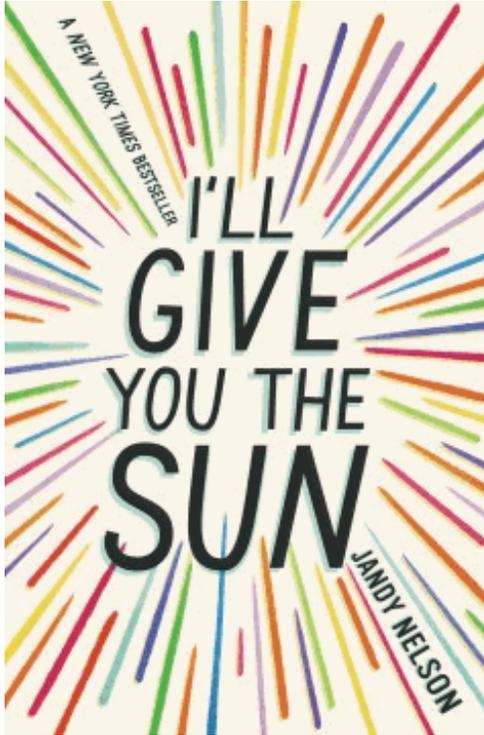


# I'LL GIVE YOU THE SUN



*Young Adult*

**By Jandy Nelson**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**Book Summary:**

Teenage twins switch personalities and grow apart after the death of their mother.

**Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains alternate sexualities; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol use.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
14	He holds up a page of sketches. "Zeph, look at all these naked dudes."
15	"Heard he was gay."
18	when I realize- I have a hard-on, a supernaturally hard hard-on, and it's jammed into Zephyr's stomach.
57	It's like we're kissing, way more than kissing.
59	<p>...every time he casually touched me in conversation—above all, the time he looped his finger through the plastic ring of my bikini bottoms and pulled me to him so he could whisper in my ear: Come with me.</p> <p>I went.</p> <p>You can say no, he said.</p> <p>His breath was ragged, his giant hands all over me, his fingers in me, the sand burning into my back, my brand-new cherub tattoo burning into my belly. The sun burning up the sky. You can totally say no, Jude. That's what he said, but it seemed like he meant the opposite. It seemed like he weighed as much as the ocean, like my bikini bottoms were already bunched in his hand, like I was being sucked into that wave you hope never finds you, the one that takes you under, takes your breath, your bearings, disorients you completely and never brings you back to the surface again. You can say no. The words rumbled between us. Why didn't I? It seemed like my mouth was filling with sand. Then the whole world filled with it.</p> <p>I didn't say a thing. Not aloud anyway.</p>
60	<p>...talking about the party we went to the previous night, where I'd sat on his lap and drank the first beer of my life. I'd just turned fourteen. He was almost four years older than me.</p> <p>Then we stopped talking and he kissed me.</p> <p>Our first kiss.</p> <p>I kissed him back. His lips tasted salty. He smelled like coconut suntan lotion. In between kisses, he started saying my name like it was this scalding thing in his mouth. Then he slipped the cups of my yellow bikini top to the sides and swallowed hard as he looked at me. I moved the fabric back in place, not because I didn't want him to stare at me like that, but because I did and it embarrassed me. It was the first time any guy had ever seen me without a bra or anything and my cheeks flamed. He smiled. His pupils were big and black, his eyes so dark as he lowered me onto my back in the sand and slowly pushed the fabric of my top again to the sides. This time I let him. I let him look at me. I let my cheeks flame. I could hear his breathing in my own body. He started to kiss my breasts. I wasn't sure I liked it. Then his mouth was on mine so hard I could barely breathe. That's when his eyes got unseeing and his hands and hands and hands were everywhere at once. That's when he started telling me I could say no and that's when I didn't. Then his whole body was pressing me into the hot sand, burying me in it. I kept thinking, it's okay, I can handle this. I can. It's okay, okay, okay. But it wasn't and I couldn't.</p>
62	Is he drunk? I inhale deeply, and yes, smell faintly the sweet acrid smell of alcohol.
74	There's a bottle inside. I take it out: Sapphire gin, half full.

