Dear Beaufort County School Board,

Please consider this a formal appeal to the Review Committee's recommendation to the Board for book numbers:

- **47-** ***Almost Perfect*** by Brian Katcher **— returned to grades 9-12**
- **48-** ***Fade*** by Lisa McMann**— returned to grades 9-12**
- **49-** ***Fallout*** by Ellen Hopkins **— returned completely**
- **50-** ***Foul is Fair*** by Hannah Capin **— returned to 9-12**
- **51-** ***Gabi, A Girl in Pieces*** by Isabel Quintero **— returned completely**
- **53-** ***Push*** by Sapphire **— returned to grades 9-12**
- **54-** ***Tricks*** by Ellen Hopkins **— returned to grades 9-12**

Again, I will ask that all pertinent material concerning the Review Committees be made available to the complainants upon notification of decisions by the Committees. As it is now, a Freedom of Information Act request is required. This has yet to be addressed. I do not feel that I can fully complete my appeals without this information being provided in a timely manner.

I always thought that the majority of Board Members were not reading my appeals but a conversation I had the other day solidified that. In the interest of not wasting my time, I am not going to go into much depth this time around. I would like to note that the Board Member I spoke to said there is a process and they are following it. I mention this because if this is your stance as a board member, you need to take note. You may think you are following the process but part of that process is allowing the complainant the opportunity to appeal. So if you are not reading the appeal, you are not following the process. That is a dereliction of duty.

I am appealing all books listed above but I will focus on two specifically, ***Push*** by Sapphire and ***Tricks*** by Ellen Hopkins**.** Both of these books are rated 5 and highly inappropriate to be offered in an academic institution to minors.

Push by Sapphire **Rated 5**
Voted to only go back into Circulation to High Schools. Meaning this book could be checked out by someone as young as 14.
Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island High School

Book Summary:
A heavily sexually abused teenager's life circumstances change when a new mentor teaches her to read.

Summary of Concerns:
This book has explicit sexual activities including incest and molestation; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary; drug use; and violence including self-harm.

Page 20 She look at me like I said I wanna suck a dog's dick or some shit.

Page 21 Mrs Lichenstein look at me like I got three arms or a bad odor out my pussy or something.

...Come to my house! Nosy ass white bitch!

...We don't be coming to your house in Weschesser or wherever the fuck you freaks live. Well I be damned, I done heard everything, white bitch wanna visit.

Page 22 I don't know how many months pregnant I am. I don't wanna stand here 'n hear Mama call me slut. Holler 'n shout on me all day like she the last time. Slut! Nasty ass tramp!

...I jus' standing there 'n pain hit me, then pain go sit down, then pain git up 'n hit me harder! 'N she standing there screaming at me, "Slut! Goddamn Slut! You fuckin' cow! I don't believe this, right under my nose. You been high tailing it round here." Pain hit me again, then she hit me. I'm on the floor groaning, "Mommy please, Mommy please, please Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! MOMMY!" Then she KICK me side of my face! "Whore! Whore!" she screamin'.

Page 25 I been knowing a man put his dick in you, gush white stuff in your booty you could get pregnant. I'm twelve now, I been knowing about that since I was five or six, maybe I always known about pussy and dick. I can't remember not knowing. No, I can't remember a time I did not know.

Page 28 "White bitch from school."

...I was just going to school everyday till her honky ass snatch me out the hall, fuck with my mind, make me go off on her, suspend me from school jus' because I'm pregnant- you know, end up my education. Now her white ass out on Lenox Avenue talkin' 'bout she wanna talk to me about my education. Lord where is crack addicts when you need 'em.

Page 29 And that's what white shit like Mrs Lichenstien comin' to visit result in.

...I press LISTEN again, these crackers think you don't know nothin'.

Page 32 Daddy put his pee-pee smelling thing in my mouth, my pussy, but never hold me. I see me, first grade, pink dress dirty sperm stuffs on it. No one comb my hair. Second grade, third grade, fourth grade seem like one dark night.

...I look at her but see Mama's shoe coming at the side of my head like a bullet, Carl's dick dangle dangle in my face and now the flat-face baby with eyes like Koreans.

...About three months after baby born, I'm still twelve when all this happen, Mama slap me. HARD. Then she pick up cast-iron skillet, thank god it was no hot grease in it, and she hit me so hard on back I fall on floor. Then she kick me in ribs. Then she say, "Thank you Miz Claireece Precious Jones for fucking my husband you nasty little slut!" I feel like I'm gonna die, can't breathe, from where I have baby start to hurt.

"Fat cunt bucket slut! Nigger pig bitch! He done quit me! He done left me 'cause of you. What you tell them mutherfuckers at the damn hospital? I should KILL you!" she screaming at me.

I'm lying on the floor shaking, crying, scared she gonna kill me. "Get up Miss Hotto-Trot," Mama say. "Git your Jezebel ass up and fix some dinner 'fore I give you something to cry about."

Page 35 I feel Mama's hand between my legs, moving up my thigh. Her hand stop, she getting ready to pinch me if I move. I just lay still, keep my eyes close. I can tell Mama's other hand between her legs now 'cause the smell fill room. Mama can't fit into the bathtub no more. Go sleep, go sleep, go to sleep. I tell myself.

Mama's hand creepy spider, up my legs, in my pussy.

...I'm twelve, no I was twelve, when that shit happened.

...Mama jus' hit me wif fryin' pan?

Page 37 This is my second baby for my daddy, it gonna be retarded too?

...This time I know Mama know. Umm hmmm, she know. She bring him to me. I ain' crazy, that stinky hoe give me to him. Probably thas' what he require to fuck her, some of me. Got to where he jus' come in my room any ole time, not jus' night. He climb on me. Shut up! He say. He slap my ass, You wide as the Mississippi, don't tell me a little bit of dick hurt you heifer. Git usta it, he laff, you is usta it. I fall back on bed, he fall on top of me. Then I change stations, change bodies...

..."I'm gonna marry you," he be saying. Hurry up, nigger, shut up! He mess up dream talkin' 'n gruntin'. First he mess up my life fucking me, then he mess up the fucking talkin'. I wanna scream, Oh shut up! Nigger, how you gonna marry me and you is my daddy. I'm your daughter, fucking me illegal. But I keep my mouf shut so's the fucking don't turn into a beating. I start to feel goo; stop being a video dancer and start coming. I try to go back to video but coming now, rocking under Carl now, my twat jumping juicy, it feel good. I feel shamed. "See, see," he slap my thigh like cowboys do horses on TV, then he squeeze my nipple, bit down on it. I come some more. "See, you LIKE it! You jus' like your mama- you die for it!" He pull his dick out, the white cum stuff pour out my hole wet up the sheets.

Page 45 ...they are pritty people, girls with little titties like buttons and legs like long white straws. Do all white people look like pictures? No, 'cause the white people at school is fat and cruel like evil witches from fairy tales but they exist. Is it because they white?

...If he did he would know I was like a white girl, a real person, inside. He would not climb on me from forever and stick his dick in me 'n get me inside on fire, bleed, I bleed then he slap me.

Page 46 What that child of yours need tittie for? She retarded. Mongoloid. Down Sinder.

Page 48 First thing I see when I wake up is picture of Farrakhan's face on the wall. I love him. He is against crack addicts and crackers. Crackers is the cause of everything bad.

...So he fuck me, fuck me, beat me, have a chile with me.

...Carll come over fuck us'es. Go from room to room, slap me on my ass when he through, holler WHEE WHEE!

Page 49 I hate hear him talk more than I hate fuck. Sometimes fuck feel good.

Page 50 I go splash some water on my ass, which mean I wash serious between my legs and underarm.

...Second grad my cherry busted.

