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Nineteen Minutes by Jodi Picoult

Page 769-770

.... They were on the floor and they were nearly naked. Josie could taste beer on Matt's breath, but she must have tasted like that, too. They'd drunk a few a Drew's—not enough to get wasted, just buzzed, enough so that Matt's hands seemed to be all over her at once, so that his skin set fire to hers.

She'd been floating along pleasantly in a haze of the familiar. Yes, Matt had kissed her—one short one, then a longer, hungry kiss, as his hand worked open the clasp of her bra. She lay lazy, spread beneath him like a feast, as he pulled off her jeans. But then, instead of doing what usually came next, Matt reared over her again. He kissed her so hard that it hurt. "Mmmph," she said, pushing at him.

"Relax," Matt murmured, and then he sank his teeth into her shoulder. He pinned her hands over her head and ground his lips against hers. She could feel his erection, hot against her stomach.

It wasn't the way it normally was, but Josie had to admit that it was exciting. She couldn't remember ever feeling so heavy, as if her heart were beating between her legs. She clawed at Matt's back to bring him closer.

Page 771

"Yeah," he groaned, and he pushed her thighs apart. And then suddenly Matt was inside her, pumping so hard that she scooted backward on the carpet, burning the backs of her legs.

"Wait," Josie said trying to roll away beneath him, but he clamped his hand over her mouth and drove harder and harder until Josie felt him come.

Semen, sticky and hot, pooled on the carpet beneath her. Matt framed her face with his hands. "Jesus, Josie," he whispered, and she realized that he was in tears. "I love you so goddamn much."

Josie turned her face away. "I love you, too."

She lay in his arms for ten minutes and then said she was tired and needed to go to sleep. After she kissed Matt good-bye at the front door, she went into the kitchen and took the rug cleaner out from underneath the sink. She scrubbed it into the wet spot on the carpet, prayed it would not leave a stain.

Sold by Patricia McCormick

Page 102 - Old Man

"Are you ready to work?" she says in my language.

I nod and say yes, then nod again, although I do not understand how these city people do their chores in such fine clothes and uncomfortable shoes.

I follow Mumtaz down the hallway lined with tiny rooms. We pass by girls sitting cross-legged on the floor. Girls drawing on tiger eyes. Girls spraying themselves with flower water. Some of them stare at me. Some take no notice.

We go up some stairs, down another hallway, then into a room where an old man. is lying on a bed. His skin is yellow and he has tufts of hair poking out from his ears. Mumtaz speaks kindly to him and I wonder if he is sick.

Across the hall, in another room, where a red cloth is hung across the doorway, I hear the sound of grunting. It is a strange, animal sound that makes me shudder. Mumtaz points to me and says something to the old man. He licks his palm and smooths down his hair. They do not seem to notice the grunting.

Then it stops. The red cloth is pulled back. And a man stands in the hallway zipping his pants. I look down at my red-painted nails and my new shoes. Something is not right here. I don't know what is going on, but it is not right, not right at all.

Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound.

"Don't be afraid," she says. "Come here, now."

I don't move.

Her voice turns hard. "Get over here, you ignorant girl." She says.

Still, I don't move.

Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. His teeth dig into my lower lip.

Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might.

He cries out "Aghh!" and I am running. Running down the hall, past the other girls, losing my fancy city shoes along the way, until I am back in the room where I started, pulling my old clothes out of my bundle.

Page 106 - **Sold**

I wrap my arms around myself and grip with all my might. But the trembling will not stop.

"Well, then." Mumtaz says, pulling her record book out from her waistcloth.

"Let me explain it to you."

"You belong to me," she says. "And I paid a pretty sum for you, too."

She opens to page in her book and points to the notation for 10,000 rupees.

"You will take men to your room," she says. "And do whatever they ask of you. You will work here, like the other girls, until your debt is paid off."

Page 120 – **Lucky to Be with Habib**

A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says, "You're lucky to be with Habib." He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move.

"You're lucky," he says, "that Habib is your first one."

I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that.

"You can tell the others that it was Habib," he says.

I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is this Habib he keeps talking about?

"If this is really your first time," he says. "Old Mumtaz is a tricky one."

He unbuckles his belt. "Once before, she sold Habib used goods."

The fish-lips man removes my dress.

I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens. "Habib," he says. "Habib is good with the ladies." Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs.

He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me.

With a sudden thrust I am torn in two.

"Oh, yes," he says, panting. "Habib is good in bed."

I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall.

After a while, I don't know how long,
Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard.
I know this noise from somewhere.
I work very hard to make it out.
Finally, I identify it.
It is the muffled sound of sobbing.
Habib rolls off me.
Then I understand: I was the person crying.

Page 123 - **Twilight**

In between, men come.
They crush my bones with their weight.
They split me open.
Then they disappear.
I cannot tell which of the things they do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.

Page 125 - **Hurt**

I hurt.
I am torn and bleeding where the men have been.
I pray to the gods to make the hurting go away.
To make the burning and the aching and the bleeding stop.

Gender Queer: A Memoir by Maia Kobabe

I WAS 11 OR 12 YEARS OLD THE FIRST TIME I CAN REMEMBER FANTASIZING ABOUT HAVING A PENIS.



I WAS LYING, FULLY CLOTHED, ON A HILLSIDE UNDER AN OPEN SKY.

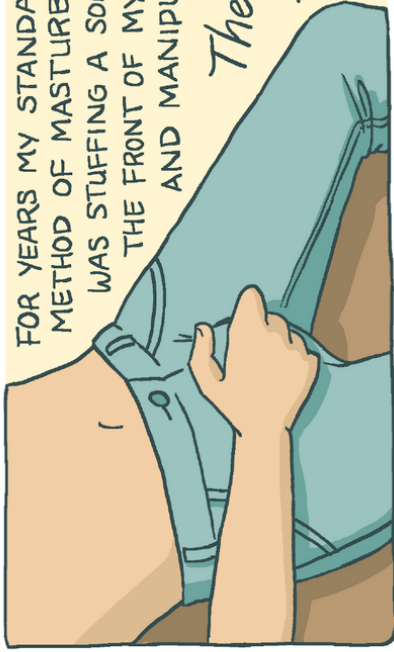


I HELD A FOLDED HANDFUL OF GRASS BETWEEN MY LEGS.

Safe in the knowledge that, if discovered, I could release my imaginary member and it would disintegrate back into scattered stalks.

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

The Bulge.



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



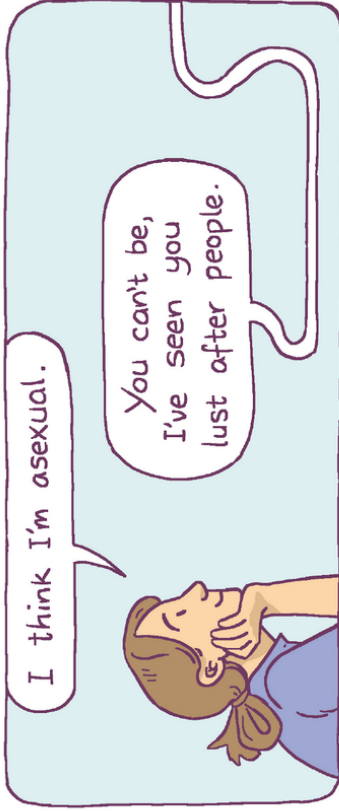
MEMORABLY, I GOT OFF ONCE WHILE DRIVING JUST BY RUBBING THE FRONT OF MY JEANS AND IMAGINING GETTING A

*Blow JOB.**



* I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

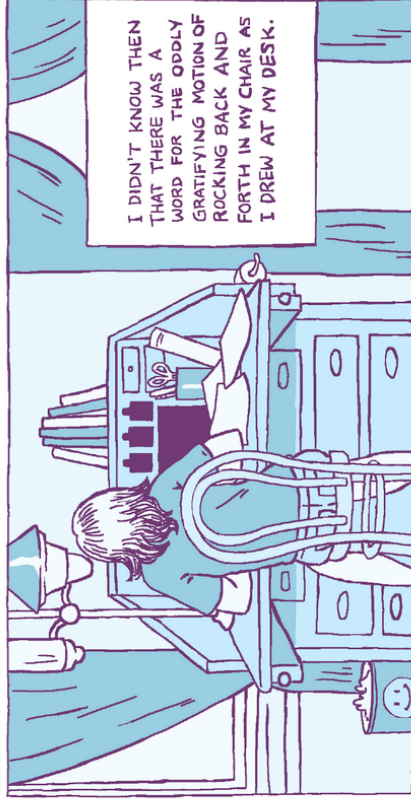
WHEN I WAS 14 OR SO I TOLD A CLOSE FRIEND



I REMEMBER MY FIRST YEAR AT SF PRIDE THINKING THAT THE ASEXUAL GROUP HAD THE BEST SIGNS.



