

Hate List by Jennifer Brown

Fuck: 5
Shit: 11
Damn: 17
Bitch: 9
Piss: 14

Pg. 23

Whether Leftman's wounds were intentional or accidental, there is little doubt in the minds of the police that Nick Levil intended to commit suicide after massacring nearly half a dozen Garvin High students.

"Witnesses at the scene tell us that after he shot Leftman he pointed the gun to his own head and pulled the trigger," says Marone. Levil was pronounced dead at the scene.

"It was a relief," says Keller. "Some kids actually cheered, which I think is kind of wrong. But I guess I can understand why they did it. It was really scary."

Pg. 51

Nick had been a little quiet lately. In fact, he hadn't shown up at school for two days, and had texted me all day long, asking about "the shits in homeroom" or "the fat bitches in P. E." or "that scab McNeal."

He'd been hanging around with this guy, Jeremy, for the last month and every day he seemed to pull further and further away from me. I was afraid he was going to break up with me, so I just played along like it was no big deal that we hardly ever saw each other anymore. I didn't want to push him—he'd been so volatile lately and I didn't want to start a fight. I didn't ask him what he was doing on those days he didn't show up and instead just texted him back that "the shits in Bio need 2 B dunked in formaldehyde" and that "I h8 those bitches" and that "McNeal is lucky I don't have a gun." That last one would really come back to bite me later. Really, they all would. But that last one... that last one would make me vomit every time I thought about it for a long time. And it would inspire a three-

Pg. 52

Jeremy was this older guy—like twenty-one or something—who'd graduated from Garvin a few years ago. He didn't go to college. He didn't have a job. From what I could tell, all Jeremy did was beat up his girlfriend and sit around smoking pot and watching cartoons all day. Until he met Nick and then he stopped watching the cartoons and started smoking his dope with Nick and only beat up his girlfriend on nights when he wasn't in Nick's garage, playing drums, too stoned to remember she existed. On the rare occasions that I'd been over there when Jeremy was there, Nick was a totally different guy. Someone I didn't even recognize, really.

Pg. 101

"Hey," Stacey said. "What's up? You look pissed."

"Yeah," I said. "Look what that bitch Christy Bruter did to my phone."

"Oh, man," David said, taking it out of my hands. "You could get it fixed or something."

"I don't want to get it fixed," I said. "I want to kill her. God, I could just rip her stupid head off. She'll regret this. I'm totally going to get her back for this."

Pg. 133

I opened my eyes and reached out to grab Nick, but he had moved to the side and instead I found myself looking at Christy, who had this totally shocked look on her face. Her mouth was open like she was going to say something, and her hands were both clutching her stomach. They were covered with blood.

She wavered and then began to fall forward. I jumped out of the way and she hit the floor between me and Nick. I looked down at her, feeling like I was in slow-motion, and saw that

there was blood spreading across the back of her shirt as well and there was a hole in the fabric right in the middle of the blood.

"Got her," Nick said, looking down at her, too. He was holding a gun and his hand was shaking. "Got her," he repeated. He kind of laughed a little, this high-pitched laugh I still think was surprise more than anything. I have to believe it was a surprised laugh. I have to believe he was as surprised by what he did as I was. That somewhere underneath the drugs and the obsession with Jeremy was a Nick who, like me, thought it was all a joke, all a what-if.

And then everything snapped into real time. Kids were screaming and running, clogging the doorways and falling over one another. Some were standing around looking amused like someone had just pulled off a good prank and they were sorry they'd missed it. Mr. Kline was shoving kids out of the way, and Mrs. Flores was screaming commands at them.

Nick started to rush through the crowd, too, leaving me with Christy and all that blood. I turned my head and Willa and I locked eyes.

"Oh my God!" somebody screamed. "Somebody! Help!"
I think it was me screaming, but even today I can't be sure.

Pg. 163

"Where is she?"

Mr. Kline shook his head slowly. "I don't know who you're talking about. Just put down the gun and we'll discuss this..."

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up! Tell me where that bitch Tennille is, goddamnit, or I'll blow your fucking head off!"

I tried to run faster, but my legs felt like rubber.

"I don't know where she is, man. Don't you hear the sirens? The police are here now. It's over. Just put the gun down and spare yourself..."

Another crack filled the air. My eyes closed instinctively. And when I opened them again I saw Mr. Kline falling to the floor, his arms still outstretched. He fell straight down like that, and then crumpled onto one side. I wasn't sure where he was

Pg. 233

To: NicksVal@aol.com

From: cadaver@gmail.com

Subject: Another way to do it

I think I would prefer gas over anything. You know, like go into the garage and turn on the car and just lay down on the seat and get high and get dead. That would be totally intense, man, if my parents walked in to the garage in the morning, ready to go to work and found me dead with a fatty in my hand.

