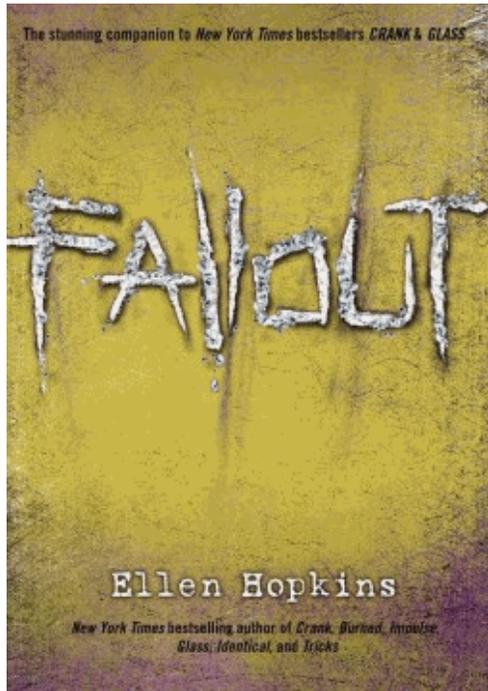


# FALLOUT



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; drug abuse and alcohol use.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	<p>We hear that life was good before she met the monster,...</p> <p>...Kristina wrote that chapter of her history before we were even whispers in her womb.</p> <p>The monster stopped our lives, without our ever touching it.</p>
7	<p>It started with a court-ordered summer visit to Kristina's druggie dad.</p> <p>...Mom says he wandered in late to my baptism, dragging Kristina along, both of them wearing the stench of monster sweat.</p> <p>...They'd been up all night, catching a monstrous buzz. It wasn't the first time they'd partied together.</p> <p>That was in Albuquerque, where dear old Gramps lives, and where Kristina met the guy who popped her just-say-no-to-drugs cherry.</p>
11	<p>yes, and then there's her body. I'm not sure what perfect measurements are, but Nikki's got them, all wrapped up in skin like wheat-colored suede. Delicious, from lips to ankles, and she's mine. Mine to touch, mine to hold. Mine to kiss all over her flawless deliciousness. Plus, she's got her own place, a sweet little house near campus, where I can do all that kissing- not to mention what comes after the kissing-in private.</p> <p>I'm done with classes for the day and on my way to Nikki's, with a little extra fun tucked inside my pocket. Yeah, I know getting high isn't so smart. Ask me if I care.</p>
12	<p>A little weed, a little coke.</p> <p>Never tried meth. Don't think I out to take a chance on that monster. Catching a buzz is one thing.</p>
14	<p>Who was her man of the month? I've been told she slept with more than a few, but which was the one whose lucky sperm connected with the proper egg?</p>
15	<p>In Mom's book the story goes Kristina was date-raped by some low-life druggie lifeguard dealer.</p> <p>...Who wants to believe they were conceived of a rape, even if the rape might have been somehow solicited?</p>
16	<p>I'm smart (Except when loaded. Then I can be kind of stupid. At least till the buzz wears off.)</p>
20	<p>She only smokes weed on special occasions.</p>
22	<p>It was an awful mistake, and it only happened once, post-football-game beer binge. God, that girl—a Vegas Rebels fan, and so a rival meant to be jeered at, not laid—was a real piece of work. Anorexic as hell, but high- horsepower motor, revved to the max...</p>
25	<p>The sheets on her bed are black satin. Slick beneath desire- dampened skin. Her hair is like a sunburst against the onyx-colored pillowcase. Its perfume spices the air with ginger and some exotic bloom. The scent fuels my hunger for her body. I want to own it, merge with it, become part of her. Hurry, she urges. But the tease is almost the best part of the game, so I bring her close and closer with my hands and mouth and finally I am inside her. I can't get enough, so we go and go until the only thing left is to finish. And still I want more.</p> <p>Problem 4: Problem</p>
38	<p>He moves toward me, trembling slightly. I should'a beat that boy more.</p>

