

Visit Tyndale's exciting Web site at [www.tyndale.com](http://www.tyndale.com)

Visit the Young Believer Web site at [www.youngbeliever.com](http://www.youngbeliever.com)

Copyright © 2004 by Stephen Arterburn and Angela Elwell Hunt. All rights reserved.

Cover illustration copyright © 2004 by Juan Alvarez . All rights reserved.

Published by Tyndale House Publishers in association with the literary agency of Alive Communications, Inc., 7680 Goddard Street, Suite 200, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80920. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any other means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without prior permission from the publisher.

The song “Rock” on page 145 is copyright © 2003 by Word Music, Inc. (ASCAP), Silerland Music (ASCAP), and Dayspring Music, Inc. (BMI). All rights on behalf of itself and Silerland Music administered by Word Music, Inc. Used with permission.

The song “Go Vertical” on page 153 is copyright © 2003 by Word Music, Inc. (ASCAP) and Silerland Music (ASCAP). All rights on behalf of itself and Silerland Music administered by Word Music, Inc. Used with permission.

The song “Your Word” on page 155 is copyright © 2003 by Word Music, Inc. (ASCAP), Silerland Music (ASCAP), and Nick Trevisick Songs (ASCAP). All rights administered by Word Music, Inc. Used with permission.

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, Illinois 60189. All rights reserved.

This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of either the author or the publisher.

---

### Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Arterburn, Stephen, date.

Taz / Stephen Arterburn and Angela Elwell Hunt.

p. cm. — (Young believer on tour ; 6)

Summary: Twenty-year-old Taz, African American sound engineer for the all-white-teenaged YB2, questions his sense of belonging.

ISBN 0-8423-8340-9 (sc)

[1. Musical groups—Fiction. 2. Bands (Music)—Fiction. 3. African Americans—Fiction. 4. Traffic accidents—Fiction. 5. Christian life—Fiction] I. Hunt, Angela Elwell, date.

II. Title.

PZ7.A74357Taz 2004

[Fic]—dc22

2004000007

---

Printed in the United States of America

10 09 08 07 06 05 04  
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

I'm living in a world gone crazy,

What once was black is blue,

The future sure looks hazy,

What am I supposed to do?

White is black and black is blue

And blue is always something new—

Colors of a world gone mad.

Colors of a world gone sad.

—Paige Clawson and Shane Clawson



FROM "COLORS"  
YB2 MUSIC, INC.

January 1

## **YB2 TO PERFORM AT ROSE BOWL HALFTIME SHOW**

*By Stella Cox, Los Angeles Register*

On this New Year's Day in Pasadena, California, sports fans cling to their tickets while alumni of Ohio State and the University of Oklahoma hold tight to their hotel reservations throughout the Los Angeles area. But another event on the program is responsible for a last-minute surge in ticket scalping, and the people desperately seeking tickets aren't sports fanatics or faithful alumni. They are teens and preteens, and their fascination with the Rose Bowl springs from the scheduled appearance of YB2, pop's latest and most successful band.

YB2 was originally scheduled to appear in the Rose Bowl parade, but last month security chiefs nixed that appearance. In November, Paige Clawson, the group's pianist and daughter to group director Ron Clawson, was abducted at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Understandably reluctant to invite even more stringent security measures, Rose Bowl officials cancelled the singers' parade appearance and

gave them the coveted halftime show slot instead.

Along with the Ohio State University marching band and the famed "Pride of Oklahoma" band, YB2 will perform a medley of contemporary hits, including "Never Stop Believin'" and "Y B Alone?" Publicist Rhonda Clawson says that the show will be "fresh and original, with something to please everyone. Our team has been working hard on the new arrangements, and they can't wait to perform with two wonderful college bands."

YB2 leapt from obscurity to the top of the charts two years ago when Ron Clawson introduced his children, Shane and Paige, to the music industry along with singers Noah Dudash, a native Californian, Liane Nelson, and newcomer Josiah Johnson. Since the debut of their first album, the teens from YB2 have sung and danced their way into American pop culture.

