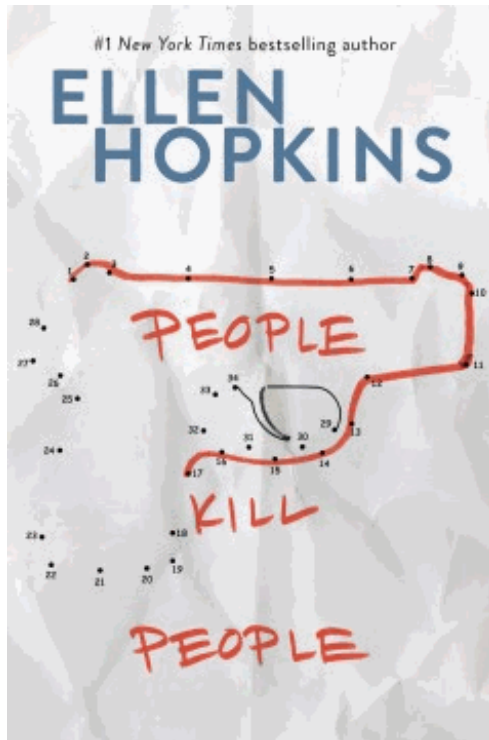


PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; sexual nudity; drug use; profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 38 | <p>"You just want to get laid." ...The gesture moves quickly from "sweet" to "boner-worthy," and as your tongues collide, you lift her off the floor. Another time, you'd carry her into your bedroom.</p> |
| 52 | <p>Her food is good, great in fact, but the idea of doing a brown-skinned bitch sickens you. That might be the way things are, but it's not how they should be. Unnatural, that's what it is. And God forbid the two of them ever make half-breed babies. You'd never live that down. Maybe you should have the talk with your dad, remind him to always use a condom.</p> |
| 54 | <p>The part-time QuikTrip gig pays minimum wage and you splurged your last check on a little weed, hoping to lower a certain redhead's inhibitions, finally finesse your way into her pants.</p> |
| 55 | <p>The evening is young and you've got plans involving beer and weed and a different girl.</p> |
| 57 | <p>...and the bitch behind the register was wearing a scarf around her head. That and her dark olive skin told you more than you wanted to know. "Fuck off back to Sharia-land, bitch." ...Not like you're the only Muslim-hating dude in Tucson.</p> |
| 58 | <p>A jew could not be your family.</p> |
| 59 | <p>Still, you're white, and that's what matters. Your first hint that America was turning too brown was back in fifth grade...</p> |
| 101 | <p>You underline the promise with a longer, deeper kiss, one to make him believe his effort to take you out tonight will be justly rewarded at its end. That's so much fun that you go a little farther, dipping your tongue lightly into his ear before dropping your lips to his neck, where you lock them in place and suck gently at first, then a little harder. Hard enough to raise a telltale bruise. "Stop already." He steers your hand into his lap, where it's happy to admire the impressive bulge behind his button fly. "I won't be able to walk, let alone dance. Jesus, what you do to me!" "Hey. Jesus didn't do that. I did, and don't you forget it." Hedging his bets, he invites, "Want to do more?" The offer is tempting. Parking-lot sex might be a kick, with or without people walking by. ...They say the only way to keep married sex interesting is experimentation. You'll have to play researcher soon.</p> |
| 119 | <p>Throughout those ten years of spiraling abuse, you witnessed her subtle manipulations, designed to divert his rage. Often that meant submitting to him, like a mare to a stallion. More than once it happened within your direct line of sight. That was your sex education. You knew the mechanics by age six.</p> |
| 122 | <p>The worst part now is the two images of her that appear when you let yourself remember: Damian fucking her and Damian killing her.</p> |
| 122 | <p>Which is how he almost- too damn close to success- convinced you to have sex the last time you met up. ...Sex has proven to be a useful tool. And beyond that, you like it.</p> |

