
1. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Bridget is my age and lives across the street. For the first twelve years of my life, these qualifications were all I needed in a best friend. But that was before Bridget's braces came off and her boyfriend Burke got on, before Hope and I met in our seventh grade Honors classes.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 7

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Priscilla was my age and lived two blocks away. For the first fifteen years of my life, those were the only qualifications I needed in a best friend. We had bonded over our mutual fascination with the abacus in a playgroup for gifted kids. But that was before freshman year, when Priscilla's glasses came off, and the first in a long string of boyfriends came on.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little, Brown, 2006), pg. 14

2. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"Uhhhh...I live less than a half-mile from here. Twelve Forrest Drive."

Pause.

"So I don't need a ride..."

Another pause.

"But do you want one?" he asked.

God, did I want one.

He knew it, too. He leaned over the front seat and popped open the passenger side door. "Come on, I want to talk to you," he said. "I'll drive around in circles if I have to."

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 209

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

"Uh, actually...I was just dropping off some books. I'm supposed to be home by nine. And it's already eight-forty."

Pause.

"So I can't really stay..."

Another pause.

"But you want to?" he asked.

Did I? Yes...

He knew it, too. He patted the chair again. “Come on, I want to talk to you,” he said. You only have to sit for a couple of minutes.”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 172

3. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

I caught a re-run on TV Land in which Kelly and Jill went undercover as hot-pants-wearing hookers while Sabrina—in a turtleneck, no less—gathered case-cracking clues with Bosley. Suddenly, her eyelashlessness made sense. Sabrina was the *brainy* Angel. Yet another example of how every girl had to be one or the other: Pretty or smart. Guess which one I got. You’ll see where it’s gotten me.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 6

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

Somewhere in the eighth grade, after watching a marathon of James Bond movies, I realized why James was never going to be with Miss Moneypenny. Moneypenny was the *brainy* female character. Yet another example of how every girl had to be one or the other: smart or pretty. I had long resigned myself to category one, and as long as it got me to Harvard, I was happy. Except, it hadn’t gotten me to Harvard. Clearly it was time to switch to category two.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 39

4. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

I walked out of her office and nearly tripped over two bare legs covered in scars and scabs. Marcus Flutie was slumped in a chair, stretching his long limbs right front of the door. Marcus is what we at CHS categorize as a “Dreg.” I think he was waiting to meet with his parole officer. Last spring, he got busted for buying or selling or using—I don’t know for sure—as part of the town’s War on Drugs effort that followed Heath’s death. Marcus was four years younger than Heath and his burnout buds, so they made him their marijuana-smoking mascot. (He’s a year older than Hope and me, but he’s on our grade level because he got left back in elementary school for doing God only knows what.) Of course, marijuana being the gateway drug and all, they moved on to bigger and better mind-altering substances: acid, E, ’shrooms, Special K, heroin, etc.

The other thing about Marcus is that crackheaded girls who don’t know any better think he’s sexy. I don’t see it. He’s got dusty reddish dreads that a girl could never run her hands through. His eyes are always half-shut. His lips are usually curled into a semi-smile, like he’s in on a big joke that’s being played on you but you don’t know it yet.

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

I didn't realize I had asked the question out loud, or that I wasn't alone anymore, until I heard someone laugh behind me. I whipped around, and nearly tripped over the untied laces of a pair of faded black black Vans. The brown-haired boy—it took me a second to match him up with a name (Sean Whalen)—who had been with the HBZ earlier was passing behind me, but his long limbs stretched right across my path. I hadn't seen him at the food court.

At Woodcliff High, Sean fell into the coveted category of "Hcomms" aka Hot Commodities. Just about every girl, from the A list HBz to the stoner hoochies, thought he was sexy. The weird thing was, I didn't see it. He had too long shaggy brown hair that fell into eyes, which were always half-shut. His mouth was always curled into a half smile, like he knew about some big joke that was supposed to be played on you.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 48

5. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"Hey, Tongue-Kissing Cousin!"

Though I used to see him sometimes at Hope's house, Marcus and I had never, ever acknowledged each other's existence before. So I froze, not knowing whether I should (a) laugh (b) say something (c) ignore him and keep on walking. I chose a brilliant combo of (a) and (b).

"Uh, yeah. Ha. Ha. Ha."

I turned around and saw that Marcus was smiling at me. It freaked me out. I mean, it wasn't an unfamiliar smile. He smiled like he knew me and was used to looking at me full in the face even though I don't remember him ever giving me so much as a lazy I'm-too-stoned-to-avert-my-eyes look when I walked past his desk in homeroom.

"I almost pissed myself out here," he said.

"Uh, thanks, I guess."

"You're a natural con artist."

He was still looking right at me. I giggled. I always giggle like a girlie-girl when I get nervous. It's my most annoying habit.

"What other secrets are you hiding?"

I chewed on my lip (my second most annoying habit) and flew through the door.

The thing is, he's right. I get going on a lie and I can't stop. This is a largely untapped talent. I could probably talk my way out of a bizillion sticky situations—if I only got myself into them. It was just weird hearing it from someone who doesn't even know me.

