



ENTR@PMENT

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Your Uncle Jerry's Blog

Young Love

25 May

We will vow to one another
there will never be another

—Cartey and Joyner

lame old love song

Peace and joy, Campers. Spring has sprung, and young hearts have turned to thoughts of love—just as Your Uncle Jerry predicted. Young love. It's pathetic. Sad and sorry. Call it what you will, as long as it rhymes with "lame."

Now don't jump to your keyboard, don't flame your Uncle Jerry. Hear me out. Because I am just as fond of love's longing gaze as anyone. Uncle Jerry loves mouth-breathing and half-wit conversation. I *live* to hear young campers pour out the poetry of passion from their shallow shallow souls.

Because Uncle Jerry knows what follows. And there is nothing—nothing—more entertaining than the flash of fury in a young girl's eye when she finds her boy in the arms of her own best friend.

Cruel, you say? Heartless? Not at all. I enjoy this only because I know it is the prelude to wisdom. Ah, yes, young lovers, I've had a love of my own. Worst eight hours of my life.

Pay attention—that's a joke. I say, that's a joke, son.

Oh. Sorry, Camper Girl, did you really think he could be true? Sorry, Camper Guy, did she say she'd save herself for you? Care to gamble on it? Turn your back and trust her if you dare. That's the only way to know.

Here's your Uncle Jerry's wager (you know how Uncle Jerry loves a wager): I bet your lover will not love you still, young miss; your sweetheart will not sigh for you, young sir.

Young love will have another love next year.

Peace and joy.

chapter 1
conspiracy

gurlgang room

may 26 07:15 pm

Ms.T has entered

Ms.T: yo bliss, you there?

bliss4u: hey T

Ms.T: hey girl

bliss4u: so what u guys do after the game?

gothling has entered

bliss4u: hey annie

gothling: yo

Ms.T: we did nothing special. went to the mall

bliss4u: again with the mall? <sigh sigh sigh>

Ms.T: ok, so he takes it slow. he likes the simple pleasures. i can totally live with it

gothling: who does? beau?

bliss4u: of course . . .

Ms.T: plus he's a little afraid of me. i like that in a boy toy. >:)

bliss4u: lol

Ms.T: you think it's the dreds?

bliss4u: or the grades =)

gothling: or yr death-to-the-oppressor politics

bliss4u: totally. i luuvvvv T, but i don't get half the stuff she says . . .

gothling: T is like alicia keys meets whoopi goldberg

Ms.T: o great, i'm a sickly sweet soul singer and a saggy, middle-aged comic

gothling: but a *leftist* saggy, middle-aged sickly sweet comic soul star

bliss4u: what's leftist, anyway?

gothling: still, there's the beau boy. i thought brainy girls went for the star quarterback

Ms.T: we know what you think, dear

gothling: beau is what? like backup to the backup tight end? what's up with that?

bliss4u: lol. but he's a hottie in football pants. :->

gothling: but see: is he good enough for our Tamra? i'm just sayin . . .

Ms.T: he's a sweetie! and he's real. i don't need brilliant, and I sure don't need hollywood

gothling: u just like him because u can control him

Ms.T: ouch

bliss4u: not nice, annie

Ms T: like with your record, you should choose a guy for me? i'm just sayin . . .

bliss4u: oh snap! i am so not getting between u 2 tonight

gothling: whatever

bliss4u: let's b nice, k? {{annie}} {{tamra}} k??

gothling: ok, can we just not talk about boys right now?

bliss4u: sure. let's talk about me!