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



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



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

FAST-FORWARD: WE'VE BEEN DATING FOR TWO MONTHS. WE'VE MADE OUT, WE'VE HAD SEX, WE'VE MOVED ON TO SEXTING AT WORK.

I got a new strap-on harness today

I can't wait to put it on you it will fit my favorite dildo perfectly

you are going to look **SO HOT**

WELCOME TO THE LIBRARY



I can't wait to have your cock in my mouth - I'm going to give you the blow job of your life then I want you inside me

HOLY SHIT



This is the most turned on I've ever been in my life. I am **DYING.**

BZZZ BZZZ



This is the visual I'd been picturing...

But I can't feel anything.

This was **MUCH HOTTER** when it was only in my imagination.

Hey, Z...



Let's try something else.

Of course. ♡

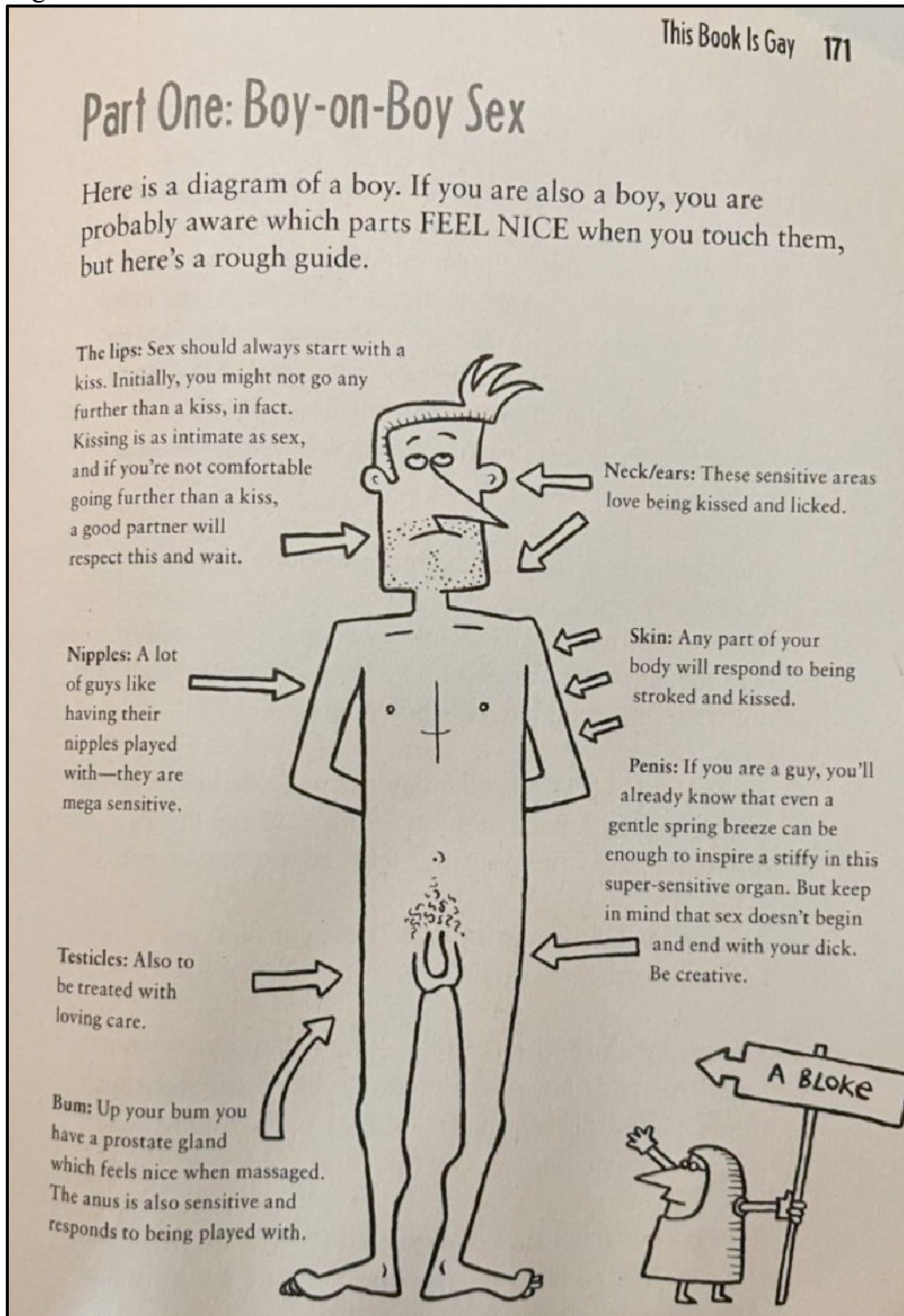


This Book is Gay by Juno Dawson

Page 41

- Gay men have slightly longer and thicker winkies. Excellent.
- The amygdala of gay men is more responsive to porn than those of straight me. So we have bigger dicks and we're hornier. Jus' sayin'.
- Finger-length ratios may vary between lesbians and straight women.

Page 171



Page 173 **Doing the Sex**

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

1. **Handies:** Perhaps the most important skill you will master as a gay or bi man is the timeless classic, the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way getting himself off. ...Something they don't teach you in school is that, in order to be able to cum at all, you or your partner may need to finish off with a handie. A lot of people find it hard to cum through other types of sex. ...A GOOD HANDIE is all about the wrist action. Rub the head of his cock back and forth with your hand. Try different speeds and pressures until he responds positively. A BAD HANDIE is grasping a penis and shaking it like a ketchup bottle. Finally, my misunderstanding about rubbing two peens together wasn't far off the mark- rubbing them together in one hand feels awesome- MEGA COMBOHANDIE...

2. **Blowis:** Oral sex is popping another dude's peen in your mouth, or, indeed, popping yours in his. There is only one hard and fast rule when it comes to blow jobs- WATCH THE TEETH. Lips and tongue, yes; teeth, NO. As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways. The term "blow job" is massively misleading, as you won't actually be blowing on his penis- it's more about sucking (although I stress, you're not trying to suck his kidneys out through his urethra). It's more about sliding your mouth up and down the shaft of his cock. **Letting a guy cum in your mouth is a safe sex no-no.**

3. **Bumming:** It is a universal truth that many men like sticking their willies inside things. ...Well, in the absence of a vagina, gay and bi men make excellent use of the back door. Wanna know a secret? Straight people have anal sex all the time too. Another one? Straight men like stuff up their bums just as much as gay ones.

Page 174

Still, unlike vaginal sex, a little more thought has to go into anal sex, and here's why:

Pre-care: As pleasant as bumming can be, we must hold in mind that the primary function of the back passage is to do poos. Poo is not sexy. Therefore, those of you planning to have anal sex will need to dedicate a portion of time to ensuring poo doesn't creep into sexy fun time.

The best, healthiest method is to make sure you've been to the bathroom before attempting butt sex and have had a jolly good clean afterward. ...Some people choose to douche. You can buy a douche online or from an adult shop....

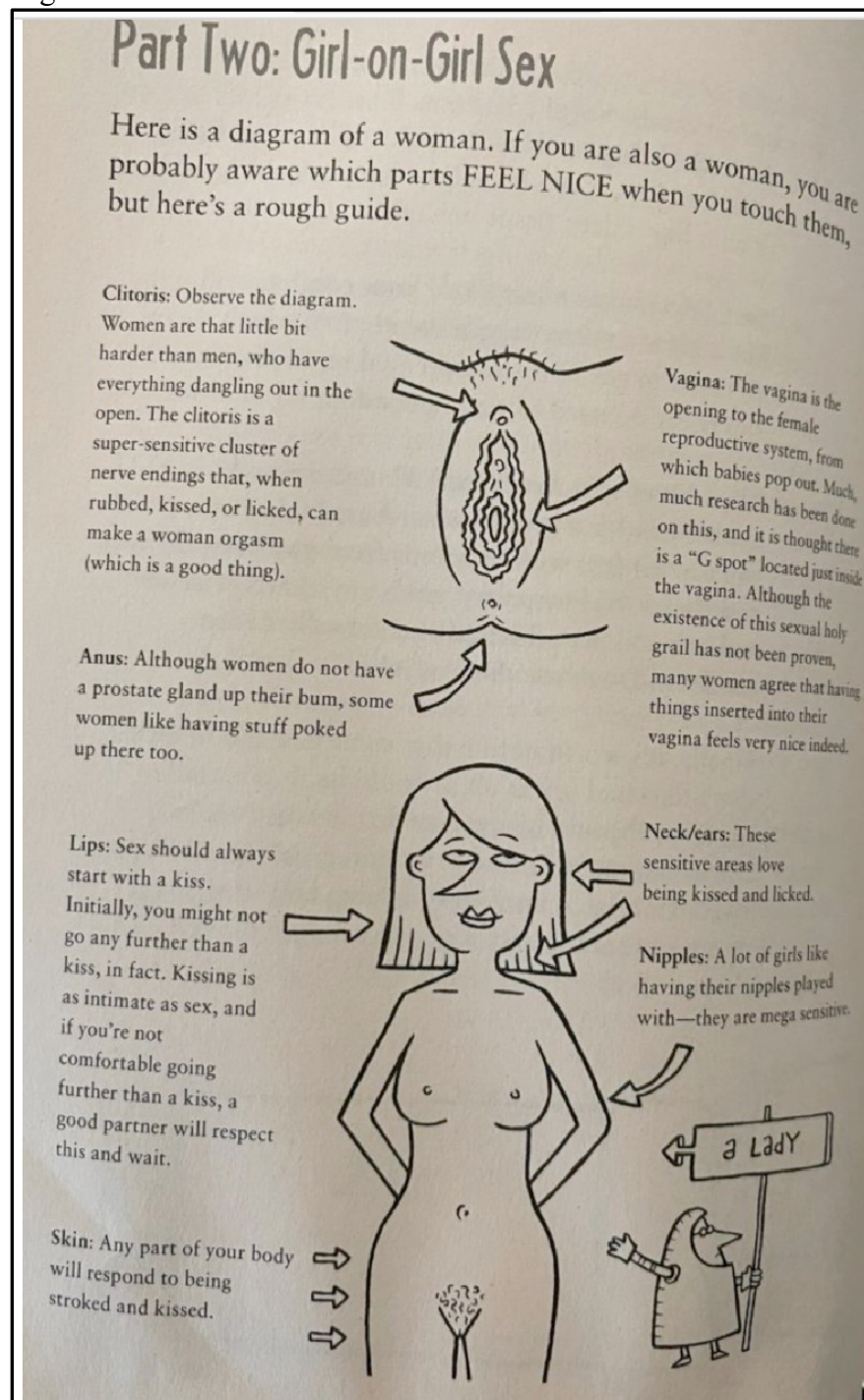
Roles: This is where dude-dude pairings can get tricky. At the end of the day, if you want to have anal sex, one of you is going to have to go "top" (the one who puts his willy in) and the other "bottom" (the one who gets the willy up his bum). ...most guys are "versatile" and will happily switch roles depending on mood, although there are guys who prefer to be strictly top or bottom.

