



By Dared Judley. With Wardell Culvers.

Inside the NBA Bubble: Quarantine Champion Me, Me and My Basketballs, A Personal Overcoming and Also History in the Making and Also The Best is Yet to Come and The Best Summer of my Life: a 43 Page Book.

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Chapter 1: Yo The B in B-Ball Stands for Basket

Yoooooooooooo.

Basketball. What more can a man say than simply “basketball”. It seems so easy. Put the ball into the little orange circle. Crazy, right? What started out as some bored guy’s fake game made up in some shitty town has turned into the main passion of my crazy, sexy, blessed life.

I’m holding the basketball trophy. The famous one. You know the one. Gold, shaped like a basketball? Ring any bells? The same famous trophy that Sir Michael Jordan once held in his very hands. I’m in the back of the Lakers team limo (short for limousine) holding this sucker thinking, wow, I really did it. I won the whole thing. I’m just taking a moment for myself, drinking it all in. After a long, arduous season, I can finally rest. We were NBA Champs.

Just then, my concentration was broken by the rattling of the limousine door. LeBron's face was pressed against the limo's tinted window and he was breathing really hard, like a vagrant that was hungrily leering at the family's Roast Goose on Christmas. But he didn't have roast goose on his mind. He was looking for the golden basketball trophy in my lap. I prayed that he did not see me; LeBron always told me that the amount of time that you got to hold the trophy corresponded with the amount of minutes you played. After we won the finals, LeBron grabbed the stat sheet and put on one of those green accounting visors and started crunching numbers. He was shuffling papers around and he kept looking at me and frowning and saying "it isn't good. This isn't good." Keep in mind this is after we won the NBA Finals. This is how seriously he took this.

After all was said and done, the calculations that LeBron formed said that I am only allowed to hold onto the golden hooping trophy for 9 minutes. This was upsetting to me, because I considered myself a crucial part of the team. As an older veteran, it was my job to talk to the young guys and tell them stuff they need to know to be in the NBA. Stuff like, work out a ton and shoot the ball. I was constantly telling our young players not to have sex with women on instagram with all of the big asses and the dumpers and the string bikinis. I was telling them to focus on dribbling basketballs. In the 2020 season, I probably prevented more good sex than condoms did.

All the young guys on the team had to give me their instagram passwords. It was a team rule. I could check all of their direct messages and scan over them for those types of models that are popular with the young fellas nowadays. Those corn fed big titty and butt types that are always taking selfies of themselves stuck in a washing machine and saying "what would you do if you walked in on me like this" with their big butts up in the air wearing thong underwear and stuff with most of their stuff showing, but not the main thing showing (that's how they get away with it).

When they would get a sexually suggestive message, I would reply with stuff that would turn off the woman. Believe it or not, it is really hard to convince someone that they shouldn't have sex with an NBA player. I was basically constantly logged into Kyle Kuzma's social media pages constantly. He would message women all day. He would always lead with really lazy and corny lines to these girls, and they ate it up. He would just like, send an emoji of some eyes to these girls. No romance at all, no style. He would send selfies where he was biting his lips constantly. He would just make a video of himself growling. And I'd talk to the kid like, hey, what are we doing here? And he would just keep doing it. So I had to be vigilant. I'd send the girls stuff like "hey, my name is Kyle and I like doo doo." But they would just think he was being silly. It was honestly really frustrating. Sometimes, me and Kyle would be logged in at the same time talking to girls. He'd be saying stuff like "i hate going to bed alone" and then a tongue emoji and at the same time I'd be saying stuff to turn the girl off like "I had to go to the podiatrist because I hate washing my feet. I find it boring so I don't do it. Recently, a mushroom grew under my toenail and it got so big that it knocked my toenail off." But the girls would still be interested. It was a nightmare.

So there LeBron was, staring daggers at me while I hid in the team limo. Yeah, I admit it. I was hiding. I wanted to hang out with the trophy and just do all the cool sports trophy stuff. I wanted to drink out of it but there's no cup part. Apparently that's the hockey trophy. Whatever. So I wanted to kiss it and get champagne poured on my head. I didn't think that was too much to ask. So when LeBron was doing interviews, I was able to get the trophy from Alex Caruso using this crazy trick I learned from Udonis Haslem. I bit him on the hand. It's a little weird and crazy, but it always works to get what you want. If people know you are a biter, you get immediate respect. Alex went to go ice his hand and I hid the trophy in a laundry cart and started pushing it out of the locker room.

It isn't uncommon for a bench player to take up other responsibilities in the locker room. While I figured myself a mentor, I also helped collect the jerseys after the game. Most of the media knew this, so they didn't really think much of it when I pushed the cart out of the locker room. I started heading for the team limo immediately. I even passed LeBron in the hallway. Me and him have this little tradition we do with each other after games where he takes off his jersey and throws it over my face so he doesn't have to look at me. It's just one of those random, fun things that organically develops between great friends and teammates. He walks into the locker room, I throw the cart over, grab the trophy, and immediately lock all of the doors to the limo. I told the limo driver to drive away, but he didn't recognize me, so he kept on smoking his cigar.

I had fifteen beautiful minutes with that trophy until I see LeBron staring into the window at me. He starts knocking on the door hard after he realizes it is locked. I mean, he is glaring inside at me. I know it is tinted, so I think he can see me a little, but I decide the best course of action is to stay completely still. He's staring at me and I feel the heat on my face from his glare but I just stay completely stiff. He's pulling on the door handle and knocking on the door like a debt collector. Just then, the limo driver saw LeBron and unlocked all the doors.

LeBron tosses the door open and I immediately fake a heart attack. I'm not a great actor, admittedly, and I basically just did a Redd Fox impersonation, clutching at my heart, saying "this is the big one, I'm coming to join you Elizabeth." I don't think LeBron was believing any of it, but I think he wanted to punish me, so he called the paramedics and the EMT's over with the team physician. The doctors checked me out over 15 minutes and eventually I stopped pretending to have a heart attack, but LeBron wasn't satisfied. LeBron made me get a four hour MRI that night.

I had a lot of time to think that night, in that MRI machine getting checked out for a heart attack that I faked because I didn't want to get yelled at by LeBron James for spending too much time with the iconic yellow basketball trophy because I only played 9 total minutes in the 6 Finals games. I thought about my legacy. I was an NBA Champion. I was a Laker Legend like Kobe, Magic or Jack Nicholson. Would I go down in Cooperstown next? To see my big beach ball head represented in Basketball's Mount Rushmore? Would LeBron finally respect me as the grown man that I am? Would he stop looking at me as this little kid with stars in my eyes, even though I was only a few months younger than him? ‘

Time will show. Oh yes, time will show.

