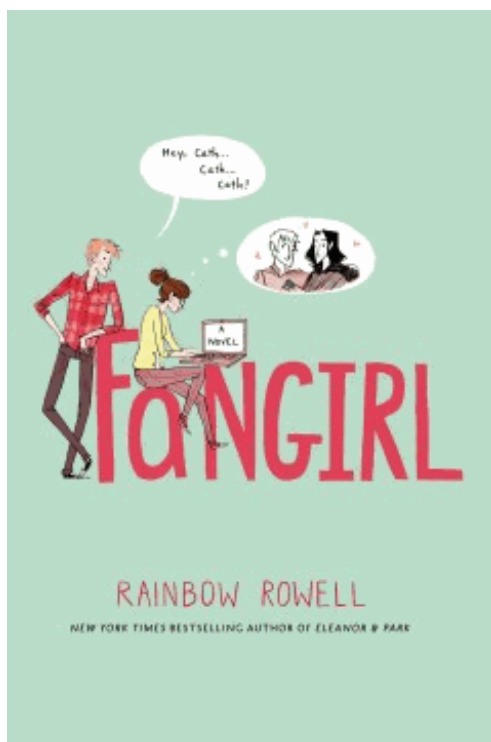


# FANGIRL



*Young Adult*

**By Rainbow Rowell**

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## **Book Summary:**

An eighteen-year-old woman falls in love while writing a fanfiction story.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

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

**2** /5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
31	"So they, like, get drunk and build bridges?" "They get drunk and design bridges. Want to come?" ..."Drunk nerds. Not my thing."
32	"Seriously? You're using Dad to get me to a frat party? I have tried parties. There was that one at Jesse's, with the tequila-" "Did you try the tequila?" "No, but you did, and I helped clean it up when you puked." ..."Drinking tequila is more about the journey than the destination..."
36	He never had eyes only for Wren, not even after they had sex last fall.
40	"I'm on drugs," Reagan said. "They're a beautiful thing."
49	She wasn't even old enough to drink yet. Not legally. (Not that it mattered on campus; there was booze everywhere. Wren already had a fake ID. "You can borrow it," she'd told Cath. "Say you got hair extensions.")
53	"It'll take five minutes, and if you get raped now, it'll be your fault. I haven't got time for the pain."
66	"Are you drunk?" "I was drunk," Wren said. "Now I think I'm something else." ...Wren must be drunk. Or high. ...Wren must be high.
67	She drank too much and slept too little.
69	He talked to the guy who was spraying the shoes, the retired couples in the next lane, a whole group of moms in some league who sent him away with ruffled hair and a pitcher of beer...
70	He poured a beer and held it out to her. She took it without thinking, then set it down with distaste.
85	"We're skinny bitches on weekdays," Courtney said, "and drunk bitches on the weekend."
86	"We don't have to be sober until Monday at eleven."
94	Try not to let anyone roofie you.
116	Wren was holding a bottle of dark beer halfway up to her mouth like her arm was stuck there. ...Her face was flushed, and she had drunk, droopy eyelids. ...Wren waved her beer bottle toward the stage. ..."Fucking twins, man. That's the fantasy, right?" ..."You're talking about incest." The guy laughed. "No, I'm talking about buying them drinks until they start making out."
117	"These two girls have parents. They have a father. And he should never have to worry that they're going to end up in a bar, debasing themselves for some pervert who still jerks off to Girls Gone Wild videos. That's not something a father should ever have to think about." ...The pervy guy wasn't paying attention. He leered drunkenly over Levi's shoulder at Cath and Wren.

