

Football 78

Chapter 78 Proud Father

"Hi, I'm Jane and we're The Golden Girls," A blond girl who seemed to be the team captain stepped forward and answered the MC. The whole team was dressed in tracksuits with a gold and white colour scheme emphasising the gold on their name. As soon as her voice fell the crowd cheered up again warmly welcoming the team as the Mc moved on to the next team.

"You heard it they are the golden girls let's hope they can achieve their namesake," The MC quipped earning a loud cheer from the said team's fans and family. He continued introducing the other teams whilst making comments to engage the crowd.

"Let's give it up for our final group," he said as he walked in front of the last group indicating for the leader to step forward. The team is made up of nine members dressed in white tracksuits with light blue engravings of butterflies. A skinny brunette with long legs was the one to step forward for the team.

"Hi, I'm Chloe and we are Serenity Dance wish us luck," The girl confidently spoke into the mic earning another round of cheers from the audience.

"There you have it give it up for our four teams as they get ready to entertain us with their talents," Jason Spoke up as he gestured for the girls on the stage to get off stage so they could get ready. He started entertaining the audience with some crowd work as he introduced the rules of the competition.

The competition would start off with the solo section with each team being able to choose one dancer to represent the team. Most teams would just pick the best dancers, but the regionals have a special rule saying that each dancer can only perform in the solo section once throughout the competition. This rule has served to create some suspense with each team having to carefully consider which dancer to choose.

After solos, the competition moves on to duets and trios before finally moving on to the group sections. Each section is worth thirty points and the two teams with the highest total score would move on to the finals.

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[MC Pov]

"Dad you are just in time, I think Emma's trio performance is next," I told him as he shuffled through the row with a box of popcorn and two drinks.

We had been watching the competition the entire morning and honestly, it was more exciting than I thought it would be. Some of the moves that some of the dancers have performed are insane. The sheer amount of body control you would need to have for some of the moves made me happy that they weren't a part of football.

"Hasn't Mum come yet?" He asked me as he placed the popcorn box between us whilst handing me my drink. Eating a handful of the popcorn a sweet and salty taste entered my mouth. Giving Dad an odd look at his selection I fight the urge to ask him about it. After all, he has an answer for everything when it comes to defending his snack choices.

"Not yet I think she is still helping with Emma's hair or makeup," I answered him with a shrug as that is what she usually does during her competitions.

Most of the Mums of the dancers would help with the girl's hair and slight makeup adjustments they need for their performance. I followed her backstage at the first show but when I realised that some of the girls were getting changed behind a foldable wall, I quickly made a U-turn out of there. Although I was never in a relationship in my past life, but it just felt wrong seeing girls get changed in the same room as me even if they were a few years older than me now.

"Oh, wait I think I see her coming," Dad spoke up again as he waved towards her to get her attention. With how tall he is and the fact there weren't that many men here it wasn't that hard for her to notice him.

"Thanks for keeping a seat open for me," she said as she quickly sat next to Dad who removed his coat from the seat. It wasn't easy to keep that seat free as were in quite a convenient location. Not too far back and not too close to the stage just in the right position to be able to see the happenings on the stage clearly.

"How is she?" Dad asked her as soon as she settled down in her chair. Before she had a chance to answer him though the lights in the room dimmed again as three girls took their position on the stage.

The sound of soft music rang came to our ears as the stage was lit up and the figures gradually moved to the beat. I don't know the name of the song, but it's got quite a sad undertone to it. Watching how Emma and her teammates moved in what seemed like contemporary moves had me slowly entranced. Their dancing reminds me of sparrows dancing around each other.

The music started picking up as their dance moves became more fluid drawing all my focus into their performance. It wasn't until the music reached the climax of the performance when I finally came back to my senses. It was just in time to see Emma and another girl perform an aerial pirouette making them look elegant as their costumes fluttered in the air. The girl in the centre performed what looks like an acrobatic move that looked just as difficult as the aerial moves of the other two.

The two figures gracefully landed on the ground transitioning into a move on the ground as the music slowly winded down. As soon as the music ended, I was swept up in a wave of applause for their performance. I don't know who started it, but I wasn't to be outdone as I clapped as hard as I could. I wasn't only doing it because it was my sister on stage but because I was genuinely fascinated by the performance.

"That was quite the magical performance," The Mc quipped as he made his way to the stage grabbing our attention as the applause winded down. However, his comment only seemed to serve as a cue for us to applaud them again.

"I get you were impressed, let's see how our judges feel about it," he quickly said again seemingly worried that we would drag this on for another five minutes. His words work as the audience around me claimed down with the last one to stop clapping being Dad.

"That was quite the impressive performance girls, I quite enjoyed it but I did see some technical mistakes so I will only be giving you eight points." The first judge who is a woman in her mid-forties was the first to speak up. Her comment earned a mixed reaction from the crowd, but it was still a positive one.

Remembering the reason for her answer had me perplexed as I didn't notice anything that looked like a mistake in their performance. Then again, I don't really know dancing that well, if it wasn't for Emma's obsession with it, I wouldn't know a single thing about it.

"It'll be nine points from," The judge in the middle said not wasting a moment with pleasantries as he held up his board with the number nine on it. Even though his actions are quite brass it was more appreciated by us as he didn't leave us in suspense.

Cheering loudly for the high number of points I quickly focused my attention on the last judge. He is by far the stingiest with his points having only given one performance seven points today. From the chatter around me, I found out that the middle-aged man is some big-time dance teacher at an institute. So, from that alone, you can see that his standards are high.

"Your harmony is quite good, and it showed in your performance, I will be giving you eight points." the man said after a moment of contemplation earning excited squeals from the girls on stage. Hearing his verdict, we cheered loudly for them all excited that Emma managed to get a good score for her performance.

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"She was quite good," I told my parents next to me after the girls went off the stage. Looking at Dad's face in particular he seemed the proudest as he has been smiling nonstop since she entered the stage. Due to his busy work schedule, he hardly gets to go to her training session, so he is making up for it by cheering the loudest for her.

"Yeah, she was but knowing her she won't be satisfied with her performance," Mum said in a slightly exasperated tone seemingly remembering Emma's trait of being overly critical of herself.

It's honestly maddening how she can downplay her achievements sometimes. Even though she is the youngest in her dance group for her it's not enough if she is not the best in her team. I do love her competitive qualities as it lights a fire in me to be just as eager in my training but I'm by far more flexible in my mentality.

"Shel be fine let's just get her some ice cream that should mellow her down a bit," Dad said in a heart manner seemingly not worried about his daughter's slight obsession with being perfect. My expression

couldn't help twitching slightly after hearing him talk about bribing his daughter but remembering their love for snacks it's not that hard to believe.

"(sigh) I'll just go and help her get ready for her last performance," Mum said as she quickly scurried away seemingly not wanting to engage with her husband's comments.

Dad who was oblivious to this just nodded as he started bragging about teaching Emma everything, she knows to a family in front of us. His ability to make a stranger engage in a conversation with him will never seem to amaze me. Although I'm, not an introvert per se but even I pale at his ability to make friends. This must be one of the skills he has honed through years of business.

"Dad the last round is about to start," I told him as he was still bragging about Emma's performance to the poor family who seemed to be supporting a girl from an opposing team. However, at this point in the conversation, they were also praising her as if she was their relative.

"Oh, so it is, let us cheer hard remember her name is Emma," he said to me seemingly entranced with the conversation he was having but he did not forget to advertise Emma one last time. The thing that made me doubt the other party's intelligence is the fact he nodded firmly and repeated her name as if he was trying to engrave it into memory.