

Winston

**Age:** 11

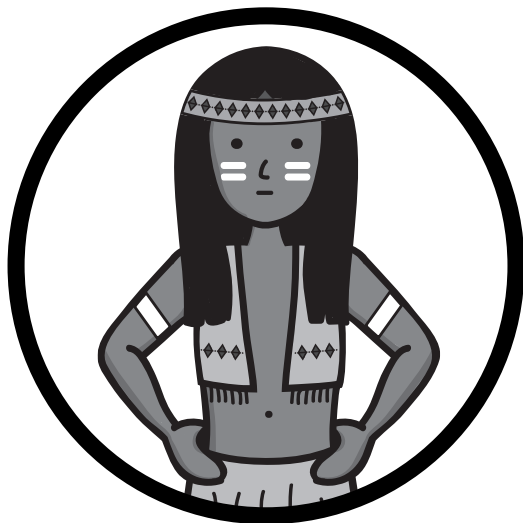
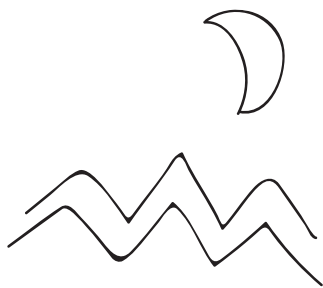
**Favorite Food:** lamb stew

**Best Skills:** shooting video game aliens and drawing with marker pens

**His Dog's Name:** Smoky Joe

**Best Quality:** can admit when he's wrong

# CHARACTERS



## GH<sup>☀</sup>ST

**Age:** around 14 (when he died)

**Favorite Food:** bighorn sheep stew

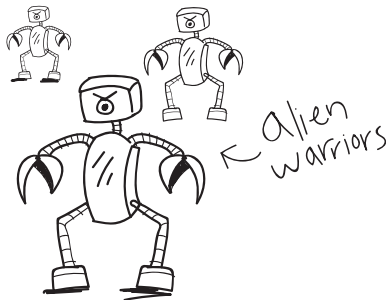
**Best Skills:** shooting a bow and arrow and mixing paint colors from berries and leaves

**His Horse's Name:** Floating Smoke

**Best Quality:** friendliness

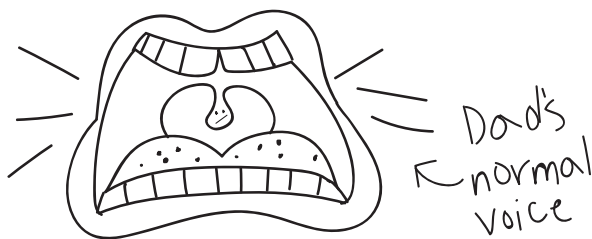
## MAN UP

“Winston Lawson,” Dad yelled in his big voice. “What’re you doing, boy? You’ve been in that room for two hours.”



“I’m playing a cool game, Dad,” Winston yelled back. “*Doomscape*. The alien warriors got us cornered. We got these new lasers. My friend from school is playing on his laptop too. But I’m helping our guys more.”

Winston was eleven. He was in sixth grade. There was nothing he liked more than playing action games. He played on his laptop and cell phone.



“The sun is shining out there,” Dad shouted. Dad never talked in a low voice. He talked loud. He talked very loud when he was angry. Like now. “Sun shining. Birds singing. Folks out on bikes. Jogging. Shooting hoops. Some of them walking their dogs. It’s Saturday. No school. What’re you doing playing silly games in your room?”

Dad swung open the door to his oldest



son's room. "Hey, Winston, shut that thing off. Get moving!"

"But, Dad," Winston groaned. "We're in the middle of a game. I'm winning. The aliens are on the run."

"Shut that thing off. Get moving, boy. Or you're gonna be on the run from me," Dad shouted again.

Mom came down the hall. "Oh, honey, give Winston a break. He's done all his chores. He's been doing his homework," Mom said. "No harm in him having a little fun." Mom was a lot nicer than Dad. Winston thought so anyway. He wished Dad was more like Mom.

