



## **Shredded**

**By Karen Avivi**

*For everyone who lives each day like an adventure.*

• • •

### **Chapter 1**

I noticed the speed bump too late and hit it hard with my front tire, forcing tension up my arms and into my neck until my teeth rattled. Why did I have such a death grip on my handlebars? It's not like this was my first time on a bike. I tried to convince myself that today was no big deal, but that was a lie. Landing my back flip in front of the other BMX riders would prove to them I was serious. Only two of the guys in our group had ever done it. Once I did it, the rest of them would have to. Guys were like that. They hated being outdone by each other, or worse, by a girl.

Hopefully they'd also shut up about me and Sean going out. Their stupid little comments about me being his groupie fueled my drive to master the flip. As I rode to the skate park I pictured the looks I wanted to see on every one of their faces. They'd be sure I was going to wipe out, and then when I landed it, ha! I pedaled faster as I imagined their stunned looks. I loved letting people underestimate me and then showing them how wrong they were.

I turned onto a narrow, packed-dirt shortcut that was only accessible to bikes and pedestrians. I'd had my driver's license for over a year, but I still preferred riding whenever possible. The shortcut saved waiting at two lights that always seemed to take forever.

Even though it was only eight in the morning, the air was heating up. I unzipped my hoodie while riding no-handed. Early May could be cool, crisp, and perfect, or crazy, wet, and windy. The ice and snow that had lingered into April were gone, but I'd been caught in hailstorms before at the skate park and it wasn't fun. The only shelter was to get against the fence under your bike and let the storm pummel ice balls at you.

I rounded the final corner to get to the entrance and saw the familiar cluster of guys in black hoodies already there, including one with a Relentless logo. Sean. Good. We needed to talk. We'd been going out since February, but I hadn't seen him at all last week and we had to finalize our plans for prom. My mom was all over me for details and I had none. He wasn't

good at talking on the phone or texting more than short responses so I wanted to see him in person.

Wait until he saw my new trick. Then he'd not only be able to say his girlfriend rode BMX, but that she could do a back flip, too. The rest of the guys would shut up, and Sean and I could make our prom plans.

I coasted to a stop at the top of the bowl, across from the guys. Miguel pointed to me, made a back-loop motion in the air and pointed to the ramp, then held up his video camera.

He was right. If I hesitated or stopped to talk I might get nervous. I gave him a thumbs-up.

Miguel and I had worked on my flips first in foam pits, then in a wood-floor indoor park, and now I was ready for the concrete outdoor skate park. Like he kept reminding me, if I didn't fall, it wouldn't matter what I was riding on.

He pointed to his eyes and then the group signaling he'd get everyone watching.

I pulled off my hoodie and chucked it on the fence that surrounded the skate park. I eased into the concrete bowl and rode up and down a few low ramps to get the feel, then climbed the stairs carrying my bike to the top of the quarter-pipe. I resisted the urge to check to see if Sean was watching. Miguel would make sure. I had to focus. This was it. I would either raise the bar or do an epic face-plant. I could do this. I had done it before. This time was no different.

I breathed in and visualized the flip, slightly moving my hands and leaning at the right times to simulate the whole thing. As I exhaled, I squeezed my eyes for a few seconds, burning in the image of the perfect flip. The hardest part was just pushing off and going for it.

With my next inhalation I dropped down the ledge onto the quarter-pipe, letting gravity hurtle me toward the tabletop ramp. When I maxed out my momentum I poured all my energy into pumping harder and faster to hit the ramp at full force. Push. Move. Breathe. Go! As the incline angled me closer to vertical, my body readjusted automatically like it had the million times I'd practiced.