Page 176

How do you know if you're a top or bottom? It's easy- if the thought of having a big hard thing poked up your tush is arousing, you are probably a bottom. See? Easy.

...Lube: ...You NEED lube if you're going to attempt anal. This is for two reasons. One, anal sex hurts. The anus does not have the capacity to stretch in the same way a vagina does. This means it's a tight hole (which feels nice for the top), but it also means it can be very uncomfortable for the bottom.

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Page 179 - **Doing the Sex**

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

1. **Fingers:** Far more effective than a penis in many ways, a hand can do the job of five penises.

When gay women refer to having sex, this is usually what they mean.

Lesbians can stimulate the clitoris and vagina and bring their partner to orgasm with their fingers; sometimes both partners can do this simultaneously.

2. **Oral:** That clitoris really does like being licked and kissed. Again, girls can take it in turns to perform oral sex or, if feeling adventurous, they can perform it at the same time.

3. **Toys and strap-ons:** Some women like these; some don't. Much has been written about why gay women would seek to play with a replacement penis, but I say who the heck cares- if it feels nice, go for it! Moreover, a man is more than a penis- just because a woman wants something a bit penis-shaped doesn't mean she fancies broad-shouldered, beardy, no-boobed men. Toys, dildos, vibrators, and strap-ons all fulfill the same purpose- a prosthesis to insert into the vagina. As with gay men, one woman isn't the 'man'. Two women having same-sex sex are both (yup) women!

Don't Take it From Me

Clearly, I am not a gay woman and, as such, why would you possibly come to me for tips on girl-girl sex? Well, quite. So I've called an expert- gay writer, Fi Locke:

Let's talk about dildos: I think a lot of people assume that where there is no penis, a desperate sexual void is created, out of which something dick shaped must ultimately slot in order to satisfy a vagina.

Basically, there's holes everywhere, but you DON'T HAVE TO FILL THEM

ALL! Not necessarily even with your tongue (personally, I don't that feels nice) and not with something penis shaped either.

I think most good orgasms revolve around the clit-well, for me and mine anyway! If you then want to get a bit fancy, there's nothing wrong with a few fingers inside (or a hand, depending on, well...y'know) during or proceeding on from some clitoral stimulation.

But that's orgasms. And as great as they are, it's not always all about them. I've only ever slept with two women who enjoyed using dildos. I hate wearing a strap-on.

I've only ever done it once and NEVER AGAIN! But then I'm more of a receiving kind of person anyway. (Also, strap-ons are really hard work! You need to be FIT to really shag with one of them! And don't ever expect to cum when you're wearing it.).

The whole 'butch dykes love strap-ons' thing is rubbish. I've heard differing opinions from friends and lovers about this, which vary from agreement with the above statement to actually feeling quite emasculated by a 'pretend dick'. It's totally personal. Some people love them, some people don't.

But back to orgasms. I love a good shag from a hand or a dildo- vaginal or anal- but, honestly, that's not about the orgasm; it's about the pleasure of being shagged. And sometimes that pleasure is pleasure enough in itself. That's not a timid "It's okay darling, as long as you're happy, I'm happy" excuse. Genuinely, there doesn't always need to be an orgasm.

What else? Well, it's OK to ask for help sometimes. Everybody's lady gardens are mapped out differently, so if your lover is doing it wrong, help her out. Even if it means doing it for her once or twice. That might feel like you're just using her hand to have a wank with, and it is, really, but hopefully after a while she'll start to notice where you're putting it.

I've been with a lot of girls with this kind of "This isn't straight sex, it's lesbian sex, and we're nicer and more respectful than them" attitude. That's boring. It's really boring. Just go for it and don't ever be ashamed about anything.

Lastly, I think you'll always have to take turns (unless you're 69ing). I haven't found an effective way to not take turns yet. Just make sure you don't do it in a "Right, I suppose I have to do you, now" kind of way. Actually, really lastly: On reflection, I don't think girl-on-girl sex is any different to any other type of sex. If you just listen to what your body wants, what turns you on, and are never ashamed to ask for it, and if you experiment wherever possible, explore every corner of your desire, even if you only do it once, then you'll learn what you love and what you don't want and, voila, you'll be enjoying sexy sex in no time!

Oh, okay, actual last thoughts:

1. Why do they always put "veins" on dildos? It's gross.
2. Note to manufacturers: Vibrators do not need to be shaped like penises.
3. Something in your arse, withdrawn shortly before a clitoral orgasm can feel AMAZING for some people.
4. Lube is great. Don't worry about the sheets; you can wash them. Never run out of lube. Especially if you're doing anything with your arse. who ever said that lesbians can't have sex? We beg to differ."

Tricks by Ellen Hopkins

Page 55 – A Man of Few Words

We were making out hot and heavy. He started to unbutton my blouse. I let him. And when he unzipped my jeans, I helped him help me out of them. Snared by the heat of his kiss, I barely noticed when he slipped out of his own Levis. Skin urgent against skin, only panties and boxers between us, I was ready to shed that final thin barrier, allow him access to the most private part of me, ...

Page 179 – I Thought It Would Be

...But when he kisses me, I'm shaking, and there are tears in my eyes. We don't have to, he whispers. "I know. I want to. I'm just..." Unsure. I'm completely unsure about my body. What if he hates it? But now he touches me. His hands are tentative, and I remember that this is new for him, too. Is this, okay? He asks. Tell me what you like. He kisses me as he picks me up, lays me gently on the bed. A slow, mutual exploration begins. As we learn together, the fear falls away... He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pain, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right.

Page 206-210 – I Watch Lucas

Suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze.

I inhale gently, one line up the right nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention.

I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched.

Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body.

Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive.

...But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?"

I Don't Have to Ask Twice

Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall...

...Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don't think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back." I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop.

But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as

Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready.

And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts. And then, it's just over.

Page 299-302 – Déjà vu Strikes

"Get the fuck away from me."

...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge. The words burn into my ear. "What? What the fuck did you say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge. Already paid two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well make it very good.

He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single

swift motion. He is on me. In me. Humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor. As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me. And then, despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud. Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you. I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother. And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting, something

else suddenly becomes crystal clear. This day was exactly like that other day. If this guy paid Iris, so did Walt.

When He's Gone

I use wet paper towels to clean the mess on the linoleum. Under the sink, I find the Pine-Sol, carry it to the shower. It stings, which means it's working. I scrub my body over and over, washing away all evidence of this afternoon. On TV, they want you to call the cops. Tell. But what do say? "Hey. My mom took money to let some guy rape me." Who'd believe that? I go to my room, stuff clothes into my backpack.

Page 314 – If Funerals Suck

Ronnie rises on her tiptoes, lifts her slick, honey-sweet lips to meet mine. It's the sweetest kiss ever, but it soon becomes more. I lock the door, guide her to my bed, and for maybe the very first time, sex is more than getting off. This time, sex feels like love.

