

IS THE HIGH WORTH THE CRASH?

CRANK

THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ELLEN HOPKINS

Search



fuck

8 RESULTS IN BOOK

[Search the web](#)

- 🔍 Not Until the Door Opened
Page 57
Wha' the **fuck** you up to, Buddy?
- 🔍 Brendan Was Waiting
Page 283
Far **fuckin'** out! Beer's in back.
- 🔍 Which Roused Me
Page 301
"**Fuck** you."
- 🔍 Major Mistake
Page 302
"I said, **fuck** you."
- 🔍 She Forgot to Mention
Page 368
"Just leave me the **fuck** alone!"
- 🔍 'Rumble' Teaser
Page 571
testimony? "**Fuck** you, Luke."
- 🔍 'Rumble' Teaser
Page 573
Fucking Great
- 🔍 'Rumble' Teaser
Page 574
"Dude, I have **fuckin'** moved on."

Not Quite Silent

The empty boxes
Dad imagined
rooms.

Glurp . . . glurp . . . glurp

Hot drops into
deep kitchen
stainless.

Plunk Plunk

Cool drips on
chipped bathroom
porcelain.

Chh-ka-chh

Sleepy branches
scratching bedroom
glass.










You crazy sonofabitch!

Neighbors through
thin plaster
walls.

bitch

11 RESULTS IN BOOK

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-  **Small Talk Shrank to Minuscule**
Page 4
Quit once. Your mother **bitched**
-  **Small Talk Shrank to Minuscule**
Page 4
She was the **bitch** queen. I started
-  [Not Quite Silent](#)
Page 4
You crazy sonofa**bitch!**
-  **He Hadn't Changed After All**
Page 23
Meth. The monster. It's a **bitch**
-  **I Tried to Be Cool**
Page 69
Yo. I think this **bitch**
-  **It Started with a Kiss**
Page 324
you **bitch!**
-  **Problem Number Three: Connections**
Page 404
(Coming down was a **bitch** and a half.)
-  **I Spent the next Day**
Page 439
bitch, though she enthusiastically quizzed
-  **My Mom?!?!**
Page 504
The ice princess? The **bitch** queen?

Why, Then

Did she make it exactly everyone's concern? The ends of my fingers tingle and my jaw keeps working itself forward. Backward. Forward. I force it sideways and audibly, painfully, it pops.

For some messed-up reason she smiles at that. I really want to slap that stinking grin off her face. But then I'd get expelled, and that would humiliate my father, everyone's favorite science teacher, not to

mention the coach of the best basketball team this school has seen in a dozen years. Then Mom would **bitch** at him for not kicking my ass and at me for turning him into such a wuss, until I had no choice but to flee from our miserable

termite-ridden shack. And I'd have to live in my fume-sucking truck, eating pilfered ramen, drinking Mosby Creek water until I got the runs so bad I'd wind up in the ER, hoping Dad hadn't had time to dump me from his insurance.










And, despite all that, Mizz nose-up-my-ass Hannity would still be a rip-roaring **bitch**.



bitch

11 RESULTS IN BOOK

Search the web

-  NOT QUITE SILENT
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Page 570
Hannity would still be a rip-roaring **bitch**.

In That Quite Hot Moment

a park ranger cruised by,
took a good, long look.

Maybe we'd better go.

"I should get back anyway.

My mom will wonder if I don't
spend enough of her money."

Ha, ha. I can always help.

As we drove away, he pulled me
close, rested his hand on my knee,
shifted between my legs.

Can I see you again?

"Any time, Chase." Any time.

How weird was that? A few months
back I would have said no way.

Soon?

As soon as I could break away from
Mom's watchful eye. Chase sure
wasn't her type. Was he really mine?

I like you, Kristina.

"I like you, too." I did. He

was nothing like I had imagined.

He was bright, intuitive.

Or do I like Bree?

Even if he did ask hard questions.

Jetting on the monster in spectacular
fashion, I didn't know how to answer.

Doesn't matter. What's in a name?

*That which we call a rose by any
other word would smell as sweet.*

Chase Wagner and Bill Shakespeare.

Talk about your strange bedfellows.

I was in line for that **ménage** à trois.

menage

1 RESULT IN BOOK

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[In That Quite Hot Moment](#)

Page 247

I was in line for that **ménage** à trois.

Three Races

and two stunt performances

later, Robyn and I excused
ourselves for a trip to the outhouse.

We hustled off to the car to
"powder our noses," then hurried
to pee before we were missed.

As we headed back to our seats,
a familiar form came striding
in our direction. Brendan.

Attached, as if sewn on, was a girl,
not more than 14, with a fashion doll body
and child actress face.

Her shorts, cut high on the thigh
and low on the hips, revealed a stud
in her navel. I thought about
turning around or ducking into
the swirling crowd but without warning,
Bree took over. "Hey, Brendan!

Great to see you again," she gushed.

"Raped any schoolgirls lately?"

He maintained his frosty cool as he leveled
his eyes. *Can't rape the willing.*

"That's what I've heard." I turned to his sidekick.

"How about you? Are you willing?"

Still locked to Brendan, she quite obviously
deflated, and her face paled beneath
an overdose of cover-up and cheap blush.

"Well, have fun you two. Don't do anything
I wouldn't do." I started away, calling
over my shoulder, "Watch your back, Barbie doll."

Feeling Good

became a matter of scale.

One to ten,

"ten" being one step shy
of shredding the time-space continuum,

"one" being ten steps shy
of dropping flat in my tracks.

