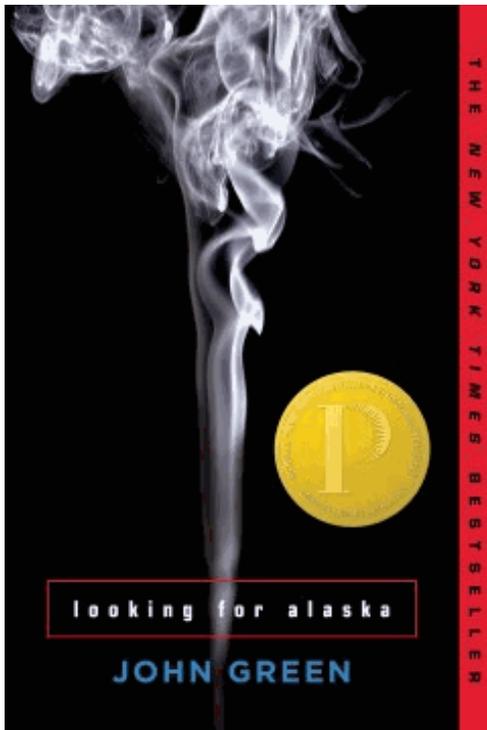


LOOKING FOR ALASKA



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities; moderate profanity use; alcohol use; and gender ideologies.

Young Adult

By John Green

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3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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30	<p>"...I'm in the middle of a sentence about analogies or something and like a hawk he reaches down and he honks my boob. HONK. A much-too-firm, two- to three-second HONK. And the first thing I thought was Okay, how do I extricate this claw from my boob before it leaves permanent marks?..."</p> <p>"...She got her boob honked over the summer." She walked over to me with her hand extended, then made a quick move downward at the last moment and pulled down my shorts.</p>
32	<p>"Don't grab my boob." The Colonel gave an obligatory laugh, then asked, "Want a smoke?" I never smoked a cigarette, but when in Rome...</p>
38	<p>"...But there is so much to do: cigarettes to smoke, sex to have, swings to swing on..."</p>
44	<p>Lying naked in bed together ("genital contact" being offense #1), already drunk (#2), they were smoking a joint (#3) when the Eagle burst in on them.</p>
45	<p>...I spent the night surfing the Web (no porn, I swear)...</p>
81	<p>"He loves weed like Alaska loves sex," the Colonel said. "This is a man who once constructed a bong using only the barrel of an air rifle, a ripe pear, and an eight-by-ten glossy photograph of Anna Kournikova. Not the brightest gem in the jewelry shop, but you've got to admire is single-minded dedication to drug abuse."</p>
90	<p>Since we only have four layers of clothes from doing it, I took the opportunity to introduce myself.</p>
92	<p>"Studies show that marijuana is better for your health than those cigarettes," Hank said.</p>
103	<p>"...You thought she was quietly discussing precalc, when she was clearly talking about having hot sex with you..."</p>
104	<p>"She has great breasts," ...</p> <p>"...DO NOT OBJECTIFY WOMEN'S BODIES!" Alaska shouted.</p> <p>Now he looked up, "Sorry. Perky breasts."</p> <p>"That's not any better!"</p> <p>"Sure it is," he said. "Great is a judgement on a woman's body. Perky is merely an observation. They are perky. I mean, Christ.'</p>
105	<p>She jumped onto him and wrapped her legs around him (God forbid anyone ever does that to me, I thought. I'll fall over). I'd heard Alaska talk about kissing, but I'd never seen her kiss until then: As he held her by her waist, she leaned forward, her pouty lips parted, her head just slightly tilted, and enveloped his mouth with such passion that I felt I should look away but couldn't.</p>
107	<p>"Did I tell you that Jake is hung like a horse and a beautiful, sensual lover?"</p>
108	<p>"I don't know if this is the best time to tell you this," the Colonel shouted at the Beast, "but Takumi here hooked up with your girlfriend just before the game."</p>
113	<p>"...How will stabbing one another in the back help women to rise above patriarchal oppression?!"</p>
128	<p>I woke up half an hour later, when she sat down on my bed, her butt against my hip. Her underwear, her jeans, the comforter, my corduroys, and my boxers</p>