Chapter 2

Me/Im Me The Me

July 11th, 1985

Darkness into light, my first memories, sliding out of my mothers womb like I'm fighting for a loose ball. Skip ahead, six hours, I'm wrapped up in a blanket, decorated with basketballs, I distinctly remember thinking to myself "This is goated, I'm going to be a hero."

July 11th, 1997

My father, God rest his soul, Dared Judley The First, throws me the rock. This is my third ever memory. I'm 12 and in the driveway, he's explaining the fundamentals of the game. I laugh "No thanks POPS, I'm gonna dunk!" And as I rose up for the slamajam jam, POPS hits me with a hip check, knocking me to the ground. "Son" he says "you're no varsity athlete." He also said "You're gonna need to learn the game from the ground up, well I guess the bench up. You're going to be on the bench." POPS taught me all the skills that I use today; Towel Waving, Clapping, Cheering, High Five, and even Smiling.

July 11th, 2003

College, many know it from the sweater or a poster, but I went there. I was recruited by Boston School and played there for many years. I played there for four years. My time at school was very informative, I learned the ins and outs of the game, keep the basketball going in on one hoop and out of the other hoop. These are some of the things I learned in my four years of college on the basketball team.

July 11th, 2007

I'll always remember where I was when I found out I was drafted by the Charlotte Bobcats with the 22nd overall pick on June 28th, 2007. I was at home on my birthday. My whole family was celebrating because they were so proud of me. After working so hard on all of my skills in college, I was the number one rated bench player coming out of college. Everyone was impressed with me!

My first year in the league was crazy! In college, we played a 30 game season where games were broken up by halves, each 20 minutes long, totalling to 40 minutes. In the professional game, we play 82 games a season and its in quarters, which means 4, that total to 48 minutes! "Wow" I can remember thinking to myself "I'm going to have to get used to sitting for a much longer time!" It certainly takes an adjustment going from college to the pros. About 40 games in, my body hit what they call, "The Rookie Wall", which basically means that I'm tired. To say the least. I had never been used to sitting for so long in my life! I also remember another thing, being yelled at by coach Sam Vincent, he used to say "Judley, sit down on that bench and cheer! You're letting everyone down!" This hurt my feelings. I didn't want to be the reason my team lost. That would've hurt my feelings more. So I buckled down and stayed seated on the bench for the rest of the season. This helped our team win an incredible 32 games! What a crazy season it was!

July 11th, 2008-2019

I've played for so many teams in the league it all feels like a blur trying to remember it all. I've played for Charlotte for two years. They drafted me. I then played for Phoenix for 5 years. That's in Arizona and they're called "The Suns". I loved playing in Phoenix, they had the most comfortable seats near the court and the city had the most fabulous restaurants like Chilis, Jimmy Johns, and others. Then I got my first taste of Hollywood, but not with the Lakers, but instead with the Clippers. I loved it in Hollywood, the movies, the magic, the stars, it really had it all! Unfortunately the next year I ended up in Milwaukee, a cold and blustery hellscape. One of my least favorite NBA memories is having to play with Giannis Antetokounmpo, he is by far the most selfish player in NBA history. He cheats too! Every time he would drive into the lane, he would pick the ball up and take too many steps. In basketball world, we call this a "travel" and everyone agrees that its evil to do this. Yet Giannis still does it! I hope the NBA looks into this one day, he deserves to be banned for life. After this, I spent one year with the Washington Wizards before landing back in Phoenix for two more years. I got to go to Chilis and Jimmy Johns again and asked if they had missed me! They were different people then I was used to seeing so they did not answer my question. After this I moved to the Big Apple, Brooklyn New York City and played with the Nets. But this is all a preamble to the greatest story ever told, my time on the 2019-2020 NBA Champions, The Los Angeles Lakers.

CHAPTER 3

The Bubble, also LeBron
is mad at me AGAIN.

I first heard about the NBA Bubble while I was playing in the NBA. It was Javale McGee who was hanging out with Alex Caruso. Javale was doing his usual thing of peer pressuring Alex to say the n-word but Alex wasn't falling for his tricks. Then Javale walked up to me and said I couldn't say the n-word but that Alex could, which was really confusing to me because of the racial dynamics in play in this country, but I let it slide. Then Alex kept asking Javale if he was ready for "the bubble". I had no idea what it meant and I wondered if Alex was going to give Javale a bath.

When I thought about my teammates giving each other baths I got really worried because that kind of intimacy could really mess with team dynamics. So I immediately went into snitch mode and I decided to tell LeBron that Javale and Alex not only were planning to take a bath together, but that there was also some weird racial politics going on between them. A lot of guys in the NBA don't like snitches at all, but I have found that the people in power, being coaches, owners, and superstars actually like it when you snitch on other people in the team, so I've been doing it a lot. I've snitched on every single team I've ever been on. I constantly told the refs that Giannis was traveling when I played for the bucks. But the refs told me that there was nothing they could do. I even tried bribing the refs but they told me that Giannis had bribed them more. Anyway, I decided to go find LeBron and snitch.

In the hallway, I passed Kentavious Caldwell-Pope. He asked me what was wrong, and I just kept walking. I did not like talking to Kentavious Caldwell-Pope because his name was so long that I had trouble remembering it. I was also jealous that he got to follow LeBron around from team to team and was kind of his number one toady. I really, really wanted to be LeBron's toady. Toady, lackey, goon, it would rock to be any of those things to LeBron. So I kept walking.

I get to the locker room and I see LeBron. I don't remember exactly when in the season this was, even monthwise, because it wasn't my birthday so I don't remember it good. But it was right before Rudy Gobert gave everyone in the NBA the Frog Flu or whatever. The big thing with the masks. You know what I'm talking about. Bobid. Babu flu. He gave all the microphones the Babu Flu. Everyone was getting really scared during the Babu Flu during practice and they said the Babu Flu will not come to America because all of the Chinese boats have holes in them thanks to the CIA. So I said "dope!"

Anyways, I see LeBron in the locker room and he is doing that thing where he is saying something really unfunny on social media in a voice that is very confident that what he is doing is very funny. He's talking to his phone and the rest of the team has kind of set up a barrier so he can do his video. I'm trying to poke my head in and Anthony Davis starts pushing me back.

So I say, "AD, yo, my boy, I got to talk to LeBron. I think Javale and Alex are going to take a bath together."

And AD says "what?"