Oh, and you know who I want to add to the list? Ginny Baker.

N

To: cadaver@gmail.com

From: NicksVal@aol.com

Subject: RE: Another way to do it

I don't know, I'm still liking the whole overdose thing.

Like o.d. on something sexy, like x or something. LOL about your parents walking in on you in the car. That would be too funny. Bet they'd finish smoking the weed before they called the ambulance. Wouldn't you?

And why G.B.? I still have the list from when I was looking through it in social studies. I can put it on for you.

Val

To: NicksVal@aol.com

From: cadaver@gmail.com

Subject: RE:RE: Another way to do it

Why not? She's just another SBRB anyway. Write her down. What number is she? I'm thinking somewhere around 407. Too bad. She deserves to be way higher on the list.

Pg. 235

N

To: cadaver@gmail.com

From: NicksVal@aol.com

Subject: RE:RE:RE: Another way to do it

All of those SBRB's do. I wrote her down. 411, btw. Wouldn't it be great if all of a sudden the mall blew up and the SBRB Club was blown to smithereens? Nothing but fake nails and blond hair all over the place. LOL.

Val

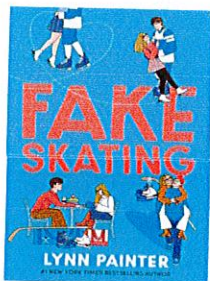
Pg. 487

His fingers gouged into my leg harder. "My sister was in that cafeteria," he said. "She saw her friends die, thanks to you and that puke boyfriend of yours. She still has nightmares about it. He got what he deserved, but you got a free pass. That ain't right. You should've died that day, Sister Death. Everyone wishes you would have. Look around. Where is Jessica, if she wants you here so bad? Even the friends you came here with don't want to be with you."

"Let go of me," I said again, pulling on his fingers. But he only pinched tighter.

"Your boyfriend isn't the only one who can get his hands on a gun, you know," he said. Slowly he eased himself up to standing again. He reached into the waistband of his jeans and pulled out something small and dark. He pointed it at me, and when the moonlight hit it, I gasped and pressed myself against the barn wall.

"So was this the kind of gun your psycho boyfriend used?" he asked, turning the gun in his hand contemplatively. He aimed it at my leg. "Do you recognize it? It's not so tough to get ahold of one. My dad hides this one in the rafters downstairs. If I wanted, I could make people go away, just like Nick did."



Fake Skating by Lynn Painter

Fuck: 99+
Shit: 99+
Bitch: 6
Piss: 23
Damn: 41
Hell: 99+
Ass: 50
Cocksucker: 1

Pg. 57

"The only person you've talked to since you got here is Tawnee, and she said—and I quote—that you're 'too drunk to be fun.'"

I looked over in Tawnee's direction, and, as if hearing her name, she glanced back at me and smiled. She and her best friend, Kylie, were wrapped up in blankets, standing on the other side of the fire, and I knew I probably should ask her out before someone else beat me to it.

"Bullshit," I said, raising my cup and smiling back at her. "The drunk is my attempt at *being* fun."

But I wasn't drunk.

I was attempting drunk, I was working my ass off to get myself drunk, but I was way too sober and in my own head at the moment.

Vinny, who I hadn't even noticed behind us, asked, "Didn't you say you were done drinking until after the season?"

"Can you please get off my ass, Ma?"

"Oh, but you're not being a dick, right?" Richie said with a smart-ass grin.

"Touché," I muttered with a shrug, because they were right about everything.

I *had* committed to dry December and January (and February) because there was too much at stake for me to enjoy partying. Everything was lined up for me, and I couldn't risk a mistake, not when everyone—every fucking one, I swear to God—was counting on me.

But tonight the risk had taken a back seat to the burning annoyance with my inability to stop thinking about *her*.

Pg. 60

"So why are you pissed about her?"

"I'm not," I said defensively, knowing I sounded like a pouty little shit. "My mom is just all on my ass to go over there and see her when I don't want to leave this party."

"And you shouldn't," Zack said, stepping into our conversation and lowering his voice. "Because Reid brought megabong."

"Of course he did," Vinny laughed, shaking his head.

Reid was the only guy I knew who legitimately behaved like he was something out of an eighties stoner movie. He didn't really drink, but he was all about it when it came to smoking.

I was the opposite.

I didn't mind having a few beers when I wasn't driving, but contrary to popular belief (because of a few shenanigans that got blown way the fuck out of proportion), I really wasn't into partying.

Especially not Reid's version of partying.

But an hour later, when the beer had yet to slow the steady stream of Dani-focused thoughts (and my mom texted Dani is GORGEOUS now, btw), it suddenly felt like a good night to make a few mistakes.

"Has anyone ever gotten lit *while* going down this hill?" Richie asked, falling into the high-pitched giggle that only came out when he was buzzed. "Reid would look like a fucking steam locomotive if he megabonged on a sled in motion."

