

From: pierrebarns@gmail.com <pierrebarns@gmail.com>

Sent: Tuesday, December 6, 2022 11:01 PM

To: shuttlewortm@hdsb.ca; rochat@hdsb.ca; gerritsh@hdsb.ca; daniellid@hdsb.ca; ahmedn@hdsb.ca; diodatim@hdsb.ca; collardamy@hdsb.ca; truffeng@hdsb.ca; ehlharrisont@hdsb.ca; grayje@hdsb.ca; grebenca@hdsb.ca; reynoldsle@hdsb.ca; amosk@hdsb.ca; rochat@hdsb.ca; oliverj@hdsb.ca; baok@hdsb.ca; widyalkarv@hdsb.ca; kevin.britton@haltonpolice.ca; stephen.tanner@haltonpolice.ca; info@haltonpolice.ca; zhangx@hdsb.ca; baxterc@hdsb.ca; oliverj@hdsb.ca

Subject: FW: Halton School District Ontario - Books Concerns

Dear Respected Trustees and Police Officers of Halton.

I am writing to you in the capacity of a parent of 4 school-aged children from British Columbia. Ever since I came to learn about some of the books in my kids' school libraries and what is being taught to minors, I decided to research all School Districts in the province, including the Halton School District.

To date, I have connected with and befriended numerous parents and caregivers who share my concerns about some of the material being presented to children in the name of diversity and inclusivity. Some of the aforementioned connections are actually parents of students from Halton who reached out to me after my online interview with a national news media outlet.

In the spirit of interfaith and intercultural diversity, many people who have solicited my support are Christians, Muslims, Sikhs, Buddhists, Jews, etc. They all share one thing in common with me, namely, a serious concern about pornographic materials being promoted in our public school system.

I understand that it is challenging to talk about this because of the intense institutional pressure placed upon you to accept all academic materials. However, intervening effectively in the lives of these children is not the sole responsibility of any single agency or institution, but rather it is a shared community concern, and parents have a fundamental right to raise their children as they see fit. Schools should facilitate communication and involvement with parents and the community.

Each day, child abuse threatens the safety and well-being of our children across Canada. According to the Canadian Centre for Child Protection report on Child Sexual Abuse by K-12 School Personnel in Canada, 67% of offenders worked in Public Schools, 26% in Catholic/Christian Schools, and 7% in Private Schools.

Child Sexual Abuse by K-12 School Personnel in Canada 1997-2017:

<https://www.protectchildren.ca/en/resources-research/child-sexual-abuse-by-school-personnel-in-canada-report/>

Child Sexual Abuse and Victimization by K-12 School Personnel in Canada 2017-2021:

<https://www.protectchildren.ca/en/resources-research/school-report/>

Child sexual abuse is an epidemic that impacts far too many families and communities. Together parents, teachers, and community members can make a difference, which is why it is imperative that we make it safe to discuss this topic openly and frankly.

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

Operated by the Canadian Centre for Child Protection, ProtectKidsOnline.ca state that exposure to sexually explicit material may:

- Prematurely sexualize a child.
- Incite a child to experiment with sexually explicit behaviour to make sense of it.
- Lead a child to normalize and become desensitized to high risk behaviour.
- Shape a child's expectations in relationships.
- Shape a child's expectations of physical appearances and certain sexual acts.
- Blur boundaries and increase a child's risk of victimization.
- Increase a child's health risks (i.e. sexually transmitted infections, sexual exploitation, etc.).
- Increase a child's risk of problematic sexual behaviour against other children in an effort to experiment.
- Interfere with a child's healthy sexual development.

It also states the following:

- 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.

Pornography is often thought of as pictures or videos of nudity or sexual acts. But depicting those sexual acts in animated content and literature is also pornography. That happens whether it is a graphic video or an explicit passage in a book.

Teachers and Trustees have a moral and legal obligation to protect children in their care. You might be the only adult in that child's life who oversees them enough even to notice, let alone report, the abuse or neglect. This is a given responsibility that is not to be taken lightly.

Many of you may be parents yourself; therefore, we reach out to you as parents to other parents who may share some of our concerns about sexually explicit material shown to children under your care.

Parents who contacted me would appreciate an opportunity to discuss the abovementioned issues privately or publicly with trustees who may share the same concerns. Please reply to this email or contact me directly by phone so we can organize a meeting. We will follow up with you next week if we still await a reply.

