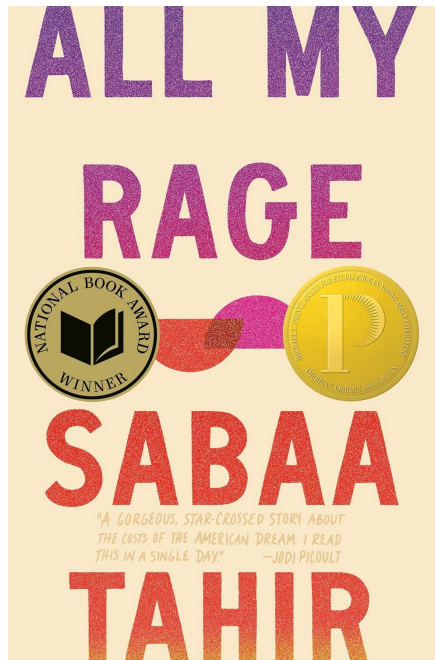


All My Rage



Book Summary

Tells the story of two Pakistani-American teenagers as they navigate their lives in a small California town while grappling with family struggles and societal pressures.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol/alcoholism, alternate gender/sexual ideologies(minor), bullying, death/grief, deception, derogatory terms, drug use/dealing/addiction, mentions of repressed sexual assault, physical abuse, profanity, racism, sexism, sexual activities (minor), smoking, stealing, tense interactions with the police and the justice system and violence.

Young Adult

By Sabaa Tahir

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CONTENT WARNING

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3 / 5

YA Restricted

Page	Content
25	I was six when an earthquake hit my village in Pakistan. Chachu drove for two days from Karachi because the flights to northern Punjab were down. When he reached the village, he crawled over the rubble to my grandparents' house, where my parents lived, too. He tore at the rocks with his bare hands. The emergency workers told him it was useless. His palms bled. His nails were ripped out. Everyone was dead. But Chachu kept digging. He heard me crying, trapped in a closet. He pulled me out. Got me to a hospital and didn't leave my side.
43	"No—" He jerks away, arms windmilling. When his hand smacks my face, I think at first that Marks has hit me—that's how unlikely it is that my father would ever lay a finger on me. Then I realize what's happened. It
44	stings like hell and my eyes water—even as my panic rises. A cop seeing my dad hit me is not what we need right now.
141	His head is cocked a little, dark hair falling in his face. From here, his brown eyes are black. He's staring at me. Like he has something he wants to tell me. He flips a pen from finger to finger with a proficiency that is unfairly sexy. I snort at myself. It's just a pen, Noor. He's not smiling, but that only draws my attention to his mouth. Which is not helpful. I want to look away, but I can't. My fingers feel weird. Tingly. I imagine him watching me like this when we're alone somewhere. The pen falling,
142	and his clever hands on my body instead. That mouth— I let my hair fall over my face. Stop. I find his gaze again. What is he thinking? Not what you want him to be thinking, Noor. Jamie's noticed. "Get a room." She makes a gagging sound, and then, so only I can hear: "Maybe one at his little motel."
161	"Riaz is an asshole. Shit—I didn't mean—" Shafiq raises his eyebrows. Double shit. He's an imam, Salahudin! "He's uh . . . not nice," I say. "He's hates that Noor is religious. He makes her work at the liquor store, even though she barely has time to do homework. He doesn't want her to go to college. He wants her to take over at the store so he can go to college." "Do you know if Riaz has ever hit Noor?" For a long second I stare at him. I do not understand the question. "Hit—like—" "Struck." Shafiq looks me straight in the eyes. He's young, but if he's run mosques before, people in the community must have come to him with their problems all the time. "Your ama was worried about Noor." "If Riaz was hurting her, she'd have told me," I say. "Noor—" Jumped when I touched her shoulder—out of pain, not surprise. Cried on the phone and wouldn't tell me why. Has been wearing makeup in an inexplicable way off and on for the past couple months, even though she's told me she hates makeup. Clammed up when I made a comment about Abu using his fists on me. Wow, Salahudin, you dumbass. "Goddamn Riaz—" That piece of shit. Someone should kick his face. Me. I'm the someone. I'm half out of my seat when Imam Shafiq raises a hand. "Sit down, Sal," he says. "More violence isn't going to help Noor. We're not even sure if that's what's really going on." "Should I—should I ask her about it?" I try to be practical, to tamp down my wrath. "Should we call the police? I don't want to freak her out. She gets nervous around cops." Shafiq considers. "We might need to get the police involved at some point. But right now, she should feel safe. Supported." "Maybe the next time I talk to her, I can . . . let her know I'm worried," I offer. "No accusations. No questions. I'll see what she says." "I'll talk to Khadija in the meantime," Shafiq says. "If you think Noor's in any danger, get her away from Riaz.
180	"Ashlee must have had a funny reaction to something," she says to me when I sit back down. "We got food from Jimmy's Grill last night. Ashlee looked green but I thought a good night's sleep would help." She grabs her
181	necklace, a little silver heart with a red jewel in the center. "By God, if my baby girl doesn't make it, I won't rest until Jimmy is in jail, and if he isn't in jail, he'll damn well wish he was." She either has no idea that Ashlee overdosed or she doesn't want to admit it. Dr. Ellis opens the folder on the table. "According to the attending doctor, Ashlee had a high dose of carfentanyl in her system. It's an

