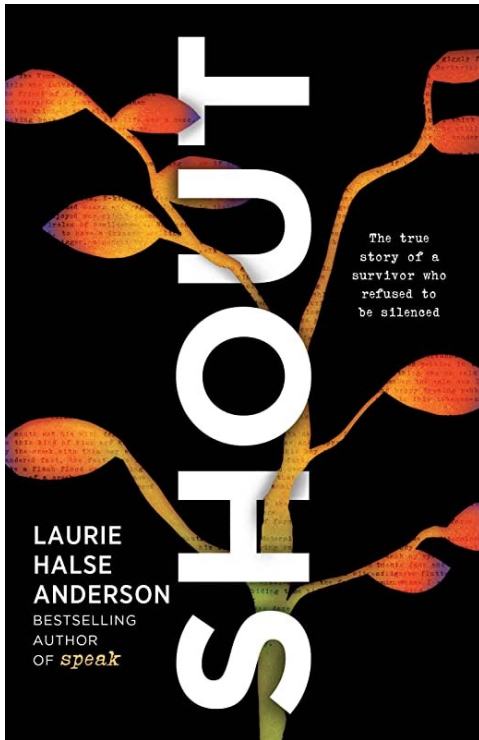


SHOUT



Young Adult

By Laurie Halse Anderson

ISBN: 978-0-670-01210-7



3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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36	<p>Daddy worked all the time because students were getting so high they thought they could fly and jumped out of dorm windows five stories up, which was awful, and the sadness and the rage and the protests and the soldiers and the yelling and the guns and the FBI tapping our phone and the corpses of Dachau made it hard for Daddy to sleep and he could smell the ashes again and my mom thought he was killing himself and he was, but he was doing ti in slow motion.</p> <p>...I watched the level of gin in the bottle and realized that counting the bottles was more important.</p>
39	<p>When husbands raped wives in 1972, it was legal.</p> <p>...When bosses groped women in 1972, it was legal because bosses (all of them male) made the rules.</p>
51	<p>He grabbed me once.</p> <p>Pushed me against a brick wall, hands greased with experience arms metal cables looping around and encasing me.</p> <p>I fought, tried to kick and failed, his mouth dove for my neck and I bit him until I tasted blood.</p>
53	<p>We walked down the hill to the creek, far awy from the heat, the trees our shade companions, the babble of water overrunning any need to speak we tossed pebbles in the water everything was so calm that's what I remember the calm cuz I was safe and happy tossing pebbles in the water next to tobacco-smelling boy friend, so when he turned to kiss me my mouth met his with delight, I was new to this kind of kiss and happy to play by the creek with this boy whose hands then wandered fast, too fast, too far like a flash flood overwhelming the startled banks of a creek that never once thought of defense, of damming or the need for a bridge to escape</p> <p>his hands, arms shoulders back muscle sinew bone an avalanche of force the course predetermined one hand on my mouth his body covering smothering mine I took my eyes off the rage in his face and looked up to the green peace of leaves fluttering above, trees witnessing pain shame I crawled into the farthest corner of my mind biding time hiding surviving by outsidng</p> <p>and when he was done using my body he stood and zipped his jeans lit a cigarette and walked away.</p>
55	<p>One boy lost a game of Russian roulette for real, a revolver, six chambers, one bullet loaded, then spun so no one knew where it was hiding, the gun went hand to hand, following the snake-smoke path of the bong, laughing, basement smelling of mold and boy farts, cheap beer, and the gun goes click, to the next hand click, to the next hand, before the laughter fades,</p> <p>BAM.</p> <p>It didn't kill him. He was smart enough to tilt the barrel at an obtuse angle, so the bullet only stole his memories chewed through his charm and blinded him.</p> <p>He was a quiet, kind fixture in the empty garage where we smoked between classes, sheltered from the cold, his black hair long to cover the scars, white cane in his hand, old friends standing guard.</p>
56	<p>The boy who raped me on the rock by the creek got drunk and lay down twenty-eight nights later on a dark country road he played chicken with the devil, daring the car that couldn't see him to flinch first, to prove him brave and noble.</p>