Breathing deeper and faster, I moved higher and closer to the point of no return. My front tire spun off the top of the ramp and I shifted my weight back as I tilted my head and shoulders to lead my body into the flip. Gravity pulled my bike down, popping the front wheel up and transferring all that speed into a fast, tight spin. A glimpse of sky flashed. My entire world shrank down to the zone immediately surrounding me. It was like creating my own private pod in the middle of everything and escaping for a few seconds. Feeling both exhilarated and a little out of control I let myself go with the power of the rotation. When I saw the ramp I still had plenty of height to let my bike level and hit the top deck perfectly balanced. Yesss!

Excess adrenaline surged through me as I luxuriated in the fleeting moment of invincibility. I had no team, no opponent, just me, my bike and gravity. All mine. The wipeouts, workout and hours of practice were worth this victory.

To let the momentum run out I went up another quarter-pipe and then dragged my feet down to stop before pumping my right fist in the air. Miguel was whooping and yelling while the other guys stood there, stunned. Hah.

I rode up out of the bowl, but before I got to the group, Sean dropped his bike and walked away. What was that about?

When I got close enough, Miguel gave me a high five. "I knew you could pull it off! Way to go, Josie."

I slapped his hand back and undid my helmet strap. "Thanks. I had a great coach." I forced my voice to stay low and controlled, stifling the deep breaths my body wanted.

Two of the guys who hadn't yet tried to flip in the park gave me tight smiles. Now that I'd done it, they'd catch all kinds of crap until they both did it.

"What's with Sean?" I looked around the park, and a flash of pink caught my attention. I recognized a sophomore girl from school... was it Mary or Mandy? Yeah, she was definitely in the year behind me.

"Look!" Miguel flipped the viewer on his camera and replayed the landing. "I haven't used this camera much yet, but I think I kept you in frame."

The flip looked perfect on the replay. "You've got to send it to me!"

I looked for Sean but didn't see him anywhere in the park. What was going on with him?

The new girl was on her bike, trying to make her way across the grass and closer to the concrete bowl where we were. She was on a new bike, wearing dark jeans and a pink T-shirt, but not riding with much confidence. She'd better not be another groupie.

I hoped she wasn't after Miguel. His last "fan" had been really loud and irritating. Wait. I was getting as bad as the guys. Maybe this girl genuinely wanted to ride.

Having another girl to ride with would be awesome, but Mary-Mandy would need my help if she was going to survive with this gang. They were vicious toward people who looked flashy but couldn't ride. I'd learned to dress the same as them in mostly black and gray. A hot-pink shirt would only remind them that she wasn't in the testosterone club.

I rode over to her and pulled off my helmet.

"Hey." I moved closer to get a better look at her bike. "Nice ride."

She blinked and stammered. "Uhhh."

If I was making her that nervous, she had no chance with the guys.

"J!" Miguel called and waved me back over.

I rode away from Mary-Mandy and pulled up next to Miguel. "What's up with her?"

Miguel looked behind me and then at the ground. I turned back to see Sean ride up to Mary-Mandy with his entourage of four guys from his school. The tension in Mary-Mandy's body visibly released, and she reached over to tuck a lock of Sean's hair into his beanie. Great, some sophomore was hitting on my boyfriend. I headed back over there to help clarify the situation for her. When she ran her hand down his arm I envisioned knocking her right off that bike but Sean grabbed her hand. Good. Finally.

But Sean didn't push her away. He kissed her.

My body froze. I couldn't even blink to erase what I was seeing. Every insecurity and doubt I'd ever had about how much Sean liked me and whether or not he was cheating on me assaulted me in full force. Oh no. This was not happening.

"What the hell, Sean?" I yelled as I dropped my bike in the grass and marched up to him, stopping between him and whatsername.

Sean cracked his fingers one at a time. He always did that when he got nervous.

"Is this why you've been avoiding me?" I said, looking him in the eye. "What about us? What about prom?"

Mary-Mandy backed up to get around me but I kept moving, effectively cutting her off.

"Sean?" I said, moving closer, not letting my eyes drop from his. He couldn't look at me. Coward. I was going to make him say it out loud. Quietly scurrying away wasn't my style.

