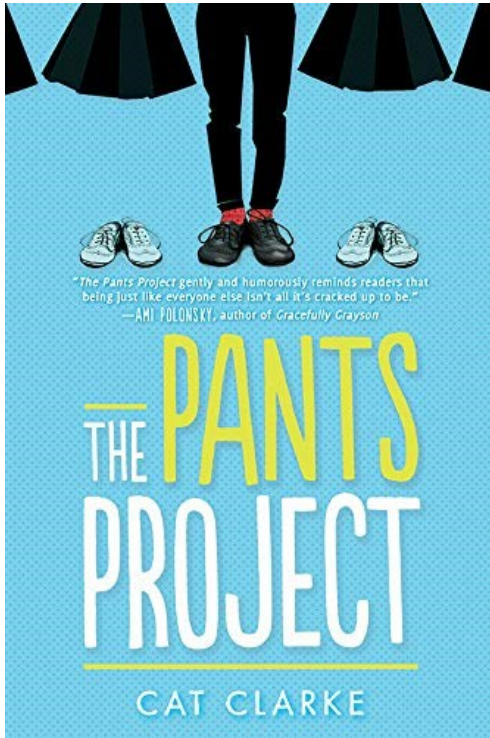


THE PANTS PROJECT



Juvenile

By Cat Clarke

ISBN: 978-1-4926-3809-4

Book Summary:

A young girl attempts to get her school's uniform policy changed because she believes she's really a boy.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; controversial social commentary; and hate.

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Child Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	<p>But then whoever wrote the uniform policy decided (why???) that girls had to wear skirts, while boys were allowed to wear pants. Sexist.</p>
7	<p>The problem wasn't the last word in that sentence. Skirt wasn't really the issue, not for me. The issue was the first word. Girls. Here's the thing: I may seem like a girl, but on the inside, I'm a boy.</p>
8	<p>I realized there was something different about me when I was around seven or eight years old. I didn't just wake up one morning and think, "I'm a boy!" It sort of crept up on me and tapped me on the shoulder a few times before I started to pay attention. I began to think that the word "girl" didn't quite fit me. It was like a shoe that was too small- it pinched me. It wasn't something I thought much about at first. It didn't seem to matter whether I was a boy or a girl. The moms treated Enzo and me exactly the same, except I was always allowed to go to bed later because I'm older. I was able to wear whatever I wanted at home and at school. Still, I knew it was something I should maybe talk to the moms about, but the words dried up in my mouth every time I tried. It's not really something you can just blurt out at the dinner table. "Please can you pass the ketchup? Oh, and by the way, I think I'm a boy, not a girl." At first, I was just antsy when people used the word "girl" or "daughter" or "sister," or when they insisted on calling me Olivia even though I told them to call me Liv.</p>
17	<p>I already knew the word. Transgender. I sort of like it because it made me think of Transformers, and Enzo and I love those movies. "Trans" is the short version, which isn't quite as cool, but it is a lot faster to type. I found out that there are a lot of trans people out there. This one website had a bunch of their life stories, and I read them over and over again. Then I discovered more sites and blogs, and tons of videos on YouTube.</p>
24	<p>I sat down next to him and shoved his leg so it was under his half of the table. Why do real boys always take up so much space? ...I wasn't Pinocchio, I was as much a real boy as Jacob- even if no one else could see it yet.</p>
64	<p>Not that their dads were terrible or anything, but there was something undeniably awesome about having double the moms.</p>
69	<p>Something told me that Jade wouldn't exactly be understanding if she realized that I was trans. If she thought I was weird just because I wanted to wear pants, there's no way she'd be able to get her head around that. She'd probably say something stupid like I'm trans because I have two moms.</p>
107	<p>"Boys wear pants and I think girls should be allowed to wear pants too." Not that I'm actually a girl, but that's another story.</p>
109	<p>"But what about the boys who were looking up that girl's skirt?" "Can you tell me their names?" I shook my head.</p>
112	<p>"I'm not trying to be silly. You're saying that you wouldn't like to wear a skirt, so why should I have to?"</p>

Page	Content
	He was getting annoyed now; I was pushing my luck. "Because you're a girl!" I bet if I told him the truth there and then, he wouldn't have listened. It's all about what people can see, isn't it? And Mr. Lynch didn't see who I was. He saw a girl.
144	But that's the power of popularity, or maybe that's the power of being seen as a boy. People listen.
151	"Bye, Olivia! Make sure you tell your mom that I'm really looking forward to meeting her. Your other mom too. My dad's been telling me all about their kind."
158	"That's not what it means. It's sort of when a person feels like the way they are on the inside doesn't quite match up with the way they look on the outside. At least, that's how it is for some people, but it's different for everyone...Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that you might look at someone and think you see a boy, but inside, they know that they're actually a girl. Or..." ..."Or you might look at someone and see a girl, but that's not who they really are."
159	He was just waiting for me to say the words. So I said them. "I think...I know...I'm transgender."
161	When we'd said good-bye, he asked if anyone else knew about me being transgender.
164	Maybe the school would let me, one day, if the moms told them the truth about me. Of course, I'd need to tell the moms first for there to be any chance of that ever happening.
169	When I was little, I used to like pink things, but that was before I realized that there were "rules." Pink things were for girls and the blue things were for boys. Colors weren't just colors- they were symbols.
194	If my life were a crummy movie, this might have been some kind of lightbulb moment where- ping- I realized that I do like dresses after all. Cinderella will go to the ball (or end-of-semester dance) and that silly "being a boy" thing was just a phase. Instead, I took one look at myself, laughed out loud, and said, "No."
202	But what if the boys had to wear skirts every day? And what if they had to deal with girls walking behind them and shouting things about their legs or their butts.
227	The weird thing was that it was actually harder than telling him about me being a boy.
256	Mamma told me about a youth group at the LGBT center where she volunteers. She said there were a bunch of kids just like me, and I could go with her sometime.
260	The moms told Gram about me being trans after double-checking that I was cool about it. ...Mamma's taking me to the youth group at the LGBT center next week. I thought it would be a bunch of kids sitting in a circle, talking about their feelings, but they're having a movie night apparently.