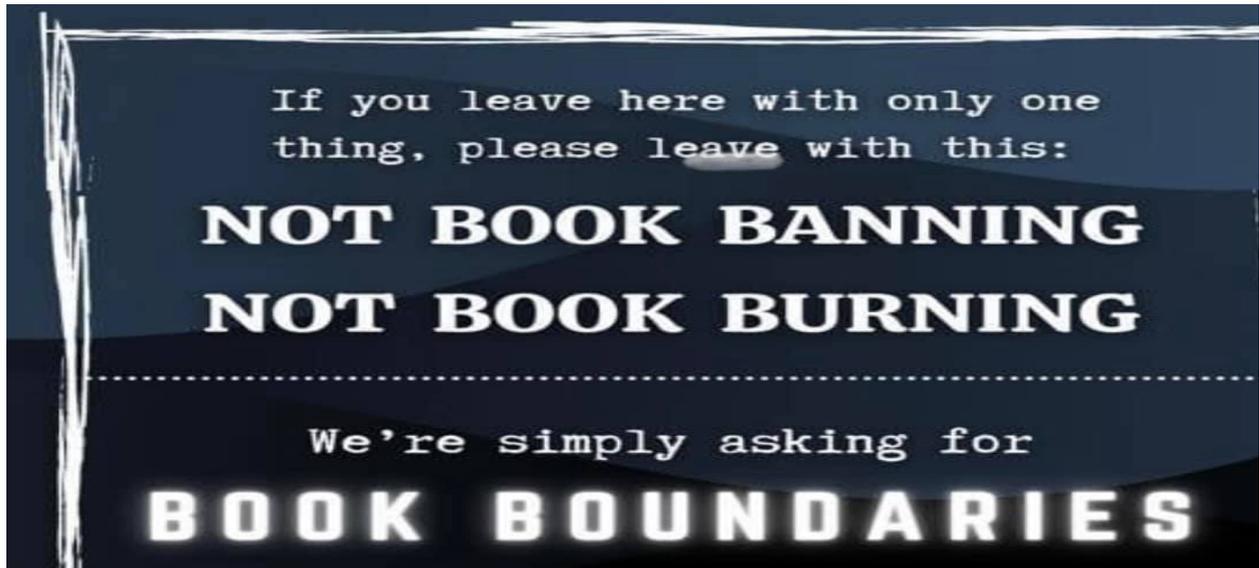


# MakeSchoolsSafeAgain.com



Pervasively vulgar, sexually explicit and other educationally unsuitable books have no place in public schools or anywhere that children have access. Per the TEA suggested new local school board policy, library books containing harmful material labeled under Texas Penal Code §43.24 do not belong in Texas School Libraries.

Go to [GoFollett.com](http://GoFollett.com) and check your school libraries. If any of the books in this presentation are there, contact your ISD immediately.

Contact your school board and superintendents and tell them to remove pervasively vulgar and educationally unsuitable books from our children's libraries.

Remind them they have the legal right to remove these kinds of books immediately without a book review committee: EF LEGAL

INSTRUCTIONAL RESOURCES

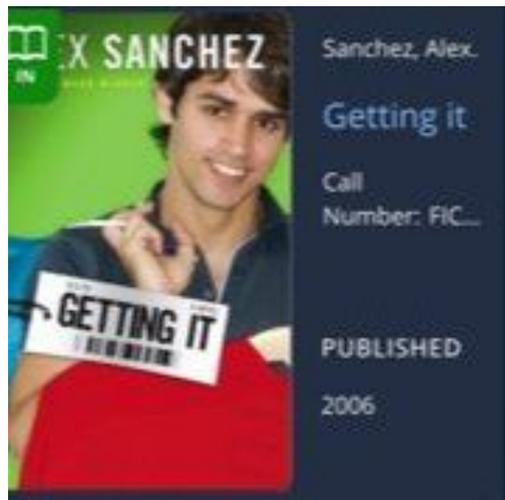
EF  
(LEGAL)

#### School Library

A district possesses significant discretion to determine the content of its school libraries. A district must, however, exercise its discretion in a manner consistent with the First Amendment.

#### Removal of Library Materials

Students' First Amendment rights are implicated by the removal of books from the shelves of a school library. A district shall not remove materials from a library for the purpose of denying students access to ideas with which the district disagrees. A district may remove materials because they are pervasively vulgar or based solely upon the educational suitability of the books in question.



## "Getting It" by Alex Sanchez

**Concerns: Sexual relations between children, pervasively vulgar, mature adult topics, sexual harassment language and more**

"Sorry." Carlos returned his face to hers, more confident now, feeling like he was getting the hang of it. And when she tapped her tongue against his, it seemed like the most natural thing on earth.

As their lips pressed and parted, their breaths came harder, chests rising and falling. And Carlos became keenly aware of Roxy's breasts squishing against him. He tried to pull away, fearing she might think he was trying to cop a feel. But the breasts seemed to chase after him.

Suddenly, Roxy pulled her mouth away and gasped, "Do you want to see them?"

Carlos blinked, a little dazed. This was too much like a scene from his fantasies to be true. So he simply said, "Um, okay."

"Not bad!" Playboy patted Carlos on the back. "At least you got some oral."

"Um, not exactly," Carlos confessed. "Her ma came home."

"Holy shit!" Pulga exclaimed. "What did she do?"

"Mostly yelled at Roxy. She told me not to go over there if she wasn't home."

"Parents suck," Playboy proclaimed.

"Yeah," the rest of them agreed.

During the remainder of the ride, Carlos's thoughts focused on Roxy. How would she act toward him now that she'd dived into his pants? Surely she'd have to acknowledge him at least a teensy bit more.

At lunchtime, he gazed expectantly across the cafeteria. Roxy chatted and laughed with her friends, but she barely

Hands quivering, Carlos fumbled to unclasp his **sexy** belt buckle. Why wouldn't the damn thing open? Fortunately, Roxy's fingers worked more nimbly. Carlos raised his hips and tugged his jeans down to his knees.

"Your underwear, too." Roxy sighed impatiently. "Hurry!"

Carlos hesitated. He'd never let anybody see him in such a state of excitement. What if Roxy thought his thing was too small? What if she laughed at it?

*Don't look, okay?* he wanted to tell her. But he didn't want to sound like a kid. Instead, he closed his own eyes.

As he tugged his briefs down, Roxy giggled, but not as though she were laughing at it—more as if she liked it. "Mmm ..."

Emboldened, Carlos cracked one eye open. Roxy hovered above his lap, grin-

skin on skin. Had anyone known greater joy? He wanted to borrow the phone and call his own friends.

Except, he would like to see the breasts first. Fingers quivering, he nudged Roxy's T-shirt up. She good-naturedly aided him along, guiding him like an angel with perky breasts.

"Kiss them," she whispered.

Carlos gazed up. "Huh?"

"Kiss them."

Carlos gulped, slightly terrified. But how could he refuse? Leaning forward, he gently pressed his lips onto her breast. Roxy gave a soft moan.

Carlos glanced up to make sure he hadn't hurt her. But her face displayed no sign of pain. With increasing agility, he planted a tender kiss on her other breast.

Roxy squirmed and moaned, her flat, smooth stomach arching beneath him.

Feeling nearly like a pro now, Carlos began moving his mouth slowly from one breast to another, lightly brushing his lips across the pliant skin till Roxy suddenly gasped.

"Are you okay?" Carlos quickly pulled away.

In response, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and head, pressing his face so tight against her breasts that he could hardly breathe. But he didn't mind. He'd gladly have given up breathing for the rest of his life.

While pressing the phone to her ear, Roxy reached for Carlos's hand and laid it on top of her breasts again.

*Who is she talking to?* Carlos wondered.

"Don't worry about that," she spoke into the phone. "Oral is oral, it's not **sex**. It's like kissing—except you're kissing something else."

She darted a devilish glance at Carlos and said to whomever she was talking, "Listen, I've got to go. I'll call you later and tell you about it, okay?"

*What exactly will you tell them later?* Carlos wondered as Roxy hung up. He wanted to ask, except she suddenly took hold of his wrist and slid his hand underneath her shirt.

*Shit, she's bra-less!* As his fingertips touched her naked skin, his heart slammed against his chest. He was touching Roxy Rodriguez's breasts—



# Almost Perfect

by Brian Katcher (Goodreads Author)

★★★★☆ 3.85 · Rating details · 8,634 ratings · 840 reviews

*You only hurt the ones you love.*

Logan Witherspoon recently discovered that his girlfriend of three years cheated on him. But things start to look up when a new student breezes through the halls of his small-town high school. Sage Hendricks befriends Logan at a time when he no longer trusts or believes in people. Sage has been homeschooled for a number of years and her parents have forbidden her to date anyone, but she won't tell Logan why. One day, Logan acts on his growing feelings for Sage. Moments later, he wishes he never had. Sage finally discloses her big secret: she was born a boy. Enraged, frightened, and feeling betrayed, Logan lashes out at Sage and disowns her. But once Logan comes to terms with what happened, he reaches out to Sage in an attempt to understand her situation. But Logan has no idea how rocky the road back to friendship will be. (less)

Want to Read

Rate this book

★★★★☆

Open Preview

**Summary:** A teenage boy unknowingly has a romantic relationship with a biological male (transgender female). **Concerns:** sexual relations between children, the emotional roller coaster this male child has after learning he kissed a boy (transgender girl), pervasively vulgar, mature adult only topics, gender modification of a child, homophobic slurs, etc...

- ISSUE:** Pervasively Vulgar (damn – 11 times, shit -14 times, fuck -7 times, fucking-4 times, fucked-5 times, bitch-5 times, ass-15 times, asshole-6 times, bastard-2 times, pussy) multiple sexual related and suggestive scenes. Contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; alternate genders ideologies.
- Examples of Specific Passages** (Pg #'s captured below may vary from hard copy vs digital copy):

Page	Content
12	"C'mon, Logan. Don't tell me you wouldn't like to press your face into her chest and make motorboat noises." I stifled a laugh. "Piss off, Jack."
101	"I..." She swallowed, took a deep breath, and closed her eyes, "I'm a boy."
102	Sage is a guy. A boy. A MAN
102	And I'd fallen for it. Jesus, I'd fallen for it completely. I'd kissed a boy. French- kissed a boy! That made me a fag, didn't it? For a month, I'd fantasized about Sage. Her cute face, her muscular, athletic body. Now my mental images of her naked body filled me with horror. Big, hairy balls. An eight-inch cock. Flat, hairy chest and hairy back. And I had kissed her. No, not her. Him.
103	I'd made out with a boy. I'd believed Sage was a girl. But does everyone else?
106	"Sage, do you think I want my friends to know I kissed an ass pirate like you? Just stay the hell away from me. I don't ever want to see you again, faggot."
123	Could you pass the salt, Logan? Oh, and by the way, I'm really a boy. Shit, I would have run for the hills!
128	"Why...why are you pretending to be a girl?" Sage snorted, "I fooled you, didn't I?" I revved the engine. "Goodbye." "Wait." She touched my arm, then immediately pulled away. "I guess this is all new to you." It was my turn to snort.

168 | “...Next year, I’m going to enter college as a woman. I let myself deny that I was a female for over ten years. That’s ten years wasted. And it’ll probably be another ten years before I can afford the surgery.”  
In my entire life, I’d never wondered about how a sex change worked. “So you’re really going to have the doctor cut it off?”  
She shook her head. “They won’t actually remove my penis,” lectured Sage.

Page	Content
	“They’ll slit it laterally to create...” ...“Okay. Yes, I do want to have sexual reassignment surgery, or a sex change, as you’d call it. When they’re done, you could see me naked and still think I was born female.”
197	Sage had breasts. ...Sage had the real thing. I bobbed by the rope that separated us from the deep end and stared at her. She was all the way in the water, though it only came up to her navel. They bunchedy swim skirt completely obscured her crotch. Her tits, however, we almost on display. That whole story about her being a boy was a lie! ...They must be real. That bikini left little to the imagination, and besides, her headlights were on.
203	“Sage, how did you...um...develop like that?” ...“I take synthetic estrogen. Hormones, Logan.” ...“Like medicine? You actually grew those things?”
204	“You never wondered why I don’t have a beard? You never noticed how soft my skin is?” She held her arm out to me as if she wanted me to feel her softness. ...“Of course I noticed, but I just thought that you were girly. I guess I never knew you could change someone’s body like that.” I thought back to the pool. Pills could turn a guy into a chick? Sage’s oversized robe had slipped slightly, revealing her bare shoulder. “Only if you start before puberty’s over. That’s another reason I transitioned early. If you started taking hormones now, you wouldn’t get nearly the results. Your breasts would stay small and pointy, and you wouldn’t lose your facial hair. Your, ah, other parts wouldn’t wither up as much, either.” ...“So you just go to the pharmacy and order this stuff?” “Ha! I wish. It’s a catch-twenty-two situation for trans-gendered people. Hormones have to be prescribed by a psychiatrist, and most therapists won’t let you start until you’re in your mid-twenties. By then they won’t do you nearly as much good.”
206	The bottom of her bathrobe had fallen open, revealing that she was wearing a thick pair of gym shorts. Slowly, her hand crept up to the robe’s belt and began to undo it. “Sage, don’t.” I did not want to see her body again. I did not want to see her smooth belly or her freckled shoulders or her round, perfect chest. I knew I’d never be able to forget what I’d seen. Her hand didn’t stop. The knot fell apart. Her robe began to open. Slowly, I had plenty of time to leave if I wanted. Why was she tormenting me like this? Her robe collapsed onto the bed. And there she stood, in nothing but shorts. Every detail of Sage’s damp body was revealed. This was the first time I’d ever seen an actual pair, in real life. ...My hands raised and gently touched her hips. She was right, her skin was soft. Her body quaked. Our eyes locked. Sage was smiling a terrified smile. There I stood, holding a topless woman. I could feel her stomach expand with each breath.

Page	Content
	She took my right hand in both of hers. Her fingers wrapped around my wrist. Gently, she guided my upward. Sage wanted to be touched. She wanted me to touch her. Hip, belly, ribs...
212	Sage would be back to being just another trans-gendered girl who I'd shared secrets and saliva with.
247	<p>I DON'T CARE! I kissed Sage harder to drown out the voice. I wrapped my arms around her waist. We kneeled awkwardly, facing each other on the bed, holding hands across our laps. I didn't care. I didn't want to care. Sage was so wonderful. I could worry about everything else later. Right now, I was making out with a special, special girl. I'll be just fine. I mentally repeated the drunk driver's mantra as I lowered my arms. When my hand cupped Sages's rear, she let out a long, almost painful groan and leaned back. When she looked at me, there were tears in her eyes. "Logan, I'm so sorry."</p> <p>Was she apologizing for kissing me? Or for what we were about to do? It didn't matter. I grasped the hem of her shirt and began to lift. "Turn off the light, please," she said shyly.</p> <p>...When I turned back around, Sage was sitting on the bed wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. She was looking down at the floor, her hands pressed between her knees. I'd never been so turned on in all my life. I thought, for a strange moment, of Brenda. I was suddenly glad that we'd never made love. I removed my shirt and sat next to Sage. She smiled at me. When I tried to kiss her, she fell backward onto the bed, her body on full display. She was mine, if I wanted her. I touched her skin. "Logan?"</p> <p>"Yes. Sage?" God, why were we talking now? "Please be gently. It's my first time."</p> <p>I kissed her. But not on the mouth. "Mine too."</p>
263	I saw the person who made me look like a fag in front of my sister.
264	"I can't tell my sister I was willingly kissing a guy. She'll think I'm a queer."
283	<p>Tammi screamed when she saw her sister, and for a horrible moment I thought Sage had slit her throat. She was hunched over the toilet, blood dripping from her face.</p> <p>I rushed over to her to inspect the damage. The half-clotted blood covered her mouth and nose. She hadn't done this to herself.</p> <p>...Sage hardly seemed conscious as I inspected the damage. Her nose was obviously broken. Her lip was split, and her right eye was swelling shut. Inside her mouth, I could see the stump of broken tooth, the remains of her braces digging into her gums.</p>
285	<p>"I tried to get out of the care, and the son of a bitch followed me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding on me. I kept begging him to stop, but he just smiled and said he</p>

was going to fuck me up the ass. I acted like he knocked me out. That's when he left. Then I had to walk back to where I parked the truck."

