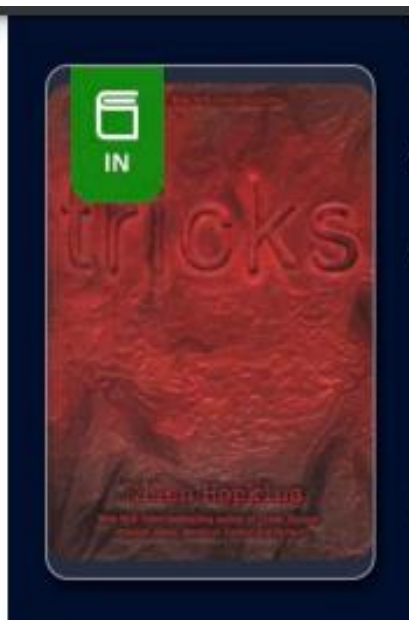


“Tricks”

<div><div></div><div>Tricks</div><div>Ellen Hopkins.</div></div>					<a href="#">Full Detail</a>
Copies at Kingwood High School					
Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation	
F HOP YA	T 62936	Available		Young Adult	
F HOP YA	T 62991	Available		Young Adult	
F HOP YA	T 62993	Available		Young Adult	
F HOP YA	T 63838	Available		Young Adult	



## TRICKS-Hopkins

### Some Concerns: 3 way sex, child sex, RAPE, child prostitution

*Might as well make it very good.*

He's on me, yanking my hair,  
pushing me to my knees. He flips

me over. *You're even prettier  
from behind, know that?* I hear  
his zipper lower. It is the loudest

sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it  
sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in  
my throat. Useless to plead. Useless

to fight. He yanks down my shorts  
in a single swift motion. He is on  
me. In me. Humiliating me in every

possible way, right here on  
the kitchen floor. As promised,  
he is rough. Biting. Pounding.

Shredding. Ripping. "Please?"

The word bounces off him, ping-pong;  
weakly in my ears. Trying

to fight him only fuels him.

For a fleeting second, I think  
maybe someone will come

through the door to save me.

And then, despite everything  
that's happening to me, I laugh

out loud. Save me? What did  
he say? *I already paid for  
a good time with you.* I've been

sold. And just who would  
sell me? The answer is all  
too obvious: Iris. My mother.

And as he finishes, all sticky  
and stinking and revolting,

Three-way sex. How would . . . ?

Oh. No way will I let one  
of them take me like that.

Like Loren, Carl has always  
played the feminine role.

But unlike with Loren (who  
insisted on using condoms),  
with Carl (who refused to),  
I set limits—"Carl, you know  
the rule." My rule: hands or

mouths only. He stops  
kissing Brett, but neither  
man quits moving, writhing  
like mating hooded serpents.

*We're playing by my rules,*

*remember? But don't worry.*

*I only expect you to give.*  
*For now. From somewhere,*  
*he extracts a condom, hands*  
*it to me, keys to the kingdom.*

*Don't rush, he orders,*  
*and don't you dare*  
*close your eyes. I want*  
*to see how much you like*  
*it. He moves in front of me,*

*On a strange metal taste—a metal  
taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear  
and . . . excitement. For some fucked-up  
reason, I'm excited. I can't want  
this! Adrenaline firecrackers through  
my body. Blood pulses in my temples.*

*You make Dan happy now, hear?  
Pain! Oh my God! Nothing  
has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg  
him to stop. But he doesn't stop.  
Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't.  
Through the rhythmic pain, apple.*

*Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh!*  
*Nothing has ever felt so good.*  
*Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't.*  
*No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.*  
*I'm only here for Mom. Cory. I won't!*  
*But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.*

*the thin latex protection. You ever  
seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake  
my head as I roll the condom down  
over it. No, of course you haven't.*  
*Let's see just how good you are.*

*I close my eyes, fight not to gag at  
the taste of lubricant, not to choke  
on his thrusts against my throat.*  
*I think about Cory, locked up  
in juvie until a judge decides  
he's been "rehabilitated."*

*Dan decides he's done with Europe.*  
*He pulls me to my feet, moves behind  
me, drapes my back with his chest.*  
*His muscles are thick cables, but his skin*  
*is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out.*  
*The little boy likes that. He reaches down*

*between my thighs. Look how hard he is.*  
*No! How could something so messed  
up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't . . .*  
*His lips brush the back of my neck*  
*and, still folding me into him, he moves*  
*me toward the bed, urges me facedown.*

*The sheets smell of bleach. I picture  
Mom, waiting tables at Denny's. Jack's  
life insurance put off the foreclosure.*  
*But not forever. And those fucking  
bills just keep piling up. Her meager  
tips won't pay them. Something has to.*

*Down go my boxers. Oh my. What*



## Tricks

Ellen Hopkins.

Call #: F HOP YA

Local copies available: 4 of 4.  
There are no off-site copies of this title. [See all...](#)

Sublocation: Young Adult

Collects five stories about three girls and two boys who question how they feel about themselves while learning about love and sexuality.



Selected List: My List ☒ In This List

Five teenagers from all over the U.S.-three girls, two boys, some straight, some gay-end up as prostitutes in Las Vegas in this multiple-voiced novel in verse. Among the different stories are a preacher's daughter breaking free from abuse, a closeted gay young man who hides his love life from his widowed and homophobic father, and the lesbian daughter of a prostitute. Hopkins has never shied away from tough subjects; descriptions of sex, while not overly graphic, are realistic and will likely provoke controversy. A master of storytelling through free verse, she uses multiple poetic devices to construct well-defined, distinctive voices for the five teens. Like E. R. Frank's *Life Is Funny* (2000), the multiple protagonists are easy to identify and their stories compelling, especially when they begin to intersect. Teens will queue up for this one-some, admittedly, for the sensational subject matter-and find Hopkins' trademark empathy for teens in rough situations. Copyright 2009 Booklist Reviews.



[Top](#)

Hopkins sharply portrays extreme adolescent turbulence with her biggest cast yet, as five disparate, desperate teens are sucked into the Las Vegas world of selling sex. Indiana farm boy Seth is kicked off his family's farm for being gay; optionless, he follows a controlling sugar daddy to Vegas. In Boise, Eden's first romantic relationship spurs her "hellfire-and-brimstone-preaching" Pentecostal parents to declare, "You are obviously possessed by demons," and send her to Tears of Zion reform camp, where unwilling sex is her only hope for escape. In California, Whitney craves male attention, while Ginger realizes that the rapes she's endured throughout childhood were orchestrated by her mother for cash. Cody's in Vegas, already drugging and gambling but crushed when his stepfather dies. All five are "spinning. Spiraling. Clinging to / the eye of the tornado." Hopkins's pithy free verse reveals shards of emotion and quick glimpses of physical detail. It doesn't matter that the first-person voices blur, because the stories are distinct and unmistakable. Graphic sex, rape, drugs, bitter loneliness, despair-and eventually, blessedly, glimmers of hope. (Fiction. YA) Copyright Kirkus 2009 Kirkus/BPI Communications. All rights reserved.