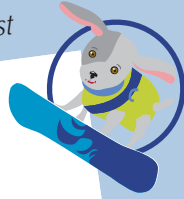


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"An awesome high-flying adventure about always trying your best and going for the gold!"
Lindsey Jacobellis, 2006 Olympic silver medalist



Hey sports fans!

Avery here, comin' at you live from Colorado, home of my dad—and the first-ever Telluride Snurfer Snowboarding Competition! With mascot-dog Marty at my side, I'm totally psyched to compete. But this trip is getting craaaaazy. As in Crazy Kazie, the all-star boarder who wants to win as much as I do. The only thing crazier than Kazie is her cat, Farkle ... aka Franken-cat!

Good news, though. I just might score some coaching from a certain celeb. And shout out to my new friend Jason—he loves animals, like me. You won't believe the secret creature he's keeping in his shed ... almost ready to be released into the wild.

Shred on,
Avery



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by annie bryant

BEACON STREET GIRLS * freestyle with avery

Freestyle with Avery



bryant

CHAPTER 1



SNURFER DREAMS

PART ONE SNURF MADNESS

“I KNOW WHAT YOU’RE THINKING,” I said to my snake Walter as I gently placed him back in his cage. “This room is craaaaaazy.” Frogster the frog hopped in his terrarium to show he agreed with my opinion. Normally my room was a certified disaster area—clothes, books, and sports stuff everywhere. But tonight, there wasn’t a single piece of clothing on my floor, and I had put away all my equipment very neatly. (OK, more like shoved it under my bed, but close enough, right?) Best of all, my suitcases were packed, zipped, and waiting for me by the door. I couldn’t believe it. In twelve hours I’d be on a plane soaring over the city of Boston. That meant sixteen hours ‘til Dad, and about thirty-six hours ‘til I’d be hitting the primo Colorado snowboarding slopes in Telluride. “Yup, definitely crazy.”

I signed online to say a vacation good-bye to my best friends, the BSG.



Chat Room: BSG
File Edit People View Help

5 people here

4ki cks: hey! the Ave has landed. what's up?
Kgi rl: there u r.
I afri da: all ready 2 go?
4ki cks: finally. Scott & I sorta had a tomato sauce war so I had to do 2 loads of laundry
Kgi rl: bet your mom looved that
4ki cks: I woul dn' t say looved, but she's in a good mood now
fl i kchi c: she's gonna miss u 2 so much, I bet
4ki cks: here's the big thing—Scott's not coming
I afri da: no way! y not?
4ki cks: he's going to this culinary school thing in NYC
I a fri da: so ur going 2 CO alone? r u scared?
4ki cks: not really. I'm waaay psyched 4 this.
fl i kchi c: I don't know how you travel alone ... when I'm rich and famous, I'll def need personal assi tants for planes!

4ki cks
Kgi rl
I afri da
fl i kchi c
skywri ter

Chat Room: BSG
File Edit People View Help

5 people here

4ki cks: but I'm not alone ... didn't U tell I, Char?
skywri ter: no ... I thought u'd want 2
4ki cks: Marty is flyi ng wi th me. LOL
I afri da: ur sooo lucky!
Kgi rl: write us the minute u get there?
4ki cks: haha not THE minute but I will that nite
fl i kchi c: u better!!
skywri ter: we'll have a sleepover ASAP when u come back.
4ki cks: thanks for letting Marty go with me. btw—thanks sooo much 4 the package!
skywri ter: ur saving it 4 the plane ride, ri te???
4ki cks: yes but it's hard!
OK I gtg to bed! big day ...
fl i kchi c: OK! have fun!
I afri da: sleep tight.

4ki cks
Kgi rl
I afri da
fl i kchi c
skywri ter





Sleep? Hah! I jumped into bed and fidgeted around under the covers. Sleep was pretty much the last thing on my mind that night. What was on my mind, well, that was easy. Let's see ... The Snurfer, The Snurfer, and oh yeah, The Snurfer. I'd been thinking about the first annual Telluride Snurfer Snowboarding Competition for months.

Snurfer might sound like a funny name for a snowboarding competition, but this was totally legit—named after the very first snowboard ever created! Waaaaay back in 1965, a dude named Sherman Poppen tied a couple of skis together so his daughter could sled standing up. Only instead of “snowboard” (a word that hadn't been invented yet—duh!), his wife decided to call it a “snurfer”—a combination of “snow” and “surfer.” I think it's pretty cool that that very first ever snowboard was custom-made by this girl's dad, just for her.

My dad, who owns a ski shop in Colorado, organized the Snurfer Competition in Telluride this year, and it was going to be *huge*. I'm talking pro athletes and movie stars. I had imagined how cool it would be for both my big bro Scott and I to place in the Snurfer top ten ... especially in a contest that Dad was running. Of course, with Scott going to this fancy-schmancy culinary school thing instead, that idea was totally out the door. Now that I was going to be representing the Maddens all by myself in the Snurfer, I was doubly determined to win it.

But I was feeling less sure about doing all the other parts of the trip by myself. Who was I supposed to hang

out with? Who was going to show me where to go in the airports? Especially switching planes in Denver. I hadn't flown alone in a long time. How was I supposed to know which gate was mine? But Mom promised me that the airline's “unaccompanied minor program” would work out just fine—I'd have a flight attendant with me during all the tricky parts. Plus I was taking “the little dude”—The Marty Man himself—with me, so that would make it better. Marty, our little adopted dog, lived with Charlotte, but she thought he would enjoy a trip to Colorado with me.

But there was one more thing ... the thing I thought was the strangest of all. Dad wrote me an email just a few days ago telling me that there were some changes in his life. What was that supposed to mean? Mom knew something about it too, I was almost positive. She said that on this trip I should be prepared to meet some of Dad's new friends, but no matter what she was sure they'd be very nice. Very nice? Dad's old friends seemed plenty nice already. It was all *very* ... mysterious.

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried not to keep wondering what this big trip would be like. I just had one rule—no matter what, it would be an adventure. For some reason, adventure had a habit of following me. Or maybe it was the other way around.

I rolled over, pulled my comforter up to my chin, and whispered, “Night, Walter. Ribbet, Frogster. Sleep tight.” I set my alarm clock for 6 a.m. Less than twelve hours 'til take off. Telluride, here I come!