

Examples of books available to children and youth
in school and public libraries in Idaho,
which meet the legal definition of being “harmful to minors”
as defined in I.C. 18-1514(6).

Many additional examples are available.

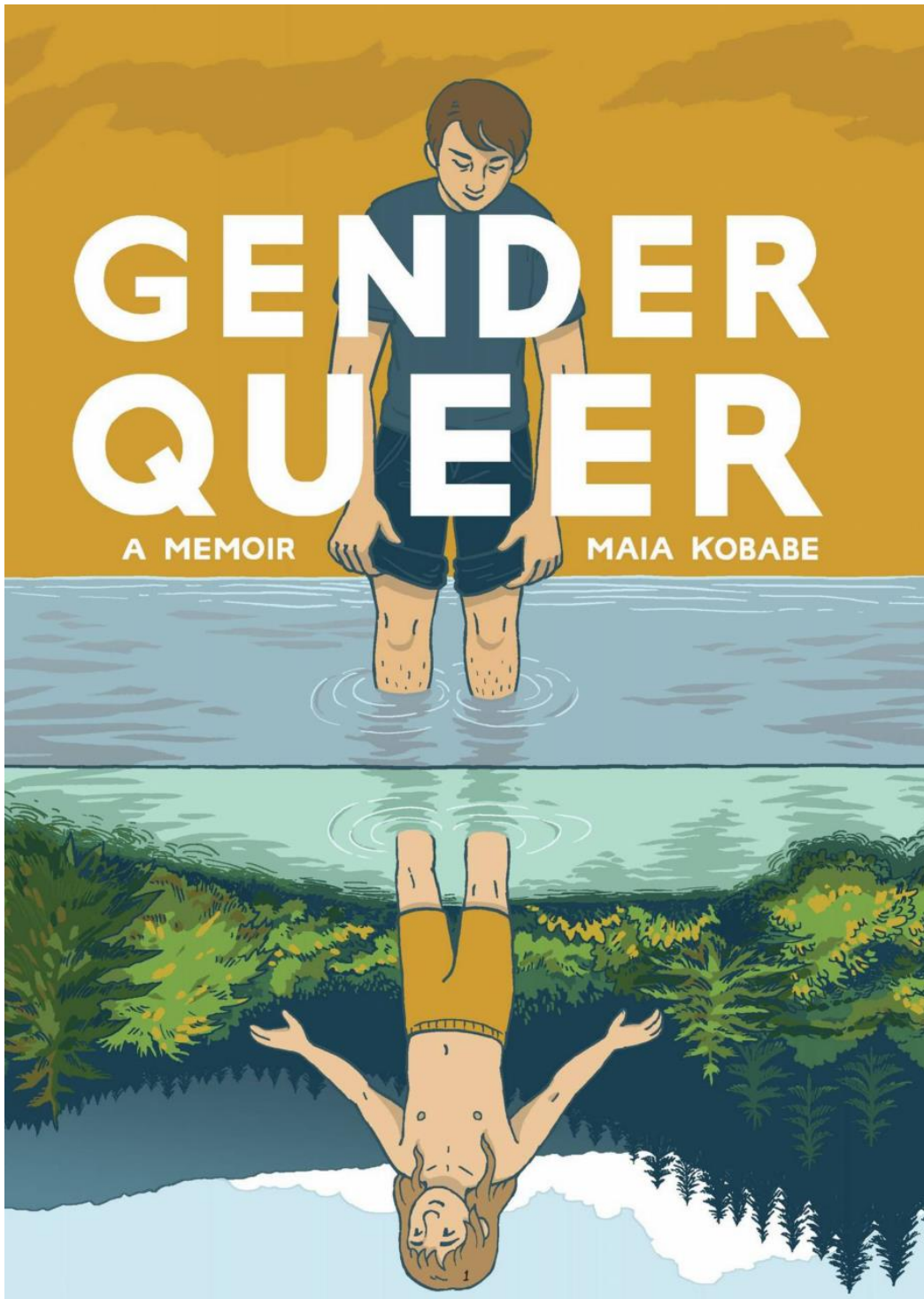
**WARNING: The following pages contain sexually explicit
written passages and images.**

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICITCONTENT**

GENDER QUEER

A MEMOIR

MAIA KOBABE





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

The Bulge.

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



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

* I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

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







ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE

A MEMOIR-MANIFESTO by

GEORGE M. JOHNSON

We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As we moved, I could tell he was excited—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.