Ms.T: right. let's be nice to poor annie. she's all alone, and she's done her hair black again

gothling: i'm not alone, prissy. i'm single. maybe you've heard of that

bliss4u: well, um . . . certain people think yr bitter and cold. i don't know where i heard that

gothling: people get the strangest ideas

bliss4u: anyway, u were too good for . . . he who must not be named

Ms.T: well, and too intense, duh. what were you thinking, girl?

gothling: wouldn't wanna be intense. the boys are SO easily threatened

bliss4u: mitchie's not

gothling: we're not talking about boys, ok?

bliss4u: sure, but who likes intense? who does that really work with, annie?

gothling: clearly, no one

Ms.T: anyway, annie hates all men this year. you said a year, right annie? :)

gothling: back off, u

listen, i am not a man-hater. i am simply willing to learn from experience. unlike some people

Ms.T: and you've learned what? um . . . tattoos, black nails, and a tongue stud attract men of intellect and refinement?

gothling: no, dred-girl. i have learned that none of that matters. u can't trust em, anyway. the wretches

bliss4u: ok, sugar. but we can't all stay as angry as u

gothling: ok baby. but i'm just wiser, not angry. see me smile :-\

bliss4u: now see, that's really nice. she doesn't hate anyone

Ms.T: she only finds them wretched

gothling: oh, gimme a break. i LIKE lots of guys. i just think they're dumb as a box of rocks

bliss4u: puhleeze. mitch is really really smart

gothling: not about what matters. oh sigh, what do i know? i'm the one who fell for what's his name. voldemort

Ms.T: seems like i was just making that point

gothling: shut up, u. but that's it. never again. u just can't trust em

Ms.T: any of them?

gothling: any of em. any of em

bliss4u: but he was only one, annie

gothling: sure, but they all . . . forget it. u guys are just pushing my buttons today

bliss4u: {annie} what?

gothling: i dunno. they're just morons. geeks and jocks and gangstas and all of them. i hate how easy they have it

Ms.T: how easy?

gothling: easy peasy. they don't even know—that's why they can't be trusted. the world revolves around them, and they can't even see it

Ms.T: that's what i'm talking about. institutional sexism

gothling: if they could even SEE it, i could cut them some slack

bliss4u: mitch isn't that way. he treats me really nice

gothling: ok, listen, sugar, 1) u are da perky blonde bomb of the universe

bliss4u: awww

Ms.T: but how can you stand those airheads on cheer squad? brrr.

bliss4u: come on. they're fun!

gothling: 2) mitch is like chief geek of the chess club (though i admit he cleans up good)

bliss4u: ok, he didn't WANT to be president. that was Mrs Fafner

gothling: therefore 3) he would be insane not to worship you

bliss4u: well, true . . . =)

gothling: but 4) if your worst enemy breathed in his ear, he'd follow her right to the back seat

Ms.T: maybe. . . .

bliss4u: u mean kami day? she wouldn't dare!!

Ms.T: ROTFL. i just sprayed coke on my keyboard

gothling: um, bliss? u may be missing my point, dear

bliss4u: besides, 5) mitch doesn't even like her, so there!

Ms.T: lol <cough cough cough>

bliss4u: what? WHAT??

Ms.T: no, i'm with you. mitch and kami? never happen

bliss4u: that's what i'm sayin

gothling: T, yr not helping

Ms.T: or mitch and frankie? no worries there, either, am i right?

bliss4u: totally. my second worst enemy

Ms.T: lol

bliss4u: WHAT already???

gothling: okay, chickies, listen up. u people need to learn a lesson here

Ms.T: yes, mum, we listening

gothling: i'll make u a little wager, my pretties, to see who's right about the dumber sex
<rubbing hands evilly>

Ms.T: annie loves a wager

bliss4u: what wager?

gothling: let's just test yr two handsome units. see how much u can really trust them

Ms.T: ah . . . velly interesting. please to go on

gothling: but u have to put yrselfes totally in my cynical scheming hands. understand? u must do exactly as i say, or u lose the bet

bliss4u: wait wait. what do u mean 'how much we can trust them'?

gothling: trust means trust

Ms.T: i think annie's going to steal your boyfriend, honey

gothling: eww

bliss4u: that can't be legal . . . =)

