



THE BOOK BAN MIRAGE

by
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Abstract

The advocacy organization PEN America is the primary source for claims that there is widespread book banning underway in American schools. But PEN America’s claims hinge on a definition of “ban” that most Americans would not recognize. In order to assess PEN America’s claims by the common definition of “banned,” i.e., made unavailable, we reviewed the 2021-2022 index of banned books against online school library card catalogs. We find that 74 percent of the books that PEN America lists as banned are listed as available in the same districts from which PEN America says those books were banned.



Introduction

“There are literally – can you imagine, in the year of our lord, 2023, book bans. I mean, really, like, what?” said, Kamala Harris.¹ The Vice President was not merely delivering an impromptu rhetorical aside. According to *Politico*, political consultants have informed the Biden campaign that fighting against so-called “book bans” polls extremely well, and the Biden team plans to make it a central feature of his re-election campaign.² On the other side of the aisle, Florida Governor and Republican presidential candidate Ron DeSantis has said, “This idea of a book ban ... that’s a hoax, and that’s really a nasty hoax because it’s a hoax in the service of trying to pollute and sexualize our children.”³

Liberals and conservatives have different priors on the merits of parental and administrative challenges to books found in school libraries. But what is the empirical truth of the matter? As we demonstrate in this Backgrounder, the truth hinges in part on what one accepts as the definition of “banned.” In normal English usage, if something is “banned,” then it is prohibited from being made available. But readers may be surprised to learn that this is not the definition of “banned” that has informed the national political debate. Although one would hardly know it from the media coverage, books labeled as “banned” by activist groups can still be entirely accessible to students.

¹ Remarks by Vice President Harris in a Moderated Conversation at the White House Asian American & Native Hawaiian and Pacific Islander Forum, The White House, May 4, 2023, <https://www.whitehouse.gov/briefing-room/speeches-remarks/2023/05/04/remarks-by-vice-president-harris-in-a-moderated-conversation-at-the-white-house-asian-american-native-hawaiian-and-pacific-islander-forum/>.

² Eli Stokols and Adam Cancryn, “Biden’s Team is Leaning Into This Culture War Staple,” *Politico*, April 27, 2023, <https://www.politico.com/news/2023/04/27/biden-republican-book-bans-00094259>

³ Patricia Mazzei, Elizabeth Harris, and Alexandra Alter, “Florida at Center of Debate as School Book Bans Surge Nationally,” *The New York Times*, April 22, 2023, <https://www.nytimes.com/2023/04/22/books/book-ban-florida.html>.

In this report, we set out to answer the simple empirical question: how many of the books advocacy organizations like PEN America claim are “banned” are, in fact, not available to students? The short answer: only about a quarter.



The Definition of Banned

PEN America has been at the forefront of groups claiming widespread book “banning” is underway in schools across the United States. Yet the group’s definition of what constitutes a ban may strike many readers as curious. Even if a student is able to check out a book from the school library, PEN will claim that book is “banned” if any action, such as reclassifying it for a more age-appropriate section of materials, is undertaken by school staff.

PEN “defines a school book ban as any action taken against a book based on its content and as a result of parent or community challenges, administrative decisions, or in response to direct or threatened action by lawmakers or other government officials, that leads to a previously accessible book being either completely removed from availability to students, or where access to a book is restricted or diminished.”⁴

Complete removal is straightforward. Diminished or restricted access is not. If a book was temporarily removed from library shelves and returned after a review, then by PEN’s definition, that book has been banned. If a book is removed from a school library but is still assigned in English class, then by PEN’s definition, that book has been banned. If a book is made unavailable in a middle school library but is still available in a high school library, then by PEN’s definition, that book has been banned. If a book is moved to a special section of the library or to a school counselor’s office, then by PEN’s definition, that book has been banned. If a book is removed from the assigned curriculum or an optional additional reading list but is still available in the school library, then by PEN’s definition, that book has been banned. It is also impossible to discern from PEN’s data files whether a book listed as “banned” was ever available in the school library at all.

From the public statements of PEN’s leadership, it is clear that they understand their definition to be unconventional – if not misleading. In the process of defending their work against accusations that it was effectually a hoax, PEN America CEO declared that her organization “has documented more than 4,000 instances of books being removed, withdrawn and banned over the last two years.”⁵ By mentioning, “removed, withdrawn, and banned” in their regular communication, they are acknowledging that these words have distinct meaning in common usage while their official definition of banned as encompassing all of these things and more is at odds with this common usage. It is far from clear that Americans object to schools temporarily removing books pending committee review. It is, however, clear that Americans bristle at the words “book ban.”

⁴ Jonathan Friedman and Nadine Farid Johnson, “Banned in the USA: The Growing Movement to Censor Books in Schools,” PEN America, September 19, 2022, <https://pen.org/report/banned-usa-growing-movement-to-censor-books-in-schools/>.

⁵ Suzanne Nossel, Twitter, June 9, 2023, <https://twitter.com/SuzanneNossel/status/1667194977170907137>.

This is in large part because we associate it with totalitarian regimes, an association that PEN is keen to evoke, writing that “[b]ook bans have an ignominious history—they have been the tools of heinous regimes from Nazi Germany to apartheid South Africa.”⁶ But an astute student of history might be able to discern some substantive differences. When the Nazi Party removed the works of Thomas Mann from library shelves, they did not temporarily review and then return them. Rather, they were burned. It is indisputable that Americans overwhelmingly oppose book burning. It is less certain that Americans see the looming specter of fascism and genocide in a decision to move a book from the child section to the young adult section of the library.

Some have asserted that to use the word “ban” at all is to make a categorical error. After all, even if a book is not available in a school library, it is likely still available in a public library and almost certainly still available from online vendors such as Amazon. But we take a less literal view: the best way to assess the salience and national significance of school “book bans” is to examine them using a commonly understood meaning of the word “ban,” i.e., purposely made unavailable based on content. Before re-analyzing PEN’s data according to conventional English usage, it’s worth first taking PEN’s approach at face value and putting it in perspective.



The Data in Perspective

PEN America’s September 2022 report began, “More books banned. More districts. More states. More students losing access to literature. ‘More’ is the operative word for this report on book bans, which offers the first comprehensive look at banned books throughout the 2021-2022 school year.”⁷ Of course, any occasionally occurring phenomenon will increase in cumulative terms over the passage of time. To gauge the seriousness of the worst-case scenario, we will first take the accuracy of PEN’s numbers for granted and attempt to assess them in absolute terms.

PEN’s September 2022 report counts 2,532 instances of book bans in 138 school districts in 32 states. Is that a lot? For reference, there are approximately 14,000 school districts, so – according to PEN – book bans have occurred in nearly 1 percent of American school districts. The overall count is heavily skewed by three outlier districts: Central York School District (PA), 439 book bans, North East Independent School District (TX), 434 bans; and Collierville School District (TN), 326 bans. Thus, 47 percent of PEN’s national figure comes from three school districts serving a total of approximately 75,000 students (.15 percent of America’s 50 million).

From this, one may well doubt whether “book banning” is actually a national issue rather than a sporadic state and local issue. What has been well documented, though, is that the issue is largely a reaction to material that parents deem pornographic. A *Washington Post* analysis determined that 61 percent of challenges issued to school library books were based on “sexual” content.⁸ This, however, almost certainly understates the matter. Although the categories overlap to yield

⁶ Jonathan Friedman and Nadine Farid Johnson, “Banned in the USA: Rising School Book Bans Threaten Expression and Students’ First Amendment Rights.” PEN America, April, 2022, <https://pen.org/banned-in-the-usa/>.

⁷ Friedman and Johnson, “Banned in the USA: The Growing Movement to Censor Books in Schools.”

⁸ Hannah Natanson, “Objection to Sexual, LGBTQ Content Propels Spike in Book Challenges,” *The Washington Post*, May 24, 2023.

over 100 percent, the *Post* documented that 29 percent included the term “inappropriate,” 22 percent “pornographic,” 22 percent “graphic,” 20 percent “explicit,” 7 percent “obscene,” 6 percent “pedophilia,” and 5 percent “grooming.” Contrary to the latter half of the *Washington Post*’s headline that “Objections to sexual, LGBTQ content propels spike in book challenges,” only seven percent of challenges mentioned LGBTQ without objecting directly to “sexual” content. (The *Post* did not make clear what share of that 7 percent also mentioned words such as “pornographic,” “explicit,” etc.) The *Post* also documented that the majority of the book challenges that it reviewed were “filed by just 11 people.” As the *Post* explains, “6 percent of all book challengers ... were responsible for 60 percent of all filings.”



Most Banned Books Are Still Available

But how many of the books that PEN America claims were “banned” are still available to students? To assess this, we first took PEN’s list of 2,532 banned books. We discarded books listed as “banned in classrooms,” as classroom library bans and curricular exclusions are virtually impossible to verify. Far easier to verify is whether and how many of the books that were listed in the Final Index as “Banned – Pending Investigation,” “Banned in Libraries,” or “Banned in Libraries and Classrooms” are actually present in school libraries, given that for the most part public school library card catalogs are publicly available.

This yielded a universe of 1,868 books, all of which are in districts with public card catalogs. Of these, we were able to confirm that 1,378 books, or 74 percent, are listed as available in the school district libraries from which PEN said they had been banned. Of the 1,261 books PEN labeled as “Banned – Pending Investigation,” 1,015, or 80 percent, were present in school libraries. Of the 853 books labeled “Banned – In Libraries” or “Banned – In Libraries and Classrooms,” 363, or 42 percent, were present in school libraries. We conducted an analysis for a random sample of PEN’s May 2023 report, and the results were largely similar.

Of the 490 books that PEN listed as banned that are no longer available, 203 were from Texas, and 174 were from Florida. Excluding these two states leaves 113 books successfully challenged in a calendar year amongst more than 10,000 school districts. It is far from clear that the removal of a few hundred books in Florida and Texas or a little more than 100 in the rest of the country represents a dramatic increase over the historic norm⁹ or a phenomenon of any particular significance whatsoever.

As for the books themselves, it’s informative to compare PEN’s list of books that were “banned” with a list of books that were actually “banned,” defined as books in the PEN list that we were unable to find in the library catalogues of those school districts.

⁹ A 2016 report by PEN based on data from the American Library Association found that 27 books were removed from circulation in the previous year, but notes that the ALA did not systematically track this information so the true number could be far higher. It is, then, unclear what share of this apparent increase is real and what share is attributable to greater public reporting. Robin Shulman, “Missing From the Shelf: Book Challenges and Lack of Diversity in Children’s Literature,” PEN America, August 31, 2016, https://pen.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/08/PEN_childrens_lit_report_FINAL_online.pdf.

PEN's List

1. Gender Queer (38 Districts)
2. All Boys Aren't Blue (26 Districts)
3. Out of Darkness (22 Districts)
4. The Bluest Eye (21 Districts)
5. The Hate You Give (17 Districts)
5. Lawn Boy (16 Districts)
7. Absolutely True Ind (15 Districts)
8. Me and Earl ... (12 Districts)
9. Crank (12 Districts)
9. The Kite Runner (12 Districts)
9. Thirteen Reasons (12 Districts)
10. 18r g8r (11 Districts)

Actually "Banned" (Removed)

1. Gender Queer (21 Districts)
2. This Book is Gay (8 Districts)
2. Out of Darkness (9 Districts)
4. L&r g&r (7 Districts)
4. All Boys Aren't Blue (7 Districts)
4. It's Perfectly Normal (7 Districts)
4. Lawn Boy (7 Districts)
6. Jack of Hearts (5 Districts)
7. Crank (4 Districts)
7. Lucky (4 Districts)
7. Court of Mist & ... (4 Districts)

Note that several books in PEN's top 10 list are not present in our list of books that were actually banned. Two are particularly worth highlighting.

First is *The Bluest Eye*. Those who inveigh against book bans frequently trot out *The Bluest Eye* as an example of a book of great literary merit that is being banned by prude and possibly racist parents/schools. In fact, this book was featured in Joe Biden's re-election launch video. We found it missing in just three school districts. It is still assigned in the curriculum in one of them. So, *The Bluest Eye* has been pulled entirely from two school districts out of 14,000. You can assess whether this rises to the level of national concern worthy of featuring in a Presidential re-election campaign.

Second is *The Hate U Give*. PEN suggests that racism is a major factor driving censorship. The organization reports that "659 banned book titles (40 percent) contain protagonists or prominent secondary characters of color" and "338 banned book titles (21 percent) directly address issues of race and racism." The book "The Hate U Give," inspired by the Black Lives Matter movement and primarily features black characters, is listed as one of the most frequently banned books, reportedly removed from more than a dozen public school libraries during 2021-2022. But when we examine the online card catalogues in those school districts, we find copies of *The Hate U Give* available in every one of them. For example, PEN America says that *The Hate U Give* was banned in Goddard Public Schools in Kansas, yet that district's card catalogue lists nine copies of the book; three were checked out at the time we examined it. Similarly, the book was supposedly banned from the Indian River School District in Florida, but the online card catalogue in that district shows 20 copies available, with several checked out.

Among the books that PEN America alleges were banned are classic works, such as *Anne Frank's Diary*, *Brave New World*, *Lord of the Flies*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Color Purple*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. In every school district in which PEN America alleges those books were banned, we found copies listed as available in the online card catalog.

By contrast, all ten of the most "actually banned" books contain sexually explicit, if not outright pornographic, passages that few reasonable people would insist belong in a school library. PEN has suggested that anti-LGBTQ+ animus may be driving recent book bans, noting that "674

banned book titles (41 percent) explicitly address LGBTQ+ themes or have protagonists or prominent secondary characters who are LGBTQ+ (this includes a specific subset of titles for transgender characters or stories—145 titles, or 9 percent).” But seven of the ten books actually most frequently banned feature explicit heterosexual content. The ones that feature homosexual relations include a depiction of underage incest (*All Boys Aren’t Blue*), instructions on how to use Grindr to find sex partners (*This Book Is Gay*), and an image of oral sex being performed on a strap-on dildo (*Gender Queer*). We have been following the public debate on book bans for over a year and have never seen a journalist or pundit directly suggest, much less insist, that this content is appropriate for children in school.

In case readers doubt our description of these books as sexually explicit, we have reproduced images of pages in some of these books in Appendix A. Because these images are sexually explicit, people should be warned that they may find the content in Appendix A to be objectionable and may prefer not to review that material.



Policy Recommendations for State Policymakers

It is crucial for legislators to consider proposals that foster a collaborative approach between parents and educators in determining the suitability of instructional content based on age. There has to be some process for making decisions about which books should be acquired for school libraries, and when there is a dispute about the educational merit or age-appropriateness of that content, there has to be some process for adjudicating those disputes. Simply deferring to the decisions of librarians or teachers without input from parents and oversight by elected school boards is not an acceptable process.

A law in Texas (HB900) provides an outline for other state legislators to follow to ensure that public school libraries don’t provide inappropriate sexual content to children. The law “defines ‘sexually explicit materials’ as any communication, language, or material, including a written description, photographic or video image, or audio file, excluding library material directly related to required curriculum, as referenced in the state’s existing education and penal codes. [It also stipulates] that school libraries may not provide students with any materials displaying or encouraging sexual conduct, as already defined by the Texas Penal Code.”¹⁰

In addition to setting standards for school libraries on sexual content, the law prohibits schools from procuring, storing, or distributing sexually explicit books and graphic novels to students. However, unlike similar bills across the nation, the Texas law introduces a distinctive approach to ensure compliance.

Vendors seeking to sell sexually explicit materials will be obligated to affix appropriate labels prior to sale. Furthermore, if schools are found purchasing such explicit content, they will face an indefinite ban on procuring any books or materials from that specific vendor. Consequently, any

¹⁰ Tony Kinnett, “Pornographic Books Found in Texas School Libraries Result in Bipartisan Action to Remove Them,” *The Daily Signal*, May 15, 2023, <https://www.dailysignal.com/2023/05/15/texas-bill-could-remove-porn-from-school-libraries/>.

vendor caught selling sexually explicit material to a Texas public school district would be prohibited from conducting future sales to that district. “Material covering sex transforms from instructional to pornographic in nature when it does not describe a physical act for the purpose of academic instruction but is designed to create sexual arousal in those consuming the material. [The Texas law] appropriately sets procedures and guidelines for [state lawmakers to adopt and for] educators to follow regarding this content.”¹¹



Policy Recommendations for Schoolboard Members

Locally elected school board members have a duty to oversee a process that distinguishes what is appropriate material for school. Information and opinions should be solicited from educators and especially parents, and then school board members should make final, transparent decisions about what books and materials are stocked on school library shelves.

