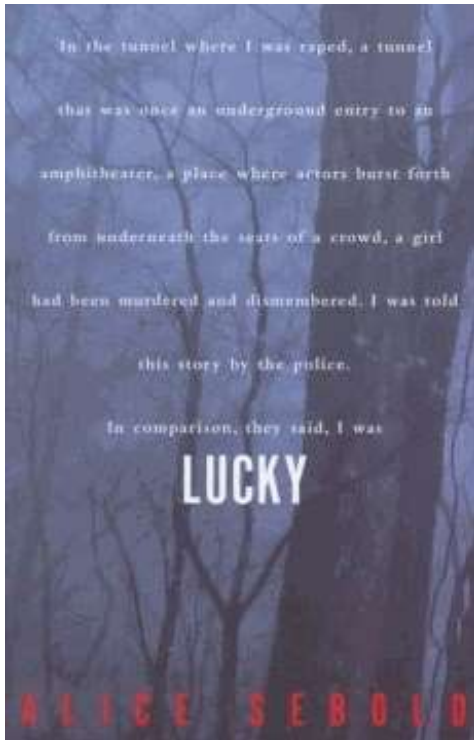


LUCKY



Adult

By Alice Sebold

ISBN:0-316-09619-9

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene excerpts involving sexual assault/battery; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and drug use.



5
/5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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5	My lips were cut. I bit down on them when he grabbed me from behind and covered my mouth. He said these words: "I'll kill you if you scream." I remained motionless. "Do you understand? If you scream you're dead." I nodded my head. My arms were pinned to my sides by his right arm wrapped around me and my mouth was covered with his left. He released his hand from my mouth. I screamed. Quickly. Abruptly. The struggle began. He covered my mouth again. He kneed me in the back of my legs so that I would fall down. "You don't get it, bitch. I'll kill you. I've got a knife. I'll kill you." He released his grip on my mouth again and I fell, screaming, on the brick path. He straddled me and kicked me in the side. I made sounds, they were nothing, they were soft footfalls. They urged him on, they made him righteous. I scrambled on the path. I was wearing soft-soled moccasins with which I tried to land kicks. Everything missed or merely grazed him... Somehow, I don't remember how, I made it back to my feet. I remember biting him, pushing him, I don't know what. Then I began to run. Like a giant who is all powerful, he reached out and grabbed the end of my long brown hair. He yanked it hard and brought me down onto my knees in front of him. That was my first missed escape, the hair, the woman's long hair. "You asked for it now," he said, and I began to beg. He reached around to his back pocket to draw out a knife. I struggled still, my hair coming out painfully from my skull as I did my best to rip myself free of his grip. I lunged forward and grabbed his left leg with both arms, throwing him off balance and making him stagger. I would not know it until the police found it later in the grass, a few feet away from my broken glasses, but with that move, the knife fell from his hands and was lost. Then it was fists. Maybe he was angry at the loss of his weapon or at my disobedience. Whatever the reason, this marked the end of the preliminaries. I was on the ground on my stomach. He sat on my back. He pounded my skull into the brick. He cursed me. He turned me around and sat on my chest. I was babbling. I was begging. Here is where he wrapped his hands around my neck and began to squeeze. For a second, I lost consciousness. When I came to, I knew I was staring up into the eyes of the man who would kill me. ...He stood up and began dragging me over the grass by my hair. I twisted and half crawled, trying to keep up with him. Dimly, I had seen the dark entrance of the amphitheater tunnel from the path. ...As he dragged me, as I scrambled against the grass, I caught sight of that fence and became utterly convinced that if he brought me beyond this point, I would not survive. For a moment, as he dragged me across the ground, I clung feebly to the bottom of that iron fence, before a rough pull yanked me clean. ..."Stand up," he said. I did. I was shivering uncontrollably. It was cold out and the cold combined with the

