

The *New York Times* bestseller

IDENTICAL

Ellen Hopkins

The author of *Crank*

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on his face. What in the **fuck**

Q Topping Today's Rant List

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No, he's not a **fuck**ing nut job.

Q Daddy Takes a Gulp

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fucked up to wash them

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into the phone. What the **fuck**

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Shut the **fuck** up at her pitiful

Q He Picked Up

Page 421

Fuck. Whatever. I made my voice

Q Out the Window

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a hedge of "who gives a **fuck**"?

Q The Greed Factor, Again

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What the **fuck** did you do that for?

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I have no clue what I'm doing. **Fuck** it.

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Not me. **Fuck** it. The more

Q I Want to Shout

Page 467

I am not my **fucking** mother!

Q A Half-Assed Honk

Page 518

Did I just think that? **Fuck!**

Q I Should Go Home

Page 520

Where the **fuck** are you?

Q Ty's House

Page 524

to **fuck** up my high. I realize

Q And the Doorbell Rings

Page 526

in quick succession. **Fuck!**

Q And the Doorbell Rings

Page 526

Who the **fuck** is it? Ty yells.

Q And the Doorbell Rings

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Ty takes Ian's arm. Get the **fuck**

Q And the Doorbell Rings

Page 527

and I'm . . . too **fucking** stoned

Q Mom and Raeanne Away

Page 528

fucking good bud.

Q I'm Still Tired

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Shut up. You're **fucking** dead.

Q Mom Promises

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fucking scared in my life.

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mother? Who the **fuck** am I?

Q I Suppose I Got the Addictive Gene

Page 545

Fuck that. All he did was have sex

Q I'm Deep into Conversation

Page 547

Fuck, Daddy. I am crazy.

Q Wow, Ballsy

Page 548

worried about? What the **fuck** is wrong

Q Turns Out

Page 551

the granddaddy of all—**fuck**ing Daddy.

Q Turns Out

Page 551

fuck you and keeping it to yourself."

Q 'Rumble' Teaser

Page 579

testimony? "**Fuck** you, Luke."

Q 'Rumble' Teaser

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Fucking Great

Q 'Rumble' Teaser

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"Dude, I have **fuck**ing moved on.

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- The Biggest Surprise
Page 481
telling me what a **bitch** I am.
- 'Rumble' Teaser
Page 577
Then Mom would **bitch** at him for not kicking
- 'Rumble' Teaser
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Hannity would still be a rip-roaring **bitch**.

Mom Was Gone Again

Can't exactly remember why,
only that we didn't expect her
to come home until very late.
It was dark in our room.

Velvety black. Someone had closed
the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared.
I tried to tell her not to worry, but just
then, Daddy burst through the door.

I closed my eyes tight, made myself
no more than a shadow. Something
about him was different. I didn't
want that something to find me.

I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat
on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into
his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild
Turkey. His peculiar potpourri.

*I love you so much, my little
flower. Daddy needs something
from my girl, my sweet rose.
Will you give it to me?*

I wanted to be his little flower,
would have given my daddy anything.
What did he want from Kaeleigh?
She laid her head on his chest. "What?"

*I want you to see something,
something that proves how
much I love you. This is only
for you, Kaeleigh girl.*

He lifted her gently, sat her
down on the bed beside him.
Then he opened the snaps on
the fly of his flannel pajamas.

*It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite.
See how much Daddy loves you?
Show me you love me, too. Touch
it. He closed her hand around it.*

I know it sounds bad, but I wanted
to touch it too. I didn't know
what it meant, only that it made Daddy
happy. I wanted to make him happy too.

*That's right. That's right.
His voice rocked in rhythm
with his body. Oh yes, my Kaeleigh
loves me. My little flower . . .*

