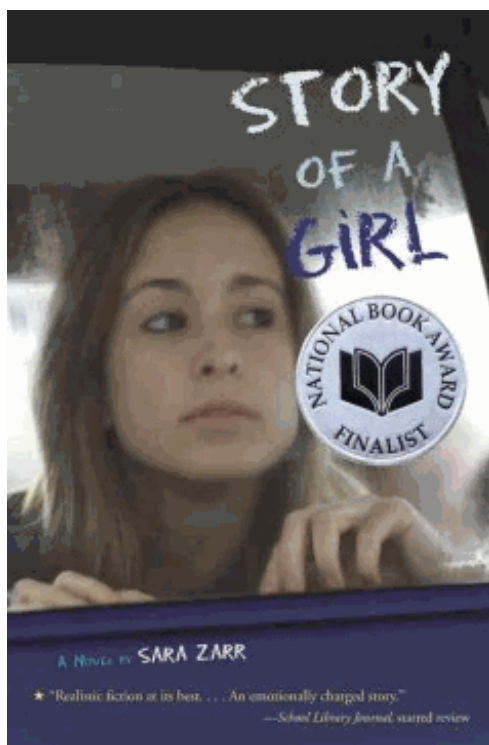


STORY OF A GIRL: A NOVEL



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; and drug use

Young Adult

By Sara Zarr

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2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
84-87	<p>We kissed some more and it didn't take long for that shyness to wear off, and soon we were back to where we'd left off all those years ago and I let his hands go wherever. I don't remember now how it felt. I wanted it to feel good. I wanted to feel something. I wanted to remember what it had been like when I was thirteen, if I could figure out why I'd gone along with Tommy and everything he said and did. Was it only because he happened to be the one who came along when he did? Could it have been anyone? Or was there something about him, Tommy Webber, that I liked and cared about? There in the Buick with the fog all around us, I tried to connect with my thirteen-year-old self, remember what she felt like, what she wanted.</p> <p>We kept making out and Tommy took my Picasso's shirt off. We both smelled like pizza. He reached down the side of the bench seat and slid it back, then there was the old thing — the soft but steady pressure on my shoulder with one hand, the other gently pulling on my hair. The first time he did that I was confused, not sure what he wanted. But I wasn't completely stupid and I'd heard about it from Melony, and, I mean, I guess it's just human instinct to sort of figure it out. I remember that first time I didn't want to do it, really, I just wanted to keep kissing and stuff like we had been. But I was stoned and it seemed like a reasonable alternative to going all the way and I didn't want him to get mad at me. I didn't want it all to stop.</p> <p>"Come on, Dee Dee," he said now.</p> <p>I pushed against his hand and sat up. "Can't you just . . ." I didn't know what I wanted to say. "I don't want to right now."</p> <p>"Yeah, you do. Come on. Please? You used to love doing that." It was both sad and funny, you know, how two people's memory of the same thing could be so different. And that was the whole problem, really, that this thing had happened between us, and to Tommy it was one thing and to me it was something else, and once my dad got involved it became something else again. Three people at the scene of the crime, each with a different story. Add onto that the whole jury known as Terra Nova High School and who knew anymore what had really happened?</p> <p>I grabbed my shirt and got out of the car. I stood outside in the fog, in my bra, turning my shirt right-side-out. Someone in the other car rolled down their window and I heard a girl yell, "Are you okay?"</p> <p>"Yeah, no problem," I called across the lot. I put my shirt back on, and Tommy got out on his side, looking at me across the shiny top of the car.</p> <p>"What's wrong?"</p> <p>"I didn't used to love doing that," I said.</p> <p>"Okay." He smiled. "But I liked it when you did that, and I know I made you feel good, too. I know that. I always gave as good as I got."</p> <p>"I didn't say it didn't feel good . . ." They never tell you this part in sex ed, how to talk about what you did and why you did it and what you thought about it, before, during, and after.</p> <p>"Then what are you talking about?" He folded his arms on the roof of the car and leaned on them. "What's the problem?"</p>

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	<p>“The problem,” I started. “Just . . . the whole thing . . .” Then I was crying and couldn’t stop. Twice in one day with the crying. Tommy’s smirk went away and he came over to my side of the car. This would be where a regular guy, an ex who cared about you, would, like, give you a hug or something, right? Tommy could only stare and look like he wanted to be anywhere else.</p> <p>“What? What did I do?”</p> <p>“God, Tommy! I was thirteen!” He watched me cry some more. “Can’t you say anything?” I asked. “I’d never even gone on a date. I still haven’t.”</p> <p>“And that’s my fault?”</p> <p>“You were seventeen. Supposedly Darren’s best friend.” I wiped my arm across my face, trying to calm down. “You know I could have pressed charges? There are laws.”</p> <p>“But you didn’t.”</p> <p>“I know. That’s not . . . What if you had a little sister,” I said, “and Darren did all that shit to her you did to me?”</p> <p>““Did’ to you? What’s that supposed to mean?” He seemed sincerely confused.</p> <p>“Are you saying I, like, raped you? Because if you’re saying that . . .”</p> <p>“No. No, I — you never even took me out. We never went to a movie. We never just hung out and watched TV.” We never held hands, we never went for a walk, we never went out for anything to eat. The longer the list got in my head, the more pathetic I felt. The more I felt hurt, the more I felt angry, the more I felt everything. “What was I to you, Tommy? What did you think of me?”</p> <p>“What did I think of you? I liked you, didn’t I? I thought you were cute. I thought you were a turn-on.”</p> <p>“You thought I was an easy target, is what you thought. Right?”</p>