

## \* CHAPTER ONE \*

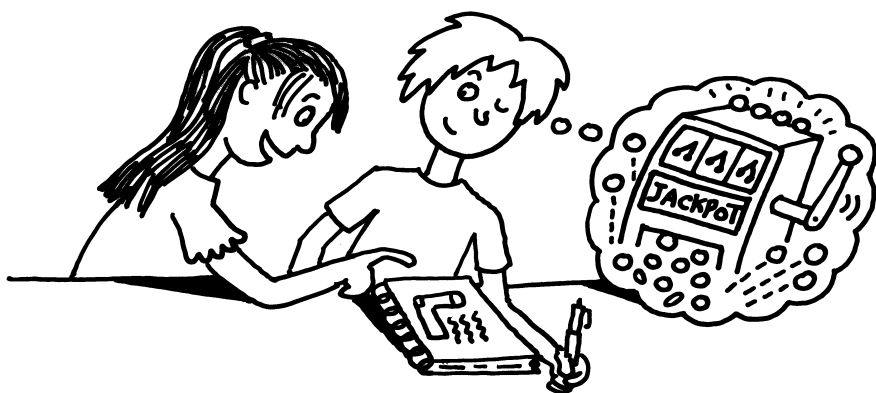
Ty Randall must die.

That's what I vowed as I sat in the cafeteria, watching him take over the lunch table, the school, and the only girl I ever liked. After an excruciating hour, I'd had about all I could take.

And I'd started lunch period feeling good. Really good. I had just finished drawing my new comic book, and couldn't wait to show it to Emma, Morgan, Sophie, and Kendra. As I looked around for Jasper, I patted my backpack to make sure it was still there.



Drawing is what I live for, pretty much. There's nothing like getting the stink lines on a smelly sock just right, and hearing the girl next to me in pre-alg say, "Wow - did you copy that out of a book, or something?"



"Yo, Danny!" My best friend, Jasper, shouted across the cafeteria. We'd eaten lunch together almost every day since we started Gerald Ford Middle School. I like how he does his own thing, no matter how unpopular it is - having a toy band, chess-boxing, or collecting weird animals.