

Dear Trustees,

The government gave authority for education governance to locally elected school boards. School trustees are elected to local school boards to act for the legislature and for their local community.

School trustees exist for the children, and their role is to guide, protect, defend, and advocate for them. Therefore, educational policies are developed on what is best for **the growth, protection, and development** of the whole child.

Trustees **partner** with the parents as they provide the children with the best possible teachers and educational opportunities. In doing so, they cannot usurp the role of the parents and family.

It seems that the process of guiding, protecting, defending, and advocating for our children is at serious risk.

Most authorities believe our schools are safe. Others are beginning to question that point of view.

Why? Look what's been happening in our schools. Safe zones, safe spaces, safe sex, safe puberty blockers, safe cross-sex hormone, safe "gender clinics", and now safe sexually explicit material in the school library. Our children are no longer safe! They are in **danger**.

Child Sexual Abuse by K-12 School Personnel in Canada <https://www.protectchildren.ca/en/resources-research/child-sexual-abuse-by-school-personnel-in-canada-report/>

As a parent and Canadian citizen, I am concerned about the safety and well-being of those children under your authority. I have reason to believe that children or youth have been or could be likely abused or neglected based on what I have seen and the information I have found on your library site. I believe that books and information found on your library site cause severe risks to the safety and well-being of our children under your authority and care. Children ages 5 years old and up to 17 years old at the schools cited below have been or are at risk of being exposed to these books containing sexual references, sexual activity, and sexual material. Some books also show children and adults engaged in or depicted as engaged in explicit sexual activity. The main characteristics of those books relate to sexual activity and expose children to individuals engaging in sexually explicit acts, including exposure to adult pornography, and encouraging children to masturbate or watch others masturbate.

These books have a sinister agenda. They are not guided by any universal standards of right and wrong. Their foul language lifts the boundaries most parents have set for their children and presents a malevolent dimension that must be curtailed and eliminated. They are used to desensitize children and make them easy prey for predators. Rather than guiding and protecting our children, keeping these books in the libraries offers up our defenseless children to the degradation of immoral authors and others of their ilk. In addition, it makes it easier for potential abusers to target our children.

On the one hand, in the name of political correctness, we claim to protect our children from racism and our inconvenient history, while on the other hand, in the name of diversity, we expose them to pornography and toxic sexual behavior. I understand that resources must be inclusive and suitable based on diverse social considerations. Nevertheless, resources are to be age-appropriate and within the boundary of the rules of law.

According to the Canadian Center for Child Protection, non-contact sexual abuse is as follows:

- Encouraging a child to masturbate or watch others masturbate
- Secretly recording or observing a child in a private situation for a sexual purpose (voyeurism)
- Exposing a child to individuals engaging in sexually explicit acts (including exposure to adult pornography)
- Exposing a child to child sexual abuse material
- “Flashing” or exposing genitals to a child
- Communicating over technology to make it easier to commit a specific sexual offense against a child (luring a child)
- Taking a picture or recording a video of a child’s sexual organs for a sexual purpose

In good faith, I would advise the School Board to immediately remove those books from the library, contact the librarian, review those books with teachers and parents, and review material selection policies. Please advise on how and when the board will proceed.

I include the following information to help you better understand the abovementioned concern. Please do not hesitate to ask if you need more information regarding those books in your library system.

Kind Regards,

Pierre Barns

236-458-7269

Canadian Trustees raising their concern about the contents of the book in school:

<https://www.facebook.com/LauraLynnTylerThompson/videos/814081779570576>

Here is a video of a Mother in the USA complaining to the school board about the book The Glass Castle:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MgRsqrMC4Lk>

The following are examples of non-contact and contact sexual abuse offences. These are not meant to be exhaustive.

Non-Contact Sexual Abuse:

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- Secretly recording or observing a child in a private situation for a sexual purpose (voyeurism)
- Exposing a child to individuals engaging in sexually explicit acts (including exposure to adult pornography)
- Exposing a child to child sexual abuse material*
- "Flashing" or exposing genitals to a child
- Communicating over technology to make it easier to commit a specific sexual offence against a child (luring a child)**
- Taking a picture or recording a video of a child's sexual organs for a sexual purpose

An offender who is known to the child and/or family (is in a position of trust or is in the family's circle of trust) may:

- Establish trust with the adults around the child
- Manipulate the child by distorting their thinking and creating a dependency on the offender (grooming the child)
- Manipulate adults around the child to reduce any suspicion (grooming the adults)
- Find ways to spend ongoing time with the child to extend their access
- Misuse the child's trust and the trust of their family
- Normalize boundary crossing with the child
- Start making casual sexualized comments and/or jokes around the child

An offender who is a family member may:

- Use their authority/role in the family and private access to control the child
- Take advantage of the child's dependency on them for survival⁸
- Assert their authority and domination in the home⁹



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.

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.

Be aware of a series of questionable books found in the Abbotsford School System:

It's Perfectly Normal:

- Middle and Secondary Abbotsford School of Integrated Arts (ASIA) - Sumas Mountain Campus its perfectly normal:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/36775/search/all?q=it%27s%20perfectly%20normal>

This book has been around for 24 years and has, in one sense, become the guidebook for sex education. It has the distinction of being the most frequently banned book in school libraries across North America.

Like previously mentioned books, it is illustrated using colorful cartoon-style pictures. These are unnecessarily graphic, showing pictures of various heterosexual and homosexual sexual intercourse and actions.

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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



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

Sex is a Funny Word:

- Elementary Terry Fox Elementary sex is a funny word: <https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/45074/search/all?q=Sex%20is%20a%20funny%20word>



ERECTIONS

Most bodies get erections, but they only happen in certain parts of your body.

If your body has a penis, you might have noticed that sometimes it is soft and bendy, and sometimes it gets hard and doesn't bend. When it's hard and doesn't bend, that's an erection.

