

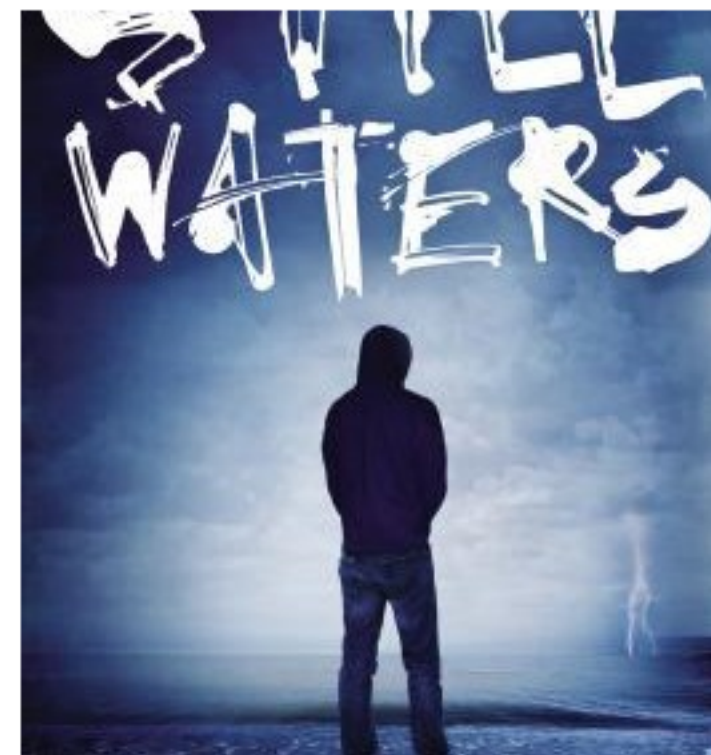
Hi. I wrote a book called [Sex & Violence](#). Then I wrote another book called [Perfectly Good White Boy](#). I have many conversations with my [Fake Boyfriends](#). You can follow me on [Twitter](#). Or, you know, stay here. Hang out. Do what you like.



## LIFE IN PARIS

APR 29, 2015

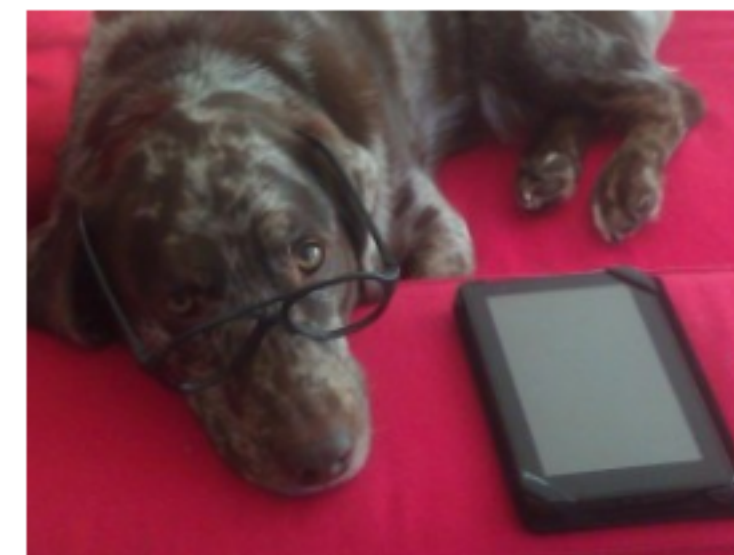
NOTE: I wrote this a few years ago, when Matilda was younger...



## AUTHOR INTERVIEW: ASH PARSONS

MAR 30, 2015

All right. Tell us a little about yourself. I am allergic to...



## HIVE MIND: YOUNG WRITERS ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT CREATING STORIES

MAR 21, 2015

Today I taught a short class for teenagers at The Loft...

[Go to the Blog →](#)



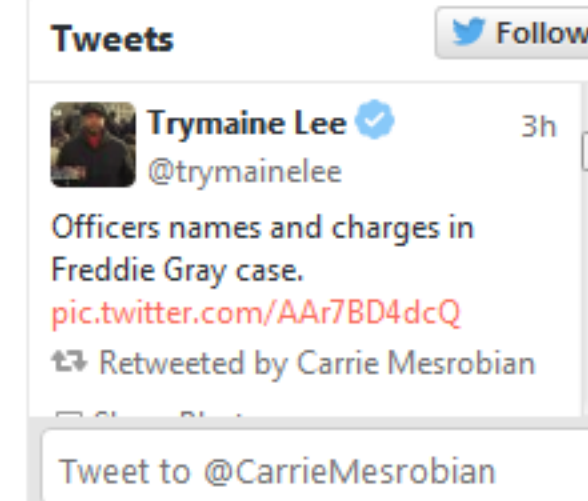
[Writing Sex in YA Fiction: Some Thoughts](#)  
[Life In Paris](#)  
[twdamc-confessions: "I wish Daryl would get some of his..."](#)

