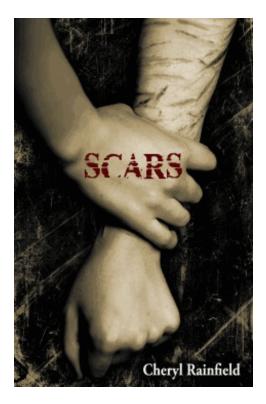


## **SCARS**



Young Adult

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains violence involving selfmutilation; inexplicit sexual activities; and profanity.

## **By Cheryl Rainfield**

ISBN: 978-1-934813-32-4



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Page Content	
26 And then I seee th X-acto knives lying there, their sharp short blades like da rising from their handles. It's like they were left out just for me. I grab one, myself I'm only borrowing it for a few hours. It would be so easy to cut, to just push my sleeve up, peel off the bandage, cut- but I could never risk it, not where someone might see me. It almost fe enough, just holding the knife, feeling its weight, the roughness of the etch metal handle, knowing I can cut if I need to. I tuck it into my bag between the pages of my sketchbook, then head to my table, the scent of paint and brus already stirring images in my mind.	and els like ed
40 I slam my door shut and ram my chair under the handle. I snatch up my util knife and cut, fast and hard.	ity
I slash again and again, flesh opening up to expose little white bubbles of fa dark blood wells up to cover them and spills over my arm in wide, curling ar thin and hot. I barely feel the pain- just air rushing into my lungs, the thoug slowing down. She's the only thing standing between me and the black endlessness of de She's the only thing keeping me from using my knife for permanent relief.	rcs, hts
42 I wipe the blood off my utility knife with a tissue, then snap the top section blade off, starting a new edge so it'll be sharp for next time. The sharpness important; it gives me more control. I press it against my skin, knowing I couplunge it right through my flesh, but know I won't, not right now.	is
I'm rocking on a bed, pain like a knife between my legs and blood on the shall like the says, his voice low and hoarse. His huge body on top of mine, driving into me. My hands gripping the shall like body arched with pain.	
72 I clench my hands under the table digging my nails into my skin. I need to cu	ıt.
73 I need to shut myself down right now. I need to cut.	
74 I have the warm blade out of my pocket and into my hand almost before I have the door locked. I tear off the bandage and slash until I can't hear his voice amore, until I can't see his hands. I slash until the fear leaves me.	
75 I know how to keep myself safe. All I have to do is cut. Cut until it all bleeds	away.
"You have sex with thembut you don't like them?"	
139 "I understand that. Fucking boys numbs me, too"	
The man-shape pushes her hand down, fast and hard making the blade slas flesh. The robot is fascinated by the sight of the skin parting open to reveal bubbly white interior. There is no pain, no feeling. Just parted skin, like an omouth, and blood rushing up to fill it. "Now you," he commands. She brings the blade down to her arm, judging carefully. For some reason, ears are ringing and her perfectly controlled hand is trembling. She slashes twice, at his command.	a ppen her
178 Because I need cutting. I need it so bad.	
216 I can't handle this. I need to cut. Need to cut so badly.	





Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	3
Fuck	1
Shit	3