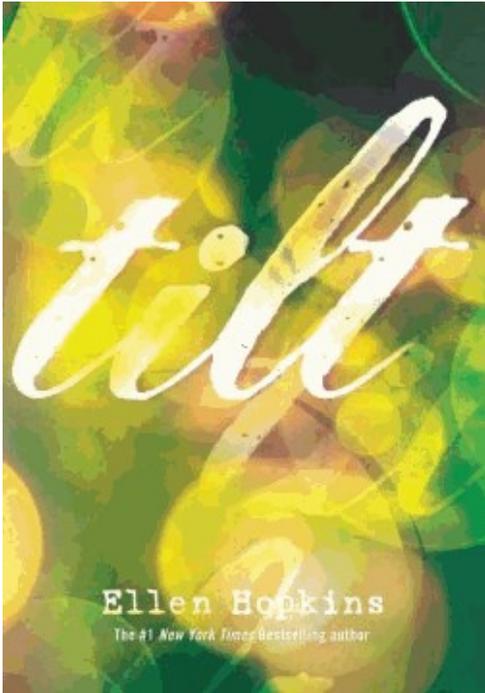


# TILT



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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## CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. The book also contains sexual assault, underage drinking, illegal drug abuse, and profanity.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	<p>...I hooked up with Dylan Douglas.            ...so maybe part of that earth-sway had something to do with the downers, weed and cheap beer, a dizzying combo on an empty stomach.</p>
4	<p>One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please."            Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive?            just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did.            And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all.</p>
6	<p>Mostly, they don't want their kids to have fun, at least not if it involves underage drinking, illegal substances and the possibility of sex.</p>
10	<p>Maybe we should get a room? "Maybe." We could probably get one inside.            ...But before he detaches himself totally from me, he slips a hand down the scoop of my tank.            Can't wait to kiss these, too.</p>
11	<p>Can't wait to get her all alone, pull her nakedness into me, silk skin slick against my own, eliciting the proper reaction. She smells like summer wildflowers, as if they were woven into her hair and crushed by the weight of our love. Tastes like strawberry pie, thick drizzles of whipped cream melting down over luscious ripe fruit. I could lick her all day.</p>
13	<p>Not that I mind the perks— a regular supply of weed and the occasional snort.</p>
17	<p>For now, I'll distract myself with some fine medicinal green and a little porn of the guy-on-guy variety.            You can get anything you want online. It's crazy, really. All you have to do is lie and say you're eighteen.</p>
19	<p>I finish off a fat blunt and am almost ready to finish myself off...            ..."I would think that's obvious, Mom. I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action." She never even noticed! Her eyes go wide at Mr. Top drilling Mr. Bottom. God, Shane! She clicks the mouse and the screensaver pops up as she launches a rant about how am I paying for porn and pot and now she's onto Grandma's good china, which I remind her she never uses anyway.</p>
34	<p>That's pretty much where you find yourself when your uncle is the cop who busts you at a party, stoned out of your head.            ...And the only thing she said about my crooked clothes, smeared makeup and obvious sex perfume was to take a shower.</p>
36	<p>He's everything, and all I can think about right now is how we made love that night. We had messed around lots of times before, but it had never seemed quite like this—much more about making each other feel good, less about just having sex. Maybe it was the Southern Comfort, or the weed (green and so stony!), or the two together. But when we took off our clothes in the back of his Wrangler, skin raked by cool claws of moonlight, insane, hot need grabbed hold of me. All I wanted was his mouth and tongue kissing me all over my body. I was wild for it, really.            ...This was real, and when we reached that ultimate peak, it was nothing I'd ever</p>

