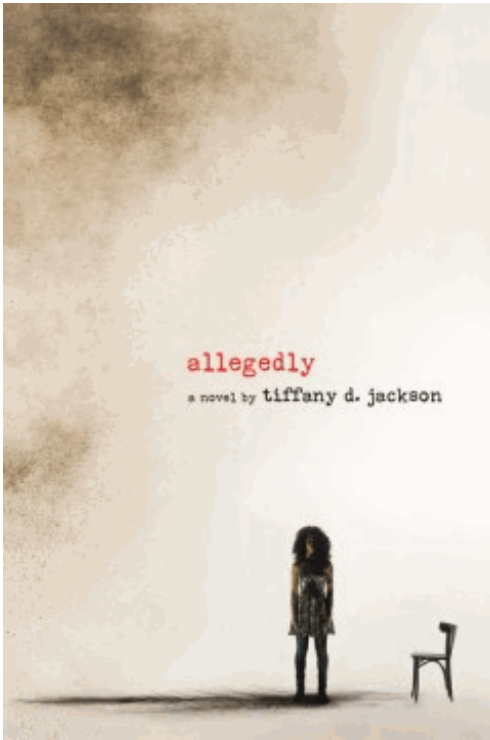


ALLEGEDLY: A NOVEL



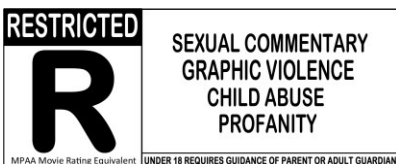
Young Adult

By Tiffany Jackson

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OBJECTION RATING

3/5



Summary of Concerns:

This book has excessive profanity, graphic violence and child abuse.

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Page	Content
19	<p>Kelly drags New Girl off the top bunk and into the hallway while she screams. I watch from the safety of my own bunk.</p> <p>"No, please! NO!"</p> <p>"Shut up, you little cunt!"</p> <p>"Get her, Kelly!"</p> <p>She drags her down the hall by her hair, the others cheering like it's a football game.</p>
22	<p>"Disgusting puta! You smell like pussy through your holey panties."</p>
36	<p>Momma would be disgusted at the "nasty lesbian" I'm living with.</p>
62	<p>I jump, grabbing her sleeve, pulling her back. She spins around and slaps me, hand like lightening. The grease of her lotion sticks like oil to my flaming cheek.</p> <p>..."I know the devil got inside you and made you kill that little girl, but I didn't raise no 'ho! You know better than to open your legs up and let some boy inside you!"</p>
72	<p>She hit me with the wrong end of her belt. The buckle cut out a chunk of skin like an ice cream scooper. I should've got stitches, but that would've meant hospitals, questions; Momma in trouble and me left alone with Ray.</p>
80	<p>Momma beat me only because Ray told her to. She did everything he said.</p> <p>"Get in that corner! NOW!" she'd said.</p> <p>Sometimes, I think Momma used to forget who I was when she beat me. Or maybe she was just a whole different person altogether. Her eyes would go blank, face almost unrecognizably mashed up in rage.</p> <p>"Take off them clothes! You gonna feel every bit of this!"</p> <p>I'd strip down to my underwear and back into a corner, my whole body trembling, waiting for her to finish her belligerent rant.</p> <p>"How many times I got to TELL you. Lawd Jesus. How many! Huh? You don't listen, you just don't listen! Father God, why did you send me this little wretch?"</p> <p>She'd beat me with whatever was handy. Her favorite was the dirt brown extension cord she kept hanging on the refrigerator handle, a ready threat. It would crack in the air before biting my skin, leaving welts the size of fists all over my legs, arms, and ass.</p> <p>"Mami, don't hit her face," Ray would say with a smirk, sipping on the brown liquor he bought with Momma's money. "You leave marks and those nosy bitches come and be all in your shit."</p> <p>I thought maybe if I didn't scream so much she would stop, but she never did. It's like she wanted Ray to hear me beg for my life, to make him happy. She'd grunt and curse over me, working up a sweat, while I tried to block the blows. Then later, she'd complain about her arm hurting, blaming me for making her hurt herself. When the beatings started to get worse, when it was harder to explain the welts, cuts, and bruises, I thought about running away.</p>
112	<p>She'd slapped me so hard I'd hit my head on the radiator pipe. I hadn't cried. I'd just gotten on the floor with her and started scrubbing, eyes watering from the bleach.</p> <p>...Another time, when I was about seven, she'd just stayed in bed. Wouldn't talk, wouldn't get up for anything. I'd eaten peanut butter and water crackers for three days until we ran out.</p> <p>"Momma, please get up. I'm hungry."</p>

Page	Content
	"Not now, baby girl. Momma's just...having a day." Then the lights had gone out. The food in the fridge had started to rot until the whole apartment had smelled of spoiled chicken and the mice had come looking for their dinner.
132	Some nasty fat girl who can't read, getting raped by her daddy every night and cumming because of it?
136	"That nigga's not your boyfriend," Marisol says. "He just using you for pussy. You not the only bitch he fucking." ..."Oh, I got a man and he fucks me right everyyyy night!" She moans, grinding on her chair before giving Kisha a high five. ..."Fuck you, bitch! I ain't no fag," Marisol snaps. ..."Aye, what the fuck you laughing at, psycho? Bitch, you have a man?" ..."Don't see how that bitch could have anything,"...
151	I scramble to my feet, gasping and coughing for air as she punches me dead in the face. The world is spinning...black spots...buzzing. She pins me against the door and I try to kick her...until I feel something sharp pressing against my stomach and I freeze. The blade kisses my skin. "Say anything," she whispers. "And I'll cut it out of you." Bean! Bean! I'm so sorry. Bean! "Please," I choke, trembling. "Don't." Kelly grasps the back of my neck with her cold hand, forcing me to look at her, to stare deep into her eyes. The eyes of a real killer. Then the knife is gone. She shoves me one last time before walking away, as if nothing ever happened and the darkness becomes darker.
173	"Niggas be robbing and raping girls like you..."
184	I asked if she was taking her pills; she slapped me. Then told me to get them for her. I went and got her pills. She said, "Stupid, I told you to bring your pills! I need to calm this baby down."
205	"...I like my ass the size it is," she says, slapping her butt with a smirk. "I made a little change though. Got them stupid niggas to pay for it. Tell them it's four-fifty at the clinic when it really be like two hundred.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	29
Cunt	1
Fuck	55
Motherfucker	1
Piss	3
Shit	36