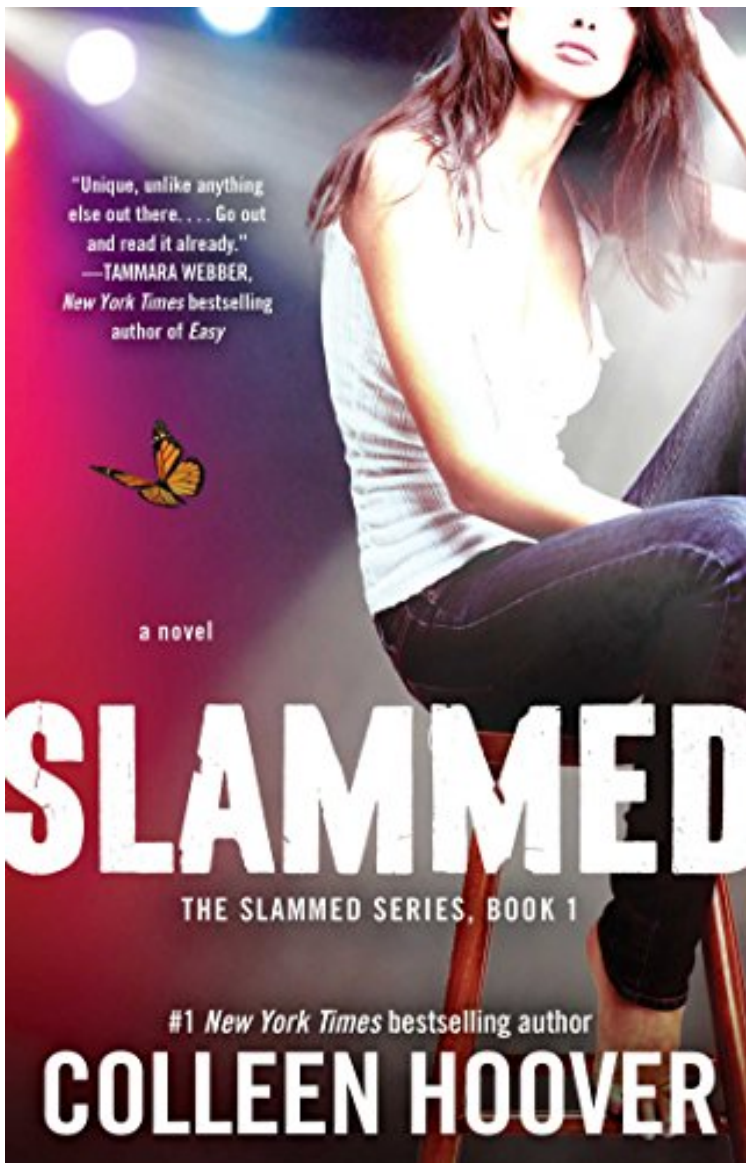


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# Slammed: A Novel



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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurFalling in love can feel like poetry. Or it can feel like a slam to the heart. Colleen Hoovers romantic, emotion-packed debut novel unforgettably captures all the magic and confusion of first love, as two young people forge an unlikely bond before discovering that fate has other plans for them.

Following the unexpected death of her father, eighteen-year-old Layken becomes the rock for both her mother and younger brother. She appears resilient and tenacious, but inside, she's losing hope. Then she meets her new neighbor Will, a handsome twenty-one-year-old whose mere presence leaves her flustered and whose passion for poetry slams thrills her. Not long after a heart-stopping first date during which each recognizes something profound and familiar in the other, they are slammed to the core when a shocking

discovery brings their new relationship to a sudden halt. Daily interactions become impossibly painful as they struggle to find a balance between the feelings that pull them together and the forces that tear them apart. Only through the poetry they share are they able to speak the truth that is in their hearts and imagine a future where love is cause for celebration, not regret.

