

Theo Van Alen

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Benny was about to headbutt the limousine but Ella held him back.

“Stop it, Benny, you’re going to hurt yourself!”

“ I’ll be fine. I have a strong scalp. And anyway, if it does happen to hurt, I can just put some of my Lucas’ papaw ointment on.”

“Okay, But I don’t think you want to hurt yourself the day before your first premier lacrosse league game. I mean for goodness sake, you’re on the Whipsnakes! You should learn to take care of yourself, being a professional athlete.”

“Ok, ok, I’ll try.”

Benny stepped into the limousine and was greeted by his kitten. It purred and snuggled up in his lap. Josh Turner was blasting through the radio as Benny sang along. He was then handed his personalized Nintendo switch with his initials engraved in it. He doesn’t share one with Quin anymore because he just got signed by the Whipsnakes for a cool 12.5 million. Quinn, being the renowned actor and model, can easily afford one himself too. It was going to be a long drive from Boston to New York, and of course, he needed to bring along his Xbox and Nintendo for the limousine tv. He plugged into the tv and he started playing team fortress 2. After playing that for about an hour he went and played some Minecraft. He decided to build the crane estate castle in Minecraft with Anand, Benny went over to his huge clash of clans base. He destroyed a couple of opponents and then went and played with Joey. After coc, he fell asleep.

Benny woke up to Will Stomberg, his chauffeur, misting him with a water bottle to wake him up. “Thank god!” Will said. “I’ve been doing this for 10 minutes. Get your lazy b.u.t.t. up and go to bed you have to be at the arena by 8:30 tomorrow morning.”

“Okay, okay,” Benny said. He walked up to his suite on the top floor of the Ritz Carlton.

The next morning, Benny was forced to get up at 6:30 and carbo-load. He had mounds and mounds of spaghetti for breakfast that he made himself. Today, it was pesto, parmesan, garlic, that he learned from last week’s cooking class. He gulped down some orange juice, stalked some more male models on Instagram, and was finally escorted by his bodyguards to the lobby of the Ritz. Swarms of young fans and newscasters surrounded him. A paparazzi of different lacrosse magazines were held back by policemen. One news reporter came up to Benny and asked him a hundred questions. “Are you excited about this new beginning to your career? Exactly how well do you know your teammates? Will you get along well? When did you start playing lacrosse? Do you have a sponsor? How did it feel when you found out you got into the Premier Lacrosse League?”

Benny’s lawyer, Jonathan Weedon, made sure to step in before Benny answered with an irrational response.

“Unfortunately, Benny is not able to talk about these things right now.”

Benny walked out the front door and into the glowing orange sunrise.

“Ahhh,” He said to himself. “Today, I will score a double hat trick.” And so he did.