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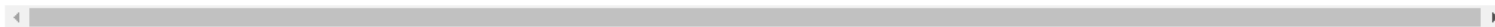
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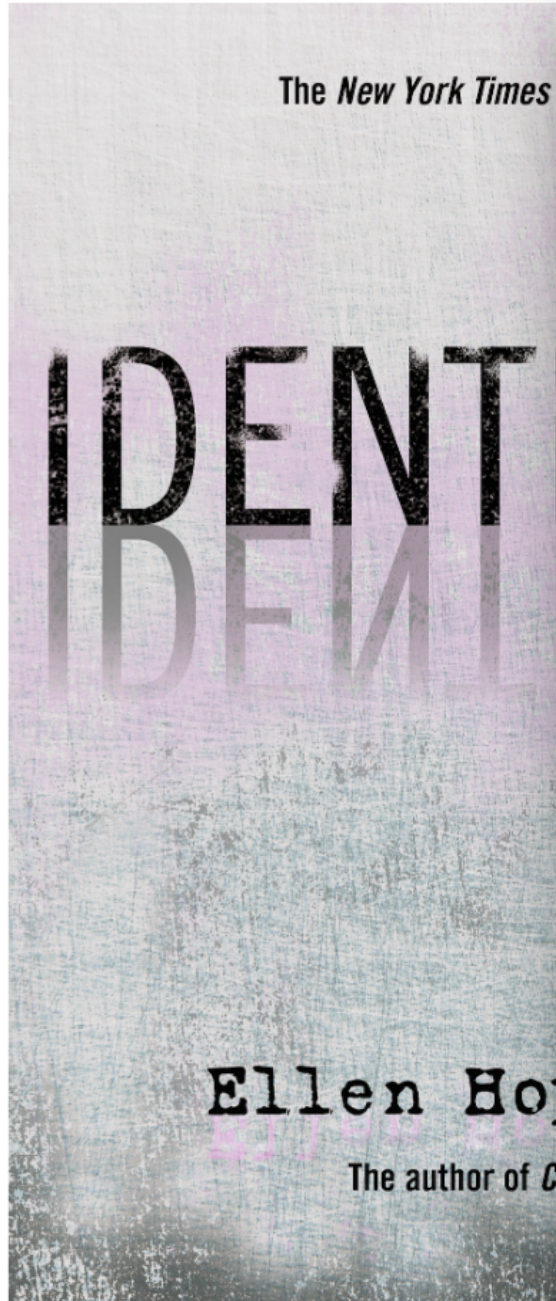
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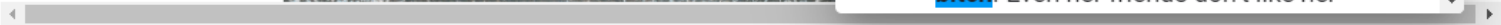


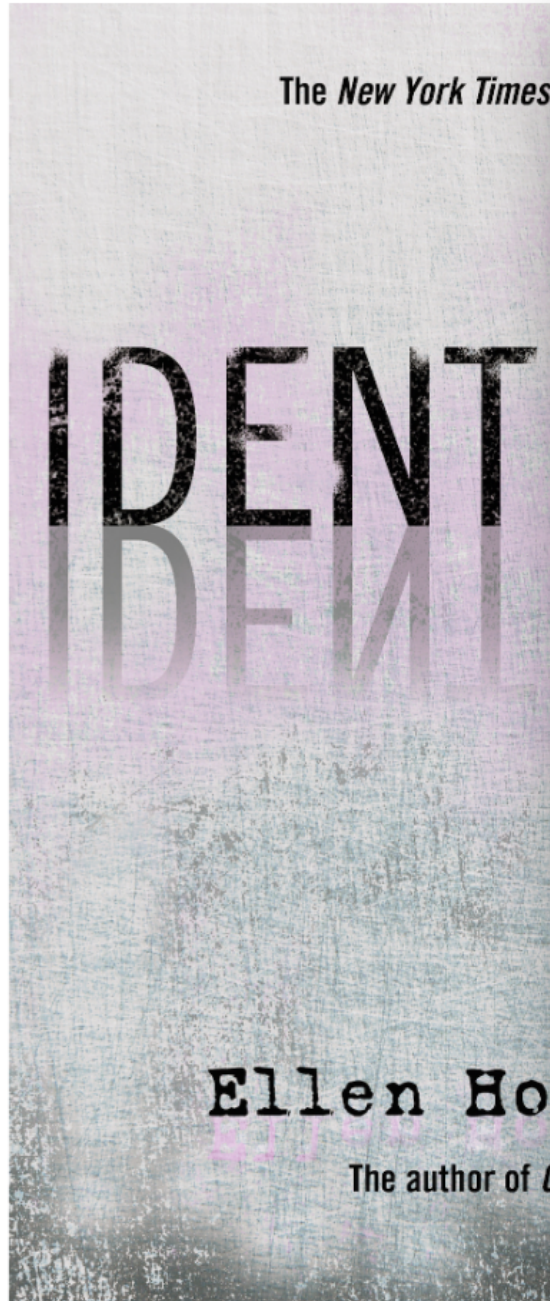
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bitch

