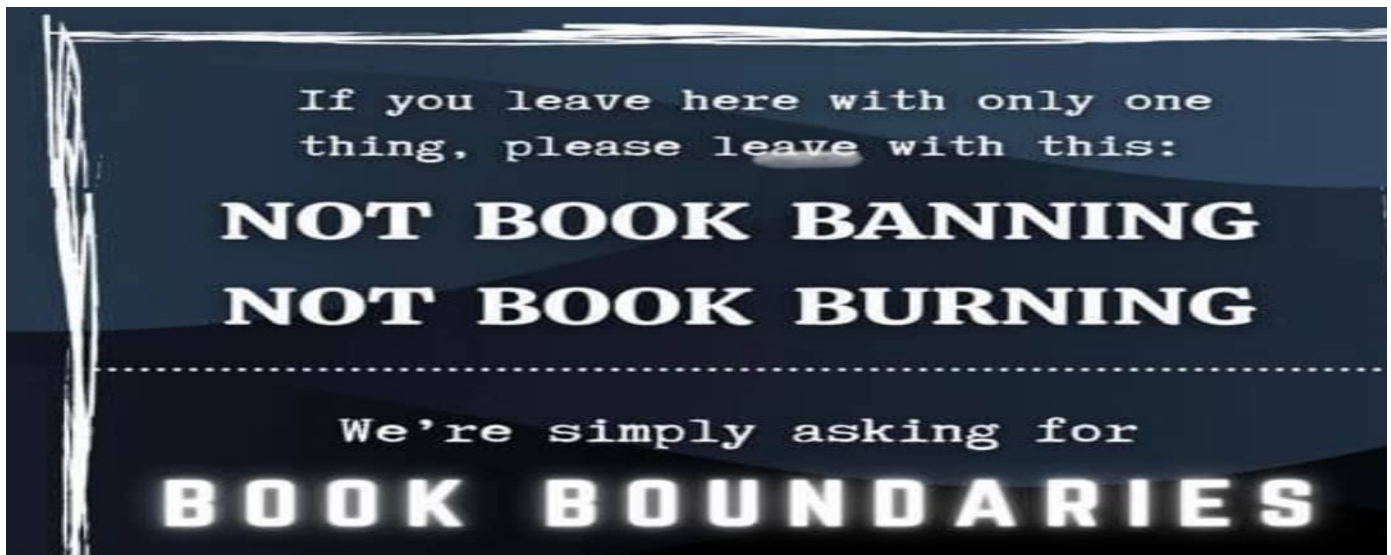


# Fredericksburg ISD Sexually Explicit Book List

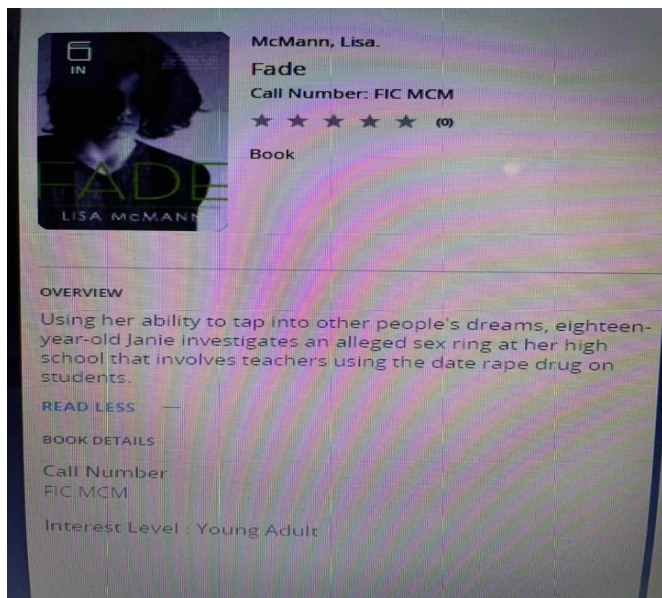


Negative Effects reading and viewing pornography can have on a child's brain:

- ❖ Desensitization to sexual situations which leads to acting out sexualized situations with other kids and potentially engaging in dangerous sexual behavior as an adolescent.
- ❖ Pornography harms a child's brain and actually changes neural pathways.
- ❖ Reading erotica can harm a child's view of sex. How it's depicted in a fictional novel or on the screen is not how it is in real life.

