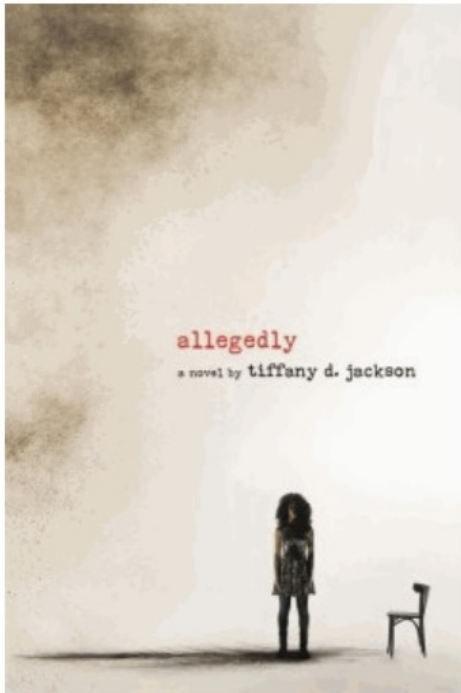


ALLEGEDLY: A NOVEL



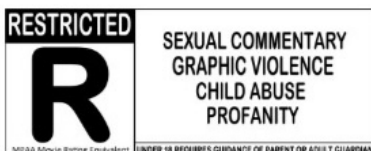
Young Adult

By Tiffany Jackson

ISBN: 978-0-06-242264-4

OBJECTION RATING

3/5



Summary of Concerns:

This book has excessive profanity, graphic violence and child abuse.

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Allegedly Image 2

Page	Content
19	Kelly drags New Girl off the top bunk and into the hallway while she screams. I watch from the safety of my own bunk. "No, please! NO!" "Shut up, you little cunt!" "Get her, Kelly!" She drags her down the hall by her hair, the others cheering like it's a football game.
22	"Disgusting puta! You smell like pussy through your holey panties."
36	Momma would be disgusted at the "nasty lesbian" I'm living with.
62	I jump, grabbing her sleeve, pulling her back. She spins around and slaps me, hand like lightening. The grease of her lotion sticks like oil to my flaming cheek. ..."I know the devil got inside you and made you kill that little girl, but I didn't raise no 'ho! You know better than to open your legs up and let some boy inside you!"
72	She hit me with the wrong end of her belt. The buckle cut out a chunk of skin like an ice cream scooper. I should've got stitches, but that would've meant hospitals, questions; Momma in trouble and me left alone with Ray.
80	Momma beat me only because Ray told her to. She did everything he said. "Get in that corner! NOW!" she'd said. Sometimes, I think Momma used to forget who I was when she beat me. Or maybe she was just a whole different person altogether. Her eyes would go blank, face almost unrecognizably mashed up in rage. "Take off them clothes! You gonna feel every bit of this!" I'd strip down to my underwear and back into a corner, my whole body trembling, waiting for her to finish her belligerent rant. "How many times I got to TELL you. Lawd Jesus. How many! Huh? You don't listen, you just don't listen! Father God, why did you send me this little wretch?" She'd beat me with whatever was handy. Her favorite was the dirt brown extension cord she kept hanging on the refrigerator handle, a ready threat. It would crack in the air before biting my skin, leaving welts the size of fists all over my legs, arms, and ass. "Mami, don't hit her face," Ray would say with a smirk, sipping on the brown liquor he bought with Momma's money. "You leave marks and those nosy bitches come and be all in your shit." I thought maybe if I didn't scream so much she would stop, but she never did. It's like she wanted Ray to hear me beg for my life, to make him happy. She'd grunt and curse over me, working up a sweat, while I tried to block the blows. Then later, she'd complain about her arm hurting, blaming me for making her hurt herself. When the beatings started to get worse, when it was harder to explain the welts, cuts, and bruises, I thought about running away.
112	She'd slapped me so hard I'd hit my head on the radiator pipe. I hadn't cried. I'd just gotten on the floor with her an started scrubbing, eyes watering from the bleach. ...Another time, when I was about seven, she'd just stayed in bed. Wouldn't talk, wouldn't get up for anything. I'd eaten peanut butter and water crackers for three days until we ran out. "Momma, please get up. I'm hungry."

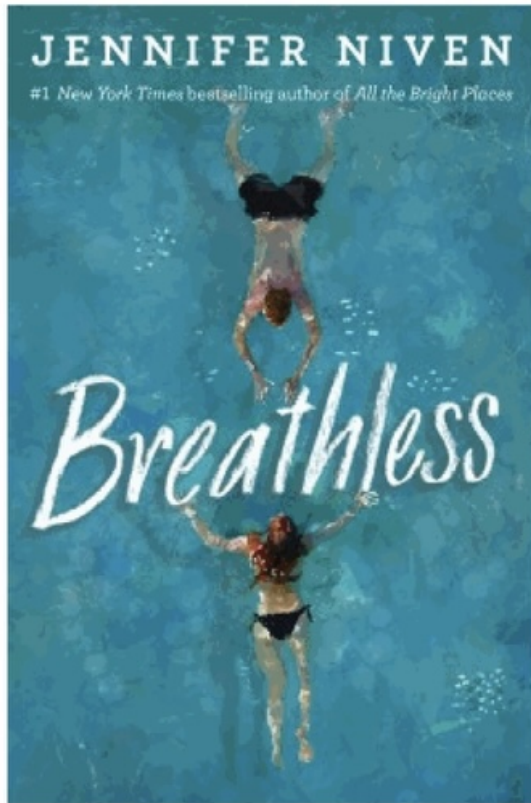
Page	Content
	"Not now, baby girl. Momma's just...having a day." Then the lights had gone out. The food in the fridge had started to rot until the whole apartment had smelled of spoiled chicken and the mice had come looking for their dinner.

Allegedly Image 3

Page	Content
	"Not now, baby girl. Momma's just...having a day." Then the lights had gone out. The food in the fridge had started to rot until the whole apartment had smelled of spoiled chicken and the mice had come looking for their dinner.
132	Some nasty fat girl who can't read, getting raped by her daddy every night and cumming because of it?
136	"That nigga's not your boyfriend," Marisol says. "He just using you for pussy. You not the only bitch he fucking." ..."Oh, I got a man and he fucks me right everyyyyyy night!" She moans, grinding on her chair before giving Kisha a high five. ..."Fuck you, bitch! I ain't no fag," Marisol snaps. ..."Aye, what the fuck you laughing at, psycho? Bitch, you have a man?" ..."Don't see how that bitch could have anything,"...
151	I scramble to my feet, gasping and coughing for air as she punches me dead in the face. The world is spinning...black spots...buzzing. She pins me against the door and I try to kick her...until I feel something sharp pressing against my stomach and I freeze. The blade kisses my skin. "Say anything," she whispers. "And I'll cut it out of you." Bean! Bean! I'm so sorry. Bean! "Please," I choke, trembling. "Don't." Kelly grasps the back of my neck with her cold hand, forcing me to look at her, to stare deep into her eyes. The eyes of a real killer. Then the knife is gone. She shoves me one last time before walking away, as if nothing ever happened and the darkness becomes darker.
173	"Niggas be robbing and raping girls like you..."
184	I asked if she was taking her pills; she slapped me. Then told me to get them for her. I went and got her pills. She said, "Stupid, I told you to bring your pills! I need to calm this baby down."
205	"...I like my ass the size it is," she says, slapping her butt with a smirk. "I made a little change though. Got them stupid niggas to pay for it. Tell them it's four-fifty at the clinic when it really be like two hundred.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	29
Cunt	1
Fuck	55
Motherfucker	1
Piss	3
Shit	36

BREATHLESS



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity.

Young Adult

By Jennifer Niven

ISBN: 978-1-52470197-0

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4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
18	Shane's hands are snaking their way down... ...Suddenly there's something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can't slide it in. "Claude..." His voice is blurred...I feel momentarily bad because I was never going to have sex with him. It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg.
24	And then I can feel him. All of him...all at once I breathe, Yes! as my entire body lifts off the bed. It just rockets right off and hovers there in midair, shooting off fireworks of every color. ...And then my mind drifts to Shane and the barn and my wet, wet thigh, and what if some of it got in me and I get pregnant and have to have a baby...
147	What if I just found his house tonight and slipped into his bed and surprised him? I imagine it. His skin. My skin. Naked. Hot. Him. Him. Him...I touch my arm and it's on fire at the thought of him.
153	He's getting a condom. When he rolls back toward me, condom in hand, I go, "Wow. You're confident." "Not confident. Hopeful..." ...He waves at his body and gives me this cheesy grin. And then his face shifts into a genuine smile, and I can't help it, I kiss the dimples on either side of his mouth, and then he's kissing my throat, and just when I think my body might explode like a firework, it happens. ...Now he's opening the condom packet. Now he's putting the condom on...Now you can feel him. Now he's putting the condom in. There's the surprise of him inside me, even though I'm expecting it. ...He goes, "Are you okay, Captain?" "Yeah. Of course." ...Now you can feel him—all of him. And there's the surprise again. Not pain, necessarily, but the surprise of my body registering something entirely new. I actually suck in air. A loud, gasping, hiccupping sound that makes him stop what he's doing and look at me funny. Before he can ask what the hell that was or change his mind about ever wanting to have sex with me, I kiss him. I wonder if I'm bleeding all over his couch, if my mythical hymen has actually broken. Even if it hasn't, and even if it's the most awkward, terrible sex that has ever been had on this planet, I know that technically this counts. This counts. Even though virginity is a heteronormative, patriarchal construct... Now he's moving on top of you. And you are moving with him even though you don't know how...It's as if it knows something I don't, as if my body and his know each other and understand each other, as if they're meant to move together like this. But then, suddenly, we're done. Which means he's done.
199	But first he leans down and kisses me, and I kiss him harder and more urgently to let him know it's okay...My body is wanting his. And I am burning up, head to toe, little fires everywhere. Then I can feel him. All of him. And it hurts a little, but that's more the surprise again of having another body in your body, the getting used to something new...And he's literally in it, as in my vagina...And he pulls back and looks at me and goes, "Uh. Captain?" ...he kisses my forehead and mumbles something into my neck... There's only music and the sound of our breathing. It takes us a moment, but then we hit this rhythm...I know he feels it too because of the way he's looking at me, and then the way he's kissing me, and then the way he stops worrying about hurting me

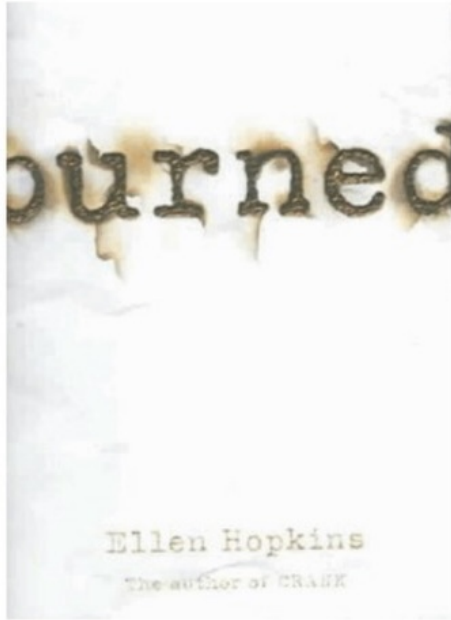
Breathless - Image 2

Page	Content
	and is just moving with me and not holding back, and I tell myself not to hold back either.
234	...like 'How to Give Your Woman Pleasure' and 'How to Make Sure You're Taking Care of Your Lady.' I figure you can never learn enough when it comes to satisfying your girlfriend."...There are eighty thousand nerve endings in the clitoris." "Okay. I did not know that."

Breathless

Image 3

BURNED



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-4169-0355-0



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; suicidal ideation; and violence including child abuse.



Burned - Image 2

Page	Content
3	But I do know things really began to spin out of control after my first sex dream. As sex dreams go, there wasn't much sex, just a collage of very hot kisses, and Justin Proud's hands, exploring every inch of my body, at my fervent invitation.
16	Mar. 17 I dreamed about Justin last night. Dreamed he kissed me, and I kissed him back, and I let him touch me all over my body and I woke up all hot and blushing.
46	I was nobody. Someday, would another nobody slide his arm around my substantial waist, walk his hand up under my homemade blouse? And would I draw back into the curve of him, close my eyes, and take pleasure in his heat?
121	Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest.
122	...and let Derek pull me up into his lap. And when he kissed me, I full-on kissed back. I even let his hands wander. At first I said no, of course. I really thought I wasn't at all that kind of girl. Guess what. I am! ...Then he slid his hands around the front of me, lifting my breasts and touching my nipples. I wouldn't let him go under my blouse, but even over my clothes, the way he made my body feel is hard to describe. Alive.
125	I wanted to be with him all the time, wanted the taste of his lips on mine, his roaming fingers on my hungry skin.
130	One problem with alcohol is the more you drink it the more you want it. If a little lets you forget and bit of your pain, more lets you crawl into a fuzzy space where nothing hurts at all. Amen. Saturdays became drinking days-don't think the irony is one iota lost on me. Derek would meet me in the desert, painkiller in hand. First beer, then hard stuff.
131	The higher I got, the harder it got to hang on to my jeans.
132	He almost got his chance the first Saturday in May. I'd gone for my usual "target practice," which by then, of course, meant an overheated session with Derek. By noon, we had downed a half pint of tequila, my buttons were askew, and Derek was trying to escape his zipper when I noticed a lone figure striding our way.
136	..."Is it a woman's role to keep silent when her husband hits her?"
153	He only used you for sex.
154	Not only that, he said it was lousy sex.
159	"Love is just another word for sex."
160	Sex? Sex! Tell me what you know about sex! Did that awful boy touch you? Put it in you? ..."Put what in me?" You know very well what I'm talking about. Did he take his pants off? Did you let him? ..."Don't you want to have sex, Mom?"
226	When I refused, he put the gun barrel against my cheek, pulled it gently toward my temple.
299	A time or two, cradled in his lap, kissing until his desire became obvious, I had almost wanted to.

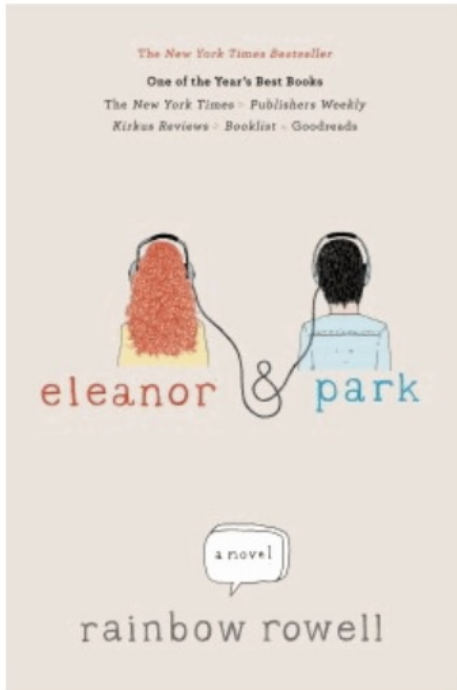
Page	Content
327	His body settled gently upon mine. He kissed my eyes, my lips, my neck, then his mouth crept softly down the length of my torso.
328	We shed our shirts, unzipped our jeans, and would have made love right that minute except for just about then...
332	Has anyone ever told you how great you look with your shirt off?
340	After dinner, Ethan and I talked. Talked and kissed. Kissed and touched. Touched.
372	And so he kissed me, everywhere, making me want to say yes even more. And he wanted me, too, and he showed me how to make him want me more. It all felt so right, so how it should be, that I begged him not to stop. But he paused, long enough to find the protection he'd brought along.
376	A couple more beers made Daddy's face disappear, but mostly because the rest of the day is pretty much a blur.
377	And I settled into his arms, minus the buzz, plus a pounding headache, and I said, "Make love to me."
378	Okay, we did it. Ethan and I made love. Twice. The first time it kind of hurt, and maybe I had too much beer to really understand what a big step it was. Huge. ...The second time it was better, even if I didn't feel so hot. (My first hangover-ugh!)
411	Sometimes Dad gets home, already half-drunk. I always hope he'll get home totally drunk so maybe he'll pass out right away.
412	He can't hit Mom because of the baby.
441	Don't panic, Pattyn, but the condom tore.
446	Because then Dad wouldn't just hit me. He'd hit you, too.
463	...omitting only the part about making love.
472	As I wiggle off in new form-fitting jeans, I heard Carmen hiss, Are you checking her out?
476	Especially those liberal loudmouths.
492	At the moment I lifted defensive arms, Dad caught my throat, held tight, applied pressure. And as his calloused hands closed tight, I barely heard his snarl, betraying absolutely no pit. You don't know what sorry is, little girl. But you will.
496	I couldn't be pregnant, could I? (Could!)
505	One of my worst nightmares has come true. I'm pregnant.
530	Plans made I'm sitting on the hard cement railing of a freeway overpass. Legs dangling, I watch the unrelenting motion of normal people in daily transit. Mind-boggling, how so many separate lives travel in such remarkable unison. Soul searching, I know that I will never squeeze into such a common mold. Brain racing, I struggle to reach a decision. God, however He is, only knows which way I'll go. Heart breaking, I think that if Dad, staring down the sight of a 10mm, would only tell me he loves me, I could easily change my mind... ...but he won't.



Burned Image 3

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	3
Fag	1
Fuck	6
Gook	1
Piss	2

ELEANOR AND PARK



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains references to sexual activities; profanity; and racist commentary.

