

NICK AND CHARLIE



Book Summary:

Two high school boys in love, are facing the possibility of a break-up when one of them plans to attend college away from home in the coming year.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alcohol use by minors; drug use; profanity; and alternate sexualities.

Young Adult

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	As Head Boy of Truham Grammar School, I've done many things. I got drunk on the wine at parents' evening.
15	"So bloody romantic. I can't believe I'm gonna have to find a new couple to cockblock at uni."
17	When we first started going out, we didn't tell people for a while. We didn't really know how people would react to us, so it was safer to just be low-key. There hadn't been an openly gay couple in our school, well, ever, as far as we knew, and I'd been bullied a lot when I was outed.
23	Things me and Charlie do together at our houses include: Play video games. Watch TV and films. Watch YouTube videos. Homework. Coursework. Revision. Nap. Make out. Have sex. Sit in the same room on different laptops in silence. Play board games. Make food. Make drinks. Get drunk. Plan trips to concerts. Plan holidays. Build pillow forts. Have sex in a pillow fort (okay, it was only once, but it did happen, I swear).
24	The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts two young men on a bed. One of the men is lying back against the headboard while the other young man straddles his lap. They are kissing.
28	Then, as I'm in the middle of a sentence, he rolls onto his side and pulls me down by the back of my neck for a kiss, which sort of takes me by surprise because we're long past the stage of needing to make out every time we're alone. After a few seconds I go to move backwards, but he just pulls me farther down. I laugh against his lips and I feel him smile too, but neither of us stop and after a minute or so I feel my hand subconsciously reach to run through his hair. This is a bit of an odd time of day for us to be doing this, but it's difficult to care, especially when he surges forward so he's lying on top of me. ...He moves back down, tilts his head, and says, "Not really," and then his lips are on mine.
33	Anonymous said: Everyone should go into uni single!! University years are your sexiest years!! Gotta bang as many people as you can!!!!
34	I open the camera on my phone and before he has the chance to say anything about it, I kiss him on the cheek and take the photo like that. Nick laughs again. "Oh, you're doing that on the internet now, are you?" ...I wrap my arms around him. "You know it's what they all want." "At least let me sort out my hair." "It looks good when it's wet." We lean our heads together and I make a peace sign with one hand and take another picture. Then I take one of us actually kissing, but I don't put that one on Tumblr. The illustration on this page depicts two young men on a bed kissing. One of them is taking a photo of them kissing.

Page	Content
54	<p>By two, people will be asleep in corridors, breaking away into different rooms to mess around, and getting high in the garden.</p> <p>...As soon as we're inside and Tori's gone off to find her friends, Charlie speed-walks towards the kitchen for drinks. The kitchen table, as expected, is covered in bottles and plastic cups, and once we reach it Charlie downs a vodka shot, and then another one. I think this might be the point where I need to actually say something.</p> <p>...He looks at me and takes a sip of the vodka-lemonade he just made. "Hm?"</p> <p>...He looks away again and pours a drop more vodka into his drink.</p>
55	<p>He lied to people at school for months about his anorexia.</p>
56	<p>"We should get drunk."</p> <p>I chuckle. "I'm driving."</p> <p>"Oh."</p> <p>"You get drunk."</p> <p>"I plan to."</p>
57	<p>"I want a drunk hookup in the bathroom later," he murmurs, and then he walks off before I have the chance to answer him.</p>
59	<p>Oh, and c) I am getting drunk.</p> <p>Very drunk.</p> <p>It doesn't take a lot to get me drunk, which is extremely useful for situations like this, where Year 13s are everywhere and no one will shut up about leaving school and prom and summer and university and I just want to go home.</p> <p>...It's eleven o'clock now and I've lost count of how many vodka-lemonades I've had, and I'm having to stay seated on an armchair next to Tao in the conservatory because standing up is proving quite difficult at the moment.</p>
63	<p>His are unfocused and he's blinking a lot—he's drunk, all right. "You okay?"</p>
69	<p>Then he pulls me towards him with one arm and kisses me.</p> <p>I quickly discover drunk kisses are not fun when one person is sober—I can feel the dampness of his cheeks and he tastes of alcohol.</p> <p>...I gently push Charlie off me. "No. You're drunk."</p> <p>...He staggers and grabs on to my arm with both hands. "Come on, let's go upstairs."</p>
71	<p>"Like one minute you're seriously pissed off with me and the next you want to get off with me!"</p>
114	<p>What our life is like now. Chilling round each other's houses, going on walks, eating together, sleeping together.</p>
123	<p>I send him another picture two hours later. The one of us kissing that I took on my phone.</p>
136	<p>"Sorry I got drunk and made out with you in front of everyone. And cried."</p>
137	<p>He tilts his head up again and kisses me and I haven't felt like this happy for weeks, months, maybe ever, and something is different too, something I can't quite place.</p>
139	<p>The illustrations depicted on the bottom of the page depict two young men kissing.</p>

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141	We walk up and down the beach, talking, and we walk up the pier and sit on the bench at the end and talk and kiss, and then we get the blanket I keep in my car and find a spot on the beach to sit down and then lie down and just be silent for a while.
146	<p>And then one minute we're lying there and the next we're kissing, and it's not like this is anything particularly new, but it feels new. It feels like we've been forced apart for a century and this is our reunion, a mix of relief and desperation, both of us clinging to each other on his bed, and when Nick breaks away to kiss my neck I just stop thinking entirely.</p> <p>...We kiss for a long time, like it's two years ago and we're on Nick's lounge sofa trying to watch a film. Impossible. I can't think about anything else when he's running his hands so gently through my hair, across my back, over my hips. I ask if we should take our clothes off and he's saying yes before I've even finished my sentence, and then he's pulling my T-shirt off and laughing when I can't undo his shirt buttons, he's undoing my belt, I'm reaching into his bedside drawer for a condom, we're kissing again, we're rolling over—obviously you can see where this is going.</p> <p>I don't know if it's because we're feeling especially emotional, or we're just tired, or these past couple of weeks have been too much, but this time reminds me so much of the first time we had sex. We were both fucking terrified, and the whole thing was kind of terrible because we didn't know what we were doing. But it was good too, so good, because we were a mess of emotions and we were scared and excited and everything felt new. So, this sort of feels like that. Nick touches me like he's scared that any minute I could disintegrate forever. When we're finally undressed completely he just stops and stares like he's trying to memorize every second of this. When we're moving he keeps saying my name over and over until I find it too ridiculous and tell him to shut up, but he just grins and keeps on saying it anyway, whispering it against my skin just to make me laugh. I hold him so tight against me, as if that'll keep us here, keep him here with me.</p> <p>...Afterwards we lie there for a while, Nick's head on my chest and our legs entwined. I reach over to his bedside table and turn the radio on, noticing that it's gone three a.m.—how did that happen?</p> <p>..."Nick!" I grab his phone and check the photo as he laughs gleefully.</p> <p>"Nothing like a post-sex candid."</p>
150	The illustrations on this page depict two nude young men partially covered by a blanket, lying together on a bed.
163	However, if Ignatius is British, I would advise that you tell him to: drink lots of water, not operate a vehicle, and don't even think about texting any of his exes. Because if he's British and pissed, that means he's drunk drunk drunk.

Profanity	Count
Cock	1
Dick	3
Fuck	21
Shit	12