

EMERGENCY CONTACT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use; profanity; and controversial racial commentary; and hate involving racism.

Young Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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6	"Why is your mom such a slut?"
10	Having a MILF for a mom was garbage.
14	Mark smoked a lot of weed...
16	2. Have sex with him to change the subject. ...Technically "it" was a "they" and "they" were nudes. Penny recalled the twin pepperoni constituting her boyfriend's nipples and inwardly shuddered. Mark though sexts were an appropriate and fun way to christen a new phone. ...Okay, so they weren't full-on frontal- bless. Mark was still sixteen, and Penny didn't need the FBI landing at her college dorm for kiddie porn.
17	A boob (hint of nip tops) would suffice.
28	Celeste hasn't visibly changed over the years (Asian don't raisin) except her face was rounder then,... ..Celeste's wearing a trucker hat that says PORN STAR, a bright red bikini, legs crisscrossed,...
54	Reasonable responses to a mildly racist verbal attack that was also somewhat complimentary: 1. Slap the ever-living shit out of her with the other half of the pistachio donut. ...Especially the asshole racist ones. ..."You don't get to be bitchy for no reason, and you don't get to be racist to me."
62	"...Do you have sexual feelings for your former uncle by marriage?"
69	From the time he was eleven, he hung out with a ragtag assemblage of derelicts who thought it was hilarious that this little kid had no curfew and drank as much booze as they did. ...He was selfie bait for older drunk chicks.
70	There would be no screwing each other's brains out in a dazed, compulsive panic,...
71	The last time they spoke was twenty-seven days ago. Just one day more and he would've kicked the habit for good. At least that's what the books on substance abuse told him. ...Okay, so he'd hopped around the block twice in his busted shoes, but he'd cut back to three cigarettes a day, which for him was the same as completing a half marathon. He thought about the pressure of her lips on his.
77	Fin cackled and cracked open a beer.
78	"Sam," she said. "I'm late." No joke, he thought for the split second before the full weight of her words hit him. He took a deep breath and ran his hands through his hair. They felt numb. Of course she was late. It made sense. In fact, it was the only news it could have been. It's not as if anything ever went the way he thought it would. Lorraine, for that matter, was not returning to his life after a spell of soul-searching to tell him she still loved him. Christ. Late.

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	<p>They'd done it this time.</p> <p>The dreadful rush of adrenaline was so immediate that he clapped his hands. Just once. Some lizard-brain Texas hard wiring kicked in to where all he knew was to act out the caricature of a high school football coach in times of crisis.</p> <p>"Okay," he said in a purposeful tone. "How late?"</p> <p>Clear eyes, full heart.</p> <p>"I don't know," she said.</p> <p>"What?" Sam squawked. "Aren't girls supposed to , you know, keep track?" Sam understood that the female reproductive system was a mysterious universe, but this seemed far-fetched. Then he thought about the teen moms on TV who accidentally had their babies on the toilet. 'Did you take a pregnancy test?'</p> <p>Lorraine rolled her eyes. "Yeah, Sam."</p> <p>"And?"</p> <p>"Positive. "</p> <p>Shitshitshit.</p> <p>"How many?"</p> <p>"Four," she said. "No, three.</p> <p>Now, Sam wasn't an ob-gyn or anything, but this seemed an irrationally small number of sticks to pee on before any thinking human could declare themselves in or out of the unwanted- pregnancy woods. In fact, Sam couldn't believe she hadn't taken at least twenty, and even still Lorraine should go to the doctor for a blood test to be completely positive. Positively positive.</p> <p>Shitshitshit.</p> <p>"Okay," he said, placing his hands on her shoulders. 'You have to take a bunch more. I'll take you. We'll go right now.</p> <p>He almost pounded her back in high-strung jocular cheer.</p> <p>"Sam, you're freaking me out.'</p> <p>"No, don't freak," he shrieked. Sam smiled with all his teeth displayed. "It'll be fine. You should go to a doctor, a specialist, eliminate any doubt. For peace of mind."</p> <p>"A specialist?" she said. "You sound insane.</p> <p>Sam wiped his palms on the tops of his thighs.</p> <p>"What about your regular doctor? Don't you go to some fancy guy?"</p> <p>"I can't go to Dr. Wisham," she said, rolling her eyes. "He's my pediatrician."</p> <p>Why was she still going to a pediatrician?</p> <p>"Why are you still going to a pediatrician? It doesn't matter," he recovered. "I'll pay for it." Sam wondered about the going rate for plasma donation and how much a slightly underweight human male could spare before he keeled over and died. Maybe he could donate a toe to science.</p> <p>Sam cleared his throat. He rubbed his chin. Most of the time they'd been good about condoms. Most of the time. "I have an appointment with Planned Parenthood on Thursday," she said.</p> <p>It was Friday. Thursday was way too many nights away.</p> <p>"I can't miss work," she explained.</p> <p>"I'm sure they'd understand if—"</p> <p>"I can't," she interrupted. "It's a big deal. I'm the only entry- level team member, and I'm running production on three tent-pole activations for a client. Some</p>

