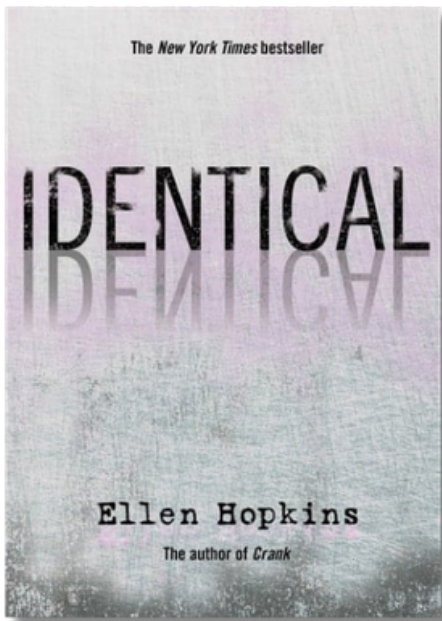




BOOK REPORT



Identical

Author: Ellen Hopkins

Page 19:

xcept for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?

Page 41:

Then I kissed him. Hard. Wet. Sharp stabs of tongue. My fingers drifted in between his thighs, finding exactly what they expected. Madison gave a little gasp.

"Oh,

" I said.

"Sorry, didn't mean to offend you.

" I laughed. Mick joined me, then said. That's my cue. See ya, Mad.

Page 62:

I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do. It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone. ... Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl. His voice was a soft hiss. Are you awake?

Talk to me. Daddy ish-is-sh-so lonely. I'd never heard him sound like that. Like a stranger. A drunk, slurring stranger. Where was my daddy? Kaeleigh, all sweetness, wanted to comfort Daddy, who drew her onto his lap. Stroked her hair. Kissed her gently on the forehead. Cheeks. Eyes. Finally, on her lips, but not nasty or mean or with tongue or anything but misplaced love. Love meant

for Mom. He just held her, kissed her. Breathed Wild Turkey all over her until they both fell asleep, woven together.

Page 65:

I guess I could have offered descriptions o Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars. ...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.

Page 66:

I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.

Page 80:

No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.

Page 101:

He reaches for my left boob.

Page 108:

He reaches across the short distance between us, pulls me right into him, kisses me with unexpected hunger. In the time it takes me to react to that, decide whether or not to invite more, he already has my top button unbuttoned. His hands want to go under the fabric, insist on it, in fact. I should say no. Need to say no.

W-wait,

"I try, but no little bit of me wants to stop and Ty intuit's all of that. He doesn't stop, and I don't try to make him. And it isn't long before I throw every ounce of caution to the nonexistent wind. With only a fleeting thought of Mick, I give in to this insane desire to know this not-quite- stranger in the most intimate way. And so, I sacrifice my inner child, give myself away.

Page 114:

Memory strikes suddenly chokes me. Strangles me. It was dark in my room. Very dark. Someone had closed the curtain. I was small. Maybe nine. Mommy wasn't home. But Daddy was. He lurched through my door. That scared me. But why? He'd never hurt me before. Only touched me lovingly. Like any Daddy. ...Don't be afraid, little flower. It's only me.

Page 121:

Maybe that's why I got so ballsy, had sex with Ty where I knew Mick could find us. ...Anyway, most of Mick's brains reside in the general area of his groin. One thing for sure, sex will never be about love with Mick. I don't love him, and he definitely doesn't love me. Still, he semi-fills a gaping black hole inside me. That place wants love, maybe even needs love, but love is something I'm pretty sure doesn't exist.

Page 123:

Yeah, well, I could have screwed her Friday night too. I didn't, even though she wanted to.

Page 150:

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... ..when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept. Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded, "Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?" ...Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay? Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused.

"Can I tell Mama our secret?" No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you? She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed,

"I won't tell.

"Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.

Page 175:

Once again we engage in easy sex, hardly a word exchanged between us. We are so not about conversation, and only body-to-body communication.

Page 210:

...He picks me up, carries me into his bedroom, half throws me onto the bed.

When he starts to undress me, I burst into a new fit of giggles. My jeans are so tight, he can't wiggle me out of them.

"Want some help, my macho vampire?"

I shed everything and he does too, but before we do another thing, he asks, How 'bout another bowl? Something to take you real, real low. He leers like a scary circus clown. Low as a girl can go. True to his word he drops me real, real low. I'm floating on a poppy sea. Naked. Mellow. But a sudden wind rouses the breaks and low tide builds to major swells. Ty kisses me, all fang, pure vampire.

"Hey. Take it easy."

" But somehow my body responds to the pain. And Ty responds to that, clamping one hand around both my wrists, pulling them over my head and pinning me helpless. It is then I notice the nylon cord, one end tied tight to the headboard. Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games. He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape- proof. I shake my head. "Don't.

" But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?"

Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules.

The proper response would be, "Please, sir.

" Say it. My heart yells,

"No fucking way.

" But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir.

" He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way. Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me. Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand.

" I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules.

Page 228:

They're about the same as straight sex and gay sex- some similarities, but different in ways that really count.

Page 238:

Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous. That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall. As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine. Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy.

I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest. Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might smack her. But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke.

Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V. It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful. Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy. At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.

Page 259:

They're about the same as straight sex and gay sex- some similarities, but different in ways that really count.

Page 260:

"Let's sneak on outta here and do the dirty."

Page 267:

Thought you kind of liked the play. Was I wrong? He reaches up, strokes my cheek gently. No encore? Rough play, he means and I really did like it because I'm sicker than he is....

"An encore would be nice.

" I smile.

"Maybe nice is not the right word, though.

" Nice works. So how about it? When can we get together again? He winds his fingers into my hair. Tugs gently, brings my face right down against his. Opens his mouth. We are tongue on tongue.

Page 280:

Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly. I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse.

"Touch me. Please?" He want to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh... And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightening ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.

Page 288:

I lean forward slightly, notice his eyes fall to what almost passes as cleavage, with a good Victoria's Secret push-up bra helping out. ...The entire time, my legs rest gently between his, knees touching the inside of his, and despite my "lunch" with Mick today, I'm starting to feel incredibly, um...aroused.

Page 319:

(Doing the dirty.) Shot one: missionary, Daddy on top. Shot two: doggie-style, Daddy on top. Shot three: can't even say it, let alone dwell on the picture, but Daddy's on top. (Always on top.)

Page 320:

"Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex. Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know? Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty... Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawler, assorted others). I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life. Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.

Page 459:

I am your little girl. I am not your girlfriend. I am not your whore. I am not my fucking mother! But he is on top of me and my shout is silenced. He is inside of me and my scream stays there too. He is finished. And I don't cry out, but I do cry a bucket of silent tears. He slithers away and at last, I quietly sob no no no no no.

Page 466:

I want to know joyous sex. ...I want sex laced with love, and not warped parental love, but the honest kind. I want sex that makes me feel right, not like some freak, some inbred monstrosity. I'm no, am I?

Page 507:

I found your father, on a swing with a young girl, about his age. They were naked, playing with each other. Miranda was directing them, and her boyfriend was taking pictures. ...Your father gained his manhood, if you could call it that, at the age of ten. His photographs appeared in magazines, for the pleasure of pedophiles.