

# 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 Mission School District 75

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.

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Johnson, George M., (George Matthew), 1985-, author.

# All boys aren't blue : a memoir-manifesto

Call Number: F JOH  
Sublocation: Realistic Fiction  
Interest Level: Young Adult

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

"In a series of personal essays, prominent journalist and LGBTQIA+ activist George M. Johnson explores his childhood, adolescence, and college years in New Jersey and Virginia. From the memories of getting his teeth kicked out by bullies at age five, to flea marketing with his loving grandmother, to his first sexual relationships, this young-adult memoir weaves together the trials and triumphs faced by Black queer boys"—Amazon.com.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS COPIES CITATIONS

COPIES AT SCOLE MISSION SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F JOH	T 388469	Checked Out		Realistic Fiction

OFF-SITE COPIES (0)

There are no off-site copies of this title.

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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/77279/search/all?q=all%20boys%20aren%27t%20blue>

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.

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Gino, Alex, author.

# Melissa (Formerly George)

Call Number: Fpb GIN

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

OVERVIEW

"When people look at George, they think they see a boy. But she knows she's not a boy. She knows she's a girl. George thinks she'll have to keep this a secret forever. Then her teacher announces that their class play is going to be Charlotte's Web. George really, really, REALLY wants to play Charlotte. But the teacher says she can't even try out for the part . . . because she's a boy. With the help of her best friend, Kelly, George comes up with a plan. Not just so she can be Charlotte – but so everyone can know who she is, once and for all" – provided by publisher.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS COPIES CITATIONS

COPIES AT ALBERT MCMAHON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
Fpb GIN	T 637710	Available		

OFF-SITE COPIES (18)

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
Fic GIN	T 110924	Available		Dewdney Elementary School
FIC GIN *RP	T 774045	Available		École Christine Morrison
F GIN	T 294557	Available		Ecole Heritage Park Middle School
EFIC G	T 702854	Available		École Mission Central
NST GIN	T 614305	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
NST GIN	T 614306	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
NST GIN	T 614307	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
NST GIN	T 614308	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
NST GIN	T 614309	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
NST GIN	T 614310	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
PBF GIN	T 612806	Available		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
FIC GIN	T 424667	Available	CC-PerSoc 1	Hatzic Elementary School
FIC GIN	T 408538	Available		Silverdale Elementary School
BY GIN	T 2783	Available		West Heights Elementary
BY GIN	T 4820	Available		West Heights Elementary
PB GIN	T 628182	Available		Windebank Elementary School

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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/79987/search/all?q=alex%20gino>

### 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.

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#### 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

## 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.

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."

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 Kelly. "Oh, shut up. I'm talking to George here. He's more of a girl than you'll ever be."

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?"

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?"

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

(meaning "neither a boy nor a girl"), I was nineteen, and I took that word and I consumed it—at 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.

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.

September 3, 2022

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Hopkins, Ellen.

# Identical

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 380715	Checked Out		

<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/77279/search/all?q=identical>

**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 Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower...

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Thomas, Angie, author

# The hate u give

Call Number: F THO  
Sublocation: Fiction - Realistic - PINK

☆☆☆☆ (8)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

Publisher Annotation: Sixteen-year-old Starr Carter moves between two worlds: the poor neighborhood where she lives and the fancy suburban prep school she attends. The uneasy balance between these worlds is shattered when Starr witnesses the fatal shooting of her childhood best friend Khalil at the hands of a police officer. Khalil was unarmed. Soon afterward, his death is a national headline. Some are calling him a thug, maybe even a drug dealer and a gangbanger. Protesters are taking to the streets in Khalil's name. Some cops and the local drug lord try to intimidate Starr and her family. What everyone wants to know is: what really went down that night? And the only person alive who can answer that is Starr. But what Starr does—or does not—say could upend her community. It could also endanger her life.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS COPIES CITATIONS

COPIES AT ECOLE HERITAGE PARK MIDDLE SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F THO	T 224168	Checked Out		Fiction - Realistic - PINK
F THO	T 224749	Checked Out		Fiction - Realistic - PINK
F THO	T 224755	Available		Fiction - Realistic - PINK
F THO	T 355587	Checked Out	Volume 1	Fiction - Realistic - PINK

OFF-SITE COPIES (11)

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
F THO	T 356319	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357565	Checked Out		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357566	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357567	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357568	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357712	Checked Out		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 357713	Checked Out		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F Tho hc	T 134734	Checked Out		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO hc	T 356067	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School
F THO	T 96628	Checked Out		Hatze Middle School
F THO	T 97400	Checked Out		Hatze Middle School

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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/80292/search/all?q=the%20hate%20u%20give>

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.