296 My transsexual girlfriend got gay-bashed wasn't it.

310 "For the past four years, I've had to watch my only son dress like some drag queen. He shares clothes with Tammi, he does her makeup. Fuck, Logan, he takes drugs that made him grow tits..."

324 "I can't do it, Logan. I could live with a father who hates me, and a society that treats me like a damn joke, and a body that's too tall and too muscular...but when that guy started pounding on me, and calling me a fag, and kicking me in the crotch..." She stopped for a bit, then continued, almost whispering.

"I realized that I'm never going to be a woman. Even if I have the surgery. I'll be faking it. I'll always be a boy to my family, and I'll live the next sixty years wondering if my secret will get out. I just can't take it anymore. I tried and I failed, so I'm quitting. I wish we could just stay friends, but after what we did together, we couldn't face each other man to man."



Lukoff, Kyle.

Too bright to see

Call Number: FIC LUK

Sublocation: Scary Stories - FIC  
Section

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

## OVERVIEW

In the summer before middle school, eleven-year-old Bug must contend with best friend Moira suddenly caring about clothes, makeup, and boys; a ghost haunting; and the truth about Bug's gender identity.

## nineteen

The next morning I wake up from a normal dream, fleeting shards of barely memory, and look around my room. Nothing has visited it in the night, nothing's different. But inside of me, everything is different.

I have to tell Moira. The way she reacted to my haircut is a good sign, she clearly understood that there was something bigger going on. I don't think she'll suddenly hate me, or think that I'm crazy, but after I call to invite her along on a mall trip I rehearse some answers to questions she might ask. The pamphlets under Uncle Roderick's bed come in handy.

She bikes over a couple hours later, and before we leave Mom gives us some space. I sit Moira down at the kitchen table with a glass of lemonade.

"Something's going on," she says. "You've never asked me to go shopping with you before. What is it? Are you moving? Redecorating your room?"

I grin. She has no idea. "I'm a boy," I tell her. Best to just barrel ahead, get it all out at once. "The word for that is transgender.' You can still call me Bug for now, but I'm going to choose a new name and might start going by that before the first day of school. Or I might wait till later, I'm not sure yet." No matter what her response is, just saying it makes me feel powerful. Awake. Like everything before this has been a dream that I'm just waking up from.

She chokes on her lemonade and starts coughing. I laugh. "Sorry, should have waited for you to swallow."

She swats at me, her face beet red. "You really should have!" she strangles out. "Way to practically kill your best friend." She takes another sip, and slowly her color returns to normal.

Whatever anxiety I felt subsides when she calls herself my best friend. "Do you have any questions?" I ask her seriously. "About what it means to be transgender, or anything? It's okay if you do."

## Too Bright to See - Lukoff

Some concerns: Found in elementary libraries, child questioning gender, transgender/gender identity, confusing mature topics including LGBTQ+ that should be discussed at home with parents, medically/factually inaccurate and confusing to children.

shirt rides up just a bit. For a second I can see an expanse of skin above his shorts line. It's smooth and flat with a tiny bit of fuzz around his belly button, and suddenly I'm so, so jealous, but I don't know of what. We're about the same size, I've never really felt like I had to lose or gain weight, but suddenly I want to wear shorts and a T-shirt and have it look like that. Not like they do on me. Similar, but unnameably different. My stomach flips itself over again, like it did yesterday, and I don't want to ruin what a nice day we had by leaving in a weird, anxious, uncomfortable rush.

Luckily, it's about time I head home anyway. We finish our lemonade, dissecting the different kinds of spirits we might have sensed, which ones we think they are—actual presences, bursts of energy, or just memories held by a space. We talk about hanging out again, maybe me showing him around my house, and I get on my bike and point it toward home.

It was a relief to be around unfamiliar ghosts that weren't trying to tell me something. That weren't remnants of someone I love. As my bike careens down the dirt roads my mind is pulled back to the box under Uncle Roderick's bed.

I had read some of the stories in there, in different pamphlets and things, and they weren't what I had expected. For some reason I thought that being trans was all about your . . . you know, private parts. Like, knowing that they're wrong, and that you should have the other kind. But that almost never came up. A lot of the trans people telling their stories talked more about a general feeling of not-rightness. Like people looking at you through a frosted glass window, guessing at what they were seeing.

But that just sounds normal to me. It must be more of a human thing. I'm not trans, but I always feel like people are looking at me and seeing something wrong. Everything that's wrong with me, I mean. Even though none of it is anything that can be easily described. I look okay on the outside, but every piece of me just adds up to something not quite right.

And sure, that *could* mean that I'm trans too, but I know that it doesn't. Another thing all those articles were clear on is that trans people really are the genders they identify with. That arguments saying otherwise are transphobic, pure and simple. Like, a phrase I kept seeing repeated over and over again was "trans men are men" and "trans women are women." A sure, unshakeable truth. But I don't think that I *am* a boy. I don't feel like a boy that everyone thinks is a girl. I just feel like an uncomfortable, misshapen, squishy

titled “Local Resources for LGBTQ Youth.” The one underneath is called “Our Stories,” and it’s a few pages stapled together. I skim through it, and it looks like stories of gay and lesbian and trans teenagers talking about themselves.

The rest of the box is filled with papers like this. Lots of newspaper and magazine articles, some about gay and lesbian people, but mostly about transgender people. There’s an entire *Time* magazine, with an actress named Laverne Cox on the cover. And an issue of *National Geographic* with another trans person, this one a kid, on the front. There are some brochures and flyers and even some books jammed in there.

I know what “transgender” means. It means that someone is born one way, a girl or a boy, but that doesn’t feel right to them, so they change. Maybe they take medicine or get different surgeries. I don’t remember learning about it specifically, but Mom and Uncle Roderick would talk about it sometimes. I know they both had trans friends when they lived in the city, and sometimes those friends would visit. I remember being surprised when I found out that most kids lived with their mom and dad, because I hadn’t figured out that having a father was normal. But people being LGBTQ was something I always knew about.

## Author’s note

Your friend: “Ooh, that book looks good! What’s it about?”

You, maybe: “It’s a ghost story! It’s about a kid named Bug, her uncle—I mean, his uncle—uh, wait, so, their uncle—um.”

If you’re having a hard time figuring out how to refer to Bug, or Tommy, and how to talk about his story, that’s okay. I’m not always sure how to talk about it either!

When people talk about my childhood, I want them to refer to me as he: “When Kyle was little his family lived in Chicago,” even though when we lived in Chicago everyone still thought I was a girl, even me. Most trans people I know want to be talked about the same way. But Bug doesn’t know that about himself, for most of this book, so it’s also okay that people in the story are calling him “she” and “her.”

But if you’ve just finished this book, and want to tell your friend to read it, you probably don’t want to call Bug she/her, because you know better. But referring to Bug as he/him might feel like taking away your friend’s chance to fully experience the story.

Here’s what I do: When people ask what my book is about, I say, “It’s about a kid being haunted by the ghost of their dead uncle into figuring out something important!” Bug never uses they/them pronouns, but I hope that if I say it quickly enough, the person I’m talking to won’t really notice. If the person asks for more details I might say that it’s kind of a scary story, and also a sad story but with a mostly happy ending, and that it’s about figuring out how to make friends, being who you are, and letting go of someone you love.

If you’re talking about the book with a friend who’s also read it, of course you can call Bug he/him the whole time (and I hope you do). But I also trust you to describe it to someone who hasn’t read it yet, in whatever way feels right to you, so long as you hold the truth of who Bug is in your heart. Thank you for joining him along the way.

ever restroom is most comfortable, and that his teachers will be asked to refer to him exclusively as ‘Bug,’ instead of his legal name, and with male pronouns.”

I kept a close eye on Mrs. Campbell during Mom’s little speech. We had agreed that she would start the conversation, so the principal would know for sure that she was on my side. I could answer questions and talk about what I wanted too, but we thought it was a good idea for Mom to introduce me.

The older woman’s face didn’t change at all. The same warm smile, the same concerned eyes. She looked back and forth between me and Mom, but I didn’t get the sense that she was staring at me or avoiding me. When Mom finished and steepled her hands on the desk, Mrs. Campbell took a deep breath, and seemed to organize her thoughts before speaking.

“First, let me say thank you for being so proactive. I can tell that Bug has a strong network of support, and that is the key to success in middle school.

“Second, as far as I know, Bug will be our first transgender student. But the administration and teaching staff operate under the assumption that any child could be transgender, or identify in some other way that they haven’t shared with us. Some of our restrooms are gender-segregated, but we have five single-stall restrooms evenly spaced throughout the building. Bug can use whichever ones he thinks are best. I’ll make sure the name ‘Bug’ appears on the attendance charts, and in case his legal name is also on there, I’ll let his teachers know to keep that confidential.”

I stared at her, my mouth open. I had let myself hope that this meeting wouldn’t be terrible, but was also prepared to fight. I didn’t want to argue about how real and valid my identity was, but knew I might have to. I wasn’t expecting her to be so ready. Nothing that I read had prepared me for this.

The pause hung in the air. I guessed it was my turn to say something. “Um, thank you, Mrs. Campbell. That all sounds very . . . good.” Great, I thought, way to show her you can speak for yourself. I came up with something serious to ask. “My mom mentioned an anti-bullying policy, do you think that’s something I’ll have to worry about? You talked a lot about the teachers but not much about the kids.” My birthday party with Chelsey and Chloe and Hypatia gave me a good first impression of this place, but I was still nervous about meeting hundreds of new people.

turning our home into something else, hover above our heads like another kind of specter. “What were you looking at?” she asks.

I’m glad she’s changing the subject. “I found these papers,” I tell her. “Just wondering where they all came from.”

She picks up a few, flips through them. “I mean, I know where the magazines and books came from,” I explain. “But all the brochures and stuff? They’re about, like, LGBTQ people. But I don’t know where he could have picked them up.”

“I recognize a lot of these,” she says. “Some of them are old keepsakes from groups he was involved with in the city. And he liked to pick up information whenever we were somewhere with an LGBTQ center. Not because he needed it, I think, just because he liked the physical materials. Like a little archive, or museum.”

I feel a sharp pain rise in my chest. I never knew these were here. I wish he had shared them with me. I don’t want to look through them with Mom, but I don’t know why. She knows that Uncle Roderick was gay, of course. She knows more about his life than I ever will. But this still feels like something between him and me. He wanted me to find these. There’s something here he wants me to understand.

I put everything back in the bin, try to put them in orderly stacks. Mom adds the few she picked up to the pile, and I shove the bin back under the bed.

My uncle isn’t resting in peace, and these papers are related, somehow. I just know it.

## Epilogue

Uncle Roderick and I are by the creek. It's a sunny day, and we're having a picnic. My old baby blanket, tattered into a rag years ago, is suddenly a wide and plush quilt spread out across the dream-*scape*. I'm eating cotton candy; it tastes like stars and clouds and rain. Uncle Roderick is eating from a jar of pickled okra. The sun is hot, making my eyes squint. I can't see him clearly—he keeps flickering in and out of my vision. But I know he's smiling.

"You did it, Bug."

"What did I do?"

"Figured it out. Figured yourself out."

"You helped." I look down at my body. My legs are strong. My arms are toned and tanned. My chest is flat, my shorts sit easily around my waist.

"I wish I could help more. You have the rest of your life to live with this. I don't. But I wish I could tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"How to be. How to be yourself. How to embrace the trials. How to use the triumphs. How to fight and play and win and lose."

"You got me this far. I'd have to find out for myself anyway." I still can't open my eyes all the way, but the taste of rain is still sweet on my tongue. I feel arms around me and I know it's Uncle Roderick hugging me.

"Thank you," I tell him. He kisses me on the cheek. The tightness of his embrace fades away. His middle name was Thomas, I remember. Tommy. That's a good name. I can live with that.

humanoid, and sure, *maybe* if I got to look like a boy and everyone thought I was a boy, that would make me feel better. Like if I looked more like Griffin, if my clothes fit like his did, if people looked at us and saw two boys together, I mean, of course I'd like that. But trans people *are* their genders. I just . . . *want*. Something. Which is different.

I wonder what it must be like to know something like that about yourself, know it clearly and truly, but not be able to live it, and then my legs go limp and rubbery and I almost fall off my bike at the side of the road. Suddenly, I'm sitting on the dirt crying, because the truth hits me all at once and it's so, so awful.

Uncle Roderick was transgender. I'm sure of it. That's what he wanted me to know. About being yourself. How he wasn't. Couldn't be. Why else would he have gathered all that information? Why else would he keep it under his bed? He knew, and he never told us.

Maybe he had a whole different name we should have been using this whole time. Maybe he—she? Maybe this was something that . . . they? Had wanted to do before dying. Oh no. With "Roderick" written on all those condolence cards. And all of our memories. Is this it?

Did this death come without anyone really knowing what was inside the person we all loved so much? I can't imagine anything worse, and it makes me want to break apart.

belly, pull up the bed skirt, and immediately sneeze from the dust that puffs up around me. It settles around the clear plastic storage boxes lurking under his bed. I pull them out, one by one. It's hard to believe that there could be deep dark secrets about Uncle Roderick's life concealed in such plain, boring containers, but maybe that makes them the best hiding places.

I pull the lid off the first one, and it's full of random costume pieces. Lots of necklaces and bracelets and earrings. Some of them are pretty ugly and are probably jokes. Clunky huge plastic and wood, bright colors and gaudy tassels and rhinestones. Some of them might be nice, but I don't know much about jewelry, so maybe all of it is actually terrible. Or maybe all of it is beautiful. There are a few wigs scrunched up in a corner, random scraps of fabric. The next one is full of his makeup collection, painstakingly gathered over the years, still looking bright and brand-new.

A sudden flash of memory hits me. We're in his bedroom, sitting on the floor. I'm five years old, or somewhere around there, and we're playing dress-up. I remember draping necklace after necklace on him, and he's wearing a ridiculous tiara. I'm wearing one of his hats, a top hat, a tall and fancy thing made for a man from a hundred years ago. I tell him he looks beautiful. He tells me I look handsome. And I remember a glow deep inside my chest, like he was right, like he saw who I was going to be.

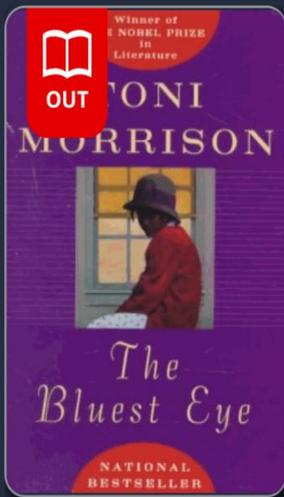
I jerk my head again, this time to shake out the memory. Someday I'll be ready to remember Uncle Roderick, but not today. Today I have to focus on what he's doing right now, and what I need to do. And I don't think this box is what he's guiding me toward.

I open the next box. This one is full of papers. One stack is all medical forms, and I flip through them quickly, avoiding any specific information about his diagnosis, treatment, prognosis. Another looks like random documents, *IRS* stamped in the corner, so probably tax stuff.

