

ACTION4CANADA

Protecting Faith, Family and Freedom

WARNING: SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIALS

(FOR EVIDENTIARY PURPOSES ONLY)

**THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION SHOULD NOT
BE VIEWED BY MINORS UNDER THE AGE OF 19**

171.1 (1) Every person commits an offence who transmits, makes available, distributes or sells sexually explicit material to (a) a person who is, or who the accused believes is, under the age of 18 years, for the purpose of facilitating the commission of an offence under subsection 153(1), section 155, 163.1, 170 or 171 or subsection 212(1), (2), (2.1) or (4)...

163.1 (1) In this section, child pornography means (a) a photographic, film, video or other visual representation, whether or not it was made by electronic or mechanical means, (i) that shows a person who is or is depicted as being under the age of eighteen years and is engaged in or is depicted as engaged in explicit sexual activity, or...

Sexually Explicit and Pornographic Books Currently Available in Schools and Libraries across Canada

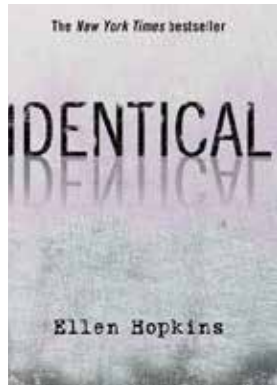
On the following pages are samples from sexually explicit and pornographic books that are being made available to children via schools and public libraries. We have also included screenshots that show some of the books in library catalogues as further evidence.

The following list of books has been created in collaboration with educators to support integration of SOGI/CSE into the K-12 curriculum. All of these books, and any other titles by the same authors, plus any books of the same genre must be immediately removed from all branches of the education system as well as from public libraries across Canada: <https://action4canada.com/wp-content/uploads/List-of-SOGI-Inclusive-Books-for-K-12-Schools.pdf>

CSE/SOGI 123 (Comprehensive Sexual Education/Sexual Orientation and Gender Identity) are Trojan horses that were brought into schools under the guise of anti-bullying and to teach children to be “inclusive” and support LGBTQ2+ students. However, introducing children to this program is a portal for exposing minors to sexually explicit/pornographic materials (books, magazines, comic strips), sexually deviancy (such as teaching children to masturbate and introducing youth to organizations that are involved in exploiting minors). These are criminal offences according to s.163.1, s.152 and s.171 of the Criminal Code, and the Canadian Centre for Child Protection defines them as sexual abuse.

How does viewing pornography affect tweens and teens?

- Pornography is not reality. It creates confusing expectations, attitudes and beliefs about what to expect in a healthy sexual interaction.
- Pornography makes sexual violence seem okay, that being aggressive will get you what you want and that “no” means “yes.”
- Pornography reinforces gender stereotypes such as guys call all the shots and girls are meant to be used for a sexual purpose.
- It portrays people as objects; a thing to be used and not as a person.



Identical

by Ellen Hopkins

RED FLAGS

This book contains incest, , child sexual abuse, and profanity.

Mom was Gone Again

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

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

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

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

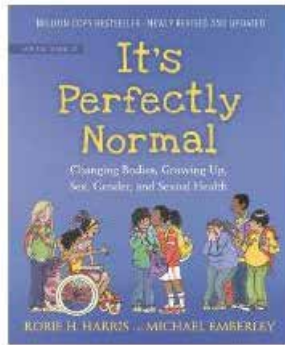
Identical
Hopkins, Ellen.
Call Number: F Hop hc
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)
Book
Log In

OVERVIEW
Sixteen-year-old Identical twin daughters of a district-court judge and a candidate for the United States House of Representatives, Kaeleigh and Raeanne Gardella desperately struggle with secrets that have already torn them and their family apart.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS COPIES CITATIONS

COPIES AT ECOLE MISSION SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F Hop hc	T 360715	Checked Out		



It's Perfectly Normal

by Robie H Harris

RED FLAGS

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and commentary. The book also contains "obscene" illustrations

Introduction: Lots of Questions

Sex is about a lot of things—bodies, growing up, families, babies, love, caring, curiosity, feelings, respect, responsibility, biology, and health. There are times when sickness and danger can be a part of sex, too. Most kids wonder about and have lots of questions about sex. It's also perfectly normal to want to know about sex.

October 5, 2022

Part One: What Is Sex?

The dictionary tells us even more about sex. It says, 4: Sexual desire. Sex is also the desire to be physically close to someone, as close as you can be. Do you ever really want or crave something? That's desire, like when you really want someone to be your best friend or when you really want chocolate ice cream.

October 5, 2022

The dictionary tells us one more thing about sex. It says, 5: Sexual intercourse. Sex can also mean sexual intercourse. Some people call sexual intercourse "having sex."

October 5, 2022

One kind of sexual intercourse happens when a person with a female body and a person with a male body are so close to each other that the penis goes inside the vagina, and the vagina stretches in a way that fits around the penis. This kind of touching can make the whole body feel good—feel sexy. And when this kind of sexual intercourse happens, it is possible for a female body and a male body—once their reproductive organs have grown up—to make a baby.

October 5, 2022

Another kind of sexual intercourse happens when the sexual parts of two people who have female bodies touch or when the sexual parts of two people who have male bodies touch. This kind of touching can make the whole body feel good—feel sexy. Since male bodies have only sperm cells and no egg cells—and since female bodies have only egg cells and no sperm cells—the beginning cells of a baby cannot start to grow and a pregnancy cannot begin when two people of the same sex have sexual intercourse.

October 5, 2022

Sometimes people use the word sexuality to talk about sex. When people use the word sexuality, they are usually talking about everything in our daily lives that makes us sexual human beings—our gender, our sexual feelings, thoughts, and desires, as well as any sexual contact, from sexual touching to sexual intercourse.

October 5, 2022



15
Perfectly Normal
Masturbation



Some people think that masturbation is wrong or harmful. And some religions call masturbation a sin. But masturbating cannot hurt you. And it does not result in pregnancy or in getting or passing on infections that are spread through sexual contact.

Many people masturbate. Many don't. Whether you

masturbate or not is your choice. Masturbating is perfectly normal.

When people masturbate, they usually rub their sex organs with their hands or with something soft, like a pillow. Girls often rub their clitoris; boys often rub their penis. Both the clitoris and the penis are sensitive to touch.

Some people think that masturbation is wrong or harmful. And some religions call masturbation a sin. But masturbating cannot hurt you. And it does not result in pregnancy or in getting or passing on infections that are spread through sexual contact. Many people masturbate. Many don't. Whether you masturbate or not is your choice. Masturbating is perfectly normal. When people masturbate, they usually rub their sex organs with their hands or with something soft, like a pillow. Girls often rub their clitoris; boys often rub their penis. Both the clitoris and the penis are sensitive to touch.

After a bit, a person's vagina becomes moist and slippery, and the clitoris becomes hard. After a bit, a person's penis becomes erect, stiff, and larger. Sometimes a bit of clear fluid that may contain a few sperm comes out of the tip of the penis and makes it wet. This is usually when two people begin to feel excited about each other.

But in fact, there are different kinds of sexual intercourse — vaginal intercourse, oral intercourse, and anal intercourse.

When a person with a female body and a person with a male body are having vaginal intercourse, the erect penis goes into and inside the vagina, which stretches in a way that fits around the penis. The wetness from the vagina makes it easier for the penis to go into the vagina.

Vaginal intercourse is also called vaginal sex. As the two people move back and forth in rhythm, the movement of the penis inside the vagina soon feels very good. They may hug and kiss and touch each other even more as all of this is going on and feel more and more excited.



When these feelings come to a climax, semen is ejaculated from the penis and spurts into the vagina, and the muscles in the vagina and uterus tighten and finally relax. This is called having an orgasm. Often, right after an orgasm, a small amount of fluid may come out of the vagina and out of the penis.

It's Perfectly Normal. Changing Bodies, Growing Up

4 Making Love Sexual Intercourse

The dictionary tells us one more thing about sex. It says:

Sexual intercourse: Sex can also mean sexual intercourse. Some people will sexual intercourse "having sex."

Sex can be going to it? (It's not a "what?")

Oh, now and I mean if you can find one person who does it in the marketplace.

Most often, sexual intercourse happens when two people feel very sexy and very attracted to each other and may also have very loving and romantic feelings about each other. These feelings often make them want to be close to be very close to each other in a sexual way. People can have these feelings for people of a different gender, or for people of the same gender, or for all genders.

One kind of sexual intercourse happens when a person with a female body and a person with a male body are so close to each other that the penis goes inside the vagina, and the vagina stretches in a way that fits around the penis. This kind of sex makes the whole body feel good — that's sexy. And when this kind of sexual intercourse happens, it is possible for a female body and a male body — some their reproduction organs have grown up — to make a baby.

This is what I thought it was about.

I'm not sure about it.

Most people don't have sexual intercourse only when.

IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL

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613.9 HAR	38030000122476	Available		McKay Elementary
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1

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/111013689\] It's perfectly normal : changing bodies, growing up, sex and sexual health.](#) Book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Call number: J 613.9 HAR
Publisher: Somerville, Mass. : Candlewick Press, 2014.
ISBN: 978076368723 (pbk. 1 : 20th Anniversary edition.)
Edition: 20th Anniversary edition.
Phys. Desc.: 96 pages : color illustrations ; 27 cm.

Library	Shelving location	Call number	Status
Williams Lake Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.9 HAR	Available

1 of 1 copy available at BC Interlibrary Connect.
1 of 1 copy available at Cariboo Regional Library.



2

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/192745973\] It's perfectly normal : changing bodies, growing up, sex, and sexual health.](#) Book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Call number: J 613.907 HAR
Publisher: Cambridge, MA : Candlewick Press, c1996.
ISBN: 9781564021991 :
Edition: 1st ed.
Phys. Desc.: 89 p. : col. ill. ; 26 cm.

Library	Shelving location	Call number	Status
Alexis Creek Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.907 HAR	Available
Lac Le Hardy Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.907 HAR	Available
Williams Lake Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.907 HAR	Available

8 of 9 copies available at BC Interlibrary Connect.
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3

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/127367088\] It's perfectly normal : changing bodies, growing up, sex, gender, and sexual health.](#) Book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Call number: J 613.9071 HAR
Publisher: Somerville, Massachusetts : Candlewick Press, 2021.
ISBN: 1536207217
Edition: Fifth edition 2021.
Phys. Desc.: 116 pages : color illustrations ; 27 cm

Library	Shelving location	Call number	Status
Quamnet Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.9071 HAR	Checked out

0 of 2 copies available at BC Interlibrary Connect.
0 of 1 copy available at Cariboo Regional Library.



