

All Boys Aren't Blue: a Memoir-Manifesto by George Johnson

Located in:

Courtland High School

Chancellor High School

Massaponax High School

Riverbend High School

P. 201-205

"You then asked me, "Do you feel that?"

""Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt.""

"You giggled. "That's not my hand.""

""You're lying," I said. You then placed both hands on my hips, as we lay side by side. There was still something poking me."

"You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble.""

""You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?""

"I promised. You the grabbed my hand and made me touch it. It was the first time I had ever touched a penis that wasn't my own. I knew what was happening wasn't supposed to happen. Cousins weren't supposed to do these things with cousins. But my body didn't react that way. My body on the inside was doing something, too."

"By now we were both touching each other. tried my best no to enjoy it, because you were my cousin. We were crossing a line that family should never cross. Bit it felt so right for a boy who always felt that he was wrong. To know someone else was having those same feelings validated everything going on inside of me. I knew it wasn't fake. But the fact that we aware doing it in secret also told me this wasn't something anyone would accept. Especially your girlfriend."

"You then told me to get up and be very quiet-that we were going downstairs for a few minutes. I was nervous, and you could tell. You kept saying, "Matt it's fine. Trust me. You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt you." Up until this point, you hadn't done anything to hurt me and were, in fact, one of my closer cousins. I adored you. I knew you would fight anyone who tried to cross me. You were well known for your fighting prowess because people would often call you gay, too, despite dating girls all your life."

"I finally got up from the bed and you soon followed. We both quietly headed down the steps to my basement. Now, the basement wasn't like a cellar. It was a fully finished and renovated area with a big screen TV, couch, and a full bar."

"It was about 3 a.m. when we both sat down on the couch to watch. I was silent, still nervous. I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity."

"We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by about a good foot. You told me to take off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you."

"The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were family. I only did that for about forth-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to learn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also a euphoria."

"After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me-back and forth, back and forth-never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background."

"Aretha Franklin was singing 'A Rose is Still a Rose.' The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor."

"You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing. You turned on the light and closed the door. You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next, You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there as watched you for several minutes."

"Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me."

*this passage above is about the author at age 13 being molested and both receiving and giving oral sex on his cousin who is 17-18 years old.

"I unzipped my pants and began to pee in the stand-up urinal in the corner. I was there for about ten seconds before I felt someone come up behind me. At first, I froze because I didn't know what was happening. He put both hands around me and then moved down to touch my genitals. I could feel every nerve in my body start to tingle. I didn't know who was behind me, but I knew that I was being violated."

"I immediately stopped peeing, turned around, and pushed him off me. It was a boy I will refer to as Evan. Although we weren't friends, I knew who he was. We were in the same grade and had taken classes together before."

"I zipped up my pants and yelled, "What the fuck are you doing?""

"Yo, I'm just playing. Chill out," Evan yelled back."

"I don't play like that," I said."

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"I remember in that moment I was extremely nervous because I did not know what I was doing. I didn't know where it would lead. I just remember silence. I know that it felt right. It was the first time I was sharing my body with someone on my terms. I felt agency in the moment."

"Eventually, he came up for air and said, You're a really good kisser." I was shocked, seeing as it was my first time, but I was also too excited to care and went back in for more. As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this."

"He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth." I didn't want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie."

"His body felt great in my mouth."

"I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him."

"For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach, I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was the seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done."

"I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan."

"As we moved, I could tell he was excited-I was, too, but the pride in e told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try-all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist, I finally came and let out a loud moan-to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. The, he also came."

P.270-271

"I got to his apartment and we both began drinking while watching TV. This lasted all of ten minutes before we started kissing and undressing each other."

"He then stood up and grabbed me by the hands and led me into his bedroom. We took each other's clothes off, fast but deliberate. After, he told me to lie down on the bed. He asked to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself."

"My heart immediately started to race. Nervously, I asked him what he was doing, and he said, "You". I laughed at first but then told him that I had never been the bottom. He looked at me and said, "Well, that's about to change tonight."

"I was extremely nervous. There is a fear, as with most things that you are doing for the first time. But his was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was...large. But I was going to try."

"I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't. As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least played up as such on cameras."

"Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worse pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain."

All Boys Aren't Blue: A Memoir-Manifesto by George Johnson

Culturally Divisive

Located in:

Courtland High School

Chancellor High School

Massaponax High School

Riverbend High School

P.84

"My K-12 education mirrored many other systems that oppress the Black community-with Black children being taught by predominately white staff. From the principal down to the guidance counselor, we were surrounded by white authority figures in my elementary school. We had a minimal number of Black teachers, but Black folks were always the janitors, lunch ladies, and secretaries, which wouldn't be a problem if they also held positions of power. Obviously, there is nothing wrong with any of those jobs, but it would have been even better to see Black people as our teachers and administrators, too. Our being the "center of attention" meant we got to learn about people that looked like us for a change."

P.85-86

"But white teachers were all I knew. Every single teacher I had for my years in elementary school was white. The only Black teacher, Ms. Chiles and Mr. Robinson has a reputation for having the "bad students." Funny how those classes had only Black students in them. I guess I was being taught to separate myself from my own, just as straight kids were being taught to separate from folk like me. There are levels to the oppression."

P.89

"I used to defend Abraham Lincoln. I remember the teacher showing us the quarter, nickel, dime, and penny. Showing us how on the first three coins, all the presidents look toward the left, while on the penny, Lincoln's face looks toward the right."

Almost as if they were turning their backs on him.

He was placed on the lowest denomination and the only denomination of color, copper. Abraham Lincoln was sold to me as a man who truly cared about Black people, and I don't remember a single Black student back then who didn't hold him in the highest regard."

P.97

"Though my dad was a cop, he knew that being his child wouldn't protect me from how police interacted with Black boys. So my parents taught me early about how you behave so that you don't end up a statistic. "The talk" is what we call it in Black families. Not about the birds and the bees, but about the dangers of interacting with non-Black people, because they will assume the worse of you as a Black boy."

P.99-100

"I was never called a nigger, but I did deal with weird, racially charged questions."

"Are you in the hood?"

"Is your family from the ghetto?"

Is that your really hair? Can I touch it?"

Microaggression is the academic term for what I was experiencing. Simply put it's when a person insults or diminishes you based solely on the marginalized group you are in. It's called "micro" because that person isn't outright calling you a n**** or a fa* or both. Instead, they're calling attention to your differences in a low-key way. At times it can seem almost innocent or naïve, but make no mistake, these small things become big over time. These little assumptions grow to create an entire stereotype. This kind of microaggressive behavior often leads to overt racism or homophobia, eventually."

"Like clockwork, our syllabus went from Slavery to Emancipation, to the Women's Rights Movement, to the Civil Rights Movement, to the final refrain, "Look how far y'all have come." The difference this time around was that I was almost sixteen years old and I had questions. As the teacher started describing slavery, he talked about it as "a thing of its time" and I took issue with that."

P.100-101

"You'll find that people often use the excuse "it was the norm" when discussing racism, homophobia, and anything else in our history they are trying to absolve themselves of. Saying that something was "a norm" of the past is a way not to have to deal with its ripple effects in the present. It removes the fact that hate doesn't just stop because a law or the time changed.

"Folks use this excuse because they are often unwilling to accept how full of phobias and -isms they are themselves-or at least how they benefit from social structures that privilege them."

P.100

"I pressed my teacher hard about why he thought it was okay to simply say that slavery was "a thing of its time." Why didn't he see that people, white people, had made a choice to enslave another race?"

There were abolitionists who were able to see it was wrong, and Quakers who were able to see it was wrong, so why couldn't all white people see it was wrong?"

P.102-103

"The teachers at my Catholic school wanted civility, and if anything in the classroom made them feel "afraid," they would call for security in a heartbeat. No wonder so many kids of color and queer kids don't feel they have the opportunity to speak for themselves. This double standard is called the "school-to-prison pipeline. Nowadays, and it underscores how Black kids are given harsher penalties for the same offenses as white kids. Back then, it was business as usual. Suffice it to say, when white kids spoke up, it was taken as nonthreatening, but when Black kids spoke up, it was clearly different."

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"The world gives you no breaks as a Black woman. I know it was likely even harder raising a Black queer kid in a society that already makes it difficult to raise a Black child without the additional marginalization."

P.182

"This is likely the hardest chapter I'll ever write. And frankly, I'm not even sure if it fits with the themes of Blackness or queerness or critical race theory in the book-nor do I really care."

P.225-226

""Congrats to all the graduates, we did this one for Tupac and Biggie.""

"Here was a white kid referring to two murdered black hip-hop artists at a Catholic school graduation, It was the same microaggression, the same "I wanna be down" type stuff we often saw from white kids who wanted to participate in our culture. Today, we call them "culture vultures.""

"All the white students erupted in praise and excitement, while most of the Black students just sighed. I was the last moment of anti-Blackness I wanted to ever deal with at that school. My culture was a joke to them the entire time I was in high school-something that they could play with while never suffering the oppression that those who created it did."

*interesting note... when referring to black people, the B is capitalized in black. When speaking about white people, no capitalization of the W. Isn't that a microaggression that the author is writing about?

Dime by E.R. Frank

Located at:

Riverbend High School

Spotsylvania High School

*The book is about an 11 year old named Lollipop, a 13 year old, who turns 14 in the story named Dime, a 16 year old named Brandy and a 22 year old named L.A., who are prostitutes that work for their pimp named Daddy. The 13 year old, Dime, in the beginning of the book is groomed into prostitution. She is a foster child whose foster mother should not be permitted around children and she is found by L.A. who is at first kind and takes Dime to her house where she and the other prostitutes live with Daddy. Daddy, first acts like a father figure, then a lover, then says she needs to work to continue to live with him. They all want the title "Bottom Bitch" from their pimp, indicating the favorite which is based on the amount of money they make.

P. 19-20

*sex is introduced as almost a character; the italics are what Dime is thinking sex would say.

"Sex would be warming up. But sometimes is not most of the time. Most of the time, I am busy with making money for somebody. This is my job, and honestly, it is just not any fun at all. Yes, it's true that there's some good feeling when I'm chilling with whatever man hit me up for company. But often even then, I have to deal with his bad mood, or his ignorance or his general nastiness. Even if the dude is pleasant to pass the time with, the girl is a whole other story. You see, Sex would explain, when it's for moneymaking, the girl rarely enjoys herself. And most of the time, she does not want me around at all. It's hard work, because of how the girl acts like she likes me, when she would rather eat a cockroach-stuffed rat than party with me."

"And while I'm complaining...Sex would be on a roll now. I never ask Violence to be in my company. I deeply dislike it when he comes by, but family is family. I wouldn't have chosen Violence for a cousin, but what can I do? I don't invite him. He just shows up."

"Sex would have a lot to say. Another hard part of my job is that I am forced to do things I really shouldn't have to do. For instance, I have to work with children. Sex would sign as he wrote this part. I am not fit for work with a human body that is too small to do what I need it to do or a human brain that is too young to understand me. Sex would write with his teeth gritted. But somehow, the powers that be tell me I have to add children to my job description. I do not appreciate the extra stress. After Sex introduces himself like that, he would get to the point of the note."

"Anyway, he would continue writing, this is not about me so much as it is about a situation. Maybe he would begin a new paragraph here. "There are a lot of people involved, including on child. Three children, depending on whether you think of a fourteen and sixteen-year-old as children. If you consider

how old each of the was where her story began, then we are thinking about four children, Since three of them had not reached the age of ten when I was forced to meet, and the other was not quire fourteen."

P. 53-54

"Daddy would get annoyed at the others if he thought there wasn't enough money."

"Where's the rest?" he asked Brandy."

"That's it," she would say. "It's all there."

"That's not shit."

"Cold," Brandy said. "People ain't going out."

"L.A. got me three times that," Daddy said."

"L.A. smiled."

"She's been working longer. Got her regulars," Brandy tired."

"You better get you some regulars," Daddy said. "You ought to be making more than L.A. White quota higher. That ain't rocket science. You better step it up."

P.59

*Daddy and Dime are out

"Out on the sidewalk, Daddy slipped his hand down from my shoulder to my bottom and then wiggled up under my new coat until his palm slid into the back pocket of my jeans. His warmth felt food in the freezing cold, and the way his hand told anyone who could see that he was mine felt even better."

P. 70-72

"Nah, Dime," he said, pulling back, pulling himself together again. "You only thirteen."

"Please," I said."

"Wish you could stay," he told me, resting his forehead on mine."

"Let me."

"Uh-uh," he murmured. "Ain't going to work out."

"But he picked me up, just the way he had picked up Brandy that time she had her nightmare. He carried me to his room. I was so small compared to him, I felt like a newborn baby. He shut the door with his foot and lay me down in the bed with slippery, smooth sheets."

"He stroked my arms with his big palm and kissed my cheeks and my mouth. "One more Minute," he whispered. "One more and then you got to go."