...Thas when I start to pee on myself. I just sit there, it's like I paralyze of some shit. I don't move. I can't move.

Page 53 My pee pee open hot stinky down my thighs ssssss splatter splatter.

...Seven, he on me almost every night. First it's just in my mouth. Then it's more more. He is intercoursing me. Say I can take it. Look you don't even bleed, virgin girls bleed. You not virgin, I'm seven.

Page 55 My muver do not like niggers wear they hair like that!

Page 68 I see my daddy. I see TVs I hear rap music I want something to eat I want fuck feeling from Daddy I want to die I want to die.

Page 72 I think my mind a TV set smell like between my muver's legs.

...I don't fucks boyz but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant.

...I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, "Bif Mama your pussy is popping!" I hate myself when I feel good.

Page 73 I jus' want to lay down, listen to radio, look at picture of Farrakhan, a real man, who don't fuck his daughter, fuck children.

Page 74 I walk to my muver's room but it look different, she look different. I look like little baby almost. She is talkin' sweet to me like sometimes Daddy talks. I am choking between her legs A HUH A HUH. She is smelling big woman smell. She say suck it, lick me Precious. Her hand is like a mountain pushing my head down. I squeeze my eyes shut but choking don't stop, it get worse. Then I open my eyes and look. I look at little Precious and big Mama and feel hit feeling, feel like killing Mama.

Page 77 I'm so busy getting beat, cooking, cleaning, pussy and asshole either hurting or popping.

...It such a small thing compare to your daddy climb on you, your muver kick you, slave you, feel you up.
...Mama give me orders, Daddy porno talk me,...
Page 78 I don't tell them I had first baby on kitchen floor. Muver kicking me, pains whipping me.
Page 79 I was comp'tant enough for her husband to fuck.
Page 84 I push him out my pussy, but I didn't meet a boy 'n fall in love, sex up 'n have a baby.
I think I was rape.
I think what my fahver do is what Farrakhan said the white man did to the black woman. Oh it was terrible and he dood it in front of the black man;...
...Farrakhan say during slavery times the white man just walk out to the slavery Harlem part where the niggers live separate from the mansions where the white people live and he take any black woman he want and if he feel like it he jus' gone and do the do on top of her even if her man there. This spozed to hurt the black man even more than it hurt the woman getting raped- for the black man to have to see this raping.
...He is a rapist's baby. But that's OK, Miz Rain say we is a nation of raped children, that the black man in America today is the product of rape.
Page 85 I love my baby but he ain' mine, he is but I didn't fuck for him. I was raped by my fahver.
...(wish I had excuse me, fucks a boy like)
...(other girls then I feel right that I have to quit school)
Page 89 But when it happen, when she git up off that couch 'n charge toward me like fifty niggers, I ran.
Page 90 "Nigger rape me. I not steal shit fat bitch your husband RAPE me RAPE ME!"
...My pussy hurt.
Page 91 Mistakes for niggers to rape.
...Shit where nurse, yellow bitch.
Page 93 What I'm spozed to do; my pussy feel torn apart in pieces,...
Page 97 Ms Rain tell me I don't like homosexuals she guess I don't like her 'cause she one.
...Ms Rain say homos not who rape me, not homos who let me sit up not learn for sixteen years, not homos who sell crack fuck Harlem.
99 He say problem is not crack but the cracker! I go for that shit.
Page 101 Carl fucks me.
Page 102 Since I was little her husband fuck me beat me. My daddy.
...Carl come in the night, take food, what money they is, fuck bofe.
...Man rape Celie turn out to be her daddy.
Page 103 "He never fuck you," I say shock.
"Oh yea," she say. "But not like faggots, in the ass and all, so I know-"

Page 111 Rita been on street selling pussy since she was twelve.
...Then Rhonda's brother raping her since she was a chile, her mother fine out and put Rhonda, not brother, out.
Page 112 ...not homos who rape me, not homos who let me be ignerent.
...A boy come out my pussy.
Page 118 I kno sex so much. I kno bout sex a lot a lot what it be like to hav a fren, thas a guy I mean.
...she mi techer Don want her kno if I rite about SEX if I have sex wif a kute coot boy thas my own age I will_.
Page 120 Bafhouse where faggits meet nekkid fuck each other.
Page 122 Maybe pass nigger wif needle in his arm noddin the wind. Drops of blood drip
down. Maybe pass sex sicko wif peniss out, flashlite eyes shine sperms on you.
...Boyz don go Only faggit boyz.
Page 124 I cannot see how I am the same as a white faggit or crack addict.
Page 126 All I want before is Daddy get the fuck off me! But now I think about that, you know, that being fucking a cute boy.
Page 127 My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON"T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again. His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie.
Page 128 Then my body take me over again, like shocks after earthquake, shiver me, I come again. My body not mine, I hate it coming. Afterward I go bafroom. I smear shit on my face.
...Get Daddy's razor out cabinet. Cut cut cut arm wrist, not trying to die, trying to plug myself back in.
...A girl wif little titties...
Page 130 I would be tight pussy girl no stretch marks and torn pussy from babies's head bust me open.
Page 131 Counselor ask me one time is it the kids or is it I get raped to have 'em. Bofe; 'cause even if I got raped, who want a baby at twelve!
Page 132 Tired of this honky askin' me questions.
...If she was to walk in on me now I turn around and slap her cracker ass down. Problem not crack but the CRACKER! Farrakhn say.

Page 133 I already know what I'm gonna recover, the smell of Mama's pussy in my face.
Page 139 And what kinda shit is it for someone like Precious to have to quit school before she get her G.E.D. to work at some live-in job for old crackers and shit.
Page 142 I just don't always want to be crying like white bitch on TV movies. Since I ain' no white bitch.
...I am not white bitch.
...
Page 143 Precious what never go to summer camp; hear kids talk about going to camp where crackers is.
...He was addict (I didn't know crackers was addicts).
Page 145 A girl gave her father's dick in her mouth know things the other girls don't know but it's not what you want to know.
...Bombs with hair and titties and dresses.
..."It started when I was, oh, about four or five years old with him fondling me" (feeling her up). "By the time I was twelve he was having intercourse with me three or four times a week."
...Carl, the way his knees on either side of my neck.
...My hand is going up through the smell of Mama, my hand is pushing Daddy's dick out my face.
"I was raped by my father. And beat." No one is talking except me. "Mama push my head down in her..." I can't talk no more.
Page 147 Listen to girl rape by brother, listen to old woman rape by her father; don't remember till he die when she is 65 years old.
...Girls like Jermaine is, I am a proud lesbian.
...What kinda world this babies raped. A father break a girl's arm. Sweet talk you suck his dick.
...One thing we got in common, no the thing, is we was rape.
Page 150 he put his balls in my face.
...her fingers pick apart my pussy.
Page 152 "...I still got milk in my bresses but not for her but from Carl sucking. I give him tittie, Precious bottle..."
..."I bottle her, tittie him. Bottle more better for kidz. Sanitary. But I never get dried up 'cause Carl always on me. It's like that you know. Chile, man- a woman got bofe. What you gonna do? So we in bed. I put her on one side of me on pillow, Carl on the other side me."
Ms Weiss look like she done stopped breathing.
"Carl got my tittie in hi mouf. Nuffin' wron wif that, it's natural. But I think thas the day IT start. I don't never remember noting before that. I hot. He sucking my tittie. My eyes closed. I know he getting hard I can see wifout my eyes, I love him so much."

