

SCARS



Young Adult

By Cheryl Rainfield

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CONTENT WARNING

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|------|---|
| 26 | <p>And then I see th X-acto knives lying there, their sharp short blades like daggers rising from their handles. It's like they were left out just for me. I grab one, telling myself I'm only borrowing it for a few hours.</p> <p>It would be so easy to cut, to just push my sleeve up, peel off the bandage, and cut- but I could never risk it, not where someone might see me. It almost feels like enough, just holding the knife, feeling its weight, the roughness of the etched metal handle, knowing I can cut if I need to. I tuck it into my bag between the pages of my sketchbook, then head to my table, the scent of paint and brushes already stirring images in my mind.</p> |
| 40 | <p>I slam my door shut and ram my chair under the handle. I snatch up my utility knife and cut, fast and hard.</p> |
| 41 | <p>I slash again and again, flesh opening up to expose little white bubbles of fat, until dark blood wells up to cover them and spills over my arm in wide, curling arcs, thin and hot. I barely feel the pain- just air rushing into my lungs, the thoughts slowing down.</p> <p>...She's the only thing standing between me and the black endlessness of despair. She's the only thing keeping me from using my knife for permanent relief.</p> |
| 42 | <p>I wipe the blood off my utility knife with a tissue, then snap the top section of the blade off, starting a new edge so it'll be sharp for next time. The sharpness is important; it gives me more control. I press it against my skin, knowing I could plunge it right through my flesh, but know I won't, not right now.</p> |
| 71 | <p>I'm rocking on a bed, pain like a knife between my legs and blood on the sheets. "If you tell, you will die," he says, his voice low and hoarse.</p> <p>...His huge body on top of mine, driving into me. My hands gripping the sheets. My body arched with pain.</p> |
| 72 | <p>I clench my hands under the table digging my nails into my skin. I need to cut.</p> |
| 73 | <p>I need to shut myself down right now. I need to cut.</p> |
| 74 | <p>I have the warm blade out of my pocket and into my hand almost before I have the door locked. I tear off the bandage and slash until I can't hear his voice any more, until I can't see his hands. I slash until the fear leaves me.</p> |
| 75 | <p>I know how to keep myself safe. All I have to do is cut. Cut until it all bleeds away.</p> |
| 135 | <p>"I sleep with boys. There's a difference." "You have sex with them...but you don't like them?"</p> |
| 139 | <p>"I understand that. Fucking boys numbs me, too..."</p> |
| 152 | <p>The man-shape pushes her hand down, fast and hard making the blade slash her flesh. The robot is fascinated by the sight of the skin parting open to reveal a bubbly white interior. There is no pain, no feeling. Just parted skin, like an open mouth, and blood rushing up to fill it.</p> <p>..."Now you," he commands.</p> <p>...She brings the blade down to her arm, judging carefully. For some reason, her ears are ringing and her perfectly controlled hand is trembling. She slashes once, twice, at his command.</p> |
| 178 | <p>Because I need cutting. I need it so bad.</p> |
| 216 | <p>I can't handle this. I need to cut. Need to cut so badly.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 1 |
| Bitch | 3 |
| Fuck | 1 |
| Shit | 3 |