



Crank

Ellen Hopkins.

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# CRANK- Hopkins



Hopkins, Ellen.

Crank

Call Number: FIC HOP

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Book

## OVERVIEW

Kristina Georgia Snow's life is turned upside-down, when she visits her absentee father, gets turned on to the drug "crank", becomes addicted, and is led down a desperate path that threatens her mind, soul, and her life.

Crank-revved, pistons firing full bore,  
passion firecracked 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 a joke. Not for long.  
My shirt tore open. "Wait."

*I've waited for weeks.*

*Put up and shut up.*

Kisses 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 over 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.

Some concerns: child rape, some  
glorification of drug use (meth), very  
emotional, hard read. Not for children.

Tried to sound tough,  
asked if they could  
spare a smoke.

*Sure, baby.*

*Anything you want.*

Took a cigarette, bummed  
a light, and with a soft "thanks"  
tried to amble away.

*Hey. Where ya going?*

*You ain't in a hurry, are ya?*

They weren't big, not football  
players, but I was outnumbered  
and felt it.

*Yeah, what kind of  
thanks is that?*

The circle tightened,  
moving me back, away  
from the safety of the street.

*Damn, you are  
a fine little piece.*

Think. Think! But my brain  
moved too fast to process well.  
My eyes gave it away.

*Yo. I think this bitch  
been crankin'.*

That was license enough. Bodies  
bumped, pushed me into  
a doorway, blocked escape.

*Ever done a three-fer?*

*You gonna love it, baby.*

CRANK can't...

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, shrouding the moon.

"My name is Kristina."

who got me on 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 the makeup  
brushed my hair smooth  
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.

Brendan didn't say a word  
most of the way home. He  
drove slowly, just under the  
limit. I watched him, out  
of the corner of my eye.

He didn't look so perfect  
anymore. His nose had a  
bump and his eyebrows  
almost joined. And, of course,  
I knew what he was made of.

Finally, he found a few words—  
his thank you for the gift he had  
stolen, the one I should have given  
and never could again. I will  
remember them forever:

*If I'd have known  
you'd just lay there,  
I wouldn't have bothered.*