Kind Regards,

Pierre Barns
236-458-7269

Here is an educational video I believe all of you should watch.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z4Ui9zP7ai0>

Important Documents:

Cases of teacher misconduct related to inappropriate material shown to children:

<https://u.pcloud.link/publink/show?code=kZwrvWVZRxuamYLAPIJwCqN9kh4RDRSya0GV>

Sexual misconduct cases vs inappropriate material example:

<https://u.pcloud.link/publink/show?code=XZGrvWVZPbwcF2SowGbWPBAngM53xjBKx2nX>

SOGI policy vs reality:

<https://u.pcloud.link/publink/show?code=XZirvWVZKzw54CWKHJfoRnEeLKTHEXlgOrEX>

SOGI medical abuse:

<https://u.pcloud.link/publink/show?code=XZcrvWVZLhumsoUkhs85g6fW3mzAMucaQD1y>

Archives – Abuse Lawsuits:

<https://exposingsogi123.com/archives-abuse-lawsuits/>

Impact of Viewing Sexually Explicit Material:

https://www.kidsintheknow.ca/pdfs/KIK_ImpactOfViewing_en.pdf

What are possible impacts of overexposure to sexually explicit content?

- May begin to shape sexual values, attitudes and behaviours
- May prematurely sexualize children
- May incite them to experiment with sexually explicit behaviour
- May increase social acceptance of high risk behaviour
- May change expectations of relationships, physical appearance and behaviour
- May increase risk of victimization, as personal boundaries can be blurred
- May increase health risks (e.g. sexually transmitted diseases, exploitation)
- May increase risk of problematic sexual behaviour against other children
- May interfere with healthy sexual development

Pornographic content can harm children:

<https://www.unicef.org/harmful-content-online#:~:text=Exposure%20to%20pornography%20at%20a,behaviour%20as%20normal%20and%20acceptable>

Protection of children from the harmful impacts of pornography

Pornographic content can harm children

Pornographic content can harm children. Exposure to pornography at a young age may lead to poor mental health, sexism and objectification, sexual violence, and other negative outcomes. Among other risks, when children view pornography that portrays abusive and misogynistic acts, they may come to view such behaviour as normal and acceptable.

Exposure to Sexually Explicit Material Consequences:

https://protectkidsonline.ca/app/en/info_exposure

Exposure to sexually explicit material *may*:

- Prematurely sexualize a child.
- Incite a child to experiment with sexually explicit behaviour to make sense of it.
- Lead a child to normalize and become desensitized to high risk behaviour.
- Shape a child's expectations in relationships.
- Shape a child's expectations of physical appearances and certain sexual acts.
- Blur boundaries and increase a child's risk of victimization.
- Increase a child's health risks (i.e. sexually transmitted infections, sexual exploitation, etc.).
- Increase a child's risk of problematic sexual behaviour against other children in an effort to experiment.
- Interfere with a child's healthy sexual development.

References:

https://www2.gov.bc.ca/assets/gov/public-safety-and-emergency-services/public-safety/protecting-children/t15-0191_dutyto-report_pamphlet11x85in2folds.pdf

<https://www2.gov.bc.ca/gov/content/safety/public-safety/protecting-children/reporting-child-abuse>

https://lss.abbyschools.ca/sites/default/files/Duty%20to%20report_0.pdf

https://oct.ca/resources/advisories/duty-to-report?sc_lang=en&

KNOW YOUR PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES

KNOW YOUR OBLIGATIONS

- Everyone has a duty to protect children and a duty to report suspected child abuse or neglect, according to the CYFSA.
- Become familiar with the legislation and your employer's policies and protocols.
- The duty to report supersedes all other obligations.
- You do not have to prove suspected abuse or neglect. Your report enables the children's aid society to investigate the information.
- You cannot be held liable for making a report as long as you have reasonable grounds for your suspicion and are not acting maliciously. (CYFSA, s. 125 (10))

https://www2.gov.bc.ca/assets/gov/education/kindergarten-to-grade-12/teach/teacher-regulation/standards-for-educators/duty_to_report_handbook.pdf

Mandatory Reporting

Circumstances

If a teacher's conduct meets the criteria below, a report must be submitted to the Commissioner.

1. Where a superintendent or board of education **suspends a teacher**, regardless of the reason, the superintendent must make a report to the Commissioner: section 16(2) and 16(3)(a) of the *School Act*.
2. Where a board of education **dismisses a teacher**, regardless of the reason, the superintendent must make a report to the Commissioner: section 16(3)(a) of the *School Act*.
3. Where a board of education **disciplines a teacher** for **any** of the following reasons, the superintendent must make a report to the Commissioner: section 16(3)(b) of the *School Act*.
 - a. the misconduct involves physical harm to a student or minor;
 - b. the misconduct involves the sexual abuse or sexual exploitation of a student or minor; or
 - c. the misconduct involves significant emotional harm to a student or minor.