"He'd never have the balls to try something that legendary," Vinny said,

Pg. 338

"No way."

Richie looked down at my phone and started laughing as we walked around to the back of Bryce's house. His dad was ice fishing at Mille Lacs, so he was having a few people over. "I didn't know Mick knew how to smile."

The picture of Dani and Mick was so fucking funny that I couldn't stop looking at it and showing it to everyone I knew, even a day later. Dani looked cute as hell, laughing in her fuzzy hat and long braids, and it felt like the perfect shot of the Dani I used to know.

"Normally I'd agree," I said around a laugh, "but he's different around her."

We went in the back door and straight to the basement, because that was the only place we hung out when Bryce's parents were gone. And holy shit—the party was in full swing already, looking like a fucking casino with all the card games going on down there. King's Cup at the table by the laundry room, Fuck the Dealer (my favorite) at Bryce's dad's bar, and some variation of beer pong on the Ping-Pong table.

PROLOGUE: ALEC

1. To **fucking**. Southview.
2. ...ing "Escorpião," the Brazilian song that I didn't understand but **fucking** loved. I knew the translation was something along the lines o...
3. What the **fuck** am I doing?
4. ...and nostalgic longing—wasn't helping, either. The scents were so **fucking** familiar that it felt like I should follow the walls over to...

CHAPTER TWO: ALEC

5. ...presentable?" My mom was rolling out dough on the center island—**fucking** beer bread,
6. Which made me want to cry little happy baby tears, because I was **fucking** famished.
7. "Yeah, but why?" I pulled off my jacket, being extra **fucking** careful with my left arm, and put it on a hook. "Andy doesn't..."
8. ...o run into her eventually, but why tonight, when my shoulder was **fucking** killing me and all I wanted to do was eat and fall into my be...
9. No **fucking** way.
10. ...Busch Light from the top shelf.
"We're breaking bread with Mick **Fucking** Boche tonight, holy shit."
11. **Fuck**.
12. ...bugging the shit out of me. So they'd moved to Southview—why the **fuck** was this a big deal?
13. I could handle my shoulder's **fuckery** when I was playing, but for some reason, stupid things like I...

CHAPTER FOUR: ALEC

14. ...my eyebrows because even though the bonfire was roaring, it was **fucking** cold.
15. ...p for me, and I couldn't risk a mistake, not when everyone—every **fucking** one, I swear to God—was counting on me.
16. ...us. It's like you kind of set the tone at a party, as much as I **fucking** hate to admit that," Vinny said, shaking his head like it was...
17. "I don't give a shit—it was **fucking** epic, and that was all you," he said with a laugh. "But when..."
18. "I'm so **fucking** interesting it's ridiculous, assbag," he said with a grin. "I..."
19. ...a redhead was like calling the pope slightly spiritual: a wicked **fucking** understatement. "Who is Danny?"
20. "I'm picturing Mick with long hair, and it's **fucking** terrifying," Richie said with a laugh.
21. ...ular belief (because of a few shenanigans that got blown way the **fuck** out of proportion), I really
22. ...e that only came out when he was buzzed. "Reid would look like a **fucking** steam locomotive if he megabonged on a sled in motion."

CHAPTER FIVE: DANI

23. Mick **Fucking** Boche.

CHAPTER SIX: ALEC

24. God, seventh-grade me would've **fucking**
25. ...lunchroom, but the confirmation that she was within these walls **fucking** rocked me.

26. ...d, and Vin and I ran into them on the way to first period. She's **fuckin** cute."
27. Kyle was our starting goalie and superstitious as **fuck**.
28. "If that skinny **fuck** made them run out, I'll have to destroy him."

CHAPTER EIGHT: ALEC

29. She wasn't cute—she was **fucking** gorgeous.
30. ...that wavy blond hair, those big brown eyes and black glasses... it **fucking**
31. "**Fuck**," I muttered under my breath when I heard the whistle, because w...
32. ...warm-ups were over and I'd barely registered any of it. I was on **fucking** autopilot, which was the last thing I needed to be when I had...
33. every player in a **fucking** blue jersey. Shutting down Simley was the only thing that mat...
34. **Fucking**
35. A gutty effort, an ugly **fucking** dub.

CHAPTER TEN: ALEC

36. ...oulder kept me up until my alarm went off, I swear to God. I was **fucking** exhausted, and that nap during speech had done wonders.
37. ...to be in Southview at all, but definitely not in my life, in my **fucking** speech class.
38. ...as plain, nothing remarkable about it at all, but it was like it **fucking** showcased her soft skin and the—
39. ...nest, I wanted to go to college next year like everyone else, so **fucking** badly. I wanted to study history, to

40. "He wasn't," my grandpa said. "And now he totally **fucked** over his future."

