

AN UNOFFICIAL **ROBLOX** BOOK

DIARY OF A **ROBLOX**

PRO

**SOCCE
R SIMULATOR**



By Ari Avatar

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON

"Come with me, Ari," Zeke **BEGGED**.

He was giving me his best puppy-dog eyes. He was pleading with me.

"No way," I said, shaking my head. "I'll just make a huge **FOOL** of myself. We both know I can't play."

Zeke was asking me to go to the obby soccer tryouts with him.

I'm not a pro at obbys like Zeke is. Sure, obbys are fun, but I can hardly make it through a normal obby, let alone having to kick a ball through one!

OBBY SOCCER is exactly like it sounds. At its core, it's just like a normal game of soccer, except for the fact that the field is actually an obby course, with raised platforms, channels of water and lava, and frequent earthquakes designed to knock players over.

Zeke was going to **SMASH** it.

He is an **OBBY PRO**. But even though he really wanted us to be teammates, I knew there was no way I would even make the team.

"Come on, bruh," Zeke continued his pleading. "For me?"

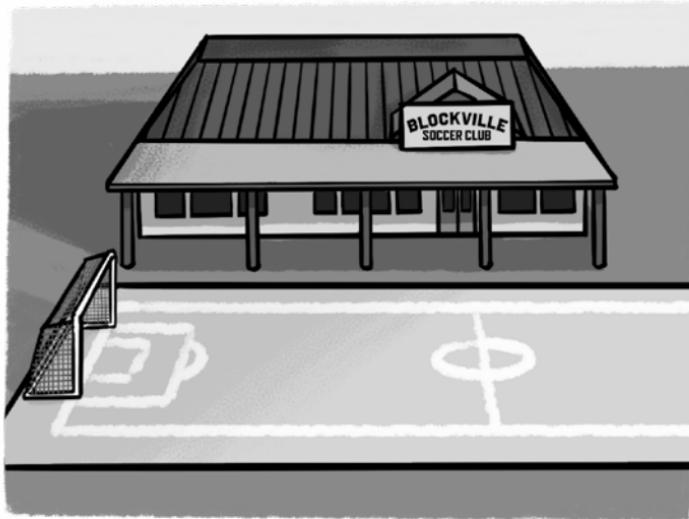
I didn't want to let him down. And I thought it couldn't hurt to just show up. Anyway, the coach, Mr. Boulder, would take one look at me and know that I wasn't fit for obby soccer. At least this way I could tell Zeke that I **TRIED** when I didn't make the team.

"All right, let's go before I change my mind," I sighed.

"**YEAH!**" Zeke yelled, giving me a high five.

I sighed again. This was going to be **EMBARRASSING**.

We walked down the front steps of the school, and left the grounds. It was a short walk to the Blockville Soccer Club. I was relieved to see the normal soccer field. I would have turned right back around if the obby course was set up!



No way would they let **NOOBS** get out on a real obby soccer course just yet.

Since I didn't have any soccer shoes (noob, remember?!), Zeke lent me the spare pair he kept in his soccer bag. When he first showed me the shoes, I told him that they

probably wouldn't fit because my feet are so small, but he got them out anyway and held them against my feet. Turns out, Zeke and I wear the same size shoe, so unfortunately, I was fresh out of **EXCUSES**.

I strapped myself into the cleats and walked over to the rest of the avatars on the field. I stayed behind Zeke, trying not to be seen. But, **TRIP** spotted me straightaway.

"Here to get **BLOXXED**, noob?" he said, sneering and laughing.

I rolled my eyes. Typical Trip. He was the most **ANNOYING** avatar in all of Blockville, and now that I knew he would be trying out for the team too, I was even less excited about today's tryouts.

"All right, avatars," Mr. Boulder's voice **BOOMED** over the noise.
"Listen up!"



We immediately fell **SILENT**.

A nervous energy filled the air as we waited for Mr. Boulder to deliver his next instruction.

"You will split into two teams—red shirts versus blue shirts. I want you to all show me your **BEST**."

Mr. Boulder looked directly at me, as if he already knew my best was not going to cut it. I **GULPED**.

One by one, we all walked over to grab a shirt from the bin. Zeke and I were at the back of the group, so after Zeke bent down to grab a

blue shirt, there was only one left. I was just about to close my hand around the final blue shirt, when Trip shouldered me to the side and **RIPPED** it out of my hands.

"Better luck next time, **NOOB**," he laughed, running off onto the field. "Besides, I look better in blue!"

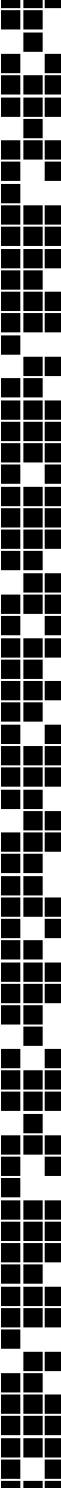
Furious, but with no other choice, I grabbed the final red shirt and walked over to join the others on the field.

