

<<Love, Love, Love: La>>

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## 作者简介

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## 章节摘录

How did I get myself into this mess? I stared up at the ceiling, looking for an answer. Of course, I knew it wasnt up there. In fact, I already knew the culprit behind my predicament was none other than Molly Harris, my BIF. In Mollys case, BIF stood for bad influence friend—the friend who gets you to do all kinds of things you wouldnt normally do but do anyway because that friend holds some sort of voodoo power over you. To further complicate matters, Molly was my BFF, too. Wed been friends forever, or at least as far back as second grade, when Molly moved onto my block and I had an instant ally in my very testosterone-filled neighborhood. There were boys to the left, boys to the right, and one particularly annoying little boy in the bedroom next to mine. Molly had me at hello with her shiny blond hair, cornflower-blue mischievous eyes, a grin that made you believe anything was possible, and a confidence that said shed be president someday if it werent for the countless scandals shes bound to have a hand in between now and age thirty. Wed been through it all together over the years, and though she could certainly be a bit, shall we say, self-involved, at her core Molly was a good person. When it came down to it, I knew shed always be there for me. To be fair, Molly didnt get me into this mess alone. In fact, I actually started it. After all, Im the one who decided impersonating a Hungarian national was a good idea. But I was just having fun. This? This situation I was in now? Not fun. Definitely not fun. It all started today after school. I met up with Molly at her locker, where she was pulling on her raincoat and reapplying her lipstick, and we figured out a plan for the rest of the day. As usual, Mollys mom was on a business trip—Hong Kong or Tokyo (its hard to keep track)—and her stepdad wouldnt be home until at least eight o'clock. The plan was to hang out at Mollys house, get some Thai takeout, and catch up on a backlog of seriously good reality TV. We hopped on the number four bus for the first leg of our journey to Mollys neighborhood of Wallingford, which shed moved to right after her parents divorce when we were in fourth grade. The bus was packed, so we squeezed into the rear, claiming a tiny piece of real estate for ourselves and our overstuffed backpacks. We added to the hot air fogging up the bus windows by trading horror stories from the school day—Mollys uncomfortable standoff with a substitute in gym (Molly refused to wear her swim cap) and my continuing inability to bring up my cultural studies grade. By the time we stepped off the bus at Virginia and Third, I was sure wed been teleported to the Gulf of Mexico during hurricane season. Having lived in Seattle our whole lives, we were more than used to the rain. And like every other Seattleite, we never carried umbrellas, thinking there was no storm that couldnt be weathered with a decent raincoat and a pair of wellies. Except for, apparently, today. And since we had ten minutes until our bus connection, we decided to seek refuge in the corner Starbucks. The added bonus? Caffeine. As we basked in the warmth and contemplated the assorted goodies on display while we waited to order, Molly brought up my cultural studies grade again. Whats up with that, anyway? she probed, shifting my attention from sugar cookies back to my bleak academic reality. I have no idea. I just dont get how Ms. Kendall can be such a cool person in real life, yet such a tyrant of a teacher. She must be on some sort of power trip, Molly mused. Yeah, well, I wish shed get over it already. If I dont kick butt on this last unit on Eastern European history, Im going to get a D. My voice sank. We both knew what that meant. I had 99.9 percent convinced my parents to let me go to Europe with Molly and her mom this summer, but they told me I had to score Bs or higher in all my classes. Wed made big plans—Paris, London, Madrid. The fate of my unstamped passport lay in Ms. Kendalls finely manicured hands. I just dont know what else I can do—I turn in all my homework; I study for the tests, I rambled on. You know, I bet someone whos actually from Eastern Europe couldnt even get a B in her class. Um—isnt your dad Hungarian, Janna? Molly asked. Well—yeah. So doesnt that make you Eastern European? Kind of, I guess. But Im talking about someone whos from from Eastern Europe. As in, just off the boat, I explained. I started speaking in an Eastern European accent. Im sorry. Which countries are former Eastern Bloc again? France? Mexico? Alaska? Molly giggled, egging me on. Please tell me why zis communism so bad? I continued, laying it on thick. And does zis Iron Curtain I hear of come in different fabrics? I was on a roll by the time we reached the front of the line and ordered our lattes with fat-free soy, plus a caramel marshmallow thingy for me (Im a slave to sugar). Molly snagged a tiny table by the window so we could watch for the bus while waiting for our drinks. We had just dumped our bags on the floor and sat down when two boystwo