4

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/127209420\] It's perfectly normal : changing bodies, growing up, sex, gender, and sexual health.](#) Book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Call number: J 613.90712 HAR
Publisher: Somerville, Massachusetts : Candlewick Press, 2021.
ISBN: 9781536207200
Edition: Fifth hardcover edition.
Phys. Desc.: 116 pages : colour illustrations ; 27 cm

Library	Shelving location	Call number	Status
100 Mile House Branch	Juvenile Non-fiction	J 613.90712 HAR	On Display

5 of 6 copies available at BC Interlibrary Connect.
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5

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/109526289\] It's perfectly normal a book about changing bodies, growing up, sex and sexual health.](#) E-book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Publisher: Somerville, Mass. : Candlewick Press, c2009.
ISBN: 978076368649 (electronic bk.)
Edition: 3rd ed.
Phys. Desc.: 1 online resource : col. ill.
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6

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/103427385\] It's perfectly normal : a book about changing bodies, growing up, sex and sexual health.](#) Book
[Harris, Robie H.](#)
Call number: J 613.90712 HAR
Publisher: Somerville, Mass. : Candlewick Press, c2009.
ISBN: 9780763644840
Edition: 3rd ed.
Phys. Desc.: 89 p. : col. ill. ; 27 cm.

Library	Shelving location	Call number	Status
Williams Lake Branch	Parenting	J 613.90712 HAR	Lost

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7

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/103308877\] Ain't misbehavin' : tactics for tantrums, meltdowns, bedtime blues and other perfectly normal kid behaviors.](#) Book
[Simpke, Brian J.](#)
Call number: 649.1 SCH
Publisher: Mississauga, Ont. : John Wiley & Sons, c2011.
ISBN: 9780470576058 (pbk)
Phys. Desc.: x, 276 p. ; 22 cm.

8

[\[tag:twfcr.bc.catalogue.libraries.coop.2022:bblio-record_entry/107272054\] Pretty little liars. The complete first season.](#) DVD
Call number: PRE
Publisher: Burbank, CA : Distributed by Warner Home Video, [2011]
ISBN: 0786871546
Phys. Desc.: 5 videodiscs (963 min.) : sd., col. ; 4 3/4 in.

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All Boys Aren't Blue

by George M Johnson

He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth." I didn't want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie.

There was so much excitement running through my body. This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that sex could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. His body felt great in my mouth.

I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't. As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least played up as such on the cameras.

Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.

I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. But it was painful for sure. In those few minutes though, I can say that he was gentle. His aim wasn't to hurt me, and my aim was for him to be pleased, too. He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. I was in a state of shock. I just wanted to get back home.

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Title Details

Title
All Boys Aren't Blue: a memoir-manifesto

Call No
FIC (NF) JCH

Authors
Johnson, George M. (George M.)
Author, 1985

Subjects
Johnson, George M., 1985- (George M.)
(George M.)
-- Childhood and youth.
Gay men--Identity.
African American gay men.
Memoirs.
Non-fiction made on fiction.

Genre(TITLE)
Memoir

Language
English

Published
New York : Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2020.

Publication Desc
304 pages : hardcover.

ISBN
9780374327116 (hbk)
(hbk.)

Target Audience
General

Dimensions
23 cm.

All Boys Aren't Blue: a memoir-manifesto

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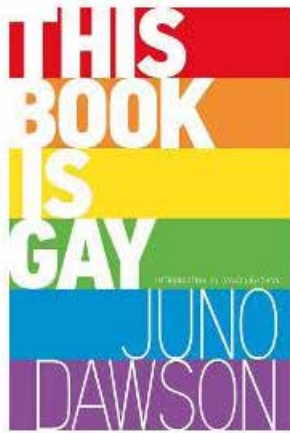
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This Book is Gay

by Juno Dawson

RED FLAGS

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and commentary. The book also contains "obscene" illustrations

You can't mistake our biology



Biological differences between gay and straight

44

- Gay men and straight women have equally proportioned brain hemispheres. Gay women and straight men have slightly larger right hemispheres.
- Gay men have slightly longer and thicker winkies. Excellent.
- The amygdala of gay men is more responsive to porn than those of straight men. So we have bigger dicks and we're hornier. Jus' sayin'.

Where to meet people like you



Be aware that many dating sites have a minimum age of eighteen, although some people arrange dates through Twitter or Facebook too. "I've had dates (and consequently sex) with people I've met through Twitter, but they've come along as a result of my normal interactions on there rather than anything deliberate. Facebook is different—that's reserved for people I actually 'know'."

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APPS

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The smartphone revolution understood that, like anything in the twenty-first century, we'd eventually want to be able to download sex. It wouldn't surprise me if, in a couple of years, we can download the idea of sex so convincingly that we won't have to bother with the messy bodily fluids and pesky emotional stuff at all. It is a fact that although grown-up adult types are sometimes looking for a serious relationship, sometimes they are just looking for a spot of sexyfuntime. You may come to establish that gay and bi men in particular do seem to quite like sex. OK, nearly everyone likes sex, but gay guys really seem to have cornered the market. Remember, this is fine as long as you're honest and always use a condom. Gay and bi men have taken to app sex like ducks to sexy water.



THE GREAT SEX-APP

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Debate Pro sex app "I have used Grindr—the advantages are you can get what you want quickly. The downside is that its the same people repeatedly, so can get boring very quickly, and there is an awful lot of 'Hi, how are you?', which people could do without."



"I've downloaded Grindr and chatted/sexed men on it but have never physically met men via it. If one was in need of a sexual encounter, whether it be a hookup or something less casual, one could almost always find something. However, the men on these apps tend to be shallow when it comes to appearances and sexual identity (i.e., 'looking for masc,' 'white and Asian only.')."

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•If you're *THAT HORNY* that you want to do a "sex meet," meet the "trick" in a public place for a drink first. That way you can assess if you fancy them in the flesh/they are not a twitchy-eyed freakazoid before letting them into your house. This is much, *MUCH* safer, obviously.

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The ins and outs of gay sex



This chapter is about sex. Therefore it has sex in it. *WELL, DUH.* If you are a younger reader and feel you aren't ready for the finer details of same-sex pairings, then simply skip this whole chapter.

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HOWEVER, before you do, I'd like to remind you that we taught you all about straight sex when you were *ELEVEN YEARS OLD* during sixth grade. The fact that they didn't also teach you what same-sex couples do is nothing less than institutionalized homophobia. Straight sex was presented as the norm to make five percent of the population feel abnormal. Is there something icky about gay sex? Is there something wrong with it? I challenge any politician to discuss this with me. *I WILL RUIN THEM.*

This chapter is simply all the stuff teachers *SHOULD* be saying if they want to be inclusive of people with same-sex feelings.



Part One: Boy-on-Boy Sex

173

Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware which parts *FEEL NICE* when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.

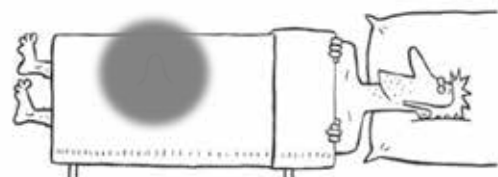


Doing the Sex

175

Two men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways.

1. *Handies*: Perhaps the most important skill you will master as a gay or bi man is the timeless classic, the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way of getting himself off. Learning how to find a partner's personal style can take ages, but it can be very rewarding when you do.



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3. **Toys and strap-ons:** Some women like these; some don't. Much has been written about why gay women would seek to play with a replacement penis, but I say who the heck cares—if it feels nice, go for it! Moreover, a man is more than a penis—just because a woman wants something a bit penis-shaped doesn't mean she fancies broad-shouldered, bearded, no-boobed men.

Toys, dildos, vibrators, and strap-ons all fulfill the same purpose—a prosthesis to insert into the vagina. As with gay men, one woman isn't the "man." Two women having same-sex sex are both (yup) women!



THE NAME GAME



So, you may have SEXTHOUGHTS about people of the same gender as you, OR you may have questions regarding your own gender. Loads of people—even people who end up identifying as straight and cis—have these thoughts and questions. I think it's far odder to have NEVER thought about it. I'm a gay man, but I've considered having sex/fun/times with women plenty of times. Funnily enough, it's yet to "turn me."

This is all fine. The fact that you've identified your sexthoughts is probably the hardest part, so reward yourself with a delicious piece of cake.

1. You can choose to do nothing. You can sit on these feelings and hope they go away.
2. You can acknowledge them and act on them—have the sex you wanna have or wear the clothes you wanna wear—but choose not to define yourself.
3. You can act on them AND adopt an identity to define yourself. This is the bit where you'd get the membership card and become part of a community.

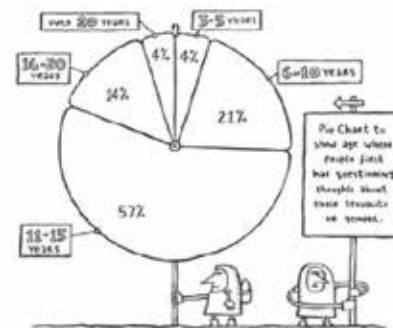
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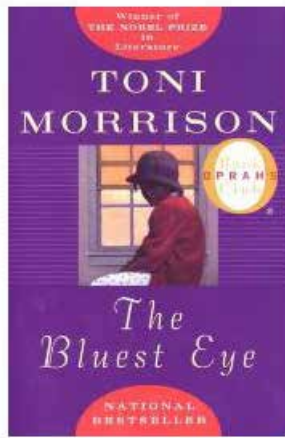


Part One: Boy-on-Boy Sex

Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.



As you can see, almost a quarter of the sample were having same-sex sexthoughts and/or thoughts regarding their gender before puberty, with over half at puberty.



The Bluest Eye

by Toni Morrison

RED FLAGS

Sexual Content, Child Abuse, Child Sexual Abuse, Graphic Sexual and Explicit Content

Start

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 paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat—the damp may get into her hair; and that she will remain dry between her legs—she hates the glistening sound they make when she is moist. When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her hips, press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She 85 might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And then a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief.

September 15, 2022

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 me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home.