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46	The monster is what they called their crystal.
47	So along comes the monster. Then what? Sex, obviously, or I wouldn't be here. Good sex? Bad sex? Group sex? All of the above? I mean, why did any of that have to change because they decided to get high together? I don't understand. Did they go gay in lockup? Decide they liked same-sex sex better than sex with each other?
49	I'm fifteen now and though Zoe is no longer Dad's lay of the day, I'll never forget her or how he closed his eyes to the ugly things she did to me regularly. He never said a word about the swollen red places. Never told her to stop. He had to know, and if he didn't, she must have been one magical piece of ass.
55	Maybe that's why I have also felt the gnawing desire to try crystal, despite knowing what it did to Barely There Dad to Rarely There Mom.
57	"Not since the day a wind sprint almost sent me to the hospital because my asthma (which can no doubt be attributed to your tweaking during the first trimester you were pregnant with me, and smoking the entire nine months) kicked in so hard I could barely suck enough air to keep my face from turning blue."
66	Maybe what I need to do is make us a threesome. If I belonged to some weird religious sect, that's what I'd do. Except don't all those weird religious sects expect two girls to a guy, instead of the obviously better way to go? What is wrong with women, anyway? Two dudes. One you. Yeah, baby. That's what I'm talking about. It's stupid as hell to think that way, but WTF? It's my effing daydream, isn't it? ...I pace the sidewalk, waiting, a sudden realization hits. Two guys. One girl. Can't do that. If I did, I would be my mother.
76	Especially with those DDs encased in a gray angora sweater, and her equally impressive ass advertised by a short, tight navy skirt. Wolf Pack colors are silver and blue. She's a one-of-a-kind fan,...
77	Most of them were already drinking beer.
78	My turn to flirt. "Sweetheart, I am so much better than good." Then I remember, "Hey are you interested in a hot dog?" The girls dissolve into laughter, and I realized how that sounded. I flush, hot despite the nip in the air. "Uh, I meant a Polish sausage." That makes Red laugh even harder. Is Haskins a Polish Name? The brunette's eyes are watering. And just how big is that sausage? Wow. Obnoxious. So why does the thought of a threesome cross my perverted mind? "I've never had a complaint, if that's what you mean."
92	Job Title: Drug manufacturer and trafficker. Job Description: Make easy money cooking meth and moving it, Point A to Point B. (Caveat: Ingredients are volatile.) Job Title: Boy toy. Job Description: Low pay, but all the sex you can ask for. Just lay back and spread your legs. (Caveat: Unprotected sex equals babies.)
102	...despite the fact that lately he's been downing bourbon instead of beer, along with bigger and bigger doses of meds.

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105	Trey planted a big, not-brotherly kiss on her lips.
121	Finally she admits, It was Erica. She made me touch her in bad places. It didn't hurt me, though. But she said if I told, she'd make me sorry.
122	He was supposed to keep me safe. No one saw when he came to me, put his hand over my mouth, and said, If you tell, I'll make you sorry. Understand? He was all over me. He was on top of me. He was inside me.
126	I didn't do anything to her, but she did plenty for me.
129	Surely Darla notices the state of her high or the stench of meth sweat.
144	"At least I'm an ex-whore," joked Roselli. ...Rosselli, who has admitted a youthful flirtation with crystal meth, was a vocal supporter of the new requirement for legal prostitutes to pass regular drug tests.
145	Ambitious sex totally rocks. Especially when it leaves her damp hair splayed in silk cords across your chest, and each of her breaths lifts the cherry tips of perfect breasts. Another go-round rocks exponentially.
162	Sex and stress- not to mention weed- make a guy hungry.
163	They didn't find Ron, but they did find three grams of crystal meth, sitting right out in the open on top of her dresser.
164	A twice-convicted felon in possession of a substantial amount of ice?
177	I'd be mad too. Tiffany is a total slut. Almost every guy here has gone all the way around the world with her!
192	His tongue, when it comes, is gently. Inviting. My own tongue is accepting and... ...We are kissing. Tongue on tongue.
199	He chugs cheap beer, and the smell of weed has become a daily welcome home in the two weeks since I've been back.
206	...he yanks me into his lap and our lips weld together. Heated. Urgent. This is not a kiss of friendship. This is a kiss born of lust, and I have never known anything like it. This is unstoppable, no holds barred. This is beautiful. Crazy. A beginning. Betrayal. Addictive. Aggressive. Alive. This is something to be afraid of.
207	He lifts my shirt up over my head, kisses down my neck to the V between my breasts. Pauses. ...I answer, I unclasp my bra, offer myself to his mouth, his tongue, his teeth. ...One hand rises to touch my still exposed right breast. ...It's how I've been kneeling, legs spread across his lap, for twenty minutes.
214	I'm so lost I barely notice when my shirt comes off again, or how the cool breeze plays strange melodies up and down superheated skin. The sharp tang of Kyle's desire rises into the chuffing wind, and when my lips journey his body, they come away with a thin lick of salt. We are moving quickly toward what I didn't come here for, but I am powerless to stop him from unzipping my jeans and peeling them off me before sliding out of his own. Am I ready for this after all? The only things in the way of "all the way" are red cotton boxers and a pair of barely there panties. Ninety-eight percent of me is ready to say okay. I close my eyes against the azure glare. Kyle moves over me, expertly tries to convince the last two percent. Riffs of pleasure trill through my veins. Excite me. Frighten me. Delight