If your body has a clitoris, you might have noticed that sometimes it feels soft, and sometimes it feels a bit harder or firmer. When it's harder or firmer, that's an erection.



Erections can happen when we touch ourselves to feel good, but they also happen at other times: during the night when we are asleep, and first thing in the morning when we get up. Erections happen even if we're not doing anything at all. Babies will often get erections when they have to pee.

One way to think about erections is that they are just your body's way of exercising on its own.

ERECTIONS AREN'T JUST FOR BODIES. DID YOU KNOW THE WORD ERECT JUST MEANS TO MAKE SOMETHING STAND UP? WHEN A BUILDING IS BEING BUILT, THEY SAY THEY ARE ERECTING 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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

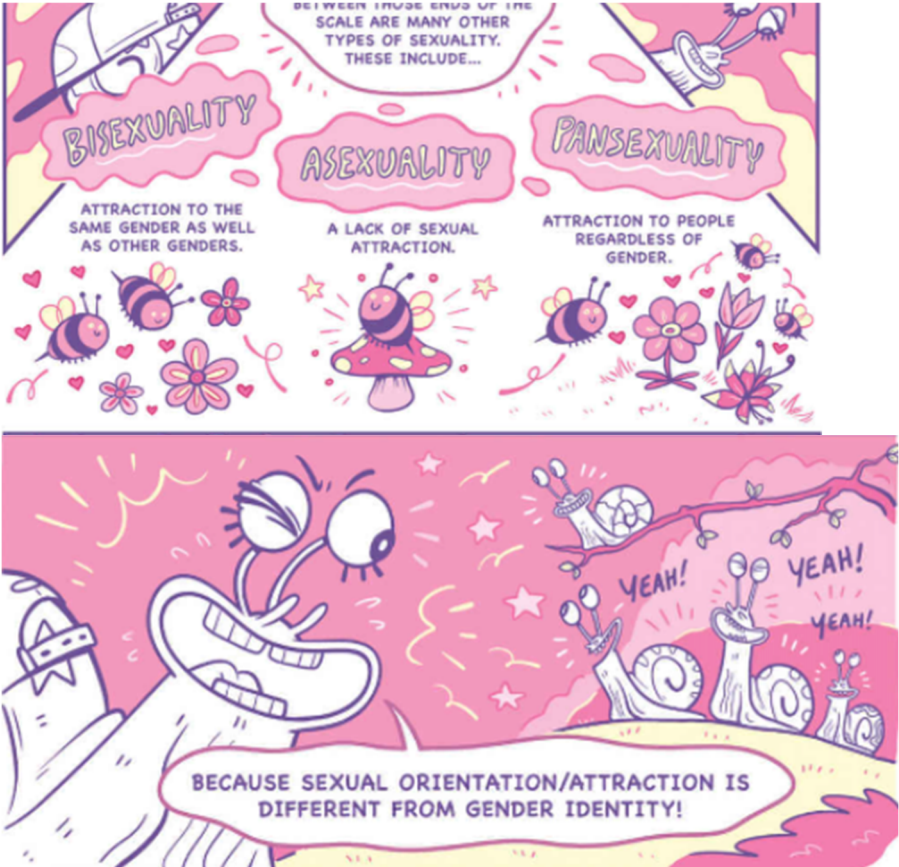
Clitoris

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.

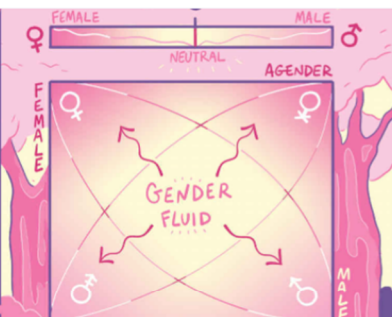
Some clitorises are bigger than others. Some are easy to see and feel, and some are not.

Quick and Easy Guide to Queer and Trans Identities:

- Middle Eugene Reimer Middle a quick & easy guide to queer & trans identities: <https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/34198/search/all?q=A%20quick%20&%20easy%20guide%20to%20queer%20=&%20trans%20identities>



A SPECTRUM, JUST LIKE COLORS, SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO DESCRIBE THIS AS A LINEAR SPECTRUM...



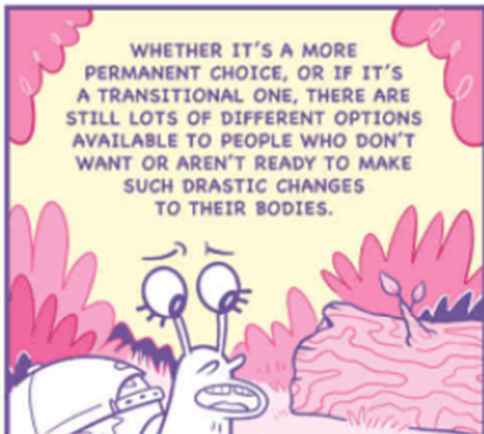
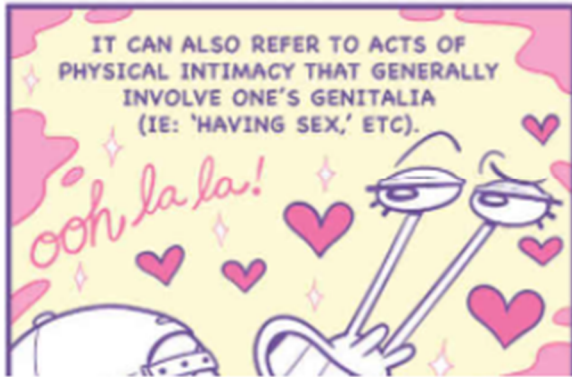
...BUT, IN REALITY, IT'S QUITE A BIT MORE BROAD...

