



Other Broken Things

By C. Desir

Download now

Read Online →

Other Broken Things By C. Desir

From the author of *Bleed Like Me*, which *Booklist* called “edgy, dark, and turbulent with passion” comes another compelling and gritty novel about addiction and forbidden romance—starring a fearless, unforgettable heroine.

Natalie’s not an alcoholic. She doesn’t have a *problem*. Everybody parties, everybody does stupid things, like getting in their car when they can barely see. Still, with six months of court-ordered AA meetings required, her days of vodka-filled water bottles are over.

Unfortunately, her old friends want the party girl or nothing. Even her up-for-anything ex seems more interested in rehashing the past than actually helping Nat.

But then a recovering alcoholic named Joe inserts himself into Nat’s life, and things start looking up. Joe is funny, he’s smart, and he calls her out in a way no one ever has.

He’s also older. A lot older.

Nat’s connection to Joe is overwhelming, but so are her attempts to fit back into her old world, all while battling the constant urge to crack a bottle and blur that one thing she’s been desperate to forget.

Now, in order to make a different kind of life, Nat must pull together her broken parts and learn to fight for herself.

↓ [Download Other Broken Things ...pdf](#)

📄 [Read Online Other Broken Things ...pdf](#)

Other Broken Things

By C. Desir

Other Broken Things By C. Desir

From the author of *Bleed Like Me*, which *Booklist* called “edgy, dark, and turbulent with passion” comes another compelling and gritty novel about addiction and forbidden romance—starring a fearless, unforgettable heroine.

Natalie’s not an alcoholic. She doesn’t have a *problem*. Everybody parties, everybody does stupid things, like getting in their car when they can barely see. Still, with six months of court-ordered AA meetings required, her days of vodka-filled water bottles are over.

Unfortunately, her old friends want the party girl or nothing. Even her up-for-anything ex seems more interested in rehashing the past than actually helping Nat.

But then a recovering alcoholic named Joe inserts himself into Nat’s life, and things start looking up. Joe is funny, he’s smart, and he calls her out in a way no one ever has.

He’s also older. A lot older.

Nat’s connection to Joe is overwhelming, but so are her attempts to fit back into her old world, all while battling the constant urge to crack a bottle and blur that one thing she’s been desperate to forget.

Now, in order to make a different kind of life, Nat must pull together her broken parts and learn to fight for herself.

Other Broken Things By C. Desir Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #676002 in Books
- Published on: 2016-01-12
- Released on: 2016-01-12
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.25" h x 1.00" w x 5.50" l, .0 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 256 pages

 [Download Other Broken Things ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Other Broken Things ...pdf](#)

Editorial Review

Review

"With edges sharper than a fragment of a vodka bottle, C. Desir reveals how far some of us go to run from the sorrows that have broken us, and how much it hurts to find a way to put the shards of ourselves back together again. Desir is hip to the truth that the broken edges let the light shine through. This book is a blinding beauty." (Martha Brockenbrough, author of *The Game of Love and Death*)

In Desir's latest, Natalie's a fresh-out-of-rehab high-school senior beginning the 12-step program. Brash, unrepentant, and far from kind to herself, Nat strikes up an unlikely friendship—and possibly something more—with 38-year-old Joe, from her local AA group. Her journey toward recovery brims with bumps and potholes: old friends who haven't dropped their drinking habits, parents who fail to offer the support system she needs, and the truth about what happened that fateful night that she doesn't want to face. Though Nat's relationship with her father could have used a bit more development, there is much to recommend here. The frank, sometimes profanity-laced prose suits the subject matter and will engage reluctant readers. Nat's penchant for self-destructive behaviors, including her pursuit of Joe, only augments a reader's sympathy and curiosity for what motivates her. In *Nat*—a female counterpart to Sutter Keeley of Tim Tharp's *The Spectacular Now* (2008)—Desir crafts a portrait of a teenage alcoholic that is honest and unsparing. (Booklist *November 15, 2015*)

Gr 9 Up—Seventeen-year-old Natalie's story starts with "I'd cut a bitch for a cigarette," hooking readers immediately. In this gritty and honest tale, Nat's struggle with sobriety starts with court-ordered AA meetings and community service after a DUI incident. She is a fighter, literally. Her parents' demand that she quit boxing leads to her drinking. Nat fills the holes in her life with booze and sex. Without an addiction, she feels lost. Enter Joe, the sexy, 30-something would-be sponsor Nat bums cigarettes off of during meetings. Though Joe tries to shut down Nat's outrageous flirting, the sexual tension is palpable, foretelling the inevitable train wreck. Desir writes the relationship as an ill-fated May/December romance between two addicts. If Nat and Joe do not have alcohol, they will find something else to quench their needs. In this case, they find each other, until that implodes. While this situation lends itself to controversy, it also invites conversation. Other plot threads—losing friends and reuniting with others, relapses, and Natalie's parents' rocky marriage—round out her recovering addict's experience. Facing her demons, Nat evolves from a rightfully angry teen to a wiser, emotionally stronger young woman able to stand on her own without a man or alcohol, and readers will cheer for her success. Not for the faint of heart (Joe's rock bottom story involves a dead hooker), Natalie's story is told without judgement and with an uncanny understanding of the 12-step program. This is sure to appeal to fans of Nic Sheff's *Tweak* (S. & S., 2008), Koren Zailckas's *Smashed* (Viking, 2005), and the like. VERDICT This title deserves a place on high school shelves.—Laura Falli, McNeil High School, Austin, TX (School Library Journal *November 2015*)