Young Adult

By Rainbow Rowell

ISBN: 1-25001257-0

OBJECTION RATING

3/5



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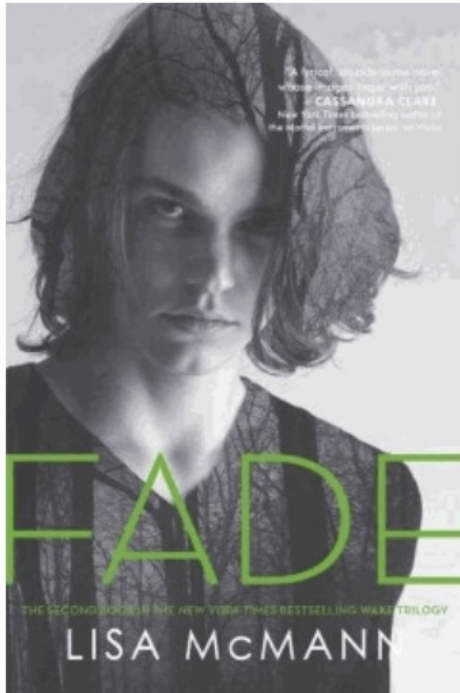
CITATIONS	
Page	Content
74	Jesus. Was it possible to rape somebody's hand?
75	She'd already finished her homework. Some creep had written do I make you wet on her geography book, so she spent a really long time covering it up with a black ink pen.
88	Eleanor looked down. Crap. Whoever wrote that gross thing on her geography book had written on her history book, too. Suck me off it said in ugly blue letters.
174	And then he noticed something else. Written just as small, just as carefully, in all lowercase letters. i know you're a slut you smell like cum
281	do i make you wet?...
283	Eleanor listened to Steve sing song after song over the wet hammer of her heartbeat. The beer can went warm in her hand. i know your a slut you smell like cum

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	8
Fuck	22
Motherfucker	1
Piss	1
Pussy	
Shit	1

Eleanor and Park

Image 2

FADE



Young Adult

By Lisa McMann

ISBN: 978-1-41695358-6

1-4169-5358-2

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity;
sexual activities including rape;
profanity; and illegal drug use

CONTENT WARNING

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3
/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
13	Cabel squints, "Fucking teachers, fucking students? Is that a slam on Fieldridge teachers and students, or is it, you kno, literal?"
69	Mr. Durbin pats her on the shoulder. "Nicely done, Janie." She grins. Takes off her safety glasses. And his hand is still on her shoulder. Caressing it now. Janie's stomach churns. Oh god, she thinks. She wants to get away. He's smiling proudly at her. His hand slides down her back just a little, so lightly she can hardly feel it, and then to the small of her back. She's uncomfortable. "Happy Birthday, Janie," he says in a low voic
86	He really is a terrific teacher. And then he's next to her at her table, checking out her work. "Looking good, Hannagan," he says quietly. But he's not looking at her formula, bubbling merrily over the burner. He's looking down her shirt as she's leaning over.
101	Desperately she pushes that thought aside. Her lips are hot against his neck. She tugs at his T-shirt and slips her quivering fingers under it, re-exploring Cabel's nubby skin. Touching the scars on his belly, his chest. She knows that Cabel feels the same way she does, sometimes—like no one would want to be with him because of his issues. Maybe the two of us really could last, Janie thinks. Misfits, united. Cabel's fingers trace a slow path from Janie's shoulder to her hip as they kiss. Then he slips his shirt over his head and tosses it aside. Presses against her. "That's a little better," he whispers in her ear. "Only a little?" The winter dusk of late afternoon falls into the room. Janie reaches for her blouse and slowly unbuttons it. Lets it fall open. Cabel pauses and stares, not sure what to do. He closes his eyes for a moment and swallows hard. She reaches between her breasts and unhooks her bra. And then she turns her face slowly toward him. "Cabel?" She looks into his eyes. "Yes," he whispers. He can barely get the word out. "I want you to touch me," she says, taking his hand and guiding it. "Okay?" "Oh god." She pulls a newly purchased condom from her pocket. Sets the package on the skin of her belly. Reaches for his jeans. Cabel, momentarily rendered speechless, helpless, and thoughtless except for wanting her, sighs in shudders as he touches her skin, her breasts, her thighs, and then, as the light fades from the window, they are kissing as if their lives depend on their shared breath, and urgently making love for the first time, with their eyes and bodies, like it's the only chance they'll ever have.
115	"Awesome. This is going to be a blast! You are such a cool teacher. You're just like one of us you know?" Mr. Durbin grins. "I try. It's only been eight years since I was a senior in high school. I'm not some old geezer, you know." He's languid, leaning against the side

Fade Image 2



Page	Content
	of his desk, arms crossed in front of him. And then he's reaching out his hand. "Hold still," he says. "You've got an eyelash." He brushes lightly across Janie's cheek with his thumb, and his fingers linger at her hairline just a second longer than necessary. Janie lowers her eyes demurely, then looks back up into his. "Thanks," she says softly. He gives her a smoldering look that is unmistakable.
133	"Now give it a try," he says, looking at her. He takes the paper and slips it under her notebook, brushing her breast with his forearm. Both pretend not to notice. Janie pulls out a fresh piece of paper and begins from the initial equation. She leans over the paper, so her hair falls in front of her shoulder, and scribbles away. After a moment he draws her hair back over her shoulder. His fingers linger an extra moment on her neck. "I can't see," he explains.
135	"We both know don't we," he says, "why you wanted to come here this evening." Janie gulps. "We do?" "Yes. And don't feel badly about it. Because I'm attracted to you too." Janie blinks. Blushes

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144	Lauren dances in the center of a circle. Her shirt is off and she twirls it as she stumbles around, laughing, wearing just a black bra and jeans. Someone joins her. He strips his shirt off and grabs Lauren. Everyone claps and cheers as the guy pulls Lauren to him. They kiss and grind as the music pounds in the background. Hip-hop music. Janie watches in horror as the guy removes Lauren's clothing and shoves his jeans down to his knees. The guy pushes Lauren to the floor, falling on top of her, their drinks spilling everywhere, and the rest of the group begins making out and tearing off one another's clothes. Then they pile up on top of Lauren until people are stacked to the ceiling. Lauren is screaming, muffled. She's being crushed to death. Janie's numb. Her body shakes. She's had enough, but it's too horrible. She can't escape. She tries to pull herself away, but the nightmare is too strong. Janie tries to scream, but she knows she can't. Look at me! she cries mentally to Lauren. Ask me to help you! But this nightmare is out of control. Janie can't get Lauren's attention. She can't pull out of it. She watches in horror as Lauren fights, tearing uselessly at the people on top of her, shouting, "Nol Stop! No!" Janie summons all her strength and tries to pause it. Tries to scan the room again. It's not working. Until. With a final, heroic effort, Janie manages to pry her eyes off of Lauren. Looks

Fade Image 3

Page	Content
	around the room. There. In the kitchen. Laughing and drinking, watching the craziness, like it's a football game or something. Someone has a cell phone out. A strange expression on her blurry, laughing face.
178	Janie mingles her way to the bathroom with her untouched punch and stands in line. By the time she gets in there, she hears the clumping of a dozen feet coming up the stairs. Mr. Durbin's explaining boisterously that somebody's gotta be the one to start eating, because the girls aren't doing it. She locks herself in the bathroom and does the drink test again. Spreads the drop of punch on the paper. Waits thirty seconds.



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180	Stumbling, Janie bumps against the door, trying to push it, and finally tries pulling it. It opens, and Mr. Durbin is on the bed. There are three girls from class with him, and he's taking their clothes off as they lie there.
184	"Oh, cool. Do you have that porn magazine in there?" Janie hesitates too late, wondering if she was supposed to say that, but she can't remember why she shouldn't. "Lot's of them," he says. "Not that I need them with you here." "Huh." She follows him through the dazed and half-naked crowd. He stops to grab another glass of punch, and gives her another one too. On the way to Mr. Durbin's bedroom, Janie waves at Coach Crater. "Hey," she says, turning back to Mr. Durbin. "Wasn't Stacey here? Before?" "She's still here, Janie." His words are deliberate, like he's concentrating. "She's fucking Chris in the other bedroom, so we can fuck in here."
186	Coach Crater goes inside and comes back with a joint. "How's this, Buffy?"
187	And then Coach Crater grabs her by the shoulders and turns toward him. He plants a big wet kiss on her mouth. And moves on. ...Outside on the deck, it's dark. Mr. Wang follows her out there, in his Calvin Klein briefs. ...She holds on tightly to the railing when Mr. Wang starts touching her. "I smelled smoke," she explains, but she doesn't see anyone smoking. And then Coach Crater comes out too. Mr. Wang is kissing her neck, and Coach is telling her how hot she is and feeling her up, and he says something about bench pressing. ...Then, in her mind, while the two men kiss and touch her, is Miss Stubin.
188	Janie reels back against the deck's handrail, stumbling, grabs Coach's arm off her breast...
189	She lights the joint and inhales the smoke. Holds it in. Lets it out slowly. Mr. Wang falls to the deck next to her and starts kissing her cleavage.

Fade Image 4



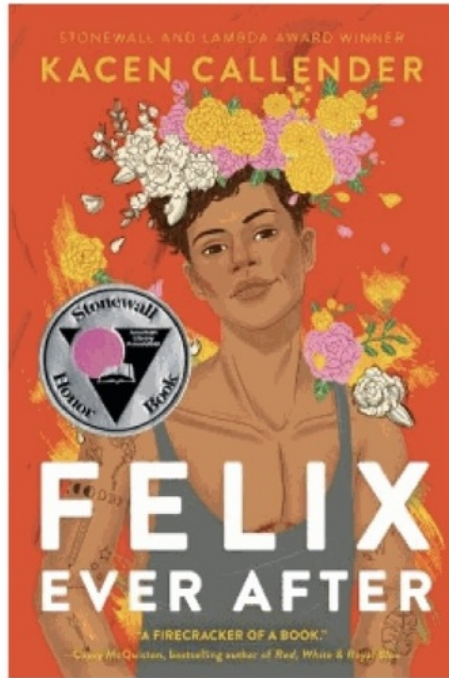
Page	Content
190	She doesn't like that, she decides. He's in her way. She's trying to smoke a joint here. She makes a peace sign with her fingers, marveling over them. Then, when Mr. Wang grabs her nipple in his mouth, she stabs him in the eyeballs. She learned that somewhere. She doesn't know where. Mr. Wang swings his fist wildly, crying out in pain. He catches her on the jaw, her head flies back and hits the deck's rail, and she blacks out. The joint burns down between her fingers.
198	Janie remains quiet for a long time. Finally she says, "This is weird, but I know Coach Crater raped Stacey. Not this time. Last semester."
200	"Twenty-one positives on the GHB, Janie." Cabel's voice is harsh. "Everyone at the party was drugged. Durbin even drugged himself. Rumor has it, the drug is known to enhance stamina." He pauses. "Ewww." They both shudder. "When Baker and Cobb and the backup crew arrived, Durbin had three female students in his bed.

Page	Content
190	She doesn't like that, she decides. He's in her way. She's trying to smoke a joint here. She makes a peace sign with her fingers, marveling over them. Then, when Mr. Wang grabs her nipple in his mouth, she stabs him in the eyeballs. She learned that somewhere. She doesn't know where. Mr. Wang swings his fist wildly, crying out in pain. He catches her on the jaw, her head flies back and hits the deck's rail, and she blacks out. The joint burns down between her fingers.
198	Janie remains quiet for a long time. Finally she says, "This is weird, but I know Coach Crater raped Stacey. Not this time. Last semester."
200	"Twenty-one positives on the GHB, Janie." Cabel's voice is harsh. "Everyone at the party was drugged. Durbin even drugged himself. Rumor has it, the drug is known to enhance stamina." He pauses. "Ewww." They both shudder. "When Baker and Cobb and the backup crew arrived, Durbin had three female students in his bed with him." Janie is quiet. "He's going to jail for a long time, Janie." "What about Wang?" "Him too. Sadly he raped Stacey before Baker and Cobb got there. They found his DNA. She asked for the morning-after pill. She doesn't remember anything that happened last night." Cabel's hands grip the steering wheel. His knuckles are white. Janie's quiet. "Fuck," she says.
231	"Still no memory of any of it, huh? Yeah, that's the way it is with those date-rape drugs. That's also why so many rapes go unnoticed or unreported. The memory loss allows sickos, like Durbin and his ilk, to get away with that shit time after time. You really saved the day, Janie."
238	He whirls around and grabs her arm. Pulls her to him. Kisses her hard, tangling his fingers in her hair. His tongue darts into her mouth and finds hers, tasting her, an oasis in the desert, his body urgently pressing against hers as his hands caress her neck. Janie stands frozen for a moment, and then she moans and reaches for him. Cabel slips her coat off her shoulders, and it falls to the floor, and he lifts her up, holds her until she wraps her legs around his waist. His lips move to her neck and strain at the buttons of her shirt. "Time's up," she says gasping. He lifts his lips from her skin. Runs his hands over her body. A button falls to the floor, bounces, and rolls under the chair. He walks, with her still attached, to the couch and sits with her on his lap. "Janie. Oh god, I can't do it," he whispers.

Fade
Image 5

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Fuck	18
Piss	4
Shit	21

FELIX EVER AFTER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug use; profanity; and alternate gender ideologies.

Young Adult

By Kacen Callender

ISBN: 978-0-06-282025-9

CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

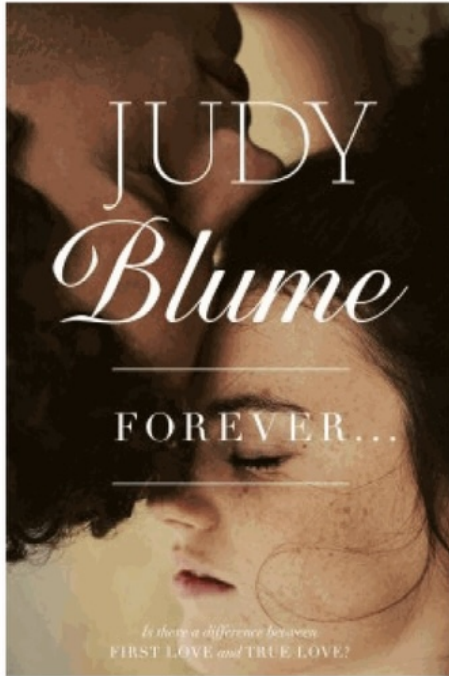
Page	Content
1	Ezra lights a blunt he pulls out of I-don't-know-where and offers it to me, and we suck on the last of it as we walk.
21	I don't think he'd want to know that we've been staying up until three every morning, smoking weed, or that I'm still struggling to get my shit together.
52	I picked off a couple leaves of the weed, grab some of the paper that's waiting beside the TV, and roll while Ezra kicks his legs all the way up to the beat, toes pointed and all. The lighter is at the edge of the counter in the kitchen- I click, click, until the paper sizzles and smoke wisps into the air. Ezra slides to my side, and I pop the bud in his mouth.
200	Marisol passes the weed to Ezra, releases a cloud of smoke. "Been there, done that." Leah groans and rolls over onto her stomach, playing with the sand. "Have you had sex with everyone here?" Marisol glances around, "Not everyone," she says. "I haven't had sex with Austin or Felix."
255	I lean in this time, and he puts a hand to my face, the other to the back of my neck, and I push my mouth against his, so hard my tooth grazes against his bottom lip. He pulls back an inch. "Softer," he murmurs. I nod, mumbling an apology, pulling him back to me again. All I can feel are his lips, his hand under my shirt, on my legs, up and down my back. Somehow, I ended up on his lap, legs on either side of him, and I can feel him, feel his hard-on, which both scares the shit out of me and sends a thrill through me as I press against him, tugging at his shirt- He pulls back. I try to follow his mouth with my own, but he pulls back again. ...My eyes automatically glance back down to Ezra's lap, where I was just seconds ago, and where a bulge still very obviously still presses up against his jeans. He's embarrassed too- I can tell by the way he won't look at me as he tries to tug his shirt down.
309	I remember what Ezra had said- soft, gentle, not so hard- and I barely breathe against Declan's lips. He grins at me as I kiss him again, and again, until we're leaning back onto the bed. Declan ends up on top of me, pulling our shirts off, mouth on my neck, my collarbone, my scars. I didn't even go this far with Ezra, and my nerves start to pump. "Slowly," I tell him, embarrassed when it comes out like a gasp. "We should go more slowly." He nods, kissing my scars and neck and mouth again. "Is this your first time?" "My first time?" "Having sex." ..."I mean, yea, I've never..." He nods again like it isn't a big deal, but I start to worry. "Have you? Had sex, I mean?" He pulls up, surprised. "Well, yeah. Me and Ezra..." I look away. "Right." ..."I just don't think I'm ready," I tell him. It's only been a few days since my first kiss. ...He sits up, crosses his legs. "Are you nervous because- I mean, I looked up how to have sex with trans guys-"
310	We haven't even talked about how I identify as a demiboy now.

Felix Ever After

Image 2

Page	Content
310	"Did you invite me up here just to have sex with you?" "No," he says, a little loudly. "I wanted to spend time with you, and I thought that maybe you'd want to have sex, so I looked up how to have sex with trans guys, and now we're here." He takes a big breath, looking away. ..."Would you have sex with me if I was Ezra?"

FOREVER...



Young Adult

By Judy Blume

ISBN: 978-1481414425



Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors.

4/5

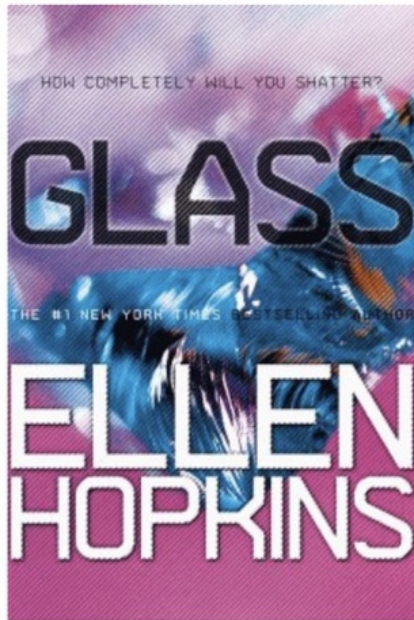
Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
0	A note to the Reader: For in-depth sexual and reproductive health information, contact the nearest Planned Parenthood health center by calling 1-800-230-PLAN.
1	Sybil Davison has a genius I.Q. and has been laid by at least six different guys.
3	At midnight Sybil flashed the lights on and off and Fred wished me a Happy New Year, then tried to stuff his tongue in my mouth. I kept my lips shut tight; while he was kissing me I was watching Michael kiss Elizabeth.
11	Before he let me out a Sybil's house, Michael stopped the car and kissed me again. "You're delicious," he said.
14	Sex was all he was ever interested in, which is why we broke up- because he threatened that if I wouldn't sleep with him he'd find somebody who would.
21	When we kissed again Michael used his tongue. I wanted him to. We sat together on the sofa for an hour. Michael moved his hands around on the outside of my sweater but when he tried to get under it I said, "No...let's save something for tomorrow." He didn't pressure me. He kissed my cheek, then my ear, and whispered, "Are you a virgin?"
22	It occurred to me in the middle of the night that Michael asked if I was a virgin to find out what I expected of him. If I hadn't been one then he probably would have made love to me.
26	He kissed my ears, my neck and my lips. Then he got up and walked across the room. "Lie down next to me Kath...here, in front of the fire."
26	He reached under my sweater and tried to unhook my bra but he had a lot of trouble and I wondered if I should help him out or just lie still and wait. He got it undone. His hands were cold at first but I didn't flinch. I pressed myself as tight against him as I could. "I'm crazy about you." He touched me and we kissed until the same record had played three times. But when he fumbled with the snap on my jeans I sat up and said, "No...not now...not with them in the other room."
29	"Are you still a virgin?" Erica asked. "Yes." "Is he?" "I don't know...I haven't asked." "I've been thinking," Erica said, "that it might not be a bad idea to get laid before college." "Just like that?" "Well...I'd have to be attracted to him, naturally." "What about love?"

