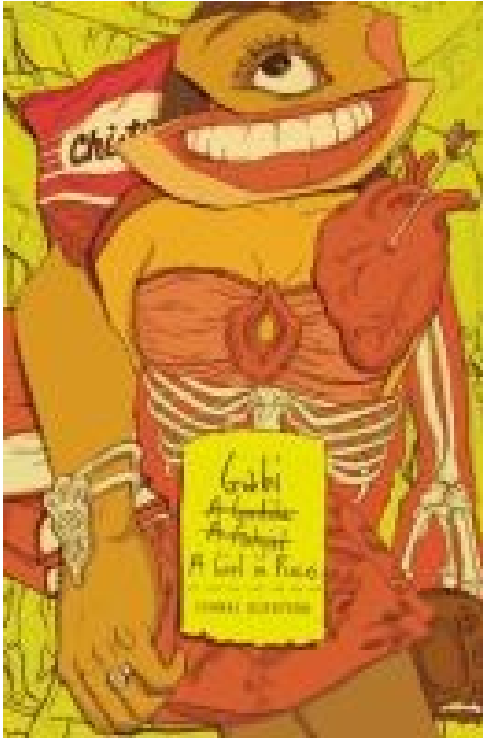


# GABI, A GIRL IN PIECES



*Young Adult*

**By Isabel Quintero**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; profanity; drug and alcohol abuse; alternate gender ideologies; references to self-harm; controversial racial and social commentary; and racist and homophobic references.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	<p>That story forms the basis of my sexual education.            Every time I go out with a guy, my moms says, "Ojos abiertos, piernas cerradas."            Eyes open, legs closed.            ...I don't necessarily agree with that whole wait-until-you're-married crap though.            I mean, this is America and the twenty-first century, not Mexico one hundred years ago. But, of course, I can't tell my mom that because she'll think I'm bad.            Or worse: trying to be white.</p>
10	<p>Last time one of my friends said they had to tell me something was when Sebastian told me he was gay.            ...I mean, I've known him since the third grade and he's always been gay.</p>
11	<p>But when Cindy said she had something to tell me, I was wondering how I would react if she told me she was a lesbian.            ... PREGNANT? Really? What the hell?! I mean I didn't even know she had had sex.            ...Not at the fact that she had sex, but that she hadn't been careful.</p>
12	<p>"When we have sex, we'll use a condom."            ...CINDY: I saw...IT.            ...You know, a boy's It?            ...Because you can't mean penis. You can't mean THAT.            ...CINDY: I went to a party with German a few weeks after we got out of school and I got drunk and then we did it in his car and I haven't gotten my period!            ...I almost wish I wasn't, to tell you the truth. You went to a party, got drunk, and fucked German.            ...Why are you drinking?</p>
14	<p>I don't know how Cindy could've been so stupid as to have sex with him.</p>
15	<p>Georgina just smirked at us and said, "Well, Gabi, I know this isn't for you. No one would be fucking your fat ass. So, I guess, the winner is...Cindy! Does German know yet?"            ..."Your mom would be fucking my fat ass. So shut your trap and do your job, kmart."</p>
16	<p>Why would her mom be fucking my fat ass?            ...watching the old retarded couple making out (like usual),...            ..."Look at those two retards. How nasty. People like that should never ever make out. It's so freaking gross!"</p>
19	<p>His dad let him drink beer with him because apparently in Mexico there is no legal drinking age. Even embryos enjoy a beer with their tacos, he said.</p>
21	<p>But now that she opened her legs and had a good time, the one who is going to have to deal with everything is her mom.</p>
22	<p>...you forget that you were ever young and that you may have been in love and may have forgotten (or didn't think about) condoms and made mistakes.            ..."I'm going to sleep with an asshole and get pregnant, just so that my mom can't show her face at parties and my dad won't talk to me..."</p>
23	<p>"...I hate fags!"            ..."The two worst things that could happen to a man are that his wife sleeps with another man and that his son is gay..."</p>

