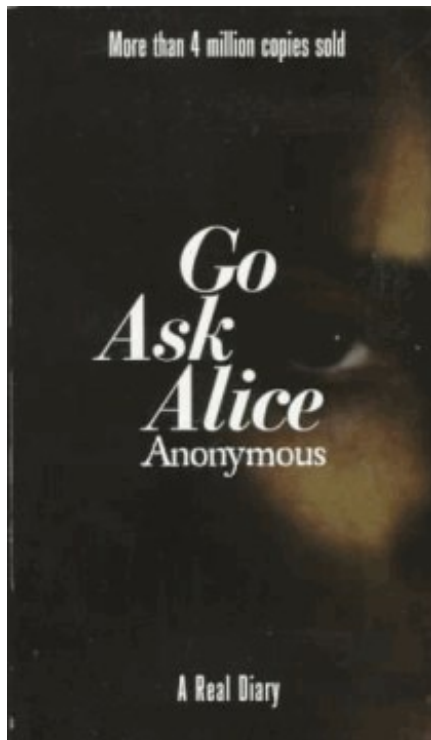


# GO ASK ALICE



*Young Adult*

**By Anonymous**

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including sexual assault and prostitution involving minor; drug abuse; alcohol use; profanity and derogatory terms; and suicidal commentary.

## CONTENT WARNING

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**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	Last summer at Marion Hill's slumber party someone brought a Playboy magazine with a story in it about a girl sleeping with a boy for the first time and all I could think about was Roger. I don't ever want to have sex with any other boy in the whole world ever...ever...I swear I'll die a virgin if Roger and I don't get together.
10	I wonder if I could go stick my finger down my throat and throw up every meal?
12	I wonder if boys were as oversexed in those days as they are now? ...None of my friends go all the way, but I guess a lot of girls at school do.
27	I hope it's not strange for a girl to feel that way about another girl. Oh I hope not! Is it possible that I am in love with her?
30	<p>Anyway, a little while after we got there Jill and one of the boys brought out a tray of coke and all the kids immediately sprawled out on the floor on cushions or curled up together on the sofa and chairs. Jill winked at me and said, "Tonight we're playing 'Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?' You know, the game we use to play when we were kids." Bill Thompson, who was stretched out next to me, laughed, "Only it's just too bad that now somebody has to baby-sit."</p> <p>I looked up at him and smiled. I didn't want to appear too stupid. Everyone sipped their drinks slowly, and everyone seemed to be watching everyone else. I kept my eyes on Jill supposing that anything she did I should do. Suddenly I began to feel something strange inside myself like a storm. I remember that two or three records had played since we had had the drinks, and now everyone was beginning to look at me. The palms of my hands were sweating and I could feel droplets of moisture on my scalp at the back of my neck. The room seemed unusually quiet, and as Jill got up to close the window shades completely I thought, "They're trying to poison me! Why, why would they try to poison me?" My whole body was tense at every muscle and a feeling of weird apprehension swept over me, strangled me, suffocated me. When I opened my eyes, I realized that it was just Bill who had put his arm around my shoulder. "Lucky you," he was saying in a slow motioned record on the wrong speed voice. "But don't worry, I'll baby-sit you. This will be a good trip. Come on, relax, enjoy it, enjoy it." He caressed my neck and face tenderly, and said, "Honestly, I won't let anything bad happen to you." Suddenly he seemed to be repeating himself over and over like a slow-motioned echo chamber. I started laughing, wildly, hysterically. It struck me as the funniest, most absurd thing I had ever heard. Then I noticed the strange shifting patterns on the ceiling. Bill pulled me down and my head rested in his lap as I watched the pattern change to swirling colors, great fields of reds, blues, and yellows. I tried to share the beauty with the others, but my words came out soggy, wet and dripping or tasting of color. I pulled myself up and began walking, feeling a slight child which crept inside as well as outside my body. I want to tell Bill, but all I could do was laugh.</p> <p>...and finally I couldn't talk at all and slumped back onto the floor, closed my eyes and the music began to absorb me physically. I could smell it and touch it and feel it as well as hear it. I could smell it and touch it and taste it as well as hear it. Never had anything ever been so beautiful. I was a part of every single instrument, literally a part. Each note had a character, shape and color all its very own and seemed to be entirely separate from the rest of the score so that I could consider its relationship to the whole composition, before the next note sounded.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>My mind possessed the wisdoms of the ages, and there were no words adequate to describe them.</p> <p>I looked at a magazine on the table, and I could see it in 100 dimensions. It was so beautiful I could not stand the sight of it and closed my eyes. Immediately I was floating into another sphere, another world, another state. Things rushed away from me and at me, taking my breath away like a drop in a fast elevator. I couldn't tell what was real and what was unreal. Was I the table or the book or the music, or was I part of all of them, but it didn't really matter, for whatever I was, I was wonderful. For the first time that I could remember in my whole life, I was completely uninhibited. I was dancing before the whole group, performing, showing off, and enjoying every second of it.</p> <p>My senses were so up that I could hear someone breathing in the house next door and I could smell someone miles away making orange and red and green ribbed Jell-o.</p> <p>After what seemed eternities I began to come down and the party started breaking up. I sort of asked Jill what happened and she said that 10 out of the 14 bottles of coke had LSD in them and, "button, button," no one knew just who would wind up with them. Wow, am I glad I was one of the lucky ones.</p> <p>...It was fun! It was ecstatic! It was glorious!</p> <p>...I'd have been scared to death if I'd known. So I'm glad they did it to me, because now I can feel free and honest and virtuous about not having made the decision myself.</p>
35	<p>For two days now I've tried to convince myself that using LSD makes me a "dope addict" and all the other low-class, unclean, despicable things I've heard about kids that use LSD and all the other drugs; but I'm so, so, so, so, so curious, I simply can't wait to try pot, only once, I promise! I simply have to see if it's everything that it's cracked up not be! All the things I've heard about LSD were obviously written by uninformed, ignorant people like my parents who obviously don't know what they're talking about; maybe pot is the same.</p> <p>... I'm sure if I hint around she'll see that I get to try pot just once, then I'll immediately go home and forget the whole drug set-up, but it's nice to be informed and know what things are really like. Of course, I wouldn't want anyone to know I've really used them, and I guess I better go get one of those little fishing tackle-type metal boxes to lock you in with a good padlock.</p>
36	<p>Well he introduced me to torpedoes on Friday and Speed on Sunday. They are both like riding shooting stars through the Milky Way, only a million, trillion times better. The Speed was a little scary at first because Bill had to inject it right into my arm. I remembered how much I hated shots when I was in the hospital, but this is different, now I can't wait, I positively can't wait to try it again. No wonder it's called Speed! I could hardly control myself, in fact I couldn't have if I had wanted to, and I didn't want to. I danced like I had never dreamed possible for introverted, mousy little me. I felt great, free, abandoned, a different, improved, perfected specimen of a different, improved, perfected species. It was wild! It was beautiful! It really was.</p>
38	<p>I don't know why I shouldn't use drugs, because they're wild and they're beautiful and they're wonderful, but I know I shouldn't, and I won't!</p>

Page	Content
40	<p>Bill had six kids over to his house last night. His folks had gone to the city so they wouldn't be back till one or two. They were all going to trip on acid, and since I'd been cooped up for so long I decided I might as well take one last trip too. I'm certainly not going to use any of the stuff when I get home. It was groovy, even greater than the others. I don't see how each trip can be better than the one before, but they are. I sat for hours examining the exoticness and magnificence of my right hand. I could see the muscles and the cells and the pores. Each blood vessel was a fascination unto itself, and my mind still flutters with the wonder of it all.</p>
41	<p>Well, last night it happened. I am no longer a virgin!  ...I wonder if sex without acid could be so exciting, so wonderful, so indescribable. I always thought it just took a minute, or that it would be like dogs mating, but it wasn't like that at all. Actually, last night it took me a long time to get started on the trip. I just sat in the corner feeling left out sort of antagonistic, then suddenly it happened and I wanted to dance wildly and make love.  ...suddenly I didn't have any inhibitions about trying to seduce him, not that he needed much pressure.</p>
45	<p>Imagine losing my virginity four nights before seeing Roger again.</p>
46	<p>I'm afraid to live and afraid to die, just like the old Negro spiritual.</p>
48	<p>Anyway, I don't know how much longer I can last; if something doesn't happen soon I think I'm going to blow my brains out.</p>
49	<p>I sat down and poured my whole soul out to him, nothing of course about my acid trips or the Speed, and surely not about Bill and my possible condition...</p>
49	<p>Now I can throw away my sleeping pills and tranquilizers, I can be me again!</p>
52	<p>She said, "This heart will pep you up like tranquilizers slow you down," and you know she was right!  ...The only problem is that now it's night and I can't seem to turn the energy off. I'd stay up and write to Roger, but I just wrote him a giant letter yesterday and he'd think I was some kind of nut. I guess I'll just have to waste one of my good sleeping pills to stop it. That's life.  See ya.</p>
54	<p>I suspect she knows a little about drugs, because she's given me hearts a couple of times when I've been really low.</p>
55	<p>I have to take Dexies to stay high at school and at work and on dates and to do my homework, then I have to take tranquilizers to bear up at home.</p>
56	<p>I finally smoked pot and it was even greater than I expected! Last night after work, Chris fixed me up with a college friend of hers who knew I'd been on acid, etc., but who wanted to turn me on to hash.</p>
57	<p>Then Richie showed me ho to smoke.  ...At first I took too deep a drag and almost choked to death, so Richie told me to suck in openmouthed gulps to mix as much air as possible. But that didn't work too well either and after a while Ted gave up and brought out the hookah pipe. It seemed funny and exotic but at first I couldn't get any smoke and I felt cheated because the other three were obviously stoned. But finally it started to work, just</p>