Forever Image 2

Page	Content
	"You don't need love to have sex." "But it means more that way." "Oh, I don't know. They say the first time's never any good anyway." "Which is why you should at least love him," I said. "Maybe...but I'd really like to get it over with." "What's the point?" "I'm always thinking about it...wondering who's going to be the one...like tonight, I kept picturing myself with Artie...and in school I sit in class thinking how it would be with every guy..." "Really?" "Yes...even the teachers...I wonder about them too...especially Mr. Frazier, since he never zips his fly all the way. Tell the truth, Kath...don't you think about it?"
31	"I mean it," Erica said, "we look at sex differently...I see it as a physical thing and you see it as a way of expressing love."
41	"Did you know that for a lot of girls, sex is no good for making love?" "Michael..." "Really...I mean it." "That's very interesting...now would you please leave so I can change." "Are you ashamed of your body, Katherine?"

GLASS



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 66-20164

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; profanity; suicidal ideation; and drug abuse.

CONTENT WARNING

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3
/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Glass - Image 2

Page	Content
2	All about my dive into the lair of the monster drug some people call crank. Crystal. Tina. Ice.
3	Where "everyday" became another word for making love with the monster.
10	Hard on the make, Brendan shared booze, cigarettes.
12	Not losing my virginity to Brendan's rape. ...He even swore to love me when I told him I was pregnant. Pregnant. And Brendan was the father. Bree considered abortion. Exorcism.
30	One is eighteen and gay, in the city where homosexuality is almost as dirty a word as "Democrat."
38	Get out of school or off work, put on clean clothes, and look for a way to escape reality- whether that's with alcohol, weed, or my all-time favorite: speed. Pot and beer mostly make me tired. I only used to use them when I was buzzed up real high, didn't mind slowing down a little.
41	(...You've hooked up with Robyn- even if she isn't exactly on time- score, toot a little, and start back.)
61	Looking back, I wish I had a different teacher, one who really cared about me. Looking back, I wish I had parted my lips- opened my mouth wide and invited his tongue inside- for Quade.
75	Spoken like a true tweaker. Oh, and speaking of tweak... He reaches down into his sock and produces a plastic bag with some serious-looking crystal.
76	Robyn is making a sizable buy. I sit, growing more anxious with every passing second, watching her weigh a half ounce of meth into eight balls. She's into the deal, heavy. I mean, there she is, holding enough crystal to send her away for a very, very long time. My hands shimmy as I reach for the bundle Robyn passes me. It's different from the meth making the rounds last year. This is hard little rocks and not much powder. Robyn pulls out a glass pipe, but I ask, "Can we do some lines?" I long for that punch to my sinuses. The one that hard-core users can no longer handle because of the gaping sinus-cavity holes. Trey gives me a strange look, and Robyn says, Jeez, it has been a while since you've used, huh? You can't snort glass, Kristina. You have to smoke this...or shoot it. You're not into needles by chance, are you? ...And, apparently, no fine white lines to watch disappear into my nose. ...You can still find street-lab crank. This is Mexican meth, as good as it comes, maybe 90 percent pure. It's pricey, of course. And worth every damn penny. How much is that, I want to know, but before I can query, Robyn drops a sparkling rock into her pip. She lights a Bic, holds it well under the glass, and a fine plume of methamphetamine smoke lifts to greet her open mouth. The pipe travels next to Trey, who indulges, then passes it on to me. My hand trembles, anticipating treasure. Long-lost treasure. One slow, easy inhale sparks little explosions inside my brain, firing directly into the pleasure center, igniting ecstatic bursts from eyebrows to toenails. Trey was right. Whatever it costs, it's worth it. I want to feel this great all the time.
79	Trey said the glass was pricey. Now, he clarifies, So the eight ball is three hundred.
82	Between that and the toot, my mouth won't stop working.
83	His knee rests against mine. The warmth of it fights the crystals chills, and turns me on completely. ...Robyn flashes a tweaker's smile, one that says, Don't fuck with me, or I'll pay you back good.
85	Not a single vicious comment about Daddy the rapist.
88	His hand brushes mine like a summer kiss. Heightened by the meth spinning circles in my brain, his simple touch- not to mention his request- sparks shivers, thigh to neck.

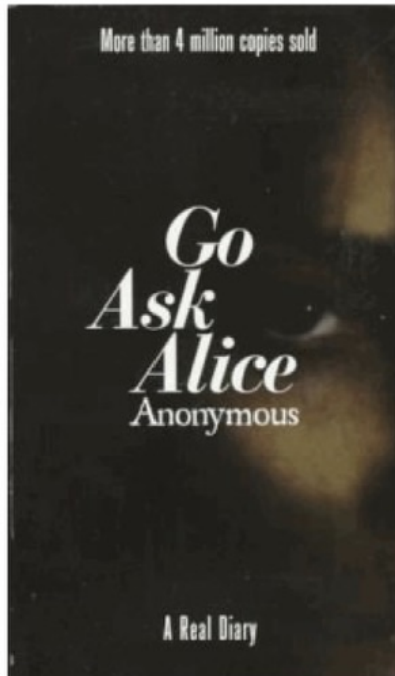
Glass - Image 3

Page	Content
89	I start to leave. Reconsider, knowing I'll want to stop for a small pick-me-up along the long road home. "Oh, hey. Can you spare a piece of tinfoil and maybe a straw? I've got zip for paraphernalia. Let's make you a pipe, Trey tells me. How about a light bulb, Robyn? She obliges, and in a matter of minutes, Trey turns it into a smoking device.
90	Now just drop a rock, right in there...He demonstrates with one of Robyn's. Hold the lighter right about here...A thin, plume of smoke lifts, and Trey is quick to inhale.
95	I want him all over my body.
98	Halfway home I stop for a small pick-me-up not because I particularly need it (my eyes are wide, wide open), but because I can. I have stash. It's talking to me. One little hit, my heart revs high, then settles into quick-step mode. How I've missed that race and pound. How I've missed the lack of control.
107	But meth and nicotine buddy up real fine.
109	I suck the poison slowly, with great, immediate pleasure. It's almost as good as...
133	I don't want to tell her drugs- and maybe sex- mean more to him than anything, though I know in my heart that's the truth.
135	Of course, the first thing I did when I got up was sneak around for a quick toke.
151	As we pass the counter the smell of fresh tobacco almost makes me reel. Damn, would I love a smoke!
155	So why do I take a little detour, drive up the gravel road toward the quarry, dust sifting over the LTD, find a spot under a tree, and, despite being pretty damned buzzed already, take another short stroll with the grabby monster? ...The crystal is better, true, so I know addiction is even likelier than before.
156	Before, I got high as a way to socialize, to fit in with the crowd, feel less inhibited around guys.
159	Truth be told, I'm wasted.
161	I can't look her in the eye- not with pupils the size of dimes- and I'm afraid if I hug her she'll catch a sold scent of ingested crystal.
182	When my buzz starts to wear off, I find an excuse to sneak off to my car, grab a toke, maintain the very sharp edge I'd honed earlier.
188	I won't even try to sleep tonight. I've spent all day climbing to anxious heights, me and my buddy the glass monster, reaching for a better buzz, a taller head, one more little whiff (what could it hurt?), finally cresting steep cliffs of speed, rising above mundane, towering over ordinary.
199	...I know Dad will be asking to share what's left of my stash,...
213	I want to take you out tomorrow night for your birthday. As you can probably tell, I brought a little go-fast along, but it's mostly gone. I'm thinking you've got stash of your own. Can you spare some? ..."I have a little I can spare," I admit. "But only about a half a gram." If I give you some cash, can you score some more?
221	But I'll want a taste. I hope he means a taste of crystal, not a taste of Kristina.
225	Wonder whose crank they're snorting. Wonder how short the ball will be. (The two-hundred-dollar price tag makes sense now. We're getting street crank, not ice.) Wonder how cut it will be.

Page	Content
232	I'll go out tonight with Dad and Linda Sue. We'll blow through this awful eight ball. Then I'll move on without the monster breathing against my neck, begging me to do one more little whiff.
236	Okay, I need to get high, totally out-of-my-head wasted, so I don't keep thinking about the same old shit,...
241	...Dad, Linda Sue, and I dive into the half-ass crank. Dad's got a big glass tray, which he sets on the cracked Formica table in their dog-eared motel room. ...He opens the bindle, says nothing about the powder inside. ...Dad draws huge lines. He hands me the straw. The birthday girl always goes first, right? One long, deep inhale up the right nostril, followed by another up the left.
243	He slides the tray under her face. ...A girl only turns eighteen once, you know.
244	...totally nasty, like swap clubs or strip clubs or titty shows...
245	Let's take a snort, then give it a try. He pulls out his little amber bottle, the one with the tiny silver spoon attached to the lid by a little chain.
246	The crank is definitely mediocre, but it does the job if you do enough,...
266	(Speaking of hands, wonder how his will feel, touching me.)
267	Oh my god, the anticipation is making me totally insane! Every nerve in my body buzzes, high-voltage want. I want to get high. I want to be kissed. (How long it has been!) I want to give myself away. I want to be stunned by passion so intense it knocks me right off my feet, down to my knees, where I know I'll surrender to this luscious insanity.
271	He's the whole package. Okay, and I want to unwrap it, explore what's inside, under the denim.
272	He loads his pipe, hands it to me. I can't help but smile at the meth- a clear shard of glass. I inhale gently, gratefully, pass it back for him to do the same, close my eyes to ride the giant rush. Trey is generous. Within a few minutes, I have climbed to a very tall buzz. So what do you think? Was I lying? "It's the best meth I've ever done." He touches my knee. You want more? "Absolutely." (And more glass, too.)
273	To help my decision, he passes the pipe. "I get paid tomorrow. Can you wait?" I'll be here. But I don't want to wait for... We're kissing. Long. Deep. Amazing.
279	Which would come first? The meth? Or me?
285	Sex with him is definitely not out of the question. Maybe even tonight. So am I a whore?
286	The glass makes me brave, sends waves of sensuality throughout my body.
296	I let my fingers creep up his thigh, feel an immediate reaction. ...Trey's right hand falls upon my left, moves it higher up his leg.
306	He kisses me- full on the mouth, hard on the mouth, and when he moves lower, I begin to tremble. Shiver.
311	Trey takes me (and a whole lot of crystal) back to my car.
312	Well, Trey and ice. Every morning before work, I get high. Every day after work I go home, I get high. Not too high, just maintenance high. I'm at a point where that's enough to stay semisane, but not so much that I can't eat.
314	I think he knows I'm high, think he's high himself,...

Glass - Image 4

GO ASK ALICE



Young Adult

By Anonymous

ISBN: 978-1-4169-1463-1



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including sexual assault and prostitution involving minor; drug abuse; alcohol use; profanity and derogatory terms; and suicidal commentary.

3
/5

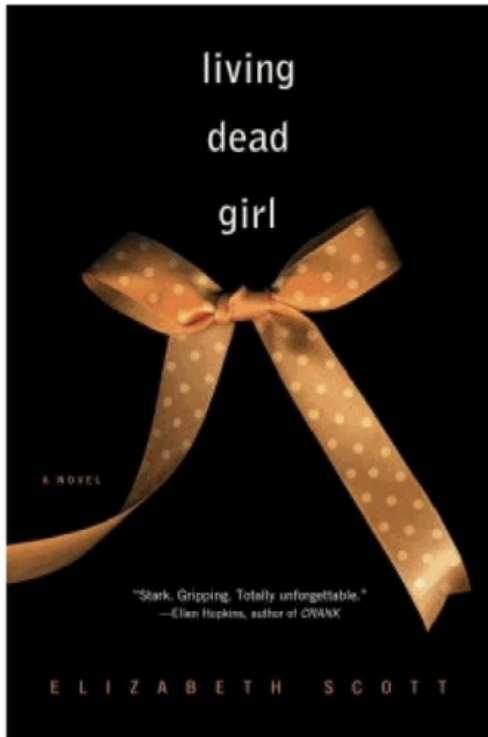
Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	Last summer at Marion Hill's slumber party someone brought a Playboy magazine with a story in it about a girl sleeping with a boy for the first time and all I could think about was Roger. I don't ever want to have sex with any other boy in the whole world ever...ever...I swear I'll die a virgin if Roger and I don't get together.
10	I wonder if I could go stick my finger down my throat and throw up every meal?
12	I wonder if boys were as oversexed in those days as they are now? ...None of my friends go all the way, but I guess a lot of girls at school do.
27	I hope it's not strange for a girl to feel that way about another girl. Oh I hope not! Is it possible that I am in love with her?
30	Anyway, a little while after we got there Jill and one of the boys brought out a tray of coke and all the kids immediately sprawled out on the floor on cushions or curled up together on the sofa and chairs. Jill winked at me and said, "Tonight we're playing 'Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?' You know, the game we use to play when we were kids." Bill Thompson, who was stretched out next to me, laughed, "Only it's just too bad that now somebody has to baby-sit." I looked up at him and smiled. I didn't want to appear too stupid. Everyone sipped their drinks slowly, and everyone seemed to be watching everyone else. I kept my eyes on Jill supposing that anything she did I should do. Suddenly I began to feel something strange inside myself like a storm. I remember that two or three records had played since we had had the drinks, and now everyone was beginning to look at me. The palms of my hands were sweating and I could feel droplets of moisture on my scalp at the back of my neck. The room seemed unusually quiet, and as Jill got up to close the window shades completely I thought, "They're trying to poison me! Why, why would they try to poison me?" My whole body was tense at every muscle and a feeling of weird apprehension swept over me, strangled me, suffocated me. When I opened my eyes, I realized that it was just Bill who had put his arm around my shoulder. "Lucky you," he was saying in a slow motioned record on the wrong speed voice. "But don't worry, I'll baby-sit you. This will be a good trip. Come on, relax, enjoy it, enjoy it." He caressed my neck and face tenderly, and said, "Honestly, I won't let anything bad happen to you." Suddenly he seemed to be repeating himself over and over like a slow-motioned echo chamber. I started laughing, wildly, hysterically. It struck me as the funniest, most absurd thing I had ever heard. Then I noticed the strange shifting patterns on the ceiling. Bill pulled me down and my head rested in his lap as I watched the pattern change to swirling colors, great fields of reds, blues, and yellows. I tried to share the beauty with the others, but my words came out soggy, wet and dripping or tasting of color. I pulled myself up and began walking, feeling a slight child which crept inside as well as outside my body. I want to tell Bill, but all I could do was laugh. ...and finally I couldn't talk at all and slumped back onto the floor, closed my eyes and the music began to absorb me physically. I could smell it and touch it and feel it as well as hear it. I could smell it and touch it and taste it as well as hear it. Never had anything ever been so beautiful. I was a part of every single instrument, literally a part. Each note had a character, shape and color all its very own and seemed to be entirely separate from the rest of the score so that I could consider its relationship to the whole composition, before the next note sounded.

Go Ask Alice - Image 3

Page	Content
	My mind possessed the wisdoms of the ages, and there were no words adequate to describe them. I looked at a magazine on the table, and I could see it in 100 dimensions. It was so beautiful I could not stand the sight of it and closed my eyes. Immediately I was floating into another sphere, another world, another state. Things rushed away from me and at me, taking my breath away like a drop in a fast elevator. I couldn't tell what was real and what was unreal. Was I the table or the book or the music, or was I part of all of them, but it didn't really matter, for whatever I was, I was wonderful. For the first time that I could remember in my whole life, I was completely uninhibited. I was dancing before the whole group, performing, showing off, and enjoying every second of it. My senses were so up that I could hear someone breathing in the house next door and I could smell someone miles away making orange and red and green ribbed Jell-o. After what seemed eternities I began to come down and the party started breaking up. I sort of asked Jill what happened and she said that 10 out of the 14 bottles of coke had LSD in them and, "button, button," no one knew just who would wind up with them. Wow, am I glad I was one of the lucky ones. ...It was fun! It was ecstatic! It was glorious! ...I'd have been scared to death if I'd known. So I'm glad they did it to me, because now I can feel free and honest and virtuous about not having made the decision myself.
35	For two days now I've tried to convince myself that using LSD makes me a "dope addict" and all the other low-class, unclean, despicable things I've heard about kids that use LSD and all the other drugs; but I'm so, so, so, so, so curious, I simply can't wait to try pot, only once, I promise! I simply have to see if it's everything that it's cracked up not be! All the things I've heard about LSD were obviously written by uninformed, ignorant people like my parents who obviously don't know what they're talking about; maybe pot is the same. ... I'm sure if I hint around she'll see that I get to try pot just once, then I'll immediately go home and forget the whole drug set-up, but it's nice to be informed and know what things are really like. Of course, I wouldn't want anyone to know I've really used them, and I guess I better go get one of those little fishing tackle-type metal boxes to lock you in with a good padlock.
36	Well he introduced me to torpedoes on Friday and Speed on Sunday. They are both like riding shooting stars through the Milky Way, only a million, trillion times better. The Speed was a little scary at first because Bill had to inject it right into my arm. I remembered how much I hated shots when I was in the hospital, but this is different, now I can't wait, I positively can't wait to try it again. No wonder it's called Speed! I could hardly control myself, in fact I couldn't have if I had wanted to, and I didn't want to. I danced like I had never dreamed possible for introverted, mousy little me. I felt great, free, abandoned, a different, improved, perfected specimen of a different, improved, perfected species. It was wild! It was beautiful! It really was.
38	I don't know why I shouldn't use drugs, because they're wild and they're beautiful and they're wonderful, but I know I shouldn't, and I won't!

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.



Page	Content
4	You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open. Waiting. "Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing. "Good girl, Alice."
20	Open my eyes, see a girl, black and blue all over, dried blood along her thighs. "Get up and take a bath, Alice," the man in the blue shirt said, and Alice did. I did. That's how I was born. Naked, hairless, covered in blood like all babies. Named, bathed, and then taken out into the world.
26	"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." I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder. "Alice, my baby," he says, kissing my cheek. Then he shoves me to my knees. When he's finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away. ...He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap...
27	Ray likes how smooth I am, how raw my skin is. It burns by the time he's done touching it. "No breakfast tomorrow," he says afterwards. "I think you might be over 100 pounds. That's not acceptable." 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. ...I am so hungry my head hurts with it, making me slow, and he pinches my thigh, hard. "Love you too," I say, but it is too late and he holds me down, breathing hard and fast. "Show me," he says. "Show me." So I do.
28	"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.
29	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. 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. No one missed me. 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. He just said, "I decide everything. Remember that."

