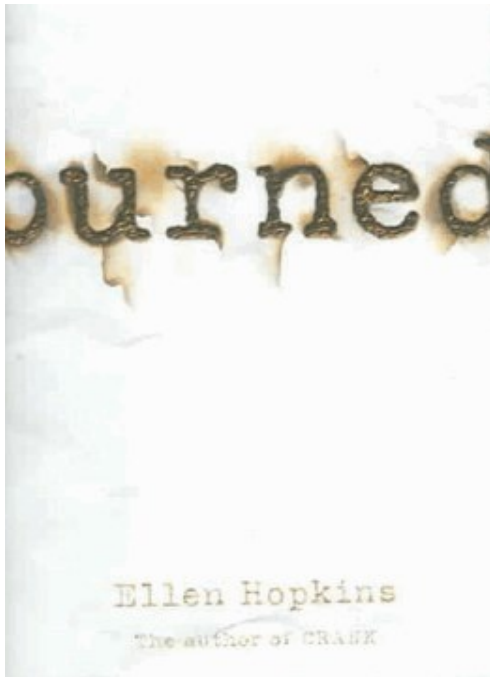


BURNED



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

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CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; suicidal ideation; and violence including child abuse.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	<p>But I do know things really began to spin out of control after my first sex dream. As sex dreams go, there wasn't much sex, just a collage of very hot kisses, and Justin Proud's hands, exploring every inch of my body, at my fervent invitation. As a stalwart Mormon high school junior, drilled ceaselessly about the dire catastrophe awaiting those who harbored impure thoughts, I had never kissed a boy, had never even considered that I might enjoy such an unclean thing, until literature opened my eyes.</p>
16	<p>Mar. 15. Justin Proud smiled at me today. I can't believe it! And I can't believe how it made me feel. Kind of tingly all over, like I had an itch I didn't want to scratch. An itch you-know-where.</p> <p>Mar. 17. I dreamed about Justin last night. Dreamed he kissed me, and I kissed him back, and I let him touch me all over my body and I woke up all hot and blushing. Blushing! Like I'd done something wrong.</p>
46	<p>I was nobody. Someday, would another nobody slide his arm around my substantial waist, walk his hand up under my homemade blouse? And would I draw back into the curve of him, close my eyes, and take pleasure in his heat?</p>
121	<p>Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest. But, hey, I was with Derek, and for the first time in my life, people looked at me with respect. Maybe even envy.</p> <p>Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest. But, hey, I was with Derek, and for the first time in my life, people looked at me with respect. Maybe even envy.</p> <p>The Ward dance started at seven. Derek picked me up at eight. By nine, he had convinced me to try a sip of his beer. "Jesus turned water into wine, didn't He?"</p> <p>...I'm probably already damned, for dating a nonbeliever. What could a sip or three or four—of beer hurt? Odd taste, not great, but drink enough, who cares? Loose. I let loose. Not all the way loose, but I laughed at not-real-funny jokes and let Derek pull me up into his lap. And when he kissed me, I full-on kissed back. I even let his hands wander.</p> <p>At first I said no, of course. I really thought I wasn't at all that kind of girl. Guess what. I am! He was good, too. First he rubbed my back. Then he lifted my hair and kissed my neck, and I've never had goose bumps like that before.</p> <p>Then he slid his hands around the front of me, lifting my breasts and touching my nipples. I wouldn't let him go under my blouse, but even over my clothes, the way he made my body feel is hard to describe.</p> <p>Alive.</p> <p>On edge.</p> <p>In need.</p> <p>In danger of spontaneous combustion. Virtue was the last thing on my mind.</p>
125	<p>I wanted to be with him all the time, wanted the taste of his lips on mine, his roaming fingers on my hungry skin. His fire to thaw my ice.</p> <p>But, though I was very much in lust with him, I knew from the start we were nothing like "forever."</p>
131	<p>One Problem with Alcohol</p> <p>Is the more you drink it the more you want it. If a little lets you forget a bit of your pain, more lets you crawl into a fuzzy space where nothing hurts at all. Amen.</p>

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	<p>Saturdays became drinking days—don't think the irony is one iota lost on me. Derek would meet me in the desert, painkiller in hand. First beer, then hard stuff. The only thing I insisted on was no Johnnie WB. Okay, it's a weird psychology but something inside of me maintained only Johnnie could hook me for good.</p> <p>The higher I got, the harder it got to hang on to my jeans. Derek was skillful, coloring his need to look like desire, like I was all he'd ever wanted.</p>
132	<p>He Almost Got His Chance</p> <p>The first Saturday in May. I'd gone for my usual "target practice," which by then, of course, meant an overheated session with Derek.</p> <p>By noon, we had downed a half pint of tequila, my buttons were askew, and Derek was trying to escape his zipper when I noticed a lone figure striding our way.</p>
153	<p>He only used you for sex.</p> <p>...“We never had sex.”</p> <p>That's not what he said.</p> <p>Not only that, he said it was lousy sex.</p>
159	<p>“Love is just another word for sex.”</p>
160	<p>Sex? Sex! Tell me what you know about sex! Did that awful boy touch you? Put it in you? I couldn't resist that lead-in. “Put what in me?” You know very well what I'm talking about. Did he take his pants off? Did you let him? Now it was a game. “Let him? What if I encouraged him?” Pattyn Scarlet Von Stratten. Exactly what are you saying? Surely you can't mean you wanted to have sex? A vicious game. “Don't you want to have sex, Mom?”</p>
299	<p>But things had definitely heated up.</p> <p>A time or two, cradled in his lap, kissing until his desire became obvious, I had almost wanted to.</p>
328	<p>We shed our shirts, unzipped our jeans, and would have made love right that minute except for just about then . . .</p>
332	<p>Has anyone ever told you how great you look with your shirt off?</p> <p>I glanced down at my chest, covered only by a thin sports bra and a sheen of sweat.</p>
340	<p>After dinner, Ethan and I talked. Talked and kissed. Kissed and touched. Touched.</p> <p>...He loves me. And all I can think of, lying here in bed, despite all that happened this incredible day, is I wish Ethan was lying next to me.</p>
376	<p>A Couple More Beers</p> <p>Made Daddy's face disappear, but mostly because the rest of the day is pretty much a blur.</p>
377	<p>And I settled into his arms, minus the buzz, plus a pounding headache, and I said, “Make love to me.”</p>
378	<p>Okay, we did it. Ethan and I made love. Twice. The first time it kind of hurt, and maybe I had too much beer to really understand what a big step it was. Huge.</p> <p>...The second time it was better, even if I didn't feel so hot. (My first hangover—ugh!)</p> <p>Ethan is so gentle, so caring. Derek would have attacked, done the deed, and disappeared. I'm so glad it was Ethan.</p> <p>There were a couple of bad moments—I'll be sore for days.</p>