"Let me stay." I whispered it so quietly because it was hard to talk with how good my body felt beneath his strong hands and soft lips and because it was hard for me to talk anyway."

"He sat up suddenly, frowning and bunching up his eyebrow scar as if he was mad, but I could tell he wasn't mad. "You best go, Beautiful," he told me. "Before we do something that ain't right."

"No," I said. "Please." I reached out for his hand and put it on my cheek. "Please."

"Dime, you killing me," he said, and I loved how much he loved me."

"Please."

"And then he was stroking me again and kissing me. "You sure, Beautiful?" He asked."

"Yes."

"You don't want to stay a virgin?"

"No," I was almost crying with wanting so badly for him to hold me close."

"He kissed my lips again, and opened my mouth with his for much more than a second. I pulled back, scared. He pulled back too, kissing my forehead instead, stroking my arms and stroking my legs and stroking my whole body over my clothes, and by the time he bent to kiss my mouth with his tongue again, I wanted him to, and he knew just how to kiss and stroke until nothing felt surprising or scary but just good, and he took a long, long time peeling off my jeans and T-Shirt and pink bra and panties and a longer time stroking and kissing me even more, quietly, and over everywhere, everywhere, making me feel so good, so so so good that when his body finally eased into mine, it felt like we were flying."

P. 73

"I couldn't believe I wasn't a virgin anymore. I couldn't believe how lucky I was that my first time had been with Daddy, who loved me and knew how to make me feel so good. How could I leave him now? How could I go back to Janelle's? But he had said that she needed me, that I was supposed to be with her, and he needed his alcove back to rent out, or else he wouldn't have a place to live."

*Dime is back at her foster home with her foster mothers' new boyfriend

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"I glanced at Earl, who was frowning. When I moved past him to get something to wipe up the mess, I slipped on an empty, rolling underfoot. He caught my arm to steady me. Then he slid his palm across my chest, pressing on my small curves, and down to the middle of my legs, squeezing. I hurt, but the reason I gasped and pulled away was because Earl was everything Daddy wasn't and so soon after. And because of the way Janelle hissed, "Get away from my man."

P.79-80

*Dime is back with Daddy

"We always stayed in the bed. He would be so gentle, and if I got scared at something new, he would just kiss me and stroke me and tell me how special I was. Then I would try the new thing, partly because it wouldn't seem so scary anymore and partly because I loved how good I could make him feel. Once, a split second before we were about to fly, he slapped my cheek hard and then kissed me long, long, and I had already taken off, and it hurt, but it didn't. It felt good, but it didn't. And there was not time to think about it because I was flying so fast, so high. And afterward, he held me more tightly than he ever had and kissed my head and stroked my back, and we listened to each other breathing until it was time for him to go."

P.84

"Love you, Dime," Daddy breathed into my ear. "Love you vest. But it going to cause issues around here if I keep taking you when you not bringing me nothing."

"When I turn fourteen, I'll get-"

"Square job ain't going to work," Daddy murmured. "Now I'm a find a way to keep yo, but I can't be with you like that if you don't start contributing to the household. It up to you. You want to do what L.A. and Brandy do, you can earn your time with me. You choose not to, I'm take care a you anyway. Just not in my bed."

P. 94

"I was dolled up in high-heeled silver boots I'd never seen before. L.A. said Satin used to wear them. They had me in the pale-pink bra and a white tank undershirt and a black miniskirt. It was last February, and I was cold in those clothes. Freezing. Daddy drove off in his gold Honda while darkness began to wrap itself around the air so it was hard to see the uneven sidewalk. I kept stumbling. The high heels or the dark or maybe all of it made me feel as if I was in chains."

P. 96

"Don't look so stupid," L.A. told me. For once she didn't sound mean. She sounded tired. "You got to keep moving," act fast. Daddy don't want us wasting time. They get out and you take them over there somewhere." She pointed over to the lot. "Or there." Around the corners of two brick buildings. "You can take them two blocks thataway. Room eleven is ours. But you got to be fast and come out quick. Faster not lying down. Cleaner, too."

"Do I really have to? I should have asked. Is there anything else I could do instead? Maybe I could sleep on the kitchen floor. Maybe I could turn around and walk home and just being near him would be enough, even if he never held me again."

“Just do it,” L.A. said. “Get the money, bring it to Daddy, and then keep walking and do it again.”

P. 98-99

“Right after Brandy came back, they sent me with a white man in a Corolla with one window duct-taped together. Go the other way right back to Janelle’s, I told myself. It was happening so fast, I didn’t know how to make it not happen, Daddy will forgive you and take you back later. Maybe not in a few days, but a few weeks he’ll take you back. But what if Earl was still at Janelle’s? You got to bring in those coins, was what Daddy had said. He had kissed my hands. You can be one a mine. I wanted so much to be his.”

“I half turned to L.A. to say no, or wait, or I’m not doing this, but it was too late.”

“The man didn’t bother with any feeling good but just opened my legs, and I was surprised it was like watching it happen on TV to someone else. When he turned me around and pulled my bottom to him and did the next thing, it hurt so badly that I wanted to scream, but when he finally stopped that and turned me around again and pushed me to my knees, making me open my mouth, I choked on him and then I think I suffocated and when I came back to life I was showing money to L.A., who was yelling at me because it wasn’t enough, and there hadn’t been any tunnel or light or angels singing, but I know that I had died.”

P.101-102

“Sex is going to bitch and moan about how he doesn’t like working with children and it puts a stress on and all that bullshit. But I’m here to tell you that I am at my most powerful when children come into the picture. It would be sickening to write, but I could make myself, knowing it might work. Because I reproduce myself faster than four rabbits in a barrel when there are kids around. Brandy and I couldn’t figure out how much Daddy made off of Lollipop, but we knew it had to be a lot, because after she arrived things changed so much. That Lollipop is one perfect example. Money would grin. I don’t know how it all went on before the Internet, but that girl earned her hotel room one hundred times over putting her little body in front of that computer camera. Brandy thought Daddy could get into a lot more trouble putting a little girl on a live feed than turning us teenagers out. She thought that the johns knew that, too, so that’s how Daddy could charge so much more for Lollipop. You wouldn’t believe how much for me go paid for a look at her. And when she was old enough, which didn’t take so long, I just exploded like a bomb. Money would be downright gleeful. All she had to do was live her life in whichever hotel or motel butt naked, doing her little girl things. That’s it. And when she graduated to bigger girl, and top dollar was paid to visit her in person, that Uncle Ray was careful not to wear her out. All she needed was two or three a week to make him rich. Lollipop even bragged to L.A. about his part. Men ordered her up from around the country to get a piece of her. One took a plane. Five rode Amtrack. Yup. She must have lost her little virginity twenty times, and that costs pretty millions of pennies, if I don’t say so myself. He love me, Lollipop’s Uncle Ray did.”

P. 121-122

"Every few weeks, after I earned my quota, Daddy would take me. His room had an air conditioner, which was like a taste of heaven, But his smell wasn't so good anymore, and I would be so tired. A few times I would say, "Could you just rest with me tonight?" Because even though at first I wanted him like that all the time, now I was so worn out. All I really wanted, maybe all I ever really wanted, was that being held tight to someone whose body was still and solid, who loved just being cuddled up to me, without wanting anything more. "Please?" I tried a few times. The first time he was quiet a split second and then he did things to me he thought I would like before he did things he liked, but I was hot and tired, so I guess I wasn't very good. He didn't hold me after, but sent me back to the alcove."

"The second time I asked, he punched me with his fist in my belly, and I thought I would vomit from the pain. The he told me he was sorry and that he hated to hurt me, but if I didn't appreciate being with him like that, it was a damn shame."

P. 157

"Most of the dates wanted to stay in their cars, so we didn't have to walk to the Escalade. But twice I led a john down the road. I was nervous Daddy would be there in the front seat while I worked, which would have been mortifying. But I didn't see him at all. He must have gotten out to walk and text or talk on the phone. The second time, though, Brandy was there. I didn't realize it until I opened my eyes to look into the Escalade through the widow, since my date didn't seem to want to wait but just leaned me face-forward on the car. When I looked, Brandy was below, facing up from the backseat while her john had his head buried in her shoulder. She was yawning. When I saw that, I started to laugh, and when I laughed she jumped and yelped, and her john must have thought he was something special because even from the outside, I could hear him saying, "Yeah, fell that, feel that, feel that." And then Brandy was laughing, and then I was laughing harder."

P. 158-159

"On the street I sometimes had to work with Brandy busy not three feet away. I even had to do three-ways sometimes with her. It was embarrassing. Brandy acted like she didn't care, but she didn't like it either when we had to do it like that."

P. 160

"I was barely dressed again when Daddy came back with the johns. There were five of them. Four were black and one was white. I thought the white one would go with brandy, but he wanted L.A. All the other johns wanted Brandy, but they all wanted to go right away. There was nearly a fight, but Daddy said something to them, and they calmed down and two agreed to go with me."

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"Over the next few hours, I could hear the men arriving and leaving. A lot of them complained at the door when they saw the way Daddy had us set up. They all had to wait to come in and pee until I was finished with whatever job I was doing. Some of them grinned when the door opened and I cam spilling out of it with another man. Some of them cursed."

P. 204-205

"Even for peeing, Lollipop had to squat over a bowl in her room, in front of the camera. She was supposed to empty and wash it herself the next morning."

"When brandies hear that, she clicked her tongue with disgust. "Perverts want to see you pee?" she asked."

"Lollipop shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "I just go when I have to go.""

P. 206-208

*there are some paragraphs omitted for space, but they do not change the meaning of the conversation.

"She's only ten," L.A. pointed out. "they going to come looking for a ten-year old."

"Actually, I'm eleven," Lollipop said."

"Nobody know nothing about Lollipop." Daddy poured his own mild when he wasn't eating his cereal dry."

"L.A. looked at Lollipop. "Where your family?""

"Just Uncle Ray as long as I can remember."

"this is messed up," Brandy muttered."

"She fucked already?" L.A. asked Daddy."

"Or just do what she do in front of the computer by herself?"

"Don't make me tell you to shut up again."

"Lollipop was nodding. "Yes." She spoke earnestly, but with a little bit of swagger, as if it was important to her that we were impressed. "I was so good on the Internet Uncle Ray said my fans could start visiting me in person as soon as I turned eleven."

"Brandy bugged her eyes at Daddy, "This is messed up," she said. "This is seriously messed up."

"It's funny right?" Lollipop whispered to us girls as if Daddy couldn't hear. "All the things the men like to do. Only some of them like to pet you gently. I like that, but not the rest. But Uncle Ray said it's worth the money, and I agree because then I get everything I want pink and purple."

"I'm really good at it, you know." Lollipop smiled. "Uncle ray taught me if you pretend the parts that hurt don't hurt and that it all feels good and you like it, they give you even more money."

"Even L.A. looked gray in the face. But in a second I could see it wasn't for the right reasons. "You going to give her dates?" she asked Daddy."

"You going to give Lollipop dates?" L.A. asked again."

"I thought he might reach over and swat her hard, but he grinned down at his phone, "She going to make us rich.""

P. 211

"Sometimes I don't sleep," Lollipop was explaining. "Sometimes they call in for a live show, Then I have to wake up and do stuff.""

P. 223-224

"Nobody was sure where she came from, Truth would write. Lollipop had some guesses, and once I got her talking a little, it was hard to shut her up. Maybe she was sold by her mother or by someone else without her mother's permission, or kidnapped. Her beginning is muddy, but Uncle Ray is clear. He never let her go to school. She lived in apartments and motel rooms, not allowed out of them during school hours. In the summers she played outside in parks and playgrounds with Ray, and sometimes with his friends. Lollipop liked her life with Ray, enjoying the best food from the best chains, plenty of toys and clothes, and television."

"At first she thought all girls at home in their rooms played naked with their uncles in front of a computer camera. When Ray began to tell her this was not the way it was and that she was special, living a special life, she believed it. She felt special. When Lollipop told me that part, she didn't realize what she was saying. She just puffed her little body and smirked, like she was some sort of celebrity. When Ray began asking her to do unpleasant and sometimes painful things and to smile and pretend she liked and wanted those things, she learned fast. She had to because he punished her by taking away meals and TV and sometimes punching her for refusing or crying or looking scared. He gave her prizes for doing a good job: pretty headbands and bracelets, pink ponies and princess and fairies and glitter glue and unicorn puzzles and shiny beads and cute sweatpants with words written on the backside in black cursive letters she couldn't read."

"By the time Ray began to allow Lollipop's "fans" to visit in person, she knew exactly how to do the things Ray had taught her. She had also found a way to keep her face still, but friendly, like a kind of statue, so that nobody would punish her. Ray was extra nice after she did a good job with fans in person. He made her brownies and painted her fingernails pink, adding sparkles to her thumbs."

