

"In that case..." Jasper opened up his bag to show a stack of comics. "Want some reading material?"

Jasper didn't care what people thought, which I admired. He just did his own weird thing, whether it was turtle racing, designing robots, or whatever. But I was too self-conscious to sit in the bleachers and read, so I shook my head.

"I guess we could stay until halftime," Jasper said.

"Baseball doesn't have -"

I didn't get to finish. Someone elbowed me to stand, and suddenly we were swept up in "the wave."

Behind us were a bunch of obnoxious, face-painted jocks from school. There was Tank Friedman, a football player whose head was

shaped like a canned ham. Next to him were his friends Kyle Larson and "Abs" Tanaka.



"HIGHLAND REEKS!" Tank yelled, his face half blue, half orange. Tank represented everything I didn't like about jocks. Rude, loud, and cocky, he acted like he owned the school. He and Kyle were throwing French fries at each other.