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	fear, with the exhaustion, made me shake from head to toe. He dumped my purse and bag of books in the corner of the sealed-off tunnel. "Take off your clothes." "I have eight dollars in my back pocket," I said. "My mother has credit cards. My sister does too." "I don't want your money," he said, and laughed. I looked at him. Into his eyes now, as if he was a human being, as if I could speak to him. "Please don't rape me," I said. "Take off your clothes." "I'm a virgin," I said. He didn't believe me. Repeated his command. "Take off your clothes." My hands were shaking and I couldn't control them. He pulled me forward by my belt until my body was up against his, which was up against the tunnel's back wall. "Kiss me," he said. And he drew my head forward and our lips met. My lips were pursed tightly together. He tugged harder on my belt, my body pressing further against his. He grabbed my hair in his fist and balled it up. He drew my head back and looked at me. I began to cry, to plead. "Please don't," I said. "Please." "Shut up." He kissed me again and this time, he inserted his tongue in my mouth. By pleading, I had left myself open to this. Again he pulled my head back roughly. "Kiss back," he said. And I did. When he was satisfied, he stopped and tried to work the latch on my belt. It was a belt with a strange buckle and couldn't figure it out. To have him let go of me, for him to leave me alone, I said, "Let me. I'll do it." He watched me. When I was done, he unzipped the jeans he wore. "Now take off your shirt." I had a cardigan sweater on. I took that off. He reached over to help unbutton my shirt. He fumbled. "I'll do it," I said again. I unbuttoned the oxford-cloth shirt and, like the cardigan, I peeled it back from my body. It was like shedding feathers. Or wings. "Now the bra." I did. He reached out and grabbed them- my breasts- in his two hands. He plied them and squeezed them, manipulating them right down to my ribs. Twisting. I hope that to say this hurt isn't necessary here. "Please don't do this, please," I said. "Nice white titties," he said. And the words made me give them up, lobbing off each part of my body as he claimed ownership- the mouth, the tongue, my breasts. "I'm cold," I said. "Lay down."

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	"On the ground?" I asked, stupidly, hopelessly. ...I sat first, kind of stumbled into a seated position. He to the end of my pants and tugged. As I tried to hide my nakedness- at least I had my underpants on- he looked down at my body. "you're the worst bitch I ever done this to," he said. ..."I'm a foster child," I said. "I don't even know who my parents are. Please don't do this. I'm a virgin," I said. "Lie down." I did. Shaking, I crawled over and lay face up against the cold ground. He pulled my underpants off me roughly and budled them into his hand. He threw them away from me and into a corner where I lost sight of them. I watched him as he unzipped his pants and let them fall around his ankles. He lay down on top of me and started humping. ...He worked away on me, reaching down to work with his penis. I stared right into his eyes. I was too afraid not to. He called me bitch. He told me I was dry. "I'm sorry," I said- I never stopped apologizing. "I'm a virgin," I said. "Stop looking at me," he said. "Shut your eyes. Stop shaking." "I can't." "Stop it or you'll be sorry." I did. My focus became acute. I stared harder than ever at him. He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now. It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it, I went into my brain. "Stop staring at me," he said. "I'm sorry," I said. "You're strong," I tried. He liked this. He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind. He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said. "Spread them." I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold. "Keep them there, " he said. He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue. Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek. I was leaving now, but then I heard sounds. Out on the path. People, a group of laughing boys and girls, passing by. ...I looked at him; he did not hear them. This was it. I made an abrupt scream and, as soon as I did, he shoved his hand in my mouth. Simultaneously I heard the laughter again. This time it was directed toward the tunnel, toward us. Yells and taunts. Good-time noises. We lay there, his hand locked my mouth and pressing down hard into my throat, until the group of well-wishers left. ...He ordered me to stand up. Told me I could put on my panties. I thought it was over. I was trembling but I thought he'd had enough. Blood was

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	everywhere and so I thought he'd down what he'd come for. "Give me a blow job," he said. He was standing now. I was on the ground, trying to search among the filth for my clothes. He kicked me and I curled into a ball. "I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand. "I don't know how," I said. "What do you mean you don't know how?" "I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin." "Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said. "Like a straw?" I said. "Yeah, like a straw." I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard. "Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?" "No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before." "Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin. "Get back on the ground," he said, "and do what I say." And I did. When he told me to close my eyes I told him I had lost my glasses, couldn't even really see him. "Talk to me," he said. "I believe you, you're a virgin. I'm your first." As he worked against me, trying for more and more friction, I told him he was strong, that he was powerful, that he was a good man. He got hard enough and plunged himself inside me. He ordered me to and I wrapped my legs around his back and he drove me into the ground. It looked and watched and cataloged the details of it all. His face, his purpose, how best I could help him. I heard more party-goers on the path, but I was far away now. He made noises and rammed it in. Rammed it and rammed it and those on the path, those so far away, living the world where I had lived, could not be reached by me now. "Nail her, all right!" someone yelled toward the tunnel. They passed. I was staring straight into his eyes. With him. "You're so strong, you're such a man, thank you, thank you, I wanted this." And then it was over. He came and slumped into me. I lay under him. My heart beating wildly... ...Then I heard his breathing. Light and regular. He was snoring. I thought: Escape. I shifted under him and he woke. He looked at me, did not know who I was. Then his remorse began.
12	He watched me. As I inched my pants up, his tone switched. "You're going to have a baby, bitch," he said. "What are you going to do about it?"

