

AN UNOFFICIAL **ROBLOX** BOOK

DIARY OF A **ROBLOX**

PRO



**CASH
SPLASH**

By Ari Avatar

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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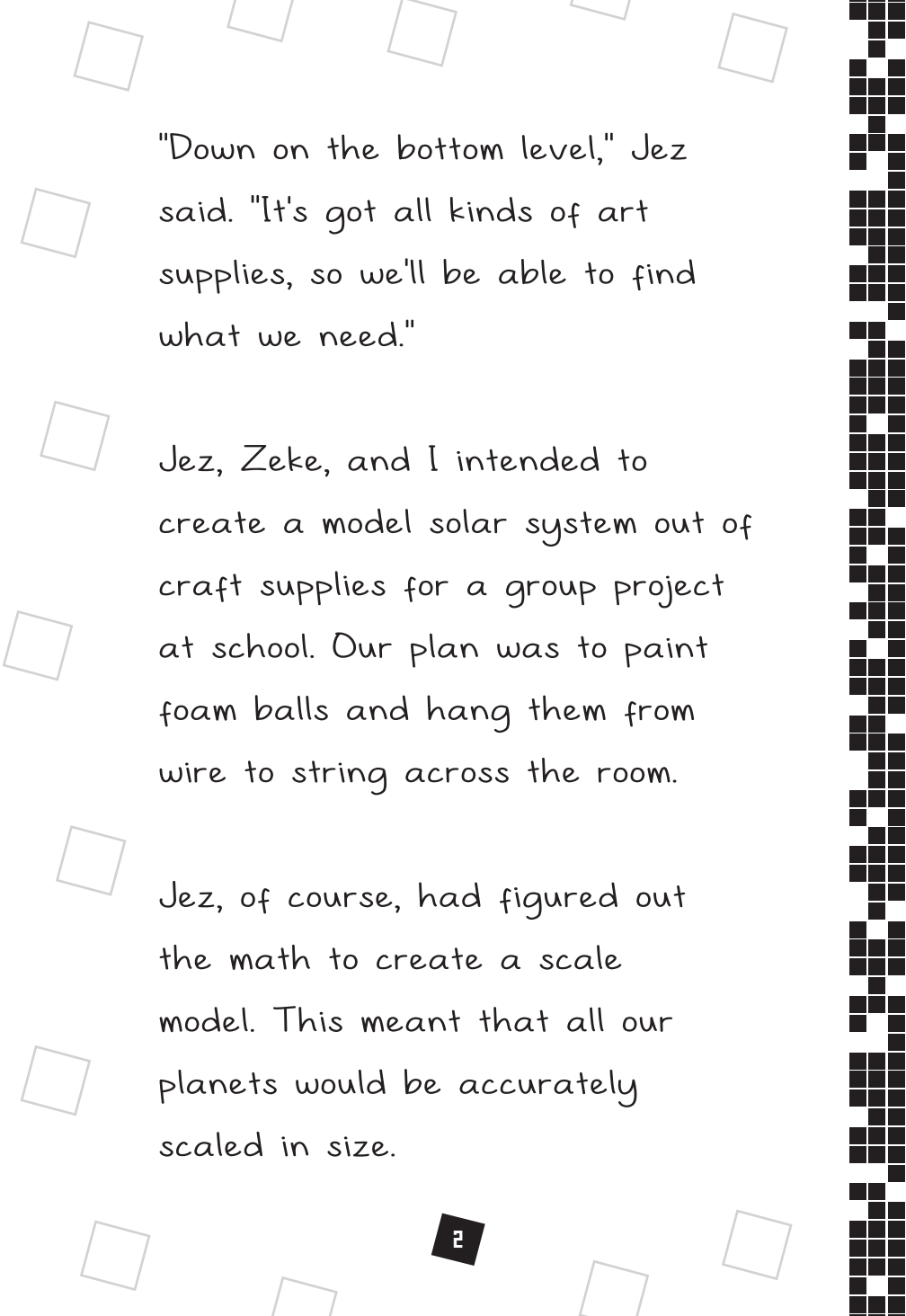
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON

"Ah, **BRAIN FREEZE!**" I cried, clutching my head as the cold from my chocolate milkshake hits my brain.

"You need a **BRAIN** to get brain freeze," Zeke joked, throwing a potato chip at me.



"Ha ha. So, where's this shop we have to go to?" I asked, looking around the food court of the shopping center.

The page is decorated with several light gray squares of varying sizes scattered across the top and left sides. A vertical black and white pixelated border runs along the right edge of the page.

"Down on the bottom level," Jez said. "It's got all kinds of art supplies, so we'll be able to find what we need."