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76	He reaches for the bag, takes the bottle out and uncaps it, then starts chugging with his eyes closed. There's no way you're supposed to drink alcohol like this, like it's orange juice.
77	All I can think about now is that I've seen him naked, I've seen him.
87	She folds her arms across her chest, which is so full of boobs now, it's like the clash of the titans.
106	"Apologize for what?" Fry says. "For calling you homos homos?"
133	"He got booted last week." "The drinking?" "Yeah."
139	Does Brian think I'm hot? The idea goes straight to my groin and jerks me awake. He grabbed my hand under the armrest at the movie. More than awake, I stop, breathe, try to get under control, take a sip of the beer, well more like a giant gulp. ...What if they're alone? What if they're kissing? Or worse? Maybe she already has her shirt off. I take another drink of beer. What if he's licking her boobs? Guys are really into that. He told me not to worry. He told me not to worry. He told me not to worry. Which was code, wasn't it? Code for: I will not lick Courtney Barrett's boobs, right? I take a huge gulp of the beer, worrying a real real lot. In movies, terrible haywire things always happen on people's last night places. ...In an alcove, I spot two people in a frenzy of red-hot making out. I slip back to watch. The guy has an incredible back that narrows just so into his jeans and the girl's sandwiched between his body and the wall. His head's moving like he can't kiss her hard enough or fast enough. I tell myself to move on already, but then something catches my eye. The girl's hands reaching around the guy's back aren't girls' hands at all—no, there's no way in hell those hands are anything but another guy's. My chest starts to vibrate. I lean to the left and then I see flashes of both faces, strong-boned male faces, eyes closed like moons, smashed noses, mouths crushing together, their bodies climbing up each other and falling down each other at the same time. My legs start to shake, every part of me starts to shake. (SELF-PORTRAIT: Earthquake) I've never seen two guys kiss like this, like the world's ending, except in my own head and it wasn't half this good. Not even close. They're so hungry.
142	"Maybe it's the beer," I say.
144	"...Heather and Jude and I were talking the other day about the parties we used to go to. Simple premise. Put two people of the opposite sex in a closet for seven minutes. See what happens."
145	I sit there, broken in half, chugging the rest of my beer like it's orange juice, remembering the English guy down the gin that day. Then I grab another cup of beer that someone left and drink what's in that one too.
147	Noah, he says in that bone-melting way and my hands are in Heather's hair, and I'm pressing my body against hers hard, drawing her closer to me, pushing my tongue deep inside her mouth...
194	Alas, perhaps I'm not prepared for this: sex noises. Unmistakable sex noises. Moaning and groaning and obscene murmurings. Is this why nobody answered

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	<p>the door? In an English accent, I hear: "Holy Christ, so good. God, soooooo damn good. Better than any drug, I mean any. Better than anything." Followed by a long drawl of a moan.</p> <p>Then a deeper groan, which must be Guillermo's. Because they're lovers! Of course. How stupid could I be? The English guy is Guillermo's boyfriend, not his long-lost son. But he sure seemed straight when he was taking pictures of me in church and when he was talking to me outside the studio yesterday too. So attentive. Did I misread him? Or maybe he's bi? And what about all Guillermo's hyper-heterosexual artwork?</p>
197	<p>Is he in AA? I didn't know you could be an alcoholic if you weren't old. ..."He found me half dead from pills and booze in the park and somehow recognized me."</p>
198	<p>I take a small bite and despite the fact that all I want to do is close my eyes and moan a porn soundtrack, I resist.</p>
202	<p>He shrugs. "All models, they are exhibitionists," he says lightly.</p>
206	<p>Unbelievably, I'd forgotten about Oscar naked in the next room.</p>
210	<p>He lifts his eyes. "She says after she's seen me naked."</p>
212	<p>Don't got to the abandoned building with the total stranger and take off your clothes under my circumstances.</p>
249	<p>Nobody-at-all pushes open the closet door. The girl springs out of Oscar's lap like a crazed cat. She has long tumbling brown hair and almond-shaped eyes that are popping out of her head at the sight of me. She's buttoning her shirt with frenzied fingers.</p>
254	<p>Just show up where Brian is in that dorm- in a shower full of wet naked guys.</p>
284	<p>...Brian catches me by my shirt, whips me around, and with one strong hand flat against my chest, he pushes me against a tree and kisses me so hard I go blind.</p>
285	<p>...kissing him now for each and every time we didn't all summer long. I know absolutely everything about how to kiss him too, how to make his whole body tremble just from biting his lip, how to make him moan right inside my mouth by whispering his name, how to make his head fall back, his spine arch, how to make him groan through his teeth. It's like I've taken every class there is on the subject. And even as I'm kissing him and kissing him and kissing him, I wish I were kissing him, wanting more, more, more, more, like I can't get enough, never will be able to get enough.</p> <p>...Instead, I place my hands under his shirt, because I can now, I can do everything I've thought and thought and thought about. I touch the river of his stomach, his chest and shoulders. He whispers the word yeah under his breath, which makes me shudder, which makes him shudder, and then his hands travel under my shirt and the demanding hungry feel of them on my skin burns me to the ground.</p> <p>...I lift up his shirt, slip it over his talking head, then take off my own, and step into him so we're all lined up, legs to legs, groin to groin, bare chest to bare chest. His breath hitches. We fit perfectly. I kiss him slowly and deeply until the only word he can manage is my name.</p>

