

# BITTER



*Young Adult*

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## Book Summary:

A young girl joins a revolutionary fight while bringing forth supernatural creatures.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity; derogatory term; inexplicit sexual activities; drug use; violence; controversial social and religious commentary; and alternate sexualities.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	Everyone knew someone else who had died from something they didn't have to die from. Too many people had seen others die, even if it was in frantic livestreams and videos, witnesses risking their lives and freedoms to record the cops and their gleeful atrocities. Too many mothers had buried their children under a lethally indifferent administration. ...It was no wonder the people took to the streets, masses swallowing the roads and sidewalks, because in a world that wanted you dead, you had to scream and fight for your aliveness.
5	Blessing had been in and out of queer shelters since her parents kicked her out, but then a social worker found her and told her the same thing Bitter had been told—that there was a private boarding school called Eucalyptus, that it was for young artists and she'd been selected, that none of the students had to worry about paying for it.
7	When she'd pierced her lip, the woman had slapped her so hard that new blood fell against Bitter's teeth, so she'd started running away like she was taking small calm trips. ...“We're going out to the park later to smoke, if you wanna come,” Blessing said. “After the protests die down. I know you don't like to be near all that shit.”
8	Not when Assata kids were turning up dead in their own cars with bullet holes in their heads and suicide lies in their police reports, not when their families were being spied on, when the archivists were being thrown in prison for documenting the horrors happening in their communities. ...“Okay.” A smoke in the park sounded great to Bitter. It would be chill by then, no more crowds and stomping, and the stars would be out.
13	Blessing had become even more pro-Assata since she started dating Alex, and it was something Bitter was too scared to ask her about. ...Alex was sitting on the table in her usual all black, small keloids glinting dark on her wrist as she lit a joint.
14	“Hey, baby,” she crooned, and Bitter watched Blessing melt into her girlfriend's arms, their mouths meeting like home.
21	It was impossible to be a billionaire and be good. You couldn't make that kind of money without hurting people, without stealing from them, exploiting them, making them suffer while you accumulated wealth that was impossible to spend in this lifetime. Just sitting on it for nothing, while others were struggling to stay alive. He could have used that money to do so much for the people of Lucille, used his influence to make the administration change how they treated their citizens, but Theron didn't care. It worked better for his profit margins the way it was.
22	“He real cute, sure. Maybe we hook up once or twice, but that's it.” Blessing shook her head. “I don't think he's that type, Bitter.” “He's a guy. There's no other type.” ...Blessing leered at her friend. “Ask him for a kiss. You know you want to.”
23	“It's different with girls,” Bitter replied, biting into a blue worm. “Guys doh like it when you act like you want it.” “Then you don't need to be fucking with guys like that. We're people too—we got needs and whatnot.”
32	A shadow seeped into Aloe's eyes. My parents kicked me out when I told them I was queer.” He shrugged. “They said the usual- they didn't raise me to be like this, I wasn't welcome under their roof until I repented, rubbish like that.

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43	Aloe broke into a grin. “Mariame Kaba,” he said. “An organizer who fights for prisons to be abolished. Assata taught it to me—she’s been one of their Elders for a while now.” ...“I’m training to be a protest medic,” he said, his voice tinged with pride in his work.
44	“You are so beautiful,” he said, his gaze bathing her face like light. “Is it okay if I kiss you?” Bitter couldn’t quite speak—there wasn’t enough oxygen somehow—but she managed a nod, and Aloe flashed a crooked grin as he leaned in, sliding his hand to the back of her head. His lips brushed against Bitter’s, and every nerve in her body was instantly scalded with heat singing loudly through her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back, not caring that everyone in the café could see them, because in that moment, it felt like anything was possible, even another world.
61	“We hooked up, okay?” Bitter had finally yelled after he brought it up for what felt like the thousandth time. ...“We hooked up and I ghosted her because she doh ever stop talking about the damn revolution, looking at me like I eh doing enough to change the world. I not into all that! I just want peace and quiet.”
62	“For true? What was the worst thing you did?” Aloe winced. “I cheated on this guy.” “Mm, I’ve been there.” “With his sister.” Bitter choked back a laugh. “Okay, I haven’t been there! Did he find out?” “Oh yes.” Aloe looked embarrassed. “Walked in on us. She didn’t even know I was dating him.” ...Aloe leaned in and kissed her gently.
64	She still had a memory of the last time she’d been alone with Eddie, off campus at Eddie’s parents’ house. They were out at work and Eddie had snuck Bitter upstairs, where they’d spent the afternoon making out and playing around in her bed, clothes dropping off in degrees, laughing the way they did when they weren’t fighting over how they chose to move through the world. Afterwards, Bitter had slid out of bed while Eddie was sleeping and grabbed her clothes from the floor, a dull weight in her chest. ...She’d given Eddie one last look before she tiptoed out of the door, and that last image had been seared onto the back of her eyes—Eddie sprawled out on lavender sheets, her braids sea green with gold cowries at the tips, her lips parted in her sleep. Bitter never called her again and never told her why she’d left like that.
65	It was bad enough she was messing around with an Assata kid—she didn’t need the rest of the school to know.
68	“I was scared of you,” she admitted. “Scared you think less of me because I’m not on the front lines like you. Like, maybe it was cute for us to hook up a few times, but at some point you’d look at me and resent me for not being more like you.”
71	“I don’t have hope,” Bitter found herself saying. “I don’t know how allyuh does it, just go and keep putting yourselves out there. The police keep killing us and you does get all up in their faces like they can’t kill you too. It eh make no sense. This been going on for years—what makes you think you can stop it? Don’t you want to live?”
74	“Nah,” Eddie was saying. “You know I don’t do boys. He’s all yours.”
78	Blessing took the joint from her.

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89	By the time she got to the side gate, her pulse was chaos rattling in her ears and her chest was getting tight, making it hard to take a deep breath. Bitter had to stop and brace herself against a wall, biting down on her lip as she forced herself to breathe, to not give up even though ghosts of sirens and screams were playing in her head: the sound of people running; clips from videos she'd seen one time too many; the casual ease with which a cop aimed pepper spray at a child's face; the body covered in the middle of the street for hours, cordoned off by caution tape, his mother screaming on the border.
127	Alex stared at her girlfriend. "Are you serious, babe?"
155	Alex put an arm around her girlfriend. "We'll figure it out."
264	To the Black radical communities committed to our liberation, thank you, thank you, thank you. I hope these stories help.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	5
Fuck	59
Goddamn	1
Piss	8
Queer	2
Shit	70