

FRICTION



Young Adult

By E.R. Frank

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Book Summary:

An eighth-grade girl befriends a new girl who accuses her and their teacher of having sexual relations.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities involving kissing and other inexplicit sexual activities; non-sexual nudity; references to child molestation; and mild/infrequent profanity.

2 /5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

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42	"Friction," Stacy goes, like it's something dirty. "Get it?" I don't. She makes a circle with her thumb and index finger and then slides her other index finger in and out of it. Which is a way of showing sex, which I do get.
53	"I bet Simon loves friction." Stacy smirks, running her tongue ring across her lower lip. "It was an accident," I go. "What was an accident?" Sophie asks. Not nosy. Just curious. "He felt her up," Stacy says.
54	Stacy runs her hands up and down a line. It's nasty the way she's doing it. She's purposely making it nasty.
84	I see everything. His heavy arc of pee, his rain-slicked wet thing above a jiggling sack of skin, and a nest of brown hair. Everything. He jumps about a mile high. His thing flaps up and then down, still spilling from its tip. I drop my flashlight.
86	I've never seen a man's thing before, besides my father's when I was really little, in the bathroom and stuff, which I can hardly remember. And I used to sometimes catch a glimpse of Tim's when we would change into swimsuits or during a sleepover. ...I definitely didn't know men's things were so floppy and thick-looking and sluggish.
87	Instead, I whisper, "I just saw Simon peeing!" ..."Did you see his dick?" Stacy asks. I knew it. "Come on, Alex," she goes. "Did you?" ..."Sort of," I say. ..."Was it hard?" Stacy goes. "Gross!" I tell her, wondering why it would be hard. "Was it?" "Dicks only get hard for sex," Tim mutters.
88	"Still," she says, "how do you know he didn't want you to see his dick?"
96	"Don't you want to kiss her?" Stacy asks Tim, like some kind of lawyer or something. ...Stacy steps forward now and presses her whole body against his. She keeps one foot back to brace herself, and the next thing I know, she's got her hand behind his head and her mouth on his. She's not doing some little peck. No way. She's kissing him slow. Really slow. And then I see her mouth open a little, but somehow, it's not gross like it is on TV, with mashed up lips all over the place, even though their tongues must be touching, sliver ring and all. Something low in my stomach glides, and inside me, below my belly button, things start to melt. She kisses him and kisses him like that for a long, long time. And she doesn't finish fast, but kind of pulls her head away just enough so her mouth is barely touching his anymore, but almost. ..."That's how you do it," she says. The place underneath my belly slides again, and Tim's face is just as red as mine must be, and he stands there, really still. "Now you guys try it," Stacy goes.
98	"How was kissing her?" I go, trying to sound casual.
125	"You saw his dick," Tim accuses, like I must have wanted to or something. "By accident," I go. "Stacy said you guys were touching and stuff that night in the tent." "We were asleep," I say. "And Stacy knows it. And he's old, Tim." Now he's looking at me. "He's too old."

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	<p>"They like younger women," Tim goes. ... "Older men," he mutters. "Older men like younger women."</p>
135	<p>"When Simon too me into Maggie's office..." "What?" "He messed with me in there." "Huh?" "He touched me," she whispers. "He touched me and stuff." ... "I swear, Alex. He was doing stuff to me in there." "What stuff?" I go. "What did de do, exactly?" "You can't tell anyone. My father will kill him. You saw my father." "What did Simon do?" I ask again, because I can't imagine it, really. What people do.</p>
143	<p>Its Simon in the front seat, practically on top of Dawn. Kissing her. With his hand on her chest over her shirt. Tongues. Belly button. That warm, sliding feeling. Dawn pulls her head away suddenly, noticing me. I see her face again. She's younger than him. My stomach turns to stone. Way younger.</p>
158	<p>"Stacy Janice has quite a list of events she says pertain to you and your teacher." ... "Touching on the back, arm, shoulder, thigh, breast." My face goes hot. ... "Exposure of the penis." ... "Sleeping on top of you inside a tent. Hugging." ... "Stacy Janice also says she told you of an incident during which your teacher molested her while she was in the principal's office, injured."</p>
162	<p>WHEN THE DETECTIVE asks if Simon ever tried to touch me with his penis, my mother doesn't give me a second to answer.</p>
163	<p>Nobody talks all the way home, and then, when we're getting out of the car, my mother goes, "Did Simon ever do that?" "Do what?" I ask. "Try to touch you with his penis?"</p>
168	<p>The heat still hasn't let up, and water beads on my chest, in between my stupid starter boobs.</p>
182	<p>In the afternoon Maggie and the guest speakers switch to talking about sexual abuse. About how nobody is allowed to touch you anyplace that a small bathing suit would cover unless you're grown and you want them to. About how nobody is allowed to have you touch them either, in those places, until you're grown and you both want to. About how an adult is never supposed to touch a kid anywhere in a way that's different from a regular hug or a regular kiss, different from regular roughhousing. About how adults aren't allowed to do that different kind of touching, even if the kid thinks it might feel good, because adults know the rules and aren't allowed to get confused the way kids are allowed to.</p>
187	<p>Nobody knows Tim and I kissed that night at the movies, and we haven't done it again, and things are pretty much the same with me and him. ... "It's not like we're going to have sex or anything!" I yelled at my parents after they made Tim go home one night after dinner.</p>
205	<p>I don't know if you know this, either, but the reason why Stacy lied about you was because her father was touching her and doing sexual stuff with her. My dad says that Stacy was scared and that she might have felt safer telling people that it was you who did</p>

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	<p>all that than saying it was her own father. ...I guess the thing that's harder for me is that nobody was doing that stuff to me, but I got confused anyway, and I guess (I hate to admit this, but you already know), I guess I started wondering if you had done or wanted to do things to me.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Dick	4
Piss	2