Timing

In all of the circumstances set out above, the superintendent must report to the Commissioner **"without delay"**: section 16(3) of the *School Act*.

<https://www.alberta.ca/what-is-child-abuse-neglect-and-sexual-exploitation.aspx>

Sexual abuse

Sexual abuse happens when a parent or guardian exposes their child or youth to inappropriate sexual contact, activity or behaviour. This may include:

- non-touching activities such as:
 - having inappropriately sexual phone calls or conversations
 - making the child watch someone expose themselves
 - showing them pornographic material
- sexual touching activities such as:
 - fondling
 - making them touch an adult's or other child's genital area
 - sexual intercourse with the child or youth
- sexual exploitation activities such as:
 - engaging a child or youth for prostitution
 - using them in pornography
 - luring them via the Internet for sexual purposes

<https://justice.gc.ca/eng/rp-pr/cj-jp/fv-vf/caw-mei/p12.html>

Signs of abuse

Do you think that a child you know is being abused? Some signs to watch for include:

- unexplained bruises, cuts, burns, scars, sprains or broken bones;
- frequent "accidents" with questionable explanations;
- major changes in behaviour;
- exposure to family violence;
- running away from home and not wanting to return;
- repeatedly sick;
- sudden weight loss or weight gain;
- increased social problems at school; and
- unusual knowledge of sexual behaviour for the child's age.

These things can have other causes, but they may be signs of child abuse. If you have reason to believe that a child is being abused, you have a duty to report it.

Previous Correspondence with the Halton School District

From: Pierre Barns <pierrebarns@outlook.com>

Sent: July 3, 2022 4:22 PM

To: Amy Collard [Trustee] <collardamy@hdsb.ca>; Gord Truffen <truffeng@hdsb.ca>

Cc: Margo Shuttleworth <shuttlewortm@hdsb.ca>; Tracey Ehl Harrison <ehlharrisont@hdsb.ca>; Donna Danielli <daniellid@hdsb.ca>; Heather Gerrits <gerritsh@hdsb.ca>; Jeanne Gray <grayje@hdsb.ca>; Andrea Grebenc <grebenca@hdsb.ca>; Leah Reynolds <reynoldsle@hdsb.ca>; Kelly Amos Trustee Oakville Wards 5 & 6 <amosk@hdsb.ca>; Tanya Rocha <rochat@hdsb.ca>; Joanna Oliver <oliverj@hdsb.ca>; Kacy Bao [Trustee] <baok@hdsb.ca>; Vandy Widyalkara [Trustee] <widyalkarv@hdsb.ca>; kevin.britton@haltonpolice.ca; stephen.tanner@haltonpolice.ca;

info@haltonpolice.ca

Subject: RE: Halton School District Ontario - Books Concerns

Dear Amy,

I have CC the Halton Chief of Police to this email. Chief Tanner is the longest active serving Chief of Police in Canada, In January 2012, he was appointed by the Governor General of Canada as an Officer of the Order of Merit of the Police Forces.

I really hope he will take the time to go through this email and the emails attached and reply to your concerns regarding the illegal contents of the books made available to children at the Halton School District.

In between, I would advise the School Board to immediately remove those books from the library. For more information about those books, please see the emails attached.

Here is my phone number 236-458-7269 If the police or the school board wish to contact me.

Kind Regards,

Pierre Barns

From: Amy Collard [Trustee] <collardamy@hdsb.ca>

Sent: June 21, 2022 6:30 AM

To: Gord Truffen <truffeng@hdsb.ca>

Cc: Margo Shuttleworth <shuttlewortm@hdsb.ca>; Tracey Ehl Harrison <ehlharrisont@hdsb.ca>; Donna Danielli <daniellid@hdsb.ca>; Heather Gerrits <gerritsh@hdsb.ca>; Jeanne Gray <grayje@hdsb.ca>; Andrea Grebenc <grebenca@hdsb.ca>; Leah Reynolds <reynoldsle@hdsb.ca>; Kelly Amos Trustee Oakville Wards 5 & 6 <amosk@hdsb.ca>; Tanya Rocha <rochat@hdsb.ca>; Joanna Oliver <oliverj@hdsb.ca>; Kacy Bao [Trustee] <baok@hdsb.ca>; Vandy Widyalkara [Trustee] <widyalkarv@hdsb.ca>;

Subject: Re: Halton School District Ontario - Books Concerns

Gord

I am concerned. This individual has included links to publications and videos which may actually contain illegal content.

I'm not sure how to investigate the content of the email safely. Would you please advise us whether or not this person ought to be reported to police? Is there some action we should take?

Sincerely,

Amy Collard (she/her)
Halton District School Board Trustee
Burlington, Ward 5

On Tue., Jun. 21, 2022, 12:19 a.m. , <pierrebarns@gmail.com> wrote:

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:

- 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 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.



