

Q & Cue CharactersTM

Professor-O-Ball



www.professorqball.com

Dr. Cue



www.drcuepromotions.com

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Loving the game...

...Living the moment

www.billiardcharacters.com

BILLIARD ACADEMY CHARACTERS
(IN ORDER WITH FULL OLOGIES AND BIOS)

Professor-Q-Ball, P.Q.B - Professor of Q-Ballology

"Q-Ballology" - Study of the cue ("Q") ball & application to all billiard forms
Professor, Publisher, and Purveyor of Billiard Lessons
Making people laugh, learn, and have fun
Presenter of magic and illusion on and off the table

Dr. Cue, B.D. - Doctor of Billiardology

Billiardology is study of spheres (balls), projectiles (cues), and planes (tables)
Artistic Pool, Instruction, and Entertainment / Fun Specialist
Helping people worldwide to "Enjoy The Roll" and Rack Up A Victory
Gets paid for missing balls, making impossible possible, and possible impossible

Cue Ball - Labeled as: QB-1, P.Q.B.A.

First assistant to "Professor of Q-Ballology"
Assorted specialties in pool, carom, snooker, pyramid, etc.
Positioning and breaking capabilities second to none
Does "trick shots and so much more" with eyes closed

Female Cue - Labeled as "Ms. Cue", B.D.A.

Assistant to "Doctor of Billiardology"
Known for "getting Dr. Cue to the table on time"
Logistical / Driving / Tour Development Expert
Often confused with "miscue" and famous line - "chalk is free"

Male Cue - Labeled as "Cuey", C.D.

Dean of Cueology - Study of Straight Alignment and Straight Stroke
Known for getting out of "sticky" situations when needed
Tendency of "hermit" attitude when not in use via case seclusion
Works with "Ms. Cue" when tandem shots are done

1-Ball - Labeled as "Ouchy", P.L.

Leader of Packology - Study of the "Rack Pack" Amenities
Ability to handle phenolic pressure and impact effectiveness
Background in creating order and "follow the leader" directions
"Break em" byline for this front line crusader

2-Ball - Labeled as "Baby Blue", P.L.N.A.

Numerical Assistant to Leader of Packology
Ability to follow in footsteps of leader
Colorful past and bright "on top of things" future
Dream to find "balance" and "rhythm" in life

6-Ball - Labeled as "Lady Emerald", L.N.C.

Controller of Low Numberology - Study of low numbered rolls
Making sure all solids "enjoy the roll"
Presenting harmony and good will in rack
Focus on becoming green, clean, rolling machine

8-Ball - Labeled as "Sir Eightor", C.C.

Commander of Centerology - Study of journey to center of rack
Expertise in pocket drop and game victories
Occasional tendency to visiting banks along the way
"Behind the 8 - ball" byline heard on regular basis

9-Ball - Labeled as "Cowboy", C.C.A.

Alternate Commander of Centerology
Tendency to experience fast paced games
Attracted to diamond racks and unexpected rolls
Vision / dream to search for stardom - Go west...young ball!!

11-Ball - Labeled as "Reddy", H.N.C.

Controller of High Numberology - Study of high numbered rolls
Making sure all stripes "enjoy the roll"
Keeping in trim so it will fit in pocket
Often blushes and huge appetite for cookies

Pool Table - Labeled as "PlaneField", P.M.

Master of Playology - Study of playing conditions and rolling enjoyment
Solid performance features and stability appeal
Over 500 years of experience in player attraction
Slate bed "center stage" amenity and "de plane...de plane" byline

Bridge - Labeled as "Stretch", R.C.

Connoisseur of Reachology - Study of extensions to far-reaching places
Known for "bridging the gap" in long distance situations
Common aliases as: The Rake, The Crutch, and "Granny Stick"
Desire to "reach out" to special places and adventure

Brush - Labeled as "Sweepie", D.C.

Controller of Dustology - Study of "cleaning up" the playfield
Specialty trait for "sprucing up" before every match
Focused on table image enhancement and dust control
Bristles get ruffled easily during opening / closing hours

Rack - Labeled as "Racky", R.D.

Director of Rackology - Study of racking techniques (diamond, triangle, special framing)
Over 100 game variations of expertise and shooting enjoyment
Wooden and plastic composition backgrounds
Famous for hanging upside down and acrobatic tricks

Chalk - Labeled as "Chalkie", C.S.