*Sources: Netnanny.com, protectyoungeyes.com, defendyoungminds.com*

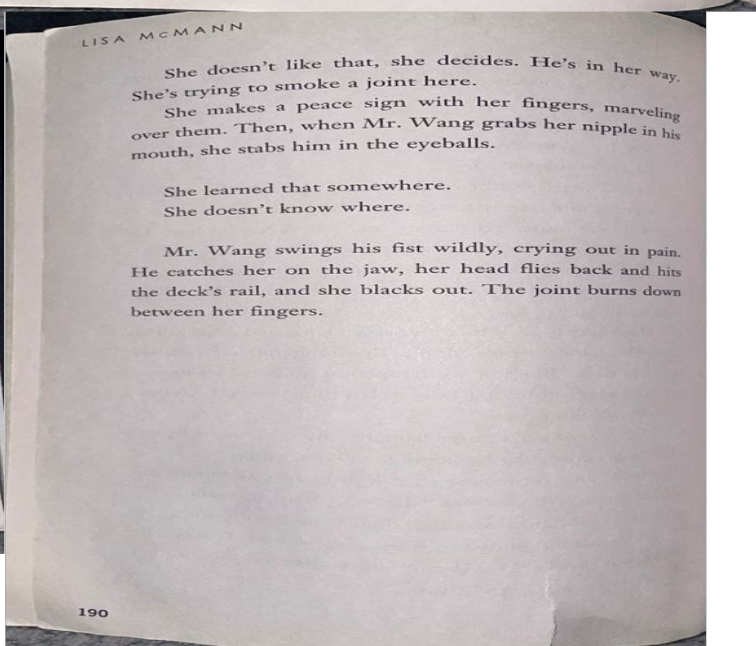
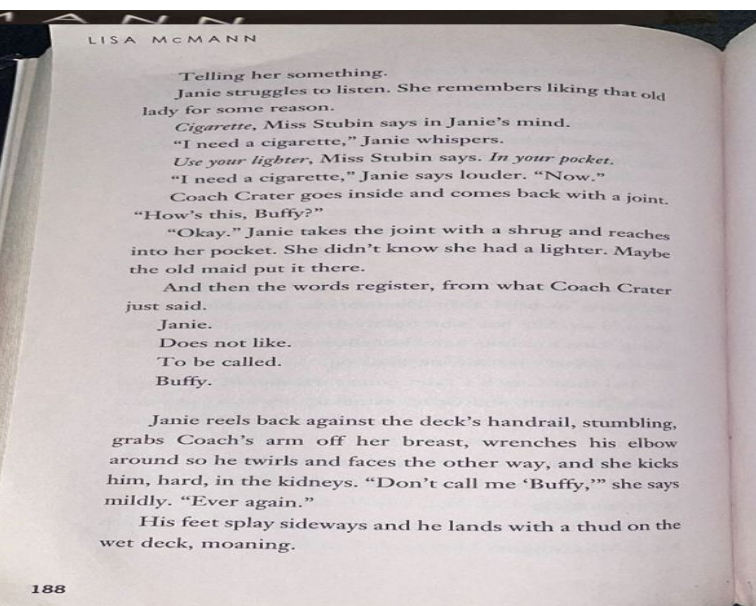
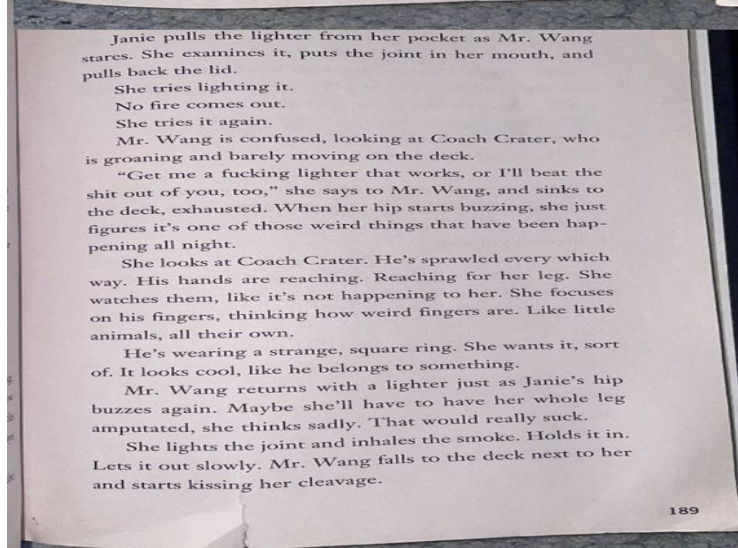
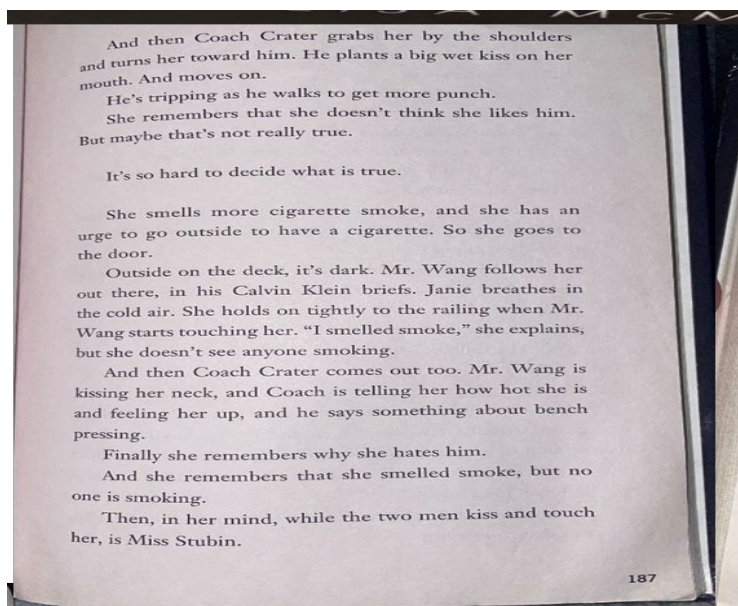
Please move sexually explicit books away from children and into an adult library or other areas that children do not have access to.  
Thank you!