But most of the papers are something else. There's a big folder with the letters *PFLAG* blazing across the front. Written in curly type underneath are the words "Parents, Family, and Friends of Lesbians and Gays."

I've heard about PFLAG before. It's a support group, I think? But Uncle Roderick never needed any support. He had us. I flip open the folder.

The first piece of paper is bright yellow, with the words "Transgender 101" written across the top. The one beneath it is green,



Morrison, Toni.

The bluest eye

Call Number: FIC MOR

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

## The Bluest Eye-

**Some concerns: rape and molestation of a young girl by her father. A character continuously speaks of his sexual desire of "little girls".**  
**-Child abuse, Child sexual abuse, Graphic sexual & explicit content**

came, the more splendid she and her task became. In the name of Jesus.

No less did Cholly need her. She was one of the few things abhorrent to him that he could touch and therefore hurt. He poured out on her the sum of all his inarticulate fury and aborted desires. Hating her, he could leave himself intact. When he was still very young, Cholly had been surprised in some bushes by two white men while he was newly but earnestly engaged in eliciting sexual pleasure from a little country girl. The men had shone a flashlight right on his behind. He had stopped, terrified. They chuckled. The beam of the flashlight did not move. "Go on," they said. "Go on and finish. And, nigger, make it good." The flashlight did not move. For some reason Cholly had not hated the white men; he

So it was on a Saturday afternoon, in the thin light of spring, he staggered home reeling drunk and saw his daughter in the kitchen.

She was washing dishes. Her small back hunched over the sink. Cholly saw her dimly and could not tell what he saw or what he felt. Then he became aware that he was uncomfortable; next he felt the discomfort dissolve into pleasure. The sequence of his emotions was revulsion, guilt, pity, then love. His revulsion was a reaction to her young, helpless, hopeless presence. Her back hunched that way; her head to one side as though crouching from a permanent and unrelieved blow. Why did she have to look so whipped? She was a child—unburdened—why wasn't she happy? The clear statement of her misery was an accusation. He wanted to break her

neck—but tenderly. Guilt and impotence rose in a bilious duet. What could he do for her—ever? What give her? What say to her? What could a burned-out black man say to the hunched back of his eleven-year-old daughter? If he looked into her face, he would see those haunted, loving eyes. The hauntedness would irritate him—the love would move him to fury. How dare she love him? Hadn't she any sense at all? What was he supposed to do about that? Return it? How? What could his calloused hands produce to make her smile? What of his knowledge of the world and of life could be useful to her? What could his heavy arms and befuddled brain accomplish that would earn him his own respect, that would in turn allow him to accept her love? His hatred of her slimed in his stomach and threatened to become vomit. But just before the puke

moved from anticipation to sensation, she shifted her weight and stood on one foot scratching the back of her calf with her toe. It was a quiet and pitiful gesture. Her hands were going around and around a frying pan, scraping flecks of black into cold, greasy dishwater. The timid, tucked-in look of the scratching toe—that was what Pauline was doing the first time he saw her in Kentucky. Leaning over a fence staring at nothing in particular. The creamy toe of her bare foot scratching a velvet leg. It was such a small and simple gesture, but it filled him then with a wondering softness. Not the usual lust to part tight legs with his own, but a tenderness, a protectiveness. A desire to cover her foot with his hand and gently nibble away the itch from the calf with his teeth. He did it then, and started Pauline into laughter. He did it now.

The tenderness welled up in him, and he sank to his knees, his eyes on the foot of his daughter. Crawling on all fours toward her, he raised his hand and caught the foot in an upward stroke. Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He

wanted to fuck her—tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made—a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon.

Following the disintegration—the falling away—of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell.

Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his genitals out of the dry

harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her.

So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her.

out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh. Body odor, breath odor, overwhelmed him. The sight of dried matter in the corner of the eye, decayed or missing teeth, ear wax, blackheads, moles, blisters, skin crusts—all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of—disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive—children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn,

he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness. He was what one might call a very clean old man.

A cinnamon-eyed West Indian with lightly browned skin.

Although his given name was printed on the sign in his kitchen window, and on the business cards he circulated, he was called by the townspeople Soaphead Church. No one knew where the "Church" part came from—perhaps somebody's recollection of his days as a guest preacher—those reverends who had been called but who had no flock or coop, and were constantly

That, heavenly, heavenly Father, was how she left me; or rather, she never left me, because she was never ever there.

You remember, do you, how and of what we are made? Let me tell you now about the breasts of little girls. I apologize for the inappropriateness (is that it?), the imbalance of loving them at awkward times of day, and in awkward places, and the tastelessness of loving those which belonged to members of my family. Do I have to apologize for loving strangers?

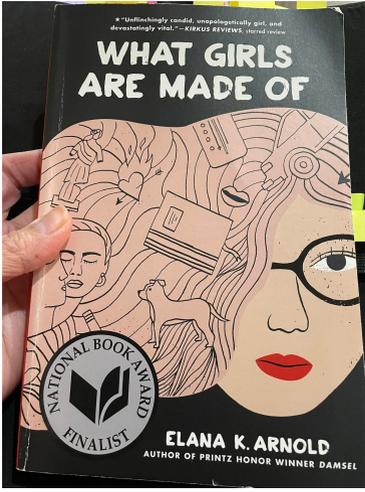
But you too are amiss here, Lord. How, why, did you allow it to happen? How is it I could lift my eyes from the contemplation of Your Body and fall deeply into the contemplation of theirs? The buds. The buds

on some of these saplings. They were mean, you know, mean and tender. Mean little buds resisting the touch, springing like rubber. But aggressive. Daring me to touch. Commanding me to touch. Not a bit shy, as you'd suppose. They stuck out at me, oh yes, at me. Slender-chested, finger-chested lassies. Have you ever seen them, Lord? I mean, really seen them? One could not see them and not love them. You who made them must have considered them lovely even as an idea—how much more lovely is the manifestation of that idea. I couldn't, as you must recall, keep my hands, my mouth, off them. Salt-sweet. Like not quite ripe strawberries covered with the light salt sweat of running days and hopping, skipping, jumping hours.

tell him to smoke on the back porch. Children will sense instantly that they cannot come into her yard to retrieve a ball. But the men do not know these things. Nor do they know that she will give him her body sparingly and partially. He must enter her surreptitiously, lifting the hem of her nightgown only to her navel. He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him.

While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place—like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her

*his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because I don't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of*



# What Girls Are Made Of

Some concerns: very graphic sex scenes, child sex, pervasively vulgar, erotica

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It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?"

"Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.

"Fuck," he says, collapsing against me. I run my fingers up and down his spine, feel a few bumps back there, new ones. He hates that he has acne on his back—bacne, he calls it—so I move my hand away to not draw attention to it. Soft now, his penis shrinks inside me and then slips out.

When I get up to go to the bathroom, a runny path of semen, like egg whites, trails down my leg. I am horrified. It feels like I've just peed myself. I don't know what I expected. I guess I thought it would just sort of absorb inside me, or really, I guess I never thought about what would happen at all. The other times when we didn't use a condom, Seth would pull out and come on my stomach or—those two times—on my back. And then he'd use his T-shirt or a sock to wipe me off. But this time, as I walk to the bathroom connected to my room, the sticky wetness drips down my thigh, a couple of drops falling silently to the carpet.

«««

It's not that I don't have orgasms. It's just that I don't have orgasms with Seth.

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Seth pushed down my cutoffs and bikini bottoms and went down to the ground with them, looking up at me as he pressed his tongue to my skin.

My legs were shaking, so I sat down on the edge of his bed, and my legs fell open to make room for his mouth. He licked and licked like a cat at a bowl of cream, and when the inside of me felt as wet as the outside, we tried again.

This time, Seth touched my face and looked into my eyes as he fit his penis up against me, as he pushed inside.

The next day at school, there was Apollonia Corado again, her cheeks dark red with shyness, her gaze cast down, a bow in her hair like a child.

Jesus. I hate her.

«««

School goes like this:

The day begins with zero-period AP Chemistry. I don't like chemistry. But I got in to the AP class, and you don't just not do an AP class because you hate the subject. Most of my other classes are AP, too, and the best thing about that is that it means that Seth is in them with me.

Lunch means either going off campus with Seth or pretending not to care if he says he can't. The day begins and ends with Seth. If his Acura isn't in the lot when I pull in, the breath in my chest can't release until I see him in class.

I know it isn't okay to care this much about a boy. I know it's not feminist, or whatever, to make all my decisions based on what Seth would think. I know I'm pitiful. If Seth wants to hang out on a Tuesday afternoon, I call in sick to the shelter. If Seth wants to have sex and I'm on my period, I'm the one

20

# continued... What Girls Are Made Of

"Thanks." I pull loose the bag ties.  
"Don't take it out of the bag," Seth says.  
So I don't. I just peek inside.  
Not shoes. There's a picture on the box, of what must be inside—a red rubber-knobbed device with a long, black handle. *Three Speeds*, the box announces. And, across the top, *Personal Massager*.

"Thanks?" It comes out kind of like a question, because I don't understand why Seth would give me a back massager. It's not like I've ever complained of back pain.

He grins. "You don't get it, do you?"

"I guess not."

"It's a vibrator," he says.

Then I *do* get it, and I feel melted by the shame.

"It's no big deal," he says. "Wade says it's hard for some girls to come without some . . . help."

*Don't cry. Don't cry.* "I don't need one of these," I say, and I hate my voice, the wobble in it, I hate that Seth has maybe talked to his brother about *me*, said to him, "*So you know the girl I'm dating, Nina? She's pretty cool. But no matter how much we do it, or how long I lick her, she just can't come.*"

"It's no big deal," Seth says again, but of course it's a big deal. It's been three months, and I still haven't had an orgasm. And now he's tired of trying, so he's giving me *this thing*, and I don't want it.

But giving it back to him seems like a bigger deal than just taking it, so I swing my backpack over my shoulder and zip it open, shove the box inside. "Thanks," I say, my eyes focused on the teeth of the zipper as they meet and clench.

and when he throws me onto the bed, the one on the nightstand flickers out. He shrugs out of his sweater, pulls his T-shirt over his head and tosses it aside, then kicks out of his shoes and yanks down his jeans and his underwear in one fierce movement. Then he's there, naked, the thick horn of him wet-tipped and hard, and a rush of wetness floods the cotton lining of my thong.

"Take off your bra."

I feel, thrillingly, like I'm in a movie, like I'm on display for a vast and important audience, like the whole world is watching as I reach behind my back and unhook the strap. My bra falls into my lap and I push my chest forward, pretending that I think my pointed little breasts are beautiful.

Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin lace barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by an arm or a leg, and toss it to the ground.

My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn't care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can't be sewn back together. But I don't say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together.

He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still—he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it.

against a tall rock, and before I can worry if someone will come by and see us I go down on my knees like the guy on the bridge, except instead of tightening a harness I'm unfastening his pants.

I pull him out of his underwear and he's soft in my hand. I don't look up at his face before I open my mouth and pull him into it, and I pull and I suck until he grows hard and he makes sounds that mean he likes it, and I keep going and going and when he says, "I'm going to come," I don't pull away.

The jet of him is warm and salty and tastes like thickened sweat. He breathes hard and his hands are tight fists at his eyes.

There's not much water left in the last bottle but what there is Seth gives to me, and I drink it as he arranges himself back into his shorts. We walk the rest of the way back to the car, still not talking, but at least now side by side on the widening trail.

I carry the empty bottle. We drive home.

«««

*Yet I, least of all souls  
Take Him in my hand  
Eat Him and drink Him,  
And do with Him what I will!*

It's a real thing written by a religious mystic way back in the thirteenth century. She was talking about worshipping Jesus, but come on. She was talking about sex, right? Sex with Jesus? That was what she wanted—to give Jesus head. And I totally understand it.

When you love someone the way that I love Seth—the way that woman who wrote the poem loved Jesus—you want to serve him. And you want to paralyze him so he can't go away.

That's the idea. I know what I'm supposed to be, and who I'm supposed to be with Seth, but my desire for him overwhelms me at every turn, it fills my throat like an awful tumor, and I am powerless to define myself any other way.

It's his smell, and his eyes, and the way he cuts his nails straight across. It's the way he looks just after he's come, his face softened and sweeter than normal. It's the way his fingers look glazed like a donut after they have been inside of me. It's everything. He is everything.

## continued...What Girls Are Made Of

went to the beach and the movies.

The last night of summer vacation, we did it for the first time. We had almost done it the day before, in my bedroom. I laid a towel on my sheet in case I bled, and then I watched Seth roll the condom over his penis, and I rested my head on my pillow and watched his hands push into the flesh of my thighs, spreading them apart, and I watched him maneuver his latex-wrapped erection, as he pushed and tried to get inside.

I tried to relax, I tried to let him in, I wanted to let him in, but I just couldn't. And Seth was sweet and said it was okay, we'd try again, and then I went down on him instead.

But the next night, the last night of summer, we had dinner at his place with his whole family. There was a big bowl of spaghetti in the center of the table and everyone took turns shaking out Parmesan cheese from the green canister. It was loud and crowded and steamy from the pasta. Anthony and Jude had a friend over, a kid they called Elbows, and even Wade had come out of the garage to eat with us. Their mom looked tired but happy, and it was really nice.

After dinner, his mom—who told me to call her Carol, not Mrs. Barton—offered to take us all out for ice cream to celebrate back to school.

She looked disappointed when Seth said, "Nina and I'll do the dishes." Actually, the look was more than disappointed. She held Seth's gaze until he finally looked away. Then she sighed a little. I guess she thought it would be nice, all her boys together like that, at an ice cream parlor, maybe like they used to do when they were little. But I didn't spend a lot of time feeling bad about it, because as soon as the door shut behind them, Seth grinned at me and asked, "Wanna try again?"

This time, in Seth's room, we didn't bother with a towel.

if I've been bitten.

Then I get up and close my bedroom door. I lock it.

The cord is long enough to stretch from the outlet where my bedside lamp is plugged in to nearly the center of my double bed. I push down my jeans and underwear, step out of them, leave them on the floor.

I sit on the edge of my bed and flick the switch on the side of the vibrator. The sound as much as the movement startles me—it hums loudly, embarrassingly so.

I switch it off. I find my phone and plug it into my stereo and start a song at random. It's not the song that matters—I'm not setting a mood here. It's the noise I need.

It's an old song, recently rereleased—"I Wanna Be Your Dog." I turn up the volume and yank back the covers on my bed, slide beneath them, and don't restart the vibrator until it's muffled underneath the blankets.

Between the closed door and the loud music and the heavy quilt, no one but me could possibly hear the angry buzz of Seth's first and final gift to me. I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at its apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it.

My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently.

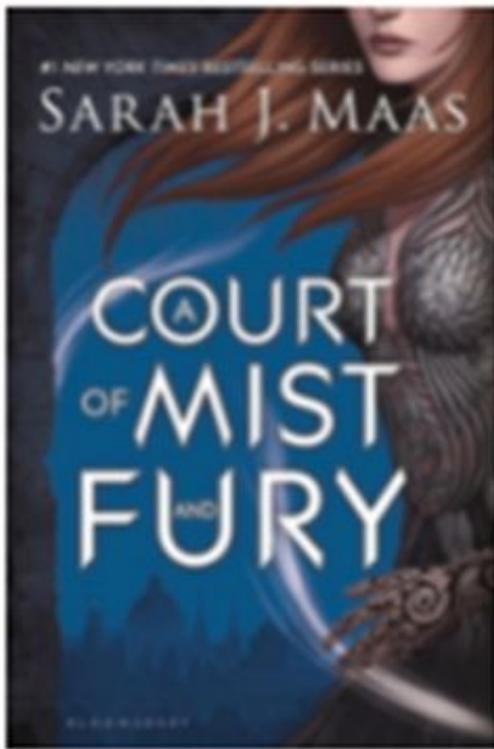
It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth's tongue.

