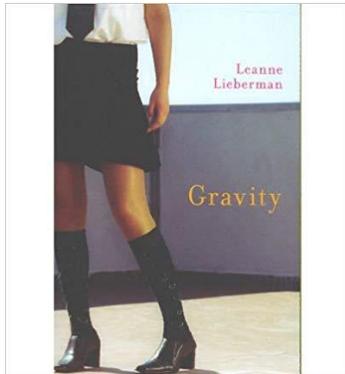


Beyond Magenta: Transgender Teens Speak Out by S. Kuklin

(Pages 78-79) [Age 6] “First they put me in a hospital. I was in my hospital clothes all day, a gown with an opening in the back. I liked that. There was this girl there. I thought about that guy in my neighborhood telling me that girls have vaginas. I looked at her and thought, This must be a girl. So I went up to her and told her I liked her and she said she liked me. We started kissing. I picked up her skirt and looked in her underwear. “Where’s your dick?” “What’s a dick?” “You don’t have what I have.” “Well, what do I have?” And I put my hand down there and felt this little hole-kind-of-thing. I got really scared and ran away. At the time, I thought girls must have had their dicks cut off. That’s what makes them a girl. I was so scared, I didn’t know what to do. I sure didn’t hang around her no more.”

(Page 80) “I was sexually mature. What I mean by sexually mature is that I knew about sex. From six up, I used to kiss other guys in my neighborhood, make out with them, and perform oral sex on them. I liked it. I used to love oral. And I touched their you-know-whats. We were really young, but that’s what we did. I was making out with girls too. I used to love making out with girls ‘cause everybody thought I was cool. Everybody was encouraging me. “Look, Frank’s not gay—he’s making out with a girl!” They wanted to know how the hell I learned to kiss like that. I didn’t know how I learned. It was pretty weird.”



Gravity by L. Lieberman

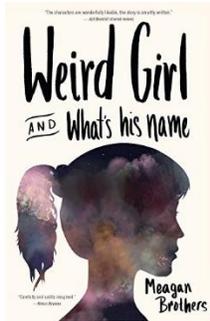
(Pages 118, 188, 190-191) “My body is sleek, like a seal, a slippery fish. I brush my hands over my breasts, down my belly. If I drew close to Lindsay, our bodies would click together like two magnets. Two skins like one. The water washes over my head, swallowing me up. Holding my breath, my hands slide down my flat stomach to the crease between my legs. I press, one toe jammed in the faucet catching the drips. I catch my breath, release my hands.”

[...]

“I let her tug my sleeve over my hand. I shrug the cardigan over my shoulders, the warm wool slipping down my back, dropping around my ankles. Lindsay’s eyes graze my thin white blouse, my nipples tightening against the blue satin cups of my bra. ... She smiles and starts pulling off her vest. Then she stops, raises one eyebrow. Her hand slides down her blouse, over her kilt, snakes up one bare thigh. My mouth drops open as she hooks a thumb under her panties. She wiggles them, white and lacy, down her legs, and lets them drop down to her ankles. She calmly steps out of them and shoves them in her cardigan pocket. I draw in a deep breath and lean against the wall. ... She spreads her cool hands over my bare narrow stomach. “I’m tagging you now,” she says. Her hands reach up to my breasts. I gasp, my nipples stabbing into the palms of her hands. Our fingers work the buttons on our blouses, pushing plastic through the cotton holes. Lindsay wears a white bra, lace petals around her puckered nipples. I hold the weight of her breast in my hand, heavy and white, feel its round bottom curve, watch the nipple crease tighter under my gaze.”

[...]

“With a velvety blanket over our laps, our fingers stroke the edge of a hem, a knee, our breath heavy and warm. Hands travel up smooth white tights to cotton underpants, the sharp gasp as fingers delve between warm wet folds, legs splayed, breath muted. Mouths hang slack, too busy breathing to kiss.”



Weird Girl and What's His Name by Meagan Brothers

The bolded words are for content. The unbolded words are quoted from the book.