The traditional legal obscenity standard is too strict to apply to schools, as virtually any book that has characters and a plot – in addition to pornographic passages, would be permitted under it. Rather, adults should operate with an eye toward age appropriateness. For this analysis, the school or the school district will need to invoke its administrative authority. As Adam Kissel, visiting fellow at the Heritage Foundation has outlined, the library and the classroom are part of the educational program. They are not by legal definition a “public forum,” like a public park or even the school cafeteria. “Here,” Kissel explains, “the government has the right to engage in content [moderation and curation]. Unlike a college classroom there is almost no free speech right for teachers.”¹²

School board-approved committees should create a transparent process to review books that parents or teachers challenge. Kissel goes on to explain that too often, review committees make the final decisions in an opaque process with little if any room for parent input. For a community to have its values and standards reflected in its schools, school board members should take public votes on challenged books so that their ethical decisions factor directly into the electoral decisions of their constituents.



Conclusion: The Book Ban Mirage

Having conducted as generous of an analysis as possible on the data presented by PEN America in its work on “book bans,” we conclude that there are few actual book removals and they are overwhelmingly based on parental objections to sexually explicit content. Given how little fire there seems to be under the smoke, is Governor Ron DeSantis correct to speak of a book ban “hoax”? PEN used a knowingly misleading definition of “ban,” to inflate their numbers, that were parroted by a compliant press. We believe it’s safe to characterize the concern about “book

¹¹ Jonathan Butcher, testimony at the Texas State Capitol supporting HB 900. Ibid.

¹² Adam Kissel has noted the legal distinctions in public vs. non-public forums in his testimony titled “How to Think About Age-Inappropriate Library Books,” at the Superintendents’ Roundtable hosted by The Heritage Foundation on April 19, 2023.

banning” as largely a mirage. A careful examination using the conventional definition reveals that only a fraction of “banned” books are no longer present, and that the most-banned books are all sexually explicit material.

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Appendix

Figure A1. Images from *Gender Queer* (Excerpt from pages 167 (left) & 168 (right))¹³



¹³ "Gender Queer by: Maia Kobabe" Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/copy-of-excerpts-3> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

Figure A2. Image from *Gender Queer* (Excerpt from page 62)¹⁴

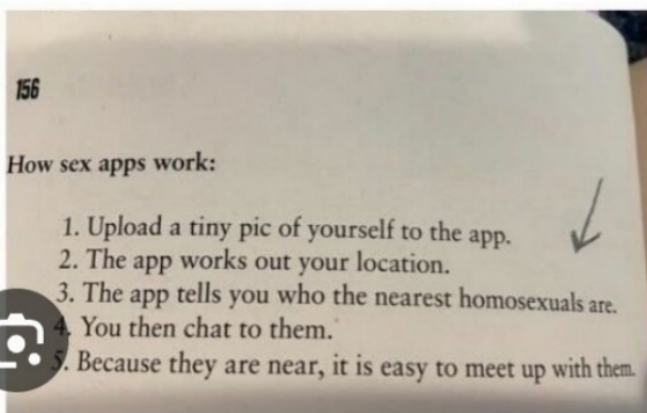
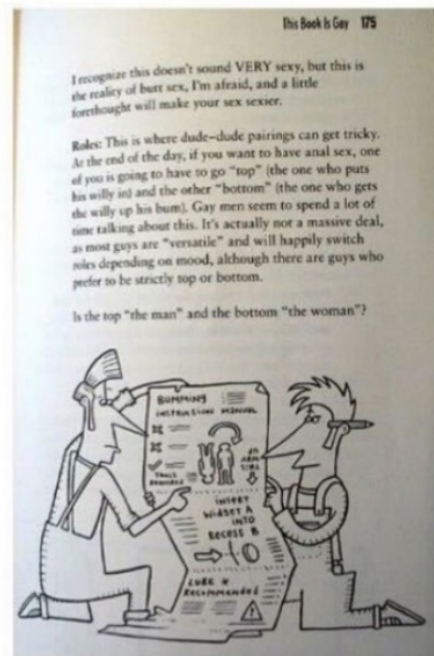
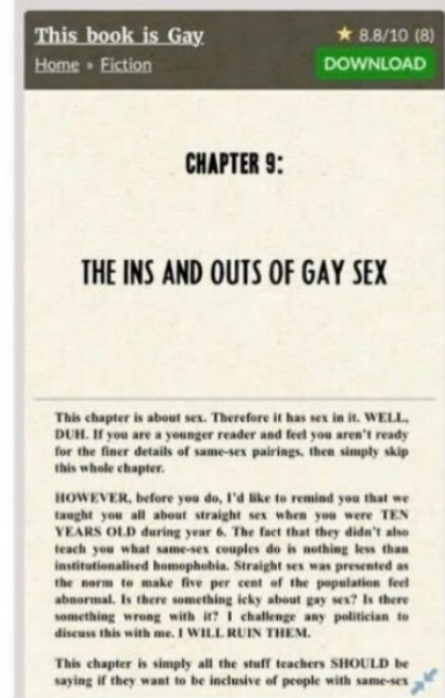
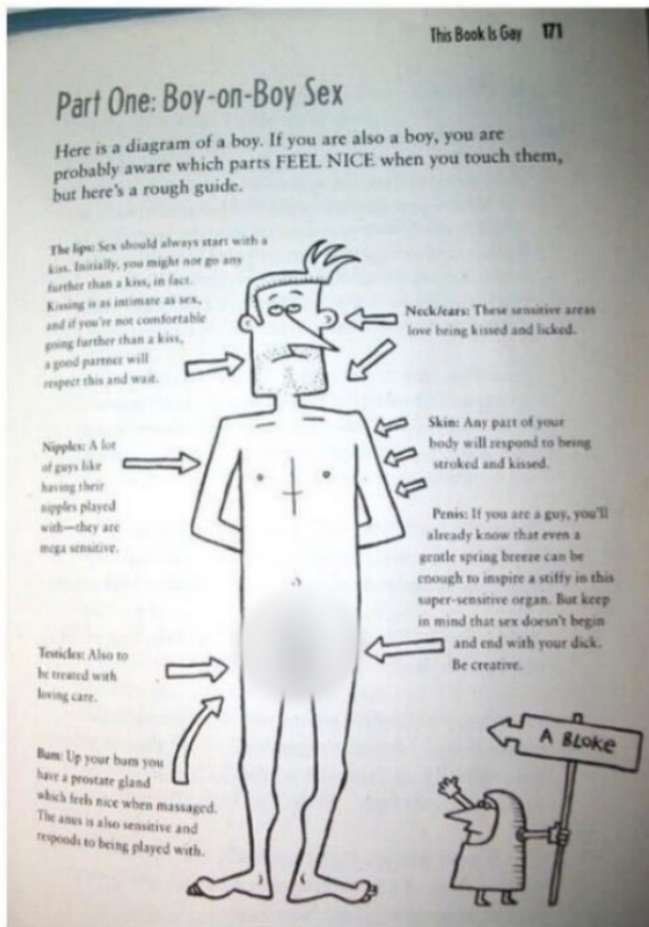


* I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

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¹⁴ Ibid.

Figure A3. Images from *This Book is Gay* (Excerpts from pages 156, 171, & 175)¹⁵



¹⁵ "This Book is Gay by: Juno Dawson" Book Looks, <https://drive.google.com/file/d/13JH0x0ngP3xstxOHVmdRofI2RGcQ2BiZ/view> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

Top right photo titled, “Chapter 19: The Ins and Outs of Gay Sex” the text is as follows:

- “This chapter is about sex. Therefore it has sex in it. WELL, DUH. If you are a younger reader and feel you aren't ready for the finer details of same-sex pairings, then simply skip this whole chapter. HOWEVER, before you do, I'd like to remind you that we taught you all about straight sex when you were TEN YEARS OLD during year 6. The fact that they didn't also teach you what same-sex couples do is nothing less than institutionalised homophobia. Straight sex was presented as the norm to make five per cent of the population feel abnormal. Is there something icky about gay sex? Is there something wrong with it? I challenge any politician to discuss this with me. I WILL RUIN THEM. This chapter is simply all the stuff teachers SHOULD be saying if they want to be inclusive of people with same-sex.”

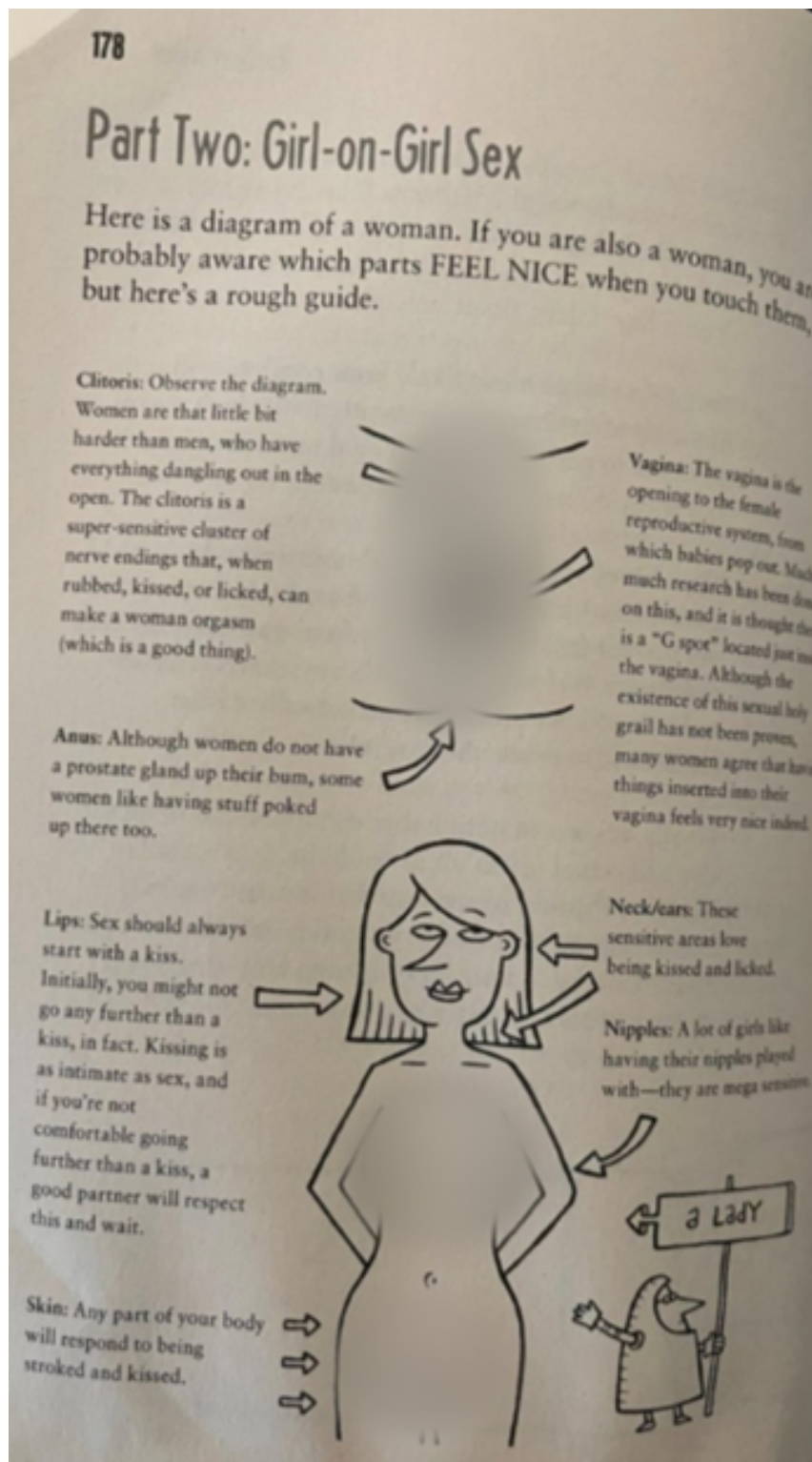
Bottom left photo titled “How sex apps work,” the text is as follows:

- “Upload a tiny pic of yourself to the app. The app works out your location. The app tells you who the nearest homosexuals are. You then chat to them. Because they are near, it is easy to meet up with them.”

Bottom right photo, the text is as follows:

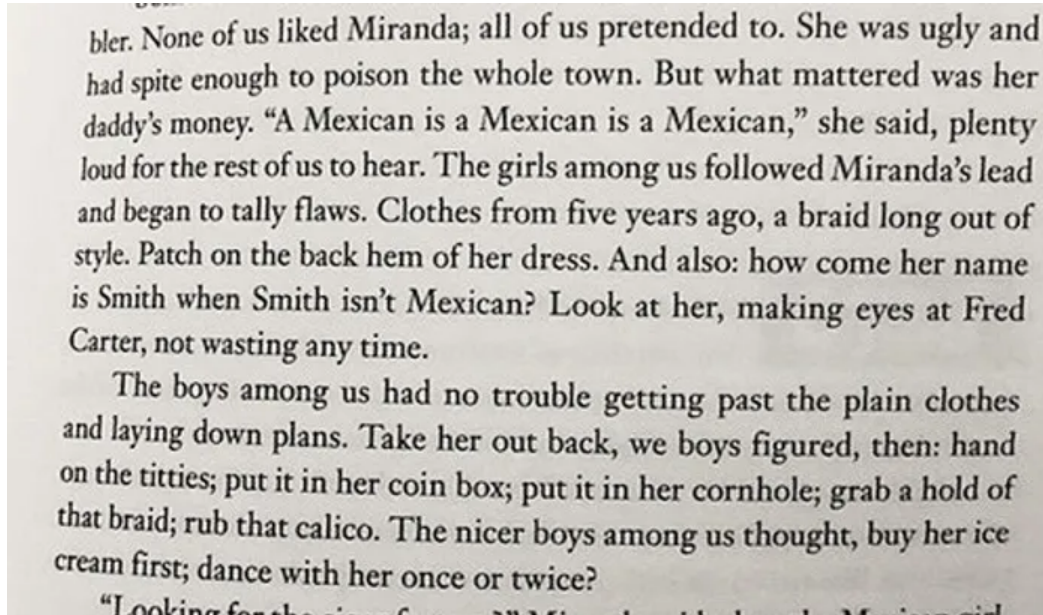
- “I recognize this doesn't sound VERY sexy, but this is the reality of butt sex, I'm afraid, and a little forethought will make your sex sexier. Roles: This is where dude-dude pairings can get tricky. At the end of the day, if you want to have anal sex, one of you is going to have to go ‘top’ (the one who puts his willy in) and the other ‘bottom’ (the one who gets the willy up his bum), Gay men seem to spend a lot of time talking about this. It's actually not a massive deal, as most guys are ‘versatile’ and will happily switch roles depending on mood, although there are guys who prefer to be strictly top or bottom. Is the top ‘the man’ and the bottom ‘the woman’?”

Figure A4. Image from *This Book is Gay* (Excerpt from page 178)¹⁶



¹⁶ Ibid.