Page	Content
	when I thought it never would, and finally began to feel happy and free as a bright canary chirping through the open, endless heavens. And I was so relaxed! I don't think I've been that relaxed in my whole entire life!
58	Later we were all very thirsty and dying for something sweet. So we walked to the ice cream shop, joking about the incredible high curbs and the unbelievable oddly shaped moon which kept changing shapes and colors. I don't know if we were all really as high as we said we were, but it was fun.
59	<p>P.S. Richie gave me some joints to smoke when I'm alone and I want to be in heaven. Isn't that nice, nice, nice!</p> <p>...Chris and I are thinking about quitting our jobs because it's getting so that we don't have any time for what we want to do.</p> <p>...The bitch is that none of us ever seem to have enough money, so Chris and I have both had to push a little pot. Of course we only sell to the kids who are heavy users and who would just buy it from someone else if they didn't get it from us.</p> <p>Ted and Richie are in college, and they have to work a lot harder than we do in high school so they don't have the time to sell.</p>
60	<p>I convinced Richie that it would be easier to push acid than pot, at least we can put it on penny stamps or gum or life savers and carry them around with us without having the fuzz breathing down our necks or without having some idiot fink find out where or what our bag is.</p> <p>Rich is good, good, good to me and sex with him is like lightning and rainbows and springtime.</p>
61	<p>He teases me and says I'm oversexed because I've been bugging him to let me try sex without being stoned first.</p> <p>...I really wish we could be together stoned every night, but he only lets me come over when he restocks my acid supply and gives me enough grass and barbs to last me until I see him again.</p> <p>...Maybe I am oversexed, at least I seem to be a lot more interested in it than he is.</p>
62	I don't mind pushing at high school because the stuff is sometimes kind of heard to get and the kids usually come up and ask me for it. Chris and I just supply it from Richie. He can get whatever is their bag, barbs or pot or amphetamines or LSD or DMT or meth or anything. The high school kids are one thing and even the junior high, but today I sold ten stamps of LSD to a little kid at the grade school who was not even nine years old, I'm sure. I know that he in turn must be pushing and these kids are just too young! The thought of nine and ten year olds getting wasted is so repulsive that they'll get it somewhere but they won't get it from me!
63	<p>...bitchie...</p> <p>...sonofabitch.</p>
63	<p>Chris and I walked into Rich and Ted's apartment to find the bastards stoned and making love to each other.</p> <p>...Here I am out peddling drugs for a low class queer whose dad probably isn't sick at all.</p> <p>...I can't believe I've sold to eleven and twelve year olds and even nine and ten</p>