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	<p>...Another fratty guy stepped up, carrying three beers, and glanced over. He grinned when he saw Cath and Wren. "Twins."            "Fucking fantasy," the first guy said.</p>
118	<p>"You're drunk."            "Yes-" Wren held up her beer bottle. "-finally."            ..."That was my beer," Wren objected.            "A little louder there, jailbait. I don't think every cop on the street heard you."            ...Cath wasn't. "You're drunk," she said.</p>
123	<p>"Simon isn't gay," he said.            "In my world, he is."            ..."Is it your job to make Simon gay?"</p>
129	<p>Maybe Wren had been too drunk to remember the details.</p>
143	<p>None of these friendships spread into Cath's personal life. T.J. and Julian weren't inviting her to smoke weed with them, or to come over and play Batman: Arkham City on the PlayStation 3.</p>
145	<p>"Not drink, Not smoke, Not get high."            "You could talk to people."            "I don't like to talk to drunk people."            "Just because people will be drinking doesn't mean they'll be drunk. I won't be drunk."</p>
165	<p>Baz. "Have you ever done this before?"            Simon. "Yes. No."            "Yes or no?"            "Yes. Not like this."            Baz. "Not with a boy?"            Simon. "Not when I really wanted it."</p>
172	<p>Sometimes he smelled like cigarette smoke, but not tonight. Sometimes like beer.</p>
176	<p>He nudged his nose against hers, and their mouths fell sleepily together, already soft and open.            ...But she was so tired.            And his mouth was so soft.            And nobody had ever kissed Cath like this before.</p>
183	<p>"He's different," Cath said. "He's older. He smokes. And he drinks. And he's probably had sex. I mean, he looks like he has."            ...And Cath thought- not for the first time since last night- that Levi had probably had sex with Reagan.            ..."You're making him sound like he's some rowdy mountain man who, like, smokes cigars and has sex with prostitutes."</p>
186	<p>And he'd slept with Reagan; she'd practically admitted it.            Cath didn't want to look at a guy and picture the people he'd slept...</p>
188	<p>"Somebody give me some tequila because I'll totally drink to it. And there's no way you're going to find me later having a panic attack in your parents' bathroom. Who wants to French-kiss?"</p>

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	...She still called it "French-kissing," and he just went around putting his tongue in people's mouths.
190	"If you're not going to blow it out," Reagan said, "you may as well look like you've just been fucked."
192	<p>Somebody handed them each a beer, and Cath took hers but didn't open it.</p> <p>...Reagan had finished half a beer before she asked somebody, "Where's Levi?"</p> <p>...He had a bottle of beer in one hand, the same hand he was pressing into a girl's back.</p> <p>...Levi's other hand was tangled in her long, blond hair, and he was kissing her with his mouth smiling and open.</p>
286	<p>"Did you sleep with him?"</p> <p>..."I don't want to know when you sleep with him. That's the first ground rule."</p> <p>"I'm not gonna sleep with him."</p> <p>"See, that's exactly the kind of thing I don't want to know- wait, what do you mean, you're not gonna sleep with him?"</p> <p>..."Things you pressure me to do: one, underage drinking; two, prescription drug abuse, premarital sex."</p> <p>"Oh my god, Cath, 'premarital sex'? Are you kidding me?"</p> <p>..."I lost my virginity with him."</p>
288	"Okay," Cath said, deciding to take this seriously. "What are the rules again? No talking about sex, no PDA, no talking about relationship stuff-"
301	Back when they were nothing to each other- back when she thought he belonged to somebody else- Cath had crawled into bed with him and fallen asleep mouth to mouth.
334	Was Wren a regular drinker? Yes. Did she often drink to drunkenness? Yes. Did she black out? Yes.
352	"Everybody drinks," she said calmly.
353	<p>"What do you want me to say? I drank too much."</p> <p>"You're out of control," he said.</p> <p>"I'm fine. I'm just eighteen."</p>
354	<p>"You weren't worried about school or your future when you were poisoning yourself with tequila."</p> <p>..."How did you know I was drinking tequila?"</p> <p>..."Everybody drinks," she said stubbornly.</p>
359	<p>"Who's King Solomon?"</p> <p>"It was your mother who wanted to raise you without religion."</p>
375	Levi's hand was still in Cath's hair. She felt him lift her up, felt his mouth on the back of her neck.
376	<p>He thought of everything that had passed over the boy's lips. Blood and bile and curses.</p> <p>But Baz's mouth was soft now, and he tasted of apples.</p>
378	Right about then, Cath realized just how close she was to the edge of Levi's jaw- and remembered what she'd promised herself to do there. She closed her eyes and kissed him below his chin, behind his jaw, where he was soft and almost

