

| Page | Content |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | <p>Think about all those little rituals that sustain you throughout your day- from the moment you wake up until the last, lonely midnight hour when you guzzle a gallon of NyQuil to drown out the persistent voice in your head. The one that whispers you should give up, give in, that tomorrow won't be better than today. Think about the absurdity of brushing your teeth, of arguing with your mother over the appropriateness of what you're wearing to school, of homework, of grade-point averages and boyfriends and hot school lunches. And life. Think about the absurdity of life.</p> |
| 2 | <p>Like kissing, for instance. You wouldn't let a stranger off the street spit into your mouth, but you'll swap saliva with the boy or girl who makes your heart race and your pits sweat and gives you boners at the worst fucking times. You'll stick your tongue into his mouth or her mouth or their mouth, and let them reciprocate without stopping to consider where else their tongue has been...</p> |
| 3 | <p>...shoving your tongue into the bacterial minefield of your girlfriend's mouth...</p> |
| 10 | <p>Part of me wonders if the sluggers send pervy pics back to their home planet for their alien buddies to mock.</p> |
| 10 | <p>Jesse Franklin frequently saw me naked and claimed to enjoy it, but he was my boyfriend...</p> |
| 14 | <p>It was pure bliss, like I'd ejaculated a chorus of baby angels from every pore of my body.</p> |
| 26 | <p>He divided his time between watching porn, masturbating, and trying to figure out ways to score liquor to impress his mouth-breather friends. I was convinced that high school transformed boys into porn-addicted, chronic-masturbating alcoholics. ...Rich teenage boys are also porn-addicted, chronic-masturbating alcoholics, but they have access to better porn and booze.</p> |
| 28 | <p>I'm not going to lie: it made me want to masturbate.</p> |
| 29 | <p>..."Space Boy sucks alien dick,"...</p> |
| 29 | <p>People have a lot of theories about why boys fall behind in school when they become teenagers, but all I'm saying is that I'd probably get a lot more schoolwork done if I didn't have a dick.</p> |
| 31 | <p>He dug his thumb into my cheek and eliminated the remaining space between our bodies, his kiss impatient and rough. His scruff scraped my lips, he ran his hands up my back and across my cheeks and down the front of my pants so quickly, I could hardly react. "Cold hands!" I ducked out of Marcus's crushing hug to peek over the top of the stall door and make certain we were still alone. I buttoned my pants and adjusted myself. ..."Awesome, right?" He zipped up and pulled me by the back of the neck into another kiss, but it felt like he was trying to excavate my face with his tongue.</p> |
| 32 | <p>He smacked my ass so hard, I could already feel the welt rising.</p> |
| 45 | <p>He didn't even have to say hello when he saw me because he was too busy slipping his tongue into my mouth and putting his hands down my pants. It would</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | have been sweet if I thought he were actually happy to see me rather than just plain horny. |
| 46 | Marcus grabbed his crotch. "I've got something you could-" ..."Oh." Marcus twisted my nipple. I slapped his hand away. "Dick!" |
| 47 | On the surface, it seems like there are a million reasons to press the button- great movies, books, sex, pizza with everything, bacon, kissing- but those things mean nothing. |
| 55 | I thought he was going to rearrange my face, but he kissed me. |
| 61 | Couples and crowd flowed in and out- their cheeks flushed, pleasantly drunk- stumbling and stoned or just laughing at some joke I'd never hear. ...I snagged a beer from the kitchen and wandered throughout the house. I knew the rooms; the rooms knew me. Marcus and I had made out on that leather couch, I'd gone down on him under that baby grand piano, he'd chased me through the library and caught me on the stairs. We'd fucked on that counter and that floor and in that bathtub. After all we've done, I'm still his dirty little secret. Marcus fucks Henry. |
| 62 | I chugged my beer and grabbed another. |
| 67 | I wondered how his friends in the hot tub would react if they found out what we'd done where they were lounging. |
| 68 | He kept his eyes on me while she sucked his lips. |
| 80 | When Marcus pulled to a stop, he slid his hand across the center console and rested it on my thigh, slowly inching toward my crotch like he thought I wouldn't notice. |
| 82 | "It's more than sex to me, you know." |
| 83 | "It proves you thought you could trade a ride home for a hand job." |
| 84 | ...the modified exhaust announcing to the world that the driver had a micro-penis. |
| 84 | Marcus was using me for sex. |
| 88 | "Someone started a rumor that you trade blow jobs for nickels behind the gym." |
| 96 | "I'm not. She was using me for my big prick..." |
| 98 | We drank beer on the beach and lay in each other's arms until the sun was only a memory burned into our brains. |
| 108 | "I can't believe Zoey didn't have an abortion the moment she realized she was pregnant with your demon spawn!" |
| 116 | My boyfriend killed himself, and we don't even talk about it. |
| 122 | It was a game: find the fetus. Was it too early to know the sex? Probably. Not that it mattered. It wasn't even a baby yet. It was just a little parasite, and it would never be anything else. ..."Probably not. I call it the little parasite." "I like that," Nana said. "That little parasite is lucky. Its life is just beginning, while mine is nearly over." |
| 125 | "Seriously, it's like history for dummies. No, strike that. It's like white male history for dummies. The professor totally ignores every major contribution by anyone wh wasn't a white dude." |