"The thing is, I'm, umh, kind of with Mindy now."

Mindy. She'd managed to maneuver her way behind Sean. Her blond, shoulder-length hair was cut almost the same as mine, but she had blue eyes and mine were brown. She looked a lot like me, which was a little creepy.

"Kind of?" I repeated. He was such an idiot. But I was a bigger idiot for ever trusting him. I would have preferred handlebars in the gut. At least when that happened I saw it coming.

"So you're kind of not with me." I forced my fingernails into my palms until the pain helped me focus and temporarily avoid the agonizing hurt I felt boiling up. "Were you kind of planning on telling me?"

The other guys moved away, pretending to look for stuff in their backpacks or checking their bikes for loose screws.

"He's taking me to his prom," Mindy added, moving closer to Sean and putting her hand on his arm.

My shoulders pulled back as my body reflexively prepared for a fight. Even though I wanted to make Mindy eat some dirt, I forced myself to funnel my anger toward Sean. Girls fighting over him would just feed his ego.

I rotated my wrists and tilted my head to crack my neck. I looked up at Sean. "Can I talk to you for a minute—alone?"

He walked with me a few feet away, leaving Mindy watching us.

I couldn't believe he had dumped me. For a sophomore? He so deserved a kick in the balls, it took every ounce of self-control not to do it. "Sean. Look at me. What is going on?"

He ran his hands through his hair and then shook it back into his eyes. "Nothing. I'm with Mindy. It's easier." He pivoted away from me, obviously dying to get out of the conversation.

"Easier? What does that mean?" He made me sound like a math problem. I put my hands on my hips.

He met my eyes for a second, and I saw aggravation. "I dunno. Less pushy." He cracked two knuckles on his left hand. "I gotta go."

I let him walk away as I tried to figure out what happened. Was he seriously choosing some miscellaneous girl over me?

Sean's words kept replaying in my head. *Easier... Less pushy...*

Miguel and the guys from Sean's school were out of listening range but still close, watching a couple of other guys ride. I tried to catch Miguel's eye, but he wouldn't look at me. None of them would look at me, and none of them seemed surprised or particularly interested.

The reality of the situation hit me. No wonder Miguel wanted me to do the flip first. He knew about Mindy. All those "working with my dad" nights of Sean's had really been "spending time with my new girlfriend" nights, and I was the last to find out.

Without bothering to strap my helmet back on, I grabbed my bike and took off, riding hard to hit the low rails for the noisiest grind I could manage. Anything to drown out the roaring in my ears. Without hesitation or any shred of consideration for whose turn it was I hit ramp after ramp, gaining air, landing hard, making noise and taking up space. The guys stayed out of my way, leaving the park wide open for me to burn off the fury, even though it wasn't possible. After I'd exhausted myself, I went alone to the fence and grabbed my hoodie.

Miguel rode over. "Sorry. I thought you knew."

"Would I have been introducing..." My voice cracked and I swallowed. "...introducing myself to her if I knew?"

"Well, you knew he was kind of a player, didn't you?"

I didn't answer. Miguel was right. Sean had a reputation for going through girls, but that didn't mean what he had done was okay.

Miguel handed me a can of VaporTrail energy drink. "Forget about them."

I took a big swig to soothe the razor blades in my throat. "He said she's easier and less pushy. Am I pushy? What does that even mean?" I held the can out to give it back, but Miguel waved it off, motioning for me to finish it.

"I'll deny ever saying this, but I have a theory," he said.

Miguel was big on theories. I took another long swig.

"You're too good for him."

I finished the last drops and crumpled the can. "Come on, you sound like my mom."

"I mean as a rider. How does it look when his girlfriend can do a back flip and he can't?"

"Like he has a really cool girlfriend." I threw the crumpled can in the direction of the recycling bin and it went in.