Jez, Zeke, and I intended to create a model solar system out of craft supplies for a group project at school. Our plan was to paint foam balls and hang them from wire to string across the room.

Jez, of course, had figured out the math to create a scale model. This meant that all our planets would be accurately scaled in size.



Jez sipped her bubble tea, then scooped up a jelly to pop into her mouth.

"Did you hear that the new **AIR PUMP 3000S** have just released?" Zeke said. "I want to go check them out."

"Awesome!" I said.

"Probably costs like a **MILLION ROBUX** though," Jez said.



She was probably right. Air Pump sneakers were the coolest shoes around. The only avatar I knew

who got the new release editions was Trip from school. He's a total bully but also happens to be the mayor's son and gets whatever he wants.

"Zeke, your birthday is coming up. Maybe you could get a pair," I said. "You'd be the coolest avatar at school."

Zeke shrugged. "I doubt my parents could afford them, but an avatar can dream!"

We finished our after-school snacks and threw our trash into



the cans. But instead of going downstairs to the craft supply store, we took the escalator up to the Air Pump store.

Even from a distance, we could see the large crowd of young avatars gathered around the shop window. As we approached, we heard them oohing and aahing.

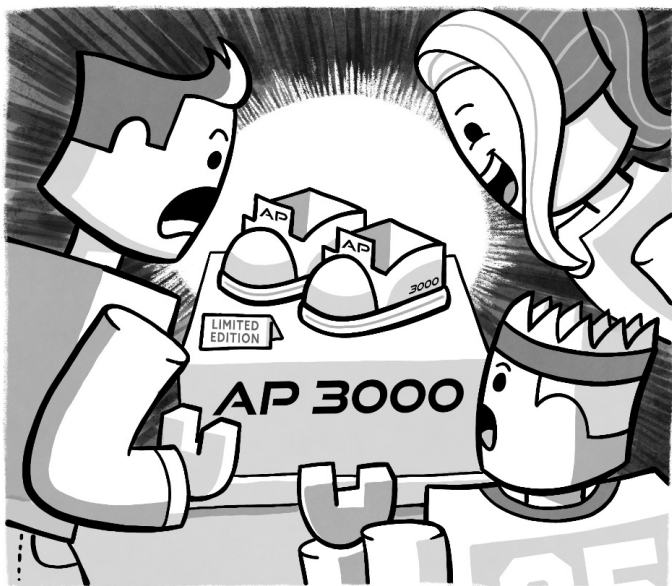
"So **EPIC!**" one avatar said.