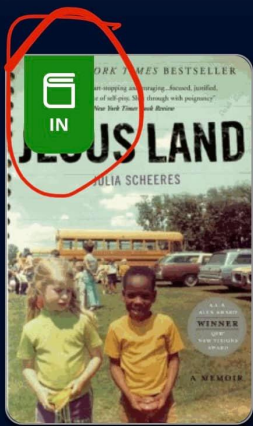
# FADE- McCann

## FMS & FHS

Some of the concerns: Sex scenes & sexual acts between children. Teachers, Coaches & a child interacting sexually together. Teachers drugging children to rape them.







Scheeres, Julia.

## Jesus Land : a memoir

Call Number: 373.72 SCH

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Log In

### OVERVIEW

The author writes of her teenage years in the Midwest, her adopted black brother, her fundamentalist Christian family, and Escuela Caribe--the prison-like Christian reform school they were sent to in the Dominican Republic.

Help Us Improve

## Jesus Land: Scheeres FMS

Some of the concerns: sex  
between children, molestation  
of children

### Pg. 112:

"Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it.

I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst.

"Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention.

**CONTEXT – interaction between minors**

### Pg. 132

"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

**CONTEXT – interaction between minors**

### Pg. 121:

He pauses weightily. "I'm here to tell you today that you can't jack off with Jesus!" He pounds the bookcase to emphasize each word, unaware of the obscene gesture he's making. You Can't. Jack. Off. With. Jesus.

(due to different editions  
of books, page numbers  
may differ)

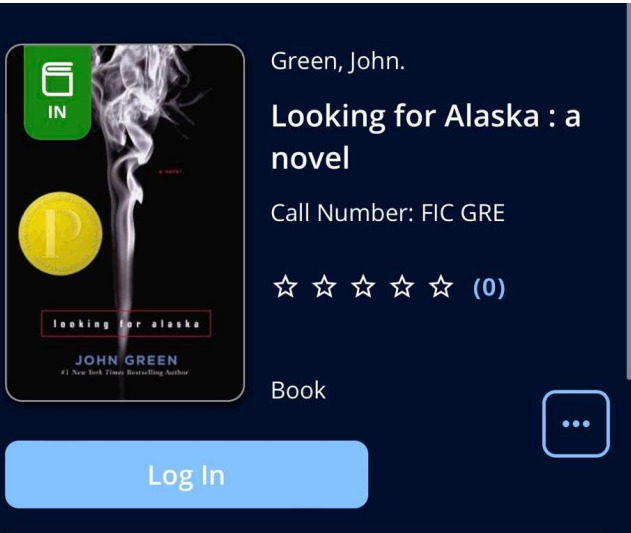
I've heard girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. . . . "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water.<sup>286</sup>

. . . I was banished to an island colony ruled by sadistic Jesus freaks.<sup>287</sup>

The other girls were also molested by male relatives living in their households, and this surprises me since they all come from upstanding Christian families. But then again . . . so do I.<sup>288</sup>

One of the preachers at Escuela Caribe gets a student pregnant.

Secretly, I admire Rhonda's craftiness. Not only did she manage to get laid, she also escaped The Program. She could always give the baby up for adoption and resume her life afterward. Or she could abort it—I'm sure God would also reject the forbidden fruit of a preacher man and a teenage member of his flock. It would make Him look bad.<sup>289</sup>



## OVERVIEW

Sixteen-year-old Miles' first year at Culver Creek Preparatory School in Alabama includes good friends and great pranks, but is defined by the search for answers about life and death after a fatal car crash.

## Looking For Alaska- Green FMS & FHS

Some concerns: sex between children, children watching a pornographic video, children discovering how to give oral sex

Alaska read the sticker on the top of the video. "*The Bitches of Madison County*. Well. Ain't that just delightful."

We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. No time for dialogue, I

suppose. By the time they started doing it, Alaska commenced with her righteous indignation. "They just don't make sex look fun for women. The girl is just an object. Look! Look at that!"

I was already looking, needless to say. A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes. *Hands on her shoulders*, I noted. *Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.*

As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like

Just as the Bradys were getting locked in jail, Lara randomly asked me, "Have you ever gotten a blow job?"

DO I!?!?!?!?! “Um. yeah. I mean, you don’t have to.”

“I think I want to,” she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching *The Brady Bunch*, watching Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis.

“Wow,” she said.

“What?”

She looked up at me, but didn’t move, her face nanometers away from my penis. “It’s weird.”

“What do you mean *weird*?”

“Just beeg, I guess.”

I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth.

And waited.

We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn’t quite sure what.

She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes, for as long as it took the Bradys to steal the key and unlock themselves from the ghost-town jail, she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting.

And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically.

“Should I do sometheeng?”

“Um. I don’t know,” I said. Everything I’d learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly

“Um, that’s out of the blue,” I said.

“The blue?”

“Like, you know, out of left field.”

“Left field?”

“Like, in baseball. Like, out of nowhere. I mean, what made you think of that?”

“I’ve just never geeven one,” she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden...

“No,” I said. “I never have.”