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	<p>experienced before. We seriously both went, “Wow,” in unison.            ...Afterward, I wasn’t in a hurry to get dressed. Which explains why, when the cops showed up, I think Uncle Stan caught a glimpse of my boobs.</p>
50	<p>This is the perfect location to toke a fatty. I know he smokes weed, want to share. “This shit is stony.” I torch the blunt, inhale deeply, and despite the dropped windows, skunk-flavored smoke envelops us.</p>
51	<p>I torch the blunt, take a deep drag, offer it to him once again, this time with knowledge.</p>
55	<p>But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather’s prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn’t ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn’t ask for it.</p>
62	<p>I like sex just fine, only not with some selfish prick who is all about pleasing himself and not worried at all about satisfying his partner!</p>
70	<p>Turns out, Ty walked in on Emily and Clay. Caught them mid-dirty.            ...Meanwhile, until we get to Tyler’s, I let my hand crawl up Dylan’s thigh, all the way to the burgeoning bulge. Quit, he says. God, girl, don’t you have any idea how much I’ve missed being with you? I’m desperate to show you. Just not here. Five minutes, okay? It takes three to reach Tyler’s. Thirty seconds to get through the door, kissing each other like we’ve never done it before. The house smells like skunk. Green weed.</p>
71	<p>I hear the canned moans that can only mean they’re watching cable porn.            ...Make yourselves at home, he says, patting the sofa beside him. Orgy?            ...Mik and I would appreciate a little alone time, you know? Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents’ room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay?            ...Dylan pulls me through the door, and his kisses are filled with intent. “Wait,” I say, going into the bathroom to get a big clean-looking towel. I put it over the pretty paisley spread and as we start taking off our clothes, it comes to me that we’ve barely said a dozen words to each other tonight. That’s plenty for Dylan, who pulls me down on top of him            ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He’s ready. Wants inside me. But He’s ready. Wants inside me. But “Not yet. Where’s the condom?” I forgot it. But it’s okay. I’ll pull out. Don’t worry. Don’t worry? We didn’t use one last time. It was right after my last period. But now it’s been a couple of weeks. “Dylan. This is dangerous. I can’t get pregnant.”            He rolls me onto my back. Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles down at me. I know what I’m doing. Promise. I won’t get you pregnant. And I have to have you right now. He hesitates, waiting for my answer. Everything about me is shouting yes, so I nod and lose myself in the moment. Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good. I</p>

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	am happy for the towel beneath us. Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat and the sticky proof of our love. It is, for sure, all good. At least, until I get home.
78	I've smoked weed with him.
80	Went and called Lucas, who is an asshole, but his brother scores awesome weed.
82	That was a lot more fun than admitting Lucas is not really my friend and only consorts with me because of the money I give him for weed that he steals from his brother.
83	I got my weed, and it's my birthday, and in just a few hours, when I see Alex, this upside-down place I find myself in will right itself.
83	...the reason gay guys prefer girls for friends is because they're not hung up on dick size. (Well, not personal dick size, anyway.)
100	One thing God might prefer I do without is porn. ...Weirdly, after a while, porn actually gets kind of boring. Ditto jerking off.
115	Dirty movies are the best I'm gonna do tonight. Again. I never thought whacking off would get old, but after you've had the real deal, all warm and creamy, calloused skin, too cool with lotion, can't measure up. And once you've experienced the low growl of building passion, dubbed moans and groans get annoying really fast. And after you've tasted authentic nipples, all sweet with strawberry shower gel, fake boobs, no matter how giant and airbrushed, kind of seem like letdowns. No, once you've made love with your amazing girlfriend, getting off solo is bullshit.
118	I was fourteen and he was twenty, and I understood his interest had nothing to do with romance. I also knew there was something not quite right about a guy that old wanting to get off with me. ...He was mostly hungry for ejaculation. ...Just those awful hands, grasping. Pushing. Pulling. Insisting, after I'd said no. He was bigger. I was quicker. One kick, well-placed, slowed him down long enough for me to run. After, I almost decided to try straight.
119	Finally, I figured out that love and sex don't have to be intertwined.
122	Of course I want to smoke. Weed is the only thing that will calm the churn in my gut. I share the blunt without hesitation.
123	And we're kissing again. And we're halfway to naked as we fall, tangled, on the bed. ...We lie on our sides, looking into each other's eyes as our hands begin slow, mutual exploration. There is no top, no bottom here. There is only the web of us. ...I don't have to think about what to do. Mouth. Tongue. Hands. Skin. All in perfect order. And now, there are fireworks. ...I blanket his body with mine. Tattoo him with pleasure. Lead him to the edge of the cliff, push him over, feel him fly, wings beating softly in the promise of this night.
129	And before he does, I hope some con with a giant dick makes him his little bitch.
135	When Chad wanted to ditch his little girlfriend in favor of a fat, stinky blunt, I asked if he felt like a traitor.