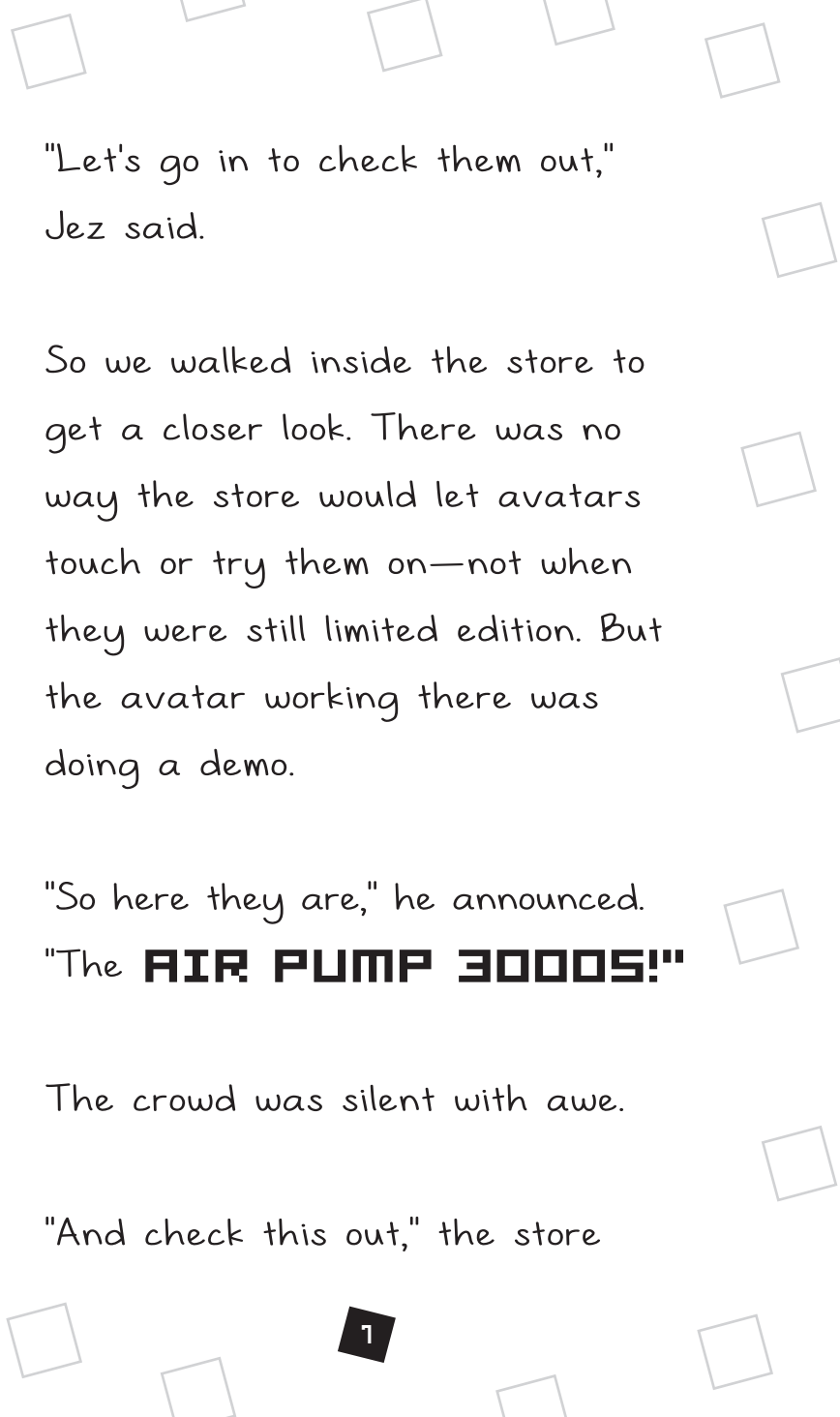

"How cool are the colors?" another added.

"I bet they make you jump really

high too," another said. "I'd be an obby **PRO** if I had those."

Zeke, Jez, and I elbowed our way to the window and looked in. There, sitting on a little podium, was the **COOLEST** pair of sneakers I'd ever seen in my life.





"Let's go in to check them out,"
Jez said.

So we walked inside the store to get a closer look. There was no way the store would let avatars touch or try them on—not when they were still limited edition. But the avatar working there was doing a demo.

"So here they are," he announced.
"The **AIR PUMP 3000S!**"

The crowd was silent with awe.

"And check this out," the store


assistant said, bending his knees. He then jumped, **SHOOTING** up as high as the store ceiling.

"WHOA!" we all exclaimed.

"With these shoes, you'll be an obby pro in no time," he said as he landed softly back on the ground. "And that's not all! The rocket power mode will make you run as fast as a cheetah," he added.

He burst forward, running through the store at **LIGHTNING** speed.

The crowd erupted into cheers.



"I've never wanted something so much in my life!" I said, bouncing up and down. "I'd literally trade anything for a pair of these."

"ANYTHING?" Jez challenged, raising an eyebrow.

"Yep," I said resolutely.

"Like, your family? Your dog? Your friends?" she challenged.

I hesitated.

"Oh, thanks a lot, Ari!" she yelled, offended.

