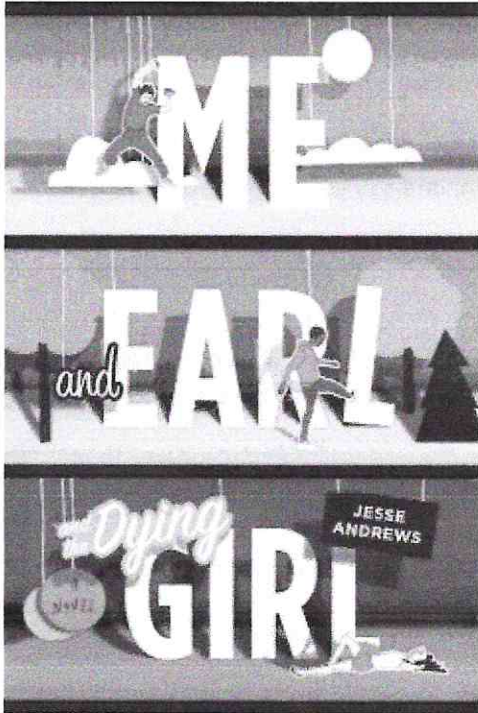


ME AND EARL AND THE DYING GIRL



Young Adult

By Jesse Andrews

ISBN: 978-1-4197-0176-4

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; and excessive/frequent profanity.

CONTENT WARNING

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3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
32	GREG'S INEXPLICABLE BONER is in full retreat.
42	Chapter 6 PHONE SEX
49	I'm just saying, you do not leave Isreal without getting laid. You could have and eight-inch-thick titanium diaper bolted to your pelvis, and you would still somehow get laid. It should be their official tourism slogan: Isreal. Where Virginity Goes to Die.
59	"Are you gonna eat her pussy?"
60	<p>"Yeah, Earl, I'm going to eat her pussy."</p> <p>"Heh."</p> <p>"Yeah."</p> <p>"Do you even know how to eat pussy?"</p> <p>"Uh, not really."</p> <p>"Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you're going to have o eat the pussy."</p> <p>"No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole."</p> <p>..."God bless that man."</p> <p>"Yup."</p> <p>"I would teach you some pussy-eating technique, but it's a little complicated."</p> <p>..."Son, I don't have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat."</p> <p>"Is that right."</p> <p>"I'm on pussy deadline."</p> <p>"You've got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row."</p> <p>"Aw, what the hell. What the hell. No one's talkin bout vaginas. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that's nasty."</p> <p>..."I'm talkin bout pussy. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pussy."</p>
69	My God, what if she wanted to have sex? Would I even be able to get a boner? I was pretty sure it would be impossible for me to get a boner in those circumstances.
72	<p>"I mean, it's also their fault for getting sexy pillows."</p> <p>"We had this one pillow in the house, they had to burn it, because that thing just got me so aroused."</p> <p>"That was the sexiest pillow, I just, I just wanted to make love to it all night, until the dark break of dawn."</p> <p>"I used to call that pillow the dirtiest names. I used to say 'You slutty pillow, you're such a dirty slut, stop toying with my emotions."</p> <p>..."Then one day I came home from school and caught that pillow having oral sex with this table from across the street..."</p>
73	3. Suggest that you habitually masturbate all over pillows.
74	yo pa gaines drove me to whole foods so if you need some funky Vlasic pickle relish for that pussy just hollerrr



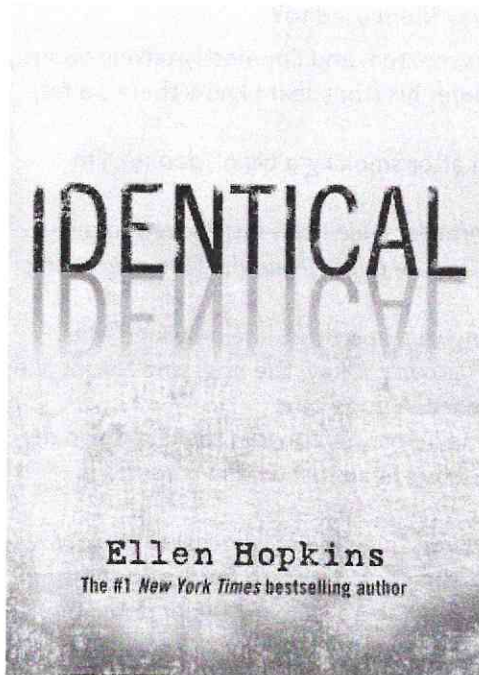
Page	Content
75	"All you need to know is that it's about the combination of food and sex. Like, oral sex." ..."Why is Earl combining food and oral sex?"
111	Yeah, uh, fuck. shit. Earl Werner Herzog can lick my ass-cheek. ...Earl Man, fuck Aguirre, the Wrath of God. Werner Herzog can stick his face all up in my asshole.
206	So you can be a heterosexual, or a homosexual, and I feel like I understand that, like you're a woman in a man's body or some shit, but I been thinking about it and how the fuck can somebody call theyself a bisexual. ...Man, ain't nobody like, that fine-ass girl is making me hard right now. Oh wait, my mistake, that dude over there is the one that's making me hard. That don't make no goddamn sense. ...Goddamn. If you're seriously like, "For real, I'm bisexual, any person can get me hard," man, you must get a hard-on from all kinds of freaky shit. Greg I think, uh...I mean, some scientists think that everyone's actually a little bit of both. Home and hetero. Earl Naw. That don't make any damn sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some titties, get a hard-on, look at some dude's funky dick, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real. ...Dog taking a dump: hard-on. Wendy's double cheeseburger: hard-on. Computer virus that destroy all your shit: hard-on. ...Big-ass hard-on for that shit. ...You wanna get with that girl, with the big-ass titties? ...You walk up to her, say, Girl, you might not a known this about me, but I'm a trisexual. ...Girl's like, what the fuck? ...You like, Yeah, trisexual. ...Then you drop the bomb, you're like: trisexual, girl. Cuz I'ma try to have sex with you. ...Try-sexual.
273	The jocks started asking me when I was going to do a gay porn.

Alternate ISBN
978-1-41971960-8
978-1-48988980-5
1-41971960-2
1-48988980-9
1-41970176-2
978-1-41971946-2
978-1-61312-886-2
978-1-61312-306-5

Profanity	Count
Bitch	4
Cocksucker	1
Fuck	53
Motherfucker	7
Piss	2
Shit	53



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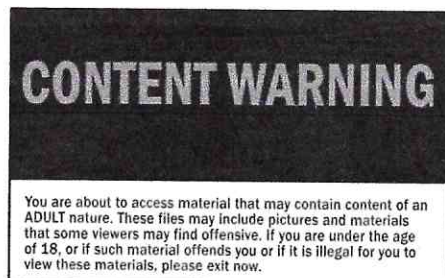
Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-4169-5005-9

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and child molestation; violence including self-harm and suicidal ideations; profanity and derogatory terms; and drug and alcohol abuse.



4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	There's Daddy who comes home every day, dives straight into a tall amber bottle, falls into a stonewalled well of silence, a place where he can tread the suffocating loneliness.
19	Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?
26	<p>He likes what I give him. I like what he gives me, too, and I'm mostly talking about the bud. I pick up my pace because right under his front seat I know there's a fat, stinky joint with my name on it.</p> <p>...Of course, he expects compensation, and after smoking a big ol' doobie, I'm generally willing to cooperate.</p> <p>Life has gotten better- or at least more bearable- since I was introduced to my good friend, marijuana. You couldn't have a more decent friend. I love everything about it.</p> <p>I love the way it smells- good green bud, anyway, and that's the only kind Mick gets. I guess his brother knows a Humboldt grower. Okay, the post smells a lot like skunk juice. But somehow, there's a difference. A good one.</p> <p>I love the way the thick smoke tastes, curling across my tongue, snaking down my throat. I love holding it in. Coughing it out. I love head rushes, the creeping warmth that follows.</p> <p>And I love the distant place it takes me to. Everything feels right there. Mellow. Easy. Stress-free. I even love the munchies, the perfect excuse for devouring a pint of Haagen-Dazs. Of course, afterward I have to go stick my finger down my throat. Don't dare get fat. Daddy would not like that.</p>
28	<p>Mick and marijuana await me. I'm ready to pay Mick's going rate for the pot. (And I'm not talking money.) Some people would balk at the price tag.</p> <p>You might think, because of the things I've seen Daddy do, I'd be disgusted by sex. No way. I like how it feels physically, yes. Kisses, hot and prickly as August. Hands, tan and rough against my soft white skin. And the last, extreme punctuation.</p> <p>But getting off myself isn't the best part. I do everything in my power to make sure and that puts me indisputably in control. (He thinks otherwise, and I let him.) It's the only time I am in control. And I like how that feel most of all.</p>
41	Then I kissed him. Hard. Wet. Sharp stabs of tongue. My fingers drifted in between his thighs, finding exactly what they expected. Madison gave a little gasp. "Oh," I said. "Sorry, didn't mean to offend you." I laughed. Mick joined me, then said. That's my cue. See ya, Mad.
42	<p>He reached across the seat, grabbed hold of my arm. Pulled. When I resisted, he yanked harder. Hard enough to hurt. Hard enough to leave purple bruises. Someone smart would have screamed. Someone sane would have waited for a stop sign, thrown themselves free. Someone whole would have said no.</p> <p>Get the fuck over here and don't give me shit.</p> <p>I did as instructed. Worse, I liked that he told me what to do. It meant he cared, really cared. Right? Whatever. "Did you score some bud?" I asked, more to change the subject than anything.</p> <p>Under the seat. Twist one up, okay? We headed out Happy Canyon Road, only horses and cattle to mind our business. We could have gone home- no one there-</p>

