

PET



Young Adult

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ISBN: 9780525647096

978-0-525-64708-9
0-525-64707-4
0-525-64708-2
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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence including references to child abuse; references to sexual assault; profanity; controversial religious commentary; alternate gender ideologies; controversial commentary on government and society including policing.

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	<p>This mayor is an angel; the last couple of mayors have all been angels. Not like a from-heaven, not quite-real type of angel but a from-behind and-inside-and-in-front-of-the-revolution, therefore-very-real type of angel.</p> <p>It was the angels who took apart the prisons and the police; who held councils prosecuting the former officers who'd shot children and murdered people, sentencing them to restitution and rehabilitation. Many people thought it wasn't enough; but the angels were only human, and it's hard to build a new world without making people angry.</p>
8	<p>No revolution is perfect. In the meantime, the angels banned firearms, not just because of the school shootings but also because of the kids who shot themselves and their families at home; the civilians who thought they could shoot people who didn't look like them, just because they got mad or scared or whatever, and nothing would happen to them because the old law liked them better than the dead. The angels took the laws and changed them, tore down those horrible statues of rich men who'd owned people and fought to keep owning people. The angels believed and the people agreed that there was a good amount of proper and deserved shame in history and some things were just never going to be things to be proud of.</p> <p>Instead, they put up other monuments. Some were statues of the dead, mostly the children whose hashtags had been turned into battle cries during the revolution. Others were giant sculptures with thousands of names carved into them, because too many people had died and if you made statues of everyone, Lucille would be filled with stone figures and there'd be no room for the alive ones. The names were of people who died when the hurricanes hit and the monsters wouldn't evacuate the prisons or send aid, people who died when the monsters sent drones and bombs to their countries (because, as the angels pointed out, you shouldn't use a nation as a basis to choose which deaths you mourn; nations aren't even real), people who died because the monsters took away their health care—names and names of people and people, countless letters recording that they had been.</p>
9	<p>They'd remember the marches and vigils, the shaky footage that was splashed everywhere of their deaths...</p> <p>...It wasn't like the angels wanted to be painted as heroes, but the teachers wanted the kids to want to be angels, you see? Angels could change the world, and Lucille was proof.</p>
10	<p>They briefly mentioned other angels, those who weren't human, but only to say that Lucille's angels had been named after these other ones. When Jam asked for more information, her teachers' eyes slid away. They mentioned religious books, but with reluctance, not wanting to influence the children. Religion had caused so many problems before the revolution, people were hesitant to talk about it now.</p> <p>..."You know that's what a lot of religion was, right? Just made-up things used to scare people so they could control us better."</p>
13	<p>Jam's mother had been born when there were monsters, and Jam's grandmother had come from the islands, a woman entirely too gentle for that time. It had hurt her too much to be alive then, hurt even more to give birth to Jam's mother, whose existence was the result of a monster's monsterring.</p>
18	<p>But Lucille, the mayor and the council and everyone who came together to take away the monsters, those were angels, not these, she signed.</p>
22	<p>She used her hands and body and face for her words but saved her voice for the most important one — screamed out during her first and only temper tantrum, when she was three, when</p>

Page	Content
	<p>someone had complimented her for the thousandth time by calling her "such a handsome little boy" and Jam had flung herself on the floor under her parents' shocked gazes, screaming her first word with explosive sureness.</p> <p>"Girl! Girl! Girl!"</p> <p>..."Ewela iwe, eh? We didn't know." He'd patted her head until she calmed down, and then they took her home and Aloe started researching puberty blockers and the hormones she might need. Protecting his daughter was a life mission he remained dedicated to. When she was ten, Jam got an implant with the blockers, and it was a few years of vitamins and regular bone scans before she swapped it out at thirteen for a hormone implant, a tiny cylinder nestled in her upper arm, administering estrogen to her body. Jam watched her body change with delight, the way her hips widened, how her breasts were growing. She would poke at them, swiveling in the mirror to see them from every angle, running her hands down her new body. Bitter laughed, then taught her how to do breast self-exams and talked to her about fertility options.</p> <p>Jam was fifteen when she told Aloe she wanted surgery, and her father sat and wrapped his arms around her.</p> <p>"You know you're still a girl whether you get surgery or not, right? No one gets to tell you anything different."</p>
23	<p>She wanted it anyway, and Aloe always gave his daughter what she wanted. It wasn't like how it used to be, back when the world was different for girls like her. She didn't have to wait to be considered an adult for her wants around her body to be acted on; her parents understood how important it was for her well-being.</p>
24	<p>"We close them up, you hear? We lock them away."</p> <p>"Aloe, we've talked about this," Bitter interjected. "Rehab centers not the same thing as prisons."</p>
85	<p>The revolution had been slow and ponderous, but it had weight, and that weight built up a momentum, and when that momentum finally broke forth, it was with a great and accumulated force. This force washed out the monsters who worked in public spaces, allegedly for the public, but it carried farther, into the homes and schools. It touched everyone; it made change.</p>
86	<p>There was no twisting away from the repercussions that the angels brought, justice rising like a sun over the hill in a loud morning.</p> <p>There had been so much counseling, so many treatment programs, so much rehabilitation to be done. So many amends to be made, the makings of how different justice could look. It was no small thing to try to restructure a society, to find the pus boiling away under the scabs, to peel back the hardened flesh to let it out.</p>
87	<p>They'd done their best to tear apart entire structures, things that made monsters. "We must kill the structures all the way to their roots," the angels had said, "and only then will Lucille be safe."</p>
88	<p>Look harder for things she maybe wouldn't have thought existed. It would be like having new lenses put into her eyes, shifting the filter through which she took in everything around her, but Jam was ready.</p>
109	<p>"So the obvious monsters would've been like the police and the billionaires," Redemption was saying. "But the angels must have figured out how to find the ones that weren't so obvious."</p>
190	<p>"Tell me how long you've been hurting my brother,"...</p>

Profanity	Count
Fuck	1
Piss	1
Shit	13