

#1 BESTSELLING AUTHORS
JERRY B. JENKINS & CHRIS FABRY

RED ROCK

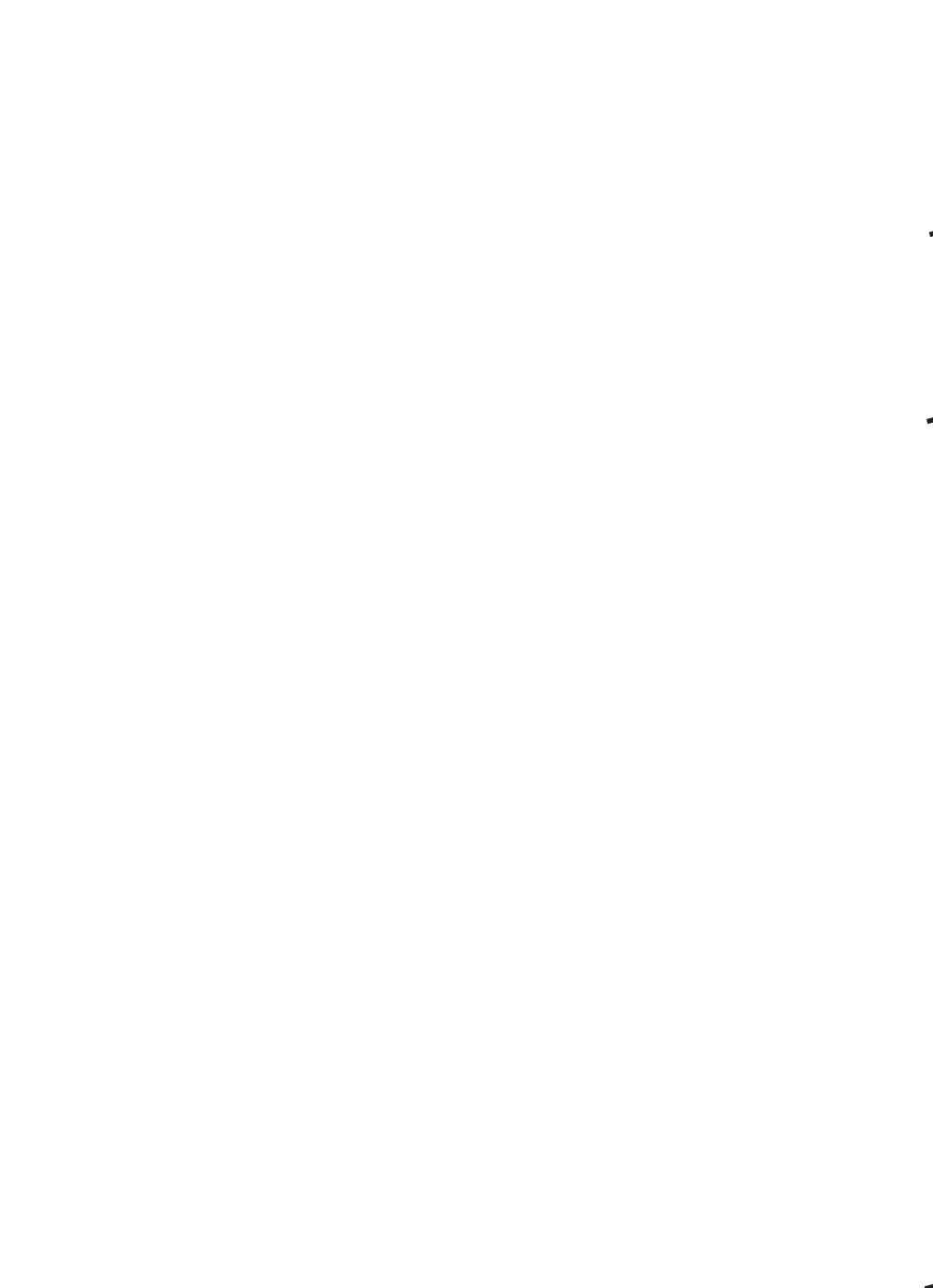
MYSTERIES



11: WINDY CITY DANGER



WINDY CITY DANGER



#1 BESTSELLING AUTHORS
JERRY B. JENKINS & CHRIS FABRY

RED ROCK

MYSTERIES



11: WINDY CITY DANGER



TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS
CAROL STREAM, ILLINOIS

To Meagan Rowell, dedicated reader.

