

## GLASS

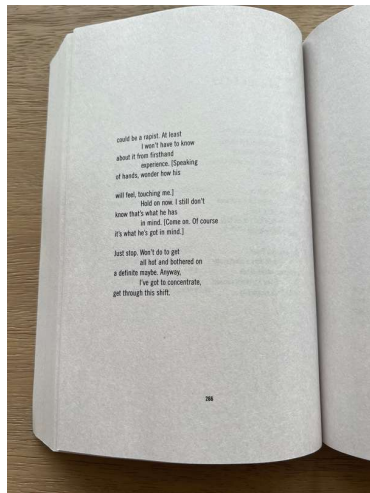
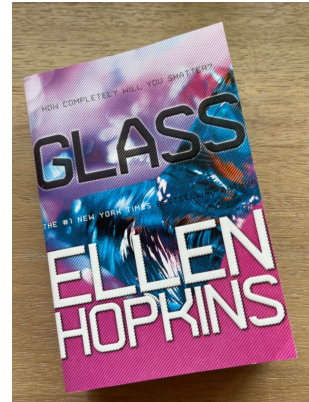
Ellen Hopkins

ISBN 978-1-41694-090-6

Learn the steps to identify offensive books in your local district and take appropriate action to effectively challenge those books and request their removal using the Book Check Toolkit.

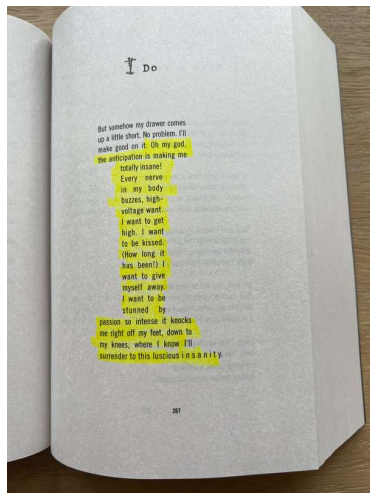
Download your FREE copy today!

[TheKitchenTableActivist.com/BookCheck](http://TheKitchenTableActivist.com/BookCheck)



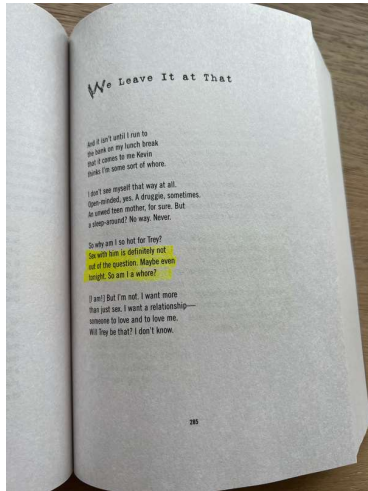
### PAGE 266

(Speaking of hands, wonder how his will feel, touching me.)



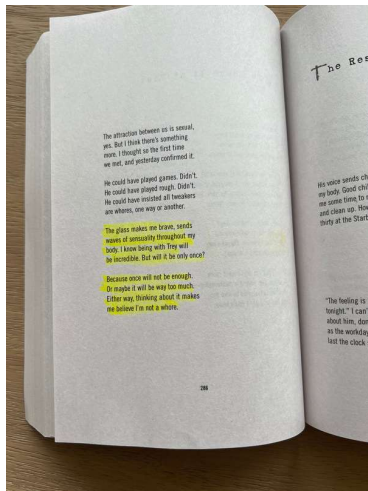
### PAGE 267

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.



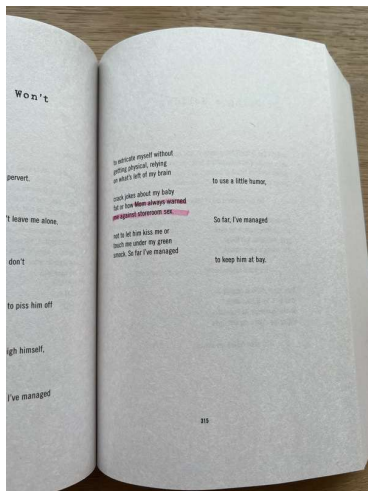
## PAGE 285

Sex with him is definitely not out of the question. Maybe even tonight. So am I a whore?