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

“At least seven, don't you think?”

Though I had been to school with him for the last three years, Sean Whalen and I had never acknowledged each other's existence before. I froze, unsure of (a) what he was talking about and (b) what I was supposed to do about it.

I stared at him. “Flat irons,” he said. “At least seven flat irons for that hair.”

“Ha, yeah. Uh, ha. Ha.” I looked at the floor and managed a pathetic combination of laughter and monosyllables, then remembered that the object of our mockery was his former best friend.

I looked up and saw that Sean was grinning.

“Jennifer likes to look her best,” he said.

After I bit back the automatic retort that having hair more fluorescent than a traffic safety cone was not necessarily a good thing, I couldn't think of anything else to say.

“Are you wondering why I'm hiding behind the permanently green foliage?”

Sean was still looking at me, and since that was exactly what I had been wondering, I turned bright red and tucked some loose strands of hair behind my ears.

“Maybe for the same reason you are,” he said. He paused then and turned a little away from me. I hesitated, unsure if he was still talking to me, and his next words were so soft I wasn't even certain he meant me to hear. “You see a lot more when people don't see you.”

I pulled my hair out of its ponytail just so I could put it back again and raced away from the cover of the palms. He was right. In my three years at WHS, being the girl who never got noticed hadn't stopped me from noticing details about every other person in my grade. I just didn't like being caught in the act.

Viswanathan, How Opal...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pages 49-50

6. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

When he sat down in back of me in first period, I assumed we were back to our silent partners-in-crime routine. But then he tapped me on the shoulder, and said something so random that I was afraid he was back on the junk.

“Did you know that the average American spends six months of his or her life waiting for red lights to turn green?”

“What?”

“Six months wasted, waiting for permission to move on,” he said.

“Uh-huh.”

“Think of all the other stuff you could do with that time.”

I was totally confused. “In the car?”

“In your life,” he said.

“Oh.”

Then Bee Gee started talking about FDR’s New Deal and that was the end of that.

And so it went for the rest of the week. Before History class, Marcus would tap me on the shoulder and ask me a question that, on the surface, had nothing to do with anything. But then it would evolve into a conversation about something much more than I expected, considering the randomness of the opening statement. It’s hard to explain. It was like a verbal Rorschach test.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pages 217-218

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

The next session I didn’t even waste my time trying. I just sat down and pulled out my math homework, ignoring Sean completely. But then, right at the end of the hour, when I was about to collect my books and stand up, he tapped me on the shoulder and said something so random I worried that he needed more expert counseling than I could provide.

“Did you know that the words *amnesty* and *amnesia* come from the same root?”

“What?”

“They both have the root *to forget*,” he said.

“What?”

“I said, they both—“

I was rapidly overcoming my surprise. “I heard you the first time,” I said. “But after not saying a word to me for two weeks, why did you suddenly decide to tell me this?”

When he just shrugged and walked away, it took all my self control to keep from hurdling my fifteen-pound Calculus textbook at his head.

At our next meeting, on Tuesday, he continued as if there had been no interruption. “Did you know that there are some words with two synonyms that are actually antonyms of each other?”

I had been on a conference call with the HBz till late into the past night, discussing exactly what we should wear to the upcoming Woodcliff winter pep rally, and now I could just wasn’t in the mood to spar with Sean. “No...,” I said, wondering what was coming next.

“*Cleave*,” he said. “Two of its synonyms are *adhere* and *separate*. Weird huh?”

On Thursday, he tackled Milton. “Did you know that he used eight thousand different words to write Paradise Lost?”

The pattern continued. At the beginning of each counseling session, Sean would ask me a question that, on the surface, had nothing to do with anything. Then, whether or not I knew the answer, he would lapse right back into silence.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pages 141-3

7. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

I knew that sitting beside him [Marcus] in the Caddie could be a one-time-only opportunity, so I looked him full in the face for the first time ever. This is what I saw, in the order that I saw it: adobe red buzz cut, no more dreds; feline eyes; sunburnt skin peeling off his nose; two thread-thin lines bookending his mouth.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 210

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

Since I was certain I would never again see Sean this close in a nonacademic environment, I took this opportunity to look him full in the face. I noticed so many details about him that I shouldn’t have. Like, his hair wasn’t the dark brown I had always thought it was. Under the Tiffany lamps, pieces of it shone russet and gold. It looked soft too, almost as soft as his sweatshirt, which I instinctively knew would feel warm and fleecy.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 172

8. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

Marcus then leaned across me to open the passenger side door. He was invading my personal space, as I had learned in Psych. class, and I instinctively sunk back into the seat. That just made him move in closer. I was practically one with the leather at this point, and unless I hopped into the backseat, there was nowhere else for me to go.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 175

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

Sean stood up and stepped toward me, ostensibly to show me the book. He was definitely invading my personal space, as I had learned in Human Evolution class last summer, and I instinctively backed up till my legs hit the chair I had been sitting in. That just made him move in closer, until the grommets in the leather embossed the backs of my knees, and he finally tilted the book toward me.

9. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

These conversations [with Marcus] are like a shot of Schnapps with a Tabasco sauce chaser. Short, sweet, and strange, as well as capable of making me hot, wobbly, and confused.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 218

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Talking to Sean had been like eating sev mixture, the Indian equivalent to Chex Party Mix, sharp and sweet and spicy all at once, with every bite containing a new mixture of ingredients.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 145

10. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

For 1 hour and 47 minutes, we proved him right.

Here, an incomplete list of topics from tonight's convo: pregnant chads; the Olsen Twins; the AIDS epidemic in Africa; fake tattoos; *Igpay Atinlay*; the universe's unseen dimensions; cloning; clichéd guitar Gods in leather pants; year-round schooling; plastic surgery junkies; Napster.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 219

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

But we kept talking. In fact, we talked for another forty-nine minutes about the following topics: stem-cell research, how expensive a new amp for his guitar would be, the state of the Vatican, old Hollywood actresses dating men young enough to be their sons, overpriced T-shirts at Neiman Marcus, constitutional amendments against gay marriage, and iPod nanos.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 145

11. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Marcus finds me completely nonsexual. No tension to complicate our whatever relationship. I should be relieved. Right?

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 223

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Sean only wanted me as a friend. A nonsexual female friend. That was a good thing. No there would be no tension to complicate our relationship and my soon-to-be relationship with Jeff Akel. I was relieved.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 176

12. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Once all three members of the Clueless Crew were assembled, they commenced their daily ritual of not eating and alternately trashing/worshipping the models and actresses in a teen mag.

"How could they have put her on the cover? Her ass is like, totally huge," cried Bridget.

Bridget is always zeroing in on the hugeness of models' asses. That's because Bridget herself is an aspiring model who is convinced she has a huge ass. This is the burden of being beautiful, apparently. In Psych. class I learned that the hotter you are, the more paranoid you are about the way you look. That's because born-beauties get so much pretty girl praise that their appearance becomes crucial to their oh-so delicate self-worth.

Boo-freaking-hoo.

Anyway, Bridget has been modeling for about a year but has yet to make it in the pages of any of the major teen publications. She's one of those anonymous, magalog models. But that's goddamn glamorous for CHS.

"Omigod! My dad's photographer friend said she has cellulite," said Sara.

"Ewww!" said Manda and Bridget in unison.

...

The Clueless Crew continued flipping through the magazine, taking swigs from their Diet Cokes and passing one-word judgments on the images on each page.

"Nasty."

"Foul."

"Hideola."

Suddenly, Bridget slapped her hand down on a page.

"Now that girl has like, a totally kickin' bod!"

"Totally!" agreed Manda and Sara.

She was a stick figure with balloon boobs—a body that rarely, if ever, occurs in

nature.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pages 8-11

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Eating with the HBz was an elaborate ritual—invariably they picked over their garden salads (no dressing) while analyzing the body types and clothing choices of the unfortunate Woodcliff girls who walked by our table.

...

“Who does Kacey think she is, wearing that shirt?” Jennifer cried, pointing to a slim brunette in a blue halter top at the table behind ours. “She has, like, no boobs.”

Jennifer always zeroed in on girls' lack of boobs, in a blatant attempt to call attention to her own generously endowed chest. I, on the other hand, had resigned myself to the fact that if breasts were a mark of womanhood, I was destined to remain a twelve-year-old girl for life.

“Omigod! And Traci has such bad skin,” said Priscilla, squinting at a distant Wall Street wannabe. “Do these people, like, seriously think that five pounds of pancake makeup will make them look better?”

“Gross!” said Stacie and Jennifer, rolling their eyes in unison.

...

The HBz continued their cutting analyses, chewing their wilted iceberg lettuce leaves twenty times each and passing judgment on every person who passed our way.

“She has such a huge ass.”

“Short legs.”

“Bad hair.”

“Hot outfit.”

I craned my neck to see an improbably skinny brunette freshman constrained by a black lace corset that definitely shouldn't have been allowed by the Woodcliff dress code.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 151

13. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Paul Parlipiano and I have spoken exactly once. (He bumped into me on the buffet line at last year's indoor track banquet. He said he was sorry. I giggled like an idiot, then dropped my plate of macaroni and cheese on the floor—too long for the fumble to be the result of the collision.) Yet, I know he is the only one worthy of my virginity. He's been accepted early decision to Columbia University, so he's supersmart. And when I see him without a shirt at track practice I'm overwhelmed by the urge to lick the sweat off his six-pack. Yum-yum.

Lately, I've been having a special Sweet 16 variation on my standard Paul Parlipiano-and-I-get-stuck-in-an-enclosed-space-together-and-the-trauma-bonds-us-sexually-and-otherwise daydream. In this one, it's my birthday and Paul Parlipiano and I

have gotten locked inside the gym closet. (As always, how we got trapped is inconsequential.)

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 15

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

After we won, Jeff said congratulations (the only time he spoke to me without sending a memo through Nick). I muttered something stupid, then dropped a whole sheaf of papers. Luckily, that happened several seconds after he had already walked away.

But I was still certain that Jeff was the one for me. He was in all my honors classes, so I knew he was supersmart. And I'd heard him talking about his life plan, which was divided into three steps: (1) get into Princeton and (2) become a New Jersey senator in order to (3) change the world. Toward the end of last year, I had stopped trying to do work in last-period study hall and instead indulged in variations of my standard "Jeff Akel suddenly realizes I'm alive, proclaims his love, and kisses me in the middle of the football stadium" daydream. (My favorite was the version where we mysteriously found ourselves locked in a janitor's closet together.)

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 42

14. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

I've got to give that girl props. Manda is only okay looking: Her full lips and lush lashes are the best features on an otherwise flat face. Yet she makes the most of what she's got. She starts pouting and fluttering—not to mention flaunting her huge hooters—and she can get anyone she wants.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 153

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

I didn't think much of Jennifer's sacrifices, but I also didn't think Sean would hold out long against her determination, much less her piles of blonde hair and D cup bra. And I had to give her credit. She knew how to make the most of what she had. Once Jennifer started fluttering her eyelashes and screwed her mouth into an X-rated pout, she got any guy she wanted.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 153

15. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"So does Bender know that you're only sixteen?"

"Fifteen," corrected Sara.

"Fifteen," amended Hy.

"No," said Sara. "I figured I'd tell him the truth later."

“HMMMM...”

“HMMMM...*what?*” asked Sara.

“Well, technically, he raped you.”

“WHAT?!”

“He was twenty-one. You were fifteen. That’s statutory rape.”

“Omigod! Not it’s not! I was drunk off my ass, but I wanted to do it.”

“Doesn’t matter,” said Hy. “The law’s the law.”

I wondered about jurisdiction—whether he could be prosecuted in the United States for a crime that occurred south-of-the-border. (Ha. In more ways than one.) But Hy was so matter of fact that Sara’s face was turning all sorts of colors. It kind of reminded me of a Mexican sunset. Or a tequila sunrise.

“Well, I wouldn’t press charges anyway,” said Sara.

“Oh, I didn’t think you would.” Hy glanced at me as she casually sipped her Red Bull. For the first time, I read her mind.

“Your parents might,” I said, picking up where Hy left off. “You know, if you got knocked-up or diseased or something.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pages 72-3

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

“Anyway, I continued, searching for an excuse that would satisfy the HBz. “I’m only into older guys, and if I have sex with one before I’m eighteen, that’s statutory rape.” I shrugged, trying to appear confident and mature. “I’ll just hold out till my birthday over the summer.”

“Oh, please,” Priscilla said laughing, though her face had paled. “They don’t actually prosecute those cases. I mean, even though I slept with Roger when he was nineteen, I totally wanted to do it!”

“The law’s the law.” I shrugged. “Be careful your parents don’t press charges. You know, if you get Chlamydia or something.”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 72

16. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

“JESUS CHRIST!” I screamed in Sara’s face, the way only an obnoxious boozer can. “IT’S PAUL PARLIPIANO!”

I clamped my hands over my mouth.

“OMIGOD!OMIGOD!OMIGOD! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!” screamed Sara, blowing my hair back. “YOU’RE IN LOVE WITH HIM!”

I clamped my hands over *her* mouth.

“SHHHHHHHHH...” I slurred. “You did not.”

“I did too.”

“You did not.”

“I did too.”

This went on in circles for a while, as drunken conversations tend to do.

“I’m just happy you’re not a lesbo,” she said, finally, bringing the circle to a dead stop.

“You think I’m a lesbian?!”

“Omigod! Not me!”

“Then who? And why?”

“There has been talk, Jess,” she said, “I mean, you’re a Jockette, and you haven’t so much as kissed a boy since you went out with Scotty in eighth grade.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 156

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

“Jeff Akel!” I screamed into Priscilla’s face. “He’s here! I need to kiss him!”

I clamped my hands over my mouth.

“Omigod!” Priscilla swung around to look at him. “I still can’t believe you guys are dating!”

“Neither can I,” I said with perfect truth.

“I couldn’t believe it the day he asked you out,” Priscilla screeched. “We all seriously thought you were like, a lesbian.”

“*What?*”

She snagged a nearby beer and neatly poured it down her throat. “I mean, you never flirted with anyone, even when those hotties wanted you to tutor them. We used to joke that you’d probably never even kissed a boy.”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 191

17. Passages from McCafferty’s novel:

They could’ve bought Diet Cokes at any one of the 38 eating and drinking establishments in the Ocean County Mall, but in a truly sadomasochistic dieting gesture, they chose to buy their Diet Cokes at Cinnabon.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 67

Alleged infringing passage from Viswanathan’s novel:

In a truly masochistic gesture, they had decided to buy Diet Cokes from Mrs. Fields

....

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 4

18. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

“Are you sure you got accepted to a college and not a sorority?” I asked.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 281

Alleged infringing passage from Viswanathan's novel:

“Did they get accepted to a college or invited to a rush party?” I asked.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 288

19. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

He [Marcus] smelled sweet and woody, like cedar shavings.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 46

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

[Seans's] cologne (sweet and woody and spicy, like the sandalwood key chains
sold as souvenirs in India.)