25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

DREAMING IN CUBAN

A Novel



"Dazzling . . . remarkable."

—MICHIKO KAKUTANI,
The New York Times

CRISTINA GARCÍA

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

breasts and left purplish bands of bruises on her upper thighs. He knelt before her in the tub and massaged black Spanish soap between her legs. He entered her repeatedly from behind.

Felicia learned what pleased him. She tied his arms above his head with their underclothing and slapped him sharply when he asked.

"You're my bitch," Hugo said, groaning.

In the morning he left, promising to return in the summer.

When they met again late in hurricane season, Felicia was seven months pregnant and working as a cashier in a butcher shop. She sat on a stool behind the counter ringing up newspaper-wrapped packets and rubbing her lower back. Her cheeks were threaded with a web of fine veins.

Bleeding carcasses hung on hooks the length of her arm. Chickens dangled in the window, bumping her shoulder. A hog's head sat on the back shelf like a trophy. Felicia watched the thickset butchers cleave and carve the flesh like sculptors, could scarcely tell them apart, in fact, from the marbled slabs of beef at their elbows. Her customers, too, began to look like their purchases: Compañera Sordo with her bristly jowls and upturned nose, Compañero Llorente with his pink eyes and jerking chin.

"I'm red meat," Felicia repeated to herself. She felt bloated, grotesque.

Hugo married Felicia at city hall the week of the Cuban missile crisis. Herminia brought a bottle of champagne from Spain but no one remembered to open it. Jorge del Pino refused to attend.

After the ceremony, Felicia and Hugo moved into the house on Palmas Street, which had been empty since Berta Arango del Pino's only daughter, Ofelia, died of tuberculosis. Hugo settled into the sofa and stared straight ahead, saying nothing. Felicia finally approached him.

"If you want, I can tie you up the way you like," she offered.

was imprisoned on the Isle of Pines, after his ill-fated attack on the Moncada barracks. She accepted money from the government, the government he was trying to overthrow. El Líder never forgave her, and they divorced. There's been another woman in his life since his days in these very mountains, but everyone knows she's only a companion—a mother, a sister, not a true lover. El Líder, it seems, saves his most ardent passions for the revolution.

Still, Felicia muses, what would he be like in bed? Would he remove his cap and boots? Leave his pistol on the table? Would guards wait outside the door, listening for the sharp pleasure that signaled his departure? What would his hands be like? His mouth, the hardness between his thighs? Would he churn inside her slowly as she liked? Trail his tongue along her belly and lick her *there*? Felicia slips her hand down the front of her army fatigue pants. She feels his tongue moving faster, his beard against her thighs. "We need you, Compañera del Pino," she hears him murmur sternly as she comes.

(1975)

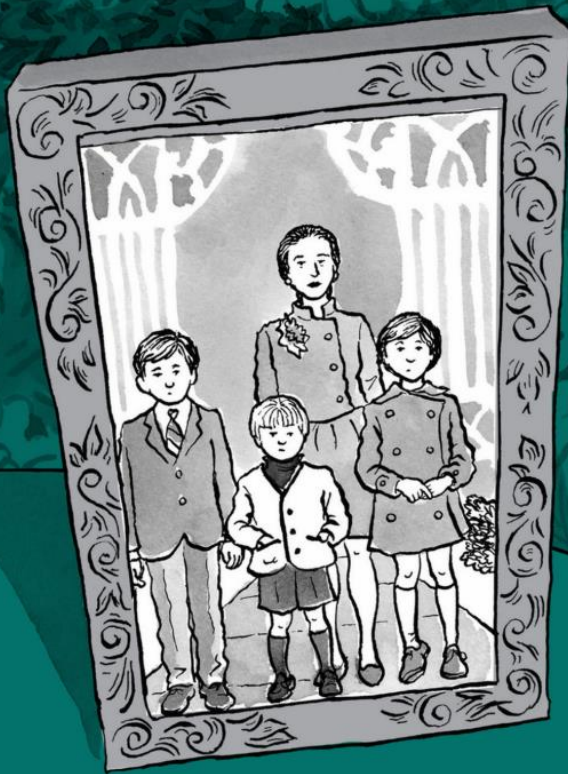
It is the first Thursday in December. Nearly three hundred people squeeze into Santa Teresa del Mar's only movie theater, sharing seats, cigarettes, and soft drinks. The town has arrived for what promises to be a lively fight: Ester Ugarte, the postmaster's wife, has accused Loli Regalado of seducing her husband, a charge that Loli vehemently denies. On nights like these, nobody minds missing the theater's ordinary fare of grainy Cuban films.