"Not to him. It makes him look like a wuss. Didn't you notice him avoiding going to the foam pits with us? He's chickenshit and you make him look bad."

His theory made sense. My doing a back flip before him made Sean look a little bad, but he'd done a lot of power moves I'd never attempted. Flexibility moves were easier for me. The back flip wasn't so much power or flexibility as commitment. Not his specialty.

"I can't ride here anymore if it means seeing Sean with someone else." I tied my hoodie around my waist. "Would you mind going to Lakewood? I know it's kind of far, but they have a better park, and we could still train this summer for the Ultimate."

"About that," Miguel said.

"What? Is it your knee?"

Miguel had injured his right knee twice in the past year and had just taken six months off completely. We'd been counting down the days until he could start riding again so we could train hard all summer and take advantage of this year's Ultimate competition being held only forty minutes away in Chicago.

"The doctor said it was okay. It's my parents." He drew a curved line in the dirt with the toe of his shoe and then scuffed it out.

The relief I felt when he said the doctor cleared him was the complete opposite of the misery I saw on Miguel's face.

"What's the problem?" I asked in a low, quiet voice.

He exhaled and looked up, squinting at the sun. "They won't sign any waivers, so I can't compete until I turn eighteen next year."

"But you can ride?" I asked. He couldn't be this upset over the Ultimate.

"We got into an ugly argument about it being a waste of time and I insisted I was hanging around the park to film, and my stepdad said it was bull and I kept insisting and he kept pushing, and..."

Miguel lowered his head, took a breath, and paused.

I didn't say anything as I waited for him to finish.

He spoke again, more slowly and controlled. "I think we were both kind of bluffing at first, but it escalated and the bottom line is I have to go to film camp." He looked at me and tried to smile a little.

"I didn't know there was such a thing."

"Neither did I, but my stepdad found one. Probably just an excuse to have me out of the house half the summer. I leave right after school finishes and I'll be gone until the end of July."

No Miguel for half the summer? And Sean polluting the park with Mindy? The pain, hurt and anger I'd ignored burst through my earlier patch job, and I felt the girliest of reactions coming on with no way to stop it.

• • •

## Chapter 2

I barely got the words out to tell Miguel I'd talk to him later before getting on my bike to leave. *Do not cry in front of the guys.* I willed myself to hold together until I turned the corner away from the park.

In all my years of riding, I'd broken my ankle, impaled my leg on a branch and torn my abdominal wall without crying, but getting dumped in front of everyone for a nobody sophomore was too much. I pedaled hard, forcing my way through the air to create enough wind resistance to rip the tears off my face.

The faster I rode the angrier I got. Who did Sean think he was? I'd been going to that park way before he showed up. I rode as well or better than the guys, and that had been enough to make me part of their group, until today.

I felt six years old again, with my brother Troy kicking me out after my mom had forced him to drag me along with his friends. The only way they'd let me play was if I could keep up, and I always did. Back then I towered over most of them, but they started transforming into giants one by one. Finally, my mom made me stop playing contact sports with them about the time Troy turned thirteen and I was twelve, but I kept riding BMX.

Trees, cars and side streets whizzed by in a blur as I furiously spun my legs, fighting for more speed without losing control. My bike hit its limit and no matter how hard I pushed it wasn't going to go any faster. I backed off and coasted, looking up to see how far I'd gone.

Wait a minute, had I missed a turn? These weren't Prairie Vista houses. I was in the wrong development. Crap. I'd made the trip from the park to home so many times it was automatic. I kept riding, looking for something I recognized. The mixture of confusion and familiarity felt odd, but more intriguing than scary. The streets snaked around in a maze, ensuring that I couldn't backtrack my way out. I was trapped into finding my way through.

After passing a forest-green house I was sure I'd already gone by, I turned another corner and instantly knew where I was. Maplewood Park. My favorite sledding hill was right there. I must have turned into Eagle Ridge Estates by mistake.