Page	Content
182	<p>extremely dangerous synthetic form of the painkiller fentanyl. She also had OxyContin—” My stomach plummets. Oxy. The shit I sold her. “Both are opioids. There have been quite a few overdoses in Juniper—” “Overdose?” Ms. McCann holds on to her necklace. “My daughter’s not a druggie.” “This is what the labs found in her system—” “She might have took those meds because she wasn’t feeling good. She’s got back troubles after having her baby, but she’s a mother, for crying out loud. She’s not going to—to—shoot up heroin with her daughter in the car like some junkie—” “It wasn’t heroin,” Dr. Ellis corrects her gently. “It was an opioid. The amount found in her body suggests she took too much at once. Ms. McCann—I know it’s hard to hear. Sometimes we don’t know why people do terrible things—” Dr. Ellis glances at me then. But her face isn’t accusatory. It’s— something else.</p>
198	<p>Down comes his fist right into my stomach and I can’t breathe. Hands tearing at my face. Chachu shouts. Screams. In rage. In grief. I can’t understand him. “Useless! You’re useless, you ungrateful bitch,” Chachu roars. “I gave up everything to take care of you!” He shoves me and I hit the wall so hard my teeth rattle. But it’s fine. It’s okay if it’s on the inside. I’ll only have issues if he hits my face. If it shows. Blood everywhere—it’s pouring from my nose, my eye, and this is bad because I can’t hide this. They’ll know—at school, they’ll know. I taste blood— My side is on fire. I’m on the ground and he kicks me, snarling something I don’t understand. It’s like twelve years of how he’s really felt is exploding all at once. I curl up and wait for it to be over. The memory fades. Dissolves into nothing but what is happening here.</p>
199	<p>How dare you!” he screams at me now, but he’s crying, too. Maybe at what he’s lost. Or at what he’s doing. “How dare you!” How dare I defy him. How dare I survive. His tennis shoe slams into my ribs. Don’t break. Don’t break. Oh God. Help me. Someone help me. Help me I grab the closest thing to me, a heavy brass sculpture of an eagle that Brooke bought at a flea market. I scramble up. Chachu turns when he hears</p>
200	<p>me. I hurl it at him and he screams something—my name, or a curse. Then I stagger away. I grab my backpack, still sitting by the door, and I run and run and run.</p>
201	<p>Salahudin loved to wander around the motel from the moment he could walk. His favorite place was the laundry room. He’d seek it out on sturdy little legs when I was changing the sheets or sweeping the parking lot. I’d pretend I had no idea where he’d gone, then flip on the lights and sweep him up from his small nest beneath the towels. One day, I lay down on the bed in room 6 for a moment. It was evening—and it was my last room. Salahudin had been playing with his toy vacuum near me. I smiled, listening to his small vroom-vroom sounds. I closed my eyes. I fell asleep. When I opened them, the universe had changed. Toufiq found our son in the laundry room. I did not understand, at first, what happened. Toufiq told me. We took Salahudin to the emergency room. We called the police. But the tenant who hurt our son gave us a fake name. He paid in cash. He disappeared. “Salahudin won’t remember the assault.” The doctor who told us this was young, with kind, sad eyes. Her name tag said ELLEN ELLIS. I would call her many times in the years that followed. And she would always be kind. “Keep an eye on him. Watch for aggression, nightmares, bed-wetting—” I nodded but I did not wish to nod. I wished to scream. To find the man and make a pulp of him. To kill him slowly. To hurt him the way he hurt my boy. To break him the way he broke us.</p>
202	<p>When we returned home in the morning, Salahudin slept in my arms, still sedated. I was happy he was sedated. Happy he wouldn’t remember anything. Do not let him remember, I prayed. Punish he who did this. Punish him with pain, God. Punish him as only you can. But Toufiq did not speak. Instead, he went to the cabinet where we kept everything our tenants left behind. He took out a glass and filled it with an amber liquid so potent that my eyes stung to look at it. He drank it down, the way he had only once before, when his parents died. But this time, he did not stop.</p>