Celia del Pino settles on a folding chair behind a card table facing the audience. It is her third year as a civilian judge. Celia is pleased. What she decides makes a difference in others' lives, and she feels part of a great historical unfolding. What would have been expected of her twenty years ago? To sway endlessly on her wicker swing, old before her time? To baby-sit her grandchildren and wait for death? She

NATIONAL BOOK CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD FINALIST

Fun Home

A FAMILY TRAGICOMIC



"A splendid autobiography . . .
refreshingly open and generous."

— *Entertainment Weekly*



ALISON BECHDEL

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



THIS ENTWINED POLITICAL AND SEXUAL AWAKENING WAS A WELCOME DISTRACTION.

THE NEWS FROM HOME WAS INCREASINGLY UNSETTLING.



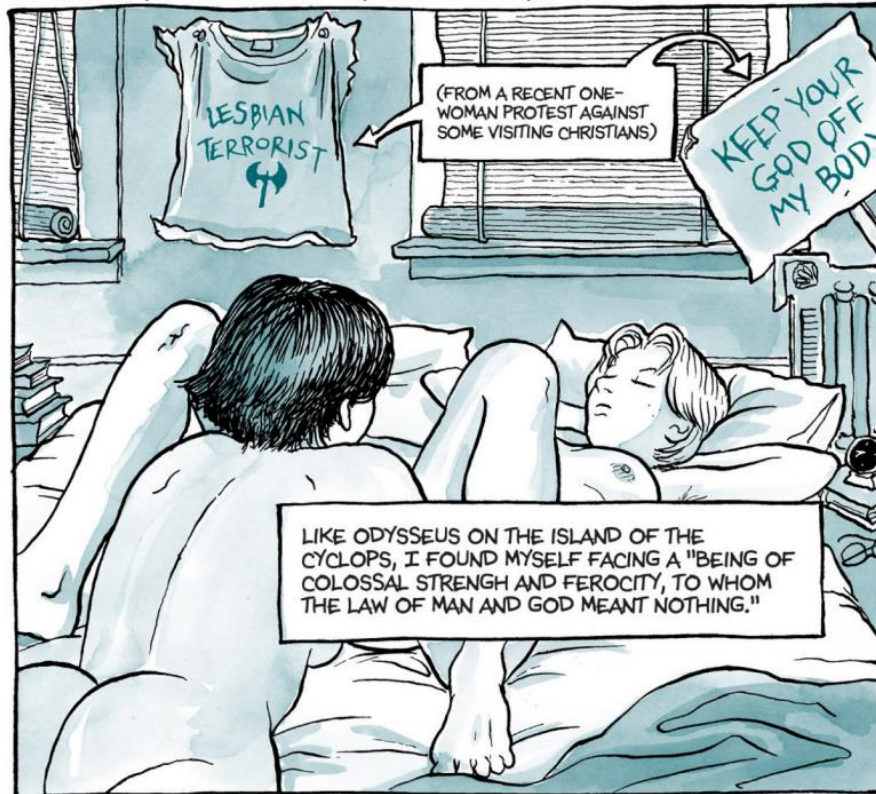
SOON AFTER JOAN AND I HAD MOVED IN TOGETHER FOR THE SUMMER, I GOT MOM'S CALL ABOUT THE DIVORCE.



AND TWO WEEKS AFTER THAT, THE CALL ABOUT THE ACCIDENT.



VEERING TOWARD SCYLLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WASHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW SHORE.



LIKE ODYSSEUS ON THE ISLAND OF THE CYCLOPS, I FOUND MYSELF FACING A "BEING OF COLOSSAL STRENGTH AND FEROCITY, TO WHOM THE LAW OF MAN AND GOD MEANT NOTHING."

IN TRUE HEROIC FASHION, I MOVED TOWARD THE THING I FEARED.



YET WHILE ODYSSEUS SCHEMED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE POLYPHEMUS'S CAVE, I FOUND THAT I WAS QUITE CONTENT TO STAY HERE FOREVER.



The *New York Times* bestseller

IDENTICAL

Ellen Hopkins

The author of *Crank*

She laid her head on his chest. "What?"

