

BURNED

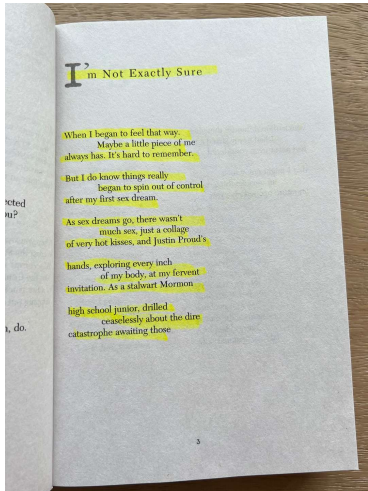
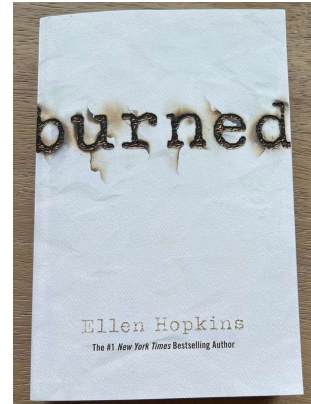
Ellen Hopkins

ISBN 978-1-4391-0657-0

Learn the steps to identify offensive books in your local district and take appropriate action to effectively challenge those books and request their removal using the Book Check Toolkit.

Download your FREE copy today!

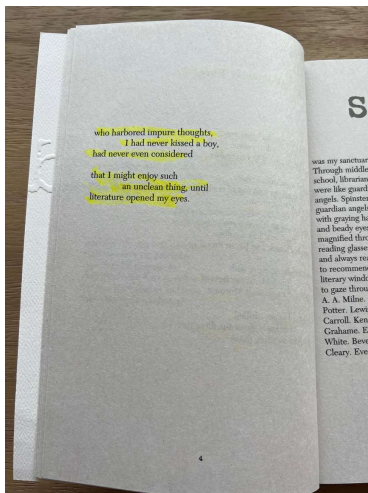
TheKitchenTableActivist.com/BookCheck



PAGE 3

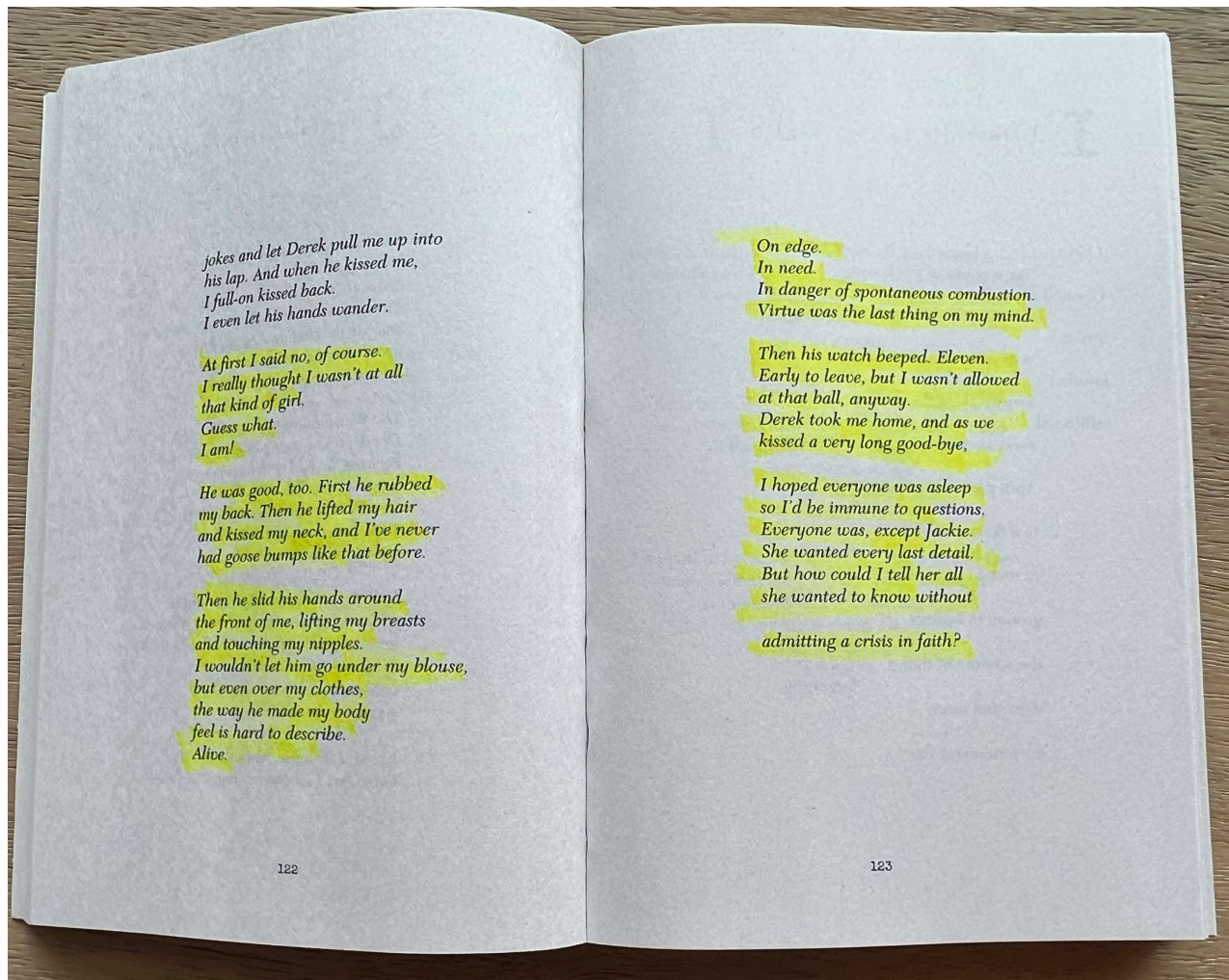
But I do know things really began to spin out of control after my first sex dream.