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	...But Chad has no connection with her except his mom hooking up with her ad, at least that's what he says.
138	No silly. Planned Parenthood. I have a checkup so I can get on a new pill.
141	Not wonderful. I, uh...She look around. Clears her throat. Drops her voice to a whisper. Was pregnant. Past tense. Was pregnant. ...First the "pregnant." What a horrible thing to deal with. Then the "was," which means, what? Considering where we are, I have a pretty good idea.
149	"I love you," into his open mouth as I looked down into his eyes. I love you, as his tongue traced the outline of my lips. "I love you," and then we full-on kissed. Not gently. Not that time. I love you, and he circled me with his arms, drew me into the heat of his body and then the whispers built into cries of I love you. And we rocked against each other, into each other. "I love you." Wet with sweat and spit and spilled tears. Because we were defining "making love," and that's all that it was. Making love with each other and to each other. And at the pinnacle, his final I love you was a scream into the face of the night. Afterward, we lay there, knotted together.
151	Hey, do aliens dig weed: He exhales a big drag out the window.
164	And just as I come through the door, she turns her face to his, and the two of them are kissing.
165	Kissing I can't believe it, but that's what I'm doing- kissing a boy for the very first time. I know it's wrong that it's this guy, but when he looked at me with hunger in his eyes- hungry for me!- kissing him just seemed like the right thing to do. And my inner voice doesn't say one word as a I close my eyes, leant into him. But then, when it all turns into a wet, sloppy mess, my conscience laughs out loud at my disappointment.
166	The only thing we've managed to do is have sex a few absolutely amazing times.
170	"PLEASE INFORM HER THAT I HAVE NEVER HAD SEX WITH ANYONE OTHER THAN MY WIFE, SO I CAN'T POSSIBLY BE RELATED TO HER."
171	What kind of wimp-ass guy claims he's only slept with one woman- the one he married after pumping enough sperm into some other girl to get her pregnant?
180	"I mean, like, guys with long, gray hair and beards, smoking weed. It's weird." I'm pretty sure Gramps took a hit or two off a blunt going around, although he tried to hide it from Harley and me. ...And boy, was she vamped out in a really short skirt and really tall heels and a really tight tank top that made her boobs look really big. ..."some of those old guys were checking her out. Perverts."
181	"...And boy, was she vamped out in a really short skirt and really tall heels and really tight tank top that made her boobs look really big. I've never seen her dressed like that before..." ..."Some of the old guys were checking her out. Perverts." ...The hate me being queer.
181	They hate me being queer.
183	Which somehow segued to him beating me down over my sexual orientation.

