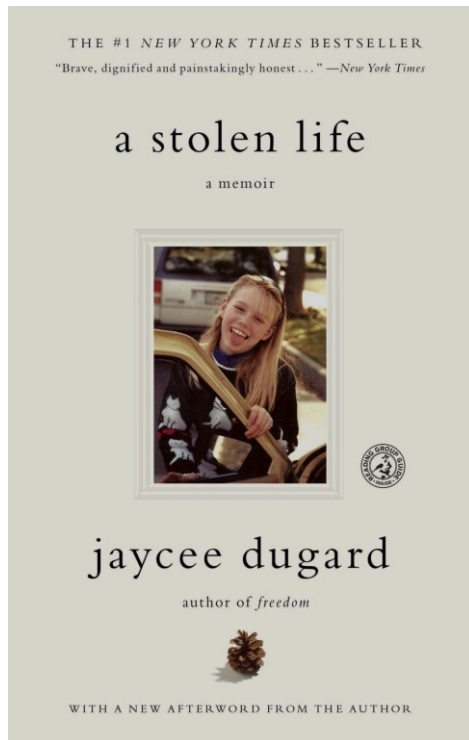


A STOLEN LIFE



Book Summary:

Jaycee Lee Dugard's autobiography surrounding the time of her abduction and torture being held as a sex slave while a young girl.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities involving child molestation, rape, and references to bestiality; sexual nudity; violence; drug abuse; references to animal cruelty; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Adult

By Jaycee Dugard

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5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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26	I had never been subjected to any form of sexual abuse before, hadn't ever heard the words either. My only reference to sex was what I had seen on TV or movies and then acted out when playing Barbies, which would be in the form of Barbie and Ken laying in the bed together side by side. That is what I thought "sex" was.
28	The man shaves my armpits and legs and then he says he's going to shave my vagina hair.
38	He says to take off my towel and lay back on the pallet. He takes off the cuffs and relocks them in front of me instead of behind my back. He then sits down next to me and explains what he is going to do. He stands back up and takes off all his clothes. I do not want him to do that. I start to cry. He takes my handcuffed hands and holds them over my head. I feel so helpless and vulnerable. I feel so alone. He lies on top of me. He is so heavy. I can't stop crying. He said he'd be quick and it would be better if I didn't struggle because then he wouldn't have to get aggressive. I don't understand any of this. He forces my legs open and inserts the hard thing between his legs in me. It feels like I am being stretched apart. I feel like it's going to come out of my belly. I am so small and he is so big. Why is he doing this? Is this normal? I try to scoot away. I try to close my legs. He just takes hold of my legs and shoves them further apart. He is too heavy and strong for me. He keeps my hands above my head. I try to think of anything but what is happening to me. Look anywhere except his face. I can feel the tears on my cheeks. He is making strange noises and grunting and sweating all over me. I can't breathe he is so heavy. All of a sudden he makes a giant grunt and puts even more of his weight on me as he collapses. I cannot do anything. I cannot move. He finally moves and asks if I'm okay. He says it would be easier on me if I didn't resist or struggle so much next time. He says it wouldn't hurt as much. I think to myself, If you didn't do it in the first place then it wouldn't hurt at all. But I am too frightened by his act to say a thing in objection to him. In my mind I am screaming NO I AM NOT OKAY . . . GET OFF OF ME! Why are you doing this? What does it mean? He said it was all over now and he gets up and says he's going to go get something to clean me up. I am bleeding "down there." I am so scared. Am I dying? Why am I bleeding? He says it's okay—he just "popped my cherry."
46	He leaves and says he will be back later. Again, I hope it's not for sex. Sometimes if I think really hard on something that I don't want to happen, it doesn't happen. It's the stuff that I don't think about that happens. So I try to think of everything that he could possibly do so it doesn't happen. This is my theory, but it doesn't always work because he always comes back for the sex. He says I am helping him with his sex problem.
56	He explains to me that a "run" is something he is going to be doing periodically and that I will be staying up with him for a few days depending on how much crank he is going to take. He says that crank is a drug that lets him stay up for longer periods of time. He says he really amazes himself by how much crank he can smoke or snort at one time. He says he can take hit after hit and it doesn't hit him as hard as a regular person. He says he has out-smoked his friends before and he has a high tolerance to all forms of drugs. ...He says the crank allows him to focus on one thing for a long time. He says first he's going to get me dressed the way he wants and then depending on his mood, the rest will consist of me masturbating him, sucking his penis, me in whatever position he desires, and dancing over him while he masturbates. He says for me to start by getting cleaned up with the bucket of water in the corner. He wants me to shave my vagina because he doesn't like hair because it gives him a rash. After that he is going to dress me and then I can put on some makeup.