“Think it would be fun?”

exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn’t that choke her? So I just stayed quiet.

“Should I, like, bite?”

“Don’t bite! I mean, I don’t think. I think—I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don’t know if there’s something else.”

“I mean, you deedn’t—”

“Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska.”

So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.





Andrews, Jesse.

Me and Earl and the  
dying girl

Call Number: FIC AND

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

#### OVERVIEW

Seventeen-year-old Greg has managed to become part of every social group at his Pittsburgh high school without having any friends, but his life changes when his mother forces him to befriend Rachel, a girl he once knew in Hebrew school who has leukemia.

[READ LESS](#) —

tle bit of both. Homo and hetero.

#### EARL

Naw. That don't make any damn sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some titties, get a hard-on, look at some dude's funky dick, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real.

## Me and Earl and the Dying Girl- Andrews

FHS

Some concerns: oral sex amongst children, sexualization

about you, man, they don't give a fuck. They don't give a fuck if you live or die, you pussy-ass bitch. They don't give a fuck. Look at me. They don't. Give. A fuck."

"Oka ay. J Jesu , us."

"Man, just shut the fuck up, because I can't be hearing no more of this. Yeah, I fucking told Rachel about the films, I fucking gave her some of them dumb-ass films to watch, because she like the only person that *do* give a fuck. Yeah. She don't have big-ass titties, so you don't fucking care, but that other bitch don't give a shit about you and, and fucking Rachel *do*, and you don't fucking give a *shit* cuz you're a dumb little bitch."

"Hey, Earl, I can't watch *Alphaville* today."

"Why the hell not?"

"I'm sorry, man, I have to hang out with this girl from, uh—this girl from synagogue."

"Wha-a-at."

"She's—"

"Are you gonna eat her pussy?"

Earl can be sort of profane sometimes. He's actually mellowed out a lot since his middle school days, believe it or not. Back in middle school he would have asked this in a much more violent and horrible way.

"Yeah, Earl, I'm going to eat her pussy."

"Heh."

"Yeah."

Earl con't...

"Do you even know *how* to eat pussy?"

"Uh, not really."

"Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you're gonna have to eat the pussy."

"No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole."

When Earl is in full-on Gross-Out Mode, you have to play along or you'll feel stupid.

"God bless that man."

"Yup."

"I would teach you some pussy-eating technique, but it's a little complicated."

"That's a shame."

"I would need some diagrams and whatnot."

"Well, tonight maybe you can draw some up."

"Son, I don't have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat."

"Is that right?"

"I'm on pussy deadline."

"You've got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row."

"Aw, what the hell. What the *hell*. No one's talkin bout *vaginas*. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that's nasty."

Earl likes to mix it up sometimes by pretending that you're being gross and he is not, when he's clearly being much grosser. This is

a classic humor move that he has perfected over the years.

"Oh, sorry."

"Man, you're sick. You're perverted."

"Yeah, that was really out of line."

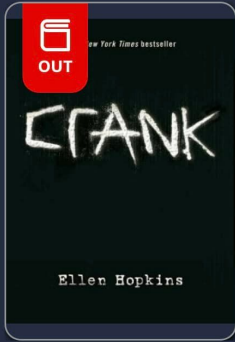
"I'm talkin bout *pussy*. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pussy."

"Yeah, that's not gross. What I said was gross, but not what you just said."

"Got some Grey Poupon up in this. Got some *Hellmann's*."

Gross-Out Mode can last indefinitely and sometimes you just have to change the subject without

## ← Title Preview



Hopkins, Ellen.

Crank

Call Number: FIC HOP

Sublocation: FREDERICKSBURG  
HIGH SCHOOL

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

### OVERVIEW

Kristina Georgia Snow's life is turned upside-down, when she visits her absentee father, gets turned on to the drug "crank", becomes addicted, and is led down a desperate path that threatens her mind, soul, and her life.

Crank-revved, pistons firing full bore,  
passion firecrackered in tiny bursts  
from thigh to belly button.

*Oh, baby,*

*I want you so bad!*

"B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed,  
but it wasn't a joke. Not for long.

My shirt tore open. "Wait."

*I've waited for weeks.*

*Put up and shut up.*

Kisses segued to bites. Bruises.

Pain rippled through my body.

"Brendan, please stop."

*No. You promised,  
you damn little tease.*

Off came my shorts. Down went  
his zipper. I realized I was in  
serious trouble. "I'll scream."

*Go ahead. No one can hear  
but skunks and coyotes.*

Still, as I opened my mouth, his  
hand slapped down over it. Those  
sublime muscles hardened.

*Just relax.*

*You'll love it.*

My brand-new Victoria's Secrets  
shredded, and I felt the worst of  
Brendan pause, savoring my terror.

*They all love it.*

Had he done it a different way, I  
might have responded with excitement.

# CRANK- Hopkins

## FHS

Some concerns: child rape, some glorification of drug use (meth), very emotional, hard read. Not for children.

Tried to sound tough,  
asked if they could  
spare a smoke.

*Sure, baby.*

*Anything you want.*

Took a cigarette, bummed  
a light, and with a soft "thanks"  
tried to amble away.

*Hey. Where ya going?*

*You ain't in a hurry, are ya?*

They weren't big, not football  
players, but I was outnumbered  
and felt it.