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	me. Off go the boxers. On goes the latex. But just as he pulls at the panties, I remember that other girl, in that other town, how she watched, terrified, as the man who was supposed to protect he chose instead to harm her.
215	...trill through my veins. Excite me. Frighten me. Delight me. Off go the boxers. On goes the latex. But just as he pulls at the panties, I remember that other girl, in that other town, how she watched, terrified, as the man who was supposed to protect he chose instead ...
218	But when Kyle lowers himself over me, the kiss that finds my lips is brimming with promise. He lifts my wrists above my head, pins them purposefully to the ground with one strong hand, as if I might complain about his other hand, voyaging over my body, lingering in all the right places. It already knows me. Such intimate awareness deserves trust, and so I open myself to it. And to Kyle. He takes complete control. Instinct or experience? No matter. My body surrenders. Reacts. Invites. He is not gentle. But I am not afraid. And as we rise and rise in symphony, each note completely new to me, I think I might never be frightened again.
225	When she kissed me back, I delivered the coup de grace, making love to her on a bed blanketed thickly with petals.
226	Not only that, but she wanted to host the day for her dad (who, I'm pretty sure, would much rather spend it boinking his boss),...
227	I'm well on my way to a major buzz, here at my buddy Jason's. We're talking Jager, Heineken, and some fat blunts. It's one hell of a party. Nikki's at work, so I'm basically om my own, surrounded by stoners smoking weed. And, in a big bowl on the coffee table, are assorted meds, confiscated from who-knows-where. It's a regular designer potpourri of sleep inducers, mood enhancers, pain reducers, and, for all I know, laxatives. Everyone is welcome to play the pharma game. Only one rule applies: You have to take three.
228	"Leave the damn bowl alone," while the dimwit half asks, "What harm could three little pills do?" To pharm or not to pharm? Ah, what the hell? I close my eyes, reach into the capsule stew, grab three anonymous pills.
247	I'm thinking a serious buzz is in order. Beer will not do.
248	What may do is the pill potpourri still in my pocket. Who knows what they might really do, if anything. I reach for possible Nirvana, swallow it down with two gulps of beer.
254	In health class, Mr. Vega said most self-proclaimed virgins will resort to self-satisfaction. Just his saying the word "masturbation" out loud bellowed embers in my face. I have never...could never...At least I'm pretty sure I could never. Mr. Vega also said that the best way to know what you like is to experiment without a partner. What I like? That's up to me? And anyway, I'm afraid if I happen to figure out what I like, I might never stop doing it. OCD masturbation.
257	Bryce and me nibbling each other for appetizers while the bird roasts and the pies cool on the counter, perfuming the kitchen with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bryce leans me back over the Formica...scratch that. Fantasy, remember? Leans me back over the shiny black granite, kisses me. And not in a nice way. And I kiss him back,