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	<p>but I was still too made for sex. You know you want me. You'd take slimy seconds. Gross. "Yeah, right. Like your pimply butt is such a turn-on." It isn't too pimply, and it's kind of a turn-on, but that was beside the point. His hand brushed my left nipple. You love it. "Not while wondering who you're thinking about, Madison or me." I took a deep drag, held it. Took another without passing the joint, exhaling giant smoke puffs right in his face. Bogart. Pass that fucking thing over here. So I did, and once we were totally buzzed he pulled off onto a dirt ranch road, parked. No maid out here. Just birds and squirrels. Defenses lowered by excellent bud, I said okay to a quickie. Totally in control.</p>
57	<p>The bitter perfume of bourbon smacks me as I stumble in. It makes me thirsty. It's late, but never too late for one last shot. I tiptoe past Daddy's snoring, ease the Wild Turkey from the table. Can't really blame him for choosing redemption in a bottle. Two bottles, actually. One holds 750 ml of amber liquid. The other is small enough to fit in a pocket. Daddy has been sentenced to pain abatement a la OxyContin. The accident was eight years ago and his doctor keeps refilling, like he doesn't know about Daddy's dance with the devil. Like I care Truth is, I borrow a little Oxy every now and then too. Not often, though. It's expensive. Daddy would miss it, even if his dimwit doctor didn't. I have to admit it's tempting. It makes me feel like how you feel when you fall in a dream. Only you don't wake up. You just keep falling deeper and deeper into the darkest recesses of sleep. Especially when you help it out with a nip or two of Wild Turkey. Of course, I have to be very careful not to do it when Daddy's not trapped in the snare of sleep too. Wouldn't do to be lying there unaware if he came crawling to me. No, I'd want to be totally ready. But it won't be tonight. Fifth of whiskey beneath my arm, I slip noiselessly into the kitchen, pour two fingers, replace the bottle. Then I slither into Daddy's bathroom, help myself to a small green pill. Just one. Just enough for a free fall totally without a parachute.</p>
60	<p>I chance a sip of Turkey. Have to wet my tongue before letting the Oxy dissolve. Slowly. Nasty. Another sip. Jet fuel, hot and acrid against my taste buds. Another time, another place, I'd let myself cough. Not now. Not here. ...I lie flat, give myself up to the Oxy/Turkey merry-go-round. Eyes closed, I star the tumble. Round. Round. Down. Down. Outside, the wind rouses suddenly.</p>
62	<p>I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do. It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone. ...Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl.</p>

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	<p>His voice was a soft hiss. Are you awake? Talk to me. Daddy ish-is-sh-so lonely. I'd never heard him sound like that. Like a stranger. A drunk, slurring stranger. Where was my daddy?</p> <p>Kaeleigh, all sweetness, wanted to comfort Daddy, who drew her onto his lap. Stroked her hair. Kissed her gently on the forehead. Cheeks. Eyes. Finally, on her lips, but not nasty or mean or with tongue or anything but misplaced love. Love meant for Mom.</p> <p>He just held her, kissed her. Breathed Wild Turkey all over her until they both fell asleep, woven together.</p>
64	<p>That one innocent joining was only the beginning, but neither realized it that night. And all I could do was linger in a dark corner, sharp jabs of envy tearing my eyes.</p>
65	<p>I guess I could have offered descriptions o Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars.</p> <p>...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.</p>
66	<p>I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.</p>
80	<p>No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.</p>
82	<p>I can't imagine her actually getting close enough to someone- anyone- to invite them into her bed, let alone her pants.</p>
90	<p>I eat when I'm sad. I eat when I'm lonely. I eat when I hurt so much inside, it's either eat or find an easy way to die. The only time I can't eat to total contentment is when Daddy's around. No daughter or mine will wear double-digit clothes, he said once, and meant it.</p>
91	<p>What she doesn't look like is a girl, all narrow hips, straight waist, and teacup breasts. And if I have my way, I won't either.</p>
96	<p>We empty our glasses. Mom opens another bottle, pour for us both. I'm getting drunk with my mother, and neither of us can think of a thing to say.</p>
97	<p>In the living room, the TV is on, but Daddy has drunk himself into oblivion.</p>
98	<p>Out, where I should be. Where any self-respecting sixteen-year-old should be on Friday night. Out, getting drunk with friends or, better yet, a really fine guy, instead of tying one on at home with my marble-hearted mother, no less.</p>
99	<p>Sneaking out, getting drunk, getting high. What better way to spend Friday night? Especially after too many hours stuck at home listening to Mom's political bullshit.</p> <p>...I plan to do a lot in the way of self-medication. Funny term for getting screwed up to the point of passing out. I need to be that messed up to get to sleep at all tonight. I'm totally wound.</p>
100	<p>Great place for a kegger, too. And that's our destination. Mick drives like a maniac, which would be all right except I really, really want to get high, and smoking dope and speeding don't exactly go hand in hand.</p> <p>..."If you slow down a little, I'll roll a nice big joint. And after we smoke it, just maybe I'll mess around with your nice big joint too." Okay, so it isn't eloquent, but</p>

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	<p>it works. He slows to right around the speed limit as I fumble under the seat, searching for his stash. This slow enough for you? ...Finally, pay dirt. I reach into the baggie, extract a big bud.</p>
101	<p>He reaches for my left boob.</p>
102	<p>"Give me your lighter." Delectable smoke fills the cab. ..."Shut the fuck up." I take a giant hit of pot.</p>
103	<p>Needless to say I don't feel much like messing around with Mick's "nice big joint," not even after killing off the nice big joint wrapped in a rolling paper. Maybe after a beer or ten. And hey, lucky me, looks like the beer's flowing up here on Figueroa Mountain.</p>
105	<p>He looks me up and down like he's shopping. I see. Any plans to come together tonight? "Nope." I part my lips bravely. "Not with him, anyway." He nods his head, stands. How's that beer? Need a refill? I shrug. "Sure. Don't suppose you happen to have anything stronger on you, though?" ...He reaches into his jeans pocket, digging for treasure. Maybe I'll dig in there later myself. Meanwhile, I'll content myself with the giant fatty he lights. The pot is the same as (or very similar to) Mick's. "So..." I cough out a big hit. "You and Mick share a connection, huh?" ...He draws in a long, deep lungful. I move a little closer, like I can't quite reach the joint. "Since we're sharing a hooter, can we, like, share names?"</p>
108	<p>He reaches across the short distance between us, pulls me right into him, kisses me with unexpected hunger. In the time it takes me to react to that, decide whether or not to invite more, he already has my top button unbuttoned. His hands want to go under the fabric, insist on it, in fact. I should say no. Need to say no. "W-wait," I try, but no little bit of me wants to stop and Ty intuits all of that. He doesn't stop, and I don't try to make him. And it isn't long before I throw every ounce of caution to the nonexistent wind. With only a fleeting thought of Mick, I give in to this insane desire to know this not-quite-stranger in the most intimate way. And so, I sacrifice my inner child, give myself away.</p>
114	<p>Memory strikes suddenly chokes me. Strangles me. It was dark in my room. Very dark. Someone had closed the curtain. I was small. Maybe nine. Mommy wasn't home. But Daddy was. He lurched through my door. That scared me. But why? He'd never hurt me before. Only touched me lovingly. Like any Daddy. ...Don't be afraid, little flower. It's only me.</p>
121	<p>Maybe that's why I got so ballsy, had sex with Ty where I knew Mick could find us. ...Anyway, most of Mick's brains reside in the general area of his groin. One thing for sure, sex will never be about love with Mick. I don't love him, and he definitely doesn't love me. Still, he semi-fills a gaping black hole inside me. That place wants love, maybe even needs love, but love is something I'm pretty sure doesn't exist.</p>

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122	Besides the easy sex thing, there's still the pot. I know they say marijuana isn't addictive, not like speed or heroin, which claw into you and won't let go. Pot is more of a sweet talker, and I'm all over that sexy voice. I went Saturday without it, but by yesterday afternoon, I was getting antsy.
123	Yeah, well, I could have screwed her Friday night too. I didn't, even though she wanted to.
126	Pinstripes, actually, on dark trousers, snug at the waist and across his hips, before falling loosely down over his thighs. And just as my disgusting brain gloms onto a sick image of what those thighs look like, his voice descends.
150	<p>Someone had closed the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared. I tried to tell her not to worry, but just then, Daddy burst through the door.</p> <p>I closed my eyes tight, made myself no more than a shadow. Something about him was different. I didn't want that something to find me.</p> <p>I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild Turkey. His peculiar potpourri.</p> <p>I love you so much, my little flower. Daddy needs something from my girl, my sweet rose. Will you give it to me?</p> <p>I wanted to be his little flower, would have given my Daddy anything. What did he want from Kaeleigh? She laid her head on his chest. "What?"</p> <p>I want you to see something, something that proves how much I love you. This is only for you, Kaeleigh girl.</p> <p>He lifted her gently, sat her down on the bed beside him. Then he opened the snaps on the fly of his flannel pajamas.</p> <p>It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite. See how much Daddy loves you? Show me you love me, too. Touch it. He closed her hand around it.</p> <p>I know it sounds bad, but I wanted to touch it too. I didn't know what it meant, only that it made Daddy happy. I wanted to make him happy too.</p> <p>That's right. That's right. His voice rocked in rhythm with his body. Oh, yes, my Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower...</p> <p>...when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept.</p> <p>Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded, "Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?"</p> <p>...Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay?</p> <p>Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused. "Can I tell Mama our secret?"</p> <p>No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you?</p> <p>She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed, "I won't tell." Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.</p>
158	Weird. I always thought cutters were sick. Sicker than me, even. But with a single swipe I understand why they do it. Why they like it, even though they hate it. I let the water runs over the cut, ratchet it hotter, watch the blood slow, stutter, almost halt. I like the way the exposed flesh looks, all pinkish white. It looks new, although I know that isn't right.