When asked if he favored the Ohio State Buckeyes or the Oklahoma Sooners, band member

Noah Dudash replied, “Both are great teams from great schools. We’re just happy to be in the middle of all the excitement, dude.”

Spoken like a true Californian.



# 1

*Saturday, January 1*

***Josiah Johnson clenched*** his hands as he stood onstage before the roaring crowd and hoped no one would notice that his kneecaps were wobbling beneath his jeans. Surely no one could tell, especially from the distance of the stands, but some of the photographers had lenses that looked about three feet long.

He always got hoppy-knees when he was nervous. Liane said her heart thumped so hard it jiggled the cross necklace she wore in performances, and Shane said a bad case of nerves always made his hands sweat. Josiah didn't know if any of the others suffered from jumpy kneecaps, and so far he'd been too embarrassed to ask.

He bent his knees slightly to relax his legs as the marching bands' bass drums pounded. The members of YB2 had spent the last two days rehearsing this number with a tape, and the drums hadn't sounded this powerful on the

recording. The pounding pulse was enough to make his knees start dancing again—

But here came his cue and he had to move.

He pivoted in the choreographed step, turning sideways, then lifted his head and raised his arm toward the crowd as Shane stepped out from the back line and began to rap “Come On.” And though the microphones they wore were powerful, the roar from the crowd nearly swallowed up Shane’s words:

“Some people ask us why we spend our time,  
Singing songs with occas’nal retro themes,  
They can’t seem to feel the rhythm and rhyme,  
There’s an ancient pulse behind everything,  
Life’s greatest gifts are as old as the sky,  
Love and laughter come to us from above,  
Every good and great thing that meets the eye,  
Spills from the bounty of the Father’s love.”

Josiah felt his knees relax as he moved with the others and sang the chorus:

“We (we) want to reach back into the past,  
Grab what is good and celebrate life,  
We (we) want to make the good things last,  
Use them to reflect the True Light.  
So come on and take me by the hand,  
Come on, it’s time to take your stand,  
Come on, I’ll lead you into the land  
Where dreams become reality . . .”

In a specially choreographed move during the instrumental break, Josiah and the others swung their arms out in a wide half circle. He and Noah pointed to the Ohio State band dressed in scarlet and gray; Liane and Shane pointed to the band from the University of Oklahoma in crimson and cream. The college musicians took the lead and played the melody, trumpets screeching, tubas bellowing, and flutes singing as the fans roared. Josiah never knew college bands could generate as much excitement as football teams, but the fans in the stands went wild as the musicians dueled it out, one band playing one phrase, then the other answering.

Josiah wished he could stand still and watch the action, but he and the others had moves of their own to perform. He began the quick side step, moving in perfect position along with Liane and Shane and Noah, then turned with an arm spin—

Brother. The button on his sleeve caught the stage microphone hanging from his ear, dragging it from its place. Josiah could feel the pressure of the thin wire on the back of his neck, which meant the mouthpiece was probably dangling somewhere on his chest. The heavy battery pack was still clipped to the waistband of his jeans, but the part that mattered was far away from his mouth . . . and he had to sing a solo in about thirty seconds.

What could he do?

He glanced toward Noah, hoping to catch his eye, but Noah was grinning at the crowd and totally into the

performance. Liane was moving just past Noah, but there was no way Josiah could get her attention without breaking formation and totally ruining the choreography. If he did that, a half dozen television cameras would record his mistake, and thousands of people watching at home would think YB2's newest member was nothing but a klutz.

*Whatever happens, keep going as if nothing's wrong.* The cardinal rule of show business had been drummed into his head ever since he'd joined YB2. If the power goes off, if you get a lump in your throat, if you forget the words, just keep going. Don't stop. Don't make a face. Don't ruin it for the others by calling attention to yourself.

But what was he supposed to do? He had no mike, and in a minute he'd have to open his mouth and the entire world would know something terrible had happened.