*I want you to see something,
something that proves how
much I love you. This is only
for you, Kaeleigh girl.*

He lifted her gently, sat her
down on the bed beside him.
Then he opened the snaps on
the fly of his flannel pajamas.

It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite.
*See how much Daddy loves you?
Show me you love me, too. Touch
it.* He closed her hand around it.

I know it sounds bad, but I wanted
to touch it too. I didn't know
what it meant, only that it made Daddy
happy. I wanted to make him happy too.

That's right. That's right.
His voice rocked in rhythm
with his body. *Oh yes, my Kaeleigh
loves me. My little flower . . .*

Kaeleigh Didn't Know

What any of it meant
either.

But we both knew

somehow it was
important,
because when Daddy

finished, he burrowed
his face
into Kaeleigh's hair

and wept. Confused at
his tears,
and at the sticky stuff icing

her hands, still Kaeleigh
pleaded,
"Don't cry, Daddy.

What's the matter? Didn't
I love
you good enough?"

MILLION-COPY BESTSELLER—NEWLY REVISED AND UPDATED

FOR AGE 10 AND UP

It's Perfectly Normal

Changing Bodies, Growing Up,
Sex, Gender, and Sexual Health



ROBIE H. HARRIS and MICHAEL EMBERLEY

they want a baby. Most often, people have sexual intercourse because it feels good. People have sexual intercourse well into old age.

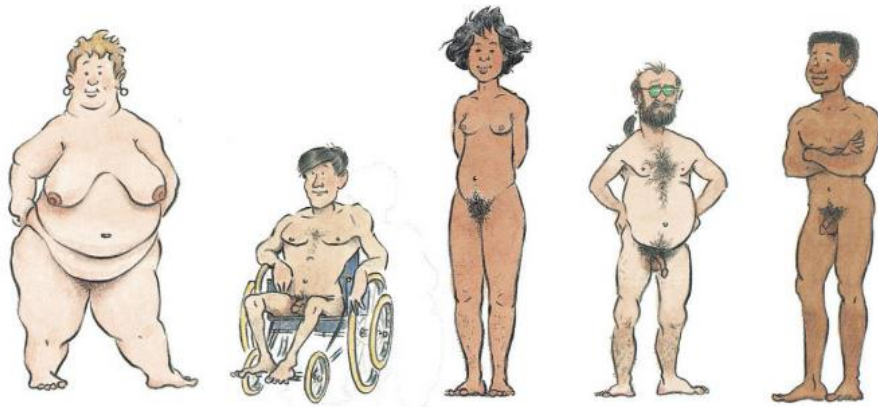
When a couple has sexual intercourse and does not want to make a baby, there are healthy ways, called birth control, that can help keep them from making a baby or from passing on an infection to one another.

Sometimes, a couple does not plan ahead or decide whether or not to have sexual intercourse. Planning ahead is most often the most effective way to keep a pregnancy from beginning.

People also call sexual intercourse “making love” or “lovemaking” because it’s a way of expressing love. But sexual intercourse is only one way of expressing love.

Another kind of sexual intercourse happens when the sexual parts of two people who have female bodies touch or when the sexual parts of two people who have male bodies touch. This kind of touching can make the whole body feel good — feel sexy. Since male bodies have only sperm cells and no egg cells — and since female bodies have only egg





Have you noticed that human bodies come in all different sizes... shapes... and shades? People's bodies look so different.

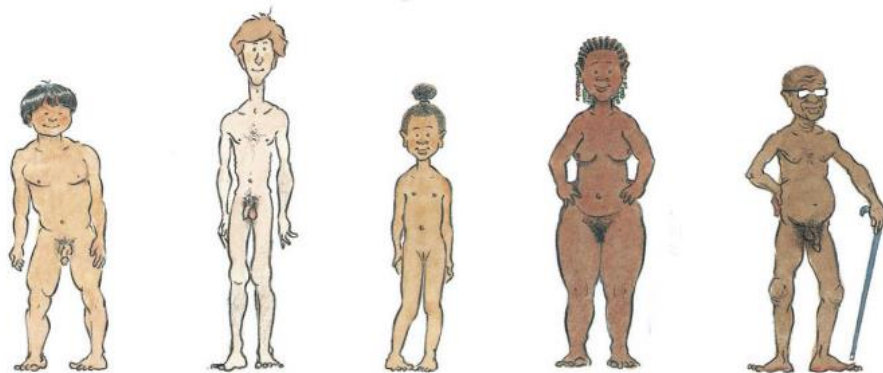
Most human bodies look pretty much the same to me.



