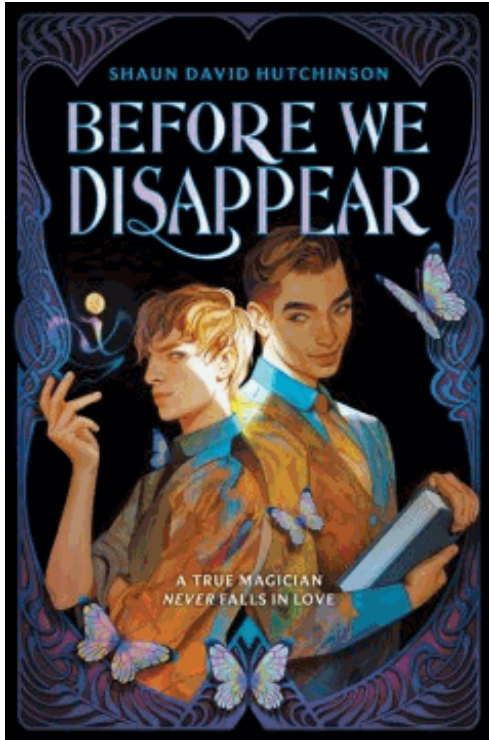


# BEFORE WE DISAPPEAR



*Young Adult*

**By Shaun David Hutchison**

ISBN: 978-0063025226

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; inexplicit sexual activities; mild/infrequent profanity; and controversial religious commentary

**2**/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
9	I KISSED THIERRY in the shadows in the alley behind his parents' fromagerie.
178	<p>"How?" he asked, finally. "How is it possible?"</p> <p>"God," I said.</p> <p>"God's a con."</p> <p>I held out my hand palm up and a book from the stack guarding the door appeared there.</p> <p>"I can't explain how such a miracle is possible, but I can't deny that it is, and neither can you."</p> <p>Jack leaned forward and plucked the book from my hand. "But I can watch you do . . . what you do. I can't see God."</p>
205	<p>"I thought you didn't believe in God," I said.</p> <p>Jack shook his finger at me and laughed. "Still don't. But something brought us together. Maybe it was magic."</p>
229	Yes, of course, I obviously thought about what it would be like to kiss him. I couldn't look at the soft curve of his lips and not consider it, but I wanted more. I wanted to help him, I wanted to protect him, I wanted to know everything about him, but that was such a novel feeling for me that I had no idea where to begin.
328	<p>I leaned forward, slowly, waiting for Wilhelm to pull away. When he didn't, I closed my eyes. Our lips met, and I realized that I had never kissed anyone before because nothing I'd experienced with Thierry or Sergio or Alfie compared to what I felt the moment I kissed Wil. His hand touched the back of my neck and pulled me closer. I was kissing the sound of applause, the smell of a new fire on a frigid winter morning, the warmth of the summer sun. We became vines entwined about one another for a season, we were the sun and moon dancing in the same blue sky.</p> <p>...Kissing Wilhelm was magic and more.</p>
332	Jack pulled me back and kissed me again. So long as Jack held me, the cage could not.
361	I pounced on Jack and kissed him until he begged me to stop. And even then, I did so only with regret.
376	<p>Wilhelm pressed his nose into the bouquet. "They're beautiful." He kissed me, and my knees wanted to buckle, but I held him tightly.</p> <p>...I wanted to just kiss him. I wanted to forget everything but Wilhelm's lips and his hands and the warmth of his skin.</p>
378	"You're right. They're wings." And then he kissed me. I stumbled and fell, dragging him down with me. We lost ourselves to time, to the feelings that sometimes threatened to overwhelm us.
430	Jack climbed through and kissed me before I knew what was happening. I choked back a sob and leaned into him.
432	"Quiet," he said, and silenced me with another kiss before slipping out the window.
473	The moment his feet touched the ground, I threw my arms around him and kissed him.
491	He kissed me.
492	"Too late." I took Jack's hand. I kissed him, lingering for as long as I dared. And then, in the silence between notes, in the emptiness between dreams, in the endless worlds between yesterday and tomorrow, we disappeared.
496	There was nowhere in the United States in 1909 where Jack and Wil or Ruth and Jessamy would have been able to openly have a relationship with one another. The only people

Page	Content
	<p>who lived lives free of discrimination in 1909 were cisgender heterosexual white men, and none of my protagonists fit into that category.</p> <p>But I wanted to tell a story in 1909 that was full of queer joy, so I took a whole lot of liberties with regard to what marginalized people in 1909 would have been allowed to do, and I'm not sorry. We were there in 1909 whether people knew it or not, and while Jack and Wil's story isn't true, I'd like to think it could have been.</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Cock	1
Fuck	1
Piss	1