| Page | Content |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 133 | Jesse, who'd wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed my neck and told me it was going to be okay after I fought with my mom, and who stayed up all night... |
| 144 | <p>An alien stuffed a pair of boxers into my mouth, while another bound my wrists together with tape. My shoulders ached from struggling like they were going to pop out of their sockets. When they finished with my hands, they pulled my legs out from under me and secured my ankles, leaving me prone on the wet, mildewed floor. I sobbed and tried to breathe, but I snorted water up my nose instead.</p> <p>...The tallest alien kicked me in the testicles with his grass-stained sneaker. The pain was excruciating, and it clawed through my stomach and up my spine. I gagged, trying not to puke with the underwear in my mouth.</p> |
| 146 | <p>You're a punch line, Henry. The butt of a cruel joke.</p> <p>It wasn't Jesse.</p> <p>I'm beginning to think you should have hanged yourself rather than me. I probably would have cried over you, but I wouldn't have come to this. Jesus Christ, you're fucking pathetic.</p> <p>...I only killed myself because of you. To escape you.</p> |
| 154 | Thank God for nipples. |
| 189 | <p>He kissed me so hard that I cut my lip on his teeth.</p> <p>..."Honestly," said Audrey as the ride slowed to a stop, "can you stop dry humping my best friend?"</p> <p>But we pretended we didn't hear her, and I wrapped my arms around Jesse's neck, and he kissed me like the world had fallen out from under our feet.</p> |
| 191 | How I sometimes thought about Diego while jerking off; |
| 192 | <p>"You got to see Jesse at his best, but I saw him after he punched a brick wall so hard, he broke his fingers, when he cut his thighs with razor blades, when he put out lit cigarettes on his hands and told you he'd burned himself baking brownies. I was the one who cleaned up his blood and made sure he didn't drink himself to death. Me, Henry. Not you."</p> |
| 202 | Beautiful resolve flowed through me. I imagined it was how Jesse felt when he decided to hang himself. |
| 208 | <p>"I made an appointment at Planned Parenthood before I even told your brother."</p> <p>"Obviously, you changed your mind."</p> <p>"No," Zoey said, locking her eyes onto mine. "Charlie changed it. He told me our life wouldn't be easy, that we'd struggle to pay our bills and put food on the table, that we'd argue and fight, and that there was a good chance we'd end up hating each other."</p> <p>I rolled my eyes. "How could you resist a pitch like that?"</p> |
| 209 | Charlie had secretly wanted to be a firefighter- something he'd never mentioned- but he'd given it up for a fetus. The little parasite wasn't even born yet, and Charlies was already rearranging his life. That's love. |
| 211 | <p>"So we were making out, and my nose was running a little, but I had it in my mind that if I stopped kissing Jesse, he'd realize I was a loser and never want to kiss me again, so I ignored it and snogged on. I'm pretty sure we made out for hours, but</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | when we turned on the lights, I screamed because Jesse's face was covered in blood." |
| 226 | "...The rich boy trinity: booze, pills, and meaningless sex." |
| 251 | Diego grabbed my wrist when I tried to stand, and pulled me toward him. I opened my mouth to tell him to let go, but he swallowed my words. He pressed his lips to mine and wrapped his arms around my waist. Diego tasted like root beer and barbecue sauce. ..."Is it okay?" Diego whispered. His lips grazed my ear. All I could do was grunt. |
| 252 | Marcus was the second boy I kissed, and it was best described as frustrated mouth wrestling. When Diego kissed me, I forgot about every kiss that came before. His kisses were impatient but cautious. They teetered on the edge of losing control... |
| 252 | "In case you haven't noticed," I said, motioning at myself. "No girl parts." Diego winked impishly. "Oh, I noticed." |
| 262 | People only went missing for that long in sitcoms, which always ended happily, or horror movies, which rarely ended happily unless you were white and chaste and not gay. |
| 307 | Teenage boys who are dead probably can't masturbate, and it made me sad to think that Jesse stuck in the afterlife, lonely, frustrated, and unable to get off. |
| 312 | The thought of my mother knowing what kind of porn Charlie and I browsed was mortifying,... |
| 316 | ...fag or knob gobbler or the Ass Pirate Roberts. |
| 379 | I didn't notice that at first because I was freaking out about my brother walking in while Diego and I were naked and about to have sex. |
| 424 | Drinking was the last thing I needed, but I didn't want to feel anything anymore, so I accepted the flask. |
| 425 | Marcus pushed himself onto me, the weight of his body against mine made it difficult to breathe. A rock dug into my back while Marcus kissed my neck, his hands pulling at the button on my jeans. I didn't have to choose. I could close my eyes and let the world end. Marcus rubbed his hips against mine and struggled with my zipper. ..."What's wrong?" Marcus cupped my head with his hand and stroked the side of my face with his thumbs, kissing me hard, desperately. "Stop." I wedged my hands between our chests and tried to shove Marcus away. "I don't want to do this, Marcus." Marcus stopped kissing me. "You're a fucking tease, Henry." "Get off me!" Marcus grabbed a handful of my hair and slammed my head into the ground. The world melted and blurred. ...Torpid from the booze and dizzy from hitting the rock, I tried to fend off Marcus, but he was yanking my jeans down around my knees. ...Marcus was on top of me, panting in my ear and telling me what a fucking loser I was. How he was going to fuck Space Boy, and no one would believe me because no one believed loser space boys. |