

EXIT HERE



a novel by Jason Myers

exit here.

Book Summary:

A nineteen year old man spends his time back home partaking in drugs and alcohol with his friends, until life-altering circumstances occur.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; suicide; and alcohol and drug abuse including minors.

Young Adult

By Jason Myers

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4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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3	"I'm a fucking coke dealer," Kyle says.
4	I lean forward. Wipe a thin line of coke residue off the mirror with my thumb and rub it back and forth against my gums a bunch of times until my mouth goes numb.
5	Cliff: Livin' with his dad. Being a loser. Fuckin Natalie Taylor.
7	Kyle dumps some more coke onto the mirror. ...He cuts two more lines then he hands me the mirror. One. Two. Goddamn this is some good shit.
9	Lance, who's taking a sip of his scotch, staring right back at me. ...I'm starting to come down off the coke.
11	"Would you like something to drink?" she asks me. Whiskey sour. A double. My father smiles. "Sure," Maggie says. "I just need to see your ID." I pull out my fake one and hand it to her.
15	"Kyle just came by and dropped off a gram of the white bitch for me and I'm about ready to roll to this rehearsal space and jam."
19	I open the bottle and dump its contents into a metal jar sitting on the roundish end table next to my bed, and run my fingers over all the Vicodins and Valiums and Xanax and find my last Percocet and swallow it with a glob of spit.
22	We were in the basement of a shitty Chinese restaurant that I'd rented out, and everyone was there. Tons of coke being passed around. Two kegs of Budweiser. Three strippers. ...Staring at this picture carves a big smile into my face as I remember how much fun everyone had that night as we screamed at the top of our lungs and yelled over each other and told each other the same stories over and over like they'd just happened and no one had heard them before, everything leading up to the very end, after all the drugs had been snorted and swallowed, the booze guzzled, and the strippers long gone with their residue-covered dollar bills, when I pulled out a gold-colored boom box, stuck in a cassette tape, jacked the volume, and we all sang along at Alice Cooper's "Eighteen."
25	We did blow for the first time together. We both got laid for the first time by the same sixteen-year-old chick when we were thirteen, one right after the other, in the basement of an abandoned school just a few blocks from his parent's house.
26	Cliff walks into the kitchen and grabs a bottle of Heineken from the fridge. "You want one?" he asks. No. "I got some pot. You wanna smoke?"
30	After I jack off to one of the Sydney Steele DVDs I brought home with me, I do fifty crunches on my bedroom floor, then shower and get dressed.
31	On one of the counters is the Replacements Let It Be vinyl with a pile of blow sitting on the cover. Michael hands me a Miller High Life forty and says, "I picked

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	<p>these up on my way here," then takes a pull from his. ...Handing me a pen that's been hollowed out and cut in half, Michael goes, "Chop yourself a rail." Nah, I'm good. "Fuck you. You're not good. Do a fucking line, man." Okay, I'll do a fucking line. Pulling a bank card from my wallet, I make myself two rails. Do both of them. Hand the pen back to Michael. ...I sniff, choking down a huge drip. ...He leans down and devours the other two lines. ...Michael leans down and slams the other two lines he just cut.</p>
35	<p>And a poster for the Vincent Gallo movie The Brown Bunny, with a shot of Chloe Sevigny about ready to suck Gallo's cock. ...Taking a seat on the sofa, I chop myself another rail and notice all these yellow Post-it notes that have been scribbled on.</p>
36	<p>"I wrote these toward the end of this four-day speed bender I went on last week, where I did nothing but sit in this basement and watch Van Halen videos and David Lee Roth interviews on YouTube. ...He cuts up another line and takes it. ...We stop by Kyle and Chris's pad a little past ten to score some more coke.</p>
37	<p>Seated on a raggedy couch are Kyle and Emily, and sitting on the coffee table in front of the couch is a scale and a bunch of coke and stacks of small plastic baggies with red hearts on them. Most of the stacks have been filled with the coke, but a few haven't.</p>
38	<p>Kyle has been dealing since we were freshmen in high school. Back then, it was strictly weed and painkillers- Xanax, Vicodin, Valium- until late last summer when Michael introduced him to the brother of this Asian girl he was humping. Apparently this Asian girl's brother had a small operation but didn't have shit going inside the rock underground clubs and hipster scene around Kennedy Street, so Kyle and him struck a deal, and from that moment on Kyle's been doping up all those kids with coke. Michael walks around behind the coffee table and wedges himself in between Kyle and Emily on the couch and drops sixty dollars on the glass tabletop. "Two grams at discount price, please," he tells Kyle. ...Kyle takes the money and slides Michael two baggies, then Michael tosses one to me and says, "My treat, dude." I slip the coke into the left front pocket of my shirt and ask Claire if she's going to the party on Livermore. ...He dips a key into the baggie, scoops out a large bump, and snorts it.</p>
40	<p>Claire grabs my hand and puts the coke and keys in it. ...Leaning forward, I dig deep and hard into the baggie and load a bump, then hand the stuff to Kyle and ask if Cliff is shooting heroin. "Yes," Michael says. "The guy is completely fucked up. I heard that he went to Iowa City all cranked up and had sex with some girl and talked her into letting him cut her in the side with a knife." ..."Right now, man. I'm loaded. And if we don't leave, we'll probably end up at the</p>