Page 315 – For the First Time

...She undulates seductively, the rise and fall of her body like salty waves beneath my own. Another first, this time no faking climbing higher and higher, until she finishes with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction. I love you too, she exhales softly. We lie, tangled together, unmoving, unspeaking. And we both know this is what sex should be.

Page 335 So When He Kisses

...And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my body, I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain.

...I go as far as to let him open my blouse, touch beneath my bra. Now he kisses down my neck, to the skin he has just exposed. Drawn tight up against him, I feel him grown hard against my thigh. Now it's he who shakes. Shivers with hunger, and just like that, I am in control. I push him away, but tenderly, like a mother convincing the infant at her breast that he's had enough. I make my voice light. "That's all you get for three strawberries."

He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become.

...What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner whore".

Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?"

Page 370 -372– We'll Do The Shoot

He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint-- of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately.

Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after.

...When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket.

...Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you?

Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places.

... "Make love to me."

You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists.

Page 373 - Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing

That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas.

Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that, okay?"

Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.

Page 414 – Talk About Knocking

Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too.

Page 415 – Plan C

...Plan C means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love

you, too, Mommy. See how much?

...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual.

Lucky by Alice Sebold

Page 5-12

.... My lips were cut. I bit down on them when he grabbed me from behind and covered my mouth. He said these words: "I'll kill you if you scream." I remained motionless. "Do you understand? If you scream you're dead." I nodded my head. My arms were pinned to my sides by his right arm wrapped around me and my mouth was covered with his left.

He released his hand from my mouth.

I screamed. Quickly. Abruptly.

The struggle began.

He covered my mouth again. He kned me in the back of my legs so that I would fall down. "You don't get it, bitch. I'll kill you. I've got a knife. I'll kill you." He released his grip on my mouth again and I fell, screaming, on the brick path. He straddled me and kicked me in the side. I made sounds, they were nothing, they were soft footfalls. They urged him on, they made him righteous. I scrambled on the path. I was wearing soft-soled moccasins with which I tried to land kicks. Everything missed or merely grazed him...

Somehow, I don't remember how, I made it back to my feet. I remember biting him, pushing him, I don't know what. Then I began to run. Like a giant who is all powerful, he reached out and grabbed the end of my long brown hair. He yanked it hard and brought me down onto my knees in front of him. That was my first missed escape, the hair, the woman's long hair.

"You asked for it now," he said, and I began to beg.

He reached around to his back pocket to draw out a knife. I struggled still, my hair coming out painfully from my skull as I did my best to rip myself free of his grip. I lunged forward and grabbed his left leg with both arms, throwing him off balance and making him stagger. I would not know it until the police found it later in the grass, a few feet away from my broken glasses, but with that move, the knife fell from his hands and was lost.

Then it was fists.

Maybe he was angry at the loss of his weapon or at my disobedience. Whatever the reason, this marked the end of the preliminaries. I was on the ground on my stomach. He sat on my back. He pounded my skull into the brick. He cursed me. He turned me around and sat on my chest. I was babbling. I was begging. Here is where he wrapped his hands around my neck and began to squeeze. For a second, I lost consciousness. When I came to, I knew I was staring up into the eyes of the man who would kill me.

...He stood up and began dragging me over the grass by my hair. I twisted and half crawled, trying to keep up with him. Dimly, I had seen the dark entrance of the amphitheater tunnel from the path.

...As he dragged me, as I scrambled against the grass, I caught sight of that fence and became utterly convinced that if he brought me beyond this point, I would not survive.

For a moment, as he dragged me across the ground, I clung feebly to the bottom of that iron fence, before a rough pull yanked me clean.

..."Stand up," he said.

I did.

I was shivering uncontrollably. It was cold out and the cold combined with the fear, with the exhaustion, made me shake from head to toe.

He dumped my purse and bag of books in the corner of the sealed-off tunnel.

"Take off your clothes."

"I have eight dollars in my back pocket," I said. "My mother has credit cards. My sister does too."

"I don't want your money," he said, and laughed.

I looked at him. Into his eyes now, as if he was a human being, as if I could speak to him.

"Please don't rape me," I said.

"Take off your clothes."

"I'm a virgin," I said.

He didn't believe me. Repeated his command. "Take off your clothes."

My hands were shaking and I couldn't control them. He pulled me forward by my belt until my body was up against his, which was up against the tunnel's back wall.

"Kiss me," he said.

And he drew my head forward and our lips met. My lips were pursed tightly together. He tugged harder on my belt, my body pressing further against his. He grabbed my hair in his fist and balled it up. He drew my head back and looked at me. I began to cry, to plead.

"Please don't," I said. "Please."

"Shut up."

He kissed me again and this time, he inserted his tongue in my mouth. By pleading, I had left myself open to this. Again he pulled my head back roughly.

"Kiss back," he said.

And I did.

When he was satisfied, he stopped and tried to work the latch on my belt. It was a belt with a strange buckle and couldn't figure it out. To have him let go of me, for him to leave me alone, I said, "Let me. I'll do it."

He watched me.

When I was done, he unzipped the jeans he wore.

"Now take off your shirt."

I had a cardigan sweater on. I took that off. He reached over to help unbutton my shirt. He fumbled.

"I'll do it," I said again.

I unbuttoned the oxford-cloth shirt and, like the cardigan, I peeled it back from my body. It was like shedding feathers. Or wings.

"Now the bra."

I did.

He reached out and grabbed them- my breasts- in his two hands. He plied them and squeezed them, manipulating them right down to my ribs. Twisting. I hope that to say this hurt isn't necessary here.

"Please don't do this, please," I said.

"Nice white titties," he said. And the words made me give them up, lobbing off each part of my body as he claimed ownership- the mouth, the tongue, my breasts.

"I'm cold," I said.

"Lay down."

"On the ground?" I asked, stupidly, hopelessly.

...I sat first, kind of stumbled into a seated position. He took the end of my pants and tugged. As I tried to hide my nakedness- at least I had my underpants on- he looked down at my body.

..."You're the worst bitch I ever done this to," he said.

..."I'm a foster child," I said. "I don't even know who my parents are. Please don't do this. I'm a virgin," I said.

"Lie down."

I did. Shaking, I crawled over and lay face up against the cold ground. He pulled my underpants off me roughly and bundled them into his hand. He threw them away from me and into a corner where I lost sight of them.

I watched him as he unzipped his pants and let them fall around his ankles.

He lay down on top of me and started humping.

...He worked away on me, reaching down to work with his penis.

I stared right into his eyes. I was too afraid not to.

...He called me bitch. He told me I was dry.

"I'm sorry," I said- I never stopped apologizing. "I'm a virgin," I said.

"Stop looking at me," he said. "Shut your eyes. Stop shaking."

"I can't."

"Stop it or you'll be sorry."

I did. My focus became acute. I stared harder than ever at him. He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now.

It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it, I went into my brain.

..."Stop staring at me," he said.

"I'm sorry," I said. "You're strong," I tried.

He liked this. He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind.

He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said.

"Spread them."

I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold.

"Keep them there," he said.

He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue.

Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek. I was leaving now, but then I heard sounds. Out on the path. People, a group of laughing boys and girls, passing by.

...I looked at him; he did not hear them. This was it. I made an abrupt scream and,

as soon as I did, he shoved his hand in my mouth. Simultaneously I heard the laughter again. This time it was directed toward the tunnel, toward us. Yells and taunts. Good-time noises.

We lay there, his hand locked my mouth and pressing down hard into my throat, until the group of well-wishers left.

...He ordered me to stand up. Told me I could put on my panties.

I thought it was over. I was trembling but I thought he'd had enough. Blood was everywhere and so I thought he'd done what he'd come for.

"Give me a blow job," he said. He was standing now. I was on the ground, trying to search among the filth for my clothes.

He kicked me and I curled into a ball.

"I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand.

"I don't know how," I said.

"What do you mean you don't know how?"

"I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin."

"Put it in your mouth."

I knelt before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flaccid dick.

He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said.

"Like a straw?" I said.

"Yeah, like a straw."

I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard.

"Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?"

"No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before."

"Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin.

"Get back on the ground," he said, "and do what I say."

And I did. When he told me to close my eyes I told him I had lost my glasses, couldn't even really see him. "Talk to me," he said. "I believe you, you're a virgin. I'm your first." As he worked against me, trying for more and more friction, I told him he was strong, that he was powerful, that he was a good man. He got hard enough and plunged himself inside me. He ordered me to and I wrapped my legs around his back and he drove me into the ground. I looked and watched and cataloged the details of it all. His face, his purpose, how best I could help him.

I heard more party-goers on the path, but I was far away now. He made noises and rammed it in. Rammed it and rammed it and those on the path, those so far away, living the world where I had lived, could not be reached by me now.

"Nail her, all right!" someone yelled toward the tunnel.

...They passed. I was staring straight into his eyes. With him.

"You're so strong, you're such a man, thank you, thank you, I wanted this."