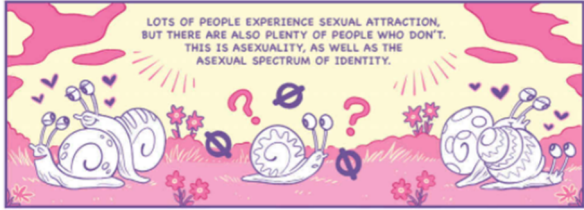


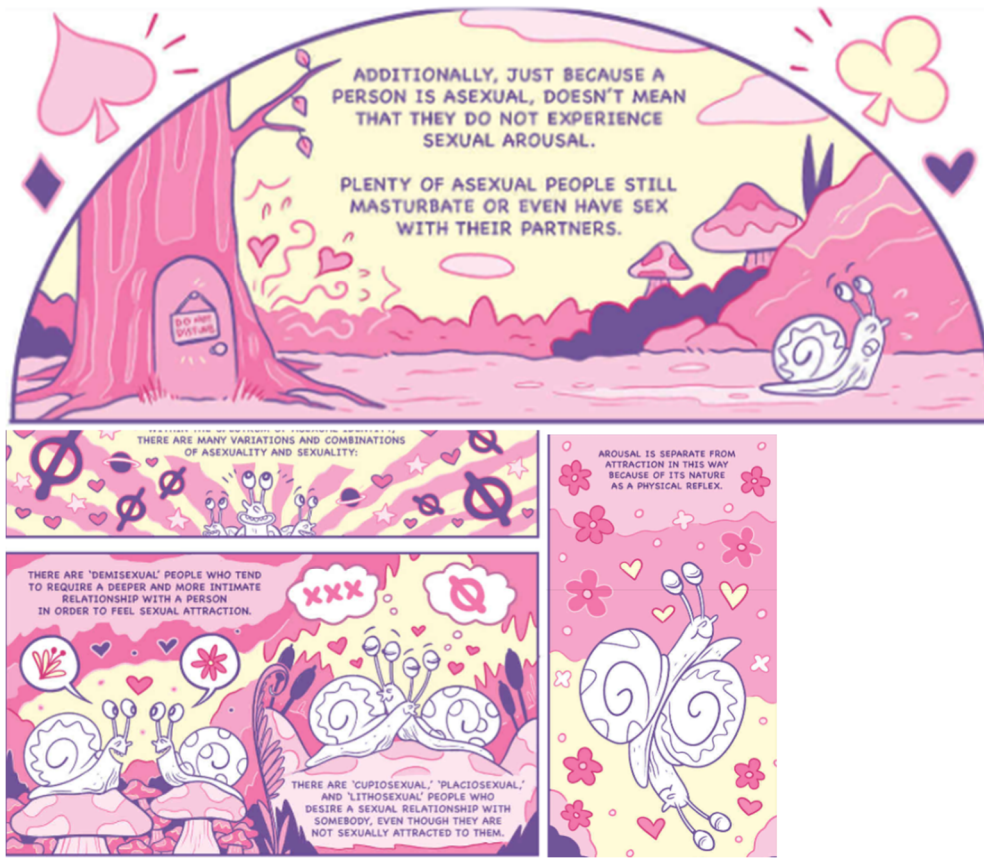
SOME OF SOMEONE'S GENDER DYSPHORIA END IN SOME SORT OF PHYSICAL TRANSITION, BE IT HORMONAL, SURGICAL, OR BOTH.



A PERSON CAN BE ASEXUAL AND STILL HAVE A HIGH LIBIDO, JUST LIKE A PERSON CAN BE NON-ASEXUAL AND HAVE A LOW LIBIDO.







Rick:

- Elementary Terry Fox Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/45074/search/all?q=Rick>
- Middle Abbotsford Traditional Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=Rick>
- Middle Colleen & Gordie Howe Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16414/search/all?q=Rick>
- Middle Eugene Reimer Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/34198/search/all?q=Rick>
- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=Rick>
- Secondary Abbotsford Traditional Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=Rick>

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Jeff was already in one of the beanbag chairs, controller in hand and screen paused. His face was peachy white, with a small white scar on his forehead and short brown hair that stuck up like loose spikes. He wore red basketball shorts and a black sleeveless T-shirt.

“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.

“Aww man!” Jeff groaned. “None of them stuck that time! Here, you take the other controller and I’ll restart the game.”

“Won’t you have to do everything over?” asked Rick.

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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*.

“I missed you!” The kid practically pounced on Melissa.

“Kelly, homeroom was fifteen minutes long.”

“A person could drown in fifteen minutes!”

And then they were gone, arm in arm, heading down the hallway and exclaiming over each other’s schedules.

Rick wondered what it would be like to have a best friend you could throw your arm over the shoulder of without worrying that they might make fun of you. Jeff was great in a lot of ways, but their friendship wasn’t like that. Nor was Jeff the kind of friend who wanted to hear that a person could, in fact, drown nearly four times in fifteen minutes, assuming a standard of four minutes from first struggle to death from lack of oxygen to the brain. When Rick corrected stuff like that, Jeff told him not to think so hard.

Rick didn’t see Jeff again until lunch. In between, he had been to three different classes with three different teachers and been assigned four different seats to remember, including homeroom. His mind was swirling, and his backpack was heavy with textbooks. By then, the idea that George could be a girl seemed a bit less sensible, and the idea that it would freak Jeff out because he had talked about whether she was cute was a bit more appealing.

“Remember that girl in the blue skirt from this morning?”

“You mean the *hot* one?”

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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.

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

“Right there.” Jeff pointed. “In the blue skirt.”

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knew that Rick knew what he meant, but Jeff continued anyway. “With her clothes off.”

Rick gave what he hoped was enough of a laugh.

“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.”