P. 237

"A few weeks later school was about to begin, and I was pretty sure Daddy wasn't going to let me go back. But if I went, I wouldn't have to work as many hours. I hated the johns' bodies inside of mine. I hated the way they pushed me this way and that way, onto my knees, onto my stomach, against a wall, on all fours, I hated the ones stupid enough to think they were kind and the ones who squeezed too

hard or smelled so bad or did everything rough just to make it hurt. I hated smiling and agreeing and pretending. I had to go back to school."

P. 253

"Lollipop looked down at herself. "I'm getting gat. Is Daddy going to be mad?""

"How many times you bled from your stuff?" Brandy asked."

"Lollipop shrugged. "I don't know.""

"Try to know," L.A. said."

"Maybe two or three times? From the dates, I think.""

"How long ago was the last time?"

"Lollipop thought about it. "A couple of months before I came here. It was just getting real hot. June maybe? Uncle Ray didn't like it. He said I couldn't give full service if I was bleeding." What?"

"Oh My God," L.A. said. "Little girl. You is pregnant."

P. 256

"Dudes out there paying mad money for a look at that?" George asked, tilting his head toward Lollipop's room."

"Daddy nodded from where he was lying down on the couch. "bunch of perverts out there.""

"Perverts going to travel for it too," George added."

"What?"

"Travel to get some of that in person. You got you some months. But you best get rid of the little bitch before any baby come. What you going to do with her?"

"I'm a make my money first," Daddy said, "And then I'm a send her back down south.""

P. 313

"You take this newborn bitch", the note could say, "and you consider it a gift. You sell it to the highest bidder, and you will have more of me than you ever dreamed was possible."

Sold by Patricia McCormick

Located in:

Riverbend High School

Massaponax High School

Spotsylvania High School

*This is about a 13 year old Nepalese girl who is sold into sexual slavery in India

P.103-104

"Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound."

""Don't be afraid," she says. "Come here now.""

"I don't move"

"Her voice turns hard. "Get over here, you ignorant girl," she says."

"Still, I do not move."

"The Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. His teeth dug into my lower lip."

"Underneath the weight of him. I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue in my mouth."

"And I bite down with all my might."

P.119-121

"I begin to understand, dimly, that the lassi must have had some strange poison in it, when Mumtaz steps into the room."

"After that I don't understand anything."

"A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says "You're lucky to be with Habib." He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy for the lassi, doesn't move."

""You're lucky," he says, "that Habib is your first one.""

"I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that."

““You can tell the others that it was Habib,” he says.”

“I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is ths Habib he keeps talking about?”

““If this is really your first time,” he says. “Old Mumtaz is a tricky one.””

“He unbuckles his belt. “Once before, she sold Habib used goods.””

“The fish-lips man removes my dress.”

“I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens.”

““Habib,” he says. “Habib is good wit the ladies.””

“Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs.”

“He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me.”

“With a sudden thrust I am town in tow.”

““Oh, yes,” he says, panting. “Habib is good in bed.””

“I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don’t know how long, another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally, I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing.”

“Habib rolls off me.”

“Then I understand: I was the person crying.”

P.123-124

“I the endless twilight after the lassi, and before the morning, others come.”

“In between, men come,”

“They crush my bones with their weight.”

“They split me open.”

“Then they disappear.”

“I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, its unbearable.”

P.125

"I hurt."

"I am torn and bleeding where the men have been."

"I pray to the gods to make the hurting go away."

"To make the burning and the aching and the bleeding stop."

P.133

"From now on," Mumtaz says, "you will join the other girls downstairs each night. You will share a bedroom and be free to walk the house."

"I stare straight ahead."

Mumtaz comes close and takes my chin in her hand. "but if you try to run away," she says, "I will grind hot chilies and put them in your private parts."

P.141

"Before, when you were in the locked room, Shahanna says, Mumtaz sent the customers to you. Now if you want to pay off your debt, you must do what it takes to make them choose you."

"Tell the customers that you are twelve, she says or Mumtaz will beat you senseless."

"So whatever the customer asks of you. Shahanna says. Otherwise he will beat you senseless. The he will do whatever he likes and leave without paying."

P. 142-143

"There are special things you need to know about how to use your shawl, she says."

"Flick the ends of your shawl in a come-closer gesture and you will bring the shy men to your bed, the ones who will slip and extra coin into your hand before they go."

"Draw your shawl to your chin, bend your neck like a peacock. This will bring the older men to your bed, the ones who will leave a sweet on your pillow."

"Press your shawl to your nose with the back of your hand, Pushpa says, when you must bring a dirty man to your bed. He will leave nothing but his smell, the stink and seat, and hair old and liquor and man. But you can use your shawl to clock the worse of it."

"Anita turns away from the mirror, thransformed from a crooked-faced country girl into a tiger-eyed city woman."

"There is another way to use a shawl, she says."

"I cannot tell from her always-frowning face if she is being kind or cruel."

"The new girl, the one in your old room she says. Yesterday morning Mumtaz found her hanging from the rafters."

P.146

"They are old, young, dirty, clean, tall, short, dark, light, bearded, smooth, fat, thin."

"They are all the same."

"Most of them are from the city."

A few are from my home country."

"One day, a customer addressed his friend in my language as they left."

"How was yours?" he said. "Was she good?"

"It was great," the other one said. "I wish I could do it again."

"Me, too," said the first one. "If only I had another thirty rupees."

"Thirty rupees."

"That is the price of a bottle of Coca-Cola at Bajai Sita's store."

"That is what he paid for me."

Out of Darkenss by Ashley Hope Perez

Located in:

Riverbend High School

Chancellor High School

Courtland High School

Massaponax High School

Spotsylvania High School

P. 10

“Those of us in the back who could see reported to those in the front. Clothes and dirt and scandal for the girls. For the boys, pussy or the idea of pussy or the idea of the idea of pussy.”

P.11

“Some of us could be jealous, and the greenest of all was Miranda Gibbler. None of us liked Miranda’ all of us pretended to. She was ugly and had spite enough to poison the whole town. But what mattered was her daddy’s money. “A Mexican is a Mexican is a Mexican,” she said, plenty loud for the rest of us to hear. The girls among us followed Miranda’s lead and began to tally flaws. Clothes from five years ago, a braid long out of style. Patch on the back hem of her dress. And also: how come her name is Smith when Smith isn’t Mexican? Look at her, making eyes at Fred Carter, not wasting any time.”

“The boys among us had no trouble getting past the plain clothes and laying down plans. Take her out back, we boys figured, then: hand on the titties’ put it in her coin box’ put it in her cornhole; grab a hold of that braid; rub that calico. The nicer boys among us thought, buy her ice cream first, dance with her once or twice?”

P. 63

*Henry is the victim’s step-father

“She was there when Henry came into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. She watched as he placed both hands on the wall beneath the mirror and pressed his forehead against the glass. A moment later, one of his hands slid down into his pajamas. It was like some small creature was trying to escape from his throat. His hand moved fast. His body jiggled. He kept his forehead against the mirror and his eyes closed. Then he grunted once and seemed to shudder all over.”

P.64

“Henry came to the side of her bed and pulled back the covers. Naomi sat up quickly and scrambled backward.”

"shh." He said. He took one of her hands in his and squeezed it. "Come on over here." He pulled her to her feet, close to him."

"He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening. She never seen one before except on a baby. This was different."

"He lifted her hand to his mouth and licked it. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness. His hand moved hers. His left hand gripped her shoulder, pressing her head tight against the hard, flat plane of his stomach. She watch her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her. In the distance, she heard the train pass. A moment later, the thing leaped. Henry's whole body shuddered, and a hot mess lay across her palm and between her fingers. Henry wiped himself quickly with a handkerchief. Then, never letting go of her shoulder, he urged her toward the door. "Come on," he said once it was open. He walked her to the bathroom and then guided her hand to the sink."

"There," he said, rinsing her hand and patting it dry. "All better." He walked back to his room like he had merely gone to get a glass of water."

P.194-195

"A moment later he was behind her. Naomi's whole body stiffened. A rough hand gathered her hair and pushed it to one side. His face nuzzled her neck. He smelled of grease and dirt, Liquor and cigarettes. She caught a whiff of cheap perfume. She tried to wriggle free, but his arms circled her waist and tightened like an iron band around her rib cage."

"Stell, baby," he whispered. "let's dance." A thumb slid up the side of her breast."

"Stop it!" Naomi hissed. She was afraid to raise her voice for the fear of waking the twins."

"Christ, I've missed this," Henry murmured. "It's been so long." He slotted one of his legs between hers and pressed himself in closer. She closed her eyes tight and thought of her tree, thought of Wash, thought of the river. She prayed that when she opened her eyes, she would be there."

"It didn't work."

"Stell-"

"I'm Naomi!" she said, wrenching herself around to face him. She was still locked in his arms, and now his face was inches from hers. She felt the hardness of him against her hip, and the sour-sweet smell of whiskey filled her nostrils as he breathed onto her face."

"Stop it!" she said, leaning back as far as she could. She felt her hair fall into the dishwater, but she did not care, only wanted to be away from him."

"Come on, now," he said, pressing his hips against her."

"She worked an elbow up and jabbed it into his chest."

"Henry laughed. "Oh honey, go on and be mad, that makes yo lok even more like your ma. She liked to pretend to fight, too.""

""So you know who I am, then. Behave yourself for heaven't sake!""

""You like playin' mama, don't you? I can help you play all night if you want." He frinned at her as if none of her resistance had registered. "God, I'd like to five it to you like this-" He lowered his hands to her bottom and rubbed himself against her."

""That's enough, Henry!" Naomi gave him a shove, but he didn't budge."

"His smile widened. "Say it again.""

""What?" she snapped."

""Calll me Henry.""

""Let me go!""

""All right, just say it again and I'll let you go.""

""Henry," she spat."

"He closed his eyes and released her. She moved away from him fast, shuddering, but he seemed not to notice or maybe was too drunk to notice."

P. 376-377

"Beto tied Wash to the tree with shaking fingers. He was sobbing now."

""that wasn't so hard, was it?" Henry said when Beto finished. He crossed to the tree and tested the knots one by one before turning back to Wash. "Look at me, son," he said to Beto. "Now I'm going to show you another side of what it means to be a man. What do you do with a field you own? You plow it." He walked over to Naomi. "Lie down," he told her."

""Don't do this Henry," Naomi's lip trembled as she spoke."

""Down," Henry ordered."

"She dropped to her knees. The clouds cleared then, and tears shone on her face. Beto wanted to run to her, but he couldn't move."

""Lie back. Open your legs. Stop crying. Don't try to tell me this is the first time you've done this," Henry said."

""Henry," she protested, "I haven't-I've never-""

““You’ve lied enough already,” he said. The he pushed her back until her head was on the ground. “Beto, you come here. Watch. But don’t try anything. I’ve got the gun right here.” Beto looked long enough to see the revolver his father held near his sister’s face. The shotgun lay on the far side of Naomi, out of reach.”

“Beto did not watch. But he heard.”

“Naomi’s please. Wash’s shouts. The sound of him pulling at the ropes. Henry’s fist slamming into his sister’s face once, twice, three times. Henry shouting, “You like that?” Keep it up boy! Every time you holler, I’m gonna punch her again.””

“Wash’s silence. The rustle of dry leaves. His father’s rapid breathing. An agony of waiting. His sister crying out in pain. And then the end of it. Henry’s shudder, grunt, and gasp. Naomi’s sobbing.”

“When Beto could look, Henry was standing up and zipping his pants with one hand. “I’ll be damned, girl,” he said, pushing his hair back off his brow. “You were telling the truth-“

*after this, Wash is beaten and both Naomi and Wash are shot dead by Henry.

This book contains the:

N-word-22 times along with other racist terms and passages

F bombs-twice

Pussy-4 times

Filthy, Dirty and Wetback Mexicans-5 times along with other racist passages.

Bastard-5 times

Cunt-once.

America by E.R. Frank

Located in:

Courtland High School

Massaponax High School

Riverbend High School

*this boy was taken away from his drug addict mother and in the system. Browning is his legal guardians, brother. Browning starts grooming him by having him first read porn magazines to supposively teach him how to read.

P. 110-111

"We don't read stories too much anymore. Sometimes it starts out like that, but mostly Browning just begins by touching. At first, I believe him that it's cool, because it feels real nice. He talks to me soft, and his voice gets low, and he pats me all light, the way a father would take care of his baby, and it feels good. He tells me how what we're doing is a special secret, and how he wouldn't get with just anybody this way, and how I'm such a good learner,"

"The nice part used to make me forget that it's dirty but lately Browning's stopped talking to me. Lately, he gets quiet and goes far away while it's happening, and even though he looks at my face, he doesn't see me. Then it still feels good in my body, but it feels bad everywhere else, especially when after it's over, he starts snoring without getting into his own bed, and he's real heavy and makes my arm or my leg fall asleep, and he doesn't even say good night."

P. 113

"Now he makes me touch him. And other stuff. I tell him I don't want to, but he says you can't start a secret like we have and then stop it. He thinks it's important I learn about it with someone who cares. He's all how I'm ungrateful and selfish to tell him to stop. He tells me he knows I like it, so I may as well stop pretending."