Figure A5. Image from *Out of Darkness* (Excerpt from page 33)¹⁷

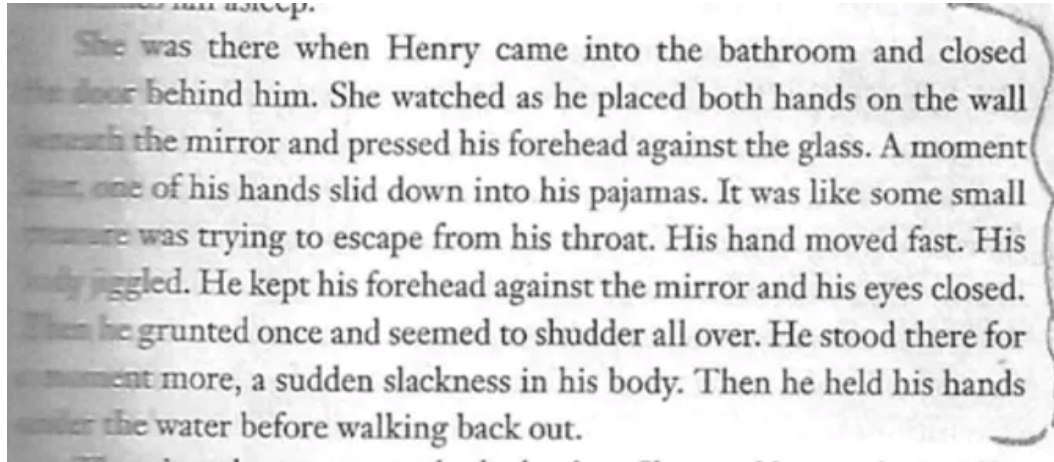


The above text is as follows:

- "None of us liked Miranda; all of us pretended to. She was ugly and had spite enough to poison the whole town. But what mattered was her daddy's money. 'A Mexican is a Mexican is a Mexican,' she said, plenty loud for the rest of us to hear. The girls among us followed Miranda's lead and began to tally flaws. Clothes from five years ago, a braid long out of style. Patch on the back hem of her dress. And also: how come her name is Smith when Smith isn't Mexican? Look at her, making eyes at Fred Carter, not wasting any time. The boys among us had no trouble getting past the plain clothes and laying down plans. Take her out back, we boys figured, then: hand on the titties; put it in her coin box; put it in her cornhole; grab a hold of that braid; rub that calico. The nicer boys among us thought, buy her ice cream first; dance with her once or twice?"

¹⁷ "Out of Darkness by Ashley Hope Perez" Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4-14> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

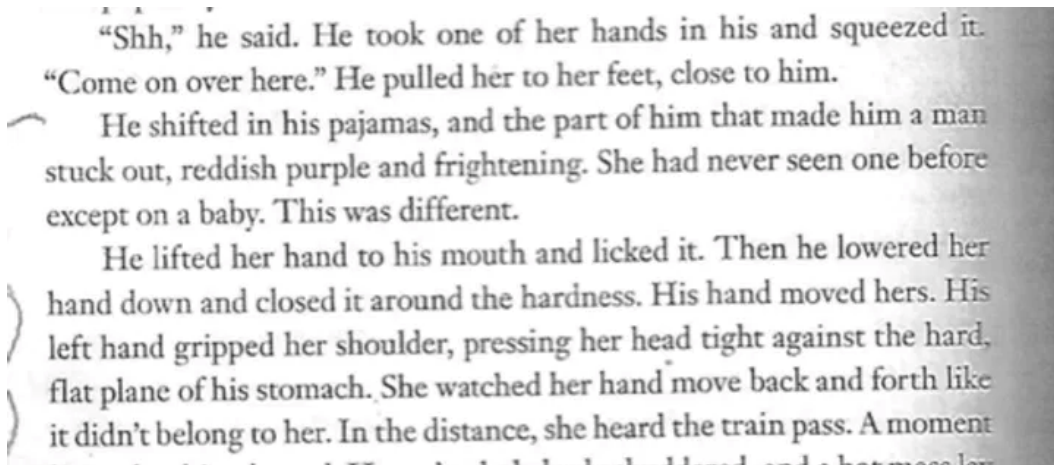
Figure A6. Image from *Out of Darkness* (Excerpt from page 67)¹⁸



The above text is as follows:

- “She was there when Henry came into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. She watched as he placed both hands on the wall beneath the mirror and pressed his forehead against the glass. A moment later, one of his hands slid down into his pajamas. It was like some small pressure was trying to escape from his throat. His hand moved fast. His body jiggled. He kept his forehead against the mirror and his eyes closed. Then he grunted once and seemed to shudder all over. He stood there for a moment more, a sudden slackness in his body. Then he held his hands under the water before walking back out.”

Figure A7. Image from *Out of Darkness* (Excerpt from page 68)¹⁹



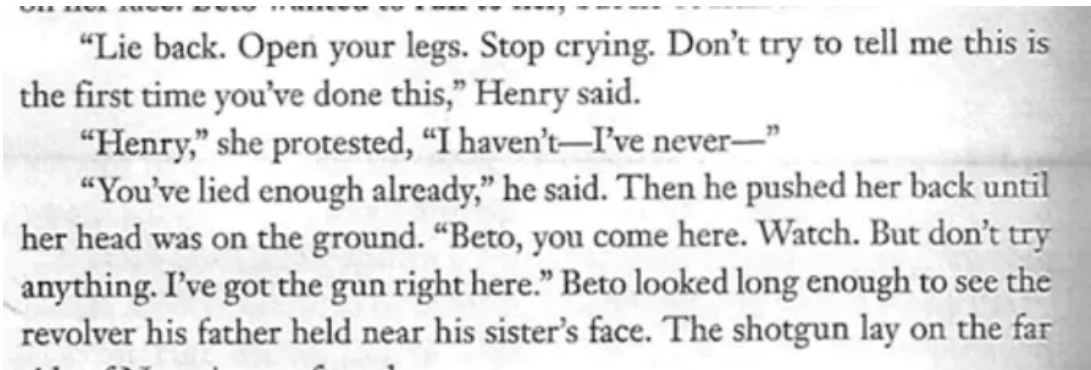
The above text is as follows:

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Ibid.

- “‘Shh,’ he said. He took one of her hands in his and squeezed it. ‘Come on over here.’ He pulled her to her feet, close to him. He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening. She had never seen one before except on a baby. This was different. He lifted her hand to his mouth and licked it. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness. His hand moved hers. His left hand gripped her shoulder, pressing her head tight against the hard, flat plane of his stomach. She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn’t belong to her. In the distance, she heard the train pass.”

Figure A8. Image from *Out of Darkness* (Excerpt from page 380)²⁰



The above text is as follows:

- “‘Lie back. Open your legs. Stop crying. Don't try to tell me this is the first time you've done this,' Henry said. ‘Henry,’ she, ‘I haven't-I've never-‘ ‘You've lied enough already,’ he said. Then he pushed her back until her head was on the ground. ‘Beto, you come here. Watch. But don't try anything. I've got the gun right here.’ Beto looked long enough to see the revolver his father held near his sister's face. The shotgun lay on the far...’”

²⁰ Ibid.

Figure A9. Image from *L8r G8r* (Excerpt from page 137)²¹

zoegirl: oh god, he better not!

SnowAngel: so: spit or swallow?

zoegirl: i swallowed, but i don't think i'm going to next time. i'll just tell him very politely so he's not offended.

SnowAngel: erm, i bet he'll be ok with it. what's he gonna say, "nuh uh, no way! in that case, no blow jobs for YOU, missy!"

zoegirl: i don't *want* a blow job

SnowAngel: you know what i mean

zoegirl: doug tried to go down on me (geez, that sounds dorky), but i was like, "no no no no no. that's ok."

SnowAngel: why?

zoegirl: like you said, the whole odor thing. but in reverse. ack, i'm blushing just talking about it!


SnowAngel: what about plain old sex? if yr embarrassed to have him go down on you, won't you be embarrassed to have sex?

zoegirl: that's different

zoegirl: but . . . maybe

zoegirl: i'll cross that bridge when i come to it, which i guess will be soon, because pill-wise i'm one day away from being safe. can you believe it? but i leave for tennessee tomorrow, so there goes that good timing.

SnowAngel: which means you'll have more time to get ready.

zoegirl:  exactly

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²¹ "l8r,g8r by Lauren Myracle" Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4-20> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

The above text is as follows:

zoegirl: oh god, he better not!

SnowAngel: so: spit or swallow?

zoegirl: i swallowed, but i don't think i'm going to next time. i'll just tell him very politely so he's not offended.

SnowAngel: erm, i bet he'll be ok with it. what's he gonna say, 'nuh uh, no way! in that case, no blow jobs for YOU, missy!'

zoegirl: i don't *want* a blow job

SnowAngel: you know what i mean

zoegirl: doug tried to go down on me (geez, that sounds dorky), but i was like, 'no no no no no. that's ok.'

SnowAngel: why?

zoegirl: like you said, the whole odor thing. but in reverse. ack, i'm blushing just talking about it!

SnowAngel: what about plain old sex? if yr embarrassed to have him go down on you, won't you be embarrassed to have sex?

zoegirl: that's different

zoegirl: but... maybe

zoegirl: i'll cross that bridge when i come to it, which i guess s will be soon, because pill-wise i'm one day away from being safe. can you believe it? but I leave for tennessee tomorrow, so there goes that good timing.

SnowAngel: which means you'll have more time to get ready.

zoegirl: exactly””

Figure A10. Image from *L&R G&R* (Excerpt from page 213)²²

Sat, Apr 22, 6:30 PM E.D.T.

SnowAngel: i just played a trick on aunt sadie, tee hee. remember that sex toy party her friend wanted to have?

zoegirl: vaguely. i remember the pole-dancing party.

SnowAngel: well, the sex toy party is part of that whole lineup, and aunt sadie finally agreed to host it, and it's set for next thursday!

SnowAngel: anyway, emma, she's the sex toy woman, has been calling endlessly to pester aunt sadie about details. would aunt sadie be willing to pose in lingerie? how many pairs of handcuffs should she bring? what about s&m, is that going too far?

zoegirl: good god. are they actually going to try the stuff out at the party?

SnowAngel: the idea is to "normalize" the sex toys so that the women wanna take them home to spice up their sex lives. but aunt sadie's insisting that emma only bring the catalogue. she can do a pole dance for her innocent niece, but she's too embarrassed to pass around a vibrator!

zoegirl: oh, wow. this is *so* not my mother's pampered chef party!

SnowAngel: so a few minutes ago aunt sadie was in the shower, and her celly beeped. i picked it up and it was a text message from someone named "dilemma." dilEMMA, get it? and the msg was "sadie, 5pm good?"

SnowAngel: so i typed back. "5pm great, but changed mind about dildos. bring lots—all sizes!" 😊

zoegirl: angela!

SnowAngel: so now emma's gonna show up next thursday with a humongous box of dildos! i love it!

213

²² Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

“Sat, Apr 22, 6:30 PM E.D.T.

SnowAngel: i just played a trick on aunt sadie, tee hee. remember that sex toy party her friend wanted to have?

zoegirl: vaguely. i remember the pole-dancing party.

SnowAngel: well, the sex toy party is part of that whole lineup, and aunt sadie finally agreed to host it, and it's set for next thursday!

SnowAngel: anyway, emma, she's the sex toy woman, has been calling endlessly to pester aunt sadie about details. would aunt sadie be willing to pose in lingerie? how many pairs of handcuffs should she bring? what about s&m, is that going too far?

zoegirl: good god. are they actually going to try the stuff out at the party?

SnowAngel: the idea is to ‘normalize’ the sex toys so that the women wanna take them home to spice up their sex lives. but aunt sadie's insisting that emma only bring the catalogue, she can do a pole dance for her innocent niece, but she's too embarrassed to pass around a vibrator!

zoegirl: oh, wow. this is *so* not my mother's pampered chef party!

SnowAngel: so a few minutes ago aunt sadie was in the shower, and her celly beeped. i picked it up and it was a text message from someone named ‘dilemma.’ dilEMMA, get it? and the msg was ‘sadie, 5pm good?’

SnowAngel: so i typed back, ‘5pm great, but changed mind about dildos. bring lots-all sizes!’

zoegirl: angela!

SnowAngel: so now emma's gonna show up next thursday with a humongous box of dildos! i love it!””

Figure A11. Image from *L&R G&R* (Excerpt from page 178)²³

in your minds and not make any crass jokes,
MADDIE.

SnowAngel: i promise

mad maddie: yeah, yeah, whatevs. of course!

zoegirl: because it really is a big deal. it's something i'll remember forever, and it's something doug will remember forever. we will always be each other's firsts.

SnowAngel: we get it! now spill!

zoegirl: the complicated part was . . . getting it in. it wasn't effortless like in the movies. i *knew* it wasn't gonna be like in the movies, i'm not clueless, but part of me still expected that it would happen naturally, you know? (the getting it in part)

mad maddie: it DIDN'T happen naturally? what are you saying, that you used a

mad maddie: nvm, i'll be good

SnowAngel: what were you gonna say, a forklift?

mad maddie: no, a crowbar. but a forklift's even better, more complimentary to doug.

zoegirl: you guys! no jokes!!!

SnowAngel: ok, so how DID you get it in? *sits attentively with pen and paper*

zoegirl: he kind of guided it in. with his hand. i tried to help, but i felt pretty fumbly.

SnowAngel: did it hurt, when it finally happened?

²³ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

““in your minds and not make any crass jokes, MADDIE.

SnowAngel: i promise

mad maddie: yeah, yeah, whatevs. of course!

zoegirl: because it really is a big deal. it's something i'll remember forever, and it's something doug will remember forever. we will always be each other's firsts.

SnowAngel: we get it! now spill!

zoegirl: the complicated part was.... getting it in. it wasn't effortless like in the movies. i *knew* it wasn't gonna be like in the movies, i'm not clueless, but part of me still expected that it

would happen naturally, you know? (the getting it in part)

mad maddie: it DIDN'T happen naturally? what are you saying, that you used a

mad maddie: nvm, i'll be good

SnowAngel: what were you gonna say, a forklift?

mad maddie: no, a crowbar. but a forklift's even better, more complimentary to doug.

zoegirl: you guys! no jokes!!!

SnowAngel: ok, so how DID you get it in? *sits attentively with pen and paper*

zoegirl: he kind of guided it in. with his hand. i tried to help, but i felt pretty fumbly.

SnowAngel: did it hurt, when it finally happened?””

Figure A12. Image from *L&R G&R* (Excerpt from page 214)²⁴

zoegirl: i don't understand the point of a dildo. doesn't it just sound gross, a fake penis that flops around in your hand?

SnowAngel: i don't get it either. altho i don't think it "flops."

SnowAngel: do you think they make fake vaginas for men to use?

zoegirl: ewwww!

zoegirl: i don't like the thought of any of that stuff. can you imagine what doug would say if i whipped out a pair of handcuffs the next time we were fooling around?

SnowAngel: THAT would prove yr not submissive! zoe the dominatrix, yeah!

SnowAngel: *cracks whip* sshwing!

zoegirl: nice whip noise

SnowAngel: thanks! 😊

SnowAngel: are you and maddie still coming over to watch "pride & prejudice"?

zoegirl: you bet

SnowAngel: i DO appreciate it, even if i don't always show it.

zoegirl: angela, it's our pleasure. i'll be over in about an hour!

Sat, Apr 22, 6:58 PM E.D.T.

SnowAngel: uh oh *giggles uncontrollably*

zoegirl: what?

SnowAngel: that woman who called? turns out it wasn't emma-the-sex-toy-guru. it was emma, aunt sadie's personal banker!

zoegirl: oh no!

SnowAngel: they've got a late meeting tomorrow. THAT'S what she was referring to!

zoegirl: and you told her to bring dildos! lots—all sizes!

SnowAngel: why would a personal banker be entered into my

214

²⁴ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

zoegirl: i don't understand the point of a dildo. doesn't it just sound gross, a fake penis that flops around in your hand?

SnowAngel: i don't get it either, altho i don't think it 'flops.'

SnowAngel: do you think they make fake vaginas for men to

zoegirl: ewwwww!

zoegirl: i don't like the thought of any of that stuff. can you imagine what doug would say if i whipped out a pair of handcuffs the next time we were fooling around?

SnowAngel: THAT would prove yr not submissive! zoe the dominatrix, yeah!

SnowAngel: *cracks whip* sshwing!

zoegirl: nice whip noise

SnowAngel: thanks!

SnowAngel: are you and maddie still coming over to watch 'pride & prejudice'?

zoegirl: you bet

SnowAngel: I DO appreciate it, even if i don't always show it.

zoegirl: angela, it's our pleasure. i'll be over in about an hour!

Sat, Apr 22, 6:58 PM E.D.T.