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185	Christ was all about walking with sinners, Alex and paving a path to heaven for whores and homos and such.
185	"...That I watch porn and smoke weed and have a boyfriend?..." ...Christ was all about walking with sinners, Alex, and paving a path to heaven for whores and homos and such.
196	I can't believe I was nothing more than a three-night stand....
197	Or maybe Mom doesn't care that I know about her friend's latest hookup, come unhooked.
209	When we're together, we're very careful to always use condoms.
211	AIDS is God's way of saying "gay" is a very bad choice.
225	Typical bad boy. Drugs. Booze.
231	Then I asked her what she wanted to do, totally expecting her to say abortion.
232	To Abort or Not to Abort I have asked myself that question, over and over, for the past few days.
234	It doesn't really matter, except if I decide to have an abortion, it will have to be soon.
236	I scoot into his lap, straddle his legs. Can I reach him this way? I lock his eyes with mine. "Kiss me." He hesitates, and I see a flash of doubt, so I cover his mouth with mine, and there is nothing tentative about the way I move my body, eel-like, against his. God, I've missed this amazing rush! I lift my shirt over my head, wait for him to take his off, too. And we are skin against skin in the sage-scented night and I am overwhelmed with love for him. He rolls me off him, onto my back, starts to unzip my shorts. But now he stops. "Don't stop. I want to." But I didn't think we would so I didn't bring a condom. That makes me laugh. "And that matters, why?" Good point. But I don't want to hurt you, either. "You won't. Pregnant women have sex all the time. In fact, I've heard-" Stop talking. You're messing up my concentration. He kisses me, softly at first, then harder. I kiss him back even harder. Slip out of my shorts, help him out of his, too. And now we are totally naked under a blush of summer stars. He kisses down the front of me, lifting goose bumps, even though the air is low oven hot. He lifts up over me, holding his weight with the strength of his arms. Rocks into me with a tenderness I didn't know he possessed. Time blurs a mist of making love.
240	It's not a baby. It's just a glob of cells. It never has to become a baby. "A little glob of cells? What is that? Internet research?" I should know. I did it, too.
241	"Dylan, your decision would be for some doctor to stick a tube up inside me and vacuum our little problem away, like dog hair and dust. I still might choose to do exactly that. I've got a couple of weeks..."

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259	She outlined the obvious lines some guys use to convince you not to use protection- how it's not possible to get preggo the first time you do it; how he's great at pulling out; how he's def sterile.
260	But then she got into really weird stuff, like how foreplay makes you want to do more, only she didn't call it foreplay, she called it "digital penetration" and "oral stimulation." And that made me picture Mom doing that stuff, and it grossed me out, so I just promised to keep it in mind whenever at some way future date I might be in that position.
265	Except when he lights it, it doesn't smell like tobacco. "Um. Is that marijuana?" He takes a big puff. Holds it in and says, around the smoke, Really excellent weed. Want some? He offers me the cigarette. ...You've never smoked weed? You should. It makes all the bad crap kind of disappear. You know?
266	Never even tried. I watched Chad inhale and hold it. I try a little puff. ...Smoke crawls across my tongue. Creeps down my throat. ...Don't let it out yet. That's good shit. Don't waste it. Finally, I have no choice but to release the tainted air from my lungs. Now what? ...You might not feel much. Usually you have to do it a few times to catch a buzz.
272	The fetus is now an embryo, which doesn't deny a surgical solution.
301	This sweet little thing has a rockin' bod. And the best thing about it is, I'm betting it's virgin territory. She's pure as snowmelt, despite all the ass waving going on, and unmarked girls are a raging turn-on. Me and Kurt got two right here. Pretty, tight and looking for love, which we aren't exactly offering. But they don't know that. The game now is to see how easy we can make them, how far they'll let us take them on promises meant to be broken. Such potential is hard to find.
303	Anyway, they were all getting buzzed on some excellent weed and when the blunt came around to me, what could I do but take it?
309	Does this mean you've decided to have the abortion? ...I think you should, but you know how I feel. I'll take you, if you want. God, Mik, I just want everything back like it was.
311	Ack! Maybe he's right. Terminating would make everything go back like it was.
325	It's the tilt of the head, a slick slide of lips a sublime explorations tongue touching tongue.
329	Actually, you don't. A lot of people who aren't in love have sex.
342	Come view them. Come screw them. Flesh, everywhere you look. Boobs. Butts. Girls. Guys.
349	He put his arm around her shoulder. Said something I couldn't hear. And then they kissed. Gently at first, then with passion, something I thought was long dead to them.
358	I'm angry. Pissed at God, if there is one, and the way things are.
359	Seems to me religion's true motivation lies within the offering plate.
382	We barely parked and I am all over him because I want him because I need him because I love him can't bear the thought of losing him going on without him seeing him with someone else

