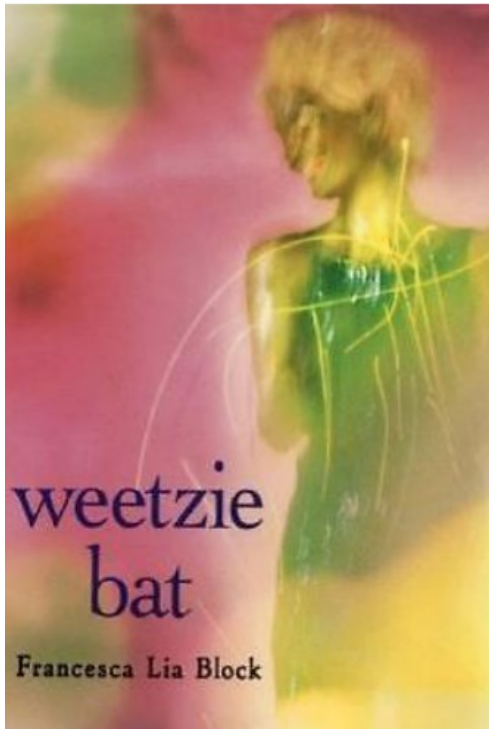


WEETZIE BAT



Young Adult

By Francesca Lia Block

ISBN: 978-0-06-165131-1

Book Summary:

A high school girl leaves her parent's home and becomes a part of an unconventional family.

Summary of Concerns:

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

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	"I'm into Indians," she said. "They were here first and we treated them like shit."
4	They drank beers or bright-colored canned Club drinks in Jerry and told each other how cool they were.
8	"What were you going to tell me?" Weetzie asked. "I'm gay," Dirk said.
12	The walls were covered with graffiti for his band, Head of Skin, and there was a mattress in one corner. Weetzie glimpsed the handcuffs for a second before Buzz had her down on the mattress.
13	He had met someone in a video booth at a local sex store and they had groped around there for a while, then gone to the guy's apartment.
14	She met a toothy blonde Surf Duck, who, she learned later, was sleeping with everyone. ...Dirk saw him at an all-boy party kissing all the boys.
19	They made love in the heat in Brandy-Lynn's bungalow, the filmy white drapes blowing with an occasional desert breeze. They drank tequila sunrises and bathed in gin. "That was your father's idea." They drove to the beach and made love in a tent under a pink-flamingo sky.
20	When Weetzie was born Charlie said, "Best accident I ever had." (He had crashed the T-bird twice, because Brandy-Lynn was distracting him with kisses.) ...And Brandy-Lynn said, "That man was incorrigible. Chasing women. A real lush. And who knows what other substances he was abusing." She downed her cocktail and patted the corners of her mouth with a cherry-printed napkin held in tanned and polished fingers. "I need a Valium."
37	They slept together every night after that until the rain stopped on the seventh night.
44	He kissed her. A kiss about apple pie à la mode with the vanilla creaminess melting in the pie heat. A kiss about chocolate, when you haven't eaten chocolate in a year. A kiss about palm trees speeding by, trailing pink clouds when you drive down the Strip sizzling with champagne. A kiss about spotlights fanning the sky and the swollen sea spilling like tears all over your legs. And there were a lot more of those kisses after that. On the motorcycle, in the restrooms of nightclubs, in the bathtub, in the pink bedroom. In between kisses My Secret Agent Lover Man made films of Weetzie putting her hands and feet into the movie-star prints at Graumann's, serving French toast at Duke's, dressing up in Fifi's gowns, roller-skating down the Venice boardwalk with Slinkster Dog pulling her along, Weetzie having a pow-wow and taking bubblebaths.
49	"I feel like Cinderella," Weetzie said, driving around in the T-bird, wearing her kimono jacket, while My Secret Agent Lover Man covered her with kisses, and Dirk and Duck and Slinkster Dog crooned along with the radio.
52	Slinkster Dog wriggled with joy, and Weetzie kissed My Secret Agent Lover Man and held Go-Go Girl against her chest. ..."Yeah," Duck said. "I saw it on that talk show once. These two gay guys and their best friend all slept together so no one would know for sure whose baby it was. And then they had this really cool little girl and they all raised her, and it was so cool, and when someone

Page	Content
	in the audience said, 'What sexual preference do you hope she has?' they all go together, they go, 'Happiness.' Isn't that cool?"
54	Weetzie kissed him and ran her hands through his hair. "Let's take a bath," she said. They lit candles and incense, and made Kahlua and milks, and got into the bathtub in the pink-and-aqua-tiled bathroom. Weetzie felt as if she were turning into steam and milk and honey. She massaged My Secret Agent Lover Man's pale, clenched back with aloe vera oil and pikake lotion. "If I was ever going to have a baby, it would be with you, Miss Weetzie," he said after they had made love. ...Weetzie just kissed his fingers and his throat, but she didn't say anything about the plan.
55	They were buzzing from the beer and from the burning neon-green wasabe and the pink ginger and from the massive protein dose of sushi.
64	Weetzie put out her arms, and he came and sat on the bed and held her very tight. Then he looked at Cherokee. "Whose is she?" he asked. "She is so completely perfect." "She looks like Dirk," Weetzie said. "Because of her cheekbones." My Secret Agent Lover Man's mouth twitched a little. "And she looks like Duck," Weetzie said. "Because she is blonde... And her nose." My Secret Agent Lover Man wrinkled his brow. "And she looks like me, of course, because she is so itsy-witsy and silly-looking," Weetzie said, laughing. "But really, she absolutely has no one else's eyes but yours, and your pretty lips. I think she's all of ours," Weetzie said. "I hope that is okay with you." Dirk and Duck came into the room. "We missed you," Dirk said. "And we hope you stay around and help raise our kid." My Secret Agent Lover Man smiled. Weetzie held Cherokee against her breast. Cherokee looked like a three-dad baby, like a peach, like a tiny moccasin, like a girl love-warrior who would grow up to wear feathers and run swift and silent through the L.A. canyons.
72	"Like you saw maggots in the sink, and then they were gone, and someone hanged himself in the backyard, and you started to leave but Vixen or Vixanne or whatever seduced you and you slept together just like in your movie, right, Max?" Weetzie said. ..."That's right," he said. "I was very sick then, Weetzie, and now there is more. I left the next day. We only slept together once. It was a terrible thing. But now she says she is pregnant and she needs money for the abortion, so I gave her money, and now she'll leave us alone. But I had to speak to her because she is very powerful and she could have made you sick, too."
90	Charlie was dreaming of a city where everyone was always young and lit up like a movie, palm trees turned into tropical birds, Marilyn-blond angels flew through the spotlight rays, the cars were the color of candied mints and filled with lovers making love as they drove down the streets paved with stars that had fallen from the sky.
92	"Weetzie," he said, kissing her mouth.

Profanity	Count
Shit	5