Here is one review from https://www.commonsensemedia.org/.../user-reviews/adult
This book hits every adolescent social topic and in many cases seemed to normalize what I consider harmful behavior--drinking/drinking and driving, pot use, characters have casual (hetero and gay) sex, sexual and physical harassment and abuse, abortion, self harm and suicide attempt, etc. Extremely poor communication between family members almost all around. It was depressing, the language was very crude, and characters seemed stereotyped.
As an educator and parent, the youngest age I would be comfortable recommending this book to would be 18 unless the parent reads it ahead of time and knows what his/her child is able to handle.

Quotes:
“Be careful. Please. The border...The fucking border.” I feel a wildness spreading through me.
“It’s nothing but a giant wound, a big gash between the two countries. Why does it have to be like that? I don’t understand. It’s just some random, stupid line. How can anyone tell people where they can and can’t go?”
I know is that I’m going to pack my bags when I graduate and say, “Peace out, mothafuckas.”
"Shopping, partying, and...fucking" are Juanga’s self-cited interests.
Ashley♡ rated it did not like it
I wanted to like this book - I really did. But the portrayal of my culture in this book is appalling.
Education is our NUMBER ONE priority and our parents encourage us to pursue it more than
anything else. I also didn't like how every male relative she came into contact with was perverted in some way - it was too much.

RED FLAGS

Sexual Content
Language

CONCLUSION

Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools
Amâ and Apâ have never left us by ourselves or let us sleep anywhere else. Not in a million years, not even with our cousins. The only other place we've ever stayed in is Mamá Jacinta's house when we went to Mexico. I think Amâ has always been afraid that we'd get molested or have sex. She doesn't even like it when people kiss on TV, and if two characters are about to get it on—forget about it—she shuts it off and runs out of the room, muttering about cochinadas.

White people are different, I guess. Nancy from algebra went out with a white guy from Oak Park once, and she said that his parents let her sleep over.

I wonder if Connor expects us to have sex. I think about it all the time, but now that it's a real possibility, the idea of it scares me. What does it mean to be ready? How do you know for sure? I mean, I like him, and when we make out, it's obvious my body wants it, but what will it mean? Would he see me differently once he's gotten what he's wanted? At the same time, I want it, too, and if he judges me for doing the same exact thing he's doing, then that's bullshit. I lie on my bed thinking and worrying until I can't stand it anymore.

I need Lorena's advice, but I have to make sure Amâ doesn't hear. She's sitting on the couch, knitting a blanket, so I get inside my closet and close the door. I barely fit, with all the boxes of useless crap and old clothes, but it's the most private place in the house.

Lorena says I have to shave my pussy before I go.
I don't know how. Why do women always have to do such unpleasant things? Heels, thongs, shaving, plucking, bleaching. It's really not fair. I like makeup and dresses, and I will shave my legs and armpits, but everything else is such an ordeal.

Lorena sighs. “You have to, or else he’s going to get grossed out.”

“Why did we evolve with hair down there if we didn’t need it? Isn’t there a reason for it?”

“Jesus, Julia. Why did you call me for advice if you weren’t going to listen?”

I guess Lorena has a point. “Okay, so tell me how.”

“What do you mean how? You just do it.”

“The whole thing?”

“Yes, stupid.”

“What if I cut myself?”

“You won’t. Just do it slowly.”

“It hurts, right? Not the shaving but the... you know. Ugh. I’m freaking out.”

Lorena is silent for a few seconds. “At first it does, but then it gets better.”

I tell Amá I’m going downtown to an art gallery. I make something up about a new exhibit featuring female artists from Latin America. Sometimes I’m impressed by my own lies, but I can see the suspicion radiating from her eyes.

“Amá, I’m so bored. Please.”
on them. Not just the balls—the actual penis.” Lorena points at me and laughs.

“What?” Juanga nearly chokes on his food. “How is that possible?”

“I had never seen one, so I assumed,” I say, looking down at my cold burrito. “I mean, women have hair down there, so it made sense to me.” I don’t tell him I still haven’t seen one in real life.

“Yeah, I had to be the one to break it down for her,” Lorena says, and Juanga laughs so hard, he almost spits out his Coke. “She’s a virgin, you know?”

Juanga’s stunned. I had no idea that a fifteen-year-old virgin would be such an oddity. It’s as if Lorena just told him I had a sixth toe or something. She lost her virginity when she was fourteen and thinks she’s some sort of sexpert now.

“So what?” I glower at her. I can’t believe she’s embar-
Lorena sets the blanket down for us. Amá had to be all Mexican about it and pack me cold cheese-and-bean burritos. God forbid I eat a regular sandwich.

Before we even start eating, Juanga, who is clearly obsessed with all things penile, starts talking about different shapes he’s seen in his life. The craziest one, he says, was long and pointy, which seems like something out of a horror movie.

“That sounds terrifying,” I say. “I would have run out of the room screaming, worried for my life.”

“It was ugly,” Juanga says, closing his eyes, then taking a small bite of his smelly tuna sandwich. “But it felt like heaven.”

I shudder.

“This one over here used to think that penises had hair