

AN UNOFFICIAL **ROBLOX** BOOK

DIARY OF A **ROBLOX**

PRO

**OBBY
CHALLENGE**



By Ari Avatar

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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MONDAY AFTERNOON



"Watch this," I said, throwing a popcorn piece into the air and catching it in my mouth.

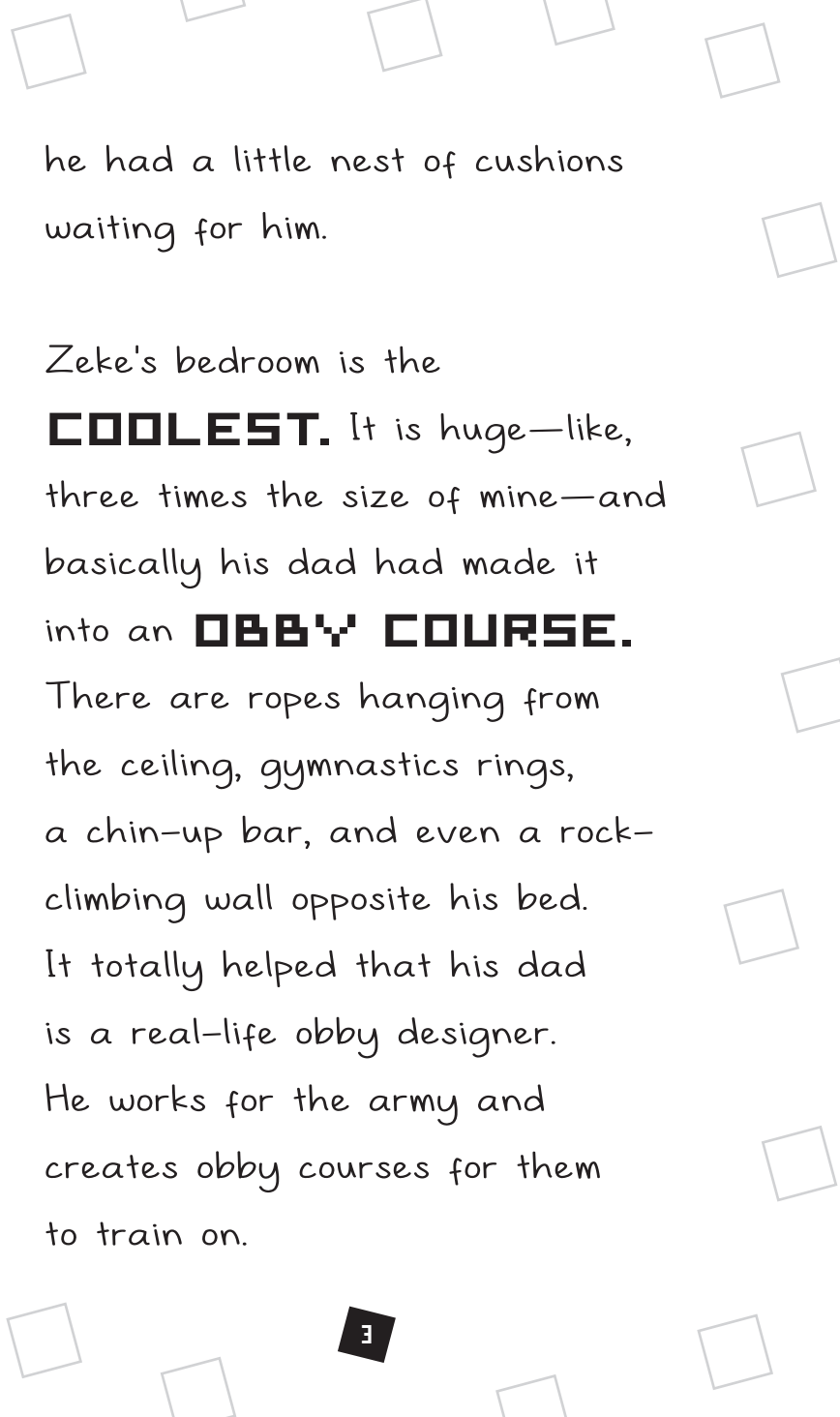

"Watch *this!*" Jez said, copying me, but before the popcorn could land in her mouth, a long, hairy arm reached out and snatched it.

