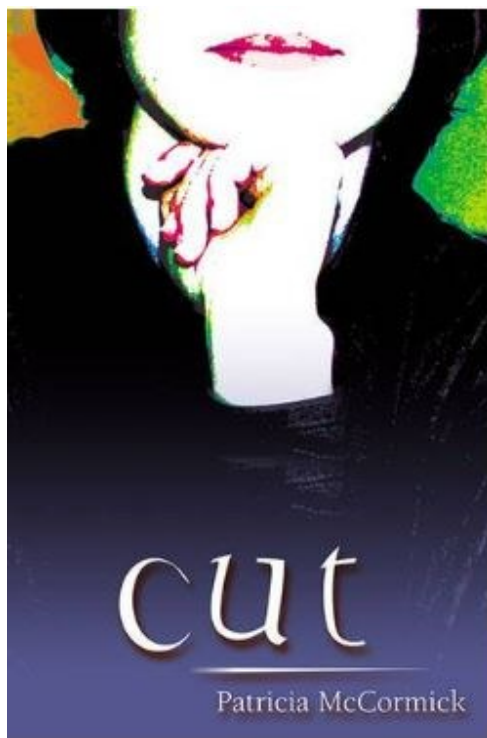


# CUT



*Young Adult*

**By Patricia McCormick**

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## **Book Summary:**

A fifteen-year-old girl in a psychiatric institution begins to confront the issues in her past.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains self-harm including cutting and anorexia; references to drug abuse; mild/infrequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

**2** / 5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
11	I touched the blade to a piece of ribbon draped across the table and pressed, ever so slightly. The ribbon unfurled into two pieces and slipped to the floor without a sound. Then I placed the blade next to the skin on my palm. ...What happened next was that a perfect, straight line of blood bloomed from under the edge of the blade. The line grew into a long, fat bubble, a lush crimson bubble that got bigger and bigger. I watched from above, waiting to see how big it would get before it burst. When it did, I felt awesome. Satisfied, finally. Then exhausted.
12	Most of the girls are anorexic. ...Some are druggies.
13	The substance-abuse guests- Sydney, who says she's addicted to every drug she's ever tried, and Tiffany, who seems normal but is here instead of going to jail for smoking crack- sit together on the other side of Claire's chair.
61	I get back into bed, moving calmly and efficiently now, lie on my stomach, and pull the covers over my head. Inside the dark blanket tent, I fold the pie plate in half, press it flat, bend it back and forth, back and forth, like I'm following a recipe, back and forth, until the fold is crisp. When I rip it, it gives way easily and I have two neat halves, each with a jagged edge. I lay my index finger lightly on the edge of one half, testing it. It's rough and right. I bring the inside of my wrist up to meet it. A tingle crawls across my scalp. I close my eyes and wait. But nothing happens. There's no release. Just a weird tugging sensation. I open my eyes. The skin on my wrist is drawn up in a wrinkle, snagged on the edge. I pull it in the other direction and a dull throbbing starts in my wrist. I hold my breath and push down on the piece of metal. It sinks in neatly. A sudden liquid heat floods my body. The pain is so sharp, so sudden, I catch my breath.
106	Down at the end of the hall, Rochelle is at her post, on the lookout for late-night barfers and illegal laxative users.
108	"Which one?" you say. "Becca, the really skinny girl, the anorexic who's still throwing up?"
126	We're in the middle of Group and Tiffany is telling us about some guy she had sex with behind the dumpster at her school.
138	"I use my mom's Exacto knife." I stare at my shirtsleeve. "Or her embroidery scissors. Once I used the paper towel dispenser in the guest bathroom here." ...I look at my arm. It's crisscrossed with pink lines, lines that strike me as delicate and faint, lines I remember making.

Profanity	Count
Goddamn	1
Piss	2