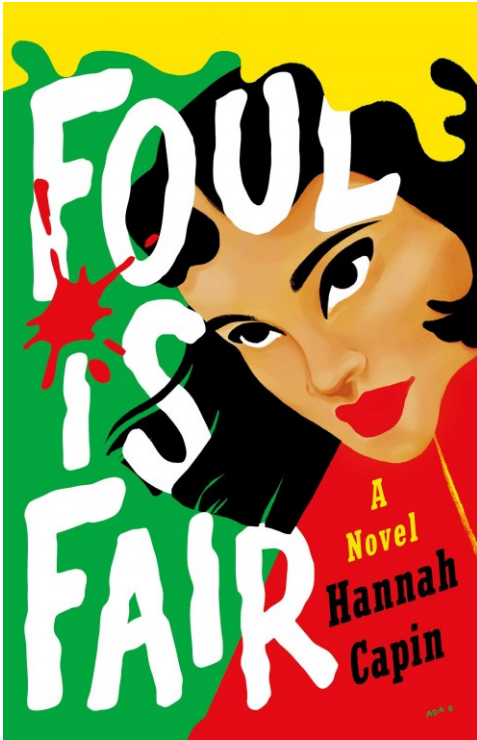


FOUL IS FAIR



Young Adult

By Hannah Capin

ISBN: 978-1-250-23954-9



Book Summary:

A sixteen-year-old girl seeks revenge for having been raped at a party while others watched.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; inexplicit sexual activities including sexual assault; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; and alcohol and drug use.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	Vodka and heels we could never quite walk in before, but tonight we can. ...Tonight we are walking up the driveway to our best party ever. Not the parties like we always go to, with the dull-duller-dullest Hancock Park girls we've always known and the dull-duller-dullest wine coolers we always drink and the same bad choice in boys.
6	"Find them," I say, and I close my eyes because I can still feel it, almost, the poison the dazzle-smiled boy put in my drink last night so the world turned flashbulb bright but slow, so slow, until I couldn't find anymore, and when I tried to scream they smashed their hands over my mouth and I bit and bit and my fangs drew blood and they said, God dam, she's feisty.
8	Remember them from the party at Duncan's house, locking girls against the wall in the living room and pouring shots in the kitchen and smirking sidelong while I drank poison.
20	We were together at first, Jenny and Summer and Mads and me, dancing and drinking and shining so bright the St. Andrew's Preppers needed sunglasses to look at us.
21	We danced and we drank and we danced. The St. Andrew's Preppers were everywhere, blond and tan and laced together with white powder and pills,...
27	Slice and dice: who-and-who hooked up last night, who looks like a skank today, who's drinking where tonight.
29	Her eyes are dead-blank but the truth sits right there anyway: she knows Duncan fucked someone else at the party.
30	fine, go fuck some roofied slut, said Piper Morello on Friday night-
31	I shrug. "Fucked a teacher."
37	Duncan and Duffy and Connor and Banks at a party, arms draped over each other's shoulders, a liquor bottle gleaming in Duncan's hand.
45	Piper's never-shutting-up next to her, damn, Lili, you're such a drama queen, like you haven't fucked the whole team,...
48	And Connor said, u think im fukkin high?
50	...you know his pills are always what he says they are- ...Sure as hell won't come back on you when you're just the fucking dealer.
53	..."Luck's a whore. She fucks us all eventually."
74	"Up on the roof, drunk off his ass."
77	We're in Summer's room, the four of us, drinking wine from the Horowitzes' cellar, so dark red it's almost black. Or Summer and Jenny and Mads are drinking it. I'm drunk enough without it, on Lilia's vodka and Mack's kiss and Connor's blood. ..She drinks. "Yeah. You better not. You better just be drunk."
83	I feel fucking high-
94	One lone girl giggles, high and desperate.
96	...that new girl, the one who fucks teachers?
110	"You really think he's going to kill his best friend just because he wants to fuck you?"