17 RESULTS IN BOOK [Search the web](#)

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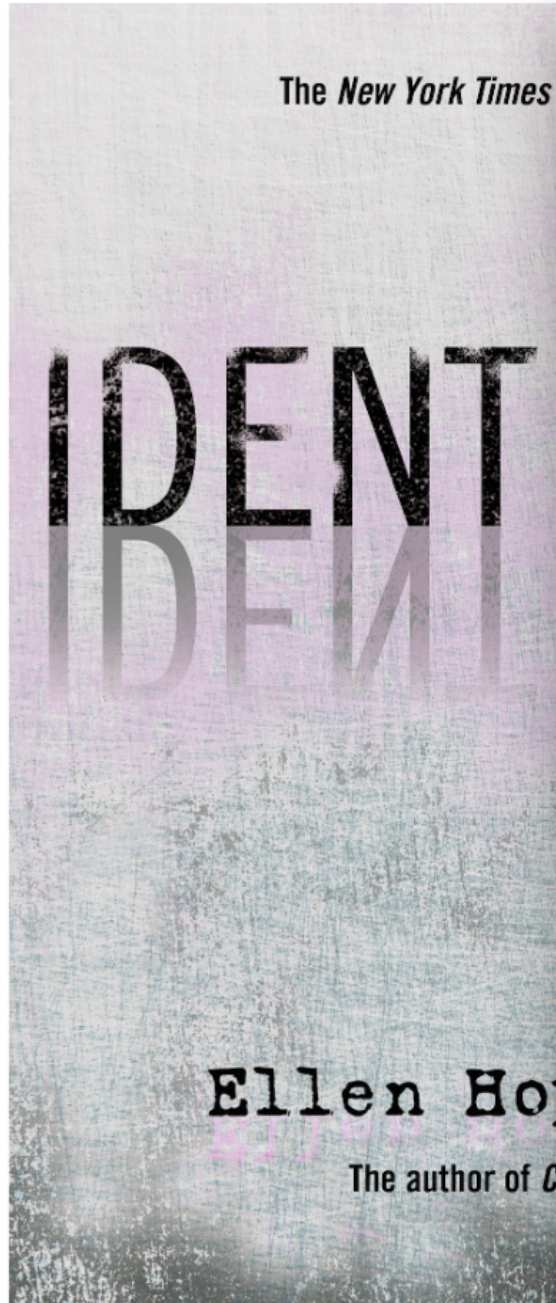


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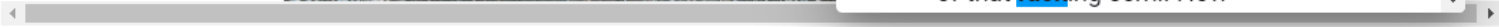


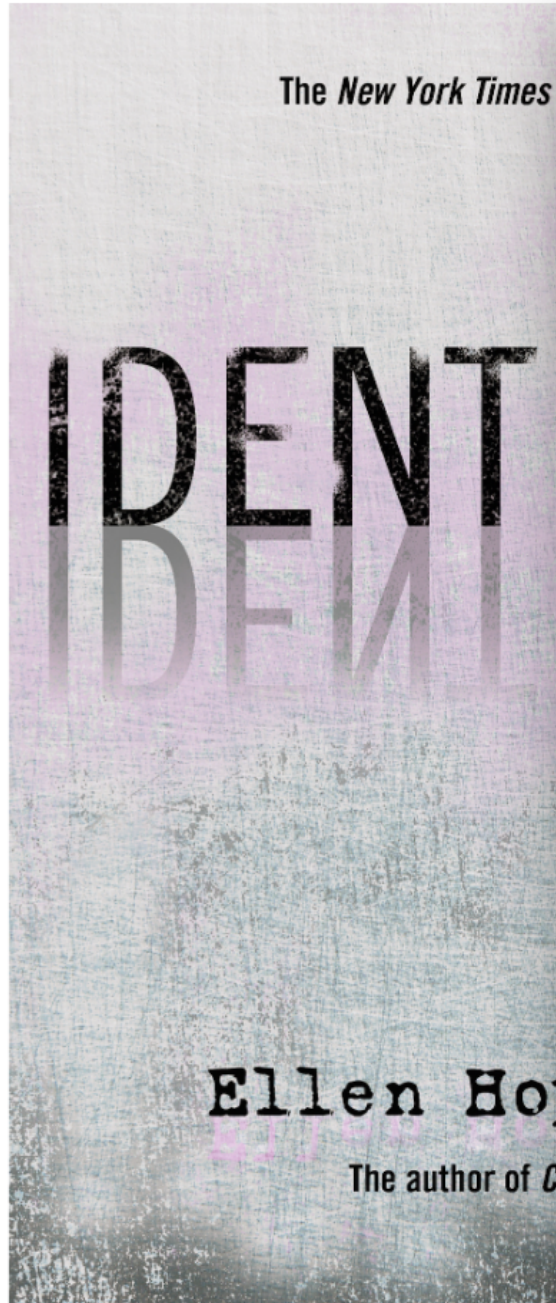
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fuck