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	<p>I didn't speak up when that boy raped me, instead I scalded myself in the shower and turned me into the ghost of the girl I once was, my biggest fear being that my father, no stranger to gaming with the devil, would kill that boy and it would be my fault.</p> <p>But that boy who raped me on the rocks by the creek got drunk and lay down on a dark night to play chicken with the devil and he lost.</p>
60	<p>We moved and moved again, being not-wolves, with our legs snapped in the metal trap jaws, livers pecked each night by eagles, my parents broke themselves on the wheels of time and appearances, drunk on gin and fury, they ossified. Of course I got high.</p>
62	<p>...weed buzz dulled thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou the pain, verdigris skeleton key turned in my brains' rusty lock I understood I could fucking see the connections 'tween everything and everybody, the four- no, the five-dimensional chessboard we danced on I scribbled notes in crayon messages in bottles cast into the sea of me then lost in the deep I got high to escape sat in sunshine, eyes closed wanted to peel back my lids, but I knew a girl who did that, dead-crazy high on smack (not weed) she had pale eyes to begin with, almost as white as her hair, so when she, dead-crazy high, opened her eyes for a staring contest with the sun the sun won and she couldn't see too good after that but she got sober.</p>
64	<p>3. I didn't have real friends because a friend is someone you trust and trust and never came easy after that boy raped me. But I had people to get high with, people to share sandwiches with.</p>
67	<p>Or being raped; we definitely didn't talk about rape. Ever. The color I vomited for hours after those drinks was really quite astounding. I still can't touch whiskey or spiced Russian tea.</p>
71	<p>We tiptoed, terrified, for years, afraid my father would kill himself, once and for all, but he held on, like Salinger, and showed me that holding on was worth it.</p>
83	<p>We didn't get our textbooks in health in tenth grade until the cold stripped the trees in late November cuz the school board ordered the books to be gutted, they demanded that the sex chapters be surgically removed so explanations of the menstrual cycle and pics of diseased penises wouldn't send us into frenzied orgies in the halls or cause us to drop out so we could do the sex all day.</p>
86	<p>I visited kin in the mountains late in high school, pinned down in a small town; no car, no cable TV (internet hadn't been invented, or gaming- hell they barely had lights) our choices were simple: weed, beer, or grain alcohol mixed with pink Kool-Aid by spotty boys eager for sex, sad little puppies living in crumbling houses or decomposing trailers with pregnant girls from their algebras class toddlers sleeping on towels on the floor, the stench of diapers choking the dogs.</p>
121	<p>While I was somewhere-the-hell in Denmark, my American family had moved again this time to a small house rented from a guy who made it clear that if my mother slept with him, he'd cut us a deal.</p> <p>...But my parents had started drinking every morning by eight, instead of waiting for the sunset, Daddy drank to blur the steel edge of his failures. Mommy drank to keep from killing him. She went to work after gargling and spitting.</p>

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	Daddy worked a little, walked a lot on the towpath crowded with ghosts. Wrote poetry, cried, contemplating suicide trying to ride out the tide of despair and keep breathing.
127	I loved my dad, but he was a shitty driver and the booze sure didn't help.
137	<p>My sweet, fangless professor drew big, bulbous buttocks like heavy, low-hanging fruit he patted them fondly, wanting to take a bite, he told us that this sweet curve of ass was why Barbie dolls' feet were formed for shoes with ridiculous heels plastic foot-binding for girl children, objectification served with mother's milk</p> <p>He never fondled, never hit on any of us students, that old man, but still he left his class feeling a little dirty.</p>
144	<p>One: at community college, my health professor invited me to celebrate the A+ average he gave me for a paper I wrote about LSD he said we could drink wine at a motel, his treat he said we would have awesome sex at the motel he said his wife was totally cool with him fucking students at motels when I declined the offer and tried to leave, he chased me around the desk he blocked the exit bullying me to at least make out with him I didn't</p> <p>Two: At Georgetown University, my department head invited me into his office to discuss my need for a special scholarship to study in Peru. To be able to translate Spanish, I'd need to live in a country where it was spoken I brought notes to the meeting, all my pla- he lifted his hand to interrupt me the department head said that we had been lovers centuries earlier we'd been Aztecs, had sex in the jungle he said that we were cosmic soul mates and needed to have sex again, unite our bodies- I walked out before the ritual chase around the desk</p>
180	<p>"Why was Melinda so upset? I mean, it wasn't a bad guy with a gun who dragged her down an alley; she liked the guy, danced with him, she kissed him, so what's the big deal?"</p> <p>a kiss of boyfriends a dance of rapists</p>
181	the question is born out of true confusion no one ever told him the rules of intimacy or the law, his dad only talks about condoms with a "don't get her pregnant" warning his mom says "talking to your father" so he watches a lot of porn to get off to be schooled porn says her body is territory begging to be conquered no conversations required you take what you want an occupation of men
182	other boys pull me aside for a private conversation, they say one of their friends, a girl who was raped is depressed and cutting and getting high to forget what happened, they want to help make it better, they want to kill the guy who did it they're trying to be righteous, honorable but they're not sure how
187	<p>ACT THREE</p> <p>When the screaming alarms are finally silenced Principal Principal tells me my day is done talking about sex and rape and bodies and touching and consent and violence is not appropriate for the children under his care because those things don't ever happen in this school</p>
191	Censorship is the child of fear the father of ignorance and the desperate weapon of fascists everywhere.

