water and some snacks probably meant for me.

"Take a seat and we can get started," she told me with a smile on her face as she took one of the seats. Quickly sitting down, I scanned the women a little more intently not saying anything. She had auburn eyes that seemed to match her perfectly. Glancing at the camera operator I sighed in relief noticing that he looked professional with none of the eccentricities of the other guys.

"Since you know my name what might yours be?" I asked her trying to sound like one of those guys from Lisa's romance shows from England. She looked surprised by my sudden question, taking a second to come up with her answer.

"My name is Jane" She managed to answer before the atmosphere could get more awkward. Hearing her name, I beamed her a smile trying to use my cuteness to send an attack. I felt like a Pokémon who was using his special move to strike at my enemy.

"Now that we both know each other is this considered a date?" I asked her in a curious tone as I slightly tilted my head. I could tell she had a slight blush on her face, but it seemed to quickly disappear as she came back to reality.

"No, it's not a date after all you didn't ask me out," She answered me in an attempt to compose herself again.

"But didn't you ask me out though?" I asked her again causing a confused look to appear on her face. Seeing how her facial expressions kept changing made the whole situation more fun.

"When did I ask you out? I just asked you for an interview?" She quickly answered me wanting to clarify the situation as soon as possible. Her flustered look finally caused me to burst out laughing, she is way too easy to tease.

"Haha I'm sorry but your expressions are just too cute," I told her as I noticed her slightly glaring at me. My comment caused her eyes to twitch slightly as she started pouting a little.

"Hmph I'm sorry to tell you this but your too young for me," she told me with a smug smile on her face causing my heart to hurt slightly. It felt as if a cold bucket of water was poured on me bringing me back to reality, being young again has its disadvantages.

"Don't be like that I'll be a catch in a few years," I told her not wanting to take the loss so easily. She didn't seem to care about my hurt ego as she just shot me a deadpan stare.

"Let's just start the Interview, we've wasted enough time," she said to me ending the awkward silence that had set in.

"We might as well," I answered her with a smile on my face. I was quite curious as to what type of questions she would ask me. Hearing my answer, she straightened up a little looking a lot more serious and professional. It felt a little weird for an adult to be this serious when talking to a six-year-old kid. I guess Nike must have too much money and just decided to throw some our way.

"let's start with an easy question, who's your favourite player?" She asked me as she got her notepad out which I'm guessing has her questions on them.

"Hmm, good question other than myself I would say my favourite player is Cristiano Ronaldo," I told her honestly as the king from Portugal is probably my favourite player of all time. His story is just so inspirational from coming from poverty to sending goat status in the world of football.

"Oh, that was unexpected, what exactly do you like about him?" She asked me ignoring the fact that I named myself my favourite player.

"I guess it would have to be his confidence on the field" I answer her honestly, seeing no reason to make something up.

"Hmm, ok so what made you start playing football?" She asked again continuing her questioning.

"I guess you could say I was chosen to play the game of football," I told her ending a bright smile her way. My words only served to confuse her as she sent me a quizzical look probably wanting me to elaborate on my answer.

"What do you mean you were chosen to play the game?" She quickly asked me confirming my guess.

"Oh, it's true believe it," I told her holding up a peace sign. This seemed to only confuse her further judging by the look in her eyes.

"Anyways let's just move on to the next question," she said as she looked at me as if I had a screw loose or something. "How would you describe the camp; do you personally feel you have improved as a player?" She asked in a professional tone in an attempt to get rid of this awkward situation.

"Emm, the camp was fun I guess all the coaches defiantly helped, but there are a lot of lazy players here what idiot picked the candidates," I answered her a little less excited for the conversation.

"How come the other participants are lazy?" she asked me sounding more confused than she had been throughout this entire interview. This seems to be the theme of the entire thing. She gets too easily confused for someone who is supposed to be a reporter, maybe she should consider a career change.

"Well, I guess they just lack the same will of fire I have" I answered her only to receive another weird look from her. I honestly believe this isn't the right job for this woman, she looks the part for sure but lacks composure. By the look on her face, I could tell she was not a woman of culture. She got confused by one of the most iconic Naruto phrases, it's a heart-breaking sight.

It took a while for the interview to finally be over. She mostly asked me generic questions which were pretty boring to answer. I did get to pick two pairs of sneakers that were on the wall behind me, so it wasn't a complete waste of time. The highlight of the whole thing was when she tried to compare anime with cartoons. Let's just say that wasn't a fun conversation for her, we almost had to fight right there and then. Well, I did end up getting that second pair of shoes, so it was worth it.