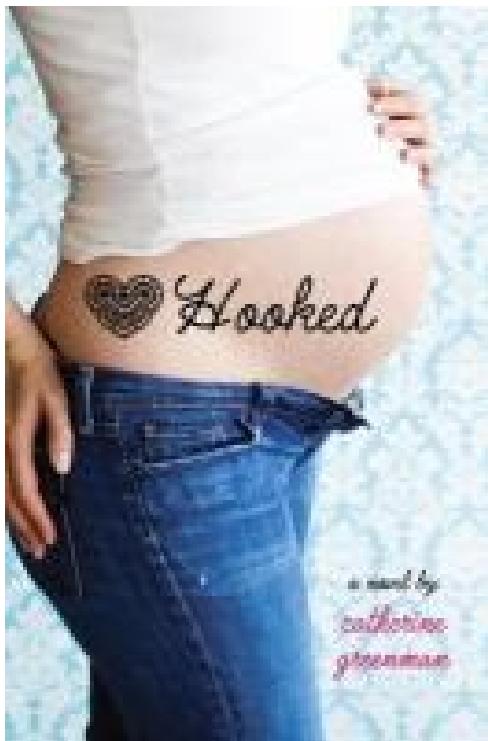


HOOKED



Young Adult

By Catherine Greenman

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5	"I had him freshman year. He's toned it down since then. I think he's a less-happy drunk these days."
11	I was dying for a drink but didn't want to get carded, so I ordered a Diet Coke.
13	"...It scared me when I was little. The guys dancing in cages, you know, half-naked, dog collars..."
15	And if he'd ever seen his parents naked.
19	Vanessa had big, beautiful boobs. No points, just circles.
27	<p>He pushed me backward on the couch and got on top of me, kissing my face, then my mouth, our bodies matching up in a straight line, all the way down. He was heavy, almost too heavy, but I felt safe and enclosed as he undid my jeans with his confident, searching hand.</p> <p>...It's not like I was a novice. I had two boyfriends before Will. First was Bo Brown, the summer after seventh grade. We fooled around a lot. Never anything past second, but he basically had his hands and his mouth all over my boobs all summer. I never got tired of it.</p> <p>...Michael Cunningham was the second. I was fifteen and he said he was nineteen, but it turned out he was actually twenty-four. I met him hitting tennis balls against the backboard in the par, across the street from our apartment. But he was a stoner, and after a while it started to freak me out. There's smoking pot and there's smoking pot.</p>
28	<p>"Tell me it's just marijuana," she said.</p> <p>..."I'd rather you didn't spend time with him. Irrelevant, I realize, but don't do drugs with him. Come to me if you want to get high."</p> <p>But the stuff with Bo and Michael had been nothing like this. I get it now, I kept thinking as I lay underneath Will, I get it. After a while I felt a wet spot by my hip.</p> <p>"I told you, I'm a class act," he said, embarrassed. "Sorry."</p>
29	<p>"Like I'm a meth addict."</p> <p>...We woke up Saturday and fooled around all day, did everything but, then did it for the first time Sunday. We were going to do it, then we weren't, and then we finally did, right before he was about to leave.</p> <p>"You don't want to wait a little longer?" he asked, sliding a condom on dexterously with one hand. It was clear to me he'd done it before.</p>
30	<p>"You know," I said, framing the shot, "when I was little and I went to work with Mom and saw that guy in the cage at Fiona's, his giant penis scared the crap out of me. It was covered by his green leotard, but it was, like, you could see the outline of it, which was almost scarier than the real thing. But yours is different. It's friendly looking."</p> <p>..I was straddling Will on top of the covers and thanked God I'd thrown on a tank top and my underwear. "I see you're having a cozy time of it."</p>
31	"What'd he do?" I asked, relieved that the focus was off us and our sexual misadventures.
33	I don't like talking about sex. I don't bond over it. My mother has always provided me with far too many details. About how Bruce, her orange-tanned, social-worker ex-boyfriend, nibbled his way up her thighs until he found her spot and brought her off, or how one of the backers of Fiona's who she ended up screwing had a