Ms.T: both of ours. she'll woo them away from us

gothling: sick bags on standby

Ms.T: no seriously, u think i can't trust beau tanner, star backup to the backup tight end?

gothling: that would be the general idea. u in or u out?

bliss4u: but i still need to hear the bet

gothling: well, it's obvious, isn't it? u guys disappear, and 2 mysterious young hotties slide in to take yr places

Ms.T: TRY to take our places

gothling: whatever

bliss4u: wait. who are they?

gothling: who?

bliss4u: them

gothling: them who?

bliss4u: them! who are THEY??

gothling: what? they're u, silly!!

bliss4u: what??

gothling: YOU

Ms.T: annie, let me do this.

bliss. darlin. here's the deal

you and i PRETEND to go away. mitch and beau are heartbroken,
right?

bliss4u: right . . .

Ms T: we make them promise to be good till we come back, ok?

bliss4u: sure. k. then what?

Ms T: then we PRETEND to be someone else, and try to break them down

gothling: there u go

bliss4u: but how do we . . .? i mean, if they see us . . .

Ms.T: true. um, Annie? online? we make up identities and hit on them from there?

gothling: exactly

Ms.T: e-identities

gothling: whole new personalities. like costumes and masks and foreign accents. see, bliss?

bliss4u: oooo, i c now. this could be fun . . .

Ms.T: yeah, i know just how to get to beau baby

gothling: oh, ahem. not so fast, sweetie

bliss4u: now what?

gothling: er, well, just that it won't be ms. tamra gray and beau baby.

it will be . . . <ta daa> BLISS and beau baby!

bliss4u: excuse me?

gothling: as a different person, of course

bliss4u: what are u talking about?

Ms.T: niiiice. so bliss goes after beau, which leaves me available for . . . oh NO.

gothling: now yr gettin it

bliss4u: help!! I'M not gettin it

Ms T: what's not to get?

gothling: u trade boys. u trade boys. u trade boys

bliss4u: now i'm gettin it . . .

Ms.T: this'll never work, annie

bliss4u: i don't get it

gothling: of course it'll work

bliss4u: we trade boys?

Ms T: they'll never go for this

gothling: <slamming forehead on desk once, twice, three times>

ok listen up, campers. everybody take a deep breath

here's the deal

so, bliss's grandmother is sick and bliss needs to go help her. tamra, official best friend, gets to go along to keep her company

u with me so far?

bliss4u: but my grandmother is fine

Ms.T: pretending . . .

gothling: what u really do is hole up at home for a couple of days. we'll be in chat mode constantly

bliss4u: yay! we could do a sleepover!

gothling: or not. . . . anywho, while you're "away," two very interesting chicks chat up your boys online

Ms.T: kewl

gothling: lemme see. chessmaster mitch gets his king row invaded by . . . oh let's say Tatiana. yeah, Tatiana del Capo, some kind of genius girl from italy—or no: albania

bliss4u: where's that?

gothling: and this tatiana chick is played by our very own tamra gray

Ms.T: gee thanks. Ta-tyahn-a from Al-bahn-ya. like a lady wrestler

bliss4u: lol. i like it

gothling: mitch is smart, T. but u got world stuff in your 47 AP classes, right? of course u did. everything is politics to u

Ms.T: i could look it up . . .

gothling: good. so then beau boy hears from a certain . . . Bridget . . . or Bonnie . . . or . . . li'l help with the last name, tam

Ms.T: grindstaff, a banker's daughter from London

gothling: oooo, yes. and portrayed, of course, by the lovely and talented bliss taylor

bliss4u: i still don't get this. why me and beau?