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 147

20. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

faded blue Vans [on Marcus Flutie]

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 210

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

faded black Vans [on Sean Whalen]

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 48

21. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

I noticed then that Marcus's white T-shirt had the word Wednesday printed on it in black iron-on letters.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 85

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

He [Sean] was wearing an old, faded gray sweatshirt that said "Tuesday" on it.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 170

22. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"Yeah, I liked it as much as I like your days-of-the-week t-shirts," I said. "What's with that anyway?"

"Well, I've always admired days-of-the-week underwear," he [Marcus] replied.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 135

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

"Anyway," Sean said. "I figure this [day of the week] sweatshirt is like days of the week underwear."

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 173

23. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"Omigod! You're not going to believe this!" she said. "Krispy Kreme is a *quote* genius unquote."

Apparently, the staff at Middlebury [rehab] were flummoxed by Marcus's complex philosophical takes on his self-destruction. So much so, that they ordered a battery of intelligence tests to see if he was gifted or just plain insane. It turned out to be the former. His scores put him in the top 2 percent of the population.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 173

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

He [Sean] was reportedly some kind of genius (he was tested the summer before junior year, when he was sent to boot camp for insubordination), but since he never showed up to class, I had yet to see his brilliance first hand.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pages 48-49

24. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

“Nike-clad” [to describe jock Scotty]

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 15

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

“Nike-clad” [to describe jock Brandon]

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 108

25. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

I [Jessica] settled on a pair of tan cords and a beige hoodie...[I] stuck a barrette in my hair and spread Carmex on my lips.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 234

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

I [Opal] had changed out of my cow pajamas into my standard “leaving the house” outfit of sneakers, tan cords and a plain white T-shirt. My hair was scraped back into its usual ponytail and I was wearing Carmex and nothing else on my face.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 47

26. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Upper Crust [as most popular group in school]

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 1

Alleged infringing passage from Viswanathan's novel:

Upper-Cruster [as most popular group in school]

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 112

27. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Dreg [as druggies]

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 22

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Dreg [as druggies]

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 48

28. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Tanning was the closest that Sara came to having a hobby, other than gossiping, that is...Even the webbing between her fingers was the color of coffee without cream. Even for someone with her Italian heritage and dark coloring, it was unnatural and alienlike.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 68

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

It was obvious that next to casual hookups, tanning was her extracurricular activity of choice. Every visible inch of skin matched the color and texture of her Louis Vuitton backpack. Even combined with her dark hair and Italian heritage, she looked deep-fried.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 48

29. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Throughout this conversation, Manda acted like she couldn't have been more bored. She lazily skimmed her new paperback copy of Reviving Ophelia—she must have read the old one down to shreds. She just stood there, popping another piece of Doublemint, or reapplying her lip gloss, or slapping her ever-present pack of Virginia Slims against her palm. (Insert oral fixation jokes, here, here and here.) Her hair—usually dishwater brown and wavy—had been straightened and bleached the color of sweet corn since the last time I saw her...Just when I thought she had maxed out on hooter hugeness, it seemed that whatever poundage Sara had lost over the summer had turned up in Manda's bra.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 69

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

The other HBz acted like they couldn't be more bored. They sat down at a table, lazily skimmed heavy copies of Italian Vogue, popped pieces of Orbit, and reapplied layers of lip gloss. Jennifer, who used to be a bit on the heavy side, had dramatically slimmed down, no doubt through some combination of starvation and cosmetic surgery. Her lost

pounds hadn't completely disappeared: whatever extra pounds she'd shed from her hips had ended up in her bra. Jennifer's hair, which I remembered as dishwater brown and riotously curl, had been bleached Clairol 252: Never Seen in Nature Blonde. It was also so straight it looked washed, pressed and starched.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 48

30. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"I was watching *The Real World* tonight...."

"You watch *The Real World*?" I asked, excitedly. "I looooooove *The Real World*. Even with all the new reality shows, it's still the best. It's one of the few forms of entertainment targeted at our generation that I just eat up."

"Oh you *do*, do you?"

"I'd rather watch real kids make total asses out of themselves than watch Kevin Williamson's creations be so goddamned perfect and profound all the time."

"I think that's sad," he said.

"Why? They're setting themselves up. They're asking for it."

"They're setting *you* up," he said.

"How?"

"Did you ever stop to think that the term 'reality TV' is an oxymoron? Once these people agree to be filmed, it guarantees that these shows have nothing to do with reality."

Marcus is the only person who even comes close to one-upping me knowledge-wise. And it kind of bothers me, to tell you the truth. "I know all about the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, genius boy," I said, getting testy. "What's wrong with entertainment as escapism?"

"Nothing," he said. "Unless you have no problem spending an evening watching a bunch of people you don't know live life instead of going out there and living it yourself."

He had a point. My obsession with *The Real World* had only gotten out of hand after Hope moved away.

"And how can you live life in Pineville, especially in the middle of the night?"

I heard the flick of his lighter in the background. A pause. Then a burst of breath.

"Well, I used to fire up Puff Daddy."