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13	"Please don't tell anyone," I said. "I'll have an abortion. Please don't tell anyone..." "Come here," he said. "Kiss me good-bye." It was a date him. For me it was happening all over again. I kissed him.
13	"Can I take my purse?" I asked. I was afraid to move without his permission. "My books?" He went back to business now. "You said you had eight dollars?" He took it from my jeans. It was wrapped around my license. It was a photo ID. New York State didn't have them yet but Pennsylvania did. "What is this?" he asked. "Is this one of them meal cards I can use at McDonalds?" "No," I said. I was petrified of him having my identification.
18	They took pubic clippings and pubic combings and samples of blood and semen and vaginal discharge. ..."Alice," Dr. Husa said, "we are going to let you urinate now but then I will have to take stitches inside."
20	I would begin to make out the individual pressure points of his fingertips on my throat- a butterfly of the rapist's two thumbs interlocking in the center and his fingers fluttering out and around my neck. "I'm gonna kill you, bitch. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up." Each repetition punctuated by the smash of my skull against brick, each repetition cutting off, tighter and tighter, the airflow to my brain.
21	She reached through the water and got the large square brick of soap. She drew it down my back, nothing but the bar of soap touching me. I felt the rapist's words, "worst bitch,"...
27	I had not eaten anything since the night before- since the raisins at Ken Child's house- and I could not look at the bagels or doughnuts without feeling what- the rapist's penis- had last been in my mouth.
31	When I said I did not know a man had to be erect in order to enter me, Lorenz looked over me.
31	At approx 12:05 AM while walking on the path past the bathhouse and near the amphitheater I heard someone walking behind me. I started to walk faster and was suddenly overtaken from behind and grabbed around the mouth. This man said "be quiet I'm not going to hurt you, if you do what I say." He loosened up his grip on my mouth and I screamed. He then threw me on the ground and yanks my hair and said "don't ask any questions, I could kill you right now." We were both on the ground and he threatened me with a knife I never saw. He then began to struggle with me and told me to walk over to the area of the amphitheater. While walking I fell down and he became angry, grabbed my hair and pulled me into the amphitheater. He proceeded to undress me until I was left with my bra and panties. I took off my bra and panties, he told me to lie down which I did. He took off his pants and proceeded to have intercourse with me. After he was done he got up and asked me to give him a "blow job." I said that I didn't know what it meant and he said "just suck on it." He then took my head and forced my mouth on his penis. After he was done he told me to lie down on the ground and again had intercourse with me. He fell asleep on me for a short time. He got up and

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	helped me dress and took \$9.00 from my back pocket. I was then allowed to leave and went back to Marion Dorm where I notified the University police.
31	"And what about what he did to my breasts and his fist?" I asked. "We fought more than that." ..."All that doesn't matter," he said. "We just need the gist of it..."
55	A girl had been gang-raped at a fraternity that year. ...In the elevator of my sister's dormitory was a crude ballpoint drawing of her with her legs spread open. A group of male figures were waiting in line beside her. The caption read, "Marcie pull a train."
60	(At first, I had difficulty with solid food. Initially my mouth was sore from the sodomy and, after this, having food in my mouth reminded me too much of the rapist's penis as it lay against my tongue.)
76	I told her about the rapist's hands, how he grabbed me with both arms, about the fighting on the bricks. When I got into the tunnel, started taking off my clothes, when he touched me, she had to stop.
79	I did not stop to investigate how I felt about having the rapist's tongue in my mouth, about having to kiss back.
80	...seeing it played out onstage, with Aldonza chased by a group of men, fondled and abused, her breasts grabbed like lobes of meat. ...I was not a whore...
99	If they found you, I could take those solid red balls and slice them separately off, as everyone watched. I have already planned what I would do for a pleasurable kill, a slow, soft, ending. First, I would kick hard and straight with a boot, into you, stare while you shot quick and loose, contents a blood pink hue. Next, I would slice out your tongue, You couldn't curse, or scream. Only a face of pain would speak for you, your thick ignorance through. Thirdly, Should I hack away those sweet cow eyes with the glass blades you made me lie down on? Or should I shoot, with a gun, close into the knee; where they say the cap shatters immediately? I picture you now, your fingers rubbing sleep from those live blind eyes, while I rise restlessly. I need the blood of your hide on my hands. I want to kill you with goots and guns and glass. I want to fuck you with knives. Come to me, Come to me, Come die and lie, beside me.
100	"You don't want to shoot him in the knees and that other stuff with the knives. You can't feel that way." "Yes, I do," I said. "I want to kill him."
119	"First he brought me up to his face with his hands around my neck and kissed me a couple of times and then said to take my clothes off. He tried to take my clothes off first. He couldn't get my belt undone. He told me to do it and I did." ..."You were bleeding?" "Yes." "From falling down?" "From falling down and him hitting me and smashing my face." "Prior to the act of sexual intercourse you described, he struck you?"

