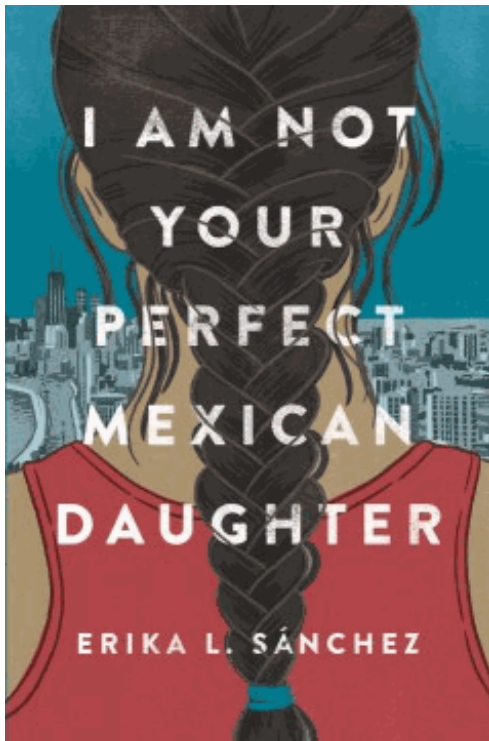


I AM NOT YOUR PERFECT MEXICAN DAUGHTER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; alcohol and drug use by minors; and excessive/frequent profanity.

Young Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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23	I remember tío Cayetano trying to give him a shot of tequila once, and Pedro just shaking his head no.
63	As I study her dad's pictures in the living room, Lorena starts rolling a joint at the kitchen table. She's so much better at it than I am, basically a professional. ...“I don't care what that motherfucker thinks,” Lorena says, and licks the joint. “You want some or what?” She hands it to me. I've smoked weed a total of five times now, and every single time, I start worrying about the stupidest things. The last time we smoked I thought the police were knocking on the door. The time before that, Lorena was on her phone and I was convinced she was texting mean things about me. But I keep smoking because I'm hoping that one day it will feel good, that I'll be all floaty and calm, like everyone says. “I wonder if Olga ever smoked weed,” I say. “Olga? Are you kidding me? No way. That girl was practically a nun.” “Yeah, I'm not sure about that anymore.” I take a hit, and it makes me cough so hard my eyes water.
66	I am soooooo high. ...This weed must be excellent.
67	Lorena said that her mom was working, and that José Luis wasn't supposed to come home for several more hours because he was picking up an extra shift, but here he is, walking in as we lie on the couch, high as hell.
68	I know José Luis is a creep, because last year Lorena told me he saw her going to the bathroom in the middle of the night and pushed her against the wall and kissed her. She said he crammed his tongue inside her mouth all nasty and she could feel his penis against her leg.
73	I bet they're probably fucking somewhere, even in this cold, and most likely without a condom, even though I've told Lorena a million times that she's out of her mind.
74	Then Ramiro puts his hand on the back of my head and leans into me. ...Ramiro's breath is slightly minty, and at first the kisses are soft and feel all right, but after a while, he spirals his tongue against mine, which totally grosses me out. Is this really how people kiss? It feels like my mouth is being accosted.
78	Every time I see her, I wonder how she and tío have sex.
82	Today the bottle tío Bigotes takes out is bright green and shaped like a gun. Like always, they sit around the dining room table, passing the tequila and talking about how great it was to live in their hometown of Los Ojos. ...“Remember how we used to skip school and go swimming in the river?” tío Cayetano asks as he pours himself another shot. ...I walk to the table and stand a few feet away, but he tells me to get closer. He pulls me toward him and puts his arm around my neck. His breath smells like tequila, cigarettes, and something deeper and more disgusting I can't figure out. I try to pull back subtly, but it's no use—his arm is locked around me. I wish Apá would save me, but he just looks down into his drink.
83	Tío Bigotes takes another shot of tequila and lets go of my neck as Amá comes into the living room.
90	Maybe they don't have sex anymore, though.

