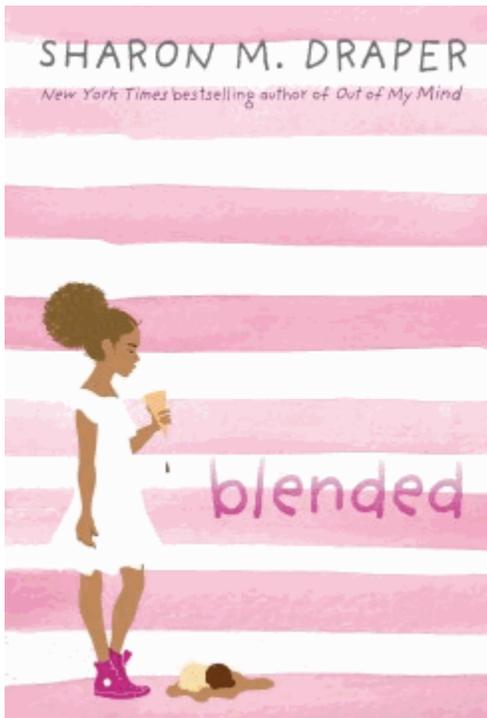


# BLENDED



*Juvenile*

**By Sharon M. Draper**

ISBN: 978-1-44249500-5

## **Book Summary:**

A young, racially mixed girl, struggles to identify her race amidst racially-charged incidents in her school and community.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains mild profanity; controversial racial commentary; controversial social commentary including police brutality and gun control activism; and mild violence.

**1**  
/5

**Child Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
72	<p>"...Maybe walking out of school can help change gun laws and stuff."            ..."Absolutely!" Imani says, her face serious. "Real people died in those school shootings- kids our age. We have a right to be safe."</p>
88	<p>"Because noose means, well, a noose is what they used to hang people. Lynch people. Black people." There, I said it.</p>
94	<p>"My dad loved him some liquor, and he'd have his friends over every Saturday for whiskey and whatever. After they'd had two or three drinks...or more, they really relax and start talking smack. They'd say really nasty things about Jewish people and Black people and folks from other countries who lived here- basically, anybody who wasn't white."</p>
99	<p>"Guns only create more problems."            ..."But...aren't they racists? The people who do stuff like this?"            ..."I suppose we have to figure out the definition of 'racist' first," Mr. Kazilly says.            "It's somebody who hates Black people!" Otis shouts out.</p>
101	<p>"That noose was a sign of hate!" Manuel finally says.            "Yeah, white people do that kind of stuff all the time!" Jontay shouts.</p>
102	<p>If I spoke up right now, would I speak up for the white kids or the Black kids? Or both? Or neither?</p>
272	<p>I HIT THE ground with a thud and a throb. Owww! I think my head bounces. The back of its hurts so bad. Cement is hard! I hear lots of shouting and screaming- seems like it's coming from a tunnel.            ..."...I repeat. Shots fired. Victim is a child- a girl aged ten or eleven."            I want to tell that voice I'm almost twelve. But I can't get the words in my head out of my mouth. Why is my arm on fire? And my head! Oh, my head! It hurts so bad!            ..."We've got a lot of blood here."            Blood? My blood? From what?            "Where's the gun?"            Are they talking about me? What gun?            "She had no gun. The only thing in her pocket is a cell phone."            My phone.            ..."Are you sure?"            "Yes, sir. Just a phone."            I'm so confused. I want Mom. Why is my arm burning so bad?            My arm. My head.            ..Everything fades to dark.</p>
276	<p>I ease back down, and it's like rocks in my brain shift around and let pieces of thought trickle out. Ice cream. Police cars. Sunlight. Handcuffs. A gun?</p>
279	<p>"I don't know all the details about what happened with your brother and the police, but you came in with a gunshot wound to the arm."            "I got shot?!" I got shot? By a gun? I blink my eyes open to see if she is for real.            "I'm afraid so, honey. It seems you reached for a cell phone, and a police officer, well, she thought you were reaching for a gun."            "I'm eleven! Where would I get a gun?" I demand, wincing.</p>

Page	Content
	..."Anyway, the officer's gun went off- she says it was an accident- and your arm was hit."
287	They asked about you-like maybe you always kept guns hidden in the pockets of your recital dresses!" ..."But I did see that they put the lady cop who shot you in the back of a police car. She was crying." "Good." "After the ambulance took you away, some of the cops tried to make like they were still looking for somebody, but it was just an act..."
300	Activists are screaming. Police brutality. Child endangerment. And apparently, Black Lives Matter has put me at the top of its list!
301	Guns. Police. Violence in the street and stuff. Lots of articles and editorials about racial profiling.

Profanity	Count
Pissed	1