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| 124 | The monkey was bartered, sex as commodity. There have been many times when you needed something expensive that you straight-out traded sex for cash. |
| 125 | The point isn't 'rising up against tyranny.' It's embracing white identity. Safeguarding our race by keeping it pure. |
| 126 | He lights a joint, already rolled; you pass it back and forth. It's decent weed and between that and the beer, which you drink to fight the dope-inspired dry mouth, a warm fog writhes inside your skull and words thicken your tongue. |
| 127 | This will be sex as reward. Violence as aphrodisiac. You are totally turned on right now. |
| 128 | The mere suggestion of violence serves as intoxicant. Aphrodisiac. Wish more people felt that way. Get down. Get high. Get off. |
| 134 | And you didn't get laid. Not last night. Not this morning. |
| 138 | "Has anyone ever showed you how to feel good?" "What do you mean?" You really didn't know. "Has anyone ever touched you like this?" He pulled you into his lap. One arm remained possessively in control, while his spare hand dropped to stroke the crotch of your jeans. That part didn't hurt and, in fact, you were surprised that your wiener responded positively. Still, you knew it was wrong, so wrong, and you tried to get away. "Oh, no. Not yet." The hand holding you gripped tighter while the other unzipped your pants and yanked them off in one swift, well-practiced motion. You struggled, but couldn't come near to matching his physical strength. He unbuttoned his own fly, freeing his sorry erection to worm its way between your butt cheeks. He slapped a hand over your mouth. "This might hurt a little if it's really your first time. Let's see if it is." If there was one small saving grace, it was that he possessed a pencil dick. Still, when he drove it inside you, the pain was exquisite and you screamed into his filthy palm. But your pleas carried no weight. The wind blew cinder-heavy ashes into your face, and he grunted like a hungry pig, over and over, until he was finished. When he shriveled out of you, he let you go and you crawled away, bare knees and hands through the dirt. |
| 141 | She's dressed like a slut. |
| 146 | Ashlyn and you hung out at the meet-up, smoked weed, drank beer,... |
| 148 | After you spread the sleeping bag, Ashlyn and you stripped down to skin, and you found yourself grateful the air wasn't colder. February in Tucson usually brings chilly nights, but it didn't seem so bad, especially once she kicked things into high gear. In fact, by the end of the rodeo, you were sweating. There is nothing shy about Ashlyn, nothing tentative. She knows what she likes, and exactly how to get you to comply. She showed you where to touch her, how to touch her, and wouldn't let you deviate. Yet she was willing to accommodate |

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| | <p>your demands, too.</p> <p>"I want to make you feel great," she said, and oh brother, did she!</p> <p>Your previous sexual encounters were clumsy, directed by instinct, not practice. Ashlyn took you way beyond fumbling, past the limitations of missionary, into the realm of weirdness. It took extreme force of will to hang on, but you managed, and you're anxious for an encore. Maybe even today.</p> |
| 149 | <p>Logistically, it's a challenge because after tacos at your dad's, you'll want Ashlyn for dessert, and a couple of guys would make that problematic.</p> |
| 155 | <p>"White people have to stick together because before you know it, we're going to be the minority race in America," you finish.</p> |
| 170 | <p>"...Skinheads are radical lays. I just couldn't help myself. He made me all hot and horny for his hard, Aryan six-pack."</p> <p>...Not only that, but now you want to know if she actually had sex with him, and if she did, if it approached what the two of you shared last night.</p> <p>...Some hint of affection that makes you think sex came secondary to love.</p> |
| 185 | <p>Grace is the only person in the world who knows for sure you're queer.</p> |
| 185 | <p>It was all about competition, and mostly they competed for the attention of guys. The word "lesbian," if uttered at all, was hissed as an insult, along with the abbreviated "lez" or highly favored "dyke."</p> <p>...You tried to fit in, tried flirting with boys. But on those rare occasions you were successful, somehow kissing them wasn't a huge turn-on and their hungry fingers fumbling unbutton your blouse or touch you there only made you feel dirty, rather than desired.</p> |
| 205 | <p>Waylon had just turned two, and while he showed off his sliding ability to his new buddy, Lara and you passed a joint.</p> |
| 210 | <p>One night of sex, even after a few weeks of demonstrated interest on Silas's part, doesn't exactly mean a dedicated relationship was formed.</p> |
| 229 | <p>The drowsy husk of her voice is sexy as hell and coupled with the heat of her skin, she is a total turn-on. And, for probably the millionth time, you think how incredibly lucky you are that she's all yours. "So I can get laid before work?"</p> <p>..."Yeah. Like, sex lessons. You keep getting better and better."</p> <p>..."No lessons. Just lots of practice."</p> <p>..."We have done it a time or five hundred, huh?"</p> <p>"At least." She runs her hand down the length of your torso, and you might take that as an invitation to be accepted, but the alarm blares.</p> |
| 241 | <p>There you were, Silas, lying on a thick bed of jungle leaves, with a redhead on either side. Grace kissed you sweetly while Ashlyn went down on you, and there was nothing sweet about that. It was downright nasty. The kind of nasty that would keep a guy going back for more.</p> |
| 287 | <p>Not only that, but now you're in debt to one of Tucson's most connected marijuana traffickers, something you have to work your way out of today.</p> <p>...You woke to Rand's request for lovemaking, and after the hot-hot-hot dream he pulled you from, you were happy to oblige. At nineteen, your sex drive is maturing, changing from passive acceptance to true desire. You've read that hunger will continue to grow, maybe all the way into your thirties.</p> |