SnowAngel: uh oh *giggles uncontrollably*

zoegirl: what?

SnowAngel: that woman who called? turns out it wasn't emma-the-sex-toy-guru. it was emma, aunt sadie's personal banker!

zoegirl: oh no!

SnowAngel: they've got a late meeting tomorrow. THAT'S what she was referring to!

zoegirl: and you told her to bring dildos! lots-all sizes!

SnowAngel: why would a personal banker be entered into my''

Figure A13. Image from *All Boys Aren't Blue* (Excerpt from page 201)²⁵

go to sleep, and when he did fall asleep, he slept like a rock. You then asked me, “Do you feel that?”

“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.

It was that same feeling I had as a seven-year-old who knew he was different. The ten-year-old who wanted

²⁵ “All Boys Aren’t Blue by George M. Johnson” Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4-7> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

The above text is as follows:

- “...go to sleep, and when he did fall asleep, he slept like a rock. You then asked me, ‘Do you feel that?’ ‘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. It was that same feeling I had as a seven-year-old who knew he was different. The ten-year-old who wanted...”

Figure A14. Image from *All Boys Aren't Blue* (Excerpt from page 203)²⁶

time, you were much taller than me, probably by about 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 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 a euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.

²⁶ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “...time, you were much taller than me, probably by about 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 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 a euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.”

Figure A15. Image from *All Boys Aren't Blue* (Excerpt from page 206)²⁷

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—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.

²⁷ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “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—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.”

Figure A16. Image from *All Boys Aren't Blue* (Excerpt from page 209)²⁸

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.

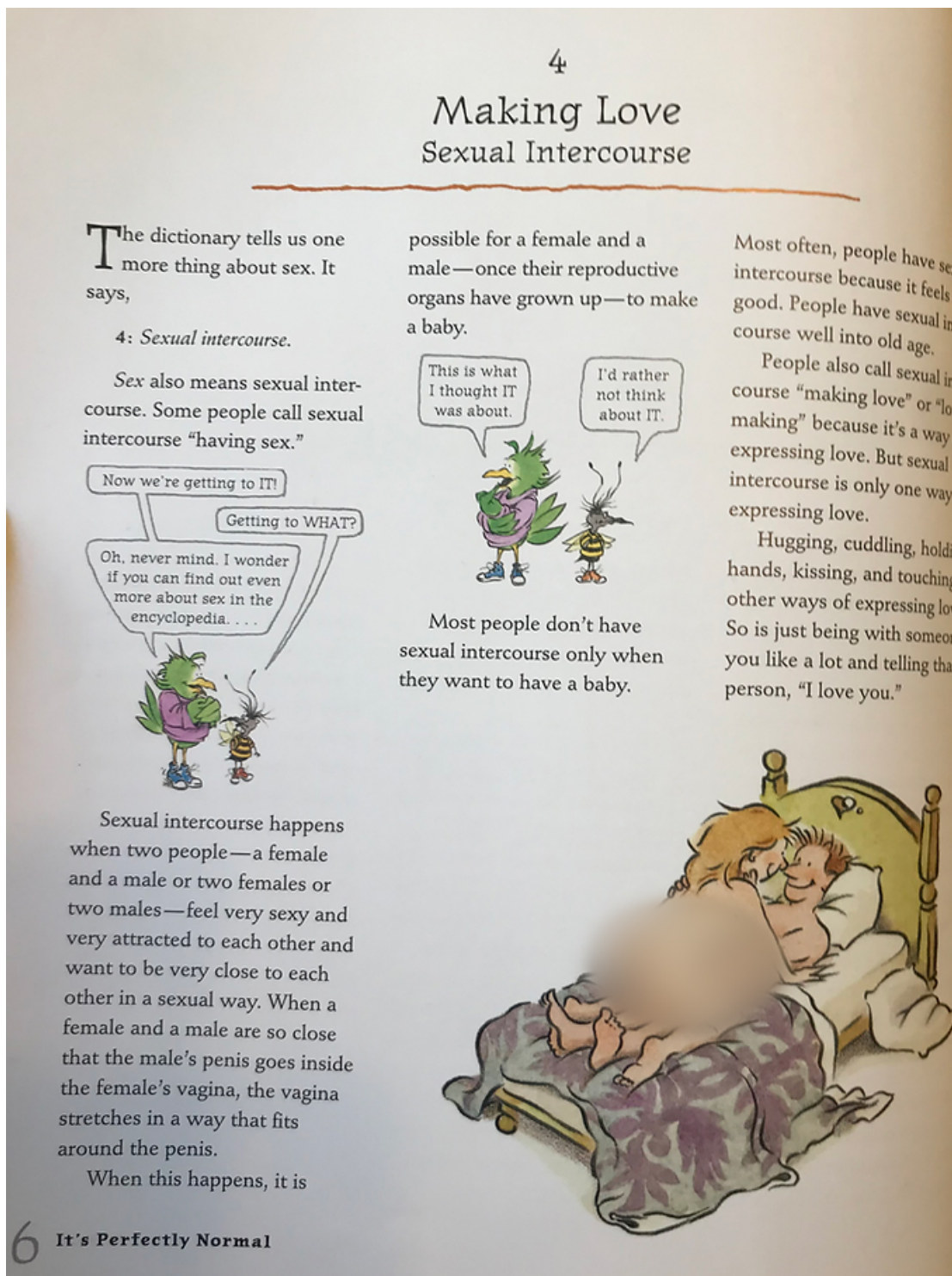
I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. But it was painful for sure. In those few minutes though, I can say that he was gentle. His aim wasn't to hurt me, and my aim was for him to be pleased, too. He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't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

²⁸ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

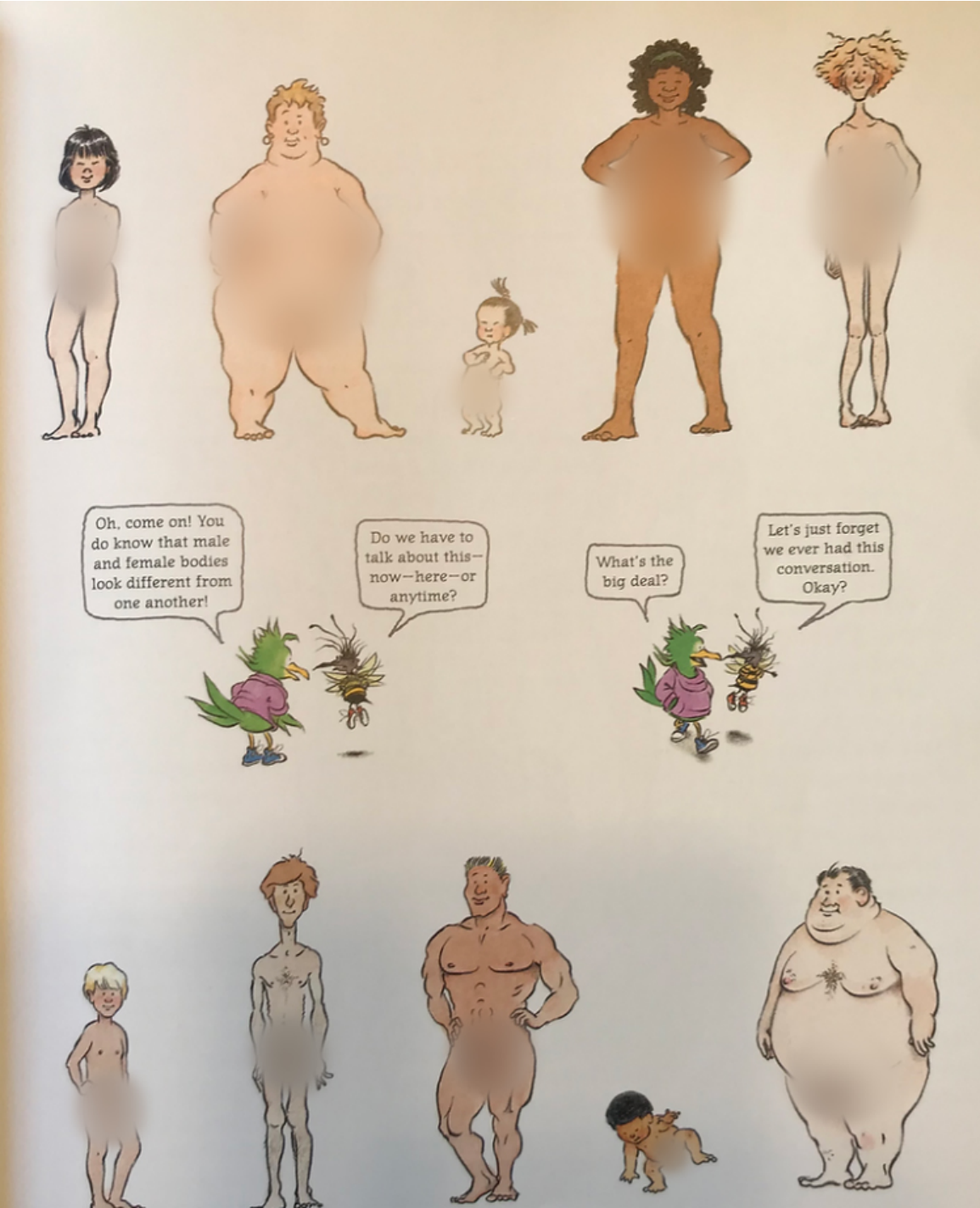
- “...stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain. I can't say that I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

Figure A17. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 6)²⁹



²⁹ “It's Perfectly Normal by Robie H. Harris” Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4-21> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

Figure A18. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 15)³⁰

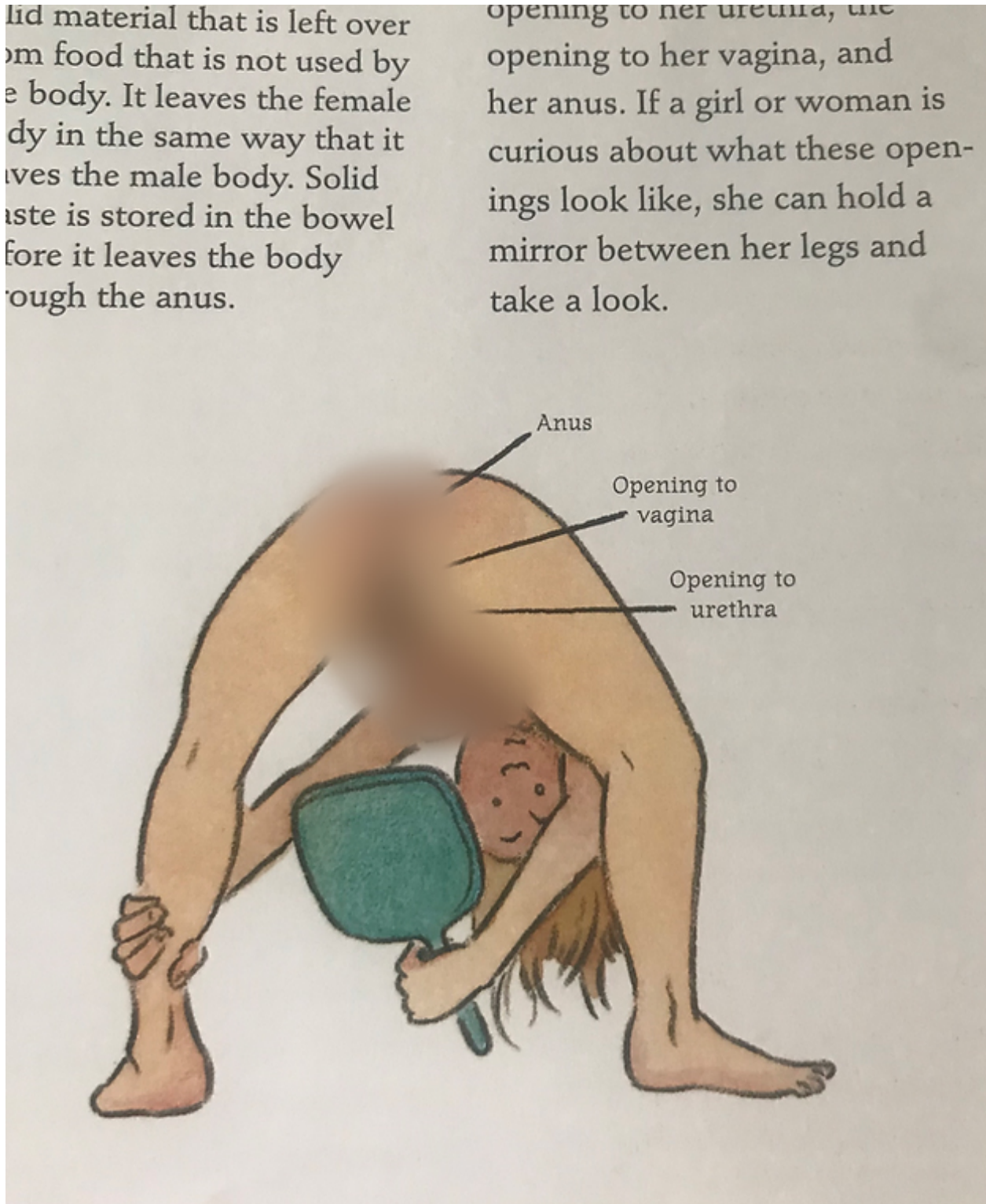


³⁰ Ibid.

Figure A19. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 17)³¹

lid material that is left over from food that is not used by the body. It leaves the female body in the same way that it leaves the male body. Solid waste is stored in the bowel before it leaves the body through the anus.

opening to her urethra, the opening to her vagina, and her anus. If a girl or woman is curious about what these openings look like, she can hold a mirror between her legs and take a look.



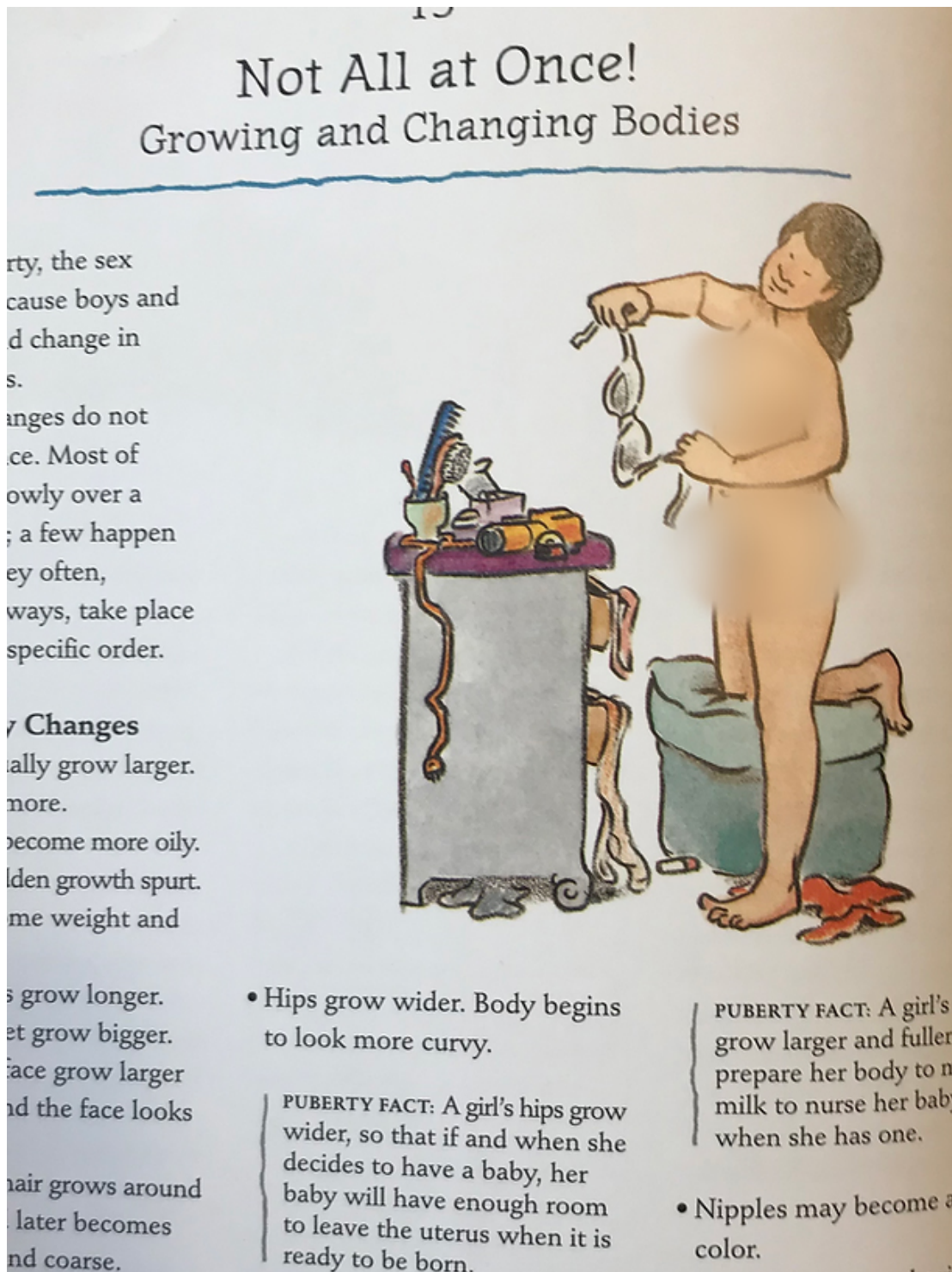
³¹ Ibid.