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192	<p>censoring my books in the name of "innocence" will not build the fence you want, it's not a defense against danger or stranger, the friend or foe whose hands want to know the feel of your child your baby girl or maybe your boy, a toy for their yearning for violence, depravity the gravity of which will pull your child into wild denial her pain untamed by your drugs prescribed, on her drugs street-dirty....</p>
202	<p>But this isn't that cuz he's not that guy, he's a buddy, and a friend of a bunch of friends he's a friend squared, cubed, and he hands you the margarita laced with GHB or ketamine or Rohypnol and he takes the controls, turns on his game</p>
204	<p>Yourdick is not as special as you want it to be isn't not a cannon, or a gun, or that football spiral -thrown, fired over all the players on the field, launched from the dreams of your parents into the arms of the boy fast enough to break away from the pack, nimble enough to tiptoe between sideline and end zone, the boy man enough to get hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit and hit as they pile on until the whistle blows.</p> <p>I know this is confusing, you grew up on beer commercials that taught you the equation of beer plus football equals sex, and when beer is chugged not to mention Jack, Stoli, or Fireball spiced with the pills in your buddy's pocket you feel entitled to score, to dominate the other team-</p> <p>Don't. Sex is not a game where one person wins by destroying the other. The overpowering of resistance belongs only on the field where the center of attention is a football not Yourdamndick.</p>
207	<p>Multiply your number by the number of years (or months or days, maybe hours) before you spoke up about the molestation fondling forcible touching being chased to the door, promised the part offered a higher grade, had your career threatened, your kids threatened, man-handled against the wall on the couch the floor the ground the desk dirty words spit in your hair the twisting of your arm cuz he can't come until you cry</p> <p>Now multiply that number by the number of times you endured being harassed, hit on, talked down to, catcalled, gossiped about, called a prude, slut-shamed, roofied, spied on through the window, grabbed on a train, or had another loser show you his dick in the park or on the bus or in a pic sent to your phone, unasked for</p>
219	<p>But anyways I've got a bone to pick with you Ken doll about your bone, or rather the lack of your bone, boner, or any boning tools, not to mention a piss stick, cuz I grew up with a small black-and-white television before cable, only three channels (and PBS, which made my Republican mother suspicious) plus the wrench we used to turn the dial, which broke two houses earlier- we had limited options for knowledge.</p> <p>But anyways, cuz I was raised in a plastic-wrapped, white-bread-and-mayonnaise, sexless world, one sister, no brothers, two puritan parents, all of my anatomical knowledge of boys came from you, Ken, you dickless wonder. I was so confused! I had friends who had brothers so I knew boys had a...THING and that the THING was their kryptonite cuz if a boy got fresh (this confused me, too, cuz "fresh" was a word that belonged next to "lettuce" or "eggs") I was supposed to kick them between the legs because the THING was apparently quite fragile and kicking it would really hurt and the boy would leave me alone. One time this came up at the</p>

