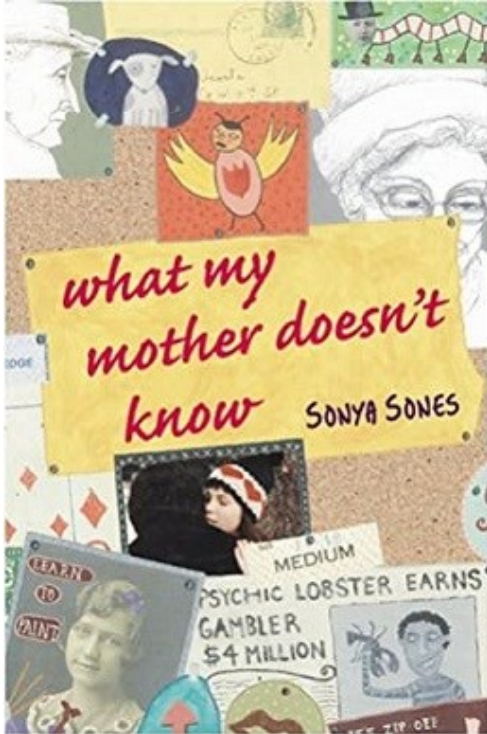


WHAT MY MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW



Young Adult

By Sonya Sones

ISBN: 978-0-689-84114-0

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

A young woman describes her past relationships with young men.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory term use; and hate involving antisemitism.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	And he had such smoldery dark eyes that I felt I'd been zapped smack into the middle of an R-rated movie and everyone else in the car was just going to fade away and this guy and I were going to start making out, right then and there, without ever having said one word to each other.
6	All I have to do is close my eyes and I can feel his lips, the way they felt that very first time. I can feel the heat of them, parting just slightly, brushing across my cheek, moving closer and closer still to my mouth, till I can hardly breathe, hardly bear to wait for them to press onto mine.
9	That never used to happen when Lou kissed me. And he's the only other boy I've ever made out with. "Has he tried to get to second base?" Grace wants to know.
26	We're searching the campus, hand glued to hand, hip glued to hip, looking for a place behind every hedge, for just one small and private spot where we can be alone long enough to do the serious kissing that we absolutely can't live without for one more minute.
42	Just last spring that drooly tongue was in my mouth. More than once.
43	Listening to Grace moan about how horny she is and about how if she doesn't find a boyfriend soon she's going to die of lackonookie disease,...
46	Sometimes on chilly nights I stand close to my bedroom window, unbutton my nightgown, and press my breasts against the cold glass just so I can see the amazing trick that my nipples can do.
65	And then he kisses me and his I'm-sorry kisses are so sweet that for a second I find myself thinking it was almost worth having the fight.
74	Dylan says when I meet his mother today I shouldn't mention that I'm Jewish. I say okay, but can I tell her about the HIV positive thing?
75	I'm remembering what the man said as he shoved open his car door: "God damn kikes!" I'm remembering the look on my mother's face, the way her hand flew up to her cheek, as though she'd been slapped. And I'm remembering the first thought that came into my head: Do we look that Jewish?
76	She says they were swarming all over her like flies and everyone kept trying to Jew her down on the prices. I glance over at Dylan to see his reaction to what she's said. He just laughs and says, "That's how people are at garage sales, Mom." I don't know which is worse- the fact that she said it, or the fact that it didn't even faze him.
101	I burst out laughing and suddenly find myself imagining what his laugh sounds like, and what his lips look like, and how they'd feel covering mine.
110	Tonight Chaz asked me: "What's your favorite thing to do?" I wasn't sure what to say so I just wrote back: "I don't know. What's yours?" He's not real quick at typing, but I had to wait even longer than usual for his answer to pop onto my screen : "I like to jerk off in libraries."

Page	Content
137	I can feel the heat of his hands penetrating the thin fabric of my dress at the small of my back. His fingers roam up to my shoulders, melting away my shyness, as he draws me close enough to feel my breasts against his chest. We move together, breathe together, my hands gripping his shoulders, his thigh pressed between mine.
142	I never thought it would happen this way- with the guy standing closest to me suddenly bursting out laughing and grabbing my breasts with his slimy paws, squeezing them for a split second that seems to last forever. I never once envisioned the devirginization of my breasts happening like this, with the guy and his scumbag buddy slapping five afterwards as though he'd just done something to be proud of, the two of them snickering and nudging each other, the one who did it whispering, "I told you they were real. You owe me five bucks."
175	I sip my tea while eavesdropping on two women discussing the relative merits of their male masseuses, and try to imagine what it would be like to be lying naked underneath a sheet while a strange man rubbed oil all over my body.
208	I'm dreaming of the man in Le Bal a Bougival, of him kissing me, again and again. I'm dreaming of his lips sizzling all the cells in my body, of wishing he would remove every stitch of my clothes. I'm dreaming of him slowly unbuttoning my blouse, the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of buttons on my blouse. But just as the last one is undone and he reaches out to do what my eyes are commanding him to do, he turns into Murphy. And in my dream this only makes me want him more. His fingers move towards me in slow motion and I'm burning to know how his hands will feel cupping the lace of my bra-...
213	I made something for you too, but it's a surprise. I can't wait see your sperm panties and show you my tan.
228	And he answers with a kiss.
237	I'm coming home Saturday (New Year's Eve!) and I'm planning on having just about the most delirious make-out session with Henry.
242	Then we sink back into the cushions of the couch and kiss the New Year in, his body pressing so tightly to mine that I feel my breath quickening, my heart pounding against his- But suddenly the key turns in the lock of the front door- and a second later, when his parents walk into the living room, they find us sitting at opposite ends of the couch, utterly engrossed in the TV.
247	And I give each of them a pair of sperm panties, which they absolutely flip out over.

Derogatory Term	Count
God damn	1
Kike	1