Rick gave another expected laugh, but before Jeff could tell him any more about the beach show, the school doors opened and a graceful but firm woman wearing a deep purple suit jacket stepped outside with a bullhorn. She pressed the whooping alarm button twice and the crowd of students turned to face her, their conversations trailing off into whispers.

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"Wait, is that you, G—?"

Melissa stopped him with a raised finger as well as her voice. "I don't use that name anymore. You can call me Melissa."

"Oh. Um, hi."

"Yeah, hi."

They sat there for a moment in the din of introductions, just seeing each other.

"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."

Melissa laughed. "Nervous too, but mostly excited. What about you?"

"I dunno. The regular stuff, I guess. Changing classes sounds

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"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."

Rick wondered what a meeting for gay kids was like and what they did together. Did they talk about how to be gay? Or how they

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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? If Diane were there, he would have asked her what she thought. Diane was always happy to share her

happen without a chance to do anything about it. It was a sign for the Rainbow Spectrum. 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!"

"You're the one who's gross," said Kelly, with her hand on her hip.

"Whatever." Jeff snorted. "Let's get out of here, Rick. I'm hungry."

"Yeah," said Kelly. "Get out of here and take your hate with you."

"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

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aikido. She's scary!"

"So now you guys are gonna go all gay on me too?" Jeff's voice grew uncomfortably high-pitched as he tried to yell without being so loud that the lunch staff noticed him. "I'll tell ya this: There was a kid in my class in fourth grade, and he was gay, and I punched him in the stomach."

"Yeah." Maybe-Mark snorted. "And we heard he threw up all over you."

"What?" Jeff's eyes bore down on Rick. "Did you tell them?"

"Chill out, dude," said maybe-Matt. "We heard it from this kid in our English class. Wish I had been there to see it. Sounds hilarious."

Jeff stood, picked up his tray, and said to Rick, "C'mon, let's go find another table."

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Rick's head shot up from where he had been staring at the ground, listening to all these kids who sounded like they already knew everything about themselves. It was Ronnie, from homeroom and the Cafeteria Ketchup Kerfuffle.

"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."

Rick had known Leila and Kelly would be there, and he wasn't surprised to see Melissa. But he hadn't expected Ronnie. It made him worry who else could be hidden behind some other kid. For a moment, he even wondered whether Jeff could be out in the hall, overhearing everything that was being said. Meanwhile, the circle continued around him.

"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."

Then it was Melissa's turn. Rick wondered if she would tell everyone. He decided that he wouldn't if it were him.

"Hi. My name is Melissa, and I use *she* and *her*. I'm in sixth

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Roughly two thousand decision changes later, in last period, Rick was sure he wasn't going. How could he go if he didn't even know why he felt like going? What would he say? Was it enough to say that he'd never felt about a girl the way his best friend did? Was it enough to not know? Rick had already put on his jacket and was in the stairwell between the first and second floors when he saw a Spectrum sign that said *Because you have questions*.

And that's how Rick ended up turning around, climbing back up the flight, and walking toward the classroom with the brightly colored Rainbow Spectrum sign hanging from the doorknob. Closer. Closer. The door was open, but he couldn't see how many kids were inside. He wasn't sure whether it would be worse if it was empty, 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.

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."

"Thank you, Zoe. To be clear, you don't need to tell us your sexual orientation if you don't want to," said Mr. Sydney.

"Oh, but I want to!" said Zoe. "How is someone supposed to ask me out if they don't know I might be interested?"

The two kids wearing the spring musical T-shirts went next—Xavier, who shared that he had been coming to the group since he'd started sixth grade two years ago, and Yaya, who announced that he was "supergaaaaaay" with a wave of his hand.

"I'm Ellie, lesbian, eighth grade. *She*, please," said the girl with the cupcake hat.

A soft-spoken kid with dark hair and bright red glasses said, "Hi, I'm Mika. And I guess I use *she* and *her*, but I never really thought about it before."

Then it was the kid who had rushed past Rick in the hallway's turn. "Hey, everybody. I'm Green."

"Like the color?" asked Ellie.

"Yep!" Green said with a wide smile. "You've heard of people with red hair being called Red? Well, I'm Green."

"Cool," said Ellie, with a toss of her purple-tipped hair.

"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."

Mr. Sydney addressed the class. "Nonbinary refers to people who do not identify as either male or female. Do I have that right,

"Good afternoon, everyone, and welcome to the Rainbow Spectrum. My name is Mr. Sydney, and I'll be your group adviser this semester. As some of the seventh and eighth graders know, Ms. Abrams, who usually runs this group, is on leave this semester. I'm happy to report that she had the baby three weeks ago." He waited for the wave of whoops, whispers, and awwwws to pass. "And that she, her wife, and little Max are all doing wonderfully. Ms. Abrams will be coming back to school in January.

"In the meantime, I am elated, enthralled, and exhilarated to be here. When I was a kid, groups like this were barely starting up at a lot of colleges, much less in middle schools. 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, I welcome you to tell us briefly what brought you here today. It's not required, but it would be nice to hear some of your thoughts. Zoe, I believe you were active in the group last year. Will you start us off?"

Zoe was the girl with the patched-up jean jacket. "Hi, I'm Zoe,

grade, I'm Kelly's BFF, and my connection to the community is that I'm a transgender girl."

"Aw, yeah!" said Green. Melissa gave Green a thumbs-up.

"And it's not a secret, but it's also my information to share. So I'm happy for all of you to know, but please don't tell people outside of this room."

"So, uh," asked Mika, "what was your name before?"

"That"—Melissa paused—"is nonov."

"Nonov?"

"Yeah. Nonov your business!"

Melissa shared a high five with Kelly. A few kids chuckled, and the theater kids laughed out loud.

"Good one, Melissa!" said Mika. "Sorry I asked."

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."

