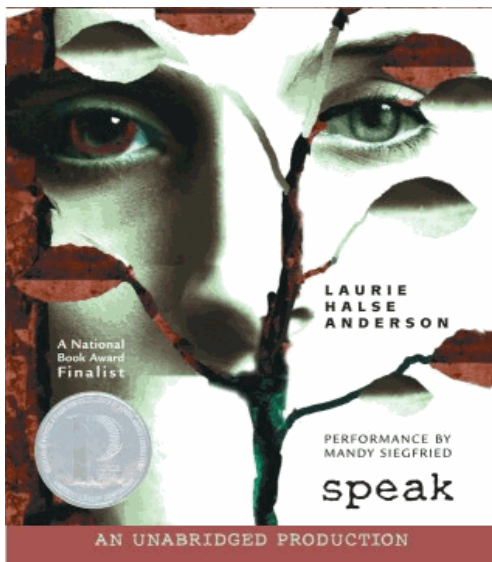


# SPEAK



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including inexplicit sexual assault and battery; and profanity.

*Young Adult*

## By Laurie Halse Anderson

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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29	How else could they sleep with the football team on Saturday night and be reincarnated as virginal goddesses on Monday?
30	They are the Pride of the Trojans. Oops—I mean Pride of the Blue Devils. ...In Universe #2, they throw parties wild enough to attract college students. They worship the stink of Eau de Jockey. They rent beach houses in Cancun during Spring Break and get group-rate abortions before the prom.
135	<p>He tilted my face up to his. He kissed me, man kiss, hard sweet and deep. Nearly knocked me off my feet, that kiss.</p> <p>...He kissed me again. His teeth ground hard against my lips. It was hard to breathe.</p> <p>..."Do you want to?" he asked.</p> <p>What did he say? I didn't answer. I didn't know. I didn't speak.</p> <p>We were on the ground. When did that happen? "No." No I did not like this. I was on the ground and he was on top of me. My lips mumble something about leaving, about a friend who needs me, about my parents worrying. I can hear myself—I'm mumbling like a deranged drunk. His lips lock on mine and I can't say anything. I twist my head away. He is so heavy. There is a boulder on me. I open my mouth to breathe, to scream and his hand covers it. In my head, my voice is as clear as a bell: "NO DON'T WANT TO!" But I can't spit it out. I'm trying to remember how we got on the ground and where the moon went and wham! shirt up, shorts down, and the ground smells wet and dark and NO!—I'm not really here, I'm definitely back at Rachel's, crimping my hair and gluing on fake nails, and he smells like beer and mean and he hurts me hurts me hurts me and gets up and zips his jeans and smiles.</p>
164	<p>If my life were a TV show, what would it be? If it were an After-School Special, I would speak in front of an auditorium of my peers on How Not to Lose Your Virginity. Or, Why Seniors Should Be Locked Up. Or, My Summer Vacation: A Drunken Party, Lies, and Rape.</p> <p>Was I raped?</p> <p>Oprah: "Let's explore that. You said no. He covered your mouth. with his hand. You were thirteen years old. It doesn't matter that you were drunk. Honey, you were raped. What a horrible, horrible thing for you to live though. Didn't you ever think of telling anyone? You can't keep this inside forever. Can someone get her a tissue?"</p> <p>Sally Jessy: "I want this boy held responsible. He is to blame for this attack. You do know it was an attack, don't you? It was not your fault. I want you to listen to me, listen to me, listen to me. It was not your fault. This boy was an animal. "</p>
165	Did he rape my head, too?
174	"According to this, she has pissed off a whole bunch of people. One person wrote in huge letters that she's a whore, and all these others added on little details. She slept with this guy, she slept with that guy, she slept with those guys all at the same time. For a tenth-grader, she sure gets around. "
183	I didn't call the cops to break up the party, I write. I called—I put the pencil down. I pick it up again—they because some guy raped me. Under the trees. I didn't

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	<p>know what to do. She watches as I carve out the words. She leans closer to me. I write more. I was stupid and drunk and I didn't know what was happening and then he hurt—I scribble that out—raped me. When the police came, everyone was screaming, and I was just too scared, so I cut through some back yards and walked home.</p>
186	<p>What's the name of that drug they give perverts so they can't get it up? Diprosomething. He should get it every morning in his orange juice. I went out with him to the movies—he tried to get his hands down my pants during the PREVIEWS!!</p>
193	<p>Somebody slams into my chest and knocks me back into the closet. The light flicks on and the door closes. I am trapped with Andy Evans. He stares at me without talking. He is not as tall as my memories, but is still loathsome. The lightbulb throws shadows under his eyes. He is made out of slabs of stone and dives off a smell that makes me afraid I'll wet my pants. He cracks his knuckles. His hands are enormous. Andy Beast: "You have a big mouth, you know it? Rachel blew me off at the prom, giving me some bullshit story about how I raped you. You know that's a lie. I never raped anybody. I don't have to. You wanted it just as bad as I did. But your feelings got hurt, so you started spreading lies, and now every girl in school is talking about me like I'm some kind of pervert. You've been spreading that bullshit story weeks. What's wrong, ugly', you jealous? Can't get a date The words fall like nails on the floor, hard, pointed. I try to walk around him. He blocks my way. "Oh, no. You're not going anywhere. You really screwed things up for me." He reaches behind and locks the door. Click. "You are one strange bitch, know that? A freak. I can't believe anyone listened to you." He grabs my wrists. I try to pull them back and he squeezes so tight it feels like my bones are splintering. He pins me against the closed door. Maya Angelou looks at me. She tells me to make some noise. I open my mouth and take a deep breath. Beast: "You're not going to scream. You didn't scream before. You liked it. You're jealous that I took out your friend and not you. I think I know what you want." His mouth is on my face. I twist my head. His lips are wet, his teeth knock against my cheekbone. I pull my arms again and he slams his body against mine. I have no legs. My heart wobbles. His teeth are on my neck. The only sound I can make is a whimper. He fumbles to hold both my wrists in one hand. He wants a free hand. I remember I remember. Metal hands, hot knife hands. No. "A sound explodes from me. I follow the sound, pushing off the wall, pushing Andy Evans off-balance, stumbling into the broken sink. He curses and turns, his' fist coming, coming. An explosion in my head and blood in my mouth. He hit me. I scream, scream. ...bowl—I throw it at him, it bounces to the floor. My books. He swears again. The door is locked the door is locked. He grabs me, pulls me away from the door, one hand over my mouth, one hand around my throat. He leans me against the sink. My fists mean nothing to him, little rabbit paws thumping harmlessly. His body</p>

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	<p>crushes me.</p> <p>My fingers wave overhead, looking for a branch, a limb, something to hang on to. A block of wood—the base of my turkey-bone sculpture. I slam it against Maya's poster. I hear a crunch. IT doesn't hear. IT breathes like a dragon. ITS hand leaves my throat, attacks my body. I hit the wood against the poster, and the mirror under it, again.</p> <p>Shards of glass slip down the wall and into the sink. IT pulls away from me, puzzled. I reach in and wrap my fingers around a triangle of glass. I hold it to Andy Evans's neck. He freezes. I push just hard enough to raise one drop of blood. He raises his arms over his head. My hand quivers. I want to insert the glass all the way through his throat, I want to hear him scream. I look up. I see the stubble on his chin, a fleck of white in the corner of his mouth. His lips are paralyzed. He cannot speak. That's good enough.</p> <p>Me: "I said no."</p> <p>He nods. Someone is pounding on the door. I unlock it, and the door swings open. Nicole is there, along with the lacrosse team—sweaty, angry, their sticks held high. Someone peels off and runs for help.</p>