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	with every fiber of me screaming, "Go ahead. Say okay, you know you want to. Beg him to—" Except a buzzer goes off.
279	I barely have the door yanked open and we are kissing. Come up here. He pulls me into the truck and into his arms without our mouths unlocking. Lip to lip, he manages, Damn, I love you! I slide my arms around his neck, pull my head back so I can plunge into the aqua deep of his eyes. ...No that I think about it, I can taste it too, lingering on his tongue. It's not quite sweet, and reminds me of how the chem lab smells. Crystal. He uses sometimes, has offered it to me, though not since we've been together. "You buzzed?" The thought half horrifies me, half excites me.
281	To prove it, he touches me suggestively in a very intimate place.
288	Ron beat her up, possibly left a stash of meth where the cops who came calling could, or even would, find it.
292	One time she came to visit so high that she didn't realize the guy she was putting the moves on happened to be my caseworker. Not like we all couldn't tell she was lit. Her sweat-sequined skin leaked a smell like tar remover.
295	Right now I'm thinking how much she resembles a Pekingese, double-inhaling pot smoke up her smashed-in nose, snorting a little with each exhale.
299	The beer arrives. Disappears. A second round comes before the waitress can deliver our meal.
302	And you know the crystal scene. Shit makes you horny as hell. Everyone screwing everyone. Only when me and Kristina hooked up, we had chemistry. Thought for sure it was love, but you think all kinds of crazy shit when you're tweaking. Trey came home from a score and found us mid-dirty.
306	"Sure you won't change your mind?" I slide my hand beneath the ginger-scented blankets, find the satin skin of her thigh, seduce her into that perfect state of not-quite-all-the-way-awake.
311	When she found out who I was, she threw herself at my feet. Actually, a more literal way to put that is she threw herself on her knees. Right in front of me. It may have been my first oral experience, but she for sure had a fair bit of practice.
316	She smiles, leans into me, and I appreciate how beneath her unzipped jacket, a low-cut black sweater reveals truly stunning cleavage. ...I scored some amazing smoke. Thought you might like a taste. Smoke? Argh. Tempting. ...Just keep walking, she says, lighting an already rolled J. Pretend it's a cigarette. I do and she does and somehow we get away with smoking weed out in the open, on a city street. I'd be lying if I said it didn't lift my stomach, roller-coaster-style. Definitely a thrill, getting away with illicit behavior.
318	But she was not so easily dismissed. Her fingers settle gentle on my inner thigh, move slowly higher. Yeah. So? I'm not asking for commitment, and I don't want to mess up your life. I just want to give you a little piece of me.

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319	<p>She pulls me down a narrow alleyway, backs me against a splintered garage door. I pretend to protest, but we both know claiming I don't want this would be a lie. Shush, she pleads. Don't say a word. Just let me take care of you. She kisses me again, encourages my hands along the hilly contours of her body. And in one long, sinuous movement, she is on her knees. In total control.</p>
326	<p>Okay, Leah would tempt most any guy with a working pecker.</p>
338	<p>Autumn (me?) has no control as it invites Bryce onto my bed. He pushes me back against my pillow. Peels away his shirt. Unbuttons mine. Stares down at me with love (lust) harbored in his eyes. Wow, he says, before kissing me again. Only this time, his lips move across my neck, down over my collarbone. To the soft mounds beneath. I want to say, "Wait." But it won't let me. I can barely catch my breath, but this time for all the right (wrong!) reasons. My heart jackhammers in my chest. Bryce must hear! His lips stop traveling my toros, long enough to encourage me out of my jeans. His come off too, and I might stop to fold everything correctly, but it insists I just leave our clothes heaped together and take a good long look at Bryce. Except for sex ed pictures, I've never seen a penis before. But I'm def seeing one now. "No," I want to say. But it reaches out. Touches Bryce there. Likes how the skin feels. Likes the heat. "Stop," I want to say, but it makes Autumn (me?) do things she doesn't know how to do. I realize suddenly that it means to make her go all the way. This is like watching a movie, only I can't find the remote. No way to pause. No way to reverse. Off go my panties. Now everything moves slow motion. Finally I find my voice. "Wait. I'm not sure..." It doesn't let me push him away, but it does let me say, "I'm a virgin." That slows him down but he doesn't want to stop. Instead he becomes gentle. You want to, don't you? I want to say, "Maybe not," but it maintains control, kisses him. "Yes. I want to." I won't hurt you, he promises. Let me make you ready. He touches that place. Kisses that place. It moans. No, Autumn moans. No, I moan. And I see that it is really me.</p> <p>Really me here with Bryce, wanting to give him all of me. I'm scared. But he has made me ready. "I love you." The words spill from my mouth just before a bright flash of pain. Breathe. He is in me when he promises again, And I love you. Did it hurt? Can I keep going. He waits for my answer. "Not too much. And yes." He starts to move. Slowly at first. Rhythmically.</p> <p>I follow his lead and together we move faster. Into the tornado. Rocked by an apple-scented maelstrom, skin to skin with the person I love, every vestige of doubt vanishes in white-hot bolts of lightning. No pain now. No sense of wrong. Everything is perfect.</p> <p>For a while, legs knotted, his fingers twisted in my hair. A foreign scent lifts from our skin. After-sex perfume. Not altogether unpleasant. Eventually he says, We should probably clean up. Ever showered with a guy before? For some crazy reason, embarrassment attacks. I've just gone all the way. And suddenly I'm worried about him seeing my naked body? "Never."</p>
344	<p>By the time I get there, the bathroom is rain-forest steamy. We step into the shower together. Hot water streams over my bruised, used body. Bryce picks up the soap. You wash my back and I'll wash yours. He washes more than my back. And I do the same for him. It's all so decadent, all so someone other than me. I'd</p>

