

Nobody Stole Jason Grayson

Carolyn Mackler

I've only stolen two times in my life. The first time was when I was in fifth grade and my dad sent me to Wal-Mart for vacuum-cleaner bags. I slipped a jumbo box of Sour Patch Kids under my windbreaker and ate the entire thing on the walk home. It left me with stomach cramps and a raw tongue.

The second time was last Monday, when I swiped a picture of Jason Grayson out of Daytona McCauly's locker. I'd had a crush on Jason since the beginning of the school year. Despite his rhyming name, he's the most popular guy in junior high. So naturally, he went out with Daytona, eighth-grade diva, most likely to be on the cover of *Teen People*, most likely to diss you if you see her in the grocery store.

But the whole popularity thing wasn't why I had a crush on Jason. It was his eyes. They're a warm amber