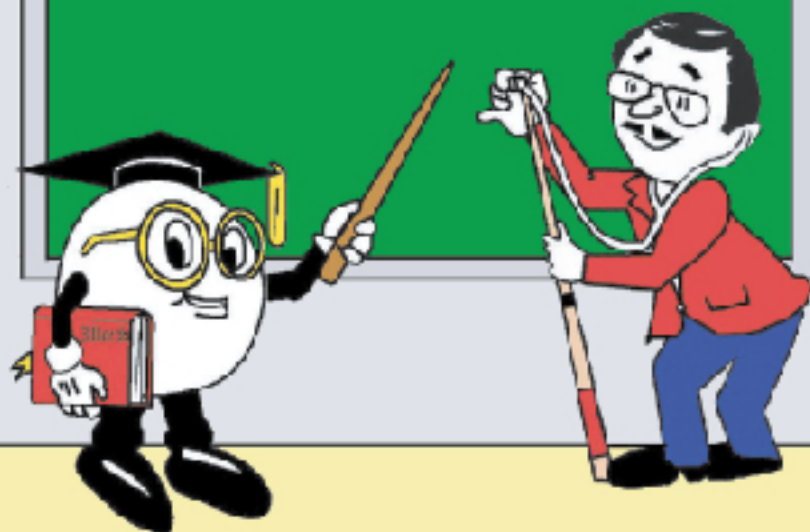
Specialist in Cubeology - Study of cubes and relation to friction
Miscue reducer and expert in colorful applications to cue tips
Primary "interlude" creator to fine tune pre-shot routines
Prop enhancement to trick shots and special stroke shots



The Billiard Academy

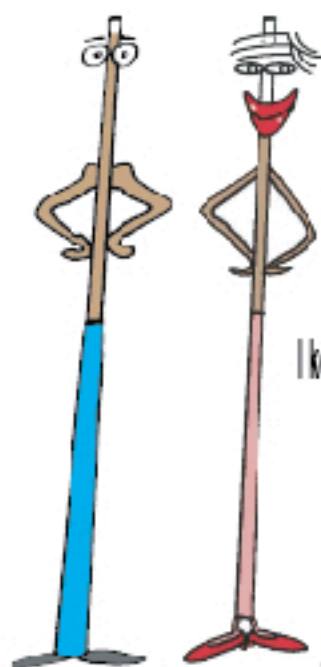
MY NAME IS
PROFESSOR-Q-BALL,
AND I HAVE A P.Q.B.
DEGREE. I AM KNOWN
AS THE PROFESSOR
OF Q-BALLOLOGY.

MY NAME IS
DR. CLIE, AND I
HAVE A B.D. DEGREE.
I AM KNOWN AS THE
DOCTOR OF
BILLIARDOLOGY.



*"We would like to introduce our billiard
characters to you..."*

We are
always partners



Cuey

Ms. Cue

I'm always getting hit first



QB-1

I am hurting all
the time



Ouchy

I want to be an
instructor when
I grow up



Baby Blue

I keep everyone
together



When they use me
I keep everyone rolling



Chalkie

Nine ball is
my game



Cowboy

I am always
made last



Sir Eightor

I am always
enjoying
the roll



Lady Emerald

I'm here
if you
need me

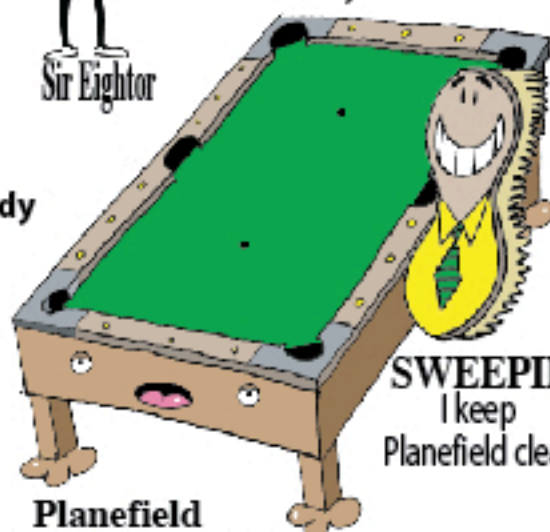


STRETCH

I'm always hungry



Reddy



SWEEPIE

I keep
Plane's clean

Plane

I always try my "level" best

Chapter 1

Old Bob sat behind the little wooden counter he'd built so many years back for his business simply named Mainstreet Game Room. Too many years to count, he thought, while counting the few dollars he'd taken in for the day. Counting down the till didn't take long now- even on a Saturday.