*Yeah, what kind of  
thanks is that?*

The circle tightened,  
moving me back, away  
from the safety of the street.

*Damn, you are  
a fine little piece.*

Think. Think! But my brain  
moved too fast to process well.  
My eyes gave it away.

*Yo. I think this bitch  
been crankin'.*

That was license enough. Bodies  
bumped, pushed me into  
a doorway, blocked escape.

*Ever done a three-fer?  
You gonna love it, baby.*



CRANK con't...

Instead, I froze as he pushed inside.

*There it is.*

*Oh, God. There it goes.*

It went, all right, with an audible  
tear. Pain mushroomed into agony  
and all I could do was go stiff.

*You weren't lying,  
you bitch!*

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked  
and sweated over me. Stoked by the  
monster, it took him a long time to finish.

*Give me a line,  
I'll give you an encore.*

He pulled away, sticky and bloody.  
Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move,  
didn't dare look him in the eye.

*What the hell  
is the matter, Bree?*

I stared up at the clouds, gathering  
into gloom, shrouding the moon.  
"My name is Kristina."

who got me on my feet

helped me to the car

put me on the seat

kept me semiupright

on the long ride home

Bree, who staunched the blood

straightened up my clothes

unsmeared the makeup

brushed my hair smooth

willed strength against the aching  
claiming body and soul

Bree, who understood

that, wasted on crank, there

was nothing I could do

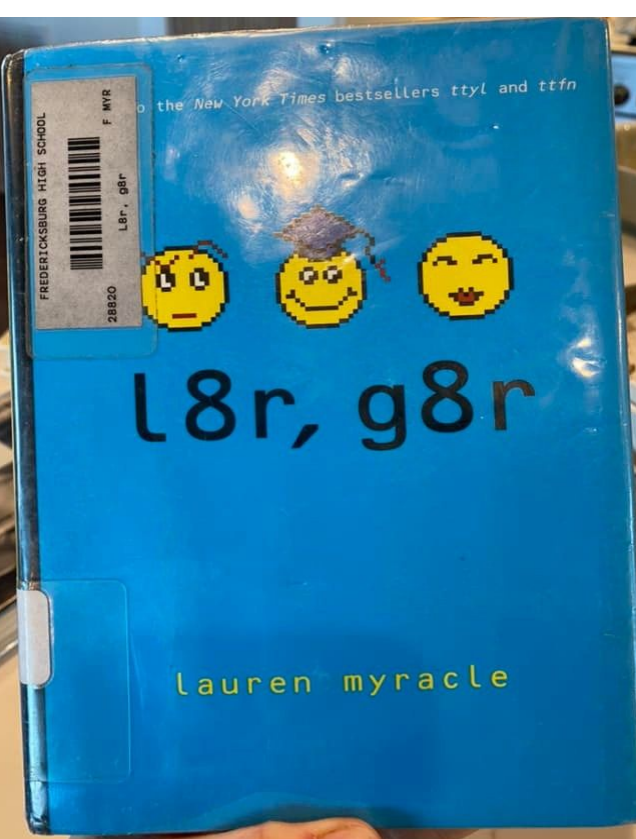
but plot future revenge.

Brendan didn't say a word  
most of the way home. He  
drove slowly, just under the  
limit. I watched him, out  
of the corner of my eye.

He didn't look so perfect  
anymore. His nose had a  
bump and his eyebrows  
almost joined. And, of course,  
I knew what he was made of.

Finally, he found a few words—  
his thank you for the gift he had  
stolen, the one I should have given  
and never could again. I will  
remember them forever:

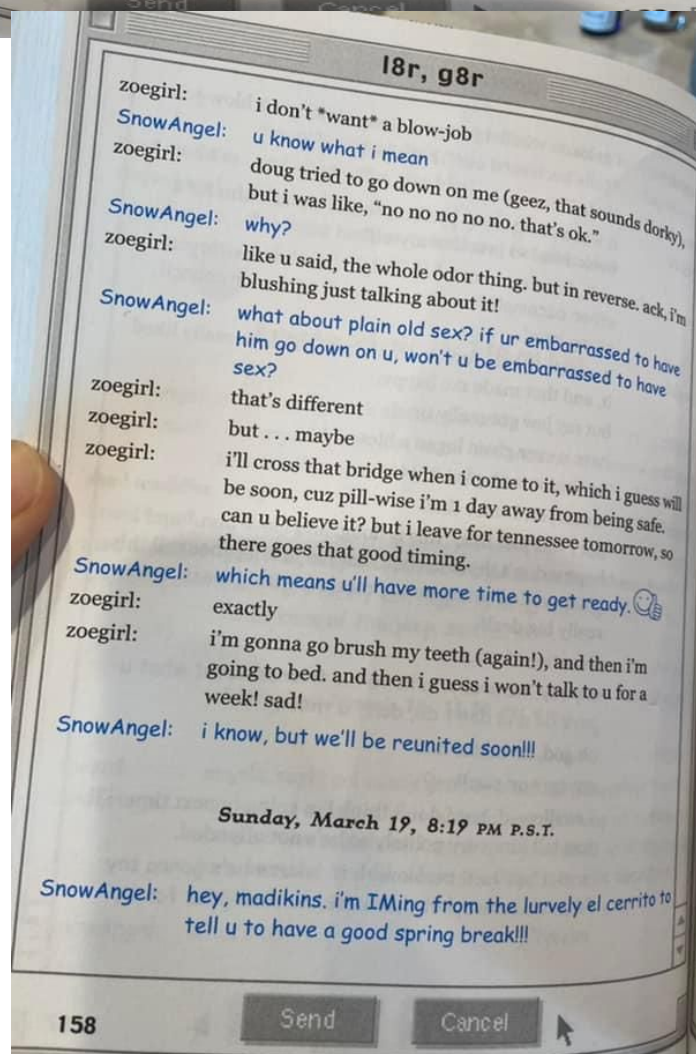
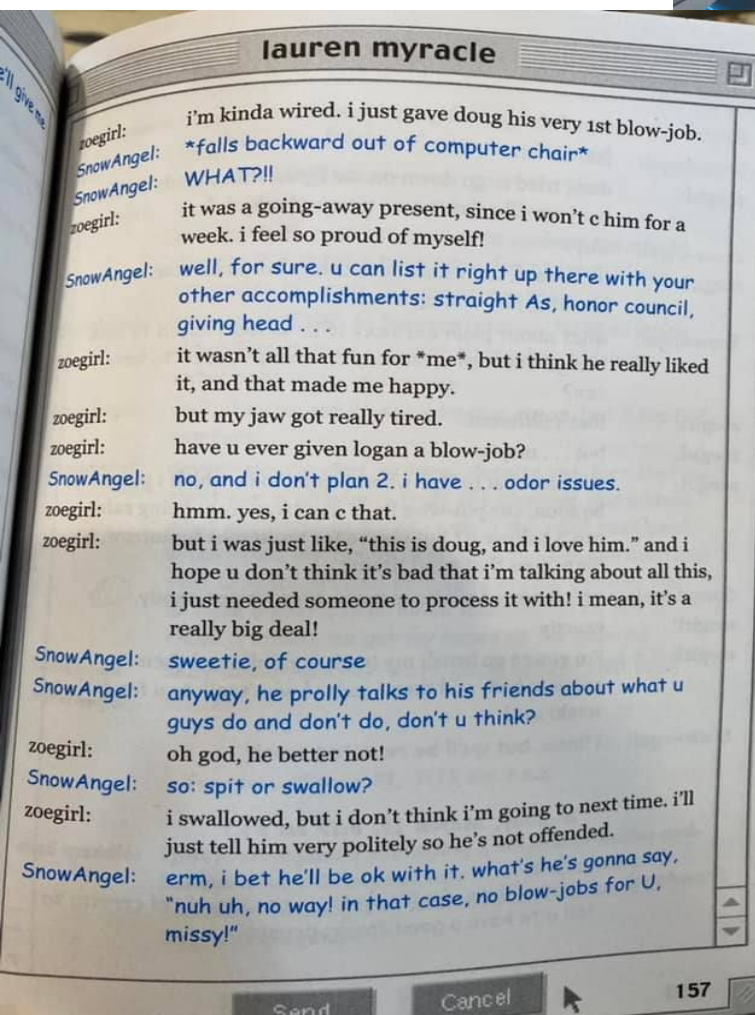
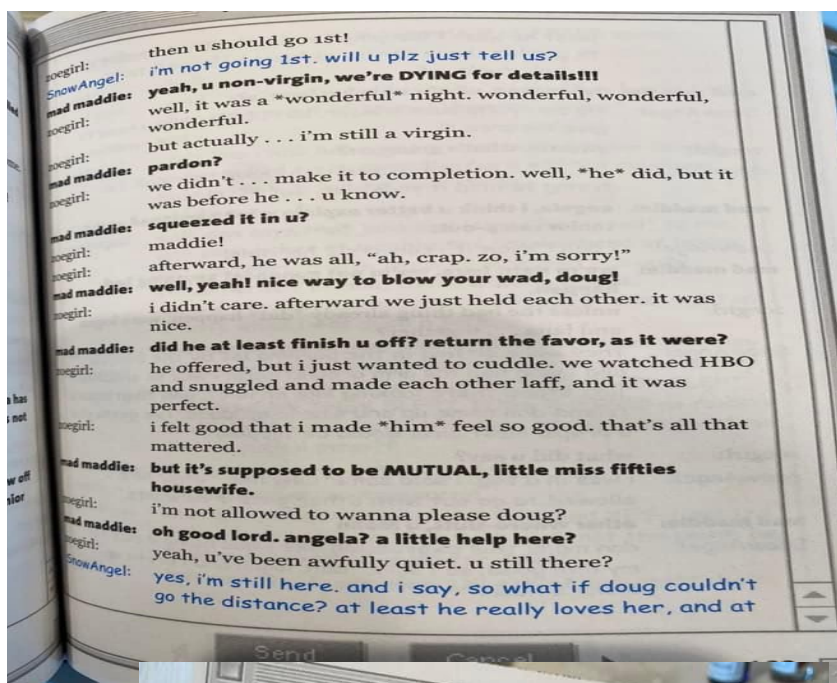
*If I'd have known  
you'd just lay there,  
I wouldn't have bothered.*



