

BODY SWITCH

M.G. HIGGINS





MEET THE



Jamie Hawk

Age: 13

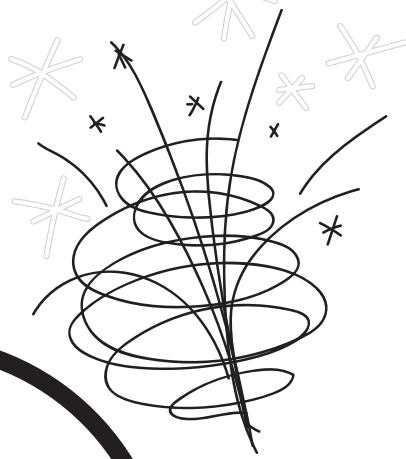
Worst Part of Being Famous: can't go skateboarding when he feels like it

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.”



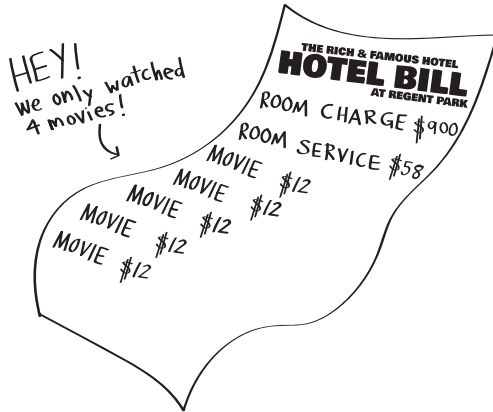
Jamie groaned. There was never a break. Not really. Not since he was five. When his dad posted that video. Jamie was singing. Wearing his jammies. Using a wooden spoon as his mic. It went viral. It happened in a flash. Normal kid to rock star.



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.

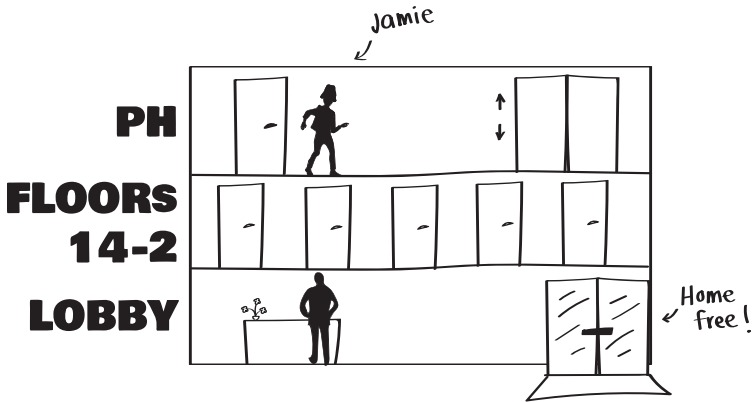
Jamie stared out the window. It was a



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?"

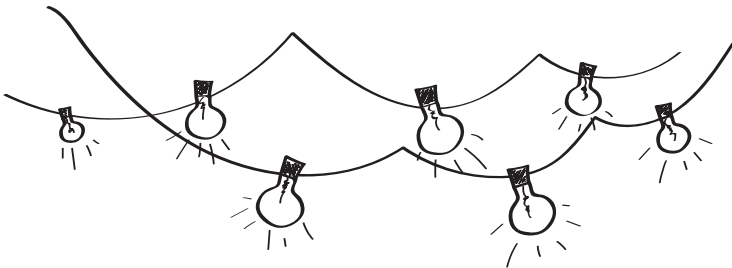
Argh!

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.

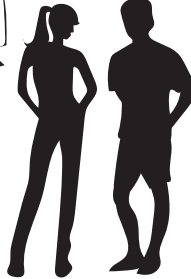
He hadn't eaten breakfast. He was really hungry.

Greek? Whatever. Sounded as good as anything.

ZEUS'S GREEK FOOD



They have great Spanakopita!



I'm more of a Gyros guy...

