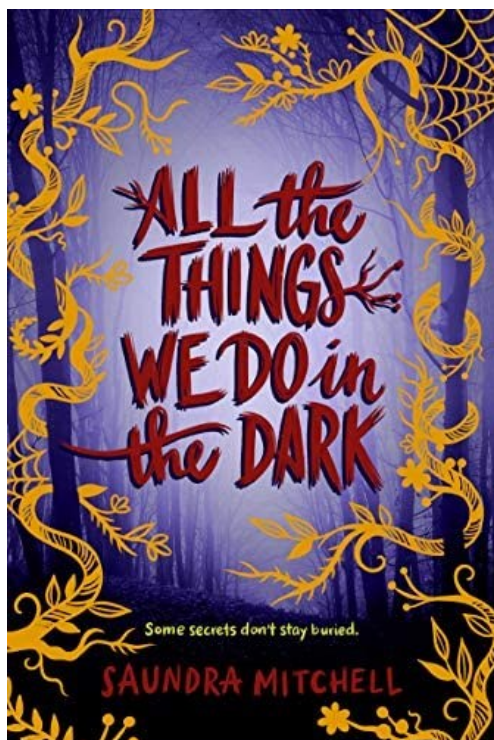


ALL THE THINGS WE DO IN THE DARK



Young Adult

By Sandra Mitchell

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Book Summary:

A teenage girl attempts to have a normal life after having been raped as a child.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild/infrequent profanity; sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and suicide references.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
i	This novel discusses sexual assault and sexual violence, and contains depictions of non-sexual violence and PTSD that may be triggering to survivors.
2	He had a razor blade finger. He just traced it down my cheek and told me to go home.
4	Also, I'm saying it because I think I have a responsibility: I had a "good" rape. The kind where I was young enough that it was definitely not my fault. I was not sexy enough for people to think I might have secretly wanted it.
5	There's no world, no planet, on which a nine-year-old should learn about sex and syphilis in an emergency room while an intern glues her face back together.
7	My friend Syd, short for Sydney, thinks virginity is stages: mouth virginity, hand virginity- even boyginity and girlginity.
48	(...Did you hear about the girl with the scar? Yeah, she offed herself. I guess she never got over it. Should we do something? Let's do candles and a GoFundMe for suicide stuff or...the other thing. You know, the other thing.)
96	Rivers spill down my spine and split across my breasts. ...My hands drift on soap currents, shaping the weight of my breasts, straying between my soft thighs. The little ache there throbs, but I pass by.
97	The right water is hard to find. I gave up a while ago. I don't like my fingers because I concentrate too hard and rub too hard to get nowhere. But the magic of an allowance, the existence of Visa gift cards, and the open road of the internet mean I don't have to use my hands. Turning out my light, I slide into bed, still wrapped in the towel. Then I dig between the mattress and box spring until I find my familiar friend. Mine is boring compared to some of the crazy things that come up on Amazon when you type vibrator into the search engine. There are no beads or pearls or colors or natural replications here: it's just a slim white tube with a twist base on it. It's quiet, like prayer; even quieter beneath my covers and towel. Only on the outside, the shaft pressed against flesh and bone, it's tip infiltrates dark curls and parts lips to find my clitoris. When I find the spot, my feet twist and curve. One heel digs into the mattress like an anchor.
98	People freaking joke about good-touch/bad-touch, and it's not funny. Good-touch dissolves into old hands- dirty hands- bad hands everywhere; rancid air I've already breathed; hot, swollen summer moments I never want back.
135	"You've made out with people and hooked up and done stuff, and I..."
165	When I kiss her, our lips cling together. They're not tentative or afraid- they long to hold on to the soft, silken glow between us. Her lips seek when I falter. They're plush and they invite me in. She reaches me with a taste how to follow. I've never done this before. Every flicker is terrifying and exhilarating; it's the first leap off the high dive and cutting flawlessly into the water. Twisting my hands in her shirt, my knuckles rasp against forbidden skin. Hailey unfurls against me. When she twines her arms around me, her blunt nails skate the length of my spine. They brush aside the hem of my shirt and whisper at the small of my back. It's alchemy, drinking something that makes us grow and

