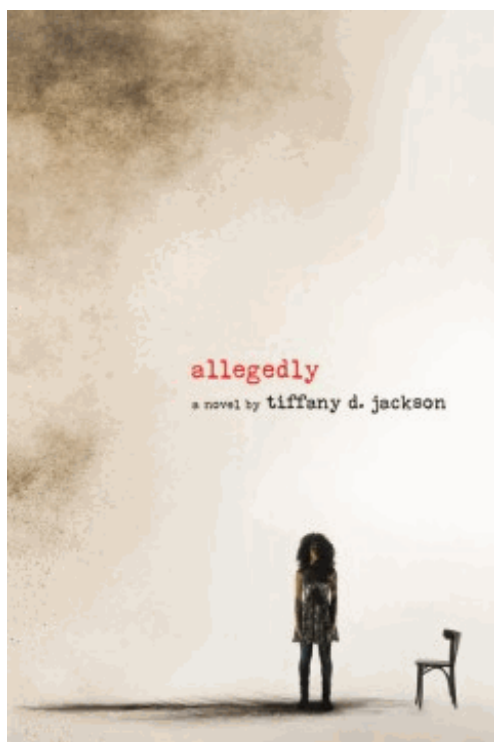


# ALLEGEDLY: A NOVEL



*Young Adult*

**By Tiffany Jackson**

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## **Book Summary:**

A teenage girl's turbulent experiences after being convicted of a crime she did not commit.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; excessive/frequent profanity; alternate sexualities; hate including homophobia; and moderate violence involving child abuse and assault.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
26	He may take one look at her thick ass and huge tits and be sprung.
27	"Disgusting puta! You smell like pussy through your holey panties."
30	He jumps up and glances around before kissing me, his lips lingering. I fall into his hug, wishing I could stay folded in his arms forever.
33	I kiss him again, the sparks addicting, and his hands rub against my thigh under the table. I can feel the new Band-Aids on his fingers, probably from school.
36	Momma would be disgusted at the "nasty lesbian" I'm living with.
37	"China likes slashing people's faces for fun," Kelly snickers. "Yo, why don't you mind yo' fucking business!" "Make me, you dyke bitch!"
38	"Ohhh, quit your bitching! It's your own damn food! Here, put a little bleach on it."
44	Momma would be disgusted at the "nasty lesbian" I'm living with. She hates anything that is not in the Bible, which seems like everything. "How long you been a rug muncher for?"
57	He eases me onto his lap, tickling the back of my neck with kisses.
76	"No, Momma, stop!" I jump, grabbing her sleeve, pulling her back. She spins around and slaps me, hand like lightning. The grease of her lotion sticks like oil to my flaming cheek. "Now you listen to me, little girl," she says, finger in my face, voice seething. "I know the devil got inside you and made you kill that little girl, but I didn't raise no 'ho! You know better than to open your legs up and let some boy inside you!"
88	Momma happened. She hit me with the wrong end of her belt. The buckle cut out a chunk of skin like an ice cream scooper. I should've got stitches, but that would've meant hospitals, questions; Momma in trouble and me left alone with Ray. So I wrapped it up in toilet paper and baby Band-Aids instead.
95	"I can't believe this fucking shit. What did I tell you? Ain't I tell you that nigga ain't shit? And you go and fuck him . . . uggghh. Where he at, huh? He ain't here, like I told you he wouldn't be!"
98	Momma beat me only because Ray told her to. She did everything he said. "Get in that corner! NOW!" she'd said. Sometimes, I think Momma used to forget who I was when she beat me. Or maybe she was just a whole different person altogether. Her eyes would go blank, face almost unrecognizably mashed up in rage. "Take off them clothes! You gonna feel every bit of this!" I'd strip down to my underwear and back into a corner, my whole body trembling, waiting for her to finish her belligerent rant. "How many times I got to TELL you. Lawd Jesus. How many! Huh? You don't listen, you just don't listen! Father God, why did you send me this little wretch?" She'd beat me with whatever was handy. Her favorite was the dirt brown extension cord she kept hanging on the refrigerator handle, a ready threat. It would crack in the air before biting my skin, leaving welts the size of fists all over my legs, arms, and ass. "Mami, don't hit her face," Ray would say with a smirk, sipping on the brown liquor he bought with Momma's money. "You leave marks and those nosy bitches come and be all in your shit." I thought maybe if I didn't scream so much she would stop, but she never did. It's like she

