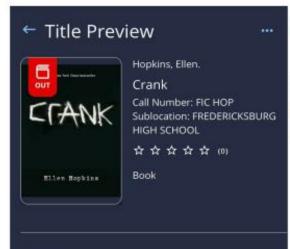
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Crank				
Ellen Hopkins.				
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OVERVIEW

Kristina Georgia Snow's life is turned upsidedown, 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 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 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.

CRANK- Hopkins

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 con'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.