Every increment
required **meth** or more **meth**.

I didn't have to go all
the way up, but up,
I did need to go.

After a while, even high,
I could almost
make believe food
didn't taste like cardboard,

almost float
down into REM sleep,

almost function
the next day,

almost look forward to my
almost 17th birthday.

A Reading Group Guide to CRANK by Ellen Hopkins

PREREADING QUESTIONS

Why might teens begin using drugs like **meth** even though they know the dangers?

How might drug addiction impact a family?

What scars might drug addiction leave for generations to come?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

How would you describe Bree? Is this the same way that Kristina would describe her? Where did Bree come from?

For Kristina, what is the lure of crystal **meth**? What does it provide for her? What does it take away?

Describe Kristina's mother, father, and stepfather. Are they in any way responsible for her addiction? Do you think that there's anything else they could have—or should have—done to help her?

Why is Kristina drawn to Adam? To Chase? To Brendan? In what ways are these three similar and in what ways are they different? How does Kristina's relationship with each one affect her?

Which boy is most harmful to her?

Why does Kristina decide to keep her baby? What reasons might she have had for giving it up? Do you think she made the right decision?

Why does Kristina always call crank "the monster"? How do you think her renaming of the drug affects her attitude toward it and her sense of responsibility regarding it? Are there other things or people in the story that get renamed? How does this affect the way in which they are regarded?

Kristina sometimes refers to herself and her life before drugs as boring and worthless, yet at other times she seems to regard it as **something** very precious. What attitude do you think is closest to her true feelings? Do you think those around her would agree with her assessment?

The author chose to write this story in verse. Why do you think that she chose this format? What effect does this have on how you feel about the characters and events?

What is the overall message of this book? Do you think the story will act as a deterrent for teens who are considering drugs?

ACTIVITIES

As we can see in *Crank*, poetry allows us to express ourselves in new and creative ways. Write a poem or series of poems about **something** that has happened in your life.

Choose a drug—crystal **meth** or some other drug that you've heard of—and research its effects on the user.

Omens! Great!

I wasn't about to try and dissuade
the Powers-That-Be.

I still needed answers, however.
I picked up the phone, went into
my room, and made a few calls.

The first was to Dad. Not sure why.
Got his answering machine:

*Me and Linda Sue were feeling
blue, so we went to Mexico.
Leave your number.
I'm getting a hummer.*

Linda Sue? Was she from Kentucky?
No doubt "Miss Louisville" paid for their trip.
But did the world have to know they had oral sex?
And who made Dad a (very bad) poet?

On a crazy whim, I called Adam next.
Guess who was whining in the background.

*Kristina? [Momento, Lince. I'll be right there.]
Well, yeah, we're hangin' out pretty steady.
In fact—you won't believe this—
I'm going to be a daddy next summer.*

Oh, yeah, I believed it all right.
Apparently, though Lince still lacked
feeling in one arm, other parts felt plenty.
So much for Giselle. So much for summer visits.

I muttered congratulations and hung up
without sharing my own "good news."

Woke to Pounding

on the door,
insistent vibration,
building noise.

Bree? You there?

Late-day sun
filtered through
cracks in
the blinds.

It's me. Open up.

Late-day? How
long had
I slept? Only
hours?

I need to talk to you.

Twenty hours,
as it turned
out. I tried to
open my eyes.

Please, Bree?

Adam's tone
forced me into
the moment.
"Hang on."

Something happened.


My mouth tasted
like dead speed,
dying beer, and
foreboding.

There was an accident.


beer

6 RESULTS IN BOOK


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 **I Was Supposed to Sleep?**
Page 82

Settled for a beer. That went down fine,

 **Woke to Pounding**
Page 87


dying beer, and

 **I Watched the Window**
Page 276


the toot if he'd bring the beer.

 **Brendan Was Waiting**
Page 283

Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back.

 **Saturday Night**
Page 288

beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and
emotion,

 **I Could Hardly Wait for Friday**
Page 320

and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty
minutes,

Despite All Trepidation

Despite the monster,
fluttering in and out of my head
like some demented moth, drawn
to whatever light might be left there,

despite Bree,
demanding I find a way to get high,
as if I had a clue where to get **crank**
back here in Kristina Land,

despite Leigh,
helping me lug one suitcase,
her hand annoyingly pinching mine
with every tug, every pull,

despite Jake,
dropping the other suitcase
down an entire flight of stairs,
spilling shampoo, lotion, and tampons,











despite Scott,
smelling depressingly clean,
while my own speed-induced
body odor reeked ever stronger,

despite my mom,
insisting I looked fabulous, having
dropped four or five pounds, all the
while wondering if anorexia had arisen. . . .

crank

58 RESULTS IN BOOK

[Search the web](#)

-  I Tried to Be Cool
Page 69
been **crank**in'.
-  He Told Me Why Anyway
Page 94
Crankin', they said,
-  But First I Had to Pee
Page 120
crank embers glowing behind
-  So I Said
Page 123
the **crank**.
-  It Throbbled the Next Day
Page 138
cranked it up when he got
-  [Despite All Trepidation](#)
Page 155
as if I had a clue where to get **crank**
-  Changed
Page 170
crankster.
-  I Considered
Page 177
the Reno **crank** scene,
-  I Considered
Page 177
crank in Reno,
-  Chase Wanted to Walk Around the Mall
Page 248
Never shop on **crank**.