As sex dreams go, there wasn't much sex, just a collage of very hot kisses, and Justin Proud's hands, exploring every inch of my body, at my fervent invitation. As a stalwart Mormon high school junior, drilled ceaselessly about the dire catastrophe awaiting those



PAGE 4

Who harbored impure thoughts, I had never kissed a boy, had never even considered that I might enjoy such an unclean thing, until literature opened my eyes.



PAGE 122

At first I said no, of course. I really thought I wasn't at all that kind of girl. Guess what. I am! He was good, too. First he rubbed my back. Then he lifted my hair and kissed my neck, and I've never had goose bumps like that before.

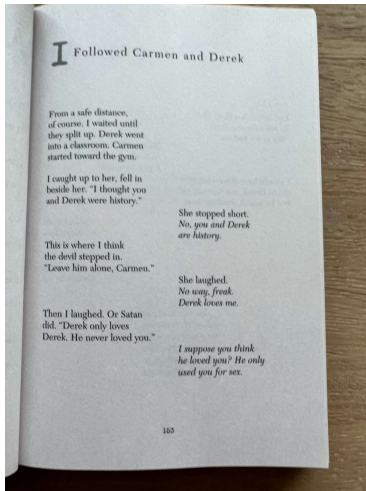
Then he slid his hands around the front of me, lifting my breasts and touching my nipples. I wouldn't let him go under my blouse, but even over my clothes, the way he made my body feel is hard to describe. Alive.

PAGE 123

On edge.

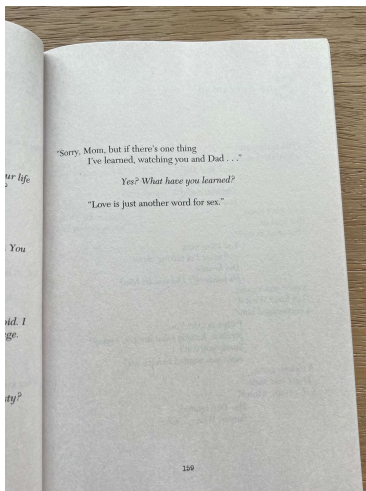
In need.

In danger of spontaneous combustion. Virtue was the last thing on my mind.



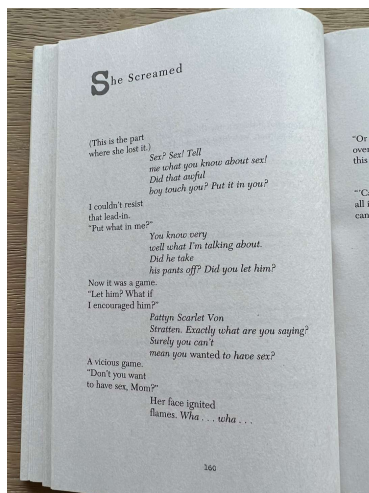
PAGE 153

He only used you for sex. ...“We never had sex.” That’s not what he said. Not only that, he said it was lousy sex.



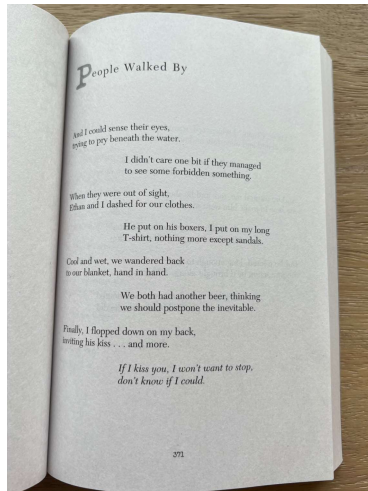
PAGE 159

“Love is just another word for sex.”



