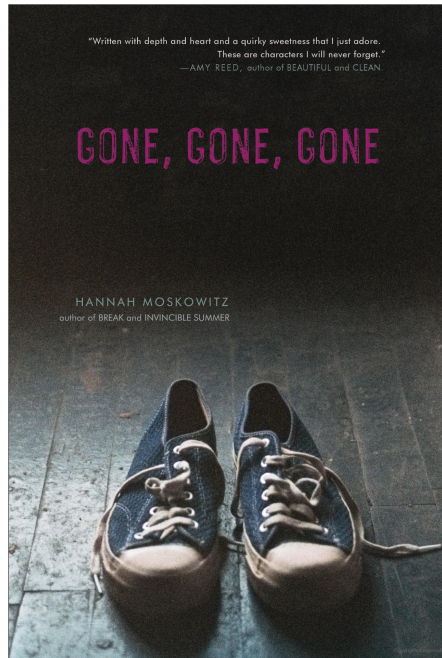


Gone, Gone, Gone



Book Summary

In the wake of the post-9/11 sniper shootings, two teenage boys fall in love.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol use by minors, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, death/grief, derogatory terms, potential prurient content, sexual activities/sexual nudity, smoking, suicide and violence.

Young Adult

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YA Restricted

Page	Content
2-3	He won't flick on the light, just in case I'm asleep, and there I am, I'm on the couch, a cat on each of my shoulders and a man with a small penis on the TV telling me how he became a man with a big penis, and I can too. "Zombie," Todd will say softly, a hand on top of my head. "Go to sleep." I say, "Someday I might need this." "The penis product?" "Yes." Maybe not. I think my glory days are behind me. I am fifteen years old, and all I have is the vague hope that, someday, someone somewhere will once again care about my penis and whether it is big or small.
24	The fact that my parents are entirely okay with my homosexuality makes talking about it kind of difficult, because when you're gay and single the only thing you have going for you is imagined shock value. The reality is that it's pretty boring to be like, hey, parents, I'm gay, and there's absolutely no reason for you to give a shit right now.
37	Back when we used to IM all the time, before I met him, he told me this, in a series of messages—so just so you know, im not really a fiftyeight-year-old fat guy or anything, but i thought you should know, in case my appearance was of any consequence to you, that im not exceptionally gorgeous or anything and i really couldnt win people's sexiest man alive, no matter what that cashier at the supermarket said. youre probably straight, so i doubt this is real important to you, but i kinda thought you should know, just in case you thought the school chose me as an ambassador for my eight-pack or golden blond hair or something. So I said okay. But then I saw him. His hair might not be golden blond—he's black, so that would be a little weird—but his eyes kind of are. That zip-up red hoodie he wears makes him look like he just got back from apple picking. And God I need to shut up because I might be growing a vagina.
48	Lio has a pink armband on, like now that he's kissed me he's fine with the whole world finding out he's gay. Though I don't know if anyone else would notice the armband, since it kind of goes with his usual quirky attire, and I don't know if he was ever in the closet to begin with or if he didn't advertise it because he's one of those people who thinks it's only your business if his cock is in your mouth. Maybe he's bi. Or maybe he's one of those guys who thinks that just because he likes guys doesn't mean he has to be part of some community
49	The rest of him is mostly in black, like usual. He says he wears eyeliner on Halloween but only then. Once I had a wet dream about helping him put it on.
60	I can't send that. He'd probably be offended. Or aroused. And neither of those is really my intention.