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	<p>Inferno with the guys or just sitting here blowing rails all night listening to the same songs and trying to talk over each other." ...Kyle does a bump and gives Michael back his drugs and keys, and then Michael walks over to the far wall in the room and kisses the large Joan Jett poster hanging on it.</p>
42	<p>I'm superhigh and really paranoid, feeling like everyone at this party is staring at me and knows I'm tweaking, so I decide that I need to start getting really drunk, and I stay where I am when Dave and Michael walk to the side alley to do key bumps. Finishing one beer, I fill my cup again, then take a swig from a pint bottle of Royal Gate Vodka that some guy, who swears he knows me, hands me.</p>
46	<p>Then I grab the baggie of coke from my pocket and my keys and start scooping out bump after bump until someone starts pounding on the door.</p>
47	<p>Someone else starts pounding on the door and Dave pounds on it back. "We're giving each other hand jobs, okay. Five minutes!" he shouts, putting his phone away.</p>
62	<p>My eyes momentarily slip down to Cliff's stepmom's cleavage. When I pull them back up, she grins at me, then nods her head, then pulls her bathrobe shut, and I wonder if Cliff is still fucking her like he was junior year and in the middle of last summer.</p>
64	<p>"I'm fucking Chris now," she says.</p>
68	<p>Jump back to Lauer and I coming to her house one afternoon during our senior year, and finding her father and his twentysomething secretary fucking on the living room floor.</p>
81	<p>Claire leans down again and does another one, and about five minutes later I tell her I'm going to split and she hugs me again and kisses me on the lips, then does it again using her tongue this time. I get a boner, and Claire smacks my ass and goes, "I'm so fucking high," then starts giggling as she shows me out of her place.</p>
82	<p>When Pretty Vicious is done with their set, it's just after eleven, and while the next band is setting up, Kyle asks me if I wanna do a key bump and I say, Sure, why not, and he says follow me, and I do, and so do Michael and Dave and Cliff. ...Dave jams his foot against the bottom of the door to try to keep anyone from coming in and then Kyle pulls out his keys and a baggie of coke from the stash he keeps for himself when he's out dealing. ..."Score that," Michael snorts, taking the blow from Kyle's hands. ...Michael takes a bump and hands the coke to me, then says to Cliff, "Go there and have a bad time. We're heading down to the Hill and then to Kennedy Street to hand out our flyers." ...I scoop out a bump and do it. ...Then I scoop out another one for my other nostril.</p>
84	<p>"I still think we should go to the party," Cliff moans, slamming a Jager shot.</p>
86	<p>I knew Cliff was home, though, 'cause his car was parked in the driveway, so I walked around to the side of the house to knock on his bedroom window after I noticed the light was on in his room. But as I stepped in front of the smeared glass</p>

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	<p>panel, I was thrown by what I was seeing. Cliff's stepmother, buck naked, perched on her knees, giving Cliff a blow job. Cliff had his hand cemented to the back of her dark brown hair, controlling her head's every movement, bobbing it back and forth like a bobblehead doll. It was intense. I stuck around. I watched Cliff pull his stepmother's head back and spit in her mouth. Then I watched him nail her from behind, her hands braced against the yellow wall, clawing at the bottom of a Jane's Addiction poster. And when it was over, after he came on her back, spatters of white clumps slimming down the crease of her back, I walked back to my car and drove away and let my sister sell the T-shirt on eBay, much to Cliff's protest...I owed her two hundred dollars, I told him, which he didn't buy at all, and only dropped it a week later when I told him what had really happened.</p>
89	"Do you at least wanna do the blow?"
91	Cliff's cell phone starts ringing and he answers it, and when he hangs up, he goes, "Let's go," so we finish the lines and leave for the party.
93	<p>Who are you? "You fucked my ass in a bathroom at the Speedwagon Warehouse during that Lightning Bolt and 400 Blows show last summer." Christina? "Lila," she snorts. "You piece of shit. You choked me and slammed my head against the wall and came on my face, then gave me a fake phone number." ...And instead of reaching in a horrible and regrettable way, I tell this girl, Good hit, darling, and slide past her, into this hallway, then into this bathroom, where these two kids wearing baseball caps turned sideways, with their knuckles covered in tattoos, with backpacks strapped to them, drinking forties stuffed into brown paper bags, are writing their tag names on the mirror with markers, and one of them goes, "What the fuck are you looking at?"</p>
94	My sister lights a cigarette and asks me if I can think of anyone, anyone at all that can hook her and her friends up with some X.
96	<p>She straddles my lap and begins dancing, squeezing her thighs around my hips. It feels nice. ...But after the song is through, I gather myself and gently push her off of me like, Whoa. My dick is really hard.</p>
97	<p>"Well, you should be," he says. "Because you just missed out on some good ass." ...Cliff gets in my face. "Do you think I'm capable of fucking one of my friend's girlfriends?"</p>
98	<p>"I ran into your sister," Cliff says. So what? "I hooked her and her friends up with some OCs." I thought they wanted X. "They did," he says. "But the dudes I talked to about it only had OCs on them." ..."Last December, they double-teamed some transvestite who'd apparently had her dick surgically removed, and when they found out that the girl had really been a boy once, they fuckin' killed her."</p>