"Fans of A. S. King, Laurie Halse Anderson, and John Green will appreciate this gritty, honest portrayal of the road to recovery." (VOYA)

About the Author

C. Desir writes dark contemporary fiction for young adults. She lives with her husband, three small children, and overly enthusiastic dog outside of Chicago. She has volunteered as a rape victim activist for more than ten years, including providing direct service as an advocate in hospital ERs. She also works as an editor at Samhain Publishing. Visit her at ChristaDesir.com.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.
Other Broken Things

Chapter

One

I'd cut a bitch for a cigarette right now. Unfortunately, I'm sandwiched in the car between inflatable Santa and inflatable Frosty and the only person within striking distance is my mom.

"You sure you don't want me to come in?" she asks as she tugs at her hand-knitted red-and-green striped hat. Mom is the mascot of the holiday season. Pretty sure she pees eggnog and her armpit odor is peppermint scented.

"It's a closed meeting, Mom. I told you that. Only the alkies get to go. Not their moms. Plus you've got to finish decorating."

My fingers curl in and out of my palm. Someone at the meeting has to have a smoke. Has to.

"I was looking online. There are some open meetings in the city. I could go with you to those."

I wave my hand. "Mom. Stop. I'll be fine. I went to a meeting every day in rehab. I know the drill. Pick me up in an hour."

I shove Frosty to the side and push open the backseat door. Yes, I'm in the back. Like a toddler. The passenger seat has been taken up by inflatable Rudolph. I slide out and Mom turns down "Feliz Navidad" long enough to call out to me.

"Proud of you, Natalie. You've got this."

I wave again, resisting the urge to give her the finger, and turn away so she doesn't see my eye roll. Mom's obviously fit time in her busy holiday schedule to read some of the Big Book—Alcoholics Anonymous's bible to getting my shitty life together, told through a series of steps and stories of pathetic losers just like me. Jesus.

The brown building in front of me is nondescript with the letters SFC on a plaque in front. As I step up to the door, my hands shake a little. Not from the DT's—you need to be way deeper down the rabbit hole than I ever got for delirium tremens—but from the whole business of it.

AA meetings are a requirement. Three times a week until I'm three months sober and then twice a week until I'm six months. Six months feels like for-fucking-ever at this point, but honestly, a month ago, six hours felt the same.

I pause outside the door and stare at the sign taped to the front. Meeting times, plus a plug about movie nights and a Sunday-morning pancake breakfast. There are three meetings every day. I can't imagine going to that many meetings in a day. What the hell for? How many times does someone need to hear the Serenity Prayer?

I slide my hand in my coat pocket and finger the card inside. Go in, zone out, get your card signed. Drawing in a deep breath, I push through the entrance and am immediately hit by the smell of BO and burned coffee. I blink my eyes a few times to adjust to the light and see I'm in a hallway. A door on my right says FELLOWSHIP MEETING ROOM.

Another breath, this time through my mouth so I don't have to deal with the BO stench. My heart is beating pretty hard. Even more than the first time I got in the boxing ring, a million years ago when I thought things were different.

There's a long mirror on the side of the door, like we somehow might feel the need to check our appearance before going in to confess our drunken transgressions. My ridiculously curly hair is pulled back neatly in a band, my slapdash makeup job is miraculously holding up from this morning, and the rest of me looks Abercrombie solid. This is definitely my 12-step best, so I'm not sure why I'm stalling.

Somehow, walking into a meeting room felt easier at rehab. Probably because I had a nurse escorting me. I squeeze my eyes shut and grip the knob, pulling open the door. Wishing with everything I have for this not to be real.

The room smells too. Different, though. Like musty books and defeat. Yes, defeat has a smell. A distinct cigarette smell, with zero traces of alcohol. An old woman near the door looks up and smiles a little at me. A quick scan around the room shows three black dudes in conversation around the big table, an obviously drunk or hungover Hispanic dude with his head leaned against the back wall, and a white guy talking to a woman with red hair and a scowl on her face. The white guy looks up when I enter and nods at me.