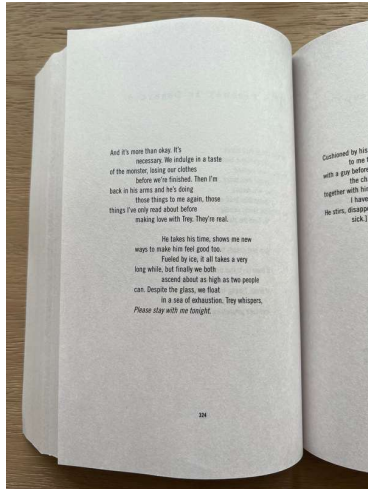
## PAGE 286

The glass makes me brave, sends waves of sensuality throughout my body.



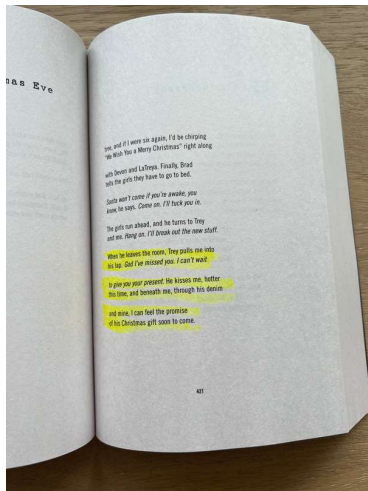
## PAGE 315

M...Mom always warned me against storeroom sex.



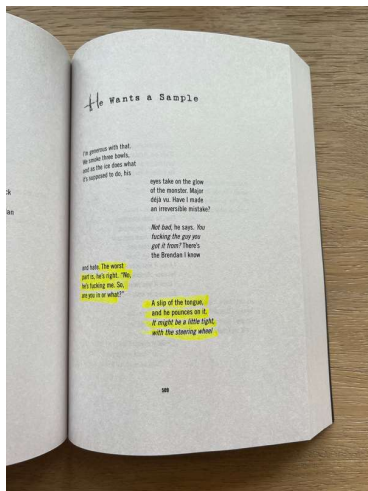
**PAGE 324**

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.



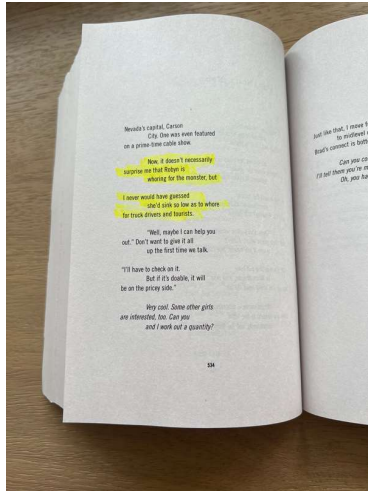
**PAGE 421**

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.



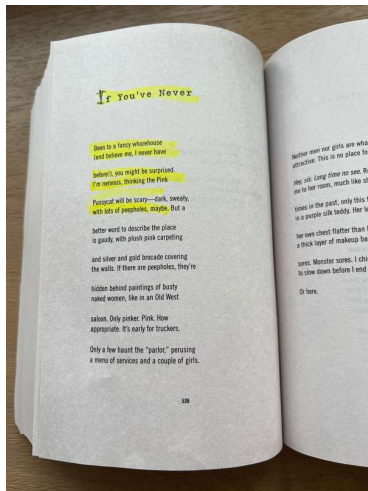
**PAGE 509**

The worst part is, he's right. "No he's fucking me..."



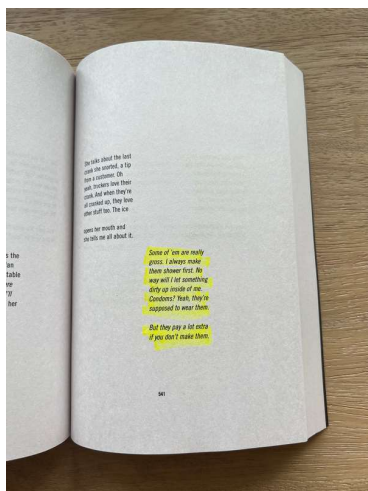
## PAGE 534

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.



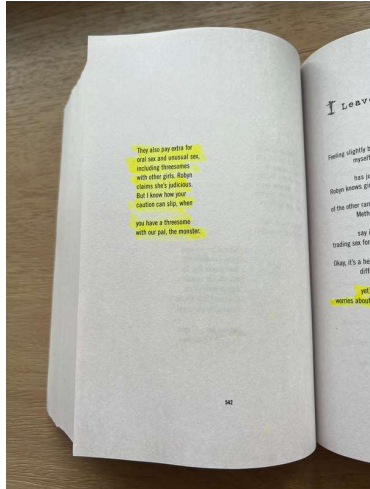
## PAGE 536

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.



