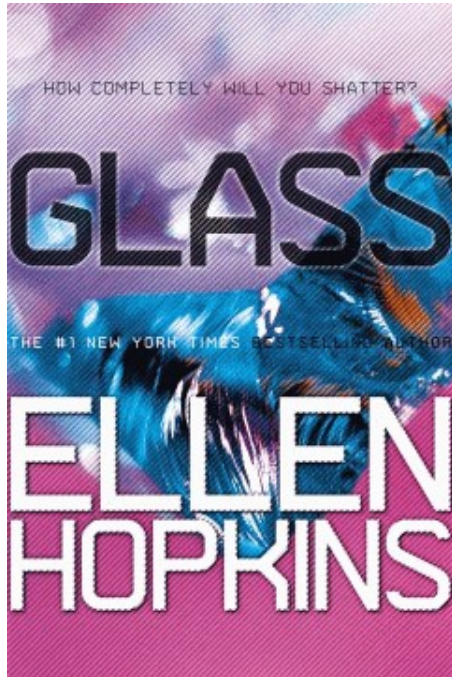


GLASS



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; profanity; suicidal ideation; and drug abuse.



3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	All about my dive into the lair of the monster drug some people call crank. Crystal. Tina. Ice.
3	Where "everyday" became another word for making love with the monster.
10	Hard on the make, Brendan shared booze, cigarettes.
12	Not losing my virginity to Brendan's rape. ...He even swore to love me when I told him I was pregnant. Pregnant. And Brendan was the father. Bree considered abortion. Exorcism.
30	One is eighteen and gay, in the city where homosexuality is almost as dirty a word as "Democrat."
38	Get out of school or off work, put on clean clothes, and look for a way to escape reality- whether that's with alcohol, weed, or my all-time favorite: speed. Pot and beer mostly make me tired. I only used to use them when I was buzzed up real high, didn't mind slowing down a little.
41	(...You've hooked up with Robyn- even if she isn't exactly on time- score, toot a little, and start back.)
61	Looking back, I wish I had a different teacher, one who really cared about me. Looking back, I wish I had parted my lips- opened my mouth wide and invited his tongue inside- for Quade.
75	Spoken like a true tweaker. Oh, and speaking of tweak... He reaches down into his sock and produces a plastic bag with some serious-looking crystal.
76	Robyn is making a sizable buy. I sit, growing more anxious with every passing second, watching her weigh a half ounce of meth into eight balls. She's into the deal, heavy. I mean, there she is, holding enough crystal to send her away for a very, very long time. My hands shimmy as I reach for the bundle Robyn passes me. It's different from the meth making the rounds last year. This is hard little rocks and not much powder. Robyn pulls out a glass pipe, but I ask, "Can we do some lines?" I long for that punch to my sinuses. The one that hard-core users can no longer handle because of the gaping sinus-cavity holes. Trey gives me a strange look, and Robyn says, Jeez, it has been a while since you've used, huh? You can't snort glass, Kristina. You have to smoke this...or shoot it. You're not into needles by chance, are you? ...And, apparently, no fine white lines to watch disappear into my nose. ...You can still find street-lab crank. This is Mexican meth, as good as it comes, maybe 90 percent pure. It's pricey, of course. And worth every damn penny. How much is that, I want to know, but before I can query, Robyn drops a sparkling rock into her pip. She lights a Bic, holds it well under the glass, and a fine plume of methamphetamine smoke lifts to greet her open mouth. The pipe travels next to Trey, who indulges, then passes it on to me. My hand trembles, anticipating treasure. Long-lost treasure. One slow, easy inhale sparks little explosions inside my brain, firing directly into the pleasure center, igniting ecstatic bursts from eyebrows to toenails. Trey was right. Whatever it costs, it's worth it. I want to feel this great all the time.
79	Trey said the glass was pricey. Now, he clarifies, So the eight ball is three hundred.
82	Between that and the toot, my mouth won't stop working.
83	His knee rests against mine. The warmth of it fights the crystals chills, and turns me on completely. ...Robyn flashes a tweaker's smile, one that says, Don't fuck with me, or I'll pay you back good.
85	Not a single vicious comment about Daddy the rapist.
88	His hand brushes mine like a summer kiss. Heightened by the meth spinning circles in my brain, his simple touch- not to mention his request- sparks shivers, thigh to neck.