September 15, 2022

He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwaise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That he couldn't stop if he had to. That he would die rather than take his thing out of me. Of me. Not until he has let go of all he has, and give it to me. To me. To me. When he does, I feel a power. I be strong, I be pretty, I be young. And then I wait. He 131 shivers and tosses his head. Now I be strong enough, pretty enough, and young enough to let him make me come. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind. My legs drop back onto the bed. I don't make no noise, because the chil'ren might hear. I begin to feel those little bits of color floating up into me—deep in me. That streak of green from the june-bug light, the purple from the berries trickling along my thighs, Mama's lemonade yellow runs sweet in me. Then I feel like I'm laughing between my legs, and the laughing gets all mixed up with the colors, and I'm afraid I'll come, and afraid I won't. But I know I will. And I do. And it be rainbow all inside. And it lasts and lasts and lasts. I want to thank him, but don't know how, so I pat him like you do a baby. He asks me if I'm all right. I say yes. He gets off me and lies down to sleep. I want to say something, but I don't. I don't want to take my mind offen the rainbow. I should get up and go to the toilet, but I don't. Besides, Cholly is asleep with his leg thrown over me. I can't move and don't want to. "But it ain't like that anymore. Most times he's thrashing away inside me before I'm woke, and through when I am. The rest of the time I can't even be next to his stinking drunk self. But I don't care 'bout it no more.

September 15, 2022

She tickled his ribs with her fingertips. He giggled and grabbed his rib cage. They were on top of each other in a moment. She corkscrewing her hands into his clothes. He returning the play, digging into the neck of her dress, and then under her dress. When he got his hand in her bloomers, she suddenly stopped laughing and looked serious. Cholly, frightened, was about to take his hand away, but she held his wrist so he couldn't move it. He examined her then with his fingers, and she kissed his face and mouth. Cholly found her muscadine-lipped mouth distracting. Darlene released his head, shifted her body, and pulled down her pants. After some trouble with the buttons, Cholly dropped his pants down to his knees. Their bodies began to make sense to him, and it was not as difficult as he had thought it would be. She moaned a little, but the excitement collecting inside him made him close his eyes and regard her moans as no more than pine sighs over his head. Just as he felt an explosion threaten, Darlene froze and cried out. He thought he had hurt her, but when he looked at her face, she was staring wildly at something over his shoulder. He jerked around.

September 15, 2022

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 career 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 rigidity 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 163 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.

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September 15, 2022

He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite 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 167 mind with cleanliness.

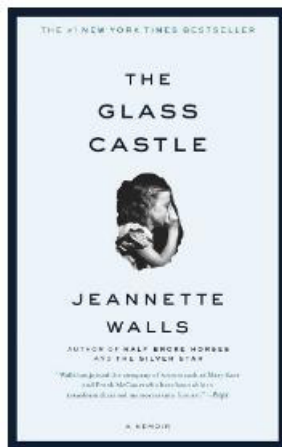
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September 15, 2022

But someday I will die. I was always so kind. Why do I have to die? The little girls. The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for my own. Playful. I felt, and friendly. Not like the newspapers said. Not like the people whispered. And they didn't mind at all. Not at all. Remember how so many of them came back? No one would even try to understand that. If I'd been hurting them, would they have come back? Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they'd eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning—just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look—any long funny look—any long funny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly.

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September 15, 2022



The Glass Castle

by Jeannette Walls

RED FLAGS:

- Sexual Content (Masturbation, Molestation,
- Sexual Assaults)
- Physical abuse (Peer to Peer)
- Extreme Violence
- Bigotry
- Alcohol & Drug Use (Beer/Cigarettes, Alcoholism & Drunk Driving)
- Extreme Profanity
- Condemnation of Christianity
- Mental Health Issues
- Extreme Poverty
- Child Abuse, Abandonment and Neglect
- Solicitation of Prostitutes
- Adult Situations

PROFANITY COUNT:

(and other sensitive words)

- f*ck 1
- p*ssy 1
- c*nt 1
- a*s 4
- b*tch 9 (sonofab*tch, etc.)
- b*stard 6
- n*gger 6 (n*ggers, N*ggerville, n*gger lover)
- screw 1
- whore 8
- faggot 1
- rape 3

- drunk 21
- beer 21
- pissed 3
- shit 7 (shit-hole, bullshit, shit-for-brains)
- demon 17
- damn 44
- Jesus 2 (in vain, Jesus H. Christ)
- virgin 1
- penis 1
- wanker 2 (also wanking off)
- God 34 (in vain, oh my God, by God, godforsaken, Goddamn, Goddammit)

I started stealing matches from Dad. I'd go behind the trailer and light them. I loved the scratching sound of the match against the sandpapery brown strip when I struck it, and the way the flame leaped out of the red-coated tip with a pop and a hiss. I'd feel its heat near my fingertips, then wave it out triumphantly. I lit pieces of paper and little piles of brush and held my breath until the moment when they seemed about to blaze up out of control. Then I'd stomp on the flames and call out the curse words Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

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September 5, 2022

"You flea-bitten drunk!" Grandma would scream. "You goddamned flint-faced hag!" Dad would shout back. "You no-good two-bit pud-sucking bastard!" "You scaly castrating banshee bitch!"

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September 5, 2022

"Tell us a story about yourself, Dad!" we'd beg him. "Awww. You don't want to hear another story about me," he'd say. "Yes, we do! We do!" we'd insist. "Well, okay," he'd say. He'd pause and chuckle at some memory. "There's many a damned foolhardy thing that your old man has done, but this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex Walls."

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September 5, 2022

"Nothing, probably," I said. "I just think maybe I saw something in the bedroom." Dad raised his eyebrows. "But it was probably just a figment of my overly active imagination." "Did you get a good look at it?" he asked. "Not really." "You must have seen it. Was it a big old hairy sonofabitch with the damndest-looking teeth and claws?" "That's it!" And did it have pointed ears and evil eyes with fire in 'em, and did it stare at you all wicked-like?" he asked. "Yes! Yes! You've seen it, too?" "Better believe I have. It's that old ornery bastard Demon."

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September 5, 2022

Dad said something about freaks of nature, and Mom called Dad a Mr. Know-It-All Smarty-Pants who refused to believe that she was special. Dad said something about Jesus H. Christ on a goddamn crutch not taking that much time to gestate. Mom got upset at Dad's blasphemy, reached her foot over to the driver's side, and stomped on the brake. It was the middle of the night, and Mom bolted out of the car and ran into the darkness. "You crazy bitch!" Dad hollered. "Get your goddamn ass back in this car!" "You make me, Mr. Tough Guy!" she screamed as she ran away.

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September 5, 2022

"They're for suckers who rely on luck." Dad knew all about statistics, and he explained how the casinos stacked the odds against the slot players. When Dad gambled, he preferred poker and pool—games of skill, not chance. "Whoever coined the phrase 'a man's got to play the hand that was dealt him' was most certainly one piss-poor bluffer," Dad said.

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September 5, 2022

Goddammit, Rose Mary," Dad snapped. "Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?" "What?" Mom asked, throwing her arms up in the air. "Am I not allowed to give my daughter a sock?" She winked at me again, just in case I didn't get it.

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September 5, 2022

The neighborhood also had its share of perverts. Mostly, they were shabby, hunched men with wheedling voices who hung around on street corners and followed us to and from school, trying to give us boosts when we climbed a fence, offering us candy and loose change if we would go play with them. We called them creeps and hollered at them to leave us alone, but I worried about hurting their feelings because I couldn't help wondering if maybe they were telling the truth, that all they wanted was to be our friends.

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September 5, 2022

The next day, when Dad came home and we told him what had happened, he said he was going to kill that lowlife sonofabitch. He and Brian and I went out on a serious Pervert Hunt. Our blood up, we searched the streets for hours, but we never did find the guy. I asked Mom and Dad if we should close the doors and windows when we went to sleep. They wouldn't consider it. We needed the fresh air, they said, and it was essential that we refuse to surrender to fear. So the windows stayed open. Maureen kept having nightmares of men in Halloween masks. And every now and then, when Brian and I were feeling revved up, he'd get a machete and I'd get a baseball bat and we'd go Pervert Hunting, clearing the streets of the creeps who preyed on kids.

September 5, 2022

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Dad yanked out the silverware drawer and hurled the forks and spoons and knives across the room, then picked up one of the chairs and smashed it on Grandma's table. "Rose Mary, where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

September 5, 2022

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Part III: Welch

That day I was leaving the house at the same time as Uncle Stanley. He never had the wherewithal to learn to drive, but someone from the appliance store where he worked was picking him up. He asked if I wanted a ride, too. When I told him where I was headed, he frowned. "That's Niggerville," he said. "What you going there for?" Stanley didn't want his friend to drive me there, so I walked. When I got back home later in the afternoon, the house was empty except for Erma, who never set foot outside. She stood in the kitchen, stirring a pot of green beans and taking swigs from the bottle of hooch in her pocket. "So, how was Niggerville?" she asked. Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street, on the edge of the black neighborhood. It galled her when they started moving into that section of town, and she always said it was their fault that Welch had gone downhill. When you were sitting in the living room, where Erma always kept the shades drawn, you could hear groups of black people walking into town, talking and laughing. "Goddamn niggers," Erma always muttered. "The reason I have not gone out of this house in fifteen years is because I do not want to see or be seen by a nigger." Mom and Dad had always forbidden us to use that word. It was much worse than any curse word, they told us. But since Erma was my grandmother, I never said anything when she used it. Erma kept stirring the beans. "Keep this up and people are going to think you're a nigger lover," she said.

September 5, 2022

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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. Erma said she was merely mending Brian's inseam and that she shouldn't have to defend herself against some lying little whore's accusations. "I know what I saw," I said. "She's a pervert!" Erma reached over to slap me, but Lori caught her hand. "Let's all calm down," Lori said in the same voice she used when Mom and Dad got carried away, arguing. "Everybody. Calm down." Erma jerked her hand out of Lori's grasp and slapped her so hard that Lori's glasses went flying across the room. Lori, who had turned thirteen, slapped her back. Erma hit Lori again, and this time Lori struck Erma a blow in the jaw. Then they flew at each other, tussling and flailing and pulling hair, locked together, with Brian and me cheering on Lori until we woke up Uncle Stanley, who staggered into the room and pushed them apart.