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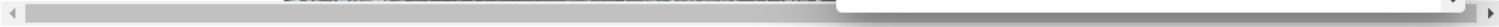
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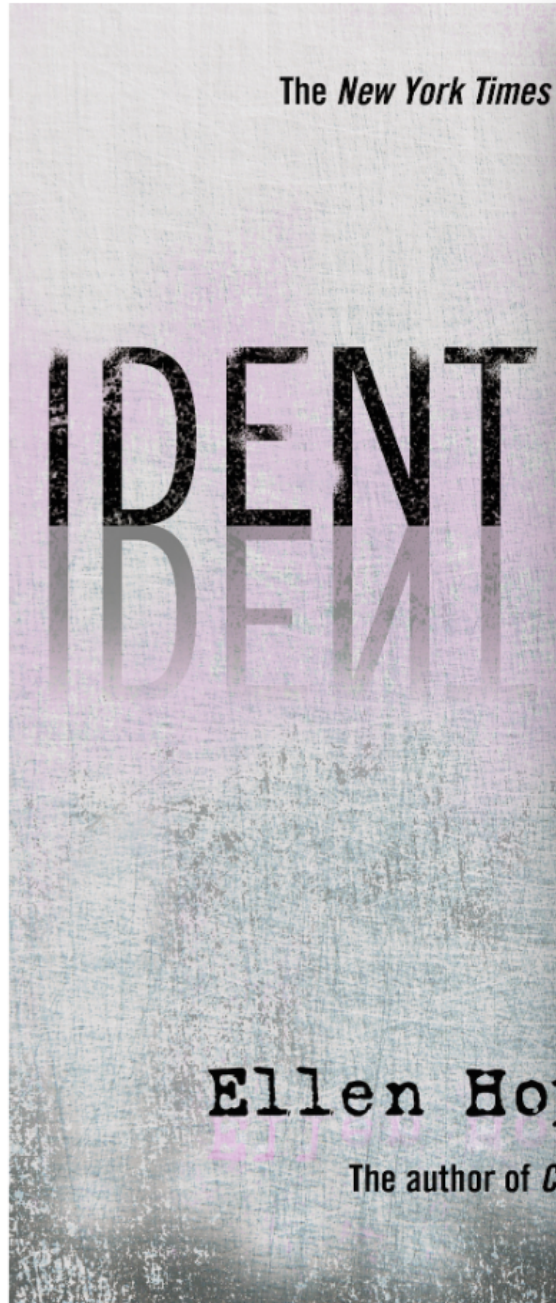
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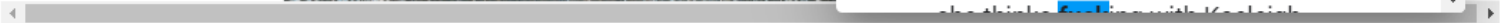