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	<p>chubby, like a baby. He arched his neck, and it was even better than she'd hoped. "I like you," she said. "So much. I like you here."</p> <p>Cath brought her hands up to his neck. God, he was warm- skin so warm and thick, a heavier ply than her own. She slid her fingers into his hair, cradling the back of his head.</p> <p>His hands mimicked hers, pulling her face up to his.</p> <p>...So much better when she was awake and her mouth wasn't muddy from reading out loud all night. She nodded and nodded and kissed him back.</p> <p>When Baz and Simon kissed, Cath always made a big deal out of the moment when one of them opened his mouth. But when you're actually kissing someone, it's hard to keep your mouth closed. Cath's mouth was open before Levi even got there. It was open now.</p> <p>Levi's mouth was open, too, and he kept pulling back a little like he was going to say something; then his chin would jut forward again, back into hers.</p> <p>God, his chin. She wanted to make an honest woman out of his chin. She wanted to lock it down.</p> <p>The next time Levi pulled back, Cath went back to kissing his chin, pressing her face up under his jaws. "I just like you so much here."</p> <p>"I just like you so much," he said, his head falling back against the couch. "Even more than that, you know?"</p> <p>"And here," she said, pushing her nose up against his ear. Levi's earlobes were attached to his head. Which made Cath think of Punnett squares. And Mendel. And made her try to pull his earlobe away with her teeth. "You're really good here," she said. He brought his shoulders up, like it tickled.</p> <p>"C 'mere, c'mere," he said, pulling at her waist. She was sitting just beside him, and he seemed to want her in his lap.</p> <p>"I'm heavy," she said.</p> <p>"Good. "</p> <p>Cath always knew that she'd make a spectacle of herself if she ever got Levi alone, and that's just what she was doing. She was mauling his ear. She wanted to feel it on every part of her face.</p> <p>It was okay..., she could imagine him telling Reagan or one of his eighteen roommates tomorrow. She wouldn't stop licking my ear—I think she might have an ear fetish. And you don't even want to know what she did to my chin.</p> <p>Levi was still holding her waist, too tight, like he was getting ready for a figure-skating lift. "Cath.. .," he said, and swallowed. The knot in his throat dipped, and she tried to catch it with her mouth.</p> <p>"Here, too," she said. Her voice sounded pained. He was too lovely, too good, too much. "So much here. Really, your whole head. I like your whole head."</p> <p>Levi laughed, and she tried to kiss everything that moved. His throat, his lips, his cheeks, the corner of his eyes.</p> <p>Baz would never kiss Simon this chaotically.</p> <p>Simon would never crush his nose against Baz's widow's peak the way Cath was about to.</p> <p>She gave in to Levi's hands and climbed onto his lap, her knees on either side of his hips. He craned his neck to gaze up at her, and Cath held his face by his temples. "Here, here, here," she said, kissing his forehead, letting herself touch</p>