And I say, "yeah, Javale was telling Alex to say the n-word and they started talking about bubbles. If they are ready for the bubbles. Which I assumed was a bubble bath. And I don't care if any of my teammates are gay or anything, but I assume that if you had two gay guys on a team together that they would only pass the ball to each other. Which would not be good basketball, unless you are running the pick and roll. Also, if they are gay, there seems to be some highly sexualized race play going on. And

honestly, I don't know if it is okay or not. I don't know what is going on and it has me scared. So I want to snitch to LeBron.”

And AD kind of turns to me and it was obvious that he wasn't listening so he goes, “wait, what?”

And I say, “yeah, Javale was telling Alex to say the n-word and they started talking about bubbles. If they are ready for the bubbles. Which I assumed was a bubble bath. And I don't care if any of my teammates are gay or anything, but I assume that if you had two gay guys on a team together that they would only pass the ball to each other. Which would not be good basketball, unless you are running the pick and roll. Also, if they are gay, there seems to be some highly sexualized race play going on. And honestly, I don't know if it is okay or not. I don't know what is going on and it has me scared. So I want to snitch to LeBron.”

AD just kind of looked at me like I was a total moron. I wasn't sure why at all. I thought I was doing something heroic. He looked at me like that with his brow furrowed for like, 8 seconds in a row. It doesn't sound like a lot but it is a long time. I considered faking another heart attack and falling on the ground in order to get out of this.

Eventually, AD turned back to me and said “they are considering suspending the season and setting up a ‘bubble’ where we can play without worrying about getting contagious diseases.”

“Why are they suspending the season because Alex and Javale are taking baths together?”

Apparently, the entire team tried to explain to me what was happening at this point in time and I don't remember any of it. Later, I learned that Rajon Rondo got so frustrated that he just took a large wooden mallet and hit me in the back of the head, knocking me out instantly, and I didn't wake up until months later. I even missed my birthday, which I know because I don't remember it.

Months later, I'm sitting in the team Limo. Apparently this is where the Lakers kept me while I was unconscious. It was the rookies job on the team to feed me broth with a spoon while I was out. Talen Horton-Tucker was the only rookie on the roster, so he nursed me back to health for several months. He changed my bandages, fed me broth, and he sprayed me with Febreze in lieu of cleaning me. Stupid rookie! Haha.

Since I was unconscious for most of the season, I rode down to Disneyland with and I roomed next door to Dion Waiters. Dion was a vet like me, but he still had the decision making problems of a much younger man. Basically, he quoted Scarface the entire 14 hour drive from Philly to Orlando. One time, I fell asleep and he bit me. When I woke up, he claimed that I had dreamt it.

So the Limo pulls up to the spot where the bubble is going to be at. My first thought was "wow!". We were at Walt Disney World. Green grass, blue oceans, a nice hotel, 24/7 care, it was like summer camp. No one knew what to expect but I was full of excitement, cheer, and eager to play basketball again after three months of being completely unconscious in a coma. But what I saw next I was completely unprepared for.

Disney, apparently, had prepared for our arrival by having a bunch of their famous monsters come out and greet us. They had Goofy, Mickey, Girl Mickey, Don Duck and Chuck Cheese all out there waving at us and trying to give us hugs. I'm not too proud to admit that I completely freaked out. I lost it. I mean, I was terrified at these enormous anthropomorphic beasts. A six foot tall dog? Ducks are scary at regular size, you know, to be face to face with a duck as large as you is insanely intimidating. Big ducks are basically Geese, and geese will bite you and target you and chase you for hours even if you are begging for your life. They will bite you with their beaks, and while they do not have sharp teeth, it is still quite painful and very rude. The large mice are just disgusting, because they are vermin. Most were not wearing pants and the display seemed more like Disney making an overt threat to us rather than welcoming us to their facility. Their initial display of power worked; I was terrified during the entire NBA bubble. I didn't want to violate any rules because I knew those monsters were only a single call away.

As I was trying to keep my cool and we were walking into the resort, the girl duck, Don's wife, scared me from behind and tried to grapple me into some kind of bearhug grip and I decided the only move I had was to immediately have a heart attack. I cannot force my heart to seize, so I did the next best thing. I faked having a heart attack. I said, "Oh Elizabeth! This heart attack is going to kill me so I can see your pretty face again!" Then I laid down on the floor and grabbed my stomach. I guess I forgot that my plan was the heart attack and in the confusion I switched to saying I had a stomach ache. There were a bunch of doctors there who immediately knew I was faking it so they took me into my room.

As they wheeled me in a wheelchair to my room and opened the door and tossed me in, I realized that this would be my home for the next few months. Which was cool, because hotel rooms are really fun. Everything is nice and clean so I can just be naked and eat in bed and jack off or whatever and then people would come in at noon and

clean up after me. Basically, living in a hotel was awesome and that's why when a poor person says that they are doing it and they don't have anywhere to live I like to say "so what".

For the entire first two months, I stayed in that room for 18 hours a day. I only went to practice and went to games when someone would come and get me. Later, I learned that in order to get clearance to go outside or whatever you have to take your temperature on an app on your phone and that you need a key to move around. No one told me this so I was just sitting in that room watching Bicentennial Man a lot. I just think it is a neat movie.

Everyone was pretty bummed when I figured out how to leave my room. I could tell, obviously, but I pretended that everyone really liked me still instead. I don't know why. I just faked it. I just pushed that bummed feeling way down inside of me where no one would ever see it. I just pushed all those sad feelings so far down inside of myself that it would take decades for me to unpack all of that misery.

I started hanging out with the team more, eating dinner together, but things were a little frosty personally on the team. I know that the Babu Flu had made life hard for everyone in the NBA, but I think it hit the Lakers a little harder. It took a long time for our team to gel together. Javale and Alex were still a little upset that I had accused them of being an interracial, but still racist, gay couple. Kentavious Caldwell-Pope didn't like that I couldn't say his name so I mumbled it anytime I had to. LeBron was mad at me, as usual, for wearing my jersey backwards one game. AD was mad at me because I kept trying to sneak into his hotel room and sleep under the bed. I only did this because both AD and my father would sleep with their big long feet hanging off of the bed because they were so tall. I found it comforting to sleep under AD's bed and stare at his feet because that is what I would do as a kid when I get scared. And I was scared not just

from all of the Disney Monsters that inhabited this place, but because I kept having dreams of him... you know who. The Legend. Mr. Kobe Bryant.