September 5, 2022

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The family who had it the toughest on Little Hobart Street, I would have to say, was the Pastors. The mother, Ginnie Sue Pastor, was the town whore. Ginnie Sue Pastor was thirty-three years old and had eight daughters and one son. Their names all ended with Y. Her husband, Clarence Pastor, had black lung and sat on the front porch of their huge sagging house all day long, but he never smiled or waved at passersby. Just sat there like he was frozen. Everyone in town said he'd been impotent for years and none of the Pastor kids was his.

September 5, 2022

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Ginnie Sue Pastor pretty much kept to herself. At first I wondered if she lay around in a lacy negligee all day, smoking cigarettes and waiting for gentlemen callers. Back in Battle Mountain, the women lounging on the front porch of the Green Lantern—I'd long since figured out what they really did—wore white lipstick and black mascara and partially unbuttoned blouses that showed the tops of their brassieres. But Ginnie Sue Pastor didn't look like a whore. She was a blowzy woman with dyed yellow hair, and from time to time we saw her out in the front yard, chopping wood or filling a scuttle from the coal pile. She usually wore the same kinds of aprons and canvas farm coats worn by the rest of the women on Little Hobart Street. She looked like any other mom.

September 5, 2022

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Of course I went. I'd never gotten inside the Green Lantern, but now I'd get an up-close look at a genuine prostitute. There were lots of things I wanted to know: Was whoring easy money? Was it ever any fun, or was it just gross? Did Kathy and her sisters and her father all know Ginnie Sue Pastor was a whore? What did they think of it? I didn't plan on flat out asking these questions, but I did think that by getting inside the Pastors' house and meeting Ginnie Sue, I'd come away with some idea of the answers.

September 5, 2022

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Sweet Man came in crying, and Ginnie Sue picked him up and let him suck some mayonnaise off her finger. "You did good on that bird," Ginnie Sue told me. "You strike me as the kind of girl who's one day going to be eating roast chicken and those on-fire desserts just as much as you want." She winked. It was only on the way home that I realized I hadn't gotten answers to any of my questions. While I was sitting there talking to Ginnie Sue, I'd even forgotten she was a whore. One thing about whoring: It put a chicken on the table.

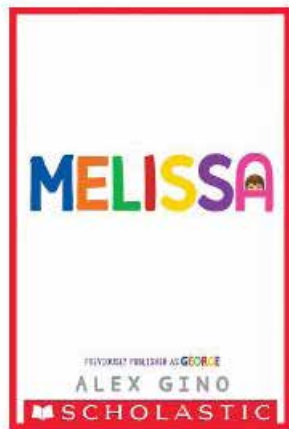
September 5, 2022

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Grandpa and Uncle Stanley did have a working bathroom, so every weekend some of us went over to take a bath. One time I was sitting next to Uncle Stanley on the couch in his room, watching Hee Haw and waiting for my turn in the tub. Grandpa was off at the Moose Lodge, where he spent the better part of every day; Lori was taking her bath; and Mom was at the table in Grandpa's room working on a crossword puzzle. I felt Stanley's hand creeping onto my thigh. I looked at him, but he was staring at the Hee Haw Honeys so intently that I couldn't be sure he was doing it on purpose, so I knocked his hand away without saying anything. A few minutes later, the hand came creeping back. I looked down and saw that Uncle Stanley's pants were unzipped and he was playing with himself. I felt like hitting him, but I was afraid I'd get in trouble the way Lori had after punching Erma, so I hurried out to Mom. "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. "So many women make such a big deal out of these things. But you're stronger than that." She went back to her crossword puzzle.

September 5, 2022

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Melissa

(previously published as George)

by Alex Gino

RED FLAGS

Materials designed for Pre K and Elementary students are age inappropriate and hyper-sexualize children, and gender ideology propaganda

Chapter I: Secrets

HOW TO HAVE PERFECT SKIN, TWELVE FRESH SUMMER HAIRCUTS. HOW TO TELL A HOTTIE YOU LIKE HIM, and WILD WINTER WARDROBES. George was only a few years younger than the girls smiling at her from the glossy pages. She thought of them as her friends.

September 3, 2022

"That's it." Scott grinned, oblivious to George's panic. "That's my little bro! Growing up and looking at dirty magazines." "Oh," George said out loud. She knew what dirty magazines were. She almost laughed. The girls in the magazines she was looking at wore a lot more clothes than that, even the ones at the beach. George relaxed, at least a little.

Chapter III: Acting is Just Pretend

Mom, what if I'm a girl? George had seen an interview on television a few months ago with a beautiful woman named Tina. She had golden-brown skin, thick hair with blond highlights, and long, sparkling fingernails. The interviewer said that Tina had been born a boy, then asked her whether she'd had the surgery. The woman replied that she was a transgender woman and that what she had between her legs was nobody's business but hers and her boyfriend's.

September 3, 2022

So George knew it could be done. A boy could become a girl. She had since read on the Internet that you could take girl hormones that would change your body, and you could get a bunch of different surgeries if you wanted them and had the money. This was called transitioning. You could even start before you were eighteen with pills called androgen blockers that stopped the boy hormones already inside you from turning your body into a man's. But for that, you needed your parents' permission.

September 3, 2022

George knew that Mom was trying to help. But George didn't have a normal problem. She wasn't scared of snakes. She hadn't failed a math test. She was a girl, and no one knew it.

September 3, 2022

Chapter VIII: Some Jerk

Kelly took a deep breath. "And I'm sorry I ignored you last week." She scratched her neck. "And you know what? If you think you're a girl ... "George braced for Kelly's next words. "Then I think you're a girl too!" Kelly leaped onto her best friend and gave her a hug so big they both nearly toppled over.

September 3, 2022

As the principal spoke, George's eyes scanned the wall behind her. List upon list of phone numbers and email addresses were taped up to the lower half, interspersed with handwritten notes held up with thumbtacks pressed directly into the wall. Dozens of signs hung above, telling kids to eat right, not to take drugs, to do their homework, and not to be a bully. A sign in the far corner showed a large rainbow flag flying on a black background. Below the flag, the sign said SUPPORT SAFE SPACES FOR GAY, LESBIAN, BISEXUAL, AND TRANSGENDER YOUTH.

September 3, 2022

Reading the word transgender sent a shiver down George's spine. She wondered where she could find a safe space like that, and if there would be other girls like her there. Maybe they could talk about makeup together. Maybe they could even try some on.

September 3, 2022

Chapter IX: Dinner at Arnie's

"George, I'm going to be honest. I worry about you. There are a lot of kids like Jeff out there, and plenty who are worse." Mom blew a puff of air up at her bangs. "I mean, being gay is one thing. Kids are coming out much earlier than when I was young. It won't be easy, but we'll deal with it. But being that kind of gay?" Mom shook her head. "That's something else entirely." "I'm not any kind of gay." At least, George didn't think she was gay. She didn't know who she liked, really, boys or girls.

September 3, 2022

"That's more than just being gay. No wonder she's freaking out." "I know." Scott put down his fork. "So do you?" "Do I what?" "Think you're a girl?" "Yes." George was surprised at how easy that question was to answer. "Oh." Scott ripped a hunk off a roll with his teeth and chewed thoughtfully.

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September 3, 2022

So I figured you were gay. But I didn't think you were like that." Scott popped a corn fritter into his mouth. "So, like, do you want to"—he made a gesture with two fingers like a pair of scissors—"go all the way? "George squeezed her legs together. "Maybe someday," she said. "Weird. But it kinda makes sense. No offense, but you don't make a very good boy."

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September 3, 2022

(meaning "neither a boy nor a girl"), I was nineteen, and I took that word and I consumed it—ate it and became it, because it was already me. I can only imagine how my life would be if I had seen someone more like me in a book or three when I was younger. As many of us do, I wrote the book I wanted to read as a kid

Melissa is a transgender girl. If you are talking with someone who doesn't know what that means, you can say that she is a girl who the world sees as a boy, or a girl who was assigned male at birth. You can also say that she is a girl, but she's the only one who knows it. Notice that all of these say first that she is a girl. Also note that transgender (or trans) is an adjective, not a noun. That means you always need a noun after it, like transgender woman.

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September 3, 2022

Chapter XI: Invitations

Jeff snickered again. "I heard you were in our class play, Charlotte." "He was, and he was great!" said Kellu. "Oh, shut up. I'm talking to George here. He's more of a girl than you'll ever be."

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September 3, 2022

"Trying to be a boy is really hard." Mom blinked a few times, and when she opened her eyes again, a teardrop fell down her cheek. "I'm sorry, Gee. I'm so sorry." She pulled George toward her and hugged her tight. "You really do feel like a girl, don't you?" "Yeah, I do. Remember that time I was little, when you found me wearing your skirt as a dress?" "Yes." "And remember how I wanted to be a ballerina and it drove Scott crazy because he said I couldn't because I was a boy?"

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September 3, 2022

George knew that seeing a therapist was the first step secret girls like her took when they wanted everyone to see who they were. "And then maybe I could grow my hair out and be a girl?"

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September 3, 2022

Q: I think I might be transgender (or gay, lesbian, bisexual, queer, etc.). What should I do? A: First of all, be proud that you're figuring out who you are. And remember that you don't need all the answers today, and the answers can change. If you can access the Internet, you can read up on as well as connect with other LGBTQIAP+ people. You might be able to find a youth group in your area, or an online community. Check the shelves of your local library. There might be some great books there, and if there are, you might talk more directly with your librarian. Librarians love to connect people with the right resources (it's literally their job!), and they often know about local groups.

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September 3, 2022

Other things you can do: • Read up on transgender issues on your own, and when you have questions, seek out answers without asking a trans person in your life to be your information resource. • Don't ask invasive questions about a trans person's body or surgery. They may choose to share, and if they do, thank them for trusting you with the information. • Don't compliment people on how well they "pass" or give unrequested advice. Everyone's way of being trans is different, and saying someone "doesn't even look trans" doesn't usually feel like a compliment. • Don't just say the "right things" around your trans friends. Raise issues even and especially when everyone in the room is cisgender. • Don't share private information about people. If someone wants to share that they are transgender, that is their choice, not yours. • A major and regular concern for trans people is safe, public restroom usage. Let your friend know that you're

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September 3, 2022

FAQ (AOTAWTS)

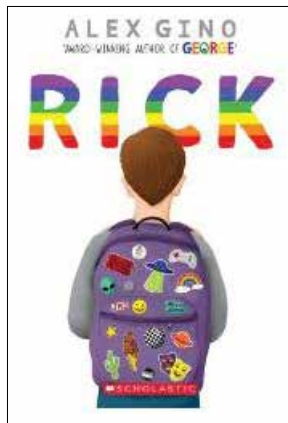
What I can say is that I didn't grow up with any positive representations of transgender people in books or other media. The first time I encountered the word genderqueer

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FIC GIN	38027000196617	Available		Ferris Elementary
FIC GIN	38008000153717	Available		Garden City Elementary



Rick

by Alex Gino

CHAPTER I: RICK RAMSEY, RIGHT HAND MAN

"This game is awesome. You can actually crack a bottle on a guy's head and the shards embed in his skull." "Lemme see!" Rick dropped into the empty chair. Jeff pressed a series of buttons, and a hulking character on the screen picked up a bottle that read XXX and cracked it over the skull of a skinny little guy drinking at the bar.

