

# The Gaming Boy

Written & Illustrated by  
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Facilitated by Clare Ford at the Switched On Academy

# Acknowledgments

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## Chapter One: Meet Gaming Boy

Gaming Boy is just an ordinary 11-year-old boy, like me and you.

He goes to the same school as us; he is very good at Maths, and he loves Science. He likes to find the roots of words in French, Spanish and English to empower the connection with other people. Although Geography and History are not his favourites, he is still doing very well in those subjects.

When it comes to gaming, however, he is just excellent. He finds gaming a time to relax and calm down: when he's in the zone he is subdued and serene. His

knowledge of computing hardware is better than any of his classmates and even better than his teachers.

Gaming Boy has always dreamed of winning all the gaming tournaments and becoming the most famous Youtuber.

On the journey back home from school, he had the same vision that he had every day - a vision which is: getting into his pleasant, secure and snug room with all the RGB you can imagine, his name written on the wall with led lights, four of the best monitors, keyboards and mouses!  
Then he'd log onto his successful Youtube account and explain how he won the \$1 million tournament. "But of course that will never happen," he thought wistfully.

He snapped back into reality and got off the bus. He ambled in a forlorn and weary fashion, the rest of the way to his house.

Suddenly, he had a curious and inquisitive look on his face, "What if it were possible?" he wondered. He bolted to his humble house and as quick as lightning and dashed up the long endless stairs up to his room.



## Chapter two: The Plan Becomes Reality

After Gaming Boy had logged on to his pc, he stood up and went to his thinking board, which still had marks from previous ideas. He started rapidly scribbling down on the chalk white board. Momentarily, he had filled up the whole board.

“Yesssssss!” he screeched.

He had figured out exactly what to do.

The plan was to hop onto Fortnite with his friend that he knew was the best at the game and get the highest kill streak ever recorded in one match. The purpose of this was to even get into the tournament; as only

famous Youtubers can get invited to join and this would surely get the developers’ attention.

Gaming Boy called Ping, his best friend, and told him to get on Fortnite immediately. Once they were both in the game, Gaming Boy was quivering, if they lose he will never be famous or get his desired dreams.

He took several deep breaths, and sat back on his comfortable gaming chair, before putting his hand on the mouse and keyboard and getting ready to make a new world record. He was nervous, but confident and hopeful.

**Bang! Zap! KABOOM!**

They had done it. He jumped out of his chair in excitement, his heart bouncing with exhilaration. Now

all they had to do was wait for the owner of the game to message them.

Three days later, on a blindingly sunny day, Ben, the owner of the game, had messaged Gaming Boy and Ping. The message read: "You have caught our attention by getting the highest Fortnite kill record of all time and we will be more than happy to let you join our world wide tournament."

This message sent shivers down Ping and Gaming Boy's spine.



## Chapter Three:

### The Tournament Begins

The tournament was in one week, furthermore Ping and Gaming Boy had to practise as much as they could. They had a mind- blowing and monumental disadvantage, as most of the people playing in this arduous and complex tournament were adults, which meant that they didn't have school to take time away from practising.

One week later, they had practised a total of 79 hours and were ready to win the tournament.

The drive to the tournament was the scariest drive ever, Ping and Gaming Boy had to talk tactics, so they knew what they were going to do.

Gaming boy looked out the foggy opaque window. The trees danced in the wind as the glorious sun shined its dazzling, blazing and blinding rays over the forest adjacent to them.

Before they knew it, they were there.



## Chapter Four: The Tournament Ends - Or Does It?

There were 75 players left.

“Boxed like a fish, Dead!” Ping shouted

“Peace controlled, Dead” Yelled Gaming Boy.

They were killing people left and right. Suddenly a player named Benjamin, killed 7 players at once. There were now 50 players left. They were doing excellently with a total of 28 kills which was more than anyone in the tournament.

Promptly a gamers worst nightmare happened, Gaming boy was lagging.

900 ping! 700 ping! 1100 ping! It was now at the max. Gaming boy was practically teleporting at this point. When he moved forward the game would teleport him to where he was 5 seconds ago. All of his shots were delayed. Gaming boys rage built and built.

“AHHHHHHH!!!!!!” He yelled at the top of his voice.

Abruptly he saw 2 people coming towards him in the distance.

He boxed up but it was no use as he couldn't build due to the lag. The people came towards him and started fighting him. He was on 1hp and anything could kill him, then the box he made before that didn't register was built and saved his life. His ping had finally been fixed but he was in a very tense situation. Bang! 200

damage right to the head. Then it was someone on full health vs Gaming boy who was on 1hp. But the gaming boy is resilient and determined to win so he channels his energy and does not only kill him but clips him.

Then

Crack, **Crack.**

Instantaneously, the power cut out in the middle of the \$1 million tournament. The lights and the whole game had shut down in a heartbeat.

His heart thumped louder and faster than ever, as he was trembling with fear. As the brilliant and beautiful sun was setting, he had felt like the universe had given up on him.



**Bam!!!**

In a blink of an eye, the power was back, the game had rebooted and his character returned; Gaming Boy was over the moon; he quickly readied up in exhilaration.