P. 121

"He says we have to take a nap before dinner. We never take naps.

"I'm not tired," I tell him."

"Yes, you are," he tells me."

"We get into the bed, and I fly right up to Mount Everest. Only this time, something different happens. Something that yanks at me like a rope and pulls me hard, so I'm halfway up and halfway down, stuck, and it hurts. It hurts worse than Brooklyn and Kyle and the people beating you down all at the same

time. It hurts as much as Liza said she would hate me if I kill myself. It hurts, and it won't let me fly up, it pulls me down below with him, and it hurts."

"Browning doesn't fall asleep after."

"We should get dinner going," he says, pulling up his pants."

P. 125

"Go to sleep, America," Browning mutters, so I snap the lighter closed. Then I pull on my jeans and a shirt and stuff and Mrs. Harper's money in my back pocket, and just before I walk out of the room, I get the idea, and it seems like the right thing. So I hold up the end of Browning's blanket at the foot of his bed, and I flick on my lighter again. The blanket catches fast, with little flames at first, dancing all along the blanket's edge like overgrown grass blades against the fence bottom on a real windy day, I watch the little flames grow longer and wider and peel off into new flames, and then I go downstairs and find my shoes, and I tie them so quick that by the time I'm a few blocks away from Mrs. Harper's house, one of them's untied and all pulled undone, and it's raggedy at the tip, and I know I'm never going to be able to string it back through."

P. 149

*America thinks maybe he got his name this way and what is written in his file at the mental hospital

"America's mother was a real easy woman. Plus, America's mother was proud she had sex with so many different kinds of people. By the time America's mother gave birth to America, she knew his father could be just about any man in the entire country. She knew America might look like just about any kind of man she ever met. That's how America's mother thought up the name America."

P. 181

"She's probably sucking him off," Marshall says. Something about that and the fire makes me swear. It makes my dick move around in my pants. I want to touch it, but my hands are full."

P. 183

"He's unbelievable," Wick says to Marshall and me." "Un-fucking-believable."

"I'm just saying," Ernie says."

"How were her tits?" Marshall says."

"How do you think?" Wick says."

"Man," Marshall says.."

"That's right," Wick says. "I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about them."

""Are you listening to this, shoelace?"" Marshall asks me. ""Are you getting this, man?""

"My dick is hard, only I'm not just seeing Shiri's tits, I'm seeing Wick's dick too, and I hate myself."

P. 184-185

"I hate lights out now because my dick has a mind of its own and my brain has a mind of its own. My dick gets hard and my brain thinks about tits and dicks, and I don't want to touch it, but then I do, anyway, and then I'm hotter than anything, burning up, and I hate myself and I wish I was dead."

""Finally," Wick says, before visiting hours."

""Finally what?" Marshall asks."

""Shoelace is finally chocking his chicken," Wick says."

""His name's America," Ernie mutters."

""Whatever," Wick says."

""You saw him? Marshall asks. His arm doesn't hurt anymore. The oval is black now. Not read. It looks pretty good. Marshall loves it. He's always pushing up his sleeve and checking it out when he things nobody's looking."

""Didn't see him," Wick goes. "Heard him."

""When?" Marshall goes."

""Last night," Wick goes. "Couldn't you hear his bed? Squeaks like a motherfucker."

""Was it good, Shoelace?" Wick asks me. "Did you mess up your sheets?"

P. 186

""Who do you picture, man?" Wick says, "Shiri?"

""We know she's off-limits, man," Marshall says to Wick. "Even for jerking off.""

""You can't put limits on imagination," Ernie goes. Wick and Marshall smack him across the top of the head."

""So who are you giving it to?" Wick asks me. He leans in close and grabs his pants. "Who do you picture, man?"

"Tits and dicks, you son-of-a-bitch motherfucker, I think, I picture tits and dicks, and then I hat him as hard as any goddamn thing I ever hit in my life."

"I hate the cool down room. I hate the way you can hear people coming from a mile away, so you know you can touch yourself all you want without anyone walking in on you. I hate how it's so boring and

quiet that when you dick has a mind of its own and your brain has a mind of its own, all you end up doing in there is grabbing yourself and thinking about tits and dicks until you're too tired to do it anymore."

P. 192-193

"Man hands and a man mouth and a man's body is all over my brain and on my dick and everywhere and I don't want to touch myself because I'm some goddamn motherfucking freak murder and I'm so tired of that feeling good and that feeling bad like some kind of crazy trip."

P. 220

* toward the end of America's dream

"She presses up against me, and she has tits now, and they're soft. She lets me put my hands on them, and it feels good. She doesn't hate me, and she is soft and good."

My shorts are wet. There weren't any dicks. There was just Liza."

P. 221

"We're on the wale, and Liza's hot, and nice and good, and then she lets me get in her pants, and she's got a dick, and at first it's cool, it's normal, and it's hot, and then real quick she turns into Browning and the wale starts diving underwater, and I'm drowning, and then Browning turns back into Liza with a dick, and it's good again and she hugs me real nice, the way a mother would, and it's all okay, and it doesn't matter."

"My shorts are wet. It was Liza and a dick. Man. That is some weird shit."

P. 224-225

"I'm on the whale, and Browning's there, with a baseball, and we're throwing, and it's slippery on the whale's back, and we're throwing, and the ball turns into a dick, and it's safe, and it's good, and he's smiling, and the dick gets bigger, and then it's not safe, but it's hot, but it's bad and not safe, but it's hot, and my dick is hard, and then he stops smiling and the dick gets bigger, and then his face turns into Liza's, and she's smiling, and then it turns into Dr. B's and he's not smiling, but he's safe, and the dick gets smaller, and my dick gets smaller, and then the face turns into Liza's, and she's got a dick, and it's hot, and I want to fuck her with the dick and all, and then she turns into Dr. V., and he's reading Ernie's letter, and he reads, I know you're a good person, and then he turned into Liza without a dick, and it's not hot, and I don't want to fuck, and she's hugging me, and then we're not on the whale, but we're at Everest, and it's cold and clean and white and bright, and Liza and Dr. B. and Ernie and Brooklyn and ty and Fish are all there and they're smiling, and it's safe, and it's good, and they're pointing at some shit, and it's Mrs. Harper in an ice wheelchair, and she's smiling and she's going, America, America."

P. 251

"I kiss her for a while, and she kisses back. It's not a dream this time, and when I get my hands in her pants, there's no dick, either.

"Stop," she goes."

"What's the matter?" I go."

"I've been talking about it with my therapist," she goes." "She sits up fast, and that hammock doesn't like it."

* 275 pages, 344 curse words our children cannot say in school

- Ass, dumb-ass, smart-ass, sorry-ass, big-ass and asshole -37 times
- Shit, shits, bullshit, shitting and shitless – 126 times
- Damn/Goddamn – 54 times
- Fuck, fuck-off, fucking, fuck-you and motherfucker – 69 times
- Pussy – 13 times
- Bitch – 6 times
- Dick/Dicks – 28 times
- Tits- 7 times
- N'-word – 1 time
- LGBTQIAPK+ slurs – 3 times

Looking For Alaska by: John Green

Riverbend High School

P. 14

“I’m already dating Jake-actually I’m still dating him, miraculously enough, but Justin is a friend of mine from when I was a kid and so we’re watching TV and literally chatting about the SATs or something, and Justin puts his arm around me and I think, *Oh that’s nice, we’ve been friends for so long and this is totally comfortable*, and we’re just chatting and then I’m in the middle of a sentence about analogies or something and like a hawk he reached down and he honks my boob. HONK. A much-too-firm, two – to three-second HONK. And the first thing I thought was *Okay, how do I extricate this claw from my boob before it leaves permanent marks?*”

““Oh, right. Alaska, this is Pudge. Pudge memorizes people’s last words. Pudge, this is Alaska. She got her boob honked over the summer.”” She walked over to me with her hand extended, then made a quick move downward at the last moment and pulled down my shorts.”

P.19

“And not just beautiful, but hot, too, with her breasts straining against her tight tank top, her curved legs swinging back and forth beneath the swing, flip-flops dandling from her electric-blue-painted toes. It was right then, between when I asked about the labyrinth and when she answered me, that I realized the importance of curves, of the thousand places where girls’ bodies ease from one place to another, from arc of the foot to ankle to calf, from calf to hip to waist to breast to neck to ski-slope nose to forehead to shoulder to the concave arch of the back to the butt to the etc. I’d noticed curves before, of course, but I had never quite apprehended their significance.”

P. 20

"She laughed. "Yeah, don't worry, Pudge. If there's one thing I can get you, it's a girlfriend. Let's make a deal: You figure out what the labyrinth is and how to get out of it, and I'll get you laid.""

P. 23

"They'd gotten kicked out in the last week of the previous school year, I learned, for what the Colonel called "the Trifecta"- they were caught committing three of the Culver Creek's expellable offenses at ones. Lying naked in bed together ("genital contact" being offense #1), already drunk (#2), they were smoking a joint (#3) when the Eagle burst in on them."

"I wouldn't have cared if my girlfriend was a Jaguar-driving Cyclops with a beard-I'd have been grateful just to have someone to make out with."

P. 25

"Just as well: I spent the night surfing the Web (no porn, I swear)

P. 42

" " Seriously, you'll never win by crossing Hyde," Takumi said. "He'll eat you alive, shit you out, and the piss on his dump. Which by the way is what we should be doing to whoever ratted on Marya. "

(While not sexually explicit, this is just inappropriate)

P. 63

" " Did I tell you Jake is hung like a horse and a beautiful, sensual lover? "

P. 77

“There are times when it is appropriate, even preferable, to get an erection when someone’s face is in close proximity to your penis.”

P. 78

““Yeah, well. If you’re staying here in hopes of making out with Alaska, I sure wish you wouldn’t.””

p. 81

““ Don’t worry about Eagle tonight,” she said. “He’s just happy most everyone’s gone. He’s probably masturbating for the first time in a month.””

P. 85

““ You’re hopeless. Wanna go porn hunting?””

““ Huh?””

““ We can’t love our neighbors till we know how crooked their hearts are. Don’t you like porn?”” she asked, smiling.”

““Um,” I answered. The truth was that I hadn’t seen much porn, but the idea of looking at porn with Alaska had a certain appeal.”

P. 87-88

“Alaska read the sticker on the top of the video, “The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain’t that just delightful.””

“We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. No time for dialogue, I suppose. By the time they started doing it, Alaska commenced

with her righteous indignation, "They just don't make sex look fun for women. The girl is just an object. Look! Look at that!"

"I was already looking, needless to say. A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes. *Hands of her shoulders*, I noted. *Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.*"

"As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like torture. And all she can do is just sit there and take it? This is not a man and a woman. It's a penis and a vagina. What's erotic about that? Where's the kissing?"

"Given their position. I don't think they can kiss right now," I noted."

P. 96

"You love the girl who makes you laugh and shows you porn and drinks wine with you. You don't love the crazy, sullen bitch."

P. 122

"Eet was a nice slobbering," she said, laughed, and kissed me again. Soon we were entirely out of our sleeping bags, making out quietly. She lay on top of me, and I held her small waist in my hands. I could feel her breasts against my chest, and she moved slowly on top of me, her legs straddling me. "You feel nice," she said."

P. 126-128

"Have you ever gotten a blow job?"

"Um, that's out of the blue," I said."

"Like, you know, out of left field."

“” Left field?””

“” Like, in baseball. Like, out of nowhere. I mean, what made you think of that?””

“” I’ve just never geeven one,” she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was on thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden...”

“” No,” I said. “I never have.””

“” Think it would be fun?””

“DO !!?!?!?!?!?!?!. “Um, yeah. I mean, you don’t have to.””

“”I think I want to,” she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching *The Brady Bunch*, watching Marcia Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis.”

“” Wow,” she said.”

“” What?””

“She looked up at me, but didn’t move, her face nanometers away from my penis. “It’s weird.””

“” What do you mean weird?””

“” Just beeg, I guess.””

“I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth.”

“And waited.”

“We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn’t quite sure what.”

“She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes, for as long as it took the Bradys to steal the key and unlock themselves from the ghost-town jail, she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting.”

“And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically.”

“” Should I do sometheeng?””

“” Um. I don’t know,” I said. Everything I’d learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn’t that choke her? So I just stayed quiet.”

“” Should I, like, bite?””

“” Don’t bite! I mean, I don’t think. I think-I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don’t know if there’s something else.””

“” Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska.””

“So, we went to her room and asked Alsaka. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.”

“Lara and I went back to her room, where she did exactly what Alaska told her to do, and I did exactly what Alaska said I would do, which was die a hundred little ecstatic deaths, my fists clenched, my body shaking. It was my first orgasm with a girl. And afterward, I was embarrassed and nervous, and so, clearly, was Lara, who finally broke the silence by asking, “So want to do some homework?””