"Puff Daddy," I repeated, totally stymied.

"Yes. Puff Daddy. My bong."

"You named your bong?"

"Sure. I spent more time with Puffy than anyone else, so it made sense."

Another pause. Another lungful of tobacco. I remembered the pre-pube boy on the Boardwalk. WACKY FOR TOBACKY.

“I’d also find girls to have sex with.”

He said it so casually. *Find girls to have sex with*. No big deal. But it was because this is the closest we’d come so far to talking about anything personal. Then he took long drag on his cigarette, no doubt to give me a moment to imagine him having sex with every scintillating, fleshy detail intact. I had to let him think this talk didn’t freak me out.

“So sex and drugs are a way of living life?”

“Yeah,” he said. “Isn’t that what being young is all about? These are our prime years for experimentation, for exploration. I thought I’d experiment and explore to the extreme.”

“That’s so retarded,” I said.

“Yeah, it’s retarded,” he said. “But that’s what made it fun.”

This was making me really angry. How could he be so blasé and blatantly self-destructive behavior? Especially when one of his best friends died because of all of it. Not to mention that as a result of that death, my best friend was taken away from me. But I opted not to directly confront him about Heath. His guilty confession should come naturally or not at all.

“If it’s so much fun, why don’t you do it anymore? Why not give Middlebury the finger and just go back to your old ways?”

“Because it’s been done,” he said. “About the only thing I *hadn’t* done was go straight edge, all the way.”

Of course. After his teenybopper t-shirts experiments last year, Marcus must’ve known that making himself into the model student would be the ultimate method for messing with everyone’s minds.

“Besides, I’ve found other things to do with my time,” he said.

“Like what?”

“Like playing Nirvana songs on my guitar, writing in my journal, talking to the fogues. I use my wisdom to help Len get laid. And I’m having my first completely nonsexual relationship with a female.”

“Wait,” I said, totally confused. “So you’re *not* having sex with Mia?”

Marcus laughed harder I’ve ever heard anyone laugh in my life.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pages 220-223

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

“How about your addiction to bad teenage drama shows?” He cut me off again. “How are the desperate housewives this week?”

“Okay, if you’re so brilliant,” I said, annoyed by his tone, “what’s wrong with mindless entertainment?”

“Nothing,” he said, “if you’re watching it because you really think it’s entertaining. As opposed to watching it because you want to be like everyone else.”

He had a point there. If it wasn’t for HOWGAL, I would have stuck to my favorite

old movies. (Audrey Hepburn and films of Rogers and Hammerstein musicals) and never spared a second thought for the WB.

“What makes you the authority on nonconformity?” I snapped. “In Africa, lions always eat the gazelles that try to run in a different direction.”

“What? Where did you get that from?”

I couldn’t check the defensive tone in my voice. “I saw it on the Discovery Channel.”

Sean tipped his head back and laughed. Unwillingly, I observed the contrast between the skin of his throat and the dark green of his Morrissey t-shirt. In the past few weeks, I had noticed that he favored shirts featuring either cryptic slogans or concert dates, and old, faded Converse sneakers, and I had even begun to recognize his cologne (sweet and woody and spicy, like the sandalwood key chains sold as souvenirs in India.) Still, I didn’t appreciate that he seemed amused at my expense.

“What do you do that’s so special anyway?” I snapped. “Woodcliff doesn’t exactly have a diverse social scene.”

He pretended to take the question seriously. “I play guitar. I work so that Freud Slipped can save enough money for studio time. I eat unhealthy food. And I read a lot.” He was obviously mocking me.

“You read for fun?” I didn’t bother to hide my disbelief. “Like what? Sports Illustrated?”

“Only the swimsuit issue,” he said. “Mostly just Maxim and if I can get my hands on it, Playboy.”

“That is such a typical guy thing to say,” I said, disgusted.

“Don’t worry, sometimes I read Hustler. For the articles,” he reassured me. “And anyway, most of my time I don’t read at all. I just watch Formula One racing on TV. All that intellectual stuff seems like a waste of time.”

I opened my mouth to lecture him on the importance of having ambitions and setting meaningful goals for the future, then closed it again. Even though Sean’s complete indifference to success never failed to irritate me, I wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of knowing it. Besides, I had caught a glint in his eye that made me think he wanted me to take the bait.

“So your lifestyle basically consists of soft porn and car racing?”

“No, no, no,” he said, he said grinning. “You’ve got me all wrong. My lifestyle basically consists of beautiful girls and fast cars. And those are two things worth living for.”