A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Boyne <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Craig Kielburger Secondary School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Dr. David R. Williams Public School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Dr. Frank J. Hayden Secondary School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM

PRONOUNS: Frontenac <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Heritage

Glen <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Iroquois

Ridge <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Milton

District <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Oakville

Trafalgar <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Syl Apps

School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: White Oaks Secondary

School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

A QUICK & EASY GUIDE TO THEY/THEM PRONOUNS: Acton

District <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=261552&ti=0>

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE: Irma Coulson <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=286022&ti=0>

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE: Oakville Trafalgar <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=286022&ti=0>

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE: White Oaks Secondary School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=286022&ti=0>

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE: Abbey Park

<https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=286022&ti=0>

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.

FUN HOME: Milton District

<https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=242641&ti=0>

FUN HOME: Georgetown District

<https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=242641&ti=0>

IT WAS JUST A SLIGHT, BROWNISH SECRETION. IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T REQUIRE ONE OF THE MAMMOTH NAPKINS, OR THE PORNOGRAPHIC BELT. A WAD OF TOILET PAPER SUFFICED.



IT WENT AWAY AFTER A FEW DAYS AND PASSED UNMENTIONED IN MY DIARY.

ABOUT THAT TIME, ON A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MY BEST FRIEND BETH'S FATHER AND

I RETURNED TO SCHOOL.



IN AN ELOQUENT UNCONSCIOUS GESTURE, I HAD LEFT FLYING FOR HIM TO RETURN TO THE LIBRARY—MIRRORING HIS OWN TROJAN HORSE GIFT OF COLETTE.

A LETTER FROM DAD FOLLOWED.

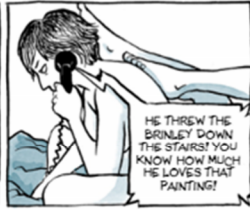


...OTHERS AS PORNOGRAPHY. IN THE HARSH LIGHT OF MY DAWNING FEMINISM, EVERYTHING LOOKED DIFFERENT.



THIS ENTWINED POLITICAL AND SEXUAL AWAKENING WAS A WELCOME DISTRACTION.

THE NEWS FROM HOME WAS INCREASINGLY UNSETTLING.



THE NOTION THAT MY SOBER PERSONAL LIFE HAD SOME SORT OF LARGER IMPORT WAS STRANGE, BUT SEDUCTIVE.



JOAN WAS A POET AND A 'MATERIALIST' I GREAT VERY LITTLE OF THE REMAINING SEMESTER OUTSIDE HER BED.



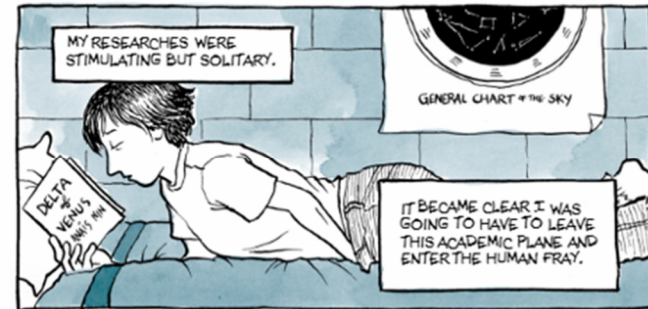
BEING TOWNED BY LLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WISHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW ISLAND.



JOAN WAS NOT JUST A VISIONARY POET AND ACTIVIST, BUT A BONA FIDE CYCLOPS.



SHE'D LOST ONE EYE IN A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT VIOLENT REMNENT OF THE WAY ODYSSEUS BLINDED POLYTHEMUS.



I WENT TO A MEETING OF SOMETHING CALLED THE "GAY UNION," WHICH I OBSERVED IN PETRIFIED SILENCE.

BUT MY MERE PRESENCE, I FELT, HAD AMOUNTED TO A PUBLIC DECLARATION. I LEFT EXHILARATED.



ONCE WE WERE AT THE BULLPEN, MY BROTHERS DISCOVERED THE CALENDAR.



THE SHOVEL WASN'T RUNNING, BUT THE OPERATOR LET US INTO THE CAB.