Figure A20. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 28)³²



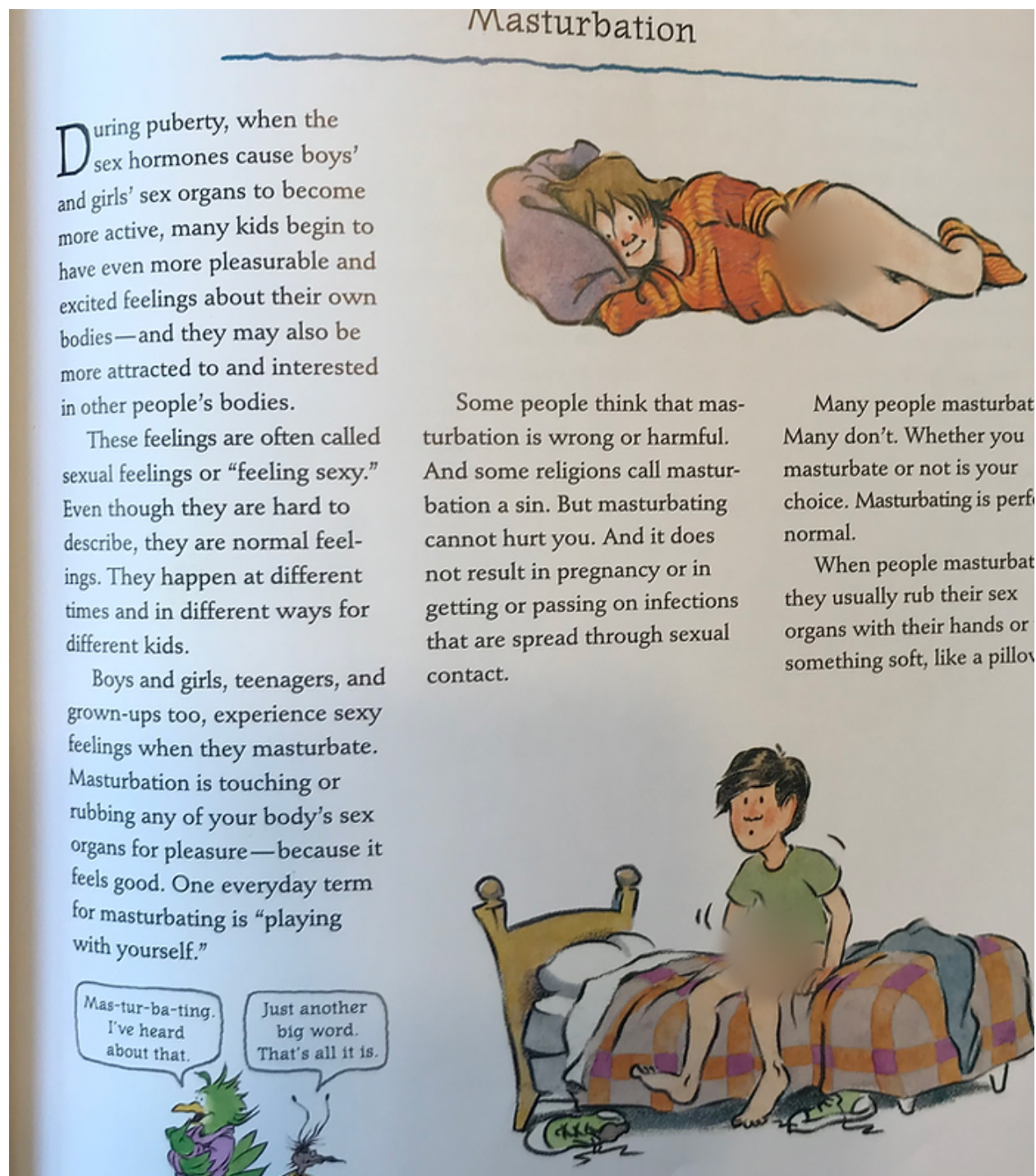
³² Ibid.

Figure A21. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 36)³³



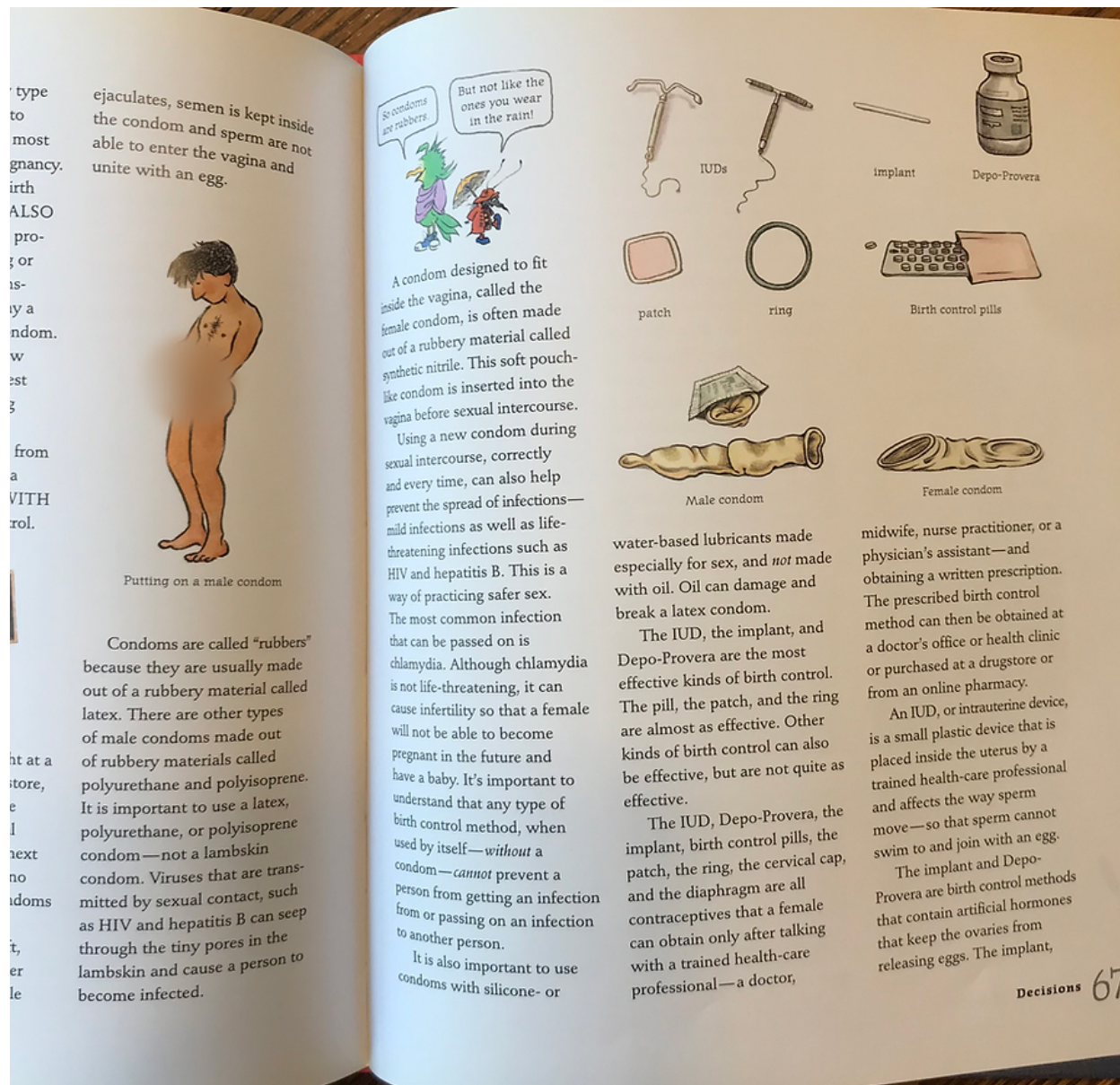
³³ Ibid.

Figure A22. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 43)³⁴



³⁴ Ibid.

Figure A23. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from pages 66-67)³⁵



³⁵ Ibid.

Figure A24. Image from *It's Perfectly Normal* (Excerpt from page 41)³⁶



³⁶ Ibid.

Figure A25. Image from *Jack of Hearts (and Other Parts)* (Excerpt from page 25)³⁷

was in love with my cock and he'd just hopped aboard. And he'd taken control then. Total bossy bottom. I'd pretty much just laid back and enjoyed. So, as far as I knew, anal was pretty easy—like porn easy.

Anyway, so this senior (I'm not naming names) and I are having fun, kissing and sucking and 69ing and what have you, and then he says to me, "I want to fuck that pretty little ass of yours." And I was like, "I don't know, I've never done that before." And he smirked and said, "Sure, right." And I said, "No, really." "Well, I paid for the hotel room," he said, "so let's use it. I'll take it easy on you." But it was pretty clear he didn't believe I was an anal virgin.

So he bends me over the bed and drizzles some lube on my ass. I made him wear a condom, of course. And he starts pushing it in. And WOW, that hurts. I tell him to stop, it hurts, and he says he'll go slower. I say okay because he's already in, and I'm thinking, I'm gay, so this is something I have to learn how to do, right? So he slows down and pushes in, and eventually it starts to feel good—like, really good. He's hitting the right spot, nerve endings are all aglow.

Eventually he finishes and pulls out, and the condom, of course, is covered in shit. And he gets

³⁷ "Jack of Hearts (and Other Parts) by LC Rosen" Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4-58> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

The above text is as follows:

- "...was in love with my cock and he'd just hopped aboard. And he'd taken control then. Total bossy bottom. I'd pretty much just laid back and enjoyed. So, as far as I knew, anal was pretty easy-like porn easy. Anyway, so this senior (I'm not naming names) and I are having fun, kissing and sucking and 69ing and what have you, and then he says to me, "I want to fuck that pretty little ass of yours." And I was like, "I don't know, I've never done that before." And he smirked and said, "Sure, right." And I said, "No, really." "Well, I paid for the hotel room," he said, "so let's use it. I'll take it easy on you." But it was pretty clear he didn't believe I was an anal virgin. So he bends me over the bed and drizzles some lube on my ass. I made him wear a condom, of course. And he starts pushing it in. And WOW, that hurts. I tell him to stop, it hurts, and he says he'll go slower. I say okay because he's already in, and I'm thinking, I'm gay, so this is something I have to learn how to do, right? So he slows down and pushes in, and eventually it starts to feel good-like, really good. He's hitting the right spot, nerve endings are all aglow. Eventually he finishes and pulls out, and the condom, of course, is covered in shit. And he gets..."

Figure A26. Image from *Jack of Hearts (and Other Parts)* (Excerpt from page 26)³⁸

mad at me, like it's my fault. I didn't know about how to clean up down there. He makes me take the crap-covered condom off him and flush it, and then he showers alone. When he gets out of the shower he frowns at me and goes, "You're still here?"

Anyway, here's my advice to you: Make sure you want to do it, 'cause it's going to be uncomfortable at first, for sure. But it can be fun, too—even if you don't have a prostate, there are nerve endings and pressure. Just make sure you've taken a shit beforehand and cleaned after—preferably with soap and water in the shower. 'Cause if you gotta go while he's inside you, it's going to come out gross. When you're ready to get fucked, use lots of lube. A finger first. Go slow. Make sure he's still focused on keeping you turned on, too. It helps if you start out riding him, facing forward—then you have more control over how deep he goes, and you can still communicate what you need. Once he's in you, tell him to just stay there for a while so you can get used to it, then when you give the okay, he can slowly start fucking you. If you don't like it, tell him to stop. If you decide to switch holes, use a fresh condom. And be prepared—sometimes shit just happens. But if you take it slow, it can be really great.

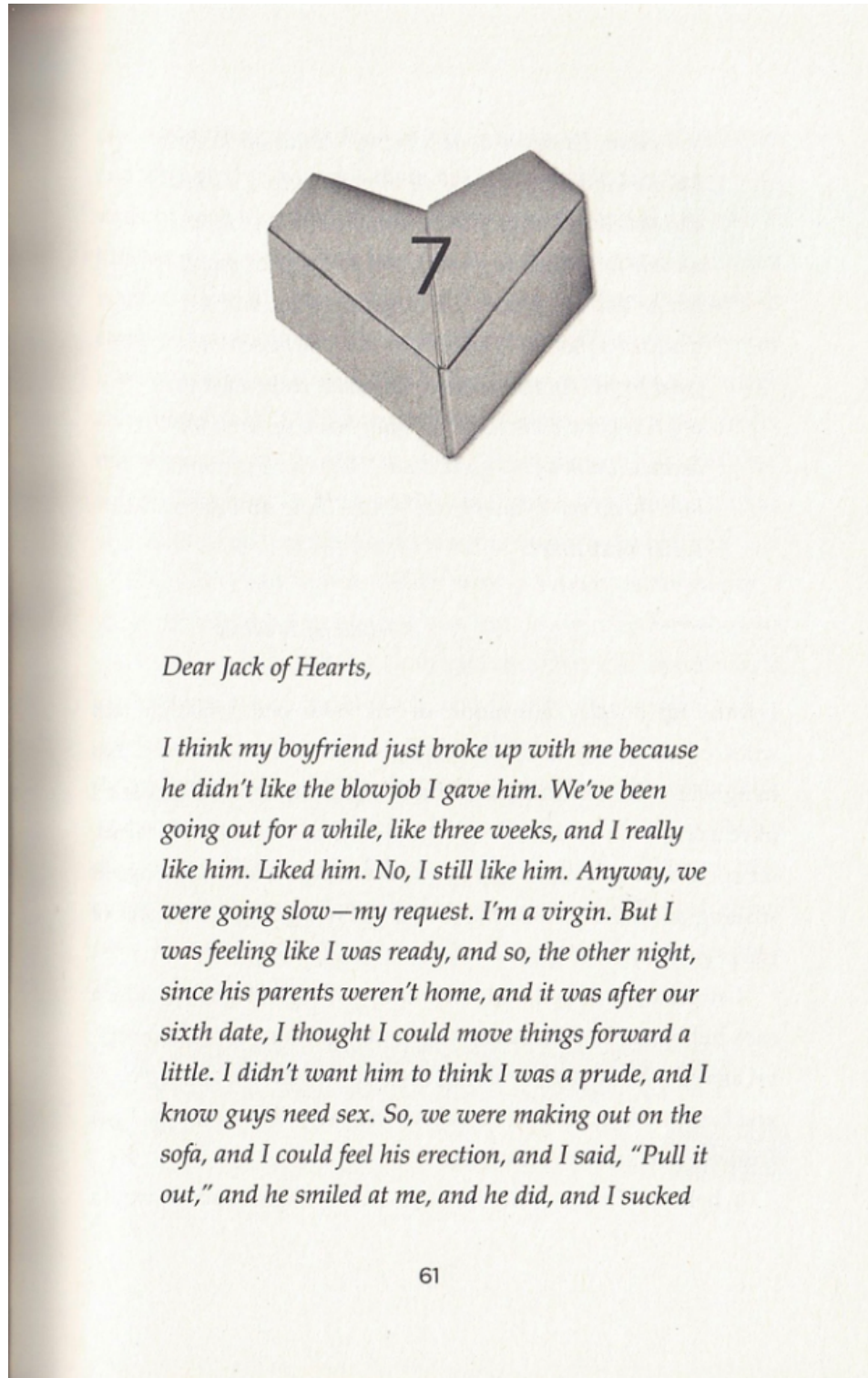
—Jack of Hearts

³⁸ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- "...mad at me, like it's my fault. I didn't know about how to clean up down there. He makes me take the crap-covered condom off him and flush it, and then he showers alone. When he gets out of the shower he frowns at me and goes, 'You're still here?' Anyway, here's my advice to you: Make sure you want to do it, 'cause it's going to be uncomfortable at first, for sure. But it can be fun, too-even if you don't have a prostate, there are nerve endings and pressure. Just make sure you've taken a shit beforehand and cleaned after-preferably with soap and water in the shower. 'Cause if you gotta go while he's inside you, it's going to come out gross. When you're ready to get fucked, use lots of lube. A finger first. Go slow. Make sure he's still focused on keeping you turned on, too. It helps if you start out riding him, facing forward-then you have more control over how deep he goes, and you can still communicate what you need. Once he's in you, tell him to just stay there for a while so you can get used to it, then when you give the okay, he can slowly start fucking you. If you don't like it, tell him to stop. If you decide to switch holes, use a fresh condom. And be prepared-sometimes shit just happens. But if you take it slow, it can be really great.'"