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	...His mom took a telenovela approach to the situation and told him that she would rather be dead than have a gay son and tried to slit her wrists.
24	He told me how he had always known he was gay,...
26	<p>Because, you know, she has big boobs, double D's, not like you because not even four of your boobs would equal one of hers and she can do tricks too, she can make them move up and down without even touching them.</p> <p>...Shirt goes up and "Hello, boys!" You laugh but since you are laughing so hard you're about to piss your pants, you realize too late that the boys are pedaling back and have decided to do a little flashing of their own. They are coming at you quick with their hands on their zippers! And in an instant, you're in OH-SHIT mode.</p> <p>...you decided to wear a dress and suddenly you have to run home bore Jose whips It out,...</p>
27	...those big old granny underwear that I used to wear because my mom didn't let me buy thongs even though I was almost in the ninth grade...
31	<p>In one of them, both Cindy and I had had sex with German-...</p> <p>...clown-faced imagination had not failed us. She also said that we'd been in the pharmacy lots of times, getting tests and condoms. Stupid Georgina- if condoms had been purchased, Cindy wouldn't have been in this mess.</p>
38	They always think I'm White, and it bugs the shit out of me. Not because I hate White people, but because I have to go into a history lesson every time someone questions my Mexicanness.
39	<p>My skin is there for all the world to see and point at and judge. Guerra. Casper. Ghost. Freckle Face. Ugly. Whitey. White girl. Gringa. I've been called all of those names.</p> <p>...Skin that ways makes people say, "You're not what a Mexican's supposed to look like." To which I respond, "Well, what is a Mexican supposed to look like? Am I supposed to be brown and short? Carry a leaf blower on my back? Speak with a thick accent? Say things like 'I no spik ingles?'</p> <p>...It would say, "This light-skinned White-looking young lady is of Mexican descent..."</p>
41	<p>People on meth are always looking for and thinking about meth. That's it. There is nothing more important to the meth addict than the next fix.</p> <p>...Sometimes when he's crashed on the living room floor, I just sit and watch him, pretend he's sleeping instead of passed out.</p> <p>...My father's addiction has also forced me to learn so many things that most of my classmates don't know.</p> <p>...I wonder how that would be, having a father who wasn't an addict?</p> <p>WORDS I'VE HAD TO LEARN BECAUSE OF MY FATHER</p> <p>Dopamine</p> <p>Formication</p> <p>Meth Mouth</p> <p>Receptors</p> <p>Tweaking</p> <p>Methamphetamine</p>

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	Neurotransmitter Intravenous Chronic Psychotic Hepatitis B and C Xerostomia Dependence
43	I mean it's not like the students here don't have sex, because they do, but maybe they all use condoms or something.
44	This is the thing about drug addicts: all they can think about is getting high. ...Today we found that he owes a lot of money. So much money that some nice gentleman came to our house to tell my mom that either he gets his money, or she has to sleep with him.
46	...she is totally not down with boy-on-boy action.
50	He does have one big flaw though- he smokes a little too much weed. I don't know how I feel about smoking. I mean, I know how I feel about it. I think it's just weed, so whatever.
53	What if they hold hands and people harass them? What if they get beat up? Why do I have to worry about these things just because they're two boys?
55	If there is one thing my tia Bertha hates more than Catholics, it's gay people. She hates lesbians more than gay men, but she hates gay men too. ...Supposedly, she used to be friends with all sorts of gay men back in the day before she was touched by the hand of God. ...Tia Bertha didn't shut up about the sinfulness of two men together until I couldn't take it any longer and said, "What about the sinfulness of sleeping with a married man?"
56	He revealed that Pedro is really a good kisser, has a big "package" (though Sebastian used another word which I feel uncomfortable even writing)...
59	...his hands on my waist, my back on the wall, my insides on fire, ALL my skin vibrating, lips set- I could almost taste peppermint...suddenly we heard, "What are you two doing?"...
64	...smoker of marijuana...
71	When I see you, I want to run to you and hug you and throw you up against a wall and feel the wetness of your lips.
73	And after pants were put back on (Sebastian claims that nothing was going to happen, which sounds really stupid. I mean, why would you take your pants off if nothing was going to happen? I'm a virgin and even I know that much)...
74	Maybe she hoped we'd show him our mighty vaginas and fuck the gay out of him. Maybe she figures Cindy is a good candidate for sleeping around. ...That being straight is not a choice, or that being gay is not a choice.
82	For the first time in my life, on my hip, a man's manhood. It was touching me. ...I did the first thing that came to mind to save me from further exposure to the male anatomy which seemed to be where this guy was headed-... ...No, it didn't feel good at all. For me at least. I mean, it hurt and wasn't what I