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	<p>I cover his mouth with mine give him my kiss open his lips with the tip of my tongue            And now we are naked skin rubbing skin bone against bone flesh into flesh            I tell him I love him a murmur a scream a moan            Right at this moment there is no baby no worry no one but the two of us.</p>
391	<p>I realize something else, too            If there is no God, it doesn't matter what the fuck I do. All that self-righteous whiny crap is for cowards, really. I have to do what's right is synonymous with I'm scared to do what's wrong. I s that how I've lived for sixteen years- afraid?            Screw that. If I don't have to worry about pleasing some Pearly Gatekeeper, I'm damn sure going to live large. First I have to find the courage I somehow missed. I close my door, open my window. Smoke half of a fatty. Grab my keys, step into the hall, listen for voices.            ...where I know Dad keeps his booze stash. I've never had a taste for alcohol. Too hard to get buzzed on without getting busted.            Plus, I hate what it's done to my father. But screw it. This is a special day. Vodka, right. You can't smell it as bad. I take a big gulp. Yech. Still, I take another. And one more. Enough. I don't want to get wasted. Just brave. I don't tell anyone I'm leaving, but get into my car and head toward the freeway. I want to go fast and I do, windows open to let any idea of God out. Holy shit. Ninety mph is flying.</p>
393	<p>...hair wind-mussed, eyes freaky wide, and smelling like weed and booze.</p>
401	<p>That's better, he says, pulling me to him for a kiss. He tastes of weed and alcohol, but I don't care, and I give him as good as he gives me. His spare hand lands on my exposed thigh, starts to creep. I leave it there, but say, "Not here. I think the neighbors are spies."            ...Okay. Let's go someplace private.            ...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." It's a lie, but he can't know that, and it's better than saying I'm too young. He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do.            Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There's the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren't all that much fun. Okay, maybe I'm a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I'm</p>

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	<p>so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait. Oh yes, I plan on winning a major jackpot, taking her all the way for the very first time. If that means patience, okay by me. It's only part of the game.</p>
426	<p>And now we are kissing. It's the kind of kiss that means it's been way too long. A sudden longing floods my body- a torrent of deep, lust-drenched need, flowing through my veins. "Make love to me." Heart pounding, I tug him backward, toward the small bed.</p> <p>He wants me just as much. The proof is obvious, despite two layers of jeans between us. Yet, he hesitates. Is this the only reason you wanted to see me? "No, goddamn it! I love you and I've missed you, and maybe it's part of the reason because I'm sick of not feeling. Make me feel something!"</p> <p>I yank my T-shirt over my head, put his hands on my chest, over my thrashing heart. "This is the most alive I've been in two weeks. Please. I don't want to be dead inside anymore." He slides his hands around me, drops them to my thighs, lifts and carries me to the bed. Now water becomes fire coursing through me, consuming, filling the emptiness inside me with flame. I fall back against the small, hard mattress, rushing my zipper as Alex removes his own clothes. I open my arms and he comes to me, kisses my mouth. My neck. Down my chest.</p> <p>...I love you, before kissing me in the most intimate way of all. His mouth urges me to quench conflagration, but I don't want to. "No! Not yet." Too soon. And not enough of him. I could go all night. Besides, "This has to be good for you, too." He pushes up over me, stares down at me. Do you have a condom? I didn't bring one. Didn't think . . .</p> <p>"I . . . no . . ." Shit. But, you know, "I don't care. You can withdraw. What are the odds? Please . . ."</p> <p>His eyes flash terror. No fucking way!</p> <p>...I'm okay. Let me take care of you. I do. And it's good.</p>
431	<p>The kissing and licking and touching and rubbing. I do like it. It feels good. I totally get the lust part.</p> <p>...I'm alone in my room.</p> <p>Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next.</p> <p>...I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC.</p> <p>I try to make it sexy like the girl in that movie. I'm not sure I can accomplish that with a cell phone camera, but I give it my best shot, then hit send before I chicken out. I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. He called me beautiful. That's a first. Am I beautiful? I look at the photo I sent him.</p> <p>...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. Wow. How did that happen? Suddenly ,my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING.</p> <p>...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little</p>