Page	Content
116	And Piper said, Go fuck some roofied slut-
143	The liquor decks every counter. Everything is top-shelf and brand-new, so strong Duncan and his wolves won't realize how drunk they are until the whole world blurs. The man at the store didn't even look twice when I handed him the license I stole out of my sister's purse at Christmas. When I need to be, I'm twenty-six, with tastes to match.
145	"We're drinking. We're celebrating..." ...Give them drinks. ...and I kiss him- so virgin-pure he wouldn't even know it was me if he closed his eyes- but then I turn it deep and cruel, and he feels it and he kisses back just as hungry- and I catch his lip between my teeth, but he doesn't pull away.
146	...because tonight we're drinking for the king. ...And I weave in with vodka in one hand and tequila in the other and pour too much and they drink it anyway. ..."Maybe you don't suck," said Piper, too drunk already, when I get her. ...Her words are liquor-loose
147	Not with scared-stupid Duffy even drunker than she is, clumsy and eager with his hands roaming every inch of her. ...and she slurred about one more drink.
148	"...God, you know how to kill a buzz." ..."She's drunk," he tells Duffy.
149	"Finish the bottle." Mack pushes the tequila across the table. ...He knocks back the last inch of liquor. ...He's drunk enough that his polish is starting to chip away just enough to show who he is under it-
150	"Drink up captain," he says, and he slides the vodka to Duncan. Duncan grabs the bottle with one hand. ...Duncan drink. When the bottle is empty, he holds it in front of him and spins it.
151	He's too drunk to do anything about it. ...Liquor and weed and lust and hate. ...He presses hard against me and I swallow down the blood. His smile etches deeper. His hand slips off the broken bottle and onto my back- under the waistband of my skirt- onto my skin- -but the knife-sharp glass in my hand now. He cages me against him. One hand on my ass and the other on my neck, three fingers pressing up under my skull. He kisses me. ...-but I kiss him back, exactly like he wants. Exactly like he would have felt anyway no matter what I did. Fangs grazing his lips. Claws finding his skin. Broken bottle sliding up his throat. He lets me go. Three tiny cuts under his jaw bloom red. I can still taste his tongue. He slips his hand back out of my skirt and I bring the bottle down. Slow and deliberate, so I don't lose myself and bury it in his neck in front of all of them.

Page	Content
154	"You're drunk," she says. "And you're drunk, and you're drunk. You're all drunk. Good night." ...Banks pulls a clip out of his pocket and lights another joint.
157	They're drunk enough that they'll sleep harder than dead boys sleep.
158	"Drunk," says Mack, and they both laugh.
211	"Almost as twisted as your fuck of the week," he says.
212	"You mean the part where you and Duncan and Duffy and Connor drugged some girl and raped her?"
224	"I'm finished. Let's go get drunk."
225	We stopped for liquor. Banks is already drinking it.
229	He hands me the bottle and I drink- -or he thinks I drink, anyway. I've hardly had a shot all night, but I've grabbed the bottle as often as he has.
231	Then he kisses me and I feel the liquor hit my veins- -except it isn't the liquor, and it isn't his kiss. ...I take the bottle from Banks and drink- really drink this time.
237	Sick of his rough drunk charm and his rough drunk hands.
239	He drank too much and he swam too far out.
274	"You're a twisted bitch, and not just the way Banks talked about you when he wanted to fuck you for it."
277	"...The patron saint of stupid sluts who drink too much?"
280	and she said, fine, go fuck some roofied slut and she left me there-
283	Piper who said, fine, go fuck some roofied slut.
306	"You killed for some drunk bitch-"
310	I say, "Wait. Let's drink to him first. To the end of him." ..."I'll fucking drink to that." He takes a glass. ...The light dances through the cut crystal. "Amaretto?" I nod. "My very favorite." ...Malcolm and Duffy drink deep.
311	"What? Do you want to drink with us?"
316	I say, "We're nothing to each other. I'm just a girl you wanted to fuck. You're just a boy I let fuck me because I wanted to see how many of your friends I could make you kill."

Profanity	Count
Ass	9
Bitch	35
Dick	1
Dyke	1
Fuck	181
Piss	2
Prick	1
Pussy	1
Shit	33