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101	<p>Opening the door to my bedroom, I find Katie lying on my bed in her underwear, smoking a cigarette, watching videos on MTV2.</p> <p>She sits up. "You finally made it."</p> <p>You shouldn't be in here.</p> <p>"Don't be silly," she says, stubbing her smoke out. "I want you inside of me like now." She undoes her bra, and gets to her knees and crawls to the edge of my bed, her tiny tits firmly perking up.</p> <p>I stare at her.</p> <p>"Come over here," she smiles, motioning me to her. "What are you waiting for? You can do whatever you want to me. Anything."</p> <p>And for a second, all of the things that I could do to her, things I've done to girls in the past, it all slams through my skull and makes me feel gross and sick .</p>
102	<p>Kyle pulls out a blunt. "For your troubles," he tells me, then drops it into the glove compartment.</p>
103	<p>"I'm not selling them any coke. They asked me for two grams of glass, which I normally don't do, but Michael knew I'd picked some up on the side 'cause a few of my regulars have turned into hardcore tweakers."</p>
107	<p>Kyle holds up two baggies of crystal meth.</p> <p>The two trade and then Michael grabs a set of keys lying on one of the chairs and goes around to each of his band mates and gives them a bump up each nostril, then does two himself, before offering me some, but I'm like, No way, dude, and he's like, "Suit yourself, brah."</p>
114	<p>What are you drinking?</p> <p>"Vodka cran."</p> <p>Then a vodka cran I'll have.</p>
117	<p>We go to the bar and both do a shot of Jameson, and when I spin around, I see this superhot Asian girl Jasmine, who I went out with a couple of times during my senior year and had amazing sex with when Laura and I were taking some time apart.</p> <p>...Jasmine wraps her arms around me and says, "Do you have any coke?"</p>
123	<p>Flipping through them, one Kodak memory at a time, I pass over the frozen images of all of us. Michael doing lines. Kyle licking a blunt.</p> <p>...Chris walking around naked in my backyard with a beer in his hands during a party. Laura and Claire making out.</p>
124	<p>She was out getting loaded one night with this girl Ashley Morgan, and I was getting shitfaced with Cliff, when my cell started blowing up with calls from Laura.</p>
126	<p>But the thing is, I was probably a lot more wasted than I thought, 'cause when I saw the two of them standing on the side of the dirt road next to the car, which was stuck in the ditch, I accidentally hit the gas pedal instead of the brake and started fishtailing and lost control of my ride, smashing it into Laura's car.</p>
135	<p>For as big an asshole as Cliff can be, he'd taken the rap for me numerous times growing up, even this one time during our sophomore year when I was caught with a bag of pot in my car.</p>