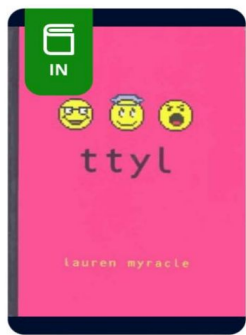
L8r, g8r- myracle

FHS

Some Concerns: child sex, sexual content







Myracle, Lauren, 1969-

Ttyl

Call Number: FIC MYR

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ (0)

Book

ttyl- myracle

FHS

Some Concerns: children discussing sexual content, normalization of child & adult (teacher) relationships (pedophilia)

## OVERVIEW

Chronicles, in "instant message" format, the day-to-day experiences, feelings, and plans of three friends, Zoe, Maddie, and Angela, as they begin tenth grade.

[READ LESS](#) —

## BOOK DETAILS

Call Number  
FIC MYR

Interest Level : Young Adult

SnowAngel: don't think i can say

mad maddie: say.

SnowAngel: well, she said that margaret . . . er . . . ejaculates.

mad maddie: ?????!!!

SnowAngel: actually she said she squirts when she comes. and then she was like, "shit, i can't believe i told u. u've gotta swear not to tell, feri. u've gotta swear!" while the whole time i was two sinks over going. "HELLO! do u even know i'm here?"

mad maddie: disgusting

SnowAngel: i know. i was like, "margaret is yr friend, asshole. how wid u like it if she went around spreading rumors about u?"

zoegirl: you two actually talked?

SnowAngel: our seats are right next to each other. and tonight when i do my hw, i get to fantasize about his summer sausage. "nudge, nudge, wink, wink"

zoegirl: while i'll be reading 5,000 pages of "The Great Gatsby" and answering probing discussion questions about the american dream. mr. h expects us to read a book a week. can you believe that?

SnowAngel: like that'll be a problem for u.

SnowAngel: did he stare at your boobs?

zoegirl: mr. h?!

SnowAngel: maddie and i had him for journalism last year, and he was always staring at some girl's boobs. mostly maddie's. he was always "reading" her shirts.

zoegirl: ewww!

SnowAngel: so watch out, he makes a big deal of being all christian. but what that MEANS is that he's majorly sexually repressed. whereas i, on the other hand, am not sexually repressed at all. speaking of, better start practicing for rob. bye!

her sides.

zoegirl: i have a really hard time believing that.

zoegirl: or if he did, he was probably just trying to watch out for her. like he didn't want her to get busted for breaking the dress code.

mad maddie: she said he got a total stiffie while they were talking. she said it was hysterical.

zoegirl: that's ridiculous. mr. h would never do that.

mad maddie: what makes u so sure?

zoegirl: because he's NICE. because he treats me like i'm a person instead of a kid. that's what was so great during our meeting—we were just two people having a discussion.

mad maddie: what did the two of u "discuss"?

zoegirl: NOT skirt lengths or anything like that. geez. we both said how we believe there's meaning to life, that everything's not random and pointless like some people think. mr. h talked about christianity a little—how he's sure God has a plan for him. he told me that everything that happens, happens for a reason. doesn't that give you the chills?

mad maddie: yesterday at publix, a little kid rammed me with a grocery cart. was there a message there? cuz i think i missed it.

zoegirl: he also said that sometimes you'll meet someone totally unexpected and it'll change your life in a



Ttyl cont...

zoegirl: he was talking about next weekend, which is when he's going to be house-sitting for the kravitzes, and at first it was like . . . sexy. kind of.

zoegirl: (don't laugh!)

SnowAngel: what do u mean?

zoegirl: just that nobody was listening, but they COULD have been. and that made it . . . i don't know. exciting.

SnowAngel: oh man

zoegirl: he told me about how nice the kravitzes' house is, and he told me about the hot tub again.

zoegirl: then he lowered his voice and said, "you're still coming, right?"

SnowAngel: FUCK.

zoegirl: please don't say that word. \*especially\* that word.

SnowAngel: what'd u say?

zoegirl: i said, "i think so, yeah," and he said, "good." then he touched my hand really lightly and said, "you can wear your bikini."

SnowAngel: !!!

SnowAngel: i was KIDDING when i told u to wear a bikini!!

SnowAngel: i was not . . .

SnowAngel: u r not . . .

SnowAngel: TEACHERS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY "YOU CAN WEAR YOUR BIKINI" TO THEIR STUDENTS!!!!

zoegirl: i know!

zoegirl: at first i thought he \*was\* just teasing me, and i said, "yeah, right, me in a bikini. wouldn't that be a lovely sight."

SnowAngel: and . . . ?

SnowAngel: like how?

zoegirl: just really gentle, like it meant something to be touching me.

SnowAngel: wow

zoegirl: then he pulled back his hand and said, "you're in 10th grade, zoe." and i said, "i know." then he said, "you're 15," and i said, "i know."

SnowAngel: oh man. he was totally, like, admitting he was into u.

zoegirl: then he pushed back my hair again, tucking it behind my ear, and . . .

zoegirl: it's the way he looked at me, like he was saying two different things at the same time.

zoegirl: it sounds really stupid, doesn't it?