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	<p>...I don't want to do what he wants. I don't want to take off my clothes.</p> <p>...He sees me hesitating and picks up the stun gun, I go over to the bucket and clean myself a little, when I am done he drags over the bag of clothes and starts to dress me in tight clothes. He makes holes in weird places.</p> <p>...He tells me to lay on the bed in a certain way and then he gets undressed. He has a little bag of white powder. I'm not sure what it is. Maybe that's the crank he talked about. He shakes some out on the desk and uses a razor blade to chop it up a bit, then he puts it into a glass pipe and lights it and inhales from the other side. He asks if I want some and I say no. He says it helps him stay up, he calls it speed or crank. I think it is disgusting. I hate drugs. Is that why he is doing this—because of the drugs? He also rolls what he calls a joint and says its marijuana. He explains to me he has a sex problem and that he took me so I could help him with his problem so he wouldn't have to bother anyone else with his problem. He says it consumes his mind and that by me giving him an outlet I am saving others.</p> <p>...The night seems endless and I am very tired. He has the lights on. All of them. It makes the room so hot. I have to touch his penis and stroke it up and down; he calls this "jacking off." Sometimes he wants me to suck on it, too. I hate it so much; it tastes disgusting. I am afraid the white stuff which he said is called cum will get in my mouth. I think this is really gross. He says the speed helps him to prolong the sex so he won't cum for a while. So I don't have to worry. This goes on and on for a while with him looking at these books he has. They look like photo albums, but they have kids from magazines cut out in different positions with penises taped on from other magazines. He looks at them and talks dirty to them, using words that are bad, some of which I have never heard before. He keeps doing the same thing over and over. When will this nightmare end? He also flips through the channels on the TV. He says he's looking for anything with a little girl with shorts on. I think it is finally morning now. The sun is coming through the windows that are covered with towels. I can see the sun through some of the cracks. He looks at the time and he says it's time to have sex. He tells me to lie down on my back. Part of me is relieved to get it over with. I was dreading it but want to go to sleep. I'm so tired. He gets on top of me and tells me he's going to talk really dirty to me and for me not to be scared. He says he's still the same person. He just needs to release the "monkey on his back." I can't help but cry, but they are silent tears. He fucks me as hard as he can it seems like. He uses that word a lot. My head is being pushed in between the couch and the pullout bed. I feel like I can't breathe. He is calling me a fucking whore and a cunt and other things. I want to be somewhere else, but I am here and I must not panic. It hurts more when I try to struggle, so I try not to get away from him, but it's hard not to want to push away from his sweaty disgusting body. Everything will be okay I tell myself. He will be the nice person soon. The one that likes to make me laugh and brings me good things to eat. I feel his release in me and finally it is over. He asks if I'm okay and I look at him and burst into tears. He takes me in his arms and says it's okay, that he is done, and that I can get cleaned up and go to sleep.</p>
60	<p>He would Sy terrible things like he would teach me how to be the best "sex slave" ever.</p> <p>...He said that these people that he was going to sell me to were planning to put me in a cage. It would be really bad for me. That it would be better for me if I stayed, but he didn't know if that was the thing for him to do.</p>