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411	Sometimes Dad gets home, already half-drunk. I always hope he'll get home totally drunk so maybe he'll pass out right away. ...He can't hit Mom because of the baby.
441	One of Those Times I can't remember exactly which day, only that it was in the cool of morning, Ethan rolled away and said, Oh my God. I knew instantly that God had already closed His ears. "What's wrong?" Don't panic, Pattyn, but the condom tore. My parents had never let me take sex ed, but panic seemed appropriate.
463	I admitted almost everything about Ethan, omitting only the part about making love.
472	As I wiggle off in new form-fitting jeans, I heard Carmen hiss, Are you checking her out?
476	Especially those liberal loudmouths.
530	Plans Made I am sitting on the hard cement railing of a freeway overpass. Legs dangling, I watch the unrelenting motion of normal people in daily transit. Mind-boggling, how so many separate lives travel in such remarkable unison. Soul searching, I know that I will never squeeze into such a common mold. Brain racing, I struggle to reach a decision. God, whoever He is, only knows which way I'll go. Heart breaking, I think that if Dad, staring down the sight of a 10mm, would only tell me he loves me, I could easily change my mind but he won't.
51	One son dead, the other shunned, Molly folded. Don't you know how much I miss you? Put a .357 into her mouth, pulled the trigger. Oh God, Molly, please stop crying.
115	He Kissed Me Not an over-the-top, hard demanding kiss, not even a kiss hinting passion. No tongue, no spit, just a sweet first kiss, Derek's soft full lips gifting mine with a gentle caress.
123	Derek took me home, and as we kissed a very long good-bye,...
224	We were only kids ourselves, of course, and like most kids that age, our love moved way beyond kissing.
281	Ethan reached down, kissed me, long and deep and sweet as a mountain spring. And in that kiss was little doubt of anything. Especially love.
282	It Was the Kiss You Dream About The one that makes you understand what all the hype is about. Nothing I'd done with Derek had produced the kind of electricity now sizzling through my arteries.
287	Our second kiss, though shorter, was every bit as memorable as the first.
292	God, what a feeling! Beneath a layer of denim, the gelding's muscles flexed and pulsed as we picked up speed. I buried my face in Ethan's shirt, closed my eyes. I was flying, no less than an eagle. I was belly to back with the most incredible man in the world, a man who had kissed me like I never expected to be kissed. Ever.
296	I reached up, put my arms around his neck, and this time I kissed him.

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297	His kisses? When he kisses me, it's like being born again.
307	He kissed me. In front of the whole restaurant.
312	He kissed me, delicious as honey.
326	His Body Settled Gently upon mine. He kissed my eyes, my lips, my neck, then his mouth crept softly down the length of my torso. Something stirred beneath my skin, some being inside I'd only suspected existed, demon or angel, I couldn't say. Either way, it woke a desire so bold it shook me to my core, made me cry out for more. I wanted all of Ethan. And he wanted me, I felt it in the fire of his kiss, in the way his body trembled. And yet, he hesitated. Only if you're sure. The old Pattyn had vanished, smoke.
369	Then he kissed me with a passion he'd not before revealed.
370	And, buzzed as I was, I knew in my heart it wasn't just the beer talking.
371	We both had another beer, thinking we should postpone the inevitable. Finally, I flopped down on my back, inviting his kiss . . . and more. If I kiss you, I won't want to stop, don't know if I could. ...And so he kissed me, everywhere, making me want to say yes even more. And he wanted me, too, and he showed me how to make him want me more. It all felt so right, so how it should be, that I begged him not to stop. But he paused, long enough to find the protection he'd brought along. While I waited, every nerve shouted out to be pacified. And when he did . . .
400	Did they, too, find a private spot, unroll a quilted sleeping bag in the bed of the pickup? Did they talk and kiss and ultimately shed their clothes to lay naked beneath a sea of stars?
458	And I tasted in our last barrage of delectable kisses a growing sense of dread.
471	I couldn't wait to see him, fall into his kisses, fold into his body.
519	I flew through the door, into his arms, and the warmth of his kisses.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	8
Fag	1
Fuck	9
Goddammit/Goddamn	8
Gook	3
Piss	5
Prick	1
Shit	11