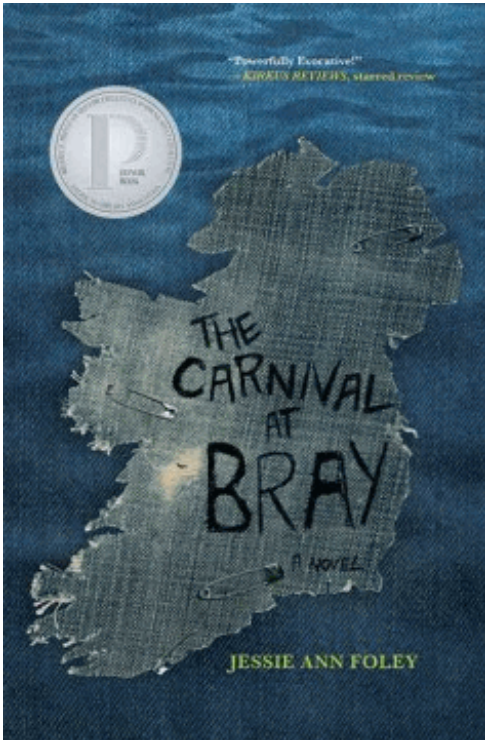


THE CARNIVAL AT BRAY



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and sexual nudity; and alcohol use.

Young Adult

By Jessie Ann Foley

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CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
75	<p>"Look what I brought," Paul grinned, pulling a small bottle of whiskey from the inside pocket of his coat. "Who wants some?..."</p>
78	<p>The whiskey's powers hit her square in the face when she and Paul emerged into the cold night.</p> <p>..."See, I'm fine," he laughed. "Takes more than a little whiskey to get me drunk. I've been drinking with my older brothers since I wa ten." He stood back to look at her face, to see if she was impressed by this fact. She tried to smile at him but her head hurt. He grabbed her waist and kissed her, his spit cold and wet on her lips. She kissed him back, her eyes drifting shut, her mouth lolling open.</p> <p>...She felt his cold fingers yank up her sweater and squeeze her breasts roughly.</p> <p>...He pulled her sweater off and then, after some fumbling, her bra and dropped both pieces of clothing on the wet ground.</p> <p>...She could feel her nipples pucker and tighten in the salted wind. He began to suck them, hard, and she grimaced, looking over his head...</p> <p>...It didn't occur to her to tell him to stop. With his free hand, he yanked at the button of her jeans, pulled down the zipper, and stuffed his hand down her underpants. He found her warm opening, and twisted two fingers inside. Her breath caught sharply on the tight tissue inside of her unknit and gave way. The strangest thing happened. The pain of what he was doing to her somehow made her feel better. A memory floated before her, of Samantha Steinle, a weird, quiet from her Chicago neighborhood who, in seventh grade had taken Maggie into the bathroom stall during recess, unbuttoned the cuff of her school blouse, and showed Maggie the patterns of razor marks that she'd scored herself with from wrist to elbow.</p> <p>"Hurting myself is the only thing that makes me feel better," Samantha had said. Now, with Paul's fingers twisting inside of her, his teeth on the thin skin of her breasts, she finally understood what Samantha had meant.</p> <p>He pulled his hand from between her legs and she heard the dull clinking of his belt buckle, the sharp exhale of a zipper being undone.</p> <p>"Put your mouth on it," he whispered into her neck, his forearm a heavy pressure on her shoulders, and she crouched on the wet ground, her naked spine facing seaward, the puddles soaking into the knees of her jeans. He put his hands on the back of her head and pushed her closer to his thighs so she was nearly choking on it, and then his whole body stiffened and he moaned in just the way she'd heard her mother and Colm moaning through the thin walls of their bedroom. To stop herself from vomiting, she spit it out on the wet ground.</p>