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167	It takes all my willpower not to flinch, not to bloat his anger. His fingers catch my cheeks, pinch until my mouth opens. I'll decide what is or isn't trouble. You just follow orders. Understand? Drool dripping from my open mouth, all I can do is nod.
175	Once again we engage in easy sex, hardly a word exchanged between us. We are so not about conversation, and only body-to-body communication.
179	I noticed a definite odor of marijuana in your vehicle. Have you been smoking pot this afternoon?
184	I guess I'm pretty good at sex, but I don't think because the world needs more (even better) sex.
202	I do know a few other people who might have some bud. ...He gave me his number, for the next time you find your mouth watering for a red hot lollipop...
208	He pulls out a baggie, a quarter of some crumbly brown substance. When he cracks the bag, the perfume that escapes smells like heaven. Opiated hash. Ever tried it? I shake my head no, but Ty is quick to remedy that, filling a small pipe bowl with a miniature ball of opium-laced hashish. He takes the first toke, and now heaven's on fire, and smoking. Still holding his hit, Ty cautions around it, Little tokes, now. Don't want to cough this stuff out. Hold it as long as you can. Slowly inhale a taste sweeter than any before. Greedy me wants more, but I remember his warning.
210	Drinking. Smoking. Feeling the creep of the poppy, all along my spine, skull to tailbone. I know the high is mostly hash, not so different from regular cannabis (though even tastier). But the opium topper provides a whole new set of rushes. Body rushes, like little shivers. Head rushes, like turning in circles, round and round, don't fall down. Shall we move the party into the bedroom? Ty reaches over, kisses me. Hard. Harder. ...His teeth rake my bottom lip, move down over my chin, down my neck. Not too hard. Not really. But hard enough. Should I have warn garlic and a silver cross? I laugh out loud at the thought, and I realize how fucked up I am. ...He picks me up, carries me into his bedroom, half throws me onto the bed. When he starts to undress me, I burst into a new fit of giggles. My jeans are so tight, he can't wiggle me out of them. "Want some help, my macho vampire?" I shed everything and he does too, but before we do another thing, he asks, How 'bout another bowl? Something to take you real, real low. He leers like a scary circus clown. Low as a girl can go. True to his word he drops me real, real low. I'm floating on a poppy sea. Naked. Mellow. But a sudden wind rouses the breaks and low tide builds to major swells. Ty kisses me, all fang, pure vampire. "Hey. Take it easy." But somehow my body responds to the pain. And Ty responds to that, clamping one hand around both my wrists, pulling them over my head and pinning me helpless. It is then I notice the nylon cord, one end tied tight to the headboard.

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	<p>Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games. He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape-proof. I shake my head. "Don't." But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?" Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules. The proper response would be, "Please, sir." Say it. My heart yells, "No fucking way." But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir." He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way. Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me. Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand." I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules. This is a new game, and the sick thing is, I see quickly that I like it, might ask to play it again. The pain is fuzzy at the edges, blurring toward pleasure. Maybe it's the hash, the gentle arms of opium. And now new leather- human, Ty- falls softly over the heated welts, a soothing balm of sweat-beaded skin. But then heightened pain, forced inside me, stuffed inside me. Seared, branded, likely marked, a moan escapes me and Ty surges. After, knots loosened, a rub of cool eucalyptus oil persuades me I do want to play again. Soon.</p>
228	<p>They're about the same as straight sex and gay sex- some similarities, but different in ways that really count.</p>
232	<p>I slip into Daddy's bathroom, and this time when I "borrow" his Oxy, it's not for me. Okay, one is for me. The other three are for Daddy. I can't slip all three into a single drink or he'd taste it for sure. This will be a seduction. One I know he can't refuse. He finally roars in, and I've already mixed him a highball, long on Turkey, short on Oxy. That will change as the evening progresses. He gives me a look but takes the drink anyway. Thanks. I need this. ...I hand Daddy the Oxy-tainted highball glass as Kaeleigh answers, I didn't mean to be late, Daddy.</p>
235	<p>I watch the two of them stuff their faces, fix Daddy one last drink. Between the rich food, stiff Turkey, and three Oxycontin, he'll be fast asleep in a few minutes. Most of the evening's drama behind us, I slip off to the bathroom. Kaeleigh's disgusting food binge made me want to purge. It's more than a habit. It's a need. Experts even call it a disease. However you classify it, though, it's not about body image. At least not for me. For me, it's all about maintaining a modicum of control, especially when everything goes completely ape-shit.</p>
236	<p>But I do like the cool of the porcelain on my face, the solid of tile beneath my butt. Most of all, I like my belly emptied, even temporarily, of food. Of fat. Of pain.</p>
237	<p>Now that I've evacuated my stomach, I can swallow the Oxy I borrowed for myself. Pop the pill, chase it with whiskey, crawl into bed. Pray such seduction brings dreamless sleep. Seems to take a long time for the sleep aid to kick in.</p>

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	...The gathering haze does not conceal memories of another night. Kaeleigh was ten.
238	<p>Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous.</p> <p>That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall.</p> <p>As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine.</p> <p>Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy. I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest.</p> <p>Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might smack her.</p> <p>But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke. Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V.</p> <p>It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful.</p> <p>Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy.</p> <p>At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.</p>
245	Mom sat on an overstuffed sofa, vacant-eyed, silently sipping vodka on the rocks. Daddy gulped whiskey, and might have passed out quickly except...
259	More drugs. More men. More sex. Do you think there's really such a thing as "enough"?
260	"Let's sneak on outta here and do the dirty."
262	You'll like what I've got. I assume he's talking weed. It's been a couple of days and the truth is, I'm so wanting a buzz. I could call Ty, ask for a bit steeper high (low?). Oh yeah, how low can we go? Loaded question.
265	Truth is, more than missing Mick, I miss catching a lunchtime buzz. I wish I could just buy a personal stash, keep it around.
267	Thought you kind of liked the play. Was I wrong? He reaches up, strokes my cheek gently. No encore? Rough play, he means and I really did like it because I'm sicker than he is.

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	<p>..."An encore would be nice." I smile. "Maybe nice is not the right word, though." Nice works. So how about it? When can we get together again? He winds his fingers into my hair. Tugs gently, brings my face right down against his. Opens his mouth. We are tongue on tongue.</p>
270	<p>I triple promise I'll give him a call. Straight up, I will, because one guy will never be enough for the likes of me. Truth is, I can't believe one anything (guy, girl, whatever you happen to be into) could be enough for anyone.</p>
271	<p>I jump up into the Avalanche, scoot almost into his lap, give him an over-the-top kiss, hoping he doesn't taste guilt. Whatever he tastes, he likes it, wants another dose. I stop his tongue (not to mention his hands) with a single word. "No."</p>
272	<p>He starts to turn south but I stop him, with a hand on a spot too high on his thigh to qualify as "thigh." "Let's go to my house. It's empty." ...So Mich and I will smoke up and make out in my bedroom.</p>
280	<p>Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly. I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse. "Touch me. Please?" He want to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh... And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightening ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.</p>
288	<p>I lean forward slightly, notice his eyes fall to what almost passes as cleavage, with a good Victoria's Secret push-up bra helping out. ...The entire time, my legs rest gently between his, knees touching the inside of his, and despite my "lunch" with Mick today, I'm starting to feel incredibly, um...aroused.</p>
301	<p>It's not like the two of them do much screwing, at least not with each other.</p>
305	<p>Now I feel the need for liquid fun. Tucked away in a low cabinet is my parent's liquor stash. ...The Chopin vodka, stashed in th freezer, is a different song, and I'm so ready to drink that slushy tune. I'll never sleep without it. ...I don't really like the taste of vodka, bt they say you can't smell it on the breath.</p>
315	<p>Open my skin. Right ankle. Left ankle. White flesh. Red polka dots. Ha! that's funny. Ouch. Stings. Behind right knee. Left knee. Oops. A little deep. Blood pumps. Check it out. Thump. Thump. Oh my God. Can I stop it? Who really cares? The drain runs red.</p>
319	<p>(Doing the dirty.) Shot one: missionary, Daddy on top. Shot two: doggie-style, Daddy on top. Shot three: can't even say it, let alone dwell on the picture, but Daddy's on top. (Always on top.)</p>
320	<p>Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex. Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know?</p>

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	<p>Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty...</p> <p>Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawler, assorted others).</p> <p>I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life.</p> <p>Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.</p>
332	<p>No Mick, no bud. No Ty, no better buzz, and he's much more difficult to manipulate. Dopeless sex? That could not feel good. Could it?</p>
336	<p>I'm kind of liking this blood thing. Fetish? Fixation? Not quite an obsession yet, but I can see it growing into that. Drip. Drip.</p> <p>Steady. Slow. Drip-drip. Quicker yet. Drip-drip-drip. Drip-drip-drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>I'd probably just let myself drip, but I did promise to show up at work and help out with the Halloween decorations.</p>
388	<p>Oxy dessert, to chase his Wild Turkey main course.</p>
393	<p>Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her.</p> <p>I could tell she was afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did.</p> <p>His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh!</p> <p>I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.</p>
402	<p>Safe in the far stall I wait for the bell to ring, picking at a scab or two. The one on my ankle is recent. I open it wide, encourage the flow. It's like milking venom from my veins. Wonder how long it would take to bleed out completely.</p>
407	<p>And, are- don't get mad- are you cutting?</p>
415	<p>"This should cover what I smoked. Please take me home now."</p> <p>Don't want your money. His zipper opens, and what escapes is eager. Then he pushes my head down. Haven't you missed me?</p> <p>I could just do it. Get it over with. Pretend it never happened. But I don't think so. It has to be my idea or not at all.</p> <p>"No, Mick. Goddammit, I said no!"</p> <p>But he's all over me and I may not have a choice. He outweighs me by a hundred pounds and he's got me pinned against the door. His fingers, clumsy, work at my own zipper. I try to push him off.</p> <p>What's wrong? You know you want to.</p> <p>"No. I really don't." But I can't stop his mouth from covering mine, leaving a wet</p>