Figure A27. Image from *Jack of Hearts (and Other Parts)* (Excerpt from page 61)³⁹



³⁹ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “Dear Jack of Hearts, I think my boyfriend just broke up with me because he didn't like the blow job I gave him. We've been going out for a while, like three weeks, and I really like him. Liked him. No, I still like him. Anyway, we were going slow-my request. I'm a virgin. But I was feeling like I was ready, and so, the other night, since his parents weren't home, and it was after our sixth date, I thought I could move things forward a little. I didn't want him to think I was a prude, and I know guys need sex. So, we were making out on the sofa, and I could feel his erection, and I said, ‘Pull it out,’ and he smiled at me, and he did, and I sucked.”

Figure A28. Image from *Jack of Hearts (and Other Parts)* (Excerpt from page 62)

*it. I mean, I'd never done it before—which he knew! I think I did okay. I got it all in my mouth. I sucked and licked and stuff. But he didn't come, and after a while he started to go soft, and so I sucked more, but he told me to stop. Then he zipped up, and we watched a movie. When it was over, he kissed me good night. And since then, he hasn't responded to my texts or emails. Did he really break up with me because I don't give good head? How can I convince him I'll do better next time? And... how **do** I do better next time?*

—Bad BJ Breakup

I wake up Sunday afternoon in my own bed, makeup still smeared across my face, but feeling wonderful and relaxed. No hangover—the cucumbers worked. I grab my phone and see I have a text from an unknown number, but it's a photo of a familiar cock, sent this morning, so I know whose it is. I find myself smiling at it, then shake my head. I'm not going to be one of those gay guys who gets a crush on a straight boy.

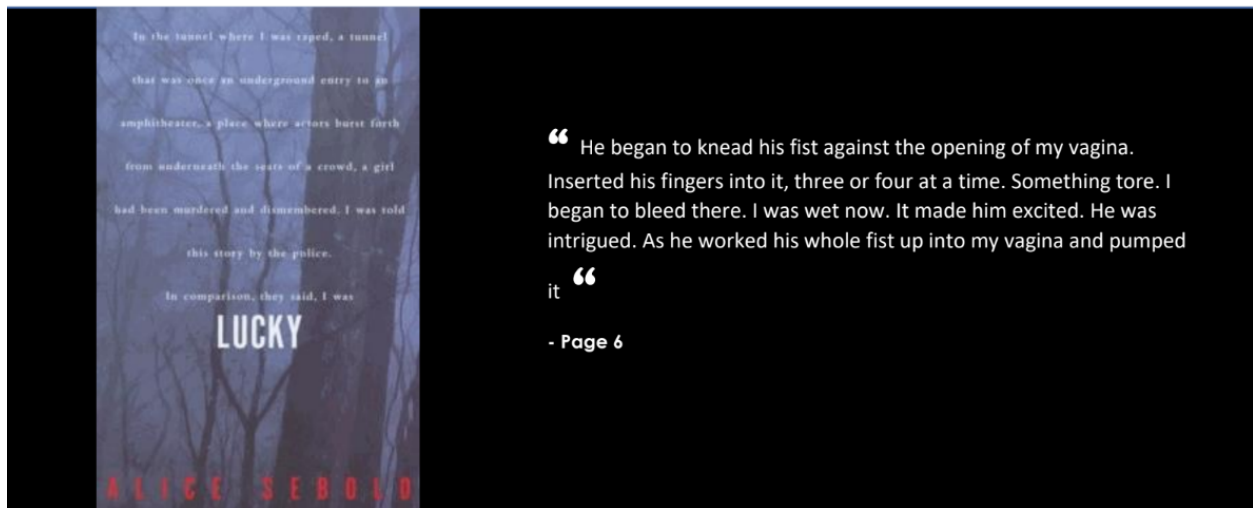
I stretch out in bed and eventually manage to get up, take a nice bubble bath, and then eat something. Mom is at the hospital again. I spend my day doing my homework and texting back and forth with Jenna and Ben about the party. They assume I got laid, want to know with whom.

I believe Caleb when he says he's straight and it was a

The above text is as follows:

- "...it. I mean, I'd never done it before-which he knew! I think I did okay. I got it all in my mouth. I sucked and licked and stuff. But he didn't come, and after a while he started to go soft, and so I sucked more, but he told me to stop. Then he zipped up, and we watched a movie. When it was over, he kissed me good night. And since then, he hasn't responded to my texts or emails. Did he really break up with me because I don't give good head? How can I convince him I'll do better next time? And...how do I do better next time?- Bad BJ Breakup I wake up Sunday afternoon in my own bed, makeup still smeared across my face, but feeling wonderful and relaxed. No hangover the cucumbers worked. I grab my phone and see I have a text from an unknown number, but it's a photo of a familiar cock, sent this morning, so I know whose it is. I find myself smiling at it, then shake my head. I'm not going to be one of those gay guys who gets a crush on a straight boy. I stretch out in bed and eventually manage to get up, take a nice bubble bath, and then eat something. Mom is at the hospital again. I spend my day doing my homework and texting back and forth with Jenna and Ben about the party. They assume I got laid, want to know with whom. I believe Caleb when he says he's straight and it was a..."

Figure A29. Image from *Lucky* (Excerpt from page 6)⁴⁰



The above text is as follows:

- “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.”

⁴⁰ “Lucky by Alice Sebold” Book Looks, https://drive.google.com/file/d/1Obc4GB1Wgz4p_X3cEmUAha2WwXeKapU9/view (accessed on June 20, 2023)

Figure A30. Image from *Lucky* (Excerpt from page 9)⁴¹

Page 9

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.

⁴¹ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “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.”

Figure A31. Image from *Lucky* (Excerpt from page 11)⁴²

Page 11

He kicked me and I curled into a ball.
"I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand.
..."I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin."
"Put it in your mouth." I kneeled 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 flacid 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 throbbled involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirtly 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

⁴² Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “He kicked me and I curled into a ball. ‘I want a blow job.’ He held his dick in his hand. ... ‘I’ve never done it before,’ I said. ‘I’m a virgin.’ ‘Put it in your mouth.’ I kneeled 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 flacid 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 dirtly 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...”

Figure A32. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 67, 68, 69, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 92, 94, & 95)⁴³

Page	Content
67	Been smokin' pot since I was 13, couldn't quit if I tried. ...The white stuff was a different story. He'd stay up all night, eating zip, bowling and snorting line after line. Rent money, right up the nose.
68	We used to do coke, till "Just Say No" put the stuff out of reach. Now it's crank. Meth. The Monster. It's a bitch on the body but damn do you fly.
69	You fly until you crash
85	So when he asked about getting high, I didn't think, I agreed. We smoked some good California green. Took three tries to put me in the place he said I should be. ...I wanted to meet the monster. Why go down if you can go up? Sleepy. Not "high" at all, but real low. And real slow.
86	Some good green bud around. You're gonna love it. You'll see ...Like magic, a mirror and razor blade appeared.
87	I watched him pour powder, yellowish-white. It will take you to heaven. Used the blade to chop the chunks fine, draw two crooked lines. Make you want to fly all night. He held the mirror to my face, handed me a saw toothed straw. Make you want to make love to me.
88	You start to climb crank-crank-crank
89	...that's exactly how it feels when you shake hands with the monster.
92	...he says, Tell me how you feel. So you can't stand it one more second, and you, your eyes, daring him to kiss you. So he does, and it's electric, high voltage, stun-gun strength desire jolting sinew and bone. And he asks, How 'bout another line?
94	If a Little's Good more must be great right?
95	...everything off, nothing left to chance, all the wway in?

⁴³ "Crank by Ellen Hopkins" Book Looks, <http://booklooks.org/data/files/Book%20Looks%20Reports/C/crank.pdf> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

The above text is as follows:

- “(Page 67) Been smokin' pot since I was 13, couldn't quit if I tried.
... The white stuff was a different story. He'd stay up all night, eating zip, bowling and snorting line after line. Rent money, right up the nose. (68) We used to do coke, till 'Just Say No' put the stuff out of reach. Now it's crank. Meth. The Monster. It's a bitch on the body but damn do you fly. (69) You fly until you crash (85) So when he asked about getting high, I didn't think, I agreed. We smoked some good California green. Took three tries to put me in the place he said I should be. ...I wanted to meet the monster. Why go down if you can go up? Sleepy. Not 'high' at all, but real low. And real slow. (86) Some good green bud around. You're gonna love it. You'll see...Like magic, a mirror and razor blade appeared. (87) I watched him pour powder, yellowish-white. It will take you to heaven. Used the blade to chop the chunks fine, draw two crooked lines. Make you want to fly all night. He held the mirror to my face, handed me a saw toothed straw. Make you want to make love to me. (88) You start to climb crank-crank-crank (89)... that's exactly how it feels when you shake hands with the monster. (92) ... he says, Tell me how you feel. So you can't stand it one more second, and you, your eyes, daring him to kiss you. So he does, and it's electric, high voltage, stun-gun strength desire jolting sinew and bone. And he asks, How 'bout another line? (94) If a Little's Good more must be great right? (95)...everything off, nothing left to chance, all the wway in?”

Figure A33. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from page 96)⁴⁴

96 | Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you.
Sweetest coercion.
Let me eat you up.
Skin to skin, belly to shoulder.
Sweet as puddin'.
It was body rush after body rush, intensity building.
Touch me there.
Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition.
See how much I need you?
Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door.
No! Don't stop now!
...I've got to have all of you.

The above text is as follows:

- “(96) Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you. Sweetest coercion. Let me eat you up. Skin to skin, belly to shoulder. Sweet as puddin'. It was body rush after body rush, intensity building. Touch me there. Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition. See how much I need you? Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door. No! Don't stop now!...I've got to have all of you.”

⁴⁴ Ibid.

Figure A34. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from page 99, 101, 102, 104, 113, 114, 129, 138, & 161)⁴⁵

Page	Content
	It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.
99	We were busted. I was busted. And I didn't give a damn
101	Wha' the fuck you up to, Buddy? ...You two been messing' around? ...Okay then. Fix me a line.
102	Like an idiot I took one too. ...there I was, snorting crank with my dad, boyfriend, and his other girlfriend.
104	Whoa, baby. Keep it in your pants, at least. Till I take it out of them.
113	Yo, I think this bitch has been crankin'. That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked Ever done a three-fer?
114	Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground. No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.
129	Somewhere between the transvestite who slapped (her?) mother's boyfriend and the perky blond (transvestite?) evening weathergirl.
138	The monster rose up hard then, hard in her She looked like an animal, crazy mad, diseased Spit in every word, she swore she'd get back at you, at me. ...Crankin', they said, and she was. Oh, yes, she was.
161	He pulled a bindle from his pocket, tapped the sparkly powder inside. Cooked up fresh yesterday. ...That's my girl. Let's forget the bullshit and fly.

⁴⁵ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind. (99) We were busted. I was busted. And I didn't give a damn. (101) Wha' the fuck you up to, Buddy?... You two been messing' around? ...Okay then. Fix me a line. (102) Like an idiot I took one too....there I was, snorting crank with my dad, boyfriend, and his other girlfriend. 104 Whoa, baby. Keep it in your pants, at least. Till I take it out of them. (113) Yo, I think this bitch has been crankin'. That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked Ever done a three-fer? (114 Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground. No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain. 129 Somewhere between the transvestite who slapped (her?) mother's boyfriend and the perky blond (transvestite?) evening weathergirl. (138) The monster rose up hard then, hard in her. She looked like an animal, crazy mad, diseased. Spit in every word, she swore she'd get back at you, at me....Crankin', they said, and she was. Oh, yes, she was. (161) He pulled a bindle from his pocket, tapped the sparkly powder inside. Cooked up fresh yesterday....That's my girl. Let's forget the bullshit and fly.”

Figure A35. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 163, 264, 265, & 266)⁴⁶

163	Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice Unhurried hands lifted my shirt Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch I was ready to do it oh, so ready. Right that very instant.
264	You really wanna piss her off, try a piercing. Want to see mine? I couldn't find studs in his ears, lips, or tongue, which pretty much left one place. "Didn't it hurt?" Like a mother. But it feels awesome now. He guided my hand south of his zipper. ...Bree was Bree, to Chase's great pleasure. ...So want to take a little ride? Got my truck outside.
265	I've got a little toot, if you're so inclined.
266	I mean I'd thought about the monster dreamed about the monster lusted for the monster

The above text is as follows:

- “(163) Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice. Unhurried hands lifted my shirt. Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south. The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch. I was ready to do it, oh, so ready. Right that very instant. (264) You really wanna piss her off, try a piercing. Want to see mine? I couldn't find studs in his ears, lips, or tongue, which pretty much left one place. ‘Didn't it hurt?’ Like a mother. But it feels awesome now. He guided my hand south of his zipper...Bree was Bree, to Chase's great pleasure.... So want to take a little ride? Got my truck outside. (265) I've got a little toot, if you're so inclined. (266) I mean I'd thought about the monster dreamed about the monster... lusted for the monster.”

⁴⁶ Ibid.

Figure A36. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 268, 269, 274, 278, 305, & 308)⁴⁷

Page	Content
	regretted knowing the monster but I hadn't touched the monster...in over a month. Hadn't even seen it. ...No mirrors, no blades, Chase reached deep inside a pocket, withdrew an amber bottle and a tiny spoon attached to the lid. He set it on his knee.
268	It was the monster desire that made me tremble. Chase noticed.
269	One spoon. I was cool. Two, I was too cool. Three, sub-Arctic. Four, my mouth hit monster mode. Chase could barely keep up.
274	Talk about your strange bedfellows. I was in line for that menage a trois.
278	Two guys in one day? Almost too much to consider, although Bree found the prospect quite intriguing.
305	...pot made you buddy up with Satan... ...Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back.
308	Pot smoke hung, a skunky green curtain, but I didn't want to fall low so I indulged in another big snort before inhaling a couple of tiny tokes mostly to satisfy the incredible urge to pollute my lungs. I topped that off with Marlboro, landing on just about the perfect plane, just about the place I wanted to be. Not too speedy, not even close to straight falling into the yo-yo rhythm of crank, pot, beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and emotion, up and down

The above text is as follows:

- "...regretted knowing the monster but I hadn't touched the monster... in over a month. Hadn't even seen it...No mirrors, no blades, Chase reached deep inside a pocket, withdrew an amber bottle and a tiny spoon attached to the lid. He set it on his knee. (268) It was the monster desire that made me tremble. Chase noticed. (269) One spoon. I was cool. Two, I was too cool. Three, sub-Arctic. Four, my mouth hit monster mode. Chase could barely keep up. (274) Talk about your strange bedfellows. I was in line for that menage a trois. (278) Two guys in one day? Almost too much to consider, although Bree found the prospect quite intriguing. (305) ... pot made you buddy up with Satan...Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back. (308) Pot smoke hung, a skunky green curtain, but I didn't want to fall low so I indulged in another big snort before inhaling a couple of tiny tokes mostly to satisfy the incredible urge to pollute my lungs. I topped that off with Marlboro,

⁴⁷ Ibid.

landing on just about the perfect plane, just about the place I wanted to be. Not too speedy, not even close to straight falling into the yo-yo rhythm of crank, pot, beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and emotion, up and down.”