"Dash!" she yelled.

Zeke's **DREAM PET**, a sloth, smiled sleepily as he chewed the stolen morsel.

"That's the **FASTEST** I've ever seen him move." Zeke laughed.

Dash climbed onto Zeke's bed and grabbed the rope that was strung across the ceiling. He climbed slowly, hand over hand, until he got to the far end of Zeke's bedroom. Then he pulled himself onto the top of the dresser, where



he had a little nest of cushions waiting for him.

Zeke's bedroom is the **COOLEST**. It is huge—like, three times the size of mine—and basically his dad had made it into an **OBBY COURSE**.

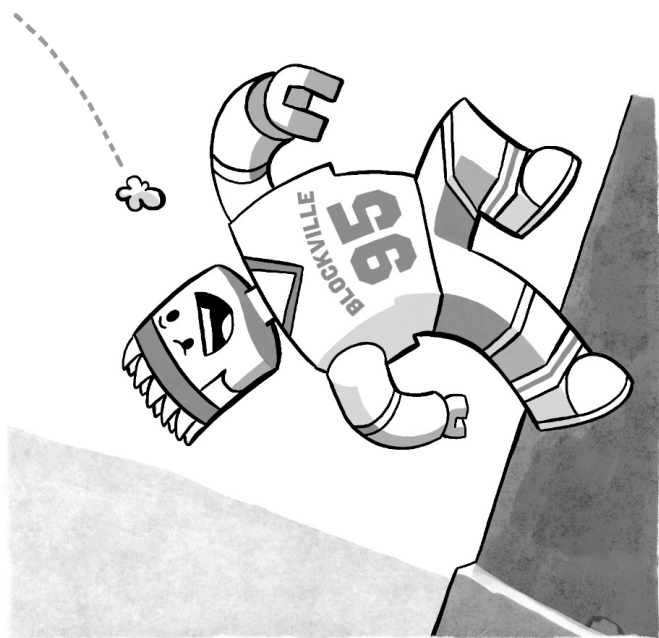
There are ropes hanging from the ceiling, gymnastics rings, a chin-up bar, and even a rock-climbing wall opposite his bed. It totally helped that his dad is a real-life obby designer. He works for the army and creates obby courses for them to train on.

"Hey, Ari, watch THIS!" Zeke said, jumping up from his bed where he was sitting. He threw a piece of popcorn high into the air and it traveled across his bedroom.

I smirked—it was a dud throw and there was **NO WAY** he could catch that!

But suddenly, Zeke did a backflip and then he ran fast toward the popcorn as it started its descent. Then he ran up the wall. Literally. Like, his feet pounded its surface, leaving light smudges, then he pushed hard off it and curled his body into a **SOMERSAULT.**

As he landed, he looked up, opened his mouth, and the popcorn piece fell onto his tongue with a soft "plop!"