Umm hmm, I was raised by a psycho maniac fool.
"He climb on me, you know. You unnderstand?"
No, tell us some more stupid bitch.
"So he on me. Then he reach over to Precious! Start wif his finger between her legs. I say Car what you doing! He say shut your big ass up! This is good for her. Then he git off me, take off her Pampers and try to stick his thing in Precious. You what trip me out is it almost can go in Precious! I think she some kinda freak baby then. I say stop Carl stop! I want him on me! I never wanted him to hurt her. I didn't want him doing anything to her. I wanted my man for myself. Sex me up, not my chile. So you cain't blame all that shit happen to Precious on me. I love Carl, I love him. He her daddy, but he was my man!"
Page 163 Puta, whore bitch I know what you're doing with these guys while I'm out working my ass off. I ever catch I kill you whore, hear me I kill you. Then he grab me. Hold out my arm next to his, see SEE. Look he says you are WHITE. You are not no nigger morena puta WHORE.
Page 165 And he pull gun from his pants. Shoot Mami- bang bang bang. Her brains fly out her head her mouth open blood blood blood everywhere. It look like one olive is hanging out her head like a man off a cliff. She never speak nothing. Fall out chair. Go gurgle sound. More blood fall out her mouth. Her dress. Hair. The carpet is red.
Page 169 He wait until I am sleep. I awake Kimberton standing over me on top the bed nakedas the day he born. Thing like a donkey's. I don't want it.
Page 170 "Kimberton is...is molesting with me at night." I don't know how to say it. I can't say rape. That's not what brothers do to sisters.
..."He come over my side of the room at night and intercourse me."
Page 172 Kimberton, he is dentist. Was a dentist. Maybe he is. Maybe he beat the case- he get charged by young girl's parents of trying to stick his finger (and who knows what else) up her pussy while he spozed to be fixing teeth!
Page 173 I would go with men to bars, drink, go home with them, hope I get to stay the night- that they don't tell me go after they come. After I do this with, oh, is it five or fifty or a hundred guys, I start dissolve.
...But after the I don't know how many mens I start to break into little pieces and the men look funny, like worms is growing out of their skins, worms that turn to little penises, till I am sick with the walking dicks of Harlem. Everywhere is a hand rubbing, a dick going psst psst come here come here.
Page 176 The security guards get me while my thumbs is closing down on his white devil's throat.
...Everything is red, I go end this cracker's days!
...He not so back, but he nasty. He want me to wash his penis and carry on.
Page 178 Always my first thought of him is before he rape me then the memory roll in like fog.

...Rage hot fill me. Kimberton's eyes glowing like radioactive in my mind, his fly eyes, his hands pushing me down on the bed, years.
Page 179 This man fuck his sister and say so what.
Page 180 "You wanted it as much as I did!" he say.
Page 182 How can a river be wrong a river that engorges my clitoris and fills me?
Page 184 I'm still 7:
a boy holds me down under the stairwell that smells like urine (pee I woulda said at seven) tries to push his dick into me.
I am 8:
When I put my tongue in Mary-Mae's mouth for the first time (under the same steps)
9:
my fingers
10:
my tongue but this time I put it in her where he tried to put it in me
13:
I am pressed close to her against the wall in her room we will fall on the still pink in some places chenille bedspread. My fingers A trains howling thru her dark tunnel we will- DADDY! DADDY! Come LOOK what Mary-Mae and Jermaine is doing!
Page 185 ...but it is Mary-Mae's father who catches me one night to me what a MAN is. What a woman is when I get up from my new knowledge. One of my front teeth is gone. The doctor will tell my mother damage is done. I won't tell her by who.
...BEFORE any all that I had slid my fingers up the sweet stink of another child and knelt down to lick her thighs.
Page 186 A wake up, go to sleep, jack off, shouting ass Christian. It makes me sick. JESUS this, JESUS that, fuck that shit
...And his arm flew out like a jack-in-th-box and snatched the Bible from her and threw it in her face HARD. Hitting her in the eye. A blood red spot grew and spread across her eye for seven days.
Page 188 I'm 17:
when she walks in on me and Mary-Mae fucking.
...The smell of us sweet, stinky, swollen with sex contracts and dies in the air.
Page 189 I am left on a thin mat near the door listening to him masturbate.
Page 190 I'm 19: by then. What can I say except I fought back. And when it's six men that means you put your fist up and try to hit at least one of 'em 'fore they kill you. I'm with Rita. On that some things don't need to be written about. For example, how it sounds when a fist with two hundred pounds behind it connects solidly with your eye. Or the way concrete does not yield to lip cheek nostril when they met. And a razor, the closest thing it feels like is extreme cold. Cold so cold it's hot. A laser separating.

Page 199 A gay white supremacist said, "If there is to be a triage with these precious medicines (antivirals like AZT), they should go to white gay males who have contributed so much to society, and not to the blacks who don't even know what has hit them." When Andrew Sullivan said these words, he unequivocally upheld the racist belief that white gay males were worth more than Black people, and that if Black people were suffering disproportionately from AIDS, it was their own fault (i.e., because "they didn't know what hit them").

Page 202 "How can a seventeen-year-old with a baby be considered a family?" conservatives opined from public podiums. What they meant is, How could state and federal governments, we the people, justify giving aid (a welfare check) to people like my students—people who had babies out of "wedlock"; people who needed to be punished, not rewarded; people who needed to be married, or at home with their parents, or at one of the boarding schools that the Republican Party talked about building as a very concrete way of containerizing the teenage mothers and any other young women seeking public assistance to establish a household outside of the conservatives' idea of where a young woman should be, which was at her parents' house or at her husband's house. The idea that poverty, which by some counts at the time affected two-thirds of African Americans, was caused by a runaway, errant female sexuality that bred irresponsibly was a miscreant notion disseminated by Daniel Patrick Moynihan and others, promulgated by Gingrich and the like, and accepted by Bill Clinton.

The idea that there was an almost ironclad caste system based on race, ingrained in the very fiber of the nation's being, and that that caste system upheld, and was upheld by, the rampant destruction of Black families through the imprisonment of Black men, was somehow beyond their comprehension. To my thinking, it was just inconvenient, because accepting that Black poverty is the result of racism would have meant attacking individual and institutional racism.

Page 204 And declared that Black poverty did not stem from the consistent and brutal deprivation of access to education, health care, and business opportunities by a white power structure that worked systemically, institutionally, and personally to deprive Black people of the fruits of American society (all the while, and most especially, not acknowledging that those fruits were derived from the very people deprived of those fruits).

Page 206 My students and I knew that their poverty was the result of race, class, and gender system skewed against them. They were poor and uneducated by design, from de facto segregated school systems to gender discrimination and violence. The system was not just stacked against them; it was falling down upon them and crushing them.

Page 207 And oftentimes not for the money but in exchange for their check, their so-called handout from the government, which was tainted with overtones of charity instead of an acknowledgement of a racist system kept in place by the

subjugation and exploitation of poor people and people of color.
Page 211 High-income white nuclear families demanded the low-paid labor provided by "nigger" and Hispanic nannies and maids- not too different from the way whites during slavery and the years following the abolition of slavery furiously demanded the mother-nurture and female energy of the Black family, first for nonpaid labor and then for low-paid domestic work, labor that enabled white families to rise and helped keep "niggers" in their place. Between the murder, harassment, and imprisonment of Black men and the derailment of Black women into service, the lower-class status of some Black people was often effectively sealed.
Page 222 There were questions raised about whether PUSH could be taught and, more important, how, given the content and the context of African American literature classes in a white and male-dominated environment.
Page 224 Now there are people who look like Precious in Hollywood. In fact, they were always there, but as I mentioned earlier, for the most part they played roles, sometimes with great dignity and talent and humor, of women forced into enabling, through their labor, an oppressive caste system that elevates white women, white men, and their offspring. The servants they played on-screen were desexualized subservient second-class citizens trapped in low-wage work that allowed the whites who employed them to rise.
Page 229 I write about black women because it's the world I know. "Fade to White" mentions that incest is not confined to one group of people. I agree, but I argue that it does have a different place in African-American culture than it has in white American culture. During slavery many black women were impregnated by their masters, who were often also their fathers. The white male was literally the master-father of the plantation.
Page 230 He (the [slave] master) had sex with whom he wanted to: black women, children, AND men. This was the "family" structure most slaves were exposed to. Black men were not allowed to act out the role of father. They themselves were raped like women, in addition to being turned into stud-like breeders. We as a race have yet to deal with the fact that black men were raped like "bitches" during slavery; nor have we dealt with the impact that that has had on the generations of us that came out of slavery.
...Printing those sentences in my letter to the editor would have taken the dialogue to another level, addressing not just how the Black male writer felt he looked to white people in a screen depiction of what he saw as a pathological portrayal of Black manhood, but also the incarnation of the American institution of slavery, which rooted itself in the belief of the supremacy of the so-called white race and the subhuman status of Black people. And it is this belief that we, and the world, suffer from and struggle with to this day.