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135	<p>Going to dinner, getting really loaded on Singapore slings, and laughing later that night when Laura told me to "Put it up my butt." ...Two beautiful grams of bow.</p>
137	<p>It was later that night, in the motel swimming pool, when Natalie and I finally had sex. She was a year older and a grade up from us, but throughout high school we had always messed around here and there- when Laura and I were taking a break or fighting real bad- and it finally happened that night, and I hadn't seen her since the day after, when the three of us drove back to the city.</p>
138	<p>"You got any beer?" Cliff asks her. "There's come in the fridge, darling,": she says, putting her hands on the side of his face. They start making out and I can hear the slurpy, sloppy sounds of their saliva and lips smacking together.</p>
140	<p>"What the hell does a rich white kid need a gun for? You got the pigs?"</p>
141	<p>Natalie sits back down at the table and drops a small baggie of brown powder onto it. ...At the table I watch Cliff slide the heroin toward him, the tip of his tongue hanging between his lips.</p>
142	<p>Reaching into the empty space where the drawer had been, Natalie pulls out a plastic bag and comes back to the table. Inside the bag are four things: a syringe, a spoon, a needle, and a bright pink lighter. ...Cliff wraps a leather belt around his left arm and Natalie turns the dark powder into liquid in the rim of the spoon with the lighter. ...Setting the lighter down and picking the needle up, Natalie draws the heroin into the syringe while Cliff finds a vein. "Got it," he says, smiling. Natalie sets the spoon down and grabs his arm. "You ready?" she whispers, as the Smiths sing... ..."Yes," he says. She sticks the needle into his vein and the syringe fills up with Cliff's blood while his eyes close and his body falls gently against the chair.</p>
144	<p>I spent most of my time on the beach, lying around, getting fucked up, listening to good shit like Big Business and Spacemen 2 and Cage on my iPod.</p>
150	<p>She wipes the residue, which I'm sure is OxyContin, off and says, "When you break it down, sometimes it gets a little chalky."</p>
157	<p>"With Katie. We got loaded on some booze and pills Cliff gave us-"</p>
158	<p>After I've washed up from cleaning, Laura and I go up to my room to hang out and it doesn't take us long to start fucking around. She pulls me on top of her and we make out like two junior high kids under the bleachers- heavy breathing, tongues in each other's ears, bottom lips being bitten- it feels super nice. I have a huge boner. But when I start pushing my hand down the front of Laura's jeans, she stops me and tells me that she's on her period. ...But I've got a mega boner, Laura. She leans over and kisses me and goes, "Deal with it. Jack off." You could help me out, I suggest after sitting up.</p>

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162	Crammed inside of it are five younger-looking, fifteen-sixteen-year-old boys, and one girl who looks exactly like my sister's friend Amy, but I just can't tell if it's her or not. Whoever it is, though, she looks at me looking at her, then sticks what appears to be a crank pipe against her lips and takes a hit, and then I slide my eyes over to the driver, who's wearing a cowboy hat and an Avenged Sevenfold T-shirt, and this kid makes a growling face at me, then flips me off.
163	Kyle starts laughing as he pulls onto the street, and Michael says, "I'm fuckin' serious, man. I need drugs like bad." ..."Dave didn't get arrested. He scrambled when the pigs showed up. He's smart like that."
164	The last time we were there: First night, Laura puking on me right as I'm undressing her so we can have sex. Getting so stoned the next afternoon that I passed out.
167	Then I remember that I have some pot stashed in my sock drawer and roll a joint.
176	Then I gave her two Xanax and told her to relax, and she swallowed both of them at the same time with her spit.
178	On that trip, the first afternoon there, I was out jet skiing by myself, and when I came back to the cabin, I found the three of them snoring lines of coke off a CD case in the living room. When in asked my sister, What are you doin? She began laughing in my face and went, "Fuck, Travis. I've been stealing the shit from you since last summer," then chopped off another ail.
181	Laura stands up and slides behind my chair, running a hand across the back of my neck. Then she moves to the fridge, pulls out a can of club soda, then grabs the bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label I picked up and makes herself a drink. ..."I also brought a gram of blow with me." I swing my arm back. Awesome. So Laura goes into the bedroom to get the DVD and the coke and I walk into the bathroom to take a piss.
182	He's really messed up right now. He's fucked himself on heroin.
184	After Laura and I have apologized to each other some hours later and popped some Xanax, we discussed it we decide that we should fuck, being how it's been since Christmas and all and the fact that she isn't on her period anymore. It begins next to her dresser and moves quickly to the bed, Laura in a pair of light blue underwear and me in a pair of black sweatpants. ...We strip each other down and she bites my neck and bites my chest and I lean over her sweaty body, and slide myself inside of her. She's superwet and moans loudly while I maneuver her arms underneath mine.
185	She's sitting on the couch, rolling a joint, watching a Saved by the Bell rerun, the one where Zach and Screech find an old radio station in the basement of Bayside High and talk Mr. Belding into letting their entire gang broadcast their own shows.
186	"You're probably right," she smiles, handing me the joint along with a pink lighter. "Do the honors," she says. I light up. Inhale. Exhale.