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93	<p>The three of us make our way to the liquor. Lorena and Juanga pour some shots of I don't know what.</p> <p>...The only other time I tasted beer was when I was twelve and secretly took a sip of Apá's Old Style when he was in the bathroom.</p> <p>...I drink it down fast without breathing through my nose.</p>
96	<p>I find Juanga and Lorena doing shots in the kitchen.</p> <p>"Here, take this. You need it." Lorena hands me a glass.</p> <p>The smell of it makes my stomach flip, but I drink it anyway. It burns my throat and sends a pleasant warmth all throughout my body. My muscles begin to soften. No wonder so many people are alcoholics.</p> <p>I'm drunk by the time Juanga and Lorena are ready to go home. I don't know exactly how many drinks Juanga had, but I'm one hundred percent sure he shouldn't be driving. What choice do I have, though? How else would I get home?</p>
112	<p>After getting past the crowd of people in the living room, we finally make our way to the drinks in the kitchen. The table is covered with all sorts of bottles, and there's a keg next to the sink. Alex and the rest of the basketball team are smoking weed near the window. He asks us if we want to smoke or if he could make us a drink, which is nice of him because he probably has no idea who I am.</p> <p>The girls all choose Malibu rum, but I go for the Hennessy and Coke. I'm not sure if you're supposed to mix the two, but the drink tastes okay. I finish it in three gulps. When I go for another cup, though, Lorena grabs my wrist and tells me to slow it down.</p>
113	<p>After about three more drinks, I start feeling a little more relaxed.</p>
114	<p>As I look around the party, trying to spot Lorena, I see a couple making out in a bedroom through a cracked door. Not just kissing, though, I mean really going at it.</p> <p>...The girl is sitting on the guy's lap with her legs wrapped around him. Maybe it's because she's totally drunk, but I don't notice any shred of shame or embarrassment, which I admire in a strange way. Their kisses are wet and sloppy, and you can see their tongues going in and out of each other's mouths. The girl rubs herself on the guy as he starts kissing her neck and chest. The girls next to us are now scandalized, call her a slut, skank, whore, and so many other synonyms in both English and Spanish that it seems like they've consulted a bilingual thesaurus. A group of guys gather and try to snap pictures with their phones. The couple either doesn't notice or doesn't care.</p> <p>..."Yeah, so gross," I say, but I'm wondering if anyone will ever touch me like that.'</p>
126	<p>"So what do you like to do for fun? What is your idea of beauty?"</p> <p>"Shopping, partying, and... fucking," he laughs.</p>
128	<p>I had no idea that a fifteen-year-old virgin would be such an oddity. It's as if Lorena just told him I had a sixth toe or something. She lost her virginity when she was fourteen and thinks she's some sort of sexpert now.</p>
129	<p>"And who is there for me to have sex with? Please, tell me. Am I supposed to just bang any loser I see?"</p> <p>..."So I'm stuck-up because I don't want to have sex with anyone? Am I hearing that correctly?"</p> <p>...I'm so angry my ears feel as if they're on fire. "Just because you have sex with everything with a penis attached to it doesn't mean you're better than me."</p>