He glanced up, automatically searching the crowd for Taz's familiar face at the soundboard, but there *was* no soundboard at the Rose Bowl. The audio people were sitting up in a glass-walled booth along with the TV people, and Taz wasn't even working this gig. The responsibility for this show lay in the hands of a television crew, and most of them were too busy watching the cheerleaders to even notice that Josiah had lost his microphone.

He turned again, keeping up with the choreography, then felt his kneecap shudder when an unexpected sound caught his ear: *pssst!* He looked toward the edge of the



platform and saw Taz standing there, a grin on his face and a handheld cordless microphone in his grip.

Josiah nearly melted in relief. Nodding ever so slightly to show that he understood, he finished the set of moves, then broke out of line just long enough to take two giant steps and reach Taz.

“City street newsboy yells out the bad news,” he rapped, the new microphone secure in his hand,  
“CNN broadcasts grief, gloom, and despair,  
People hunker down behind their closed doors,  
Been so long since they have lifted a prayer,  
God’s still great and he is still on his throne,  
Evil can never gain the upper hand,  
If we call out we’ll get a clear dial tone,  
God’s line is faster than the hottest broadband . . .”

Still clinging to the mike, he stepped back into line with the others, then took a second to glance toward the side of the platform. Taz still stood there, arms crossed, his smile gleaming in the bright lights.

Thank goodness for a soundman who paid attention.  
Josiah sang on.



***The Complete  
YB2 Songsheets***

## **Rock**

Lord, you are the solid rock  
The truth on which I stand  
All other ground (all other ground)  
Is sinking sand.  
Even in the raging storm,  
I will not be moved,  
A sturdy stone, you are my home,  
I will lean on you.

You are my rock,  
My one foundation,  
You are my strength when troubles shake me  
And the power that won't stop.  
You are my rock,  
Awesome and mighty,  
And I will trust in you with everything I've got,  
No matter what, you are my God, you are my rock.

I don't put my faith in things  
That soon will fade away,  
I know your love (I know your love)  
Is here to stay.  
Heaven's like a mountaintop,  
You've got the perfect view,  
My life and plans are in your hands,  
I am safe in you.

You are my rock,  
My one foundation,  
You are my strength when troubles shake me  
And the power that won't stop.  
You are my rock,  
Awesome and mighty,  
And I will trust in you with everything I've got,  
No matter what, you are my God, you are my rock.

You are steady,  
You are strong,  
You have been there all along,  
You're the one I depend on—

You are my rock,  
My one foundation,  
You are my strength when troubles shake me  
And the power that won't stop.  
You are my rock,  
Awesome and mighty,  
And I will trust in you with everything I've got,  
No matter what, you are my God, you are my rock.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEVE SILER, DAVID  
JORDAN, AND KENT HOOPER, 2003.

## ***Y B Alone?***

You say you're brokenhearted,  
You say you're all alone,  
Why let yourself stay in the dark  
When there's love enough within his heart  
To reach you . . . and hold you.  
You say your life's a waste of time,  
You say you're barely getting by,  
Why let yourself listen to the lies  
When there's love enough within his eyes  
To catch you . . . and keep you.

Chorus:

'Cause I know (Yes, I know)  
The source of all love  
I know (Yes, I know)  
Who puts the power within,  
It's not (No, it's not)  
The star on the TV show,  
It's God,  
Who created us all. . . .

You say you're looking up now,  
You say you're standing tall,  
Be sure you stand on solid ground,  
In the Rock alone true hope is found,  
And that hope . . . is forever.

'Cause I know (Yes, I know)  
The source of all love  
I know (Yes, I know)  
Who puts the power within,  
It's not (No, it's not)  
Rich man counting out his dough,  
It's God,  
Who created us all. . . .

The One who yearns to love you,  
(Why be alone?)  
Is always right beside you,  
(No, you're not alone),  
So never stop believing,  
(He'll never let you go)  
He's calling out your name  
(Now and forever . . .).

Chorus:

'Cause I know (Yes, I know)  
The source of all love  
I know (Yes, I know)  
Who puts the power within,  
It's not (No, it's not)  
Experts who are in the know,  
It's God,  
Who created us all. . . .