Page	Content
	<p>year olds.            ...She's been using drugs for over a year and I've been on since July 10 to be exact. We've decided it would be impossible to change while we're here so we're going to cut out and go to San Francisco.</p>
64	<p>Practically every kid that uses also sells and it's just a giant round robin thing that keeps getting bigger and bigger until I wonder where it will ever end!            ...Goodbye dear home, goodbye good family. I really am leaving mostly because I love you so much and I don't want you to ever know what a weak and disreputable person I have been.</p>
69	<p>I don't even take a bath every day any more, it's too much trouble to wait around for the bathroom to be empty.</p>
71	<p>The men stash their wives up in their suites then come down and make passes at me.</p>
76	<p>Then I turned around and one of the men passed me a joint and that was it. I wanted to be ripped, smashed, torn up as I had never wanted anything before. This was the scene, these were the swingers and I wanted to be a part of it!            ...I don't know if we were smoking hash, which is hard to get right now, or what.</p>
77	<p>There were only four of us, and Shelia and Rod, her current "boyfriend," introduced us to heroin.            ...Smack is a great sensation, different from anything I'd ever had before. I felt gentle and drowsy and wonderfully soft like I was floating above reality and the mundane things were lost forever in space. But just before I was too out of it to notice what was going on, I saw Shelia and that cocksucker she goes with lighting up and setting out Speed.            I remember wondering why they were getting high when they had just set us out on this wonderful low, and it wasn't until later that I realized that the dirty sonofabitches had taken turns raping us and treating us sadistically and brutally. That had been their planned strategy all along, the low-class shit eaters.</p>
92	<p>I had really almost forgotten that so short a time ago I was a pusher.</p>
97	<p>She sounded like she didn't know what to do. But when I got there and smelled that incredible smell, I just sat down on the floor of her room with her and cried and smoked.</p>
102	<p>Like here I am in Denver. When I was high I just walked out and hitch-hiked here,...</p>
105	<p>Doris has a whole can of pot so we'll have joints for a long time.</p>
107	<p>Oh, to be stoned, to have someone tie me off and give me a shot of anything. I've heard paregoric is great. Oh hell, I wish I had enough anything to end the whole shitty mess.</p>
108	<p>Oh, I need a fix so bad!            ...And when Doris had just turned eleven her current stepfather started having sex with her but good, and the poor little stupid bastard didn't even know what to do about it because he threatened to kill her if she ever told her mother or anyone else. So she put up with the sonofabitch balling her till she was twelve. Then one day when he had hurt her pretty bad she told her gym teacher why she couldn't</p>

Page	Content
	<p>do the exercises.</p> <p>...But even that wasn't much better, because both the teenage brothers gave it to her and later older teenage girls tuned her in and turned her on drugs, then took her the homo route. Since then she's pulled down her pants and hopped into bed with anyone who would turn down the covers, or part the bushes.</p> <p>...Most of the way down we rode with big fat assed, baby screwing truck driver who picked us up and got his kicks by physically hurting Doris and watching her cry.</p>
109	<p>Man, what a mother...we finally got another ride with some of our kind and while they shared their grass with us it must have been home grown stuff, because it was so fuckin' weak it could barely get us off terra firm.</p> <p>The rally itself was great, acid and booze and pot as free as the air.</p>
110	<p>Color and people intercoursing together.</p>
111	<p>I've been digger here, but now when I face a girl it's like facing a boy. I get all excited and turned on. I want to screw with the girl, you know, and then I get all tensed-up and scared.</p> <p>...I'd rather screw with a guy, but I can't. I guess I've had a bit of a summer.</p> <p>Sometimes I want one of the girls to kiss me. I want her to touch me, to have her sleep under me, but then I feel terrible.</p>
112	<p>If I don't give Big Ass a blow he'll cut off my supply.</p> <p>...What a bastard world without drugs! The dirty ofay who wants me to layit on him knows my ass is dragging, but he's doling out the only supply I know about. I'm almost ready to take on the Fat Cats, the Rich Philistines, or even the whole public for one good shot. Goddamn Big Ass makes me do it before he gives me the load. Everybody is just lying around here like they're dead and Little Jacon is yelling, "Mama, Daddy can't come now. He's humping Carla."</p>
113	<p>The girl on the grass beside me is white-faced and Mona Lisa like and she's preggers. I asked her what she's going to do with the baby and she just said, "It will belong to everybody. We'll all share her."</p> <p>...So I asked her for an upper and she just shook her head like a stupid, blank, and I realized that she's completely burned out.</p>
115	<p>It says one girl had her baby in the park, another had a miscarriage and two unidentified boys died during the night from O.D.'s. Oh, how I wish one of them had been me!</p>
126	<p>Naked girls were dancing around, making love to statues. I remember one girl ran her tongue along a statue and he came along and took her off into the high, blue grass. I couldn't really see what was happening, but he was obviously putting it to her. I felt so sexy I wanted to break wide open and run after them.</p> <p>..."Mighty kind y'all. I hope you have a nice orgasm with your dog tonight."</p>
131	<p>Everyone knows that sex and shit go together, and as far as I'm concerned they are a bunch of social lepers...</p> <p>...It's strange how much sex I've had and yet I don't feel as though I've had any.</p>
158	<p>Today I was just walking down the street by the park when a boy I don't even know grabbed me and threatened me. He kept pulling on my arm and twisting it and calling me every rotten thing in the world. Lots of kids were walking by and I</p>