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89	I start to leave. Reconsider, knowing I'll want to stop for a small pick-me-up along the long road home. "Oh, hey. Can you spare a piece of tinfoil and maybe a straw? I've got zip for paraphernalia. Let's make you a pipe, Trey tells me. How about a light bulb, Robyn? She obliges, and in a matter of minutes, Trey turns it into a smoking device.
90	Now just drop a rock, right in there...He demonstrates with one of Robyn's. Hold the lighter right about here...A thin, plume of smoke lifts, and Trey is quick to inhale.
95	I want him all over my body.
98	Halfway home I stop for a small pick-me-up not because I particularly need it (my eyes are wide, wide open), but because I can. I have stash. It's talking to me. One little hit, my heart revs high, then settles into quick-step mode. How I've missed that race and pound. How I've missed the lack of control.
107	But meth and nicotine buddy up real fine.
109	I suck the poison slowly, with great, immediate pleasure. It's almost as good as...
133	I don't want to tell her drugs- and maybe sex- mean more to him than anything, though I know in my heart that's the truth.
135	Of course, the first thing I did when I got up was sneak around for a quick toke.
151	As we pass the counter the smell of fresh tobacco almost makes me reel. Damn, would I love a smoke!
155	So why do I take a little detour, drive up the gravel road toward the quarry, dust sifting over the LTD, find a spot under a tree, and, despite being pretty damned buzzed already, take another short stroll with the grabby monster? ...The crystal is better, true, so I know addiction is even likelier than before.
156	Before, I got high as a way to socialize, to fit in with the crowd, feel less inhibited around guys.
159	Truth be told, I'm wasted.
161	I can't look her in the eye- not with pupils the size of dimes- and I'm afraid if I hug her she'll catch a sold scent of ingested crystal.
182	When my buzz starts to wear off, I find an excuse to sneak off to my car, grab a toke, maintain the very sharp edge I'd honed earlier.
188	I won't even try to sleep tonight. I've spent all day climbing to anxious heights, me and my buddy the glass monster, reaching for a better buzz, a taller head, one more little whiff (what could it hurt?), finally cresting steep cliffs of speed, rising above mundane, towering over ordinary.
199	...I know Dad will be asking to share what's left of my stash,...
213	I want to take you out tomorrow night for your birthday. As you can probably tell, I brought a little go-fast along, but it's mostly gone. I'm thinking you've got stash of your own. Can you spare some? ..."I have a little I can spare," I admit. "But only about a half a gram." If I give you some cash, can you score some more?
221	But I'll want a taste. I hope he means a taste of crystal, not a taste of Kristina.
225	Wonder whose crank they're snorting. Wonder how short the ball will be. (The two-hundred-dollar price tag makes sense now. We're getting street crank, not ice.) Wonder how cut it will be.

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232	I'll go out tonight with Dad and Linda Sue. We'll blow through this awful eight ball. Then I'll move on without the monster breathing against my neck, begging me to do one more little whiff.
236	Okay, I need to get high, totally out-of-my-head wasted, so I don't keep thinking about the same old shit,...
241	...Dad, Linda Sue, and I dive into the half-ass crank. Dad's got a big glass tray, which he sets on the cracked Formica table in their dog-eared motel room. ...He opens the bindle, says nothing about the powder inside. ...Dad draws huge lines. He hands me the straw. The birthday girl always goes first, right? One long, deep inhale up the right nostril, followed by another up the lift.
243	He slides the tray under her face. ...A girl only turns eighteen once, you know.
244	...totally nasty, like swap clubs or strip clubs or titty shows...
245	Let's take a snort, then give it a try. He pulls out his little amber bottle, the one with the tiny silver spoon attached to the lid by a little chain.
246	The crank is definitely mediocre, but it does the job if you do enough,...
266	(Speaking of hands, wonder how his will feel, touching me.)
267	Oh my god, the anticipation is making me totally insane! Every nerve in my body buzzes, high-voltage want. I want to get high. I want to be kissed. (How long it has been!) I want to give myself away. I want to be stunned by passion so intense it knocks me right off my feet, down to my knees, where I know I'll surrender to this luscious insanity.
271	He's the whole package. Okay, and I want to unwrap it, explore what's inside, under the denim.
272	He loads his pipe, hands it to me. I can't help but smile at the meth- a clear shard of glass. I inhale gently, gratefully, pass it back for him to do the same, close my eyes to ride the giant rush. Trey is generous. Within a few minutes, I have climbed to a very tall buzz. So what do you think? Was I lying? "It's the best meth I've ever done." He touches my knee. You want more? "Absolutely." (And more glass, too.)
273	To help my decision, he passes the pipe. "I get paid tomorrow. Can you wait?" I'll be here. But I don't want to wait for... We're kissing. Long. Deep. Amazing.
279	Which would come first? The meth? Or me?
285	Sex with him is definitely not out of the question. Maybe even tonight. So am I a whore?
286	The glass makes me brave, sends waves of sensuality throughout my body.
296	I let my fingers creep up his thigh, feel an immediate reaction. ...Trey's right hand falls upon my left, moves it higher up his leg.
306	He kisses me- full on the mouth, hard on the mouth, and when he moves lower, I begin to tremble. Shiver.
311	Trey takes me (and a whole lot of crystal) back to my car.
312	Well, Trey and ice. Every morning before work, I get high. Every day after work I go home, I get high. Not too high, just maintenance high. I'm at a point where that's enough to stay semisane, but not so much that I can't eat.
314	I think he knows I'm high, think he's high himself,...