Page	Content
	<p>wanted Ray to hear me beg for my life, to make him happy. She'd grunt and curse over me, working up a sweat, while I tried to block the blows. Then later, she'd complain about her arm hurting, blaming me for making her hurt herself. When the beatings started to get worse, when it was harder to explain the welts, cuts, and bruises, I thought about running away.</p>
104	<p>"I said, come here," he says roughly, pulling me by my hoodie. I whimper, bracing for a smack. Instead, he leans down and kisses me, his tongue slipping inside my mouth. He tastes like fruit punch, lips greasy with Vaseline. His angry voice, the Sales Guy, the world, all forgotten because he has never kissed me like this before. He backs me against the vitamin wall, hand slipping around my waist. That's when I feel him grab one of the bottles and slide it into my coat pocket. He cuffs my face, eyes glowing, and gives me another kiss before turning to Sales Guy.</p>
135	<p>She'd slapped me so hard I'd hit my head on the radiator pipe. I hadn't cried. I'd just gotten on the floor with her and started scrubbing, eyes watering from the bleach.</p> <p>...Another time, when I was about seven, she'd just stayed in bed. Wouldn't talk, wouldn't get up for anything. I'd eaten peanut butter and water crackers for three days until we ran out.</p> <p>"Momma, please get up. I'm hungry."</p> <p>"Not now, baby girl. Momma's just . . . having a day."</p> <p>Then the lights had gone out. The food in the fridge had started to rot until the whole apartment had smelled of spoiled chicken and the mice had come looking for their dinner.</p>
160	<p>Some nasty fat girl who can't read, getting raped by her daddy every night and cumming because of it? Does she think this is Ray's baby? No, she couldn't.</p>
164	<p>"That nigga's not your boyfriend," Marisol says. "He just using you for pussy. You not the only bitch he fucking."</p> <p>... "Whatever, y'all are just jealous 'cause y'all ain't getting no dick in here." Marisol laughs.</p> <p>"Oh, I got a man and he fucks me right everyyyyyy night!" She moans, grinding on her chair before giving Kisha a high five. All the girls laugh, except China.</p> <p>"Oh, word?" China huffs. "That's not what you were saying last night!"</p> <p>... "Fuck you, bitch! I ain't no fag," Marisol snaps.</p> <p>... "Man, who would fuck her anyways?" Kisha asks. "Maybe she got some of that good grandpa dick at the nursing home," China says.</p>
183	<p>I scramble to my feet, gasping and coughing for air as she punches me dead in the face. The world is spinning . . . black spots . . . buzzing. She pins me against the door and I try to kick her . . . until I feel something sharp pressing against my stomach and freeze. The blade kisses my skin.</p> <p>"Say anything," she whispers. "And I'll cut it out of you."</p> <p>Bean! Bean! I'm so sorry, Bean!</p> <p>"Please," I choke, trembling. "Don't." Kelly grasps the back of my neck with her cold hand, forcing me to look at her, to stare deep into her eyes. The eyes of a real killer. Then the knife is gone. She shoves me one last time before walking away, as if nothing ever happened and the darkness becomes darker.</p>
210	<p>"Niggas be robbing and raping girls like you. How'd you even know where I was at?"</p>
249	<p>"Cause I don't wanna get all fat like psycho! I like my ass the size it is," she says, slapping her butt with a smirk. "I made a little change though. Got them stupid niggas to pay for it. Tell them it's four-fifty at the clinic when it really be like two hundred. I got myself a nice little Coach bag from Macy's last time."</p>

<b>Profanity/Derogatory Term</b>	<b>Count</b>
Ass	27
Bitch	37
Cunt	1
Dick	2
Dyke	1
Fag	1
Fuck	67
Goddammit/Goddamn	7
Nigga/Nigger	12
Piss	10
Pussy	2
Put a	8
Shit	62
Tit	1