Page	Content
209	<p>"You're perfect," she whispers. "Okay?" I look up into her eyes glimmering darkly and put my hands lightly on her waist. Then I run one thumb along the soft skin above her hips. Her whole body trembles, but when I stop, she growls at me. More. Her hands are on my forearms, my biceps, my shoulder. She runs her fingers through my hair, watching my face all the while. When she rakes her nails lightly across my scalp, with torturous slowness, I hold her closer. Something inside me coils in tight, and every part of me tingles, awake in the best possible way. She pushes me onto my back. Her hair comes down on either side of my face, stars twinkling between like she's made of them. Her eyes drop to my mouth.</p> <p>"Are—um—are you sure?" I ask. "You're hurt." "I want to feel something else," she whispers. "Just for a little while. I want to not hurt. I want to forget. Help me forget, Salahudin." When our lips touch I'm sure I'll transform into a living current. Suddenly, I need her, all of her. I need her to be close to me. I sling an arm around her waist and pull her against me. Everything falls away. There are no shadows between us. We're bound together, her lips on mine, the flare of her waist underneath my fingers. I explore her mouth deeper and she sighs into me, her hands light on my arms, my chest.</p>
217	<p>"This is bullshit!" I yell it now, too enraged to be afraid. Officer Marks radios for backup. There are already two cop cars and three officers here. They all have guns. We have snacks and a wizard kite. I reach for the door handle. Then I think of the time Chachu called the police when a customer started breaking bottles. The guy was mad because Brooke carded him. The cops arrested Chachu instead. That's how it goes in small towns. Juniper's no different.</p>
219	<p>I practically spit in her face. People always see the wrong things. Jamie looked at me and saw a cheater. Ortiz looks at Salahudin and sees an abuser. But they'll look at Jamie and see a popular girl instead of a racist asshole. They'll look at Riaz and see a savior who took in his orphaned niece instead of a monster.</p>
220	<p>Salahudin talks—I hear his voice but not what he's saying. Don't tell them anything, I want to shout at him. The more you tell them, the more they can screw you.</p>
319	<p>The only lips I want on mine are his. The only voice I want to hear close to my ear is his. Salahudin's body is the one I want to explore.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	29
Bastard	2
Bitch	5
Dick	2
Fuck	3
Piss	9
Shit / Bullshit etc.	104
Whore	1
Apu	1
Raghead	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	13
God / God damn etc.	26
Hell	36
Lord	2
Christ	1
Fence-Jumping Camel Jockey	2