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| | <p>But sometimes you worry that Rand can't keep pace. He's pretty damn vanilla. If he had his way, it would mostly be straightforward missionary. Experimentation? Depends on the day. For sure he dislikes when you play the aggressor. Sometimes he even recoils.</p> <p>...But you wouldn't mind more variety, no matter who initiates it. Which is why you got clever this morning, simply offering yourself unusual ways, assuming positions and allowing him to say yea or nay. He didn't disagree even once. So maybe there's hope for the two of you.</p> |
| 296 | <p>"Let's see what you've got."</p> <p>You offer the premeasured twelve-plus grams. Yeah, it should be fourteen, but you always scam a little for personal stash. Not like he's going to weight it. "It's awesome sativa."</p> <p>"Sample?"</p> <p>"Of course. Here?"</p> <p>"My mom's gone until dinner, but we can step out in back. Doesn't hurt to be cautious."</p> |
| 308 | <p>You were a high school sophomore, and you'd gone to a post-football-game party. The guy who was supposed to take you home- you couldn't rightfully call him your boyfriend, more like an acquaintance with a car- wasn't ready to call it a night. Despite your protest, he drove to a construction site, of course deserted at the time.</p> <p>"Take me home, please" you tried.</p> <p>"Sure. After we have some fun."</p> <p>"Look, I don't give sex away, and you've got nothing I need."</p> <p>"I've got this."</p> <p>He unzipped his pants, freeing his erection, then pushed you down on the seat, forcing himself between your legs. You were wearing a skirt, putting nothing between him and you but thin panties.</p> |
| 310 | <p>He reeks of weed and his eyes are bloodshot. Bet you can guess what he and that girl were just smoking. "Smells like good shit."</p> <p>"It is."</p> |
| 330 | <p>"Question. Did you know Cami smokes weed?"</p> |
| 337 | <p>"He's a jew and he's fucking you..."</p> |
| 340 | <p>She does not argue, not even when your hand drops to stroke the ample rounds of her breasts.</p> |
| 381 | <p>"How long have you been smoking weed?"</p> <p>"Since the eighth grade. I used to get high every day, but not anymore. Now it's just once in a while."</p> <p>..."I had an ounce in my purse."</p> <p>His cheeks puff scarlet. "That's an awful lot for smoking once in a while."</p> <p>"You're right. I've been dealing a little. Not much, just to a select few, and just enough to earn a little extra cash."</p> |
| 383 | <p>"What are you saying? You want a divorce, and that's why you're selling dope?"</p> |
| 397 | <p>"White America is the only America!"</p> |

| Profanity/Derogatory Term | Count |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Ass | 13 |
| Bitch | 19 |
| Dick | 3 |
| Dyke | 1 |
| Fag/Faggot | 1 |
| Fuck | 32 |
| Piss | 21 |
| Prick | 4 |
| Pussy | 1 |
| Shit | 36 |
| Spic | 2 |
| Wetback | 4 |