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315	...Mom always warned me against storeroom sex.
323	We're barely through the front door and already kissing like there won't be a tomorrow, and if there isn't, this time together will be worth every irate word at home.
324	We indulge in a taste of the monster, losing our clothes before we're finished. Then I'm back in his arms and he's doing those things to me again, those things I've only read about before making love with Trey. They're real. He takes his time, shows me new ways to make him feel good too. Fueled by ice, it all takes a very long while, but finally we both ascend about as high as two people can. Despite the glass, we float in a sea of exhaustion.
332	Cigarettes aren't illegal, but crystal meth is, and I won't have that stuff in my house.
334	"Can we catch a buzz?"
336	Got high, talked with Brad. Talked with each other. Kissed. Talked. Kissed some more.
382	...I was the one donating most of the ice. ...He drank. A little. Smoked pot. A little. But no meth, and no tobacco. ...I did it all. Enjoyed doing it all, ...
383	Hey. Can you score more of that crystal? ...I'll take a ball, if you can get it.
384	Good thing I had plenty tonight, to combat the alcohol. I had half a dozen beers, something I've never done before, and beyond the high of the glass is a definite three-point-eight low. That, plus the pot, which I haven't smoked since my days with Chase, have combined to perhaps affect my driving.
399	I omit most of the story- the band, the booze, the monster.
409	He definitely doesn't like the idea of his buddies- or me- dancing with the monster.
414	Another choice: Try to find peace in the twilight zone, or climb into the monster's rocket and lift off. Plenty of time to get buzzed anon.
421	When he leaves the room, Trey pulls me into his lap. God I've missed you. I can't wait to give you your present. He kisses me, hotter this time, and beneath me, through his denim and mine, I can feel the promise of his Christmas gift soon to come.
430	Trey throws back the shower curtain. Are you getting in here or what? He moves to the back, helps me climb in past his soapy body. Hot, soothing water falls all around me, and the herbal scent of shampoo fills my nostrils. Trey snakes my body with slick, lathered arms.
432	Maybe I'm turning into a pervert. (Join the club!)
433	Trey clears his throat, Don't you want my present? "You mean there's more?" I smile. "Of course I do." He hands me a plain brown sack. Sorry. Didn't have time to wrap it. Inside is a pipe- blown glass, milky blue swirls. Luckily, the girls are distracted by toys. I drop the pipe back in the bag. "Maybe we should break this in?" ...I should probably shouldn't smoke first.
445	I am very high. ...With the kids in bed, the guys want to party. I've partied solo for hours. Can I party more, just because I have company? (No-brainer. Ha!)