CHAPTER TWELVE: ALEC

41. **Fuck** if I know.
42. ...er of them my rivals—laid eyes upon that picture of me holding a **fucking** bong.
43. Gee, I wonder how that happened? **Fucking** Maserati-driving douchebag.
44. ...ho should've been yelling the loudest, because I was potentially **fucking** things up for them.
45. ...ith a tentative plan. I was going to behave like an angel and be **fucking** perfect—perfect grades, perfect behavior—and they were going...
46. ...es by working a lot, but the Barczewskis as a whole were way the **fuck** away from being in the black, so the life-changing lotto win of...
47. God, I wanted to deliver that so **fucking** badly.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: DANI

48. "Can you even **fucking** imagine?" Richie said with a laugh. "I busted the shit outt..."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: ALEC

49. Yeah, I'm not **fucking** asking.
50. ...messing with my concentration when I'd already jeopardized every **fucking** thing with megabong and needed to focus now more than ever
51. Which explained why I was in the library—**fucking**
52. ...back of my closet, I was reduced to a little boy with a thousand **fucking** feelings.
53. **Fucking** little dorks,

54. We're talking hundreds of mother**fuckin**g postcards.

55. And a couple of weeks later, when she came to town and **fucked** me over, I realized that was just who she'd become.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: DANI

56. **Fuck!**

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: ALEC

57. **Fuck**, fuck, fuck.

58. Fuck, **fuck**, fuck.

59. Fuck, fuck, **fuck**.

60. ...reathe as she blinked up at me, and then I was huggina her while **fuckina**

61. ...smell of her hair, buzzed on the warmth of her body in my arms, **fucking** hypnotized by the slide of her hands on my skin, dear

62. What the **fuck** even

63. ...tion, but now these dudes were thinking they'd just witnessed me **fucking** around with a girl in the locker room—the night before a game...

64. **Fuck**, even

65. **fuck**

66. ...f that isn't bad enough, you're not even dressed. Like, what the **fuck**?

And who the hell even is she? I've

67. ...tle pissed that he didn't know me better than this. Like why the **fuck** did everyone always assume the worst? "She's new here and wants...

68. ...serious girl who just happens to be a direct descendant of Mick **Fucking** Boche?"

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: DANI

69. ..., which was great, because I'm trying to convince them I'm not a **fuckup**, because a picture that, uh, might've made it look—"

70. "Mick **Fucking** Boche?" He looked at me like I'd just said something

71. ...oom and saw what they thought was me hooking up with a girl is a **fucking** nightmare."
72. ...tarted looking at me in a different light. Like maybe I wasn't a **fuckup** and maybe I'm dating somebody who's going to be a good influen...
73. ...e I'm trying to get people to see who I really am—not a partying **fuckboy**—this could be a good thing."
74. "She's not hungry, you **fuck**, so get the hell out of here," Alec said to Benji, reaching for...
75. "**Fucking**
76. "You already reconnected with **fucking** Benji, are you kidding me?" His voice was low and gravelly, h...

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: ALEC

77. What the **fuck**
78. Why would that **fucking** asshole even have her number?
79. But yes—it kind of **fucking** mattered because I hated him.
80. ...middle school and I had to deal with him on the ice, he became a **fucking** menace. He was always on the best teams. the teams that recru...
81. But as much as I didn't like him, he **fucking**
82. And I'd been so **fucking** happy to hear that, not only because I hadn't seen Dani in a...
83. ...d I needed my friend—who'd stopped responding to my postcards—so **fucking** badly.
84. What a small **fucking** world.
85. ...ll I know is that I need to do whatever it takes to convince the **fucking** world that I'm gaga for a good girl and have my shit together...

86. Where the **fuck** had those kids gone?
I wondered. How was it possible that
they n...

87. **fucking** sentimental dipshit—

88. ...hat kid. Faking nice with her wasn't
going to kill me or make me **fucking**
sprout feelings, for God's sake,
because it was just a means...

CHAPTER TWENTY: ALEC

89. And **fucking** sad.

90. ...will take your proffered granola bar
and devour it because I am **fucking**
starving for no reason whatsoever."

91. **fuck**

92. ...e it to the finals last year but lost to
St. John's Academy (and **fucking** Ben
Worthington), so even though I
scored a goal at the Xcel...

93. I'd cried like a **fucking** baby
afterward, swear to God.

94. "What the **fuck** is this I hear about
you and Boche's granddaughter?"
Kyle said a...

95. **Fuck.**

96. ...ything, and from the second the
puck dropped that night, we were
fucking on fire.

97. Everything worked that night, and we
fucking destroyed them.

98. ...anigirl!" my dad said, gesturing for
me to hold up the phone. He **fucking**

99. She had the coolest **fucking** eyes.

There are more, but SORA only counts the first 99...