Page 235 I write this afterword in a time of an undeclared and much-denied war upon my people, the people of PUSH, the people of mass graves and the rainbow of Blackyellow-beige-red-brown-disenfranchised-and-uninsured, the people upon whom the weight of this rabid, racist, and very uncivil civilization called America has fallen. I write this afterword as a war cry, a double-edged ax against our annihilation and erasure.

Profanity	**Count**
Ass	31
Bitch	47
Cracker	11
Cunt	3
Dick	9
Faggot	5
Fuck	83
Nigger	22
Piss	2
Pussy	18
Puta	4
Shit	79

Tricks by Ellen Hopkins Rated 5
Voted to only go back into Circulation to High Schools. Meaning this book could be checked out by someone as young as 14.
Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Bluffton High School
HE McCracken Middle School
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

Whale Branch Early College High School

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. There are also excerpts containing explicit child rape and abuse; illegal drug abuse; graphic violence; underage alcohol consumption; and adult and child prostitution.

Page 6 ...Why would God need a pecker, anyway?

Page 29 Swollen with desire. Demanding. Lips still locked to mine, she murmured, What if I give you this...?

Her hand found my own, urged it along her body's contours, all the way to the place between her legs, the one I had never asked for.

...In the heat of the moment, I even got hard, especially when Janet touched me, dropped onto her knees, lowered my zipper, started to

do what I never suspected she knew how to do. Yes...

Page 48 ...considering how buzzed we got. Okay, it wasn't the first time I'd smoked weed, but I'd rarely smoked myself so close to outer space before.

Page 50 We were making out hot and heavy. He started to unbutton my blouse. I let him. And when he unzipped my jeans, I helped him help me out of them. Snared by the heat of his kiss, I barely noticed when he slipped out of his own Levis. Skin urgent against skin, only panties and boxers between us, I was ready to shed that final thin barrier, allow him access to the most private part of me,...

Page 53 Too much booze. Too many smokes. Way too many pills. Speed. Downers. Everything in between.

Page 58 "...then all they're after is free booze and an easy lay."

Page 74 Let alone given me an up-close view of those tasty-looking tits. Something twitches behind my zipper. Glad I'm standing behind the counter.

...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the mounds I can't quit staring at.

...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again.

Page 75 Ronnie dips even lower, giving me a quick nipple shot before drawing back and straightening.

...Thinking with my dick. That's for sure. So what is Ronnie thinking with? That makes the dick in question think even harder.

Page 77 I have to admit I have thought about boinking her more than once, while taking solo care of a hard-on.

Oh yeah, the big M. I probably do it more than I should, and Ronnie is definite boner bait, at least when I'm left to my own imagination instead of Internet porn. Viva la webcams!

Page 83 By the Time we reach Frozen75, we've def gotten high together. This guy I work with scores really good bud, and he's not above dealing a little to me. "So what do you think about the smoke?"

...It's awesome. Then she reaches over, touches my leg. Tonight will be fun. Thanks for taking me. Her hand strokes my thigh gently.

Page 97 My Hand, Disguised as Andrew's hand, moves lightly down my neck, over collarbone, breastbone. Goose bumps rise in unusual places, and my body tingles in a completely foreign way. Because of Andrew. But he's not here. I pretend he is and let "his" hands explore the rounds of my breasts, move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers circle the hard center nubs, raised like it's cold in here. It's not. I'm burning up. Delirious with raw need. My hand wants to slide lower, to a place I know nothing about except what they call it in books. And suddenly it comes to me how completely inept I'll be when Andrew and I finally share that warm feather bed, with comfy quilts and pillows we can fall into.
I Turn on the Light Go to the computer, try to avoid looking at the Calvary screen saver. Jesus, hanging on the cross, staring down at his poor crying mother. Mama downloaded that, no doubt specifically to deter the kind of Internet exploration I have in mind
Page 108 Sex that is more than mutual masturbation.
...individual masturbation was the bulk of my sexual experience. There were a few short chapters of "touch here, I'll touch you there" in my very slim book of adolescent sexual escapades, but nothing more.
Page 110 Who's on top and who's not means nothing when you aren't completely positive that you belong in either position. But that night, one kiss and need struck with enough force to erase all doubt, all hesitation. I didn't wait for Loren to say it was okay, didn't ask him to show me what to do. Pure animal instinct led me just where I wanted to go. It wasn't tender.
..."But I want to do it again." It was a long few minutes before I could.
Wasn't pretty. It was a raw, naked joining, energized from years of dreaming about what it could be like, or should be like. I gave, he took, and when it was over, like Adam, I shook at the forbidden taste of new awareness.
Page 139 Wonder how hot his monkey is.
Page 128 Guess he has fuck buddies, though.
Page 137 Besides, maybe Iris would stop tricking for the right guy.
Page 150 ...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones...
Page 150 ...I thought she'd shit on the spot. We were sitting together (okay, like glued together, front to front, Ronnie in my lap) on the grass at school.
...I'm not sure if she was talking to Ronnie or me, but Ronnie jumped right down her throat. What does it look like we're doing, Alyssa? Having tea?
Page 151 We Had Sex The very first night we went out together...
Pissed off a bunch of people...
Page 153 But he is a partier. Drinks like no serious athlete should...
...Vince and I Have Shared A bottle or two, a fistful of doobs, pipes and pipes and pipes. Tonight, we'll pass around all three at his regular Friday poker game.
...Suppose it could be because I'm usually the one supplying the weed.
...Booze isn't his only bad habit, though. Pot. Pills. Crack. Probably other stuf...
Page 155 Fucking meds.