Kobe had died in a hot air balloon or something way back in the first month of the year, whatever it is called. I know it isn't July. Whatever. But Kobe passed away with his daughter and some other losers that don't FUCKING matter and I was crushed. But I learned early on that if someone was yelling at me I could say "Let's do it for Kobe" and people would stop yelling at me. So I was doing that a lot, especially early in the bubble where everyone was constantly yelling at me, sneaking into my room and trashing it, and paying off the Disney Monsters to knock on my door in the middle of the night. Quinn Cook apparently paid off the girl duck, Don's wife, to start texting me sexually explicit pictures. No actually explicit, but they would make the duck wife wear a bikini or something and text those pictures to me. I thought it was weird but I mainly ignored it, until one night Quinn had the duck husband knock on my door making a big fuss about it, carrying all the texts between her and I that had been printed out and he tossed them all over my floor. Then he pulled my shirt over my head like it was a hockey jersey and he started waling on me. He worked my sides pretty good, from my thighs to my midsection. Nothing that would show bruises. Anyway, it was after the duck husband beat my ass that I started having the Kobe dreams.

I call them Kobe dreams but they were more like nightmares. The Kobe Nightmares went like this. I was playing basketball on a court by myself. It was a very clean court in a high school gym. I was just chucking in three bomb after three bomb. Even in practice, I always celebrate every shot that goes in. I never wanna lose my love of the game, so I'm just cheering for myself, yelling, raising the roof and saying "I'm da man!" after every shot. Sometimes I celebrate the misses, too, if I have a clean release or felt my form was perfect. So I'm doing that, but then the walls start running red with blood. The gym floor starts pooling with blood. I freak out pretty easily in life and I definitely start freaking out in the dream. I'm like, maybe someone wants me to drink the

blood? Is that how I end this? I don't know what to do so I decide to just do anything so I start drinking up some of the blood. And then Kobe appears. He begins to sneer at me, floating in the air like some sort of wizard. He is wearing a necklace that is a ton of little basketballs and that totally freaks me out. I try to yell, but just blood starts coming out of my mouth. He points his finger at me, and in this dream he has like a Lord of the Ring finger, you know what I mean? Like his finger is super duper long. Like two feet long. Scary! Kobe turns to me. He opens his mouth. His voice is billowing and full of reverb.

“You'll never be a Laker Legend! You will never win the Finals! You don't have what it takes! You can't even make Kyle Kuzma stop fucking lesser Kardashians! Christ, he just snuck in Belle Delphine into the NBA Bubble and you had no idea! You're useless!”

And a powerful glow starts emanating from Kobe's long finger. A deep, evil red glow. And that energy crackles and pops and shoots a stream of lightning into my stomach. And I wake up immediately and my stomach is in tremendous pain. It is the worst stomach ache of my life and I actually went number two in the bed. After that, sleeping was very hard, and AD was not very understanding about it.

I had the Kobe dream every single night. It was so bad that people on the team stopped hating me so much and picking on me. The team really rallied around me at that time, which is why it is so great to be a Laker. Our assistant coach, Jack Nicholson, sat me down and kept calling me baby and telling me he loves me, which is really weird. But I guess it worked. The team started coming together right before the playoffs. Everyone seemed to get their problems sorted out at once. LeBron sorted Kuzma out by throwing Belle Delphine into the ocean. AD said I could sleep under his bed as long as I agreed to be handcuffed. I was finally able to talk to Kentavious when I learned that his nickname, KCP, was really easy to remember. It was only three letters. Alex and Javale

forgave me after they grabbed my hand and made me hit myself and asked me why am I hitting myself. Frank Vogel finally learned my name. Everything was really coming together. And it was just in time. For the playoffs.

Chapter 4

The Playoffs / Where
The Real Fun Began
/ Doing It For Kobe

August 18th, 2020

We had finally reached the end, after a hard long battle in the Bubble seeding games, we finished with the number one record in the Western Conference! Woo hoo! Or so we thought, but after cracking open a big bottle of champagne in the locker room and shouting “This is for Kobe!” I’ll never forget what LeBron said to me, “What the fuck are you doing? Dumb mother fucker, God damn.” I knew it from the tone in his voice that he meant to say “The mission is just starting.”

Our first series is against the Portland Trail Blazers, this is going to be one tough series. Damian Lillard has been absolutely going off against the fellow Bubble teams and I knew, I had to be on my game if I was going to keep him in check. We drop the first game to the Portland Trail Blazers, but I contributed a great stat sheet of 48 minutes cheered, 14 Towel Waves, 10 High Fives, and gave LeBron a water bottle 6 times, so I knew that if things had played out a little bit different, WE’D be the ones up 1-0!

And then next game we tied it up!

Game 3 arrived and everyone but me seemed really nervous. Before the game I knew I needed to get everyone ready for this moment in history. I spent all day preparing a game changing speech for the team, one that would excite and inspire, leading us to victory. Unfortunately for us, girl Mickey monster appeared outside of my door and I got very scared and hid in the tub for 12 hours. I fell asleep in the tub and missed the game. In the tub I had a dream where Kobe visited me, he was again wearing his necklace of basketballs. Kobe looked at me and said “Son, this is your

moment, you're about to become a Laker Legend. When we talk about this team, the first name out of our lips will be 'Dared Judley'. Don't be scared of any monsters and get out there and show the world what you got." I awoke with a jolt, slamming my head against the tubs spout, giving myself a sizable gash across the forehead. Before I became too dizzy, I checked my phone and saw that we had Game 3! I knew that my Kobe dream wasn't a dream, it was more like a vision! I then fell asleep for two days.

Going up 2-1 on this great squad emboldened us further, in Games 4 and 5, coach Vogel even put me in the game. My first NBA playing time! I knew POPS would've been so proud, if he had been here and not dead. Thanks to my skills, we ended up picking the Dubs (Win) in the next two games, closing out the series at 4-1. Portland was a great team so it was good to get the win. The win felt extra special because of how highly thought of this Portland team was. The Trailblazers came into the series on a hot streak and we knew these playoffs were going to be special after stopping them. We won the series. We did it for Kobe.

September 4th, 2020

Up next were the Houston Rockets, named for the movie starring Tom Thanks. We knew this would be a tough series, due to having James Harden and Russell Westbrook, two players who are really good. Game 1 started very tough for us because we lost the game. One of my memories from this series is LeBron calling us "Pussies" and saying that no way should this team beat us. This really resonated with a lot of the guys and we were able to come back and beat the Rockets 4 games to 1. We did not lose any more games after losing the first game. Wow what a rush that was! This might have been my best series to date as I averaged 20 High Fives, 10 Waters, and 30 Towel Waves. LeBron was so impressed he even asked me to get out of my seat

several times so he could get some of my energy! Due to winning so quickly, the team was able to get some rest and relaxation at the hotel, I would have joined but once again I saw one of the monsters and was very afraid for my life, but remembering the wise words of Kobe, I decided to take a stand. I exited my hotel room, chair in hand, and bashed the monster squarely in the back of the head. The monster, a chipmunk this time, fell to the ground, seemingly lifeless. The old Dared would have left the beast well alone, but this is the new Dared, the Kobe Dared, so I again picked up the chair and began crushing the neck of the monster. After hearing the noises of small bones snapping, I wearily dropped the chair to sit on. Job well done, I did this for Kobe, he would feel proud of me. Oh and we won the series for Kobe as well.