It's remembering Seth's tongue that pushes me into the

Grandparents tell their grandchildren, "I'll eat you up!" It's the same idea, in a weird way. You want to consume the person you love. You want to eat him so he's inside you, so he becomes part of you, so he can't leave you.

Grandparents eating grandchildren. Chewing the flesh and drinking the blood of Jesus every Sunday in church. Swallowing Seth's cum on the trail. Is it different?

Is it?



## A Court of Mist and Fury- Maas Some Concerns: erotica, graphic sex scenes

“... so I leaned down and put my mouth on him.  
He jerked at the contact with a barked, “Shit,” and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.  
His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him, grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood.”

I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed.

His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him.

He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach.

His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me.

I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup my rear, the other sliding between us.

This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing between our bodies ...

His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching. “Feyre,” he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any Ianthé had offered up

as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.

“Hmm?” he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.

“Is everyone just going to call me ‘Tamlin’s wife’? Do I get a ... title?”

He lifted his head long enough to look at me. “Do you want a title?”

Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. “No,” I gasped out. “But I don’t want people ...” Cauldron boil me, his damned *fingers*—“I don’t know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.”

His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. “They won’t,” he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. “There is no such thing as a High Lady.”

He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—

“What do you mean, there’s no such thing as a High Lady?”

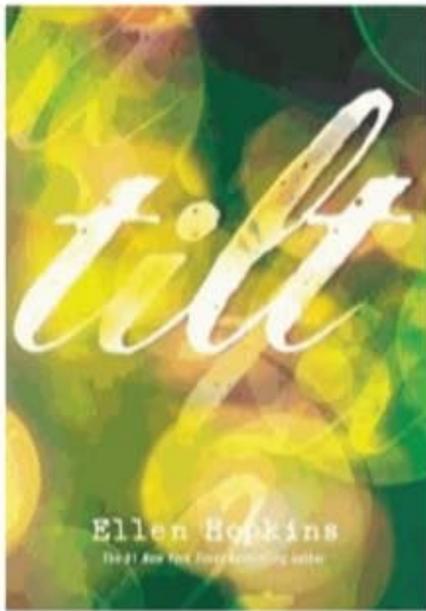
The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.

He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it.

My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants.

Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then—

“Come here,” he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable.



## Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. The book also contains sexual assault, underage drinking, illegal drug abuse, and profanity.

**TILT**

### CITATIONS

Page	Content
20	...I hooked up with Dylan Douglas. ...so maybe part of that earth-sway had something to do with the downers, weed and cheap beer, a dizzying combo on an empty stomach.
21	One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please." Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive? just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did. And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all.
24	Mostly, they don't want their kids to have fun, at least not if it involves underage drinking, illegal substances and the possibility of sex.
27	Maybe we should get a room? "Maybe." We could probably get one inside. ...But before he detaches himself totally from me, he slips a hand down the scoop of my tank. Can't wait to kiss these, too.
29	Can't wait to get her all alone, pull her nakedness into me, silk skin slick against my own, eliciting the proper reaction. She smells like summer wildflowers, as if they were woven into her hair and crushed by the weight of our love. Tastes like strawberry pie, thick drizzles of whipped cream melting down over luscious ripe fruit. I could lick her all day.
31	Not that I mind the perks— a regular supply of weed and the occasional snort.
35	For now, I'll distract myself with some fine medicinal green and a little porn of the guy-on-guy variety. You can get anything you want online. It's crazy, really. All you have to do is lie and say you're eighteen.
36	I finish off a fat blunt and am almost ready to finish myself off... ..."I would think that's obvious, Mom. I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action." She never even noticed! Her eyes go wide at Mr. Top drilling Mr. Bottom. God, Shane! She clicks the mouse and the screensaver pops up as she launches a rant about how am I paying for porn and pot and now she's onto Grandma's good china, which I remind her she never uses anyway.
52	That's pretty much where you find yourself when your uncle is the cop who busts you at a party, stoned out of your head. ...And the only thing she said about my crooked clothes, smeared makeup and obvious sex perfume was to take a shower.
53	He's everything, and all I can think about right now is how we made love that night. We had messed around lots of times before, but it had never seemed quite like this—much more about making each other feel good, less about just having sex. Maybe it was the Southern Comfort, or the weed (green and so stony!), or the two together. But when we took off our clothes in the back of his Wrangler, skin raked by cool claws of moonlight, insane, hot need grabbed hold of me. All I wanted was his mouth and tongue kissing me all over my body. I was wild for it, really.

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	...This was real, and when we reached that ultimate peak, it was nothing I'd ever experienced before. We seriously both went, "Wow," in unison. ...Afterward, I wasn't in a hurry to get dressed. Which explains why, when the cops showed up, I think Uncle Stan caught a glimpse of my boobs.
65	This is the perfect location to take a fatty. I know he smokes weed, want to share. "This shit is stony." I torch the blunt, inhale deeply, and despite the dropped windows, skunk-flavored smoke envelops us.
69	I torch the blunt, take a deep drag, offer it to him once again, this time with knowledge.
71	But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather's prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn't ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn't ask for it.
75	I like sex just fine, only not with some selfish prick who is all about pleasing himself and not worried at all about satisfying his partner!
82	Turns out, Ty walked in on Emily and Clay. Caught them mid-dirty. ...Meanwhile, until we get to Tyler's, I let my hand crawl up Dylan's thigh, all the way to the burgeoning bulge. Quit, he says. God, girl, don't you have any idea how much I've missed being with you? I'm desperate to show you. Just not here. Five minutes, okay? t takes three to reach Tyler's. Thirty seconds to get through the door, kissing each other like we've never done it before. The house smells like skunk. Green weed.
83	I hear the canned moans that can only mean they're watching cable porn. ...Make yourselves at home, he says, patting the sofa beside him. Orgy? ...Mik and I would appreciate a little alone time, you know? Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents' room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay? ...Dylan pulls me through the door, and his kisses are filled with intent. "Wait," I say, going into the bathroom to get a big clean-looking towel. I put it over the pretty paisley spread and as we start taking off our clothes, it comes to me that we've barely said a dozen words to each other tonight. That's plenty for Dylan, who pulls me down on top of him ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He's ready. Wants inside me. But "Not yet. Where's the condom?" I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull out. Don't worry. Don't worry? We didn't use one last time. It was right after my last period. But now it's been a couple of weeks. "Dylan. This is dangerous. I can get pregnant." He rolls me onto my back. Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles down at me. I know what I'm doing. Promise. I won't get you pregnant. And I have to have you right now. He hesitates, waiting for my answer. Everything about me is shouting yes, so I nod and lose myself in the moment. Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a

CITATIONS	
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	subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good. I am happy for the towel beneath us. Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat and the sticky proof of our love.
90	I've smoked weed with him.
91	Went and called Lucas, who is an asshole, but his brother scores awesome weed.
93	That was a lot more fun than admitting Lucas is not really my friend and only consorts with me because of the money I give him for weed that he steals from his brother.
94	I got my weed, and it's my birthday, and in just a few hours, when I see Alex, this upside-down place I find myself in will right itself.
94	...the reason gay guys prefer girls for friends is because they're not hung up on dick size. (Well, not personal dick size, anyway.)
111	One thing God might prefer I do without is porn. ...Weirdly, after a while, porn actually gets kind of boring. Ditto jerking off.
126	Dirty movies are the best I'm gonna do tonight. Again. I never thought whacking off would get old, but after you've had the real deal, all warm and creamy, calloused skin, too cool with lotion, can't measure up. And once you've experienced the low growl of building passion, dubbed moans and groans get annoying really fast. And after you've tasted authentic nipples, all sweet with strawberry shower gel, fake boobs, no matter how giant and airbrushed, kind of seam like letdowns. No, once you've made love with your amazing girlfriend, getting off solo is bullshit.
128	I was fourteen and he was twenty, and I understood his interest had nothing to do with romance. I also knew there was something not quite right about a guy that old wanting to get off with me. ...He was mostly hungry for ejaculation. ...Just those awful hands, grasping. Pushing. Pulling. Insisting, after I'd said no. He was bigger. I was quicker. One kick, well-placed, slowed him down long enough for me to run. After, I almost decided to try straight.
132	Of course I want to smoke. Weed is the only thing that will calm the churn in my gut. I share the blunt without hesitation.
132	And we're kissing again. And we're halfway to naked as we fall, tangled, on the bed. ...We lie on our sides, looking into each other's eyes as our hands begin slow, mutual exploration. There is no top, no bottom here. There is only the web of us. ...I don't have to think about what to do. Mouth. Tongue. Hands. Skin. All in perfect order. And now, there are fireworks. ...I blanket his body with mine. Tattoo him with pleasure. Lead him to the edge of the cliff, push him over, feel him fly, wings beating softly in the promise of this night.
360	Not in this shape—hair wind-mussed, eyes freaky wide, and smelling like weed and booze.
392	I really can't picture Mom naked and rubbing against some naked man.

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	...Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next. Soft October sunlight filters in through the window, spills across my skin, warming it just enough to let me stay uncovered. I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC. ...I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. He called me beautiful. That's a first. Am I beautiful? I look at the photo I sent him. ...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. Wow. How did that happen? Suddenly, my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING. ...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone—the source of the building throb. ...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. ...Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash—and a bolt of understanding. ...If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.
442	I mean, I might be guilty of casual sex.
447	Head to the trailer, where my weed is stashed. I roll a big fatty, light it up and take a swig from the bottle. Whoa, Joel Absinthe is strong, and it comes out my nose in a giant licorice-flavored spray. Licorice and skunk, a heady combination.
452	Oh, yeah, I do and I think maybe just one more little taste of wicked strong booze will help me become the Viagra poster boy instead of a weeping fool. ...I leave the bottle by the little sink, follow Alex back to the lumpy bed. Hungry. But not for food. Starving for his body. Famished for his love. We tangle together, and I am grateful that he takes control. I'm a wreck. But less of a wreck than I am without him.
455	He keeps touching me in places that I don't want him to touch, she explained. He doesn't understand "no." I wanted to tell her to lighten up. That getting touched in those places is actually not so bad. That she might even like it if she just gave it a chance. ...I'm setting Kurt and Chloe up. Pretty sure she won't mind him touching those places.

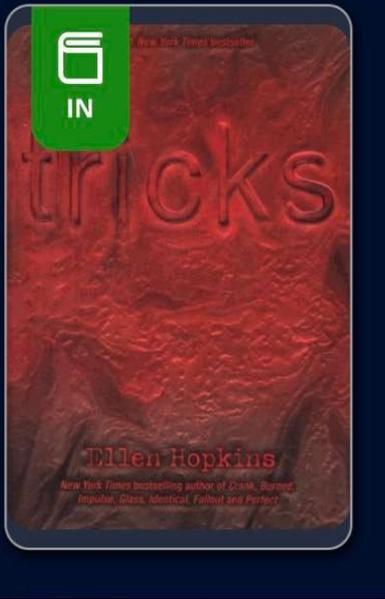
CITATIONS	
Page	Content
460	We won't get drunk on a beer or two. She might not, but I'm feeling pretty buzzed. ...His hand drops down over my boob, and his fingers obviously play with my nipple and I'm worried that he thinks this beer means I'm going to have sex with him, right here, right now. ...The first thing he does is light up a pipe stuffed with pot. He passes it to me, and for a change I go ahead and take a small puff before handing it over the seat to Kurt. Chloe giggles and inhales a big drag. Good stuff, she says, trying not to blow any of it out. I don't know if it's good or not. But whether it's the weed or the beer or the combination, I am definitely woozy.
484	I pour a teacup full of bourbon. Think maybe I'll also borrow one of Mom's antidepressants. Whiskey and Prozac.
529	Lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment.
550	Jager and downers make me feel great.
553	Booze and weed and onion-sweat stink.
561	Alex called Chris, who found Shane, unconscious in the travel trailer. It smelled like gas, but he had taken pills, too. Antidepressants, Jägermeister and carbon monoxide can be lethal all by themselves. Combine them. . . He shakes his head.
148	...Planned Parenthood. I have a checkup so I can get on a new pill.
159	"I love you," into his open mouth as I looked down into his eyes. I love you, as his tongue traced the outline of my lips. "I love you," and then we full-on kissed. Not gently. Not that time. I love you, and he circled me with his arms, drew me into the heat of his body and then the whispers built into cries of I love you. And we rocked against each other, into each other. "I love you." Wet with sweat and spit and spilled tears. Because we were defining "making love," and that's all that it was. Making love with each other and to each other. And at the pinnacle, his final I love you was a scream into the face of the night. Afterward, we lay there, knotted together.
191	"...That I watch porn and smoke weed..."
236	It doesn't really matter, except if I decide to have an abortion, it will have to be soon.
238	I scoot into his lap, straddle his legs. Can I reach him this way? I lock his eyes with mine. "Kiss me." He hesitates, and I see a flash of doubt, so I cover his mouth with mine, and there is nothing tentative about the way I move my body, eel-like, against his. God, I've missed this amazing rush! I lift my shirt over my head, wait for him to take his off, too. And we are skin against skin in the sage-scented night and I am overwhelmed

CITATIONS	
Page	Content
	with love for him. He rolls me off him, onto my back, starts to unzip my shorts. ...Stop talking. You're messing up my concentration. He kisses me, softly at first, then harder. I kiss him back even harder. Slip out of my shorts, help him out of his, too. And now we are totally naked under a blush of summer stars. He kisses down the front of me, lifting goose bumps, even though the air is low oven hot. He lifts up over me, holding his weight with the strength of his arms. Rocks into me with a tenderness I didn't know he possessed. Time blurs a mist of making love.
300	This sweet little thing has a rockin' bod. And the best thing about it is, I'm betting it's virgin territory. She's pure as snowmelt, despite all the ass waving going on, and unmarked girls are a raging turn-on. Me and Kurt got two right here. Pretty, tight and looking for love, which we aren't exactly offering. But they don't know that. The game now is to see how easy we can make them, how far they'll let us take them on promises meant to be broken. Such potential is hard to find.
302	...they were all getting buzzed on some excellent weed and when the blunt came around to me, what could I do but take it?
329	It's like I totally missed how some girls walk their fingers up their boyfriends' thighs, all the way to where they must be touching very personal body parts, or how that makes those guys kiss them—not romantically, but more kind of crazy. It's hot!

Profanity	Count
Bitch	12
Fuck	26
Piss	17
Shit	23

# TRICKS-Hopkins

Some Concerns:  
3 way sex, child  
sex, RAPE, child  
prostitution



*Might as well make it very good.*

He's on me, yanking my hair,  
pushing me to my knees. He flips

me over. *You're even prettier  
from behind, know that?* I hear  
his zipper lower. It is the loudest

sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it  
sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in  
my throat. Useless to plead. Useless

to fight. He yanks down my shorts  
in a single swift motion. He is on  
me. In me. Humiliating me in every

possible way, right here on  
the kitchen floor. As promised,  
he is rough. Biting. Pounding.

Shredding. Ripping. "Please?"

The word bounces off him, ping-pong  
weakly in my ears. Trying

to fight him only fuels him.

For a fleeting second, I think  
maybe someone will come

through the door to save me.

And then, despite everything  
that's happening to me, I laugh

out loud. Save me? What did  
he say? *I already paid for  
a good time with you.* I've been

sold. And just who would  
sell me? The answer is all  
too obvious: Iris. My mother.

And as he finishes, all sticky  
and stinking and revolting,

Three-way sex. How would . . . ?

Oh. No way will I let one  
of them take me like that.