P. 129

“” I can’t believe she went down on you twice in one day,” the colonel said.”

“” Only technically. Really just once,” Alaska corrected.”

“Still. I mean. Still. Pudge got his hog smoked.””

“” The poor Colonel,” Alaska said with a rueful smile, “I’d give you a pity blow, but I really am attached to Jake,””

“” That’s just creepy,” the Colonel said. “You’re only supposed to flirt with Pudge.””

P. 130-131

"Alaska started. "Truth or Dare, Pidge.""

"Dare."

"Hook up with me."

"So, I did."

"It was that quick. I laughed, looked nervous, and she leaned in and tilted her head to the side, and we were kissing. Zero layers between us. Our tongues dance back and forth in each other's mouth until there was no her mouth and my mouth by only our mouths intertwined. She tasted like cigarettes and Mountain Dew and wine and Chap Stick. Her had came to my face and I felt her soft fingers tracing the line of my jaw. We lay down and we kissed, she on top of me, and I began to move beneath her. I pulled away for a moment, to say, "What is going on here?" and she put one finger to her lips and we kissed again. A hand grabbed one of mine and she placed it on her stomach. I moved slowly on top of her and felt her arching her back fluidly beneath me."

"I pulled away again. "What about Lara? Jake?" Again, she sshed me. "Less tongue, more lips," she said, and I tried my best. I thought the tongue was the whole point, but she was the expert."

"Christ," the Colonel said quite loudly. "That wretched beast, drama, draws nigh."

"But we paid no attention. She moved my hand from her waist to her breast, and I felt cautiously, my fingers moving slowly under her shirt but over her bra, tracking the outline of her breast and then cupping one in my hand, squeezing softly. "You're good at that," she whispered. He lips neve left mine as she spoke. We moved together, my body between her legs."

The following words were used a total of 152 times combined”

- Ass/Asshole/Dumbass – 24 times
- Shit/Bullshit/Shitty – 45 times
- Fuck/Fuck-up/Fuckers/Fucked/Fucking/Motherfucker – 31 times
- Damn/Goddamn – 31 times
- Bastard – 8 times
- Bitch/Bitchy – 13 times

The Perks of Being a Wallflower by: Stephen Chbosky

P. 11-12

"This one night, she was saying very mean things about how he didn't stand up to the class bully when he was fifteen or something like that. To tell you the truth, I was just watching the movie he had rented, so I wasn't paying very close attention to their fights. They fight all the time, so I figured that the movie was at least something different, which it wasn't because it was a sequel."

"Anyway, after she leaned into him for about four movie scenes, which I guess is about ten minutes or so, he started crying. Crying very hard. Then, I turned around, and my sister pointed at me."

"You see. Even Charily stood up to his bully. You see."

"And this guy got really red-faced. And he looked at me. Then, he looked at her. And he wound up and hit her hard across the face. I mean hard. I just froze because I couldn't believe he did it. It was not like him at all to hit anyone. He was the boy that made mix tapes with themes and hand-colored covers until he hit my sister and stopped crying."

"The weird part is that my sister didn't do anything. She just looked at him very quietly. It was so weird. My sister goes crazy if you eat the wrong kind of tuna, but here was this guy hitting her, and she didn't say anything. She just got soft and nice. And she asked me to leave, which I did. After the boy had left, she said that they were "going out" and not to tell mom or dad what happened."

"That weekend, my sister spent a lot of time with this boy. And they laughed a lot more than they usually did. On Friday night, I was reading my new book, but my brain got tired, so I decided to watch some television instead. And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked."

"He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper."

"Get out. You pervert."

P.21

"I feel ashamed, though, because that night, I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission."

"Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow!"

P.27

"I guess I forgot to mention in my last letter that it was Patrick who told me about masturbation. I guess I also forgot to tell you how often I do it now, which is a lot. I don't like to look at pictures. I just close my eyes and dream about a lady I do not know. And I try not to feel ashamed. I never think about Sam when I do it. Never. That's very important to me because I was so happy when she said "Charlie-esque" since it felt like an inside joke of sorts."

"One night, I felt so guilty that I promised God that I would never do it again. So, I started using blankets, but then the blankets hurt, so I started using pillows, but then the pillows hurt, so I went back to normal."

P. 30-31

"I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting."

"" C'mon, Dave."

"" What?""

"" The kid's in here.""

"" It's okay.""

“And the boy kept working up the girl’s shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn’t know what to do at this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees.”

“” Please. Dave. No.””

“But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that. And she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.”

“After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl’s head down and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don’t think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying “no,” Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.”

P. 44-45

“They had sex for the first time that night.”

“I don’t want to go into detail about it because it’s pretty private, stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that’s pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really really stoned.”

“No matter what Patrick did, Brad kept crying. Brad wouldn’t even let Patrick hold him, which seems rather sad to me because if I had sex with someone, I would want to hold them.”

“Finally, Patrick just pulled up Brand’s pants, and said to him.

"" Just pretend you're passed out.""

P. 69-70

"" Charlie...Have you ever kissed a girl?""

"I shook my head no. It was so quiet."

"" Not even when you were little?""

"I shook my head no again. And she looked very sad."

"She told me about the first time she was kissed. She told me that it was with one of her dad's friends. She was seven. And she told nobody about it except for Mary Elizabeth and then Patrick a year ago. And she started to cry. And she said something that I won't forget. Ever.

"" I know that you know that I like Craig. And I know that I told you not to think of me that way. And I know that we can't be together like that. But I want to forget all those things for a minute. Okay?""

"" Okay.""

"" I want to make sure that the first person you kiss loves you. Okay?""

"" Okay." She was crying harder now. And I was, too, because when I hear something like that I just can't help it."

"" I just want to make sure of that. Okay?""

"" Okay.""

"And she kissed me. It was the kind of kiss that I could never tell my friends about out loud. It was the kind of kiss that made me know that I was never so happy in my whole life."

P. 89-90

"I will not say who. I will not say when. I will just say that my aunt Helen was molested. I hate that word. I was one by someone who was very close to her. It

was not her dad. She finally told her dad. He didn't believe her because of who it was. A friend of the family. That just made it worse. My grandma never said anything either. And the man kept coming over for visits."

P. 100

"My sister just looked around, uncomfortable. I reached my hands up to my hair and realized that a lot of it was gone. I honestly don't remember when I did it, but from the look of my hair, I must have grabbed a pair of scissors and just started cutting without strategy. Big chunks of it were missing all over the place. It was like a butcher's cut. I hadn't looked at myself in the mirror at the party for a long time because my face was different and frightened me. Or else I would have noticed."

"Regardless, I decided never to take LSD again."

P.101

"I went to the library and checked out a book because I was getting scared. Every now and then things would start moving again and sounds were bass heavy and hollow. And I couldn't put a thought together. The book said that sometimes people take LSD and they don't really get out of it."

P. 116-117

"That's when she told me she was pregnant."

"I would tell you about the rest of the night, but I honestly don't remember much about it. It's all a very sad daze. I do know that her boyfriend said it wasn't his baby, but my sister knew that it was. And I don't know that he broke up with her right there at the dance."

"I told my sister that after a while, she probably couldn't hide it, but she said she wouldn't let it go that far. Since she was eighteen, she didn't need Mom or Dad's permission. All she needed was someone to be with her next Saturday at the clinic. And that person was me."

P. 126-127

"My heart was beating really fast, and I was starting to get nervous. She handed me another glass of brandy and touched my hand very softly when she did it. Then, she slipped her leg over mine, and I watched it just dangle there. Then, I felt her hand on the back of my neck. Just kind of moving slowly. And my heart started beating crazy."

"Do you like the record?" she asked real quiet."

"Very much." I really did, too. It was beautiful."

"Charlie?"

"Uh-huh."

"you know what I mean?"

"Uh-huh."

"Are you nervous?"

"Uh-huh."

"Don't be nervous."

"Okay."

"That's when I felt her other hand. It started at my knee and worked its way up the side of my leg to my hip and stomach. Then, she took her leg off mine and kind of sat on my lap facing me. She looked right into my eyes, and she never blinked. Not once. Her face looked warm and different. And she leaned down and started kissing my neck and ears. Then my cheeks. Then my lips. And everything kind of melted away. She took my hand and slid it up her sweater, and I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Or what breasts felt like. OR later, what they looked like. OR how difficult bras are."

"After we had done everything you can do from the stomach up, I lay down on the floor, and Mary Elizabeth put her head on my chest. We both breathed very slowly and listened to music and that fire crack. When the last song was over, I felt her breath on my chest."

P. 139

"I asked him if he had anything I could buy. He said he had a quarter ounce of pot left. So, I took some of my Easter money and bought it."

"I've been smoking it all the time since."

P. 145-146

"A few days ago, I went to see Bob to buy more pot. I should probably say that I keep forgetting Bob doesn't go to school with us."

"He weighs his "stash" daily. He says when you're smoking a cigarette with someone, and you have a lighter, you should light their cigarette first. But if you have matches, you should light your cigarette first, so you breathe in the "harmful sulfur" instead of them."

P. 158

"" Perfect!" We were getting pretty drunk. "So, Parker and Lily come up her one night. And they are so in love!"

"" Okay. Okay. I'm sorry. So, they have this picnic with sandwiches and everything. They start to make out. The stereo's playing and they're just about to 'do it' when Parker realizes he forgot the condoms. They're both naked on this putting green. They both want each other. There's no condom. So, what do you think happened?"

"" I don't know.""

"" They did it doggie-style with one of the sandwich bags!"

"" NO!" was all I could really say."

"" YES!" was Patrick's rebuttal."

""GOD!" was my counter."

"" Yes!" was Patrick's conclusion."

“ After we shook off the giggles and wasted most of the wine with spit takes, he turned to me.”

P. 160

“Sheila, who allegedly masturbated with a hot dog and had to go to the emergency room.”

P.202

“So, I kissed her. And she kissed me back. And we lay down on the floor and kept kissing. And it was soft. And we made quiet noises. And kept silent. And still. We went over to the bed and lay down on all the things that weren't put in suitcases. And we touched each other from the waist up over our clothes. And then under our clothes. And then without clothes. And it was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. She took my hand and slid it under her pants. And I touched her. And I just couldn't believe it. It was like everything made sense. Until she moved her hand under my pants, and she touched me.”

watch the video of his BEST FRIEND HURTING HIS DICK IN A TOASTER, and while I'm glad that I brought so much joy to my best friend in times of hardship, I'm not gonna lie, that's a seriously messed up thing to do."

Shit-225

Dick-20

Fuck-59

Pussy-1

Damn-67

Bitch-20

Ass-116

Cockmupphet-1

Bastard-10

Hell-83

Piss-10

Neanderthal Opens the Door to the Universe – Norton

P.7

“I had my hands around his throat, but Aaron decided to play prison rules and grabbed me by the nipples. Not that they were hard to find. I reckon I was a solid B cup, preparing to enter the solid realm of C if those Brown Sugar Cinnamon Pop-tarts didn’t stop being so damn delicious.”

P. 26

“I’m sure one of these beautiful ladies would love to have wild caveman sex with you. Ride ‘em dinosaur-style! Jurassic Park-style!”

“” Ew,” said Heather Goodman, who typically wore more makeup than clothes. “You have dinosaur sex with him Desmond.””

P. 61-62

“” You should go kill yourself like you dumb-ass brother.”” (said 4 times)

“I ignored Aaron. I reached Niko, still on the ground, his face a bloody mess. But his one halfway-open eye saw me. He saw my hate. It caused the bat to tremble as I raised it over my head.”

“Niko swallowed. But no words came out.”

“You should go kill yourself like your dumb-ass brother.”

“And then, suddenly, Niko’s bloody face became Shane’s bloody face. The penetration wound beneath his shattered jaw.”

“The top of his skull blown open.”

P. 112

“Hey, Tegan. Remember that offer to let me touch your boobs if I let you touch mine? Maybe both of those things will happen if you go on a date with me.”

P. 113

“Not much,” I said, which was a total lie because my dick was at twelve o’clock and harder than advanced Calculus.”

P. 115

“Tegan stood up from her bed, grabbed me by the shirt collar, and pulled me down-simultaneously raising herself on her toes. We met halfway, and she kissed me. She kissed the hell out of me. I breathed her in, and she didn’t smell like McDonald’s this time. She smelled like spring and summer and autumn and winter having a seasonal orgy on my olfactory receptors.”

“Our lips parted, only inches away.”

“Our animal instincts and hormones assessed the height situation, and we compensated. Tegan leaped onto me, and I caught her by the thighs, and we tangled into each other. Our lips melded together-kissing like we were drowning, and the only way we could breathe was through each other’s mouths.”

P. 125

“Before Hal, I had sex thirteen times, with thirteen different girls. I think I only remember four of their names. Don’t even ask me how many girls I’ve made out with. There might not be a number that bid in the English language. I love sex. If we make out and it doesn’t lead to sex, I love masturbating. I don’t even care how socially frowned upon that is. It’s just so damn convenient! A hand that knows exactly how you want it? Sign me up!”

juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified.”