...Talk about jumpy. Freakin crack is famous for that.
Page 156 I have to be careful not to let my own toking get so out of hand. I swear I never had a clue she had made friends with the pipe. Best thing about it is what a little horndog she turns into when she's smoking. Boo frigging yah! Whatever I want.
Page 161 The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table.
Page 161 You brought some of that good green, didn't you? As I suspected, the key to my invite.
...Six of us belly up to the table, and I light a big fat one.
Page 163 My head is Tilt-A-Whirling with substance abuse, but more because of finishing off the evening as a winner. I won at poker. And I'm about to win at something even better.
Ronnie comes to the glass, opens it, lets me inside. Her room
smells of roses, and she has nothing on but a thigh-length shirt. She puts a finger to her lips, but there's no need for words once we fall together into her bed. Night slips away.
Page 178 Andrew stops kissing me, and his eyes ask what he's afraid to, and my eyes answer in the same way, so he takes my hand, leads me down the hall to the bedroom that I would have picked as his without analyzing. It has a big feather bed, with massive quilts and pillows I have to fall into. With Andrew.
...But when he kisses me, I'm shaking, and there are tears in my eyes. We don't have to, he whispers. "I know. I want to. I'm just..." Unsure. I'm completely unsure about my body. What if he hates it? But now he touches me. His hands are tentative, and I remember that this is new for him, too. Is this okay? he asks. Tell me what you like. He kisses me as he picks me up, lays me gently on the bed. A slow, mutual exploration begins. As we learn together, the fear falls away, and sheer exhilaration-- like standing on the very edge of a cliff, with the wind in your face--replaces it. He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pai, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right. Wave after wave of love.
Page 186 Hetero couples wander the sidewalks. Looking for a threesome?
Page 187 Then it all became about sex. More sex. Better sex. Unusual sex. Like most couples, I guess.
Page 196 The price tag is regular sex.
Page 206 What's in the Baggie Is a half-dollar-sized chunk of something yellowish white. It sparkles in the sunlight. Lucas slices off a thin section and tells me, Cocaine, clean as you can find anywhere. My brother knows the importer. Wait until you try it.
...Weed is one thing. Cocaine is another.
Page 206 You've done coke before, right? No? Oh, baby, you're gonna love it.
You're totally gonna fly.
Don't worry. He grins like a leprechaun. You're safe flying with me. Mostly anyway.
I Watch Lucas Suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze. I inhale gently, one line up the right

nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention.

I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched. Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body. Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive. Never felt so in love. I glance at the clock. Not even one. We have plenty of time. But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?"

I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall, like a groom clutching his bride. The thought makes me blush, and I have no clue why. I rest my head against his chest for the entire ten-second journey. Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don’t think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back. “I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will

hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready.

And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts. And then, it's just over. Still Buzzed And yet also drained, we lie together for a while. I don't know if it was good for Lucas or not. I want to ask, but I don't want to ask because if I do and he says no, it will leave a scar. I don't even know if it was ood for me, because I'm not sure what "good sex" is. Your first time probably isn't so good, right?

Page 212 And you might want to wash your sheets. You're not on your period, are you? "No, not for..." Now I notice how the front of him is splashed red, and the crimson stain flowering on my bed. My face burns. "It's not my period." How could he not know that the first time can make a girl bleed? Or did he maybe not believe...?

Page 216 ...another of Iris's badass lays, one I can't forget. I do my best never to think of him, what he did. Try never to remember that place in my childhood, but sometimes it pops into view despite all my efforts o keep it hidden. I was almost ten, and we lived in Pahrump, the butthole of Nevada. Iris worked at a cathouse, making money her usual way, only without walking the streets. Walt was a miner, and though he was a regular paying customer at Mimi's, he had an appetite for younger meat. Iris was younger then too, but even at twenty-six, she was way too old for Walt. Still, he paid for her, then he

followed her home. She let him move in for a while. I remember his sour sweat, coming in after working backhoe. I remember how he touched Iris, and how she didn't care that her kids could see. I remember his Marlboro breath falling all down around me when he said, Let me show you something.
On Another Day It wouldn't have happened, couldn't have happened. Too many witnesses around. But for some odd reason, that particular afternoon, Iris had taken the other kids to play in the park. You stay and start dinner, she said. We won't be gone very long. I didn't mind. I was too old for swings, and I've always liked spending time by myself. But it wasn't more than ten minutes before Walt came through the door. He didn't ask where Iris was, or why the house was so quiet. He didn't say one word. I opened a can of refried beans, spooned them into a pot. I had no real reason to be afraid. So why did my hands shake? I kept my back to him but could feel his eyes, carving into me. Finally, he started toward the living room. Bring me a beer, sweets. I dug one from the fridge. But he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called from Iris's room. He was already out of his jeans. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that. Still, I took him the beer, holding my breath against his stench. He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him.
Let me show you something.
I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. He choked my cries.
When He Finished (Thank God it didn't take long), he rolled off me with a grunt. Reached for his beer. Slammed it. Ripped and pried, swallowed up by the shame of what that meant, I crawled into the bathroom to scrub away the evidence. Not that I'd dare tell anyone Not when he followed me, stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too. He knew that was a bigger threat than saying he'd hurt Iris or some other TV kind of shit. Because I knew he would come back for Mary Ann. She was only eight. If he did this to her, she'd die for sure. It had almost killed me. I'll probably always link sex with pain.
Page 222 Not Sure If Harry is tuned in to how Iris earns her booze and pill money.
Page 224 "Yeah, well, least I'm not a whore! Wait. 'Whore' is too good a word for you and what you do. 'Hooker' works much better."
Page 227 There is no more, no "let's have sex," which leaves me both content and confused. I think you need a drink, she says.
Page 230 Only booze goes down and stays.
Page 231 A little bouillon (takes care of the protein requirement, right?) watered down with vodka. And for dessert, stiff megashots of gin. Hey, someone besides Cory should drink it.
Page 232 Like staying alive just one more fucking day.
So Cory Drinks Way too much. Pickling his brain, and much too young to end up relish. But how can I say anything when I drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. drink? And more. I smoke. Snort.

When Cory and I finish off Jack's dwindling booze stash, scoring more won't be a problem. Vinnie will happily buy. At least as long as I keep bringing bud to the Friday night games.
Page 246 We have learned a lot about each other. How to touch. Where to kiss.
I have taught him as much as he has taught me, all through mutual experimentation. Mad sex scientists, that's us. There have been clumsy moments, yes. But they are rare. Few.
The worst was when it suddenly came to us that, swept downstream by a flood of desire we hadn't used protection the first time. But either I'm sterile or the timing was right, because three days later I started my period.
...we don't have to have sex every time we see each other, do we?
Page 255 Her voice drips icicles. I believe you're confusing love and desire. Do you really think that man is in love with you? What he wants... Once again, her eyes travel over me, trying to look under my clothes to the sin she intuits beneath them. He wants your innocence. I will not let you succumb to temptation. She is past Papa, hands moving toward me. They fall. I don't dare try to defend myself. I've been here before. Tears sting my eyes. From the pain of her blows. And from the heartbreak tomorrow holds.
...Face bruised, eyes swollen almost shut from crying, no way can I go
Page 257 Let me see what she did. His hands are kind as they soothe the bruises...
...How could anyone do something like that to their child? he demands.
Page 268 What's calling is a stiff shot of good old' Kentucky bourbon. Maybe Loren left a little behind.
Page 287 "Let's go find the alcohol." I don't wait for Paige's response, just push through the crowd, into the house.
...I work my way through the human knot, stopping twice to take a hit off lit blunts. By the time I reach he kitchen, I've got a nice little pot buzz going on, something to mellow the fog of anger.
Page 290 First I Pour A hefty shot (okay, more like four) of Cuervo Gold. No need to bother with salt or limes, no worries about tequila burn going down. It feels good.
Page 291 I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin, and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin sex really isn't very good.
..."F-fuck you!..."
...One more gulp and I repeat, "Fuck you!"
Page 303 They'll be home soon. Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than rape. Fuck!
Page 314 Ronnie rises on her tiptoes, lifts her slick, honey-sweet lips to meet mine. It's the sweetest kiss ever, but it soon becomes more. I lock the door, guide her to my bed, and for maybe the very first time, sex is more than getting off. This time, sex feels like love.
...She undulates seductively, the rise and fall of her body like salty waves beneath my