September 3, 2022

CHAPTER II: SHE DOESN'T USE THAT NAME ANYMORE

Or lately, to stare at, if there was a girl he deemed pretty. This morning, it was a girl. "Check out the hottie!" Jeff said in greeting. He tossed his head vaguely across the schoolyard.

September 3, 2022

"Which one?" Rick hated when Jeff called girls hotties. He made it sound like they were sexy pancakes.

July 13, 2021

"You know," said Jeff. "I saw a lady walking around on the beach without her clothes this summer." "You told me. You sure she wasn't just wearing a bathing suit the color of her skin?" "No, dude, I told you! She was super naked. And hot too. Everyone was staring. Men, women, kids. Even the fish."

July 13, 2021

r. "You look good." Rick meant it. Not the way Jeff would, but more like she looked happy. Last year, her hair had been in her face and her eyes were almost always focused on the ground. Now her reddish-brown hair was brushed back and her eyes were looking right at Rick. "Thanks." Rick's brain felt like a vacuum, and the next words that came to his mind popped right out of his mouth. "So you're ..." "I'm a girl. A transgender girl. I wanted to come to school as myself last year, but my mom said I should wait for a fresh start in middle school." "That makes sense, I guess." Melissa shrugged. "It would have been nice to stop hiding sooner." "That makes sense too." Rick gave a small, awkward smile. He would have thought it would be weird to meet a transgender girl, but it wasn't, really. At least, not if the girl was Melissa. He continued, "So I guess I know what you're excited about this year."

September 3, 2022

When the bell rang, the room devolved into a whirl of chaos. Rick found himself right behind Melissa in the rush to the door, where the kid who had been next to Melissa in the yard waited, bouncing in place. From the front, her T-shirt read, WARNING: RUNS WITH SCISSORS.

8

"Remember that girl in the blue skirt from this morning?" "You mean the hot one?" "Yeah, well, she sits in front of me in homeroom, and I found something out ..." "How was she close up?"

September 3, 2022

CHAPTER IV: PLATO WAS GAY, EVEN DURING SCIENCE CLASS

"I know just the place!" said the girl with the braid. "Has anyone heard of the Rainbow Spectrum? It's an after-school club for LGBTQIAP+ rights. I know about it because my sister helped start it a couple of years ago, when she was in eighth grade."

July 13, 2021

Rick was still thinking about the Rainbow Spectrum that evening. Sometimes Rick wondered whether he was gay because he had never had a crush on a girl. But he had never had a crush on a boy either, so how could he be gay?

July 13, 2021

CHAPTER V: THE KETCHUP KERFUFFLE

There were rainbows at the top and bottom of the poster, and big, bold letters that read All Are Welcome. Jeff hit Rick on the shoulder to get his attention. "Whoa, Rick. Check this out. A buncha gay kids are meeting up! Gross!"

July 13, 2021

"And then that lesbo tried to tell me that I was harassing her!" "Whoa, dude!" said maybe-Matt. "What did you call her?" "And before you answer that," said maybe-Mark, "you oughta know my aunt's a lesbian." "And she could kick your butt!" added maybe-Matt. "She does aikido. She's scary!" "So now you guys are gonna go all gay on me too?"

July 13, 2021

"Did you tell her you were gay?" Scott twisted his fork into a pile of mashed potatoes. "You know I'm okay with that, right? Before Dad left, he made me promise to take care of you. He said you were like that." "I'm not gay," George said. "Why did everyone think she was gay?" "Whatever. I don't care. My friend Matt is gay. It's no big deal." "But it was a big deal. I told her I think I'm a girl." "Oh." That was all Scott said at first. "Oh."

September 3, 2022

17

33








34



37

38




81

CHAPTER VI: ON BEST FRIENDS


	"Sorry. I shouldn't make fun of your friends." Grandpa Ray's eyes shifted left and then right. "Not even if they're jerks!"	45
	July 13, 2021	
	with just Kelly, Leila from science class, and the faculty adviser staring at him, or full of gay kids and lesbian kids and bisexual kids and transgender kids.	
	July 13, 2021	
	I can already tell this is going to be an exciting year. Before we do anything else, let's do a go-round, where we all introduce ourselves. In addition to sharing your name, grade, and preferred pronouns,	50
	July 13, 2021	
	Zoe was the girl with the patched-up jean jacket. "Hi, I'm Zoe, I'm in eighth grade, and I'm bisexual. My preferred pronouns are she and her. And I'm here because I think LGBTQIAP+ rights are really important."	50
	July 13, 2021	
	"Yeah, so I'm Green, and I'm in sixth grade and enby." Green saw some puzzled looks from around the room and clarified, "Enby from NB, or nonbinary."	51
	July 13, 2021	
	"I'm in sixth grade, and my pronouns are he and his. I'm a straight guy, as far as I can tell, but my moms are queer."	53
	July 13, 2021	
	"I'm Leila. I'm in sixth grade and use she and her, and I don't really know yet, but I've been doing a lot of reading and thinking, and I might be bisexual."	53
	July 13, 2021	
	My name is Melissa, and I use she and her. I'm in sixth grade, I'm Kelly's BFF, and my connection to the community is that I'm a transgender girl."	53
	July 13, 2021	

	Kelly went next. "Hi. I'm Kelly Arden. I'm straight, but I'm a proud ally. "Not to be harsh," said Zoe, "but ally isn't really an identity to be proud of. And you're new, but we talked about this last year, and we don't use that word as a noun here anymore. Allying is something you do, not someone you are." "Then what's the A for in LGBTQIAP+?" asked Kelly. "Asexual," said Zoe. A few kids nodded, but others looked confused. "Asexuality is when you don't have any interest in, like, ever doing the deed with anyone."	54
	July 13, 2021	
	Others wanted to protest local businesses that didn't support LGBTQIAP+ rights.	55
	July 13, 2021	

CHAPTER IX: PRONOUNS AND PURPOSE

	I want to apologize for my ignorance last week. The singular they has a rich history in English, and as I learned on one blog, it is more important to be respectful than to be right.	66
	July 13, 2021	
	Any ideas what the other letters stand for?"	67
	July 13, 2021	
	"Bisexual!" "Transgender!" "Intersex!"	67
	July 13, 2021	

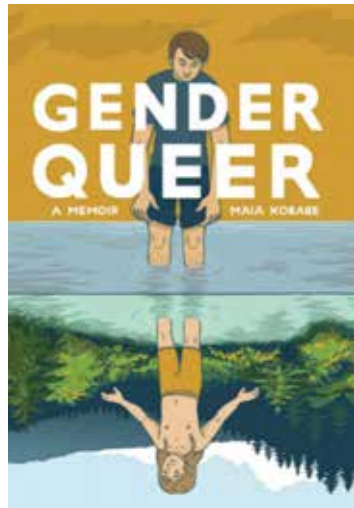
CHAPTER X: SECRETS SHARED

	"Oh, phew." Rick sat back down. He had never seen an adult quite so nervous to say something before, especially not to a kid. He put his hand on Grandpa Ray's knee and patted it a few times. Grandpa Ray put his hand on top of Rick's and rested it there. Rick could feel Grandpa Ray's bony knee through his pants.	77
	July 13, 2021	

HOME > RESULTS FOR RICK > RICK

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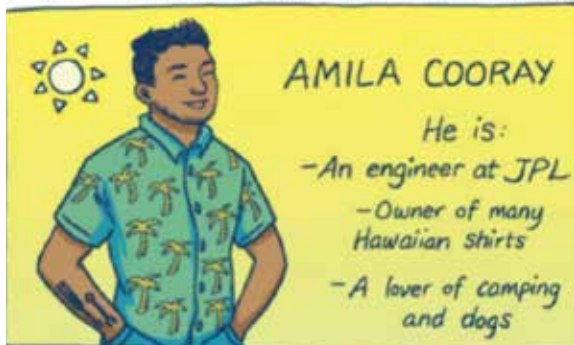
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FIC GIN	38023000143519	Available		Tomsett Elementary



Gender Queer

by Maia Kobabe

AT THANKSGIVING IN 2015, MY SISTER BROUGHT HER NEW BOYFRIEND TO STAY WITH ME AND MY PARENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME.



AMILA IS THE FIRST PERSON I'VE WATCHED TAKE TESTOSTERONE.



75

ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170).

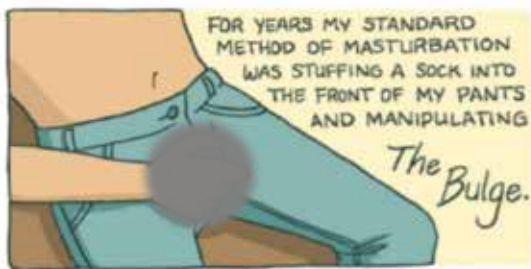


I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.



THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.

136



I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

42

WHEN I FINALLY GOT OLD ENOUGH TO NOT BE EMBARRASSED TALKING ABOUT THIS STUFF WITH MY SISTER:

It really never occurred to you to put something into your vagina, not even a finger?



43



428

AS IF I HAD BEEN STABBED THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY AND WITH THIS CAME A WAVE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL HORROR



AT THE REALIZATION THAT THINGS CAN GO INSIDE MY BODY

429



Fun Home

by Alison Bechdel





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Authors: Jewell, Alison, 1960-

Subjects: Jewell, Alison, 1960--Childhood and youth--Comic books, strips, etc.; Jewell, Alison, 1960--Homosexuality; Jewell, Alison, 1960--Self (I) (Self); Jewell, Alison, 1960--LGBTQ; gr4; Jewell, Alison, 1960--LGBTQ--sexuality; Jewell, Alison, 1960--Gender; Jewell, Alison, 1960--sex; Microsoft Word gr4; Comprehensive/United States--Family relationships--Comic books, strips, etc.; Homosexuality--United States--Comic books, strips, etc.; Closeted gays--United States--Comic books, strips, etc.; Families--United States--Comic books, strips, etc.; Fathers and daughters--United States--Comic books, strips, etc.; Family relationships; Homosexuality; "LGBT Rights--American literature; 21st century--sexuality

Language: English

Published: Boston : Houghton Mifflin, 2009.

