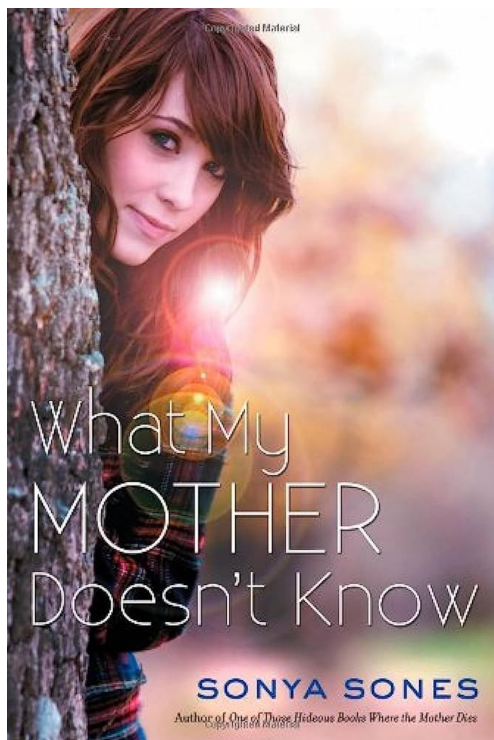


WHAT MY MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW



Young Adult

By Sonya Sones

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities and nudity.

2 /5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	And he had such smoldery dark eyes that I felt I'd been zapped smack into the middle of an R rated movie and everyone else in the car was just going to fade away and this guy and I were going to start making out, right then and there, without every having said one word to each other.
43	Listening to Grace moan about how horny she is and about how if she doesn't find a boyfriend soon she's going to die of lackonookie disease.
46	Sometimes on chilly nights I stand close to my bedroom window, unbutton my nightgown, and press my breasts against the cold glass just so I can see the amazing trick that my nipples can do.
74	Dylan says when I meet his mother today I shouldn't mention that I'm Jewish. I say okay, but can I tell her about the HIV positive thing?
75	I'm remembering what the man said as he shoved open his car door: "God damn kikes!" I'm remembering the look on my mother's face, the way her hand flew up to her cheek, as though she'd been slapped. And I'm remembering the first thought that came into my head: Do we look that Jewish?
76	She says they were swarming all over her like flies and everyone kept trying to Jew her down on the prices. I glance over at Dylan to see his reaction to what she's said. He just laughs and says, "That's how people are at garage sales, Mom." I don't know which is worse- the fact that she said it, or the fact that it didn't even phase him.
110	Tonight Chaz asked me: "What's your favorite thing to do?" I wasn't sure what to say so I just wrote back: "I don't know. What's yours?" He's not real quick at typing, but I had to wait even longer than usual for his answer to pop onto my screen: "I like to jerk off in libraries."
137	I can feel the heat of his hands penetrating the thin fabric of my dress at the small of my back. His fingers roam up to my shoulders, melting away my shyness, as he draws me close enough to feel my breasts against his chest. We move together, breathe together, my hands gripping his shoulders, his thigh pressed between mine.
142	I never thought it would happen this way- with the guy standing closest to me suddenly bursting out laughing and grabbing my breasts with his slimy paws, squeezing them for a split second that seems to last forever. I never once envisioned the devirginization of my breasts happening like this, with the guy and his scumbag buddy slapping five afterwards as though he'd just done something to be proud of, the two of them snickering and nudging each other, the one who did it whispering, "I told you they were real. You owe me five bucks."

Page	Content
208	<p>I'm dreaming of the man in Le Bal a Bougival, of him kissing me, again and again. I'm dreaming of his lips sizzling all the cells in my body, of wishing he would remove every stitch of my clothes. I'm dreaming of him slowly unbuttoning my blouse, the hundreds and hundreds of buttons on my blouse. But just as the last one is undone and he reaches out to do what my eyes are commanding him to do, he turns into Murphy. And in my dream this only makes me want him more.</p>