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134	Whenever they run out for a quick errand, though, I hunt for the key. I've even risked stumbling upon sex stuff in their room by searching all of their drawers.
147	"I said hi. Didn't you hear me?" the driver barks. "I have something to show you. You know, 'cause you have nice tits."
180	<p>He leans in for a kiss.</p> <p>My heart is beating so hard I wonder if Connor can feel it. He puts his hands through my hair and holds my neck as if kissing me were some sort of emergency. This is nothing like the time with Ramiro. Connor is gentle with his tongue, and something about the way he touches me makes me feel so wanted.</p> <p>After a while, we finally stop kissing and sit there in awkward silence until we see a woman walking a hairless cat in a puffy jacket.</p>
186	When I think of kissing Connor, I get a little short of breath and my insides feel hot.
193	<p>I think Amá has always been afraid that we'd get molested or have sex.</p> <p>...I wonder if Connor expects us to have sex.</p> <p>...I mean, I like him, and when we make out, it's obvious my body wants it, but what will it mean?</p> <p>...Lorena says I have to shave my pussy before I go.</p> <p>...Lorena sighs. "You have to, or else he's going to get grossed out."</p> <p>"Why did we evolve with hair down there if we didn't need it? Isn't there a reason for it?"</p> <p>...I guess Lorena has a point. "Okay, so tell me how."</p> <p>"What do you mean how? You just do it."</p> <p>"The whole thing?"</p> <p>"Yes, stupid."</p> <p>"What if I cut myself?"</p> <p>"You won't. Just do it slow."</p> <p>"It hurts, right? Not the shaving but the... you know. Ugh. I'm freaking out."</p> <p>Lorena is silent for a few seconds. "At first it does, but then it gets better."q</p>
198	<p>Connor puts down the laptop and kisses me, and though we've kissed many times before, my hands and legs begin to shake. I hope he doesn't notice. We kiss and kiss for so long that my jaw aches. Then he lies on top of me and slips his cold hand under my shirt. After a few minutes, he tries to pull down my jeans, but I have to take my shoes off first. This is the part I was most afraid of. Every time I take my shoes off in someone's house, I remember the time in kindergarten, a roach crawled out of my sneaker. Though it's happened to me only once, I still worry about it every single time. What if there's a roach nestled in there somewhere, ready to ruin me?</p> <p>...."Oh shit, you've never done this before, huh? Are you sure you want to?" He holds my face in his hands and looks straight into my eyes.</p> <p>"Yeah, I'm sure." I nod.</p> <p>Connor looks skeptical.</p> <p>"Don't you feel special? Since you'll be the first? You can strut around wearing a crown, throw some confetti or something."</p> <p>Connor smiles. "So you're absolutely, one hundred percent positive? I don't want to do it if you're not ready. There's no rush, you know."</p> <p>"Yes. Really. Now shut up and kiss me." I laugh and pull him closer.</p> <p>After we kiss for a while, Connor pulls a condom out from under a couch cushion. I guess he was prepared. I look away as he puts it on.</p>

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	<p>My body tightens, bracing itself—it hurts more than I imagined, but I pretend it doesn't. "Is that okay?" he whispers.</p> <p>"Yeah."</p> <p>I'm not sure what to do. Am I supposed to say something or move a certain way? I hold my breath for a long time, my mouth against his neck. Then I wrap my legs around him, grip his back, and inhale. I don't know how to describe his smell exactly—clean and sweaty at the same time—but I like it.</p> <p>Connor kisses my face and then bites my lip, which surprises me. I can't help but gasp. "Sorry," he says, his voice raspy.</p> <p>Though it hurts, kissing and touching him feel amazing. At the same time, I keep thinking I'm doing something dirty. So many feelings all jumbled together. There's also this sensation building, like I have to pee or something. I've never experienced anything like that before. It's not bad, just intense.</p> <p>Once Connor is finished, he kisses my forehead and sighs. I rush to put on my clothes.</p>
201	Maybe sex counts as exercise because I'm also tired as hell, like I just ran laps or something.
203	How do I explain that I bought the box of condoms because I had sex and was terrified to get pregnant? How do I tell Amá that both of her daughters are and were probably impure?
228	Maybe parents think their kids have lost their values, that they've become too Americanized. So is Mexico supposed to teach me not to have sex? Is it supposed to teach me not to kill myself?
239	Dull, dutiful Olga was sexing a married man.
254	<p>The latest dirt is that the lady who owns the most popular burger stand is having sex with her second cousin.</p> <p>...The rumor was that he began dressing like a woman and became a prostitute.</p>
284	"I know I'm not the best mother sometimes. You're just so different, Julia. I've never known how to deal with you, and then after your sister died, I had no idea what I was doing. When I found out you were having sex, I was so scared you'd end up like your cousin Vanessa, alone and with a baby. I don't want you to have that kind of life. I want you to have a good job and get married."
290	Here I thought she was virginal, passive, and complacent, letting the world pass her by, when, in fact, she was letting the world pass her by while having sex with an old married dude, hoping he would one day leave his wife.

Profanity	Count
Ass	24
Bitch	11
Fuck	42
Goddamn	4
Piss	14
Pussy	1
Shit	42
Tit	1