## SEX & VIOLENCE

Sex has always come without consequences for seventeen-year-old Evan. Until he hooks up with the wrong girl and finds himself in the wrong place at very much the wrong time.  
[Read more](#)



## TWITTER





books

Sex & Violence

At first you don't see the connection.

Sex has always come without consequences for seventeen-year-old Evan Carter. He has a strategy—knows the profile of The Girl Who Would Say Yes. In each new town, each new school, he can count on plenty of action before he and his father move again. Getting down is never a problem. Until he hooks up with the wrong girl and finds himself in the wrong place at very much the wrong time.

And then you can't see anything else.

After an assault that leaves Evan bleeding and broken, his father takes him to the family cabin in rural Pearl Lake, Minnesota, so Evan's body can heal. But what about his mind?

How do you go on, when you can't think of one without the other?

Nothing seems natural to Evan anymore. Nothing seems safe. The fear—and the guilt—are inescapable. He can't sort out how he feels about anyone, least of all himself. Evan's never really known another person well, and Pearl Lake is the kind of place where people know everything about each other—where there might be other reasons to talk to a girl. It's all annoying as hell. It might also be Evan's best shot to untangle sex and violence.

Read a sample chapter

Download the Discussion Guide

Honors

2014 William C. Morris YA Debut Award Finalist  
YALSA's 2014 Best Fiction for Young Adults nominee  
Cybils Best Young Adult Fiction finalist  
Winner, 2014 Minnesota Book Award, Young People's Literature

Reviews

"Packed with realistically lewd dialogue that is often darkly funny, this is a pitch-perfect, daring novel about how sex and violence fracture a life and the painstakingly realistic process of picking up the pieces. Evan's struggle is enormously sympathetic, even when he is not. Utterly gripping."

—starred, Kirkus Reviews

"As the title suggests, debut author Mesrobian takes aim at big topics, but what she's most interested in is the aftermath. Used to being the new guy, 17-year-old Evan may not be much at making friends, but he's great at finding "left-of-normal" girls to sleep with. When he gets involved with Colette, who's been labeled a slut by her ex—Evan's jockish jerk of a boarding school roommate—things go very wrong...As Evan heals physically and mentally, he has ample time to consider the part of himself he calls "Dirtbag Evan" and reevaluate his attitudes toward girls and sex. By focusing on Evan, Mesrobian talks about hookup culture in a way that is character-based, not agenda-driven, and showcases a teenager who grows and changes without becoming unrecognizable or saintly. Ages 14–up."

—starred, Publishers Weekly

This is an excellent book. It offers a realistic, unflinching look at teens and sex. Evan is smart and funny, in a wry, sarcastic way that is authentically adolescent. He definitely was a "dirtbag" in his pre-beating life, and still has some sexually predatory instincts. His journey to being a better person is an extraordinary one, populated with wonderful secondary characters who are all fully drawn and rich. The dialogue is organic, crisp and true. The topics are deep and relevant—sex and violence, of course, but also gender roles, therapy, PTSD, father-son relationships, class rivalry, drug use, and more. This is an amazing story, one that all older teens will benefit from reading.—Heather Pittman.

—starred, VOYA

"Sex & Violence is never what it seems. It never goes where you expect it will. It is funny, scary, brutal, and tender. It is an honest meditation on masculinity. And, it's all delivered through the eyes of a damaged, genius-of-a-boy, Evan Carter, who you hope so hard will be okay."

Geoff Herbach, Author of Stupid Fast

"This is one hell of an impressive debut, filled with a pervasive undercurrent of fear, tension, and uncertainty you get from staring down into the deepest, darkest, coldest lake. Sex & Violence deserves shelf space alongside the classics of adolescent-themed fiction."

Andrew Smith, author of Winger, The Marbury Lens and Stick

"A knockout blow of a debut. Powerful, funny, brutal, and true."