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	<p>trail of sobber all over my face. One hand tugs my shirt over my head, the other is inside my bra, twisting, pinching. I could just get it over with. See? Your nipples don't lie. You like it. He's too worked up to manage tight jeans, so he leans up over me, demanding I do him with my mouth. I could bite. But he'd probably kick my ass and finish his business anyway. I've never seen this side of Mick. Or maybe I have and ignored it. I can barely breathe, and the teeth of his zipper are biting into my chin. Atta girl. You can't say no to... Daddy. Daddy? Kaeleigh would just give in. The thought of her wide-eyed surrender gives me a sudden idea. But I have to play things right. First I go limp, pretend to acquiesce. I even give him a taste of what he wants. "Stop for a minute. You're hurting me." He hesitates, looks down into my eyes, which have teared up quite nicely. He draws back ever so slightly. I did down, beyond fear, fine Raeanne again. "If we're going to do this, you don't get to have all the fun. And can we pretty please take another hit first?"</p>
418	<p>I reach down, grab his tray, complete with maybe a half ounce of great bud. Pricey bud. I'm betting on greed. "Hang on. I need some light." I open the door wide, and send the tray sailing like a pot-covered Frisbee.</p>
421	<p>CONGRESSWOMAN'S DAUGHTER ARRESTED for theft of would-be rapist's truck. Says they were smoking pot after curfew when things got out of hand.</p>
441	<p>I'm celebrating pretty good right now, on two Oxy and enough bubbly to give me hiccups for days.</p>
447	<p>The Bad Thing About Puking Regularly is how you come to rely on it. Hungover? Go puke. Feel a bit fat? Go puke. Confused? Go puke. Frightened? Go puke. Entire world falling apart? Hurry up and go puke. All of the above? Puke. Puke. Puke. Puke. And puke some more. Totally Puked Out esophagus acid-etched, I'm ready to face the day. Not.</p>
459	<p>I am your little girl. I am not your girlfriend. I am not your whore. I am not my fucking mother! But he is on top of me and my shout is silenced. He is inside of me and my scream stays there too. He is finished. And I don't cry out, but I do cry a bucket of silent tears. He slithers away and at last, I quietly sob no no no no no.</p>

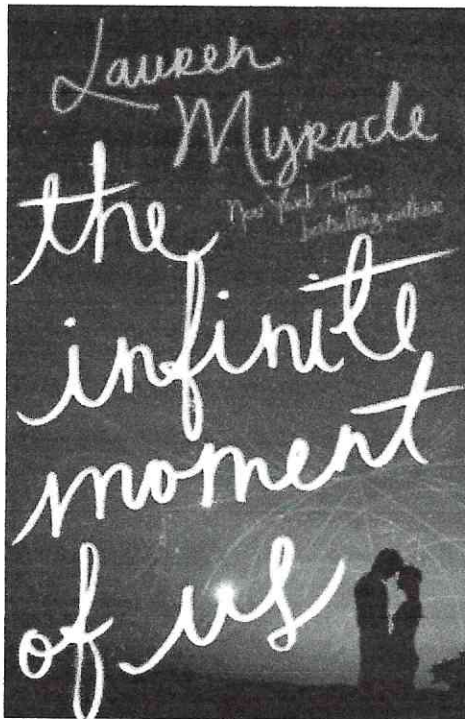
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466	I want to know joyous sex. ...I want sex laced with love, and not warped parental love, but the honest kind. I want sex that makes me feel right, not like some freak, some inbred monstrosity. I'm no, am I?
467	Sex feels great with him, too. I guess it might be nice for sex to feel right, like the person you're with might even love you.
471	More drugs. Better drugs. Maybe it's time to graduate from pot, hash, and pills to something stronger. That opiated stuff was great. Wonder what heroin is like. I hear it drops you way down, where pain can't find you. Any Drugs would be good right this moment. Heroin. Cocaine. Maybe ecstasy. Not too sure about psychedelics. They say acid and 'shrooms make you look inside your own head, help you learn about yourself.
472	Not love to us, I'd still like to see Ty. It's been a long week with nothing to smoke.
473	Share a doob? ...A shitload of bud.
476	I'm not even drunk, not stoned, not buzzed on pills. Perfectly straight, still I'm reeling.
481	I know how to swim, have practiced the dead man's float for years, but it's frightening how much I just want to drown in this undertow of booze and pills. I drank a lot tonight, ingested an incomprehensible amount of painkillers, some borrowed from Daddy, the rest pilfered from old Sam, who seems to be suffering a lot from his arthritis. His nightstand is a pharmacy. I doubt he even noticed I lifted a handful of Percodans.
486	My lungs fill with water. Silt. Mud. Now it hurts to breathe. So I won't. I'll settle deep into darkness. And I won't say good-bye.
487	Oh my God. Her face is blue. ...I lean over the side of my bed, jet a big stream of opiate-laced Wild Turkey.
488	What did you take, Kaeleigh? Tell? Don't tell? Who cares? "Percodan." No need to mention Daddy's Oxycontin. The Wild Turkey, they can smell. Hannah sighs. How many? Her voice, sugared, irritates me now. If heaven's host sounds like her multiplied, I'll stay home. "N-not sure. A dozen?"
490	A dozen painkillers, washed down with whiskey. That wasn't an accidental overdose, Ray.
501	...extract eighty bucks from my private stash, pop a single Oxy to steady my nerves,...
503	I swallow one more pill for good measure, steel up courage.
506	Charlotte shared most of her time with a whiskey bottle, and so devoted little to your father or me.
507	I found your father, on a swing with a young girl, about his age. They were naked, playing with each other. Miranda was directing them, and her boyfriend was

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	<p>taking pictures. ...Your father gained his manhood, if you could call it that, at the age of ten. His photographs appeared in magazines, for the pleasure of pedophiles.</p>
516	<p>He comes back with a party in a box. You want to get buzzed, right? I nod and next thing I know, we're smoking black African bud. It's not really black, but it's definitely purple, the buds big around my fist. And it tastes like absolute heaven. Almost immediately, my eyes grow heavy and my tongue thick. "Incredible," I manage, sounding more like "incredible." ...The other part tells the first to shut up, quit trying to fuck my high.</p>
517	<p>How far will you go with me? He kisses my mouth. My throat. Will you let me draw blood? He bites my neck, and a moan escapes my mouth, unbidden. How high will you let me take you? For once, I want to relinquish control. For once, I want to completely let go. "You decide." His grin is pure evil. That's my girl. He yanks my blouse over my head, spills me from my bra. He kisses, bites. I'm already lost, but hungry for more. He pulls me to my feet, hands all over me...</p>
519	<p>I'm right here, and I'm...too fucking stoned to deal with this now.</p>
520	<p>Too much fucking good bud.</p>
523	<p>They tell me it's withdrawal from OxyContin.</p>
530	<p>I told her, "Where Daddy touched me." She looked and her face grew red.</p>
536	<p>Speaking of drugs, I could use a big fatty right about now. How will I ever score after I get out of here? And which one of me is the loadie, anyway? I'm sure getting high isn't good for my "condition," but how can I not, if I have to go home?</p>
537	<p>Fuck that. All he did was have sex with Mom. Probably just one time. ...That, I'm pretty sure, I got from you. "That, and a great sex education." Sex is disgusting.</p>
542	<p>Turns out the electrolyte imbalance is real, the result of not only puking from Oxy withdrawal, but also the binge-and-purge cycle that my alter and I seem to have shared. ..."You eat. I'll throw it up. You'd be a regular oinker if not for me." ..."...And I need to get high." ...Drug abuse. Alcohol. Bulimia... "Don't forget that lovely bit about shaving until you slice yourself open." And that's the easy stuff. Promiscuity. ...And the granddaddy of all- fucking Daddy. "More accurately, letting Daddy fuck you and keeping it to yourself." Even if I tell her every bit of it, there's no guarantee she can fix me. Suicide sounds better and better. "Yeah, but you'd have to get it right. Or maybe, just leave that to me."</p>
544	<p>What do I have to live for? Can't think of a single thing.</p>

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552	And when he couldn't give me the life I was used to, I fell into addictions. Whiskey. Cigarettes. And, to fight my depression, Prozac.
553	Alcoholism is not a pretty things, and I was an ugly alcoholic. I moved in with a string of men.
555	I was drunk but not too drunk to take in what was going on. Your mother was gone, and your father was washing you. Only the way he was washing you was all wrong. He was touching you in a sexual way. Kaeleigh. I confronted him, but he just laughed in my face.
556	Instead I drank even more to forget. I drank until one day I looked in the mirror and saw death.
563	But I have to admit, I've smoked a little bud. Not that much. I'd probably do more, but it's expensive. And now it's cash-and-carry. I still use food for comfort. I still purge when I get too comfortable. And once in a while, when memory intrudes, I still enjoy a good, deep shave.
564	When I do those things when I use or purge or cut, I'm still not myself.

Profanity	Count
Ass	12
Bitch	9
Faggot	1
Fuck	36
Piss	8
Prick	1
Shit	17

THE INFINITE MOMENT OF US



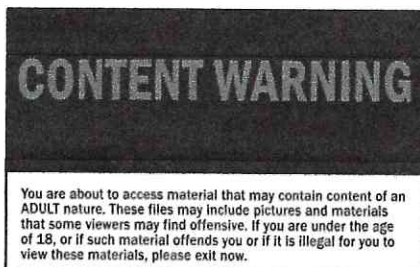
Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and profanity.