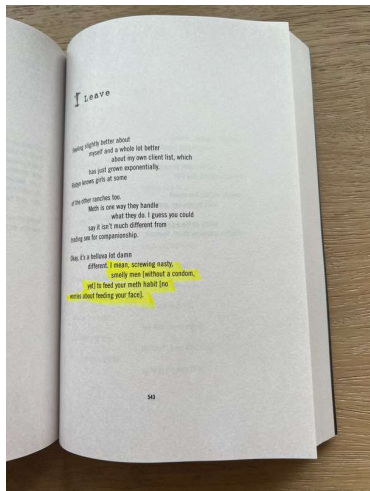
## PAGE 541

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.



**PAGE 542**

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.



**PAGE 543**

I mean, screwing nasty, smelly men (without a condom, yet) to feed your meth habit (no worries about feeding your face).

**PAGE 2**

All about my dive into the lair of the monster drug some people call crank. Crystal. Tina. Ice.

**PAGE 3**

Where "everyday" became another word for making love with the monster.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

## **PAGE 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.

## **PAGE 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.

## **PAGE 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 bindle 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... (Con't on 77)

## **PAGE 77**

...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... (Con't on page 78)

## **PAGE 78**

...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.

## **PAGE 79**

Trey said the glass was pricey. Now, he clarifies, So the eight ball is three hundred.

## **PAGE 82**

Between that and the toot, my mouth won't stop working.

## **PAGE 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.

**PAGE 85**

Not a single vicious comment about Daddy the rapist.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 95**

I want him all over my body.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 107**

But meth and nicotine buddy up real fine.

**PAGE 109**

I suck the poison slowly, with great, immediate pleasure. It's almost as good as...

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 135**

Of course, the first thing I did when I got up was sneak around for a quick toke.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 156**

Before, I got high as a way to socialize, to fit in with the crowd, feel less inhibited around guys.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 199**

...I know Dad will be asking to share what's left of my stash,...

**PAGE 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?

**PAGE 221**

But I'll want a taste. I hope he means a taste of crystal, not a taste of Kristina.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 236**

Okay, I need to get high, totally out-of-my-head wasted, so I don't keep thinking about the same old shit,...



**PAGE 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 left.

**PAGE 243**

He slides the tray under her face. ...A girl only turns eighteen once, you know.

**PAGE 244**

...totally nasty, like swap clubs or strip clubs or titty shows...

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 246**

The crank is definitely mediocre, but it does the job if you do enough,...

**PAGE 271**

He's the whole package. Okay, and I want to unwrap it, explore what's inside, under the denim.

**PAGE 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.)

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 279**

Which would come first? The meth? Or me?

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 306**

He kisses me- full on the mouth, hard on the mouth, and when he moves lower, I begin to tremble. Shiver.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 336**

Got high, talked with Brad. Talked with each other. Kissed. Talked. Kissed some more.

**PAGE 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, ...

**PAGE 383**

Hey. Can you score more of that crystal?  
...I'll take a ball, if you can get it.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 433**

I 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.

**PAGE 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!)

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).

**PAGE 446**

But load the pipe and the "righteous" part vanishes in a puff of smoke.

**PAGE 458**

Possibly, I'm pregnant. Possibly, I've damaged the baby. Possibly, I will choose to abort.

**PAGE 465**

Funny thing is, except for the easy supply of meth, life isn't much different here than it was at home.

**PAGE 479**

Silent, but for the shush of skin against skin; the sigh of heightened senses; the exclamation of bodies, no longer strangers.

**PAGE 535**

Just like that, I move from low-to midlevel dealer.

**PAGE 538**

Guess perverts dislike having paid-for sex amidst piles of clutter.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 545**

Brad traded speed for some downers. Guess I'll have to borrow a couple.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 573**

I half-expected him to ask to come inside, smoke a little, make love a little.

**PAGE 582**

No, I told you it was sex only.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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."

**PAGE 624**

I stash a couple of pipes full, just in case everything goes to shit.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 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.

**PAGE 657**

Sell a shitload of crystal.

**PAGE 658**

We'll go west, to California, where meth was first invented and remains the drug of choice.