We all lined up in the middle of the field. The blue team was starting

with the ball. I looked around nervously. Then, the whistle blew.

Zeke immediately **KICKED** the ball over to Trip, who ran toward me with a grin on his face. I tried to move out of his way, but I **PANICKED** and somehow tripped over my own feet. When I stood up, I stuck my leg out to steady myself. But in doing so, I accidentally caught the ball with my foot, successfully tackling Trip in the process. **FLUKE!**

I quickly **PASSED** the ball over to Levi, not wanting to be a target



for Trip and the blue team for any longer than I needed to be.

Now free from the ball, I took a moment to look around. The middle of the field was definitely not the place to be, as everyone was fighting for the ball. So I moved toward the **GOALPOST**, where it was quieter.

But when I turned back around, I saw Levi, in his red shirt, running straight toward me with the ball in his possession. He was skilled, but some defenders were starting to gain on him.

After showing off some **MAD** dribbling skills, he spotted me, right in front of the goal. Zeke was coming in for a tackle, so Levi kicked the ball directly to me!

Bruh didn't know how **WRONG** that move was!

As the ball flew through the air, Trip appeared out of nowhere and positioned himself between me and the ball. I swear I could hear him laughing.

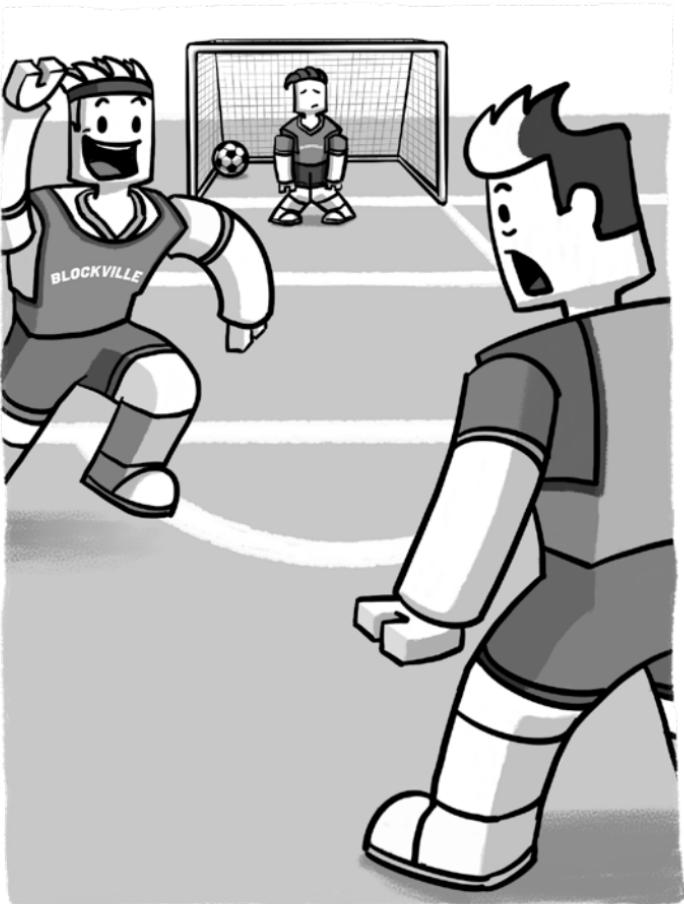
The ball whooshed through the air, but Trip couldn't control it,

and it bounced off his chest as he pushed into me again. This time I fell backward, my head **SMACKING** into something on my way down. I crashed into the grass with an "oomph"!

Suddenly, **CHEERS** erupted around me, and someone pulled me up onto my feet and patted me on the back. I could only see stars. Faces swam around me until Zeke came into focus.

"That was an **EPIC** headshot, Ari!" he shouted, as he ran toward me, a huge grin on his face.

I looked toward the goal. The ball was sitting in the bottom left-hand corner. I looked back at Zeke. He was **BEAMING** at me.



"Bruh, you totally **SMASHED** it!" he continued, while both red and blue shirts came over to pat me on the back in congratulations.

Couldn't they tell my goal was just a major **FLUKE?**

Mr. Boulder strutted over with his arms crossed. His arms were always crossed.

"**GOOD GOAL**, Ari," he said in a gravelly voice. "Everyone is dismissed. I've seen all I need to today. The announcement will be made on Monday morning."

Zeke and I collected our bags and started our walk home from the soccer club.

"Ari, you were **AWESOME!**" Zeke said.

"It was a complete fluke!" I said.
"I didn't even know I'd scored."

"Well, it looked epic," Zeke said.

Surely Mr. Boulder would know my goal was an accident. Wouldn't he?