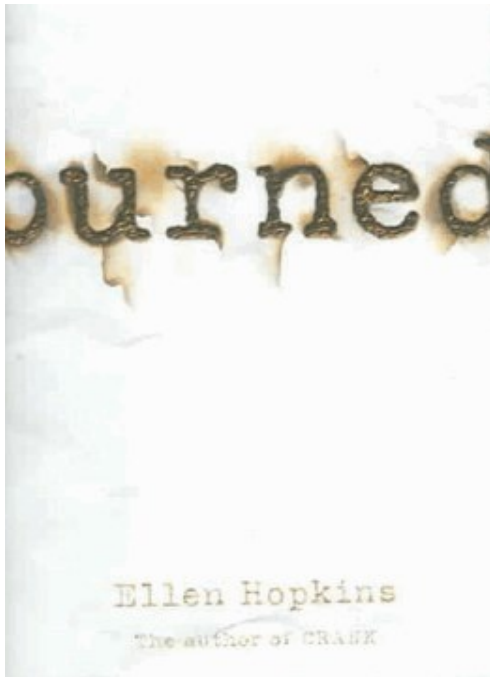


BURNED



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-4169-0355-0

CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; suicidal ideation; and violence including child abuse.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
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Page	Content
3	But I do know things really began to spin out of control after my first sex dream. As sex dreams go, there wasn't much sex, just a collage of very hot kisses, and Justin Proud's hands, exploring every inch of my body, at my fervent invitation.
16	Mar. 17 I dreamed about Justin last night. Dreamed he kissed me, and I kissed him back, and I let him touch me all over my body and I woke up all hot and blushing.
46	I was nobody. Someday, would another nobody slide his arm around my substantial waist, walk his hand up under my homemade blouse? And would I draw back into the curve of him, close my eyes, and take pleasure in his heat?
121	Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest.
122	...and let Derek pull me up into his lap. And when he kissed me, I full-on kissed back. I even let his hands wander. At first I said no, of course. I really thought I wasn't' at all that kind of girl. Guess what. I am! ...Then he slid his hands around the front of me, lifting my breasts and touching my nipples. I wouldn't let him go under my blouse, but even over my clothes, the way he made my body feel is hard to describe. Alive.
125	I wanted to be with him all the time, wanted the taste of his lips on mine, his roaming fingers on my hungry skin.
130	One problem with alcohol is the more you drink it the more you want it. If a little lets you forget and bit of your pain, more lets you crawl into a fuzzy space where nothing hurts at all. Amen. Saturdays became drinking days-don't think the irony is one iota lost on me. Derek would meet me in the desert, painkiller in hand. First beer, then hard stuff.
131	The higher I got, the harder it got to hang on to my jeans.
132	He almost got his chance the fist Saturday in May. I'd gone for my usual "target practice," which by then, of course, meant an overheated session with Derek. By noon, we had downed a half pint of tequila, my buttons were askew, and Derek was trying to escape his zipper when I noticed a lone figure striding our way.
136	..."Is it a woman's role to keep silent when her husband hits her?"
153	He only used you for sex.
154	Not only that, he said it was lousy sex.
159	"Love is just another word for sex."
160	Sex? Sex! Tell me what you know about sex! Did that awful boy touch you? Put it in you? ..."Put what in me?" You know very well what I'm talking about. Did he take his pants off? Did you let him? ..."Don't you want to have sex, Mom?"
226	When I refused, he put the gun barrel against my cheek, pulled it gently toward my temple.
299	A time or two, cradled in his lap, kissing until his desire became obvious, I had almost wanted to.

Page	Content
327	His body settled gently upon mine. He kissed my eyes, my lips, my neck, then his mouth crept softly down the length of my torso.
328	We shed our shirts, unzipped our jeans, and would have made love right that minute except for just about then...
332	Has anyone ever told you how great you look with your shirt off?
340	After dinner, Ethan and I talked. Talked and kissed. Kissed and touched. Touched.
372	And so he kissed me, everywhere, making me want to say yes even more. And he wanted me, too, and he showed me how to make him want me more. It all felt so right, so how it should be, that I begged him not to stop. But he paused, long enough to find the protection he'd brought along.
376	A couple more beers made Daddy's face disappear, but mostly because the rest of the day is pretty much a blur.
377	And I settled into his arms, minus the buzz, plus a pounding headache, and I said, "Make love to me."
378	Okay, we did it. Ethan and I made love. Twice. The first time it kind of hurt, and maybe I had too much beer to really understand what a big step it was. Huge. ...The second time it was better, even if I didn't feel so hot. (My first hangover-ugh!)
411	Sometimes Dad gets home, already half-drunk. I always hope he'll get home totally drunk so maybe he'll pass out right away.
412	He can't hit Mom because of the baby.
441	Don't panic, Pattyn, but the condom tore.
446	Because then Dad wouldn't just hit me. He'd hit you, too.
463	...omitting only the part about making love.
472	As I wiggle off in new form-fitting jeans, I heard Carmen hiss, Are you checking her out?
476	Especially those liberal loudmouths.
492	At the moment I lifted defensive arms, Dad caught my throat, held tight, applied pressure. And as his calloused hands closed tight, I barely heard his snarl, betraying absolutely no pit. You don't know what sorry is, little girl. But you will.
496	I couldn't be pregnant, could I? (Could!)
505	One of my worst nightmares has come true. I'm pregnant.
530	Plans made I'm sitting on the hard cement railing of a freeway overpass. Legs dangling, I watch the unrelenting motion of normal people in daily transit. Mind-boggling, how so many separate lives travel in such remarkable unison. Soul searching, I know that I will never squeeze into such a common mold. Brain racing, I struggle to reach a decision. God, however He is, only knows which way I'll go. Heart breaking, I think that if Dad, staring down the sight of a 10mm, would only tell me he loves me, I could easily change my mind... ...but he won't.

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	3
Fag	1
Fuck	6
Gook	1
Piss	2