

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.





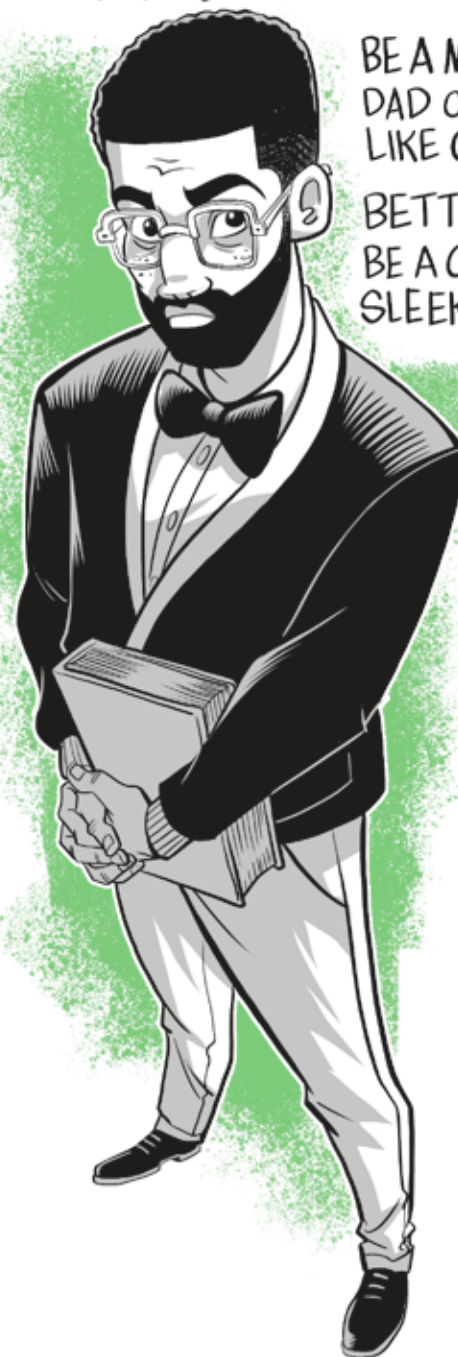
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SPEND
LESS TIME PLAYING XBOX
AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT.
HUH?

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,

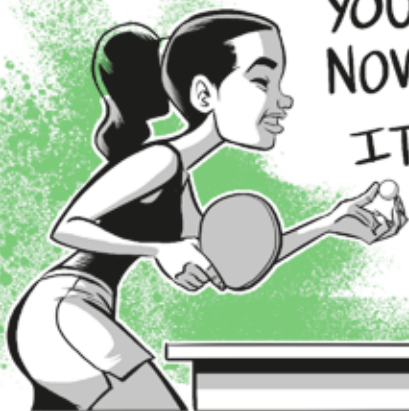
IT SENDS YOU DIVING INTO
THE LAUNDRY STACK,
TRYING AND FAILING TO
LOB IT BACK.



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.