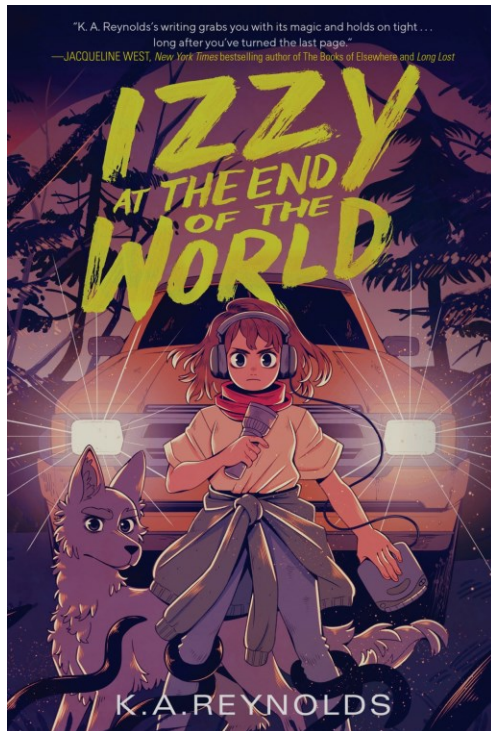


# IZZY AT THE END OF THE WORLD



*Juvenile*

**By K. A. Reynolds**

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## **Book Summary:**

Fourteen-year-olds search for their family and community members upon their disappearance during an alien invasion.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains violence; death of a parent; references to suicide; inexplicit sexual activities; alternate gender ideologies; and alternate sexualities.

**2**/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
64	Earlier, when Daphne, the biggest nightmare imaginable, found out I was attracted to girls and boys, she laughed and told me I was “confused” and to “pick a side.”
88	<p>“My name is Izzy Wilder. My pronouns are she/ her.” Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the kid smile.</p> <p>...“Oh, and my pronouns are he/ him, at least for now. Thanks for including yours, too.”</p>
116	<p>“Me and my mom moved to Townshend a few weeks ago after we inherited my great-aunt Frida’s house. We used to live in Norway, Maine. You’ve probably never heard of it. It’s small. Anyway. I’m homeschooled. Have been since kindergarten. Funny story. My mom planned to homeschool me right away. But I pitched a massive fit and she let me try traditional school.” He laughed. “Well. I wasn’t even there a day before I snuck out and walked home alone because . . . uh, I was bullied for wearing a skirt.” My blood fired up on Raven’s behalf. He aimed his amber eyes onto me. “I don’t get what the big deal is. Why people push gender onto colors and clothes. Anyway, I decided I didn’t want to go to such a dumb school and never went back.”</p> <p>...Raven stroked Akka’s ears. “My mom’s the best, though. She told me I should dress how I wanted and to never give anyone the power to tell me who I am or want to be. Ever.”</p>
186	<p>I smile-glared at him and thought of Nora. “Okay, okay. But listen. True story. Last year I told my best friend I had a crush on her.”</p> <p>Raven blasted out of his funk fast. “You did not.”</p> <p>“Yeah, I did. That was rough. But I had to do it. If I hadn’t admitted my feelings for her, I’d have wondered if she felt the same way every day until uncertainty broke me apart.” I picked my nails. “I owed it to our friendship to know the truth, no matter how hard it was hearing her tell me she didn’t want a ‘love thing’ to get in the way of our ‘best friend thing.’”</p> <p>...“This? Yeaah. That would be my dad’s Taser I forgot to mention.” Raven’s tone went cold. “He’s a cop. I liberated it from his private stash a while back thinking I might need it.”</p> <p>“Wait. You had a police-issue Taser on you this whole time? When those uglies were hunting us?” I perched my hands on my hips like I’d seen Grams do a million times. “And you didn’t mention it?”</p> <p>He cringed. “Sorry. I don’t like this thing. Or my dad, for that matter. And the Taser only has one use.” A shadow dragged over him. “My dad used to threaten me with it.”</p> <p>I startled like I’d been pushed, and every bit of me fired up mad. “Did he . . . hurt you?”</p> <p>Raven focused on Akka, who’d come to sit at his side. “Sometimes. But not with this.”</p> <p>...“Yeah, he’s a bad guy. He never really liked me, you know?” He gestured to his stolen blouse. “The way I dress. My nail polishes. That someone’s gender doesn’t stop me from like-liking them.”</p>
228	<p>My brain just kept saying no as I replayed those three words: Died by suicide.</p> <p>...Raven whispered something, but all I heard was, Suicide. Suicide. Suicide.</p>
229	My mom didn’t die of cancer. She died of suicide.
230	In my heart, I knew this was wrong. I knew Mom couldn’t help it. I knew suicide was a disease stemming from mental illness. That it wasn’t her fault, like my depression and anxiety wasn’t mine.
255	She didn’t die from cancer like Grams and Pops said. She died by suicide.

Page	Content
319	<p>“Raven?”</p> <p>“Yes, Izzy?” He told his mom to hang on and she ducked back inside.</p> <p>“Um, would it be okay if I kissed you?”</p> <p>Raven snapped up in shock. Then nodded quick and nervous and shy.</p> <p>When our lips met, for a moment, we shone. Everything we shared—every memory, thought, worry, and joy beamed from us like a bit of awkward magic.</p> <p>But there was no fear.</p> <p>“That was . . .” Raven ran a hand through his hair.</p> <p>“Yeah.”</p>