I didn’t know why, but this conversation was making me really angry.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pages 146-148

31. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

The Upper Crusters are at long tables by the windows because, well, it's the best spot in the cafeteria and why the hell shouldn't they? They're surrounded on all sides by the Hangers-On, the popular juniors who will sit at the U.C. table when they rule the school as seniors. Jocks (separated by sport) sit front and center, symbolic of their importance in the minds of 99.9% of the student body, flanked by Groupies (their girlfriends or, more often, those who are dying to be). Dregs are way in the back by the emergency exit, so they can sneak out to get high. 404s (an ironic twist on the techie put-down for idiot users, derived from the Web error message "404 Not Found") are in the back on the opposite side, hovered over their laptops, hoping to avoid humiliation at the hands of the jocks or the occasional mean-spirited Upper Cruster. I.Q.s sit up front and close to the doors and they can make it to their next class on time.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 36

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

No matter how crowded the cafeteria was, the three HBz always sat at their very own table in the center. Various groups of wannabes sat at the tables around them, pressing as close as possible and sighing with envy. The jocks tended to group themselves by team, except for the captains, who sat together burping, adjusting their varsity jackets and occasionally sticking their feet out to trip up unwary freshman. I had always sat at the Geek Squad table, which was populated with the intellectual elite of Woodcliff. ... I had never seen a Geek leave the table before, except to shift to the right side of the cafeteria and join the disillusioned, existentialist druggies (aptly nicknamed the Dregs).

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 80

32. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Have you ever witnessed a high school catfight? There are four universal elements: 1. Hair-tearing. 2. Fingernail face-scratching. 3. Pierced-earring pulls. 4. Gut-wrenching screams. This cat fight was no different, only it amassed a huge audience in half the time of the average Hoochie on Hoochie brawl because of uniqueness of the participants. How often do you see three Honors cheerleaders rolling on the floor? Right, it's a rare occurrence. Therefore, it attracted the attention of the teachers on lunch duty and was broken up in about ten seconds.

But this was long enough for some Tyson-Holyfield moves to go down: Bridget smacked Manda and sent her glasses sailing through the air; Manda grabbed a fistful of Bridget's silky hair; Sara was tripped and stepped on by Manda's size 7 Steve Madden boot; and Sara pulled on Manda's skirt and sent her rolling on the sticky tile floor.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 203-4

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

I had witnessed several Woodcliff catfights from the safety of the Geek table in the cafeteria. But I had never participated. I had never imagined participating. Good-girl, straight-A Opal Mehta did not engage in anything as undignified and rowdy as a catfight. And now that I was in the middle of a catfight, I realized that the reality was even more unglamorous than the pictures. I tried to fend off Jennifer's deadly fingernails by grabbing a handful of her hair, but then we were suddenly rolling on the dirty linoleum floor. She yanked on my HB so hard the clasp broke. When I tried to get up, she tripped me her chunky espadrilles, but I managed to drive the point of my toe in her thigh.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 214

33. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"Omigod! Let's make sure junior year rocks," she says. "Let's make more time for each other. Friends are forever!"

I don't want anything to do with Bridget, Manda, Sara, and the S.O.S. So I say even less at lunch than usual, totally aware of how alone I am.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 183

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

"This might be our last year together, you guys," Priscilla said, looking around the table.

"Omigod!" Stacie had finished reapplying her face. "We have to make more time for each other. Friends are forever!"

I said even less than usual, aware of how totally alone I am.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 183

34. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

"OMIGOD! THIS! IS! SO! COOL!"

S. Jones is Sandi Jones, a senior at Harrington College and Sara's "Freshman Initiation Counselor." Sandi had cleverly turned a favorite picture of herself into a sticker and

attached it to the bottom of her greeting letter. She had beauty queen beauty, the kind of perfection found in Miss American pageants back when the swimsuit competition was worth more points than the interview. She had shoulder-length blond hair, no bangs, blown-dry smooth and curled under. She was wearing a silver lame strapless gown and a toothpaste-commercial smile. A disembodied male hand rested on her shoulder.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 279

“Omigod! Could this, like, be any cooler?” Stacie shrieked, thumbing through her “Welcome, Freshman!” brochure in her acceptance materials. By craning my neck, I could just make out pictures of lots of identical-looking girls, with artificially smoothed blowed-dried hair and lots of makeup. I was certain they all had names like Birdie and Candice and Galynn. There was not one image of a girl by herself. They all had their arms around either friends—sorority sisters, I thought sarcastically—or improbably rugged, stubble-jawed boys.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 288

35. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

...I’ve become the subject of countless finger-pointing rumors.

I heard he’s has taught her everything he knows, so she can do every position in the Kama Sutra at college.

They meet every morning at her house for a pre-homeroom hump.

He’s turned her into a nympho.

Bridget and Pepe assure me that there is no such talk going around school, that it’s all my imagination, but I know better. As long as Sara is alive and in possession of vocal chords, such bullshit is an inevitable part of the Pineville High experience.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 306

...I was the subject of every senior’s finger-pointing, whispered rumors.

“Is it true you got plastic surgery because you thought Harvard wouldn’t accept ugly people?”

“Did you really really enclose naked pictures of yourself with the application?”

“I heard the first item on your resume was being able to hit every pose in the Kama Sutra.”

I had nobody to reassure me that this storm would die down or that it was just catty

gossip to be ignored. Besides, I know that as long as the HBz were breathing, the rumors would only multiply in number and viciousness.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 217

36. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Tonight was my last night of work. It rained, so it was dead. I had a lot of time to mull over my mortification in new and creative ways.

