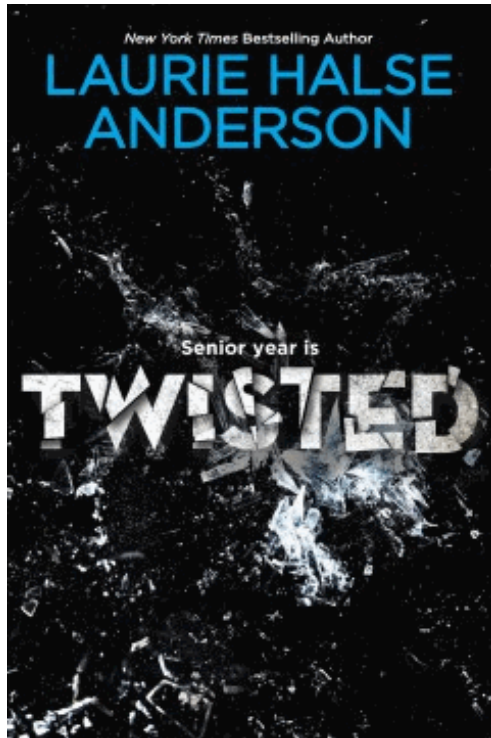


TWISTED



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Laurie Halse Anderson

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2 /5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
16	Bethany Milbury pushes me against the hood of my cherry-red, turbocharged Testarossa. "I love fast cars," she whispers, soapy fingers in my hair. "This is the fastest," I say. "I've been waiting so long for you, Tyler..." Her head tilts, her lips open, I am so ready for this.
47	Bethany sucked some frosting off her finger and moaned. The moan woke up my trouser snake (Down, boy! Down, I say!) so I wandered up to the kitchen to get some forks and paper towels and room to breathe.
54	Bethany inside. Offer to wash the car with your tongue.
67	As soon as we pulled out of the driveway, Hannah peeled off the shirt Mom made her wear and revealed a scrap of fabric that was just barely keeping her boobs under control. Yoda drove up on the curb and almost clipped a mailbox. Sisters should not have boobs.
68	All over school, guys were walking into walls and opening lockers, losing concentration mid-sentence, and having to stop at fountains to drink a gallon of water while waiting for their boners to calm down.
108	Online porn = you don't want to know
119	...a party that smelled in equal parts of cologne, beerpuke, peppermints, and weed.
125	I was Wolfman, the Hulk, Casanova, the last man on earth with the last woman, ready and willing and very, very hot. Her lips were warm and sweet, and if her breath was a little nasty, well, that didn't bother my hard-on one bit. Her hand moved down my chest (yes! Yes!) and she pressed herself against me and suddenly my arms were around her and the noise from the party was fading away and my hand traced the curve of her back and I realized that under her fairy leaf skirt she was wearing those tights and under those tights absolutely nothing, and then, and then... ...B: No, not like this- she's wasted. ...H: Do you see where her hand is? God, that feels good. Can't you feel that? B: She's drunk. You can't do this. It's wrong. H: I want to do this. B: Really? You want to go to school and say you scored with Bethany Milbury when she was so drunk she barely knew her name? ...H: You're an asshole. I hate you. B: She need to eat something and drink some water. Don't let her drink anymore beer.
145	"Yeah. Drunk. So I blew her off and she got mad. She said some bithcy things..."
204	I licked the barrel and closed my eyes. I will pull this trigger and a bullet will rip through my skull at eight hundred miles an hour. I will pull this trigger and my brains will detonate. I will pull this trigger and fall. No, not sitting, not sitting on his bed. I stood up.

Page	Content
	<p>I stuck the gun deeper in my mouth, pointed up at the target. My hands shook, teeth chattering on the frozen barrel. Homo, fuge. I opened my eyes to watch it reach out for me. I wanted to see Death up close and personal. I wanted to shake His hand. Homo, fuge. I could see my legs from the knees up, my sweatshirt, my neck, chin, hand wrapped around the grip of the Beretta, but that was it. Dad had positioned the mirror on the wall for his height. I was too tall. To watch myself die, I'd have to hunch over a little. I was bigger than my father. I pulled the gun out of my mouth. The barrel was wet. My teeth ached like I had been chewing on aluminum foil.</p>
224	<p>I wait until he's in arms reach. I wait until he hits me, until he's off balance and unprepared. I punch him square in the middle of his body. I collapse his lungs and stop his heart. He drops to the ground. I stood up. "No, Bill, no!" Mom shrieked as she stepped between us and grabbed Dad. ...As the words hit, Mom's head snapped up and her chin jutted forward. I pick him up by the throat and lift him slowly until his feet dangle three inches from the floor. He can't make a sound. His fingers claw desperately at my hands. His feet kick. I squeeze.</p>
229	<p>"Shut up, shut up, shut up!" Dad yelled, his fists balled tight. There was a click, a faint click that I felt more than I heard. Something snapped. I picked up the bat. I brought it up in a perfect arc to achieve maximum velocity and force, then smashed it into the model train set.... ...The temporary rivets holding me together loosened, glowing hot under the pressure that prevented me from turning the bat on my father and breaking it over his head until he was a pile of splintered bone and broken track, beating him until the wheels came off. I hit the train table harder so I wouldn't hit him. Mom screamed again and Hannah was there, and Dad finally stepped back and I stopped. All I could hear was my breath coming fast, hard, and loud, like I was underwater and wearing an oxygen mask connected to a heavy tank strapped on my back, and the only sound that could fit in my head was the rasping air going in and out of my lungs.</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	6
Shit	8