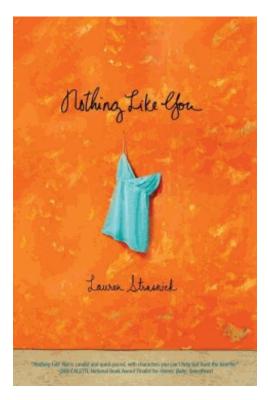
NOTHING LIKE YOU



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; alcohol use; and mild profanity.

Young Adult

By Lauren Strasnick

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| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 1 | We were parked at Point Dume, Paul and I, the two of us tangled together, half dressed, half not. I hung on to Paul, thinking, I like your face, I love your hands, let's do this, let's do this, let's do this, one arm locked around the back of his head, the other wedged between two scratched-up leather seat cushions, bracing myself against the pain while wondering, idly, if this feels any different when you love the person or when you do it lying down on a bed. like lose my virginity in the backseat of some guy's dinged-up, bright red BMW. |
| 40 | "Gin rummy," said Nils. "And underage drinking." |
| 140 | "Find some booze for our drinks?" I tapped my Coke can. |
| 141 | "You want whisky?" She pulled a skinny bottle of Jack out from under her halter. I was drunk. Not really drunk drunk, just tipsy |
| 154 | So Nils was the one who supplied the Kahlua- the only thing he didn't think his parents would notice missing from their liquor cabinet. I scammed two beers out of the fridge in our garage, which we drank while singing |
| 165 | We drank two more Tecates. We watched the others drink and talk and dance and kiss, then we drank another two beers and presto- chango! Like magic, we were drunk. I drank a lot, Nils drank a lot, and I can't remember much about the night other than how we all ended up in the end. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Bitch | 1 |
| Fuck | 2 |
| Shit | 8 |

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