“the other woman-now there’s only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?-lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis.”

“I gasp. The women giggle, but it’s a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response.”

“Oh god, oh god, she’s sucking it. Sucking it, for God’s sake.”

“I’m not going to be able to-“

“Oh my God, I need to-“

“I turn my head and hurl the unfortunately varied contents of my stomach onto Nell.”

P. 142 a naked topless picture of a woman

P. 271-272

““Shh.” She scootches to the edge of her seat and touches a finger to my lips. Then she slides to the ground. She kneels in front of me, just inches away, her finger trembling against my lips.”

““Please,” she says. “I need you.” After the slightest pause, she traces my features-tentatively, softly, barely grazing my skin. I catch my breath and close my eyes.”

““Marline-““

““ Don’t say anything,” she says softly. Her fingers flutter their way around my ear and down the back of my neck. I shudder. Every hair on my body is standing on end.”

“When her hands move to my shirt, I open my eyes. She undoes the buttons slowly, methodically. I watch her, knowing I should stop her. But I can’t. I am helpless.”

“When my shirt is open she pulls it free of my trousers and looks me in the eye. She leans forward and brushes her lips past mine-so softly it’s not even a kiss, merely contact. She pauses for just a second, keeping her lips so close I can feel her breath on my face. Then she leans in and kisses me, a gentle kiss, tentative but lingering. The next kiss is stronger still, the next one even more so, and before I know it I’m kissing back, clutching her face in both my hands as she runs her fingers over my chest and down my body. When she reaches for my trousers, I gasp. She pauses, tracing the outline of my erection.”

“She stops. I am reeling, teetering on my knees. Still staring into my eyes, she takes my hands and brings them to her lips. She presses a kiss into each palm and then places my hands on her breasts.”

““ Touch me, Jacob.””

“I am doomed, finished.”

“Her breasts are small and round, like lemons. I cup them, running my thumbs over them and feeling her nipples contract under the cotton of her dress. I crush my bruised mouth to hers, running my hands over her rib cage, her waist, her hips, her thighs-“

“When she undoes my trousers and takes me in her hand, I pull away.”

““ Please,” I gasp, my voice cracking. “Please. Let me be inside you.””

“Somehow, we make it to the bed. When I finally sink into her, I cry out.”

P. 213

"" Ah hell no. You tell me what's wrong, or Mama will bring out the whip and handcuffs. Don't you test Mama.""

"You had to appreciate that, with Tegan, a threat and an innuendo were basically the same thing."

P. 292-293

"The video opened to the setup of a porno."

"Okay, technically it was a desktop webcam view of Ester Poulson's bedroom. Seke Gallagher was guest-starring, wearing nothing but guy shorts-spread-eagled, back exposed, wrists tied to the sturdy curtain rod of Esther's bedroom window. Esther, meanwhile, was holding an honest-to-God tasseled whip."

"" Why are you being punished?" said Esther."

"" I...I keep having impure thoughts," said Zeke."

Esther whipped Zeke's back. He yelped-although there seemed to be a fine line between pain and excitement."

"" No. Way," said Aaron."

"Esther lifted the tasseled whip to her nose and smelled it like a bouquet. "Mmm. Just impure thoughts?"

"" No," said Zeke. "I masturbated to your family vacation pictures. You were wearing a red swimsuit with white polka dots."

"" How many times did you masturbate to those pictures?""

"" Nineteen. Nineteen times.""

"" Christ on a Triscuit!" I said."

"" Nineteen times." Esther shook her head, tsk-tsking. She whipped him again."

"" Ohhhhh," said Zeke. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.""

" There wasn't an ich of his body that wasn't totally enjoying this."

"" Tell me what you want," said Esther."

"" I want your body," said Zeke."

"Esther whipped him again. Zeke howled so loud, I felt embarrassed for everyone in the neighborhood."

"" Well, you can't have it," she said. "My body is a temple.""

"Again with the whip."

"AHHHHHHHHHHH.""

"" Judas Priest!" said Mr. Gibson from his far corner of the computer lab. "What the heck are you boys watching?""

"" Uh..." I said."

"" Um...." Said Aaron."

"" Er..." I said."

"We ejected the disk and ran like hell."

P.293

"So, just to recap, HAL gave us a Puritan-style dominatrix-BDSM pseudo-porno starring Esther Poulson and Zeke Gallagher."

"After school, we drove to Aaron's house where we rewatched the video in its kinky entirety-this time within the privacy of his bikini-clad bedroom. It lasted a grueling twenty-three minutes, and Esther never gave Zeke any. Unless "any" was a raging boner."

P. 362-363

""Not to mention the fact that we don't wanna piss HAL off," said Julian. "I've got so much dirt HAL could pull on me. For example there was this one time Jack dared me to stick my dick in a toaster and he recorded the whole thing, and it was on his computer for a whole year because every time he had a bad day, he would

Water for Elephants – Sara Gruen

P. 15

“I am, as far as I can tell, the oldest male virgin on the face of the earth. Certainly no one else my age is willing to admit it. Even my roommate Edward has claimed victory, although I’m inclined to believe the closest, he’s ever come to a naked woman was between the covers of one of his eight-pagers. Not too long ago some of the guys on my football team paid a woman a quarter apiece to let them do it, one after the other, in the cattle barn. As much as I hoped to leave my virginity behind at Cornell, I couldn’t bring myself to take part. I simply couldn’t do it.”

P. 45-47

“The redhead sways with the music, caressing her shawl with lacquered nails. It has gold or silver woven through it and sparkles as she slides it back and forth across her shoulders. She drops forward suddenly at the waist, throws her head back, and shimmies.”

“The men holler. Two or three stand, shaking their fists in encouragement. I glance at Cecil, whose steely gaze tells me to watch them.”

“The woman stands up, turns her back, and strides to the center of the stage. She passes the shawl between her legs, slowly grinding against it. Groans rise from the audience. She spins so she’s facing us and continues sliding the shawl back and forth, pulling it so tight the cleft of her vulva shows.”

“” Take it off, baby! Take it all off!””

“The shawl drops to the floor and the woman turns her back once again. She shakes her hair so it ripples over her shoulder blades and raises her hands so that they meet at the clasp of her brassier. A cheer rises from the crowd. She pauses to look over her shoulder and winks, running the straps coquettishly down her arms. Then she drops the bra to the floor and spins around, clutching her breasts in her hands. A howl of protest rises from the men.”

“” Aw, come on, sugar, show us what you got?””

“She shakes her head, pouting coyly.”

“” Aw, come on! I spent fifty cents!””

“She shakes her head, blinking demurely at the floor. Suddenly her eyes and mouth spring open and she pulls her hands away.”

“Those majestic globes drop. They come to an abrupt stop before swinging gently, even though she’s standing perfectly still.”

“She caresses herself, lifting and kneading, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She stares lasciviously down at the men, running her tongue across her upper lip.”

“A drum roll begins. She grasps each hardened point firmly between thumb and forefinger and pulls one breast so that its nipple points at the ceiling. Its shape changes utterly as the weight redistributes. Then she drops it—it falls suddenly, almost violently. She hangs onto the nipple and lifts the other in the same upward arc. She alternates, picking up speed. Lifting, dropping, lifting, dropping—by the time the drum cuts out and the trombone kicks in, her arms move so fast they’re a blur, her flesh an undulating, pumping mass.”

“The woman straightens up and then drops into a curtsy. When she stands, she scoops a breast up to her face and slides her tongue around its nipple. Then she slurps it into her mouth. She stands there shamelessly sucking her own tit as the men wave their hats, pump their fists, and scream like animals. She drops it, gives the slick nipple a final tweak, and then blows the men a kiss. She leans down long enough to retrieve her diaphanous shawl and disappears, her arm raised so that the shawl trails behind her, a shimmering banner.”

P. 63

“I’m laying on the floor, looking up at the strippers dangling breasts. Her nipples, brown and the size of silver dollar pancakes, swing in circles-out and around, S.L.A.P. I feel a pang of excitement, then remorse, and then nausea.”

P. 81

"I flip one open. A crudely drawn Olive Oyl lies on a bed with her legs open, naked but for her shoes. She spreads herself with her fingers. Popeye appears in a through bubble above her head, with a bulging erection that reaches to his chin. Wimpy, with an equally enormous erection, peers through the window."

P.131-132

"I hear a thrashing in the long grass and pause to investigate. I see a woman's bare legs spread wide with a man between them. He grunts and ruts like a billy goat. His trousers are down around his knees, his hairy buttocks pumping up and down. She grasps his shirt in her fists, moaning with each thrust."

P.133-135

"She grabs my chin and raises it, gazing deep into my eyes. I try to return the favor but am having some trouble focusing. "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me Jacob-you ever been with a woman?""

"" I...uh...," I say. "Uh..."

"Nell giggles. Barbara leans back and puts her hands on her waist. "Whatya think?" Wanna give him a proper welcome?"

"" We practically have to." says Nell. "A First of May and a virgin?" He hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. My head, which had been wobbling on its stem, snaps upright. "You think his hair is red down there, too?" she says, cupping me in her palm."

"Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be."

"Oh God. Oh God. I'm touching a breast. Through a dress, but still-"

“Barbara stands up for a moment, smooths her skirt, looks furtively around, and then crouches. I’m pondering this change of position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my finger against hot, moist silk.”

“I catch my breath. The whiskey, the moonshine, the gin, the God-knows-what-all of it dissipates instantly. She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys.”

“Oh shit. I may come right now.”

“” Hmmm?” she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places back on my knee, and she gives my crotch an experimental squeeze.”

“”” Mmmmm,” she says, her eyes half-closed. “He’s ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age.””

“The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the floor of the stock car. At least, I am aware of finding myself cheek down in the dirt. Then I’m swept upward again and jostled along in the dark until I’m sitting on the edge of a bed.”

“There are definitely two Barbaras now. And two of the other one, as well. Nell, was it?”

“Barbara steps backward and raises her arms in the air. She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I’m interested—there’s no question about that. But I simply can’t sit upright anymore. So I fall back,”

“Someone’s yanking on my pants. I mumble something, not sure what, but I don’t think it’s encouragement. I’m suddenly not feeling well.”

“Oh God. She’s touching me—it’s stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It’s limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand,

"We recently tried doing it in a nearby building's staircase, but didn't get very far undressing ourselves before we heard someone coming down. The same deal with this abandoned porch up on the balcony a few nights ago, which was really risky, but worth risking."

P.184

"Kenneth was fucking gunned down yesterday and it's all Kyle's fucking fault. Kyle couldn't fucking help himself and just had to fucking fuck Jordan's fucking sister, even though we all fucking knew Jordan is the kind of fucking guy who would fucking kill someone if you fucking crossed him. Those bullets were fucking meant for fucking Kyle but no, they fucking found their way into fucking Kenneth when he was fucking innocently coming home from his fucking clarinet lessons at school. We will never get the fucking chance to see Kenneth on a fucking stage, playing us a song we would fucking call him a little bitch for, even if we are so fucking proud of him for fucking making something of himself."

"Thankfully I have Collin here. He is being a real fucking champ and letting me cry into his chest. He promises distractions, like movies and comics, but the best fucking distraction of all is having someone who will hold me whenever I'm fucking lost and defeated."

P. 185-186

"Genevieve pulls my belt and drags me to the edge of her bed. Her father is out of town until tomorrow, for a reason I can't remember, and it's obvious what her intentions were after the double date. If I want to keep what I have with Collin, I have to play along so she doesn't get suspicious. She climbs onto her bed and relaxes on her knees, pausing in front of my face."

"" You want this, right?""

"I should tell her something like "Not really" and just walk away and call up Collin. Instead, I grab her shoulders and pull her to me, kissing her neck, face and lips. "You're beautiful," I whisper right into her ear."

"These seem like all the right things to do."

"She takes off my shirt and throws it across the room. "Unbutton my shirt," she says, tracing circles into my chest with her fingers every time I rip a button off, she breathes this low moan that seems artificial, but it's crazy to think we're both faking our way through this. I drop her shirt and we study each other's bodies. She's in a green bra she probably bought for tonight while I'm in the same boxers as yesterday."

"Genevieve falls to her back and turns off her bedside lamp. "Come here.""

"Hopefully the moonlight doesn't expose the dread on my face that I'm disguising with suggestive eyebrow bounces and smirks as I crawl toward her."

P. 237

"Collin scans the area for any wanderers or birds with cameras on their heads before coming back to undo my belt buckle."

"I pull him into a rough kiss and I don't doubt that whenever he's kissing Nicole he's pretending she's some other guy-maybe even me-and as I kiss him now I pretend he's someone else, and it's just so fucking sad.

"He hands me a condom and I rip it open the wrapper with my teeth."

P. 274

" "You fuckers fucked up my fucking brain!" I shout, ready to pounce on him all over again. "Major fucking memory loss and there's a chance I'm going to fucking forget this fucking conversation but I'll never fucking forget how my fucking friend almost fucking killed me because he fucking hated me."

