

Concerns:

The book gives an exciting portrayal of meth use (crank), marijuana use, tobacco smoking, and underage alcohol use which gives a positive, electrifying spin on illegal drug use. There are also sexually explicit excerpts including a rape and attempted rape. Additionally, there is a teen pregnancy and commentary on the physical ease of and access to abortion without parental knowledge.

The New York Times bestseller

CRANK

Ellen Hopkins

CRANK

BY ELLEN HOPKINS

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It started with a kiss 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 alright. 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 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.

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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. It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.

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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? 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 screameed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.