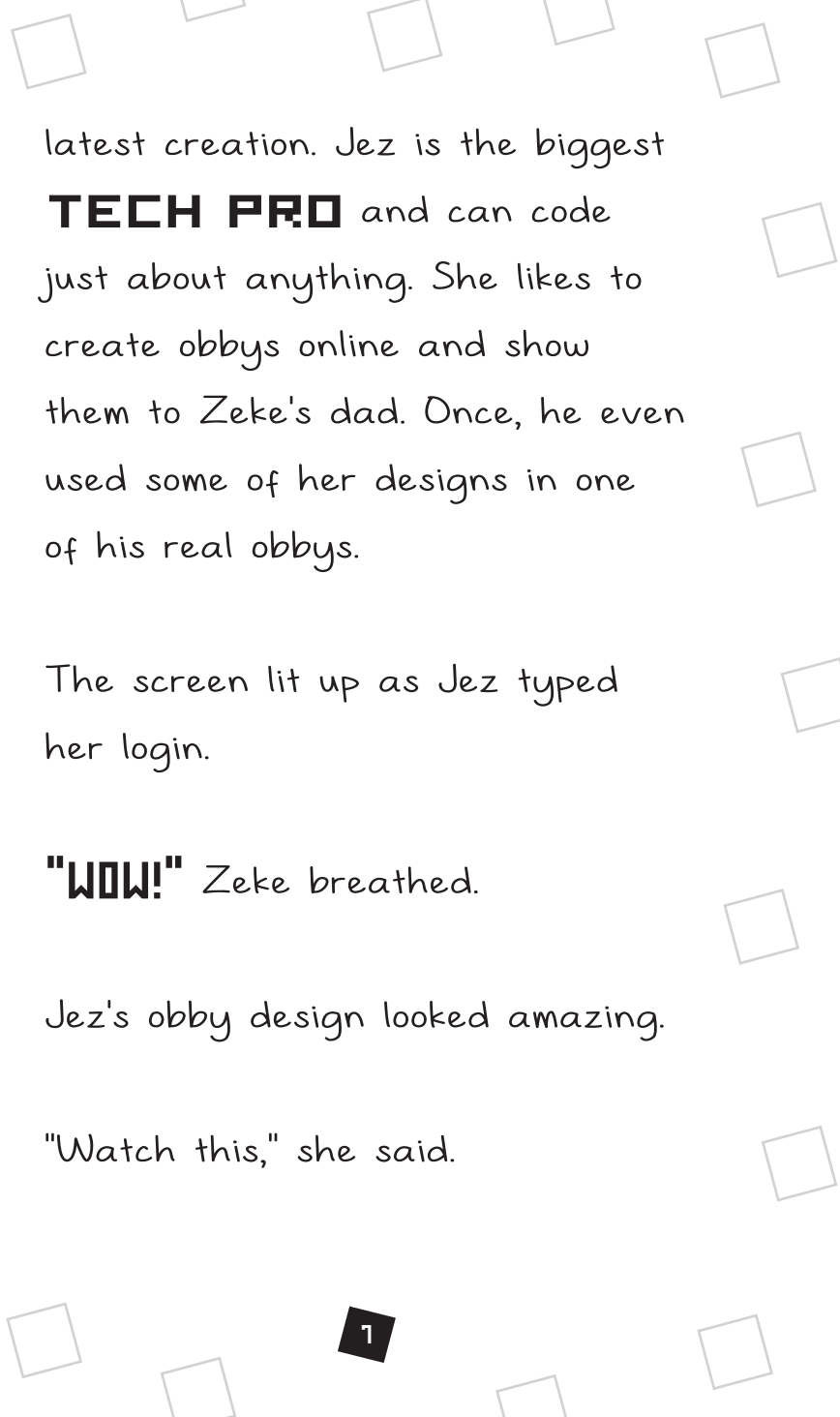

"WHOA!" Jez gasped.

"Epic!" I said, high-fiving him.

Zeke has been my best friend since we were tiny avatars. And he has always been a **PARKOUR PRO**. I won't lie—I'm always just a teensy bit jealous of his sick skills. But when I looked around his bedroom, it was pretty obvious why. I mean, all I had at home was one boring old chin-up bar in the garage.

"OK, I may not be an **OBBY PRO** in real life, but I'm totally an obby pro online!" Jez said, whipping open her laptop.

Zeke and I leaned in to see her



latest creation. Jez is the biggest **TECH PRO** and can code just about anything. She likes to create obbys online and show them to Zeke's dad. Once, he even used some of her designs in one of his real obbys.

The screen lit up as Jez typed her login.

"**WOW!**" Zeke breathed.