Saturday, Saturdays used to be busy, no more. The room used to be busy most of the time, no more. Now he was paying the light bill out of his savings, and using the money generated from a dwindling business for minimal upkeep on his building. He owned the building; if not, he would have closed down long ago.

Now he just opened up the old game room more or less out of habit. A habit his wife, Martha, was not tolerating well any more. He couldn't blame her though. Not only was he not making any money; he was spending the money he and Martha had saved over the years.

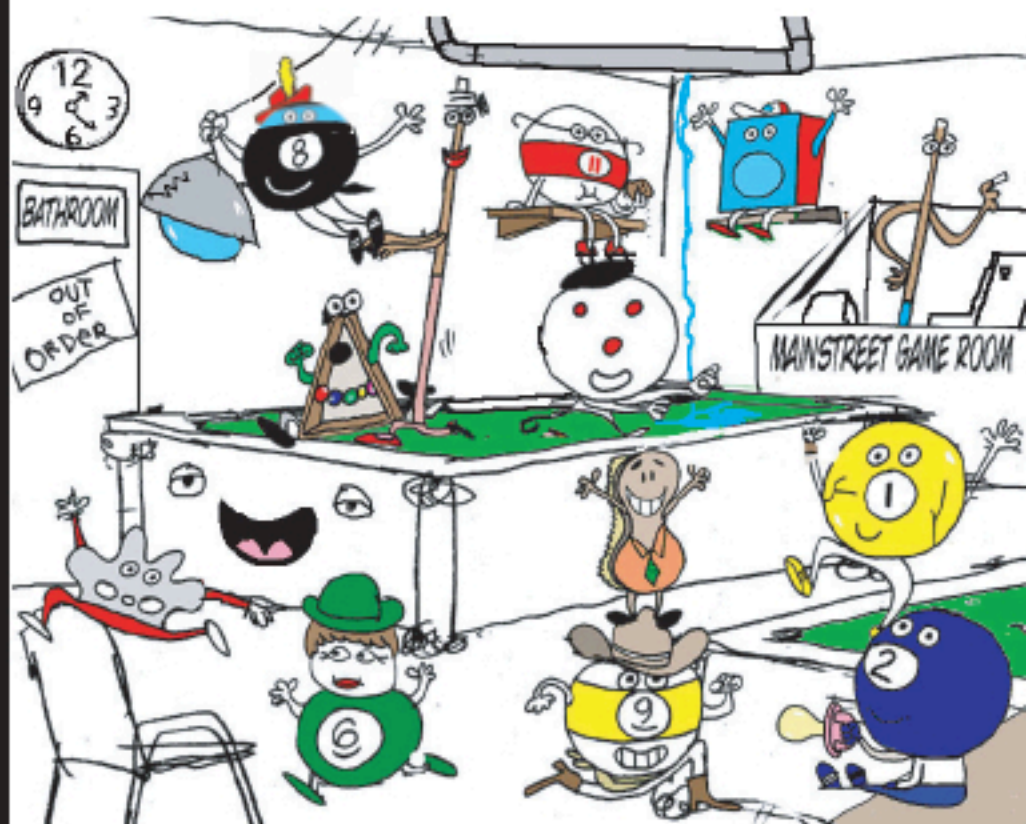
Well, time to think about that tomorrow. He closed on Sunday, always had; but he usually came by just to check on the place and make sure the bathroom hadn't flooded again. Needed to do something about that rusty plumbing, but if he was going to shut it down, there was no need. This was the last thing he thought about as he turned off the light and locked the door.

The door stayed locked, but the lights were soon back on. An empty game room where the lights would come on at odd hours. Haunted? No! Electrical problem? No! The answer was much more exciting than that to everyone but Old Bob. Old Bob knows the secret.

Chapter 2

Twelve-forty on a Sunday afternoon. A twenty year routine: go to morning service with Martha; eat at the local diner; drop Martha off and head to the old game room just to check on things. Funny how things get to be a habit, Bob thought, unlocking the door and stepping into chaos.

A rambunctious 8 ball named Sir Eightor was up to his old tricks, swinging from the light fixture. A spiffy looking 9 ball by the name of Cowboy and Lady Emerald, a flashy 6 ball, were running around willy-nilly; and an over stuffed 11 ball monikered Reddy was eating again; the whole crew was going wild. Why? Boredom!



Only explanation for the circus like scene that had welcomed Bob for about the last eight or nine years! All the regulars of the game room were just plain bored. Who could blame them really? The occasional nine-ball game; an afternoon of eight-ball; and be still my fluttering heart - straight pool.