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	<p>dinner table...and my father, coughing loudly, red-faced, said I should always punch him in the gut first and reserve THING-kicking to the very last, if the boy was so stupid that my punch didn't scare him off.</p> <p>But anyways, I took off your clothes, Ken. A lot. I studied between your legs, front and back baffled cuz I was pretty sure that the vaguely putty-colored, plastic, flat surface of your crotch was not the THING of playground lore or my father's discomfort.</p>
222	<p>You see, I remained for years pig-ignorant of its precise geography. So you can imagine my surprise when I finally got comfortably naked with a sexual partner fully equipped with a THING and I turned on the light to study this specimen.</p> <p>(It must be noted that the THING wilted a bit under the spotlight's glare, but later rallied.) And I was shocked, shocked I tell you, to discover that the THING, while definitely rooted in the body's southern hemisphere is not literally between your legs, but rather proudly planted in the Brillo pad of pubic hair that grows on the front lawn of your crotch. Who knew?</p>
228	<p>we're sisters of the march you and me heavy backpacks digging through our skin, bloody footprints evidence of the miles we've walked it happened to you, too I know it did</p> <p>that's why I'm confused I see your scars, that flinch around your eyes when another dude loud-plows over your words cuts you off from the herd on purpose stands too close, drags your name to his fame eats our time by not sharing the mic gets paid twice as much for half the work flirts with girls trust-blinded and excited cuz he's buying the drinks</p> <p>it happened to you, too I know it did but when the evidence of another victim is presented bruised, battered, dented, and shattered you snort derision, bark suspicion envisioning our past world where girls had to shut up and take it like you did, unsupported in even ordinary ways never daring to report or demand a criminal court investigation, no- you sneer even though her flirtation was not an invitation to degradation he raped her and you, still bleeding decades later aren't healed enough to help, instead you've become that bitch pissing on our sisters in a feeble, feline climb to the top claws out</p> <p>it happened to you, too I know it did, I can smell it I see how pain frames your crooked smile, that quick shift to defense, chin up, fists ready</p>
234	<p>So afraid, manly men, you're unmade by the mirror, horrified cuz no matter how hard you try, how loud the cheers amplified by a surround-sound system of institutional lies you can still hear us.</p> <p>The Reckoning transforms us into tigers hunting you down one by one, dragging you by the nape of your dirty necks to face her face him face them the souls possessed of the bodies you stole for what you thought was just a few minutes.</p>
236	<p>Maybe we should shout out to all the dudes who didn't rape us. Or even try. Let's celebrate those who ask permission before touching and-get this- respect the answer!</p> <p>High five, you lovable hunk of a manhood! You true Warrior of the Sword! Thanks for not slipping me a roofie! So grateful you didn't gang-rape me with your</p>

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	roommates! I didn't get herpes from, because you are so awesome you didn't hit me, then shove your dick in my mouth! You rock!
237	Dear Boss, Just a heads-up to let you know I'm sending flowers to your mother to tell her how wonderful you are because you've never pulled out your dick and masturbated in front of me. Dear College President, I am proud to announce that none of my professors this semester tried to force me to blow them. Those lawsuits have made a difference! Great job! Keep it up! (Sorry about the pun.) (Actually, no. Not sorry at all.)
250	In Ballarat, like in so many other places it wasn't one priest, it was many generations of priests abusing generations of children In Ballarat, like in so many other places some kids told their parents, who confronted bishops who moved the pedophiles to new churches, new schools where they had new flocks to prey on ...in Ballarat people tied colorful ribbons to the fences around the cathedral and the schools where children had been molested and raped
253	feralmoans your brain, young thing shadow-dancing with lightning swimming, brimming with year, churn and the sex! Woo-boy!
256	two opposites of rape To have sex is human. To make love, Divine.
257	"yes" sounds like heaven falling from the sky yes smells like hot, hot sweet apple pie yes dances hip to hip, eye to eye sober, yes demands very sober, cuz yes shares this body touch me with permission only, yes-signed, sealed deliverance from evil, no sin to be tempted, but only with yes in the sheets yes in the backseat, yes to a condom yes, please go down on me until yes! Because yes is not swipe right, yes is hello I want to get to know you because maybe we might yes, but the dance comes first, yes is the interplay of hey, flirt, hey, the pounding heart of questioning and nos, let's go slow revolysesationary notion...
259	Over three days, I sign countless books and listen as girls speak up about being raped or molested or shared or any of the varieties of sexual violence visited upon the young and wordless

Profanity	Count
Bitch	2
Dick	5
Fuck	2
Piss	2
Shit	7