And then it was over. He came and slumped into me. I lay under him. My heart beating wildly...

...Then I heard his breathing. Light and regular. He was snoring. I thought: Escape. I shifted under him and he woke.

He looked at me, did not know who I was. Then his remorse began.

All Boys Aren't Blue by George Johnson

Page 201

"Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt."

You giggled. "That's not my hand."

"You're lying," I said. You then placed both hands on my hips, as we lay side by side. There was still something poking me.

You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble."

"You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?"

I promised. You then grabbed my hand and made me touch it. It was the first time I had ever touched a penis that wasn't my own. I knew what was happening wasn't supposed to happen. Cousins weren't supposed to do these things with cousins. But my body didn't react that way. My body on the inside was doing something, too.

Page 203

.... I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity.

We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by a good foot. You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you.

The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to learn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.

After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me— back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background.

Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor.

You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing. You turned on the light and closed the door. You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So, I stood there and watched you for several minutes.

Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me. I was very unaware of what sex involved at the time— primarily because I stayed away from it. I knew I didn't like girls that way, and the first thing folks would ask you if you inquired about sex was whether "you were fucking or not." And I wasn't. We also had the bare minimum of sex education in school, so I was unaware of a lot of things.

Watching you ejaculate was shocking. I remember you telling me, "It's semen. One day when nobody is around, you should do this until you get this feeling you never felt before and bust."

I looked at you and said, "I can't do that, I'm not old enough yet."

You laughed. "Matt, you are old enough. Go ahead and try it."

By this point, fear had overcome me and so many lines had been crossed that I finally said, "I don't want to do it."

"That's cool. Come on, let's go to bed."

We went back upstairs and both went to bed. You rolled over to face the wall, and I sat there. For hours. I sat there until the sun came up, not knowing what to do or say or how I would face my parents. I finally fell asleep in the early morning. I woke up a while later, after you. You were still in bed behind me but watching TV. I rolled over and looked at you, and you said, "Remember our promise, Matt? "

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The secrecy of the sex seemed to become my normal. Two weeks after that night, I masturbated for the first time, and you were right. I was old enough to experience that feeling of what I would later learn is called an orgasm. Despite knowing that what happened with you was wrong, I now knew that I was definitely attracted to boys....I was soon a high school freshman, with sexually active teens all around me.

Page 263

We learned the basics about sex. What an erection was, what sperm did and how it traveled to 'an egg to create a baby. We learned about STIs like chlamydia, gonorrhea, and HIV. But again, surface-level information. Nothing about how these infections harm one community more than the other—especially HIV in the Black community.

We also didn't learn about sex between two men. I focused on masturbation instead of sex, primarily because I still could not imagine myself having sex with anyone else. The feelings I had were for boys, but 'the only encounters I'd had with boys—Thomas and Evan—weren't the same as what I had seen in love stories or pornography. Those were mostly between men and women, and they were excited and confident with each other. The porn stories were so romanticized, but the passion was there. Even the corny storylines were better than my lived experience—which consisted of no romantic love at all. So, sex with myself was going to have to suffice until I had the ability to trust myself with someone else.

That moment for me didn't come until my junior year of college. I remained a virgin until I was almost twenty-one years old, something unheard of in my family. It had been a daunting task to lie about having sex (and with a girl) to all of my heterosexual cousins. I had never seen a vagina other than in the movies, and had no desire to.

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... As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this.

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 came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him. There was moonlight coming through the shades of the dark room. Two Black boys under the glow of blue moonlight. How poetic, dare I say ironic?

Now, I was scared as hell. One, because I didn't know what I was doing and clearly, he did. Two, because it was still college, and my fear of word getting out that I was inexperienced or bad in bed would have been too big of a campus rumor. Let alone that I was having sex with men and a friend of someone in my chapter.

For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done.

I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan.

As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms.

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.... For me, I was finally on my journey of sexual exploration and couldn't wait to do it again.

He and I had sex a second time two weeks later, before school let out for summer.... I had several sexual encounters that involved mutual masturbation and kissing and fooling around, but I just couldn't bring myself to have penetrative sex again.

I was hesitant because I still had a lot of questions. As much as I enjoyed being on top, I wasn't sure if I always wanted to be the dominant person in the bedroom. I was still a novice at sex, and even more at gay culture and sexual positions. I wasn't sure if because I "topped" him, that meant I always had to be the top. I also wanted to try the bottom position, which I associated with being the more submissive person.

...I just needed time to reflect, and figure out if sex for me was going to be the casual hookup thing or if I was ready to now seek something more.

Page 271

.... I got to his apartment and we both began drinking while watching TV. This lasted all of ten minutes before we started kissing and undressing each other.

He then stood up and grabbed me by the hands and led me into his bedroom. We took each other's clothes off, fast but deliberate. After, he told me to lie down on the bed. He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself.

My heart immediately started to race. Nervously, I asked him what he was doing, and he said, "You." I laughed at first but then told him that I had never been the bottom. He looked at me and said, "Well, that's about to change tonight."

I was extremely nervous. There is a fear, as with most things that you are doing for the first time. But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was . . . large. But I was gonna try.

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

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

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

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I was in pain for nearly three weeks following that encounter and too afraid to go to the doctor for help because I would have had to tell them I had been having anal sex. So, like most other trauma in my life, I sucked it up and dealt with the pain until my body healed. I didn't have sex for several months following that encounter.

But after a while, I got the courage to try it again, but this time I went into it much more prepared. With each time, I learned more about my body...
 ...Sex should be pleasurable.

...Like they say, *Practice makes perfect*, and I eventually got a lot of practice.

Jesus Land by Julia Scheeres

Page 75

Jerome thrust a mildewed picture of a woman with blond hair over my book. She was naked, gagged, and tied to a chair. Straps were wound tightly around the base of her breasts, making them stick out like fleshy missiles, and her blue eyes were wide with pain or fear.

..."She looks like you," Jerome said. "Except you don't have these yet." He touched the woman's strangled breasts and then my flat chest.

...As I reached for it, I noticed his penis spilling from the slit of his pajama pants like a rotten banana.

...We played like that, him with his dick hanging out, me averting my eyes, until the television show ended and it was time to go to bed.

But it kept happening. I'd be peeling potatoes or practicing piano and he'd walk by with his penis poking out. I didn't understand why he did it, and pretended not to notice.

A few days after my twelfth birthday, he tried to kiss me.

..."You're not really my sister," he said when I stood up. At thirteen, he was already a good six inches taller than me, and a whole lot stronger. He grabbed my shoulders and tried to smash his mouth onto mine, but I averted my face and his chapped lips grazed my forehead instead.

Page 78

I hear him lock the door and creep toward my bed. The mattress tilts under his weight. By the time he touches me, I'm far away.

I breathe deeply, pretending to be asleep, falling through layers of numbness, sensation draining from my body like dirty bath water.

...Only when I pull my nightgown over my head do I notice the dried blood on my breast and remember Jerome. The tan circle around my left nipple is broken and raw; it's happened before. In my faraway place, I don't feel pain.

Page 93

He knew I'd be here alone. He lied about Mother wanting me home. She doesn't. Brad keeps tugging at the cord; in my rush, I tied it in a knot and it won't budge. Thank you, Lord. Scott unclamps my mouth and snakes a hand down my top, groping my breasts through my bathing suit.

"Not quite ripe, but tasty all the same," he says. Scott, who stood in my driveway and shook my hand.

"Fuck you!" I scream up at him, craning my neck to look into his eyes.

...Brad and Todd are now both yanking on the waistband of my sweatpants, trying to force it over my hips, and Scott is reaching under my swimsuit. I flail my arms and legs like a possessed rag doll, trying to twist from their grasp. Todd grabs my crotch and I spit at him, but the saliva falls on my chest. They whoop with laughter.

Brad steps forward, loosening his grip on my ankle, and feeling this, I yank back my leg and slam my tennis shoe into his balls. He crumples, shrieking, to the ground, his hands clamped between his legs. Half a second later, I'm sprinting down the hallway toward the exit.

Page 112

I open my eyes, and in a boozy blur, see his penis jutting from his shorts. He grabs it by the root. "Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it.

I've heard of girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you.

I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst. "Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention. I close my eyes and stick out my tongue and it touches the side of it.

"Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water. Scott collapses onto his back on the mattress and I spit the slime onto my parents' white bedspread and roll onto my back beside him.

Page 122

We were in a stall in the basement girls' bathroom, practicing kissing, and he kept trying to put his hand down my jeans, and I kept shoving it away. He was getting peeved.

"I won't be your boyfriend unless we do it," he said, his hard-on pressing against my leg. "I'll find someone else. There are lots of fish in the sea."

We'd spent the final fifteen minutes of every lunch hour last week locked in that stall, hoping no one would walk in as we wrestled in silence, Scott trying to stick his hands different places and me slapping them away. I wanted to take it slow, so our first time would be special, so it would be making love, not just sex. Scott scoffed when I told him this.