September 18th, 2020

This was it, the big finale, the Western Conference Finals. If we took this, we took it all and would win the league. I later learned that there was an Eastern Conference Finals as well. I distinctly remember thinking “I wonder if we’ll play them afterwards?” Not to spoil the story but we do. Anyways, this series against The Denver Nuggets was our most heated to date. This team had just won against the Utah Jazz and Los Angeles Clippers, and not only that, but had been down 3-1 each time! Wow! Talk about heart and determination! To go down 3-1 in a series is basically a death sentence, that means you lost 3 games but only won 1. And basketball is the first to win 4 wins the whole thing. So now you're starting to get the picture!

Well this The Denver team came out swinging! And I’m not talking pillows! In the first game, we were able to gain a little bit of a lead and keep them from winning, so we won the game instead. Game 2 was a different story, it was neck and neck all night, before AD won it with a big shot! I remember chasing him around the court to give him a

big hug and him pushing me off of him several times! That game was exhilarating because we won!

Game 3 went a little different as The Denver was able to win. In that game we did not do enough to win the game and ended up losing the game. What a bummer! But we knew that we had what it took to win the next two games.

Games 4 and 5 were a much different story from Game 3, mainly because we won the games instead of losing it. The celebration was incredible, we were so happy to be champions! But that's when we learned that, not only was our journey not ending, you could say it was just beginning. Because we had to play the Eastern Conference champions, the Miami Heat. I mentioned this earlier in the chapter and this is what I meant by it. Also we won for Kobe here too.

CHAPTER 5

The NBA Finals. The
Grand Marquee. The Big
Event. The Whole
Enchilada. This Ones For
All The Marbles. They
Call Me Mr. How Blessed
Can He Be.

The Miami Heat were a good basketball team. They were from Miami which is really close to Disney World so that they had a pretty good advantage I think. I'm not sure how Home Field Advantage works but I think they had it because I didn't know if they had it or not. Basically their home field was closer to this home than ours was. Ours was all the way in Sunny Los Angeles. That's why they called us the Los Angeles Lakers. At least the Los Angeles part. I'm not sure why the Lakers are called the Lakers. The Heat were called the Heat because Jurassic Park was really popular but the Raptors were already taken by Toronto.

I was really excited for the NBA Finals because we all started getting a lot of attention. Dave Portnoy was going to fly down Charlie Villanueva to interview me and then we were going to have a contest about who's back of the head was smoother. Apparently he had hired a phrenologist. I didn't know what a Phrenologist was, but Dave Portnoy told me that it is sort of like a doctor. I thought that was awesome!

Another awesome thing was that I went on James Corden's show to do carpool karaoke. I got to do it on the day after they had Carly Rae Jepsen on the show and James let me smell the chair that she sat on. That was so awesome because it smelled exactly like a chair but I think I smelled a little perfume. James was pretty cool and non judgemental about it, too. I think it was pretty brave of James Corden to come down to the NBA bubble all while the Babu Flu was going on, killing billions. I felt very lucky to not have died from Babu Flu and I was very lucky to smell Carly Rae Jepsen's seat where she had sat on it with her butt (ass).

I sang Mystery of Love by Sufjan Stevens. This little boy named Kevin Hart was there and he was very funny but he kept whipping nickels at me. I didn't see any of his parents there and there were a few good nickels embedded in the back of my smooth head. I couldn't tell that until later when I laid down and the nickels dug in really deep

into my head. I had to have the team trainer come up into my room. The pliers wouldn't get them out but we soon discovered that they would go flying out if I banged my head into the wall as hard as I could. And keep in mind, this is during the NBA Finals. The most important series of my life. In Game 1, I was so nervous that six guys might go down and I'd get called on to play. The coaches, Frank Vogel and Jack Nicholson, told me that if I'm on the court just go to the corner and wait to shoot the ball. I didn't get to shoot the ball, but Goran Dragic had a Yugoslav War flashback during the game and he imagined that the basketball was a large cast iron black bomb and threw it at me and I got credited with a block. I thought I was going to get the game ball, but Coach Vogel just gave me the participation ball as usual.

Game 2 was pretty easy. I mean, for them. I didn't get out there much. I had a great game for the bench. Sat for 48 minutes, I hooted four times, I yelled "Let's Go!" as loud as I could, I handed LeBron 24 Gatorades (he only drank 3) and whenever one of our guys shot the ball I concentrated as hard as I could on the ball to make it move to see if I could make it go in. I made it go in a couple times, I think, it is hard to tell. Some times it didn't go in and I wondered if I was doing anything at all. I think Coach Nicholson could sense my confidence was struggling, so he rubbed my shoulders really hard for 40 minutes in a row.

AD and LeBron were scoring a bunch of buckets and I kind of stopped watching the game. I think at one point during halftime I just walked outside and started ripping up grass from the ground absent-mindedly and no one realized until late in the third to get me back. After that game, Vogel installed a tracking chip in my hand that if anyone scanned it they would bring me back to Los Angeles.

In game 3, there was some inter-team drama. Belle Dolphine had clawed her back into the bubble after LeBron had thrown her into the ocean after he learned that

she was getting rawed out by Kyle Kuzma. She crossed her arms and acted like a baby woman and said that Kyle had to decide between her and basketball. Rajon Rondo immediately subdued her with his iconic large wooden mallet and LeBron took her back to the Atlantic Ocean and tossed her back in.

“That’ll buy us some time,” LeBron said, and everyone laughed so fucking hard that milk shot out of our noses. It doesn’t sound that funny, but having a group of incredibly large athletic men dispose of a tiny woman so quickly and efficiently it’s like, you know, ya gotta laugh. Ya gotta laugh! Life’s too short!

We kept making jokes about her grasping onto some flotsam to stay above water and we were all crying. I think that’s why we lost the game. Kyle Kuzma was heartbroken. We tried to get his spirits up by flying in Demi Lovato, but Kyle said he fucked her already. We asked Demi if she would wear a blonde wig and pretend to be Miley, and she said this wasn’t the first time anyone asked her to do that. I don’t know why the whole team stayed in Kyle’s room while he had sex with Demi Lovato, but we did. LeBron kept yelling at me because I was breathing too hard. Rajon lifted up the mallet like he was going to hit me but LeBron waved him off. It was a great team bonding moment, and when Kyle nutted, everyone yelled and laughed and had so much fun it was like we threw Belle Delphine into the ocean all over again.

