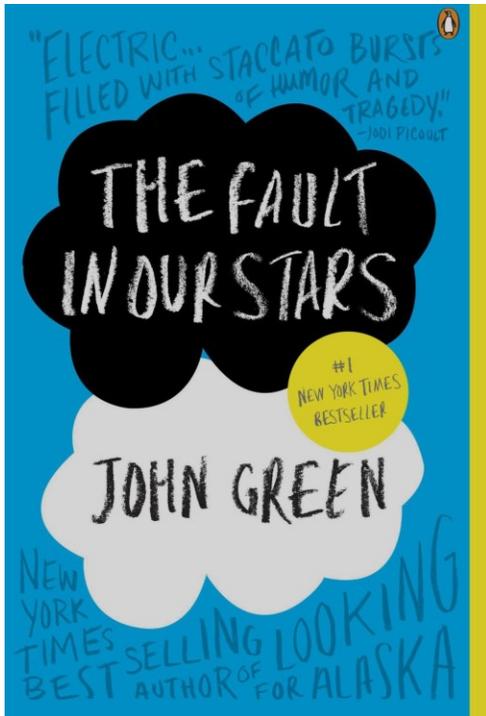


# THE FAULT IN OUR STARS



## Book Summary:

A sixteen-year-old girl with terminal cancer falls in love with a young man in her teen cancer support group.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; profanity; death of a loved one; alcohol use by minors; references to alcoholism and drug use; and controversial religious, historical, and social commentary.

*Juvenile*

**By John Green**

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**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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2	<p>Me: "If you want me to be a teenager, don't send me to Support Group. Buy me a fake ID so I can go to clubs, drink vodka, and take pot."            Mom: "You don't take pot, for starters."            Me: "See, that's the kind of thing I'd know if you got me a fake ID."</p>
6	<p>Honestly, he kind of turned me on. I didn't even know that guys could turn me on—not, like, in real life.            ...I glanced around and saw that a tall, curvy brunette girl had Isaac pinned against the stone wall of the church, kissing him rather aggressively. They were close enough to me that I could hear the weird noises of their mouths together, and I could hear him saying, "Always," and her saying, "Always," in return.            Suddenly standing next to me, Augustus half whispered, "They're big believers in PDA."            "What's with the 'always'?" The slurping sounds intensified.</p>
12	<p>He was probably thinking about kissing me, and I was definitely thinking about kissing him. Wondering if I wanted to. I'd kissed boys, but it had been a while.</p>
24	<p>And then after a second, Gus asked, "When was the last good kiss you had?"            I thought about it. My kissing—all prediagnosis—had been uncomfortable and slobbery, and on some level it always felt like kids playing at being grown. But of course it had been a while. "Years            ..."I had a few good kisses with my ex-girlfriend, Caroline Mathers."</p>
32	<p>But the truth is that I had never wanted him to kiss me, not in the way you are supposed to want these things. I mean, he was gorgeous. I was attracted to him. I thought about him in that way, to borrow a phrase from the middle school vernacular. But the actual touch, the realized touch... it was all wrong.            Then I found myself worrying I would have to make out with him to get to Amsterdam, which is not the kind of thing you want to be thinking, because (a) It shouldn't've even been a question whether I wanted to kiss him, and (b) Kissing someone so that you can get a free trip is perilously close to full-on hooking, and I have to confess that while I did not fancy myself a particularly good person, I never thought my first real sexual action would be prostitutional.            But then again, he hadn't tried to kiss me; he'd only touched my face, which is not even sexual. It was not a move designed to elicit arousal, but it was certainly a designed move, because Augustus Waters was no improviser. So what had he been trying to convey? And why hadn't I wanted to accept it?            ..."Oh, my God. I've seen him at parties. The things I would do to that boy. I mean, not now that I know you're interested in him. But, oh, sweet holy Lord, I would ride that one-legged pony all the way around the corral."            "Kaitlyn," I said.            "Sorry. Do you think you'd have to be on top?"</p>
33	<p>"In the event you do hook up with him, I expect lascivious details."</p>
38	<p>(Off topic, but: What a slut time is. She screws everybody.)</p>
40	<p>He moaned in misery. "I'm gonna die a virgin," he said.</p>
52	<p>"Yeah, it's great. The guys in this poem take even more drugs than I do. How's AIA?"            "Still perfect," he said. "Read to me."            "This isn't really a poem to read aloud when you are sitting next to your sleeping mother. It has, like, sodomy and angel dust in it," I said.</p>

