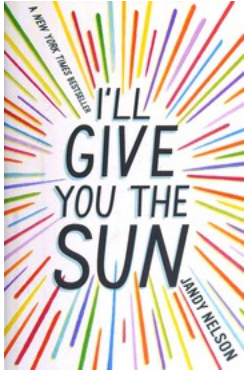


PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT AVAILABLE AT TEXAS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICTS



BOOK REVIEW:

I'll Give You The Sun By Jandy Nelson

Which room did Brian and Courtney go into? What if they're alone? What if they're kissing? Or worse? Maybe she already has her shirt off. I take another drink of beer. What if he's licking her **boobs?** Guys are really into that. *He told me not to worry. He told me not to worry. He told me not to worry.* Which was code, wasn't it? Code for: *I will not lick Courtney Barrett's **boobs**, right?* I take a huge gulp of the beer, worrying a real real lot.

BOOK REVIEW:

I'll Give You The Sun By Jandy Nelson

Alas, perhaps I'm not prepared for this: **sex** noises. Unmistakable **sex** noises. Moaning and groaning and obscene murmurings. Is this why nobody answered the door? In an English accent, I hear: "Holy Christ, so good. God, ~~soooooo~~ damn good. Better than any drug, I mean any. Better than *anything*." Followed by a long drawl of a moan.

Then a deeper groan, which must be Guillermo's. Because they're lovers! Of course. How stupid could I be? The English guy is Guillermo's boyfriend, not his long-lost son. But he sure seemed

In fact, I just happen to be thinking about the shower, him and me in it, thinking about hot water sliding 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 *yeah* like he did in the woods, thinking

I want him to be quiet. I want him back with me. I want his face to look the way it did a minute ago when I touched his stomach, his chest, when he brushed my cheek with his hand. 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. His breath hitches. We fit perfectly. I kiss him slowly and deeply until the only word he can manage is my name.

BOOK REVIEW:

I'll Give You The Sun By Jandy Nelson

She's having an affair. She's cheating on Dad. She's a two-timer. A toilet-licking asshat liar. Mom! How could this not have occurred to me? But it didn't occur to me exactly because she's Mom. My

"Totally," I say, knowing without a doubt what he means, and then our hands are on our belts, unbuckling. From across the room, I watch his back, unable to see much, but then his neck arches, and I can see his face, his eyes all swimming and wild, locking with mine, and it's like we're kissing again, but from across the room this time, kissing even more intensely than in the woods, where our pants stayed on. I didn't know you could kiss with your eyes. I didn't know anything. And then the colors are forcing down the walls of the room, the walls of me—

Then, the impossible.

My mother as in *my mother* bursts in, waving a magazine. I thought I'd locked the door. I could've sworn I locked it!

"This is the best essay I've ever read on Picasso, you're going—" Her confused gaze darts from me to Brian. His hands, my hands, fumbling, shoving, zipping.

begin to suspect . . . when I realize—I have a **hard-on**, a supernaturally hard hard-on, and it's jammed into Zephyr's stomach.

BOOK REVIEW:

I'll Give You The Sun By Jandy Nelson

PROFANITY COUNT (and other sensitive words)

D*ck 2	Parthogenesis 1
P*ssy 2	G*d d*mn 1
Homo 2	H*ll 39
*sshats 11	Christ 4
Gay 10	Weed 1
B*obs 6	Sexual orientation 1
P*nis 2	Beer 11
*ss 3	Porn 1
Jesus 12 (in vain)	Effing 10
G*d 38 (in vain or otherwise)	Drunk 13
D*cks 1	Stupid 19
Batsh*t 2	Bible 29 (derogatory)

RED FLAGS

Sexual content
Language
Drinking

CONCLUSION

Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools