Still, Jericho hesitated. But it was dark, and no one could really see what he was doing, he reasoned. So he lowered his head, and felt his lips touch the top of Rick’s toe. He held his breath and moved his mind to another place – any place other than where he was – and took the whole toe in his mouth and sucked it.

“Enough!” Rick shouted. “Stand up now.”

Jericho stood stiffly. He was soaking wet, filthy dirty, cold, and angry. All he wanted to do was walk away from that yard. But what would everybody think of him if he quit?

The rest of the pledges, none of whom would make eye contact with the other, waited silently in the rain while the Warriors put their shoes back on. Jericho shivered uncontrollably. He wasn’t sure if it was from the freezing rain, his humiliation, or his fearful anticipation of what was to come.

Is the popularity that comes with being a member of the Warriors of Distinction really worth the price? Jericho is torn between his friends who are pledging with him, all hoping to be members to get to the parties, girls, and social status that membership brings, and doing the right thing by walking away. Which does he choose? It might not be what you think. Does he choose at all or does the hazing go out of control?

If you enjoyed reading books like *Inside Out* by Terry Trueman or Sharon Flake’s *Money Hungry*, you will definitely enjoy reading Sharon M. Draper’s *The Battle of Jericho*. It is a guaranteed good pick for reading.