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	<p>grow, fill up the room and spill out of it, into the universe. It's so much, too much, and we break away at the same time. I burrow against her; she holds me tighter. "Hi," I say. I feel her smile on my skin.</p>
166	<p>Lying to myself, like it's just going to be sleeping; it's not. But it's also not sex. Just kissing, just close, just skin-on-skin with clothes between, just breath hot on my lips and hands heavy on my hips. ...I feel like I'm inside her skin or she's inside mine. Sweat springs up between my breasts and along my spine.</p>
167	<p>She traces the lines of the elephant- she's on forbidden skin and it makes me shiver. ...When Hailey raises her eyes to mine again, she murmurs, "I've never had an illicit sleepover before."</p>
172	<p>Her stunted fingers close over mine. She forces my pinkie inside and leans in.</p>
175	<p>It's a constant reminder that I kissed the girl, and the girl kissed me.</p>
184	<p>Or maybe the dust runs out of her manic dream state, and she commits glorious, meaningful suicide.</p>
193	<p>DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE GUY who followed me home after? How he insisted on talking to my mom? How he told her what he saw, and the next thing I remember after that is Police-ER-Rape Kits-Superglue? I hate him. More than I hate the guy who raped me.</p>
194	<p>Why were out that late/on that side of town/drinking/toking/hitchhiking/smoking/hooking up with somebody you met online?</p>
210	<p>Never had sex (?technically? Girlginity intact, boyginity uh...?)</p>
234	<p>Hailey catches me up in a brand-new kiss. On first taste, it's sweet, her lips feathering against mine Then it ignites. Hunger burns on the tip of my tongue. Our breath falls hard and fast and in time. We're breathing each other, devouring each other. The windows slowly rise with a haze. Releasing my seat belt, I slide back against the door when Hailey washes over me. Her heat, her weight, erase everything. I'm not numb; I'm alive in a whole new way. A ceaseless, sensual way that makes it easy to wrap my arms around her. The front seats are narrow, so we have to hold on. We have to twist together—duck and dodge and slide back in for another deep taste. This time, we fit together perfectly. Hailey's hands fall in the right places, my skin rising in chills of delight in their wake. When I venture beneath the hem of her sweater, I dip fingers beneath her waistband, stroking the dimples at the base of her spine. She is creamy; her kiss swirls in me like I'm coffee, around and around until she's mine and I'm hers and there's no way to separate us. ... Hailey's lips, blushed and full, those are what's important. When she breaks away, I chase her, begging for another taste, pleading for one, getting one. Her hair escapes its elastic and falls all around us. Each strand leaves a mark on me.</p>

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	<p>With a shake of her head to get it out of the way, she presses me back again. . I love that we're in the middle of nowhere. That we're in a car, like it's 1956 and Lovers' Lane is a thing. That we're right on the edge of one country and could tip over into another with ease.</p> <p>She moves, and it's delicious. When she strokes my face, the muscles in her back ripple all the way down. Chasing that wave, I rasp my nails against her spine and savor the shiver that rolls through her. The phone buzzes again, and Hailey murmurs, right on my lips, "Should you get that?"</p> <p>When I reply, my tongue flickers against the part of her lips. "No, it's fine." "Are you sure?" she asks.</p> <p>This time, I dip more than my fingertips beneath the band of her leggings. She makes a soft sound, and I pull her tighter against me. I want to fit all our curves and edges together, seamlessly. My lips feel heavy, honeyed, and I kiss her chin, her cheek, the corner of her mouth. "So sure."</p>
240	<p>While I was making out with Hailey at the edge of the world, my mother was sitting home in the dark writing a new covenant for our house.</p>
255	<p>This is a cop's house! This is a killer's house! What do cops and killers have in common?!</p> <p>Gun. He has a gun.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	2
Dick	1