Page	Content
33	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. Her body was found in a river, floating downstream just a mile from the house she grew up in. 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?" I am 15, and I figure soon Ray will kill me. I could run, but he would find me.
36	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. ...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. I don't ask Ray why. 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. And then he rubbed my face in it. 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. "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."
46	"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." "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. ... 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. "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?" "No."

Page	Content
	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.
48	"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.
60	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."
68	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.
73	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.
98	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 hands 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

Page	Content
	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.
102	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.
139	Knife, sharp pressure against my skin. 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— He sticks the knife in my shoulder and I scream. 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. 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.
151	...if I tried to run, if I said a word. He said I would be sorry, that I would die, that everyone would die, and Ray always keeps his word. "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. "Can I what?" "Just do it now," I say. "Just kill me. Put me in a house, get the knife, the matches, and— 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.
167	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. "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. "Alice," he says, and then again. "Alice?" Then he is silent, a dark heavy weight on top of me. Pressing me down into the

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

Living Dead Girl - Image 6

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Jodi
Picoult



nineteen
minutes

a novel

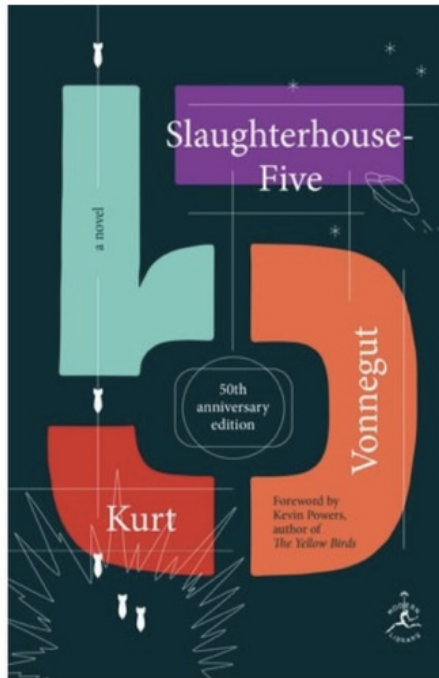
"Expertly crafted, thought-provoking, and compelling."
—ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Nineteen Minutes Image 2

hands over her head and ground his hips against hers. She could feel his erection, hot against her stomach. It wasn't the way it normally was, but Josie had to admit that it was exciting. She couldn't remember ever feeling so heavy, as if her heart were beating between her legs. She clawed at matt's back to bring him closer. "Yeah," he

legs. She clawed at matt's back to bring him closer. "Yeah," he groaned, and he pushed her thighs apart. And then suddenly Matt was inside her, pumping so hard that she scooted backward on the carpet, burning the backs of her legs. "Wait," Josie said, trying to roll away beneath him, but he clamped his hand over her mouth and drove harder and harder until Josie felt him come. Semen, stick and hot, pooled on the carpet beneath her.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE



Adult

By Kurt Vonnegut

ISBN: 9780440339069

9780385312080



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence including animal cruelty; inexplicit sexual activities including bestiality; sexual nudity; profanity; and inflammatory religious commentary.



Page	Content
15	We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education.
52	"Ge out of the road, you dumb motherfucker." The last word was still a novelty in the speech of white people in 1944. It was fresh and astonishing to Billy, who had never fucked anybody- and it did its job.
55	Weary to Billy about neat tortures he'd read about or seen in the movies or heard on the radio- about other neat tortures he himself had invented. One of the inventions was sticking a dentist's drill into a guy's ear. ...The correct answer turned out to be this: "You stake a guy out on an anthill in the desert- see? He's facing upward, and you put honey all over his balls and pecker, and you cut off his eyelids so he has to stare at the sun till he dies."
59	He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times. The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedleeballs. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history.
111	Their penises were shriveled, and their balls were retracted.
125	the British had no way of knowing it, but the candles and the soap were made from the fat of rendered Jews and Gypsies and fairies and communists, and other enemies of the State.
139	The visitor from outer space made a serious study of Christianity, to learn, if he could, why Christians found it so easy to be cruel. He concluded that at least part of the trouble was slipshod storytelling in the New Testament. He supposed that the intent of the Gospels was to teach people, among other things, to be merciful, even to the lowest of the low. But the Gospels actually taught this: Before you kill somebody, make absolutely sure he isn't well connected. So it goes. The flaw in the Christ stories, said the visitor from outer space, was that Christ, who didn't look like much, was actually the Son of the Most Powerful Being in the Universe. Readers understood that, so, when they came to the crucifixion, they naturally thought, and Rosewater read out loud again: Oh, boy—they sure picked the wrong guy to lynch that time! And that thought had a brother: "There are right people to lynch." Who? People not well connected. So it goes. The visitor from outer space made a gift to Earth of a new Gospel. In it, Jesus really was a nobody, and a pain in the neck to a lot of people with better connections than he had. He still got to say all the lovely and puzzling things he said in the other Gospels. So the people amused themselves one day by nailing him to a cross and planting the cross in the ground. There couldn't possibly be any repercussions, the lynchers thought. The reader would have to think that, too, since the new Gospel

Slaughterhouse Five - Image 2

Page	Content
	hammered home again and again what a nobody Jesus was. And then, just before the nobody died, the heavens opened up, and there was thunder and lightning. The voice of God came crashing down. He told the people that he was adopting the bum as his son, giving him the full powers and privileges of The Son of the Creator of the Universe throughout all eternity. God said this: From this moment on, He will punish horribly anyone who torments a bum who has no connections!
144	One of the biggest moral bombshells handed to Billy by the Tralfamadorians, incidentally had to do with sex on Earth. They said their flying-saucer crews had identified no fewer than seven sexes on Earth, each essential to reproduction. Again: Billy couldn't possibly imagine what five of those seven sexes had to do with the making of a baby, since they were sexually active only in the fourth dimension. ...They told him there could be no Earthling babies without male homosexuals. There could be no babies without female homosexuals.
150	Billy was on top of Valenica, making love to her. ...While Billy was making love to her,...
151	Billy made a noise like a small, rusty hinge. He had just emptied his seminal vesicles into Valencia, had contributed his share of the Green Beret.
153	It was a simple-minded thing for a female Earthling to do, to associate sex and glamour with war.
154	"I heard you tell Father one time about a German firing squad." She was referring to the execution of poor old Edgar Derby. "Um." "You had to bury him?" "Yes." "Did he see you with your shovels before he was shot?" "Yes." "Did he say anything?" "No." "Was he scared?" "They had him doped up. He was sort of glassy-eyed." "And they pinned a target to him?" "A piece of paper,"...
156	Billy took his pecker out, there in the prison night, and peed and peed on the ground.
159	"Man," said the porter, "you sure had a hard-on."
163	Their most destructive untruth is that it is very easy for any American to make money. They will not acknowledge how in fact hard money is to come by, and, therefore, those who have no money blame and blame themselves. This inward blame has been a treasure for the rich and powerful, who have had to do less for their poor, publicly and privately, than any other ruling class since, say, Napoleonic times. Many novelties have come from America. The most startling of these, a thing without precedent, is a mass of undignified poor.

Slaughterhouse Five - Image 3

Page	Content
166	Montana was naked, and so was Billy, of course. He had a tremendous wan, incidentally.
168	After she had been on Tralfamadore for what would have been an Earthling week, she asked him shyly if he wouldn't sleep with her. Which he did. It was heavenly. ...Billy sniffed. His hot bed smelled like a mushroom cellar. He had had a wet dream about Montana Wildhack.
173	You should have seen what I did to a dog one time." "A dog?" said Billy. "Son of a bitch bit me. So I got me some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock. I cut that spring up in little pieces. I put points on the ends of the pieces. They were sharp as razor blades. I stuck 'em into the steak—way inside. And I went past where they had the dog tied up. He wanted to bite me again. I said to him, 'Come on, doggie—let's be friends. Let's not be enemies any more. I'm not mad.' He believed me." "He did?" "I threw him the steak. He swallowed it down in one big gulp. I waited around for ten minutes." Now Lazzaro's eyes twinkled. "Blood started coming out of his mouth. He started crying, and he rolled on the ground, as though the knives were on the outside of him instead of on the inside of him. Then he tried to bite out his own insides. I laughed, and I said to him, 'You got the right idea now. Tear your own guts out, boy. That's me in there with all those knives.'"
175	"...And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll let him think a couple of seconds about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker.
179	Lazzaro was talking to himself about people he was going to have killed after the war, and rackets he was going to work, and women he was going to make fuck him, whether they wanted to or not.
191	Billy Pilgrim accidentally saw a Pole hanged in public, about three days after Billy got to Dresden. Billy just happened to be walking to work with some others shortly after sunrise, and they came to a gallows and a small crowd in front of a soccer stadium. The Pole was a farm laborer who was being hanged for having had sexual intercourse with a German woman.
191	In my prison cell I sit, With my britches full of shit, And my ball are bouncing gently on the floor. And I see the bloody snag When she bit me in the bag. Oh, I'll never fuck a Polack any more.
210	She was a dull person, but a sensational invitation to make babies. Men looked at her and wanted to fill her up with babies right away. She hadn't had even one baby yet. She used birth control.
244	A sign in there said that adults only were allowed in the back. There were peep shows in the back that showed movies of young women and men with no clothes on. It cost a quarter to into a machine for one minute. There were still photographs of naked young people for sale back there, too. You could take those home. The stills were a lot more Tralfamadorian than the movies, since you could

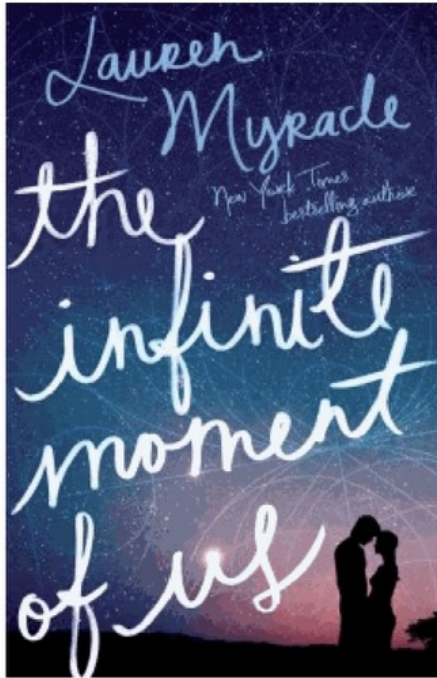
Slaughterhouse Five - Image 4

Page	Content
	look at them whenever you wanted to, and they wouldn't change. Twenty years in the future, those girls would still be young, would still be smiling or smoldering or simply looking stupid, with their legs wide open. Some of them were eating lollipops or bananas. They would still be eating those. And the peckers of the young men would still be semierect, and their muscles would be bulging like cannonballs.
249	The magazine, which was published for lonesome men to jerk off to,...
250	The clerk leered and showed him. It was a photograph of a woman and a Shetland pony. They were attempting to have sexual intercourse between two Doric columns, in front of velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls.
251	"To provide touches of color in rooms with all-white wall." Another one said, "To describe blow-jobs artistically."
254	The illustration on this page depicts two naked breasts in frontal view with a heart necklace hanging between them.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Cocksucker	2
Fuck	10
Piss	1
Shit	7

Slaughterhouse Five - Image 5

THE INFINITE MOMENT OF US



Young Adult

By Lauren Myracle

ISBN: 978-1-4197-0793-3

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and profanity.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

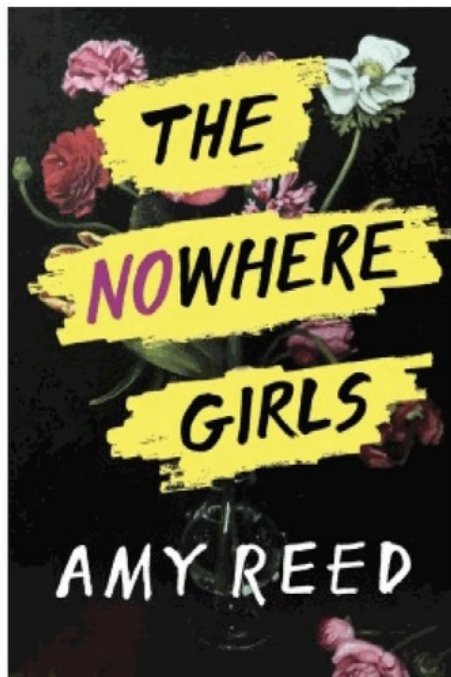
Page	Content
28	When she shifted, the hem of her skirt rode up, revealing a finger's width of her skin. He wanted very much to look down her shirt...
60	"It'd take a crowbar to pry that girl's legs apart,"...
62	It brought up memories of his mother, his biological mother. She was young when she'd had him. Young and scared and desperate. Two jobs but never enough money, and certainly none for child care. "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." 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. 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...
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	"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. ...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example. ...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips. ..."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. ...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.

The Infinite Moment of Us - Image 2

Page	Content
	"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...
132	..."When he was a baby, his father punched him in the gut." ...A baby. Who punched a baby?
135	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."
136	"Yes, I want to have sex with Charlie..."
141	"Want to jump his bones?" Wren smiled. Yes, that. Yes, yes, yes.
146	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...
149	"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.
153	"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."

The Infinite Moment of Us - Image 3

THE NOWHERE GIRLS



Young Adult

By Amy Reed

ISBN: 987-1-4814-8173-1



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities including rape involving minors; alcohol use; and excessive/frequent profanity.



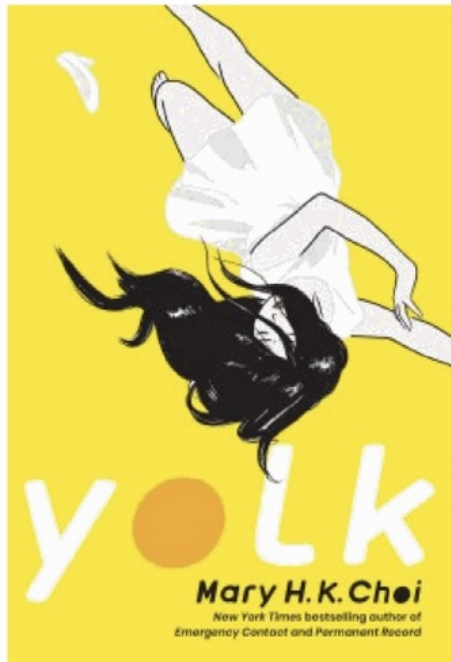
Page	Content
9	In a very different neighborhood, a very different girl closes her eyes and lets go, feels the boy's head between her legs, painting pleasure on her body with her tongue, just like she taught him.
13	...the annoying fact that Jesus loved and accepted everyone without judgement, she alluded to his being a brown-skinned socialist. ..."Fuck Leviticus!"...
46	"Virgins count double," he says. Most of the guys laugh. ..."Start with the freshmen. They're the easiest."
62	I'm fifteen and I'm about to make out with one of the most popular seniors in school. ...I'm not even sure he knows my namek even though even though even though his body is so heavy on top of mine and I can't move I can't breathe I don't want this I don't want this anymore I want to push but my wrists are pinned down and my pants are off and it's too late it's too late it's too late to say no. Her last solid memory is pain. Then black. Then nothing. ...Then brief gasps for air, tiny moments, bright flashes in the darkness. Memories surface like tight bubbles. Hands. Bed. Pain. Fear. A searing inevitability. A life taken and redefined. ...Stillness. A heavy blanket of flesh, unmoving. She lets herself hope it is over. Then movement. His voice: "Did you lock the door?" Another voice: "Yeah. No one's coming." His voice: "You ready, Ennis? Or are you going to be a pussy?" Another voice. She knows this voice. Everybody knows Eric Jordan's voice. "Fuck Ennis. It's my turn." A rhyme for children: One, two, three: How many can there be? A thought: I'm going to die. Rocking, thrashing, a violent seal Then more. So much more. More than can possibly be imagined. A voice: "Turn on the lights, man. I want to see her." A hand on her mouth, shoving her voice back inside. She sees nothing. She is dying. She is dead. She is a whale carcass being torn apart by eels at the bottom of the sea. A voice: "Fuck, she's puking." A voice: "Just turn her over." ...It is morning and she is only mostly gone. Her hair is caked with puke. She hurts all over. She hurts inside. The floor is littered with crumpled clothes and half a dozen used condoms. How vile this tiny sliver of gratitude: they only destroyed; they did not plant anything alive inside her. ...Bodies all over the place, bodies everywhere, people who didn't make it home last night. All these people down here while she was drowning. ...A voice in the darkness, giving her a new name: Slut.

The Nowhere Girls - Image 2

Page	Content
66	...called her a spic dyke... ...the guys who don't even bother lowering their voices around her when they brainstorm about what it must be like to fuck "someone like her."
70	At least we're not getting married off to old guys at nine years old and getting out clits cut off."
77	If I included every blow job and hand job, I'd be here for days. ...1. Late-thirties MILF. ..definitely the oldest I've ever fucked. Did it doggie style in her basement while her kid played video games upstairs. She came into my business a few times afterward, but I made it clear I wasn't interested in her anymore. ...2. Negged her into submission by first hitting on her friend to make her jealous. A little too drunk, so she just sort of laid there.
78	3. Midtwenties hippie chick with big tits. Didn't realize she had hairy armpits until it was too late. Her wildness in bed made up for it. Would consider adding her to my long-term harem if she agreed to shave and wash her hair more often. 4. Seventeen-year-old slut I knew from high school. Hot body, but too insecure to be high value. ..she was all over me at a bar, I didn't even have to throw any game. Okay sex, but a little too eager to please. She's still pretty hot now, but I can tell this one's on her way to becoming a fifty-year-old barfly. 6. Nineteen-year-old skinny, lazy stoner. Loved to fuck all night. Was part of my harem for a couple of months. Ended up in the hospital for a few days with some kind of infection, asked me to visit her. Fucked her in the bathroom when she was high on painkillers. Too doped up to say much, but whatever.
79	Nothing special about this one. Did her in the back of my car, then never called her back. 8. Seventeen to eighteen years old. I made the mistake of actually agreeing to be this one's "boyfriend" for a year in high school though of course I was still getting tail on the side. She started out hella hot...Finally got rid of her shortly after graduation. Good riddance to damaged goods. 9. Seventeen-year-old chubby girl from school. I had a girlfriend and she had a boyfriend, but she got drunk at a party when he was out of town and told me she'd had a crush on me since sixth grade. Fat girls are so easy. Mostly a pity fuck on my part. She was so grateful. ...There's something so fun about virgins. It's so sweet how insecure they are, how they're so willing to do what they're told. You have so much power automatically, and they love it. 11. Fifteen-year-old freshman nobody, got her so drunk she couldn't say no. Kind of messy and mostly just laid there, but busting a nut is busting a nut. 12. Sixteen-year-old who followed me around at school for weeks like a puppy. She was so grateful when I finally kissed her at a party. Didn't take long to get her upstairs and naked. Boring and needy.
80	13. Sixteen-year-old hot girl from another school. Got her drunk and she immediately turned into a raging slut. Strung this one out for a few weeks until she started getting clingy and wanting commitment, then I kicked her to the curb 14. Fourteen-year-old. My first. Watching porn for the previous few years set me

The Nowhere Girls - Image 3

YOLK



Young Adult

By Mary H.K. Choi

ISBN: 978-1-53444600-7

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial commentary; references to sexual nudity; sexual activities; and frequent/excessive profanity.

