



Louis
the
Extraordinary

A Short Story

Meg Queenz

Dedicated to:

Louis Tomlinson. Even though you don't think so, we notice your actions more than you'd think. Your charitable way of life has inspired all of your fans to take more action in their daily lives.

Thank you.

Short Story: Louis The Extraordinary

It was in the first quarter that it had happened; the worst thing that *could* happen. Louis felt sick to his stomach as the pain in his knee increased and then he couldn't hold it in any longer and he could feel his stomach churn even more as the crowd made disgusted faces. He could see them, though he was sure they didn't realize that.

Thoroughly embarrassed, he was extremely happy when he was taken off the field and carried into the locker rooms so the medic so examine his knee. He couldn't believe that he had screwed it up; his first game as a Rover, and he had managed to vomit and get injured.

What a career, he thought ruefully, despite being happy that he had at least raised money for the charity event benefiting Bluebell Wood Children's Hospice before becoming out of commission.

His phone started ringing in his bag and the medic stretched his leg lightly. He drew in a sharp breath and asked for someone to bring his phone. He knew it was Eleanor by the song it was playing; Drop in the Ocean by Ron Pope.

As soon as he was handed his phone, he slid it open and pressed it to his ear.

"Hello?" he tried to hide the pain in his voice as the medic applied slight pressure to his knee.

"Are you okay?" he could hear the crowd in the background, still as loud as possible.

"I'll be fine."

"Do you want me to come down?" the worry in her voice was evident now as the crowd got quieter. He assumed that someone had scored, and now the excitement had died down.

He put his hand over the phone and spoke to the medic. "Can my girlfriend come down?"

He seemed to pause before nodding. "Sure, lad."

Louis relayed the information back to Eleanor and she told him that she'd bring his mother too.

More relaxed than he had been since he stepped on the field, his shoulders un-tensed and he concentrated on how he was feeling.

The pain in his knee had gone down somewhat and he hoped that he hadn't injured himself severely even as the pain reduced significantly.

The door opened to reveal a worried looking girlfriend and mother. They both came on the opposite side of the medic, who was still messing with his knee, and fawned over him. Eleanor brushed his hair off of his forehead and kissed his forehead tenderly as his mother talked with the medic about his injury.

"Is it severe?"

"I don't think so, ma'am. It looked like he just bruised his knee. It'll hurt for a while and he shouldn't do strenuous activities, but he should be back to normal in about three months or so."

He hit his head against the back of the metal table and winced at the headache that began to form.

Oh, that was smart, he chided himself.

With a new headache and a swelling knee, he leaned on his mother and Eleanor for support as they brought

him inside.

They had decided that it would be best to just bring him back to Johannah Darling's house instead of watching the rest of the game. Eleanor had called the lads on Louis' phone and told them that he was fine but that they couldn't really play soccer until his knee had healed. They had expressed their concerns, but Louis himself told them to stop being mother hens and Liam had scoffed at the "Daddy Direction" reference.

He had settled on the couch and had begun to watch the rest of the Rover's game but had gotten bored after it had ended and he picked up his phone from where Eleanor had placed it on the side table next to his mother's couch.

He went to his email in a fit of boredom and when he saw he had 0 unread emails, he went to the Twitter icon on his phone.

He saw a lot of his fans talking about all the day's event and some haters talking about how he could've "held it in" because it made them sick themselves. He shook his head and was about to click out of Twitter when something caught his attention. It was a tweet from a fan, and he had tears in his eyes as he finished reading it.

louis is the best role-model anyone could ask for. the rovers thing just proved that. [#heartofgold](#)

Despite the fact that he had dyed his hair red for Red Nose Day and done so much for charity, he felt like no one noticed. On Red Nose Day, the interviewer had asked Harry, the one who the media sees as the "frontman" for One Direction, all the questions and hadn't even paid attention to him. He hadn't gone on Twitter afterwards, being more irritated than he had shown but in the end just got used to it.

Eleanor came into the room with a plate of grilled cheese and set it on the coffee table next to Louis' feet before noticing his face.

She sat down next to him quickly and brought him in for a hug.

"What's wrong?"

He kissed her hair and squeezed her tight. "Nothing. Everything's fine."

She pulled away a little and wiped a tear that was threatening to escape his eyes. "Are you sure? You look upset."

He shook his head and brought the phone closer to show her the tweet.

Her face erupted into a grin and she hugged him tight. "I'm glad someone finally noticed. You deserve it."

He grinned at her and then his face grew somber. "I was mad at people for not noticing," he admitted.

She kissed his cheek and whispered, "I know."

He looked taken back. "You do?"

"Did you think I wouldn't notice? And your fans notice too. Those Directioners are quick to notice things."

He frowned. "I never noticed that."

"Babe," she laughed. "They trended LouisRedHair on Red Nose Day. You didn't notice because you had no faith in their ability to notice you were upset."

Now he was mad at *himself*.

"Don't be upset now!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You just raised a lot of money for a good charity and your fans have finally noticed how many good things you do. Sure, you hurt your knee but be grateful it wasn't

worse!"

He nodded. "You're right." He pointed to the grilled cheese on the table in front of him. "Are those for me?"

She laughed. "Yes, Louis, they're yours."

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