

# BODY SWITCH

M.G. HIGGINS



**MEET THE**



Jamie Hawk

**Age:** 13

**Worst Part of Being Famous:** can't go skateboarding when he feels like it

**Secret Fear:** that he is growing up too fast

**Future Goal:** to play Eminem in the movie version of his life

**Best Quality:** talented

# CHARACTERS



## BRIAN STARK

**Age:** 13

**Hobby:** photographing animal shapes  
in clouds

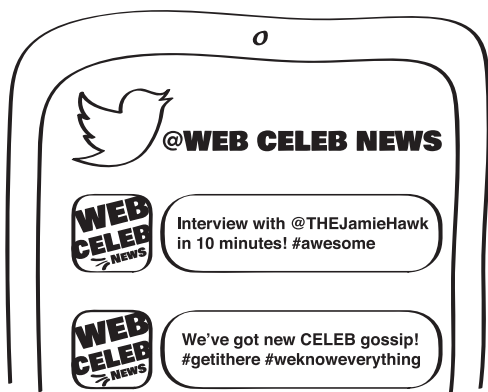
**Favorite Food:** school cafeteria meatloaf

**College Goal:** to major in physics  
at Cal Tech

**Best Quality:** smart

# 1 JAMIE

“Get up, Jamie,” his dad said. “You have an interview soon. *Web Celeb* news.”



Jamie opened his eyes. His dad was staring at his tablet. Jamie hated that thing. It always meant work.



“Why so early?” Jamie asked. “I was out late.”

“Sorry. Can’t be helped.” His dad sighed. Patted Jamie’s arm. “Three more cities. Six more concerts. Then you can take a break.”



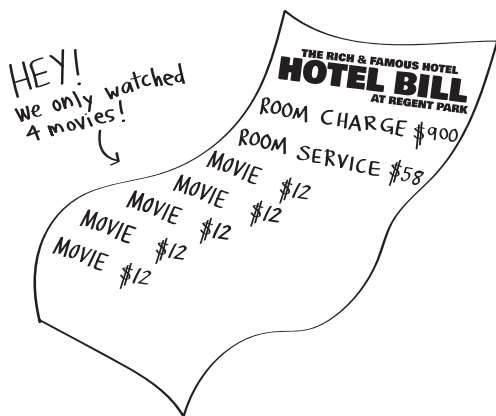
Jamie groaned. There was never a break. Not really. Not since he was five. When his dad posted that video. Jamie was singing. Wearing his jammies. Using a wooden spoon as his mic. It went viral. It happened in a flash. Normal kid to rock star.



It was fun. At first. Now? Not so much.

But Jamie had his fans to think of. He didn't want to let them down. He rolled out of bed. Dressed.

His dad's phone rang. He answered it with, "What? Are you kidding? I'll be right down." He clicked off. "Problem with the hotel bill," he said to Jamie. "I have to take care of it. Stay here."



"Fine."

His dad rushed out.

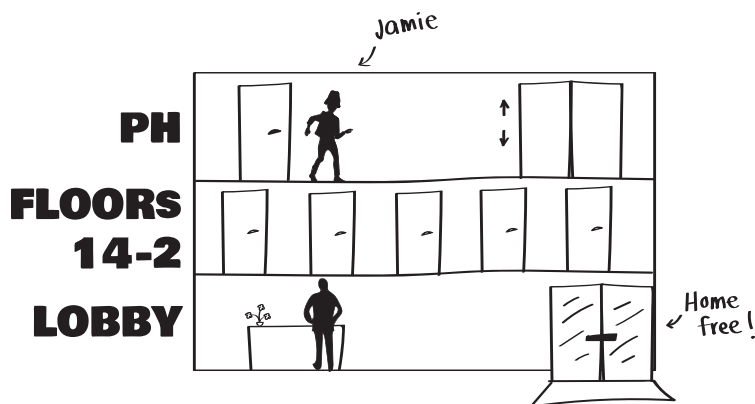
Jamie stared out the window. It was a



nice day. Sunny. Bright blue sky. All he'd seen were hotels. Concert halls. For five long months. He was sick of it.

He could not stay in this room. Not for one more second.

He didn't think about it. He bolted. Jumped in the elevator. Snuck through the hotel lobby. Slinked by his dad at the main desk.



He stepped onto the sidewalk. What a relief. It felt good to stretch his legs. Get



some air. He'd be back before his dad could get too mad.

A guy with a camera saw him. "Hey! Jamie!" he yelled. "How's it going?" His camera clicked away. Shooting hundreds of photos.

Great. Those guys were always waiting. They were like vultures. Jamie walked faster. Looked over his shoulder. Now there were two of them.



Normal day. At least 5 vultures.

"Jamie!" one of them called. "Where you headed?"

*Argh!*

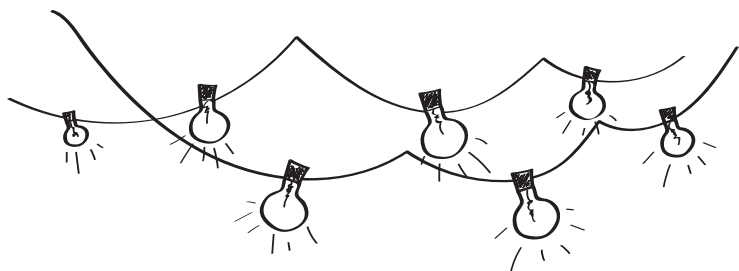


Jamie ran a few blocks. Spotted a narrow alley. Slipped into it.