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	<p>...And he said, "You are Americans?"            "Yes," Mom said. "We're from Indiana."            "Indiana," he said. "They steal the land from the Indians and leave the name, yes?"            "Something like that," Mom said.</p>
54	<p>"Your table," she said, gesturing across the street to a narrow table inches from the canal.            "The champagne is our gift."            Gus and I glanced at each other, smiling. Once we'd crossed the street, he pulled out a seat for me and helped me scoot it back in. There were indeed two flutes of champagne at our white-tableclothed table.</p>
55	<p>Augustus took his flute of champagne and raised it. I took mine, even though I'd never had a drink aside from sips of my dad's beer.            "Okay," he said.            "Okay," I said, and we clinked glasses. I took a sip. The tiny bubbles melted in my mouth and journeyed northward into my brain. Sweet. Crisp. Delicious. "That is really good," I said. "I've never drunk champagne."            ..."Awesome. And can we get more of this?" Gus asked, of the champagne.            "Of course," said our waiter. "We have bottled all the stars this evening, my young friends. Gah, the confetti!" he said, and lightly brushed a seed from my bare shoulder.            ...The waiter arrived with two more glasses of champagne and what he called "Belgian white asparagus with a lavender infusion."            "I've never had champagne either," Gus said after he left.</p>
56	<p>Two glasses was enough for me. Champagne was no exception to my high tolerance for depressants and pain relievers; I felt warm but not intoxicated. But I didn't want to get drunk.            ...Out of nowhere, Augustus asked, "Do you believe in an afterlife?"            "I think forever is an incorrect concept," I answered.            ..."Seriously, though: afterlife?"            "No," I said, and then revised. "Well, maybe I wouldn't go so far as no. You?"            "Yes," he said, his voice full of confidence. "Yes, absolutely. Not like a heaven where you ride unicorns, play harps, and live in a mansion made of clouds. But yes. I believe in Something with a capital S. Always have."            "Really?" I asked. I was surprised. I'd always associated belief in heaven with, frankly, a kind of intellectual disengagement. But Gus wasn't dumb.            "Yeah," he said quietly. "I believe in that line from An Imperial Affliction. 'The risen sun too bright in her losing eyes.' That's God, I think, the rising sun, and the light is too bright and her eyes are losing but they aren't lost. I don't believe we return to haunt or comfort the living or anything, but I think something becomes of us."            "But you fear oblivion."            "Sure, I fear earthly oblivion. But, I mean, not to sound like my parents, but I believe humans have souls, and I believe in the conservation of souls. The oblivion fear is something else, fear that I won't be able to give anything in exchange for my life. If you don't live a life in service of a greater good, you've gotta at least die a death in service of a greater good, you know? And I fear that I won't get either a life or a death that means anything."</p>
57	<p>I could see the halo of light coming from the Red Light District. Even though it was the Red Light District, the glow coming from up there was an eerie sort of green. I imagined thousands of tourists getting drunk and stoned and pinballing around the narrow streets.</p>