Publication Date: 232 pages : chiefly illustrations.

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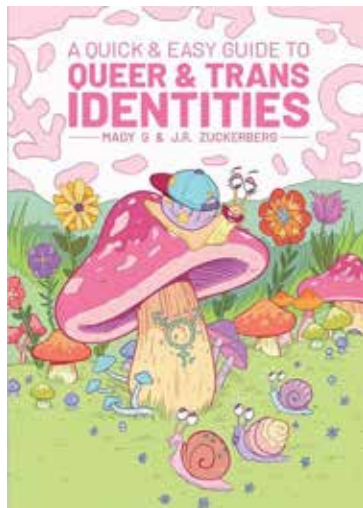
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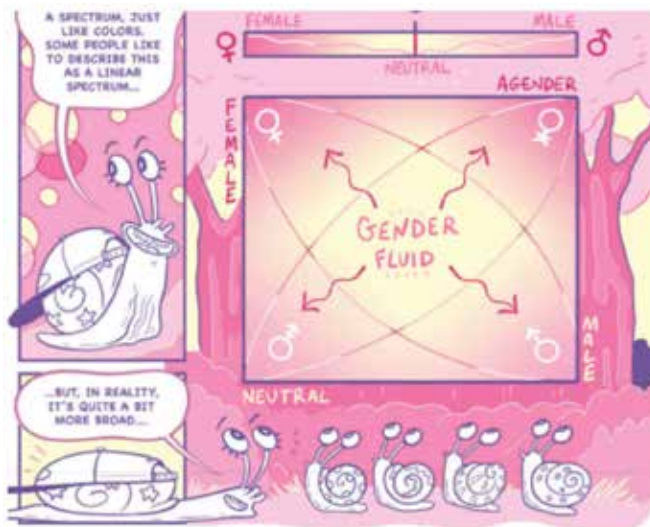
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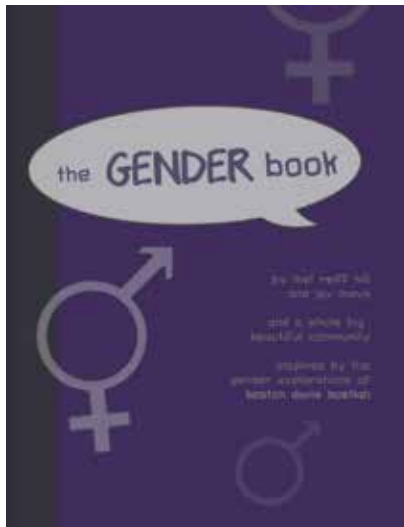
A Quick and Easy Guide to Queer and Trans Identities

by Mady G & JR Zuckerberg









The Gender Book

by Mel Reiff Hill and Jay Mays

FILL OUT THE SURVEY!

my name is _____

I describe my gender identity as _____

my pronouns are _____

I think gender is... _____

The communities I'm a part of are _____

I experience gender in my communities as _____

What I think people don't realize is _____

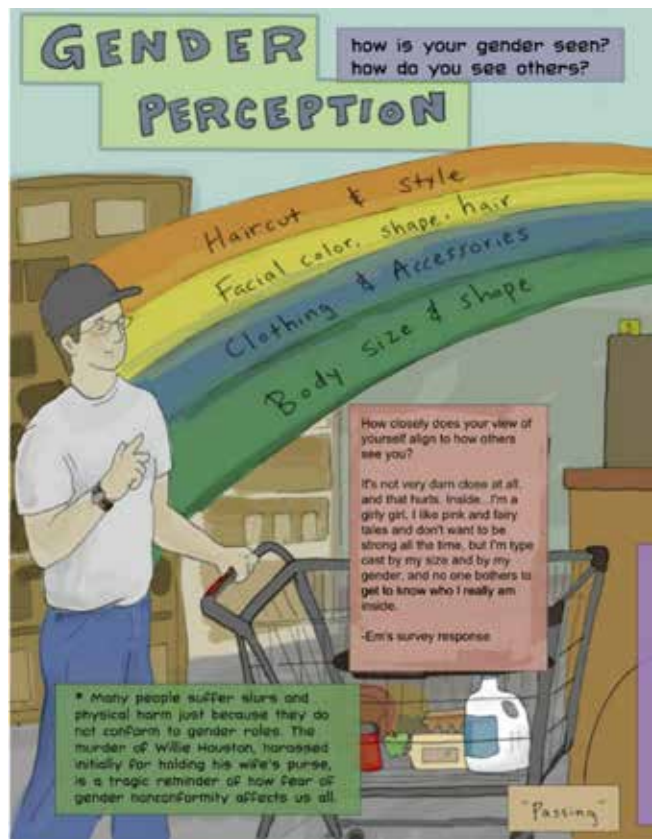
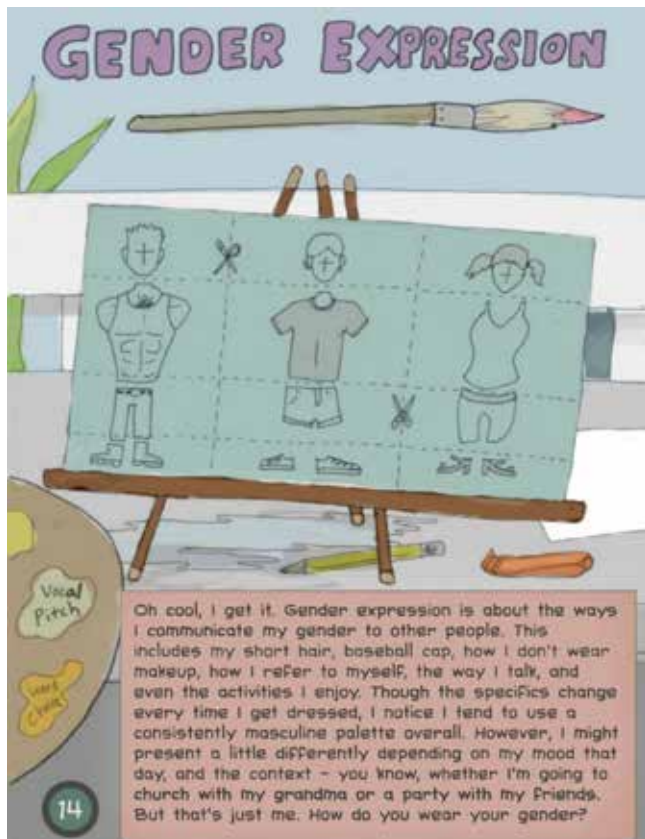
The question I would have on this survey is _____

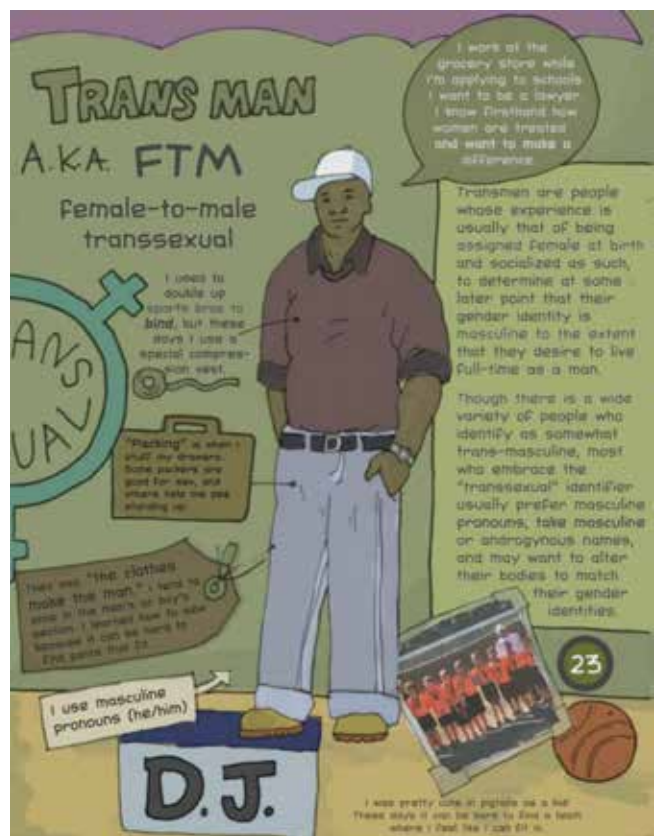
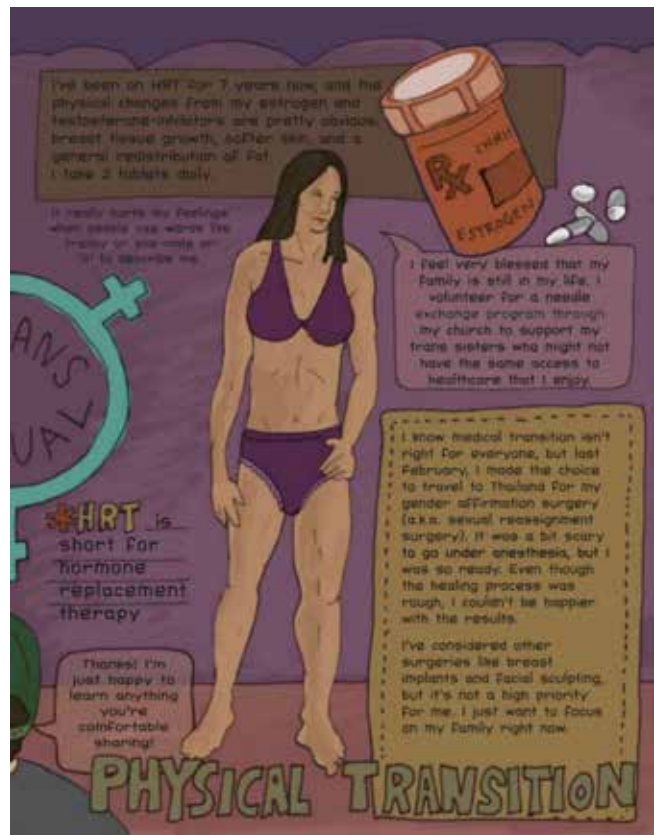
My answer to that question is _____

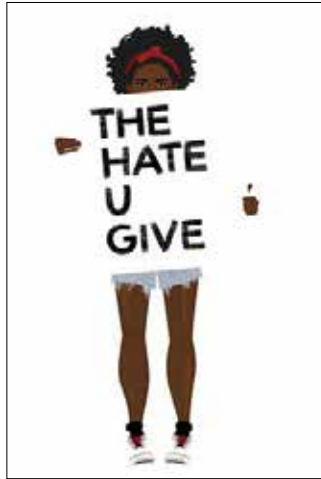
These are the same questions we asked over 200 people to answer to help build this book. What would you say?