He tried moving and jumping but it wasn't working.

Bewildered, he checked to see if it was still plugged in

and it was. Instantly, his character started moving

without him moving. He was petrified. What was

happening? He called over one of the assistants and

told them a bug is in the game. The assistants told him

there's no bug and he was reporting false information!

This was an outrage! Gaming Boy abruptly told Ping to

come and he did. Ping checked the system and found

out that someone had hacked into Gaming Boy's

tournament computer. He was not going to take this.

He wasn't going to throw all his hard work in the bin.

As the candy floss clouds turned dim, dull and gloomy,

Gaming Boy stood up and looked around with his

beady eyes. "Bingo!" he yelled. He had found an

unseen face and this tournament is only made for

famous people.

He zoomed over to the stranger's table and he was

right. The stranger was controlling Gaming Boy's

character.

"Hey," Gaming Boy shouted. "Stop hacking into my pc,

I'm in the middle of the tournament,"

"No, I'm not going to stop, I'm going to make you lose."

He glanced up at the colossal and embedded billboard that showed how many people were left, and it was a 2v1. Which meant it was Gaming Boy, Ping and the best player of all time: Benjamin.

“Why would you do such a thing?”

“Because you left me to go to the tournament with Ping.”

“Are you Jeff, my Fortnite friend?”

“Yes, and I'm not going to let you win the \$1 million without me.”

Gaming Boy looked down in disbelief at the stranger (who he thought was a friend) who he had let him down. He knew how unfortunate he was and how he

always talked about winning that money and helping his family.

Gaming Boy ran and with all his rage that was gathered inside him, he screamed. It seemed it had been a second, or less, but the guards had rushed out to come and help him, asking, “What is wrong sir?” Gaming Boy told them everything and his eccentric Fortnite friend was escorted out.

Gaming Boy went back to his pc and it was still working. He was as happy as a dog with 2 tails. Suddenly, before he could react, Benjamin had killed his teammate. It was now a 1v1.



## Chapter Five: Back in the Game

Gaming Boy channelled his energy and then he was in the zone. As the starry sky glistened he focused as much as he could. Everybody's jaws who were watching had dropped on the ground in disbelief. Ping and multiple other people were chanting Gaming Boy's name in the background.

"Gaming Boy! Gaming Boy!" they screeched.

"How could a 12 year old child have so much skill and potential?" thought the adults.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the last person fell off his builds and turned round 360 degrees while in the air before shooting Gaming Boy.

Gaming Boy was shocked and melancholy. All the hard work and practice he had put into this tournament had been thrown out as if it were an idea written on a piece of paper.

He looked dismal. He still couldn't comprehend that he had taken \$1 million and decided to throw it away. Suddenly a new voice spoke to him, one he had never heard before.

It was the creator of Fortnite!!!

"Hello Gaming Boy, I have heard a lot about you."

"Hello sir." Gaming Boy murmured

Jeff (the creator of Fortnite) pulled something from behind his back. It was a trophy. On the trophy had said:

"Only ever 12 year old to join and become 2nd in a Fortnite tournament."

"Thank you so much, but I am still reasonably sad to lose all of that money and clout." Gaming Boy said.

"I have a surprise for you," Jeff said.



## Chapter Six: The Prize

In his assistant's hand was a colossal check worth \$1,000,000.

Gaming Boy was astonished.

"Why have you done this?" he asked.

"I have seen how much effort and hard work you put in trying to enter the tournament, and then practising for it. I thought you needed some sort of prize."

Gaming Boy was smiling in disbelief. Promptly, they asked him and Benjamin to come up to the podium. Gaming Boy walked down feeling anxious and stood up on the podium with Michael.

Promptly, Benjamin looked over and said, "Nice mongrel classic you did there."

Gaming Boy's face lit up with joy that the world's best Fortnite player had noticed his skill.

"Thanks," he replied.

"Bing! Bing! Bing!"

Gaming Boy's phone was blowing up with notifications from his Youtube channel.

"Bing! Bing! Bing!"

He had hit 10k subscribers in less than a minute. He walked out of the big, black building with the biggest smile on his face, until he saw his old duo.

Gaming Boy went towards him and all he could hear was Ben (his last duo) weeping.

"AHHHH! That was meant to be our £1 million. I need it for my family," Ben said.

Gaming Boy felt bad for betraying Ben. Suddenly a lightness lit up Gaming Boy's heart and he gave \$10k to Ben.

He was staggered, "Why would you give this to me even after I hacked your computer?" he asked.

“You have always been my duo when others weren't and I know that you and your family needs it.”

Gaming boy had gotten his dream setup.

In the end Gaming Boy had got his money, his Youtube channel had blown up. Additionally, Gaming boy got his dream bedroom. Lastly, Ben and Gaming boy's fights had been settled.

Or had it?



We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

This project was co-ordinated and facilitated by Clare Ford, Founder of Switched ON! the global online academy which is re-defining education beyond academic success.

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*Gaming Boy, a boy who loves gaming, gets the opportunity of a lifetime with his friend, to enter a \$1 million tournament.*

*Does he make the most of it and win?*

*You'll have to read on to find out...*