Gayle Forman, author of If I Stay

To buy:

Order locally here in Minneapolis/St.Paul area:

Addendum Books  
Red Balloon Books  
Common Good Books

To find at your nearest local indie bookstore:

IndieBound

Online  
Barnes & Noble  
Amazon

Perfectly Good White Boy

Sean Norwhalt can read between the lines.

"You never know where we'll end up.

There's so much possibility in life, you know?" Hallie said.

He knows she just dumped him. He was a perfectly good summer boyfriend, but now she's off to college, and he's still got another year to go. Her pep talk about futures and "possibilities" isn't exactly comforting. Sean's pretty sure he's seen his future and its "possibilities" and they all look disposable.

Like the crappy rental his family moved into when his dad left.  
Like all the unwanted filthy old clothes he stuffs into the rag baler at his thrift store job.  
Like everything good he's ever known.

The only hopeful possibilities in Sean's life are the Marine Corps, where no one expected he'd go, and Neechie Albertson, whom he never expected to care about.

"We're something else. Some other thing. I don't know what you'd call it. Maybe there's a word, though. Maybe I'll think of it tomorrow, when it won't matter," Neechie said.

Read a sample chapter.

Discussion Guide

Reviews

"An honest, insightful novel about a young man's final year in high school and his eventual decision, which he initially conceals from his family, to join the Marines. Engaging, perceptive, witty and at times gut-wrenchingly sad—this is an extraordinary addition to fiction for teens and adults alike."

—starred, Kirkus Reviews

"Mesrobian deftly conveys just how much drama there is in the everyday, especially for a 17-year-old trying to figure out not just what's next, but what's happening right now."

—starred, Publishers Weekly

"Raw and unflinching, this is a skilled portrait of an eighteen-year-old on the edge of making a decision that will shape the whole rest of his life. Carrie Mesrobian is a truly fearless writer, one to envy and watch."

Nova Ren Suma, Author of Imaginary Girls & 17 & Gone

"Carrie Mesrobian writes with a raw, courageous honesty that begs readers to pay attention. Perfectly Good White Boy is a perfectly great, moving, and memorable story about growing up in an often ridiculous world."

John Corey Whaley, Printz Award-winning author of Where Things Come Back & Noggin

To buy:

Barnes & Noble  
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Lerner Books

Cut Both Ways

Coming September 1, 2015 from HarperCollins

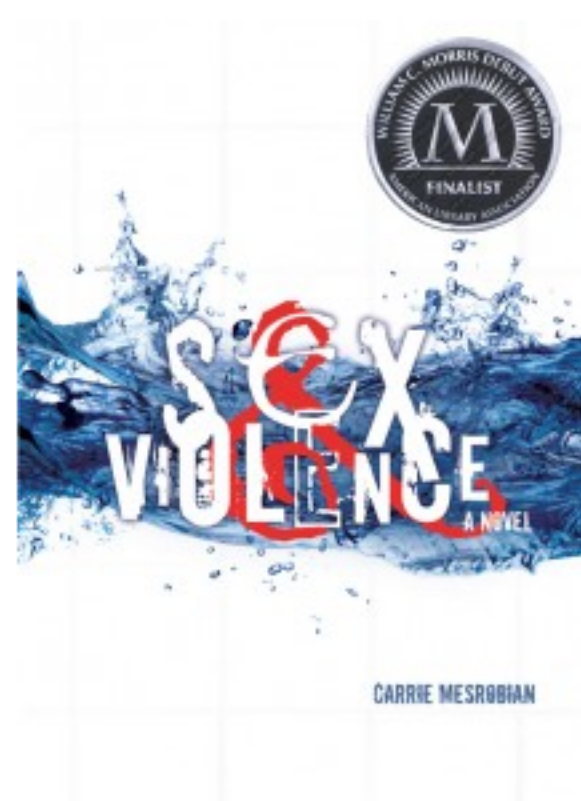
Will Caynes never has been good with girls. At seventeen, he's still waiting for his first kiss.He's certainly not expecting it to happen in a drunken make-out session with his best friend, Angus. But it does and now Will's conflicted—he knows he likes girls, but he didn't exactly hate kissing a guy.  
Then Will meets Brandy, a cute and easy-to-talk-to sophomore. He's totally into her too—which proves, for sure, that he's not gay. So why does he keep hooking up with Angus on the sly?

Will knows he can't keep seeing both of them, but besides his new job in a diner, being with Brandy and Angus are the best parts of his whole messed-up life. His divorced parents just complicate everything. His father, after many half-baked business ventures and endless house renovations, has started drinking again. And his mom is no help—unless loading him up with a bunch of stuff he doesn't need plus sticking him with his twin half-sisters counts as parenting. He's been bouncing between both of them for years, and neither one feels like home.