Visit Tyndale's website for kids at tyndale.com/kids.

TYNDALE and Tyndale's quill logo are registered trademarks of Tyndale House Ministries. The Tyndale Kids logo is a trademark of Tyndale House Ministries.

Windy City Danger

Copyright © 2005 by Jerry B. Jenkins. All rights reserved.

Cover and interior illustrations copyright © Damian Zain. All rights reserved.

Authors' photograph © 2004 by Brian MacDonald. All rights reserved.

Designed by Julie Chen

Edited by Lorie Popp

Published in association with Alive Literary Agency, Inc., www.aliveliterary.com.

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996, 2004 by Tyndale House Foundation. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Carol Stream, Illinois 60188. All rights reserved.

Windy City Danger is a work of fiction. Where real people, events, establishments, organizations, or locales appear, they are used fictitiously. All other elements of the novel are drawn from the authors' imaginations.

For manufacturing information regarding this product, please call 1-800-323-9400.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Tyndale House Publishers at csresponse@tyndale.com, or call 1-800-323-9400.

ISBN 978-1-4964-4259-8

Printed in the United States of America

26 25 24 23 22 21 20
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

“It is better for a woman to marry
A MAN WHO LOVES HER
than a man she loves.”

ANONYMOUS

“A **FRIEND** is one who knows
us, but **LOVES US** anyway.”

FATHER JEROME CUMMINGS

“When a friend is in trouble,
DON'T ANNOY HIM by
asking if there is anything you
can do. Think up something
appropriate and **DO IT.**”

E.W. HOWE

PART 1



CHAPTER 1



MONDAY

ASHLEY

They say your life can change with a phone call. I don't know who "they" are, but they're right. It happened to me on a late-September night.

Bryce, my younger twin (by 57 seconds), and I were fighting over who got to sit at the head of the kitchen table to do homework. Dylan, our little brother, was jumping in the netted trampoline in our backyard, squealing into the wind. Leigh, our stepsister, was waiting for a call from her boyfriend. Sam, our stepdad, was late for dinner, and Mom was trying to throw something together at the stove.

Pretty much a normal evening until the phone rang.

“Timberline residence,” I said.

“Ashley, you’re not going to believe this! It’s just the greatest!”

“I’m sorry. Who is this?”

It was Carolyn Hamilton, my best friend from Chicago. The one I had promised to write to every day and e-mail every hour when we moved to Colorado a few years ago. The one I hadn’t talked with in ages.

We were going to prick our fingers and take a blood oath before I moved, but both of us got scared so we just spat in our hands and shook and promised we’d always be best friends. She’s a year older than I am, but we were perfect for each other when I was in elementary school.

“What’s going on?” I said. “Your brother getting married?” Tim is my age. He and Bryce used to play basketball and hang out together.

“You’re not going to believe it,” Carolyn said. I was getting tired of not believing something I didn’t even know. “How would you like to come to Chicago and be in a commercial with me?”

She was right. I didn’t believe it.

“My dad’s advertising agency needs two kids for a commercial, and I remember how good you are at that kind of stuff.”

Actually I don’t like talking in front of people, but the last couple of years I’ve competed in forensics (speech) tournaments and feel comfortable as long as I know my lines.

“Want to do it?” Carolyn said. “My dad said they’d pay you.”

“Sure. When?”

“This Thursday. You’d need to get here by Wednesday night.”

I bit my lip as Mom stirred a pan on the stove. Looked like spaghetti. I had to convince her that this was a good-enough educational opportunity to miss school.