

Sunday

Partly Cloudy.

Oatmeal.

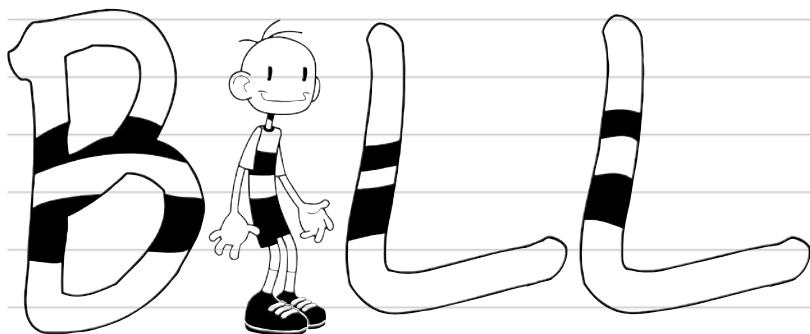
Call of Fragenerator-4:

51 kills,

x3 Blast Streaks.



This is only a replacement diary. I lost my first one in the fire...the fire my dad got arrested for setting. Shoot, I should probably talk about that first so this temporary diary has some kind of link to the past. I'll need that in case the insurance agent or fire department or whoever is going through our old, burnt-out house can't find my first diary.



I'm Bill. Bill Stokes. I started my first diary to keep track of my video game high scores. My friends back

at the old cul-de-sac all kept records of high scores in little notebooks for bragging rights. I wanted a bragging book too, and there was this diary in the bargain bin at the S-Mart, so I used that.

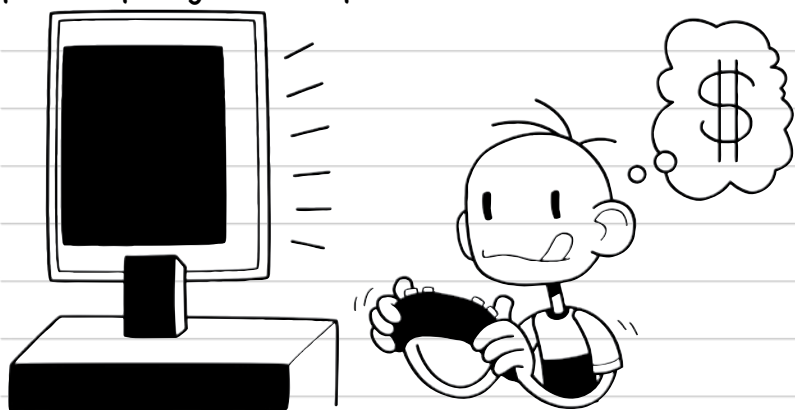
Larry from across the street thought he was slick for using his cell phone to keep track, until he accidentally dropped that phone into his sheepdog's food dish! Poor Wolfenstein was rickrolling the "Never Gonna Give You Up" ringtone from his stomach every time someone dialed Larry's number!



The whole thing must have been pretty traumatic to the phone, because by the time the vet got it back to Larry, its memory was a total blank!

I started writing more and more stuff in my good old, dependable score book: what I had for breakfast, what the weather outside was...any details that might have affected my high score. Eventually, I started writing down what I did and what I was feeling. So my score book became a sort of a diary. This all has a purpose, though.

Someday, when I become a pro gamer—and the pro gamer career path IS coming...SOON—I'll be able to feed all this data into a computer, and it'll give me the stats back for the perfect conditions for my perfect pre-game set up.

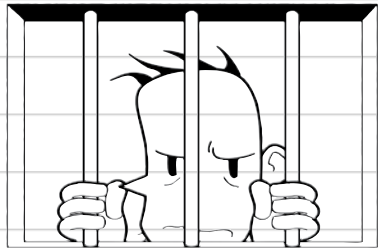


Having info going back all the way to today, the first day of middle school, is going to be my championship edge!

Being a pro gamer is like being a rock star or a movie star. I saw this one pro in an internet video last year. He had crowds of fans calling his name and got millions of hits on his website! He tours the tournament circuit, winning thousands and thousands of dollars... and he's an awful player!

Soon, pro gamers are going to be just as big as pro athletes...and I've got the skill and the talent to be the greatest one of all. The only thing that can possibly stand in my way is middle school!

I'd still like to have all the data I put down in my first diary, though. I'm glad Dad got arrested for what he did. I hope he stays in jail! I guess I should write that here so that future computer-statistic analyzer can factor this in.



Dad lost his job at the investment banker firm a month ago, and has been out of work ever since. They said he was cheating or something. He just stayed at home, got drunk and picked on Mom and me.



Dad threw a shoe at me for spilling milk on the carpet once, and he yelled at Mom a lot. It was hard to concentrate on my games all last month because of that. Those bad scores are noted in my first diary.

The day before the fire, I think Dad bought some insurance. They arrested him for arson and trying to run a scam. Good. I can't stand cheaters! I can't stand bullies! When things weren't going his way, Dad became both.