3
/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
10	"How is it privilege if it's a lottery? Nobody asks to be white. Especially nowadays." It genuinely pains me to rejoin this conversation. "It's a class issue, not a race issue. That's the scam. Why is it practically illegal for cis, her, white men to have any cultural relevance anymore?"
72	"Not to be a dick, but I've been meaning to ask. Did you smoke all the weed?..."
97	"Why do you worship white-people things?"
150	JAYNE IS A CHINK SLUT.
166	"Did you ever have that thing where, like, staying out late, drinking forties, breaking shit, or making out with people in public was, like white-kid shit."
269	All I could think while his hands groped my breasts was that I hoped he wouldn't go for my pants. I'd heard that you could contract tetanus in your cervix if you got fingered by a guy with dirty fingernails. I tried to check his nails, but it was dark, and when he switched from sucking on my neck to kissing my mouth again, I moaned in that way that every girl knows how even if they don't want to. It was surreal when he took my hand and guided it to his fly. I was shocked by how suddenly I was touching Holland Hint's penis. And how hot his penis felt. It was not unlike petting an unseeing hairless cat. When the spurt of feverish ooze landed on my hand, it glistened as it cooled. I couldn't tell if I was sick from giddiness or loathing. I knew that this part I wouldn't tell anybody about. I checked my own nails. They were clean.
295	I get it: Don't take your Johnson out and start whacking off in front of the ladies- pardon the vulgarity- but why wouldn't she take a position with a dear friend who can help her out?
300	"You're talking about my organs," she corrects. "I'm trying to tell you about things I want to accomplish." "Like sex." "Exactly." "How is that not talking about your organs?" "Fuck you," she says laughing.
301	"So I have to get D'd before then." "Yuck, June, God." I haven't had sex in months and I'm fucking relieved. Jeremy had one unvarying move. This numbing pneumatic thrusting that made me feel as though I was being drilled for oil. He also had the mortifying habit of talking dirty.
301	"Work people I can hate-fuck." I try not to envision my sister's naked body squirming rhythmically under some finance douche and fail.
305	"I want to get pregnant," she tells me once we're out of earshot. "Tonight?" "While I can." An odd squeak escapes my throat. "What- and those guys back there are your donors?" I glance at the table. "Essentially." "June." "I'm serious," she says, clutching my forearm with her talons. "Just to know what it feels like at least for a second." "If you were pregnant for a few days, it's just a few cells. It's like you at a corn nut. It's barely a shadow." "I haven't even taken the fucking morning-after pill." "It's no picnic," I retort, and looks at me for a beat. "Gross," she says, and then laughs. I sit sidesaddle on a stool watching her lean onto the gleaming wood bar, boobs hoisted, foot hitched to the brass railing underneath.

Page	Content
	"Why?" "May as well take the ol' equipment around the block." "Well, do you want to have a baby?" I ask her. "Not with any of these dipshits," she quips. Her smile dies when she sees my expression.
306	"I got to get knocked the fuck up right now." "Okay." I raise mine. "To you conceiving however briefly at you secret hysterectomy sex party." We clink glasses. "And to the science fiction horror show of me giving birth to my own fucking uterus and ovaries."
320	But having sex with strangers is fucking weird.
322	"You're kind of a fuckboy."
322	"I started hooking up with this grifter who moved into my apartment, and he fucked a whole bunch of other people right in my bedroom while I slept on the couch. So..." I feel him shift beside me. "Jesus. Guess you'd know a fuckboy when you see one," he says. "I'm like a truffle pig for fuckboys."

Profanity	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	7
Dick	7
Fuck	172
Piss	3
Shit	47

Yolk
Image 3

the pretty paisley spread and as we start
taking off our clothes, it comes to me that
we've barely said a dozen words to each

other tonight. That's plenty for Dylan, who
pulls me down on top of him. I look into
his eyes. "I love you." Does he know how

very much? *I love you, too. Totally.*
We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning
louder than the TV in the other room.

He's ready. Wants inside me. But
there's something important missing.
"Not yet. Where's the condom?"

I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull
out. Don't worry. Don't worry?
We didn't use one last time. It was

right after my last period. But now
it's been a couple of weeks. "Dylan.
This is dangerous. I can't get pregnant."

73

Tilt by Ellen Hopkins

Copyrighted material

He Rolls Me onto My Back

Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles
down at me. *I know what I'm doing.*

Promise. I won't get you pregnant.
And I have to have you right now.

He hesitates, waiting for my answer.
Everything about me is shouting yes,

so I nod and lose myself in the moment.
Making love with him is so beautiful.

We rock together, in rhythm. One.
As he starts to tense, I remind him with

a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just
in time, slicking my belly. *See? All good.*

I am happy for the towel beneath us.
Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat

and the sticky proof of our love. It is, for sure,
all good. At least, until I get home.

*Bible says God made
Adam and Eve, not Adam
and Steve, and no damn
bleeding-heart liberal
gonna tell me different.*

Tricks by Ellen Hopkins Image 1

Most definitely not *this*
bleeding-heart liberal.
Of course, Dad has no clue
that's what I am. Or have
become. Because of *who*

I am, all the way inside,
the biggest part of me,
the part I need to hide.
Wonder what he'd say
if I told him the first person

to recognize what I am
was a priest. Father Howard
knew. Took advantage, too.
Maybe I'll confess it all
to Dad someday. But not

while he's still grieving
over Mom. I am too.
And if I lost my dad
because of any of this, I really
don't know what I'd do.

Tricks by
Ellen Hopkins
Image 2

Trying to convince
myself the attraction
toward guys I'd always felt
was just a passing thing.
Satan, luring me with

the promise of a penis.
I'd even fallen for a female.
Janet Winkler was dream-girl
pretty and sweeter than
just-turned apple cider.

But love and sexual desire
don't always go hand in hand.
Luckily, Janet wasn't looking
to get laid, which worked out
just fine. After a while,

though, I figured / should
be looking to get laid, like
every other guy my age. So
why did the thought of sex
with Janet—who I believed

I loved, even—not turn
me on one bit? Worse, why
did the idea of sex with her
Neanderthal jock big brother
turn me on so completely?

Before she stalked off
was, *Up yours! What are
you, anyway? Gay?* Not
really expecting a response,
she pivoted sharply, went

in search of moral support.

So she never heard me say,
way under my breath, “Maybe
I *am* gay.” It was time, maybe
past, to find out for sure.

But not in Perry County,
Indiana, where if you’re
not related to someone,
you know someone who
is. All fact here is rooted

in gossip, and gossip can
prove deadly. Like last year,
little Billy Caldwell told Nate
Fisher that he saw Nate’s mom
kissing some guy out back

of a tavern. Total lie, but
that didn’t help Nate’s mom
when Nate’s dad went looking
for her, with a loaded shotgun.

of a tavern. Total lie, but
that didn't help Nate's mom
when Nate's dad went looking
for her, with a loaded shotgun.
Caught up to her after Mass

Tricks by Ellen Hopkins Image 4

Sunday morning, and when
he was done, that church
parking lot looked like a street
in Baghdad. After, Billy felt
kind of bad. But he blamed

Nate's dad one hundred percent.
Not Nate, who took out
his grief on Billy's hunting
dog. That hound isn't much
good for hunting now, not

with an eye missing. Since
I'd really like to hang on
to both of my eyes and all
of my limbs, I figured I'd
better find my true self

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LAUREN MYRACLE

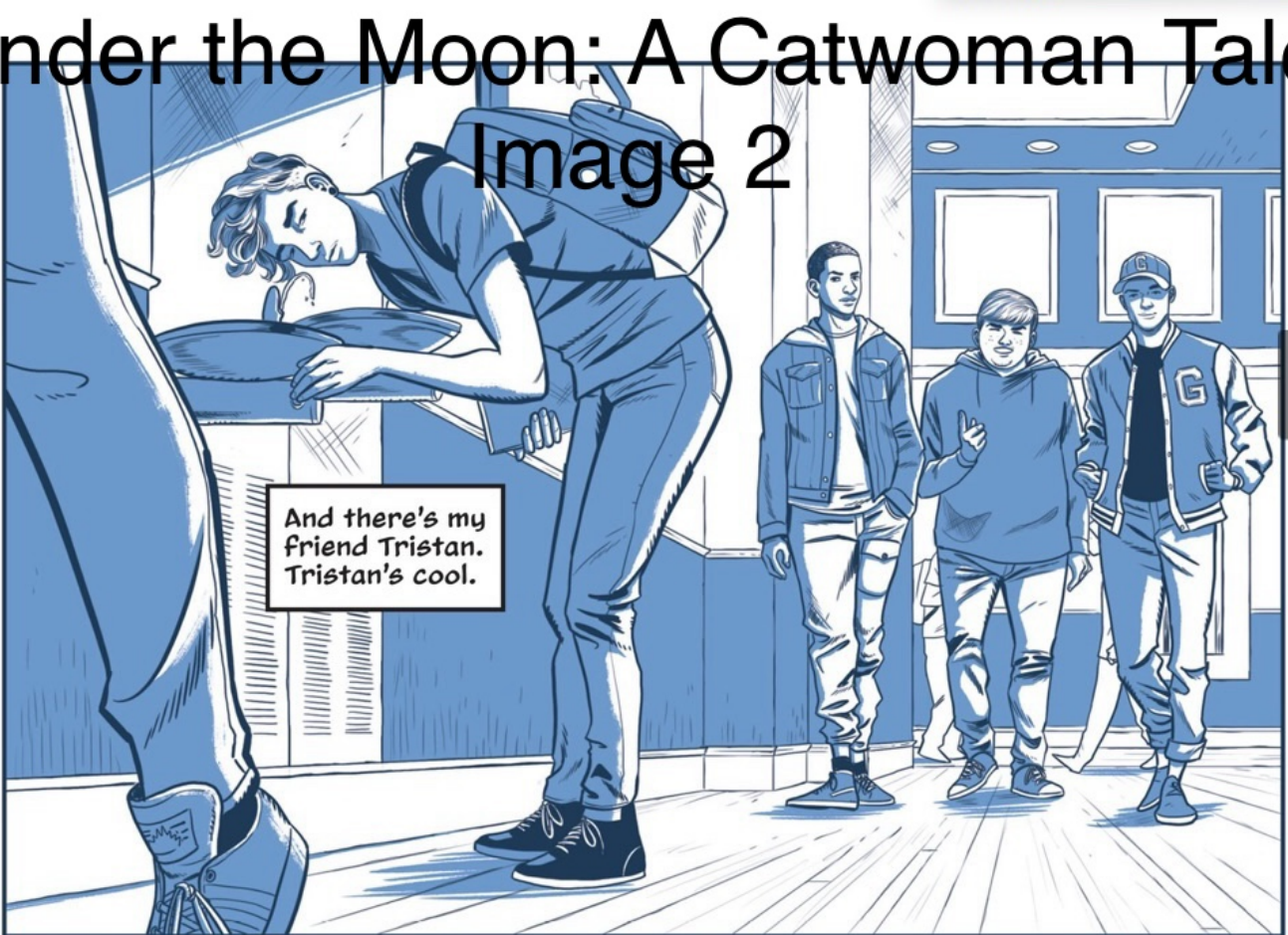
Under the
Moon

A
CATWOMAN
TALE

ILLUSTRATED BY ISAAC GOODHART

Under the Moon: A Catwoman Tale

Image 2





Under the Moon: A Catwoman Tale
Image 3



Under the Moon: A Catwoman Tale
Image 4

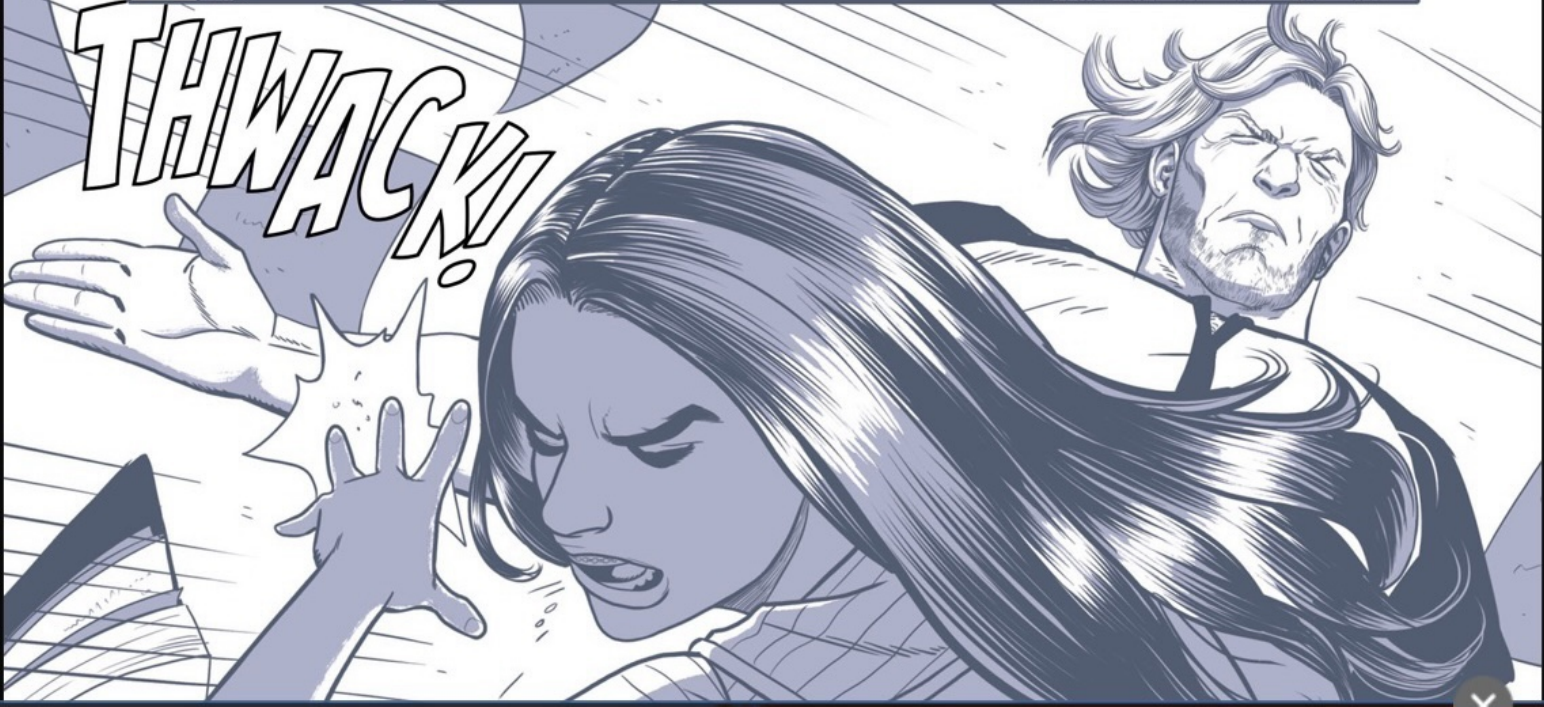


Under the Moon: A Catwoman Tale

Image 5

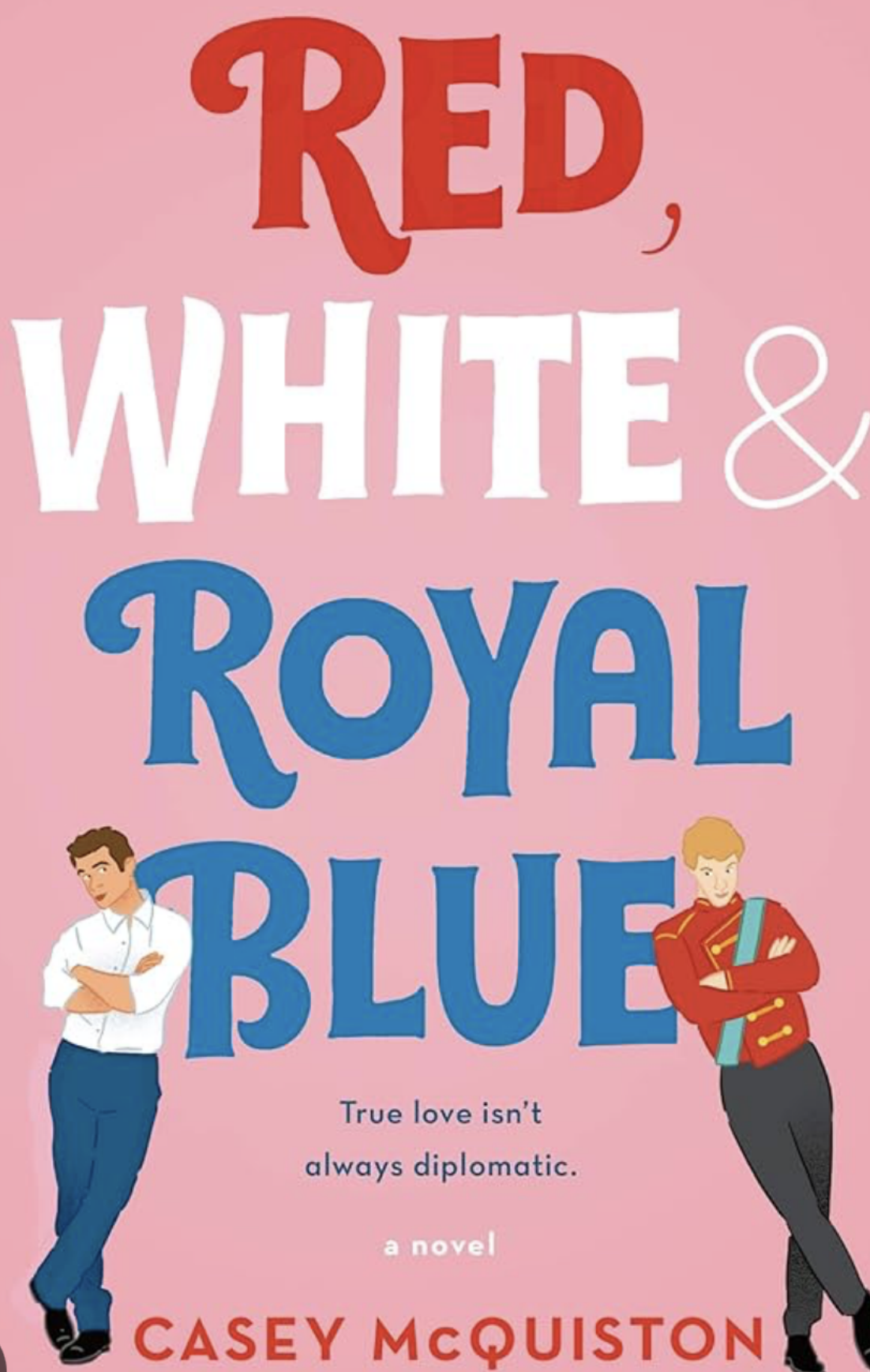
Under the Moon: A Catwoman Tale

Image 6





NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER



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Red, White & Royal Blue

Profanity	Count
Ass	41
D*ck	28
F*ck	158
Sh*t	82

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<center;">

‘I’m gonna take your pants off now,’ Alex tells him... He moves his lips down Henry’s chest, and he feels under his mouth the beat Henry’s heart skips at the realization of what Henry intends.