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	<p>expected it would be like. I thought it would feel good, but it was mostly uncomfortable, after the pain was gone. There was a little blood on my underwear when I got home. It was just...it was so...I don't know. It was definitely not how I imagined I would give it up. I mean we did it in the back of German's mom's car. And you know how dirty she is. There was a mess in there. I think there was a Cheerio in my butt at one point.</p>
84	<p>Thinking about you and our kisses. ...What I really want to say is that I really like kissing you. But maybe I just like kissing.</p>
89	<p>...since she and my daddy have a dysfunctional relationship: he's always high, and she's always mad about him being high.</p>
90	<p>Sebastian wondered if the baby would be okay because my dad uses drugs. I assured him that it only mattered if my mom used drugs.</p>
91	<p>If she would've kept her eyes opened and her legs shut, we wouldn't be in this mess.</p>
93	<p>I mean Santa Maria is known for smog and overcrowded highways, not for its love and acceptance of gay folk.</p>
97	<p>We were looking inside one of the stores, and there was this rainbow-colored tutu thing so Eric thought it would be funny to pull it out and say to Sebastian, "Hey, look, you could wear this to school on Monday and show some pride!" ...He has been overly sensitive to things like that since his stupid tia Agi has been making him go to the pray-the-gay-away sessions.</p>
100	<p>He doesn't care about anything except getting fucking high! That's all he cares about, getting high. I hate him! He's a fucking asshole! ...On our way back, his stupid friends called him, and he dropped me off with the stuff and left. He said he would be back, but that's another fucking lie! He's been gone four hours! Why doesn't he love me, Gabi?</p>
105	<p>It turns out that Pedro and Sebastian went to Skyline and almost as soon as they lit up, THE COPS APPEARED! Well, of course Sebastian started crying and saying how he couldn't get arrested because Tia would kick him out because now he would be gay and a druggie, and she wouldn't want that in her house and all this and that. ...Sebastian didn't know that this little Bolivian with the sexy accent was selling.</p>
106	<p>I mean the first lines are, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, I dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix." That's the magic of poetry- some gay Jewish poet wrote about people wasting away around him because of drugs, and I, a straight Mexican-American girl, know how he felt because I am seeing the same waste he witnessed over fifty years ago.</p>
116	<p>The things is that high school boys are young, dumb and full of cum.</p>
129	<p>He's a pill popper a consuming alcoholic the daddy daddy</p>

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132	<p>Christmas went surprisingly well. Every year I am afraid that something bad will happen like my foot being run over or my dad puking all over the presents (again) or our family getting dressed up to go somewhere,...</p> <p>...Or us actually making it to our destination, but my dad saying "I'll wait in the car" which is code for I'll-wait-in-the-car-until-you-guys-go-in-and-then-I'll-go-and-get-high.</p> <p>...My dad didn't even get high.</p> <p>...He's always a lot of fun to be around, except when he gets really drunk and wants to dance with me.</p> <p>...And it's not like tio Humberto only wants to dance one song- oh no, he has to dance at least four or five and all of them with a beer in hand.</p>
137	<p>I don't want us to be ashamed anymore (we all were crying by this point) of being pregnant or gay or poor or having a crackhead dad!</p>
140	<p>Why would he send me this stupid T-shirt if he and Lindsay are making all sorts of poetry sex plans?</p>
145	<p>...like laugh at Sebastian when he was eating a hot dog a little too sexy, and he started choking.</p> <p>..."Our friend Sebastian was demonstrating that he could shove a big sausage much further down his throat than his friend Cindy,..."</p>
148	<p>First up to the mic was a college girl talking about sex (which-guess what?- was super awkward to listen to since our teacher was sitting next to us) and then it was some guy with a poem about weed...</p>
149	<p>I couldn't help myself, and I leaned over and kissed him. I KISSED HIM.</p>
151	<p>Poetry makes you sweat,  each word you write is like that  first kiss you dreamed of  and I imagine  the first time you have sex.</p>
153	<p>At lunch we all sat together and talked about the coffee shop and how the college kids weren't embarrassed to talk about sex in public.</p> <p>...I have no problem talking about sex with Cindy and Sebastian. Like Sebastian told us about how he practically had sex with Pedro. Well, I guess he did because going down on someone probably counts as sex. Although I think that's pretty gross. I mean guys pee from there!</p> <p>...Cindy says she really can't remember what happened with German. She says she remembered it hurt but that it felt good too and that it didn't take as long as you see in the movies, and it wasn't as neat and clean as you see in the movies either. Sometimes I hate being a virgin.</p>
157	<p>And that "eso" (which is code for "sex") is all that men want from you.</p>
158	<p>...my mom really thinks that all of our worth is between our legs.</p> <p>...If I like girls instead of boys, will you still love me?</p> <p>How old were you when you had sex for the first time?</p>
159	<p>Why did you tell me that sex is bad, but you tell my brother to use a condom?</p> <p>Why do you teach me to be independent but tell me that I need a man?</p> <p>...If I don't like beans, does that mean I am not Mexican enough?</p>