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	<p>between us, I thought. Five layers, and yet I felt it, the nervous warmth of touching- a pale reflection of the fireworks of one mouth on another, but a reflection nonetheless.</p>
130	<p>...and scooted up to put her head in my lap. My corduroys. My boxers. Two layers. I could feel the warmth of her cheek on my thigh. There are times when it is appropriate, even preferable, to get an erection when someone's face is in close proximity to your penis. This was not one of those times. So I stopped thinking about the layers and the warmth, muted the TV, and focused on Decapitation.</p>
137	<p>"He's just happy most everyone's gone. He's probably masturbating for the first time in a month."</p>
139	<p>Her hand above my knee, the palm flat and soft against my jeans and her index finger making slow, lazy circles that crept toward the inside of my thigh, and with one layer between us, God I wanted her. ...And I steeled myself to say them as I stared up at the starriest night, convinced myself that she felt it, too, that her hand so alive and vivid against my leg was more than playful, and fuck Lara and fuck Jake because I do,...</p>
143	<p>"Don't look at my ass," she said, and so I looked at her ass, spreading out wide from her thin waist.</p>
145	<p>"...Sex is pretty fun...." ..."You're hopeless. Wanna go porn hunting?" "Huh?" "We can't love our neighbors till we know how crooked their hearts are. Don't you like porn?" she asked, smiling. "Um," I answered. The truth was that I hadn't seen much porn, but the idea of looking at porn with Alaska had a certain appeal.</p>
146	<p>I was stunned by how many people had booze. Even the Weekday Warriors, who got to go home every weekend, had beer and liquor stashed everywhere from toilet tanks to the bottoms of dirty-clothes hampers. "God, I could have ratted out anyone," Alaska said softly as she unearthed a forty-ounce bottle of Magnum malt liquor from Longwell Chase's closet. ...She stared at it, then pulled out the King James Bible, and there- a purple bottle of Maui Wowie wine cooler.</p>
146	<p>And we found plenty of porn magazines haphazardly stuffed in between mattresses and box springs. It turns out that Hank Walsten did like something other than basketball and pot: he liked Juggs. But we didn't find a movie until Room 32,...</p> <p>..."The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain't that just delightful." We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. ...A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes.</p>

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	<p>Hands on her shoulders, I noted. Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.</p> <p>As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like torture. And all she can do is just sit there and take it? This is not a man and a woman. It's a penis and a vagina. What's erotic about that? Where's the kissing?"</p> <p>"Given their position, I don't think they can kiss right now," I noted.</p> <p>"That's my point. Just by virtue of how they're doing it, it's objectification. He can't even see her face! This is what can happen to women, Pudge..."</p> <p>"...Look me in the eye and tell me this doesn't turn you one, Pudge."</p> <p>I couldn't. She laughed. It was fine, she said. Healthy.</p>
151	<p>"...All I remember is that she had a lot of sex."</p> <p>"I know. She's my hero," Alaska said without a trace of irony.</p>
155	<p>She said that it was sexist to leave the cooking to women, but better to have good sexist food than crappy boy-prepared food.</p>
158	<p>"COOSA LIQUORS' entire business model is built around selling cigarettes to minor alcohol to adults."</p> <p>...headed to the aforementioned Coosa Liquors.</p> <p>"...Which is great, if all you need is cigarettes. But we need booze. And they card for booze. And my ID blows. But I'll flirt my way through."</p> <p>...Alaska went in alone and walked out the door five minutes later weighed down by two paper bags filled with contraband: three cartons of cigarettes, five bottles of wine, and a fifth of vodka for the Colonel.</p>
162	<p>"Don't you know who you love, Pudge? You love the girl who makes you laugh and shows you porn and drinks wine with you. You don't love the crazy, sullen bitch."</p>
167	<p>"French, Feel, Finger, Fuck. It's like you skipped third grade," Alaska said.</p>
186	<p>I wanted to like booze more than I actually did (which is more or less the precise opposite of how I felt about Alaska). But that night, the booze felt great, as the warmth of the wine in my stomach spread through my body. I didn't like feeling stupid or out of control, but I liked the way it made everything (laughing, crying, peeing in front of your friends) easier. Why did we drink? For me, it was just fun, particularly since we were risking expulsion.</p>
188	<p>"...and neither are the countless bitches that call me lover."</p> <p>"...Oh shit did you just diss the feminine gender/I'll pummel your ass and stick you in a blender..."</p> <p>"...objectify women and it's fuckin' on..."</p>
191	<p>"We are all going to puke if we just drink. So we'll slow it down with a drinking game. Best Day/Worst Day."</p> <p>"...The best storyteller doesn't have to drink. Then everybody tells the story of their worst day, and the best storyteller doesn't have to drink..."</p>
204	<p>Soon we were entirely out of our sleeping bags, making out quietly. She lay on top of me, and I held her small waist in my hands. I could feel her breasts against my chest, and she moved slowly on top of me, her legs straddling me. "You feel nice," she said.</p>