ExtraitSlammed 1. Im as nowhere as I can be, Could you add some somewhere to me? THE AVETT BROTHERS, SALINA KEL AND I LOAD THE LAST TWO BOXES INTO THE U-HAUL. I slide the door down and pull the latch shut, locking up eighteen years of memories, all of which include my dad. Its been six months since he passed away. Long enough that my nine-year-old brother, Kel, doesnt cry every time we talk about him, but recent enough that were being forced to accept the financial aftermath that comes to a newly single-parented household. A household that cant afford to remain in Texas and in the only home Ive ever known. Lake, stop being such a downer, my mom says, handing me the keys to the house. I think youll love Michigan. She never calls me by the name she legally gave me. She and my dad argued for nine months over what I would be named. She loved the name Layla, after the Eric Clapton song. Dad loved the name Kennedy, after a Kennedy. It doesnt matter which Kennedy, he would say. I love them all! I was almost three days old before the hospital forced them to decide. They agreed to take the first three letters of both names and compromised on Layken, but neither of them has ever once referred to me as such. I mimic my mothers tone, Mom, stop being such an upper! Im going to hate Michigan. My mother has always had an ability to deliver an entire lecture with a single glance. I get the glance. I walk up the porch steps and head inside the house to make a walk-through before the final turn of the key. All of the rooms are eerily empty. It doesnt seem as though Im walking through the house where Ive lived since the day I was born. These last six months have been a whirlwind of emotions, all of them bad. Moving out of this home was inevitableI realize that. I just expected it to happen after the end of my senior year. Im standing in what is no longer our kitchen when I catch a glimpse of a purple plastic hair clip under the cabinet in the space where the refrigerator once stood. I pick it up, wipe the dust off of it, and run it back and forth between my fingers. Itll grow back, Dad said. I was five years old, and my mother had left her trimming scissors on the bathroom counter. Apparently, I had done what most kids of that age do. I cut my own hair. Mommys going to be so mad at me, I cried. I thought that if I cut my hair, it would immediately grow back, and no one would notice. I cut a pretty wide chunk out of my bangs and sat in front of the mirror for probably an hour, waiting for the hair to grow back. I picked the straight brown strands up off the floor and held them in my hand, contemplating how I could secure them back to my head, when I began to cry. When Dad walked into the bathroom and saw what I had done, he just laughed and scooped me up, then positioned me on the countertop. Mommys not going to notice, Lake, he promised as he removed something out of the bathroom cabinet. I just happen to have a piece of magic right here. He opened up his palm and revealed the purple clip. As long as you have this in your hair, Mommy will never know. He brushed the remaining strands of hair across and secured the clip in place. He then turned me around to face the mirror. See? Good as new! I looked at our reflection in the mirror and felt like the luckiest girl in the world. I didnt know of any other dad who had magic clips. I wore that clip in my hair every day for two months, and my mother never once mentioned it. Now that I look back on it, I realize he probably told her what I had done. But when I was five, I believed in his magic. I look more like my mother than like him. Mom and I are both of average height. After having two kids, she cant really fit into my jeans, but were pretty good at sharing everything else. We both have brown hair that, depending on the weather, is either straight or wavy. Her eyes are a deeper emerald than mine, although it could be that the paleness of her skin just makes them more prominent. I favor my dad in all the ways that count. We had the same dry sense of humor, the same personality, the same love of music, the same laugh. Kel is a different story. He takes after our dad physically with his dirty-blond hair and soft features. Hes on the small side for nine years old, but his personality makes up for what he lacks in size. I walk to the sink and turn it on, rubbing my thumb over the thirteen years of grime collected on the hair clip. Kel walks backward into the kitchen just as Im drying my hands on my jeans. Hes a strange kid, but I couldnt love him more. He has a game he likes to play that he calls backward day, in which he spends most of the time walking everywhere backward, talking backward, and even requesting dessert first. I guess with such a big age difference between him and me and no other siblings, he has to find a way to entertain himself somehow. Hurry to says Mom Layken! he says, backward. I place the hair clip in the pocket of my jeans and head back out the door, locking up my home for the very last time. \*\*\* OVER THE NEXT few days, my mother and I alternate driving my Jeep and the U-Haul, stopping only twice at hotels to sleep. Kel switches between Mom and me, riding the final day with me in the U-Haul. We complete the last exhausting nine-hour stretch through the night, only stopping once