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	Smoking ice is the weirdest thing. I mean, one minute you're totally pissed at the world (not to mention the people who populate the place).
446	But load the pipe and the "righteous" part vanishes in a puff of smoke.
456	I guess I should go on the pill. But those ob-gyn visits...I haven't even gone in for my postpartum checkup, and I wasn't supposed to have sex again until after some icky doctor with plastered-on concern put his gooey latex gloves in unmentionable places; pushed here, poked there, manipulated internal organs, assessing any damage; and finally, like the act could be a gift, checking mammary glands for signs of blockage. (Whose gift- his or mine?) Nope, I didn't exactly hurry in for that. Too late now. (Hopefully not too, too late.) Shut up. I can't be pregnant because I won't be pregnant. There, I've made up my mind.
458	Possibly, I'm pregnant. Possibly, I've damaged the baby. Possibly, I will choose to abort.
465	Funny thing is, except for the easy supply of meth, life isn't much different here than it was at home.
479	Silent, but for the shush of skin against skin; the sigh of heightened senses; the exclamation of bodies, no longer strangers.
509	The worst part is, he's right. "No he's fucking me..."
514	Smoking. Waiting. Toking. Waiting.
518	It's okay, he whispers, and we're making love.
522	"That girl you told me about?" She's the one. But there have been others. Nothing serious. Sex only. I love you.
534	Now, it doesn't necessarily surprise me that Robyn is whoring for the monster, but I would never have guessed she'd sink so low as to whore for truck drivers and tourists.
535	Just like that, I move from low-to midlevel dealer.
536	If you've never been to a fancy whorehouse (and believe me, I never have before!), you might be surprised. I'm nervous, thinking the Pink Pussycat will be scary- dark, sweaty, with lots of peepholes, maybe.
538	Guess perverts dislike having paid-for sex amidst piles of clutter.
540	I'll get the pipe. I watch her inhale, eyes popping pleasure. Thank God it's not street crank. She talks about the last crank she snorted, a tip from a customer. Oh yeah, trucker love their crank. And when they're all cranked up, they lover other stuff too. The ice opens her mouth and she tells me about it. Some of 'em are really gross. I always make them shower first. No way will I let something dirty up inside me. Condoms? Yeah, they're supposed to wear them. But they pay a lot extra if you don't make them. They also pay extra for oral sex and unusual sex, including threesomes with other girls. Robyn claims she's judicious. But I know how your caution can slip, when you have a threesome with our pal, the monster.
543	I mean, screwing nasty, smelly men (without a condom, yet) to feed your meth habit (no worries about feeding your face).
545	Brad traded speed for some downers. Guess I'll have to borrow a couple.
546	I pop an Ambien and wait...
553	Four cigarettes and two bowls later, Brad calls me downstairs.

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566	The water is high, after our massive winter. It rushes past, calling over the rock, You're not alone. I'm here, aren't I? Coaxing, Oh, the places I can take you. Ride along with me. Cajoling, Come on. It's easy. Just walk to the railing. One quick step over...Chanting, Easy. It's easy. One quick step. It's easy. I'll sing you to sleep. One quick step. I go to the railing, tilt my face over, into a cold, black breeze. Into death, reaching out for me. It touches my face, tempting me, It's easy.
573	I half-expected him to ask to come inside, smoke a little, make love a little.
577	Maybe I should get buzzed. ...We talk for a long while, and after we hang up, I get buzzed.
578	By the time Trey knocks on the door, I am very buzzed and almost beyond caring that he has finally arrived.
582	No, I told you it was sex only.
584	We seal the deal with a kiss- and more. Yeah, I'm still on my period. But you'd be surprised at all the things you can do, anyway. Trey is full of surprises, and not just sexy ones. We make love, but even as our bodies work, my brain is busy.
586	Clean, maintenance-buzzed we take my car home.
592	Can't tell her about my new career, dealing to hookers.
598	And a bottomless supply of the monster.
600	Always, we make up with heart felt apologies and great sex.
612	I'm fucked up? Heh-heh. Guess I am. While you were getting high with an old friend, hey, so was I.
613	As we roll around, I notice the pipe and its contents have spilled into the soiled carpeting. Grady doesn't think twice, rooting around like a hog in the mud. Fine. Let him have it. I wouldn't smoke that dirty stuff now.
619	"We're both crazy. I don't care, as long as you're with me. Kiss me. Make love to me, hard. Don't think about it. Hurt me more."
624	I stash a couple of pipes full, just in case everything goes to shit.
625	I offer Cesar three bills, which leaves us with sixteen whole dollars until we manage. To offer a great deal of glass.
627	Like, we really need to sell some ice right now, and everyone seems to be a little short on cash or set for the foreseeable future. Trey actually goes downtown to peddle small quantities to tourists and card dealers- and inspired way to play. Like, because we're not selling it very quickly, we're tempted to go ahead and smoke it. First the profit goes up in a cloud of exhaled ice.
642	His kisses me, and it's better than our very first kiss because I know it means more than his just wanting to get into my pants.
646	I consider that in the shower scrubbing off yesterday's sweat, last night's sex.
649	fuck
652	We live an endless mindless cycling. Buzzed. Barely buzzed. Crash. Buzzed again. Recycling. Buzzed. Barely buzzed. Crash. Buzzed again. Augmented by a different cycling. Score. Pay up. Deal. Score more. Or, depending on what's due when, Score. Forge checks. Pay up. Score more.
657	Sell a shitload of crystal.
658	We'll go west, to California, where meth was first invented and remains the drug of choice.

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665	One of Sacramento's finest has just discovered a half pound of 90 percent pure crystal methamphetamine.
672	No longer will Trey and I share an apartment, a car, a bed. Won't share a pip. A cigarette. A kiss.
673	Guess it's too late to make that appointment with Planned Parenthood.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	6
Fuck	23
Piss	10
Prick	2
Shit	22
Tit	1