Page	Content
	<p>wanted to scream but I couldn't.            ...Then he pushed me around to the back of the clump of bushes and kissed me. It was totally humiliating and disgusting. He pushed his tongue into my mouth and he just kept rolling it around until I was crying and gagging. Then he said all I needed was a good fuck and that I'd better not tell anyone or he'd come back and really talk things over with me.</p>
164	<p>They took the bandages off my hands and changed them and it is no wonder they hurt so much. The whole ends of my fingers had been torn off and two nails have been pulled out completely and the others are torn down almost in half.</p>
165	<p>The worms are eating away my female parts first. They have almost entirely eaten away my vagina and my breasts and now they are working on my mouth and throat. I wish the doctors and nurses would let my soul die,...</p>
172	<p>He said that when my case was taken before the juvenile judge, Jan and Marcie both testified that I had been trying for weeks to sell them LSD and marijuana and that around school I was a known user and pusher.            ...I have a drug record and Daddy said that when Mrs. Larsen's neighbor heard me screaming, she and the gardener came over to see what was happening and thinking I had gone insane they locked me in a small closet, ran to check the baby who had apparently also been awakened by my screams, and called the police. By the time they got there I had injured myself severely and was trying to scratch the rough plaster off the walls to get out and had beaten my head against the door until I had a brain concussion and a fractured skull.</p>
180	<p>...when I asked Babbie if she wouldn't rather talk in my room, she said we weren't allowed to have sex in our rooms but could manage it in the storeroom tomorrow. I didn't even know what to say! She thought I was trying to seduce her...            ...She said she's thirteen and that she had been on drugs for two years.</p>
181	<p>Anyway what really was going on was that Babbie had been introduced to drugs by some 32-year-old man she met in a matinee movie. She didn't tell me the details but I guess he introduced her to drugs and to the life in general. A few months later he floated away and she found that it was very easy to meet other men. In fact at twelve she was already a BP (Baby prostitute).            ...A friend had told her that it was never any trouble for BP's to get by and, according to Babbie, the friend was right. On her second day in L.A., she was wandering around and she met a "friend," a beautifully dressed woman who took her to a big apartment on - Boulevard. When she got there, there were some girls her age in the living room and pills all over the place in candy dishes. Within a half an hour, she was completely stoned.</p>
182	<p>She only had to work for two hours a day- mostly in the afternoons. So the next day she registered in school as the woman's niece and began living as a high class BP. The woman had four nieces staying with her while Babbie lived there. The chauffer took them to school and picked them up and they never saw any of the money they made.</p>
183	<p>Later I guess she finally reached her parents, but by the time they got to San Francisco she had wandered off with some guy who had set up his own lab to</p>



Page	Content
	make LSD. They both got mixed up in some communal shit and eventually she landed here, like me.
189	A week later the same three tried his dad's scotch, but they didn't like it as much and found it was harder to get than pot and pills. He said what I'd heard before, that parents never miss their diet pills, their tranquilizers, their cold remedies, their pep pills, their sleeping pills, or any of the other things that will supply kids a "jolt" when they can't get their hands on anything else.
197	It might be great because I'm practically a virgin in the sense that I've never had sex except when I've been stoned and I'm sure without drugs I'll be scared out of my mind.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	6
Cocksucker	1
Fuck	1
Negro	1
Piss	3
Prick	1