We were super amped up for game 4. The playoffs were going flawlessly. We were up 2 to 1 and Kyle Kuzma had had sex twice. It was like a fairytale. The only problem was my rival on the Miami Heat. I’ve been in this league a long time, and there are certain guys that get your goat. Udonis Haslem was my biggest rival in the NBA.

I have a ton of respect for Udonis Haslem because he is a bench LEGEND. He can spin a towel so fast and he commands all the respect of the younger players. A lot of non-players don't know this about Udonis but he has a 650 PSI bite strength. That's equal to a great white shark. If you try to test him, he won't bite you on the court. He's too smart to get a flagrant biting call. He will sneak up on you while you are on the bench and he will sink his teeth into your shoulder if you mess with him. And once he latches on, you're done. The team physician needs to get clamps and a taser in order to get Udonis off. That's part of the reason everyone respects him so much.

In game 4, while we were winning, I taunted Haslem from the bench while he was also on the bench. The benches are pretty far so you have to yell pretty loud. I said "you can't even spin your towel that fast" and I think he took it personally. Because right after, he slunk over and bit me good. I couldn't get him off. The pain was unbearable. But I always respected him. Even as he sunk his teeth into my flesh. I respected the man.

After the team doctors finagled him off of me, we caught eyes and nodded. A lot of people who aren't ball players don't get it, but we do. We can bite each other for 48 minutes straight but when the whistle goes off, everyone hangs out and no one mentions that super painful and strong biting. I was mostly concerned about the biting and I did not watch most of the game. But I knew I wanted to get even with Haslem. But it's hard to get a guy like that. He's a cagey vet. I tried sneaking up on him, but he was able to smell me before I got there. I think it was all the game time cologne I was wearing. I tried to put on a disguise and go into the Heat locker room, but he recognized me from the smoothness of the back of my head (it was still pretty smooth despite all the holes from the nickels). Lastly, I tried to get him with the banana peels, but apparently he doesn't even wear basketball shoes to the games anymore. He wears those thick all black no-slip kitchen shoes so that he never falls down. I mean, that's just experience. What can you do against a guy like that?

Game 5 was an elimination game. Being up 3-1, LeBron would not let us celebrate. He was on us all day. I woke up to LeBron staring me in the face holding a bloody knife. I immediately checked myself for wounds, and I had none.

“LeBron,” I said, “who’s blood is that?”

He just laughed. He said it’s gameday. I think he thinks that he was being really cool but in reality, I think it was actually scary. Far scarier than any of the Disney Monsters that were still pranking me on this floor. I felt a little braver after I killed one of the monsters. It was one of the small ones, though, like child-sized, but still, I felt brave. Apparently LeBron had woke everybody up with the bloody knife. Never figured out who’s blood it was, but hey, that’s basketball.

After that, we went to our first team meeting of the day to watch tape. I don’t know what happened with Demi Lovato and Kyle Kuzma, but Demi Lovato was sitting in on all of our team meetings after that. She actually talked to Coach Nicholson and changed up our pick and roll defense so that we showed more horizontally to challenge the roller rather than just laying off. She also initiated a scramble coverage system where we left one off-ball defender to cover the entire wing when someone broke containment. She was kind of a genius with that thing, but also, she was still pretending to be Miley Cyrus. I don’t know if Kuzma noticed. He was mostly into his puka-shell necklaces at the time. He was trying to get a sponsorship deal with Sephora so that he ‘could have sex with some of those Youtube girls like James Charles’.

Things just never clicked that day. I don’t know what it was. I didn’t do my part. I spilled like 9 cups of Gatorade and only successfully handed off 3 for a .333 turnover to assist ratio.

Jimmy Butler had the game of his life. He was always a tenacious defender and team leader, but he just really dominated the entire game. Rumor was after the game that he had caught a Golden Fish while in the Orlando Bubble and that it offered him three wishes and that one of his wishes was to have a great game. I don't think that makes sense because if he had three wishes he probably would have used one of his wishes to win the NBA Finals. So, I don't know. Also, I fell asleep on the bench in the 2nd quarter and when I woke up the halftime show was going on. It was that lady who rides a unicycle and spins the plates and I had to cross her show in order to walk into the locker room and she fell off the unicycle and broke the plates everywhere and it was super embarrassing for me. Also, when she fell off the unicycle she died.

I know it is kind of crazy to say, but I do not remember much of the day of Game 6. I remember that during the team meeting that morning, LeBron looked awful. Just terrible. I'm not kidding. I'm not exaggerating. He looked desiccated. He looked like the mummy at the beginning of the movie The Mummy. The titular mummy. I'm not kidding. He looked like shit.

Vogel was standing over him whispering something to him and everyone in the meeting just started looking around and shifting uncomfortably. I tried to look around but no one wanted to look me in the eyes! I wonder why?

Then I heard LeBron say, "We'll drain the pig," in a real cool, gravely sort of voice and a few people gasped and looked at me. Interesting! Next thing I remember, Frank Vogel and Jack Nicholson are pouring me tea out of a very ancient looking tea set. I asked Frank if it was cursed, and he wouldn't answer. So obviously I drink the tea, and then I got real sleepy. I remember spots here and there. I think I got hooked up to a giant machine that drained all of my blood. But I don't know. It's all pretty blurry. Oh, and then they injected a bunch of my blood into LeBron James. But I'm not sure. It could have been someone else.

Well, next thing I remember, I'm waking up on the bench in the 2nd quarter. I was really dizzy, and I remember that there were strings tied to my hands set up on scaffold above me. Apparently, someone had me pulling on all these strings tied all over my body, my legs, my feet, my elbow, everything, chest, everything. And if I understand that correctly, I believe I was being operated as a marionette as I sat on the bench of the NBA Finals completely asleep because Frank Vogel and Jack Nicholson drained all of my blood so they could inject it into a very lethargic LeBron James.

So basically by the time I woke up the game was already over. We already had a 20 point lead. Everyone was hitting shots and playing great and the Miami Heat just couldn't keep up. That's when I realized... oh my God. We did it. We are going to be NBA Champions. I waited and waited and waited for the clock to tick down and when the whistle blew it was only halftime. There was still a lot of time left in the game to wait. It felt like standing in line to receive an award. Kind of against the point. I don't remember much of the rest of the game.

I do remember the halftime show, though. The daughter of the spinning plate lady I called came to spin some plates and they had a memorial to her mom and then she started spinning her plates on her unicycle and then I realized I had to go to the locker room and I can't watch the show and so I ran through the court and accidentally knocked her off her unicycle and killed her. So. That's that I guess. That's a wrap on her. Lol.