Young Adult

By Lauren Myracle

ISBN: 978-1-4197-0793-3



4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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28	When she shifted, the hem of her skirt rode up, revealing a finger's width of her skin. He wanted very much to look down her shirt...
60	"It'd take a crowbar to pry that girl's legs apart," ...
62	<p>It brought up memories of his mother, his biological mother. She was young when she'd had him. Young and scared and desperate. Two jobs but never enough money, and certainly none for child care.</p> <p>"I expect you to be quiet and behave," Charlie heard her telling him, and he pictured a skinny little kid- him- being pried off the faceless woman's leg and pushed firmly into a cramped garage. Maybe she said it once more before yanking down the garage door, staring hard at her three-year-old son. "Stay here and be quiet for Mommy."</p> <p>Garage doors are heavy, and they could be closed with some amount of speed, but surely Charlie could have ducked beneath it and tried to get to her. He hadn't. "Stay," his mother had said, and like a good dog- or if not a good dog, a dog who'd learned about cause and effect- he'd obeyed.</p> <p>He was in there for a long time, day after day. August, in Atlanta, was brutal. He must have cried out eventually, or hit his small fist against the door, because they found him, didn't they? A neighbor discovered that it was a "who" and not a "what" making such a racket in the garage behind the apartment units...</p>
65	She seemed so angry, and yet she reached over, grabbed his hand, and shoved it under her shirt.
65	"Sure, Pamela, only, after she gave you your coffee, she gave me a blow job behind the workshop..."
123	Once, he ran his finger over the swell of her lower lip, and she surprised him by parting her lips and capturing his finger between her top and bottom teeth. She sucked on him, circling the tip of his finger with her tongue, and he got hard.
124	He wanted to have sex with Wren. God, he wanted to, and he hoped she eventually would, too.
130	<p>"Mmm," she said, and she arched her back. In some ways they'd moved fast physically, which Charlie was 100 percent fine with, although there were certain things they hadn't done that he wished they would.</p> <p>...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example.</p> <p>...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips.</p> <p>..."God, you drive me crazy," he said. He kissed her neck. Ran his hand over the curve of her breast, and then down along her side. Down farther, pulling her close. She was wearing a skirt today, and he found the hem and slipped his hand underneath. Her thigh, her ass. Silk panties with soft lace around the edges. He ran his finger below the lace, and Wren made a small sound. Wren tried to be quiet when they were together like this.</p> <p>...His cock strained against his jeans. He pulled back slightly and used his forearm to push her legs apart. He slid his hand beneath her panties again and found the spot he was looking for- heat and wetness and skin softer than any sild or lace- and slipped two fingers inside her.</p>

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	<p>"Oh," Wren said. She was breathing hard. Charlie drew away from her kiss, but kept on with his fingers, watching her. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were parted. She lifted her hips...</p>
132	<p>..."When he was a baby, his father punched him in the gut." ...A baby. Who punched a baby?</p>
135	<p>Did Wren want to have sex with Charlie? Definitely. ...Tessa had had sex for the first time when she was sixteen, and since then she'd had sex with two other boyfriends before P.G. And, yes, Tessa and P.G. were now having sex ("And it is sooooo good," Tessa raved), which brought Tessa's count up to four. That was a lot of sex, Wren thought. "Have you at least touched his dick yet?" ..."Oh my God, Wren. That poor guy must have the worst case of blue balls ever."</p>
136	<p>"Yes, I want to have sex with Charlie..."</p>
141	<p>"Want to jump his bones?" Wren smiled. Yes, that. Yes, yes, yes.</p>
146	<p>She let her fingers trail up and down her body. Tessa was still in the shower- Wren would hear the water turn off when Tessa was done- and Wren was a little tipsy. She closed her eyes and touched her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt and gazed at the swell of them. She touched herself beneath her bra. Her nipples hardened. She thought of Charlie, and she crossed her feet at the ankles and rolled onto her side. God, she wanted him. She groaned, embarrassed and aroused...</p>
149	<p>"Yes, I want to...have sex. With you. Or make love to you. With you. Whatever." ...I want to have sex with you. ..."Do you...want me to send you a picture?" She heard Charlie inhale. He stumbled over his words. "You mean of...of you?" "Yeah," she whispered. She unbuttoned her light summer blouse. Blue, like periwinkles. "Can your ghetto phone receive pictures?" "Yes," he said without hesitation. She glanced at the door that led to the bathroom. It was closed, and the shower was still on. ...She let her blouse fall open. Her bra was one of her prettier ones... The fabric was sheer, and her nipples- still hard- were clearly visible. ...She pulled down the cup of her bra on one side. She cupped her breast with her hand, lifting it higher, and- quick, do it now, or you never will- used her other hand to tap the shutter button on her phone.</p>
153	<p>"Did you have table sex, or is she too afraid to get dirty?" Ah, shit. ...Charlie and Starrla had had table sex- or a table fuck; with Starrla it was always "fucking"- in Chris's shop one Saturday afternoon long, long ago. Starrla had been on top. ...They'd had sex on this sofa, too. More than once. ..."Banged her yet. Your pretty, perfect girlfriend."</p>

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158	<p>And then...her unbuttoned blouse. Her bra, pushed to the side. All breasts were not equal, Charlie thought. He didn't think about Starrla's breast, or his hand on it, because Starrla wasn't Wren.</p> <p>Looking at the picture Wren sent, and knowing she had sent it to please him, made him crazy with love and longing.</p> <p>...I want to make love to you.</p>
179	<p>...shitty day.</p> <p>As for sex. Well. They were fourteen the first time they "fucked," and afterward, Charlie tried to tell her how pretty she was.</p>
181	<p>But things happened, and he did have sex with her, or she had sex with him. Ten sweaty minutes later, it was over.</p>
202	<p>...she paused to admire herself in her full-length mirror, wearing nothing but her new lingerie. She turned to one side and then the other. She tried to see herself the way Charlie would see her, and it excited her.</p> <p>...Heat spread up her body. Her nipples hardened, and her breathing changed, and when she imagined not just his eyes on her, but his hands, his mouth, she grew suddenly and undeniably wet.</p>
205	<p>A drop of water landed on Wren's thigh, below the hem of her soft, clingy sundress, and Charlie ducked and licked the coldness off. Something wonderful and private fluttered inside her.</p> <p>..."...you should take off your dress."</p> <p>Wren's pulse quickened. "You want me to take off my dress?"</p> <p>"I do."</p> <p>She breathed, or tried to. Her body tingled. She rose to her knees, took the bottom of her sundress in her hands, and pulled it over her head.</p> <p>The night air made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. The night air also made her nipples hard, or maybe it was the way Charlie was looking at her.</p> <p>"You are beautiful," he said. He brought her champagne glass to her mouth, and she took a sip. Then he moved the glass down her body, charting a course between her breasts and over her tummy.</p> <p>"Is it cold?" he asked.</p> <p>She nodded.</p> <p>He lifted the glass back to her breast, pressing the coldest part to her nipple. He watched her face.</p> <p>...Charlie fanned his hands over the back of her panties. "God, I love your ass," he murmured.</p> <p>She was both thrilled and mortified. She was on her knees, and he was behind her, and when she shifted to move back beside him, he didn't let her. Instead, he ran his hand over and under her panties.</p> <p>...Charlie pulled her back to him, and she turned toward him. They were both on their knees, and he put one hand at the base of her neck and kissed her while his other hand skimmed the side of her body and the curve of her hip.</p> <p>...He leaned back, and she helped pull his shirt over his head.</p> <p>...He trailed his fingers down the strap of her new French bra. He reached the lace and lightly skimmed it. With both hands, he scooped up her breasts, running his thumbs over the swell of them and making her nipples even harder. They poked</p>

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	<p>visibly through the sheer fabric- Wren glanced down and saw- and Charlie said, "Leaves?"</p> <p>Wren's mind was foggy. Then she said, "Leaves. Yes. On my bra. Do you like?"</p> <p>He dipped his fingers under the lace, sliding the fabric of the bra off her breast and anchoring it beneath, so that it pushed her flesh higher. He did the same to the other breast. "I like this better," he murmured, bowing his head and sucking first one nipple and then the other.</p> <p>Wren couldn't think. It was all sense and touch and heat and shivers. Oh my God, she thought, and she moved beneath his touch, following his hands with her body.</p> <p>He fiddled with her bra. It took him a moment to work the clasp, and she smiled as she kissed him.</p> <p>She was wet.</p> <p>She was scared, but she wanted him inside her.</p> <p>Her fingers found his jeans. She undid the button and pulled down the zipper, drawing away to check his expression.</p> <p>"Baby," he murmured.</p> <p>"Can we...?" She pushed down on the waist of his jeans, not sure how to get them off him. Why had she never gotten his pants off him before? She'd wanted to, but she'd been shy, but now- aggh. Why wasn't there a guidebook for this stuff?</p> <p>He helped, and in the moonlight, she drew in her breath. Boxer briefs. Black and tight. Muscular thighs, so different from her softness.</p> <p>And in the front. Erect and long beneath his boxers. His dick. Tessa had taught her to call it that, dick and not penis, because penis was a silly word. And this, the solid length of Charlie's dick, of Charlie...</p> <p>She'd wanted to touch him there many times, but she'd been scared. She was still scared. Her heart pounded, and she hooked her thumbs beneath the band at the top of his boxers- but no. They wouldn't...they were stuck, caught by the tip of his dick. She bit her lip and used her fingers to pull the waistband up and over him. She tugged them to his knees and didn't know what to do next.</p> <p>But okay. Wow. She bent and took him in her mouth before she realized what she was doing. And then...</p> <p>Really wow, and really strange. Not bad, but really, really strange.</p> <p>He moaned, and Wren moved up and down. Her hair swung. She was doing this, and part of her couldn't believe it, but part of her could, especially since he clearly liked it.</p> <p>"God, baby," Charlie told her, his breath hitching. "But...hold on..."</p> <p>He gently pushed her shoulders. When her mouth left his dick, he made a sound. He fumbled with his boxers, less graceful and more urgent than he'd been with his jeans. He got them all the way off, and Wren's eyes widened at the sight of this beautiful boy- her boy, her Charlie- naked and hard in front of her.</p> <p>He lay her down. He slipped her panties off, and he kissed her toes. He kissed her shins, her knees, her thighs, and when she lifted her hips, he stretched his body over hers and eased his finger, maybe two, inside her. With his thumb, he rubbed other places.</p> <p>Wren lifted her hips higher. She pressed against him and found his mouth with hers. His dick was hard against her but not yet in her.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...With his knee, he spread her legs. She gasped. She clung to his shoulders... ...Warmth between her legs. Pressure. Slippery, hard, soft- but it didn't go in, or it didn't feel as if it did. "Charlie? I don't-" He pushed harder, and she widened her legs. She didn't know what she was doing, but she was willing to try. Charlie did something with his fingers- she wasn't sure what- and her body acted on its own. She arched her spine and pressed the back of her head into the blanket. She smelled the earth, and she smelled Charlie, who thrust into her. She cried out at a sudden sharp pain, and Charlie stilled. "Are you okay?" he asked, bearing his weight on his forearms. "I'm fine," she said, wanting to be. But ow. ...She took him by his hips and pulled him back inside her. Okay, better. Yes. It no longer hurt. She nudged him out a little with a rock of her own hips. In, out. In, out. It worked, it made sense, it felt really, really- They're rhythm fell off, and their hips kind of bumped, and again, Wren couldn't get it back. ...He positioned himself on one hip and slipped almost all the way out of her. She missed him. ...She grasped his hips, and he thrust harder. Faster. She moved with him, and oh my God, yes. So silky. Salt from his neck. She nibbled and licked and kissed, and small sounds came from her, and she found that if she twined her legs around his, she could raise her hips even higher. Charlie groaned. In and out, together, and she loved this boy. She was doing it. She was having sex with Charlie, making love to Charlie, and everything inside her expanded and connected. ...Charlie called out her name, and he stopped thrusting, but he stayed inside her, his muscles taut. "Oh, baby," he said, panting. ...Only, no. Not yet. She moved beneath him, needing more- and more and more. Desire welled inside her. Desire and pleasure, until she felt crazy with it. She grabbed his hips and pulled, and he thrust again and kissed her roughly. ...He circled her nipple with his tongue before sucking and tugging. "Charlie. God, Charlie..." He switched to her other breast, and everything- Her muscles tightened, and she turned her head to the side as she rose one last time to meet him. The she let go. ...Charlie pulled out of her, slowly, and lay beside her.</p>
214	<p>They had sex every chance they got. ...They'd done it on an enormous pool float shaped like a dolphin, which Wren was still lying on. She laughed. "Can I be your bunny, honey?" "Absolutely," Charlie said, tossing Wren her bikini top and scanning the floor for his swim trunks. ..."But I think you're more like that dolphin: slippery when wet."</p>