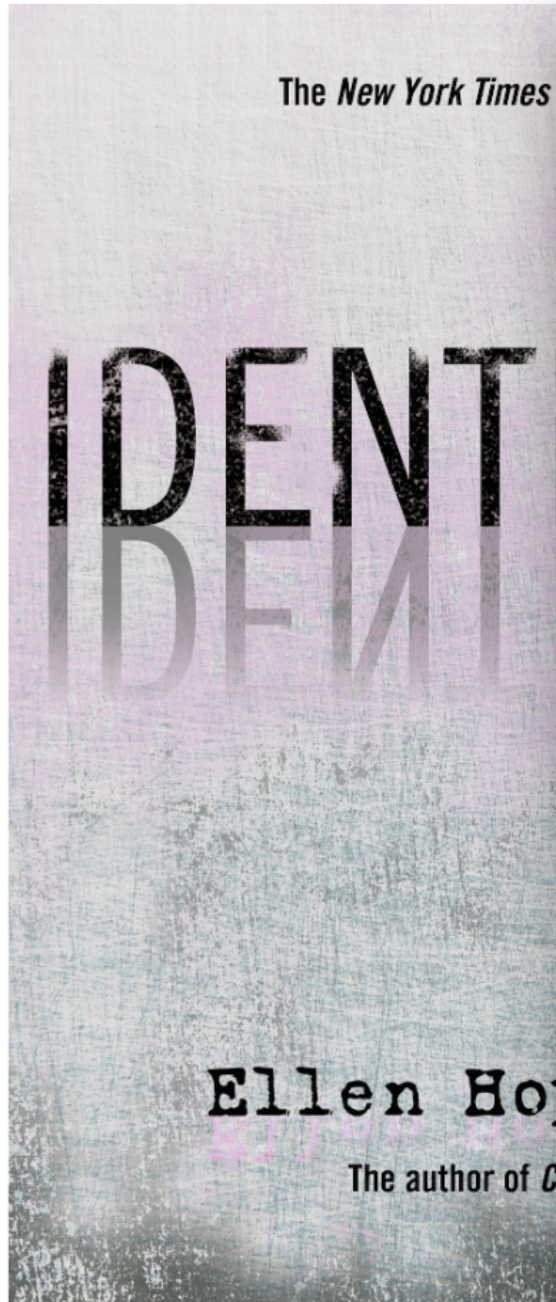
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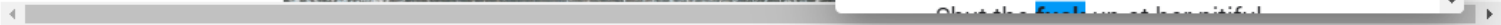


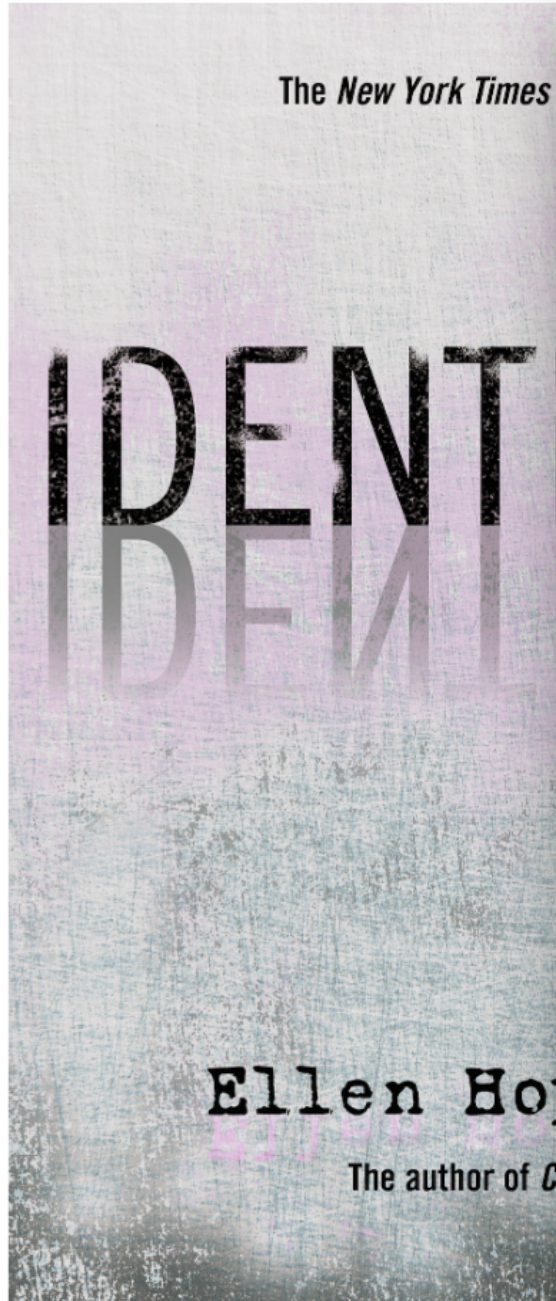
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