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210	<p>"Have you ever gotten a blow job?"</p> <p>..."I've just never given one," she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden... "No," I said. "I never have." "Think it would be fun?" DO !!?!?!?!?! "Um. Yeah. I mean, you don't have to." "I think I want to," she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching The Brady Bunch, watching Marcia Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis. "Wow," she said. "What?" She looked up at me, but didn't move, her face nanometers away from my penis. "It's weird."</p> <p>"What do you mean weird?" "Just big, I guess." I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth. And waited. We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn't quite sure what. She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes . . . she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting. And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically. "Should I do something?" "Um. I don't know," I said. Everything I'd learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn't that choke her? So I just stayed quiet. "Should I, like, bite?" "Don't bite! I mean, I don't think. I think---I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don't know if there's something else." "I mean, you didn't---" "Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska." So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.</p> <p>Lara and I went back to her room, where she did exactly what Alaska told her to do, and I did exactly what Alaska said I would do, which was die a hundred little ecstatic deaths, my fists clenched, my body shaking. It was my first orgasm with a girl, and afterward, I was embarrassed and nervous, and so, clearly, was Lara, who finally broke the silence by asking, "So, want to do some homework?"</p>
217	<p>"Can't make out. Too drunk."</p> <p>..."Hook up with me."</p> <p>So I did.</p> <p>It was that quick. I laughed, looked nervous, and she leaned in and tilted her head to the side, and were kissing. Zero layers between us. Our tongues dancing back and forth in each other's mouth until there was no her mouth and my mouth but only our mouths intertwined. She tasted like cigarettes and Mountain Dew and wine and Chapstick. Her hand came to my face and I felt her soft fingers tracing the line of my jaw. We lay down as we kissed, she on top of me, and I began to move beneath her. I pulled away for a moment, to say, "What is going on here?" and she put one finger to her lips and we kissed again. A hand grabbed one of mine and she placed it on her stomach. I moved slowly on top of her and felt her arching her back fluidly beneath me.</p> <p>I pulled away again. "What about Lara? Jake?" Again, she sshed me. "Less tongue, more lips," she said, and I tried my best. I thought the tongue was the whole</p>

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	<p>point, but she was the expert.</p> <p>...She moved my hand from her waist to her breast, and I felt cautiously, my fingers moving slowly under her shirt but over her bra, tracing the outline of her breasts and cupping one in my hand, squeezing softly. "You're good at that," she whispered. Her lips never left mine as she spoke. We moved together, my body between her legs.</p> <p>"This is so fun," she whispered, "but I'm so sleepy. To be continued?" She kissed me for another moment, my mouth straining to stay near hers, and then she moved from beneath me, placed her head on my chest, and fell asleep instantly. We didn't have sex. We never got naked. I never touched her bare breast, and her hands never got lower than my waist.</p>
233	She was warm and soft against my skin, my tongue in her mouth, and she was laughing, trying to teach me, make me better...
236	An hour after the Colonel left, resident stoner Hank Walsten dropped by to offer me some weed, which I graciously turned down.
238	<p>I am sleeping, and Alaska flies into the room. She is naked, and intact. Her breasts, which I felt only very briefly and in the dark, are luminously full as they hung down from her body. She hovers inches above me, her breath warm and sweet against my face like a breeze passing through tall grass.</p> <p>..."I'm so naked," she says, and laughs. "How did I get so naked?"</p>
290	"Is this what you told Lara in the TV room? Because, see, Pudge, they only call it a blow job."
335	<p>"The way young people speak about on another's bodies says a great deal about our society. In today's world, boys are much more likely to objectify girl's bodies than the other way around. Boys will say amongst themselves that so-and-so has a nice rack, while girls will more likely say that a boy is cute, a term that describes both physical and emotional characteristics. This has the effect of turning girls into mere objects, while boys are seen by girls as whole people-</p> <p>..."You're so hot! I wesh you'd shut up and take off your clothes."</p> <p>..."what we have here is a very interesting case study- a female objectifying me, a male. It's so unusual that I can only assume you're making an attempt at humor."</p> <p>..."I'm not keeding! Take off your clothes."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	13
Bitch	10
Fuck	24
Piss	19
Shit	29