

CLAP WHEN YOU LAND



Young Adult

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Book Summary:

Two young women learn of each other's existence after their father dies.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; references to child prostitution, racism, and homophobia; alternate sexualities; mild/infrequent profanity.

2/**5**

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
43	I don't mess with dudes from the barrio who love gossiping at the domino bars about the girls that they've slept with.
46	El Cero hustles bodies; eagle-eyes young girls from the time they are ten & gets them in his pocket with groceries & a kind word. When those girls develop & show the bud of a blossom, he plucks them for his team. ...Word on the street is El Cero always gets a first taste of the girls who work for him. Before he gussies them up & takes them by the resort beach in cut-off tanks & short shorts so the men from all over the world who come here for sun & sex can give thumbs-up or-down to his wares. His women. Not women, yet. Girls.
48	I am a girl who does not look like a woman. I am a girl who looks like a girl. I am a girl who is not full-fledged yet. & that's exactly what El Cero counts on. A girl, easy to convince into a trade she doesn't want, easy to sell to the men who do.
62	The first time Dre touched me without our clothes on, she kept running her hand from waist to hip. & I wanted to write Mami a thank-you text, for giving my body a spot that was made to nest Dre's hand.
77	One day we were best friends, & the next day we were best friends who stared at each other's mouths when we shared lip gloss. I don't think I understood the word W O N D E R until the day our tongues touched & we both wanted to have them touch again. This girl felt about me how I felt about her. The day we first kissed, I walked into my parents' bedroom & offered thanks to the little porcelain saint Papi kept on his armoire: thank you, thank you.
132	We share a breath before I kiss her, before I bite back the hitch of tears.
149	Because in this moment, I am a girl a man stares at: I am not a mourning girl. I am not a grieving girl. I am not a parentless girl. I am not a girl without means. I am not an aunt's charity case. I am not almost-alone. None of those things matter. He approaches, wide-mouth smiling. "I have my motorbike." He points. "Want a ride home?" He wraps his hand around my wrist.
159	Even the women, girls like me, our mothers & tías, our bodies are branded jungle gyms. Men with accents pick us as if from a brochure to climb & slide & swing.
179	After what I found & what happened on the train. ...About the man & the hand up my skirt. In my panties.
190	Will play her when we see videos on social media of another black boy shot another black girl pulled over another kid in the Bronx stabbed outside a bodega.
272	Pretend not to see El Cero checking out my ass from where he's crouching.
308	I kiss her gently in the morning when it's time for me to leave.
409	Looking me in the eye. & I know what she thinks. I will condemn her for being gay. Homosexuality is complicated here.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	1
Fuck	8
Goddamn	1
Piss	1
Shit	2