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	call it fairy-tale, but it's more like pornography. Would you look at that! It's ready for more already. You are some kind of magician. I'm not sure how long it usually takes for it to get ready again, but it definitely is. I don't think magic has anything to do with it. Just a good lather rub. And me. The second time is better than the first. Does it just keep getting better?
346	Nice time and all, but I think you forgot something kind of important. Something important, like protection. You know, birth control.
350	I only want to think about Bryce. Making love.
351	I've had champagne a couple of times. Always very small glasses. I've never, in fact, gotten drunk.
397	"She said you raped her, you son of a bitch."
398	We went out a few times, and we did a lot of crank together. ...Well, here's the deal with meth. You're not always in control, and that night everything got out of hand. I'm not proud of what happened, but the truth is, she kind of asked for it...
399	"...You forced yourself on her when she said no and that's rape." ...I did drugs. Did girls. Stole. Cheated.
401	She sort of blackmailed me into abortion money.
407	Pilfering booze. Sneaking out. Hooking up with Bryce for sex.
408	Grandfather has not missed the short pours of whiskey I've indulged in lately. They say liquor is quicker, and whiskey is definitely quicker than champagne when it comes to a good buzz. A shot or two, nothing scares me, nothing hurts me. I like how that feels.
435	We are kissing and this is not like any first kiss. There is no love here. Only want. He wants me, but that's not what I want. Not now. Not with him. And my head is spinning. And his hands are all over me. "No. Wait..." Ah, come on. You want this as much as I do. And he pushes me against a wall. Dark here. No lights. I could...But I can't. Bryce. I love Bryce. "No. I don't. Stop, please." But he doesn't even slow down. You little prick tease. His breath is run and his hands are rough. And he is strong. Too strong for my drunken struggle. Just as I'm sure he'll do exactly as he pleases, a male voice interrupts.
440	Finally I said, "Make love to me. I need to remember how it feels." It felt rough. Like punishment for his own pain.
479	Well, Wayne was recently arrested for a large quantity of marijuana.
513	The room is neat, except for a collage of empty bottles- wine, beer, gin, Coke, and mineral water.
542	But he only shrugs, puts a box of condoms in the cart.
572	I figure your new to getting laid.
585	That was yesterday and when we made love last night, a blanket of frost settling over the sleeping bag, it was different than ever before. Slower. Gentler. Less demanding, more giving. Hearts quickening in lockstep. Breath like moth wings flutter against moonlight window glass. I love you, he sighed along my skin.

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	And I love you, desert wind blown into my hair. And when we were finished, we drew into each other's arms, warmed within our harbor.

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