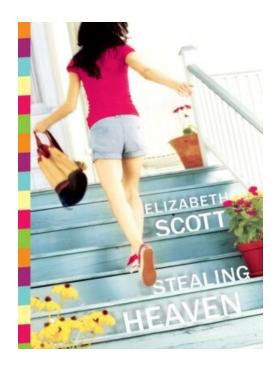


## STEALING HEAVEN



Young Adult

## **Book Summary:**

A teenage girl and her mother use their feminine wiles to steal from others.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including minors with adults; profanity; references to suicide and drug use; and alcohol use involving minors.

## By Elizabeth Scott

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Chapter and Location	Content	
	Mom doesn't come home that night but she's back in the morning, lying on the sofa with her eyes closed when I come downstairs. There's a hickey on her neck.	
Chapter 5 Location 342	I think the hickey has gotten even bigger while I've been gone.	
Chapter 5 Location 344	"What's going on with you?" "Nothing." She sighs. "It's just a hickey, baby. You shouldn't be so uptight. You're young, have some fun once in a while."	
	Mom looks blank for a second. "Richard? No, no. Robert. Nice guy. Very sweet. Good kisser." She laughs when I blush. "He told me a bunch of stories—gossip, mostly—but a few of them"	
	I was fifteen the first and only time I had sex. The guy's name was Roger, he was twenty, and he and Mom had hooked up. He was a waiter at some resort she was checking out, and she fell for him as much as she ever does anyone, which isn't much at all. They were together about three weeks.	
-	I can still remember hearing him come up behind me, how I held my breath and just waited. Hoped. I suppose since he was so much older I should say he took advantage of me or something, but the truth is I wanted him so bad even my teeth hurt with it and the sex was amazing. I know first times aren't supposed to be great, but Roger had plenty of practice. What wasn't amazing was waking up alone afterward and hearing him and Mom talking in the hall. "Did you just do what I think you did?" "Wait, you're mad? The other day you said you could tell I thought she was hot." Mom laughed. "You're a piece of work." "Hey, you said you wanted the best for her. What was I supposed to think?"	
	"Yeah, a jackass," Mom said, but her voice was light, like it always was when she talked to guys, and I heard them kiss. He'd just fucked me and then gone and kissed her. He was okay with it. She was okay with it. The only one who wasn't okay with it was me.	
	People my age are dragged to these things, stand around drinking, and then head off to get high and/ or plot ways to escape.	
-	I grab a drink at the bar, where the bartender is so busy he doesn't even have time to pretend he wants to see proof I'm twenty-one, and then walk around the room slowly, listening to conversations.	
Chapter 10 Location 780	I'm asked if I know where someone named Red is by a very stoned girl and her equally stoned date.	
	After I get asked if I want something to "help me relax" by a guy who puts his hand on my ass, I hit the bar again and then head outside, feeling a little dizzy from all the people walking around (and okay, the drinks).	
	"Yeah," he says, moving closer, and I can tell he's going to try and kiss me. I could let him. No one can fool you like you can fool yourself—Mom says that all the time—but it's just one kiss, a kiss from a great-looking guy. Just a connection, no matter how brief, with someone.	



Chapter and Location	Content
	"So," Mom says, interrupting my thoughts. "Who were you with over in the corner? I saw you as I was leaving. Next time try a closet. They're more private and a lot more fun." She winks at me.
	"You—" I don't quite know what to say. I mean, I do—you tried to kill yourself—but his expression is this weird mix of pain and embarrassment and what looks like a kind of angry fear, and what I end up saying is, "You have them on your other arm too."
•	"I kept thinking about what I'd said to him, about what he'd said to me. So, the day after the funeral, I took all the drugs I had and then opened a package of razor blades. I don't even remember doing it, I was so gone. Dad's partner found me. He'd come over to see how Mom was doing, came back to my room to talk to me. I was so fucked up I didn't do a very good job, just hacked my skin up, mostly, and so he patched me up, had a doctor friend of his come over and check on me later so I wouldn't have to go to the hospital. So Mom wouldn't have to go back to the hospital."
Chapter 14 Location 1391	"Hey," he says, "you okay?" and for a second—just a second only, I swear—I wish he'd kiss me.
Chapter 15 Location 1422	"Or are you checking out my ass?"
Chapter 22 Location 2193	A cop is going to kiss me. Greg is going to kiss me, and I want him to. I want him to kiss me.
Chapter 22 Location 2212	"You're not sleeping with him?" Her voice is very sharp now.
•	He pulled us over because someone has been selling coke in Heaven and he'd seen Mom earlier, driving around waiting for me, and decided she was carrying drugs.
	"Dani," he says, and then he kisses me. He kisses me and I kiss him back and when we separate I feel like the whole world has tilted sideways.

<b>Profanity</b>	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	2
Fuck	2
Goddamn	1
Piss	7
Shit	14