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287	In fact, I just happen to be thinking about the shower, him and me in it, thinking about hot water sliding down our naked bodies, thinking about pressing him against the wall, about gliding my hands all over him, thinking about the sounds he'd make, how he'd throw his head back and say yeah like he did in the woods, thinking all this, as I tell him in an even, controlled voice...
289	<p>Really, they were amazing only because they were guys kissing.</p> <p>...I follow his gaze to my bare stomach—my shirt's ridden up—then lower to where there's no hiding how I'm feeling. I think he's Tasering me or something, because I can't move.</p> <p>He swallows, swivels back around to face the computer, and puts a hand on the mouse but doesn't click the screensaver away. I watch his other hand travel down.</p> <p>Still looking at the screen, he asks, "Want to?" and I'm a flood in a paper cup.</p> <p>"Totally," I say, knowing without a doubt what he means, and then our hands are on our belts, unbuckling. From across the room, I watch his back, unable to see much, but then his neck arches, and I can see his face, his eyes all swimming and wild, locking with mine, and it's like we're kissing again, but from across the room this time, kissing even more intensely than in the woods, where our pants stayed on.</p>
294	"Guys do that. They do. Whole baseball teams do it. Circle jerks, that's what it's called, you know?"
300	They're kissing no and I'm watching and can't stop watching. I've never seen her and Dad kiss like that.
301	..."He's gay, Courtney! Brian Connelly is gay!"
310	<p>On the field everything was going great, but off it there'd been rumors about Brian's sexual orientation and the locker room had become a war zone.</p> <p>...The article concludes by saying the fact that MLB is now trying to recruit openly gay players is a sign that history is in the making.</p>
324	<p>...then to eye me slowly, stickily, up and down, down and up, making sure not to miss an inch before pit-spotting at my breasts. Make no mistake, there are advantages to an invisibility uniform. "Slumming it?" he says directly to my chest, then takes a slug of beer, wiping his mouth sloppily with the back of his hand.</p> <p>...This is what happened right after I lost my virginity to him two years ago...</p> <p>...Zephyr handed me my bikini bottoms. It occurred to me to shove them down his throat. I saw a used condom dotted with blood splayed on a rock. That's me, I thought: disgusting. I didn't even know he'd put it on. I hadn't even thought about condoms!</p>
325	Somehow Franklyn knew what we'd done. When we reached him, he took my arm and whispered in my ear so Zephyr couldn't hear: "Now it's my turn," he said. "Then Buzzy, then Mike, then Ryder, right? That's how it works, just so you know..."
330	On one side of a raging bonfire is a noodly guy with a bottle of tequila in his hand, swaying back and forth like a reed. He's about twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. On the other side of the fire is Noah, then feet from the edge, the crowd favorite to end his life. A half-empty bottle is on its side at his feet.

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331	"...Next time why don't you have your brother jump dead drunk off this cliff instead of mine?"
335	He's getting drunker by the minute.
343	"Pornography for an English bloke," he says, waving the picture at me.
348	He runs a finger slowly down the side of my neck, crossing over my collarbone, then down, down.
350	A second later, she peeled out of the driveway to go tell Dad she wanted a divorce so she could marry that other man.
364	There's Mom and Guillermo kissing into a tornado of color at The Wooden Bird. ...There are buckets and buckets of light pouring over two shirtless boys kissing.
365	His smile's as loopy as it was when he was drunk last night.
374	"Your mum was around when I was at my worst, jonesing all the time, bouncing off the walls, afraid to leave the studio because I'd use if I did, afraid of the grief that was leveling me without the booze and drugs to mask it..."

Profanity	Count
Ass	10
Dick	1
Fuck	12
Piss	2
Pussy	5
Shit	3