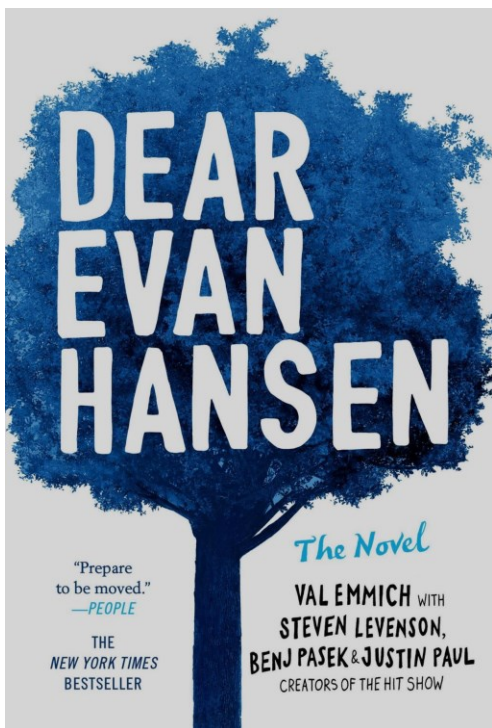


# DEAR EVAN HANSEN



## Book Summary:

A high school loner gains acceptance upon affiliation with a classmate who committed suicide.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; references to suicide; references to illegal drug and alcohol use; profanity; and alternate sexualities.

*Young Adult*

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**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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11	New couples. Whole new sexual orientations and gender identities.
17	He's got one thumb in his belt loop and the other hand on Kristen Caballero's waist. Last I heard, Kristen was with Mike Miller, but he graduated last year. On to the next, I see. They're making out now. It's very wet. ...I make a pit stop at the water fountain. I've already forgotten the plan: Let people see you. How am I supposed to do that? Carry around sparklers? Hand out free condoms?
19	"Is it weird to be the first person in history to break their arm from jerking off too much, or do you consider that an honor?" Jared says much too loudly. "Paint me the picture. You're in your bedroom. Lights off. Smooth jazz in the background. You've got Zoe Murphy's Instagram up on your weird, off-brand phone."
34	Maybe it's the few light whiskers on his chin or the smell of smoke on his hoodie or the black nail polish or the fact that I heard he got expelled from his last school for drugs, but Connor seems like he's way older than me, like I'm a kid and he's a man.
43	"Do you need help locating the vagina?" Jared says. "I'm sure there's an app for that."
46	He's probably off getting high somewhere and has forgotten that I even exist.
48	A letter to yourself? What the crap does that even mean? It's like some kind of sex thing?
58	"He took his own life," Mr. Murphy says.
64	(Unfortunately, the whole private school experiment was a bust. Apparently, Adderall to get through finals—or the day—is perfectly OK. But a little weed in your locker is unforgivable. Hypocrites. Maybe now they'll see how ass-backward they are. Hey, geniuses, no one dies from marijuana. Pills, though? Yup, you guessed it.)
96	"I was just thinking." "About?" "About that boy who..." ...I keep wondering how he did it. Razor blade? Pills? Noose? Carbon monoxide? The casket was closed at the wake, so maybe he used a gun? I know he didn't jump off a bridge, considering the pristine condition of my letter. I can't find any details about his death. People online keep saying it was probably an overdose, which would be fitting. And peaceful.
116	His parents think you were lovers. You realize that, right? What? Why would they think that? Umm. You were best friends, but he wouldn't let you talk about him at school? And when you did, he kicked your ass? That's like the exact formula for secret gay high school lovers.
118	Oh, right, one of those "secret" email accounts. Sure. For sending pictures of your penises to each other.
126	I want you to know that you've been on my mind this whole time. I rub my nipples every night as I picture your sweet, sweet face.
128	I should really take your advice and stop smoking pot. Maybe then everything might be okay. And I'll try to be nicer.
129	Jared is gazing across the room. "Look at the bumper on that one." I resist the temptation to look.

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132	I'm pretty sure they're talking about weed, Zoe says. Where? I don't see that, Cynthia says. When they say trees? Oh, Cynthia says. Oh.
160	"I didn't think so. My mom's clueless when it comes to that stuff. She never knew when my brother was high. He'd be talking so slow and she'd be like, 'He's just tired.'"
167	It's been four days since I tried to kiss Zoe Murphy. I mean, I did kiss her. It was just really brief and she didn't reciprocate, but it did, in fact, happen. ...My first kiss was with Robin, who lived in the one-story home across the street. It happened in her pool. It was a lightning-speed peck, more funny than anything, just because we both wanted to find out what it felt like. And my second kiss was from Amy Brodsky when I was ten. She just leaned over at recess one day and I instantly fell in love with her, until I saw her do the exact same thing to two other boys over the course of the next week. I haven't been the same since kissing Zoe.
170	Most of the news is about a celebrity sex scandal or an upcoming election.
171	"I was already noticing that people were mentioning Connor less, and now this. People don't care anymore. All anyone wants to talk about is Ms. Bortel. Some people are saying she slept with a student, but I also heard she might have had an affair with Principal Howard."
182	"Look at the size of this pillar. I bet you the Murphys are swingers." "What? No. They're just normal."
210	She looks up. She takes a step. And then, my lips and her lips, again. Only this time it's not my doing. She pulls back and exhales.
228	But people share some scary shit, like about sucking dick for meth.
231	I thank her and we finally leave Workout Heaven. "Dude. You're a hit with the MILF crowd."
234	He was the first person I'd known who was openly and proudly gay. (I was something in between. Fluid. The way I thought about both girls and guys. Back then I had only begun to put those thoughts into action.)
235	What's crazy, I was basically just smoking weed at the time. ...Wilderness camp was a literal walk in the park compared with rehab. The kids I was with were hard addicts.
252	I finally know what it means to kiss someone. Like, really kiss, for many seconds at a stretch.
258	"We should throw a kegger." I laugh. "We should definitely throw a kegger. For sure." "Until your mom comes home." ..."In three hours." It's possible I've forgotten how to use words.
269	In the hallway at school the next morning, Zoe gives me a kiss in front of everyone. ...She kisses me again quickly, this time on the cheek, and heads off.
272	My parents are out of town this weekend. The last time they used the liquor cabinet was Rosh Hashanah '97. We can drink whatever we want.
275	"We're just in here having a glass of wine, getting to know each other," Cynthia says. ...Larry stands. "Are we ready for another bottle?" "Open the Portland," Cynthia tells Larry. Then, explaining to my mom, "It's completely one

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	hundred percent sustainable, the entire production process. There was a whole feature on them in the New York Times. Incredible.” ...Larry returns with the new bottle, which he’s poured into a fancy glass container.
296	“If we weren’t friends,” I say, “then why did he write his suicide note to me?”
299	Just contributed another fifty Gave forty-one. The age my daughter would be if she hadn’t taken her life
304	Cynthia is in her husband’s face. “When he threatened to kill himself the first time, do you remember what you said?”
328	In the living room: two dots in the ceiling. We said they were nipples, Zoe and I. The joke was someone fell upstairs and imprinted their chest.

Profanity	Count
Ass	8
Bitch	2
Dick	6
Fuck	37
Shit	29