own.
Another first, this time no faking climbing higher and higher, until she finishes with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction. I love you, too, she exhales softly. We lie, tangled together, unmoving, unspeaking. And we both know this is what sex should be.
Page 316 I've never had a girl in here. He probably thinks I'm taking care of business, solo.
...I kiss Ronnie's face, her neck, lick the shimmer of sweat from the deep fold between her breasts. She sighs, and that makes me want more.
Page 321 A big, fat joint is calling my name.
...Bud and Booze May not exactly cure what ails ya, but partner 'em up and they'll definitely make you forget it for a while.
Page 324 The Pot Buzz Should make me feel better, but all it does is combine with the alcohol to make loneliness hit like a freight train.
Page 332 He creeps toward me, baiting, pallid tongue circling his mouth suggestively. Because I like you. He puts a berry to my lips. And because you're beautiful.
Instinctively I suck the fruit onto my tongue, crush it against the roof of my mouth, go weak at the intense rush of pleasure. "Thank you." It comes out a whisper. "I promise not to tell."
Jerome Isn't Quite Finished He takes my hand, caresses it gently before placing the other two berries on my palm. If you're really good at keeping secrets...His eyes bore into mine. Something feral pacing there. We could have a little fun. If you be good to me, I'll be really good to you. Strawberries are just the beginning. Cheese. Meat. Chocolate. Maybe even some shampoo to use instead of that vile soap. He touches my hair. I bet it's pretty when it's clean. I bet it smells like rain.
Here now. What did I say? Don't cry.
...Pain throbs. No, not pain, not even agony. Something there is no word for. Something I can't fight. Can't fight. Can't. All I can think to do is say, "S-sorry."
My head spins. My legs go numb. Jerome catches me as I collapse, and my tears soak into his bleached white shirt. Okay, baby, he soothes. Go ahead and cry.
I should jerk away, out of his arms, but his gentle rock cradles my loneliness.
There is nurturing here, and it comes to me, with a whoosh like sudden wind, that there just might be a way out after all. And that way could very well begin and end with Jerome.
So When He Kisses The top of my head, I stay perfectly still against him. And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my body, I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain. Forgive me, Andrew. Please understand. It’s my only way back to you. But I won't give him everything.
I go as far as to let him open my blouse, touch beneath my bra. Now he kisses down my neck, to the skin he has just exposed. Drawn tight up against him, I feel him grown hard against my thigh. Now it's he who shakes. Shivers with hunger, and just like that, I am in control. I push him away, but tenderly, like a mother convincing the infant at her breast

that he's had enough.
I make my voice light. "That's all you get for three strawberries."
He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become. Fair enough. Father would probably miss me now anyway. Just one question…He helps himself to a final taste. What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner whore"
Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?"
The Door Locks Behind Jerome, who promised to see what I can do about Cherry Garcia.
Dirtied, I drop to the floor, tuck my back into a corner, as if walls could protect me. Lord,
please forgive this sin. What I've done. What I may do, though I'm not exactly sure what that might be. All I know is I have to escape this place, run far, far away. From here.
…Hungry. I glance at the bowl on the table, oatmeal grown granite cold inside it. I want pancakes. An omelet with sausage. I want the key to this unbarred cell. Jerome has perhaps offered it, if I will only reach for it. I close my eyes. Think of Mary Magdalene. What was her prison? And how far did she go to get the key?
…Sorry, Mama. Making love with Andrew didn't make me a whore. But sending me here might very well do exactly that. I have nothing to lose. You've already stolen everything important. Made me an outcast. Tossed me into this wilderness prison. And now the question becomes: How far will I go to get the key?
To Know That I need to find out what Father has in store for me. We meet every afternoon except on Sunday (no work on the Sabbath), for "prayerful counseling." So far, it's the only time I'm allowed out of my room, into the sunlight, the sage-tainted air. There are two long, low buildings, with rows of doors just like mine. I'm not the only one here. Once in a while, I see other kids, working alone in the garden or shoveling manure from the chicken coops. Punishment? My guess is reward.
…A large house looms in the distance. Father's, no doubt.
Page 347 Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor.
…there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine.
Page 357 …I've decided if being a real man means smashing someone in the face or turning your back on a person because of their sexuality, I'll just stay a girl.
Page 370 Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me.
…I do have some Valium, if you're a little nervous. In there. He points at the center console. Valium? Why not? "I'm not exactly nervous. But a good buzz never hurt anyone, right?" I pop one, wait for it to kick in, watching the ocean's heave. By the time we reach Bryn's chosen location,
I'm feeling pretty darn fine.

Page 371 He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint-- of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately.
Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after He makes me feel like a real model--beautiful, every man's desire. When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket. You are exceptionally lovely, he says, brushing sand from my hair. He settles
beside me, props himself on one elbow. Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you?
Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places. So this is making love! Well, not quite. I want to know the rest. "Make love to me."
You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists.
Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that okay?"
Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.
Page 379 See, for a while Lydia worked as a stripper in a fairly nice club near the Stratosphere. I made pretty good money. Most of it went to the house, which took a big cut for keeping the girls safe. I did all the work, they reaped sixty percent of the bennies. Hard to swallow. So Lydia got smart, started her own business--Have Ur Cake Escorts. Now she takes a cut from he girls (and guys) whose "dates" she sets up. I still strip for fun once in a while. All on my own terms.
Page 381 Okay, here's the deal. Both of you are pretty girls. Great bods, with that fresh look guys (especially old ones) appreciate. You could make boatloads taking off your clothes. The clubs are careful about underage girls, but work for me, no one will check your IDs.
Page 382 Sooner or later, Lydia said, you'll have to deal with a jerk who won't want to hear "no touching allowed," if you decide to stick to that. With two of you, you've got a fighting chance, or at the very least, a witness.
...Our two-for-one fee is three hundred an hour (a bargain!) plus tips for straight dancing.
Private lap dances are twenty dollars per song. Girl-on-girl action adds another hundred to the tab.
Page 383 As for the actual stripping, Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I'm a better dancer than Alex. Her boobs are bigger, though, and really beautiful.

Page 384 The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, breast-to-breast or bellyto-ass, tan skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching hidden places we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to masturbation.
It's like they are masturbating for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see.
Page 385 And when there's a crowd in the room, the dicks mostly stay hidden.
Page 386 We decline and he escorts us inside, where a half dozen guys are ogling cable porn.
Page 387 How much for head?
...We don't do head, except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred.
Page 389 I glance at Alex, who nods, meaning she'll do it for him. She knows I never could. After a little girl-on-girl rubbing, she goes to take care of it. He sits very still in his chair, staring as she strips free of her bra. Suddenly his hands are all over her. "Hey. Cut it out. Absolutely no touching allowed."
...Okay, man, we're out of here. She tries, but the creep snakes his arms around her waist, squeezes like a hungry boa constrictor. All I want is a hand job. Give it to me, I'll let you go. You, over there, play with yourself. So much for control. Good thing it doesn't take long He finishes with a loud, Aaaagh!
Page 393 She's a total bitch, not to mention a tease.
...Lately she hasn't even half-ass grinned at me.
...The Belmont fucked me good.
Page 402 I need Ronnie to ding my dong.
Page 409 Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white nakedness over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he plunged inside. Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. Sex is sex. A kiss means love.
Page 411 But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you touch yourself. Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use vibrators too? Like this. Downright disgusting things. Your period? I like the taste of blood. How I wish I could say no. But even if I thought he'd leave me alone, saying yes is how I have convinced him to make Father believe I am fit for small freedoms. Like working in the yard, pulling weeds and picking vegetables.
Page 414 Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too.
...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love you, too, Mommy. See how much?
...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual. When he finishes, I lay my head