The word *asexual* buzzed in Rick's head like a fly looking for a place to land as introductions continued around the room. His stomach felt tingly. Not nervous, exactly, but not calm either. More like drinking soda too fast and having the bubbles dance around inside his body. Rick's turn was only two kids away, and then one.

The Hate U Give Me:

- Elementary Abbotsford School of Integrated Arts (ASIA) - North Poplar Campus:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/55190/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Middle Abbotsford Middle School:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/18094/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Middle Abbotsford Traditional Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Middle Colleen & Gordie Howe Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16414/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Secondary Abbotsford Senior Secondary School:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/8281/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Secondary Rick Hansen Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/28655/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Secondary Robert Bateman Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/42550/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Secondary W.J. Mouat Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16272/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>
- Secondary Abbotsford Traditional Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=The%20Hate%20U%20Give>

“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!”

“I ain’t scared of that nigga!” Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to hear. “You scared of him?”

“Nah, but I know how the game work.”

“I’m too old for games! You oughta be too!”

“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?”

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.

THE BLACK WIDOWS

To anyone passing, they were just a pair of black high-tops that dangled by their laces on the utility line over Carcel Avenue. But to those who could decipher the code of the streets, the shoes told that crack cocaine was sold only a few feet away.

Khalil hated those damn shoes. They always seemed to come back, no matter how many drug busts the police made. As long as there was a demand, someone would eventually supply. He hated how, even with the wear and tear from Mother Nature, those shoes still looked better than the hand-me-downs on his feet.

"Your shoes may not be new baby, but at least you don't have to look over your shoulder every second, not knowing if the police or death coming for you," his grandmama once said to raise his spirits. But it was a temporary fix as the reminder of his reality hung above him when he walked home from his job as a grocery bagger.

Those shoes had done plenty. They stole his mother and replaced her with a shell enslaved to cocaine. They were the reason his little brother was afraid to walk to school any more. And those damn shoes were slowly sucking the life out of the neighborhood he called home.

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.

"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!"

"I ain't scared of that nigga!" Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to hear. "You scared of him?"

"Nah, but I know how the game work."

"I'm too old for games! You oughta be too!"

...I heard what happened to her li'l homie.
That's **fucked** up."

Five

Page 61

"Sounds like my parents," says Britt. "Took us to **fucking** Harry Potter World for the third year in a...

Five

Page 61

Holy shit. Who the **fuck** complains about going to Harry Potter World? Or...

Five

Page 63

...I'm more like a Taylor Swift song. (No shade, I **fucks** with Tay-Tay, but she doesn't serve like...

Five

Page 63

...m willing to forget what he did. That's scary as **fuck** too. Someone I've only been with for a year...

Five

Page 65

Fuckity fuck, fuck, ...

Five

Page 65

...**fuck**. I'm crumbling. "Chris . . ."

Five

Page 67

...though, why would he even? God, boys and their **fucking** sex drive."

Six

Page 79

Shit. Your **fucking** big mouth.

...him out of it, I know it, but I abandoned him. **Fuck** the friends' side. I shouldn't even be at his...

Eight

Page 104

But **fuck** the crush, he was one of the best friends I ever...

Nine

Page 125

...just hearing that for the first time. "What the **fuck**s that got to do with anything?"

Ten

Page 132

...still giving hate, and everybody's still getting **fucked**?"

Ten

Page 132

..., that's about right. And we won't stop getting **fucked** till it changes. That's the key. It's gotta...

Eleven

Page 141

...Starr from Garden Heights shows up. "What the **fuck** that got to do with it?"

Eleven

Page 142

...all of my Williamson Starr rules with zero **fucks** to give.

Eleven

Page 151

He pounds the desk. "**Fuck!**"

Eleven

Page 151

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

Twenty-Three

Page 301

...breaths. "Like Starr said, they don't give a **fuck** about us, so we don't give a **fuck**. Burn this bitch down."

Twenty-Three

Page 302

...a hell of a lot of times. Nah, I don't give a **fuck** about neither one of them bitches."

Twenty-Three

Page 303

"**Fucking** breadcrumbs." DeVante still can't get over it...

Twenty-Three

Page 304

"**Fuck**." Chris mutters. "That's what my mom calls it."

Twenty-Four

Page 307

His baby basically says "**fuck** it" and stops.

Twenty-Four

Page 308

...his hands and rests them on top of his dreads. "**Fuck, fuck, fuck**. We gotta leave it."

Twenty-Four

Page 313

You know what? **Fuck** it.

Twenty-Four

Page 315

"**Fuck!**" Goon hisses. "Hold on, Vante."

"Dammit, Starr! Do you wanna take a **fuck**ing picture or not?"

Seventeen

Page 232

I feel the tears coming. **Fuck**, I'm sick of this. "We were real close back then..."

Twenty-One

Page 278

"You're **fuck**ing right I'm ashamed of you!"

Twenty-One

Page 278

...me," he mocks. "Hell no, I didn't. And why the **fuck** should I?"

Twenty-One

Page 279

...turned my son against me. Can't wait till King **fuck** y'all up for letting that girl snitch on him on...

Twenty-One

Page 279

...one thing to hear gossip that somebody plans to "**fuck** you up," but it's a whole different thing to...

Twenty-Two

Page 286

"Who gives a **fuck**?"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

...everything I was supposed to do, and it wasn't **fuck**ing good enough. Khalil's death wasn't horrible...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

... He had friends. He had dreams. None

of it **fuck**ing mattered. He was just a thug who deserved to...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

...first. Suddenly he punches the steering wheel. "**Fuck!**"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

"**Fuck!**" Seven croaks. He covers his eyes and rocks...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

... He covers his eyes and rocks back and forth. "**Fuck fuck, fuck!**"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

Seven hastily wipes his face. "**Fuck** this. Starr, whatever you wanna do, I'm down..."