Like Loren, Carl has always  
played the feminine role.

But unlike with Loren (who  
insisted on using condoms),  
with Carl (who refused to),  
I set limits—"Carl, you know  
the rule." My rule: hands or

mouths only. He stops  
kissing Brett, but neither  
man quits moving, writhing  
like mating hooded serpents.

*We're playing by my rules,*

*remember? But don't worry.*

*I only expect you to give.*

For now. From somewhere,  
he extracts a condom, hands  
it to me, keys to the kingdom.

Don't rush, he orders,  
and don't you dare  
close your eyes. I want  
to see how much you like  
it. He moves in front of me,

On a strange metal taste—a metal  
taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear  
and . . . excitement. For some fucked-up  
reason, I'm excited. I can't want  
this! Adrenaline firecrackers through  
my body. Blood pulses in my temples.

*You make Dan happy now, hear?  
Pain! Oh my God! Nothing  
has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg  
him to stop. But he doesn't stop.  
Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't.  
Through the rhythmic pain, apple.*

Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh!  
Nothing has ever felt so good.  
Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't.  
No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.  
I'm only here for Mom. Cory. I won't!  
But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.

the thin latex protection. *You ever  
seen a ramrod like Dan's?* I shake  
my head as I roll the condom down  
over it. *No, of course you haven't.  
Let's see just how good you are.*

I close my eyes, fight not to gag at  
the taste of lubricant, not to choke  
on his thrusts against my throat.  
I think about Cory, locked up  
in juvie until a judge decides  
he's been "rehabilitated."

Dan decides he's done with Europe.  
He pulls me to my feet, moves behind  
me, drapes my back with his chest.  
His muscles are thick cables, but his skin  
is smooth and cool as snake skin. *Check it out.  
The little boy likes that.* He reaches down

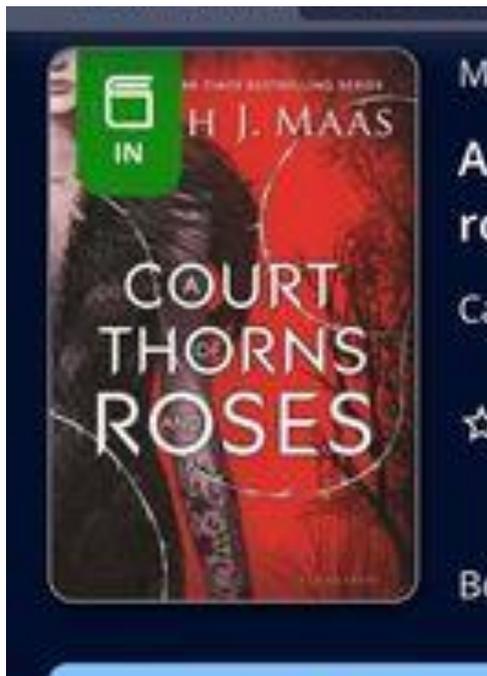
between my thighs. *Look how hard he is.*  
No! How could something so messed  
up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't . . .  
His lips brush the back of my neck  
and, still folding me into him, he moves  
me toward the bed, urges me facedown.

The sheets smell of bleach. I picture  
Mom, waiting tables at Denny's. Jack's  
life insurance put off the foreclosure.  
But not forever. And those fucking  
bills just keep piling up. Her meager  
tips won't pay them. Something has to.

Down go my boxers. Oh my. What

## ***A Court of Thorns & Roses- Maas***

Some Concerns- Graphic Sex scenes with “a beast like creature”, deemed “child erotica”



### A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES

I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare breasts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation. He let out a low growl—and slowly, with predatory intent, raised his gaze to mine again.

The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord's power focused solely on me—and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in its lessened state. But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him and he wouldn't balk. "Give me everything," I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether.

We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, and I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him.

We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

within me. He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck.

My entire world constricted to the touch of his lips on my skin. Everything beyond them, beyond him, was a void of darkness and moonlight. My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.

He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below.

His kissing was slower this time—gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath.

He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kiss deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin.

He paused again—his fingers retracting—but I grabbed him, pulling him farther on top of me. I wanted him *now*—I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. "Don't stop," I gasped out.

"I—" he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. "If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all."

He didn't reply.  
"A week?" No answer.  
upper lip curled, but I forced myself into neutrality.  
"I don't know."  
"But not forever, right?" Even if the blight spread to the Spring Court

again, even if it could shred me apart . . . I would come back. He brushed the hair from my face. I shook him off. "I suppose it'll be easier if I'm gone," I said, looking away from him. "Who wants someone around who's so covered in thorns?"

"Thorns?"

"Thorny. Prickly. Sour. Contrary."

He leaned forward and kissed me lightly. "Not forever," he said onto my mouth.

And though I knew it was a lie, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue entered my mouth.

Though the horror of Rhysand's magic still tore at me, I pushed Tamlin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely.

His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the thin silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain. I couldn't kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need



Atwood, Margaret, 1939-

The testaments

Call Number: FIC ATW

Sublocation: Dystopian

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

## The Testaments- Atwood

Some Concerns: graphic scenes of child molestation, child sex

### XIV: ARDUA HALL

10. ...sed by that, and said she was sure we would both get through the **sex** part and not make a fuss. We would follow Aunt Lise's instructio...

### XVI: PEARL GIRLS

11. ...id, so Aunt Beatrice—the taller one—said, "Does he make you have **sex**?" I gave the tiniest nod, as if I was ashamed of those things.

12. ...much he valued you. You're lucky he sold you to us and not some **sex** ring," said Aunt Beatrice. "He wanted a lot of money, but I got...

96 | MARGARET ATWOOD

He snapped off his white stretchy sanitary gloves and washed his hands at the sink, which was behind my back.

He said, "Perfect teeth. Perfect." Then he said, "You're getting to be a big girl, Agnes."

Then he put his hand on my small but growing breast. It was summer, so I was wearing the summer school uniform, which was pink and made of light cotton.

I froze, in shock. So it was all true then, about men and their rampaging, fiery urges, and merely by sitting in the dentist chair I was the cause. I was horribly embarrassed—what was I supposed to say? I didn't know, so I simply pretended it wasn't happening.

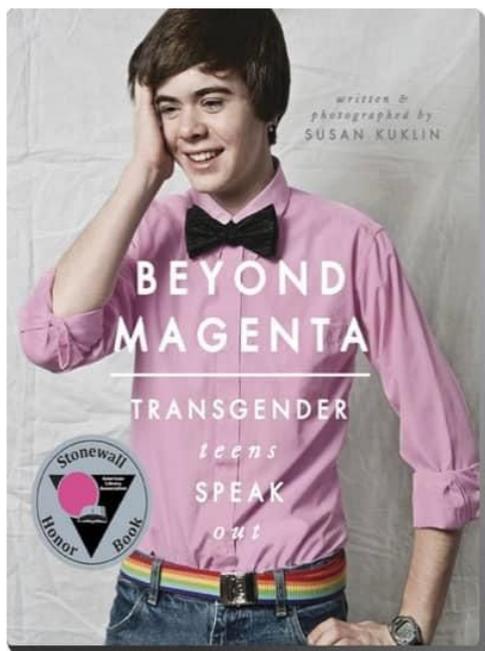
Dr. Grove was standing behind me, so it was his left hand on my left breast. I couldn't see the rest of him, only his hand, which was large and had reddish hairs on the back. It was warm. It sat there on my breast like a large hot crab. I didn't know what to do. Should I take hold of his hand and move it off my breast? Would that cause even more burning lust to break forth? Should I try to get away? Then the hand squeezed my breast. The fingers found my nipple and pinched. It was like having a thumbtack stuck into me. I moved the upper part of my body forward—I needed to get out of that dentist chair as fast as I could—but the hand was locking me in. Suddenly it lifted, and then some of the rest of Dr. Grove moved into sight.

"About time you saw one of these," he said in the normal voice in which he said everything. "You'll have one of them inside you soon enough." He took hold of my right hand and positioned it on this part of himself.

I don't think I need to tell you what happened next. He had a towel handy. He wiped himself off and tucked his appendage back into his trousers.

"There," he said. "Good girl. I didn't hurt you." He gave me a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "Don't forget to brush twice a day, and floss afterwards. Mr. William will give you a new toothbrush."

I walked out of the room, feeling sick to my stomach. Mr. William was in the waiting room, his unobtrusive thirty-year-old face impassive. He held out a bowl with new pink and blue toothbrushes in it. I knew enough to take a pink one.



## ***Beyond Magenta- Kuklin***

Some concerns: child sex act (as young as 6 years old), racially offensive language, offensive judgemental language towards the gay community-

### **First Grade. Things Got Weird**

The first or second grade is when things started getting pretty weird. I was seven at the time, living at home, and going to a new school in a black community. I'm not a racist, but when it comes to queer people, black people are very ghetto, as I would say. In my low-income community, people had no education and no jobs. They were grown-ups acting like children. The adults, not the children, made fun of me when I wore my wigs.

I was sexually mature. What I mean by sexually mature is that I knew about sex. From six up, I used to kiss other guys in my neighborhood, make out with them, and perform oral sex on them. I liked it. I used to love oral. And I touched their you-know-whats. We were really young. but that's what we did.

This guy got me to perform oral sex on him. I thought I was doing the right thing by performing on him. But I wasn't. He was just abusing me. He had total mind control over me. He didn't have to get physical with me; he just knew where to hit me where it hurts emotionally.

We finally got caught in the act, and I was very happy because I wanted it to stop. I think the directors were worried that they could get sued because they kept telling me it was consensual. It wasn't consensual at all. But I just wanted it to end. I wanted them to stop talking about it, so I agreed.

Afterward, that guy told everybody on campus about us, and they all thought I was this big old homo. Other kids tried to have sex with me. Other kids wanted to abuse me. I was so confused. I was mad at myself, slow because of the medication, and I didn't know what to do.



## ***The Glass Castle- Walls*** Some Concerns- Adult and child molestation & sex. Normalizes pedophilia

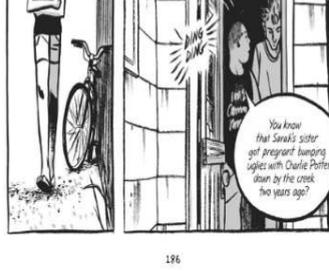
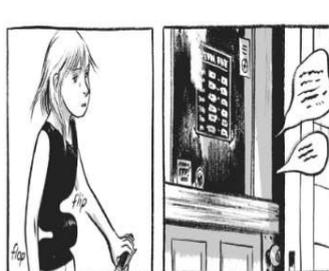
(*Grandma molests grandchild*)...."They'd been gone for a minute or two when I heard Brian weakly protesting. I went into Grandpa's bedroom and saw Erma kneeling on the floor in front of Brian, grabbing at the crotch of his pants, squeezing and kneading while mumbling to herself and telling Brian to hold still, goddammit. Brian, his cheeks wet with tears, was holding his hands protectively between his legs. "Erma, you leave him alone!" I shouted. Erma, still on her knees, twisted around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said. Lori heard the commotion and came running. I told Lori that Erma was touching Brian in a way she ought not to be." Ch. 33, Pg. 461

"Mom, Uncle Stanley is behaving inappropriately," I said. "Oh, you're probably imagining it," she said. "He groped me! And he's wanking off!" Mom cocked her head and looked concerned. "Poor Stanley," she said. "He's so lonely." "But it was gross!" Mom asked me if I was okay. I shrugged and nodded. "Well, there you go," she said. She said that sexual assault was a crime of perception. "If you don't think you're hurt, then you aren't," she said." Ch. 41



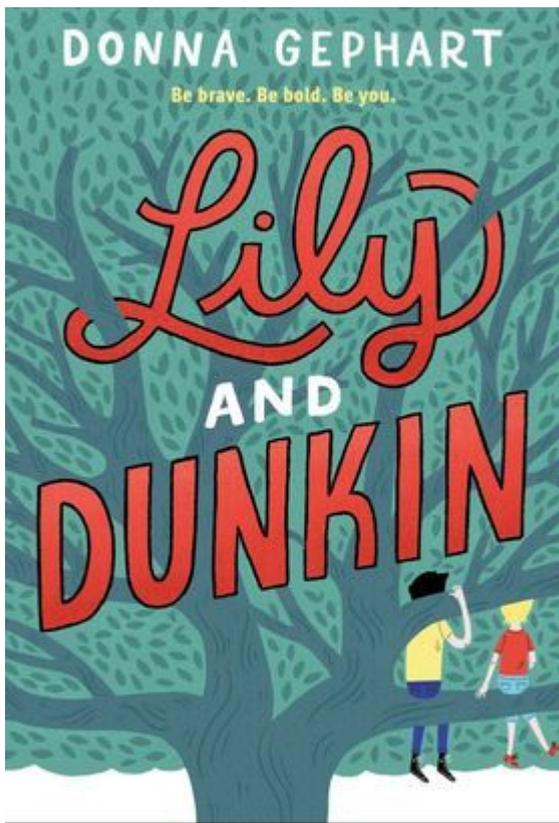
**This One Summer- Tamaki**  
 Some Concerns: unwanted teen pregnancy, discussions of suicide & miscarriage, discusses oral sex & child sex, teens smoking & drinking alcohol, kids rent x-rated pornography











# Lily & Dunkin-Gephart

Some of the Concerns: discussion of complex, mature topics such as: Transgenderism, mental illnesses, gay attraction/relationships, hormone blockers

## OVERVIEW

Lily Jo McGrother, born Timothy McGrother, is a girl. But being a girl is not so easy when you look like a boy. Especially when you're in the eighth-grade. Norbert Dorfman, nicknamed Dunkin Dorfman, is bipolar and has just moved from the New Jersey town he's called home for the past thirteen years. This would be hard enough, but the fact that he is also hiding from a painful secret makes it even worse. One summer morning, Lily Jo

Help Us Improve

## Discussion Questions

*Lily and Dunkin* is a powerful, timely story with tremendous potential for meaningful discussion. Below are some questions to consider as you read:

1. A transgender person is someone who does not identify with the biological gender assigned to him or her at birth. Lily, born Tim, associates as a female and wants to start the hormone therapy that will allow her to begin the physical transition to becoming a girl. When did Lily begin to think of herself as a girl? Why is it best that she begin the hormone

## Resources

### TRANSGENDER/GENDER VARIANCE ORGANIZATIONS

**Gender Diversity** ([genderdiversity.org](http://genderdiversity.org)): Increases the awareness and understanding of the wide range of gender variations in children, adolescents, and adults by providing family support, building community, increasing societal awareness and improving the well-being for people of all gender identities and expressions.

**Gender Spectrum** ([genderspectrum.org](http://genderspectrum.org)): Provides education, training and support to help create a gender-sensitive and gender-inclusive environment for all children and teens.

**GLAAD** ([glaad.org/transgender/resources](http://glaad.org/transgender/resources)): GLAAD rewrites the script for LGBT acceptance. As a dynamic media force, GLAAD tackles tough issues to shape the narrative and provoke dialogue that leads to cultural change. GLAAD protects all that has been accomplished and creates a world where everyone can live the life they love.

**PFLAG** ([community.pflag.org](http://community.pflag.org)): Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ People to Move Equality Forward was founded in 1972 with the simple act of a mother publicly supporting her gay son. PFLAG is the nation's largest family and ally organization. Uniting people who are lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (LGBTQ) with families, friends and allies, it is committed to advancing equality and full societal affirmation of LGBTQ people through its threefold mission of support, education and advocacy.

**Trans Lifeline** ([translifeline.org](http://translifeline.org)): A hotline staffed by transgender people for transgender people.

**Trans Youth and Family Allies** ([imatyfa.org](http://imatyfa.org)): TYFA empowers young people and their families through support, education and outreach about gender identity and expression.