Bob smiled as he thought about the first time he'd asked someone to play straight pool. An old time trick shot artist named "Trick Shot Harry" had quipped, "Only folks in jail have time to play straight pool - you see any bars on the windows?" Bob had spluttered out a red faced embarrassed "no" and proceeded to take a shellacking from an unsuspecting eight-ball.

Hmmm..., thought Bob. Trick shots. Now that might liven things up around here!!



And I know just the guys to make Cowboy and the other characters dance a jig on the table, relieve the boredom around this place, and possibly turn this money pit into a profitable business once again.

Bob went to his counter, opened up an old box full of index cards with phone numbers and proceeded to dial.

Baby Blue, a cute and almost timid 2 ball, listened as Bob began to speak. "Hello, may I speak to..." And that was the last Baby Blue thought about it until 2 weeks later when the strangers came to town.



Chapter 3

"Who's that coming in with Old Bob?" Cowboy asked no ball in particular. "Two guys, looking very distinguished and rather dapper...walking with a spring in their steps and smiling with a special element of healthy surprise on their faces", Ouchy offered.



Lady Emerald noted a counter assessment, "They're probably here to put us in storage; I heard Old Bob say business is so slow, that he might have to close down."

By now everyone had guessed who the two newcomers might be; and as usual with a rack of fifteen balls when hit with a dilemma (or a cue ball), they all went in different directions. Cowboy decided the best way to find out who the men were was to lean forward and listen closely.



"Dr. Cue, Professor-Q-Ball, feel free to make yourselves at home. I really appreciate y'all offering to teach my characters trick shots here to help save



the old game room. I hope y'all can get THEM interested in what you do," Old Bob said, opening the cash register and filling it with the day's change.

Cowboy listened intently to Old Bob and wondered what these guys actually did and how it might be interesting. Interesting was something Cowboy was, well, interested in.

"Glad to do it Bobby," the one Old Bob called Professor said with a smile, reaching out and shaking Old Bob's hand. What did this Professor guy mean? Why in the world did he, I mean what could be the idea? He called Old Bob, Bobby? No one called Old Bob...Bobby. Cowboy wanted to know, who did these guys think they were? What could they do that was so interesting? Now what are they here for? Cowboy wondered.

Chapter 4

Meanwhile, Professor-Q-Ball came over to the very table where Cowboy waited anxiously for the next piece of the puzzle to fall in place. Professor-Q-Ball reached in and pulled Cowboy out of the center of a common rack and spun him around with a snap of his fingers, caught him, and then hand banked him to the left side pocket.



Cowboy traveled the table's intricate set of ramps all the way to the dark holding area at the back of the table. Now Cowboy couldn't see a thing. No ball wants to be in the "holding pen", especially when there might actually be something interesting going on up top.

He barely heard Old Bob's voice from somewhere up above, "You fella's ready to get this session started?" Cowboy screamed, "Noooo! Wait!!" But no one could hear him.

Chapter 5

Cowboy could hear footsteps. He counted them as they came across the old hardwood floor. Pat-pat! Pat-pat! Pat-pat! The footsteps were definitely getting louder. No talking though. Then the footsteps stopped and fourteen other balls were tossed into the holding area with Cowboy; none were happy to be out of the action. Only a shiny new cue ball labeled QB-1 was left on top of the table.

"Now," Dr. Cue said, "let's get this ball rolling!" POW! Cowboy and all the other balls jumped at the deafening sound. What had this Dr. Cue fella done? Then they heard QB-1. "Aaaaghhhhh!!" Oh no! Cowboy thought, he's hurt QB-1. Why I oughta.... "Yippee!" QB-1 hollered, cutting off Cowboy's thought. "Wheee!"

Then QB-1 came tumbling down the chute. He fell in amongst the rest of the balls with a grin that reached full circle.

"What happened QB-1?" Everyone asked at once.



Chapter 6

A hand gently placed Cowboy from the holding bin in the dead center of the showcased elaborate table named Planefield. Cowboy recognized the hand belonging to the one called Professor-Q-Ball. "What's going on?" Cowboy questioned. "We heard YOU ARE GOING TO TEACH US TRICK SHOTS!"

Cowboy watched closely as Dr. Cue and Professor-Q-Ball started to set up all the characters on Planefield. An often reclusive tool of reaching shots affectionately referred to as Stretch was placed across the table rail to rail, as if to block any intended challenge.

QB-1 jumped to the head of the table ready for action, but he was no more ready than Ouchy who was now sitting on the foot spot, and was anxiously awaiting some action. Reddy sat next to Ouchy at a slight angle, with the other characters taking unassuming and assorted positions along the rail tops...around and over Planefield.