Fuck – 132 Times

Shit – 88 Times

Ass – 33 Times

Dick – 17 Times

The Bluest Eye – Toni Morrison

P. 22

"I destroyed white baby dolls.

But the dismembering of dolls was no the true horror. The truly horrifying thing was the transference of the same impulses to the little white girls. The indifference with which I could have axed them was shaken only by my desire to do so."

P. 42

"Hating her, he could leave himself intact. When he was still very young, Cholly had been surprised in some bushes by two white men while he was newly but earnestly engaged in eliciting sexual pleasure from a little country girl. The men had shone a flashlight right on his behind. He had stopped, terrified. They chuckled. The beam of the flashlight did not move. "Go On," they said. "Go on and finish. And, n***er, make it good."

P. 43-44

"She ran into the bedroom with a dishpan full of cold water and threw it in Cholly's face. He sat up, choking and spitting. Naked and ashen, he leaped from the bed, and with a flying tackle, grabbed his wife around the waist, and they hit the floor. Cholly picked her up and knocked her down with the back of his hand. She fell in a sitting position, her back supported by Sammy's bed frame. She had not let go of the dishpan, and began to hit at Cholly's thighs and groin with it. He put his foot in her chest, and she dropped the pan. Dropping to his knee, he struck her several times in the face, and she might have succumbed early had he not hit his hand against the metal bed frame when his wife ducked. Mrs. Breedlove took advantage of this momentary suspension of blows and slipped out of his reach. Sammy, who had watched in silence their struggling at his bedside, suddenly began to hit his father about the head with both fists, shouting "You naked fuck!" over and over and over. Mrs. Breedlove, having snatched up the round, flat stove lid, ran tippy-toe to Cholly as he was pulling himself up from his knees, and struck him two blows, knocking him right back into the senselessness out of which she had provoked him. Panting, she threw a quilt over him and let him lie."

Sammy screamed, "Kill him! Ill him!"

P. 56

"Neither were they the sloppy, inadequate whores who, unable to make a living at it alone, turn to drug consumption and traffic or pimps to help complete their scheme of self-destruction, avoiding suicide only to punish the memory of some absent father or to sustain the misery of some silent mother."

P. 57

"Into her eyes came the picture of Cholly and Mrs. Breedlove in bed. He making sounds as though he were in pain, as though something had him by the throat and wouldn't let go. Terrible as his noises were, they were not nearly as bad as the no noise at all from her mother. It was as though she was not even there. Maybe that was love. Choking sounds and silence."

P. 71

"Pecola blinked, then looked away. "No. Where would I see a naked man?""

"I don't know. I just asked."

"I wouldn't even look at him, even if I did see him. That's dirty. Who wants to see a naked man?" Pecola was agitated. "No body's father would be naked in front of his own daughter. Not unless he was dirty too."

"I didn't say 'father'. 'I just said a naked man.'"

"Well..."

"How come you said 'father?'" Maureen wanted to know."

"Who else would she see, dog tooth?" I was glad to have a chance to show anger. Not only because of the ice cream, but because we had seen our own father naked and didn't care to be reminded of it and feel the shame brought on by the absence of shame. He had been walking sown the hall from the bathroom into his bedroom and passed the open door of our room. We had lain there wide-eyes. He stopped and looked in, trying to see in the dark room whether we were really asleep-or was it his imagination that opened eyes ewer looking at him? Apparently he convinced himself that we were sleeping. He moved away, confident that his little girls would not lie open-eyed like that, staring, staring. When he had moved on, the dark took only him away, not his nakedness. That stayed in the room with us. Friendly-like."

"I'm not talking to you," said Maureen. "Besides, I don't care if she sees her father naked. She can look at him all day if she want to. Who cares?"

"You do," said Freida. "That's all you talk about."

"It is not."

"It is so. Boys, babies and somebody's naked daddy."

P. 84-85

"Nor do they know that she will give him her body sparingly and partially. He must enter her surreptitiously, lifting the hem of her nightfown only to her navel. He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him."

"While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place-like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat-the damp may get into her hair and that she will remain dry between her legs-she hates the glucking sound they make when she is moist, When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her hips,

press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And the a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief."

P. 98-99

"Then why you crying?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Mr. Henry."

"What'd he do?"

"Daddy beat him up."

"What for? The Maginot Line? Did he find out about the Maginot Line?"

"No."

"Well, what then?" Come on, Freida. How come I can't know?"

"He...picked at me."

"Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?"

"Sort of."

"He showed his privates at you?"

"Noooo. He touched me."

"Where?"

"Here and here." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns, scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress.

"Really? How did it feel?"

"Oh, Claudia." She sounded put-out. I wasn't asking the right questions,"

"It didn't feel like anything."

"But wasn't it supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?"

"She sighed. "First, he said how pretty I was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."

"I started to leave him once, but something came up. Once, after he tried to set the house on fire, I was all set in my mind to go. I can't even 'member now what held me. He sure ain't give me much of a life. But it wasn't all bad. Sometimes things wasn't all bad. He used to come easing into bed sometimes, not too drunk. I make out like I'm asleep, 'cause it's late, and he taken three dollars out of my pocketbook that morning or something. I hear him breathing, but I don't look around. I can see in my mind's eye his black arms thrown back behind his head, the muscles like great big peach stones sanded down, with veins running like little swollen rivers sown his arms. Without touching him I be feeling those ridges on the tips of my fingers. I sees the palms of his hands calloused to granite, and the long fingers curled up and still, I think about the thick, knotty hair on his chest, and the two big swells his breast muscles make. I want to rub my face hard in his chest and feel the hair cut my skin. I know just where the hair growth slacks out-just above his navel-and how it picks up again and spreads out. Maybe he'll shift a little, and his leg will touch me, or I feel his flank just graze my behind. I don't move even yet. Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because I don't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. The he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That he couldn't stop if he had to. That he would die rather than take his thing out of me. Of me. Not until he has to let go of all he has, and give it to me. To me. To me. When he does, I feel a power. I be strong, I be pretty, I be young. And then I wait. He shivers and tosses his head. Now I be strong enough, pretty enough, and young enough to let him make me come. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind. My legs drop back onto the bed. I don't make no noise, because the chil'ren might hear. I begin to feel those little bits of color floating up into me-deep in me. That steak of freen from the June-bug light, the purple from the berries trickling along my thighs, Mama's lemonade runs sweet in me. Then I feel like I'm laughing between my legs, and the laughing gets all mixed up with the colors, and I'm afraid I'll come, and afraid I won't. But I know I will. And I do. And it be rainbow all inside. And it lasts and lasts and lasts. I want to thank him, but don't know how, so I pat him like you do a baby. He asks me if I'm all right. I say yes. He gets off me and lies down to sleep. I wasn't to say something, but I don't. I don't want to take my mind offen the rainbow. I should get up and go to the toilet, but I don't. Besides Cholly is asleep with his leg throwed over me. I can't move an don't want to."

"But it ain't like that anymore. Most times he's thrashing away inside me before I'm woke, and though when I am."

"Darlene put her hand under his open shirt and rubbed the damp tight skin. When he looked at her in surprise, she stopped and laughed. He smiled and continued knotting the bow. She put her hands back under his shirt."

"Hold still," he said. "How I gone get this?"

"She ticked his ribs with her fingertips. He giggled and grabbed his rig cage. They were on top of each other in a moment. She corkscrewing her hand into his clothes. He returning the play, digging into the neck of her dress, and then under her dress. When he got his hand in her bloomers, she suddenly stopped laughing and looked serious. Cholly, frightened, was about to take his hand away, but she held his wrist so he couldn't move it. He examined her then with his fingers, and she kissed his face and mouth. Cholly found her muscadine-lipped mouth distracting. Darlene released his head, shifted her body, and pulled down her pants. After some trouble with the buttons, Cholly dropped his pants down to his knees. Their bodies began to make sense to him, and it was not as difficult as he had thought it would be. She moaned a little, but the excitement collecting inside him made him close his eyes and regard her moans as no more than pine sighs over his head. Just as he felt an explosion threaten, Darlene froze and cried out. He thought he had hurt her, but when he looked at her face, she was staring wildly at something over his shoulder. He jerked around.

"There stood two white men. One with a spirit lamp, the other with a flashlight. There was no mistake about their being white; he could smell it. Cholly jumped, trying to kneel, stand, and get his pants up all in one motion. The men had long guns."

"Hee hee hee heeeee." The snicker was a long asthmatic cough."

"The other raced the flashlight all over Cholly and Darlene."

"Get on wid it, n***er," said the flashlight one."

"Sir?" said Cholly, trying to find a buttonhole."

"I said, get on wid it. An' make it good, n***er, make it good."

"There was no place for Cholly's eyes to go. They slid about furtively searching for shelter, while his body remained paralyzed. The flashlight man lifted his gun down from his shoulder, and Cholly heard the clop of meta. He dropped back to his knees. Darlene had her head averted, her eyes staring out of the lamplight into the surrounding darkness and looking almost unconcerned, as through they had no part in the drama taking place around them. With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear."

"Hee hee hee hee heeeeeee."

"Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind."

"Hee hee hee hee heee,"

"Come on, coon. Faster. You aint' doing nothing for her."

"" Hee hee hee hee heeee.""

"Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could do it-hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws."

"" Hee hee hee hee heeee.""

"Some dogs howled. "Thas them. Thas them. I know thas Old Honey."

"" Yep," said the spirit lamp."

"" Come on." The flashlight turned away, and one of them whistled to honey."

"" Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet.""

"" Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby.""

P. 161-163

"So it was on a Sunday afternoon, in the thin light of spring, he staggered home reeling drunk and saw his daughter in the kitchen."

"She was washing dishes. Her small back hunched over the sink. Cholly saw her dimly and could not tell what he saw or what he felt. Then he became aware that he was uncomfortable; next he felt the discomfort dissolve into pleasure. The sequence of his emotions was revulsion, guilt, pity, then love. His revulsion was a reaction to her young. Helpless, hopeless presence. Her back hunched that way; her head to one side as though crouching from a permanent and unrelieved blow. Why did she have to look so whipped? She was a child-unburdened-why wasn't she happy? The clear statement of her misery was an accusation. He wanted to break her neck-but tenderly. Guilt and impotence rose in a bilious duet. What could he do for her-ever? What give her? What say to her? What could a burned-out back man say to the hunched back of his eleven-year-old daughter? If he looked into her face, he would see those haunted, loving eyes. The hauntedness would irritate him-the love would move him to fury. How dare she love him? Hadn't she any sense at all? What was he supposed to do about that? Return her smile? What of his knowledge of the world and of life could be useful to her? What could his heavy arms and befuddled brain accomplish that would earn him his own respect, that would in turn allow him to accept her love? His hatred of her slimed in his stomach and threatened to become vomit. But just before the puke moved from anticipation to sensation, she shifted her weight and stood on one foot scratching the back of her calf with her toe. It was a quiet and pitiful gesture. Her hands were going around and around a frying pan, scraping flecks of black into cold, greasy dishwater. The timid, tucked-in look of the scratching toe-that was what Pauline was doing the first time he saw her in Kentucky. Leaning over a fence staring at nothing in particular. The creamy toe of her bare foot scratching a velvet leg. It was such a small and simple gesture, but it filled him then with a wondering softness. Not the usual lust to part tight legs with his own, but a tenderness, a protectiveness. A desire to cover her foot with his hand and gently nibble away the itch from the calf with his teeth. He did it then, and started Pauline into laughter. He did it now."

"The tenderness welled up in him, and he sank to his knees, his eyes on the foot of his daughter. Crawling on all fours toward her, he raised his hand and caught the foot in an upward stroke. Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire rind down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her-tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made-a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon."

"Following the disintegration-the falling away-of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell."

"Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his genitals out of the dry harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred missed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her."

"So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs wit the face of her mother looming over her."

P. 166-167

"He could have been an active homosexual but laced the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his carvings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh. Body odor, breath odor, overwhelmed him. The sight of dried matter in the corner of the eye, decayed or missing teeth, ear wax, blackheads, moles, blisters, skin crust-all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of-disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those hums whose bodies were least offensive-children. And sine he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything bu lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness. He was what one might call a very clean old man."

P. 178-179

"You remember, do you, how and of what we are made? Let me tell you now about the breasts of little girls. I apologize for the inappropriateness (is that it?) the imbalance of loving them at awkward times of day, and in awkward places, and the tastelessness of loving those which belonged to members of my family, Do I have to apologize for loving strangers?"