Figure A37. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 310, 312, 315, 337, & 339)⁴⁸

310	<p>As he pulled me onto his lap, I wondered if I should confess my double identity. Instead, I let him kiss me. Hard. Hot. Oh, man. I'm hot. He shed his shirt and the moon revealed perfect, tanned muscles. He started to unbutton mine, silencing my protest. Shhh. Don't say no. "I can't. I mean, I never...." Crank-enhanced goosebumps lifted as he moved his hands gently across my skin. "Stop." You know you want to. "I do, Brendan, I really do. But I can't. It's the wrong time of the month." I'd decked him. He slapped back. Then, why did you call? I let Bree answer. "Not to get laid, incredible as you are. Is that all you think I'm about? What if I told you I'm a virgin?" I'd call you a liar.</p>
312	<p>Brendan softened immediately, offered to forgive me if only I promised to let him be the first. ...I said okay, then proceeded to thank him as only Bree- and the monster- could.</p>
315	<p>High For two days, too much crank, no sleep, liquid diet.</p>
337	<p>Called Brendan for a date and asked him to make a buy. "Can you get me an eighth ball? Figured an eighth of an ounce would last awhile. It cost me \$250, which I was saving to buy my first car.</p>
339	<p>...the voice of my virginity nagged, the lure of the monster was stronger. Besides, I could always say "no."</p>

⁴⁸ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “(310) As he pulled me onto his lap, I wondered if I should confess my double identity. Instead, I let him kiss me. Hard. Hot. Oh, man. I'm hot. He shed his shirt and the moon revealed perfect, tanned muscles. He started to unbutton mine, silencing my protest. Shhh. Don't say no. ‘I can't. I mean, I never....’ Crank-enhanced goosebumps lifted as he moved his hands gently across my skin. ‘Stop.’ You know you want to. ‘I do, Brendan, I really do. But I can't. It's the wrong time of the month.’ I'd decked him. He slapped back. Then, why did you call? I let Bree answer. ‘Not to get laid, incredible as you are. Is that all you think I'm about? What if I told you I'm a virgin?’ I'd call you a liar. (312) Brendan softened immediately, offered to forgive me if only I promised to let him be the first...I said okay, then proceeded to thank him as only Bree- and the monster-could. (315) High For two days, too much crank, no sleep, liquid diet. (337) Called Brendan for a date and asked him to make a buy. ‘Can you get me an eight ball? Figured an eighth of an ounce would last awhile. It cost me \$250, which I was saving to buy my first car.’ (339) ... the voice of my virginity nagged, the lure of the monster was stronger. Besides, I could always say ‘no.’”

Figure A38. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 340, & 341)⁴⁹

Page	Content
	<p>Couldn't I? ...As we drove up the mountains, his hand crept up my leg. I let it do exactly that as I watched for a safe spot to pull over. We drove back off the highway, and into a grove of fresh-scented evergreens.</p>
340	<p>He pulled out a bindle, which looked a bit short, and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty minutes, we snorted and drank, climbing to a very tall buzz.</p>
341	<p>It started with a kiss crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecrackered in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button. Oh, baby. I want you so bad! "B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed, but it wasn't alright. Not for long. My shirt tore open. "Wait." I've waited for weeks. Put up and shut up. Kissed segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body. "Brendan, please stop." No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream." Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes. Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff. You weren't lying, you bitch! I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster,</p>

⁴⁹ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “Couldn't I?...As we drove up the mountains, his hand crept up my leg. I let it do exactly that as I watched for a safe spot to pull over. We drove back off the highway, and into a grove of fresh-scented evergreens. (340) He pulled out a bindle, which looked a bit short, and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty minutes, we snorted and drank, climbing to a very tall buzz. (341) It started with a kiss crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecracked in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button. Oh, baby. I want you so bad! ‘B-b-bad to the bone?’ We laughed, but it wasn't alright. Not for long. My shirt tore open. ‘Wait.’ I've waited for weeks. Put up and shut up. Kissed segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body. ‘Brendan, please stop.’ No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. ‘I'll scream.’ Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes. Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff. You weren't lying, you bitch! I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster.’”

Figure A39. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from page 344)⁵⁰

it took him a long time to finish.
Give me a line,
I'll give you an encore.
He pulled away sticky and bloody.
Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move, didn't dare look him in the eye.
What the hell is the matter, Bree?
I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shutting out the moon.
344 It was Bree who got me to my feet helped me to the car put me on the seat kept
me semiupright on the long ride home
Bree, who staunched the blood
straightened up my clothes unsmeared my makeup brushed my hair smooth

The above text is as follows:

- "...it took him a long time to finish. Give me a line, I'll give you an encore. He pulled away sticky and bloody. Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move, didn't dare look him in the eye. What the hell is the matter, Bree? I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shutting out the moon. (344) It was Bree who got me to my feet helped me to the car put me on the seat kept me semiupright on the long ride home. Bree, who staunched the blood, straightened up my clothes, unsmeared my makeup brushed my hair smooth."

⁵⁰ Ibid.

Figure A40. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 352, 378, 379, 401, 402, 403, 404, & 412)⁵¹

Page	Content
	willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge.
352	I've got two boyfriends. One is too busy trying to keep me out of trouble. The other just raped in I think it was rape, anyway. Can you define the word for me? Oops I'm sounding bitter. Better close now. I need to cry. (Maybe you didn't want to hear that.)
378	Don't tell me your still snorting. Have you ever tried smoking it? She was the first to even suggest it. Robyn the Reno High cheerleader proceeded to show me a whole new way to get down with the monster.
379	Robyn produced a V of crusty foil, tapped in the crumbs of powder. This little bit will right to your brain and won't clog your sinuses.
401	Can't rape the willing. "That's what I've heard." I turned to his side. "How about you? Are you willing?"
402	I started crankin' to keep up with schoolwork around gymnastics, cheerleading, student body council, and other extracurricular crap.
402	When I told him to stop, he said, "It's a long way back even if you don't get lost. Anyway we both know what kind of a girl you are." That stung, but not much.
403	All I could do was more crank so maybe I could halfway enjoy it. I was dirty. ...after he started, he got mean. He did things to me- terrible things, I've still got the scars- things no sane person would ever do. Of course he wasn't exactly sane. Afterward, neither was I.
404	...coaxing myself mostly awake with a whiff of white.
412	How to get high and stay that way? (Coming down was a bitch and a half.) Finding crank wasn't difficult. Most of my new crowd knew someone who dealt (or knew someone who knew someone who did).

⁵¹ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “...willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul...Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge. (352) I've got two boyfriends. One is too busy trying to keep me out of trouble. The other just raped in I think it was rape, anyway. Can you define the word for me? Oops I'm sounding bitter. Better close now. I need to cry. (Maybe you didn't want to hear that.) (378) Don't tell me your still snorting. Have you ever tried smoking it? She was the first to even suggest it. Robyn the Reno High cheerleader proceeded to show me a whole new way to get down with the monster. (379) Robyn produced a V of crusty foil, tapped in the crumbs of powder. This little bit will right to your brain and won't clog your sinuses. (401) Can't rape the willing. ‘That's what I've heard.’ I turned to his side. ‘How about you? Are you willing?’ (402) I started crankin' to keep up with schoolwork around gymnastics, cheerleading, student body council, and other extracurricular crap. (402) When I told him to stop, he said, ‘It's a long way back even if you don't get lost. Anyway we both know what kind of a girl you are.’ That stung, but not much. (403) All I could do was more crank so maybe I could halfway enjoy it. I was dirty. ...after he started, he got mean. He did things to me- terrible things, I've still got the scars- things no sane person would ever do. Of course he wasn't exactly sane. Afterward, neither was I. (404) ...coaxing myself mostly awake with a whiff of white. (412) How to get high and stay that way? (Coming down was a bitch and a half.) Finding crank wasn't difficult. Most of my new crowd knew someone who dealt (or knew someone who knew someone who did).”

Figure A41. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from page 437)⁵²

437 I Don't know whose blade it was, whose idea it was.
I don't remember saying yes.
I know I didn't say no.
The knife was sharp.
One nick at my wrist.
It didn't even hurt.
It didn't seem wrong.
Rust in my mouth.
Rich red salt.
I drank it down, asked for more.
Offered my own to those who would partake. Fever. Fire. I was on fire.

The above text is as follows:

- “(437) Don't know whose blade it was, whose idea it was. I don't remember saying yes. I know I didn't say no. The knife was sharp. One nick at my wrist. It didn't even hurt. It didn't seem wrong. Rust in my mouth. Rich red salt. I drank it down, asked for more. Offered my own to those who would partake. Fever. Fire. I was on fire.”

⁵² Ibid.

Figure A42. Image from *Crank* (Excerpt from pages 439, 485, 490, 502 & 503)⁵³

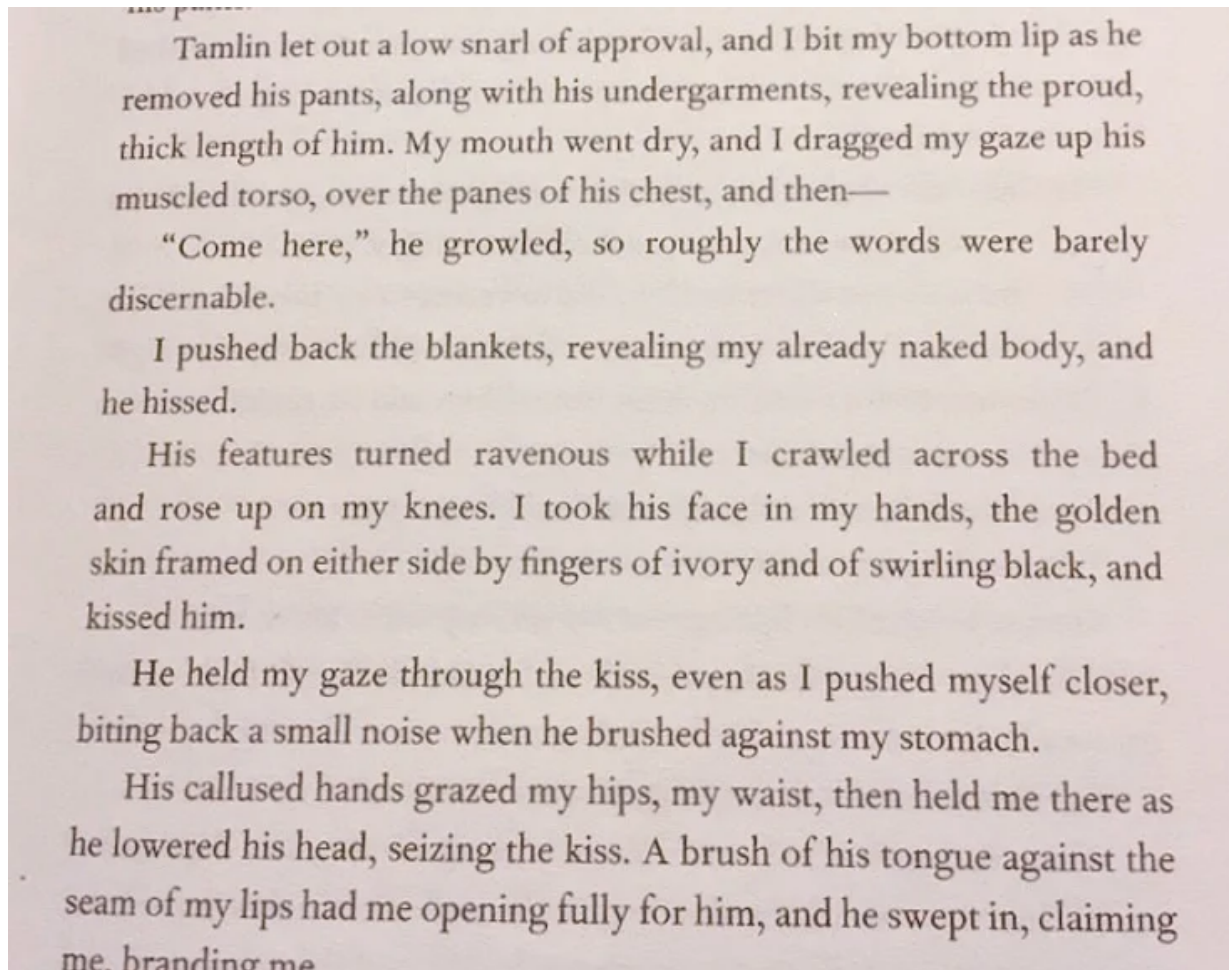
439	"Make love to me. Please? I don't care who sees." He might have. But just then his watch beeped "two." No way. Come on, let's go!
485	Finally, I went to the pay phone and made two calls. One to Planned Parenthood. The other to Chase.
490	I Already knew my options I listened patiently as the saccharine Ms. Sweetwater outlined them again. She did confirm that should I choose abortion, my parents would not have to know. All I needed was \$500 and someone to drive me home.
502	The bitch queen? What would I tell her now? That I was pregnant? That I was pregnant because I was raped? That I was raped because I would have done anything for just one more taste of the monster?
503	Where would I find such nerve without crank to put in my mouth?

The above text is as follows:

- “(439) ‘Make love to me. Please? I don't care who sees.’ He might have. But just then his watch beeped ‘two.’ No way. Come on, let's go! (485) Finally, I went to the pay phone and made two calls. One to Planned Parenthood. The other to Chase. (490) Already knew my options I listened patiently as the saccharine Ms. Sweetwater outlined them again. She did confirm that should I choose abortion, my parents would not have to know. All I needed was \$500 and someone to drive me home. (502) The bitch queen? What would I tell her now? That I was pregnant? That I was pregnant because I was raped? That I was raped because I would have done anything for just one more taste of the monster? (503) Where would I find such nerve without crank to put in my mouth?”

⁵³ Ibid.

Figure A43. Image from *A Court of Mist & Fury* (Excerpt from page 21)⁵⁴



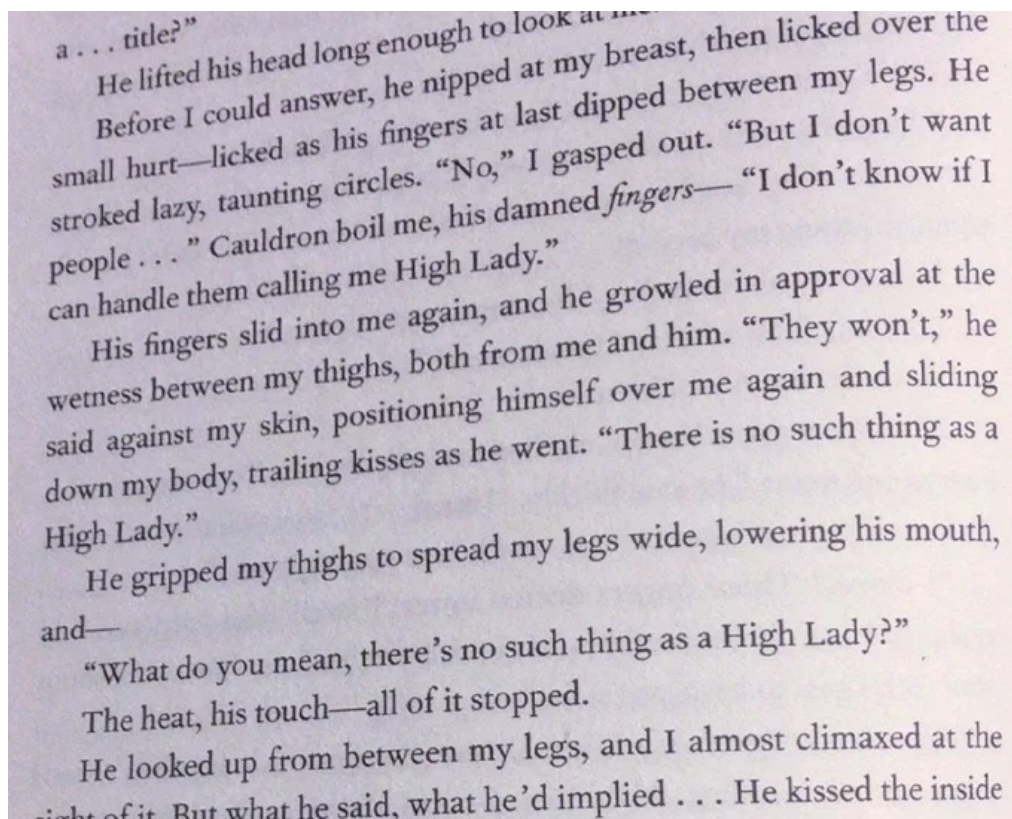
The above text is as follows:

- “Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then- ‘Come here,’ he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed. His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him. He held my

⁵⁴ “A Court of Mist and Fury by Sarah J Maas” Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/copy-of-excerpts-2> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach. His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me.”