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	<p>his feather-light hair. "Oh God, Levi you drive me crazy here."</p> <p>She smoothed his hair back with her hands and her face, and she kissed the top of his head the way he always kissed her (the only kisses she'd allowed for so many weeks).</p> <p>Levi's hair didn't smell like shampoo—or freshly mown clover. It smelled like coffee mostly, and like Cath's pillow the week after he spent the night. Her mouth settled on his hairline, where his hair was the lightest and finest; her own hair was nowhere this soft. "Like you," she said, feeling weird and tearful. "Like you so much, Levi."</p> <p>...His face felt hot in her hands. "Come here," he said, catching her jaw with one hand, chinning his mouth up to hers.</p> <p>Right.</p> <p>There was this. Kissing Levi. This and this and this.</p> <p>"You're not all hands...," he whispered later. He was tucked back into the corner of the love seat, and she was resting on top of him. She'd spent hours on top of him. Curled over him like a vampire. Even exhausted, she couldn't stop rubbing her numb lips into his flannel chest. "You're all mouth," he said.</p>
388	<p>"Have you slept with him?"</p> <p>..."Duh. So...are you going to?"</p> <p>..."Yeah," she said. "I think so."</p> <p>..."Oh. My. God. Will you tell me about it when you do?"</p> <p>..."Anyway, I don't feel like it has to happen now, like immediately, but he makes me want to. And he makes me think...that it'll be okay. That I don't have to worry about screwing it up."</p>
393	<p>Levi was sitting against his headboard, and Cath was in his lap, her knees around his hips. She'd spent a lot of time in his lap lately. She liked to be on top, to feel like she could move away if she wanted to. (She almost never wanted to.) She also spent a lot of time deliberately not thinking about anything else that might be happening in his lap; his lap was abstract territory, as far as Cath was concerned. Unfixed. Unmapped. If she thought about Levi's lap in concrete terms, she ended up crawling off the bed and curling up by herself on the love seat.</p> <p>..."What's wrong?" Cath started to move off his lap, but he caught her.</p> <p>...Cath wanted to kiss his little pink mouth immobile.</p> <p>...He reached up to her ponytail and started tugging out the rubber band. She let her head fall back.</p> <p>...He bounced her on his legs again.</p> <p>...Levi had just shaved, so his jaw and neck were something extra. Soft plus minty. She ran a hand down the front of his flannel shirt until her fingers caught at the first button- and decided right then to unbutton it.</p> <p>Levi inhaled.</p> <p>She found the next button.</p> <p>When she'd finished with the third, he pulled away from her and yanked the shirt up over his head. The T-shirt came next. Cath looked down at his chest like she'd never seen anything like it before.</p>
397	<p>Taking off Levi's shirt had been such an inspired idea, Cath was thinking about losing her own. Levi was thinking about it too. He was playing with the hem,</p>

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	<p>sliding his fingers just underneath it while they kissed. Kissed Cath loved that word. She used it sparingly in her fic, just because it felt so powerful. It felt like kissing to say it. Well done, English language.</p> <p>Levi kissed with his jaw and his bottom lip. She hadn't done this with enough people to know whether that was distinctive, but she felt like it was. He kissed her, and ran his fingers under her hem; and if she just raised her arms now, he'd probably take care of her shirt. She could count on him to pitch in. Cath couldn't remember what she was waiting for, what she was so scared of...</p> <p>Was she waiting for marriage? At the moment, it was hard to think beyond Levi whom she was nowhere near marrying. That fact only made her want him more. Because if she didn't end up marrying Levi, she wouldn't have lifetime access to his chest and his lips and whatever might be happening in his lap. What if they married other people? She should probably have sex with him now, while she still could.</p> <p>...Levi licked her mouth like he was trying to get the last bit of jam off the back of her throat.</p> <p>...Cath resisted the urge to slide down his legs like he was a hobby horse. (It would feel good, but she might never recover her dignity.)</p> <p>...She threw her phone on the floor, then tried to find her way back to Levi's lap. But he'd already leaned back against the headboard with his knees up. Lap unavailable.</p> <p>She tried to move his knees out of the way, but he wouldn't let her. He was looking at her like he was still trying to figure out what color her eyes were.</p>
414	<p>His hands were on her hips. "You'll get there," he said, nosing at the collar of her T-shirt. His hair tickled her chin, and it broke the spell in Cath's head. Or cast a new one.</p> <p>"Okay," she sighed, kissing his head and rocking into his stomach. "Okay, intermission."</p>
418	<p>Seeing him there, leaning against the wall, brought back so many memories and so much tenderness, she climbed onto the bed and started kissing his face all over.</p>
431	<p>"I can't believe I haven't been spoiled yet," she said.</p> <p>"I was planning to despoil you later," Levi said. "But if you want, we can do that first."</p> <p>...Levi jostled her around, kissed her neck a few times, then bit it, pinched Cath between his knees and squeezed her middle.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	8
Dick	2
Fuck	45
Goddamn	1
Piss	2
Shit	23