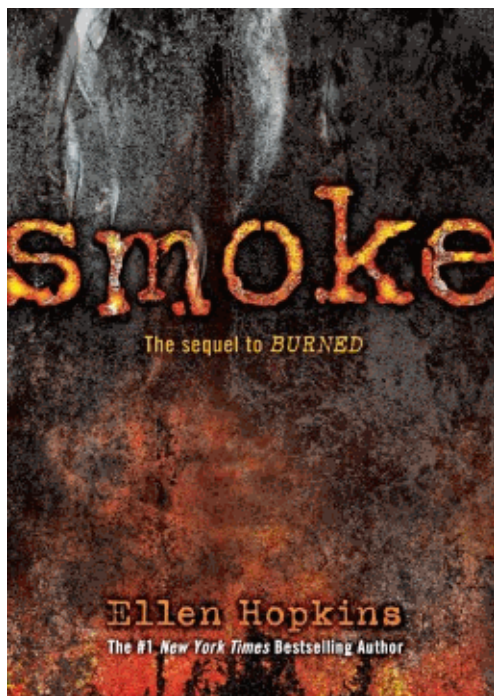


SMOKE



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and violence including domestic violence and child abuse.



3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
5	Every now and again someone goes in there and then it smells like marijuana, though smoking is prohibited on all Greyhounds.
32	<p>Next thing I knew I was on the floor with my arms pinned over my head, and a hand jammed between my legs. "Please, Caleb. Stop. Don't do this."</p> <p>Ah, c'mon, he said. Pretend that you don't, but you know you want this more than I do. All girls do.</p> <p>Then I felt it, hard behind his jeans. "No!" But it came out a harsh whisper. I was petrified Dad would hear. Maybe even more scared of that than of what was happening to me- one wicked thrust and Caleb drove himself inside me. Something ripped. Something pried. I thought he would tear me apart. But I didn't dare scream, and he pretended that made it okay. See? You like it. I knew you would.</p> <p>All I could do was go limp, tears streaming down and soaking my blouse, until he shuddered his finish, punctuated with a disgusting grunt.</p> <p>And his Amen?</p> <p>Jesus. Look at all the blood.</p>
33	<p>Then he saw me lying there, skirt hiked up, fluids trickling from between my legs. I tried to tell him it wasn't my fault. Caleb stole what he wanted.</p> <p>But Dad wouldn't listen. You came out here to meet him, you goddamn whore. What did you expect? Cookies and milk? You're ruined now. What man will ever want you.</p>
39	<p>"What? No! Dad never would...He never touched me like that."</p> <p>He didn't. But someone else did.</p>
45	The thief! His pants are down, and his body is leaning into the girl, and I have to do something.
46	Except he has forgotten his pants, now twisted around his ankles. Down he goes, in a belly flop onto the dirty linoleum. The girls is on her feet. She looks down at the guy's exposed butt cheeks. Cabron! She gives the guy a vicious kick, straight south of the pimply white rounds. Her aim is good, too. The guy's face blooms, red with pain. Oh, is all he can say.
59	His cruelty did not take the form of incest, although his deviant satisfaction in inflicting pain might well have been substitute sexual pleasure, or maybe even an aphrodisiac. How many nights did we hide our heads under our pillows, trying to dampen the sound of his beating Mom into submission, followed by the rhythmic creaking of their bed, Mom's whimpers of pain turning to moans of whatever?
65	"You don't know, do you? You really don't get it. He could have. He wanted to. I looked into his eyes, Mom. Know what I saw? Lust. There was lust there. Not sex lust. Bloodlust. When my ribs cracked, he heard it. And he smiled."
102	The swabs came back positive for semen, negative for Dad's blood type. Caleb's would match. But all that proves is we had sex.
103	When the doctor said, The Vaginal bruising indicates rape, Mom acted horrified.
123	A woman's worth is contained within her uterus.
131	"I mean, homosexuality is a sin."