PAGE 160

Sex? Sex! Tell me what you know about sex! Did that awful boy touch you? Put it in you? I couldn’t resist that lead-in. “Put what in me?” You know very well what I’m talking about. Did he take his pants off? Did you let him? Now it was a game. “Let him? What if I encouraged him?” Pattyn Scarlet Von Stratten. Exactly what are you saying? Surely you can’t mean you wanted to have sex? A vicious game. “Don’t you want to have sex, Mom?”



PAGE 371

We both had another beer, thinking we should postpone the inevitable. Finally, I flopped down on my back, inviting his kiss . . . and more. If I kiss you, I won't want to stop, don't know if I could.

...And so he kissed me, everywhere, making me want to say yes even more. And he wanted me, too, and he showed me how to make him want me more. It all felt so right, so how it should be, that I begged him not to stop. But he paused, long enough to find the protection he'd brought along. While I waited, every nerve shouted out to be pacified. And when he did . . .

PAGE 16

Mar. 15. Justin Proud smiled at me today. I can't believe it! And I can't believe how it made me feel. Kind of tingly all over, like I had an itch I didn't want to scratch. An itch you-know- where.

Mar. 17. I dreamed about Justin last night. Dreamed he kissed me, and I kissed him back, and I let him touch me all over my body and I woke up all hot and blushing. Blushing! Like I'd done something wrong.

PAGE 51

One son dead, the other shunned, Molly folded. Don't you know how much I miss you?
Put a .357 into her mouth, pulled the trigger. Oh God, Molly, please stop crying.

PAGE 115

He Kissed Me

Not an over-the-top, hard demanding kiss, not even a kiss hinting passion.

No tongue, no spit, just a sweet first kiss, Derek's soft full lips gifting mine with a gentle caress.

PAGE 121

Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest. But, hey, I was with Derek, and for the first time in my life, people looked at me with respect. Maybe even envy.

Went to a party at Brent's last night. Okay, more like a drink-smoke-and-make-out fest. But, hey, I was with Derek, and for the first time in my life, people looked at me with respect. Maybe even envy.

The Ward dance started at seven. Derek picked me up at eight. By nine, he had convinced me to try a sip of his beer. "Jesus turned water into wine, didn't He?"

...I'm probably already damned, for dating a nonbeliever. What could a sip

or three or four—of beer hurt? Odd taste, not great, but drink enough, who cares?

Loose. I let loose. Not all the way loose, but I laughed at not-real-funny jokes and let Derek pull me up into his lap. And when he kissed me, I full-on kissed back. I even let his hands wander.

PAGE 125

I wanted to be with him all the time, wanted the taste of his lips on mine, his roaming fingers on my hungry skin. His fire to thaw my ice.

But, though I was very much in lust with him, I knew from the start we were nothing like “forever.”

PAGE 131

One Problem with Alcohol

Is the more you drink it the more you want it. If a little lets you forget a bit of your pain, more lets you crawl into a fuzzy space where nothing hurts at all. Amen.

Saturdays became drinking days—don’t think the irony is one iota lost on me. Derek would meet me in the desert, painkiller in hand. First beer, then hard stuff. The only thing I insisted on was no Johnnie WB. Okay, it’s a weird psychology but something inside of me maintained only Johnnie could hook me for good.

The higher I got, the harder it got to hang on to my jeans. Derek was skillful, coloring his need to look like desire, like I was all he’d ever wanted.

PAGE 132

He Almost Got His Chance

The first Saturday in May. I’d gone for my usual “target practice,” which by then, of course, meant an overheated session with Derek.

By noon, we had downed a half pint of tequila, my buttons were askew, and Derek was trying to escape his zipper when I noticed
a lone figure
striding our way.

PAGE 326

His Body Settled

Gently upon mine. He kissed my eyes, my lips, my neck, then his mouth crept softly down the length of my torso. Something stirred beneath my skin, some being inside I’d only suspected existed, demon or angel, I couldn’t say. Either way, it woke a desire so bold it shook me to my core, made me cry out for more. I wanted all of Ethan. And he wanted me, I felt it in the fire of his kiss, in the way his body trembled. And yet, he hesitated. Only if you’re sure. The old Pattyn had vanished, smoke.

PAGE 328

We shed our shirts, unzipped our jeans, and would have made love right that minute except for just about then . . .

PAGE 400

Did they, too, find a private spot, unroll a quilted sleeping bag in the bed of the pickup? Did they talk and kiss and ultimately shed their clothes to lay naked beneath a sea of stars?