

Football 67

Chapter 67 Dance

'Hey Eva, what would you say is the most important quality of a footballer?' I asked her genuinely curious to hear her opinion.

[The most important quality a player successful player has is longevity and consistency,] She immediately answered me sounding a hundred per cent sure, which quite surprised me if I'm being honest.

'I can understand consistency by why would longevity be important?' I asked her wanting to get a deeper explanation.

[As you've probably guessed a consistent player can perform at the same level throughout the season thus making him a valuable asset to the coach. This is where longevity comes in as it allows players to remain at their peak for a long period of time.] She told as she entered her teaching mode explaining the ins and outs of everything.

[Finally, an example of a player who has both of these traits is Lionel Messi who manages to stay at the top of his abilities whilst making sure he can maintain it over many years to come.] With that she finished her explanation, leaving me to ponder on how I would emulate one of the greats.

I spent the rest of the shower pondering how I would achieve my goals as a player and how best to use this summer to continue to grow my skills. After finishing my shower and getting into a pair of PJs I went downstairs to get some dinner. It was just the three of us at the dinner table since Dad was still at work.

I didn't stay up long today since I wanted to get back into my routine the next morning. So after having dinner I hang out with Emma for a while before going to bed.

~~~

Monday Morning was quite a hectic day as Emma chose to wake up early with Lisa and me so she could join our workout. However, we could easily tell that the real reason she was up this early was because I would be joining her dance class today. She only participated in the yoga exercises and didn't even bother with the cardio choosing to ride her bike whilst we ran.

I wasn't complaining though any exercise is better than no exercise right? It was currently 10 am and the two of us were sitting in the range waiting for Mum to drive us. I wasn't even allowed to eat breakfast since my morning training ran late so after my shower Emma dragged me to get ready and straight into the car.

"You know I won't make it through the day if I don't have breakfast right," I told her as I sent her a light glare.

"You can just ask Mum to get you something when we get there," She said leaving no room for an argument. I continued to glare at her but she just ignored my actions choosing to focus on her phone. I could only sigh at her actions as I chose to just wait for Mum to get in the car. It didn't take long for her to get in the car as she handed the both of us a brown bag that left my stomach churning to consume it.

"I figured you'd be hungry and knowing your sister she wouldn't risk being late," She said as she promptly drove out of the driveway. Inside the bag are rolls of bread with different toppings and a couple of fruits. Not wasting any more time Quikly started eating one of the rolls in an attempt to satiate my hunger.

"Thanks, Mum at least one of you cares that I stay fed" I quickly thanked her making sure to send a jab at Emma whilst I'm at it. This only earned me a pinch from her as she also started eating her breakfast.

"Didn't Emma tell you that I usually pack our breakfast for the road when she has early practice?" Mum asked from the front sounding slightly confused by my comment. Hearing her words I could only send a questioning look towards Emma which she proceeded to ignore.

"Well sure she did, anyways how long is the drive?" I asked her wanting to divert the topic of conversation.

"It's just a thirty-minute drive if theirs is not too much traffic" She answered me as she put on the radio so she could hear traffic notifications.

~~~

"Finally here" Emma exclaimed as we pulled into a parking lot where quite a few cars were parked. In front of me was a medium-sized building that resembled some of the indoor sports facilities I saw on campus last week. At the front of the building are the words **Serenity Dance** written in bold.

"Is this whole building just for dancing?" Asked Emma once we went past the receptionist as I've already spotted around three different dance halls already.

"Yeah with got a lot of teams who practice here," She replied sounding proud of her dance team which she has all right to be proud of. We continued down the hall until we came to a massive dance hall where a group of girls could be seen stretching.

Emma quickly run over to her friends and started talking to them as she joined in on their warm-up exercises. In total, there were around 12 girls in the hall dressed in sports gear. Most of them looked like the typical school cliques you would see in American movies. The blond girl with the high ponytail seems to be the dance captain and all the other girls subconsciously revolved around her.

"Come with me there is a viewing area upstairs for family," Mum spoke up as she lead me towards some stairs. It didn't take us long to climb the stairs where a small lounge area that overlooked the dance hall. There were a few mom's here sitting with their coats on as they overlooked their children's actions.

"Looks like they are about to get started," I commented as I took a free seat next to Mum. She started exchanging polite conversation with the other moms as I watched a middle-aged women walk into the dance hall and address the girls.

~~~

[Emma PoV]

Alright girls now that everyone is here let's get started with the group practice," Miss Grace said as we all got into our position. The group performance is by far the hardest as we all have to be in sync with one another throughout the dance and if someone is sloppy you can bet Miss Grace will spot them.

The dance was actually pretty easy as long as you stayed within the rhythm of the whole squad. It only gets hard when you have to perform a mini solo or duet since all the attention will be on you. Hearing the first note of the music I put my full focus on the dance not wanting to make a single mistake since my little brother came to watch me.

I would say we are close but he is just way too focused on training sometimes. I understand he wants to get better and I support it but it just leaves little time to just hang out with each other. He and Mum click so well because training athletes is literally what she does for a living.

The song was now halfway through and Miss Grace hasn't stopped it yet which means we are doing alright. Just as the music slows down I know it's my queue to take front and centre and I do just that as I'm joined by my two partners. It might not be a solo but this mini trio gives me a chance to shine and I will do just that. Our portion of the performance relies heavily on teamwork as we lean on each other quite a lot as we danced.

Our trio performance is more like a slow stretch routine. If I had to put it into words. Going through the routine I felt confident in myself as all of my movements felt smooth. All the almost non-stop training throughout the past weeks was finally paying off especially now that Rakim's watching me perform for the first time.

"That was great everyone, Ella you are still a little too slow on that half Pirouette, oh and Emma you are still holding back on that trio," Miss Grace started critiquing our performance as she started breaking down how we could improve upon it. Her words always make me think of ways I can improve even though I make more mistakes than I'd like.

~~~

"So what do you think?" I asked Rakim as we got back in the car to go back home. It's already 8 pm and he spent most of the day watching me practice just like he promised I even caught a glimpse of him clapping at some point.

"You were great your team has great chemistry, if I'm being honest I was expecting more shouting," He told me with a smile on his face as he handed me his phone with a couple of videos and photos of me from today's practice.

"Why did you take these?" I asked him slightly confused as I watched one of the videos on mute with a slight frown.

"I know how you like to overanalyze your dances so I thought this might help," He told me as he snatched back his phone before I could even think of deleting them.

"That doesn't explain the photos though," I commented as I tried to snatch his phone from him only for him to nimbly dodge.

"The photos are because you kept making a chipmunk expression when you frowned," is all he said as he started sending me the entire gallery of pictures and videos.

"(sigh) Well thank you for coming I know you wanted to train some more," I told him as I pulled him into a hug.

"Always but you will have to come to my football games," he told me with a smile as he put one of his songs on in the car.

"Deal if you come to my actual shows," I told him with a smile as I put my focus on analyzing the videos of me dancing he just sent me.