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62	<p>“However, it being after noon in the body and whatnot, we should enjoy a cocktail. Do you drink Scotch?” he asked me.</p> <p>...“Just me, then, Lidewij. Scotch and water, please.” Peter turned his attention to Gus, asking, “You know how we make a Scotch and water in this home?”</p> <p>“No, sir,” Gus said.</p> <p>“We pour Scotch into a glass and then call to mind thoughts of water, and then we mix the actual Scotch with the abstracted idea of water.”</p> <p>...He looked toward us and stage-whispered, “She thinks I have a drinking problem.”</p> <p>“And I think that the sun has risen,” Lidewij responded. Nonetheless, she turned to the bar in the living room, reached up for a bottle of Scotch, and poured a glass half full. She carried it to him. Peter Van Houten took a sip, then sat up straight in his chair. “A drink this good deserves one’s best posture,” he said.</p>
63	<p>Another sip. I didn’t know what Scotch tasted like, but if it tasted anything like champagne, I couldn’t imagine how he could drink so much, so quickly, so early in the morning.</p>
65	<p>“Lidewij,” Van Houten said calmly, “I’ll have a martini, if you please. Just a whisper of vermouth.”</p>
68	<p>“Augustus Waters,” I said, looking up at him, thinking that you cannot kiss anyone in the Anne Frank House, and then thinking that Anne Frank, after all, kissed someone in the Anne Frank House, and that she would probably like nothing more than for her home to have become a place where the young and irreparably broken sink into love.</p> <p>...And then we were kissing. My hand let go of the oxygen cart and I reached up for his neck, and he pulled me up by my waist onto my tiptoes. As his parted lips met mine, I started to feel breathless in a new and fascinating way. The space around us evaporated, and for a weird moment I really liked my body; this cancer-ruined thing I’d spent years dragging around suddenly seemed worth the struggle, worth the chest tubes and the PICC lines and the ceaseless bodily betrayal of the tumors.</p> <p>...They were angry, I thought. Horrified. These teenagers, with their hormones, making out beneath a video broadcasting the shattered voice of a former father.</p>
69	<p>I was tired and sweaty and worried that I generally looked and smelled gross, but even so I kissed him in that elevator, and then he pulled away and pointed at the mirror and said, “Look, infinite Hazels.”</p> <p>...We were just standing there in the hallway, and he wasn’t leading the way to his room or anything, and I didn’t know where his room was, and as the stalemate continued, I became convinced he was trying to figure out a way not to hook up with me, that I never should have suggested the idea in the first place, that it was unladylike and therefore had disgusted Augustus Waters, who was standing there looking at me unblinking, trying to think of a way to extricate himself from the situation politely.</p> <p>...I kissed him, hard, pressing him against the wall, and I kept kissing him as he fumbled for the room key.</p> <p>We crawled into the bed, my freedom circumscribed some by the oxygen, but even so I could get on top of him and take his shirt off and taste the sweat on the skin below his collarbone as I whispered into his skin, “I love you, Augustus Waters,” his body relaxing beneath mine as he heard me say it. He reached down and tried to pull my shirt off, but it got tangled in the tube. I laughed.</p> <p>“How do you do this every day?” he asked as I disentangled my shirt from the tubes.</p> <p>Idiotically, it occurred to me that my pink underwear didn’t match my purple bra, as if boys</p>

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	<p>even notice such things. I crawled under the covers and kicked out of my jeans and socks and then watched the comforter dance as beneath it, Augustus removed first his jeans and then his leg.</p> <p>We were lying on our backs next to each other, everything hidden by the covers, and after a second I reached over for his thigh and let my hand trail downward to the stump, the thick scarred skin. I held the stump for a second. He flinched. "It hurts?" I asked.</p> <p>"No," he said. He flipped himself onto his side and kissed me. "You're so hot," I said, my hand still on his leg.</p> <p>"I'm starting to think you have an amputee fetish," he answered, still kissing me. I laughed.</p> <p>"I have an Augustus Waters fetish," I explained.</p> <p>The whole affair was the precise opposite of what I figured it would be: slow and patient and quiet and neither particularly painful nor particularly ecstatic. There were a lot of condomy problems that I did not get a particularly good look at. No headboards were broken. No screaming. Honestly, it was probably the longest time we'd ever spent together without talking.</p> <p>Only one thing followed type: Afterward, when I had my face resting against Augustus's chest, listening to his heart pound, Augustus said, "Hazel Grace, I literally cannot keep my eyes open."</p> <p>...After a while, I got up, dressed, found the Hotel Filosoof stationery, and wrote him a love letter:...</p>
73	<p>He kissed me, then grimaced.</p> <p>...He stared at the ceiling for a long time before saying, "I like this world. I like drinking champagne. I like not smoking. I like the sound of Dutch people speaking Dutch. And now... I don't even get a battle. I don't get a fight."</p>
74	<p>A flight attendant walked through the aisle with a beverage cart, half whispering, "Drinks? Drinks? Drinks? Drinks?" Gus leaned over me, raising his hand. "Could we have some champagne, please?"</p> <p>"You're twenty-one?" she asked dubiously. I conspicuously rearranged the nubbins in my nose. The stewardess smiled, then glanced down at my sleeping mother. "She won't mind?" she asked of Mom.</p> <p>"Nah," I said.</p> <p>So she poured champagne into two plastic cups. Cancer Perks.</p> <p>Gus and I toasted. "To you," he said.</p> <p>"To you," I said, touching my cup to his.</p> <p>We sipped. Dimmer stars than we'd had at Oranje, but still good enough to drink.</p> <p>...He drank the rest of his champagne in a quick series of gulps and soon fell asleep.</p>
76	<p>"So I can like send you a porn story and you can have an old German man read it to you?"</p> <p>"Exactly," Isaac said. "Although Mom still has to help me with it, so maybe hold off on the German porno for a week or two."</p>
78	<p>Two weeks later, I wheeled Gus across the art park toward Funky Bones with one entire bottle of very expensive champagne and my oxygen tank in his lap. The champagne had been donated by one of Gus's doctors—Gus being the kind of person who inspires doctors to give their best bottles of champagne to children.</p> <p>...We drank from paper Winnie-the-Pooh cups.q</p>
79	<p>We kissed for a while and then lay together listening to The Hectic Glow's eponymous album, and eventually we fell asleep like that, a quantum entanglement of tubes and bodies.</p>