They do?



They do.



15

Perfectly Normal

Masturbation

During puberty, when the sex hormones cause kids' sex organs to become more active, many kids begin to have even more pleasurable and excited feelings about their own bodies than they have ever had before. They may also be more attracted to and interested in other people's bodies.

These feelings are often called sexual feelings or "feeling sexy." Even though they are hard to describe, they are normal feelings. They happen at different times and in different ways for different kids.

Kids, teenagers, and grown-ups too experience sexy feelings when they masturbate. Masturbation is touching or rubbing any of your body's sex organs for pleasure—because it feels good. One everyday term people young and old often use for masturbating is "playing with yourself."



Some people think that masturbation is wrong or harmful. And some religions call masturbation a sin. But masturbating cannot hurt you. And it does not result in pregnancy or in getting or passing on infections that are spread through sexual contact.

Many people masturbate. Many don't. Whether you

masturbate or not is your choice. Masturbating is perfectly normal.

When people masturbate, they usually rub their sex organs with their hands or with something soft, like a pillow.

Girls often rub their clitoris; boys often rub their penis. Both the clitoris and the penis are sensitive to touch.



#1 *new york times* bestseller
more than 5 million copies in print



the
perks of being a
wallflower

20TH
ANNIVERSARY
EDITION

WITH A NEW LETTER
FROM CHARLIE



"once in a while, a novel comes along that becomes a generational touchstone ... a story so effortlessly told, with characters so truthfully rendered ... chbosky is not just a great storyteller, he's a master of his craft." —r. j. palacio, #1 *new york times* bestselling author of *wonder*

stephen chbosky

know that because I would really like to ask Sam on a date someday. I really would. She is so nice.

I feel ashamed, though, because that night, I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I had never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission. I think that I should tell Sam about this, and I really hope it does not prevent us from maybe making up inside jokes of our own. It would be very nice to have a friend again. I would like that even more than a date.

Love always,
Charlie

October 14, 1991

Dear friend,

Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow!

I thought that in those movies and television shows when they talk about having a coffee break that they should have a masturbation break. But then again, I think this would decrease productivity.

I'm only being cute here. I don't really mean it. I just wanted to make you smile. I meant the "wow" though.

I told Sam that I dreamt that she and I were naked on the sofa, and I started crying because I felt bad, and do you know what she did? She laughed. Not a mean laugh, either. A really nice, warm laugh. She said that she thought I was being cute. And she said it was okay that I had a dream about her. And I stopped crying. Sam then asked me if I thought she was pretty, and I told her I thought she was "lovely." Sam then looked me right in the eye.

My parents went to Ohio to see a very distant cousin get buried or married. I don't remember which. And they left my brother in charge of the house. He was sixteen at the time. My brother used the opportunity to throw a big party with beer and everything. I was ordered to stay in my room, which was okay because that's where everyone kept their coats, and it was fun looking through the stuff in their pockets. Every ten minutes or so, a drunk girl or boy would stumble in my room to see if they could make out there or something. Then, they would see me and walk away. That is, except for this one couple.

This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting.

"C'mon, Dave."

"What?"

"The kid's in here."

"It's okay."

And the boy kept working up the girl's shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn't know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees.

"Please. Dave. No."

But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started

moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.

After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl's head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don't think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying "no." Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

My sister came in eventually to bring me a bowl of potato chips, and when she found the boy and the girl, they stopped. My sister was very embarrassed, but not as embarrassed as the girl. The boy looked kind of smug. He didn't say much. After they left, my sister turned to me.

"Did they know you were in here?"

"Yes. They asked if they could use the room."

"Why didn't you stop them?"

"I didn't know what they were doing."

"You pervert," was the last thing my sister said before she left the room, still carrying the bowl of potato chips.

I told Sam and Patrick about this, and they both got very quiet. Sam said that she used to go out with Dave for a while before she got into punk music, and Patrick said he heard about that party. I wasn't surprised that he did because it kind of became a legend. At least that's what I've heard when I tell some kids who my older brother is.

When the police came, they found my brother asleep on the roof. Nobody knows how he got there. My sister was making out in the laundry room with some senior. She was a freshman at the time. A lot of parents came to the house then to pick up their kids, and a lot of the girls were crying and throwing up. Most of the boys had run away by this point. My brother got in big trouble, and my sister was given a "serious talk" by my parents about bad influences. And that was that.