GENDER QUEER: Oakville Trafalgar <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=275471&ti=0>

GENDER QUEER: T.A. Blakelock <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=275471&ti=0>

GENDER QUEER: Milton District <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=275471&ti=0>

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



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



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



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



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



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



GEORGE/MELISSA: Brookville <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Captain R. Wilson <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Centennial Middle School <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Charles R. Beaudoin <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Rattlesnake Point <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: W.I. Dick <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Abbey Park <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Acton District <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Alexander's <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Alton Village <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Boyne <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Burlington Central <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Dr. Charles Best <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Dr. Frank J. Hayden Secondary School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Eastview <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Florence Meares <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Frontenac <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Garth Webb Secondary School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: George Kennedy <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Irma Coulson <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: James W. Hill <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: John T. Tuck <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Kilbride <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: King's Road <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Lakeshore <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Rolling Meadows <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Silver Creek <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Stewarttown <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Viola Desmond <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: W.H. Morden <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: West Oak <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Dr. David R. Williams Public School <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Emily Carr <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Pine Grove <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Sir Ernest Macmillan <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

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GEORGE/MELISSA: Ethel Gardiner <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>

GEORGE/MELISSA: Abbey Lane <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=66353&ti=0>



*Melissa (previously published as
GEORGE)*

Alex Gino
Scholastic Inc.

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. 17

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. 10

September 3, 2022

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. 30

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. 30

September 3, 2022

George knew that Mom was trying to help. But George didn't have a normal problem. She wasn't scared of snakes. She hadn't failed a math test. She was a girl, and no one knew it. 31

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

"So you're, like, transgender or something?" Kelly whispered as best she could in her excitement. "I was reading on the Internet, and there are lots of people like you. Did you know you can take hormones so that your body, you know, doesn't go all manlike?" "Yeah, I know." George had been reading websites about transitioning since Scott had taught her how to clear the web browser history on Mom's computer. "But you need your parents' permission." "Your mom's pretty cool," Kelly said, her eyebrows lifted. "Maybe she'd be okay with it."

September 3, 2022

"But that's not fair!" Kelly was indignant. "You didn't steal them! What right does she have to take them from you?" "Sometimes transgender people don't get rights." George had read on the Internet about transgender people being treated unfairly. "That's awful." "I know." After an awkward silence, Kelly showed George some pictures she'd taken that weekend at the park. Many of them were close-ups of leaves, and some of them were quite striking. The ways the light hit different parts of the leaves made them look three-dimensional.

September 3, 2022

"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

"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

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. 73

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. 73

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. 75

September 3, 2022

up. I'm talking to George here. He's more of a girl than you'll ever be." 98

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?" 98

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?" 99

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—ate it and became it, because it was already me. I can only imagine how my life would be if I had seen someone more like me in a book or three when I was younger. As many of us do, I wrote the book I wanted to read as a kid 117

September 3, 2022

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

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September 3, 2022

Q: Are you a lot like Melissa? A: Actually, I'm not that much like Melissa. Melissa is a binary trans girl, which means that she is a girl even though she was assigned male at birth, and she will grow up to be a woman. I'm genderqueer, or nonbinary, so I'm neither a girl nor a boy. Also, Melissa is growing up with access to the Internet and information about being transgender. When I was a kid, the only time I heard about anyone being transgender was when it was a joke or an insult. But both Melissa and I cried at the end of Charlotte's Web, and we both love playing Toad in Mario Kart.

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Q: What's your goal for Melissa? A: Melissa's success has already far surpassed anything I could have imagined. When I started writing Melissa's story, I hoped I might be able to convince a small, queer publisher to take it on. More likely, I thought that I would be distributing hand-stapled photocopies to local LGBTQIAP+ organizations. To think that my story is available in bookstores and, better yet, libraries throughout the country is astounding. To learn that children and whole classes are reading Melissa's story is astonishing. To know that it's being translated into thirteen languages is mind-blowing.

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

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Other things you can do:

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

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September 3, 2022

IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL:

Joshua Creek

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IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL: Milton District <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=179558&ti=0>

IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL: Falgarwood <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=179558&ti=0>



It's Perfectly Normal, Changing Bodies, Growing Up, Sex, Gender, and Sexual Health

Robie H. Harris
Candlewick Press

RED FLAGS:
This book contains sexually explicit, excerpts and commentary. The books also contains "obscene" illustrations.

Introduction: Lots of Questions

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

October 5, 2022

Part One: What Is Sex?

The dictionary tells us even more about sex. It says, 4: Sexual desire. Sex is also the desire to be physically close to someone, as close as you can be. Do you ever really want or crave

something? That's desire, like when you really want someone to be your best friend or when you really want chocolate ice cream.