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	<p>I hand her back the joint and ask her what she wants to do. ...We drink all the beers from the cooler we packed and eat the sandwiches she made and smoke the other two joints she rolled.</p>
187	<p>I run my hands along her sandy thighs. I kiss her. We make love. An hour later we make love again. An hour after that we make love once more.</p>
189	<p>While Laura and I are waiting for the drinks we just ordered with our fake IDs, Laura stares pressing her neck, wincing every time her fingers jab against it. ..."I think you fucked up my neck while we were having sex earlier," she tells me. ...Laura says, "It's always good to get it a little rough, ya know. That's how you like to screw me. You always have."</p>
193	<p>Back at the cabin, Laura rolls a joint and I make mimosas, and when I hand her one of the glasses, she looks at the joint, then looks back at the drink, and goes, "The mimosa, now this is a real gateway drug." We smoke and we drink and we watch the rest of the Arrested Development episodes. And after almost all the booze I picked up the night before has been drunk or accidentally knocked over and spilt, the two of us are back in the bathroom, fucking and clawing and choking each other. And when I've finished coming all over Laura's stomach and chest, and when she's through cleaning herself up-shower, mouthwash, that sorta thing- the two of us lie in bed and listen to the Vince Gallo CD When.</p>
199	<p>I met the guy outside of this record store and scored two grams of coke, then went back to my hotel room. My plan was to do one gram that night and go out and hit some bars and save the second gram for my last night, but of course that didn't happen. ...What ended up happening is that I got back to my room and cut up four huge croc lines and blasted them one right after the other- BAM- BAM- BAM- fucking BAM- and got so tweaked out of my mind that I couldn't possibly leave my room.</p>
200	<p>What I did do was stand in front of a mirror next to my bed and got undressed and jacked off, imagining the gnarliest scenarios possible, scenarios full of young chicks and ropes and bruises and crying. ...So I closed my notebook and restarted the Blows album and cut some more lines and ended up downing like five Xanax to pass out so I wouldn't have to see the sun come up.</p>
204	<p>She takes a sip of wine. "I'm doing better now. Emily's little brother Jake gave me a couple of Xanax at the reception afterward. He told me he gets them from this old guy in Waterloo who sells his prescription drugs to pay his bills."</p>
207	<p>And then they started kissing again and he cupped her left breast and kept trying to go up her shirt with his other hand, but she kept stopping him because she wasn't ready to go there with him yet.</p>
212	<p>"We were at this weird party one of my customers was at. Steve Albini was supposedly there are supposed to be coming and I guess some of the dudes from the Shines were already there, or on their way there. Anyway, I was on the roof selling to this chick and she was telling me how she'd once walked in on her older</p>

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	brother fucking a blow-up doll, trying to get off as fast as he could because he'd punctured a hole in it and the doll was deflating.
215	<p>I need to do something with myself. Fuck someone or work out.</p> <p>...I try jacking off to this gnarly Nicole Sheridan porno but I have trouble getting hard. My mind is too busy. I'm sitting in front of a computer screen with my pants around my knees, pounding my limp dick.</p> <p>...I type in the name Evan Rachel Wood on a Google search and this page pops up with a whole shitload of her photos on it. I double click on one of her in a pair of garter panties, a bikini top, and a pair of black leather boots that run all the way up to her thighs.</p> <p>The photo triples in size and I squeeze a ton of lotion straight onto my penis and start going at it again.</p> <p>I jerk harder and harder and harder but I cannot get a boner. Nasty thoughts begin to pound through my skull and I have to stop because it's so gross.</p>
217	<p>And when I'm through, she undresses for me and tells me everything will be alright, and then we make love, but even though it feels awesome to be back with her, to have her next to me silhouetted by the stars, there is still a certain emptiness here, and something still feels a bit off.</p>
244	<p>MY LAST NIGHT IN HAWAII I GOT REALLY WASTED ON BOOZE and tried calling the coke dealer again, but he wasn't picking up, so I decided to go out and ended up playing an AC/DC pinball machine at one of the bars I'd hopped to and that's when I saw her.</p>
251	<p>I start climbing, and when I get to the top, Laura grabs me and we kiss again. She grabs onto the bottom of my T-shirt and pulls it over my head and off, then pushes me onto my back after taking the Beam from my hand.</p> <p>She straddles me.</p> <p>I slip her navy blue top off and squeeze her breasts.</p> <p>"They're a lot bigger than they were when we were fifteen." She laughs, then takes a huge pull from the bottle and leans down and starts kissing me. Jim Beam runs everywhere- down my chin. Over the sides of my face. All over my chest- and right before I close my mouth, Laura spits some more booze into it and I swallow it.</p> <p>"I want you inside of me," she moans. "Get inside of me, Travis."</p> <p>I sit up and put my hands on the sides of her waist and roll her over, pinning her back against the cool surface of the slide. Then I unbutton my jeans and push them down. Laura does the same with hers. Then she wraps her hand around my dick and begins massaging it.</p> <p>I lean closer to her, planting my hands above her shoulders, and we rub the tips of our tongues together.</p> <p>"Spit in my mouth," she says.</p> <p>I draw a glob of saliva to the front of my mouth and drop it into hers.</p> <p>"Awesome," she swallows. "Now fuck me."</p> <p>I push her legs farther apart and rub the tip of my penis around her vagina until she grabs the back of my neck, pulling me closer.</p> <p>"Go ahead, Travis."</p> <p>I slide myself inside of her and start thrusting her as hard as I can. Our skin going</p>

