

EVAN JACOBS

EMOJI OF DOOM



EMOJI FACTS

WORLD
EMOJI DAY!



絵文字えもじ

THE WORD **EMOJI** IS TAKEN FROM JAPANESE.

"E" MEANS **PICTURE**

"MOJI" MEANS **CHARACTER**

;) A SMILEY FACE EMOJI DATES ALL THE WAY BACK TO 1862!



"EMOJI" WAS OFFICIALLY
ADDED AS A WORD TO
DICTIONARIES IN 2013.



EMOJIS PEOPLE USE INCORRECTLY



"DEAD"
ACTUAL MEANING: SHOCKED

"FIRE"
ACTUAL MEANING: NAME BADGE





CHAPTER 1



Dyre High School. It was lunchtime. Travis Parker was sitting with his girlfriend, Sonya Vasquez. Next to Sonya was her best friend, Carla O'Neill. Travis's best friend, Erik Pitram, was there too.

"You can talk about anything except Walk the Moon!" Travis laughed. He hated that band.

"*Shut up and dance with me!*" Erik sang with a grin. He stood up. Then he waved his hands in the air.

“Please stop!” Travis pleaded.

“*This woman is my destiny ...*” Sonya crooned. She finished the line Erik had started.

Walk the Moon’s big hit was “Shut Up and Dance.” If Travis heard it again, he would scream.

Erik ran a hand through his thick black hair. He kept it shaved down on the sides. It looked like he had a mohawk. The boy certainly liked to keep himself in style. This year he was all about wearing light blue denim. He sat back down at the table.

Travis pulled up his hoodie. It said “Dyre Varsity Basketball” across the chest. He’d been on the varsity team since sophomore year. He was one of the team’s best players.

“Are you hiding?” Carla laughed.

Carla and Sonya liked to dress alike. They wore yoga pants and T-shirts. Sonya let her dark brown hair hang down her back. Carla always pulled her long black hair into a ponytail.

Sonya, Erik, and Carla were all in theater. That fall they were in the play *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

“Yeah, I’m hiding.” Travis pulled on the strings of his hoodie. The hood tightened against his head. He pretended to scan the other tables, looking for his fans. “You guys are going to ruin my rep.”

“You’re such a dork,” Sonya said. She threw a piece of bread at him.

It bounced off his shoulder. Travis picked it up and ate it.

He was always hungry. The chicken sandwich and fries were not enough. Sonya and Carla ate pizza. Erik never ate lunch at school. He never seemed to eat. Ever.

“Like you have a rep to ruin,” Carla said.

“We’re classing you up, fool!” Erik said.

“Not if you’re singing that song,” Travis said.

“Don’t make me sing it again.” Erik moved like he was going to stand up.

“No! Please!” Travis put his hands together. It looked like he was praying.

They all laughed. The foursome always had a good time together.

Travis took out his phone. He started scrolling through his emails. He had been thinking about colleges. There were so many questions. Could he get a scholarship? That was the main question. His family wasn't rich. They weren't poor either.

UCLA was his number one. Travis knew it was expensive. USC was another pick, and even pricier.

Travis had sent each admissions office a letter. In it he wrote about why he wanted to go to college. He'd included some YouTube links of his basketball games. The clips showed him scoring. Travis was known to hustle. The videos showed that too.

Had any of the colleges responded to his emails?

“You checking for that emoji?” Erik laughed.

“What emoji?” Travis asked. He didn’t look up from his phone.

“You guys don’t know about this?” Erik looked at them. “The emoji email is a chain letter. Like the old paper letters. You know, the ones your parents used to get.”

“Letters?” Carla said. “Who sends letters? That’s so eighties!”

“You won’t be saying that if you get one,” Erik went on. “This thing is bad. Like really bad. If you get one, you have to send it to three people in twenty-four hours. If you don’t, you’ll be cursed. You will have bad luck.”

Travis looked up. “For how long?” he asked.

“I don’t know. How long do curses last?” Erik had their attention now. “Also, supposedly you can’t see who sent you the emoji. It’s set up that way.”

“You’re such a liar,” Travis said. He looked back down at his phone.

“Okay, but if you get one—”

“You’ll be the first person I send it to,” Travis said.

“Remember when you told us the school was haunted? This is totally bogus, Erik,” Sonya said.

“Or that other time?” Carla said. “Our new English teacher didn’t come back after winter break. You told everyone she’d died.”

“I thought she did,” Erik said with a shrug. “And have either of you ever been here late at night? I have. It’s scary!”

The bell sounded. Lunch was over.

Erik and Carla walked off into the mass of students.

Sonya walked up to Travis. “Call me after practice,” she said.

“Always,” Travis said.

Travis and Sonya smiled at each other. Then they went their separate ways.



CHAPTER 2



Thump. Thump. Thump.

The sound of basketballs echoed across the gym. Coach Hua split the team in two. Half practiced defense. The other half did layup drills.

The players loved Coach Hua. He was young. And he didn't dress like the other coaches. Coach usually wore T-shirts and chinos. Vans were his shoes of choice. The coach had graduated from Dyre. During his senior year, Coach had won a basketball state championship.

It was almost an hour into practice. The guys were sweaty. Travis's jersey clung to his body. During the layup drills, he barely missed one. He had inspired the other guys to do better too.

On the shooting drills, nobody could stop him. Travis always managed to get around a blocker. He was easily the best player on an A+ team. So far they were 11–1 for the season.

Practice ended around 5:00 p.m.

The players hit the showers. All of them except Travis. He stayed behind and ran up and down the court. He also practiced his free throws. His eyes were on the prize: going to a good college.

Basketball was his golden ticket.



“You get it yet?” Tony Slocum asked as he played with his phone.

Travis and Tony were lab partners in AP Chemistry. Paired students worked at tables.

The teacher, Mr. Nguyen, sat at his desk. He was grading papers. Every so often he'd

look up at the students. The kids were focused. The teacher didn't have to worry about his AP students goofing off.

Travis worked through an equation. He and Tony took turns. "Almost," Travis said.

Tony cracked up.

"What?" Travis asked.

"Nothing," Tony said. He continued laughing.

"You're laughing at nothing?" Travis went back to the equation. Normally he could figure it out. Now he couldn't for some reason.

"Look at this," Tony said. He held up his phone. An emoji was on the screen. The emoji was smiling. It was black with red teeth. Blank white eyes with no pupils stared at them.

"Huh? I guess that's funny," Travis said.

"You haven't heard about this?" Tony asked.

"I have. It's supposed to be bad if you don't send it out."

"You believe it?" Tony asked.

“No,” Travis said. “I mean, look at that thing.”

Tony held up his phone again. They both stared at the emoji. “It’s stupid,” Tony said. Then he deleted it from his phone.

EMOJI OF DOOM



MANGA, MARCH MADNESS,
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



DANCE MUSIC, SOUR CANDY,
MAN BUNS

TRAVIS KNEW HE HAD MAD SKILLS ON THE COURT. OFF THE COURT HIS LIFE WAS PRETTY SWEET TOO. EVERYTHING WAS CHILL UNTIL TRAVIS DISS'D A CHAIN EMAIL. WHO BELIEVES IN THAT STUFF? FORWARD IT IMMEDIATELY? NAH! OOPS! BIG MISTAKE.



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