Twenty-Three

Page 295

They gave me the hate, and now I wanna **fuck** everybody, even if I'm not sure how.

Twenty-Three

Page 296

... "I did everything right, and it didn't make a **fuck**ing difference. I've gotten death threats, cops..."

Twenty-Three

Page 296

...? Justice Khalil won't get? They don't give a **fuck** about us, so fine. I no longer give a **fuck**."

Twenty-Three

Page 298

Page 192

"Thank you!" Hailey says. "She's been in **bitch** mode for weeks but wants to blame me."

Twenty

Page 261

"**Bitch**—" I take a deep breath. Way too many people are...

Twenty

Page 262

"**Bitch!**" she shrieks. She goes straight for my hair...

Twenty

Page 262

Before he can finish "**bitch**," a blur of dreadlocks charges at us and pushes...

Twenty-Three

Page 300

"Hell yeah!" says DeVante. "Burn that **bitch** down!"

Twenty-Three

Page 301

...about us, so we don't give a fuck. Burn this **bitch** down."

Twenty-Three

Page 302

..., I don't give a fuck about neither one of them **bitches**."

Twenty-Five

Page 322

"You son of a **bitch!**" Daddy marches toward King, and King's boys...

Nine

Page 112

The tallest one steps to Seven. "**Nigga**, you Kinging?"

Ten

Page 128

..."—I deepen my voice—"Why don't they shoot that **nigga** Voldemort?"

Ten

Page 129

...people," says Daddy. "Like he took the word **nigga** and gave it a whole new meaning—Never Ignorant..."

Eleven

Page 147

"I ain't scared of that **nigga!**" Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to...

Twenty

Page 265

"Our?" says the GD at the table. "**Nigga**, you said you moving."

Twenty-Three

Page 299

..., coming straight from the underground. A young **nigga** got it bad 'cause I'm brown."

Twenty-Three

Page 299

...the words. He goes silent every time Cube says "**nigga**." As he should.

Twenty-Three

Page 301

"**Niggas** tired of taking shit," DeVante says, between...

Chapter 3

Page 391

The beat starts—"Niggas in Paris" by Jay-Z and Kanye.

The Glass Castle:

- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>

- Secondary Abbotsford Senior Secondary School:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/8281/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>
- Secondary Rick Hansen Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/28655/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>
- Secondary Robert Bateman Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/42550/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>
- Secondary W.J. Mouat Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16272/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>
- Secondary Abbotsford Traditional Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=The%20glass%20castle>

Chapter 3

Page 27

...the curse words Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

Chapter 5

Page 32

"You scaly castrating banshee bitch!"

Chapter 5

Page 36

...this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex Walls."

Chapter 9

Page 48

...must have seen it. Was it a big old hairy sonofabitch with the damnedest-looking teeth and claws?"

Chapter 11

Page 54

"You crazy bitch!" Dad hollered. "Get your goddamn ass back in..."

Chapter 24

Page 115

...he said he was going to kill that lowlife sonofabitch. He and Brian and I went out on a serious...

Chapter 28

Page 134

..., where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

Chapter 33

Page 158

...around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said.

Chapter 60

Page 272

...honey, but I don't want you catching this sonofabitch of a bug."

Chapter 32

Page 154

...told him where I was headed, he frowned. "That's Niggerville," he said. "What you going there for?"

Chapter 32

Page 154

"So, how was Niggerville?" she asked.

Chapter 32

Page 154

Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

Page 154

Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

Page 155

Erma was always going on about "the niggers."

"So, how was Niggerville?" she asked.

Chapter 32

Page 154

Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

Page 155

...into town, talking and laughing. "Goddamn niggers," Erma always muttered. "The reason I have..."

Chapter 32

Page 155

...is because I do not want to see or be seen by a nigger." Mom and Dad had always forbidden us to use...

Chapter 32

Page 155

...this up and people are going to think you're a nigger lover," she said.

Chapter 3

Page 27

...Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

Chapter 5

Page 31

...were after us. Dad called them henchmen, bloodsuckers, and the gestapo. Sometimes he would make...

Chapter 5

Page 32

"You no-good two-bit pud-sucking bastard!"

Chapter 12

Page 61

...compartment. We were afraid we were going to get sucked out, and we all shrank back against the...

Chapter 14

Page 67

...Never play the slots," Dad told us. "They're for suckers who rely on luck." Dad knew all about...

Chapter 25

Page 118

Dad stewed for a while, sucking on a beer, and then he told us all to get in...

Chapter 36

Page 173

Chapter 5

Page 36

...done, but this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex Walls."

Chapter 11

Page 54

...said one got caught in her hair once and went crazy clawing at her scalp. But I loved those ugly...

Chapter 11

Page 54

"You crazy bitch!" Dad hollered. "Get your goddamn ass back..."

Chapter 11

Page 56

Mom and Dad weren't exactly crazy about Blythe. Too civilized, they said, and...

Chapter 15

Page 71

...garnets and granite and obsidian and Mexican crazy lace, and more and more turquoise. Dad made...

Chapter 22

Page 103

...punishments for breaking the rules. It drove Mom crazy, and it was the reason she never set rules for...

Chapter 25

Page 121

...youngest, crawled along the living room floor, sucking on a fat dill pickle. Ginnie Sue Pastor sat...

Chapter 36

Page 174

...crying, and Ginnie Sue picked him up and let him suck some mayonnaise off her finger. "You did good on..."

Chapter 39

Page 183

...t interested in work for hire, in saluting and sucking up and brownnosing and taking orders. "You'll..."

Chapter 55

Page 251

...had bloomed, and the fragrance of honey suckle drifted down the hillside and into the house...

'Half Broke Horses' Teaser

Page 301

...our joints could scarcely move, and the mud kept sucking at our shoes, but we got to dry land as the...

Chapter 11

Page 55

...at Mom, calling her a "stupid whore" and a "stinking cunt" and ordering her to get back into the car...