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	<p>smack, smack, smack. Digging her nails into my back Laura goes, "I want you to stay inside of me. Do not pull out." Okay. We fuck for like a half an hour, until I can't hold it anymore, and I come inside of her.</p>
261	<p>I open the door to the house and walk in and see Chris sitting in the wheelchair dumping an entire gram of coke onto a mirror. ...I sit down on the sofa across from him and watch as he runs a blade across the blow. ...Chris jams a red straw up his nose. He leans down to the mirror and snorts two lines.</p>
271	<p>How did it feel to have Cliff's abortion?</p>
284	<p>Claire lifts a baggie of coke and a small, shiny knife from her purse. ...Claire hands me the knife and baggie. ...I pop the baggie open and dig out a large bump with the tip of the knife and move it toward my nose. .."Snort now, Travis." I shove the knife up to my left nostril, snap my head back, and sniff hard with everything I have. ...Claire takes the knife and drugs from my hands. She dips into it and scoops out a big bump. ...She inhales the pile ...I dig into the bag. Claire continues. "She was from this wealthy suburb of Chicago. Her parents were absolutely loaded. They would put five hundred dollars a week into her checking account, which she used on blow. And this chick would do two fucking eight balls a week. Easily. She was always loaded." I lift the knife from the bag. ...I snort the bump. ..."Do another bum," she grins. I do one.</p>
291	<p>"I've always had a crush on you. I've always wanted to hook up with you." You're drunk, Claire. "And you're fucking hot, Travis. I wanna fuck you!" She bites my ear again.</p>
308	<p>Michael tosses five baggies of coke at me. Putting three of them into my wallet, I take the other two and dump them into one big pile on this pretty big mirror. Then I pick up one of the three razor blades lying at the top of the mirror and begin cutting. ...Then I slide a line from the pile and ask them how long they've been blowing rails today. ...I chop another line from the pile. ...I slide another line from the pile. I make a third line and put the mirror on the table.</p>

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310	<p>"You need to fuck one of Laura's friends, take some photos of yourself while you're doing it, and MySpace them to her." I take a drink of beer.</p>
311	<p>Michael picks up the mirror and does a rail.</p>
313	<p>I pick up the mirror and divvy out ten more lines and Dave goes, "What did the stripper do to her asshole before she went to work?" ...Tommy sets the mirror on his lap. "Every single one she ever made," he grins, then slams both lines. ...Tommy holds the mirror in front of Heather. She picks the straw up and does both lines, then Tommy puts the mirror back on the table and gives Michael a hundred dollars. Michael gives him two grams and tells them about the party we're going to. ...Tommy and Heather leave. And then Michael, Dave, and I finish the coke on the mirror. Pouring another gram onto the mirror, Michael goes, "Hey, Trav, I might know something that can cheer you up."</p>
315	<p>The three of us do another round of lines and Michael goes, "Check this live Sonic Youth video out for 'Making the Nature Scene.'" ...Dave takes another line. ...We finish the rest of the coke on the mirror and call a cab and split for the party.</p>
316	<p>He yanks his arm out of her hands and goes, "Listen. I only want to talk to you if you have money and can buy the shit that I'm selling. I'm not giving out free bumps. I'm not giving you any free shit. You can either pay or you can get on your knees and suck me and my friends off."</p>
317	<p>The door slams shut and Michael pulls his coke out and starts selling to these girls. Baggies getting passed around.</p>
320	<p>I need to do more drugs. ...I pull another gram from my wallet and set it down on the faucet and try to break as many of the clumps down to powder with the butt of my lighter as I can. Once I feel like it's good enough, I hold the baggie in front of me and flick it quickly, back and forth, back and forth, until all the coke sits in one big block. Then I pop the baggie open and start keying out some bumps. I do four, five. I do a sixth one. ..."Were you jacking off and watching yourself in the mirror?" I was doing the rest of my drugs and now they're gone.</p>
321	<p>"She got fucked by this dude for some OCs at a party."</p>
322	<p>So I go back to the table and chug three more cups of jungle juice,...</p>
331	<p>Should I leave? "No," she says. "It's fine. You're cut. I want you to stay and get me off." Maggie leans over and kisses me and I awkwardly put a hand on her waist and push her on her back. We start undressing each other and everything seems to be fine until I slide my underwear off and notice how small and shriveled and soft my penis is. Maggi looks at me. "Are you going to be able to get that up ?" With some help. Sitting up, Maggie puts her mouth over my cock and gives e head for like twenty</p>