In the 3rd quarter, me and Jack Nicholson started drinking champagne. It's really hard to hide a bottle on an NBA court but we figured out a way to do it by stuffing it inside one of those exercise bikes. When you turn the pedal, we could make it pour out the champagne. It was actually a fairly elegant and well thought out design and I never really get the chance to brag about it as much as I want to. It was about as ambitious and genius an idea I've ever had.

At the end of the 3rd quarter, Giannis' brother, the player that the Lakers got as a joke to make fun of Giannis, he actually spilled a ton of champagne onto the court. The Heat players didn't wanna spend any more time playing the game so they actually started taking off their jerseys to help dry it. It was honestly really weird.

Then, in the 4th quarter, Avery Bradley started smoking salvia. No one wanted to say anything about it. Even Dion Waiters was freaked out. He started smoking the salvia too, but later. The refs even ignored it. I don't think Avery even wanted the salvia. I could see it in his eyes. He didn't want it. He just wanted to see if anyone would stop him. I didn't want to smoke any of the salvia either. I was still a little woozy and it was quite difficult to stand up. I think I dozed off for a minute and I woke up right as the buzzer sounded and announced us NBA Champs. We jumped, we celebrated, we hugged everyone. It was fun! Dwight Howard gave me a piggy back ride! I felt so high up and it was a little scary.

That's when I ran into LeBron and he gave me our secret handshake, which is that he refused to touch me. He smiled for a second, and then he gave me the bird right in my face. He gave me the bird looking right at me. Holy smokes, I was scared.

LeBron said, "Thanks for the blood, bitch. It's just too bad your bitch blood makes me smell like fucking shit!"

That is when I noticed that LeBron James smelled like shit. And that's when I put two and two together. That's when I figured it all out.

"We're such great friends," I said to LeBron, "that's the point of all of this. The experiences we had together. It wasn't about the NBA Finals at all!"

After I finished talking I realized that LeBron wasn't there anymore and he hadn't heard my great realization. I started stomping around the court looking for him and

everytime he started giving interviews Dwight Howard boxed me out so that I couldn't get my face on TV. It was at that time I ran into Udonis Haslem on the other team.

We regarded each other like wary nobility, we held our heads high and peered suspiciously at each other before outstretching our hands to shake. I smiled cheekily. The NBA is funny. You can hate a guys guts for years, but the second a peace offering is out there, you're both just ball players. There's fraternity in that. I slowly extended my hand to shake Udonis' hand.

"We've butted heads at a lot of crossroads, cowboy. What a long strange trip it has been. I just wanted to tell you that I respect you."

Udonis smiled, but he still held his hand back to shake. He raised a single eyebrow at me and scanned me from head to toe.

"Always good to shake hands with a fellow bench man," Udonis said.

As Udonis slid his palm towards mine he pulled it back and lunged his head towards my outstretched hand. He latched onto my hand with his teeth and started shaking it back and forth. I was getting jerked around everywhere. Udonis was dragging me around the court, his teeth locked in like a snapping turtle. A team trainer finally caught up with me and he was able to pinch Udonis' nostrils closed so that he had to open his mouth to breathe. It took about a minute, but Udonis went doubling back, gasping, falling onto his little butt on the court. I fell back as well, falling onto my little butt, and I don't know if it was the absurdity of the situation, the fact that I had just won an NBA Championship, or the substantial loss of hand blood, but we both just started rolling around and laughing. I tell you what, you would have thought we were kids at camp playing with toads and bottle rockets, that is how much FUN we were having rolling around on that floor after Udonis Haslem bit me. WOW! Even typing it now, it is really hard to communicate this to other people, it is impossible to say just how much FUN I was having, but we were really, really, really, really, really, really, really having a

GOOD time. Just imagine the most fun you have ever had in your life. Now times that by ten. That's what it was like. I swear!

At some point, everyone else got up and went to the locker room and got off the floor. I was still laying there and I don't know if I fell asleep but I was covered head to toe in confetti. I think only my eyes were visible. I had blended in completely to the floor because there was so much confetti on me. When I stood up, I totally freaked out a guy sweeping up the court. He was so scared that he threw up and he had to go to the hospital because a little part of his heart died.

When I got back to the locker room, LeBron was making the joke player we had on the team, Giannis' brother, call Giannis while holding the Finals trophy. Then, when Giannis answered the video call, LeBron and AD and KCP and the whole team basically would get on video, showing Giannis their nuts, their butts, giving him the bird, saying F you, saying F this, LeBron was saying he could join the Lakers if he signed a 4 year contract for 10 million dollars, then he said F you and you should S me, and then F yourself, and that he should go sit on a basketball, that you would probably like that, and that he travels all the time. Stuff like that. LeBron told Giannis that every time Giannis airballs a free throw that he bets Giannis pees in his jersey shorts. I couldn't see the video because they wouldn't let me on, but I bet Giannis was pretty annoyed. I was getting annoyed and they weren't even targeting me, which was a good thing.

I thought I was going to get the game ball again. I didn't even get a participation ball. I was sitting there holding zero basketballs. But I knew that I played a very crucial role on this team. Which was to not foul LeBron when guarding him in practice.

Coach Vogel and Coach Nicholson were already in their swim trunks when they went to address the team after we won the Finals. Apparently, they had booked a hot tub in this hot tub club where the club provides women who are dressed like mermaids to hang out in the hot tub with you and feed you drinks and grapes. They said I couldn't

come because the confetti stuck on me would clog the hot tubs vents. I felt like they were just avoiding me, but I couldn't argue with their logic.

Vogel says some stuff that wasn't true like that we were underdogs and nobody believed in us. He said that we helped the world in a time of medical and racial turmoil. He said that we couldn't have a parade because of the Babu Flu and he said he knew that that was disappointing. But he said in the offseason we can cheat on our wives as much as we want and we could even drink during the day, too. He said the Lakers will play really, really hard as long as LeBron is on the team and then when he leaves or retires the Lakers as an organization is just going to "have a lot of fun" for two years and accumulate draft picks. That sounded really great.

Listen, I know I'm mortal. I'm 35 at this point. I can't play in the NBA much longer. I technically didn't play in the NBA for most of these playoffs. But when Vogel mentioned the plan of the Lakers organization, I couldn't help but be inspired. I decided right then and there to express to Vogel my desire to be on the coaching staff of the Lakers in some capacity after my retirement.

Frank just kind of laughed and he asked me a riddle. I'm not sure why he decided to ask me a riddle, but he did. This is what he asked me.

