

When one of the book report questions is to find imagery in your book (in which I choose my fav type of book which is MURDER MYSTERY!) and you choose the most good/violent/worst/exciting/terrible to write down and submit.(AKA ME>:D)

The New Girl by Jesse Q. Sutanto

2nd Quarter
(Now)
Book report

“He crashes down on top of me, and I’m winded again. His body mass is sickening, terrifying, an alien grabbing me. His heat envelopes me, the weight of him shockingly real. So heavy, like a boulder crushing me. His hard flesh is on mine, and though I try to turn, he’s too heavy for me to budge. He’s too strong, too big for me to push off. I claw for something. Anything. A rock. I grip it so hard, its sharp edge bites into my palm. I swing it—sudden hot pain rips through my arm. He bit me! I shriek, dropping the rock. Mr. Werner lunges for it and swings at my head. I twist my head around, and the rock bashes into the ground, less than an inch from my skull. I feel the rush of wind against my skin, the savage *thunk* the rock makes. Mr. Werner isn’t holding back. He means to crush my skull like an egg. Terror pounds through my veins. I will die here. His rancid breath is hot on my face, and the weight of him on top of me is so solid, so real. Oh god, this is truly happening. I fling my fist at his face, but it barely does anything. We’re both snarling, panting like dogs, limbs flailing everywhere, eyes barely seeing, uncomprehending what’s going on.”

In the Hall With the Knife by Diana Peterfreund

1st Quarter
Book report

“She’d hardly gotten past the threshold when she tripped over something and fell. Orchid threw out her arms to catch herself before she slammed into the hard, tiled floor, but instead she hit a soft, bulky mass, the rolled into yet another frigid puddle. *The windows must have broken in here, too* was her first hazy thought. And then she looked at her arms, which were bathed in red. And two feet away lay a crumpled form. His skin was gray. His mouth was slack. His pale fingers still clutched the handle of the knife jutting out of his chest. But it was his eyes that terrified her the most. Flat, unblinking, and staring right at her.”