**The Trevor Project** ([thetrevorproject.org](http://thetrevorproject.org)): The leading national organization providing crisis intervention and suicide prevention services to lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and questioning youth.

**World Professional Association for Transgender Health** ([wpath.org](http://wpath.org)): As an international multidisciplinary professional association, the mission of the World Professional Association for Transgender

## BOOK

(32)

### Lily and Dunkin

Page 25

... lump in my throat. "The **hormone** blockers. Remember I told you about them? I have to get started on them now or else—" "Goddamn it, Tim..."

Page 25

... let me talk about the **hormone** blockers. I need them, Mom!" "Shhh." She strokes my hair. "It's hard for your dad, sweetheart. His mom is so... so..." "It..."

Page 26

... crazy. I need to start **hormone** blockers right now or things are going to happen that can't be reversed. I can't wait any more, and I need one of you to sign ...

Page 27

... happen to my body without **hormone** blockers—the deeper voice, bulging Adam's apple, facial hair and hair down there—what's already beginning t...

Page 35

... for a computer, I research **hormone** blockers again—I need to be certain about the right time to start them. There's something called Tanner Stage II. T...

Page 35

... I'm supposed to start the **hormone** blockers. That means I should be starting them now. It's not like I'm asking for estrogen or surgery. Yet. I just don't wa...

breathing thing is totally ineffective.

“He’s making it impossible for me,” I say. “I can’t go on like this. I can’t turn into—”

“Shhh.” Mom presses her head even closer to mine.

I want to cry, because it feels like Mom really does understand. I don’t know what I’d do without her and Sarah on my side. And of course, Dare, who’s ready to fight the whole world on my behalf, or at least the kids at school. I’m lucky to have each of them.

But I need Dad, too.

“He’ll come around,” Mom says. “It’ll just take some more time for him to get used to it.”

“I don’t have more time.” I pull away from Mom. “I’m beginning to change. And it’s making me crazy. I need to start hormone blockers right now or things are going to happen that can’t be reversed. I can’t wait any more, and I need one of you to sign the form so I can get them.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Mom says. “Again. Please be patient a little longer. I want your dad to be on board before we take this next step.”

I stand, feeling light-headed. “It’s so unfair.”

continued...Lily & Dunkin

“Are you?” he asks.

“Yes,” I say, taking a deep breath. “I’m definitely going.”

“Cool,” he says, grabbing a piece of cantaloupe from my bowl and popping it into his mouth. “Then I’ll go, too.”

I think about what it might be like. “Perfect.”

#### THINKING

I like Tim’s family, especially his mom and sister. His dad scares me a little, but I’m not sure why, and I really don’t want to think about it. I’m so hungry and the ache in my head tells me I need coffee stat. Lots and lots of coffee loaded with lots and lots of sugar.

While I’m eating and drinking, I think about what Tim told me last night. I don’t mean to, but I keep staring at his face, at those electric blue eyes. He kind of looks like a girl, except for the hair—not short, but much shorter than when I first met him. I wonder if this is why Vasquez calls Tim “fag” all the time. Does Vasquez know about Tim being **transgender**? But if he does, “fag” isn’t the right word anyway. One thing has nothing to do with the other. Besides, I hate the word “fag.” Kids at my old school used to call me “fag” sometimes or use the word “fag” to mean “weird.”

The more I think about it, the more I don’t like Vasquez...or the guys on the team. Too bad because I’m going to be playing with them all the way to the state championship, so I’d better get along with them, at least until then.

I know Tim’s the real deal because he trusted me enough to share that secret. And he shouted when Coach was reaming me out, and gave me a thumbs-up when everyone else was booing. That’s what a real friend does—sticks by you when no one else will.

I’ll bet I could trust him with my secret. Secrets.

I look over and watch Tim *not* eating breakfast. I want to do the disappearing saltshaker trick for him—to cheer him up—but I don’t have any magic in me today. And Tim probably wouldn’t be in the mood anyway. I’m sure seeing his favorite tree get cut down hit him hard. It’s tough to lose something you love and know there’s nothing you can do about it. It’s unbearable to realize you couldn’t have stopped it, no matter what—

*Stop thinking!*

# Looking For Alaska- Green

Some concerns: sex between children, children watching a pornographic video, children discovering how to give oral sex

Alaska read the sticker on the top of the video. *“The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain’t that just delightful.”*

We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. No time for dialogue, I

Green, John.

Looking for Alaska : a novel

Call Number: FIC GRE

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Log In

## OVERVIEW

Sixteen-year-old Miles' first year at Culver Creek Preparatory School in Alabama includes good friends and great pranks, but is defined by the search for answers about life and death after a fatal car crash.

Help Us Improve

suppose. By the time they started doing it, Alaska commenced with her righteous indignation. “They just don’t make sex look fun for women. The girl is just an object. Look! Look at that!”

I was already looking, needless to say. A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying “Give it to me” and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn’t help but take mental notes. *Hands on her shoulders*, I noted. *Fast, but not too fast or it’s going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.*

As if reading my mind, she said, “God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like

Just as the Bradys were getting locked in jail, Lara randomly asked me, “Have you ever gotten a blow job?”

DO I!?!?!?!?!?! “Um. yeah. I mean, you don't have to.”

“I think I want to,” she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching *The Brady Bunch*, watching Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis.

“Wow,” she said.

“What?”

She looked up at me, but didn't move, her face nanometers away from my penis. “It's weird.”

“What do you mean *weird*?”

“Just beeg, I guess.”

I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth.

And waited.

We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn't quite sure what.

She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes, for as long as it took the Bradys to steal the key and unlock themselves from the ghost-town jail, she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting.

And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically.

“Should I do sometheeng?”

“Um. I don't know,” I said. Everything I'd learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly

“Um, that's out of the blue,” I said.

“The blue?”

“Like, you know, out of left field.”

“Left field?”

“Like, in baseball. Like, out of nowhere. I mean, what made you think of that?”

“I've just never geeven one,” she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden...

“No,” I said. “I never have.”

“Think it would be fun?”

exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn't that choke her? So I just stayed quiet.

“Should I, like, bite?”

“Don't bite! I mean, I don't think. I think—I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don't know if there's something else.”

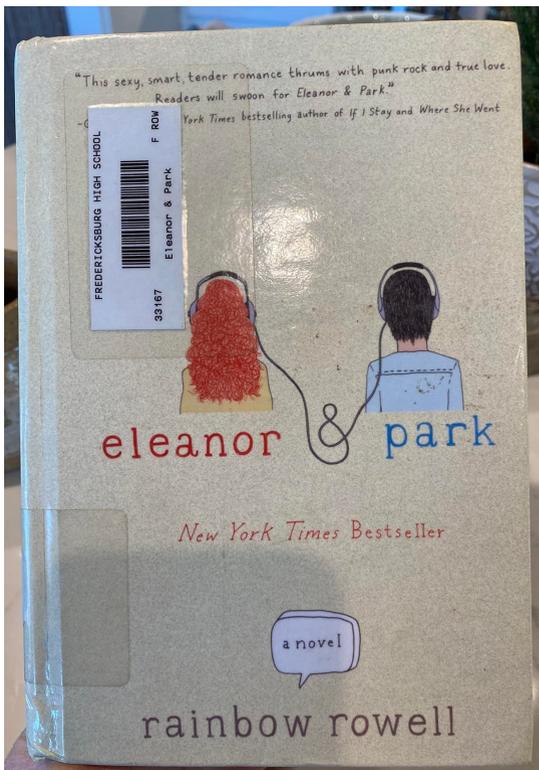
“I mean, you deedn't—”

“Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska.”

So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.

# Eleanor & Park - Rowell

Some Concerns: Sexual content, Bigotry, Racism, violence, drunk driving



1

## park

XTC was no good for drowning out the morons at the back of the bus.

Park pressed his headphones into his ears.

Tomorrow he was going to bring Skinny Puppy or the Misfits. Or maybe he'd make a special bus tape with as much screaming and wailing on it as possible.

He could get back to New Wave in November, after he got his driver's license. His parents had already said Park could have his mom's Impala, and he'd been saving up for a new tape deck. Once he started driving to school, he could listen to whatever he wanted or nothing at all, and he'd get to sleep in an extra twenty minutes.

"That doesn't exist!" somebody shouted behind him.

"It so fucking does!" Steve shouted back. "Drunken Monkey style, man, it's a real fucking thing. You can kill somebody with it..."

"You're full of shit."

"You're full of shit," Steve said. "Park! Hey, Park."

"Your stepfather's been looking for you," Tina said. "He's been driving around the neighborhood all goddamn night."

"What did you tell him?" Eleanor said. *Did Tina do this? Is that how he knew?*

"I asked him if his dick was bigger than his truck," Tina said. "I didn't tell him anything."

"Did you tell him about Park?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. Then shook her head. "But somebody's going to."

*suck me off*

"Stepdad!" Steve shouted, throwing a beer can across the garage. "Your fucking stepdad? Do you want me to kill him for you? I'm gonna kill Tina's, anyway. I could get them both in the same day. Buy one, get one . . ." He giggled. "Buy one, get one . . . free."

Tina opened a beer and shoved it into Eleanor's lap. Eleanor took it, just to have something to hold. "Drink up," Tina said.

Eleanor took a sip obediently. It tasted sharp and yellow.

"We should play quarters," Steve slurred. "Hey, Red, do you have any quarters?"

Eleanor shook her head.

Tina perched next to him on the arm of the couch and lit a cigarette.

"We had quarters," she said. "We spent them on beer, remember?"

"Those weren't quarters," Steve said. "That was a ten."

Tina closed her eyes and blew smoke at the ceiling.

Eleanor closed her eyes, too. She tried to think about what she should do next, but nothing came to her. The music on the car radio switched from Sabbath to AC/DC to Zeppelin. Steve sang along; his voice was surprisingly light. "Hangman, hangman, turn your head awhile. . ."

Eleanor listened to Steve sing song after song over the wet hammer of her heartbeat. The beer can went warm in her hand.

*i know your a slut you smell like cum*

## PROFANITY & VIOLENCE

Profanity is frequent and varied, and includes the following terms: *a-*, *b-tard*, *b-ch*, *c-t*, *d-n*, *d-k*, *fag*, *the f-word*, *h-*, *h-spawn*, *p-*, *p-y*, *s-* and the *f-word* with mother. The names *Jesus* and *God* (sometimes paired with *d-n*) are misused. Racial slurs and other coarse language are also used.

Park fights Steve after he and Tina mock Eleanor on the bus. He kicks Steve in the face, sending him to the hospital. Park's face is badly bruised as well.

Eleanor and her siblings imagine violent ends for Richie. Richie fires his gun at some teens, trying to scare them. Richie is violent, unstable and verbally abusive. He throws heavy objects at the wall, abuses Eleanor's mother, writes sexually explicit notes in Eleanor's schoolbooks, and threatens and attempts to physically harm Eleanor.

Steve offers to kill Richie and says that he plans to kill Tina's stepfather one day. After Eleanor is safely in Minnesota and her mother and siblings have moved away, Park confronts Richie, who in a drunken stupor has fallen to the ground. Park wants to kill him, but just kicks dirt into his mouth instead.

fist." But Park hoped nobody would. The guy who Steve hit couldn't open his eyes for a week.

Park tossed Tina her balled-up homework. She caught it.

"Park," Steve said, "tell Mikey about Drunken Monkey karate."

"I don't know anything about it." Park shrugged.

"But it exists, right?"

"I guess I've heard of it."

"There," Steve said. He looked for something to throw at Mikey, but couldn't find anything. He pointed instead. "I fucking told you."

"What the fuck does Sheridan know about kung fu?" Mikey said.

"Are you retarded?" Steve said. "His mom's Chinese."

## SEXUAL CONTENT

Eleanor and Park's relationship becomes increasingly physical. Handholding progresses to kissing and then kissing deeply. They begin lying on top of one another while caressing each other under their clothes, and eventually removing layers of clothing. They stop just short of intercourse because Park refuses. He doesn't have a condom. These scenes are written in a detailed, emotionally charged way.

Park remembers kissing girls when he was younger but not feeling anything and wondering if he was gay (although he didn't want to kiss boys either). His parents ask him if he's wearing eyeliner because he wants to be like a girl, but Park insists that he just wants to be himself. He kisses another girl after a year of not hearing from Eleanor.

Mikey looked at Park carefully. Park smiled and narrowed his eyes. "Yeah, I guess I see it," Mikey said. "I always thought you were Mexican."

"Shit, Mikey," Steve said, "you're such a fucking racist."

"She's not Chinese," Tina said. "She's Korean."

"Who is?" Steve asked.

"Park's mom."

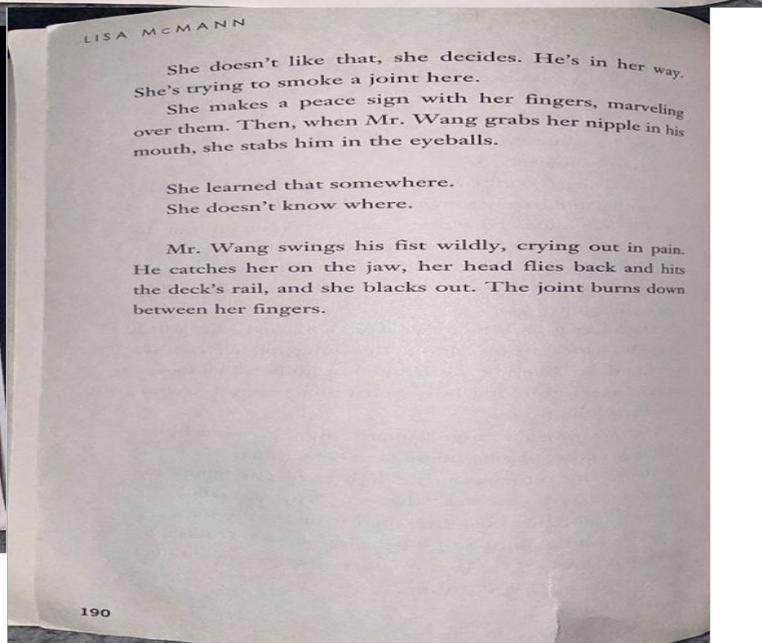
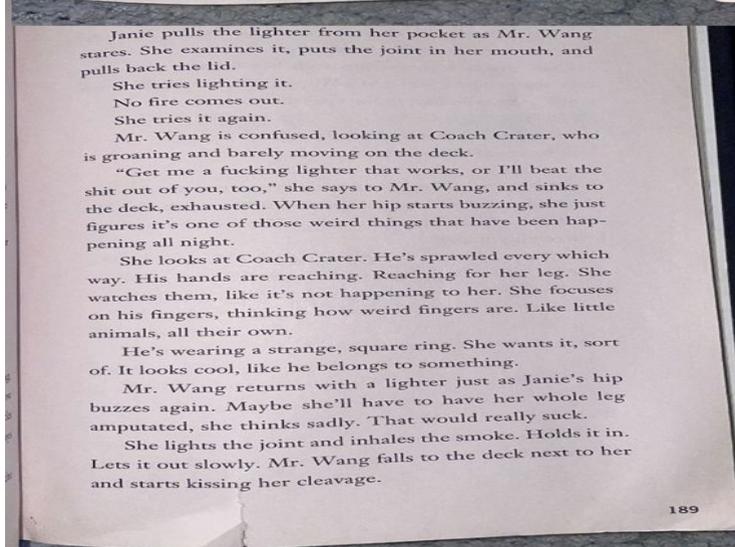
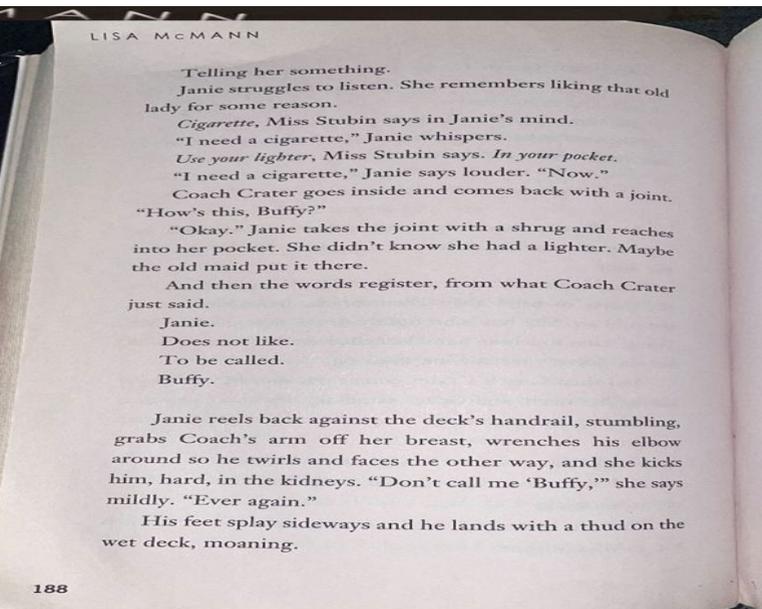
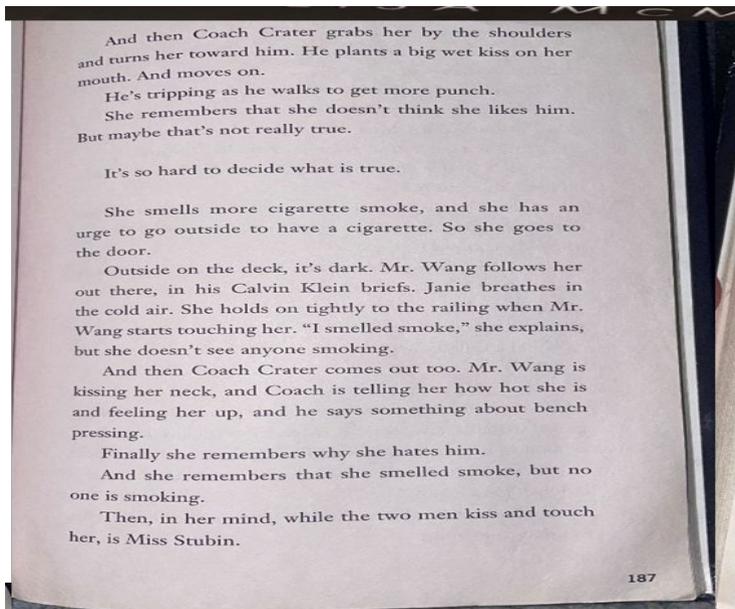
Park's mom had been cutting Tina's hair since grade school. They both had the exact same hairstyle: long spiral perms with tall feathered bangs.