Page	Content
136	<p>Weekdays after work, he'd drink just a little- enough to help him sleep, I guess. But once Friday afternoons rolled around, his dance with Johnnie lasted until he passed out Saturday nights. Yet, almost always, he made it to church Sunday mornings, wearing a thick drift of cologne and deodorant to try and mask the faint reminder of Johnnie on his spit, in his sweat. And the bruises Mom often sported.</p> <p>With luck Mom won't ever again have to go to church black and blue.</p>
151	<p>In fact, the only "relationship" I ever had with a Latina resulted in me breaking Carmen's nose, defending my hold on a guy who was only interested in easy sex- so not me.</p>
165	<p>When I insisted no, we're just cousins, she said, "Cousins often marry. It's legal in California."</p>
168	<p>...asking how God would feel about someone whose dreams were soaked with sex.</p>
208	<p>Got away with what, bitch? ..."You raped me." That's a lie. You know you wanted to. You invited me out to that shed and basically attacked me. Attacked him? By sliding my arms up around his neck and parting my lips just a little, asking for his kiss? My cheeks burn and my eyes feel like someone pricked them with needles. "All I wanted was a kiss, Caleb. And if you ever say anything different, I'll...I'll..." You'll what? Kill me? He pushes me and I slip backward, falling hard on my butt.</p>
209	<p>That guy is such an asshole. I thought he only picked on gay guys. Now he's pushing girls around, too.</p>
211	<p>The only other person who has ever called me a bitch is my father.</p>
302	<p>Snap! It's almost like an electric jolt to my brain. I look up, the way I did that night when Pattyn came through the door. Snap! She yells at Dad, Get off her! Dad laughs. I scream. Dad laughs louder. Pattyn backs away. Dad follows.</p>
325	<p>We're kissing. Kissing. I like it a lot, and I'm growing warm in places not talked about except in sex education. But they don't tell you how just kissing can make you want to do those things, even though you know you can't- you're not ready yet. And they don't tell you what to do when you say no but he keeps saying it's okay, that he only wants to make you feel good, but you find out real fast he doesn't care about you at all, only about himself. ...and I see my little sister, only thirteen years old, flirting back with the monster who would do the same thing to her, and I yell, "Leave her alone, pervert!"</p>
346	<p>We shared a simple supper and, since it was New Year's Eve, a little tequila. This lovely warmth began to creep from my stomach, through my body.</p>
350	<p>Still, she is outgoing, warm, and laughs easily at the jokes being passed around as freely as the champagne, which doesn't smell nearly as bad as scotch. It's been offered, but I've declined. There's a little Mormon left inside, although that piece of me isn't any more bothered by the openly gay couples here than the openly heterosexual.</p>

Page	Content
351	Mom Ann thought Bea was a stuck-up dyke.
354	"...I have a half brother I don't even know, because he's gay and Dad disowned him."
381	If I could just get past that, though, could it make me feel even close to the lovely way Percocet did?
382	LOVE YOU. The last two words are almost as good as Percocet.
393	Gavin takes one look at me. Hey. Have you been drinking? He sounds disappointed. I hold out the bottle. "Shorry. I shoulda offered you some." He comes closer, much closer, but he doesn't take the Johnnie. ..."It's jush-just being here, seeing..." I point to the handgun sitting next to the canvas bag. "I...something came back to me. Something awful...important...and I dunno what to do." He comes to me, takes me into his arms. What is it, Jackie? And I love him so much. But still I have to say, "I can't tell you."
408	I know I didn't teach you to use drugs or run around with assault weapons.
422	Caleb just smiles What did I do, faggot? Or should I say son of a faggot? Are lezzies fags or just regular queer?
424	Come on, asshole. I'll show you how a faggot fights.
426	"He r-r-raped me."
459	I walked in just as Caleb put the head of the bat against Shawn's mouth. "You want to suck on something big and hard?" he yelled. "Suck on this." He rammed that thing into Shawn's mouth with enough force to chip teeth and bruise his throat, and who knows what might have happened next if I hadn't interfered?
484	...gay marriage legislation in several states, and isn't it disgusting how some straight people actually support it?

Profanity	Count
Ass	7
Bitch	7
Dyke	1
Faggot/Fag	4
Fuck	5
Piss	1