October 5, 2022

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

October 5, 2022

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

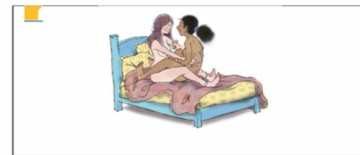
October 5, 2022

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


October 5, 2022

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

October 5, 2022



15
Perfectly Normal
Masturbation



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

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RICK: Chris Hadfield <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Escarpment View <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Oodenawi <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Orchard Park <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Rattlesnake Point <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Rolling Meadows <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

RICK: Tom Thomson <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

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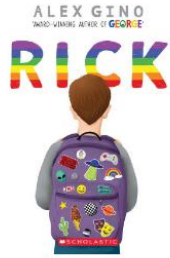
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Rick

Alex Gino
Scholastic Inc.

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.

[8](#)

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.

[13](#)

September 3, 2022



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

[13](#)

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."

[13](#)

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."

[16](#)


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.***

[17](#)


July 13, 2021

 *"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?"*

[17](#)


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."*

[33](#)


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?*


[34](#)

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!"* [37](#)

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?"* [38](#)

July 13, 2021

 *: Maybe Jeff was a jerk, even if he wasn't being a jerk to Ric* [41](#)


July 13, 2021

CHAPTER VI: ON BEST FRIENDS

 *"Sorry. I shouldn't make fun of your friends." Grandpa Ray's eyes shifted left and then right. "Not even if they're jerks!"* [45](#)

July 13, 2021

CHAPTER VII: THE RAINBOW SPECTRUM

 *He wasn't sure whether it would be worse if it was empty,* [49](#)

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,

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July 13, 2021

Zoe was the girl with the patched-up jean jacket. "Hi, I'm Zoe, I'm in eighth grade, and I'm bisexual. My preferred pronouns are she and her. And I'm here because I think LGBTQIAP+ rights are really important."

50

July 13, 2021

"Yeah, so I'm Green, and I'm in sixth grade and enby." Green saw some puzzled looks from around the room and clarified, "Enby from NB, or nonbinary."

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July 13, 2021

"I'm in sixth grade, and my pronouns are he and his. I'm a straight guy, as far as I can tell, but my moms are queer."

53

July 13, 2021

"I'm Leila. I'm in sixth grade and use she and her, and I don't really know yet, but I've been doing a lot of reading and thinking, and I might be bisexual."

53

July 13, 2021

My name is Melissa, and I use she and her. I'm in sixth grade, I'm Kelly's BFF, and my connection to the community is that I'm a transgender girl."

53

July 13, 2021

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

54

July 13, 2021

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

55

July 13, 2021

CHAPTER IX: PRONOUNS AND PURPOSE

I want to apologize for my ignorance last week. The singular they has a rich history in English, and as I learned on one blog, it is more important to be respectful than to be right.

66

July 13, 2021

Any ideas what the other letters stand for? 67
July 13, 2021

"Bisexual!" "Transgender!" "Intersex!" 67
July 13, 2021

CHAPTER X: SECRETS SHARED

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

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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.

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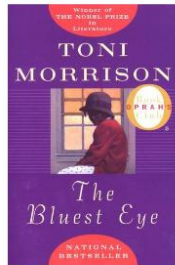
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The Bluest Eye

Toni Morrison

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

7 notes/highlights

September 15, 2022, Book Review


Start

Nor do they know that she will give him her body sparingly and partially. He must enter her surreptitiously, lifting the hem of her nightgown only to her navel. He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him. While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place—like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not

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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.

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 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.

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 He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers

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

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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

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muscadine-lipped mouth distracting. Darlene released his head, shifted her body, and pulled down her pants. After some trouble with the buttons, Cholly dropped his pants down to his knees. Their bodies began to make sense to him, and it was not as difficult as he had thought it would be. She moaned a little, but the excitement collecting inside him made him close his eyes and regard her moans as no more than pine sighs over his head. Just as he felt an explosion threaten, Darlene froze and cried out. He thought he had hurt her, but when he looked at her face, she was staring wildly at something over his shoulder. He jerked around.

September 15, 2022

The tenderness welled up in him, and he sank to his knees, his eyes on the foot of his daughter. Crawling on all fours toward her, he raised his hand and caught the foot in an upward stroke. Pecola lost her balance and was about to 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

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her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her. So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her.

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He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh. Body odor, breath odor, overwhelmed him. The sight of dried matter in the corner of the eye, decayed or missing teeth, ear wax, blackheads, moles, blisters, skin crusts—all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of—disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive—children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his 167 mind with cleanliness.