He kisses Henry’s solar plexus, his stomach, the stretch of skin above his waistband. ‘I’ve uh I’ve never done this before... I just need you to tell me if I’m awful.’



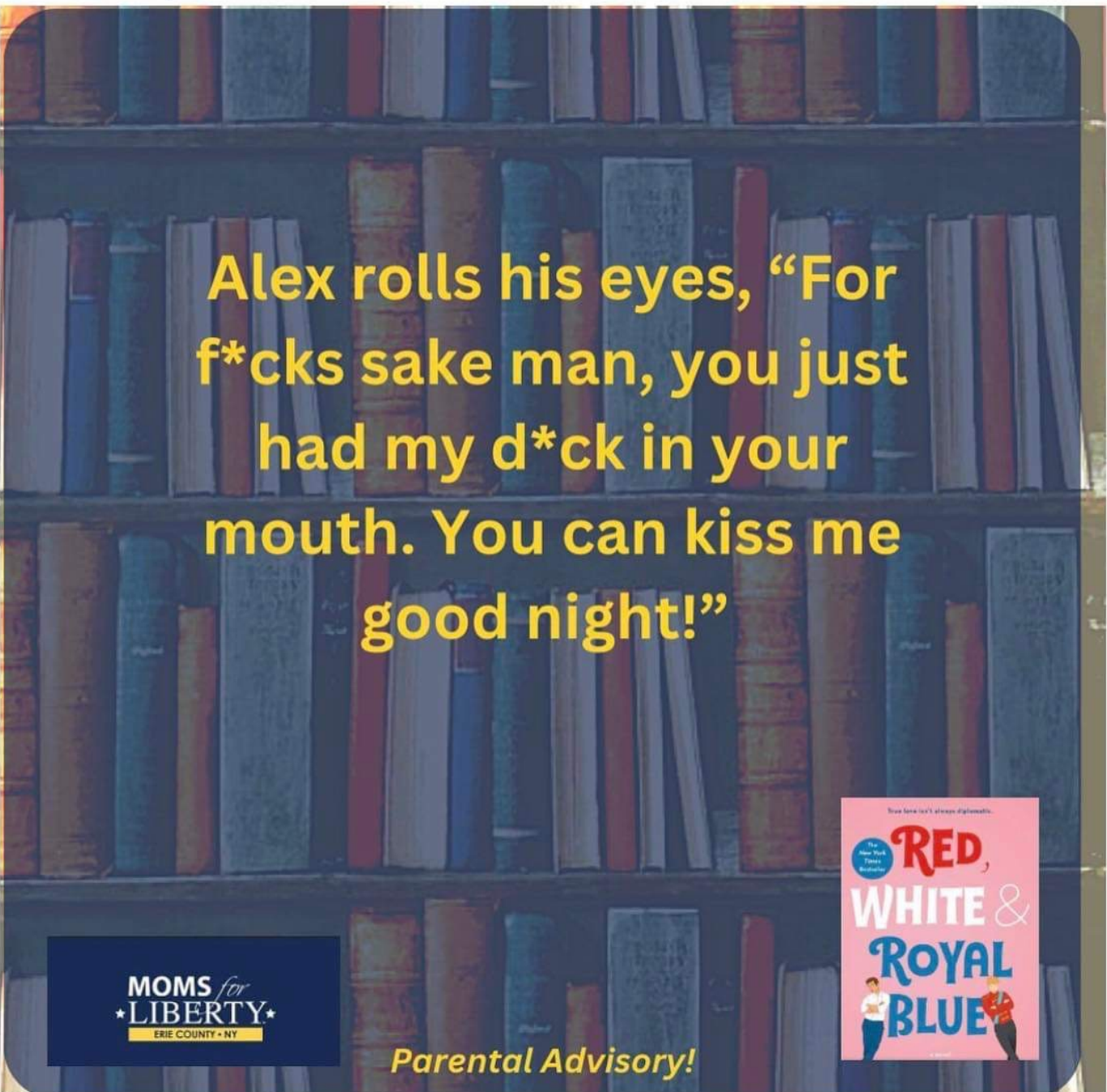
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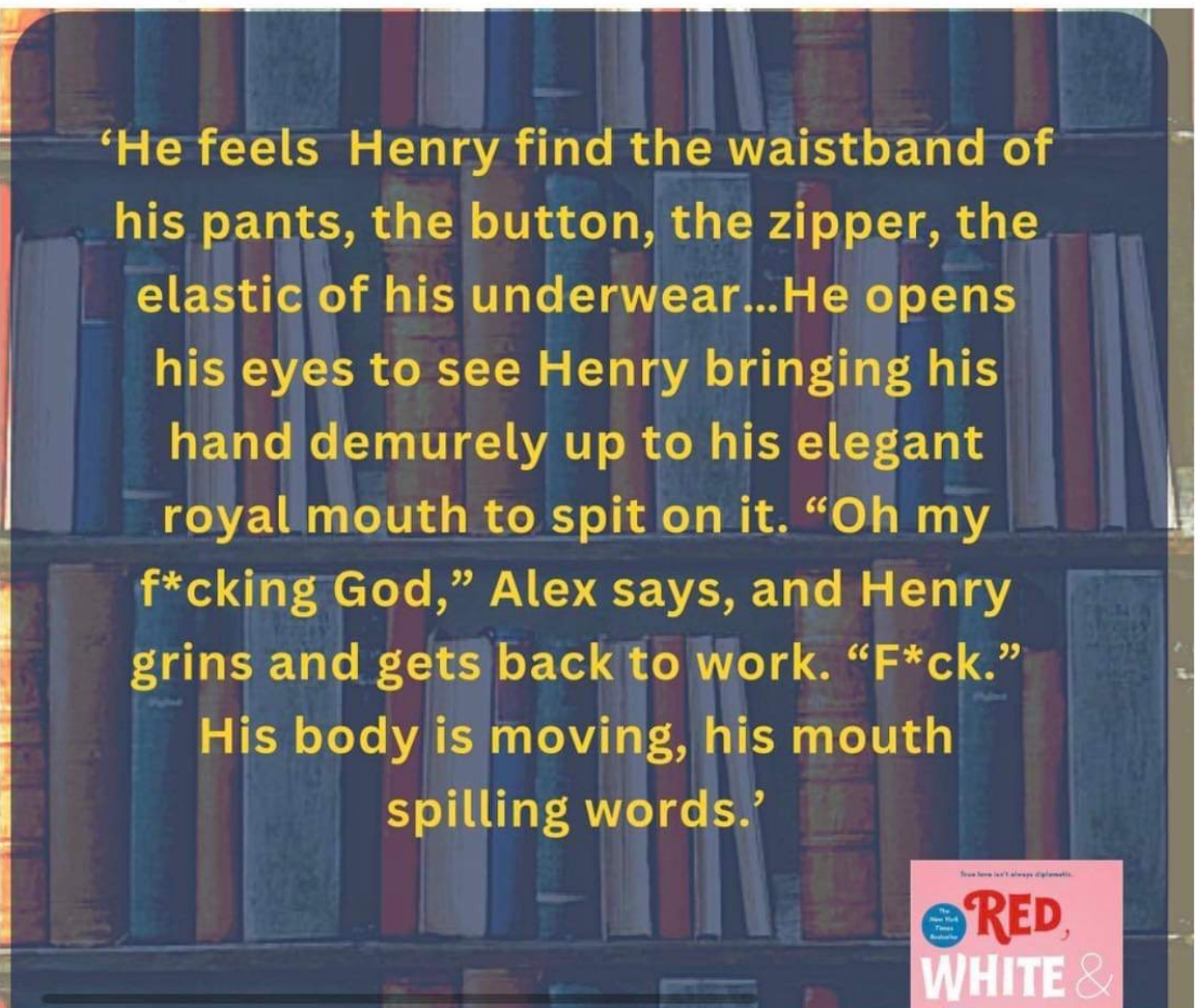




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Smoke

Ellen Hopkins

Margaret K. McElderry Books

NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO SYDNEY NEW DELHI

Smoke Image 2

Eye for an Eye

If ever a person deserved to die,
it was Dad. But when I saw the bullet

hit its target square, watched him drop,
surprise forever branded in his sightless

eyes; when his shallow breathing went
silent, I wanted to take it back. Couldn't.

The Greyhound shifts gears, cresting
the mountain. Donner Pass, maybe.

Can't tell, leaning my head on the cool
window glass. It's dark. After ten. Escaping

into the night. Into the unknown. It's warm
in the bus, but I can't quit shaking. I think

I'll be cold forever. Frozen. Soul-ripping
sadness ice-dammed inside of me.

I shouldn't have listened to Mom. Shouldn't
be here. Shouldn't be free. I should be in

Smoke Image 3

Journal Entry, October 27

*Dad is dead. I thought it
would feel good to say that,
thought it would make things
right. But nothing will ever
be right again. I had planned
to kill all the people I thought
responsible for Ethan's death.
But after Dad, I couldn't.*

I am not the hand of God.

*Ethan! I am hollowed out
with you gone. Those people
deserve to die. But it wouldn't
bring you back. Wouldn't give
back our baby. And when I
witnessed death at my feet—watched
the fragile light of life go pale—
I lost all will for vengeance.*

I am a coward. And so, I run.

Smoke Image 4

Violent Death

Has a stink. Blood. Poop. Pee.
And something else, something
I can't find a name for, but it's
mixed up in the sewer smell
leaking from Dad's empty shell.

He has vacated the premises.

Whatever made Dad "Dad" is gone.
I don't think he had a soul. A life
force maybe. But not anymore.
What's lying there, cooling and stiff
on the shed floor, has nothing inside it.

He can't hurt me anymore.

Pattyn saved my life. Dad would
have killed me for sure, one slow
fist fall at a time. I was halfway
there, and ready to give up my own
spirit. Instead, it's Dad who's dead.

I should feel bad. All I feel is numb.

Smoke Image 5

Green Eyes

Started this. Green eyes
are to blame. Not Kent's.
Caleb McCain's. God!

How could he? I wanted
him, but I didn't want
that. Not yet. I thought

he was nice. Thought
he was lonely, too, with
his mom gone so long.

At school he doesn't act
that way, but at school
you have to pretend to be

all stuck up if you don't
want to get picked on. But
at church I'd see him sitting

alone, staring off into space,
as if, if he concentrated hard
enough, he might find a psychic

line to his mom, wherever
she is. Wherever she vanished
when she decided to leave.

Smoke

Image 6

All I wanted was to soothe
him, to tell him I'm lonely,
too, despite the ever-present

bustle of my extremely large
family. All I wanted was to
wind myself into his arms,

take comfort in each other's
warmth, and we were warm.
All I wanted was to kiss him,

let him kiss me back, and
understand the meaning of
a shared kiss. We kissed, and

at first it was everything
I expected. But then, I don't
know. It all changed with

a yank of my blouse, and
his hand was underneath it,
touching me, pinching me.

And his kiss turned rough,
and I pleaded with him to stop.
But he wouldn't. He wouldn't.

Smoke Image 7

Next Thing I Knew

I was on the floor with my arms
pinned over my head, and a hand
jammed between my legs. “Please,
Caleb. Stop. Don’t do this.”

*Ah, c’mon, he said. Pretend that
you don’t, but you know you want
this more than I do. All girls do.*

Then I felt it, hard behind his jeans.
“No!” But it came out a harsh whisper.
I was petrified Dad would hear. Maybe
even more scared of that than of what

was happening to me—one wicked
thrust and Caleb drove himself inside
me. Something ripped. Something
pried. I thought he would tear me apart.

But I didn’t dare scream, and he
pretended that made it okay. *See?
You like it. I knew you would.*

All I could do was go limp, tears
streaming and soaking my blouse,
until he shuddered his finish,
punctuated with a disgusting grunt.

And His Amen?

Jesus. Look at all the blood.

Then outside, heavy footsteps.
All the thrashing had brought
Dad looking. Caleb heard his
drunken stumbling. Jumped up.
Zipped up. Ran right by Dad,

whose reaction was Johnnie
Walker slow. *Wha . . . ?*

Then he saw me lying there,
skirt hiked up, fluids trickling
from between my legs. I tried
to tell him it wasn't my fault.
Caleb stole what he wanted.

But Dad wouldn't listen. *You
came out here to meet him,
you goddamn whore. What did
you expect? Cookies and milk?
You're ruined now. What man
will ever want you?* And then

he started to teach me a lesson
I won't forget until the day I die.

Smoke Image 8

I'm still in the stall, adjusting a clean pad, when the bathroom door opens. Someone goes into the cubicle nearest the door, which opens again

Smoke Image 9

a few seconds later, followed by the sound of a fist—or foot—hitting metal. *What the fu . . . ?* It's the Latina girl. *Get the fuck out of here!*

44

Oh, I don't think so. It's a man. You want to scream rape? Try it, with this in your mouth. There is the sound of a struggle, and now

I hear a choking sound. Bad. Really bad. What do I do? I get up, pull up, zip up. Open the stall door quietly, move in behind . . .

The thief! His pants are down, and his body is leaning into the girl, and I have to do something. I've still got the money pouch in one hand.

Smoke Image 10

I hear a choking sound. Bad.
Really bad. What do I do? I get
up, pull up, zip up. Open the stall
door quietly, move in behind . . .

The thief! His pants are down,
and his body is leaning into the girl,
and I have to do something. I've still
got the money pouch in one hand.

All those quarters are heavy.
I swing the thing hard as I can
at the back of the thief's head. My
aim is good. It hits with a *crack*.

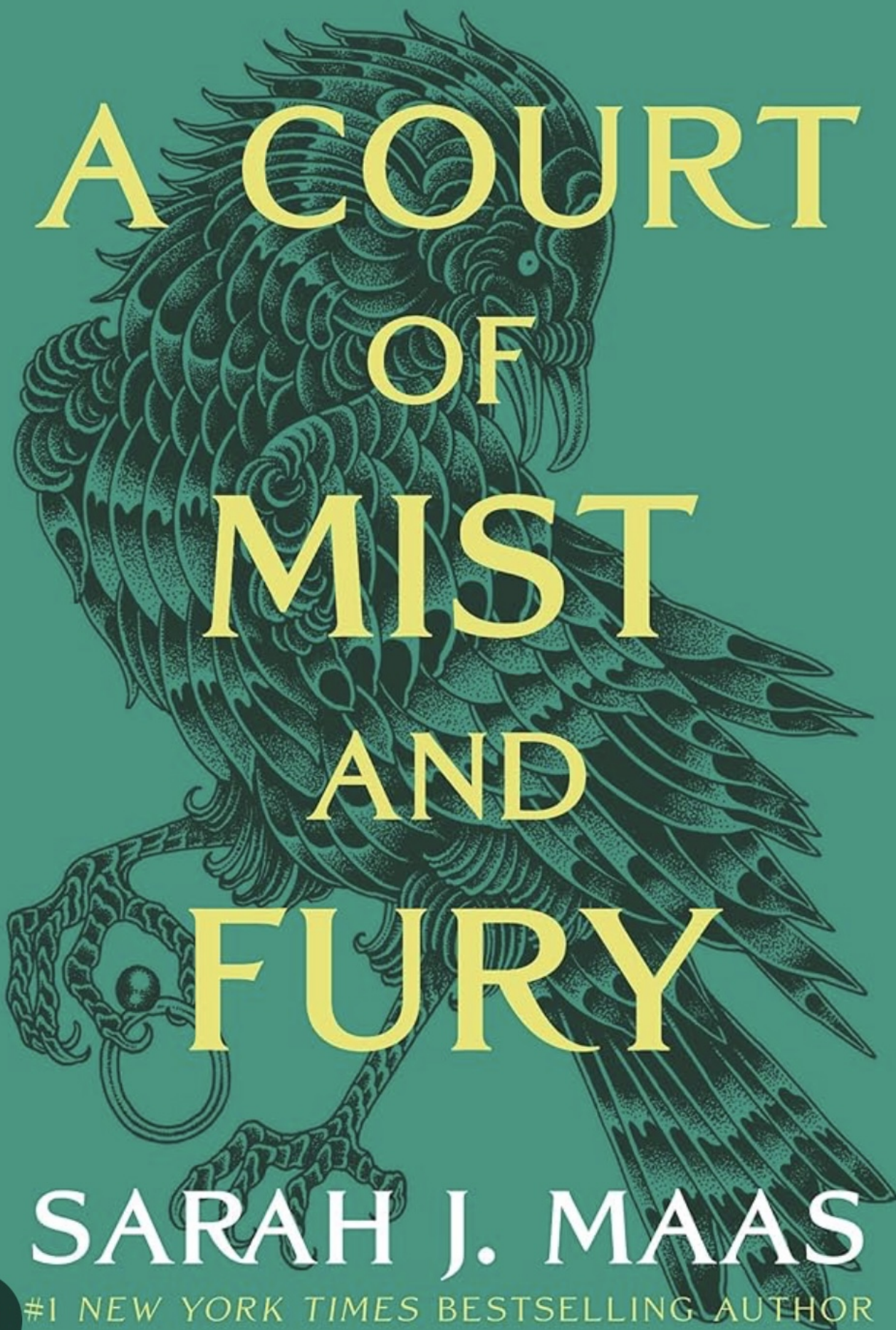
What the . . . ? The guy pivots, one
hand going up to the back of his
skull. *You! I'll kick your fucking ass.*
I back away as he starts toward me.