"Sex is sex," he said. He narrowed his eyes. "Besides, I didn't think this would be such a big deal for you, considering..."

I grabbed his head and stuffed my tongue in his mouth to shut him up.

"Fine, I'll do it," I said after coming up for air.

Page 123

"You must have unholy thoughts to masturbate! You must not sin!"

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

Page 131

"You coming to bed or what?" he asks.

...I walk to the venetian blinds and close them, then stand on the other side of the darkened room to strip to my bra and panties and rush to the bed before Scott has the time to inventory my imperfections. He throws back the covers and I collide against his solid heat. I put my arm across his chest and press my face into his musk as Sting serenades us. If we could just do this, only this, I'd be happy. Scott puts his arms around me and unhooks my bra.

"Roll over," he says. "I want to see you."

He pulls my hands from his neck and I cover myself with the sheet as I turn. He flings it off. "But it's cold!" I protest.

He pulls off my underwear, then retrieves a sliver square from the nightstand and kneels between my legs and rips it open. It contains a flesh-colored circle, which he rolls over his penis like pantyhose. So that's a condom.

"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick. I bite my bottom lip and look up into his eyes, but his face is turned to the alarm clock next to the bed.

...as Scott pokes and prods at me...

..."Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

...and inhale deeply, letting my legs fall flat on the bed. I know from the groaning noises he makes that he's inside me, and I try to feel something, to stay focused on the moment- this is Scott, my boyfriend- but it's numb there. I wonder if I'll ever be normal.

...Scott's eyes are closed as he moves inside me.

...It's over quickly.

"Did you like it?" Scott asks as he pulls off the condom. White liquid bulges at the tip of it. Sperm.

"It was fine," I say, wrapping the sheet around me.

"Want to do it again?" he asks.

I glance down at his penis, now deflated and pitiful, and he laughs.

"I mean later tonight," he says. "I'll come to your window."

...I shrug. I've sunk into my numbness as if it were a soft cocoon and don't care one way or another. He can do what he wants. ...He takes the Police tape from the cassette player and pulls his clothes on, then

goes to the bathroom, and when he comes back he kisses me, gently this time, without groping.

"You're a bitchin' girlfriend," he whispers in my ear.

Damsel by Elana K. Arnold

Page 107

She raised herself up onto her elbows, and would have sat fully erect but for Emory's insistent hand on her shoulder, pinning her there, and then his insistent mouth slashing down across her own.

His mouth was hot and wet and open and tasted of the evening's wine and meat. Underneath the weight of him... his mouth, first, and then his chest across hers, pressing Ama back into the mattress- Ama felt breathless and trapped, as if she had been submerged underwater.

...The rest of her became part of the landscape of the room- her lips, pressed into Emory's teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest, pulling apart the ribbons of her chemise, spreading open the cloth, and finding her bare skin beneath. His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled. But when Emory tugged up at the hem of Ama's shift, bunching the fabric at her waist and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not known she could be opened. Sorrow growled once more.

...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.

Emory cleared his throat, lifted himself from the bed, and arranged his yard, which stood in his trousers, hard and demanding.

Page 161

.... She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body.

Page 284

"We are but three days from our wedding, Ama," Emory murmured. "I am your secret-keeper, and soon to be your husband. Surely you would not deny me a taste of your sweetness, now, this day, after the favors I have given you?"

He didn't wait for an answer, and still, he did not free Ama's hands. Holding them both in one of his, he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama's fingers to the shaft of him.

A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama's fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama's hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly. at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama's fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama's hands, still encased in Emory's.

A moment passed, during which the only sounds were Emory's labored gasps and the intermittent squeaking of carriage wheels. When Emory's breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama's hands, which were still wrapped around the king's yard, now softening and shrinking.

Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him. Ama pulled her hands away from Emory, still under the furs. Quietly, she rubbed away the wetness on the carriage's set cushion as Emory adjusted himself and refastened his trousers.

Lawn Boy by Jonathon Evison

Page 25

"...Speaking of fags: look at that homo by the window."

..."And lay off the fag stuff," I said.

..."Oh, are you a fag, too?"

..."...Fags are just people."

"Yeah, people who stick shit up their butts."

...But there's one thing I'd never tell Nick in a million years, not that it really matters: in fourth grade, at a church youth-group meeting, out in the bushes behind the parsonage, I touched Doug Goble's dick, and he touched mine. In fact, there were even some mouths involved. It's not something I'd even think about all these years later, except that Goble is the hottest real-estate agent in Kitsap County.

Page 30

My thoughts were racing. My frustrated sexuality was on the cusp of relief.

...One we were in the cramped environs of the car, Gina was mostly business. "Relax," she said.

Reaching over me, she groped around for the lever, reclining the passenger's seat. "How's that?"

"Uh, good," I said, looking up at her in the dark.

Placing her knee between my legs, she wrestled off her sweater and unbuttoned her blouse and pulled off her panties, and she climbed on top of me before I even had a chance to savor the moment. I'm not saying I wasn't grateful. To this day, I remain grateful to Gina Costerello and whatever whim, or combination of alcohol and restlessness, prompted her to unbutton my jeans and straddle me in the passenger's seat of that Malibu. And don't get the idea that it didn't feel good, either. It was a revelation, a delirious paroxysm like I'd never known, a welling of rapture from my heels to my temples. The experience literally emptied me.

For ninety seconds after Gina climbed off me, roughly the time it took to get her clothes back on, I felt shucked like an oyster as I gathered my breath.

Page 94

"What about you? Why are you always bashing people? Mexicans, fags, lesbians, I don't get why they offend you so much. What did a Mexican or a fag ever do to you?"

..."Duh, Michael. Look around. They're taking all our jobs. They don't pay taxes."

"Fags don't pay taxes?"

..."No, fags."

"What's normal, then, Nick? Tell me that. Your porn habit? The way you talk about women?"

"Oh, like you don't watch porn?"

"Actually, no."

"You're a liar."

"What if I told you I touched another guy's dick?" I said.

"Pfff." Nick waved me off and turned his attention back to his beer.

"What if I told you I sucked it?"

"Will you please just shut up already?"

"I'm dead serious, Nick."

"Well, I'd say you were a fag."

"I was ten years old, but it's true. I put Doug Goble's dick in my mouth."

"The real-estate guy?"

"Yeah."

Nick looked around frantically. "What the fuck are you talking about, Michael?"
 "I was in fourth grade. It was no big deal."
 Cringing, Nick held his hands out in front of him in a yield gesture. "Stop."
 "He sucked mine, too."
 "Stop! Why are you telling me this?"
 "And you know what?" I said. "It wasn't terrible."
 ... "So you're saying you're a fag?"
 "I doubt that. It's been twelve years since I touched a dick. But that's not the point."

A Court of Wings and Ruin by Sarah Maas

Page 204

...as surely as his body now held me.

"I missed every moment," Rhys said, leaning down to kiss the corner of my mouth. "Your smile." His lips grazed over the shell of my ear and my back arched slightly. "Your laugh." He pressed a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear, and I tilted my head to give him access, biting down the urge to beg him to take more, to take faster as he murmured, "Your scent."

My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to cup my rear, squeezing as he bent to kiss the center of my throat. "The sounds you make when I'm inside you."

His tongue flicked over the spot where he'd kissed, and one of those sounds indeed escaped me. Rhys kissed the hollow of my collarbone, and my core went utterly molten. "My brave, bold, brilliant mate."

He lifted his head, and it was an effort to open my eyes.

...his hands roved lazy lines down my back, over my rear, then up again. "I love you," he said.

Tears burned my eyes again, slipping free before I could control myself.

Rhys leaned in to lick them away.

..." You have a choice," he murmured against my cheekbone. "Either I lick every inch of you clean..." His hand grazed the tip of my breast, circling lazily...." Or you can get into the bath..."

...I thought I'd be a good mate and offer you a bath before I ravish you wholly."

..." As much as I'd like to see you attempt to lick off a week's worth of dirt, sweat, and blood..." His eyes gleamed with the challenge...

...He leaned against the doorway, watching me peel off my torn and stained jacket. ...His voice roughened as he tracked each movement of my fingers while I unlaced my boots....

" You're taking too long," he said, jerking his chin toward the bath.

My breasts tightened at the slight growl lacing his words. He watched that, too.

And I smiled to myself, arching my back a bit more than necessary as I removed my shirt and tossed it to the marble floor.... Rhys made a low noise that sounded vaguely like a whimper as he took in my bare torso. As he took in my breasts, now heavy and aching, badly enough that I had to swallow my plea to forget this bath entirely.

But I pretended not to notice as I unbuttoned my pants and let them fall to the floor. Along with my undergarments.

Rhys's eyes simmered.

I smirked, daring a look at his own pants. At the evidence of what, exactly, this was doing to him, pressing against the black material with impressive demand. I simply crooned, "Too bad there isn't room in the tub for two."