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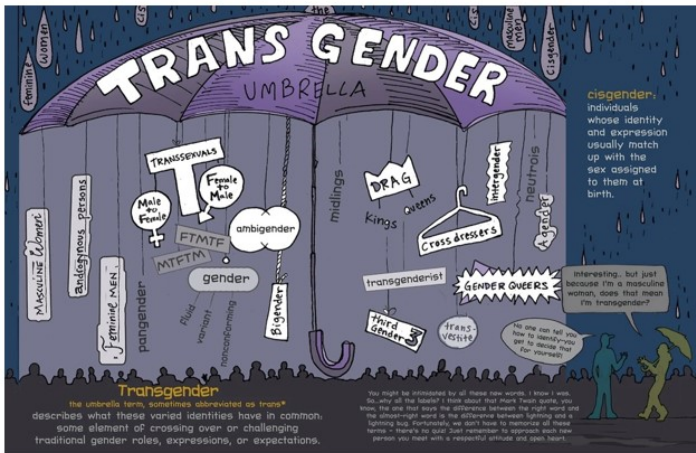
September 15, 2022

But someday I will die. I was always so kind. Why do I have to die? The little girls. The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for my own. Playful, I felt, and friendly.

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Not like the newspapers said. Not like the people whispered. And they didn't mind at all. Not at all. Remember how so many of them came back? No one would even try to understand that. If I'd been hurting them, would they have come back? Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they'd eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning—just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look—any long funny look—any long funny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly.

September 15, 2022



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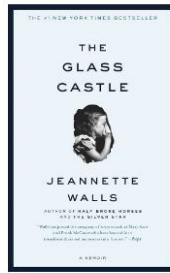
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The Glass Castle, A Memoir

Jeannette Walls
Simon and Schuster

RED FLAGS:

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


PROFANITY COUNT:

(and other sensitive words)


- f*ck 1
- p*ssy 1
- c*nt 1
- a*s 4
- b*tch 9 (sonofab*itch, etc.)
- b*stard 6
- n*gger 6 (n*ggers, N*ggerville, n*gger lover)
- screw 1
- whore 8
- faggot 1
- rape 3
- drunk 21
- beer 21
- pissed 3

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


Part II: The Desert

 *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!"* [27](#)

September 5, 2022

 *"You flea-bitten drunk!" Grandma would scream. "You goddamned flint-faced hag!" Dad would shout back. "You no-good two-bit pud-sucking bastard!" "You scaly castrating banshee bitch!"* [32](#)

September 5, 2022

 *"Tell us a story about yourself, Dad!" we'd beg him. "Awww. You don't want to hear another story about me," he'd say. "Yes, we do! We do!" we'd insist. "Well, okay," he'd say. He'd pause and chuckle at some memory. "There's many a damned foolhardy thing that your old man has done, but this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex* [36](#)

Walls."

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 damnedest-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](#)

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"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

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


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September 5, 2022

 Dad yanked out the silverware drawer and hurled the forks and spoons and knives across the room, then picked up one of the chairs and smashed it on Grandma's table. "Rose Mary, where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?" 134

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Part III: Welch

 That day I was leaving the house at the same time as Uncle Stanley. He never had the wherewithal to learn to drive, but someone from the appliance store where he worked was picking him up. He asked if I wanted a ride, too. When I told him where I was headed, he frowned. "That's Niggerville," he said. "What you going there for?" Stanley didn't want his friend to drive me there, so I walked. When I got back home later in the afternoon, the house was empty except for Erma, who never set foot outside. She stood in the kitchen, stirring a pot of green beans and taking swigs from the bottle of hooch in her pocket. "So, how was Niggerville?" she asked. Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street, on the edge of the black neighborhood. It galled her when they started moving into that section of town, and she always said it was their fault that Welch had gone downhill. When you were sitting in the living room, where Erma always kept the shades drawn, you could hear groups of black people walking into town, talking and laughing. "Goddamn niggers," Erma always muttered. "The reason I have not gone out of this house in fifteen years is because I do not want to see or be seen by a nigger." Mom and Dad had always forbidden us to use that word. It was much worse than any curse word, they told us. But since Erma was my grandmother, I never said anything when she used it. Erma kept stirring the beans. "Keep this up and people are going to think you're a nigger lover," she said. 154

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They'd been gone for a minute or two when I heard Brian weakly protesting. I went into Grandpa's bedroom and saw Erma kneeling on the floor in front of Brian, grabbing at the crotch of his pants, squeezing and kneading while mumbling to herself and telling Brian to hold still, goddammit. Brian, his cheeks wet with tears, was holding his hands protectively between his legs. "Erma, you leave him alone!" I shouted. Erma, still on her knees, twisted around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said. Lori heard the commotion and came running. I told Lori that Erma was touching Brian in a way she ought not to be. Erma said she was merely mending Brian's inseam and that she shouldn't have to defend herself against some lying little whore's accusations. "I know what I saw," I said. "She's a pervert!" Erma reached over to slap me, but Lori caught her hand. "Let's all calm down," Lori said in the same voice she used when Mom and Dad got carried away, arguing. "Everybody. Calm down." Erma jerked her hand out of Lori's grasp and slapped her so hard that Lori's glasses went flying across the room. Lori, who had turned thirteen, slapped her back. Erma hit Lori again, and this time Lori struck Erma a blow in the jaw. Then they flew at each other, tussling and flailing and pulling hair, locked together, with Brian and me cheering on Lori until we woke up Uncle Stanley, who staggered into the room and pushed them apart.

