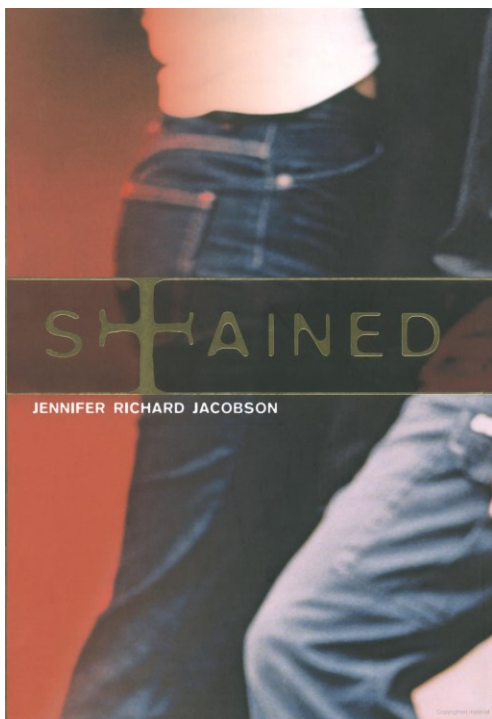


STAINED



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; sexual activities including sexual assault; and profanity and derogatory terms.

Young Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
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Page	Content
10	"You know what will happen if we go down to the river." I know. I know that if I draw lines on Benny's fingers or pictures on his strong forearms, he'll sigh. And he'll pull me close, and he'll listen, or at least pretend to listen to my reasoning about love while his fingers find the softer parts of my body. I will tell him that wanting to touch each other is instinctive, that we are only expressing our God-given feelings
24	"But you know where I think he is?" She doesn't wait for me to answer. "I think Bernadette's pregnant. I bet Gabe drove her down to Boston last night. Maybe she scheduled an abortion for today.
50	I turn to look up at him. Please kiss me, Benny, I think. And he does. He pulls a straggly strand of hair off my face and kisses me--gently at first and then as long and as hard as we've ever kissed before. I bend away to drop the saw and then crawl under his shirt. He crawls under mine. His hands are cold, but only for a moment. We sink to the forest floor and roll in the taste of each other. We are on the log and under the log. Last fall's pine needles are in my hair and in my sneakers and in every gap of my painter pants. Benny and I push against each other so hard--we try to make our bodies one body. We succeed, I think.
101	Without words, Gabe and Jay are racing towards me. I run, but I don't stand a chance. Gabe throws me down. I land face down in the dirt and pine needles. My legs are scratched by low brush. Gabe rolls me over and sits on my stomach the way he has a hundred times before, only this time he pulls up my shirt. I try to pull it down, but he pins my hands. Jay pulls at my shirt. Then he pulls my pants down around my ankles. I hear words and laughing. Gabe slides off my stomach but his knees still hold me down. I feel fingers, at first only poking, then pinching and probing. They rub against me, but I am no longer on the bank of Kiddy Brook. I am far away. Finally, they stop. Gabe says, "Hey, get up. Get up, Jocelyn!" "Leave her," says Jay. "She's a whore."
101	I don't dare get up for a long time after Gabe and Jay leave. I'm afraid that they are hiding along the trail, that they'll jump out of the woods and trap me again. It would be Gabe's way of showing me just what foolish rubbish I am.
136	"What, are you commin' on to me?" He pops back up. "You want to show me that I still have a thing for girls? Okay, Jocelyn, let's go undie-dipping." he says, pulling on his fly.
136	I think of Benny. I think of all the times he's felt forced to ride with Father Warren, forced to answer his questions just so Father Warren can create more pictures--real or imagined--for his collection
136	"Do you know that I spend nights with Father Warren at the parish house? Do you feel my breath inside of you when the two of us are getting it on?" Gabe's aim is perfect. I feel the weight of what he tells me in the center of my gut. He tries to hold back his emotions, but he can't. Tears roll down his face. "He's why you disappeared." No shit, Sherlock." Gabe says, words mixing with an eerie laugh. "The last time I was with him, I just freaked. I couldn't handle it anymore. He would make me do things I didn't expect. It was totally out of my control."

Page	Content
138	I expect him to haul off and hit me the way his father hits him, but he doesn't.
141	"Sure. After a week of hiding out in the woods--so that everyone in this county is looking for me, wondering what has happened--I come sauntering back to say, what? That I got freaked out because I've been screwing my priest?"
141	"Let me set you straight, Joss. This is my fault. I wanted to be with Father Warren. He was always so damn happy to see me. He would talk with me for hours, and he really cared about what was going on in my head. I wanted him to invent reasons for me to come to the parish house. Don't you get it, Jocelyn? It's my fault that he got turned on. I made it happen."
141	"That's just your problem, Gabe. You think you're in charge. But you weren't the puppeteer here, Gabe. He was. He's a priest! You should hear what he's been saying to Benny. And I probably don't even know the half of it."
143	"Do you know what that would do to my family?" Gabe asks. "My father can't deal with this. He'll call me a fucking fag. He thinks homos should be burned at the stake. He'll disown me."
153	"You want to tell me what's going on?" asks Benny. I look down at my hands. Where to start? "Benny," I say. Benny studies my face. "Has Father Warren..." I look up. "Has he ever come on -- "Oh," he says, "Has he been trying to get in my pants?" I nod. "It's occurred to me, yes." I'm measuring how much is right for me to share, Benny says, "I guess it occurred to Gabe, too."

Profanity	Count
Fag	1
Fuck	3
Shit	1