No beaming smiles or welcoming committee here. No one's happy to see me. They're all dealing with the same shit. I'm another soldier who's been drafted into the army of addiction. Hardly cause to celebrate. On the plus side, from the look of things, there's no way anyone here is going to be digging that deep into my business, which means I won't have to think—something I've gotten excellent at in the past month.

I unwind the scarf at my neck—hand-knitted by Mom, of course—and plop into a chair at the table. A quick glance at the clock shows I have five minutes before the meeting starts. I need to time this better. Or bring cigarettes next time so I can smoke beforehand. But I finished my last one this morning, sitting on my window ledge and watching Mom hang icicle lights. She frowned when she saw the cigarette, but didn't say anything. She's been on me about them since I got back, but she must have figured a lecture about them would have been less than welcome this morning.

The red-haired lady stands up from the table and approaches me. Ah. Meeting leader. I know by now talking to the newbies is part of their job.

"Kathy," she says, sitting in the plastic chair next to me. "First meeting?"

"First meeting here. Not first meeting ever," I mumble in response. Wonder if I could get her to sign my card now and then leave the meeting early. I give her a long look and realize she's not the type to break rules. She's got that hard-living look about her, and if she's a meeting leader, she's been in AA awhile now.

"Got a sponsor?" she asks.

"No. I'm just out of rehab."

She nods and I catch the white guy watching us. Not even slyly. Just openly staring. I have an urge to flip him off, but I doubt it'll earn me any brownie points and I have a card I need filled up.

"Take out your phone," Kathy says. I pull out my cell and she snatches it from my hand like she's going to confiscate it. Instead she presses some buttons and hands it back to me. "I'm in your contacts now. Call whenever."

"Natalie," I say.

She nods again and gets up. "Find a sponsor, Natalie. You're too young to be in here."

I almost roll my eyes, but that'd just be proving her point. I am too young. Seventeen. Way too young for rehab. Way too young for AA. It's all sort of bullshit, but to say my parents are overprotective is an understatement. So here I am. Two days out of rehab, two months after a DUI, surrounded by people who don't know anything about me, with a court card in my pocket, and wanting to beat the crap out of just about everyone.

Happy fucking holidays.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Arthur Haynes:

Information is provisions for folks to get better life, information today can get by anyone with everywhere. The information can be a expertise or any news even a concern. What people must be consider whenever those information which is in the former life are hard to be find than now is taking seriously which one is suitable to believe or which one the actual resource are convinced. If you get the unstable resource then you obtain it as your main information it will have huge disadvantage for you. All those possibilities will not happen inside you if you take Other Broken Things as your daily resource information.

Mary Jones:

Reading a reserve can be one of a lot of action that everyone in the world really likes. Do you like reading book thus. There are a lot of reasons why people enjoy it. First reading a reserve will give you a lot of new data. When you read a publication you will get new information because book is one of many ways to share the information or maybe their idea. Second, studying a book will make you actually more imaginative. When you looking at a book especially tale fantasy book the author will bring one to imagine the story how the personas do it anything. Third, you may share your knowledge to some others. When you read this Other Broken Things, you may tells your family, friends and also soon about yours e-book. Your knowledge can inspire average, make them reading a book.

Sharon Scott:

People live in this new morning of lifestyle always try to and must have the free time or they will get great deal of stress from both way of life and work. So , whenever we ask do people have spare time, we will say

absolutely indeed. People is human not a robot. Then we consult again, what kind of activity do you have when the spare time coming to an individual of course your answer will probably unlimited right. Then ever try this one, reading guides. It can be your alternative inside spending your spare time, the book you have read is Other Broken Things.

Cinthia Jacobsen:

Reading can called thoughts hangout, why? Because when you find yourself reading a book particularly book entitled Other Broken Things the mind will drift away trough every dimension, wandering in each and every aspect that maybe mysterious for but surely might be your mind friends. Imaging every word written in a e-book then become one type conclusion and explanation which maybe you never get before. The Other Broken Things giving you an additional experience more than blown away your thoughts but also giving you useful data for your better life in this era. So now let us explain to you the relaxing pattern this is your body and mind is going to be pleased when you are finished studying it, like winning a sport. Do you want to try this extraordinary wasting spare time activity?

**Download and Read Online Other Broken Things By C. Desir
#O58LPEGDTFM**

Read Other Broken Things By C. Desir for online ebook

Other Broken Things By C. Desir Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Other Broken Things By C. Desir books to read online.

Online Other Broken Things By C. Desir ebook PDF download

Other Broken Things By C. Desir Doc

Other Broken Things By C. Desir Mobipocket

Other Broken Things By C. Desir EPub

O58LPEGDTFM: Other Broken Things By C. Desir