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163	<p>I ripped my feet from the ground and knelt next to my dad and shook him. My father. My papi. But he was gone.            ...Finally, words fall out of my mouth.            "My father is dead."            "Excuse me?"            "He overdosed."</p>
164	<p>I want to scream, "It's no use! He's dead! My dad is dead!"</p>
170	<p>Found my dad overdosed in a corner in our garage, pipe still in hand.            ..."I didn't know your dad was a crackhead."</p>
173	<p>She tells me to write about it, that writing helps, that her dad killed himself- shot himself in the head- when she was fifteen.</p>
174	<p>I really shouldn't have slapped her in the face.</p>
175	<p>It sounds cliché, but sex is a natural human function. I mean we shouldn't do it with anyone, but maybe it isn't as bad as parents make it seem.</p>
176	<p>Maybe when my mom was young, no one had these feelings between their legs that are supposed to be forbidden.            ...Young people have always had sex.            ...They set up rules about how we should behave without realizing that sometimes it doesn't matter what they say. If we want to have sex, we will- at night in the back of some car or in the middle of third period on the emergency exit stairway.</p>
178	<p>My mom (always talking about the loose morals of White people who are on those talk shows she says she hates but obviously doesn't because she watches them every day) was in her living room- barefoot, in a flannel nightgown- beating the shit out of her hoodlum son. If you ask me, you couldn't get anymore White trash than that. All we need was a trailer and a crackhead father. Oh wait, we had one of those.</p>
181	<p>My pregnant mother beat the shit out of my brother, who then came at her. I pushed my brother, who then came at her. I pushed my brother and cussed at him for the first time. He yelled at our mother that he hated her, which then prompted her to go into premature labor.</p>
183	<p>He's joined the LGBTQ club at school and is really busy with that. That is actually a really good thing because there was only so much we understood about being a rejected gay teen. I mean, none of us are gay so we don't know what it's like, so I'm glad he has found support with other teens who are going through the same thing.</p>
191	<p>"...When he found out I had sex with Joshua, he kicked the shit out of me..."</p>
192	<p>I suggested having an abortion to Georgina during our passing period today at school.</p>
194	<p>She asked if I would go with her because she didn't want to go by herself. I couldn't say no ( I had bet the one who made the suggestion) and told her I'd drive her. I imagine it must be pretty scary, and lots of things must be going through her mind. Things like: Will I go to Hell? What will the doctor think about me? Will God still love me? What if I die? What if my parents find out? What if</p>

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	people at school find out? Will I regret it? Will I be able to have children afterwards? Am I a bad person? Will this make me a murderer?
195	The drive was silent until we got to the clinic, and I asked Georgina if she was sure she wanted to through with it. She said simply, "Yes. I already prayed about it."
196	I thought this was a one-visit thing, but it turns out that it was only the first part of the ordeal. She had to come back in two days for the grand finale.
197	I do have plans after all. Plans to get rid of an unwanted baby.
198	We drove to the clinic, and I asked Georgina how she was feeling. She said, "Penitent. But I've been talking to God and my unborn child about it. I've asked forgiveness from them both." I couldn't look at her anymore without crying, so I looked out the window. It's not that I think she's a bad person, but I feel bad for her making this decision and thinking about how hard it must be for her. Like I know she feels bad about it. Really bad. But she doesn't have another choice or feels like she doesn't have another choice. Georgina must have ovaries of steel to do this. ...In any case, there's no going back. She went in and took the second pill. They told her she could hang out in an empty room they had until everything came out.
200	And her insistence that this is the reason White girls move out is just as ridiculous! Seriously, Mom? White girls sleep around? Let me introduce you to my friend Cindy, to Georgina, to Tomasa, to Kanisha, and all the other non-White girls at my school who have already had sex. ..."Yes, they're acting like that because they're trying to be White."
203	I told her that sometimes being poor and Mexican and a girl pays off. "The government will pay for everything!" But when I told my mom this, she just glared at me and said, "Humph! The government? You have a lot to learn if you believe anything they say." ...whether she believes that moving away will make me a bad girl or that it means that I am trying to be White.
207	Will they also get hair down there? How does a woman get pregnant? Is there any way I could make my boobs grow faster and bigger?
213	This image depicts exaggerated features of a female form with the label "THE FEMALE BODY" at the top of the picture.
214	The image depicts several faceless females in undergarments. Across the image it reads: Diagram One This is the female body. Do you see the curvature of the waist? The hourglass figure you will probably never have but always strive for? You might not want to eat some days. You will notice how your waist is a little wider than (pretty much any name can be inserted here) You will carry a child there in the middle maybe unless you can't.
215	The image depicts bras on and off of females. There is also a woman exercising with an area above her waist having been erased. The text on this image reads:



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	<p>Diagram Two.</p> <p>These are the breasts.</p> <p>As they develop they will hurt.</p> <p>You will be teased because your breasts are too small.</p> <p>You will be teased because your breasts are too large.</p> <p>You will be teased because you have breasts.</p> <p>Boys will talk about your tits melons, chichis tetas tatas rack boobs but never about your breasts.</p> <p>Because breast is a dirty word.</p> <p>You will want to cover them and flaunt them sometimes to yourself and sometimes to others.</p> <p>You may feel insecure about your breasts.</p> <p>You may say things like, "I wish I had bigger boobs."</p> <p>You may not.</p> <p>You may say things like, "I wish I had smaller boobs."</p> <p>You may not.</p> <p>You may realize that you are more than your breasts.</p> <p>You may not.</p>
216	<p>The image on this page depicts a woman with her breasts shaded out and an illustration of a uterus. The text across this illustration reads:</p> <p>Diagram Three.</p> <p>This is your vagina.</p> <p>You will be too embarrassed to call it that.</p> <p>You will probably call it your private but as you grow older it will be anything but private.</p> <p>Doctors will stick their hands and tools in there at least once a year because it is necessary.</p> <p>You will be taught that this part of your body is more private and more dirty than any other part of your body.</p> <p>But you will never be given an explanation why.</p> <p>And if you ask you might get into trouble: so don't ask.</p> <p>You will bleed from here.</p> <p>You will have babies from here.</p> <p>You will shave it (maybe).</p> <p>If anyone (of if you yourself) touch this part of your body, you will be labeled a slut, even by other girls just the same as you (who feel the same needs as you) unless you are married.</p>

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218	<p>The image on this page depicts a hand with rings on it and also a mouth with a finger going inside of it. The text across this image reads:            Diagram Five.            These are your hands.            They will be used for many things.            Good things.            Bad things.            Things you want to do and things you may not want to do.            But they will be used.            At one point you may want to wear acrylic nails with fancy designs, maybe long nails that make it hard for you to do things.            At one point your hands may hold someone else's maybe a boyfriend or girlfriend maybe a child's maybe a dying grandfather's.            You may paint a picture.            You may write a poem.            You may fail a math test.            Your hands will do many things.</p>
219	<p>The image on this page depicts a woman with her ankles crossed and her hands are on hers with the label "PROPER GOOD GIRL SITTING PROCEDURE". Below that image is a high heeled shoe. Below that image is an image of a person laying back below the waist with their legs open and their ankles crossed while a leg with a high heeled shoe on it sets next to the person's waist facing their legs. The text along this image reads:            Diagram Six.            These are your legs.            Your cottage cheese thighs.            Your legs up to here.            Your knobby knees.            Your chicken legs.            Your thunder thighs.            Your cankles.            Your escape.            Your arrival.            Hairy.            Shaved            Smooth            rough            veiny            pale            tanned.            Your skirts may not go above this point on your thighs if they do there will be consequences            detention            name calling            assumptions            stereotyping            you may be seen as "asking for it"</p>

