

MONDAY'S NOT COMING



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; profanity; sexual activities; and sexual nudity.

Young Adult

By Tiffany D. Jackson

ISBN: 978-0-06-242267-5

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.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
133	<p>"Get off her," I screamed, tackling his back like a monkey, hitting his head with my balled up fists. But none of my blows felt strong enough to crack through his thick skull. I dug my freshly painted nails deep in his neck and scratched.</p> <p>..."Don't you touch her!" she screamed, and kicked him in the nuts. He cried out, falling to the floor before she swung her leg back and kicked him again. She kicked and kicked- each kick to the gut more powerful than the last.</p> <p>...Light bounced off the sweat on her brows as she straddled him. She slammed against his head and I caught the unfamiliar glimpse of rage in her eyes.</p> <p>...Jacob's grunts turned into whimpers, then full-out cries as he spat blood. A teacher finally broke through the crowd, and just as we were a package deal in the ass whupping, we were a package deal being dragged to the principal's office kicking and screaming.</p>
139	<p>On Monday morning, she stumbled into school, dazed, eyes glossy, lips white and chapped. Her uniform wrinkled and filthy, her flat twists in the same unraveling wreckage they had been after Thursday's fight. No one would have noticed her condition, except for the fact that she smelled soaked in piss.</p>
194	<p>"...She did your homework and you ate her coochie!..."</p>
194	<p>"Cause in that PICTURE, look like Monday was the one licking your box."</p> <p>All the rage, all the pent-up emotions of the last few months, erupted at the mention of "the picture." I pulled back a fist and went to strike her but only hit air as she dodged my pathetic blow. Shayla shoved me so hard I went flying, hitting my head on the stall door and falling to the floor. The room spun. I tried to stand back up but she yanked me by the hair and dragged me.</p>
246	<p>I tiptoed toward the door, peering through the window at the boy- his pants around his ankles- squeezed between April's straddled legs as she lay on top of a teacher's desk.</p>
248	<p>"...You just here to get some dick..."</p>
297	<p>They started kissing and swaying slow. I felt silly standing there watching them, but I didn't know where else to go. The girls were back on the sofa with the boys, kissing. I mean REALLY kissing, tongues in each other's mouths, hands up shirts, touching their mother's bras.</p>
298	<p>Didn't he care some guy was rubbing my booty, breathing all hard in my ear?</p> <p>"Damn, I didn't know you could do it like this," the guy whispered over my shoulder, and my entire body hiccupped before I wiggled out of his grip.</p>
429	<p>"August kept putting his hands on females! I kept telling him to stop that. But he was beating up on his sisters. Them bruises you see on Monday and April you can't put all the blame on me. Final straw was when I caught him biting Tuesday. She was just a baby! I started punching him, biting him back. Told him, 'Didn't I tell you boys not supposed to touch no females?' He knew that I told him all the time. He was screaming and wouldn't shut up. I choked him, putting my hands around his throat. He fought until his eyes started rolling back, and then he was dead. Told April to put him in the freezer 'cause...well, I didn't feel like dealing with him."</p>
430	<p>"Monday was a fast-ass little girl. Fast from the day she was born. Got boys coming up to my house looking for her and shit. I even heard her messing with girls too."</p> <p>..."I came home early from babysitting and see her coming out of some car, in these tight-ass little shorts, talking fast, telling me she's about to leave me. I grabbed her by the neck and started punching her. She wanted to be all big and bad, trying to face me like a grown-ass woman, she gonna get beat like a grown woman. She started screaming, cursing at me and carrying on.</p> <p>"I threw her in the closet for a couple of days. She kept on screaming, begging to be let out, begging for water. Every time she made too much noise I'd walk in and kick her. That last</p>

Page	Content
	time...she wouldn't get up. I don't know how she got in that freezer. I didn't put her there. I would've let her rot in that closet."

Alternate ISBN
0062422685
9780062422682

Profanity	Count
Bitch	4
Fuck	19
Shit	24