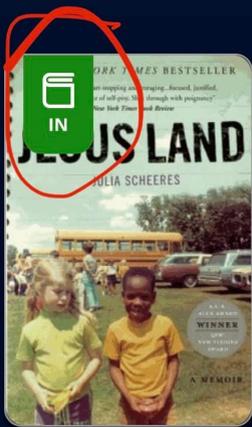
"She's fucking hot is what she is," Steve said, cracking himself up. "No offense, Park."



# FADE- McCann

Some of the concerns: Sex scenes & sexual acts between children. Teachers, Coaches & a child interacting sexually together. Teachers drugging children to rape them.





Scheeres, Julia.

## Jesus Land : a memoir

Call Number: 373.72 SCH

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Log In

### OVERVIEW

The author writes of her teenage years in the Midwest, her adopted black brother, her fundamentalist Christian family, and Escuela Caribe--the prison-like Christian reform school they were sent to in the Dominican Republic.

Help Us Improve

## Jesus Land: Scheeres

Some of the concerns: sex between children, molestation of children

### Pg. 112:

"Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it.

I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst.

"Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention.

**CONTEXT – interaction between minors**

### Pg. 132

"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

**CONTEXT – interaction between minors**

### Pg. 121:

He pauses weightily. "I'm here to tell you today that you can't jack off with Jesus!" He pounds the bookcase to emphasize each word, unaware of the obscene gesture he's making. You Can't. Jack. Off. With. Jesus.

(due to different editions of books, page numbers may differ)

I've heard girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. . . . "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water.<sup>286</sup>

. . . I was banished to an island colony ruled by sadistic Jesus freaks.<sup>287</sup>

The other girls were also molested by male relatives living in their households, and this surprises me since they all come from upstanding Christian families. But then again . . . so do I.<sup>288</sup>

One of the preachers at Escuela Caribe gets a student pregnant.

Secretly, I admire Rhonda's craftiness. Not only did she manage to get laid, she also escaped The Program. She could always give the baby up for adoption and resume her life afterward. Or she could abort it—I'm sure God would also reject the forbidden fruit of a preacher man and a teenage member of his flock. It would make Him look bad.<sup>289</sup>



Andrews, Jesse.

Me and Earl and the  
dying girl

Call Number: FIC AND

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

#### OVERVIEW

Seventeen-year-old Greg has managed to become part of every social group at his Pittsburgh high school without having any friends, but his life changes when his mother forces him to befriend Rachel, a girl he once knew in Hebrew school who has leukemia.

[READ LESS](#) —

# Me and Earl and the Dying Girl- Andrews

Some concerns: oral sex amongst children, sexualization

about you, man, they don't give a fuck. They don't give a fuck if you live or die, you pussy-ass bitch. They don't give a fuck. Look at me. They don't. Give. A fuck."

"Oka ay. J Jesu , us."

"Man, just shut the fuck up, because I can't be hearing no more of this. Yeah, I fucking told Rachel about the films, I fucking gave her some of them dumb-ass films to watch, because she like the only person that *do* give a fuck. Yeah. She don't have big-ass titties, so you don't fucking care, but that other bitch don't give a shit about you and, and fucking Rachel *do*, and you don't fucking give a *shit* cuz you're a dumb little bitch."

tle bit of both. Homo and hetero.

## EARL

Naw. That don't make any damn sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some titties, get a hard-on, look at some dude's funky dick, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real.

"Hey, Earl, I can't watch *Alphaville* today."

"Why the hell not?"

"I'm sorry, man, I have to hang out with this girl from, uh—this girl from synagogue."

"Wha-a-at."

"She's—"

"Are you gonna eat her pussy?"

Earl can be sort of profane sometimes. He's actually mellowed out a lot since his middle school days, believe it or not. Back in middle school he would have asked this in a much more violent and horrible way.

"Yeah, Earl, I'm going to eat her pussy."

"Heh."

"Yeah."

Earl con't...

"Do you even know *how* to eat pussy?"

"Uh, not really."

"Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you're gonna have to eat the pussy."

"No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole."

When Earl is in full-on Gross-Out Mode, you have to play along or you'll feel stupid.

"God bless that man."

"Yup."

"I would teach you some pussy-eating technique, but it's a little complicated."

"That's a shame."

"I would need some diagrams and whatnot."

"Well, tonight maybe you can draw some up."

"Son, I don't have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat."

"Is that right?"

"I'm on pussy deadline."

"You've got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row."

"Aw, what the hell. What the *hell*. No one's talkin bout *vaginas*. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that's nasty."

Earl likes to mix it up sometimes by pretending that you're being gross and he is not, when he's clearly being much grosser. This is

a classic humor move that he has perfected over the years.

"Oh, sorry."

"Man, you're sick. You're perverted."

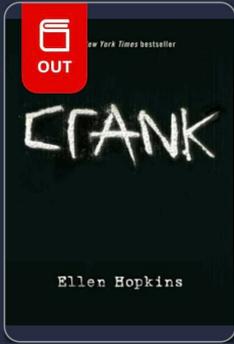
"Yeah, that was really out of line."

"I'm talkin bout *pussy*. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pussy."

"Yeah, that's not gross. What I said was gross, but not what you just said."

"Got some Grey Poupon up in this. Got some *Hellmann's*."

Gross-Out Mode can last indefinitely and sometimes you just have to change the subject without



Hopkins, Ellen.

Crank

Call Number: FIC HOP

Sublocation: FREDERICKSBURG  
HIGH SCHOOL

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

### OVERVIEW

Kristina Georgia Snow's life is turned upside-down, when she visits her absentee father, gets turned on to the drug "crank", becomes addicted, and is led down a desperate path that threatens her mind, soul, and her life.

Crank-revved, pistons firing full bore,  
passion firecracked in tiny bursts  
from thigh to belly button.

*Oh, baby,*

*I want you so bad!*

"B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed,  
but it wasn't a joke. Not for long.

My shirt tore open. "Wait."

*I've waited for weeks.*

*Put up and shut up.*

Kisses segued to bites. Bruises.

Pain rippled through my body.

"Brendan, please stop."

*No. You promised,  
you damn little tease.*

Off came my shorts. Down went  
his zipper. I realized I was in  
serious trouble. "I'll scream."

*Go ahead. No one can hear  
but skunks and coyotes.*

Still, as I opened my mouth, his  
hand slapped down over it. Those  
sublime muscles hardened.

*Just relax.*

*You'll love it.*

My brand-new Victoria's Secrets  
shredded, and I felt the worst of  
Brendan pause, savoring my terror.

*They all love it.*

Had he done it a different way, I  
might have responded with excitement.

# CRANK- Hopkins

Some concerns: child rape, some glorification of drug use (meth), very emotional, hard read. Not for children.

Tried to sound tough,  
asked if they could  
spare a smoke.

*Sure, baby.*

*Anything you want.*

Took a cigarette, bummed  
a light, and with a soft "thanks"  
tried to amble away.

*Hey. Where ya going?*

*You ain't in a hurry, are ya?*

They weren't big, not football  
players, but I was outnumbered  
and felt it.

*Yeah, what kind of  
thanks is that?*

The circle tightened,  
moving me back, away  
from the safety of the street.

*Damn, you are  
a fine little piece.*

Think. Think! But my brain  
moved too fast to process well.  
My eyes gave it away.

*Yo. I think this bitch  
been crankin'.*

That was license enough. Bodies  
bumped, pushed me into  
a doorway, blocked escape.

*Ever done a three-fer?  
You gonna love it, baby.*

Instead, I froze as he pushed inside.

*There it is.*

*Oh, God. There it goes.*

It went, all right, with an audible  
tear. Pain mushroomed into agony  
and all I could do was go stiff.

*You weren't lying,  
you bitch!*

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked  
and sweated over me. Stoked by the  
monster, it took him a long time to finish.

*Give me a line,  
I'll give you an encore.*

He pulled away, sticky and bloody.  
Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move,  
didn't dare look him in the eye.

*What the hell  
is the matter, Bree?*

I stared up at the clouds, gathering  
into gloom, shrouding the moon.

"My name is Kristina."

who got me on my feet

helped me to the car

put me on the seat

kept me semiupright

on the long ride home

Bree, who staunched the blood

straightened up my clothes

unsmearred the makeup

brushed my hair smooth

willed strength against the aching  
claiming body and soul

Bree, who understood

that, wasted on crank, there

was nothing I could do

but plot future revenge.

Brendan didn't say a word  
most of the way home. He  
drove slowly, just under the  
limit. I watched him, out  
of the corner of my eye.