"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.

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.

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Gino, Alex, author.

# Rick

Call Number: RF Fpb GIN

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

"Eleven-year-old Rick Ramsey has generally gone along with everybody, just not making waves, even though he is increasingly uncomfortable with his father's jokes about girls, and his best friend's explicit talk about sex; but now in middle school he discovers the Rainbow Spectrum club, where kids of many genders and identities can express themselves—and maybe among them he can find new friends and discover his own identity, which may just be to opt out of sex altogether"—Publisher.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS COPIES CITATIONS

COPIES AT ALBERT MCMAHON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F GIN	T 636702	Lost		
F GIN	T 637486	Lost		
RF Fpb GIN	T 630433	Available		

OFF-SITE COPIES (4)

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
FIC GIN	T 300033	Available		Dewdney Elementary School
F GIN	T 385195	Checked Out		Eoole Heritage Park Middle School
FIC GIN	T 615611	Checked Out		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
F GIN	T 96426	Available		Hatzic Middle School

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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/79987/search/all?q=alex%20gino>

## 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.**

"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

## 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!"

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,

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."

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."

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."

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."

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."

July 13, 2021

Others wanted to protest local businesses that didn't support LGBTQIAP+ rights.

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.

July 13, 2021

Any ideas what the other letters stand for?

July 13, 2021

"Bisexual!" "Transgender!" "Intersex!"

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.

July 13, 2021



Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Morrison, Toni

# The bluest eye

Call Number: F MOR  
Sublocation: Fiction - Historical - RED

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

An eleven-year-old African-American girl in Ohio, in the early 1940s, prays for her eyes to turn blue so that she will be beautiful.

EXPLORE REVIEWS MORE INFO AWARDS **COPIES** CITATIONS

COPIES AT SCOLE HERITAGE PARK MIDDLE SCHOOL

Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F MOR	T 200002	Checked Out		Fiction - Historical - RED
F MOR	T 200997	Available		Fiction - Historical - RED

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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/80292/search/all?q=the%20bluest%20eye>

**RED FLAGS**  
Sexual Content, Child Abuse, Child Sexual Abuse,  
Graphic Sexual and Explicit Content

Start

84

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 glucking 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

98

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 outwise 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. 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

99

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

113

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 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.

September 15, 2022

126

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.

September 15, 2022

129

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 mu 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 nasti-ness, 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.

September 15, 2022

142

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Walls, Jeannette. **The glass castle**  
Call Number: F WAL

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Book

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OVERVIEW

A memoir of a girl from a deeply dysfunctional and uniquely vibrant family.

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F WAL	T 386229	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 386230	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 386231	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 386415	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 386416	Available		Literature Circles
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F WAL	T 389662	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 389663	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 389664	Available		Literature Circles
F WAL	T 389665	Available		Literature Circles
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F Wal hc	T 131451	Available		Literature Circles
F Wal hc	T 131452	Lost		Literature Circles
F Wal hc	T 131453	Lost		
F Wal hc	T 131454	Available		Realistic Fiction
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  - 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

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!"

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 sealy castrating banshee bitch!"

September 5, 2022

"Tell us a story about yourself, Dad!" we'd beg him. "Awwww. 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." 36

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." 48

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. 54

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. 67

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. 89

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. 114

September 5, 2022

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. 154

September 5, 2022

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. 158

September 5, 2022

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. 172

September 5, 2022

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Hennessey, M. G., author.

# The other boy

Call Number: F HEN  
 Sublocation: Fiction - Realistic - PINK  
 Reading Level: 4.4 / Interest Level: 5-8

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

"Twelve-year-old Shane Woods is just a regular boy. He loves pitching for his baseball team, working on his graphic novel, and hanging out with his best friend, Josh. But Shane is keeping something private, something that might make a difference to his friends and teammates, to Josh, and his crush, Madeline. And when a classmate threatens to reveal his secret, Shane's whole world comes crashing down. It will take a lot of courage for Shane to ignore the hate and show the world that he's still the same boy he was before. And in the end, those who stand beside him may surprise everyone, including Shane"—Jacket flap.

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Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F HEN	T 385362	Available		Fiction - Realistic - PINK

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PAGE 27:

"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."

PAGE 28:

"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.

PAGE 29:

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!"

Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Rowell, Rainbow, author.