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	"Umm-hmm." "Where did he strike you?" "In the face. I couldn't breathe for a while. He kept his hands around my neck, he scratched my face. Also, he just generally pounced me around when I was on the ground and he was sitting on me to keep me from going anywhere." "All right, " Ryan said, "and after this you mentioned he was having some difficulty having an erection for some period of time, is that right?" ..."He was able to have an erection. I didn't really know if he had or not- I'm not familiar with that. But, then, before he came into me and had intercourse, he stopped once and made me get on my knees and he was standing up and he told me to give him a blow job." ..."After he did come in me, he got me up off the ground and started dressing and found some of my clothes and gave them to me and I put those on, and he said, "You're going to have a baby, bitch- what are you going to do about it?"
157	Somehow I lay under him as he fucked me. He fucked me hard. It was what I later heard girls call "athletic sex." I held on. When he came, he came loudly and snorted and bellowed. ...In the early morning he wanted to have sex again. But first, after kissing me, he pushed me down near his penis. Once there, I didn't know what to do. "Haven't you ever done this before?" he asked, I tried but gagged. "Come up here," he said, releasing me. We kissed some more and, concerned with a look he saw in my eye, he grabbed me by my hair and pulled my head away from his. "Look," he said. "Don't do that. Don't fall in love with me."
171	No father wanted to hear the story of how a stranger shoved his whole hand up his daughter's vagina.
174	"...Then he made me lie down on the ground and he took his pants off and left his sweatshirt on, and he started fondling my breasts and kissing them and doing things like that, and he was very interested in the fact that I was a virgin. He kept asking me about it. So he used his hands in my vagina..."
185	"He put his arms around both my arms, down at my side, and the other around my mouth, and so I couldn't really fight, and I agreed not to scream, and when he let go of my mouth, and I screamed, that is when we started fighting."
218	She had come out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, gone to her bedroom, and played the door game, thinking it was Pat. Then the rapist had shoved her onto the bed on her stomach. She saw the clock. In the darkness, she saw him only for a few seconds. He blindfolded her with the tie from my robe, and then, turning her around on the bed, made her hold her hands in front of her chest in the prayer position while he tied her wrists with bungee cords and a cat leash we kept in the front closet. This meant he had gone through the house while she was in the shower. He knew no one else was home. He made her get to her feet and walk back to my bedroom, where he made her lie down on my bed. That was where he raped her.
233	I bought pot off a guy behind the 7-Eleven, and I drank with another student who also dropped out- a tall man from Wyoming- and sometimes, while the decathlete

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	held me, or the man from Wyoming sat back and watched, I cried in hysterical trills that no one understood, least of all me.
235	I loved heroin. Drinking had drawbacks- namely, the volume needed to reach oblivion- and I didn't like the taste or the history- my mother had done that. Cocaine made me sick. I went into paralytic cramps once on the floor of a club called the Pyramid. Rastas and white girls danced around my curled-up body. I did it a few more times just to double-check. Ecstasy and mushrooms and acid trips? Who wanted to enhance mood? My goal was to destroy it.
241	My only goal was safety for now, and inside the building upstairs was safer than down here, buried in the dust with the rats, the ghost of a murdered crackhead, and a door against which a girl had just been fucked.

Alternate ISBN
0-316-09619-9

Profanity	Count
Bitch	6
Fuck	7
Shit	3