Cowboy turned to Baby Blue: "What kind of rack is that? I've never seen that game played before." Baby Blue giggled, "It's a trick shot and they are using our special triangular friend, Racky in their presentation...so let's see what happens." Cowboy watched. Cowboy saw. Cowboy was amazed and would never be the same!



Dr. Cue came over to the table where Cowboy was and began brushing the cloth. Every time the brush came near Cowboy it would say, "My name's Sweepie. I'm the Controller of Dustology!"



Cowboy found this somewhat odd. Brushes usually kept to themselves, collect cobwebs, and said very little. Seems everyone that came in contact with Dr. Cue and Professor-Q-Ball were inspired to be friendly and a lot of fun - definitely interesting.

Lady Emerald, Baby Blue and Reddy all took their positions with just the slightest nudging from Dr. Cue. Cowboy was a different story entirely.

Professor-Q-Ball placed him on a spot where he should go, or at least Cowboy thought that's where he was supposed to go. Then the Professor would look at Cowboy real close and move him left or right by the slightest little bit. Baby Blue giggled at Cowboy.

Finally, Professor-Q-Ball got Cowboy in the proper place on the table. Dr. Cue placed QB-1 on the head spot. Then he took out a very proper and ladylike cue stick named Ms. Cue; Professor-Q-Ball took his position with another cue that had a gentlemanly manner to it under the title of Cuey! Both teachers of the "trick" prepared their cues by putting on some brilliant colored chalk that carried a smile with it. This cube of color known as Chalkie set the stage for the shot to begin. Professor-Q-Ball bent over the shot and with only three warm up strokes sent Cowboy on - - "the wildest ride of his life."



The
Trick Shot
In Motion

Our Family...Having Fun!

Dr. Cue with only a moment's delay catapulted QB-1 over Stretch in a race to catch up with Cowboy. Around the table... 1, 2, 3 times or more it seemed in a "cat chasing the mouse" fashion over Stretch again and again and under him several times as well. A "pinball effect" of sorts assigned each character to respective "mousetrap" functions. QB-1 finally caught up with Cowboy at a specific and synchronized timing to make in a perfectly planned pocket. QB-1 and Cowboy both traveled a marvelous journey to the holding chamber of Planefield with an experience to last a lifetime.

Everyone in the Mainstreet Game Room joined in the fun, which stretched on into the evening - fun and learning went hand in hand as the crew learned "trick shots and so much more". A "new world" of billiard participation and adventure was encouraged by Dr. Cue and Professor-Q-Ball. They explained the internationally recognized concept called "artistic pool", which revealed that "trick & fancy shots" was only one of 8 sport disciplines for this newfound sport image...providing each billiard character and Old Bob with the beauty, promise, and vision of a bright future.

Expanding "artistic pool" events, special TV productions, Room Cup challenges, and select talent searches for new stars of the sport were offered as possibilities for each listening and leaning ear to this magnetic message. Life tips from Dr. Cue and Professor-Q-Ball brought an eventual end to this special day as Old Bob prepared to close.

"It has been a great day," Old Bob said.

Dr Cue and Professor-Q-Ball agreed.

"You've got a really special place here Bob," Dr. Cue said.

"These balls can really talk," Professor-Q-Ball said with a knowing grin to Bob and Dr. Cue.

"Yep, this room is going to be a great place with everything you've taught us," Bob said, shaking hands all around.

Meanwhile, Cowboy, QB-1, and the others (even Sweepie) rested on PlaneField too energized to sleep.

"I can't wait until tomorrow!" Cowboy shouted.

Everyone agreed. After all, tomorrow with your friends is the greatest day ever - besides today with your friends of course.



THE END ...

...FOR NOW!!



We would like to thank the following individuals and unique "Q and Cue Characters" for their part in making this special publication a dream come true and fun to do. We hope that each person experiencing the "magnetic appeal" of the storyline text and graphic presentations will "love the game" and "live the moment" even more...as the "characters" come to life and speak to your heart.

Cartoonist: Jerry King
Freelance Writer: Edward Hurst

Special Characters (Graphic images on pages 4 and 5):

Professor-Q-Ball	Dr. Cue	Cuey	Ms. Cue
Lady Emerald	Sir Eightor	QB-1	Chalkie
PlaneField	Stretch	Reddy	Cowboy
Baby Blue	Sweepie	Ouchy	Racky

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Enjoy the roll! Paul and Tom

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