I glanced back, feeling a little silly. I guess I'd never gone to the park from this direction. I hopped the curb, rode onto the grass and across the park to get home.

After putting my bike in the garage and going in the house, I kicked off my shoes and headed straight for my room. Unfortunately I ran into Troy on my way through the kitchen, almost knocking him down, which wasn't easy to do anymore.

"Don't damage the merchandise, freak queen! How 'bout losing the hoodie so you can see a little?" He yanked my hood back, revealing my tear-stained face.

"Whoa, what happened to you?"

"Leave me alone!" I pushed his hand off me and shoved past him.

"Josie? What's wrong?" I heard my mom say from another room.

I kicked Troy in the shins. "Thanks a lot."

"Any time." He moved out of range so I couldn't kick him again.

"Just a minute!" I yelled in response to my mom and ran to the bathroom.

I splashed cold water on my face to hide some of the tears, but my red-rimmed eyes were a giveaway.

I found my mom in the living room sewing gold lion-head patches onto blue fabric squares. As president of the Booster Club she was forever doing school spirit stuff for Troy's teams.

She put her project down and walked over to me. "Honey, are you okay?" She brushed my hair off my face and turned my head from side to side.

"I had a small wipeout. It's nothing. Stung a little, that's all."

"Were you wearing your helmet?"

"Yes, Mom, I was wearing my helmet. It wasn't even a bad fall." I moved a pile of magazines off a cushioned chair and sat down.

She narrowed her eyes at me. "You know I don't like you riding with those daredevils. They don't all wear helmets."

Daredevils. What a joke. Only Miguel ever tried anything good. And Sean, but I didn't want to think about him. I gave her the response she wanted to hear. "I can think for myself, Mom. Just because they don't wear helmets doesn't mean I don't wear a helmet."

"Okay, honey. Be careful. I worry about you. You don't have to prove anything to them you know."

That's where she was wrong. I did have something to prove to them. Prove that I belonged there as much as they did whether I was someone's girlfriend or not.

"Stay right there," she said. "I have a surprise for you."

"Okay." I hoped it would be something quick. All I wanted was to be in my room alone.

My mom came back holding a prom dress I'd tried on three weeks ago and loved, but it was way too expensive. The reddish-coral shade practically burned with intensity. I brushed my fingers over the soft fabric.

"A colleague of mine went to an outlet last week and I asked her to look for it. Even there it was a little over our budget, but I told her to get it."

I couldn't tell her I wasn't going. It wasn't exactly a lie, just an omission. I didn't want her worrying about me, and I wanted that dress.

She removed the hanger and held the dress up, turning it to look at all sides. "I hope this one is true to size. We can't take it back, but we should be able to fix anything that's wrong. Try it on!"

She'd bought me a nonreturnable expensive prom dress. So it couldn't go back whether I had a boyfriend or not. I was destined to have it.

"Josie?" The smile started to melt off her face.

No way was I telling her Sean dumped me. I'd find a way to wear it.

"Sorry." I took the dress and went to my room. "Be right back!"

I lay the dress on a chair and flopped down on my bed. How had this happened?

Yesterday I had the perfect date and no dress, and today I had the perfect dress and no date.

I tried to think back to when I should have noticed Sean being less interested in me. The only thing I could think of was that when he'd mentioned getting a hotel room for after prom, I'd told him to forget it, there was no way my parents would let me stay out all night.

We'd done more than kiss, but not that much more. That might be because Troy had threatened to pummel anyone who tried anything with me. I couldn't wait for him to graduate and be gone. At least I'd have my senior year with no hovering older brother. The whole situation was making my head spin and all I could picture was Sean next to Mindy, and Mindy wearing my dress.

"Josie? Do you need help?"

I had to put that dress on before my mom burst into my room. She was so excited, I couldn't tell her about Sean. I'd have to figure something out.

"I'll be right out!" I peeled off my T-shirt and jeans and slid into the dress, but I couldn't zip it, so I walked out holding it against my chest.