Deciding who to love, who to choose, where to live. Whichever way Will goes, someone will get hurt. Himself, probably the most.

To Pre-order

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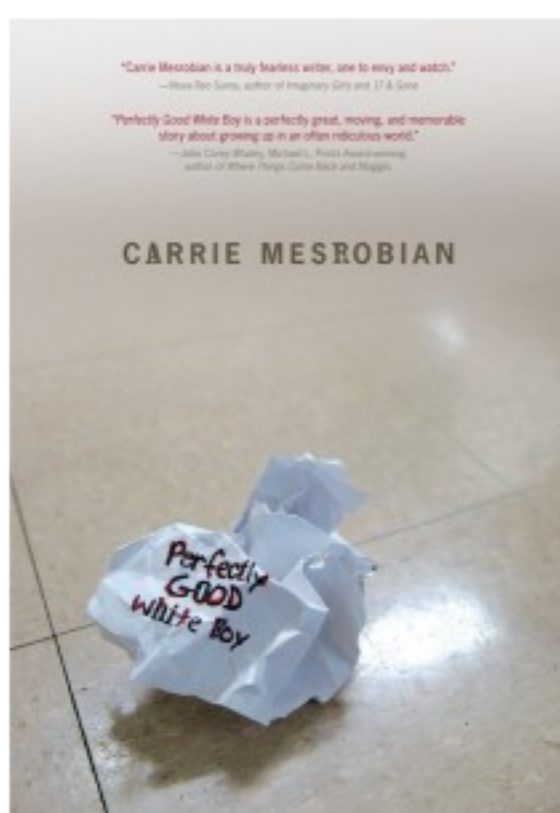
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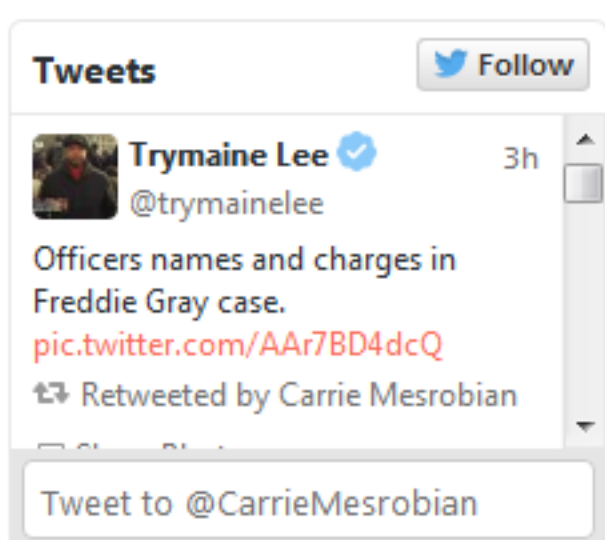
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Apr 29 2015

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By Carrie Mesrobian

In Adrian, clothing, complaining, Matilda, the fam, the past is always with us, very selective travels

Life In Paris



**NOTE: I WROTE THIS A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN MATILDA WAS YOUNGER AND BEFORE I PUBLISHED ANY BOOKS. BECAUSE CLEARLY, PUBLISHING BOOKS MAKES YOU THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF REGAL GLAMOUR.**

Whenever I get upset with myself, the hurrying-around doing dull errands, the mess in the house, the slopped-together meals of cereal on the couch, the ugly clothes I wear constantly, I beat myself with a stick I like to call “Life In Paris.”

Let’s apply this concept.

Last week, we went out to eat at Ember’s. My daughter Matilda wanted pancakes and my husband and I were too tired/lazy to make them at home. (Also, she wanted bacon and we had no bacon.) After we ate our crappy meal at Ember’s, which was actually quite delicious, we went home and I put on a pair of clean pajama pants and went to bed in the shirt I wore today.

When I woke up, I put on a bra under my shirt I had slept in and replaced the pajama pants with the jeans I’d wore the previous day. I splashed water on my face and brushed my teeth. Then I hustled Matilda through dressing and breakfast (whole wheat English muffin with rhubarb-strawberry jam and a shot of blueberry juice). Then I dumped her and the rest of the kids on our block at school and burned rubber over to the grocery, wearing no make-up, forgetting the reusable bags, to return milk bottles\* and get more milk for my coffee.

Now, what’s wrong with all of that, you say? I’ve had that morning often myself, you think.