WORDS AND MUSIC BY RON CLAWSON,  
SHANE CLAWSON, PAIGE CLAWSON, 2003.

## ***Never Stop Believin'***

Young man sittin' lost by a streetlight,  
Countin' out his last few dimes,  
What was he thinkin' by comin' here,  
What dreams shone in his dark eyes?  
Young girl cryin' lost in a bare room,  
Missin' folks she's left far behind,  
Where is the life she longed for?  
Young Cinderella must have been blind.

Hold on, he feels your broken heart's pain,  
Stand strong, faith holds the key to rescue,  
Reach out to love that cleanses your heart stains,  
And never stop believin' . . . that God dreams of you.

Young man finds a book in a trash can,  
Opens up to a promise so old,  
Reads of love bigger than his heartbreak,  
Reads of One who can heal his soul—  
Cinderella hears a sound in the hallway,  
Old woman standing at the door,  
"Hungry girl, let me warm and feed you,  
I know just what you're lookin' for."

Hold on, he feels your broken heart's pain,  
Stand strong, faith holds the key to rescue,  
Reach out to love that cleanses your heart stains,  
And never stop believin' . . . that God dreams of you.

I know you've dreamed of a true love,  
(He's dreaming, too)

I know you've dreamed of a home,  
(He's dreamed of you)

I know you've dreamed of forever,  
(You know what to do).

Hold on, he feels your broken heart's pain,  
Stand strong, faith holds the key to rescue,  
Reach out to love that cleanses your heart stains,  
And never stop believin' . . . that God dreams of you.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SHANE CLAWSON  
AND PAIGE CLAWSON, 2003.



## *I'm Trusting Heaven*

I thought life would sorta flow by,  
I never had much reason to cry,  
Until you left me alone.  
I thought I'd caught the golden ring,  
Life offered me so many things,  
Until my heart turned to stone.

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,  
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,  
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,  
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

We always walked together down by the shore,  
I gave you my heart, you're the one I adored,  
Until you said "so long."  
You were the only one I could always trust,  
But when you left, oh something told me I must  
Look toward something else . . .

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,  
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,  
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,  
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

Maybe you never meant to hurt me,  
Maybe the future's dark and murky,  
Maybe you never would desert me,  
But I still miss you. . . .

Now now now, I'm trusting heaven alone,  
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout another home,  
Now I'm trading in my heart of stone,  
I'm trusting heaven . . . heaven alone.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NOAH DUDASH,  
ARRANGED BY PAIGE CLAWSON, 2003.

## ***Go Vertical!***

Lord, sometimes I get confused  
With all I hear and see  
Choices come from every side  
They push and pull on me.  
Help me to  
Look up to you  
And in everything I do—

Go Vertical—  
Trusting in your plan for me.  
Go Vertical—  
Always looking for your will  
Every single prayer I pray is a miracle  
Go Vertical.

There are times when friends want me  
To do something that's wrong  
Lord, I need you in my heart  
To help me to be strong.  
Be my guide  
And send your Light  
So that all will know that I

Go Vertical—  
Trusting in your plan for me.  
Go Vertical—  
Always looking for your will

Every single prayer I pray is a miracle  
Go Vertical.

Come and be  
Alive in me  
'Cause I want to faithfully

Go Vertical—  
Trusting in your plan for me.  
Go Vertical—  
Always looking for your will  
Every single prayer I pray is a miracle  
Go Vertical.

Go Vertical—  
Lifting up my life to you.  
Go Vertical—  
Raising up my voice in praise  
Every single prayer I pray is a miracle  
Go Vertical.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEVE SILER,  
KENT HOOPER, AND HENRY SILER, 2003.

## ***Your Word***

Everybody's got a word they want to sell me  
Yakety-yak on my TV,  
Video, radio, quadraphonic stereo,  
PC, CD, DVD,  
But the word that counts in my soul's survival  
Is the word of truth in your holy Bible—

Your word, your word,  
Your word is a lamp unto my feet,  
Your word, your word,  
Is a shining light that's leading me,  
Your word (whose word?), your word,  
Your word is a lamp unto my feet,  
Your word (whose word?), your word,  
Is the word I really need to read.  
I need to heed your word.