Chapter 28

Page 134

...Rose Mary, where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

Chapter 28

Page 134

...of a woman," Dad said. Mom told him he was a stinking rotten drunk. "Yeah, but you love this old drunk..."

Chapter 37

Page 177

...Wallises should all leave Welch because we were stinking it up so bad.

Chapter 11

Page 54

...Mom called Dad a Mr. Know-It-All Smarty-Pants who refused to believe that she was special. Dad said...

Chapter 11

Page 55

...drove, hollering at Mom, calling her a "stupid whore" and a "stinking cunt" and ordering her to get...

Chapter 14

Page 67

...the slots," Dad told us. "They're for suckers who rely on luck." Dad knew all about statistics, and...

Chapter 28

Page 134

..., you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

Chapter 33

Page 158

...have to defend herself against some lying little whore's accusations.

Chapter 36

Page 171

...either died in a mine cave-in or run off with a whore, depending on whom you listened to--and their mom...

Chapter 36

Page 172

... The mother, Ginnie Sue Pastor, was the town whore. Ginnie Sue Pastor was thirty-three years old...

Chapter 36

Page 172

... But Ginnie Sue Pastor didn't look like a whore. She was a blowsy woman with dyed yellow hair...

Chapter 36

Page 173

...and her father all know Ginnie Sue Pastor was a whore? What did they think of it? I didn't plan on...

Chapter 36

Page 175

...to Ginnie Sue, I'd even forgotten she was a whore. One thing about whoring: It put a chicken on...

Chapter 3

Page 27

...Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!"
and "**Cocksucker!**"

Chapter 3

Page 27

...and call out the curse words Dad used, like
"**Dumb-ass** sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

All Boys aren't Blue a memoir-manifesto:

- Middle Colleen & Gordie Howe Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16414/search/all?q=All%20boys%20aren%27t%20blue%20:%20a%20memoir-manifesto>

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.

The Gender Queer:

- Secondary Abbotsford Senior Secondary School:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/8281/search/all?q=Gender%20Queer>

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



AMILA COORAY
 He is:
 -An engineer at JPL
 -Owner of many Hawaiian shirts
 -A lover of camping and dogs

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



So your period stopped—? Months ago.
 Wow. Amazing.

ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 190).



I DIDN'T KNOW THEN THAT THERE WAS A WORD FOR THE SILENT GRASPING MOTION OF ROCKING BACK AND FORTH IN MY CHAIR AS I DROG AT MY DESK.

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.



An elaborate fantasy based on Plato's Symposium.

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.

GENDER QUEER: A MEMOIR

FOR YEARS MY STANDARD METHOD OF MASTURBATION WAS STUFFING A SOCK INTO THE FRONT OF MY PANTS AND MANIPULATING



The Bulge.

THIS WOULD EVOLVE INTO HIP-THRUSTING WHILE THINKING OF MY LASTEST GAY SHIP ...



MEMORABLY, I GOT OFF ONCE WHILE DRIVING JUST BY RUBBING THE FRONT OF MY JEANS AND IMAGING GETTING A *Blow JOB**



* I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

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?



It really didn't.

So you've never tasted yourself?



What? NO! Ew!

WAIT—you have?

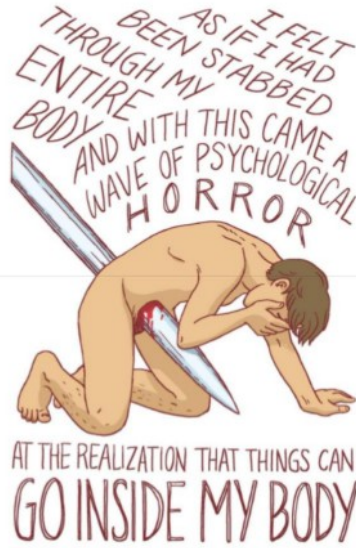


Haha, of course! You should try.

AND SO:



Vagina slime



George:

- Elementary Auguston Traditional Elementary: <https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/54010/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Clearbrook Elementary: <https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/23135/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Dr. Roberta Bondar Elementary: <https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/39418/search/all?q=George>

- Elementary Godson Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/40999/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Harry Sayers Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/56164/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Prince Charles Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/35676/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Sandy Hill Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/31388/search/all?q=George>
- Elementary Terry Fox Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/45074/search/all?q=George>
- Middle Abbotsford Middle School:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/18094/search/all?q=George>
- Middle Abbotsford Traditional Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=George>
- Middle Chief Dan George Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/36743/search/all?q=George>
- Middle Clayburn Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/14241/search/all?q=George>
- Middle Colleen & Gordie Howe Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16414/search/all?q=George>
- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=George>
- Middle and Secondary Abbotsford School of Integrated Arts (ASIA) - Sumas Mountain Campus:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/36775/search/all?q=George>
- Secondary Abbotsford Traditional Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=George>

George is a text-only story of a fourth-grade 10-year-old boy who explores transitioning. Though others see him as male, George has long felt that he is a girl, and he wishes for people to see that truth.

The author weaves in the school play of Charlotte's Web as a background to this transitioning story and hits all the emotional tones.

This play will let everyone know that George is a "girl."

The book promotes ways to hide or disguise Internet searches.

George expresses an unhealthy and abnormal disgust toward his male organ.

From there, it moves on to hormone therapy and surgery as acceptable and helpful steps to complete the transition.

The reader is left with the impression that this complex and complicated gender dysphoria and its "treatment" is simple and straightforward.

Every character who agrees is lovely and thoughtful, while those who disagree are meanies.

Written by a non-binary author, it obviously is a very agenda-driven book.