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	<p>minutes, but nothing happens. I try jerking off. I spit on myself and she tries jerking it off. She me more head and I still can't get it up.</p> <p>"Fucking great," she snaps.</p> <p>An hour passes.</p> <p>Nothing.</p> <p>"Will you at least eat me out?" she asks.</p> <p>Yeah. I can do that.</p> <p>So I crawl in between her legs and stick my tongue on her pussy and start to give her head, but like five minutes into it, she shoves me away.</p> <p>"What are you doing, Travis?"</p> <p>What?</p> <p>"That doesn't even feel good. You didn't touch my clit once."</p> <p>I didn't?</p> <p>...Then she squirts some lotion onto her dildo and starts fucking herself with it and I sit there and watch her. She gets off four times in like twenty minutes and when she's through, she throws the dildo on the ground, turn so that her back is facing me, and shuts her lamp off.</p>
334	<p>Like thirty seconds of dead silence pass before Michael grunts, "Do you wanna come over and fuck them too? Is that what you're trying to ask? Because if you want to, then just come out and ask and maybe I'll say yes, and you can come over and finish them off."</p> <p>Thoughts of my sister being fucked by two guys, one right after the other, smash through my head.</p>
339	<p>"I won't bitch," she says. "Drink up."</p> <p>My sister sticks her tongue out and starts chugging the rest of her Zima. When she's done, she slams the bottle down and burps really loud, then looks at me and goes, "Do you have any coke, Travis? I could really use a line to sober me up."</p> <p>"Me too," Amy says.</p> <p>..."Christ. What are you good for if you don't have any drugs?"</p> <p>...If you want drugs so bad, why don't you call Katie? I'm sure her and Cliff are doing some right now.</p> <p>...And my sister goes, "There are ways to get drugs besides my lame brother and Cliff. Cliff's a fucking loser anyway. I'll make calls if I have to."</p>
342	<p>"I fuck him sometimes."</p>
369	<p>"I would just die," the girl says, and the guy goes, "No offense to you, babe, but if she is here, I'm going after her," and the girl goes, "Fine by me. You fucking her would only make you hotter to me," and the this other girl, who's standing in front of those two, turns around in her saggy red V-neck blouse, her black ruffled skirt, and her turquoise colored fishnets, with her eyes streaked blue, and she says, "Karen O's not even going to be here? What the fuck? If she doesn't need to be here then I don't need to be here."</p>
373	<p>"Make sure you do some of my free drugs."</p> <p>Nah, I'm good.</p> <p>"What? No. Fuck you. Do my shit. Don't disrespect me by turning my goodwill down."</p> <p>I'm just drinking tonight, Michael.</p>

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	<p>"Asshole!" he screams, wiping the coke residue off with his fingers. He rubs his fingers against his gums.</p> <p>..."Dude, chill out," Dave snaps. "He doesn't want your drugs."</p> <p>..."Stay out of this Dave. He either wants my drugs or he wants to leave the room."</p> <p>...He takes a huge pull from the bottle of Jack Daniel's in his hand and some of it runs down the sides of his face.</p>
377	<p>She takes my shirt off and kisses my chest and my stomach and then I push the dress straps off her shoulders, sliding the dress all the way down to her feet and she steps out of it, one foot at a time.</p> <p>We kiss slowly and we don't look each other in the eye and then I grab the back of her thighs, her warm, soft skin squishing between my fingers. I lift her up. She wraps her legs around my waist, and I lay her gently onto the bed.</p> <p>"Do you have protection?" she asks.</p> <p>I close my mouth and nod. I unbutton my jeans and roll them off.</p> <p>Claire grabs my shoulders. "I'm already wet. You can put yourself in anytime you want," she tells me, smiling.</p> <p>Whatever you say, Claire.</p> <p>I reach into my wallet and pull a condom out and slide it on and shake my shoulders out.</p> <p>"Just relax, baby," she says. "Take your time."</p> <p>Making fists with my hands, I drop them both into the pillow, right above her shoulders, and scoot close enough to rub the tip of myself against her.</p> <p>This is when I look Claire in the eyes.</p> <p>She smiles and she nods, and then I slide myself inside of her, and the two of us have amazing sex.</p>
381	<p>Claire reaches into her nightstand and grabs a small sack of pot. "Do you want to smoke some of this? It'll help you relax."</p>
383	<p>What I do remember is that right when we got there, she started doing all sorts of crazy shit. She was taking coke hits, shooting speedballs, just mixing everything together. So started getting into it with her. We started going at it, going all crazy, getting really aggressive, but then I couldn't get it up and she pushed me off of her and told me to take a break. I grabbed the bottle of lotion sitting next to her bags, and I started stroking myself while she shot another speedball.</p> <p>...I like spaced out for a minute. It was weird. But when I came to, I was hard and ready to go, so I went back to the bed and crawled on top of her.</p> <p>...I mean, I heard her moan while I was inside of her. I heard her! But when I finished, I rolled over and passed out,...</p>
389	<p>I take a shower, rubbing my skin raw with hot water, thinking about how I'm going to get out of the dinner, thinking about how I don't think I can go through with it, thinking about popping a thousand-milligram Vicodin, or a twenty-milligram Valium, or maybe a handful of Xanax, and sleeping until I die.</p>
395	<p>I say, I tried to have sex with her but I couldn't get it up. I was too high on cocaine.</p>
397	<p>And I say, I thought you'd be superstoked, Dad. Knowing that your son is hooking up and fucking hot girls. I fuck lots of hot girls, Dad.</p>