for a short break. As we close in on our new town of Ypsilanti, I take in my surroundings and the fact that its September but my heater is on. Ill definitely need a new wardrobe. As I make a final right-hand turn onto our street, my GPS informs me that Ive reached my destination. My destination, I laugh aloud to myself. My GPS doesnt know squat. The cul-de-sac is not very long, lined with about eight single-story brick houses on each side of the street. Theres a basketball goal in one of the driveways, which gives me hope that Kel might have someone to play with. Honestly, it looks like a decent neighborhood. The lawns are manicured, the sidewalks are clean, but theres too much concrete. Way too much concrete. I already miss home. Our new landlord emailed us pictures of the house, so I immediately spot which one is ours. Its small. Its really small. We had a ranch-style home on several acres of land in Texas. The minuscule amount of land surrounding this home is almost nothing but concrete and garden gnomes. The front door is propped open, and I see an older man who I assume is our new landlord come outside and wave. I drive about fifty yards past the house so that I can back into the driveway, where the rear of the U-Haul will face the front door. Before I put the gearshift in reverse, I reach over and shake Kel awake. Hes been passed out since Indiana. Kel, wake up, I whisper. Weve reached our destination. He stretches his legs out and yawns, then leans his forehead against the window to get a look at our new house. Hey, theres a kid in the yard! Kel says. Do you think he lives in our house, too? He better not, I reply. But hes probably a neighbor. Hop out and go introduce yourself while I back up. When the U-Haul is successfully backed in, I put the gearshift in park, roll down the windows, and kill the engine. My mother pulls in beside me in my Jeep and I watch as she gets out and greets the landlord. I crouch down a few inches in the seat and prop my foot against the dash, watching Kel and his new friend sword fight with imaginary swords in the street. Im jealous of him. Jealous of the fact that he can accept the move so easily, and Im stuck being the angry, bitter child. He was upset when Mom first decided on the move. Mostly because he was in the middle of his Little League season. He had friends he would miss, but at the age of nine your best friend is usually imaginary, and transatlantic. Mom subdued him pretty easily by promising he could sign up for hockey, something he wanted to do in Texas. It was a hard sport to come by in the rural south. After she agreed to that, he was pretty upbeat, if not stoked, about Michigan. I understand why we had to move. Dad had made a respectable living managing a paint store. Mom worked PRN as a nurse when she needed to, but mostly tended to the house and to us. About a month after he died, she was able to find a full-time job. I could see the stress of my fathers death taking its toll on her, along with being the new head of household. One night over dinner, she explained to us that she wasnt left with enough income to continue paying all the bills and the mortgage. She said there was a job that could pay her more, but we would have to move. She was offered a job by her old high-school friend Brenda. They grew up together in my mothers hometown of Ypsilanti, right outside of Detroit. It paid more than anything she could find in Texas, so she had no choice but to accept. I dont blame her for the move. My grandparents are deceased, and she has no one to help her. I understand why we had to do it, but understanding a situation doesnt always make ...Revue de presse'Brilliant and entertaining' - JAMIE MCGUIRE, New York Times bestselling author of Beautiful Disaster'Unique, unlike anything out there... Go out and read it already!' - TAMARA WEBBER, New York Times bestselling author of Easy'There is no description that could do this book justice. Slammed is a heart-wrenching, emotional, yet somehow humorous journey of two souls that are destined to be together, despite the factors that stand in their way. So much more than a romance, Slammed teaches lessons about love, life and the soul-deep moments in between. Not to mention the forbidden...it's oh, so good.' - Katie's Book Blog.