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	<p>even if you weren't            You may sit cross legged            or            closed legged            Only marimachas            or men            (or sluts)            sit with their legs apart,            even if it is more comfortable.            Remember            your legs should always be closed.</p>
220	<p>The image on this page depicts a slightly opened mouth with the words, "you own all the words if you want them". The text across the page reads:            Diagram Seven.            This is your mouth.            It is made up of            teeth            lips            tongue            gums            spit            noise            curse words            moist words            sweet words            bitter words            desiccated            suffocated words            tough rough nasty tasting words.            What comes out of your mouth may condemn you.            So more than anything watch your mouth.            Giggle, keep them sweet, keep your thoughts to yourself;            you are a girl, speak accordingly.            But maybe...            You will forget all this and learn to speak and think and become a woman.            And think thoughts that will change what comes out of your mouth.            Thoughts like:            If words are our weapons, we must ask ourselves, why should we use rocks and sticks when we have tanks available?            And you will know the answer.</p>
222	<p>I wanted the zine to make people think about how girls are raised to think about our bodies and who gets to decide how we think about them. Like how Cindy was called a slut and constantly criticized for having a baby so young,...            ...Why did Georgina have to make the choice about her baby? And then live with the guilt and the fear of being found out and being labeled a slut and baby killer</p>

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	while Joshua Moore paraded around like nothing ever happened? Like he never had an almost-child?
231	It was like a scene from a cheesy teen flick where the guy is about to try and convince the poor unsuspecting girl to have sex by telling her she is very pretty, then lightly brushing a strand of hair from her face. And the stupid girl falls for it even though she suspects the hot boy is after one thing that can only be found in her pants, but she has somehow convinced herself that she is different.
232	I definitely wanted to kiss him back. Maybe I did. Just a little bit, to see how he tasted. My body wanted it. Needed it. Really bad. I could feel it everywhere, my elbows, my chest, between my legs, my toes.
234	"Another teen mom. Her poor mother, what she must be going through, I don't know why girls today can't keep their legs closed."
235	On the last day I went, she gave me some pie dishes and a box of (very erotic) romance novels.
238	Her God- or the God her church has told her about- doesn't forgive easily and is more of a punisher and less of a lover than the God my mom has taught us about. She probably can't reconcile the fact that she will not be reunited with him in the afterlife and won't accept that her brother will be suffering in flames of eternal damnation forever. A terrible thought. Good things I don't believe that. I can't believe that.
244	End result: pointy boobs. Dangerous weapons. If I ever decide to actually wear these medieval torture devices, I'll make sure to wear a sign around my neck that reads: "Beware of Boobs" or "Danger: Impaling my Occur." But I'll just burn it later and save myself from certain injury.
246	...and then I threw him on the bed and started trying to make out with him.
249	<p>Earlier this year there was story on the new about a girl who had gotten drunk at a party, like totally shit-faced drunk. Semi-typical teenage thing. I guess, though I don't do that. But I know a lot of people who do. This girl was then raped by several members of the football team who texted pictures to their friends and posted about it.</p> <p>...But this happened far away, so I thought things like this only happened far away. Things like that don't happen in Santa Maria- sure we have major drug problems, poverty, burglary issues and the occasional visit from the dumb-ass Neo-Nazis from Stupidville about twenty miles away. But those idiots (usually) only make their visits to the Home Depot where the day laborers are waiting to get picked up to go to work.</p> <p>...But rape, I never hear about rape. So I stupidly, and happily, assumed that that was one crime that we could be proud to say didn't happen in our city. But I was 300% wrong about that.</p> <p>German raped Cindy. She told us tonight when we were over at her place just hanging out and talking about prom and joking about people having sex in their parent's back seat, and I made some dumb comment about her and German, and she started crying.</p> <p>...She said she was a little drunk when German and her started making out in the car, and he started pulling up her dress, and she was all for it at first, but then she</p>