Enter the Life In Paris. If I were having my Life in Paris, I would not take my child to Ember’s to eat pancakes. In Paris, we have crepes, which I make with total and complete magnanimity, as I’m a Parisian woman! Just as it’s in my nature to fuck an older, uglier man who is shorter than me, so is making crepes without breaking a sweat.

In Paris, I would not leave the house wearing a shirt that’s been recycled continuously in three different instances. I would not leave the house without styling my hair or wearing make-up.\*\* I would not wear junky, flat-bottomed snow boots and ill-fitting, thrice-worn denim.

Furthermore, in Paris I would not drive to some ugly, all-purpose grocery store where the food is bland and indistinct and the counter man in the meat department has no more expertise in meat than the \$7 bucks-an-hour cashier. No, in Paris, I would market at individual shops that offered premium food know-how – *fromagerie, patisserie, charcuterie, boulangerie* – and after learning about the provenance of my purchases, I would put on my Chanel sunglasses, exit the store and clack down cobblestone streets in heels. My feet would not blister or ache. I would buy fruits from a vendor every day. I would buy my paper from a gnarled old man in a newstand and peruse it while I nibbled on a *pan au chocolat*. Because there’s no way I would not have coffee at home with a plastic coffee maker.

*Non, belles amies!* I would be having *cafe au lait* in a charming bistro before I went to work at my glamorous job at a publishing house. I would be wearing a frilly silk blouse with lots of lovely necklaces. I would have jewelry custom-made that didn’t come from a thrift store. And of course, I wouldn’t be fat. My bra and panties would match. My daughter would toddle off to school on a bus – such lovely public transport! – and I would meet her at home for a lunch of dressed greens and roast duck.

Isn’t Life in Paris is beautiful? Life in Paris doesn’t involve scraping one’s windshield, or picking up dog shit with a shovel in the backyard. Life in Paris features shoes with smart heels, and clothing made of silk and wool. No synthetics allowed in Paris! Life in Paris doesn’t include a trip to the health club to stand on a machine for a requisite 45 minutes to remove flab. In Paris, we flutter over long, picturesque sidewalks, holding our berets to our heads, as we jet to meet our lovers in bistros in the rain! This type of exercise isn’t labeled such. It doesn’t exert, you see. Besides, should your body have the audacity to store adipose, which I don’t believe is actually possible within the 16th arrondissement, such tasteless flab would be run out on a rail by a mob holding stalks of artichokes.

Why I let this stick abuse me so, I don’t know. I went to France on my honeymoon, with a phrasebook and not much else. So it shouldn’t be surprising that I didn’t like France very much at all. We drove from north to south, in a rented car, going down the *autoroute* at high speeds only to be stalled out by our lack of language skills in small towns. Adrian found the whole place in need of some spackle.

“It’s like they rebuilt everything that got destroyed in World War II,” he said, as we drove through a cloverleaf in some small town with too many vowels and x’s in the name. “But they only rebuilt it once.”

In France, I could mimic my phrasebook and get a response that sounded like someone sucking on marshmallows. About all the French I have left from that puny guidebook has been used in this essay. All of this left me feeling like France is some club I can’t be a member of – is that what life is all about? About letting junior-high notions of exclusivity ruin your day? I can’t help it that I’m provincial and my province doesn’t have lavender fields or couture houses. We have a local foodshed, but only for 5 months of the year. The rest of the time, life here is slogging through snow muck up to one’s ankles or dragging a large plastic garbage bin to the curb at 9:30 at night or picking around superstores with an oversize shopping cart or watching pay-per-view movies versus hoofing it to the art cinema. Anais Nin couldn’t land in my life and grab the reins. There are not enough satin lampshades or casks of wine in the cellar or opportunities to watch burlesque shows.

Maybe I just need a Life In Akron, Ohio stick? Maybe I don’t need a stick at all?

*\*Back then I used to buy milk in reuseable bottles but our grocery doesn’t carry that brand anymore. Of course it doesn’t.*

*\*\*I don’t do this anymore. I put on make-up because I’m a vain motherfucking 40-year-old.*

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## events

### 2015 Events/Appearances

#### 23rd Annual Hubbs Children's Literature Conference

Saturday, February 21, 9:00 am – 3:00 pm

St. Thomas University, St. Paul, MN

Details & registration information [here](#).

