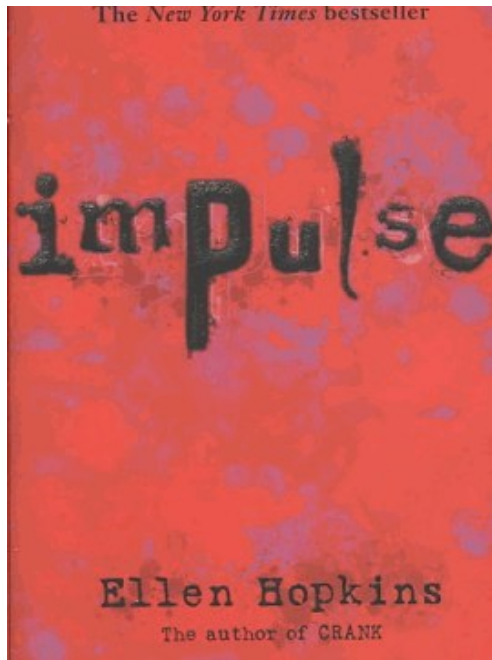


# IMPULSE



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; sexual nudity; sexual activities; profanity; and illegal drug use.

*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
10	<p>I wonder what Dad said when he heard I tried to put myself six feet under--and failed. I should have put the gun to my head, worried less about brain damage, more about getting dead. Finis.</p> <p>Instead, I decided a shot through the heart would make it stop beating, rip it apart to bleed me out.</p>
13	<p>I won't tell you I never tried crystal, but it really wasn't my thing.</p> <p>...I diddled with pot first, but that tasty green weed couldn't drag me low enough. Which mostly left downers, "borrowed" from medicine cabinets and kitchen cabinets and nightstands. Wherever I could find them. And once in a while--not often, because it was pricey and tough to score--once in a while, I tumbled way low, took a ride on the H train. Oh yeah, that's what I'm talking about. A hot shot clear to hell.</p> <p>I Wasn't Worried About getting hooked, though I knew plenty of heroin addicts.</p> <p>...I mean, you'd think half a bottle of Valium would do the trick. Maybe it would have, but I had to toss in a fifth of Jack Daniels. Passed out, just as I would have expected.</p>
17	<p>So I just sit here, brain wobbling. Tipping. Tripping on Prozac. I wonder if they give everyone Prozac on their twice—daily med deliveries.</p>
18	<p>The First Cut Wasn't the deepest. No, not at all. It was like the others, a subtle rend of anxious skin, a gentle pulse of crimson, just enough to hush the demons shrieking inside my brain. But this time they wouldn't shut up. Just kept on howling, like Mama, when she was in a bad way.</p> <p>...So I gave myself to the knife, asked it to bite a little harder, chew a little deeper. The hot, scarlet rush felt so delicious I couldn't stop there. The blade might have reached bone, but my little brother, Bryan, barged into the bathroom, found me leaning against Grandma's new porcelain tub, turning its unstained white pink. You should have hear him scream.</p> <p>...My fingers trace the sunken scar as I pace the plain room...</p>
21	<p>Oh yes, Mom's expensive tastes went a long way toward getting me laid.</p>
23	<p>Maybe I could think up a way to kill yourself with a felt pen. Maybe I could sell the idea to the dozen or so freaks in here determined to do themselves in. Maybe I'll use it myself.</p>
24	<p>Or the plain Jane, churchgoing soccer moms who plaster on some anonymous face, then sneak out once a week or so, pretending they're off with girlfriends when they're really looking for ways to get laid.</p> <p>...She made no bones about getting laid, something she did plenty of. Laid by no good, nasty losers, single, married, it didn't matter, long as they had a few bucks and the necessary attachments, in good working order. Beat up. Knocked up. Messed up. She got all of those things, didn't care.</p>
24	<p>Her only son, because after one particularly ugly abortion, her body decided it had had enough of Ma's mistreatment and formed scar tissue around her ovaries.</p>
31	<p>Ranching hookers. They do that in parts of Nevada.</p>

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33	There's Schizo Stanley, three hundred pounds of loaded gun, who tried to off his little brother. Yeah, he denies it, but hmm. wonder how Daddy's Xanax got mixed into Junior's milk.
36	I mean, he spoke at length about torturing insects-- I tattered their wings and tore off their legs, joint by joint, watched them crawl incircles, like little lost infants, until they decided to die.
44	Once he told me, God had a plan, and it didn't include wangs in bung holes.
51	Wonder how Ma managed to feed me when I was an actual baby. Formula, I hear, costs major bucks, and I just can't see her letting me snuggle up against her titties. Those things were bait, and not for babies.
53	...For once in my life, I don't have to have sex. No one demands it in exchange for drugs, ten minutes of disgust for a well-deserved rush. ...But you can't forget something like that, no matter how much you drink, snort, or shoot into your veins. No one expects it in exchange for food, just a burger and fries, please; for a hot however to wash off the streets, a warm bed to crash in.
59	I've almost got her right where I want her--on her knees, my hands caught in her silky blond hair as she whispers, I want you, Conner.
64	Learned when to shut my mouth, when to scream; how to glom on to the guys with power, tap into it and suck real hard, suck them inside out.
64	Larry is a decent man, she said, when I told her about it the first time. A bit rough around the edges, yes, but he'd never ever do such a thing, little liar. Like an eight-year-old child could make up something so evil and perverse. She wouldn't even believe it when I pulled down my jeans. The proof was right there on my underwear, streaked pink with blood. You sat on something, that's all. Or maybe you did it to yourself Pig!
71	When I was younger than you, but old enough to know right from wrong, I had sex with a teacher too.
76	How I wish he was here no to put out this fire, this low bank of coals, smoldering between my legs.
77	Saw her lying on the floor, an empty pill bottle near her quiet form. I walked over, looked down into her unfocused eyes, saw something resembling peace. I should have called 911. Instead, I backed slowly away, exited out the front door.
78	The way she cries when I kiss her, or how she never fails to orgasm?
79	"...At first all I wanted was sex with her, but soon I wanted more. More sex, yes, in unusual places, and all different kinds..."
91	Not meth, that's for sure. He's way too buff to be huffing that shit, and way too clear to be cleaning himself off downers.
94	He's so cute! Says Lori. How would you like to rub up against that? Just like a kitty cat, agrees Dahlia. In fact, my kitty's purring. Meow!
106	The paper clip sat in plain sight, almost an invitation. ...It's cool and comforting in my hand as I slowly unfold it, test its semisharp point with one finger.