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	<p>changed her mind, and he said that she had already said yes, and she couldn't say no and that was that. She said he didn't hit her or treat her badly, but he held her down, and she cried the whole time.</p>
251	<p>The whole way home I just kept thinking about what I've heard all my life from my mom and other women whenever boys have done something stupid and/or wrong: "Boys will be boys," and what a load of bullshit that is. I had to write about it.</p> <p>INSTRUCTIONS FOR UNDERSTANDING WHAT BOYS WILL BE BOYS REALLY MEANS</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. You're wearing that little dress tonight? Remember, boys will be boys, so be careful.</li> <li>2. If you drink way too much, your body is fair game—for anyone or anyone's. Boys will be boys, and you just made it easier.</li> <li>3. When a girl says no, you might want to consider your position. I don't think she meant yes. But I'm a girl, so what do I know? But because boys will be boys, you don't really have to think about it.</li> <li>4. If she is crying, that is definitely a sign that she means no. But since you are an asshole, you won't give it a second thought, so proceed. She was wearing that little dress (remember?), and boys will be boys, after all. That's what our parents say.</li> <li>5. It's not rape if she said yes first. Everyone knows that. She's your girlfriend and obviously she knows that boys will be boys, otherwise she wouldn't have teased you.</li> <li>6. Because boys will be boys, he's not going to use a condom (he likes the real deal), so you might just get pregnant. But hopefully, you won't get AIDS or herpes or chlamydia. So you should feel good about that. Besides, babies are cute.</li> <li>7. If he doesn't beat you up, then it's not really rape. Everyone knows that too. Also, he wasn't a stranger. He was someone you cared about, just a boy being a boy.</li> <li>8. Remember how your mother warned you that boys only want one thing from you? Well, it's not your straight A's or your excellent drawing skills or your extensive knowledge of action films. It's the thing you have guarded (hint: it's between your legs) your whole life from everyone: your cousin who came to stay for two weeks, your strange uncle Tony, that teacher in the 2nd grade—they were all just boys being boys.</li> <li>9. It's your fault. Even if you're disabled, old or young. You should know better</li> <li>10. Boys will be boys.</li> </ol>
253	<p>Cinco de Mayo! Woo! Another holiday where people get to use sombreros and fake mustaches as proof of their understanding and commitment to learning about my heritage.</p>
254	<p>. I don't think that White girls move away because they want to abandon their families and want to be free to have wild monkey sex whenever they please. In fact, I am 100% certain that Mexican girls like having wild monkey sex too. Actually, I think that having wild monkey sex may be on the mind of many teenage girls. Hormones— and things like hate and love—know no boundaries when it comes to race and gender. I think that all we want is to be free.</p>

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255	This is definitely due to all the time Sebastian has spent tutoring me. It's been worth having to hear all about his stupid boyfriend and all their screwing around. ...I've been wondering if Martin and I will have sex sometime.
256	But sometimes I feel okay about how I look and even think, I'd tap that, why not?
257	Except instead of waiting for my period, I am waiting for my first time see a boy naked.
258	...the other day he was going to go out with his girlfriend and my mom didn't even ask to meet her, all she said was, "Make sure you take a condom with you." When I started dating Eric, she wanted to meet his parents right away... ...Before I could go out with Martin...he had to come over and meet her. ...But my brother is going out with some girl...and all she says is, "Make sure you take a condom with you?"
262	What if we go all the way at prom? ...I've heard some girls talk about "pulling out," but that seems risky and messy from what I've read online. And how do you even ask someone to do that? Ew. So that leaves condoms. ...A few ago we were making out, and he actually felt my boob for the first time, and I was a little shocked, but I tried not to let it show.
263	I kind of wanted him to go further than he was going, but I didn't say anything because I thought that I would have seemed way too slutty. ...Today in Algebra II, boys were joking about jacking off (which was really making me uncomfortable because as much as I think about sex stuff in my mind, I don't really want to talk about it with everyone, but I didn't know how to tell them to shut up without sounding lame, so I didn't" ...Either way my answer proved her point. Still, I didn't feel comfortable talking about things like that in public. I don't think sex is bad, but I'm not about to admit how much I want to have sex with Martin. I'm not about to tell everyone, "Hey, guess what, guys? My boyfriend grabbed my boob, and I liked it! If he tries to get a little further next time, I am sooo gonna let him! How about that? Stay tuned for the next edition of The Adventure of Gabi's Vagina, now in 3D and IMAX!"
264	I finally decided that if there was any possibility of Martin and me having sex, I had to be safe and went out and bought condoms.
265	I walked over to Aisle Three and sure enough, there were the rubber gods in all their splendor-the thin veil of latex that would seemingly protect my unfertilized eggs from Martin's fertilizing crazed sperm. They were flavored, textured, magnum (whatever that meant- perhaps offering maximum strength) and came in various bright neon colors. My mind raced: Why would I want flavored condoms? I am so not putting anything that would go in a condom in my mouth. Gross. And I didn't know there were different sizes! Ugh. I thought this was a one-size-fits-all situation. But alas, this poor ignorant maiden was confronted with too many choices.
266	the pregnancy tests next to the condoms caught my eye and forced me to confront the consequences of being a big wuss and not buying the condoms. If I wasn't prepared for a potential sexual rendezvous on prom night— or any other