Ms.T: we trade boys . . . it's crueller that way. more like annie

gothling: it just keeps you . . . honest. ho ho

Ms T: nice one, annie

bliss4u: but me and the hottest boy in the state? i don't think so. u do it yourself, annie

gothling: don't make me come over there

Ms.T: come on, bliss, you can handle this

bliss4u: but he's so hot! what would i SAY to him???

gothling: i'll tell u what to say

Ms.T: oh, you just say, beau, i am utterly muddled by what you americans call football, and you seem like just the chap who could help a poor english girl understand

gothling: perfect

bliss4u: hmmm. well, but we have to actually see them sooner or later

Ms.T: true. annie?

gothling: not really. bridget and tatiana just have to set them up online

bliss4u: but . . .

gothling: we wing it, ok? the point is, they agree to hook up, and then guess who appears

Ms.T: bliss and tam, of course

bliss4u: i don't know. this whole thing is kinda sketchy

gothling: what sketchy? it's a sting. like cops and a speed trap

Ms.T: spies and a politician

bliss4u: but it's setting them up. how twisted is that?

gothling: law-abiding citizens have nothing to fear. don't u trust him?

bliss4u: oh puhleeeze. i trust mitchie completely

Ms.T: i have a question. what are the stakes here? what do we lose if you win, annie?

gothling: oh, u lose plenty

bliss4u: come on. what does that mean?

gothling: yr innocence, for starters

Ms.T: annie thinks we're naive. <sigh> no faith, no faith

gothling: well duh

bliss4u: but why, annie?

gothling: oh, just listen at u. 'i trust mitchie completely.'

bliss4u: well, i do. so there

gothling: i rest my case. so there

Ms.T: ok ok, so if we lose the bet, we lose our innocence and our faith in men. that's the best you can do?

gothling: what? u want a money bet? make it 10 bucks. make it 20. i'll be rich

bliss4u: yikes. 20??

gothling: u don't want to bet money?

Ms T: no money. and we need a timeline. this isn't going on forever

gothling: fine. how bout this: we scam them for 3 weeks. WHEN u lose, no matter how mad u are, u have to take them back, where u have to deal with their hurt little egos, knowing you'll never EVER trust them again

bliss4u: yowtch

Ms T: so dark, annie. tsk tsk. . . . and what do we win when we prove you wrong?

gothling: you say

bliss4u: she has to kiss em both—like in middle school :-D

gothling: whatever

Ms.T: eww. no, she has to do something serious. like apologize

bliss4u: to us?

Ms.T: to them. she has to confess the whole thing and admit she was wrong about guys. the hardest thing in the world. especially for annie.

gothling: have i mentioned my new black nail polish? not a chip anywhere

Ms.T: girlfriend, these guys aren't like him

bliss4u: . . . who must not be named . . .

gothling: come on, campers. they're all like that. the ones who don't cheat are the ones who never got a chance. so do we have a deal or not?

Ms T: deal

gothling: bliss? you in?

bliss4u: annie, that is so not true about guys. mitch would never never never, and i'm sure he's had chances

Ms.T: really? i haven't noticed the cheer squad hitting on mitch . . .

bliss4u: very funny, my former friend

gothling: seriously. when were all these chances to cheat?

bliss4u: i don't know, ok? i just know he would never do it

gothling: then you're in, right? nothing to lose

bliss4u: i'm thinking. there's something about this that is a little bit sick and wrong

gothling: and yr point is?

Ms.T: lol

gothling: seriously, gurl. if u trust him, then where's the risk? it's just a game

bliss4u: i know, but still

gothling: plus, u get to know beau a LOT better :->

bliss4u: lol

Ms.T: hey, easy with that

gothling: think of it as a chance for mitchie to PROVE that yr right about him

bliss4u: hmm . . . well . . .

Ms.T: come on, blissie. it'll be fun. like wearing costumes to the dance

gothling: a masked ball

bliss4u: yeah . . . i do like a costume

Ms T: a formal dress, a foreign accent, a shiny little mask on a stick

gothling: or cowgirl boots and a lone ranger mask

Ms T: it'll be fun . . .

bliss4u: yeah, it could be

gothling: so yr in?

bliss4u: ok ok, i'm in