He leaned against a wall. Stayed still. The guys rushed by. Didn't see him.

*Phew.*

Jamie glanced down the small street. It was a dead end. Most city alleys were dirty. Filled with trash. But this one was paved with bricks. Lined with potted plants. Twinkling lights swung overhead. A fountain trickled water. It was tidy. And calm.



It was like the city had vanished. He let out a breath. Relaxed his shoulders.



There was a blue door at the end of the alley. A sign with gold letters read Zeus's Greek Food. A huge statue guarded the door. Zeus? Probably.

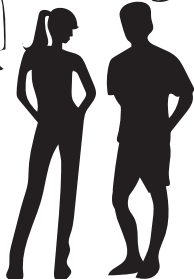
He hadn't eaten breakfast. He was really hungry.

Greek? Whatever. Sounded as good as anything.

# ZEUS'S GREEK FOOD



They have great  
Spanakopita!



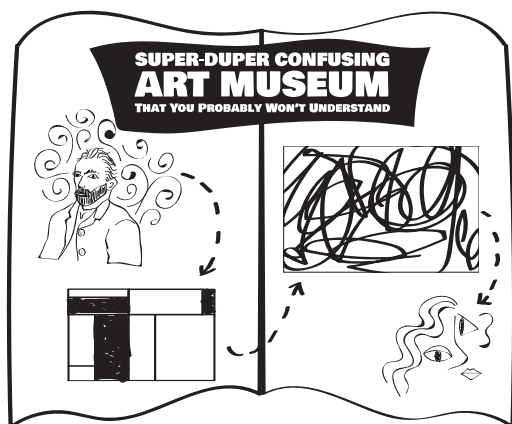
I'm more of a  
Gyros guy...



## 2

# BRIAN

Brian Stark and his family were lost. They'd visited the art museum. Walked back to the street. Then somehow ended up here. In front of this alley.



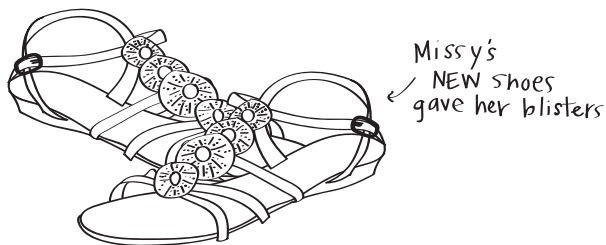
“Huh.” Mr. Stark rubbed the back of his



neck. Looked at the map again. “The war memorial should be here. Right where we’re standing.”

“Except it’s not,” Mrs. Stark said.

“Da-ad,” Missy whined. She was Brian’s little sister. “I’m hungry. My feet hurt.”



Brian was hungry too. And tired. He glanced down the alley. “Hey. There’s food.”

They all looked. The alley was a dead end. And there it was.

“Greek?” his dad said.

“Let’s try it,” his mom said. “We need food. And a break.”

They walked in. There were some tables.

White tablecloths. Gold lamps. They were the only customers.

A beaded curtain swished. A man in a white jacket came out. Smiled. Stood straight. His blue eyes met Brian's. Brian shivered. It was like the guy looked right through him.



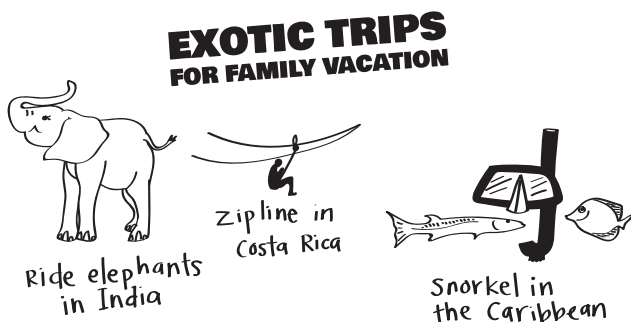
"Sit wherever you wish," he said.

They took a table against a wall. Studied their menus. Brian knew what he wanted. He tapped the table. Waited for his family.

He wasn't looking forward to going home. He had school the next day. A history test to study for. His life was so boring.



Watching Missy. Chores. Brian wished his family would take a real vacation. Not just drive into the city. He wanted to do cool things. See new places.



The man returned. Was he the waiter? Yes. He took their orders. The bell over the door chimed.

Brian glanced over.

He looked again.

Wait. Was that?

Nah. Couldn't be.

Their waiter smiled at the boy. "Sit wherever you wish."

“Thanks.” The kid took a table against the other wall. Read his menu.

“Brian,” his mom said. “Don’t stare. It’s rude.”

“I think that’s Jamie Hawk,” he said.

“No way!” Now Missy stared.



*It must be him,* Brian thought. His friend Skye had mentioned it. Jamie was doing concerts here. At the arena. Skye had wanted to get tickets.

“Who’s Jamie Hawk?” his dad asked.



“Just the biggest pop star ever,” Missy said.

“Oh.” Mr. Stark glanced across the room. “Looks about your age, Brian. Maybe thirteen. He’s eating alone? Where are his parents?”

“How sad,” Mrs. Stark said.

“It’s not sad,” Brian said. “It’s awesome! He’s famous. He gets to travel all over the world. Do his own thing.”

Brian pulled out his phone. Snuck a photo of Jamie. He’d text it to Skye. She’d freak.





The waiter brought their food. Brian ate. But all he could think about was Jamie Hawk.

He was eating lunch with Jamie Hawk!



# BODY SWITCH

Do you wish you were me? Never say never. Follow your dreams.



red rhino  
books

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