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very cute boys, I might addwalked up. Now, its not all that unusual for random guys to hit on us, or more specifically, on Molly. Its that whole blond, blue-eyed, mischievous smile thing. Plainly put, most members of the male species are drawn to Molly like dogs to a bone. Me? I was pretty much used to my place in our friendship. I was the classic sidekickthe best friend who tried to act as if it wasnt painfully obvious to everyone that she was nothing more than an accessory to the main attraction. It wasnt that I was ugly. I had nice enough honey eyes that come close to matching my light brown wavy hair. And Id even been told I had a warm smile. But put me next to Molly and Ive got plain Jane (or plain Janna) written all over me. And that was generally okay by me. Today, however, was different. First off, these guys didnt come across as your typical supercool guys with heaps of attitude who thought they were all that, like the ones who usually hit on us (I mean, on Molly). Cute? Yes. But more in a boy-next-door-tussled-hair way as opposed to leading-man-chiseled-cheekbones-six-pack-abs way. For whatever reason, something about them was different enough to make us take notice. But the real difference? Today I was the one being hit on. Hi there, cute boy number one said. Having just shoved my entire caramel treat into my mouth, I remained mute and wide-eyed as Molly flashed him a winning smile. Well, hi there, she answered flirtatiously. But the boy, dressed in an army jacket, jeans, and black Converse, flung his hair out of his eyes Zac Efronstyle and stayed focused on me. Caught off guard, I continued chewing my caramel marshmallow in slow motion, in part because it was sticking to my teeth (perhaps I should have taken a bite instead of eating it whole?) and in part because I hadnt a clue as to what to say. I couldnt help but notice your accent, he went on. So, what country are you from, anyway? What country was I from? I squinted in confusion. Your accent? he continued. I overheard you talking before. Wait, let me guess. Somewhere in Eastern Europe? Russia? Realizing the source of the misunderstanding, I finished swallowing the caramel and was about to set the record straight when Molly blurted out, This is Janna! Shes an exchange student from Hungary! I faced Molly with a look of quiet panic. She returned my gaze with a ridiculously big smile and that damn twinkle in her eye that Im powerless to resist. Hungary? Thats so cool! He was clearly impressed with my apparent heritage. Im Julian, by the way. And this is Spence. He motioned to cute boy number two behind him. I froze. I was at a crossroads, and I had to choose a path. I could turn Mollys declaration into a joke and admit Id never been east of the Rockies, or I could succumb to the message Molly was sending me telepathically (and with several strategically placed kicks under the table). And then, in a split second, fueled by unfamiliar-cute-boy attention, adrenaline, and little else, it was done. Sank you, I responded in my most authentic Hungarian accent, which, come to think of it, Im not sure Ive actually even heard before. I like America veddy much, I added for good measure. Julian smiled. I dig the accent, he said. Where do you girls go to school? I sank into my chair and let Molly do the talking, too shocked I was actually going along with the ruse to say a word. I felt slightly guilty about the whole thing, but there was no turning back. Molly was already in full flirtation mode with Spence, and, being completely honest, the fact that foreign intrigue had magically made me more appealing to at least one very cute member of the opposite sex prompted me to keep my mouth shut. By the time our bus pulled up five minutes later, cell-phone digits had been exchanged and wed planned to connect at a club where Julian was deejaying Friday night. The sound of my cell phone snapped me back to my bedroom ceiling, back to reality. When I glanced at the clock and saw it read 10:01 p.m., I knew it could only be one person Emmett. If Molly is my BIF, then Emmett can only be described as my GIFgood influence friend. Emmett had rounded out our friendship trio ever since Molly, Emmett, and I sat together in Ms. Laceys French class in seventh grade. Wed congregate in the back of the classroom to discuss the guests plight on the previous days Oprah and commiserate about the complications of past perfect verbs. Somewhere along the way we became a threesome. The best thing about Emmett? Hes kind of like that gay best friend every girl wantshes your biggest fan, thinks you always look fabulous, tells it to you like it is, and is fiercely loyal. Although it should be pointed out that despite Emmett playing this role in my life, hes...

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