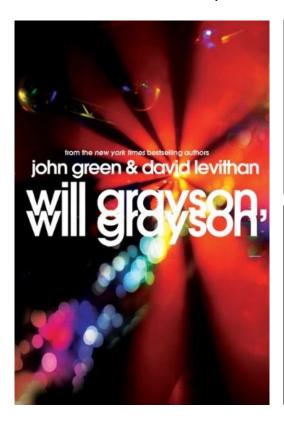
Will Grayson, Will Grayson

By John Green and David Levithan



What You Should Know

Will Grayson, Will Grayson is full of profane language and sexually explicit content. It contains graphic descriptions of **pornography stores** and **sex toys**, as well as the dangerous practice of **autoerotic asphyxiation**.

This book is available to KSD students as young as 11 years old.

Sample of Language (# of occurrences):		
Porn (16)	F*ck/F*cker (62)	Sh*t (34)
Dildo (3)	P*ssy (3)	C*nt (1)
B*tch (5)	Sex (14)	C*ck/C*cksucker (4)
Pr*ck (2)	T*ts (3)	P*nis (3)
Vibrator (5)	Wh*re (1)	D*ck (8)

WARNING:

The below pages include graphic content.



"...someone stops and asks you how it feels to be sodomized by Tiny Cooper and how you find Tiny Cooper's gay little pencil prick behind his fat belly." (Pg. 7)

Every now and then you get a teacher like Mrs. Grover, who's a sadistic loser...she responds by giving us quizzes everyday and giving us gay projects like 'design your own ride for Euro Disney' and then acting all surprised when I'm like 'yeah my ride for Euro Disney is Minnie using a baguette as a dildo to have some fun with Mickey.' Since I don't have any idea how to say 'dildo' in French (dildot?) I just say dildo and she pretends to have no idea what I'm talking about." (Pg. 26)

"I turn on Law & Order....this time it's the episode with the guy who strangles blonde after blonde after blonde, and even though I've seen it like 10 times I'm watching it like I don't know that the pretty reporter he's talking to is about to have the curtain cord around her neck....the cord knocked this microscopic piece of skin off (his) hand while he as strangling her, ran it under the microscope and you're totally f*cked. You gotta know he wishes he wore gloves although the gloves probably would've left fibers and he would've been totally f*cked anyway." (Pg. 32-33)

"I definitely don't want Maura to think I'm going to get all 'hey, why don't we sit on my bed and hey since we're sitting on my bed how about I put my d*ck inside you' with her." (Pg. 60)

"Moms don't need to hear that kind of sh*t from their kids, unless they're doing something really wrong, like smoking pot in bed, or doing heroin, or doing heroin while they're smoking pot in bed. If my mom were a jock guy at my school, all of her jock-guy friends would be saying 'dude you just need to get laid.' But sorry, geniuses, there's no such thing as a f*ck cure. A f*ck cure is like the adult version of Santa clause. It's kind of sick that my mind has gone from my mom to f*cking...." (Pg. 66)

"And you know how no one ever listens to (parents') advice because even if it's true it's so annoying and condescending that it just makes you want to develop a meth addiction and have unprotected sex with eighty-seven thousand partners?" (Pg. 76)

"He told me all about it. A musical about a big gay bastard and his best friend who uses tweezers to jack off 'cause his d*ck's so small." (Pg. 78)

"What do you think this is, 1832? When you like someone and they like you, you f*cking put your lips against their lips then you open your mouth a little, then just a hint of tongue to spice things up.

Everybody's always got their panties in a twist about how the youth of America are debaucherous, sexcrazed maniacs passing out handjobs like lollipops, and you can't even kiss a girl..." (Pg. 80)

"I don't care if in 14 hours I am going to be jerking off and have the most life-altering orgasm in all of unrecorded history." (Pg. 95)

"For the first time in my life I realize why hangars are called hangars, because after 15 minutes of trying things on and throwing them aside, all I want is to hook one to the top of my closet door, lean my neck into the loop, and let my weight fall. My mother will come in and think it's some autoerotic asphyxiation where I didn't even have the time to get my d*ck out, and I won't be alive enough to tell her that I think autoerotic asphyxiation is one of the dumbest things in the whole universe, right up there with gay republicans." (Pg. 103-104)

SAMPLE PAGES BELOW

Sample Pages:

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me: i'll tell you when i have something to tell you, okay? now go home and practice your math. here . . . i made you flash cards.

i reach into my bag and take out these cards i made seventh period, kinda knowing maura was going to say yes. they're not actually cards, since it's not like i carry a set of index cards around in my bag for indexing emergencies. but i made all these dotted lines on the piece of paper so she'll know where to cut. each card has its own equation.

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2+2=4
50 \times 40 = 2000
834620 \times 375002 = who really gives a fuck?
x+y=z
cock + pussy = a happy rooster-kitten couple
red + blue = purple
me - mathletes = me + gratitude to you
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maura looks at them for a second, then folds the piece of Paper along the dotted lines, squaring it together like a map. she doesn't smile or anything, but she looks unpissed for a second.

me: don't let derek and simon get too frisky, okay? always wear pocket protection.

maura: i think i'll be able to keep my maidenhead at a mathletes competition.

me: you say that now, but we'll see in nine months. if it's a girl, you should name her *logorrhea*. if it's a boy, go for *trig*.

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looked like the pillsbury doughboy if the dough had been left out for a week. I guess everyone else was using the internet to get their porn. and frenchy's wasn't exactly inviting — it was lit like a 7-eleven, which made all the plastic seem much more plastic, and the metal seem much more metal, and the naked people on the covers of the dvd cases look even less hot and more like cheap porn. passing up go down on moses and afternoon delight in august, i found myself in this bizarre penis produce section. because my mind is, at heart, full of fucked up shit, i immediately started to picture this sequel to toy story called sex toy story, where all these dildos and vibrators and rabbit ears suddenly came to life and have to do things like cross the street in order to get back home.

again, as i was having all these thoughts, i was also thinking about sharing them with isaac. that was my default.

i was only distracted when i heard my name being said by the guy behind the counter. which is how i found o.w.g. so, yeah, i go into a porn shop looking for isaac and i get another will grayson instead.

god, you're one nasty fucker.

of course, right now isaac is ranking up there in nasty fuckerdom, too. i'm hoping that he's actually a nervous fucker instead – like, maybe he showed up and discovered that the place his friend recommended was a porn shop and was so mortified that he ran away crying. i mean, it's possible. or maybe he's just late. i have to give him at least an hour. his train could've gotten stuck in a tunnel or something. it's not unheard of. he's coming from ohio, after all. people in ohio are late all the time.

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