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	<p>to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone— the source of the building throb.</p> <p>...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. Wouldn't even if I could. So I give myself up to that woman inside me. Let her move my hand. Teach me what to do. She is instinct, pure or filthy, and I listen to her, follow her direction. Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash— and a bolt of understanding.</p> <p>If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.</p> <p>...Excited to try it again. I will. But not now. Why don't they teach you this in school? That you really don't need someone else to make you feel this good?</p> <p>...Ask me, self-pleasure could be the key to abstinence.</p> <p>Listen to me like I've suddenly become an expert on self-pleasure.</p>
440	<p>Meanwhile, maybe biology homework (regeneration) will take my mind off Lucas and scattered notions of lies excuses periods invented pending sexting pics nipples touching that place until...</p>
451	<p>A giant glass of alcoholic courage.</p>
453	<p>I mean, I might be guilty of casual sex. Maybe even with a friend's boyfriend.</p>
458	<p>Want to fuck all day like a Viagra poster boy.</p> <p>...And I can't fuck because when I try all I do is cry.</p>
459	<p>I detour through the kitchen. Reach up to raid the alcohol stash.</p> <p>Grab the first bottle- like booze roulette- and come away with what? Absinthe.</p> <p>What the hell is that? Guess I'll find out the hard way.</p> <p>I close the back door quietly. Head to the trailer, where my weed is stashed. I roll a big fatty, light it up and take a swig from the bottle. Whoa, Joe!</p> <p>...The bottle is a third gone when I happen to notice the price tag.</p> <p>....I just drank twenty-two dollars' worth of Absinthe. And, you know, I'm close to ecstatic.</p>
462	<p>What are you drinking?</p> <p>"Absinthe. Ever tried it? It's wicked, man." I offer the bottle. He takes a tiny sip. Grimaces. Wicked is right. How much of that have you had? My shrugs says too much. All this?</p>
463	<p>But instead, he kisses me. Maybe I can help you fall asleep. Want to try?</p> <p>Oh, yeah, I do and I think maybe just one more little taste of wicked strong booze will help me become the Viagra poster boy instead of a weeping fool.</p> <p>...I leave the bottle by the little sink, follow Alex back to the lumpy bed. Hungry. But not for food. Starving for his body. Famished for his love. We tangle together, and I am grateful that he takes control. I'm a wreck. But less of a wreck than I am without him.</p>

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467	Pretty sure she won't mind him touching those places.
473	"I can't drink any more than this one. I can't miss school tomorrow. I've got a history test." Chloe rolls her eyes. I know. I'm in your class, remember? Don't worry. We won't get drunk on a beer or two. She might not, but I'm feeling pretty buzzed. She hands me a can for Lucas, and we go back to the boys, who down their beers in a couple of swigs. Lucas drapes his arm around my shoulder. Ready for a little Halloween fun? His hand drops down over my boob, and his fingers obviously play with my nipple and I'm worried that he thinks this beer means I'm going to have sex with him, right here, right now.
475	But whether it's the weed or the beer or the combination, I am definitely woozy.
483	"Sure." The guy is kind of cute, and I'm most of the way naked, which makes me a little uncomfortable, even if he has seen it lots of times before.
549	I lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment.
571	I pop some anonymous pill- the pharm dealers at school aren't always so savvy. I asked for antidepressants, have collected them for a couple of weeks. Sort of fun going for a ride without knowing exactly where you'll end up. So I pop another. Wash it down with big swigs of Jagermeister. ...And while I wait for it to get warm, I down three or four pills. Maybe more. Jager and downers make me feel great. Make me feel like shit. Make me go ahead and cry. I spiral down into a whirlpool of tears.
574	Alcohol blackout, they call it. ...Booze and weed and onion-sweat stink.
576	I was so buzzed I didn't even wash until morning.
578	Maybe one day, if I get drunk enough.
592	And it stinks like alcohol. ...When I shake my head, she goes rigid. You...you...you tried to kill yourself. If not for Alex, we'd be planning another funeral. Kill myself? Did I try to kill myself?
593	Jager. Pills, three or four. Maybe more. I don't remember.
598	When I tried on the dress, I loved how it looked on me, all mid-thigh short and scooped to reveal my pushed-up boobage.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	12
Fuck	26
Piss	17
Shit	23