"Once upon a time a farmer went to a market and purchased a fox, a goose, and a bag of beans. On his way home, the farmer came to the bank of a river and rented a boat. But in crossing the river by boat, the farmer could carry only himself and a single one of his purchases: the fox, the goose, or the bag of beans. If left unattended together, the fox would eat the goose, or the goose would eat the beans. The farmer's challenge was to carry himself and his purchases to the far bank of the river, leaving each purchase intact. How did he do it?"

I thought really hard for a second. I think I even started to get a nosebleed! I then smiled and I said very confidently, "The fox will eat the beans?"

That's when I saw Rajon Rondo creeping up alongside me with his big wooden mallet. I was able to dodge the swing and I scurried like a little bug into one of the bathroom stalls and I pulled my feet up so no one would see me. That's when I got out my cell phone and I started tweeting and celebrating being world champs. It was fun to click around but people kept asking me to take a picture with the trophy. That's when I found Alex Caruso with the trophy and I bit him on the hand and well, hell, that's what I opened with the book on. I guess it all came full circle.

Chapter 6

They Said I Have to Talk Trash To Generate Attention For My Free 43 Page Book

So first I am going to generate attention by having controversial opinions about the Miami Heat. Jimmy Butler does that thing when you shake his hand where he touches your palm with one of his fingers and it really freaks me out. Bam Adebayo eats Luna bars on the court the entire game and no one EVER says anything about it. Goran Dragic was so stupid that he always said my name wrong. He called me “Baby Huey”. What a moron!

Tyler Herro said the N-word more times than I ever heard in my life in a basketball game. No one seemed to say anything or mind. It blew my mind. I have zero clue how that happened. I felt like I was living in a nightmare world. Meanwhile, Duncan Robinson said “my brother” to Jae Crowder and Jae Crowder punched him in the

stomach. I don't know what that team's racial dynamic was. It was inscrutable. You couldn't scrute the thing.

The Denver Nuggets were led by Nikola Jokic. It is an open secret in the NBA that Jokic is a Boston Dynamics robot. Bol Bol used to press his head and look into the window of my second story hotel room. There were rumors all over the bubble that players would wake up in the middle of the night to see Bol Bol's face staring at them from the ceiling and that when he was spotted he would quickly put the roof back into place and dart away through the vents.

In Game 4 of the Western Conference Finals, Gary Harris started dating a girl in the 1st quarter, cheated on her in the 2nd and they broke up in the 4th quarter. Like most girls, she was Kyle Kuzma's ex-girlfriend. Not Belle Delphine though. Or Demi Lovato.

As far as the Houston Rockets, people are far too hard on James Harden. I don't think people really understand just how difficult it is to perform at a high level constantly inside of a strip club and never, ever, EVER, get any strippers pregnant. It is an unbelievable, UNPRECEDENTED feat in the NBA. You can tell he is very respected because in the strip club every single player in the NBA defers to him. It is a massive show of respect.

I don't remember much of the Portland series, but my publisher says that this is enough stuff. Okay! I guess I'll just have fun in this paragraph! Hi! How are you? Are you cool? Do you like me? I play in the NBA! Hello!

Chapter 7

Champions/Hero Of
The Lakers/Babu Flu
Aftermath//My Time
At The Parks/Free
Trial Of Script Studio
Ending Soon

We became the world champs! I haven't been this excited since I thought we were world champs at the end of each of the three previous series! After all that time on the bench, it was now my time in the spotlight. Falling asleep in that MRI machine, I remember Kobe visiting me and saying "Dared, you did it, you brought glory to the Lakers, I can now leave Hell and ascend to Heaven, you've saved my soul." And that stuck with me. After waking up and finally being released from the MRI machine, I could go back to celebrating with the team, it was time to get my hands back on that trophy! Unfortunately the team had already left the hotel, immediately after the end of the series, so I was left to celebrate by myself.

I was able to stay in the Bubble for an extra 4 weeks because the Babu Flu was still ravaging the world and killing billions upon billions, so I was ecstatic, I was in the happiest place on Earth! "I'm going to Disney World!" I kept shouting, on my walk to Magic Kingdom. Now that I no longer feared the monsters and had saved Kobe's soul, I felt ready to enjoy myself. After running out of breathe from chatting "I'm going to Disney World", I entered the gates to Magic Kingdom and fell breathless once again at the site of the castle. "Wow" I thought "they let a mouse live there?" I considered the possibility of killing the Mickey monster to get the castle for myself but walked under it and realized it was not actually that big inside and decided I did not want to live there anymore. Magic Kingdom was such a special time! Due to being a Basketball Hero, I was able to ride all of the rides and by myself as well! Because unfortunately a man lost his life on the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad after an undiscovered nickel was dislodged from my skull and passed through his eye at an incredible speed. My favorite ride was Splash Mountain! Except for the water parts, I got pissed off at that. They need to make a roller coaster where you don't get soaking wet afterwards. And then I found out they did and they called it Space Mountain. Who knew there were a lot of mountains in Florida? Pirates of the Caribbean also is a ride there. Yes the movie! Though you don't get to watch the movie, instead you go on a boat in a dark tunnel and then see pirates harass a bunch of women and chase them around. After that I made my way over to the Haunted Mansion, which was definitely WAY spookier than I could

have ever imagined! A guy tells you that you're going to die and then ghosts come out and start dancing. I knew that Kobes spirit would arrive to help keep me safe and somehow I made it through. Then I went to Liberty Square and ate a big turkey leg. And then I went home.

This would be some of the happiest days of my life, I got to go to Magic Kingdom, Animal Kingdom, Hollywood Studios, and Epcot every day! Being at Hollywood Studios was just like being in Hollywood in LA except less people were sitting on the street and none of the women were getting winked at and kisses blown to them by Kyle Kuzma. Epcot was fantastic! I was able to visit a different country every day, I learned what China and Morocco were thanks to this beautiful park! Animal Kingdom had less animals than expected, I figured, oh its a zoo and you get to go and pet animals and maybe punch a giraffe but nope, just another park. So I guess if I had to say there was one bad part of the trip, it was there.

I am so proud of the work I did in the NBA Bubble, through trials and tribulations, I was able to overcome so much and accomplish it all. I know from Heaven, Kobe is looking down on me and smiling, happy that I saved him from eternal damnation in the pits of Hell, because I cheered very loud for LeBron and AD. That's why I wrote this book, titled, "Inside the NBA Bubble: Quarantine Champion Me, Me and My Basketballs, A Personal Overcoming and Also History in the Making and Also The Best is Yet to Come and The Best Summer of my Life: a 43 Page Book". The End.

The End of the book. This is the end of my book. Im Goated!