

I'LL GIVE YOU THE SUN



By Jandy Nelson

Summary of Concerns:

Sexually explicit excerpts, sexual commentary and excessive profanity. Excessive use of God/Jesus/Christ names in vain.

Profanity Count:	
H*ll 39	*sshats 11
Christ 4	Gay 10
Weed 1	B*obs 6
Sexual orientation 1	*ss 3
Porn 1	Jesus 12 (in vain)
F**king 10	G*d 38 (in vain or otherwise)
Drunk 13	D*cks 1
Stupid 19	Batsh*t 2
Bible 29 (derogatory)	G*d d*mn 1

Excerpts

Content

Which room did Brain and Courteny go into? What if they're alone? What if they are Kissing ? Or worse? Maybe she already has her shirt off. What if he is licking her boobs?

Also, perhaps I am not prepared for sex noises. Unmistakable sex noises. Moaning and groaning and obscene murmurings. Is this why nobody answers the door?

In an English accent I here " Holy Chr*st, so good, G*d, soooo damn good. Better than any drug , I mean better than anything. " followed by a long drawl or moan.

In fact I just happen to be thinking of him in the shower, him and me in it, thinking about the hot water running down our naked bodies., thinking about pressing him against the wall, about gliding my hands all over him, thinking about the sounds he'd make, how he'd throw his head back and say 'yah', like he did in the woods.

I want him to be quiet. I want him back with me.

I lift up his shirt, slip it over his talking head, then take off my own, and step into him so we're all lined up, legs to legs, groin to groin, bare chest to bare chest. We fit perfectly. I kiss him slowly and deeply until the only thing he can say is my name

I realize – I have a hard on. A super naturally hard hard-on, and it is jammed into Zephyr's stomach.