# Eleanor & Park

Call Number: F ROW  
Sublocation: French section  
Interest Level: Young Adult

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

"Set over the course of one school year in 1986, this is the story of two star-crossed misfits—smart enough to know that first love almost never lasts, but brave and desperate enough to try"— Provided by publisher., 1986. Lorsqu'Eleanor, nouvelle au lycée, trop rousse, trop ronde, s'installe à côté de lui dans le bus scolaire, Park, garçon timide, l'ignore poliment. Pourtant, peu à peu, les deux lycéens se rapprochent, liés par un amour commun pour les comics et les Smiths... Et peu importe si tout le monde au lycée harcèle Eleanor et que sa vie chez elle est un véritable enfer : Park, pourtant si solitaire et secret, est prêt à tout pour la sortir de là.

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F ROW	T 306609	Available		French section

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Destiny Discover Home Collections Back Office Help

Hopkins, Ellen.

# Crank

Call Number: F HOP  
Sublocation: Fiction - Verse/Poem - AQUA

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

Kristina is the perfect daughter: gifted high school junior, quiet, never any trouble. Then she meets the monster: crank. And what begins as a wild ride turns into a struggle for her mind, her soul—her life.

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F HOP	T 218551	Checked Out	Volume Book 1	
F HOP	T 219569	Lost	Volume Book 1	Fiction - Verse/Poem - AQUA
F HOP	T 221089	Lost	Volume Book 1	
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Green, John.

## Looking for Alaska

Call Number: F GRE  
Sublocation: Fiction - Realistic - PINK

☆☆☆☆ (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.

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Andrews, Jesse.

## Me and Earl and the dying girl

Call Number: F AND  
Sublocation: Fiction - Realistic - PINK

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

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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.

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Hopkins, Ellen.

# Tricks

Call Number: F HOP  
Sublocation: Fiction - Verse/Poem - AQUA

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Book

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OVERVIEW

Collects five stories about three girls and two boys who question how they feel about themselves while learning about love and sexuality.

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F Hop	T 380177	Available		Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School

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Herthel, Jessica, author

# I am Jazz

Call Number: 306.76 He

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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OVERVIEW

From the time she was two years old, Jazz knew that she had a girl's brain in a boy's body. She loved pink and dressing up as a mermaid and didn't feel like herself in boys' clothing. This confused her family, until they took her to a doctor who said that Jazz was transgender and that she was born that way

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Pic He (SOGI)	T 305049	Available		Dawdney Elementary School
E HER	T 777932	Available		Ecole Christine Morrison
SOGI PIC H	T 600919	Available		Ecole Mission Central
PIC H	T 612973	Checked Out		Edwin S Richards Elementary School
306.76 HER	T 424670	Available	GC-PerSoc 1	Hatzic Elementary School
PIC Her	T 409700	Available		Silverdale Elementary School
BY 306.76 HER	T 2543	Available		West Heights Elementary
306.76 HER	T 19755	Available		Windebank Elementary School

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Tamaki, Mariko.

# This one summer

Call Number: GF TAM  
Sublocation: Literature Circles

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GF TAM	T 388103	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388104	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388105	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388106	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388107	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388108	Available		Literature Circles
GF TAM	T 388109	Available		Literature Circles
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<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/77279/search/all?q=this%20one%20summer>

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Myracle, Lauren.

# ttn

Call Number: F MYR  
Sublocation: Fiction - Realistic - PINK

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Call Number	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F MYR	T 216352	Available	Volume Book 2	Fiction - Realistic - PINK

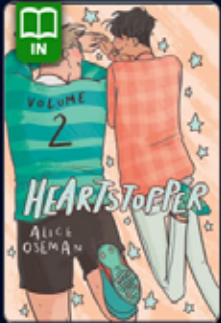
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Oseman, Alice, author, illustrator.

# Heartstopper / Volume 2

Call Number: GN OSE  
Sublocation: Graphic Novels

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ (0)

Book

Log In

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**OVERVIEW**

"Nick and Charlie are best friends, but one kiss has changed everything. In the aftermath, Charlie is sure that Nick isn't interested, but Nick is more confused than ever. Love works in surprising ways, and Nick comes to see the world from a new perspective. He discovers all sorts of things about his friends, his family... and himself"--Provided by publisher.

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GN OSE	T 385874	Available	Volume 2	Ecole Heritage Park Middle School
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GF OSE	T 389868	Checked Out	Volume 2	Ecole Mission Senior Secondary School

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