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66-67	Our first kiss was in fourth grade for me and fifth grade for him, when we were playing hide-and-seek. I said if I found him in less than two minutes, I got to kiss him. I don't remember what happened if I didn't. But I found him in a minute and forty-two seconds, roughly, and he was inside this old chest that holds all these old clothes that my grandmother draped all over herself before she died, and I pulled him out of the chest and he was shrouded in turquoise and gold and I kissed him. We waited until I turned fifteen because even we thought it was a little weird to have sex at fourteen, and he was sixteen and really not okay with having sex with a middle schooler, so that was the summer before ninth grade for me, and the summer before tenth grade for him, and he was almost sixteen, and that was our summer. It was so ours, that whole summer. It was awkward and difficult and painful at first, but he loved me and we were really gentle, and then it got good. Really good. It got closer to the movies than antiseptic health class told me it ever could. So fuck health class and fuck the preachy advice your parents give you, because sex didn't ruin our relationship. It's not that. Although I can see, from an objective standpoint, that maybe I was too young, but is that really the point at all? Why the hell should I see things from an objective standpoint? I'm not objective, I mean, this is my life. And if we stop having sex, the terrorists win, right?
110-111	Mansfield looks at me. "Come on, Craig, don't play dumb. That's where everyone's getting shot: gas stations and parking lots. I don't want to die before I have sex." "So I'm home free, then." I give him this big smile, and Mansfield looks at me with this face, and it's so worth him thinking I'm straight if it makes him this jealous of me. Heh. I mean, he could always be jealous of the fact that I've slept with a boy, too, or also that I own him at karate, or that I'm not too afraid to get a Slurpee, but this is easier. So I think, whatever, I'll go get a Slurpee myself, it's not as if I really value Mansfield's company. But when I walk out of the karate studio, there's my mom, station wagon idling in front of the place, and she says, "Craig, come on, hurry into the car." Jesus Christ.
124-125	Cody came over to my house all the time, and that was nice, to see him, to have a chance to make things right. He was sad. We'd bake cookies. We'd have sex. We'd watch stupid movies, we'd cry, we'd fall asleep. We slept, in my bed upstairs, in my room upstairs.
126-127	oh shit. My parents, both of them in their flannel pajamas, the ones I guess they wear when they're not going to have sex. I wish they'd had sex. That's really gross, but maybe they wouldn't be glaring at me if they had. But they probably would be. I think adults can probably have sex and a life at the same time, which is sort of a foreign concept for me. "Where the hell were you?" my dad says. I hold up the dog leashes. My father says, "Jesus, Craig. Can you really be this incredibly oblivious?"

Page	Content
152-153	He doesn't ask in a sexy way, just in a curious way. And that makes me feel a little relieved, to be honest. I think, that if we did share a room, I'd be more likely to cry myself to sleep tonight than try anything. It's one of those nights. And maybe Lio is one of those boys. The stomachache I got when he was on the phone is back, and, God, maybe I really did make a huge mistake, bringing him here, kissing him back, dressing him in my clothes, looking at him in my clothes.
158	"No," Craig says, "You have to believe it. You have no choice but to believe, because this is real life. So I'm like, 'dude, I don't know what your problem is, but I'm just trying to pee here,' and he pulls back from the urinal, still . . . well, exposed, and he's like, 'so you think I'm a faggot, is that it!'" Mr. Privett goes, "Craig. Do you have to keep using that word?" "I'm gay, I think I can use it. Faggot faggot faggot. It's what they call cigarettes in Britain, isn't that right, Lio?"
166	And then we have that conversation that neither of us wants to have, because neither of us wants to believe the things I'm saying or to think that they are important, and he has had such a long day and he looks like he's about to fall asleep, and I probably look like I'm about to cry, and we both want each other, I know it, and here we are sitting around telling each other why we can't have each other and all I want to do is be an each other for once.
194	Mansfield has a girlfriend. Her name is Chelsea. Chelsea and Mansfield. He talks about her through our entire karate class, and between kicks, he's telling me how they got to third base in the back of the bus under the cover of his ski jacket. "It was so hot," he says. "Hot and wet." I say, "I'm surprised you even ride buses." I try not to sound jealous that he's still going to school. "Are the windows made of bulletproof glass?" "Ha ha ha. Seriously, you have no idea what it's like. It's like . . . Christmas." "Third base is Christmas?" "Pussy is Christmas." Ew. I hate that word. Like girls have animals in their pants or something.
217	I meet up with some old friends of mine – Shawn and Tino, two turbo-gays I've known since seventh grade – and we meet in the park close to Vivo, this new club they insist drives Posh straight into the ground. Shawn has half a bottle of Jack Daniel's he stole from his father, and I take a small swallow every time it comes my way, which is many, many, many times.
220	Shawn knows a buy who knows a guy who blew a guy and we're in the club no problem. I chain-smoke until my lungs threaten to catch fire. We have Xs on our hands so we can't buy drinks. Big deal. We don't even have any money. And we're already drunk.
222	We've switched to a different song. I know this one. I listened to it over IM one time when Craig sent me the link and I said, I'm dancing around like a drag queen, and he said so am I.

Profanity & Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	13
Bitch	6
Cock	2
Fag / Faggot	5
Fuck	119
Pussy	1
Shit / Bullshit etc.	52

Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	24
God / God damn etc.	47
Hell	5
Jesus / Chirst	12