SnowAngel: It doesn't sound stupid, zo. It sounds . . . big.

zoegirl: yeah. that's kind of how it feels too.

SnowAngel: i guess i'm excited for u, since u like him back and everything, but r u sure this is ok? i mean, he's a TEACHER.

zoegirl: i know, and probably nothing more will happen, not till i graduate, and that won't be for another two years.

SnowAngel: true, and i've gotta say—thank god for that!

the way to and from alpharetta, where his church is. it was a long drive, so we got to talk A LOT. he's so interesting, angela, and he knows so much about spirituality. i know maddie makes fun of him, but i really admire him.

SnowAngel: do u think HE thought it was weird today?

zoegirl: i don't know. i may have been making it up. in fact, i probably was. but sometimes it seemed like he was giving me these looks, like he and i shared a secret.

zoegirl: or not a \*secret\*, more like just the knowledge of the special time we had together.

zoegirl: agh, that sounds corny.

SnowAngel: huh

SnowAngel: zo, don't get offended . . . but do u think he's hitting on u? just a little?

zoegirl: PLEASE

zoegirl: anyway, he told me that he doesn't believe in dating just for the sake of dating. he only wants to date someone if he thinks she might be a person he'd like to marry.

SnowAngel: what if yr that person?

zoegirl: i'm 15, angela.

SnowAngel: so?

zoegirl: although something happened that was sort of funny. when he dropped me off after church, he reached over to open my door for me, and it was a little awkward because his body was, like, right there. soooo close. and then he half-laughed and started to say something, but he stopped himself.

zoegirl: i said, "what?" and he said, "i'll, ah, tell you when you're older."

SnowAngel: zoe!!!!

zoegirl: DON'T tell maddie.

**Fri, Nov 19, 10:09 AM E.S.T.**

zoegirl: i am so dead! i saw mr. h at fellowship this morning—I was too wimpy not to go—and when we were in the kitchen getting out the orange juice, he said, "i'm looking forward to tonight. i got a special candle just for the occasion."

SnowAngel: ew! ick, ick, ick!

zoegirl: he said it in this shy little boy way, and it would have been cute if i'd still been into him. but i'm not!!!

SnowAngel: did u tell him u couldn't come?

zoegirl: no! i said something brilliant like, "uh, great," and then i darted off to get a sweet roll—not that i was able to eat it. i wanted to tell him no, but i just couldn't!

SnowAngel: zoe, u have to get out of it.

zoegirl: how? he's coming to pick me up at seven. i already told my mom i'm going to Bible study with him, like years ago before i got freaked out, and she's delighted. she'll probably have a plate of cookies for him when he arrives.

SnowAngel: what if u told her the truth?

zoegirl: are you KIDDING? that would be a disaster. she'd call the entire school board, and then she'd realize i'd been lying to her all this time and she'd—crap, i have no idea what she'd do.



Newman, Lesléa.

Jailbait

Call Number: FIC NEW

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

#### OVERVIEW

Unpopular and lonely tenth-grader Andi builds a fantasy romantic life around her clandestine, sexual relationship with a man in his thirties.

#### BOOK DETAILS

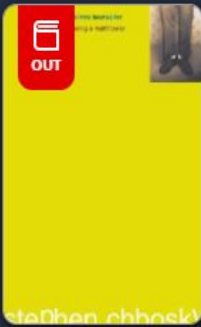
Call Number

FIC NEW

Interest Level : Young Adult

Jailbait- Newman  
FHS

Some concerns:  
normalization of child  
& adult sex. The book  
summary/overview  
alone is not  
appropriate for  
children (or really  
anyone since reading  
or viewing pedophilia  
is illegal.)



Chbosky, Stephen.

The perks of being a wallflower

Call Number: FIC CHB

Sublocation: FREDERICKSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

**OVERVIEW**

Charlie, a freshman in high school, explores the dilemmas of growing up through a collection of letters he sends to an unknown receiver.

**BOOK DETAILS**

**Call Number**

FIC CHB

**Interest Level : Young Adult**

## Perks of Being a Wallflower- Chbosky FMS & FHS

Some concerns: graphic sex scenes, rape, child sex

Dear friend,

Do you know what “masturbation” is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow!

That weekend, my sister spent a lot of time with this boy. And they laughed a lot more than they usually did. On Friday night, I was reading my new book, but my brain got tired, so I decided to watch some television instead. And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked.

He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper.

“Get out. You pervert.”

still in it. I said I didn’t see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy’s hand went up the girl’s shirt, and she started protesting.

“C’mon, Dave.”

“What?”

“The kid’s in here.”

“It’s okay.”

And the boy kept working up the girl’s shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn’t know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees.

“Please. Dave. No.”

But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.

After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl’s head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don’t think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying “no.” Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

(Charlie watching two of his friends have sex)

“When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick’s room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don’t want to go into detail about it, because it’s pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that’s pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really stoned. No matter what Patrick did, Brad kept crying. Brad wouldn’t even let Patrick hold him, which seems rather sad to me because if I have sex with someone, I would want to hold them. Finally, Patrick just pulled up Brad’s pants, and said to him, “just pretend you’re passed out.”