Page	Content
217	"Jesus, Charlie. I'm going to fuck you anyway,"...
218	Last week as Wren lay snuggled against Charlie's chest, she had asked him if sex, with her was better than sex with Starrla.
231	<p>And there was a particular spot on the innermost part of her leg- soft and pale- for Charlie only. He stroked that spot with a downward motion, and the pleasure drew heat to the most private parts of her. When her breathing quickened, he noticed, because he always noticed.</p> <p>"I love it when you squirm," he would murmur, perhaps putting his mouth to her breast. Sucking. Nibbling. Tugging.</p> <p>There had been times, afterward, when she felt embarrassed by how she twisted and turned, how she arched her spine, imploring him wordlessly to have his way with her because there was nothing she wanted more.</p>
237	<p>He touched her lower lip, then lowered his hand and cupped her breast. She gasped, and Charlie ran his thumb over her nipple. She pressed against him, and when she closed her eyes, he kissed her long and hard.</p> <p>"God, Charlie," she murmured. Her cheeks were flushed, and she put her hands on his chest.</p>
238	<p>Charlie found Wren's knee under the table. He ran his hand under her dress and up her leg, making her press her lips together, as well as her thighs. She shot him a look. He shrugged and grinned, too.</p> <p>...As Tessa loaded up everyone's plates, Charlie's hand traveled higher between Wren's thighs. Tessa sat down, and everyone dug in, chatting and laughing.</p> <p>Charlie stayed in the conversation, but his real interest lay elsewhere. With his hand that was under the table, he reached the lace bordering Wren's panties.</p> <p>Wren dropped her piece of bread. She tried to act as if nothing unusual was going on, but her hand joined his under the table. She clutched his forearm. Her fingernails dug into his skin.</p> <p>"I'm sorry, what?" she said to P.G. and P. G. repeated a plot detail of the story he was telling.</p> <p>Charlie's fingers wen to the strip of silk stretched over Wren's crotch. Wren's grip on him tightened. He looped his thumb under the top edge of Wren's panties and tugged the fabric upward and finally Wren couldn't take it anymore. She gripped Charlie's wrist and moved his hand forcibly away, relocating it to his own thigh and pressing down on it for several seconds to ensure that he'd stay put.</p> <p>"Jesus," she said under her breath, but the look she gave him thrilled him.</p> <p>"I want you," he mouthed.</p> <p>...She moved her other hand higher on Charlie's leg, and heat spread through him. She smelled sweet, and her body was soft, and she had no idea what she did to him.</p> <p>...He had a dead-on view of her breasts, which threatened to spill from her see-through bra. Damn, it was hard not to touch her.</p>
241	<p>He slid his hands to her lower back and then to her perfect ass, pulling her closer.</p> <p>...She looked slightly shocked, and then pleased. She winked and swished off, and his dick, which had begun to soften, grew stiff again. It was mind-blowing how easily, and often, she aroused him.</p>



Page	Content
244	"I knew she was stacked, but whoa. Get that dress off her, and we's talking porno."
248	"You like her tits better than mine? Okay. Do you suck them like you sucked mine? Okay, that's super. That's great. Have fun..."

Alternate ISBN

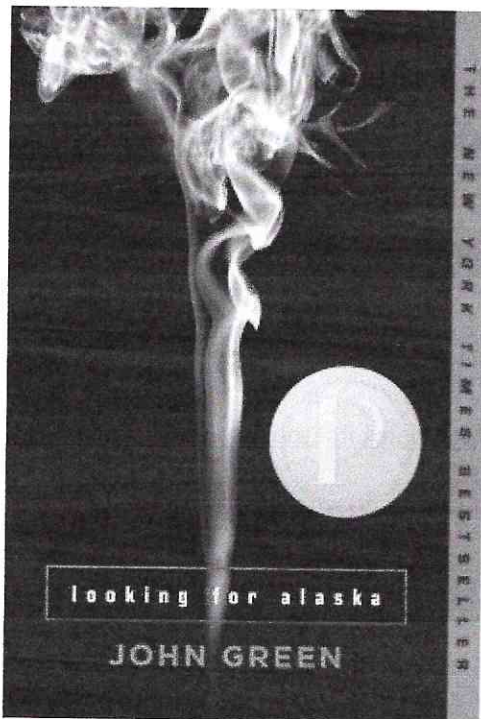
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Profanity	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	3
Dick	11
Fuck	12
Piss	3
Shit	12



LOOKING FOR ALASKA



Young Adult

By John Green

ISBN: 0-525-47506-0

0-525-47506-0



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities; moderate profanity use; alcohol use; and gender ideologies.

3
/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
30	"...I'm in the middle of a sentence about analogies or something and like a hawk he reaches down and he honks my boob. HONK. A much-too-firm, two- to three-second HONK. And the first thing I thought was Okay, how do I extricate this claw from my boob before it leaves permanent marks?..." "...She got her boob honked over the summer." She walked over to me with her hand extended, then made a quick move downward at the last moment and pulled down my shorts.
32	"Don't grab my boob." The Colonel gave an obligatory laugh, then asked, "Want a smoke?" I never smoked a cigarette, but when in Rome...
38	"...But there is so much to do: cigarettes to smoke, sex to have, swings to swing on..."
44	Lying naked in bed together ("genital contact" being offense #1), already drunk (#2), they were smoking a joint (#3) when the Eagle burst in on them.
45	...I spent the night surfing the Web (no porn, I swear)...
81	"He loves weed like Alaska loves sex," the Colonel said. "This is a man who once constructed a bong using only the barrel of an air rifle, a ripe pear, and an eight-by-ten glossy photograph of Anna Kournikova. Not the brightest gem in the jewelry shop, but you've got to admire is single-minded dedication to drug abuse."
90	Since we only have four layers of clothes from doing it, I took the opportunity to introduce myself.
92	"Studies show that marijuana is better for your health than those cigarettes," Hank said.
103	"...You thought she was quietly discussing precalc, when she was clearly talking about having hot sex with you..."
104	"She has great breasts,""DO NOT OBJECTIFY WOMEN'S BODIES!" Alaska shouted. Now he looked up, "Sorry. Perky breasts." "That's not any better!" "Sure it is," he said. "Great is a judgement on a woman's body. Perky is merely an observation. They are perky. I mean, Christ."
105	She jumped onto him and wrapped her legs around him (God forbid anyone ever does that to me, I thought. I'll fall over). I'd heard Alaska talk about kissing, but I'd never seen her kiss until then: As he held her by her waist, she leaned forward, her pouty lips parted, her head just slightly tilted, and enveloped his mouth with such passion that I felt I should look away but couldn't.
107	"Did I tell you that Jake is hung like a horse and a beautiful, sensual lover?"
108	"I don't know if this is the best time to tell you this," the Colonel shouted at the Beast, "but Takumi here hooked up with your girlfriend just before the game."
113	"...How will stabbing one another in the back help women to rise above patriarchal oppression?!"
128	I woke up half an hour later, when she sat down on my bed, her butt against my hip. Her underwear, her jeans, the comforter, my corduroys, and my boxers

