



LISTED

Prologue

*A*s Shane stared out of the plane's window, she basked in the thrill of a new experience. This trip was a pleasant surprise, one that Brandi had also been included in. The girls were accompanying Marisa on her journey to Los Angeles, California, for a meet and greet with the plastic surgeon who was going to remove the scarring from her face. In the fall there had been a dreadful car accident. A freshman twirler was killed, and Marisa had been thrown into a windshield.

Shane looked over at her two best friends. The girls were using Brandi's tablet and gossiping about their new relationships, which had started over Christmas break. Friender was the best way to catch up on all gossip during the holidays. They were so focused on Port City that they were missing the plane's landing in Los Angeles.

"Hey, put that thing away. We're touching down!" She faked a scream by opening her mouth wide, and she grabbed her two best friends. There was so much she wanted to see and do in Los Angeles.

"Shane, you have to see the girl Mattie's dating now. The boy has no standards. I can't believe I dated him for all those years," Brandi said, shaking her head.

"Really, B? We are landing in Los Angeles, baby. I want to hear nothing about those little kiddy relationships. I want to go to the Santa Monica Pier, Venice Beach, the Walk of Fame, eat good

sushi, get a spray tan, get waxed, and shop till I drop. That's all I can think about."

"Girl, that's enough." Brandi laughed at her friend's excitement. Shane's enthusiasm was contagious. Brandi looked out as the plane landed.

"Shopping!" Marisa almost yelled. "I'm so happy you came with me. What's a trip to L.A. without my girls? I need moral support. I'm kind of nervous. I've done photo shoots before, but my self-esteem was a lot better then. With my face still scarred, I feel ugly, ya know? I want to hide, and they want me to wear my scars with pride. It's nerve-racking."

"Ugly? You are so far from ugly," Shane scolded.

"You aren't even in the same zip code with ugly," Brandi said, showing them her tablet. "Now this is ugly. Woof." There was a picture of Matthew's new girlfriend. They all laughed.

Once the airplane parked at the gate,

the girls gathered their personal items and left, saying good-bye to the flight attendants as they walked toward the jetway. They were finally in Los Angeles!

“*Niñas*, be careful and stay together at all times,” Mrs. Maldonado told them. She had accompanied them on the trip, even though they insisted they didn’t need a chaperone. “No. You are crazy if you think you’re ready to go Los Angeles alone. It’s a huge city! I don’t even know if *I’m* ready for it,” Mrs. Maldonado had told them.

Near baggage claim, they were greeted by their limo driver. He was holding a sign that read Maldonado.

“I think that’s for us,” Brandi told them.

“What tipped you off, genius?” Shane asked.

“Don’t be snarky. Chill out,” Marisa scolded Shane.

The limo driver helped them with their luggage, and they loaded up to take the ride to the Beverly Hills Hotel. That’s