on his knobby chest.
Page 416 I roll on top of him, look up into his eyes. "What if we..." Soft kiss. "Never mind." He shivers. Is much too easy. I feel almost evil when he whispers, What? almost evil when he whispers, What? Together."
...I lean forward, cup my breasts, rub them over his face. Confusion seeps into his eyes, and like it or not, his muscles relax. All but one. I rock back gently, invite him inside. "I'd be all yours and take such good care of you." The second time takes longer, but when he's finally done, he says, I'll think about it.
Page 421 He lifts my arms, pulls my shift up over my head. I'm in need of your special brand of lovin'. Help me special brand of lovin'. Help me As He Pokes And pinches, I concentrate on ways to not reach Salt Lake City. Afterward, he takes me in his arms, like in some awful romantic movie.
Page 433 they ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. Masturbators. Every now and then, you come across married guys who want to meet for real, with or without their wives, usually the former. Cheap thrill seekers. I haven't played in the flesh, but I don't mind getting someone off telling dirty stories. There's a certain sick kind of power in that.
Page 443 He photographs me, too. Lately, the pics have all been naked.
Page 445 It's a dope-sized plastic bag with some brown substance inside. "What's that?" But I suspect his response: Smack. One of the girls turned me on to a little. Thought you might like to share a taste. Heroin. I've never even thought about trying it. "I don't know....That shit is scary as hell." Way past meth, which is scary enough.
...Oh, I see. You can do cocaine with your other boyfriends, but you won't try this for me?
...Not if you only do a little, once in a while. And the places it will take you! I want to see you there.
OMG. I can't believe I'm saying okay to heroin. But I am. Except, "No needles! No way will I shoot up anything." I wait for his reaction. No problem. We'll just chase the dragon, okay? He means heated tinfoil and a rolled-up bill to grab the smoke, draw it up my nose.
I've seen people at parties do meth the same way. Even before Bryn creases the foil into a deep V, my heart starts racing. Fear is exhilarating, all on its own.
I watch him drop a pinhead of H into the makeshift bowl, and goose bumps cover my arms. I have no idea what to expect when the smoke lifts into the dollar bill "straw." Ugh.
It tastes like rotten ketchup. Bitter and harsh in my throat. I start to choke Bryn's warning is rough: Don't you dare cough it out! He checks out my eyes. Looking for pupil dilation, no doubt. It takes a while. If you shoot up, you feel the effects instantaneously. Smoking it might take ten or fifteen minutes. Patience. Meanwhile, I have another surprise.

It takes all of ten minutes before I begin to feel kind of tingly. Euphoric. Like everything in my life just fell into place. The sensation is gentle, not at all like the overwhelming buzz I thought it would be. I can handle this. What's all the hype about, anyway? Bryn has finished setting up the second surprise-- a webcam, hooked up to his laptop. I thought it would be fun to put ourselves in the movies. America's Sexiest Home Videos. Come here.

Let's get nasty. The tone of his voice lets me know disagreeing is not an option.

But I don't want to disagree. Every nerve in my body screams to make love with Bryn, who responds by taking "nasty" to a whole new level. It is only afterward, floating on a sensual fog, in an uneasy state of half sleep, that it comes to me: Bryn didn't join in the dragon chase.

...A Week After My first sweet-bitter taste of smack, Bryn has talked me into indulging again four or five times. I don't want to get hooked, and I'm sure I won't, as long as all I do is smoke a little every now and again. I have to admit Ilike the way it makes me feel-- like I'm on top of the world.

Bryn never indulges. I can't get it up if I do, and I want this to be all about you. So why does he keep asking me to do things that seem mostly all about him? Things like performing dirty acts on pay-per-view webcam? It won't be forever, I promise.

Page 450 Some guys like to watch girls getting off all by themselves. Make it look good for the camera. I was never into touching myself, but it isn't so bad, especially when I'm high.

Besides the occasional H, Bryn supplies me with bud-- mediocre seeded Mexican-- and prescription downers. Not sure where he gets them, and I really don't care. As long as I'm buzzed, the things he asks of me are easy to do, and hey, anything's better than wasting way in Santa Cruz.

...You're right, Bryn. She's very pretty. Tight little body, too. Yes, she'll do.

His hands slide over my front, reach up under my blouse. The skin of his fingers, seeking my nipples, is calloused. Cold. "No, wait. I can't. You're not serious... Bryn?" He can't want me to do this! I jerk away from Oscar, turn to Bryn. Search his eyes. They are deadly serious, and so is Bryn when he says, Yes, you can. And if you love me, you will. You do love me, don't you? "Of course I love you! But this isn't..." Isn't right, is what I want to say. But what is right, anymore? is this really what loving him means? Bryn's hands press down on my shoulders. Do this for me, Whitney. Do this for us. He kisses me. But it is the kiss of a stranger.

I Beg for a Buzz First Pot won't do. It has to be smack, and three long pulls of the acrid smoke barely take me to the place I need to be. Oscar watches. Waits impatiently for the H to kick in. You should use a needle. Smoking the Lady is a waste of good dope.

Fearqueasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His body is lean, muscular. Another time, another place, I might find him attractive, but attraction is about choice. I have no choice here but to I have no choice here but to is he has paid to do. I hate you, Bryn. I hate you.

Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no move when he bites my neck, and lower. I'll wear his teeth marks for days. “Stop. You're hurting me.""
You think that hurts? You ain't seen nothing yet. His teeth close even harder and his hand squeezes my arms like a vise and now my arms like a vise and now my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to he morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.
Page 458 It's not such a big deal, as long as they use condoms. The thing is, Lydia wouldn't have to know. I could do it on the side, and not give her a cut We could save up enough money to blow this city. Go somewhere pretty, like Portland or San Francisco.
Page 460 Maybe that bastard who raped me made me pregnant and God was gracious enough to let me miscarry.
Page 466 My guess is no way, or if he does happen to be her father, it's a definite case of incest.
...Is Every Girl In this nasty, stinking city turning tricks? Young, old, at least as old as you can get without dying of some incurable sex disease?
Page 468 It's more than a little bit obvious that the day's "business" included more than stripping.
The smell of sweat and sex hangs in the air, a storm cloud.
...You're not turning tricks like some hooker, are you?"
...I mean, the sex isn't good, but it's fast, and all things considered, the pay scale isn't bad. Fifty bucks for under ten minutes' work? Three hundred an hour! Shit, girl, that's attorney Shit, girl, that's attorney
"Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping.
Page 475 Chris still had a sleeve or two left of his shirt, and while he was busy losing those, I invited Misty to smoke some bud. We got to talking, and the more we smoked, the more I confessed, which made her open up to me. Yeah, money sucks, but you can't live without it. I'm paying my way through UNLV with a little sex-on-the-side.
...I mean, if you're going to have sex anyway, why not earn a little extra cash, you know?
She took a big drag.
...You interested in a little paid action? I can introduce you to Lydia if you want.
...Sex for money. I still hadn't considered the possibility of it meaning having sex with men
Page 479 Sometimes Misty and I Do have "two-fers" with confused guys.
...I hang up, pop a Valium, "borrowed" from a bottle in Ronnie's medicine cabinet. Fuck. Stealing pills. I suck.
...Twenty bucks for a backseat blowjob?
...if someone would have told me two months ago I'd be selling myself to men, I'd have said they were full of shit. Necessity is a motherfucker. And if they would have said I might even like it, I'd have kicked their ass.

Page 483 You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me?
He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull. "Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before?
His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, not to choke on his thrusts against my throat.
...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out. he little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is. No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck His lips brush the back of my neck me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach.
...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me.
...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do.
I Bite Down On a strange metal taste--a metal taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain, apple. Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.
...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.
Page 502 Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: Oral sex or a very long walk to Vegas.
Page 508 He grins. What? Did I flash you or something? Hope it wasn't offensive. Most guys seem to like it well enough.

