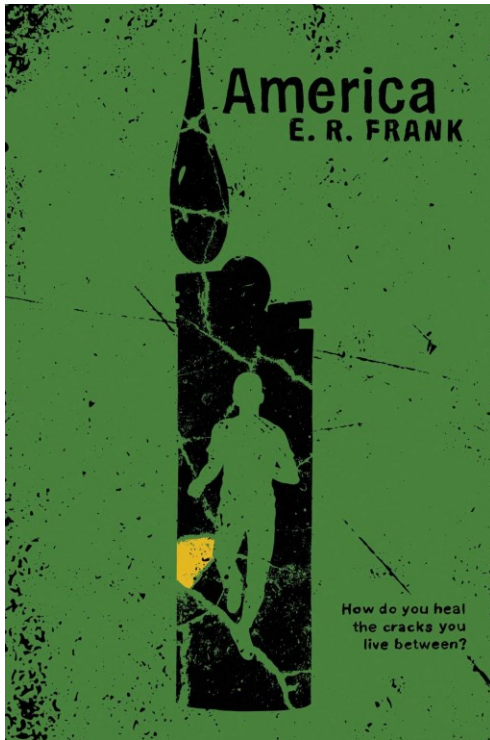


PENDING FINAL REVIEW



AMERICA



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; molestation; sexual nudity; excessive profanity.

Young Adult

By E.R. Frank

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CONTENT WARNING

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
110	<p>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 gall asleep, and he doesn't even say good night.</p>
113	<p>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	<p>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	<p>"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	<p>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	<p>"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>

Page	Content
183	<p>"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	<p>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	<p>"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 hit 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	<p>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>

Page	Content
220	<p>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.</p> <p>...My shorts are wet. There weren't any dicks. There was just Liza.</p>
221	<p>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.</p> <p>...My shorts are wet. It was Liza and a dick. Man. That is some weird shit.</p>
224	<p>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	<p>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.</p> <p>..."Stop," she goes.</p> <p>..."What's the matter?" I go.</p> <p>..."I've been talking about it with my therapist," she goes." "She sits up fast, and that hammock doesn't like it."</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	37
Bitch	6
Dick	28
Fuck	69
Goddamn	1
Nigger	1
Pussy	13
Shit	126