

CRANK



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; profanity; and drug abuse.

Young Adult

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3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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67	Been smokin' pot since I was 13, couldn't quit if I tried. ...The white stuff was a different story. He'd stay up all night, eating zip, bowling and snorting line after line. Rent money, right up the nose.
68	We used to do coke, till "Just Say No" put the stuff out of reach. Now it's crank. Meth. The Monster. It's a bitch on the body but damn do you fly.
69	You fly until you crash
85	So when he asked about getting high, I didn't think, I agreed. We smoked some good California green. Took three tries to put me in the place he said I should be. ...I wanted to meet the monster. Why go down if you can go up? Sleepy. Not "high" at all, but real low. And real slow.
86	Some good green bud around. You're gonna love it. You'll see ...Like magic, a mirror and razor blade appeared.
87	I watched him pour powder, yellowish-white. It will take you to heaven. Used the blade to chop the chunks fine, draw two crooked lines. Make you want to fly all night. He held the mirror to my face, handed me a saw toothed straw. Make you want to make love to me.
88	You start to climb crank-crank-crank
89	...that's exactly how it feels when you shake hands with the monster.
92	...he says, Tell me how you feel. So you can't stand it one more second, and you, your eyes, daring him to kiss you. So he does, and it's electric, high voltage, stun-gun strength desire jolting sinew and bone. And he asks, How 'bout another line?
94	If a Little's Good more must be great right?
95	...everything off, nothing left to chance, all the wway in?
96	Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you. Sweetest coercion. Let me eat you up. Skin to skin, belly to shoulder. Sweet as puddin'. It was body rush after body rush, intensity building. Touch me there. Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition. See how much I need you? Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door. No! Don't stop now! ...I've got to have all of you.

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	It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.
99	We were busted. I was busted. And I didn't give a damn
101	Wha' the fuck you up to, Buddy? ...You two been messing' around? ...Okay then. Fix me a line.
102	Like an idiot I took one too. ...there I was, snorting crank with my dad, boyfriend, and his other girlfriend.
104	Whoa, baby. Keep it in your pants, at least. Till I take it out of them.
113	Yo, I think this bitch has been crankin'. That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked Ever done a three-fer?
114	Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground. No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.
129	Somewhere between the transvestite who slapped (her?) mother's boyfriend and the perky blond (transvestite?) evening weathergirl.
138	The monster rose up hard then, hard in her She looked like an animal, crazy mad, diseased Spit in every word, she swore she'd get back at you, at me. ...Crankin', they said, and she was. Oh, yes, she was.
161	He pulled a bindle from his pocket, tapped the sparkly powder inside. Cooked up fresh yesterday. ...That's my girl. Let's forget the bullshit and fly.
163	Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice Unhurried hands lifted my shirt Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch I was ready to do it oh, so ready. Right that very instant.
264	You really wanna piss her off, try a piercing. Want to see mine? I couldn't find studs in his ears, lips, or tongue, which pretty much left one place. "Didn't it hurt?" Like a mother. But it feels awesome now. He guided my hand south of his zipper. ...Bree was Bree, to Chase's great pleasure. ...So want to take a little ride? Got my truck outside.
265	I've got a little toot, if you're so inclined.
266	I mean I'd thought about the monster dreamed about the monster lusted for the monster

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	regretted knowing the monster but I hadn't touched the monster...in over a month. Hadn't even seen it. ...No mirrors, no blades, Chase reached deep inside a pocket, withdrew an amber bottle and a tiny spoon attached to the lid. He set it on his knee.
268	It was the monster desire that made me tremble. Chase noticed.
269	One spoon. I was cool. Two, I was too cool. Three, sub-Arctic. Four, my mouth hit monster mode. Chase could barely keep up.
274	Talk about your strange bedfellows. I was in line for that menage a trois.
278	Two guys in one day? Almost too much to consider, although Bree found the prospect quite intriguing.
305	...pot made you buddy up with Satan... ...Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back.
308	Pot smoke hung, a skunky green curtain, but I didn't want to fall low so I indulged in another big snort before inhaling a couple of tiny tokes mostly to satisfy the incredible urge to pollute my lungs. I topped that off with Marlboro, landing on just about the perfect plane, just about the place I wanted to be. Not too speedy, not even close to straight falling into the yo-yo rhythm of crank, pot, beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and emotion, up and down
310	As he pulled me onto his lap, I wondered if I should confess my double identity. Instead, I let him kiss me. Hard. Hot. Oh, man. I'm hot. He shed his shirt and the moon revealed perfect, tanned muscles. He started to unbutton mine, silencing my protest. Shhh. Don't say no. "I can't. I mean, I never...." Crank-enhanced goosebumps lifted as he moved his hands gently across my skin. "Stop." You know you want to. "I do, Brendan, I really do. But I can't. It's the wrong time of the month." I'd decked him. He slapped back. Then, why did you call? I let Bree answer. "Not to get laid, incredible as you are. Is that all you think I'm about? What if I told you I'm a virgin?" I'd call you a liar.
312	Brendan softened immediately, offered to forgive me if only I promised to let him be the first. ...I said okay, then proceeded to thank him as only Bree- and the monster- could.
315	High For two days, too much crank, no sleep, liquid diet.
337	Called Brendan for a date and asked him to make a buy. "Can you get me an eighth ball? Figured an eighth of an ounce would last awhile. It cost me \$250, which I was saving to buy my first car.
339	...the voice of my virginity nagged, the lure of the monster was stronger. Besides, I could always say "no."