She was so happy she practically bounced up and down. "Here. Stand on this," she said, pointing to the footstool she'd pulled into the middle of the living room.

She zipped me up and spun me around.

"Oh, Josie. It's perfect." She took a few steps back. "I'm going to go get the camera!"

I turned to look at myself in the mirror on the wall, and she was right. The dress was perfect for me. It hugged curves that didn't show in other clothes and made me look about five years older. Sean wasn't worthy of this dress.

"Take off those dirty socks!" she shouted as she retreated down the hall.

My white socks had a black grime outline above where my shoes had been.

I balanced on one foot to pull off the first sock, and when I put my bare foot down, I heard the house security system beep as the door from the back deck to the kitchen opened.

"Josie! Gianna is here," Troy shouted.

"Send her to the living room!" Gianna and I had been friends since we were little, and neither of us used the front door at each other's houses.

Gianna came into the living room with her boyfriend Bruce trailing behind her, checking messages on his phone. She clapped a hand over her mouth and walked around me.

"I love that dress! The color is gorgeous on you."

"Thanks." With her olive skin and long dark hair, Gianna could wear almost anything. She'd ordered a custom-made dress months ago.

"Where did you find it?"

"My mom got it, but..." I lifted the dress a few inches and let it resettle on my legs.

"We heard," Bruce said. "Dumped."

Why did Bruce and Gianna always have to be together? I knew she was happy to have a boyfriend, but I missed having my best friend to myself sometimes. Like now.

"How could you possibly know that already?" I asked.

"Min..." Gianna stopped when she saw the look I was giving her and then she started over. "I mean that sophomore slut..." She looked at me for approval and I nodded.

She continued "...changed her online status already and so did your evil ex."

Perfect. Just perfect

"You should change yours, cuz it looks kinda pathetic." Bruce didn't look up from his phone.

"I only found out I was single like, an hour ago."

"Got it!" I heard my mom say from down the hall.

"Don't tell my mom." I pulled off my other sock, stepped back up onto the footstool and put an *I'm a happy girl with a non-jerk boyfriend and a gorgeous prom dress* smile on my face.

My mom walked in with the camera. "Gianna, it's so nice to see you." Gianna and I used to be together almost every day, but lately we only saw each other outside of school maybe once a month.

"We were out finalizing the details for Bruce's tux, and I wanted to stop by."

Bruce looked up from his phone. "The cummerbund selection is complete."

"He's said that word like a hundred times since we left the rental place. It's making me crazy."

"Cummerbund." Bruce hugged Gianna around the waist and then busied himself with his phone again.

"We need to get going. I just wanted to say hi." Gianna unzipped her purse and pulled out sunglasses.

"Let me get some pictures."

Before I could figure out a way to stop her, my mom made the three of us pose for pictures. It was completely ridiculous. Why would we want pictures of me in my new dress with Gianna and Bruce?

She finally lowered the camera. "You should drop by more often, Gianna. We miss you."

Ohmigod, this was so embarrassing.

Gianna tugged on the side of her skirt. "Me too. It's been busy."

"I'm going to go take this off. Can you unzip it a little?" I moved my ponytail so Gianna could start the zipper. "I'll walk you guys out."

Gianna and Bruce said goodbye to my mom and I went with them on the back deck.

"Don't worry," Gianna said. "We'll find you someone to go to prom with, right?" She elbowed Bruce.

"Huh?" He looked at her and then at me. "Yeah, sure."

"I can't promise he'll be as good as Bruce, but we'll try." Gianna hugged me goodbye.

I watched as they left. I didn't want a Bruce. Bruce was too... too... I didn't know exactly. Predictable? Boring? Maybe that's the kind of guy I should have wanted. Someone who wore khaki pants and collared shirts and gelled his hair. My preference for an unpredictable boyfriend had left me alone with a dress and a bike.