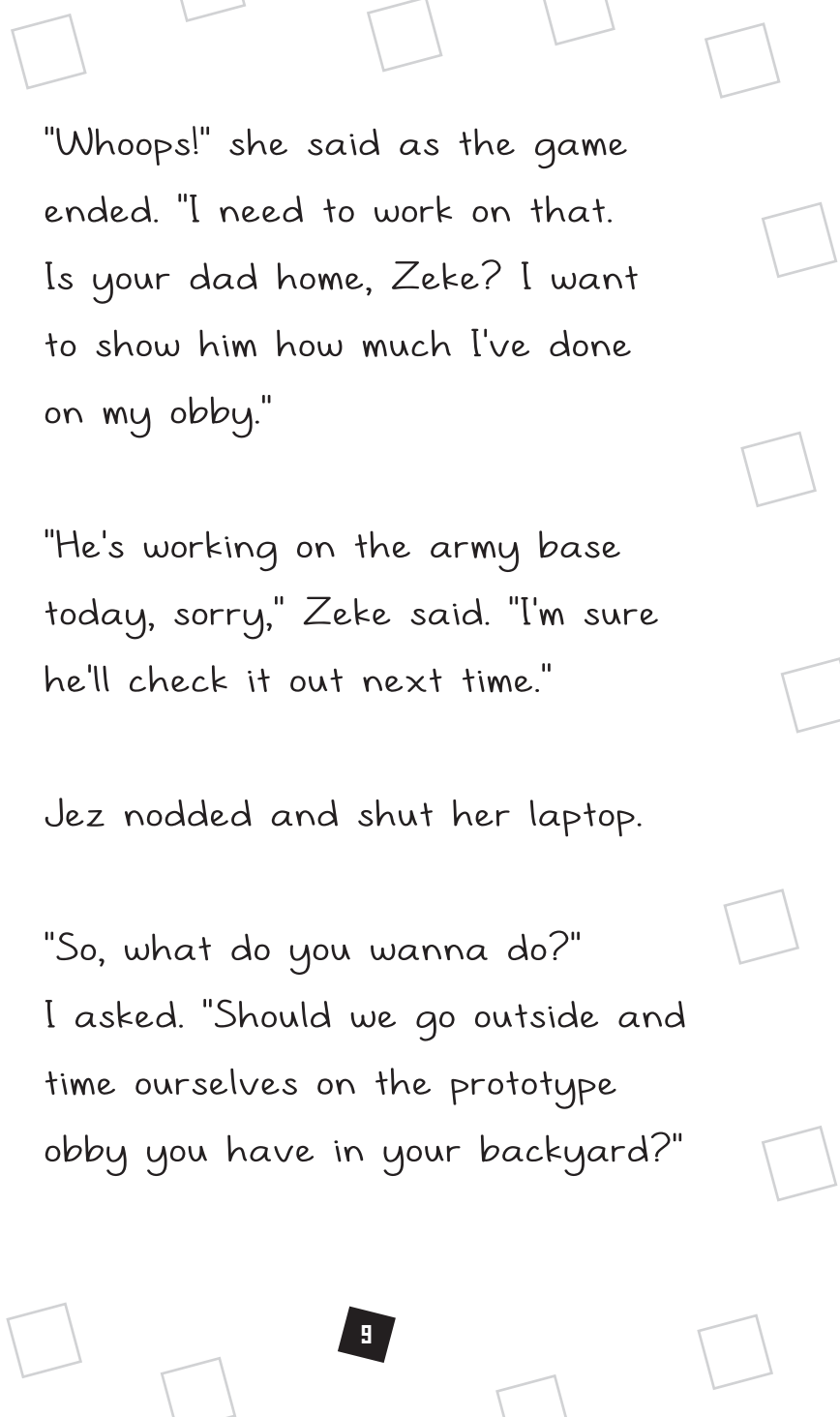

Jez's obby design looked amazing.

"Watch this," she said.

Her avatar leaped across the screen, bounding from block to block. Then the screen lit up with orange as a firepit **BLAZED** under her obby course.

"You've gotta time your jump so you don't get fried," she said, pointing to the firepit below her avatar. "But you also have to watch out for—"

Before she could finish, a massive, **SPINNING SAW** dropped down from above, chopping her avatar in half.



"Whoops!" she said as the game ended. "I need to work on that. Is your dad home, Zeke? I want to show him how much I've done on my obby."

"He's working on the army base today, sorry," Zeke said. "I'm sure he'll check it out next time."

Jez nodded and shut her laptop.

"So, what do you wanna do?" I asked. "Should we go outside and time ourselves on the prototype obby you have in your backyard?"