Page	Content
	<p>between us, I thought. Five layers, and yet I felt it, the nervous warmth of touching- a pale reflection of the fireworks of one mouth on another, but a reflection nonetheless.</p>
130	<p>...and scooted up to put her head in my lap. My corduroys. My boxers. Two layers. I could feel the warmth of her cheek on my thigh. There are times when it is appropriate, even preferable, to get an erection when someone's face is in close proximity to your penis. This was not one of those times. So I stopped thinking about the layers and the warmth, muted the TV, and focused on Decapitation.</p>
137	<p>"He's just happy most everyone's gone. He's probably masturbating for the first time in a month."</p>
139	<p>Her hand above my knee, the palm flat and soft against my jeans and her index finger making slow, lazy circles that crept toward the inside of my thigh, and with one layer between us, God I wanted her. ...And I steeled myself to say them as I stared up at the starriest night, convinced myself that she felt it, too, that her hand so alive and vivid against my leg was more than playful, and fuck Lara and fuck Jake because I do,...</p>
143	<p>"Don't look at my ass," she said, and so I looked at her ass, spreading out wide from her thin waist.</p>
145	<p>"...Sex is pretty fun...." ..."You're hopeless. Wanna go porn hunting?" "Huh?" "We can't love our neighbors till we know how crooked their hearts are. Don't you like porn?" she asked, smiling. "Um," I answered. The truth was that I hadn't seen much porn, but the idea of looking at porn with Alaska had a certain appeal.</p>
146	<p>I was stunned by how many people had booze. Even the Weekday Warriors, who got to go home every weekend, had beer and liquor stashed everywhere from toilet tanks to the bottoms of dirty-clothes hampers. "God, I could have ratted out anyone," Alaska said softly as she unearthed a forty-ounce bottle of Magnum malt liquor from Longwell Chase's closet. ...She stared at it, then pulled out the King James Bible, and there- a purple bottle of Maui Wowie wine cooler.</p>
146	<p>And we found plenty of porn magazines haphazardly stuffed in between mattresses and box springs. It turns out that Hank Walsten did like something other than basketball and pot: he liked Juggs. But we didn't find a movie until Room 32,...</p> <p>..."The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain't that just delightful." We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. ...A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes.</p>

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	<p>Hands on her shoulders, I noted. Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.</p> <p>As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like torture. And all she can do is just sit there and take it? This is not a man and a woman. It's a penis and a vagina. What's erotic about that? Where's the kissing?"</p> <p>"Given their position, I don't think they can kiss right now," I noted.</p> <p>"That's my point. Just by virtue of how they're doing it, it's objectification. He can't even see her face! This is what can happen to women, Pudge..."</p> <p>..."Look me in the eye and tell me this doesn't turn you one, Pudge."</p> <p>I couldn't. She laughed. It was fine, she said. Healthy.</p>
151	<p>"...All I remember is that she had a lot of sex."</p> <p>"I know. She's my hero," Alaska said without a trace of irony.</p>
155	<p>She said that it was sexist to leave the cooking to women, but better to have good sexist food than crappy boy-prepared food.</p>
158	<p>"COOSA LIQUORS' entire business model is built around selling cigarettes to minor alcohol to adults."</p> <p>...headed to the aforementioned Coosa Liquors.</p> <p>..."Which is great, if all you need is cigarettes. But we need booze. And they card for booze. And my ID blows. But I'll flirt my way through."</p> <p>...Alaska went in alone and walked out the door five minutes later weighed down by two paper bags filled with contraband: three cartons of cigarettes, five bottles of wine, and a fifth of vodka for the Colonel.</p>
162	<p>"Don't you know who you love, Pudge? You love the girl who makes you laugh and shows you porn and drinks wine with you. You don't love the crazy, sullen bitch."</p>
167	<p>"French, Feel, Finger, Fuck. It's like you skipped third grade," Alaska said.</p>
186	<p>I wanted to like booze more than I actually did (which is more or less the precise opposite of how I felt about Alaska). But that night, the booze felt great, as the warmth of the wine in my stomach spread through my body. I didn't like feeling stupid or out of control, but I liked the way it made everything (laughing, crying, peeing in front of your friends) easier. Why did we drink? For me, it was just fun, particularly since we were risking expulsion.</p>
188	<p>"...and neither are the countless bitches that call me lover."</p> <p>..."Oh shit did you just diss the feminine gender/I'll pummel your ass and stick you in a blender..."</p> <p>..."...objectify women and it's fuckin' on..."</p>
191	<p>"We are all going to puke if we just drink. So we'll slow it down with a drinking game. Best Day/Worst Day."</p> <p>..."...The best storyteller doesn't have to drink. Then everybody tells the story of their worst day, and the best storyteller doesn't have to drink..."</p>
204	<p>Soon we were entirely out of our sleeping bags, making out quietly. She lay on top of me, and I held her small waist in my hands. I could feel her breasts against my chest, and she moved slowly on top of me, her legs straddling me. "You feel nice," she said.</p>

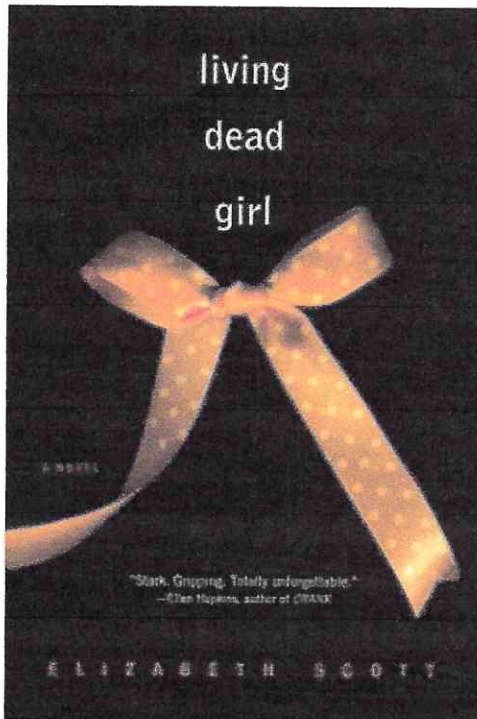
Page	Content
210	<p>"Have you ever gotten a blow job?"</p> <p>..."I've just never given one," she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden... "No," I said. "I never have." "Think it would be fun?" DO I!?!?!?!?! "Um. Yeah. I mean, you don't have to." "I think I want to," she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching The Brady Bunch, watching Marcia Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis. "Wow," she said. "What?" She looked up at me, but didn't move, her face nanometers away from my penis. "It's weird."</p> <p>"What do you mean weird?" "Just big, I guess." I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth. And waited. We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn't quite sure what. She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes . . . she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting. And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically. "Should I do something?" "Um. I don't know," I said. Everything I'd learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn't that choke her? So I just stayed quiet. "Should I, like, bite?" "Don't bite! I mean, I don't think. I think---I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don't know if there's something else." "I mean, you didn't---" "Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska." So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.</p> <p>Lara and I went back to her room, where she did exactly what Alaska told her to do, and I did exactly what Alaska said I would do, which was die a hundred little ecstatic deaths, my fists clenched, my body shaking. It was my first orgasm with a girl, and afterward, I was embarrassed and nervous, and so, clearly, was Lara, who finally broke the silence by asking, "So, want to do some homework?"</p>
217	<p>"Can't make out. Too drunk."</p> <p>..."Hook up with me."</p> <p>So I did.</p> <p>It was that quick. I laughed, looked nervous, and she leaned in and tilted her head to the side, and were kissing. Zero layers between us. Our tongues dancing back and forth in each other's mouth until there was no her mouth and my mouth but only our mouths intertwined. She tasted like cigarettes and Mountain Dew and wine and Chapstick. Her hand came to my face and I felt her soft fingers tracing the line of my jaw. We lay down as we kissed, she on top of me, and I began to move beneath her. I pulled away for a moment, to say, "What is going on here?" and she put one finger to her lips and we kissed again. A hand grabbed one of mine and she placed it on her stomach. I moved slowly on top of her and felt her arching her back fluidly beneath me.</p> <p>I pulled away again. "What about Lara? Jake?" Again, she sshed me. "Less tongue, more lips," she said, and I tried my best. I thought the tongue was the whole</p>



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	<p>point, but she was the expert.</p> <p>...She moved my hand from her waist to her breast, and I felt cautiously, my fingers moving slowly under her shirt but over her bra, tracing the outline of her breasts and cupping one in my hand, squeezing softly. "You're good at that," she whispered. Her lips never left mine as she spoke. We moved together, my body between her legs.</p> <p>"This is so fun," she whispered, "but I'm so sleepy. To be continued?" She kissed me for another moment, my mouth straining to stay near hers, and then she moved from beneath me, placed her head on my chest, and fell asleep instantly. We didn't have sex. We never got naked. I never touched her bare breast, and her hands never got lower than my waist.</p>
233	She was warm and soft against my skin, my tongue in her mouth, and she was laughing, trying to teach me, make me better...
236	An hour after the Colonel left, resident stoner Hank Walsten dropped by to offer me some weed, which I graciously turned down.
238	<p>I am sleeping, and Alaska flies into the room. She is naked, and intact. Her breasts, which I felt only very briefly and in the dark, are luminously full as they hung down from her body. She hovers inches above me, her breath warm and sweet against my face like a breeze passing through tall grass.</p> <p>..."I'm so naked," she says, and laughs. "How did I get so naked?"</p>
290	"Is this what you told Lara in the TV room? Because, see, Pudge, they only call it a blow job."
335	<p>"The way young people speak about on another's bodies says a great deal about our society. In today's world, boys are much more likely to objectify girl's bodies than the other way around. Boys will say amongst themselves that so-and-so has a nice rack, while girls will more likely say that a boy is cute, a term that describes both physical and emotional characteristics. This has the effect of turning girls into mere objects, while boys are seen by girls as whole people-</p> <p>..."You're so hot! I wish you'd shut up and take off your clothes."</p> <p>..."what we have here is a very interesting case study- a female objectifying me, a male. It's so unusual that I can only assume you're making an attempt at humor."</p> <p>..."I'm not kidding! Take off your clothes."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	13
Bitch	10
Fuck	24
Piss	19
Shit	29