• • •

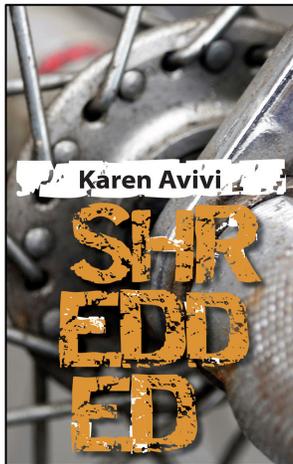


**Shredded** by Karen Avivi is available in print and as an ebook through most online booksellers including [amazon.com](http://amazon.com), [barnesandnoble.com](http://barnesandnoble.com), [kobobooks.com](http://kobobooks.com), [powells.com](http://powells.com), [iBookstore](http://iBookstore), [whsmith.co.uk](http://whsmith.co.uk), and more.

**Karen Avivi** can be reached at her website [karenavivi.com](http://karenavivi.com), through email to [karen@karenavivi.com](mailto:karen@karenavivi.com), on [Goodreads](#), [Facebook](#), and [Google+](#).

# Karen Avivi

author of high-adrenaline **teen fiction**



**Shredded**  
by Karen Avivi

Young Adult  
Contemporary Fiction /  
Extreme Sports  
Ages 12 up • Grades 7 up  
April 2013  
307 pages • 5¼" x 8"  
paperback  
ISBN 978-09918079-3-2  
ebook ISBN 978-0-  
9918079-2

Available through Ingram  
and most online booksellers  
including [amazon.com](http://amazon.com),  
[bn.com](http://bn.com), [powells.com](http://powells.com),  
and the iBookstore.

Review copies are  
available on NetGalley.

**Contact**

Karen Avivi  
[karen@karenavivi.com](mailto:karen@karenavivi.com)  
[karenavivi.com](http://karenavivi.com)

## Drop into the world of rule-breaking, gravity-defying girls who shred riding freestyle BMX

*Shredded* by Karen Avivi is more than a girls' sports book or a BMX biking book; it's a motivating push-your-limits story for anyone who refuses to be overlooked.

*Josie Peters thinks she'll do anything to ride in the Ultimate BMX freestyle event the summer before her senior year. To hit the qualifying events in the Midwest, Josie and her friends take off on a summer road trip where late-night parties, an intimidating mega ramp, and the lure of sponsorships spark friction between the girls. When Josie's best chance for success depends on her relationship with flashy rider R.T. Torres, she has to decide what she's trying to win and how much she'll sacrifice.*

Even readers unfamiliar with BMX or extreme sports will be caught up in the adrenaline rush of Josie's tricks, wipeouts, and wins as she struggles with feminism, friendship, sexism, and sibling rivalry. Hints of romance provide extra conflict without overtaking the main story.

Ideal for fans of realistic young adult fiction, *Shredded* features a strong female lead character who goes after what she wants by taking action.

### PRAISE FOR SHREDDED:

★★★★★ *"Shredded is the holy grail of young adult fiction. This book is absolutely perfect."* – [San Francisco Book Review](#)

★★★★★ *"Avivi makes each event and stunt come alive. She also addresses some very important issues about how young women are frequently treated in extreme sport competitions."* – [Jack Magnus for Readers' Favorite](#)

*"Fast paced, emotionally resonant, and high speed action: this book will play well with guys and girls. ... Recommended for Fans of ... : STOTANS!, IRON MAN and others by Chris Crutcher. ..."* – [Tanita Davis at Finding Wonderland](#)

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:



Karen Avivi is never bored. If the weather is nice, it's almost impossible for her to stay inside. Karen has tried surfing, skydiving, scuba diving, stunt classes, archery, winter camping, orienteering, mountaineering, mountain biking, and she even attempted a bike ramp once but it didn't end well. If she's not reading or writing at home in Montreal, Karen is probably planning a new adventure.