The Gender Book:

- Elementary Aberdeen Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/45796/search/all?q=The%20gender%20book>
- Elementary Dr. Thomas A. Swift Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/33403/search/all?q=The%20gender%20book>
- Elementary Sandy Hill Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/31388/search/all?q=The%20gender%20book>
- Middle Eugene Reimer Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/34198/search/all?q=The%20gender%20book>
- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=The%20gender%20book>

Self-described as “the GENDER book is a fun, colourful, community-based resource, which illustrates the beautiful diversity of gender - a gender 101 for anyone and everyone.”

Fully illustrated in a cartoon format, it immediately attracts elementary school students.

It promotes the idea that gender is based on personal preference rather than arbitrary verifiable biological science and the scientific method.

Agenda-driven, this book reads like a book written by a committee. (It was)

The following cartoon illustrates our point:

TRANS GENDER UMBRELLA

Transgender
the umbrella term, sometimes abbreviated as trans* describes what these varied identities have in common: some element of crossing over or challenging traditional gender roles, expressions, or expectations.

cisgender: individuals whose identity and expression usually match up with the sex assigned to them at birth.

Interesting.. but just because I'm a masculine woman, does that mean I'm transgender?

No one can tell you how to identify - you get to decide that for yourself!

You might be intimidated by all these new words. I know I was. So why all the labels? I think about that Mark Twain quote, you know, the one that says the difference between the right word and the almost-right word is the difference between lightning and a lightning bug. Fortunately, we don't have to memorize all these terms - there's no quiz! Just remember to approach each new person you meet with a respectful attitude and open heart.

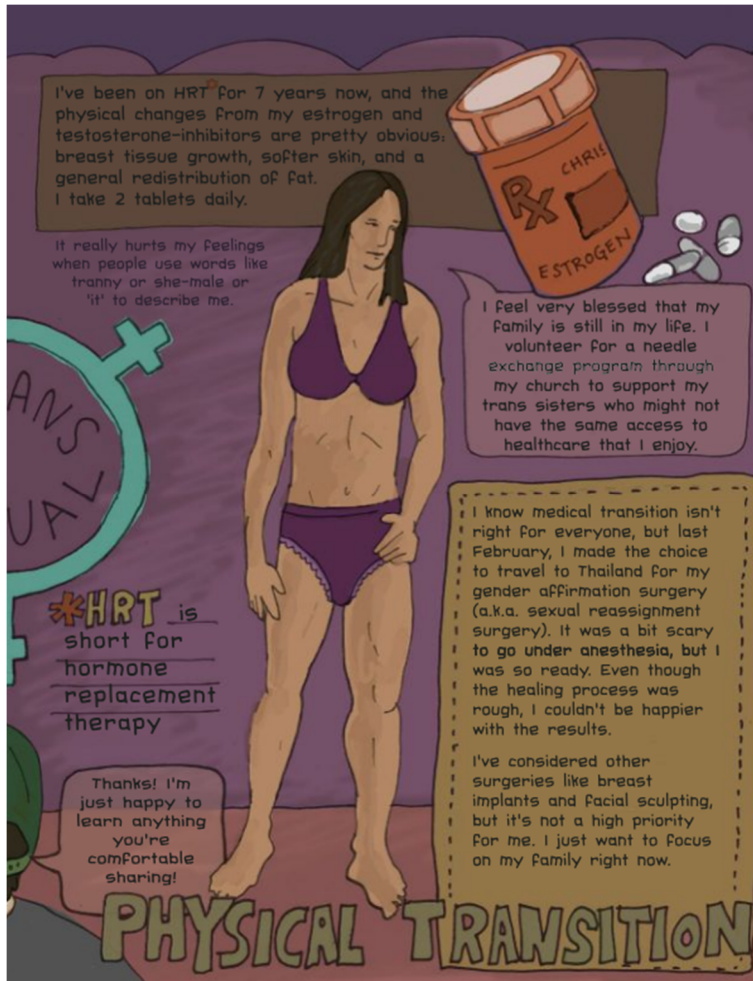
GENDER EXPRESSION

The illustration shows a paintbrush at the top. Below it is a board with three columns representing different gender expressions:

- Column 1 (Masculine):** A figure with a cross on its forehead, wearing a tank top, shorts, and boots.
- Column 2 (Gender-Neutral):** A figure with a cross on its forehead, wearing a t-shirt and shorts.
- Column 3 (Feminine):** A figure with a cross on its forehead, wearing a tank top and shorts.

Scissors are drawn between the columns, indicating a spectrum or choice of expression.







The Other Boy:

- Elementary Clearbrook Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/23135/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>
- Elementary Terry Fox Elementary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/45074/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>
- Middle Abbotsford Traditional Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>
- Middle Eugene Reimer Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/34198/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>
- Middle William A. Fraser Middle:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/26324/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>
- Secondary Abbotsford Traditional Secondary:
<https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/16136/search/all?q=The%20other%20boy>

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 blocker?”

“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.

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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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.

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"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.

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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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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."

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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.

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.

My parents looked at me with surprise, as if they'd forgotten I was in the room.

"Don't you get it? All the other boys in my class are going to be changing. The girls already have. And I'll still look like a little kid." Tears welled up in my eyes. "I don't want to be left behind."

"Shane, everyone develops at different rates. If we don't start today, it's not the end of the world," Dr. Anne said soothingly.

But it was. I'd been looking forward to this appointment for months. After brushing my teeth at night, I'd stand in front of the mirror and puff my chest out, imagining how it would look once I started testosterone. I'd flex my puny biceps and picture them doubling in size. I'd practice deepening my voice until it almost sounded like Dad's.

And now, it was a wasted trip. Even worse, my team was probably losing without me, which meant our season would be over. And it was all my fault.

I stared down at the floor. One of the tiles was chipped. I focused hard on that, trying not to cry.

"Can we have a minute?" Mom asked in a strained voice.

"Of course." Glancing at her watch, Dr. Anne said, "Why don't I come back after checking on another patient?"

