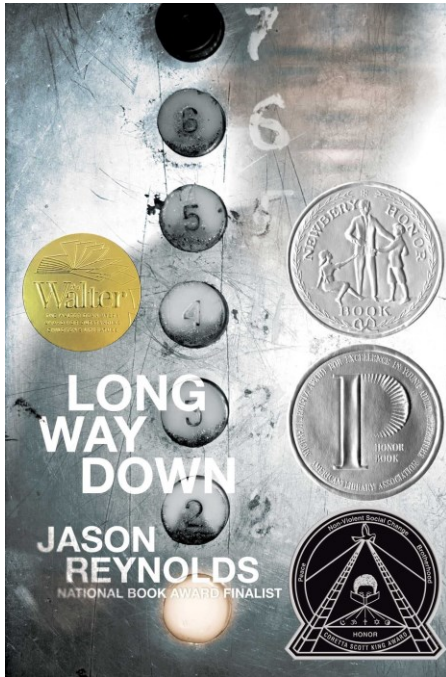


LONG WAY DOWN



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; profanity; racial commentary.

Young Adult

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2 /5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
5	Imagine waking up and someone, a stranger, got you strapped down, got pliers shoved into your mouth, gripping a tooth somewhere in the back, one of the big important ones, and rips it out. Imagine the knocking in your head, the pressure pushing through your ears, the blood pooling.
15	Did what we've all been trained to do. Pressed our lips to the pavement and prayed the boom, followed by the buzz of a bullet, ain't meet us.
16	After the shots me and Tony waited like we always do, for the rumble to stop, before picking our heads up and poking our head out to count the bodies. This time there was only one.
21	Cops flashed lights in our faces and we all turned to stone. Did anybody see anything? A young officer asked. He looked honest, like he ain't never done this before. You can always tell a newbie. The always ask questions like they really expect answers.
22	In case you ain't know, gunshots make everybody deaf and blind especially when they make somebody dead. Best to become invisible in times like these. Everybody knows that.
36	No. 3: Revenge If someone you love gets killed, find the person who killed them and kill them.
51	Just wide enough for my fifteen-year-old fingers to slither in and touch cold steel.
52	Nickname A cannon. A strap. A piece. A biscuit. A burner. A heater. A chopper. A gat. A hammer. A tool for Rule No. 3.
127	She opened her purse, dug around, pulled out a wallet, unfolded it, turned it toward me to flash a photo like white people on movies when they want to show off their kids.
134	I told her how I remember staring at her the whole time. Her eyes wide, the brightness dimming. Her mouth, open. Bubble gum and blood.
184	Uncle Mark took a corner, pockets full of rocks to become rolls, future finance, and in an hour had enough money to buy a new camera.
224	And that's when it happened. He pulled the gun from my waistband. And put it to my head.
227	Pop stood over me, the gun pressed against the side of my face. Was the first time I had ever had one to my head.
230	A warm sensations ran through the lower half of my body, seeping down my leg into my sneakers. Cigarette smoke cut once again, this time to the smell of my piss.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Fuck	1
Piss	3
Shit	3