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399	<p>I smash the phone into a billion fucking pieces and I pound the table with my first repeatedly, stopping only when they are bleeding.</p> <p>...Lying at the top of this tornado slide, imagining how this city would look in flames, I slip my bloody hand down my pants. I wrap my fingers around my penis and massage it until it gets hard. Then I begin sliding if furiously up and down. As fast as I can. Going at it at it at it.</p> <p>Visions of Cliff jamming a rusted coat hanger between Laura's legs pound my head, and my eyes pop open.</p> <p>...I tilt my head forward, my body covered in sweat, and I slowly lift the crotch of my pants and pull my closed hand out.</p> <p>I clench it as hard as I can, so hard that it looks like the veins are going to pop out of it, and when I open my hand gain, a white and red stream of come slides past my wrist and down my forearm, and I sit up and find where Laura wrote our names and slosh the rosy red slime across the heart she drew.</p>
409	<p>Blowing two lines up his nose, Michael goes,...</p> <p>...I don't really know what to say to that, so I don't say anything, and he pushes the mirror at me and holds the straw out.</p>
411	<p>"Bang!" Michael yells as Dave slams into the apartment holding a bottle of Jim Beam and a fistful of socks.</p> <p>...But then the screen flashes and a kid, probably our age, appears on it, hanging from a ceiling beam with a rope tied around his neck, masturbating.</p> <p>Think asphyxiation.</p> <p>Dave tells Michael to turn the volume up, so Michael does, and with clarity, I can hear the kid moaning as he jacks his piece really hard.</p> <p>And Michael's like, "I wonder what he's thinking about," right as the kid shoots off this monster fucking load. I mean, if fucking sprays.</p> <p>Just think about mayonnaise bursting out of a garden hose.</p> <p>Both Michael and Dave start clapping until the kid tries to untie himself, but can't do it.</p> <p>...He regroups for a moment, then tries to loosen the rope by tugging at it, but nothing is giving and then he really starts to panic. He starts ripping at the rope, like over and over and over again, but it's just not working.</p> <p>His face turns all red.</p> <p>His tongue is hanging out.</p> <p>His legs are shaking violently.</p> <p>And probably five seconds later, the kid stops moving altogether. The noises he was making quit coming.</p> <p>He's totally dead.</p>
413	<p>He does two more lines.</p>
437	<p>Cliff, what's going on?</p> <p>"If I turn on the lights," Cliff says firmly, "will you promise not to leave?"</p> <p>...Blood is everywhere.</p> <p>Big spots stain Cliff's white T-shirt.</p> <p>There are deep fresh wounds all around his neck, all up and down his arms, like someone's dug a blade into his skin and yanked through it.</p> <p>Both of his lips are split open.</p>

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	<p>And I'm looking at a gun, the same gun Cliff showed to me and Michael, poking from the waistline of the jeans he's wearing.</p> <p>...Lying in the bathtub, in a swimming pool of blood, is Katie. Her mouth is taped shut. Her right arm dangles over the edge of the tub. A knife sticks out of her chest.</p> <p>..."Get the fuck out of here!" he snaps.</p> <p>I turn around and run my hands down my face and walk out of the door, back outside.</p> <p>Halfway to my car, this is when I hear it- BANG!</p> <p>And Cliff, he's dead.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	46
Bitch	13
Cock	2
Cunt	3
Dick	24
Faggot/Fag	6
Fuck	350
Goddamn	3
Piss	7
Prick	2
Pussy	3
Queer	1
Shit	153