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	penis that curved like a scimitar. Mom was purposefully graphic because, she said, she didn't want me to be a victim.
44	"The partying, you know, you and Fiona, boozing it up, getting high, it seems very glamorous from where I'm sitting."
46	"G-Rock, money-love," Will whispered as Mom waved and left. "Wanna come up here and check it out? Help me unpack all my bongs?"
52	<p>...he said, grabbing my ass. He pushed me down on the bed, angling my body away from a bag of opened fish-tank gravel as a warm rush accosted my stomach. It never ceased to amaze me how quickly sex worked.</p> <p>"Nice intro to your bad boy," I said. Usually he played around with me down there before the main attraction. "Don't mind me. I'll just lie here."</p> <p>"Sorry, I'm feeling very...focused," he said, thrusting.</p> <p>"You like fucking me in your new room?" I whispered.</p> <p>"God, yes," he said. There was a sound of footsteps running down the hall and I felt that letting-go, almost sick feeling, our backs going sweaty on his bare, unmade mattress.</p> <p>..."She doesn't hate you," Will said, running his fingers along my boobs.</p>
59	We were the dirty Americans. We got drunk and found cute guys everywhere, made out with them in cafés, behind crowded market stalls, in smelly bathrooms.
62	Where was my period? I quickly calculated the dates in my head and realized I was a few days- maybe even a week- late. How could it be? I was a sophisticated, sexually active teenager on the pill. But then I remember the Friday night a few weeks earlier, when I'd told Mom I was staying at Vanessa's and instead I'd stayed at Will's.
71	Or we could not build a loft bed and I could get an abortion. ..."I'm pregnant."
77	"Not exactly looking forward to it, are we?" "What, the SATs or the abortion?" I asked. "Both, I guess." He sighed.
77	We were going down Broadway, and a transvestite with neon-blue hair glanced at us as we went by.
80	Dr. Moore was the kind of person you'd want to get an abortion from.
84	It was January- a month since my un-abortion-...
85	So I ended up staying and doing the puzzle, thinking we'd go off to his room and I would tell him everything, that I hadn't had the abortion yet and that I didn't know what to do.
88	Mom had asked me if I wanted a party, but my last big birthday, my sweet sixteen, took place at Dad's squash club with too many kids I didn't know smoking pot on the dark empty courts.
95	Will whispered, brushing his lips across mine just like he did when we had sex. ...Will was drunk.
96	I remember thinking he could only bring himself to love me when he was shit-faced. ..."What," he said, kissing my neck and pulling the chain around my waist.

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	<p>"I'm still pregnant. I didn't go through with it, that day I was supposed to. I couldn't."</p> <p>He looked at me and his body seemed to lurch backward in slow motion.</p> <p>"I didn't meant to hide it," I said. "It's hard for me to explain."</p> <p>"Jesus Christ," he said. I tried to find a trace of something I could recognize, in his eyes, in his expression, but his face reflected back only the worst- that I'd done something very wrong by not telling him.</p> <p>..."I'm out of here," Will said. He started for the elevators, then kicked open the fire-exit door and let it slam behind him before I had a chance to call his name.</p>
99	<p>"What are you more scared of?"</p> <p>"Getting an abortion," I said. "I don't know why."</p>
107	<p>"I found her a doctor, Ted," Mom said, throwing up her arms. "As far as I knew, it was taken care of weeks ago!"</p> <p>..."And it's delicate, so I'll just ask it...An abortion is...no longer an option. Is that correct?"</p>
111	<p>I remembered Dad chasing Mom around the house when I was little, Dad yelling, "Come back here, you little minx." I remembered Mom half-naked with a hairbrush in her hand.</p> <p>"Mom, what's a minx?" I'd asked.</p> <p>"A minx is a devious little thing," she had yelled into the doorframe of my bedroom. "A vixen. A cunning little trollop." Her eyes had poured out something hard and feminine and she'd run off, but Dad had caught her under the armpit and led her away like a cartoon cop dragging a baddie into custody, Mom screaming and laughing, Dad slamming their bedroom door behind them.</p>
140	<p>..."Nipple stimulation can bring on contractions."</p>
157	<p>"I know. Engorged. So sexual,"...</p>
173	<p>"Dinner, read, vodka, sex, pot, pizza, bed."</p>
190	<p>Will came home later that night with some people from Columbia and a case of beer.</p> <p>...Lester sat next to me on the couch and passed a bong around, taking a hit between each person.</p>
202	<p>I stacked Ian's Pampers in a row on top of the dresser, thinking about all the nights sophomore year Vanessa and I did our faces in the bathroom and drank vodka out of Diet Coke cans until I was spinning by the we went out the door, only to stand in line at some club, get in and walk around, dancing and scream-whispering and drinking more vodka Diet Coke, until we stumbled home.</p> <p>...I had a flash of her slumped in the corner, drunk and sneering, the tinkling sound of bangles on her wrist as she rolled a joint.</p>
212	<p>...and he wanted me to come back to his room, pulling my face toward his in a wonderful need-you, need-sex way.</p>
220	<p>Her face was bright but tense, the way some people looked after snorting cocaine.</p>
247	<p>"You look blue. Come to the supply closet and I'll cheer you up." He looked up at me and winked. "It locks."</p>

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	<p>..."Do you have..." I asked, half hoping he didn't. "As luck would have it." He smiled, reached into his trouser pocket and pulled out a condom. ...Daniel moved around on top of me, his black hair hanging down, kissing my cheeks and forehead.</p>
263	I couldn't believe I'd almost had sex with him.

Profanity	Count
Ass	13
Bitch	1
Dick	4
Fuck	5
Piss	11
Shit	24