"A design flaw, and one I shall remedy tomorrow." His voice was rough, quiet- and it slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs.

...I somehow managed to walk, to climb into the tub. Somehow remembered how to bathe myself.

Rhys remained leaning against the doorway the entire time, silently watching with that unrelenting focus.

I might have taken longer washing certain areas. And might have made sure he saw it.

...But Rhys made no move to pounce, even when I toweled off and brushed out my tangled hair. As if the restraint...it was part of the game, too.

My bare toes curled on the marble floor as I set down my brush on the sink vanity, every inch of my body aware of where he stood in the doorway, aware of his eyes upon me in the mirror's reflection.

"All clean," I declared, my voice hoarse as I met his stare in the mirror. I could have sworn only darkness and stars swirled beyond his shoulders. ...But the predatory hunger on his face...

I turned, my fingers trembling slightly as I clutched my towel around me.

Rhys only extended a hand, his own fingers shaking. Even the towel was abrasive against my too-sensitive skin as I laid my hand on his, his calluses scraping as they closed over my fingers. I wanted them scraping all over me.

But he simply led me into the bedroom, step after step, the muscles of his broad back shifting beneath his jacket. And lower, the sleek, powerful cut of thighs, his ass-

I was going to devour him. From head to toe. I was going to devour him-

But Rhys paused before the bed, releasing my hand and facing me from the safety of a step away. And it was the expression on his face as he traced a still-tender spot on my cheekbone that checked the heat threatening to raze my senses.

...I let my towel drop to the carpet.

Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart racing beneath my palm.

"Ready for ravishing." My words didn't come out with the swagger I'd intended.

Not when Rhys's answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. "I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities."

He lifted a finger, and my breath came hard and fast as he idly circled one of my breasts, then the other. In ever-tightening rings. "I could start here," he murmured.

I clenched my thighs together. He noted the movement, that dark smile growing. And just before his finger reached the tip of my breast, just before he gave me what I was about to beg for, his finger slid upward- to my chest, my neck, my chin. Right to my mouth.

He traced the shape of my lips, a whisper of touch. "Or I could start here," he breathed, slipping the tip of his finger into my mouth.

I couldn't help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger.

But Rhys withdrew his finger with a soft groan, making a downward path. Along my neck. Chest. Straight over a nipple. He paused there, flicking it once, then smoothed his thumb over the small hurt.

I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past my breast.

He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, "Or..."

I couldn't think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. "Or?" I managed to breathe.

His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched- we both watched- his broad finger venture down. "Or I could start here," he said, the words guttural and raw.

I didn't care- not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. "Here would be nice," he observed, his breathing uneven. "Or maybe even here," he finished, and plunged that finger inside me.

I groaned, gripping his arm, nails digging into the muscles beneath- muscles that shifted as he pumped his finger once, twice. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising. "Well? Where shall I begin, Feyre darling?"

I could barely form words, thoughts. But- I'd had enough of playing...

His clothes vanished- all of them- and his mouth angled over my own.

It wasn't a gentle kiss. Wasn't soft or searching.

It was a claiming, wild and unchecked- it was an unleashing. And the taste of him...the heat of him, the demanding stroke of his tongue against his own...

My hands shot into his hair, pulling him closer as I answered each of his searing kisses with my own, unable to get enough, unable to touch and feel enough of him.

Skin to skin, Rhys nudged me toward the bed, his hands kneading my rear as I ran my own over the velvet softness of him, over every hard plane and ripple...

My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling. Giving me the time to reconsider, even now. My heart strained, but I pulled my mouth from his. Held his gaze as I lowered myself onto the white sheets and inched back.

Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. "Rhys," I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue.

His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes.

...No playing, no delaying- I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him.

...Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them.

Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear...

...At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth.

I dragged my tongue over his teeth, swallowing his groan of pleasure as his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and he pushed in, and in, and in.

...And when Rhys was seated to the hilt, when he paused to let me adjust to the fullness of him, I thought I might explode... thought I might die from the sheer force of what swept through me.

My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back, and Rhys withdrew slightly to study my face. ..."Never again," he promised as he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness. He kissed my brow, my temple.

...I moved my hips, urging him deeper, harder. Rhys obliged me.

With every movement, every shared breath, every whispered endearment and moan, that mating bond I'd hidden so far inside myself grew brighter.

...my release cascaded through me, leaving my skin glowing like a newborn star in its wake.

At the sight of it, right as I dragged a finger down the sensitive inside of his wing, Rhys shouted my name and found his pleasure.

I held him through every heaving breath, held him as he at last stilled, lingering inside me, and relished the feel of his skin on mine.

For long minutes, we remained there, tangled together, listening to our breathing even out...

Page 457

My core heated, turning molten, and I bit down on my lip as he lightly scraped a fingernail so, so close to that inner, sensitive spot. "Too bad you're so sore from training," Rhys mused, making idle, lazy circles.

...He chuckled and skimmed the edge of that sensitive spot, right as his other hand slid between my legs.

Brazenly, I lifted my hips in silent demand. But he just circled with a finger, as lazy as the strokes along my wing. He kissed my spine. "How shall I make love to you tonight, Feyre darling?"

I writhed, rubbing against the folds of the blankets beneath me, desperate for any sort of friction as he dangled me over that edge.

"So impatient," he purred, and that finger glided into me. I moaned, the sensation too much, too consuming, with his hand between my legs and the other stroking closer and closer to that spot on my wing, a predator circling prey.

"Will it ever stop?" he mused, more to himself than me as another finger joined the one sliding in and out of me taunting, indolent strokes. "Wanting you- every hour, every breath. I don't think I can stand a thousand years of this." My hips moved with him, driving him deeper. "Think of how my productivity will plummet."

I growled something at him that was likely not very romantic, and he chuckled, slipping out both fingers. I made a little whining noise of protest.

Until his mouth replaced where his fingers had been, his hands gripping my hips to raise me up, to lend him better access as he feasted on me. I groaned, the sound muffled by the pillow, and he only delved deeper, taunting and teasing with every stroke.

A low moan broke from me, my hips rolling. Rhys's grip on them tightened, holding me still for his ministrations. "I never got to take you in the library," he said, dragging his tongue right up my center. "We'll have to remedy that."

..."Hmmm," was all he said, a rumble of the sound against me...I panted, hands fisting in the sheets.

His hands drifted from my hips at last, and I again breathed his name, in thanks and relief and anticipation of him at last giving me what I wanted-

But his mouth closed around the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs while his hand...He went right to that damned spot at the inner edge of my left wing and stroked slightly.

My climax tore through me with a hoarse cry, sending me soaring out of my body.

...I could feel him against my backside, hard and ready, but when I made to reach for him, Rhys's arms only tightened around me. "Sleep, Feyre," he told me.

Collateral by Ellen Hopkins

Page 48

So, while Darian and Spence disappeared inside her room, the door of which did little to muffle all the moaning and yessing behind it, Cole and I talked through the dark hours, toward daylight.

Page 50

Bart heard rumors about her sleeping around. He followed her one night. Waited long enough for her to get naked and knotted up with another guy, then calmly blew out both their brains with his favorite .357 magnum.

Page 54

When I slipped into the hall, the place was silent except for the creak of Darian's bed behind her closed door. God. How many times could you do it in a twelve-hour period?

Page 56

You smell good. His lips brushed my neck, and it was like stepping outside in a thunderstorm- a hint of lightning initiating goose bumps in places both seen and hidden. I turned into him, and he lifted me, sat me on the counter. Wrapped my legs around his ripped torso, pulled me into him until the pulsing between my legs rested against the throbbing beneath his breast bone, zero between them but silk and skin.

...Swept away, unable to swim and barely finding air, I would have let him carry me into the bedroom, make love right then and there.

Page 63

He grabs for her, but she isn't nearly as drunk and easily sidesteps his reach. Fuck off! You couldn't get that teeny pecker up if you tried.

Page 67

Not true in Spencer's case, at least not if you're talking about cock size.

Page 68

I have to admit I got a kick out of Dar's "teeny pecker" comment tonight. "Teeny cock" wouldn't have had quite as much power, in my modest opinion.

Page 74

Before Cole, I never understood the meaning of making love. My previous sexual adventures came in two categories. One: tepid fumbling- no play, no passion, no real point to the effort. Certainly, no orgasm, at least not for me. Or, two: overheated romps- no concern, no caring, no real connection. Lightweight orgasm, yes, and short-term fun, but nothing worth holding on to. Either way, I always ended up disappointed. Sex and love were two distinct entities in my mind, as separate as east and west.

Page 77 - **All Resistance Weakened**

All barriers lowered, when we got back to the apartment, Darian and Spence were hot and heavy through the door. They didn't waste a second, went straight back to her bedroom. Which left Cole and me alone in the front room.

