

# 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.







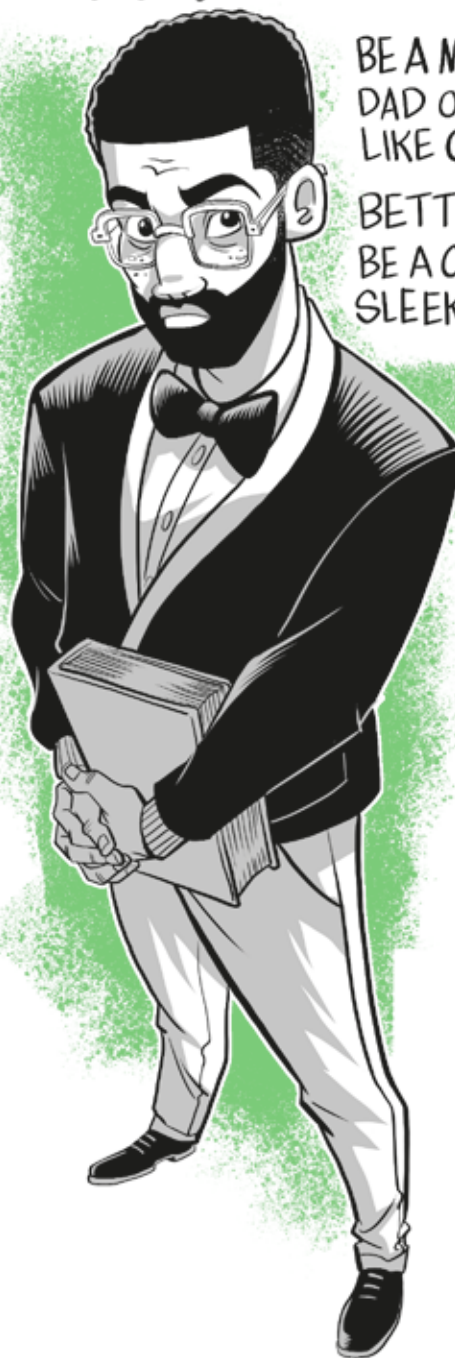
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SPEND  
LESS TIME PLAYING XBOX  
AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT.  
**HUH?**

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.