45

Except He Has Forgotten

His pants, now twisted around
his ankles. Down he goes, in a belly
flop onto the dirty linoleum. The girl

is on her feet. She looks down at



A COURT OF MIST AND FURY

SARAH J. MAAS

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

BLOOMSBURY



I broke and broke against him as he moved, as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength.

For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room.

I frowned as he withdrew at last—but he didn't go far. He stretched out on his side, head propped on a fist, and traced idle circles on my stomach, along my breasts.

"I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured.

"It's fine," I breathed. "I understand."

Not a lie, but not quite true.

His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "You are—you're everything to me," he said thickly. "I need . . . I need you to be all right. To know they can't get to you—can't hurt you anymore."

"I know." Those fingers drifted lower. I swallowed hard and said again, "I know." I brushed his hair back from his face. "But what about you? Who gets to keep you safe?"

His mouth tightened. With his powers returned, he didn't need anyone to protect him, shield him. I could almost see invisible hackles raising—not at me, but at the thought of what he'd been mere months ago: prone to Amarantha's whims, his power barely a trickle compared to the cascade now coursing through him. He took a steadying breath, and leaned to kiss my heart, right between my breasts. It was answer enough.

"Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us."

I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command. "What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.

hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup my rear, the other sliding between us.

This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing between our bodies . . .

His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching. “Feyre,” he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any Ianthé had offered up to the Cauldron on that dark solstice morning.

His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger.

I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered.

My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly.

He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them. This—I needed *this*.

He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me.

“Please,” I gasped out.

He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth.

“Tamlin,” I begged. He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple. I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke.

For a moment, I was nothing, no one.

Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as he pulled out a few inches, the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and then slammed back into me. Again and again.

Third book in the *New York Times* bestselling *rryl* series



l8r, g8r

lauren miracle

- mad maddie: he says she's fun to party with. is that a guy response or what?
- mad maddie: anywayz, why the inquisition? u have andre, who's your "new friend." i have vincent, my spanish class friend, who entertains me.
- SnowAngel: and makes u hot.
- mad maddie: give me a break. that is not true, angela! and not that it's any of your beeswax, but he's hot for lila.
- SnowAngel: uh, hate to say it, but it's not like u've let that stop u before. chive was totally dating whitney when u guys did your little fuck-buddy thing.
- mad maddie: i am so not gonna respond to that. ancient history, a.
- mad maddie: and "fuck buddy" is hardly the term, since i never even got naked with the guy.
- SnowAngel: next thing u know, it'll be U jaunting off to planned parenthood, and i'll be alone in the corner wearing black, a virgin forever.
- mad maddie: save the drama for yo mama. vincent and i r just buds.
- SnowAngel: u could look at porn together. and eat popcorn.
- mad maddie: and as for being a virgin forever, ur way more likely to leave the V-club than i am—that is if things with logan r as good as u say.
- SnowAngel: shuddup. when and if logan and i have sex is none of your
- mad maddie: yessss?
- SnowAngel: hold on—mary kate's IMing, says it's important
- mad maddie: dum di dum, dum di dum
- mad maddie: i'm practicing my typing . . . abcdefg
- mad maddie: STILL practicing my typing . . . hijklmnop

Friday, February 10, 4:33 PM E.S.T.

mad maddie: hey, zo. u guys doin' the deed at PP?

zoegirl: we're here right now. eek!

zoegirl: sad posters on walls. sad ppl in chairs. waiting my turn.

mad maddie: IM when u get back, k?

zoegirl: will do. thx for checking in!

Friday, February 10, 6:10 PM E.S.T.

zoegirl: well . . . i did it!

mad maddie: u r with pill?

zoegirl: i am with pill. is that frickin weird or what?

mad maddie: what was it like? i want deets!

zoegirl: it was *crazy*. the woman i talked to was nice, don't get me wrong, but she was very . . . straightforward.

mad maddie: like how?

zoegirl: she had a plastic model of a vulva, for 1 thing. it sat on her desk like a flower arrangement.

mad maddie: ye gads

zoegirl: but more than that, just the way she talked about everything. like, she asked me what kind of "sex play" i'd engaged in, and she went thru this checklist, bam bam bam, as if we were making a grocery list. AND she made angela stay outside in the waiting room, so i was all by myself!

mad maddie: good lord. what kind of sex play HAVE u engaged in?

Send

Cancel

- zoegirl: and she asked me if i smoked—as if!
- zoegirl: she told me that doug and i should use condoms even if i did go on the pill, and that we should *talk* about everything before we actually *do* anything. here's her rule: "the topic should come up and the condom should come out before your zipper goes down."
- mad maddie: **oh, that's classic**
- mad maddie: **u should have a plaque with that needlepointed onto it. u could hang it above your bed.**
- zoegirl: honestly, it made me wanna swear off sex forever. it all sounds so complicated!
- mad maddie: **she's right, tho. if ur gonna have sex with someone, u should be able to talk to them about it.**
- zoegirl: here's another hot tip: she said to use water-based lubricants, not oil-based. and never vaseline.
- zoegirl: am i really gonna be using . . . lubricants?
- mad maddie: **i dunno. r u?**
- zoegirl: AND she asked me if i'd had any abortions, and if so, how many.
- zoegirl: i'm 17! have any 17-yr-olds had multiple abortions?
- mad maddie: **i bet so. depressing, isn't it?**
- zoegirl: angela and i saw this one couple out in the waiting room, they were about our age, and the guy was holding the girl's hand and she was crying. it made me wonder if . . . u know. if that was what she was there for.
- mad maddie: **at least the guy came with her**
- zoegirl: true
- mad maddie: **but ur not gonna get preggo, cuz ur going on the pill.**
- zoegirl: right. RIGHT. i start the 1st sunday after my next period,

were watching the movie, but no one was and it was just smarmy!

mad maddie: **so why'd u do it?**

SnowAngel: i dunno, cuz everybody just . . . did. AND cuz i didn't have any choice after the whole "angela's after doug" debacle. not that i'm still obsessing over that.

mad maddie: **paranoia will destroy ya . . .**

SnowAngel: it's like, i had to make even more of an effort than normal to be all rah-rah about logan, while at the same time NOT act in any possible way that could be considered flirty toward doug. but i also had to be jokey and normal with doug, cuz otherwise it would be like admitting that those rumors had actually existed. and that i cared.

SnowAngel: it was exhausting.

mad maddie: **so u just said, "what the hell, let's have an orgy."**

SnowAngel: at one point i heard doug whisper something to zoe about "lower, lower," and zoe giggled in an aren't-we-naughty kind of way. it was some random private joke, obviously, but it gave logan ideas. he got all glazed-eyed and moaning, and i had to take his hand and move it higher higher higher. i was like, "logan, NO. we r not doing that in zoe's house with zoe and doug five feet away!!!"

maddie: **u realize ur oversharing**

SnowAngel: and of course it made me think about your "hot and bothered" comment, which pissed me off.

SnowAngel: so then zoe IMed me this morning to do a post-op on the date, and she was all glowing and giddy and a LITTLE embarrassed, but not nearly embarrassed

didn't have to tell u this, I saw a picture.
SnowAngel: that 1 from sophomore year, of u with no shirt on.
zoegirl: angela!
SnowAngel: what? i wanted to make sure she knew which 1!
zoegirl: which other 1 would i mean, her class photo?
SnowAngel: well we said we were gonna tell her the truth, but ur
downplaying it cuz u feel responsible. ur making it
sound like some harmless innocent thing!
zoegirl: saying she likes to do it in front of others is some
harmless innocent thing???

mad maddie: STOP!
mad maddie: just paste the damn thing in!
zoegirl: i thought u didn't wanna c it.
**mad maddie: i don't, but u guys r making it sound 10,000 times worse
than it is, i'm sure.**
mad maddie: zoe?
mad maddie: angela?
mad maddie: what, r u both cowering in the corner?
SnowAngel: *glowers at zoe for being such a wimp* u heard her,
zo. tell her!
zoegirl: oh GOD. but i'm not including the picture!
zoegirl: here's the stupid ad, word for word:

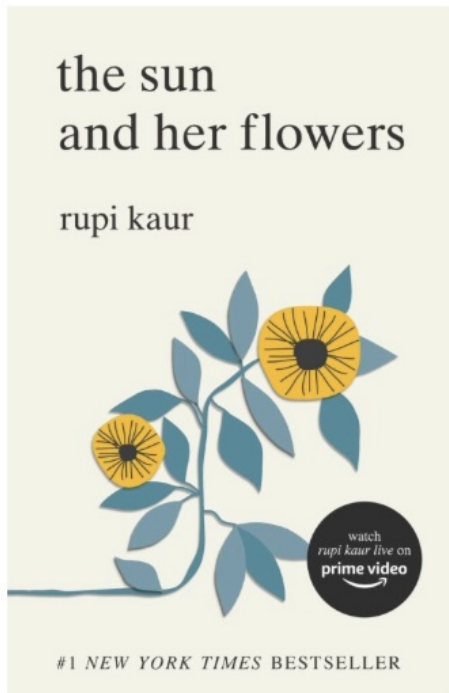
**"I like to put on a show, so not only do you
have to be very hung, talented (long lasting,
multiple cummer), but you have to be ok
fucking a sexy 18 yr old in front of other guys.**

can
around
interested,
maddie? r u t
she spelled "c
cuz she's a d
the ad doesn't
my name?
from the cap
which says .
um . . . "mis
but the thi
serious tro
with it!
well, yeah,
the moms
to prove w
it but min
but u can
and they'
well, i'm
your iden
i'm gonn
but your
no

Send

Cancel, G8r - Image 6

THE SUN AND HER FLOWERS



Book Summary:

A collection of short poems about women, love, and abuse.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual assault; sexual nudity; and abortion commentary.

Adult

By Rupi Kaur

ISBN: 978-1-4494-8890-1



Page	Content
6	bees came for honey flowers giggled as they undressed themselves for the taking the sun smiled
12	yesterday the rain tried to imitate my hands by running down your body I ripped the sky apart for allowing it -jealousy
34	I change what I am wearing five times before I see you wondering which pair of jeans will make my body more tempting to undress
40	do you still touch yourself to thoughts of me do you still imagine my naked naked tiny tiny body pressed into yours do you still imagine the curve of my spine and how you wanted to rip it out of me cause the way it dipped into my perfectly rounded bottom drove you crazy baby sugar baby sweet baby ever since we left how many times did you pretend it was my hand stroking you how many times did you search for me in your fantasies and end up crying instead of coming don't you lie to me
58	why did you leave a door hanging open between my legs were you lazy did you forget or did you purposely leave me unfinished -conversations with god
62	while I hid at the back of some upstairs closet of my mind as someone broke the windows- you

The Sun and Her Flowers

Image 2

Page	Content
	kicked the front door in- you too everything and then someone took me -it was you. Who dove into me with a fork and a knife eyes glinting with starvation like you hadn't eaten in weeks I was a hundred and ten pounds of fresh meat you skinned and gutted with your fingers like you were scraping the inside of a cantaloupe clean as I screamed for my mother you nailed my wrists to the ground turned my breasts into bruised fruit
63	every night my bedroom becomes a psych ward where panic attacks turn men into doctors to keep me calm every lover who touches me- feels like you their fingers- you mouths- you until they're not the ones on top of me anymore- it's you an I am so tired of doing things your way -it isn't working
68	at home that night I filled the bathtub with scorching water tossed in spearmint from the garden two tablespoons of almond oil some milk some honey a pinch of salt rose petals from the neighbor's lawn I soaked myself in the mixture desperate to wash the dirty off the first hour I picked pine needles from my hair counted them one two three lined them up on their backs the second hour I wept

The Sun and Her Flowers

Image 3

Page	Content
155	he makes sure to look right at me as he places his electric fingers on my skin how does that feel he asks commanding my attention responding is out of the question I quiver with anticipation excited and terrified for what's to come he smiles knows this is what satisfaction looks like I am a switchboard he is the circuits my hips move with his- rhythmic my voice isn't my own when I moan- it is music like fingers on a violin string he sparks enough electricity within me to power a city when we finish I look right at him and tell him that was magic
161	you place your lips on mine. When our faces are buzzing with the ecstasy of kissin you say tell me that isn't right.
168	there is no place I end and you begin when your body is in my body we are one person -sex The line drawings on this page depict a couple in various sexual positions.
172	The illustration on this page depicts a woman with her head between another woman's thighs. The woman's mouth is on the other woman's pelvic area with the pubic hair shown. <i>See Figure 4.</i>
178	it was as though someone had slid ice cubes down the back of my shirt -orgasm
188	when the first woman spread her legs to let the first man in what did he see when she led him down the hallway toward the sacred room what sat waiting what shook him so deeply that all confidence shattered from then on the first ma watched the first woman every night and day built a cage to keep her in so she could sin no more he set fire to her books

The Sun and Her Flowers

Image 4

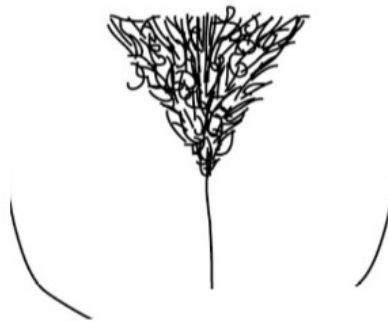


Figure 1



Figure 2

The Sun and Her Flowers
Image 5

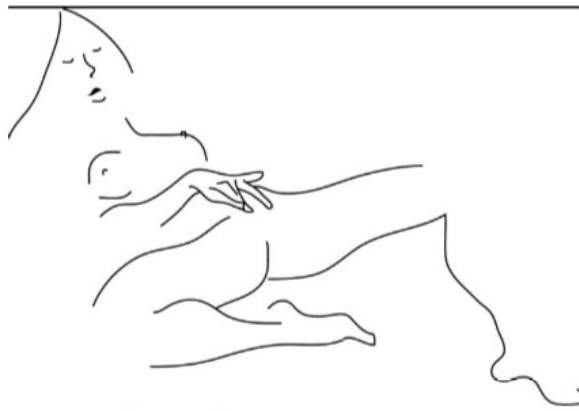


Figure 3



Figure 4

The Sun and Her Flowers Image 6

A NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

The
Absolutely
True
Diary
of a
Part-Time
Indian



A NOVEL BY

SHERMAN
ALEXIE

ART BY ELLEN FORNEY

I was fourteen and it was my first day of high school. I was happy about that. And I was most especially excited about my first geometry class.

Yep, I have to admit that isosceles triangles make me feel hormonal.

Most guys, no matter what age, get excited about curves and circles, but not me. Don't get me wrong. I like girls and their curves. And I really like women and their curvier curves.

I spend hours in the bathroom with a magazine that has one thousand pictures of naked movie stars:

Naked woman + right hand = happy happy joy joy

Yep, that's right, I admit that I masturbate.

I'm proud of it.

I'm good at it.

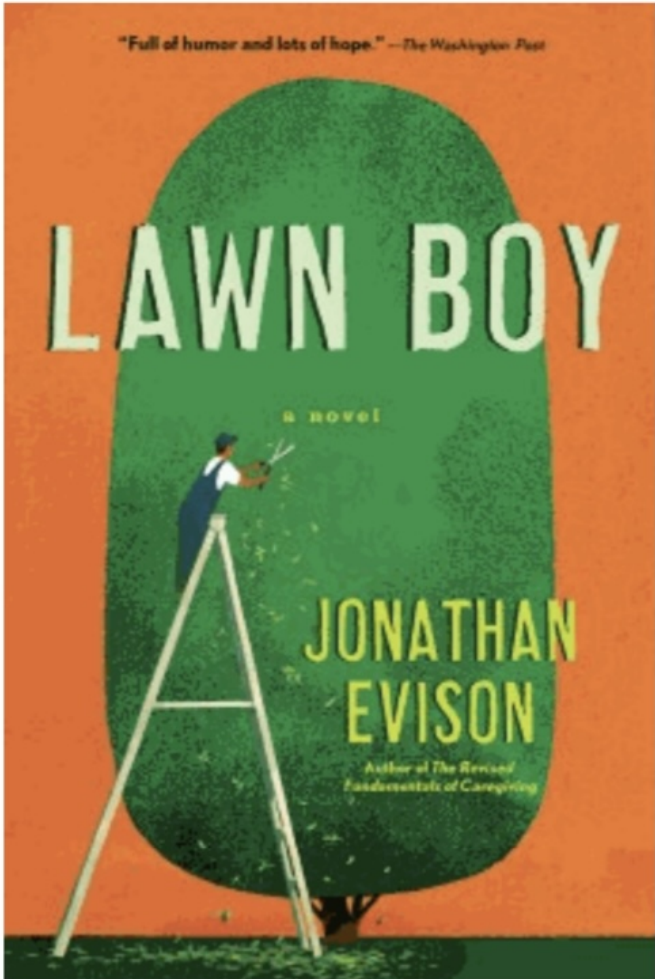
I'm ambidextrous.

If there were a Professional Masturbators League, I'd get drafted number one and make millions of dollars.

And maybe you're thinking, "Well, you really shouldn't be talking about masturbation in public." **The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian**

Image 2

LAWN BOY



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including molestation; sexual nudity; racially charged commentary; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use.

Adult

By Jonathan Evison

ISBN: 978-1-61620-825-7

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

3/5

Minor Res
BookLooks Review

down the aisle to the wait station.

About two minutes later, Nick came down the aisle, with his trimmed little goatee, which made him look like a NASCAR driver, and his twelfth-man jersey. Muscling into the booth, he immediately started plucking fries off my plate.

“Man Hands working?”

“Quit calling her that,” I said.

“Did you get her digits yet? Get it, digits? Like because of her big fingers.”

“Just shut up about it.”

Nick speared another fry off my plate and was eyeing Nate’s.

“Make a move already, Michael. It’s getting a little creepy, you eating here twice a week. No wonder you’re broke all the time.”

“Just get off my back for once, would you?”

“Jesus, why are you so sensitive? Speaking of fags: look at that homo by the window.”

“And lay off the fag stuff,” I said. “You don’t even know the guy.”

“Oh, are you a fag, too?”

“No, as a matter of fact, I’m not. It’s just that what difference does it make about somebody’s lifestyle or whatever. Fags are just people.”

“Yeah, people who stick shit up their butts.”

“You like The Rock, don’t you?” I said.

**Lawn Boy
Image 2**

“What the fuck does that have to do with anything?”

“Everybody knows he’s gay.”

“Fuck off! That’s the stupidest shit I’ve ever heard. The fucking Rock, gay. Pfff.”

Somewhere under all the bravado and the habitual bigotry and the general stupidity, Nick’s got a good heart, I swear. And he’s had my back many times, and Nate’s, too. I guess I’m a loyalist at the end of the day. Just about everybody lets you down sooner or later, so if you know anybody who hasn’t totally betrayed you, I figure you’re pretty smart to stick by them, warts and all.