Figure A44. Image from *A Court of Mist & Fury* (Excerpt from page 24)⁵⁵

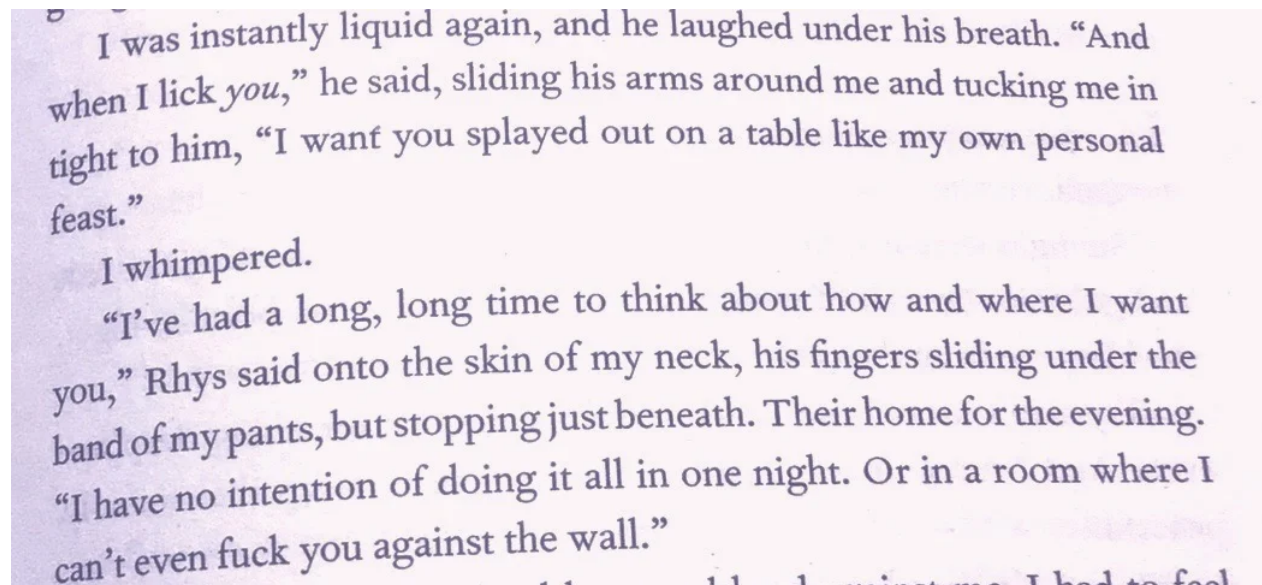


⁵⁵ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- "...a... title?' He lifted his head long enough to look at...Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt – licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. 'No,' I gasped out. 'But I don't want people...' Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers- 'I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.' His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. 'They won't,' he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. 'There is no such thing as a High Lady.' He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, 'What do you mean, there's no such thing as a High Lady?' The heat, his touch-all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied... He kissed the inside..."

Figure A45. Image from *A Court of Mist & Fury* (Excerpt from page 475)⁵⁶

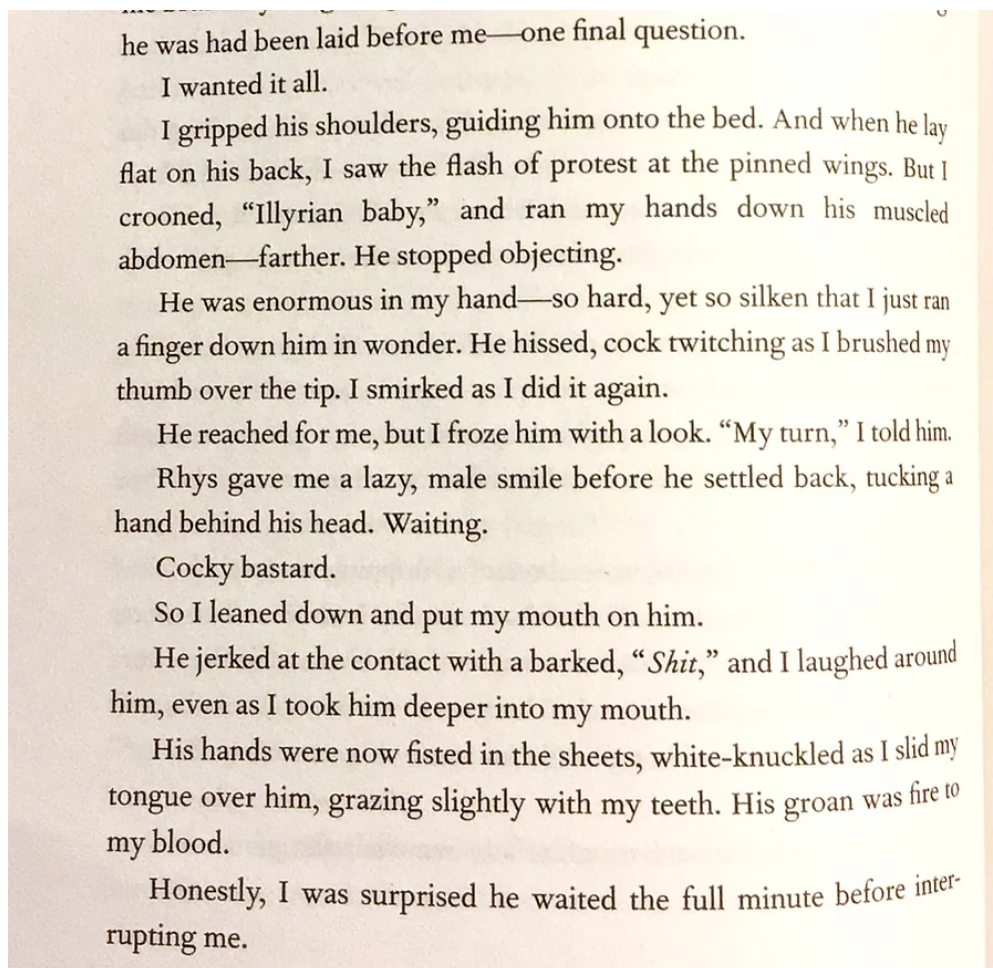


⁵⁶ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. ‘And when I lick you,’ he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, ‘I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast.’ I whimpered. ‘I’ve had a long, long time to think about how and where I want you,’ Rhys said onto the skin of my neck, his fingers sliding under the band of my pants, but stopping just beneath. Their home for the evening. ‘I have no intention of doing it all in one night. Or in a room where I can’t even fuck you against the wall.’”

Figure A46. Image from *A Court of Mist & Fury* (Excerpt from page 538)⁵⁷



⁵⁷ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “...he was had been laid before me one final question. I wanted it all. I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the flash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, ‘Illyrian baby,’ and ran my hands down his muscled abdomen farther. He stopped objecting. He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again. He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. ‘My turn,’ I told him. Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting. Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him. He jerked at the contact with a barked, ‘Shit,’ and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth. His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him, grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood. Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me.’”

Figure A47. Image from *Lawn Boy* (Excerpt from page 19)⁵⁸

Rock, gay. Pfff.”

Somewhere under all the bravado and the habitual bigotry and the general stupidity, Nick's got a good heart, I swear. And he's had my back many times, and Nate's, too. I guess I'm a loyalist at the end of the day. Just about everybody lets you down sooner or later, so if you know anybody who hasn't totally betrayed you, I figure you're pretty smart to stick by them, warts and all.

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

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⁵⁸ “Lawn Boy by Jonathan Evison” Pavement Education Project, <https://www.pavementeducationproject.com/about-4> (accessed on June 20, 2023)

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...”

Figure A48. Image from *Lawn Boy* (Excerpt from page 25)⁵⁹

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.

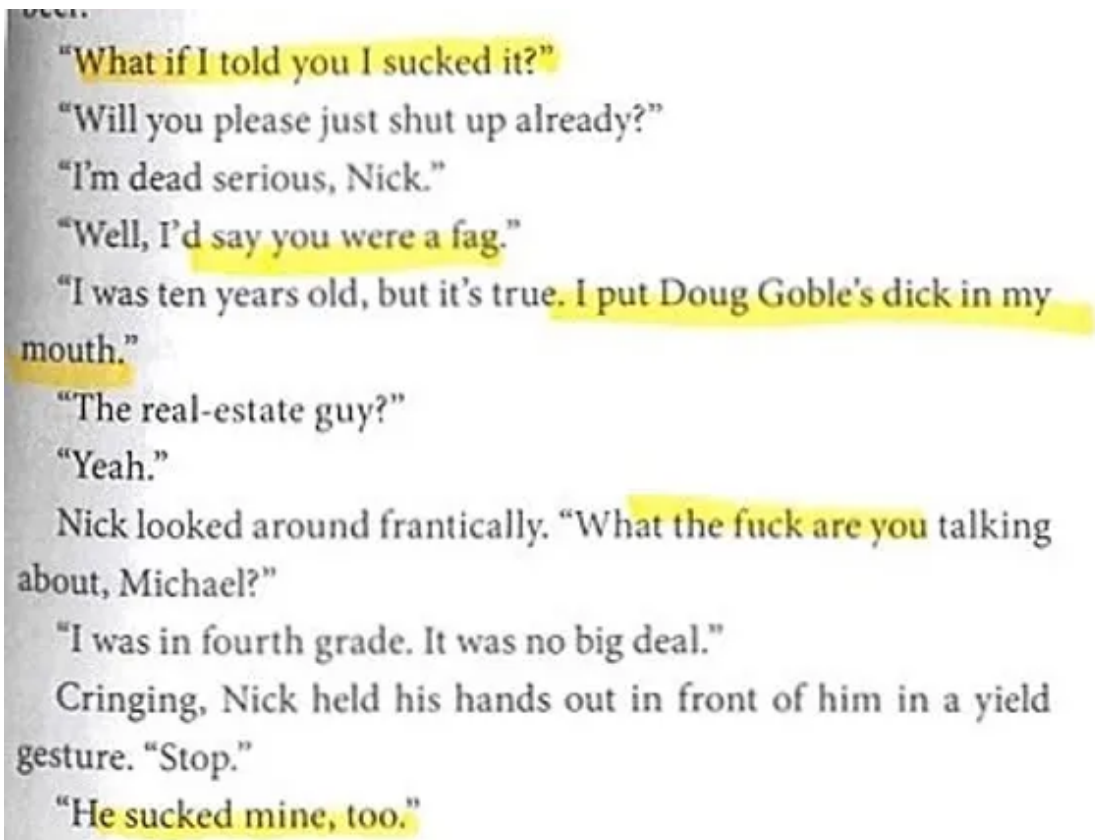
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⁵⁹ Ibid.

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Figure A49. Image from *Lawn Boy* (Excerpt from page 91)⁶⁰



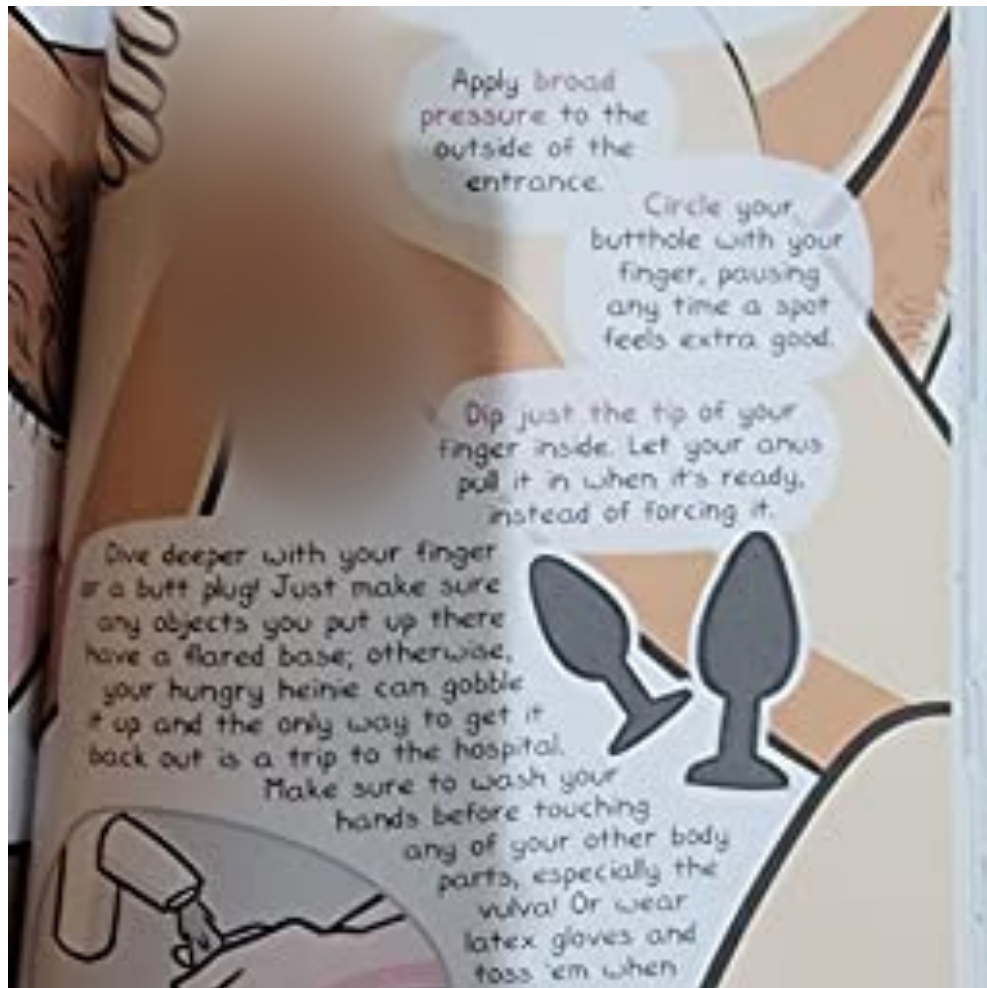
"What if I told you I sucked it?"
"Will you please just shut up already?"
"I'm dead serious, Nick."
"Well, I'd say you were a fag."
"I was ten years old, but it's true. I put Doug Goble's dick in my mouth."
"The real-estate guy?"
"Yeah."
Nick looked around frantically. "What the fuck are you talking 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."

⁶⁰ Ibid.

The above text is as follows:

- “‘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.’”

Figure A50. Image from *Let’s Talk About It* (Excerpt from page 119)⁶¹



⁶¹ “The Teen’s Guide to Sex, Relationships, and Being a Human – Let’s Talk About It by Erika Moen and Matthew Nolan” Book Looks, https://drive.google.com/file/d/1DhrLbqgNDrrrVSi_LPldgbV0UrU53Hwa/view (accessed on June 20, 2023)