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The Hate U Give

by Angie Thomas

Chris slumps in his seat. “I don’t know. I don’t want it to happen again though.”

“Niggas tired of taking shit,” DeVante says, between heavy breaths. “Like Starr said, they don’t give a fuck about us, so we don’t give a fuck. Burn this **bitch** down.”

“But they don’t live here!” Seven says. “They don’t give a *damn* what happens to this neighborhood.”

“What we supposed to do then?” DeVante snaps. “All that ‘Kumbaya’ peaceful shit clearly don’t work. They don’t listen till we tear something up.”

“Those businesses though,” I say.

“What about them?” DeVante asks. “My momma used to work at that McDonald’s, and they barely paid her. That pawnshop ripped us off a hell of a lot of times. Nah, I don’t give a fuck about neither one of them **bitches**.”

I get it. Daddy almost lost his wedding ring to that pawnshop once. He actually threatened to burn it down. Kinda ironic it’s burning now.

But if the looters decide to ignore the “black owned” tags, they could end up hitting

I might have to **kill** somebody tonight.

It could be somebody I know. It could be a stranger. It could be somebody who’s never battled before. It could be somebody who’s a pro at it. It doesn’t matter how many punch lines they spit or how nice their flow is. I’ll have to **kill** them.

First, I gotta get the call. To get the call, I gotta get the hell out of Mrs. Murray’s class.

Some multiple-choice questions take up most of my laptop, but the clock though. The clock is everything. According to it, there are ten minutes until four thirty, and according to Aunt Pooh, who knows somebody who knows somebody, DJ Hype calls between four thirty and five thirty. I swear if I miss him, I . . .

He sounds like my parents. That’s exactly why they don’t let me “go nowhere,” as Kenya puts it. At least not around Garden Heights.

I send Kenya a text, hoping she’s all right. Doubt those bullets were meant for her, but bullets go where they wanna go.

Kenya texts back kinda quick.

I’m fine.

I see that **bitch tho. Bout to handle her ass.**

Where u at?

Is this chick for real? We just ran for our lives, and she’s ready to fight? I don’t even answer that dumb shit.

“What about them?” DeVante asks. “My momma used to work at that McDonald’s, and they barely paid her. That pawnshop ripped us off a hell of a lot of times. Nah, I don’t give a fuck about neither one of them **bitches**.”

I get it. Daddy almost lost his wedding ring to that pawnshop once. He actually threatened to burn it down. Kinda ironic it’s burning now.

"Are you absolutely sure you don't want me to kick Chris's ass?" Hailey asks.

I told her and Maya about Condomgate, and as far as they're concerned Chris is eternally banished to Asshole Land.

"Yes," I say, for the hundredth time. "You're violent, Hails."

"When it comes to my friends, possibly. Seriously though, why would he even? God, boys and their fucking sex drive."

I snort. "Is that why you and Luke haven't gotten together?"

She lightly elbows me. "Shut up."

I laugh. "Why won't you admit you like him?"

"What makes you think I like him?"

"Really, Hailey?"

"Whatever, Starr. This isn't about me. This is about you and your sex-driven boyfriend."

"He's not sex-driven," I say.

"Then what do you call it?"

"He was horny at that moment."

"Same thing!"

The network's already got a bunch of emails in support of me. I haven't seen any of them, but I received the best message in a text from Kenya.

Bout time you spoke out.

Don't let this fame go to your head tho.

The interview trended online. When I looked this morning, people were still talking about it. Black Twitter and Tumblr have my back. Some assholes want me dead.

King's not too happy either. Kenya told me he's heated that I dry snitched.

The Saturday news programs discussed the interview too, dissecting my words like I'm the president or something. This one network is outraged by my "disregard for cops." I'm not sure how they got that out the interview. It's not like I was on some NWA "Fuck the Police" type shit. I simply said I'd ask the man if he wished he shot me too.

People say misery loves company, but I think it's like that with anger too. I'm not the only one pissed—everyone around me is. They didn't have to be sitting in the passenger's seat when it happened. My anger is theirs, and theirs is mine.

A car stereo loudly plays a record-scratching sound, then Ice Cube says, *"Fuck the police, coming straight from the underground. A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown."*

You'd think it was a concert the way people react, rapping along and jumping to the beat. DeVante and Seven yell out the lyrics. Chris nods along and mumbles the words. He goes silent every time Cube says "nigga." As he should.

When that hook hits, a collective "Fuck the police" thunders off Magnolia Avenue, probably loud enough to reach the heavens.

I yell it out too. Part of me is like, "What about Uncle Carlos the cop?" But this isn't about him or his coworkers who do their jobs right. This is about One-Fifteen, those detectives with their bullshit questions, and those cops who made Daddy lie on the ground. Fuck them.

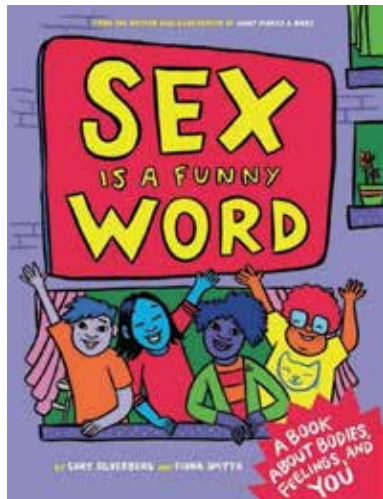
Seven hops off the bench. "C'mon," he says, as Chris and I climb off too. "We need to get outta here."

"Fuck the police! Fuck the police!" DeVante continues to shout.

"Vante, man, c'mon!" says Seven.

"I ain't scared of them! Fuck the police!"

There's a loud pop. An object sails into the air, lands in the middle of the street, and explodes in a ball of fire.



Sex is a Funny Word

by Cory Silverberg and Fiona Smyth

Sometimes the people looking see a big clitoris and think it's a penis. Sometimes they see a small penis and think it's a clitoris. Sometimes they aren't sure.

Clitoris

The clitoris is a middle part that is both inside and outside the body. The clitoris can be very sensitive, and touching it can feel warm and tingly.

Some clitorises are bigger than others. Some are easy to see and feel, and some are not.

Between the cheeks, there is a hole or opening where poo (also called feces) comes out. This hole is called the anus.

Like other holes in the body, the anus is usually very sensitive, which means it can feel good to touch but can also hurt if we are rough with it.

Because the anus is where the outside of our body meets the inside, and because it is where poo comes out, we need to wash our hands after touching it.

You may have discovered that touching some parts of your body, especially the middle parts, can make you feel warm and tingly.

Grown-ups call this kind of touch masturbation.

Masturbation is when we touch ourselves, usually our middle parts, to get that warm and tingly feeling.

Touching isn't just something we do with other people. We also touch ourselves.

We touch ourselves all the time, in all kinds of places, for all kinds of reasons.

Touching yourself is one way to learn about yourself, your body, and your feelings.

Most bodies have nipples.

Usually a body has two nipples. Some bodies have one, and others can have three or more.

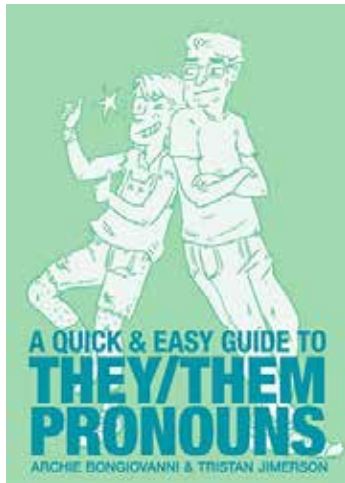
Nipples come in lots of shapes and sizes and colors. As a body grows and changes, nipples grow and change too.

Some nipples are sensitive and some are not. Nipples can feel very good to touch, but if you pinch them it can hurt!





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613.9 SIL	38049000153240	Available		Westwind Elementary
613.9 SIL	38016000081887	Available		Whiteside Elementary
613.9 SIL	38002080034673	Available		Woodward Elementary
TR 613.9 SIL	38056000073146	Available		Wowk Elementary



A Quick & Easy Guide to They/Them Pronouns

by Archie Bongiovanni and Tristan Jimerson

★ **Archie Bongiovanni** has been drawing comics for over a decade, which also means that they're a part-time server. They've published monthly comics on *Autostraddle*, and have also drawn for *The Nib* and *Everyday Feminism*. They publish a lot of work from their own printer. They also teach comic courses to high schoolers at a local library, run a huge queer book club, and work at a feminist-owned sex shop. They will always eat the entire bag of Doritos in one sitting.




A QUICK REFERENCE CHART FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE!

Subject	Object	Possessive determiner	Possessive pronoun	Reflexive
She	Her	Her	Hers	Herself
He	Him	His	His	Himself
They	Them	Their	Theirs	Themselves
Ze	Hir	Hir	Hirs	Hirself
Carol	Carol	Carol's	Carol's	Carol

Here's what it all looks like next to each other! I included one of the (many) gender neutral pronouns besides they/them (in this case ze/hir).

Also, some folks don't want any pronouns associated with themselves and prefer for us to just use their names.



WHY PRONOUNS MATTER

Excuse me, ma'am?

Hey, girl.

Her shirt is weird.

But she seems nice!

That woman over there.

Miss? Watch out, lady.





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Title Details

Title
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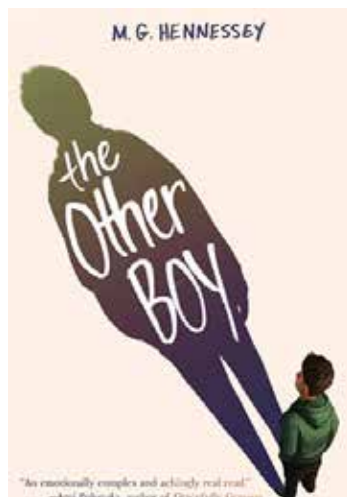
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The Other Boy

by M G Hennessey

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"All right." Briskly, she closed the folder, adjusted her glasses, and looked at my parents. "Why don't you two step out for a minute while I do a quick exam?"

