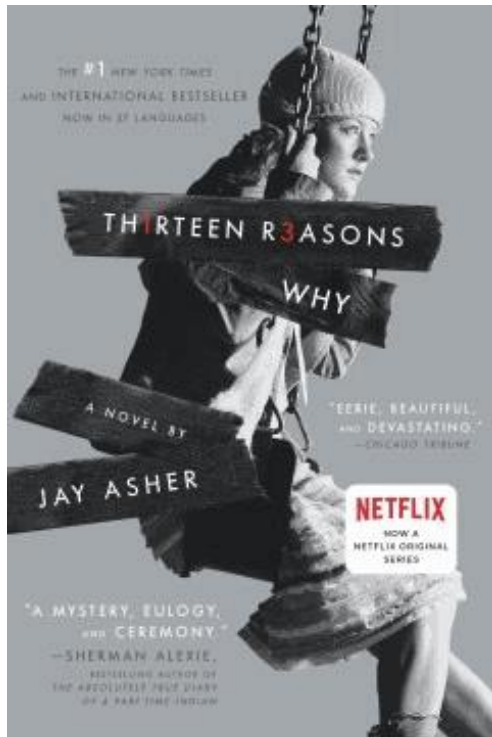


THIRTEEN REASONS WHY



Young Adult

By Jay Asher

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OBJECTION RATING

3/5

Summary of Concerns:

The book sensationalizes suicide. In addition, there is an excerpt with some detailed sexual assault. The book attempts to normalize sexual battery and assault.

Page	Content
10	Hannah Baker's suicide tapes are getting passed around.
25	Hannah took off her shirt and let Justin put his hands up her bra.
27	She came over to my table at lunch, whispered the proposition in my ear, and I had a hard-on for the rest of the day.
37	Sure, I am pressuring you with that second set of tapes, but who cares if people around town know what you think of my ass, right?
38	"You idiot, Jackass."
47	Or fat-ass Jackass Jimmy.
47	A cupped hand smacked my ass. And then, he said it. "Best Ass in the Freshman Class, Wally. Standing right there in your store!"
52	Alex, am I saying your list gave him permission to grab my ass? I'm saying it gave him an excuse. And an excuse was all this needed.
52	I'm just going to tell you why it pissed me off. I've had my butt grabbed before- no big deal- but this time it was grabbed because someone else wrote my name on a list.
88	"He's cramming his dick in his pants."
101	Don't worry; Mrs. Crimsen, I thought. No boys in here. No alcohol. No drugs. No fun.
109	"You're a dick, Marcus."
121	Which is funny, because whoever designed the list forgot to mention drinking and sex- which would've been the most accurate response for most of our student body.
170	Or deep down, maybe there was more. Maybe I wanted someone to figure out who wrote the note and secretly come to my rescue.
172	Because we're juveniles, she said, as long as the suicide didn't occur in a public place with witnesses, they probably wouldn't report in the news.
174	A girl who, for some reason, blames me for her suicide.
182	They wrote about death. About the evilness of men. ...Seriously, that's how they described it. They went on to call Earth a knocked-up gaseous alien needing an abortion.
247	Fun drunks make a nice addition to any party. Not looking to fight. Not looking to score. Just looking to get drunk and laugh.
254	Okay, I'll say it. I thought about suicide. ...I thought about suicideI wish I would die. ...What about hanging? Well, what would I use? Where would I do it? And even if I knew what and where, I could never get beyond the visual of someone finding me- swinging- inches from the floor. ...You took pills. That, we all know. Some say you passed out and drowned in a bathtub full of water. It came down to two lines of thinking. If I wanted people to think it was an accident, I'd drive my car off the road. Someplace where there's no chance of survival. And there are so many places to do that on the outskirts of town. I've probably driven by each of them a dozen times in the past couple of weeks.

Page	Content
	<p>Others say you drew the bathwater, but fell asleep on your bed while it was filling. Your mom and dad came home, found the bathroom flooded, and called your name. But there was no answer.</p> <p>Then there are these tapes.</p> <p>...So I've decided on the least painful way possible.</p> <p>Pills.</p> <p>My stomach pulls in, wanting to rid my body of everything. Food. Thoughts. Emotions.</p> <p>But what kinds of pills? And how many? I'm not sure. And I don't have much time to figure it out because tomorrow...I'm going to do it.</p> <p>Wow.</p> <p>...I won't be around anymore...tomorrow.</p>
264	<p>Your fingers made their way under my bra. But you didn't grab me. Testing the boundaries, I guess. Sliding your thumb along the underside of my breasts.</p> <p>"Weren't you on that list?" you said. "Best ass in the freshman class."</p> <p>Bryce, you had to see my jaw clench. You had to see my tears. Does that kind of shit turn you on?</p> <p>Bryce? Yes. It does.</p> <p>"It's true," you said.</p>
265	<p>And I'm going to kick your ass.</p>
265	<p>As if letting him finger me was going to cure all my problems.</p> <p>But in the end, I never told you to get away...and you didn't.</p> <p>You stopped rubbing circles on my stomach. Instead, you rubbed back and forth, gently, along my waist. Your pinky made its way under the top of my panties and rolled back and forth, from hip to hip. Then another finger slipped below, pushing your pinky further down, brushing it through my hair.</p> <p>And that's all you needed, Bryce. You started kissing my shoulder, my neck, sliding your fingers in and out. And then you kept going. You didn't stop there.</p> <p>I'm sorry. Is this getting too graphic for some of you? Too bad.</p>