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	...I insert it just below the skin of my right wrist, down into a single blue vein. Oh God! Not enough! Easy now, right to left, vein to vein, connect the dots.
129	I think it's totally messed up that cops can arrest anyone they want, just because they don't like how a person looks. But what, exactly, is so new about that? The only difference I can see under the Patriot Act is the authorities don't have to tell anyone they've busted the guy. They can keep him for days, even weeks, and no one who cares about him will know where he's gone.
136	Nice pair of tits you got there.
159	Yesterday, when all was in chaos, I noticed an empty Coke can in a wastepaper basket. No one observed as I reached down, extracted the pull top. I remove it from its hiding place beneath my dresser. Run one finger lightly over its lovely saw-toothed edge. Place it on the fold line inside my left elbow. Close my eyes and let it bite. Easy now, a shallow cut is all I need to slice through the gray.
172	His eyes immediately fall to the V between my legs.
184	You ever munch carpet?
188	And there were a few guards who used us for their sex toys.
190	"I was in for aggravated assault on my ma's jerk-off boyfriend. I spent six mother-humping years, beating meat in juvie."
194	One pair of feet quickly lifts, and as I watch, it comes to me the shoes look awfully large to belong to a girl. That, and the soles are facing out, heels up. ...Quick! You're squashing me. Dahlia's voice. Just a minute. I'm not finished. Paul's. Well, hurry up. We're gonna get busted. ...Paul was manning Dahlia. Ugh. I make a quick escape before he does finish.
196	I want to let my hands circle her waist, lift to her small breasts.
202	Apparently she believed I would let another one of her lousy boyfriends abuse me--in whatever ways.
208	Pressed against the curve of her back, my fingers trace the contours of one breast, and then the other.
212	I am drowsy in his arms, feel his bloom against the small of my back. ..."Make love to me," I tell him.
218	And here I don't have to use paper clips or pop-tops. My trusty razor blade is in its cubby, calling out to me. Just a little slice, for old time's sake. I Go into the Bedroom Close the door, remove my steel lover from its place of honor on the closet shelf. I touch its stainless tip to my index finger. Sharp! Without pressure, it draws a crimson bead. Peel back my sleeve---- the one that covers the barbed-wire scar, affectionately place the blade beneath my left thumb. This is the best rush of all--the moment right before the cut. It's my decision now, I'm in charge. And just as I think I'll give in to temptation, reopen the old wound,
231	I turn the faucet to steamy, step under, and let its hot fingers touch me all over, trying not to think about the last time hot fingers (real ones) touched me all over.
234	He's Hard Again Now...

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238	Stanley stands, smiling as his right hand falls toward his zipper. That's right. And this right here is my weapon of choice. Damn if he doesn't yank his ugly little thing right out of his pants.
239	They drag Stanley, sobbing and slobbering, to his feet, shriveled penis still exposed.
244	But I prefer a man who likes to be on top. "Ouch, little brother! I like it on top. And on the bottom. And standing up. And...Oh, man, I gotta stop or go jerk off'."
250	That won't happen if you 're constantly stoned. Are you strong enough to make it through a weekend without propping yourself up on antidepressants?
256	...When Bryan was a baby, I was afraid to leave him alone with Mama. One time I came home from school and he was screaming. Mama had him in the kitchen sink, giving him a bath. The water was way too hot. I yanked him from her hands, his baby skin all red and steaming."
258	She gives me this great smile and I wonder, for maybe the thousandth time, what's under her short little skirt. ...Eyes closed, I find her there in the dark, hands like silk, the kind you want to wear close to your most private places. Hands to Guide Little boys to exactly those places they want to see, to touch, to taste. ..."My main ambition, once I leave here, is getting laid by some gorgeous older woman..."
268	"I can't speak for Vanessa, but I've always wanted to try a threesome. Hetero only, though. You up for that, Tony?" I'll try anything once. And you know, I just might like it.
278	Seems you don't notice the cold, cradled by downers, mired in Valium dreams.
309	Slip your tongue any time, long as you slip it my way.
322	I should have known better than to get pregnant, but I thought maybe it would bring the father and me closer When I told Trevor he said to get an abortion. He wouldn't help pay for it, wouldn't even hold my hand while I waited to do that god-awful thing. I went alone, except for the baby inside me. It may sound odd, but I did love that little blob. Still I made it die. And when I think too hard about it, my insides hurt.
324	You were twelve when you lost your virginity? I was eight, and I lost it to Larry.
326	I think of Conner, whose nanny decided to make him a man.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	9
Fuck	13
Piss	5
Shit	20