Dad looked disgruntled, but Mom was already gathering up her purse. After they left, Dr. Anne did the normal routine: checking my eyes and ears, pressing her fingers along my stomach and back. The whole time, she asked questions. "Still no side effects from the blockers?"

"Not really," I said. When I was nine, I'd started getting implants of a hormone blocker in my arm. Just a headache every once in a while.

She nodded and flipped open the chart again. "And we put in the last one a year ago, so we'll switch that out for you today. So how have you been feeling lately?"

"Fine."

"No bad thoughts?" she asked, flipping over my arms to examine them.

"No, I'm good," I assured her. "Really."

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"Great," Dr. Anne gave me a real smile then, showing all her teeth. "I think maybe it's time to decide whether to start the testosterone."

"Okay," I said, experiencing a thrill of excitement. This was the main reason we were here. It was why I'd been willing to miss such an important baseball game.

She patted my leg. "All right. Let's call your parents back in."

I kind of tuned out while Dr. Anne ran through the medical stuff. Dad nodded along, while Mom just looked bored and a little annoyed; we'd talked about all this before.

But then Dr. Anne got to the part about starting testosterone shots. "Most of the other boys Shane's age will be kicking into puberty high gear over the next year," she explained. "Ideally, it would be great if he could develop along with them."

"Sure, sure," Dad said, but I wondered if any of this was registering. Dad had a bad habit of acting like he was listening when he really wasn't.

"There are drawbacks, of course," Dr. Anne's eyes slid across to my mother, who suddenly looked worried.

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Dad's forehead wrinkled. "What kind of drawbacks?"

Dr. Anne gave him a patient smile. "Basically, so far the hormone blockers have prevented Shane from going through female puberty. But once we add testosterone to the mix, he'll develop as a man. His voice will deepen, he'll get an Adam's apple and more body and facial hair, he'll be more muscular."

That all sounded great to me. I could hardly wait to start shaving; heck, I might even grow a mustache.

"Okay," Dad said slowly. "But if he stops taking the shots, that's reversible too, right?"

"Not entirely," Dr. Anne said. I could tell she was choosing her words carefully. "Some of the changes will be permanent. Others could be reversed surgically, or they'll just go away. But Shane will have skipped female puberty, which means he most likely won't be able to have children naturally."

There was a long moment of silence. I could see Dad processing this, and I didn't like the look on his face. "It's cool," I interjected. "Mom and me have already talked about it—"

"Wait," Dad said, holding up a hand. "You're telling me she'll never be able to have kids?"

"He," Mom growled. It drove her crazy when he used the wrong pronouns. Honestly, it drove me crazy, too, but in a different way. Kind of an all-the-air-sucked-out-of-the-room way.

"Not naturally, no," Dr. Anne said calmly. "And that's a serious decision."

"I'm fine with it," I said hurriedly. "Really, I—"

"You're twelve," Dad said. "You don't know what you want."

I stared at my sneakers, feeling sick. This all seemed to be spinning out of control, and there wasn't anything I could do to stop it.

"So we're supposed to decide this today?" Dad said incredulously. "It just seems really fast."

"We've been discussing it for a long time now," Mom said.

The way she said long time made it pretty clear what she meant, and she wasn't wrong. If Dad had ever come to a doctor's appointment before, this wouldn't be such a surprise.

Dr. Anne looked uncomfortable. "We don't have to decide anything today, of course. Shane can come back in six months, or a year."

"I think that would be best," Dad sat back, looking relieved.

"No!"

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There was a heavy silence after the door closed behind her. Dad was looking everywhere but at us. Mom was glaring at him.

"I can't believe you," Mom finally said.

I stiffened. They had a rule about not fighting in front of me, but I got the sense that was about to be broken.

"This just caught me off guard," Dad ran a hand down his face. His eyes settled on me, and he tried to smile. "I guess I should've come to more appointments, huh?"

I shrugged. Probably. Too late now.

"This is the only reason we came up this weekend," Mom said, the anger plain in her voice.

"I don't see why waiting is such a big deal," Dad said defensively. "The doctor doesn't seem to think so."

"I do," I muttered.

"Shane, honey, I've been on board with all the rest of it. The blockers and . . . whatever." He waved his hand vaguely. "But this . . . I mean, it's so permanent."

Exactly, I thought. This would permanently make me who I was supposed to be all along.

"Well, we both have to agree," Mom said, "since we share legal custody."

Dad exhaled hard. He looked old, and tired, and in spite of everything I felt a pang of sympathy. He was trying, but this was all just too complicated for him sometimes.

Still, when he said, "I can't decide this today. Sorry," something withered inside me. Without looking at us he left, shutting the door behind him.

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promised to try and convince Dad, but I didn't hold out much hope. I'd probably be on blockers until I was eighteen and legally old enough to decide for myself. Imagining six more years of this made me want to scream.

Afternoon sunlight flooded in, casting everything in a bright yellow glow. Stella's cat was asleep on a perch in the window. I rubbed his head while I stared out across the rooftops. A fog bank was descending from Twin Peaks, like an ominous cloud of white gas out of a horror movie, creeping across the city and smothering it block by block. Soon the house would be enveloped, and I'd barely be able to see across the street.

Which would match my mood, anyway. My phone buzzed and I dug it out of my pocket. There were two texts from Josh. The first read, **Dude, we won!!! 4-2.**

I should've been stoked about that—winning meant we'd go to regionals in a couple of weeks. But instead, I felt resentful that they'd been able to win without me. The next text said, **Call me. It wuz totally awesome.**

I tossed the phone on the dresser, not in the mood to talk to anyone. Instead, I lay down on the bed and glared at the ceiling. I'd never been so angry with my dad before. First, he surprised me with his new fiancée, then he completely destroyed something I'd been looking forward to for months.

I punched the pillow hard. If he didn't want a son, fine. Turned out I didn't really want a dad anymore, either.

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I was pretty bleary at school the next day, because Dad and I stayed up late eating junk food and watching a movie about alien robots. But I felt about a million times better. On the phone last night, Mom promised to talk to Dr. Anne about the testosterone. She said we might even be able to get it in a day or so.

I couldn't stop thinking about it. Dr. Anne had said the changes might take time; it would be just like regular puberty, and everyone went through it at different rates. But I was kind of hoping I'd at least start growing chest hair, like Dad.

The next morning I examined myself in the mirror, lifting my arms and flexing my biceps. Then I leaned in to check if I'd sprouted a mustache yet.

Nothing, which was a little disappointing. Mom had given me the first shot as soon as we got back from the drugstore. I'd never liked needles, but this one was pretty small and hadn't hurt much. And heck, I'd do pretty much anything for chest hair.

When Dr. Anne had explained over Skype how **testosterone** worked, she'd warned that it would take time to notice any changes. I'd jokingly asked if doubling up on the shots would make it go faster; she'd laughed, but then got really serious about how bad things could happen. "Just stick to the dosage, Shane," she'd said. "Trust me, it'll all come in time."

Easy for her to say—she wasn't in junior high.

At least *something* was happening, even if I couldn't see it yet. I pulled on a shirt and took the stairs two at a time. Mom was in the kitchen, holding her head in both hands. When she saw me, she smiled weakly. "How are you feeling, honey?"

"Fine, Mom. Normal."

"Good."

But Dad explained that we don't all have the same dream."

"That was cool of him," I offered.

"Oh, my parents are great," Madeline said. "Even though they don't totally get me, they're always on my side." She laughed and added, "You should see my mom's face when we go shopping. She hates all the clothes I like. But she never says anything."

"Cool," I said again, thinking about my dad. Even though he'd agreed to the **testosterone**, it was pretty obvious he still hoped that one day I'd wake up and want to be a girl. Most people weren't lucky enough to have both parents on their side all the time. It explained why Madeline never seemed to care what people thought about her. I wished I could feel that way.

Halfway through the movie, there was a knock at the door. Madeline's dad stuck his head in and said, "Shane's mom is here."

In the hallway, I made a point of shaking both their hands and thanking them for having me over. Her parents seemed a lot more relaxed. I said, "Bye, Madeline. See you."

"Bye." Her cheeks were flushed again, and she looked happy; she bounced a little on the balls of her feet and waved as we drove away.

"Definitely." Alejandra was a few inches taller than me now. Her hair was longer, and her face had thinned out. She was also more . . . developed.

Catching me looking at her chest, she laughed and said, "Yup, these are new too. Thanks, **estrogen**!"

"Um . . . congratulations?" I muttered, slumping down in the chair and secretly wishing the floor would swallow me up. I felt a sudden pang for the elementary group. Playing tag and swinging across monkey bars sounded pretty good right about now.

"Thanks." Alejandra laughed again, but not unkindly. Sizing me up, she asked, "So which grade are you in now?"

"Sixth."

"Yeah? Are you on the T yet?"

"Just started," I confessed.

She nodded her head approvingly. "You'll see. Big changes coming soon."

"I hope so," I muttered.

mom agreed to let me **transition** in fifth grade. So I came back from Christmas break wearing the skirt uniform to school instead of the pants. People I thought were my friends called me names. I got beat up every day, and when I told the teachers, they said that was God's way of punishing me."

"Seriously?" I said, dumbfounded. "How is that legal?"

She shrugged. "Catholic school. But you said your principal was cool?"

"Yeah, pretty much. Except he didn't know what to say, really."

She nodded knowingly. "People bend over backward to be nice, acting like you're all fragile or something. They don't realize it makes you feel like more of a freak."

"Totally," I said. "You should've heard my coach today. He actually compared me to a kangaroo."

"What?" Alejandra burst out laughing. "You're kidding?"

"Nope." I shook my head, unable to suppress a grin. "He said he didn't care if I was a girl, a boy, or a kangaroo."

Alejandra leaned in again. "You should show up tomorrow in a kangaroo costume!"

I laughed. "Yeah, that would be hilarious."

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FIC HEN	38035000080509	Checked Out		Brighthouse Elementary
FIC HEN	38005000150032	Available		Byng Elementary
FIC HEN	38015380159453	Available		Cook Elementary
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FIC HEN	38052000178688	Available		Diefenbaker Elementary
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