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	<p>random can't cover for me because I'm . . . 'worried.'" Lorraine rolled her eyes. Sam found the rest of the word salad more offensive than "worried," though he bit his tongue. "It's not as if I work in fast food or anything." She peered at him guiltily. "No offense."</p> <p>First of all, managing an artisanal coffee purveyor was not Working in fast food. Second of all. "You're in advertising," he said. "You're not exactly saving lives. No offense."</p> <p>Shit. Tact. He needed to chill. Sam took another deep breath. She glared at him.</p> <p>"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm still processing. So next week, do you need me to come with you?"</p> <p>Sam considered the logistics. Maybe he could borrow Fin's car.</p> <p>"No," she said.</p> <p>Paul was probably driving her. Every time Sam thought about faceless, rich-ass Paul, he felt rage collect in the pit of his stomach in blistering pea-size sores.</p> <p>"How late are you?"</p> <p>"Three weeks?"</p> <p>Jesus.</p> <p>Three weeks was an eternity in the life cycle of late periods. Or so it seemed from everything he knew about periods.</p> <p>Which wasn't much.</p> <p>They stood in silence. Sam pulled out his cigarettes. Then he imagined pink, teeny-tiny, microscopic baby lungs coughing. He put them away.</p> <p>"I wanted to take a morning-after pill," she said. "But then I didn't, and ..</p> <p>Sam thought about how careless they'd both been.</p> <p>"Why didn't you tell me you were worried?"</p> <p>Sam's stomach lurched guiltily at the prospect of Liar dealing with this herself.</p> <p>"I thought about it."</p> <p>"You waited three weeks to text me.</p> <p>"I figured it was only a little late.</p> <p>"Well, now it's kinda very incredibly late," finished Sam.</p> <p>"I'm worried," Lorraine said, not meeting his eyes.</p> <p>Wow. Was she going to cry? As screwed up as the circumstance was, was this when Sam would get to see Lorraine cry?</p> <p>"Well." Sam held her and she let him. It made him feel strong and capable. "We'll figure it out."</p> <p>"How?"</p> <p>"Just that I'm here for you. I support you. I mean, it is mine, right?"</p> <p>She pushed him away. Hard.</p> <p>"Are you serious?"</p> <p>"Well, Jesus, Lorr, it could be Paul's!" His anger swelled red- hot and righteous.</p> <p>"I haven't been with Paul since before you!" she yelled.</p> <p>Sam smiled before he caught himself.</p> <p>Ha. Suck it, Paul.</p> <p>Sam studied Lorraine then. Shit. He was in way over his head. Still, he couldn't help focusing on how she was mad at him and how he was stupidly elated that he was capable of making her this mad. It was all quite possibly the most idiotic</p>

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	<p>circumstance to bring a baby into. A blameless, chubby nugget of person caught in the middle of two selfish screw-ups. Sam could feel his anxiety thrum in the back of his chest.</p> <p>"If you are pregnant," he said slowly, "what do you want to do?"</p> <p>He thought about the A word.</p> <p>A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N</p> <p>AH BORSH SHUNN</p> <p>BORSCHT</p> <p>As in the beet-red soup with soft bits in it.</p>
84	And while life was tough for Penny as the daughter of a MILF,...
87	Never mind the karma of a total non-Jew stealing a book about the Jewish Holocaust from a Jewish person.
91	"Well, he's not white," he said. "Which help."
92	<p>"It's a privilege, and part of acknowledging that privilege is doing it honorably. Create diverse characters because you can. Especially ones that aren't easy to write. A character that scares you is worth exploring. Yet if you breathe life into a character and it comes to you too easily- say you're writing from the viewpoint of a black man in America and you're not one?"</p>
95	She'd skipped the Planned Parenthood appointment and had so far failed to make a new one.
105	Penny wasn't a covert crack addict or a compulsive masturbator.
106	<p>There were an unseemly number of bars on either side of her- a Disneyland Main street for drinkers.</p> <p>...Penny rubbed the inside of her elbow where she thought her heroin vein would be and then poked her forearm,...</p>
106	Hot Uncle Sam. Hot Uncle Same who was possibly OD'ing on opioids right in front of her.
134	He tried to remember the last time he'd slipped so easily into conversation without the added diversion of skateboarding or drinking or sex.
142	When they were dating they only ever hung out one-on-one at each other's houses to watch TV and make out.
144	Hence: sext to initiate sex. College people had sex.
145	<p>It wasn't as if she didn't want to have sex. She did.</p> <p>...why else would Mark go for Penny if not to have regular relationship sex?</p> <p>In the end she'd gotten as far as getting naked with some fumbling third-base action.</p>
147	<p>She was eighteen, for Christ's sake, a respectable age to start having healthy consensual sex. Sexy sex with someone sexy.</p> <p>...She thought about how his veiny, inked arms would feel encircling her body. The heat emanating from his chest. How he would smell. It was the most pornographic scenario her mind had mustered in public.</p>
158	He took a quick look at her boobs...

