GAMEPLAY

ON THE PITCH, LIGHTNING FAST, DRIBBLE,
FAKE, THEN MAKE A DASH

PLAYER TRIES TO STEAL THE BALL
LIFT AND STEP AND MAKE HIM FALL

ZIP AND ZOOM TO FIND THE SPOT
DEFENSE READIES FOR
THE SHOT



CHIP, THEN KICK IT IN THE AIR

TAKE OFF LIKE A BELGIAN HARE

SHOOT IT LEFT, BUT WATCH IT CURVE

ALL HE CAN DO IS OBSERVE



WATCH THE BALL BEND IN MIDFLIGHT

PLAY THIS GAME FAR INTO NIGHT.



WAKE-UP CALL

AFTER PLAYING **FIFA** ONLINE WITH COBY TILL ONE THIRTY A.M. LAST NIGHT, YOU WAKE THIS MORNING TO THE SOUND OF MOM ARGUING ON THE PHONE WITH DAD.



QUESTIONS

DID YOU MAKE UP YOUR BED?
YEAH. CAN YOU PUT BANANAS IN MY PANCAKES, PLEASE?

DID YOU FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK?
YEAH. CAN WE PLAY A QUICK GAME OF PING-PONG, MOM?

AND WHAT ABOUT THE READING. I DIDN'T SEE YOU DOING THAT YESTERDAY.

MOM, DAD'S NOT EVEN HERE.

JUST BECAUSE YOUR FATHER'S AWAY DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN AVOID YOUR CHORES.

I BARELY HAVE TIME FOR MY **REAL** CHORES.





PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SPEND LESS TIME PLAYING **XBOX** AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

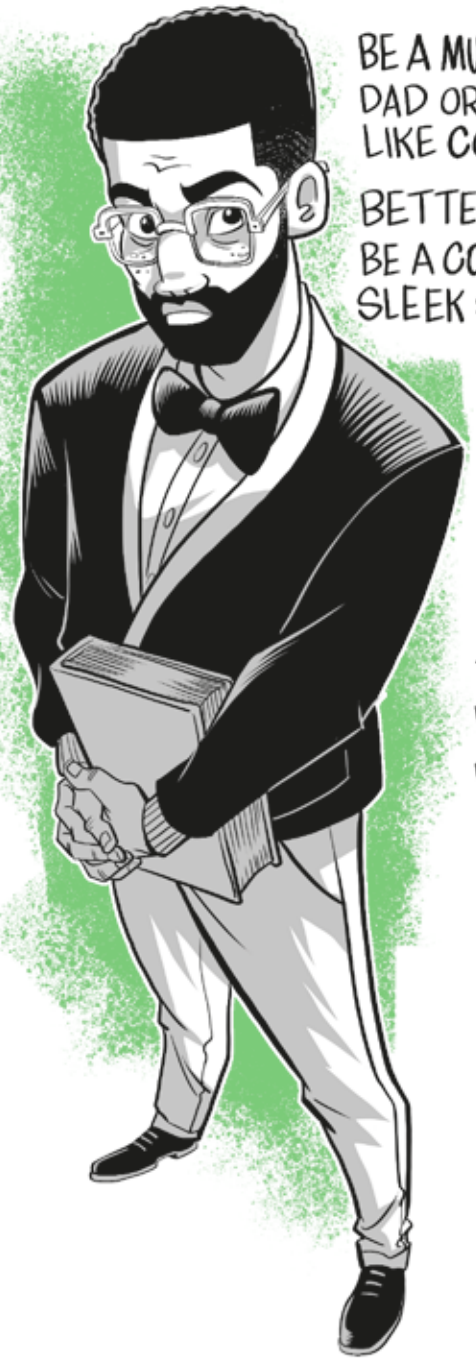
HUH?

OH, YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW?



I'M SICK OF READING HIS STUPID WORDS, MOM. I'M GOING TO HIGH SCHOOL NEXT YEAR AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO KEEP DOING THIS.

WHY COULDN'T YOUR DAD



BE A MUSICIAN LIKE **JIMMY LEON'S** DAD OR OWN AN **OIL** COMPANY LIKE **COBY'S**?

BETTER YET, WHY COULDN'T HE BE A COOL DETECTIVE DRIVING A SLEEK SILVER CONVERTIBLE CAR LIKE **WILL SMITH** IN **BAD BOYS**?

INSTEAD, YOUR DAD'S A LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR WITH CHRONIC **VERBOMANIA*** AS EVIDENCED BY THE FACT THAT HE ACTUALLY WROTE A DICTIONARY CALLED **WEIRD** AND **WONDERFUL WORDS** WITH, **GET THIS**, FOOTNOTES.

*VERBOMANIA [VURB-OH-MEY-NEE-UH]
NOUN: A CRAZED OBSESSION FOR WORDS. EVERY FREAKIN' DAY I HAVE TO READ HIS "DICTIONARY," WHICH HAS FREAKIN' FOOTNOTES. THAT'S ABSURD TO ME. KINDA LIKE ORDERING A GLASS OF CHOCOLATE MILK, THEN ASKING FOR CHOCOLATE SYRUP ON THE SIDE. SERIOUSLY, WHO DOES THAT? SMH!

IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SPELLING BEE

WHEN YOU INTENTIONALLY MISSPELLED **HEIFER**, HE ALMOST HAD A **COW**.

YOU'RE THE ONLY KID ON YOUR BLOCK AT SCHOOL IN **THE. ENTIRE. FREAKIN. WORLD.**

WHO LIVES IN A

PRISON OF WORDS

HE CALLS IT THE **PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE.**

YOU CALL IT



SHAWSHANK.

AND EVEN THOUGH YOUR MOTHER FORBIDS YOU TO SAY IT, THE TRUTH IS

YOU HATE WORDS!

GIDDY-UP



SHE HOLLERS, **SMASHING** THE BALL TO THE EDGE OF THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE TABLE WITH SO MUCH FORCE,

IT SENDS YOU DIVING INTO THE LAUNDRY STACK, TRYING AND FAILING TO LOB IT **BACK**.



LOSER DOES THE DISHES TONIGHT.

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT NOW, MOM. IT'S GAME POINT.





SHE DROPS A SHOT RIGHT OVER THE NET THAT YOU CAN'T GET TO.



YOU'RE A **ONE-TRICK PONY**, YOUNG BOY.

STICK TO SOCCER, SHE JOKES, THEN **HEADLOCKS** YOU, HITS YOU ON THE **BACKSIDE** WITH HER PADDLE, AND SOAKS YOUR FOREHEAD IN KISSES AFTER BEATING YOU FOR THE **FOURTH** GAME IN A ROW.