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61	<p>Like sometimes I wouldn't put in as much effort as I could here and there. I wouldn't jack him off as fast as I could, forgetting (on purpose) to put lipstick on, and fake sleeping whenever he was engrossed in the TV.</p> <p>...I really hated and despised it when he would leave me tied up in a certain position by those eye hooks that screw into the wall. He would screw them into the wall and then lift my legs with straps in different positions. One night he had been working on the position, trying to get it right for hours and realized he needed to go pick up Nancy from the nightshift where she worked a convalescent home. He said he was just going to leave me tied up because it was the perfect position. He was gone for a while. My legs were in such an awkward position, I got leg cramps and the straps hurt my ankles. I was relieved when he got back, I wanted to get it over with so I could be done and go to bed.</p>
62	<p>I hated when he would videotape me and him having sex or me doing some other degrading thing. The camera would always have to be in the right spot and positioned just right. It was horrible. He would always assure me that the videos were just for him and nobody else would ever see them. He used them, he said, to give me a break. Years later when the sex became not as frequent, he said that he had destroyed the tapes and got rid of them.</p> <p>...We called the first room I was taken to when Phillip kidnapped me the "studio" and later when the "runs" (long days of sex) started and he introduced me to the second building in the backyard, we called that "next door."</p>
65	<p>I figure she must be jealous because he is using me for sex instead of her. While Phillip was talking to me about Nancy, he says she doesn't really like sex and that I am helping her out, too. I really hate it and wish I didn't have to. I don't understand why I have to help her.</p>
66	<p>Sometimes when Phillip stays up for days and days and goes on a "run," he talks about bringing Nancy in to "party with us." I do not like the sound of that at all. How could I look at her the same way if I had to have sex with her, too?</p> <p>...Phillip also wants to watch his dog, Cesar, have sex with me. He says a dog's penis is not as long as his and it wouldn't hurt me as bad.</p> <p>...Why would anyone have sex with a dog? How did Phillip get such crazy ideas?</p>
72	<p>Sometimes they go back to the van and smoke weed or she takes a hit of the pipe with crank in it. She says the crank helps her stay thin. She doesn't want to get fat.</p>
73	<p>I was relieved for the release from the sex, but I knew the longer he went without it, the longer the next "run" would be.</p>
75	<p>The last "run" was a couple of weeks ago. Sometimes he comes in for a quick masturbation, but at least he doesn't always stick it in me. He says he saves it now for the "runs." I hate drugs, I wish he wouldn't take them. I think they turn him into another person.</p> <p>...That's how I get through the sex, I just tell myself it will be over and he will come back and be the "nice" person I think he can be. I just have to get past feeling the pain.</p>
78	<p>Phillip didn't want cat hair sticking to the Vaseline that he used for masturbating and to lubricate me.</p> <p>...When Phillip would come in for sex, I would have to leave my little sanctuary. Phillip was a lot longer than the tent, so it didn't work for him to come in and make me have sex. He would lay a blanket on the floor "next door" and make me lay there and said he would be</p>

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	quick if I didn't struggle. I remember laying there with unshed tears in my eyes and looking at my little tent and longing to crawl back in.
112	Phillip hasn't made me have sex with him since the baby came and no "runs" either. When I was pregnant he didn't make me have sex, but one time I had to take off my shirt and masturbate him.
119	I am pregnant again. I was so afraid it would happen again. He's only been on a few "runs" these last few years.
120	The last time he made me have sex with him, he didn't pull out in time and the semen went in. He said this time would be the last time ever.
122	She says Phillip and she will drive to school playgrounds and parks and videotape little girls. Sometimes she has to entertain little girls and get them to do the splits and sit with their legs apart so he can videotape it secretly. She says the camera is hidden, and one time he cut a piece out of her purse and put the camera in there. So weird and disgusting, I think. He said he was working on his sex problem. It doesn't seem to me that he is. I know he still smokes crank and weed with Nancy and he uses the videos to masturbate with.
140	When he took Katie Callaway, kidnapped and raped her, he used the same excuses he did on me. He had a sex problem he needed help with.
227	And she said she had caught him once torturing an animal, and I said was it one of my cats, and she nodded her head a few times in the affirmative and then said, "No, no it was a mouse I caught him torturing," and I said, "A mouse?" ...Yes, she didn't want me to go through all that, but to turn a blind eye to what she knew he was doing to an eleven-year-old girl. How could she entertain little girls in the van and videotape them doing the splits and other things, all for her husband?
242	He said they gave him terrible dreams of men raping him in prison and him driving off cliffs.

Profanity	Count
Cunt	1
Fuck	3