Paul Parlipiano is at Columbia now. I will surely be a subject in his can-you-top-this? getting-to-know-you story-telling sessions. I imagine him in his dorm, surrounded by new friends: *You think that's bad? Right before I left for school, this drunk girl I've never talked to before in my life pledged her undying love, then puked on my shoes. SHE PUKED ON MY SHOES!*

When torturing myself in this manner became exhaustive, I worried about what to tell Bridget about Manda and Burke's Summer Of Skankitude (S.O.S.).

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pages 159-160

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Of course, lying in bed with covers pulled right up to my head gave me time to dwell on my mortification in new and tortuous ways. [paragraph cut]

...Sean was probably at home right now, or hanging out with his friends, or practicing with his band. I could just imagine the stories they would be telling, in a can-you-believe-my-weekend? Vein. His would definitely win. *I went to a party last night and kissed this chick and then her parents took pictures of us. Dude, who does that? I think they're in the Internet porn business.*

When my masochistic brain finally moved on from Sean, things only got worse.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 205

37. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

There is only one good thing about my middle-of-the-night restlessness. I have some crazy-ass dreams that are really easy to remember when I wake-up. Take last night's, for example:

I show up at a student council meeting wearing nothing but a pair of polka-dot panties. My nipples are doing a full-on, friendly *How do you do?* to everyone in the room.

No one minds, as though I always show up for after-school activities nearly *au naturel*.

The meeting is just about to get underway when Scotty comes up to me all outraged and yells, “Jess! Why are you showing everyone your tits?”

And then Bridget says, “Well, it’s not like she has much to show off.”

And then Marcus Flutie says, “But she has a lot to hide on the inside.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 25

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

And I definitely couldn’t tell Dad about my weird recurring dream. It always followed the same format: I walked into school, looking like the old me, not the new Shivani, friend-of-Barbe-doll me. Jeff saw me and said, “So that’s where you’ve been hiding, Opal,” then walked away. I didn’t understand what he meant, so I ran after him, but Sean Whalen magically popped up in front of me and refused to get out of the way. He had a megaphone and kept yelling into it, “I know the secret you’re keeping.”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 90

38. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

Within five seconds, I spotted Scotty—looking very unhappy in his suit—and Manda—looking very hobagity in a black jersey backless-almost frontless-slit-up-to-the crotch dress.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (Three Rivers, 2003), page 163

Around the room, I could just make out Sean standing in a dimly lit corner beside Jennifer, who looked like a rap star’s girlfriend in a red jersey dress that showed off her entire back, most of her front and was slit from indecently short hemline to pantyline.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 185

39. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

...I saw three Hoochies slicing up a cloud of cigarette smoke with their pastel-painted talons. One of them was Marcus’s girlfriend, whose synthetic pants were *obscenely tight* in the crotch.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 88

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

I craned my neck to see what she was looking at now—the blue-haired boy skateboarding along the edge of the penny fountain, or the three hoochies smoking in a

corner and trying not to burst out of their tight synthetic pants? I was busy watching Hoochie One struggle to work a lighter with her pastel-painted talons, when my mom's elbow landed in my ribs.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 46

40. Passages from McCafferty's novel:

Scotty dumped his summer chauffeur and is now dating a cheesy freshman cheerleader named Cory.

Kelsey. Becky. Cory. Apparently a cutsey-wutsey, name is what Scotty looks for most in a sex partner.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 183

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

Besides, the only things that ever made Brandon open his eyes more than halfway were...(b) girls with names ending in a long e sound (Cami being the latest in a long line.)

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 108

41. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

I wanted to change the subject because I did not like the fact that Bridget of all people had just psychoanalyzed me with such accuracy.

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 301

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan's novel:

I squirmed, uncomfortable at being so accurately psychoanalyzed, and by Sean, of all people.

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), page 171

42. Passage from McCafferty's novel:

Scotty has gotten into the habit of substituting curses with initials. So "a gee dee

bee” means “a goddamned bitch.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), page 13

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

Every curse was either replaced by its initials or had a consonant cleverly inserted (so fuck often became fruck).

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 107-8

43. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

“Finally, four major department stores and 170 specialty shops later, we were done.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001)

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

“Five department stores, and 170 specialty shops later, I was sick of listening to her hum along to Alicia Keys....”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 51

44. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

“‘Omigod!’ shrieked Sara, taking a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny out of her shopping bag.”

McCafferty, Sloppy Firsts (Three Rivers, 2001), pg. 68

Alleged infringing passage in Viswanathan’s novel:

“...buy me a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny.”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (Little Brown, 2006), pg. 51

45. Passage from McCafferty’s novel:

[S]he and Manda (1210), have already promised to be roommates, and pledge the same sorority and date smokin’ fraternity boys and be maids of honor in each other’s weddings to said smokin’ fraternity boys and buy luxury homes next door to each other in a gated community and be each others’ very, wery bestest buds 4-eva.

McCafferty, Second Helpings (2003), page 118

Alleged infringing passage from Viswanathan's novel:

“We’re going to be roommates, and then we can marry guys from Kansas and all live together and be next door neighbors and best friends forever!”

Viswanathan, How Opal Mehta...Got a Life (2006), page 288