LIVING DEAD GIRL



Young Adult

By Elizabeth Scott

ISBN: 978-1-41696060-7



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence including child abuse; explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; and sexual nudity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open. Waiting.</p> <p>"Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing.</p> <p>"Good girl, Alice."</p>
20	<p>Open my eyes, see a girl, black and blue all over, dried blood along her thighs.</p> <p>"Get up and take a bath, Alice," the man in the blue shirt said, and Alice did. I did.</p> <p>That's how I was born. Naked, hairless, covered in blood like all babies.</p> <p>Named, bathed, and then taken out into the world.</p>
26	<p>"I know, silly girl. My girl," he says, and stands up, unbuckles his belt. Opens his pants. "Come over here. Give me a kiss hello."</p> <p>I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder.</p> <p>"Alice, my baby," he says, kissing my cheek. Then he shoves me to my knees.</p> <p>When he's finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away.</p> <p>...He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap...</p>
27	<p>Ray likes how smooth I am, how raw my skin is. It burns by the time he's done touching it.</p> <p>"No breakfast tomorrow," he says afterwards. "I think you might be over 100 pounds. That's not acceptable."</p> <p>At bedtime, he rumples his sheets—we have a two bedroom apartment, because we are father and daughter and he wants to take care of me, wants me to have my own room like other little girls—and then crawls into my tiny bed with me.</p> <p>...I am so hungry my head hurts with it, making me slow, and he pinches my thigh, hard.</p> <p>"Love you too," I say, but it is too late and he holds me down, breathing hard and fast.</p> <p>"Show me," he says. "Show me." So I do.</p>
28	<p>"No breakfast, remember?" he says sitting down next to me on the bed, one paternal hand on my forehead while the other gropes below. He keeps it up until he starts to sweat, little beads of moisture gathering at his temples, and then gets up.</p>
29	<p>The day I got too tall to wear the white dress with short, puffy sleeves and little tucks along the chest, he filled the kitchen sink with water and shoved my head into it.</p> <p>I was thirteen then, and when I tried to stay down after he'd held me there, lungs burning, inside of my head going dark? he hauled me out and slapped me so hard the right side of my face grew a hand-shaped bruise; jaw to" forehead. I couldn't go outside for a week.</p> <p>No one missed me.</p> <p>Two days later, when my face was still swollen hot, he came home with a lock of my mother's hair. He wouldn't tell me how he got it, even when I cried and crawled onto his lap to beg the way he likes best.</p> <p>He just said, "I decide everything. Remember that."</p>

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33	<p>There was another Alice before me. Ray let her go when she turned 15. He drove her all the way back to where she used to live, to where she was when she was another girl, back to her before.</p> <p>Her body was found in a river, floating downstream just a mile from the house she grew up in.</p> <p>Ray used to tell me this story a lot, pulling me close and saying, "But I'll make sure that doesn't happen to you. I'll keep you safe. All you have to do is be good. Be my little girl forever. You can do that, can't you?"</p> <p>I am 15, and I figure soon Ray will kill me.</p> <p>I could run, but he would find me.</p>
36	<p>Ray makes me shower once a week, and I hate coming out of the bathroom. I hate knowing he's waiting for me, that he will rub his hands and himself all over me and whisper things. His hands used to make me cry, but now I'm used to them.</p> <p>...Ray doesn't want me getting pimples or my period, and so he makes me take a pill for both every day. The one for pimples dries out my skin, and makes the sun blotch me angry red. The one to prevent my period does just that, 'and although the ads on TV say it just makes your period less painful, I never get mine.</p> <p>I don't ask Ray why.</p> <p>I only got my period once, late last year, and Ray got so angry he took out a knife and made me sit on a chair in the corner of the living room. He looked at me for a long, long time, and then tied me to the chair and left me there until the bleeding stopped. He wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't look at me. Food and water once a day, a trip to the bathroom each morning and night. One time, I stood up and blood dripped down my leg and onto the carpet and he threw up.</p> <p>And then he rubbed my face in it.</p> <p>When the bleeding stopped he made me scrub myself, the chair, the carpet all around it, and then he threw the chair out and gave me the pills.</p> <p>"We can work this out," he'd said, and cradled me in his arms, my legs cramping from being curled up so I'd fit on his lap. "You're my Alice. You're my little girl. You're all I'll ever want."</p>
46	<p>"You're-too tall, though," he says, frowning, and pushes my hands off his feet, dragging me up toward him. Hands on my throat. "Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish."</p> <p>"I don't want to leave," I tell him, cracking out the words as the world goes fuzzy around the edges. "I want to stay with you.</p> <p>... I can't breathe, but that's not why he lets the pressure up. He lets go a little so I can nod. Because he knows I will. I am not strong; I cannot stop him or even slow him down. I can only wait until he gets so tired of me that he lets me die and moves on.</p> <p>"She would punish me," he says. "Hold me down and show me how all we think of is sin. How We are-all sin." He spits the last word out, like he can taste it, and then touches my hair, slides his fists under my shirt and twists the sullen rise of my right breast, the little lump that's there. "Would you be that kind of mother?"</p> <p>"No."</p>

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	<p>Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn't want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is.</p>
48	<p>"You aren't listening," Ray says, and his hands tighten again. "You know you're supposed to listen when I talk." He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants. I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my lungs until he grabs my hair and says, "I know what I'm going to do. What's going to change." He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there-are strands of my hair caught in his hand. I think' of the knife in the kitchen, of the bridges I've seen from the bus or on the way to church or the supermarket (Ray and I go every Saturday morning. Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food), and feel my heart cramp.</p>
60	<p>And then Ray leaned over and whispered, "Shut up or I'll drive back to your house, not to take you home but to kill your parents and make you watch. Make you see what happens to little girls who don't listen."</p>
68	<p>Ray saw my mouth when I came back and knew. I couldn't sit down for a week afterward, and my back, from my shoulders to about my knees, was purple black, then yellow green, for ages. Both my little fingers have crooked knuckles now, and ache before it rains. Jake's car is expensive, smell of money underneath the ripe scent of boy. I do not take the pills Jake offers, I know nothing can take away the world. I just push him down into his seat and open his zipper. "The backseat's wider," he says, but I shake my head and when he tries to threaten, his hands grabbing my hair, I dig my fingers into them, right into his skin, until he moves them away. When I'm done, I sit up and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand. He is looking at me, glassy-eyed still, but something in my face changes, that makes his expression shift, go alarmed.</p>
73	<p>He is breathing faster now and pulls me toward him, a yank on my ankles drawing my rag-doll body in, lower half pushed against him. "You'll hold her," he says, and everything own is easily pushed down, away, clothes falling off me like water. "You'll hold her and I'll love her." He grins at me. "You'll like that, won't you?" I nod because he wants me to. I nod because I will. She will get his love and I will hold her down to take it all because then there will be none for me. I cannot save myself, and I do not want to save her.</p>
98	<p>Just my hand moving back and forth, not even on his skin. So easy. He tries to touch me afterward, hands on my chest, mouth looming toward mine. He does not push my breasts down, flattening them, but cups his haQds around them. I don't mind that, but I do not like his mouth on mine, him trying to breathe into me, the darting slick surface of his tongue. Ray kisses my forehead or my</p>

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	<p>knees or the insides of my thighs, but his mother made him kiss her good night every night and so he told me he'd protect me and never kiss me.</p>
102	<p>He pinches the stub of my left breast hard, then grabs the right and hauls me in, face changing, smile shifting into his real one, all gums and teeth. Ready to tear.</p>
139	<p>Knife, sharp pressure against my skin.</p> <p>No Ray I say no please no I never told her anything she gave me a sandwich you know how cops are they ask questions and she thinks I have no home and maybe thought I ran away and you were taking care of me— PAIN red hot on my throat. Because you do take care of me, Ray, you do, and she could probably tell you were careful and would take care of someone and wanted you to know that you could tell she liked you everyone likes you and when went to Jake I made sure he—</p> <p>He sticks the knife in my shoulder and I scream.</p> <p>Silence and then I am swaying, no words for what it's like. I thought living dead girls couldn't feel pain, thought I was emptied out but I'm not, I'm not.</p> <p>Ray please Ray I love you he's bringing her to the park tonight Annabel will be there tonight I told him (don't say his name, don't say it, that's what made my shoulder scream, blood beati in it like a heart, thump-pain-thump-pain) I would see him he hates her and wants her to go away I can tell he will be there she will be there we can get her— Knock on the door, and "Shut up," Ray hisses, grabbing my jaw and squeezing it, all the words I was going to say, my plan my stupid plan I forgot and then remembered and the food I ate and the money still in my pocket, all the words in my mouth he squeezes closed.</p>
151	<p>...if I tried to run, if I said a word.</p> <p>He said I would be sorry, that I would die, that everyone would die, and Ray always keeps his word.</p> <p>"Can you—?" I say, my head swimming as my shoulder throbs softer, duller red now, everything getting heavy, my shirt pressing down on me. Empty ghost houses all around us.</p> <p>"Can I what?"</p> <p>"Just do it now," I say. "Just kill me. Put me in a house, get the knife, the matches, and—</p> <p>He leans over and kisses my cheek. "You do what you're told," he says, and then backhands me so hard I feel something snap crack, feel some of my teeth wiggle up and around, loose.</p>
167	<p>She does, slipping little girl fast into the bushes. Ray swears, grabs my shoulder, no messing around me around, spins me in front of him like We are dancing, claw into meat, teeth into flesh, and the world roars, shaking the way the sky rattles when thunder comes. My stomach twists like it's opening from the inside, burns like lightning must, my body snapping harder than even Ray can move me.</p> <p>"You stupid bitch," Ray says, voice emptied out, my death in his eyes, and the world roars again, his fingers sinking deep inside me as his head cracks back, red blossom his right eye was, staggering forward, crashing down, taking me as he falls, skin blood bone on me, running all over me, running into me.</p> <p>"Alice," he says, and then again. "Alice?"</p> <p>Then he is silent, a dark heavy weight on top of me. Pressing me down into the</p>

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	ground. Where all things must go. Where we one day will all be. Death to make the living.