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	<p>night for that matter—I could be in the same boat as Cindy or Georgina or my mom. I want to be free</p>
269	<p>God may be watching me have sex tonight and how creepy that though was and how I pray to God she won't tell my mom-...</p>
270	<p>Maybe we would just make out.</p>
271	<p>Then he leaned in to kiss me. At that moment I wasn't too fat, I wasn't too white, I wasn't bad, I was just me. He asked if I was sure it was okay, and I said yes and we went from there. My brain forgot all about the negatives and let the lower half of my body take control of what was happening. I was nervous. I immediately realized that it was not like the movies at all. There was no way you could get things done under sheets, and there was no easy smooth way to take off your clothes. Buttons take time.</p> <p>...Was I behaving like some sex-crazed White girl like my mom was worried about? Did race have anything to do with the fact that all I wanted was to take Martin's pants off, but his shoes were getting in the way?</p> <p>...Afterwards I realized that it didn't seem as satisfying (it hurt at first—not I'm-going-to-die pain, but it was not Rocky-Road-ice-cream either) as it does in the movies, and it was a lot messier than I would ever have imagined.</p>
276	<p>"I don't want no fucking picture of two fags in the magazine. That's stupid. Why do we have to do whatever gays tell us to do?"</p> <p>...When do gay people tell us to do things? When: When they ask for equal rights? That's not so much telling us to do things as sticking to the promise of everyone is created equal.</p>
278	<p>My mom said, "Well, I'm just glad that Gabi is waiting to have sex until she is married and that Martin is being a respectful young man."</p>
279	<p>So, except for my mom putting my sex life on blast with my boyfriend's dad, it was a great night.</p>
280	<p>"Why would he? I don't think you are. I told my dad partly because I tell him everything...and mostly because he found my condoms in my pants when he was doing laundry."</p> <p>..."He just said that he didn't want me having sex because I wasn't ready for the responsibility that came with it. But that he knew he couldn't stop me and that he was happy that at least I was trying to be responsible. He also said that I have to respect you and not pressure you to do things you don't want to do, and if you say no, it's no."</p> <p>..."Yeah. He hates all that macho boys will be boys bullshit. He says it's an excuse for men to act like animals. And I totally agree with him."</p> <p>"That is so not how my mom thinks. And he was much cooler about it than my aunt who caught me buying condoms and said that I would go to Hell if we had sex."</p> <p>He smiled at that.</p> <p>"Well, it's a good thing I don't believe in Hell." I was totally caught off guard with that one. I had never met an atheist.</p> <p>"Wait. What? You don't believe in God?"</p> <p>"I don't know if I do. I have my doubts. But if there is a God, I'm not sure that his</p>

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	<p>main purpose is to send two people who love each other to Hell for having sex. There are worse things in life and bigger fish he should be frying."</p> <p>"Hmmm. I had never really thought of it that way. I know that I have my questions about how we believe in God—like why aren't there female priests? Why is birth control bad? Is it really a bad idea for priests to marry and have children? Or who decides how we should interpret the "word of God"?—but there isn't anyone I have ever trusted enough to talk with about them.</p>
284	<p>To think that he wouldn't have raped someone because he was hot was insane and stupid. Of course he did it. It was probably much easier because people wouldn't believe that he would "have to" rape someone.</p> <p>...He raped my best friend.</p>
285	<p>And I responded with a, "Oh no! You couldn't fuck me, German. Not with that small of a package. And didn't I hear that you had some sort of herpes or something that you can only get from having sex with livestock?"</p> <p>..."Are you going to rape me like you did Cindy? You fucking asshole! Wannabe player! You ain't gonna do shit to me!"</p>
286	<p>"Rape? Pfft. She wanted it. How could she not? All girls want this." He backed up and opened his arms as is if showing off his body. "And your friend, she was begging for it."</p>
301	<p>I didn't partake in the drinking or smoking, but I definitely did eat.</p> <p>...We dropped them off hours ago and then went back to Martin's house since no one was home, and we had sex again. It was totally better this time around.</p>
307	<p>I grew some and told her that I wanted to have sex, I could do it here.</p>
309	<p>I hope that it's more like other rites of passage, like sex- it's uncomfortable getting through it the first time, but then it's not.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	22
Bitch	8
Fag	1
Fuck	30
Piss	16
Negro	2
Put a	1
Shit	42