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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.

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

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September 5, 2022

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

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

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September 5, 2022

Grandpa and Uncle Stanley did have a working bathroom, so every weekend some of us went over to take a bath. One time I was sitting next to Uncle Stanley on the couch in his room, watching Hee Haw and waiting for my turn in the tub. Grandpa was off at the Moose Lodge, where he spent the better part of every day; Lori was taking her bath; and Mom was at the table in Grandpa's room working on a crossword puzzle. I felt Stanley's hand creeping onto my thigh. I looked at him, but he was staring at the Hee Haw Honeys so intently that I couldn't be sure he was doing it on purpose, so I knocked his hand away without saying anything. A few minutes later, the hand came creeping back. I looked down and saw that Uncle Stanley's pants were unzipped and he was playing with himself. I felt like hitting him, but I was afraid I'd get in trouble the way Lori had after punching Erma, so I hurried out to Mom. "Mom, Uncle Stanley is behaving inappropriately," I said. "Oh, you're probably imagining it," she said. "He groped me! And he's wanking off!" Mom cocked her head and looked concerned. "Poor Stanley," she said. "He's so lonely." "But it was gross!" Mom asked me if I was okay. I shrugged and nodded. "Well, there you go," she said. She said that sexual assault was a crime of perception. "If you don't think you're hurt, then you aren't," she said. "So many women make such a big deal out of these things. But you're stronger than that." She went back to her crossword puzzle.

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Part IV: New York City

He wouldn't let me hug him. "Whoa, Nelly, stay back," he said. "You're sure a sight for sore eyes, honey, but I don't want you catching this sonofabitch of a bug." Dad escorted me back to the TB ward and introduced me to all of his friends. "Believe it or not, ol' Rex Walls did produce something worth bragging about, and here she is," he told

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them. Then he started coughing. "Dad, are you going to be okay?" I asked. "Ain't none of us getting out of this alive, honey," Dad said. It was an expression he used a lot, and now he seemed to find a special satisfaction in it.

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When I told Dad about my plans, he asked if Eric made me happy and treated me well. "Because if he doesn't," Dad said, "I will by God kick his butt so hard, his asshole will be up between his shoulder blades."

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September 5, 2022

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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

"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!"

"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 . . .

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.

He sounds like my parents. That's exactly why they don't let me . . . Kenya puts it. At least not around Garden Heights.

I send Kenya a text, hoping she's all right. Doubt those bullets were 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 even answer that dumb shit.

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

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

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

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

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

THE OTHER BOY: John William Boich <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=30994&ti=0>

THE OTHER BOY: P.L. Robertson <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=30994&ti=0>

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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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"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."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No!"

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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?"

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

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

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

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

I shrugged. *Probably. Too late now.*

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

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

"I do," I muttered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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.

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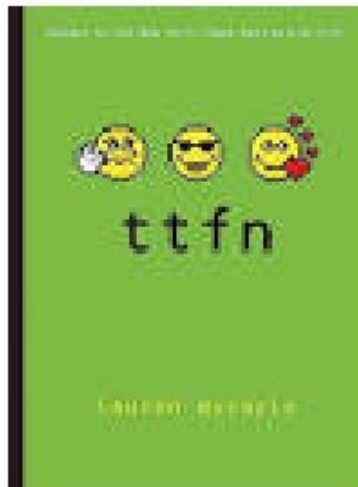
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Summary of Concerns

Excess profanity, Excess sexual content, promotion of risky Behaviour.

Profanity Count

9 fuck	12 nipple	4 high (a state; on drugs)
1 dick	1 threesome	35 pot
8 ass	1 handcuffs	1 weed (ie drugs)
18 sex (sexcellent, sexy, sexual)	2 horny	1 ganja (ie drugs)
1 masturbate	1 sperm	1 doobage (ie drugs)
1 pleasuring (masturbating)	4 bitch	1 gank (ie drugs)
1 stiffie	1 bastard	8 drunk
1 go down on him	25 shit (shitty, bullshit, chickenshit)	14 beer
1 you'll blow	1 Jesus (in vain)	5 slut (slutwear, slutty)
2 blow job	35 God (in vain)	2 pissed
3 give (me) head	10 damn	
2 boobs	1 pregnant	
	2 lingerie	
	1 pornographic	