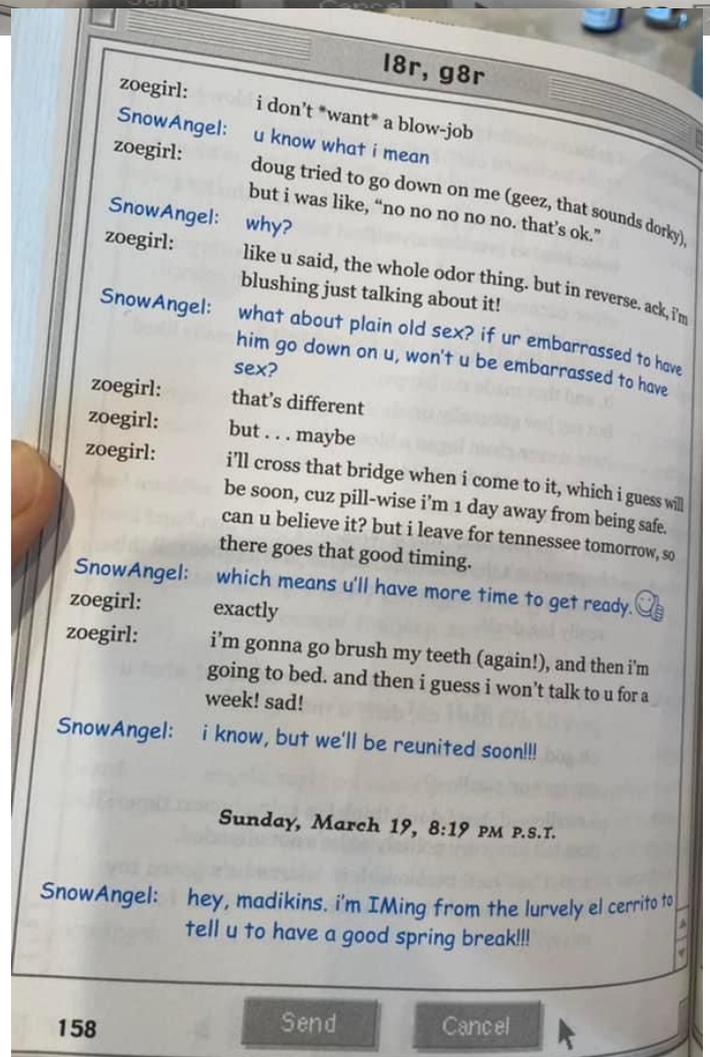
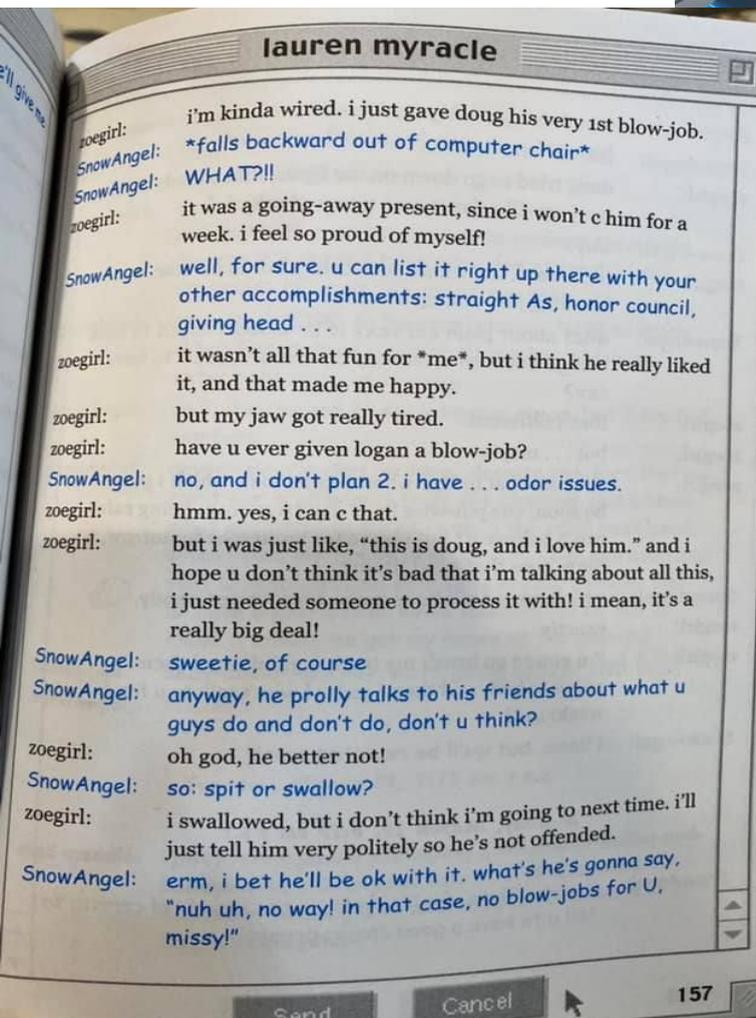
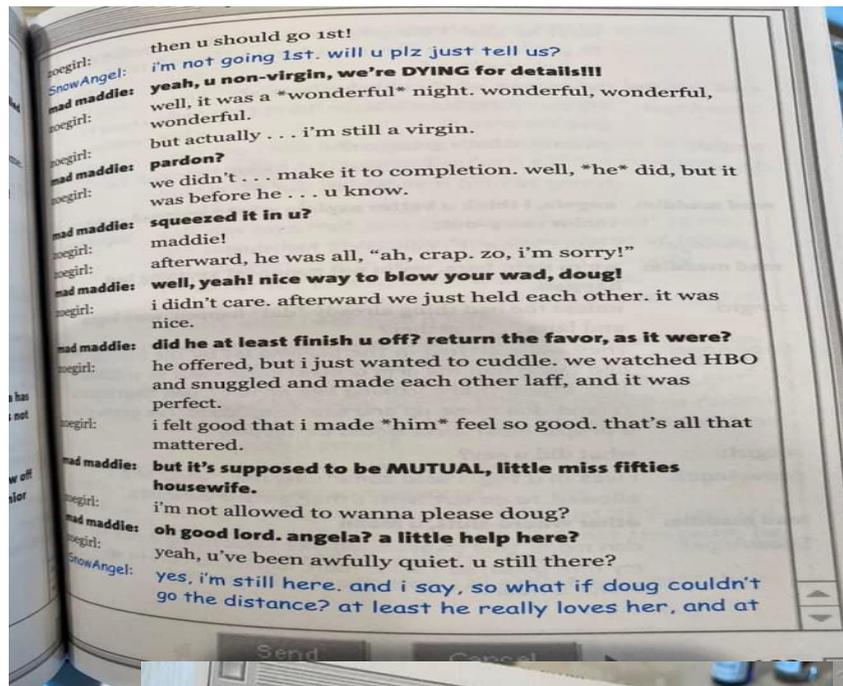
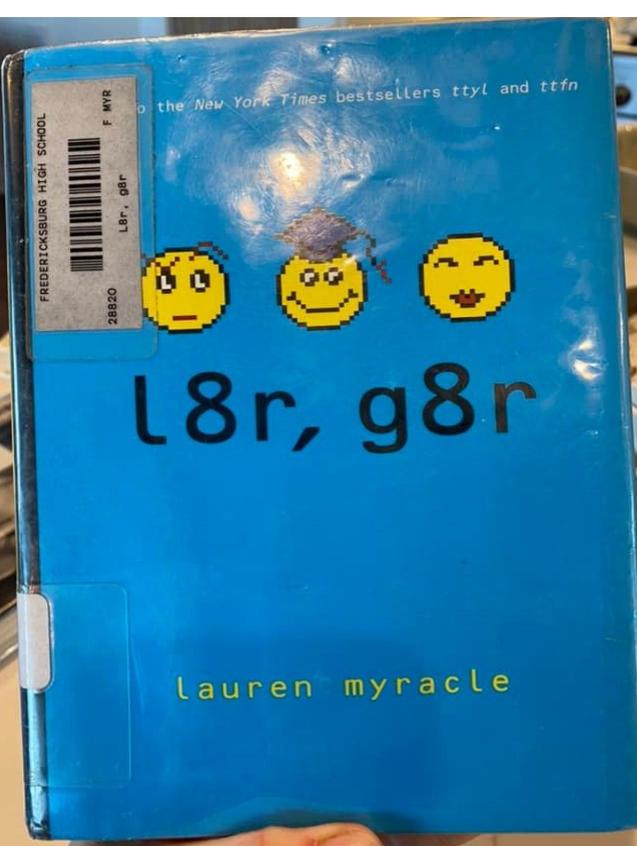
He didn't look so perfect  
anymore. His nose had a  
bump and his eyebrows  
almost joined. And, of course,  
I knew what he was made of.

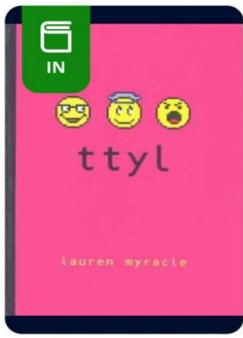
Finally, he found a few words—  
his thank you for the gift he had  
stolen, the one I should have given  
and never could again. I will  
remember them forever:

*If I'd have known  
you'd just lay there,  
I wouldn't have bothered.*

# L8r, g8r- miracle

Some Concerns: child sex, sexual content





Myracle, Lauren, 1969-

Ttyl

Call Number: FIC MYR

★★★★★ (0)

Book

# ttyl- myracle

Some Concerns: children discussing sexual content, normalization of child & adult (teacher) relationships (pedophilia)

## OVERVIEW

Chronicles, in "instant message" format, the day-to-day experiences, feelings, and plans of three friends, Zoe, Maddie, and Angela, as they begin tenth grade.

[READ LESS](#) —

## BOOK DETAILS

Call Number  
FIC MYR

Interest Level : Young Adult

SnowAngel: don't think i can say

mad maddie: say.

SnowAngel: well, she said that margaret . . . er . . . ejaculates.

mad maddie: ?????!!!

SnowAngel: actually she said she squirts when she comes. and then she was like. "shit, i can't believe i told u. u've gotta swear not to tell, ferl. u've gotta swear!" while the whole time i was two sinks over going. "HELLO! do u even know i'm here?"

mad maddie: disgusting

SnowAngel: i know. i was like, "margaret is yr friend, asshole. how wid u like it if she went around spreading rumors about u?"

zoegirl: you two actually talked?

SnowAngel: our seats are right next to each other. and tonight when i do my hw. i get to fantasize about his summer sausage. "nudge, nudge, wink, wink"

zoegirl: while i'll be reading 5,000 pages of "The Great Gatsby" and answering probing discussion questions about the american dream. mr. h expects us to read a book a week. can you believe that?

SnowAngel: like that'll be a problem for u.

SnowAngel: did he stare at your boobs?

zoegirl: mr. h?!

SnowAngel: maddie and i had him for journalism last year, and he was always staring at some girl's boobs. mostly maddie's. he was always "reading" her shirts.

zoegirl: ewww!

SnowAngel: so watch out, he makes a big deal of being all christian, but what that MEANS is that he's majorly sexually repressed. whereas i, on the other hand, am not sexually repressed at all. speaking of, better start practicing for rob. bye!

her sides.

zoegirl: i have a really hard time believing that.

zoegirl: or if he did, he was probably just trying to watch out for her. like he didn't want her to get busted for breaking the dress code.

mad maddie: she said he got a total stiffie while they were talking. she said it was hysterical.

zoegirl: that's ridiculous. mr. h would never do that.

mad maddie: what makes u so sure?

zoegirl: because he's NICE. because he treats me like i'm a person instead of a kid. that's what was so great during our meeting—we were just two people having a discussion.

mad maddie: what did the two of u "discuss"?

zoegirl: NOT skirt lengths or anything like that. geez. we both said how we believe there's meaning to life, that everything's not random and pointless like some people think. mr. h talked about christianity a little—how he's sure God has a plan for him. he told me that everything that happens, happens for a reason. doesn't that give you the chills?

mad maddie: yesterday at publix, a little kid rammed me with a grocery cart. was there a message there? cuz i think i missed it.

zoegirl: he also said that sometimes you'll meet someone totally unexpected and it'll change your life in a

Ttyl cont...

zoegirl: he was talking about next weekend, which is when he's going to be house-sitting for the kravitzes, and at first it was like . . . sexy. kind of.

zoegirl: (don't laugh!)

SnowAngel: what do u mean?

zoegirl: just that nobody was listening, but they COULD have been. and that made it . . . i don't know. exciting.

SnowAngel: oh man

zoegirl: he told me about how nice the kravitzes' house is, and he told me about the hot tub again.

zoegirl: then he lowered his voice and said, "you're still coming, right?"

SnowAngel: FUCK.

zoegirl: please don't say that word. \*especially\* that word.

SnowAngel: what'd u say?

zoegirl: i said, "i think so, yeah." and he said, "good." then he touched my hand really lightly and said, "you can wear your bikini."

SnowAngel: !!!

SnowAngel: i was KIDDING when i told u to wear a bikini!

SnowAngel: i was not . . .

SnowAngel: u r not . . .

SnowAngel: TEACHERS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY "YOU CAN WEAR YOUR BIKINI" TO THEIR STUDENTS!!!!

zoegirl: i know!

zoegirl: at first i thought he \*was\* just teasing me, and i said, "yeah, right, me in a bikini. wouldn't that be a lovely sight."

SnowAngel: and . . . ?

SnowAngel: like how?

zoegirl: just really gentle, like it meant something to be touching me.

SnowAngel: wow

zoegirl: then he pulled back his hand and said, "you're in 10th grade, zoe." and i said, "i know." then he said, "you're 15," and i said, "i know."

SnowAngel: oh man. he was totally, like, admitting he was into u.

zoegirl: then he pushed back my hair again, tucking it behind my ear, and . . .

zoegirl: it's the way he looked at me, like he was saying two different things at the same time.

zoegirl: it sounds really stupid, doesn't it?

SnowAngel: it doesn't sound stupid, zo. it sounds . . . big.

zoegirl: yeah. that's kind of how it feels too.

SnowAngel: i guess i'm excited for u. since u like him back and everything, but r u sure this is ok? i mean, he's a TEACHER.

zoegirl: i know. and probably nothing more will happen, not till i graduate. and that won't be for another two years.

SnowAngel: true. and i've gotta say—thank god for that!

the way to and from alpharetta, where his church is. it was a long drive, so we got to talk A LOT. he's so interesting, angela, and he knows so much about spirituality. i know maddie makes fun of him, but i really admire him.

SnowAngel: do u think HE thought it was weird today?

zoegirl: i don't know. i may have been making it up. in fact, i probably was. but sometimes it seemed like he was giving me these looks, like he and i shared a secret.

zoegirl: or not a \*secret\*, more like just the knowledge of the special time we had together.

zoegirl: agh. that sounds corny.

SnowAngel: huh

SnowAngel: zo, don't get offended . . . but do u think he's hitting on u? just a little?

zoegirl: PLEASE

zoegirl: anyway, he told me that he doesn't believe in dating just for the sake of dating. he only wants to date someone if he thinks she might be a person he'd like to marry.

SnowAngel: what if yr that person?

zoegirl: i'm 15, angela.

SnowAngel: so?

zoegirl: although something happened that was sort of funny. when he dropped me off after church, he reached over to open my door for me, and it was a little awkward because his body was, like, right there. soooo close. and then he half-laughed and started to say something, but he stopped himself. i said, "what?" and he said, "i'll, ah, tell you when you're older."

SnowAngel: zoe!!!!

zoegirl: DON'T tell maddie.

zoegirl: i am so dead! i saw mr. h at fellowship this morning—I was too wimpy not to go—and when we were in the kitchen getting out the orange juice, he said, "i'm looking forward to tonight. i got a special candle just for the occasion."

SnowAngel: ew! ick, ick, ick!

zoegirl: he said it in this shy little boy way, and it would have been cute if i'd still been into him. but i'm not!!!

SnowAngel: did u tell him u couldn't come?

zoegirl: no! i said something brilliant like, "uh, great," and then i darted off to get a sweet roll—not that i was able to eat it. i wanted to tell him no, but i just couldn't!

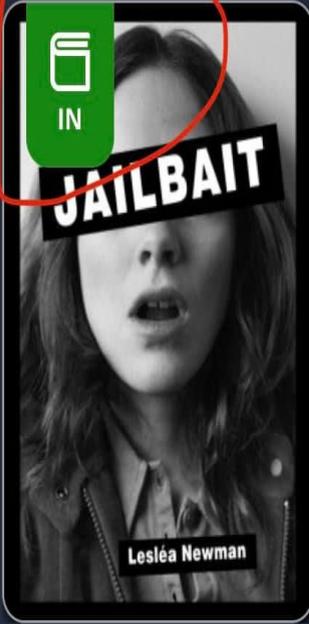
SnowAngel: zoe, u have to get out of it.

zoegirl: how? he's coming to pick me up at seven. i already told my mom i'm going to Bible study with him, like years ago before i got freaked out, and she's delighted. she'll probably have a plate of cookies for him when he arrives.

SnowAngel: what if u told her the truth?

zoegirl: are you KIDDING? that would be a disaster. she'd call the entire school board, and then she'd realize i'd been lying to her all this time and she'd—crap, i have no idea what she'd do.

Fri, Nov 19, 10:09 AM E.S.T.



Newman, Lesléa.

Jailbait

Call Number: FIC NEW

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Jailbait- Newman  
Some concerns:  
normalization of child  
& adult sex. The book  
summary/overview  
alone is not  
appropriate for  
children (or really  
anyone since reading  
or viewing pedophilia  
is illegal.)

## OVERVIEW

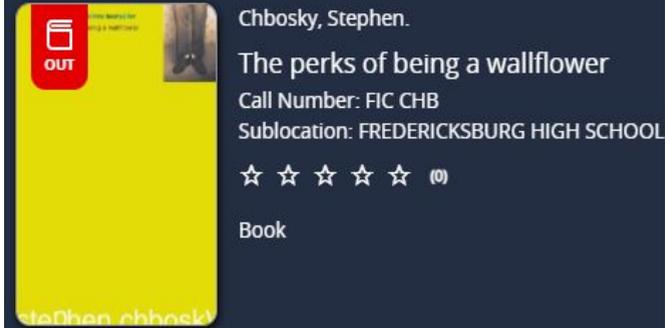
Unpopular and lonely tenth-grader Andi builds a fantasy romantic life around her clandestine, sexual relationship with a man in his thirties.

## BOOK DETAILS

Call Number

FIC NEW

Interest Level : Young Adult



**OVERVIEW**

Charlie, a freshman in high school, explores the dilemmas of growing up through a collection of letters he sends to an unknown receiver.

**BOOK DETAILS**

**Call Number**  
FIC CHB

**Interest Level : Young Adult**

## Perks of Being a Wallflower- Chbosky

Some concerns: graphic sex scenes, rape, child sex

Dear friend,

Do you know what “masturbation” is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow!

That weekend, my sister spent a lot of time with this boy. And they laughed a lot more than they usually did. On Friday night, I was reading my new book, but my brain got tired, so I decided to watch some television instead. And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked.

He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper.

“Get out. You pervert.”

still in it. I said I didn’t see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy’s hand went up the girl’s shirt, and she started protesting.

“C’mon, Dave.”

“What?”

“The kid’s in here.”

“It’s okay.”

And the boy kept working up the girl’s shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn’t know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees.

“Please. Dave. No.”

But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.

After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl’s head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don’t think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying “no.” Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

(Charlie watching two of his friends have sex)

“When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick’s room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don’t want to go into detail about it, because it’s pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that’s pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really stoned. No matter what Patrick did, Brad kept crying. Brad wouldn’t even let Patrick hold him, which seems rather sad to me because if I have sex with someone, I would want to hold them. Finally, Patrick just pulled up Brad’s pants, and said to him, “just pretend you’re passed out.”