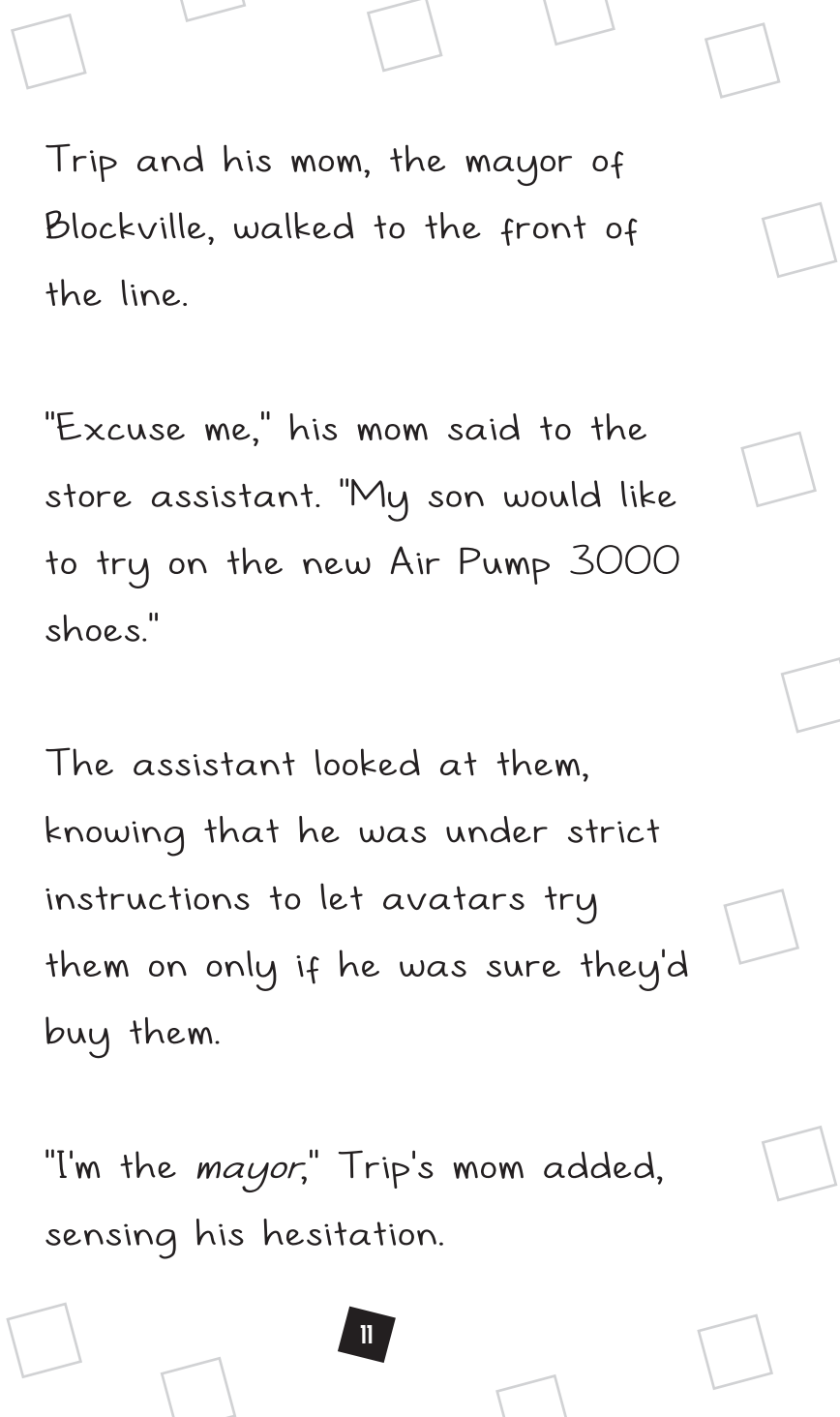

"No, no, of course not you guys," I said hurriedly.

"You don't sound very convincing, Ari," Zeke jumped in, narrowing his eyes.

"Clear the way, clear the way," an obnoxious voice called from behind us. We didn't need to turn around to know who it was.

TRIP.

"The mayor is here, clear the way," Trip yelled as the crowd parted around him.



Trip and his mom, the mayor of Blockville, walked to the front of the line.

"Excuse me," his mom said to the store assistant. "My son would like to try on the new Air Pump 3000 shoes."

The assistant looked at them, knowing that he was under strict instructions to let avatars try them on only if he was sure they'd buy them.

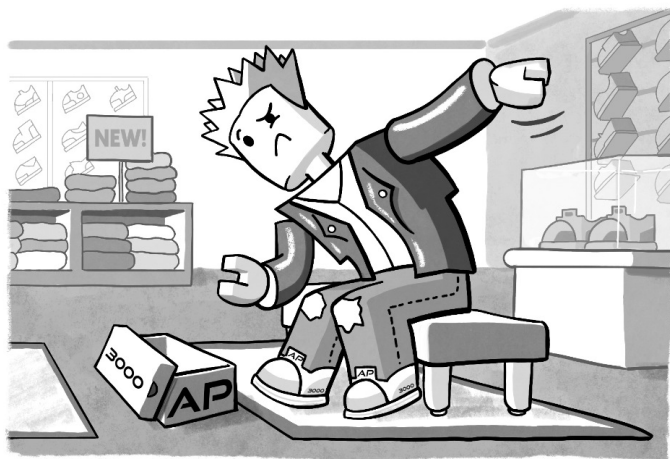
"I'm the *mayor*," Trip's mom added, sensing his hesitation.

"Of course, ma'am," the assistant said. He then turned to Trip. "What size, sir?" he asked politely.

Everyone stared as Trip was measured for his shoes. Then the store assistant brought out a box and opened it to reveal the **SHINING** new shoes.

Trip tried them on. He jumped and almost hit the roof, then he ran around the store, knocking over several avatars.

"How are they, darling?" his mom asked.



"They're OK," Trip said, scrunching up his nose. "I thought they'd be **BETTER.**"

"Do you not want them?" the mayor asked her son.

"Eh, I guess I'll take them," Trip said, shrugging. "If they're trash, I'll just give them to the dog."

UUUUUUUUUU!

"I can't stand Trip," I whispered to Jez and Zeke.

After his mom swiped her credit card at the counter, she and Trip walked out of the store with his new shoes in a sparkling Air Pump bag.

UNFAIR.