...I slid my arms up around his neck, invitation heavy in the kiss I gave him. He lifted me as if I were weightless. Our lips never disconnected as he carried me to my room, eased me onto my bed. It was romantic. Sexy. And even sexier when he stopped, too, off his shirt. Marines have to be fit. But Cole was a whole different level of fit- every muscle chiseled and skin smooth as suede. I started to unbutton my blouse. No Let me. Please? I love how he asked permission, all the while taking complete control. I also loved how he didn't hurry. Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch. And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties. had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my

California girl.

The "My"

Took me over the top. In that moment, I wanted to be his, and so gave him things I'd always resisted. BD (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow. I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn." He was down to boxers by then. BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little. It was intense, and all I wanted in those moments was to make him feel like the most important man in the world.

...SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED

When he finally slipped inside me. If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable. As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection. A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sex-squeals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something.

But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me.

I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again. He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together. When our bodies were quite finished, still we stayed joined until we had no choice but to slip apart. Then Cole turned me on one side, urged me into the bowl of his body, held me there. Exceptional, he whispered into my hair. Extraordinary.

Page 445

The sex was muted. Low-volume fumbling. Satisfaction-free. At least, for me.

...I was sick of playing passive. I wanted to try on the power role, and so I didn't crawl to one side of the bed and wait for Cole to make love to me. I pushed him backward into the bedroom. Dropped to my knees in front of him, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans, slid them off. Watched him stir, helped him grow completely hard with my hands. Mouth. I brought him right to the brink. Stopped. Stood. Took off my own clothes. "Lie down. And don't move." Oh yes, I like taking control. I kissed my way up on top of him. Licked his face. His neck. His chest. I straddled him, pushed him in, rocking hard. Harder. Not enough, with him still inside me, I turned around, faced the other way, and that angle created exquisite pressure. I made it last as long as I could. We both howled.

2023 State Reviewed Book List by County

Book Title	A Court of Wings and Ruin	All Boys Aren't Blue	Collateral	Damsel	Gender Queer: A Memoir	Jesus Land	Lawn Boy	Lucky	Nineteen Minutes	Sold	This Book Is Gay	Tricks	Total # of Books Per County
Author	Maas, Sarah	Johnson, George	Hopkins, Ellen	Arnold, Elana	Kobabe, Maia	Scheeres, Julia	Evison, Jonathon	Sebold, Alice	Picoult, Jodi	McCormick, Patricia	Dawson, James	Hopkins, Ellen	
County/School													
Adams/Adams Central HS										X			1
Allen/ Homestead HS										X			1
Bartholomew/ Columbus East HS	X			X		X		X		X		X	6
Benton/ Benton Central JR/SR	X					X		X		X		X	5
Blackford/ Blackford HS									X	X		X	3
Boone/ Zionsville HS		X		X	X	X			X	X		X	7
Brown/ Brown County HS								X		X			2
Carroll/ Delphi Comm. HS	X					X		X	X	X			5
Cass/ Logansport HS	X	X				X			X	X		X	6
Clark/New Washington MS/HS	X					X		X	X	X		X	6
Clay/Clay City HS							X	X	X	X			4
Clinton/Clinton Central HS													0
Crawford/Crawford County JR/Sr HS	Nothing available online												

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Davies/Washington HS	X	X							X	X			4
Dearborn/South Dearborn HS		X	X			X		X	X	X	X	X	8
Decatur/North Decatur JR/SR High	X											X	2
Dekalb/Dekalb HS												X	1
Delaware/Wes Del Middle/HS									X	X			2
Dubois/Northeast Dubois Jr/Sr HS	X								X	X			3
Elkhart/Northridge HS	X							X	X	X	X	X	6
Fayette/Connersville HS	Nothing available online												
Floyd/ New Albany HS				X		X		X	X	X		X	6
Fountain/Fountain Central Jr/Sr HS	X			X		X		X		X		X	6
Franklin/Franklin Comm. HS	Nothing available online												
Fulton/ Rochester HS						X		X	X	X			4
Gibson/Gibson Southern HS	X									X			2
Grant/Marion HS						X		X	X	X			4

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Greene/White River Valley HS			X					X	X			X	4
Hamilton/ Carmel HS	X					X		X	X	X		X	6
Hancock/Greenfield Central HS	X		X	X						X		X	5
Harrison/North Harrison HS	X		X					X	X			X	5
Hendricks/ Avon HS	X	X		X	X	X	X				X		7
Henry/ Shenandoah HS	X					X			X	X		X	5
Howard/North-western HS	X								X	X			3
Huntington/ Huntington North HS						X			X	X			3
Jackson/Browns-town HS	X					X				X		X	4
Jasper/Kankakee Valley	No access												
Jay/Jay Cty JR/SR	X			X					X				3
Jefferson/ Madison Cons. HS		X	X			X			X	X		X	6
Jennings/ Jennings HS				X		X		X	X	X			5
Johnson/Franklin Central HS	X	X		X			X	X	X	X	X	X	9

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Knox/	Nothing available online												
Kosciusko/	X			X		X		X	X	X		X	7
Tippecanoe Valley	X							X		X		X	4
Lagrange/ Lakeland													
Lake/ Hanover Central HS	X					X			X	X			4
Laporte/Michigan City			X	X		X		X	X	X		X	7
Lawrence/Mitchell HS						X			X			X	3
Madison/ Anderson HS										X		X	2
Marion/Marion HS						X		X	X	X			4
Marshall/ Plymouth	X			X			X		X	X			5
Martin/ Loogootee HS			X						X	X			3
Miami/North Miami HS			X						X	X		X	4
Monroe/ Edgewood HS	X	X		X		X		X	X	X		X	8
Montgomery/Crawfordsville HS						X		X		X		X	4
Morgan/ Monrovia HS						X		X	X	X		X	5
Newton/South Newton MS/HS										X			1

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Noble/ Central Noble								X		X			2
Ohio/Rising Sun HS	No access												
Orange/ Orleans HS	X							X		X		X	4
Owen/ Owen Valley HS				X					X	X			3
Parke/Parke Heritage HS	X		X	X		X						X	5
Perry/Tell-City HS								X	X	X		X	4
Pike/ Pike Central HS													
Porter/PortageHS	X		X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	10
Posey/	Nothing available online												
Pulaski/ Winamac HS						X	X		X	X			4
Putnam/ South Putnam MS													0
Randolph/ Monroe Central HS									X	X		X	3
Ripley/South Ripley HS	X					X			X	X			4
Rush/Rushville HS													0
Scott/Scottsburg HS	X							X	X	X			4
Shelby/Shelbyville HS		X	X	X		X			X	X		X	7
Spencer/Heritage Hills MS/HS	X					X			X	X		X	5

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St. Joe/Mishawaka HS	X			X		X		X	X	X			6
Starke/Knox Comm. HS						X		X	X	X		X	5
Steuben/Hamilton Community Schools									X	X		X	3
Sullivan/ North Central HS								X				X	2
Switzerland/ Switzerland HS	X	X						X		X		X	5
Tippecanoe/ Lafayette Jeff HS	X	X				X		X	X	X		X	7
Tipton/Tipton HS	X	X				X		X					4
Union/ Union Cty HS	X					X		X	X	X		X	6
Vanderburgh/ Central - Evansville HS		X							X	X			3
Vermillion/No. Vermillion JR/HS									X			X	2
Vigo/North Vigo HS	X					X							2
Wabash/ Manchester HS	X			X		X		X	X	X		X	7
Warren/Seeger JR/SR									X				1
Warrick/Castle HS						X			X	X		X	4

Book Title	A Court of Wings and Ruin	All Boys Aren't Blue	Collateral	Damsel	Gender Queer: A Memoir	Jesus Land	Lawn Boy	Lucky	Nineteen Minutes	Sold	This Book Is Gay	Tricks	Total # of Books Per County
Washington/Salem HS	X					X		X		X			4
Wayne/ Richmond HS	X			X		X							3
Wells/Blufton HS	X		X					X		X		X	5
White/Frontier JR/SR		X						X	X				3
Whitley/Whitko JR/SR High	X		X					X		X		X	5
Totals Per Book	42	14	13	20	2	42	6	41	54	66	5	47	352

Countries/Schools
verified by
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_high_schools_in_Indian_a

**Overview of the 2023 12-Reviewed School Library Books
Found in Indiana Counties**

- 1. 92 Counties**
- 2. 2 Counties w/zero books**
 - a. Clinton/Clinton Central HS**
 - b. Rush/Rushville HS**
- 3. 2 Counties w/no access to online library**
 - a. Jasper/Kankakee Valley HS**
 - b. Ohio/Rising Sun HS**
- 4. 5 Counties w/ nothing available online**
 - a. Crawford/Crawford County JR/SR HS**
 - b. Fayette/Connersville HS**
 - c. Franklin/Franklin Comm HS**
 - d. Knox**
 - e. Posey**
- 5. 83 Indiana counties have 1 or more of these books**
- 6. On average, the eighty-three Indiana counties have at least four of these books in their JR/SR high school libraries.**