#### Music Meets Minnesota Lit

Bedlam Theatre

Wednesday, April 8, 7:00 pm

Free for the public; for more information, go [here](#)

#### AWP Annual Conference & Bookfair

Minneapolis Convention Center

*Friday, April 10, 4:30 – 5:45 pm – But I Need My Day Job: Creating a Kick-Ass Writing Education in Your Own Community*

Room L100 H & I

*Saturday, April 11, 10:30 – 11:45 am – A Tribute to John Engman*

Room L100 B&C

#### 2015 Minnesota Book Awards Gala

St. Paul Union Depot

Saturday, April 18th, 7 pm

for tickets, go [here](#)

#### Children's & Young Adult Literature Festival

The Loft Literary Center, Minneapolis

Saturday, May 2

For more information/to register, go [here](#)

#### YA Lit Festival

May 9

at [The Book Cellar](#) in Chicago, IL

details [here](#)

### 2015 Loft Classes

#### A Fiction Writer's Hive Mind: Fixing Story Problems

Saturday, March 21, 10:00 am – 12:00 pm

ages 15-17

for more information/to register, go [here](#)

#### The Alternate Universe: Creating Fictional Worlds

July 20 – 24, 1:00 – 4:00 pm

ages 13-17

for more information/to register, go [here](#)

#### Adolescence as Fiction: Writing Teenaged Voices

July 27 – 31, 1:00 – 2:30 pm

ages 15-17

for more information/to register, go [here](#)

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Sex has always come without consequences for seventeen-year-old Evan. Until he hooks up with the wrong girl and finds himself in the wrong place at very much the wrong time.

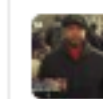
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Officers names and charges in Freddie Gray case.

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Retweeted by Carrie Mesrobian

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## podcast



Join YA author [Christa Desir](#) and me for [The Oral History Podcast](#), where we talk about sex and YA books.

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**Trymaine Lee**   
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Retweeted by Carrie Mesrobian

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about



I've worked as a teacher in both public and private schools; my writing has appeared in the *StarTribune*, *Brain*, *Child magazine*, *Calyx*, and other web and print publications. I teach teenagers about writing at [The Loft Literary Center](#) in Minneapolis. However, the best job I ever had was when I worked in a thrift store pawing through donations of cast-off junk. Loved that job so much.

My first two books, *Sex & Violence* & *Perfectly Good White Boy* were published by Carolrhoda LAB.

My third book, *Cut Both Ways*, (HarperCollins), will be released September 2015.

All these books are young adult novels with male narrators. Maybe I will do a girl narrator next? Who the hell knows?

I wish I could report all sorts of cute quirky things that I do, but really, I'm kind of boring. I read a lot and never really go anywhere and don't see that changing ever. Probably I should get some hobbies or something? Sometimes I crochet stuff.

Oh, wait! Here is a picture of me looking dastardly! But it's really just because my hair's wet and I just busted out a new beautiful Benefit Brow pencil. I kind of have a thing about cosmetics and beauty products, if you want to know the truth.

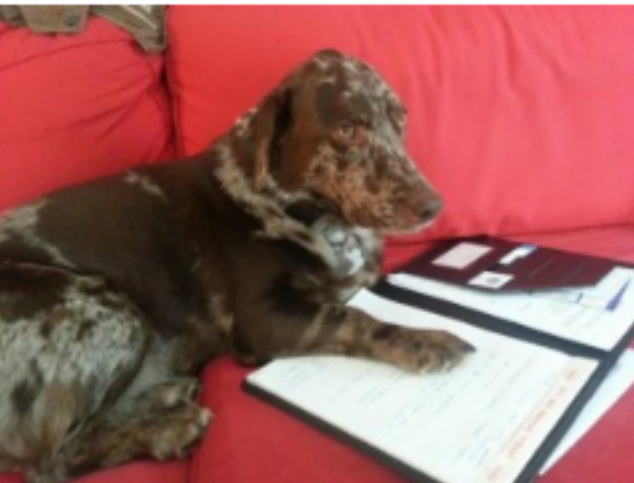


I live with Adrian, my husband, Matilda, my daughter, and Pablo, my dog. All of whom are super interesting, actually. Built-in entertainment, really.

Oh! Here's me answering "[Hostile Questions](#)" for [The Booklist Reader](#). That might be helpful.

Also, I am represented by this very excellent person named Michael Bourret at [DGLM](#). He does all my business-y things. Like, in case you want to pay me stacks of cash to make up stories or would like me to blurb your book or whatever.

If you have questions, my email's below and Pablo will handle it. He knows next to nothing but he's very enthusiastic.



[carrie@carriemesrobian.com](mailto:carrie@carriemesrobian.com)

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