But there’s one thing I’d never tell Nick in a million years, not that it really matters: in fourth grade, at a church youth-group meeting, out in the bushes behind the parsonage, I touched Doug Goble’s dick, and he touched mine. In fact, there were even some mouths involved. It’s not something I’d even think about all these years later, except that Goble is the hottest real-estate agent in Kitsap County. His face is all over town—signs, billboards, Christ, even on shopping carts. Do you know what I think three times a day when I see his picture? I wonder, all these years later, why he just kicked our friendship to the curb like that. Was it shame?

“How about you, Nathan?” Nick said. “How you holding up?”

Nate grunted through a mouthful of prime rib dip.

“Always the conversationalist,” said Nick, before turning his

Lawn Boy

Image 4

indicating Nate, his face slick with grease, his shirt front damp with au jus.

“Just leave me alone, okay?”

“Fine, whatever,” Nick said, snatching one last fry. “Anyway, I saw your truck in the lot and just dropped in to say hi. You wanna go down to Tequila’s later? I think the chick with the octopus tattoo is working.”

“It’s a giant squid, Nick, not an octopus. It’s called a kraken, it’s a legendary sea monster.”

“So who the fuck cares?”

“I care.”

“That figures.”

“Just go,” I said. “Please.”

Nick stood up. “Fine. Michael, I don’t know what’s gotten into you lately, but you’ve got a real stick up your ass.”

Thank God, he finally relented, leaving Nate and me in relative peace, a peace that lasted for a while, anyway, until Nate set his sights on dessert.

“I said no. We can’t afford it.”

“You said anything!”

I should have given in. It would’ve lengthened our stay, if nothing else. But as it was, I knew I’d be hitting up the Money Tree by the twenty-third and taking a 30 percent hit on my paycheck.

“Forget it. No dessert.”

I Am Not a Virgin

Don't get the idea I'm batting zero. I've just been in a bit of a slump since I lost my virginity six years ago. Not that I was lighting the world on fire back then. Gina Costerello just happened to fall into my lap junior year. Actually, Nick sort of pushed her there.

Gina Costerello was a senior, and not unattractive in a horsey way. She was at least three inches taller than me, which was enough to put her out of my league. At least in my memory, Gina always wore dark sweaters with big boobs inside. Not to say that big boobs were important to me. They seemed like an awkwardly designed utility more than anything. Gina's were hard to ignore, though.

It was Nick who was standing beside me that cool spring night in the woods at Rob Vosper's birthday kegger—Rob Vosper of the underaged tattoos and the older brother named William who was in a band that gigged semiregularly in Seattle, the same older

Lawn Boy - Image 5

Gina seemed pretty matter of fact about it.

“Watch the ditch,” she said when we finally arrived at her white Malibu, and I circled around to the passenger’s side, nearly falling in the ditch.

Once we were in the cramped environs of the car, Gina was mostly business.

“Relax,” she said. Reaching over me, she groped around for the lever, reclining the passenger’s seat. “How’s that?”

“Uh, good,” I said, looking up at her in the dark.

Placing her knee between my legs, she wrestled off her sweater and unbuttoned her blouse and pulled off her panties, and she climbed on top of me before I even had a chance to savor the moment. I’m not saying I wasn’t grateful. To this day, I remain grateful to Gina Costerello and whatever whim, or combination of alcohol and restlessness, prompted her to unbutton my jeans and straddle me in the passenger’s seat of that Malibu. And don’t get the idea that it didn’t feel good, either. It was a revelation, a delirious paroxysm like I’d never known, a welling of rapture from my heels to my temples. The experience literally emptied me.

For ninety seconds after Gina climbed off me, roughly the time it took to get her clothes back on, I felt shucked like an oyster as I gathered my breath.

“Don’t tell Rob about this,” Gina said, buttoning her blouse.

Lawn Boy - Image 6

TWEAK

(GROWING UP ON
METHAMPHETAMINES)

NIC SHEFF

Tweak - Image 2

and TV and not much else. There are books and clothes and things all over the place. The shades are drawn over the windows, and Lauren plugs in a string of Christmas lights above the built-in shelves along the wall. She puts a CD in the player, something I've never heard before.

"Come on, let's hurry up," she says. "My parents will be home soon and I wanna get out of here before they come."

"Cool. You know, my parents' weekend house in Point Reyes will be empty tonight. We can go stay out there."

"I gotta work tomorrow morning," says Lauren.

"That's fine. We'll get you back."

"My parents are gonna freak out if I don't come home tonight."

"Make something up."

"Yeah, fuck, all right."

"Can I use this?" I ask, holding up a blown-glass jar, maybe an inch high, swirled with streaks of white and green.

"Sure, whatever."

"You gotta Q-tip?"

"Fuck, yeah, but let's go."

"All right, chill."

She rummages around and gets me the Q-tip. I rip off the cotton from one end. I go to the sink in her bathroom and fill the jar with a thin layer of water. I pour in a bunch of the crystal and crush it up with the back of a Bic lighter I have in my pocket. I hold the flame to the base of the jar until the liquid starts to smoke and bubble. I drop in the cotton and then pull it all up into two of the syringes. I pass the one with less over to Lauren and set about making a fist with my right hand, watching the veins swell easily. My body is so clean, so powerful—over a year needle-free and my veins reveal themselves instantly. I think back to how difficult it'd once been to hit—when the veins all began collapsing, hiding under the skin. But now the veins jump up right away. I pull back the plunger, watch the blood rush up into the mixture, and then slam it all home.

I cough.

The chemical lets off this gas as it reaches your heart, or brain, or whatever and it rushes up your throat, choking you.

I cough. choking like that.

whatever and it rushes up your throat, choking you.

I cough, choking like that.

My eyes water—my head pounding like maybe I'll pass out, my breathing going so fast.

"Goddamn, goddamn," I say, the lights dimming out and really, I mean, there's no feeling like it. The high is perfection.

I turn and see Lauren push off and as it hits her I kiss her without saying anything and she kisses back and it is all so effortless, not like being sober and consumed by worry and fear and inhibitions. I kiss her harder, but she pushes me back, saying, "Come on, let's go to the beach."

We get outta there fast and then we are walking in the sunlight, back

Copyrighted ma

Tweak - Image 3

toward Lauren's car. It is a different world, man, heightened, exciting. I light a cigarette and my fingers move spasmodically and I start talking, talking, talking. The waves of the drug keep sweeping through me and my palms turn sweaty and I grit my teeth. I tell Lauren about the book I've written and the job I want to get at this magazine in L.A. and suddenly it doesn't seem like these are impossible dreams anymore. I feel like it is all happening—that my book is getting published and I can get any job I want and I'm gonna take Lauren along with me in my new life. Nothing, I mean nothing, can stop me.

"You know," says Lauren, "my parents are going out of town next week, so you should stay with me in my house, unless you have somewhere else to go."

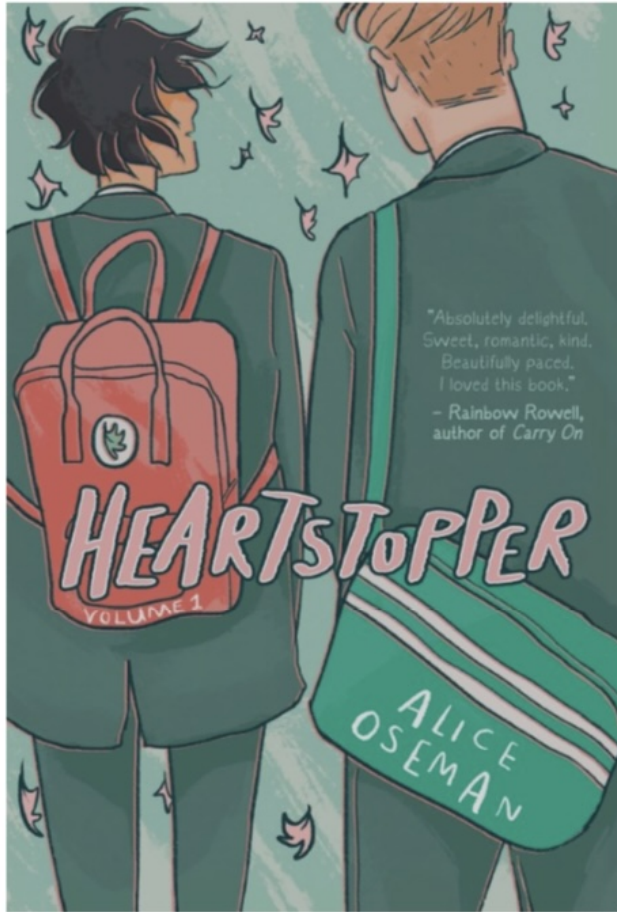
"No, no," I say, everything fitting together perfectly in my world, in my mind, in destiny, and fate and blah, blah, blah. "That'll be great."

"They're gone for two weeks."

I laugh.

Baker Beach is mostly empty. We pull into the parking lot and look out at the pounding shore break, sucking up the brown, coarse sand and dashing it to pieces against the slick, jagged rocks. The Golden Gate

HEARTSTOPPER: VOLUME 1



Book Summary:

A homosexual male and a bisexual male begin dating while attending high school.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; profanity; and violence.

Young Adult Graphic Novel

By Alice Oseman

ISBN: 978-1-338-61745-0

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Heartstopper - Image 2



Heartstopper - Image 3

Page	Content
8	The illustration on the middle of the page depicts two young men standing in a library kissing on the lips.
52	"Does he even like sports? Everyone knows he's gay-"
62	"Well, all I knew about him was that he's gay." "Mate, I don't think being gay makes you bad at sports."
76	"YOU went for it, too. Don't be angry at me for not wanting to come out yet."
77	"...When you feel like making out with a boy!"
78	"It is true! You just heard the rumors about me and were like 'Oh, good, there's finally a gay boy I can safely get off with'!!"
79	The illustrations on this page depict a young man pushing another man's back against a wall and forcefully kisses him.
80	The illustrations on this page depict the same two young men described above in various positions involving a struggle as one man forces the other to kiss him.
97	"Hey, did you hear some year 9 has come out as gay?"
98	"Yeah, d'you know Charlie Spring from 9H? Apparently he's gay."
110	"Everyone at school had found out I was gay by then. The bullying had mostly stopped I guess and people had started to be nice to me (there was a group of older guys who stopped the bullies) but everyone in the school knew I was gay. ...And then next thing I know he's just kissing me
111	"...But I slowly started to realize he was just using me for someone to make out with...because I was the only gay boy he knew..." ..."I don't know if he's bisexual or gay or whatever but it doesn't really change anything. He was just using me. " The illustration on the top of the page depicts two young men kissing while standing up.
181	The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a man and woman kissing.
190	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a search bar on a computer. The words typed into the search bar read: am I gay?
192	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a search bar on a computer. The words typed into the search bar read: how to tell if you're gay?
193	The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a search bar on a computer. The words typed into the search bar read: I like girls but now I like a boy????
204	"But Nick's not gay, is he?" ..."He doesn't look gay. And didn't he have a crush on that girl Tara Jones?" ..."You can't tell whether people are gay by what they look like. And gay or straight aren't the only two options...
215	"Remember her? The girl you had a crush on all through year 7 and 8? The one you KISSED at the Year 8 Higgs-Truham disco?"
221	"And I think he must be one of the only people who doesn't know I'm gay."
223	"D'you just feel sorry for him because he's gay?"
247	"Would you kiss me?"
249	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts two young men kissing.

Heartstopper - Image 4

Page	Context
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62	"Well, all I knew about him was that he's gay." "Mate, I don't think being gay makes you bad at sports."
76	"YOU went for it, too. Don't be angry at me for not wanting to come out yet."
77	"...When you feel like making out with a boy!"
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247	"Would you kiss me?"
249	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts two young men kissing.

NICK AND CHARLIE



Book Summary:

Two high school boys in love, are facing the possibility of a break-up when one of them plans to attend college away from home in the coming year.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alcohol use by minors; drug use; profanity; and alternate sexualities.

Young Adult

By Alice Oseman

ISBN: 978-1-338-88511-8

CONTENT WARNING

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3/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Nick and Charlie - Image 2

Page	Content
3	As Head Boy of Truham Grammar School, I've done many things. I got drunk on the wine at parents' evening.
15	"So bloody romantic. I can't believe I'm gonna have to find a new couple to cockblock at uni."
17	When we first started going out, we didn't tell people for a while. We didn't really know how people would react to us, so it was safer to just be low-key. There hadn't been an openly gay couple in our school, well, ever, as far as we knew, and I'd been bullied a lot when I was outed.
23	Things me and Charlie do together at our houses include: Play video games. Watch TV and films. Watch YouTube videos. Homework. Coursework. Revision. Nap. Make out. Have sex. Sit in the same room on different laptops in silence. Play board games. Make food. Make drinks. Get drunk. Plan trips to concerts. Plan holidays. Build pillow forts. Have sex in a pillow fort (okay, it was only once, but it did happen, I swear).
24	The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts two young men on a bed. One of the men is lying back against the headboard while the other young man straddles his lap. They are kissing.
28	Then, as I'm in the middle of a sentence, he rolls onto his side and pulls me down by the back of my neck for a kiss, which sort of takes me by surprise because we're long past the stage of needing to make out every time we're alone. After a few seconds I go to move backwards, but he just pulls me farther down. I laugh against his lips and I feel him smile too, but neither of us stop and after a minute or so I feel my hand subconsciously reach to run through his hair. This is a bit of an odd time of day for us to be doing this, but it's difficult to care, especially when he surges forward so he's lying on top of me. ...He moves back down, tilts his head, and says, "Not really," and then his lips are on mine.
33	Anonymous said: Everyone should go into uni single!! University years are your sexiest years!! Gotta bang as many people as you can!!!!
34	I open the camera on my phone and before he has the chance to say anything about it, I kiss him on the cheek and take the photo like that. Nick laughs again. "Oh, you're doing that on the internet now, are you?" ...I wrap my arms around him. "You know it's what they all want." "At least let me sort out my hair." "It looks good when it's wet." We lean our heads together and I make a peace sign with one hand and take another picture. Then I take one of us actually kissing, but I don't put that one on Tumblr. The illustration on this page depicts two young men on a bed kissing. One of them is taking a photo of them kissing.

Nick and Charlie - Image 3

Page	Content
54	By two, people will be asleep in corridors, breaking away into different rooms to mess around, and getting high in the garden. ...As soon as we're inside and Tori's gone off to find her friends, Charlie speed-walks towards the kitchen for drinks. The kitchen table, as expected, is covered in bottles and plastic cups, and once we reach it Charlie downs a vodka shot, and then another one. I think this might be the point where I need to actually say something. ...He looks at me and takes a sip of the vodka-lemonade he just made. "Hm?" ...He looks away again and pours a drop more vodka into his drink.
55	He lied to people at school for months about his anorexia.
56	"We should get drunk." I chuckle. "I'm driving." "Oh." "You get drunk." "I plan to."
57	"I want a drunk hookup in the bathroom later," he murmurs, and then he walks off before I have the chance to answer him.
59	Oh, and c) I am getting drunk. Very drunk. It doesn't take a lot to get me drunk, which is extremely useful for situations like this, where Year 13s are everywhere and no one will shut up about leaving school and prom and summer and university and I just want to go home. ...It's eleven o'clock now and I've lost count of how many vodka-lemonades I've had, and I'm having to stay seated on an armchair next to Tao in the conservatory because standing up is proving quite difficult at the moment.
63	His are unfocused and he's blinking a lot—he's drunk, all right. "You okay?"
69	Then he pulls me towards him with one arm and kisses me. I quickly discover drunk kisses are not fun when one person is sober—I can feel the dampness of his cheeks and he tastes of alcohol. ...I gently push Charlie off me. "No. You're drunk." ...He staggers and grabs on to my arm with both hands. "Come on, let's go upstairs."
71	"Like one minute you're seriously pissed off with me and the next you want to get off with me!"
114	What our life is like now. Chilling round each other's houses, going on walks, eating together, sleeping together.
123	I send him another picture two hours later. The one of us kissing that I took on my phone.
136	"Sorry I got drunk and made out with you in front of everyone. And cried."
137	He tilts his head up again and kisses me and I haven't felt like this happy for weeks, months, maybe ever, and something is different too, something I can't quite place.
139	The illustrations depicted on the bottom of the page depict two young men kissing.

Page	Content
141	We walk up and down the beach, talking, and we walk up the pier and sit on the bench at the end and talk and kiss, and then we get the blanket I keep in my car and find a spot on the beach to sit down and then lie down and just be silent for a while.
146	And then one minute we're lying there and the next we're kissing, and it's not like this is anything particularly new, but it feels new. It feels like we've been forced apart for a century and this is our reunion, a mix of relief and desperation, both of us clinging to each other on his bed, and when Nick breaks away to kiss my neck I just stop thinking entirely. ...We kiss for a long time, like it's two years ago and we're on Nick's lounge sofa trying to watch a film. Impossible. I can't think about anything else when he's running his hands so gently through my hair, across my back, over my hips. I ask if we should take our clothes off and he's saying yes before I've even finished my sentence, and then he's pulling my T-shirt off and laughing when I can't undo his shirt buttons, he's undoing my belt, I'm reaching into his bedside drawer for a condom, we're kissing again, we're rolling over—obviously you can see where this is going. I don't know if it's because we're feeling especially emotional, or we're just tired, or these past couple of weeks have been too much, but this time reminds me so much of the first time we had sex. We were both fucking terrified, and the whole thing was kind of terrible because we didn't know what we were doing. But it was good too, so good, because we were a mess of emotions and we were scared and excited and everything felt new. So, this sort of feels like that. Nick touches me like he's scared that any minute I could disintegrate forever. When we're finally undressed completely he just stops and stares like he's trying to memorize every second of this. When we're moving he keeps saying my name over and over until I find it too ridiculous and tell him to shut up, but he just grins and keeps on saying it anyway, whispering it against my skin just to make me laugh. I hold him so tight against me, as if that'll keep us here, keep him here with me. ...Afterwards we lie there for a while, Nick's head on my chest and our legs entwined. I reach over to his bedside table and turn the radio on, noticing that it's gone three a.m.—how did that happen? ...“Nick!” I grab his phone and check the photo as he laughs gleefully. “Nothing like a post-sex candid.”
150	The illustrations on this page depict two nude young men partially covered by a blanket, lying together on a bed.
163	However, if Ignatius is British, I would advise that you tell him to: drink lots of water, not operate a vehicle, and don't even think about texting any of his exes. Because if he's British and pissed, that means he's drunk drunk drunk.

Profanity	Count
Cock	1
Dick	3
Fuck	21
Shit	12

Nick and Charlie - Image 4