Page 516 Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. Mouth. Ugh. Tequila. I push him away.
"Wait just one fucking second...." I step back, look at Carl…
…No need to be rude to our guest. He's here by invitation. Understand? "Invi--" Carl wants me to be with this creep? What happened to our "exclusive relationship"? "No. I don't understand."
…He pushes me, and not gently, toward Brett. Now apologize to my friend as I hope you would apologize to me. He Does Not Mean With words. And he doesn't exactly mean solo. They move in unison, and I am sandwiched between them, Carl behind me, moving sensuously, while Brett dares kiss me again. I hold my breath against the assault of gin at my back, tequila in my face. A strange tongue in my mouth. Now Brett rests his chin on my shoulder, and he and Carl are kissing. t's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by sensual motion. Behind me and in front of me, both men grow hard, and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner.
I Have Never Considered Three-way sex. How would…? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that.
…My rule: hands or mouths only. He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, writhing like mating hooded serpents. We're playing by my rules, remember? But don't worry. I only expect you to give. For now. From somewhere, he extracts a condom, hands it to me, keys to the kingdom.
Don't rush, he orders, and don't you dare close your eyes. I want to see how much you like it. He moves in front of me, strips Brett from the waist down, pushes him onto his hands and knees. Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, positioning himself inches from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, grab his shoulders. Carl's hands cover mine. Brett moans as I…Oh my God! I am damned. But I don't stop and I don't rush. Carl's eyes never once leave mine. Finally I beg his permission. "Now? Please?" He nods and I do. We all do.
Page 521 Sometimes he comes, rewards them like he rewards me, with junk and beautiful sex.
Sometimes other men come. That sex is never beautiful. It is selfish. Needful. Fueled by sick desire to get off. Get even. Get over someone who has hurt them by symbolically impaling someone else. So Bryn's zombie girls stay stoned. Out of our heads messed up. Eyes closed, we can be anywhere.
Page 524 Poor baby. Don't worry. Daddy has presents for his beautiful little girl. He comes over, sits beside me. Pulls a dime bag from his pocket like it's made of gold. Clean rigs, too. Let Daddy fix it for you. He cooks up a perfect spoon, loads it, plunges it between my toes.
Bryn gives me wings. The sting is luscious, the awful rush all I need. No, not all. I need Bryn. And he's here, all mine right now. His lap is warm, inviting. I climb into it, slip my arms around his neck. Thank you. Better now. Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds,

the air is dry. I kiss him, suck his tongue into my mouth, seeking moisture. It curls over my own tongue, sensuous as smoke. Time slows.
...Want him to take me higher. Want sex as it was meant to be, as only Bryn can ever give it to me. "Make love to me."
He pushes me to the floor. My head spins, dizzy with anticipation. My brain screams, kiss me! Kiss all those special places, just like you used to. I know he will, but... But what?
Why is he stopping? He reaches into a back pocket. What is that? A rubber? No. We don't need that.
...Finally he says, Never know what kind of gift one of your customers might have left.
What? My face flushes, hot from the skag, hotter still with an overdose of anger. Always, with no exceptions, "My customers use condoms."
I Try to Push Him Away But even if I were perfectly straight, my stick-figure body would be no match for his toned physique. And I'm not straight. My vision is blurred, like looking through a fishbowl, and my muscles feel like steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest vanishes. So hell, he can screw me, if that's all it means to him. He boosts himself up over me.
...That's it, he soothes. No need to waste a perfectly good boner In. Out. In. Out. I close my eyes.
Page 528 Stay a while, watching pole dancers and cocktail waitresses, shaking their boobs for tips.
Boys come out, horny as hell. Some go home to beat off or bug their wives.
Page 532 I Swear Until This Moment I never even noticed his hand creeping up my leg, ever closer to my semi-exposed crotch.
...I give the guy a quick feel before pushing his hand away. "Oh, I for sure know how to have fun." Game on.
...All I can think about is a syringe full of magic. How fast can I do this guy?
...Cost? You want me to pay for it? He pushes me inside. I don't pay for sex. Even if I did, I wouldn't pay for you, you junkie bitch. He is all predator now, and on me. Scream! But his hand is already over my mouth. I shake my head, look into his eyes. This wolf has mayhem on his mind. He takes me down. So okay. Give it to him. I go limp. No! he screams. Fight, you goddamn whore! Fight, or I'll kill you. No fight left in me. Fuck me. Kill me. Don't care. He wants both. His penis stabs me, his hands lock around my throat. Air. No air. Black...Air! My lungs grab it suddenly. I float up into gray light, roll onto my side, vomit. Only nothing comes out. Noise. Someone's screaming. Get the fuck out of here, you son of a bitch. I'm calling the cops right now, so you'd better run.
Page 546 Since the revelation about Iris sicking her snarling dogs on me, other faces--other mutts--materialize when I least want to recognize them, often just as I sink into an alcoholfueled stupor, praying it will let me sleep, dreamless. I was so young the first time, I didn't know what it meant, only that nothing had ever hurt so bad. Walt tore

me up and I bled and bled and when I screamed, nobody came. And he laughed. That's it, little baby.
Scream for your daddy. Only he wasn't my daddy at all. My daddy was a brave soldier, fighting far away. Iris told me so. I still believed the stuff she told me then. When I told her about the man, not my daddy, she said, He was only making you into a real girl. I didn't understand. But I made myself believe her. I was a real girl now. But what was I before?
Walt Was the First There were others. Nameless. Faceless. I figured out how to close off my brain when they did it to me, to withdraw into a dark little room inside my head, where I couldn't see them. Couldn't smell their sweat, their stagnant breath. Couldn't taste the tobacco coating their tongues, or the beer tainting the spit they left in my mouth. Couldn't feel what was down between my legs. But now they revisit me. Is it because of what 'm doing?
Page 550 Bastard screwed me, then robbed me.
Page 551 We both have a date with some sexually confused out-of-towner. Three-ways aren't quite so bad. Misty isn't the brightest girl. But she's got a killer body to focus on. It's okay to be turned on by that. The evening's little snort party will help me out too.
Page 565 I do, find her already mostly naked. The guy, who's a totally forgettable middle-aged nothing, is completely naked.
...The dude, who isn't much down there either, despite it being at full mast, turns his attention away from Misty, focuses on me. What are you waiting for? Time is money, you know. Like it's going to take him much time at all. But whatever. It is his money. And less time is better. Misty distracts him with her yummy boobs and I start to pull my Tshirt over my head Suddenly the door explodes behind me. What the...? Something--bear or bulldozer--knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. Yells, What the fuck, as my right kidney takes two massive punches. My shirt is still over my head and I can't see a damn thing as I fight for air. But I hear crack-crack-crack. And the room goes silent, except for strained breathing, right above me. And You fucking whore. It is Chris's voice. You promised... no more... you said... and you... he means me. aid... and you... he means me.my God. Is he going to kill me?
...Snap! Lightning? White-hot. Electric. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Suck air. Where? Can't... No, please. Ronnie? Sorry. So sorry. Ron...
Page 570 I've managed four or five showers, when the man of the hour wanted a motel room.
More often, it's the seat of his car. Quick and easy, five minutes or less. No emotion.
Page 572 "...I mean except to tell me to suck harder, or..."
Page 587 "I was just hoping maybe you had a little something in your pocket." I run my knee up over his bulging groin. "Something besides that, I mean, and something to take me down."

...He wants to get off, not an easy thing, high on meth. I hate doing guys on meth. Takes too long. But hey, this was my deal.
...You wanna pay for one and fuck for one, or what? We start to walk.
...You never seen black tar? Baby, it's the best. Believe me, those boys in Mexico know their shit. Now come over here. Take a taste of this.
...Never tried it, but guess I'm gonna. Ol' Lorenzo gets a ride around the world. Doesn't take as long as I thought.
Page 599 How much to do the two of you?
..."Three hundred for all you can eat." Right on. Bermuda reaches into his back pocket.

Profanity	**Count**
Ass	4
Bitch	6
Dick	1
Fuck	16
Shit	5