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	<p>Couldn't I? ...As we drove up the mountains, his hand crept up my leg. I let it do exactly that as I watched for a safe spot to pull over. We drove back off the highway, and into a grove of fresh-scented evergreens.</p>
340	<p>He pulled out a bindle, which looked a bit short, and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty minutes, we snorted and drank, climbing to a very tall buzz.</p>
341	<p>It started with a kiss crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecrackered in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button. Oh, baby. I want you so bad! "B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed, but it wasn't alright. Not for long. My shirt tore open. "Wait." I've waited for weeks. Put up and shut up. Kissed segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body. "Brendan, please stop." No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream." Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes. Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff. You weren't lying, you bitch! I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish. Give me a line, I'll give you an encore. He pulled away sticky and bloody. Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move, didn't dare look him in the eye. What the hell is the matter, Bree? I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shutting out the moon.</p>
344	<p>It was Bree who got me to my feet helped me to the car put me on the seat kept me semiupright on the long ride home Bree, who staunched the blood straightened up my clothes unsmeared my makeup brushed my hair smooth</p>

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	<p>willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge.</p>
352	<p>I've got two boyfriends. One is too busy trying to keep me out of trouble. The other just raped in I think it was rape, anyway. Can you define the word for me? Oops I'm sounding bitter. Better close now. I need to cry. (Maybe you didn't want to hear that.)</p>
378	<p>Don't tell me your still snorting. Have you ever tried smoking it? She was the first to even suggest it. Robyn the Reno High cheerleader proceeded to show me a whole new way to get down with the monster.</p>
379	<p>Robyn produced a V of crusty foil, tapped in the crumbs of powder. This little bit will right to your brain and won't clog your sinuses.</p>
401	<p>Can't rape the willing. "That's what I've heard." I turned to his side. "How about you? Are you willing?"</p>
402	<p>I started crankin' to keep up with schoolwork around gymnastics, cheerleading, student body council, and other extracurricular crap.</p>
402	<p>When I told him to stop, he said, "It's a long way back even if you don't get lost. Anyway we both know what kind of a girl you are." That stung, but not much.</p>
403	<p>All I could do was more crank so maybe I could halfway enjoy it. I was dirty. ...after he started, he got mean. He did things to me- terrible things, I've still got the scars- things no sane person would ever do. Of course he wasn't exactly sane. Afterward, neither was I.</p>
404	<p>...coaxing myself mostly awake with a whiff of white.</p>
412	<p>How to get high and stay that way? (Coming down was a bitch and a half.) Finding crank wasn't difficult. Most of my new crowd knew someone who dealt (or knew someone who knew someone who did).</p>
437	<p>I Don't know whose blade it was, whose idea it was. I don't remember saying yes. I know I didn't say no. The knife was sharp. One nick at my wrist. It didn't even hurt. It didn't seem wrong. Rust in my mouth. Rich red salt. I drank it down, asked for more. Offered my own to those who would partake. Fever. Fire. I was on fire.</p>

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439	"Make love to me. Please? I don't care who sees." He might have. But just then his watch beeped "two." No way. Come on, let's go!
485	Finally, I went to the pay phone and made two calls. One to Planned Parenthood. The other to Chase.
490	I Already knew my options I listened patiently as the saccharine Ms. Sweetwater outlined them again. She did confirm that should I choose abortion, my parents would not have to know. All I needed was \$500 and someone to drive me home.
502	The bitch queen? What would I tell her now? That I was pregnant? That I was pregnant because I was raped? That I was raped because I would have done anything for just one more taste of the monster?
503	Where would I find such nerve without crank to put in my mouth?

Profanity	Count
Bitch	8
Fuck	4
Piss	5
Shit	3