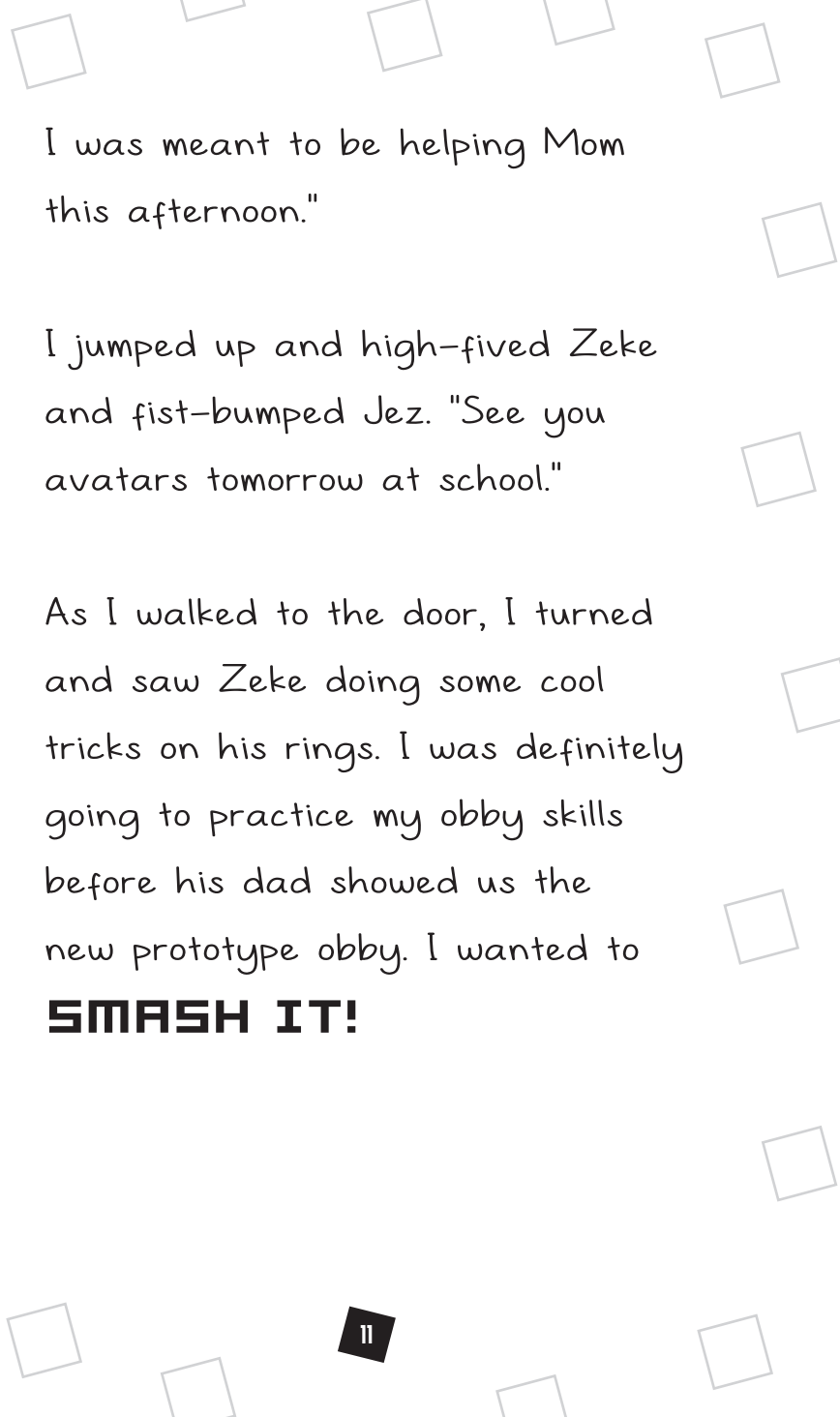

Zeke shook his head. "Dad took it down."

"Why?" Jez asked.

"He's starting a new one. It's going to be **AWESOME**. Come over in a couple of days when it's all set up," Zeke said. "I've seen part of the design and it's so cool. But he's still tweaking it. I think he'd like to see some of your ideas, Jez!"

Jez's eyes lit up.

I glanced at the clock on Zeke's wall. "Oh man," I said. "I've gotta go!"



I was meant to be helping Mom this afternoon."

I jumped up and high-fived Zeke and fist-bumped Jez. "See you avatars tomorrow at school."

As I walked to the door, I turned and saw Zeke doing some cool tricks on his rings. I was definitely going to practice my obby skills before his dad showed us the new prototype obby. I wanted to

SMASH IT!