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159	<p>"And a glass of merlot," said Lorraine. She pulled driver's license.</p> <p>"I guess you really don't feel pregnant, huh?" he asked, once the waiter had left. Lorraine rolled her eyes. "French women drink up until the very end," she said.</p> <p>"French women also eat horse," said Sam under his breath.</p> <p>"What?" Lorraine asked.</p> <p>"Nothing."</p> <p>"I take it you're not drinking lately?" She leaned back into the booth.</p> <p>"No," said Sam, leaning in. "Haven't since all of this happened," he said, stirring the sky with his forefinger.</p> <p>"Understandable. The smell of gin still turns my stomach."</p> <p>Lorraine shuddered.</p> <p>Shameful scenes from their breakup slammed into Sam's head. The two of them screaming in the street after his debit card stopped working. She'd called him a 'bum like his father' and he'd called her a "duplicitous bitch."</p> <p>"Lorr, why'd you ask me here?"</p> <p>"Well, you picked the restaurant," she said, smiling sweetly.</p> <p>"Lorraine ..."</p> <p>"I don't know," she said, averting her gaze. "I thought it would be nice."</p> <p>Lorraine snapped another breadstick into ever smaller pieces and arranged them on the table.</p> <p>He braced himself for the news that they were having twins. Or that she was engaged to someone else.</p> <p>"That's it? Really?" he asked. "No news?"</p> <p>She shook her head.</p> <p>Sam couldn't believe he'd had to ask for an advance on his paycheck for this.</p> <p>"You know what?" he said after a while.</p> <p>She glanced up at him.</p> <p>"Let's create a pact."</p> <p>"A pact," she repeated. Lorraine reached for another breadstick to pulverize. He took it from her. Wasted food made him crazy.</p> <p>"Yeah," he said. "The pact is we'll table everything serious for the duration of the meal, and you and me, we'll catch up."</p> <p>Lorraine's wine arrived.</p> <p>"We don't have to talk about the other stuff."</p>
210	<p>"To hell with all these other chicks I meet every day who are hot, not scared of sex, and are rocket scientists when it comes to flirting. I choose you, Penelope Lee..."</p>
216	<p>"How white trash is that?"</p> <p>"...I was so drunk and so mad..."</p>
240	<p>Days it would take Sam to stop hating himself for drinking again: two million.</p>
241	<p>...and the fight they'd had for no reason other than being so shitfaced off fireball shots because there were no mixers and zero ice.</p> <p>...Gash got alcohol poisoning on a tubing trip, they'd dropped him off at the clinic and continued drinking.</p>
245	<p>He was thirsty. He needed a drink. He began planning where he would get one.</p> <p>Not one. Twenty. By himself.</p>

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249	10. He was way too hot. I mean, come on, that video was basically porn. ...Lola's boobs were or how smooth the skin on her thighs.
250	...about the fabulousness of her life and the two of them in bed,...
254	"All this talk of my parents is such a boner-killer."
265	"Grab me a beer, Penny, what are you having?" "Champagne." "Prosecco likely, "...
266	...waiting for Jude or Mallory to return from making out with their dudes.
269	As far as she was concerned, alcohol was a miracle.
270	Even Pete became substantially less irritating once enough booze had tobogganed down Penny's piehole.
273	Bastian Trejo was fourteen, looked twelve, and had started smoking weed when he was ten. ...Talking a mile a minute, rattling off sordid tales of every "bitches" he "bagged" and other girls who had "curved" him.
274	This afternoon, the boys had come from there, and Sam was filming Bastian with his acai and kale smoothie. "The girls like it," Bastian said, smiling wide. "It makes your jizz taste like flowers."
279	"...The sex, for what it's worth, is okay." Penny tried to imagine sex between seventy-year-olds.
294	"I got drunk at home as a self-respecting, proper alcoholic." "Are you an alcoholic?"
305	...Bobby stabbed her in the guts with his dick. His dick was purple. Cartoon purple. When he pulled on the lurid condom, she couldn't believe it was such a bright and happy color.
308	It was ridiculous, yet Sam hadn't thought how nerds could be rapists. He thought of rapists as meathead jocks or else vile faceless monsters who were abused as kids.
319	"Yeah, your people love it." "My people?" "She means the white," said Bastian.
322	"...Plus, those snobby assholes hate when I come through. They follow you around like you're brown or something."
334	"...Everyone may as well know that I have a UTI and am drinking boatloads of cranberry juice because of the sheer volume of sex I had this past week..."
335	"In a parallel universe in which the practice wasn't frowned upon and utterly Appalachian, would you or would you not have sex with Uncle Sam?"
336	"Because I would bang the ever-living shit out of him if he'd give me the time of day."
360	"Is she drunk?" "No," he said, and cleared his throat. "She ate a weed brownie."
371	He kissed her back with urgency. Her hands traveled around his waist. ...Sam fell onto his side, wrapped his leg around hers, and drew her in deeper. It

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	made no difference where he started and she ended. Until it did. When his hands moved under her shirt, she stiffened. Penny didn't have a bra on.
379	She was smoking a cigarette and drinking a tall glass of bourbon with an iced tea floater.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	5
Dick	1
Fuck	4
Piss	3
Shit	54