"But you too are amiss her, Lord. How, why did you allow it to happen? How is it I could lift my eyes from the contemplation of Your Body and fall deeply into the contemplation of theirs? The buds. The buds on some of these saplings, They were mean, you know, mean and tender. Mean little buds resisting the touch, springing like rubber. But aggressive. Daring me to touch. Commanding me to touch. Not a bit shy, as you'd suppose, the stuck out at me, oh yes, at me. Slender-chested, finger-chested lassies. Have you ever seen them, Lord? I mean, really seen them? One could not see them and not love them. You who made them must have considered them lovely even as an idea-how much more lovely is the manifestation of that idea. I couldn't, as you must recall, keep my hands, my mouth, off them. Salt-sweet. Like not quite ripe strawberries covered with the light salt sweat of running days and hopping, skipping, jumping hours.

"The love of them-the touch, taste, and feel of them-was not just an easy luxurious human vice; they were, for me, A Thing To Do Instead. Instead of Papa, instead of the Cloth, instead of Velma, and I chose not to do without them. But I didn't go into the church. At least I didn't do that."

P. 181

"Why do I have to die? The little girls. The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them-just a little-I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for m own. Playful, I felt, and friendly. Not like the newspapers said. Not like the people whispered. And they didn't mind at all. Not at all. Remember how so many of them came back? No one would even try to understand that. If I'd been hurting them, would they have come back? Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they' eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning-just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look-any long funny look-and long funny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly."

Nineteen Minutes- Picoult

P. 3

“By the time you read this, I hope to be dead.”

“You can’t undo something that’s happened; you can’t take back a word that’s already been said out loud. You’ll think about me and with that you had been able to talk me out of this. You’ll try to figure out what would have been the one right thing to say, to do I guess I should tell you, Don’t blame yourself this isn’t your fault, but that would be a lie. We both know that I didn’t get her by myself.”

“You’ll cry, at my funeral. You’ll say it didn’t have to be this way. You will act like everyone expects you to. But will you miss me?”

“More importantly-will I miss you?”

“Does either one of us really want to hear the answer to that question?”

P. 9-10

“Before leaving her room, though, she hesitated. She sank down onto her bed and rummaged underneath the nightstand for the Ziploc sandwich bag that she’d tacked to the wooden frame. Inside was a stash of Ambien-pirated one pill at a time from her mother’s prescription for insomnia, so she’d never notice. It had taken Josie nearly six months to inconspicuously gather only fifteen pills, but she figured if she washed them down with a fifth of vodka, it would do the trick. It wasn’t like she had a strategy, really, to kill herself next Tuesday, or when the snow melted, or anything concrete like that. It was more like a backup plan. When the truth came out, and no one wanted to be around her anymore, it stood to reason Josie wouldn’t want to be around herself either.”

P. 21-23

“Chaos was a constellation of students, running out of the school and trampling the injured. A boy holding a handmade sign in an upstairs window that read HELP UP. Two girls hugging each other and sobbing. Chaos was blood melting pink on the snow; it was the drip of parents that turned into a stream and then a raging

river, screaming out the names of their missing children. Chaos was a TV camera in your face, not enough ambulances, not enough officers, and no play for how to react when the world as you knew it went to pieces.”

“As he raced up the steps to the school, he was vaguely aware of two other patrol officers bucking the chief’s commands and joining him in a fray. Patrick directed them each down a different hallway, and then he himself pushed through the double doors, past students who were shoving each other in an effort to get outside. Fire alarms blared so loudly that Patrick had to strain to hear the gunshots. He grabbed the coat of a boy streaking past him. “Who is it?” he yelled. “Who’s shooting?””

“The boy beside her turned around and looked at Patrick, torn between offering knowledge and getting the hell out of there. “It’s a kid...he’s shooting everyone...””

“That was enough. Patrick pushed against the tide, a salmon swimming upstream. Homework papers were scattered on the floor; shell casings rolled beneath the heels of his shoes. Ceiling tiles had been shot off, and a fine gray dust coated the broken bodies that lay twisted on the floor. Patrick ignored all of this, going against most of his training—running past doors that might hide a perp, disregarding rooms that should have been searched—instead driving forward with his weapon drawn and his heart beating through every inch of his skin. Later, he would remember other sights that he didn’t have time to register right away: the heating duct covers that had been pried loose so students could hide in the crawl space; the shoes left behind by kids who literally ran out of them; the eerie prescience of crime-scene outlines on the floor outside the biology classrooms, where students had been tracing their own bodies on butcher paper for an assignment.”

“Patrick spun around to the entrance again to see if that was the case, and then heard another shot. He ran to a door that led out from the gym, one he hadn’t noticed in his first quick visual sweep of the area. It was a locker room tiled white on the walls and the floor. He glanced down, saw the fanned spray of blood at his feet, and edged his gun around the corner wall.”

“Two bodies lay unmoving at one end of the locker room. At the other, closer to Patrick, a slight boy crouched beside a bank of lockers. He wore wire-rimmed glasses, crooked on his thin face. He was shivering hard.”

“” Are you okay?” Patrick whispered. He did not want to speak out loud and give away his position to the shooter.”

“The boy only blinked at him.”

“” Where is he?” Patrick mouthed.”

“The boy pulled a pistol from beneath his thigh and held it up to his own head.”

P. 26

“Apparently. Loomis had escalated his criminal resume last night when he and two friends decided to go after a drug dealer who didn’t bring them enough pot. They got high, hog-tied the guy, and threw him in the trunk, Loomis wacked the dealer over the head with a baseball bat, cracking his skull and sending him into convulsions. When he started choking on his own blood, Loomis turned him over so that he could breathe.”

P. 45

” He’d answered truthfully-back when he was in Maine, and a guy had committed suicide by tying himself with wire to the train tracks; the train had literally cleaved him in two. There had been blood and body parts everywhere; seasoned officers reached the crime scene and started throwing up in the scrub brush. Patrick had walked away to gain his composure and found himself staring down at the man’s severed head, the mouth still round with a silent scream.”

P. 134-135

“” Why is everyone so upset that those jerks are dead?””

"" I mean, people are crying over them... and they were assholes. Everyone's saying I ruined their lives, but no one seemed to care when my life was the one being ruined.""

"" Where do you want me to start," Peter answered, bitter. "In nursery school, when the teacher would bring out snacks, and one of them would pull out my chair so I'd fall down and everyone else would crack up? Or win second grade, when they held my head down in the toilet and they flushed it over and over, just because they knew they could? Or that time they beat me up on my way home from school and I needed stitches?""

"" A whole bunch of kids," Peter said."

"The ones you wanted to kill? Jordan thought, but he didn't ask. "Why do you think they targeted you?""

"" Because they're dickheads? I don't know. They're like a pack. They have to make someone else feel like shit in order to feel good about themselves.""

"" I had to go to school," Peter said. "You'd be surprised how small it gets when you're there for eight hours every day.""

"" so did they do this outside of school, too?""

"" When they could catch me," Peter said. "If I was by myself.""

"" How about harassment-phone calls, letters, threats?" Jordan asked."

"" Online," Peter said. "They'd send me instant messages, saying I was a loser, things like that. And they took an email I wrote and spammed it out to the whole school...made it a joke...""

P. 206

"" Wait." Peter picked his way through the computer until he reached a will-hidden file of downloads and opened up the first porn site."

"" Is that...a dwarf?" Josie murmured. "And a donkey?""

"Peter tilted his head. "I thought it was a really big cat.""

"" either way, it's totally gross.""

P. 223-224

"She felt Matt's lips move from her cheek to her neck to the spot behind her ear that always made her feel like she was dissolving. She was a novice at fooling around, but Matt had coaxed her further and further each time they were alone. It's your fault, he'd say, and give her that smile. If you weren't this hot, I'd be able to keep my hands off you. That alone was an aphrodisiac to Josie. Her? Hot? And-just as Matt had promised every thine-it did feel good to let him touch her everywhere, to let him taste her. Every incremental intimacy with Matt felt as if she were falling off a cliff-that loss of breath, those butterflies in her stomach. One step, and she'd be flying. If did' t occur to Josie, when she leaped, that she was just as likely to fall."

"Now she felt his hands moving under her T-shirt, slipping beneath the lace of her bra. Her legs tangled with his; he rubbed up against her. When Matt tugged up her shirt, so that the cool air feathered over her skin, she snapped back to reality. "We can't do this," she whispered."

"Matt's teeth scraped over her shoulder."

"" We're parked on the side of the road.""

"He looked up at her, drugged, feverish. "But I want you," Matt said, like he had a dozen times."

"This time, though, she glanced up."

"I want you."

"Josie could have stopped him, but she realized she did not intend to. He wanted her, and right now, that was what she most needed to hear."

"There was a moment when matt went still, wondering if the fact that she hadn't shoved his hands away meant what he thought it meant. She heard the rip of a foil condom packet-how long had he been carrying that around? Then he tore at his jeans and hiked up her skirt, as if he still expected her to change her mind. Josie felt Matt pulling aside the elastic of her underwear, the burn of his finger

pushing inside her. That was nothing like the times before, when his touch had left a track like a comet over her skin'; when she found herself aching after she told him she wanted to stop. Matt shifted his weight and came down on top of her again, only this time there was no more burning, more pressure. "Ow," she whimpered, and Matt hesitated."

"“ I don't want to hurt you," he said."

"She turned her head away. "Just do it." Josie said, and Matt pushed his hips flush against hers. It was the kind of pain that-even though she was expecting it-made her cry out."

"Matt mistook that for passion. "I know, baby," he groaned. She could feel his heartbeat, but from the inside, and the he started to move faster, bucking against her like a fish released from a hook onto a dock."

"Josie wanted to ask Matt whether it had hurt the first time he had done it, too. She wondered if it always would hurt. Maybe pain was the price everyone paid for love. She turned her face into Matt's shoulder and tried to understand why, even with him still inside of her, she felt empty."

P. 309-310

"Matt and Josie had a pattern. When they started making out, he's lean in and look at her as if he couldn't possibly see any other part of the world. It was hypnotism, she realized, because after a while she sort of felt that way too. Then he'd kiss her, so slowly that there was hardly pressure on her mouth, until she was the one pushing against him for more. He worked his way down her body, from mouth to neck, from neck to breasts, and then his fingers would do a search-and-rescue mission below the waistband of her jeans. The whole thing lasted about ten minutes, and the Matt would roll off her and take the condom out of his wallet so they could have sex."

"They were in her living room, in the dark, with the television on for background noise. Matt had already peeled off her clothes, and now he was leaning over her like a tidal wave, pulling down his boxers. He sprang free and settled between Josie's legs."

"" Hey," she said, as he tried to push into her. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"" Aw, Jo. Just once, I don't want there to be anything between us.""

"His words could melt her just as surely as his kiss or his touch, she already knew that by now. She hated that rubbery smell that permeated the air the moment he ripped open the Trojan packet and stayed on his hands until they were finished. And God, did anything feel better than having Matt inside her? Josie shifted just a little, felt her body adjust to him, and her legs trembled."

P. 313

"They were on the floor of the living room and they were nearly naked. Josie could taste beer on Matt's breath, but she must have tasted like that, too. They'd both drunk a few at Drew's-not enough to get wasted, just buzzed, enough so that Matt's hands seemed to be all over her at once, so that his skin set fire to hers."

"She'd been floating along pleasantly in a haze of the familiar. Yes, Matt had kisser her-one short one, then a longer, hungry kiss, as his hand worked open the clasp on her bra. She lay lazy, spread beneath him like a feast, as he pulled off her jeans. But then, instead of doing what usually came next, Matt reared over her again. He kissed her so hard that it hurt. "Mmmmph," she said, pushing at him."

"" Relax," Matt murmured, and then he sank his teeth into her shoulder. He pinned her 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 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, sticky and hot, pooled on the carpet beneath her. Matt framed her face with his hands. “Jesus, Josie,” he whispered, and she realized that he was in tears. “I love you so goddamn much.””

P. 410-411

“Josie, he had said, when she called back. Were you lying?”

“About what?”

“Loving me?”

“She had pressed her face into the pillow. No, she whispered.”

“I can’t live without you. Matt had said, and then she heard something that sounded like a bottle of pills being shaken.”

“Josie had frozen. What are you doing?”

“What do you care?”

“Her mind had started racing. She had her driver’s permit, but couldn’t take the car out herself, and not after dark. She lived too far away from Matt to run there. Don’t move, she said. Just...don’t do anything.”

“Downstairs in the garage, she’d found a bicycle she hadn’t ridden since she was in middle school, and she pedaled the four miles to Matt’s house. By the time she got there, it had been raining; her hair and her clothes were glued to her skin. The light was still on in Matt’s bedroom, which was on the first floor. Josie knocked on the window, and he opened it so that she could crawl inside.”

“On his desk was a bottle of Tylenol and another one, open of Jim Beam. Josie faced him. Did you-“

“But Matt wrapped his arms around her. He smelled of liquor. You told me not to. I’d do anything for you. Then he had pulled back from her. Would you do anything for me?”

“She felt a cage coming down around her’ too late she realized that Matt had her trapped by the heart. And like any unwitting animal that was well and truly caught, Josie could escape only by leaving a piece of herself behind.”

“I’m so sorry, Josie had said at least a thousand times that night, because it was all her fault.”