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82	<p>"I hate myself I hate myself I hate this I hate this I disgust myself I hate it I hate it I hate it just let me fucking die."</p>
83	<p>"Gus has a girlfriend," one of the kids said. "I am aware that Gus has a girlfriend," I said. "She's got boobies," another said.</p>
91	<p>Van Houten took a swig of the whiskey and then leaned forward to offer it to my dad, who said, "Um, no thanks." Then Van Houten nodded the bottle toward me. I grabbed it. "Hazel," my mom said, but I unscrewed the cap and sipped. It made my stomach feel like my lungs. I handed the bottle back to Van Houten, who took a long slug from it and then said, "So. Omnis cellula e cellula."</p>
92	<p>"I'm good. I think you're a pathetic alcoholic who says fancy things to get attention like a really precocious eleven-year-old and I feel super bad for you. But yeah, no, you're not the guy who wrote An Imperial Affliction anymore, so you couldn't sequel it even if you wanted to. Thanks, though. Have an excellent life."          "But—"          "Thanks for the booze," I said. "Now get out of the car."          ...As we drove away, I watched through the back window as he took a drink and raised the bottle in my direction, as if toasting me.          ...The most entertaining part of the game by far was trying to get the computer to engage us in humorous conversation:          Me: "Touch the cave wall."          Computer: "You touch the cave wall. It is moist."          Isaac: "Lick the cave wall."          Computer: "I do not understand. Repeat?"          Me: "Hump the moist cave wall."          Computer: "You attempt to jump. You hit your head."          Isaac: "Not jump. HUMP."          Computer: "I don't understand."          Isaac: "Dude, I've been alone in the dark in this cave for weeks and I need some relief. HUMP THE CAVE WALL."          Computer: "You attempt to ju—"          Me: "Thrust pelvis against the cave wall."          Computer: "I do not—"          Isaac: "Make sweet love to the cave."</p>
95	<p>He sat back there drinking, an old man who'd been drunk for years. I thought of a statistic I wish I didn't know: Half of marriages end in the year after a child's death.          ...But even as he said it, he pulled out his mostly empty fifth of whiskey. He drank, recapped the bottle, and opened the door. "Good-"          ...He sat down on the curb behind the car. As I watched him shrink in the rearview mirror, he pulled out the bottle and for a second it looked like he would leave it on the curb. And then he took a swig.</p>
97	<p>wish I would just die, Patrick. Do you ever wish you would just die?"          "Yes," Patrick said, without his usual pause. "Yes, of course. So why don't you?"</p>
98	<p>"I want you guys to have a life," I said. "I worry that you won't have a life, that you'll sit around here all day with no me to look after and stare at the walls and want to off yourselves."</p>

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102	Dear Hazel, Peter was very intoxicated when we arrived at his house this morning, but this made our job somewhat easier.

Profanity	Count
Ass	9
Bitch	2
Fuck	1
Goddamn	9
Piss	11
Shit	25