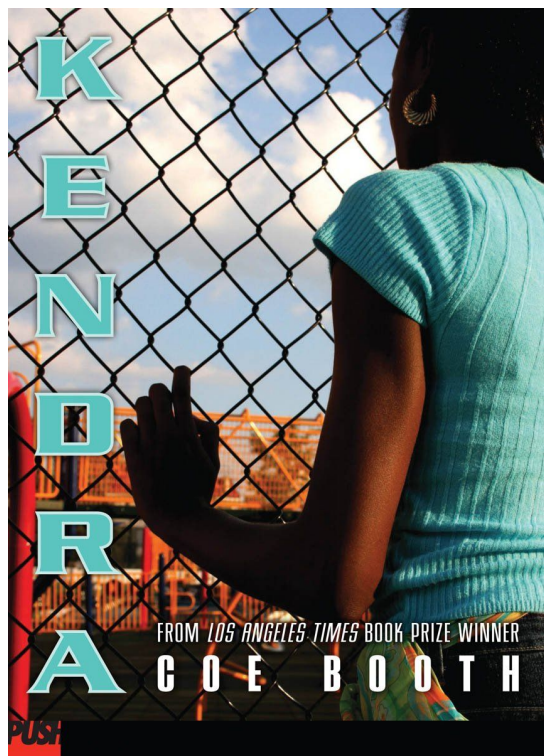


# Kendra



## Book Summary

This book is a coming of age novel about a mother and daughter who are only fourteen years apart, but need to learn to understand each other before it's too late.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, anxiety, bullying, deception, derogatory terms, drugs (mentioned), explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, parental abandonment, potentially dubious consent, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, teen pregnancy and violence.

*Young Adult*

## By Coe Booth

ISBN 0439925371,  
978-0439925372,  
9780439925365

## CONTENT WARNING

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Adults Only

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77	<p>His hands are on my waist, holding me against the wall as he's kissing me. This isn't the first time I kissed a guy. I did it before, back in sixth and seventh grade when us girls used to play games with the boys from Bronxwood, but feeling how Nashawn is kissing me now, with his tongue all deep in my mouth, I know this is my first real kiss. And I'm kissing him back, too. It don't matter that I don't really know what I'm doing. I'm just going with it. When his hands start undoing the zipper on my jeans, I just let him. I even help him take them off me. Then, when he pulls my panties down, I step outta them, too. Fast. Without even thinking. It's like whatever he wants to do, I'm gonna do it, no problem. No resistance, no matter where his hands go or what they do. Like it's something I do every day. And this goes on for a while, with me and him up against the wall, 'til finally he's leading me over to a big table in the middle of the room. My eyes have adjusted a little bit and I can see him move a couple of chairs outta the way. Then he lifts me up and puts me on the table, facing him. I wrap my legs around him to keep him as close to me as possible, and we kiss some more. Then I hear him unzip his jeans. And finally I shake my head, trying to wake myself up, and whisper, "I can't. My grandmother, she's gonna, um, have me checked." I can barely make out his expression even though his face isn't even an inch away from mine. "Checked?" "You know. By the doctor." His hands are all over me, making it hard to concentrate on what I'm trying to say. "To see if I'm still a, um, virgin." But that don't stop him for a second. He's breathing heavy in my ear and says, "I need a blow job." And he picks me up off the table.</p>
88	<p>Nashawn follows me inside and pulls the door closed behind him. Then we go backstage to the girls' dressing room, the only one with a lock.</p> <p>As soon as we're inside and the door's closed, Nashawn is pressing me up against the wall and we're kissing real hard and I can't even remember to breathe. It's like yesterday never ended, that we been like this since then. And still I can't get enough.</p> <p>"You still need to be an um-virgin?" he asks after a couple of minutes, whispering in my ear.</p> <p>"No," I tell him. "I don't care." I'm feeling kinda dizzy. The way his hands are on me, reaching under my shirt and unhooking my bra, I can't even think straight right now.</p> <p>Then he's taking off my shirt and my bra and he's saying over and over, "You are so hot. So beautiful." And he's kissing my neck and my shoulders.</p> <p>What he's doing with his lips and his hands feels so good, it takes me awhile to force myself back to reality. "No, I can't," I say. "My grandmother—"</p> <p>But that don't stop him for a second. He kisses my ear and says, "We can do it the other way."</p> <p>"I don't know—" I say, but my voice comes out kinda shaky because I don't even know what he means. Not that it really matters, because no way am I gonna stop now. "The other way?"</p> <p>"Here." His hands go straight for my butt. "Your grandmother won't know." Then when I don't say anything for a few seconds, he says, "C'mon, girl. I want you so bad it's not even funny. Do I have to beg?"</p> <p>That gets me to smile, but only a little. "Are you sure? I mean, it's okay like that?"</p>
89	<p>"Come here." Nashawn takes my hand and leads me over to the couch that's still covered with costumes. He pushes everything to the floor. And then we're sitting down and he's taking off the rest of my clothes and then his own, and he's putting on a condom, and he's kissing me the whole time.</p> <p>Pretty soon I'm closing my eyes and letting him do whatever he wants. I try not to think about the pain. I just try to relax like he keeps telling me to do. And I focus on how good his hands feel around me and the way his body is connecting to mine. And I don't want it to end. Because right now I know I'm all he's thinking about.</p>

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127	<p>I check out his stomach, which is nice and hard. It's the first time I'm seeing that part of his body in the light. God, there's nothing not hot about him. I look away real fast and take another sip of the nasty beer. Before I know it, Nashawn's got his shirt all the way off, and he moves even closer to me on the bed. He takes the beer bottle outta my hand and puts it on the nightstand next to his. "This is gonna be good," he says, kissing me on the lips. "We don't have to rush now."</p> <p>I wish I was strong enough to stop him or slow him down. But his lips and his tongue feel so good. I'm weak, I know it. Maybe I do wish we could have talked and spent time getting to know each other and all that, but the truth is, I know why he brought me here. And this is what I want, too. It is.</p> <p>Soon his hands are everywhere, touching me, taking off my clothes, and the rest of his. And when he whispers, "Um-virgin?" I nod, not really sure why I care anymore. I close my eyes, and a few seconds later I hear him opening a condom wrapper.</p> <p>Then, when we're doing it, for the first time on a bed, it's the closeness that I'm feeling. We're together. Our two bodies feel more like one and he's whispering in my ear and we're moving together, my back pressed against his chest and him pushing himself into me. It feels different this time. It means something. And not just to me, but to him, too. That's how connected we are.</p> <p>Later, me and him are sitting on the bed together finishing our beer. It's almost night now and the room is darker since Nashawn never bothered turning on the lights. And I sit there wishing he would talk to me, say something, but he don't.</p>
181	<p>I slip my hands into my pajama shorts, close my eyes, and try to get myself back to that place, that feeling. It takes awhile, but soon my breathing gets a little heavier and my mind takes me back there. And it feels good, it does, but it's not 'til I'm done that I realize it's not enough.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	13
Bitch	2
Breast / Tit	1
Fuck, Fucking, Fucked, etc.	15
Piss	2
Shit / Bullshit etc.	31
Retard	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	5
God / God damn etc.	13
Hell	3
Christ	1