Rory and Lula are friends, both 17 years old. Lula says, "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. RORY. I cannot believe you're actually fucking your boss." (page 29)

Andy is Rory's boss. Rory tries to deny what happened and Lula asks, "Okay, then, if I didn't see what I'm pretty sure I saw, then what the hell did I see? Because it looked a lot like you and Andy taking each other's clothes off and--" (page 29)

Rory says, "Dammit, Lula, shut up! Just shut the hell up!" (page 29) ... "I wanted to tell you so many times, but he's afraid he'll get into trouble. If somebody got the wrong idea, he could be arrested--" (page 30)

Lula says, "Maybe he should be! Isn't he, like, in his forties? His late forties?" ... "Are you serious? I saw him. Rory, this guy's molesting you--" (page 30)

Rory, "He's not, Lula, please. I'm begging you, he's not hurting me." ... "Yes, I love him. And he loves me, too." (page 30) **Lula walks off.**

After Andy is questioned by the police, he breaks up with Rory...the boy he's sodomizing. Andy says, "Rory, I think you should leave. I'll send you your paycheck." (page 35)

Rory responds, "Are you firing me or breaking up with me?" He wouldn't meet my eye. ... His face was stern. Expressionless. "I thought you loved me." (page 36)

Andy responds, "Look, you're a great guy and you're a lot of fun in bed. And I do—I care about you. I really do. I like you a lot. But this is getting way too heavy for me. Look, we've talked about this before—you think you want a long term, serious relationship, and you're still just a kid. I just got out of a marriage. I'm not ready to take on all this...baggage and drama." ... "It's just bad timing. I'm not good for you right now, and you're not good for me. And I'm sorry, sweetie." (page 36)

Rory talks with Lula's married female English teacher Mrs. Liddell, whom Lula kisses in the book. He says, "We were in love—why is that so hard to believe? I mean, Lula thought he was molesting me. But I'm the one who came on to him in the first place" (page 43)



Dime by E.R. Frank

The bolded words are for content. The unbolded words are quoted from the book.

Dime is a 14 year old girl that has been lured into trafficking speaking about her immediate situation...

(Page 20) "There are a lot of people involved, including one child. Three children depending on whether you think of a fourteen and sixteen-year-old as children. If you consider how old each of them was when her story began then we are thinking about four children."

The next excerpt is a scene between 14 year Dime and her pimp, who is an adult.

(Page 72) "I pulled back, scared. He pulled back too, kissing my forehead instead, stroking my arms and stroking my legs and stroking my whole body over my clothes, and by the time he bent to kiss my mouth with his tongue again I wanted him to, and he knew just how to kiss and stroke until nothing felt surprising or scary but just good, and he took a long, long, time peeling off my jeans and T-shirt and pink bra and panties and longer time stroking and kissing me even more, quietly, all over everywhere, everywhere, making me feel so good, so so so good that when his body finally eased into mine it felt like we were flying."

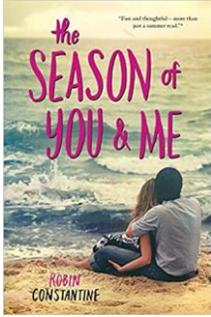


Rani Patel In Full Effect by S. Patel

The bolded words are for content. The unbolded words are quoted from the book.

This book is about a **sexually abused girl** who is a victim of incest by her father, and the book describes sexual scenes between the 16 year old girl and another much older man (age 30)

(from Chapter: The Peace of the Roses): “He becomes a European conqueror, fully exploring his South Asian conquest. ...Red blouse and crimson bra become cabernet stains on the carpet. The front of my body, his canvas. He glosses over it with his tongue. ...Then he hikes my skirt up and firmly grips my waist. One of his hands drifts down. “Oh my god, Rani.” Hand lower. “You’re the...” he utters, breathing heavy, “...the hottest woman.” Woman? I’m only sixteen. “I love you, Rani baby.” Woman or baby? Fingers slide under to dewy softness. I arch my back, gasping. “You’re mine, Rani, only mine.””



The Season of You and Me by Robin Constantine

The bolded words are for content. The unbolded words are quoted from the book.

(Page 4) “He’d **known** me. We’d shared secrets. Or at least I had. He’d seen me naked. We’d done **it**. A lot.” by hooking up with her boss’ son. They got drunk and groped each other in the pantry.

Bryan, a paraplegic, says about a girl he likes,

(Page 32) “We sat side by side on the couch, the movie on, but my mind was on her tight purple tank top. The way it hugged her. The space between her breasts that I imagined pressing my lips against. Not that I expected much to happen, I never knew if my body would be up to speed. I could get a hard-on in chemistry if my pants brushed against me, but with a girl next to me, when it would actually be useful, I couldn’t count on it. “I always liked you,” she whispered, nipping my earlobe. And... lift-off. Liv straddled me, her tank top off and perfect breasts there, right in front of me, the way I’d imagined. Soft. Her skin smelled sweet, like vanilla. She rocked her hips against me. My fingers fumbled with the button on her cutoffs, when she reached down and undid them herself.”