Everybody's got a mouth and gums are flapping,  
Blah-ba-dee-blah into my head,  
Pull me left, pull me right,  
Stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight,  
I'll trust in your voice instead,  
'Cause the word of guidance I should follow  
Is the word of life in the holy gospel.

Your word, your word,  
Your word is a lamp unto my feet,

Your word, your word,  
Is a shining light that's leading me,  
Your word (whose word?), your word,  
Your word is a lamp unto my feet,  
Your word (whose word?), your word,  
Is the word I really need to read.  
I need to heed your word.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEVE SILER  
AND NICK TREVISICK, 2003.

## ***Come On (It's Time to Take Your Stand)***

We are the music makers,  
We are the dreamers of dreams,  
We are the future's caretakers,  
Come be a part of our team.

Some people ask us why we spend our time,  
Singing songs with occasional retro themes,  
They can't seem to feel the rhythm and rhyme,  
There's an ancient pulse behind everything,  
Life's greatest gifts are as old as the sky,  
Love and laughter come to us from above,  
Every good and great thing that meets the eye,  
Spills from the bounty of the Father's love.

We (we) want to reach back into the past,  
Grab what is good and celebrate life,  
We (we) want to make the good things last,  
Use them to reflect the True Light.  
So come on and take me by the hand,  
Come on, it's time to take your stand,  
Come on, I'll lead you into the land  
Where dreams become reality . . .

City street newsboy yells out the bad news,  
CNN broadcasts grief, gloom, and despair,  
People hunker down behind their closed doors,

Been so long since they have lifted a prayer,  
God's still great and he is still on his throne,  
Evil can never gain the upper hand,  
If we call out we'll get a clear dial tone,  
God's line is faster than the hottest broadband . . .

We (we) want to reach back into the past,  
Grab what is good and celebrate life,  
We (we) want to make the good things last,  
Use them to reflect the True Light.  
So come on and take me by the hand,  
Come on, it's time to take your stand,  
Come on, I'll lead you into the land  
Where dreams become reality . . .

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SHANE CLAWSON  
AND PAIGE CLAWSON, 2003.



## ***¿Porque sé lo sé?***

Tú dices que tienes el corazón en pedazos,  
Tú dices que estás sola,  
¿Por qué te quedas en la oscuridad?  
Cuando hay amor en Su corazón  
Para tocarte . . . y para abrazarte.  
Tú dices que tu vida es una pérdida de tiempo,  
Tú dices que apenas puedes vivir.  
¿Por qué escuchas esas mentiras  
Cuando hay amor en Sus ojos  
Para atraerte . . . y guardarte?

Porque sé (sí, lo sé),  
Quien es la fuente de amor  
Y lo sé (sí, lo sé)  
Quien nos brinda el poder.  
No lo es (no, no es)  
La estrella de TV  
Es Dios . . .  
Quien a todos creó.

Tú dices que todo te va bien ahora,  
Tú dices que eres fuerte.  
Asegúrate de que estás parada en tierra firme.  
Sólo en la Roca te encuentras la esperanza,  
Y esa esperanza es . . . para siempre.

Porque sé (sí, lo sé)  
Quien es la fuente de amor

Y lo sé (sí, lo sé)  
Quien nos brinda el poder.  
No lo es (no, no es)  
El rico y su dinero,  
Es Dios . . .  
Quien a todos creó.

Es El quien desea amarte  
(¿Por qué estás sola?)  
Siempre está a tu lado  
(Nunca estás sola)  
Nunca dejes de creer  
(El nunca te abandona)  
El te llama por tu nombre  
(Hoy y para siempre).

Porque sé (sí, lo sé),  
Quien es la fuente de amor  
Y lo sé (sí, lo sé)  
Quien nos brinda el poder.  
No lo es (no, no es)  
Los expertos del mundo,  
Es Dios . . .  
Quien a todos creó.