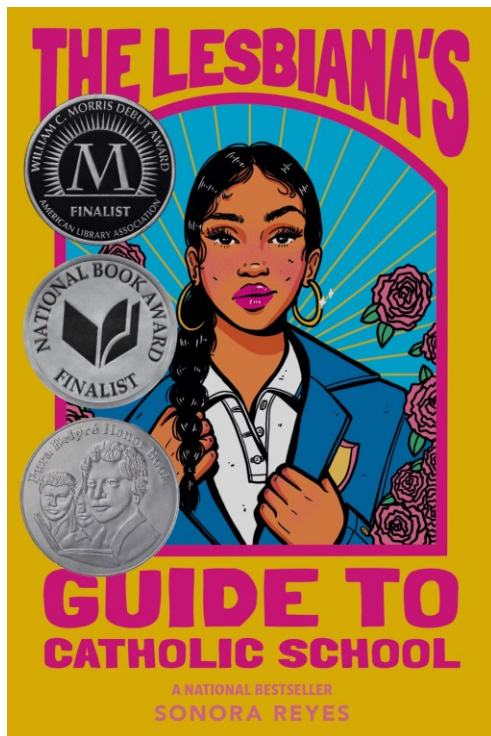


THE LESBIANA'S GUIDE TO CATHOLIC SCHOOL



Young Adult

By Sonora Reyes

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Book Summary:

A teenager falls in love with another young woman in her new catholic school.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; inexplicit sexual activities; alternate sexualities; references to abortion, illegal immigration, suicide, and homophobia; controversial religious, social, and racial commentary; and alternate gender ideologies.

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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6	<p>I roll my eyes and head to my mom’s room. In the hallway, I avoid looking at her collection of crosses and the gallery of Jesus portraits on the walls. Because apparently one Jesus isn’t enough holiness to literally scare me straight—not that Mom knows she needs to. I wish Cesar didn’t buy into this stuff so hard, so I could at least complain to him about it. The biggest portrait makes me particularly twitchy. Jesus is staring directly at me—no, through me—and his eyes are all sad like he knows I’m going to hell. I can’t shake the feeling that it doesn’t matter if I’m in the closet or not. Mom’s voice nags in my head: Jesus sees everything. There’s a burning in my gut, like the crosses are trying to exorcise the gay out of me.</p>
8	<p>Dad got deported back to Mexico when I was ten. We talk on the phone and video-chat sometimes, but I haven’t actually seen him in years. After he left, my mom went through hell trying to get him back and spent all her savings on legal fees. But the system failed us, and he’s not coming back.</p>
11	<p>Part of me wants to be grateful she only told a grand total of three people about me being gay—our other friends Stefani and Chachi, and Bianca’s mom—but that part of me is way too naive.</p>
33	<p>“Liberty and justice for all” never applied to people like us. The last time I saw him in person was at a protest. There was this anti-immigration law getting passed that would make racial profiling legal and my dad wasn’t having it. I thought his green card would keep him safe, but I was wrong. He got arrested at the protest, and I haven’t seen him since. After that, I stopped standing for the pledge.</p> <p>I was never the only one sitting at Rover, but things are different here. Richer. Whiter. ...What’s worse than making us do the pledge every morning at school? Making us pray every morning.</p>
34	<p>It’s nice that so many people feel loved like that, but I can’t relate. If the God I grew up learning about is real, I seriously doubt he loves me. Why else would he make me gay and then send me to hell over it? I left that abusive relationship a long time ago.</p>
36	<p>“Abortion is a human right. A right that, when legally stripped away, doesn’t actually prevent the procedure from taking place. It only prevents safe abortions from taking place.”</p> <p>...She then goes on to argue why abortion should be legal everywhere.</p> <p>...“Bet money she’s the next one at the abortion clinic.” A few hushed snickers.</p> <p>...“Why do I look like the type of person who would get an abortion? Is it because I’m Mexican? Because I don’t want my skirt to reach the floor? Because I have to work to pay my tuition? Did you even listen to that girl?” I say, gesturing wildly at Bo. “People like me are less likely to get abortions. We can’t afford it!”</p> <p>...“You know what, this is my presentation. You know who’s most likely to get an abortion at our age?” I stare right at Karen. I’m only like 40 percent sure it was her who said it, but she deserves a talking-to either way. “Rich white people. Rich white people with the privilege of having the choice of what to do with their bodies and the rest of their lives. And you know who’s most likely to lie about getting an abortion? People who grow up in a religion that gets off on shame and guilt, who can’t safely carry proof of their ‘sin’ on their bodies or risk being shunned by their families and excommunicated by their church.”</p>
44	<p>“Oh my God, you’re so cute, Jumpy!” Jenna says, and her voice squeaks a little on the word “cute.” No, you’re cute. God I’m so gay.</p> <p>...I don’t know how anyone has any fun around here with overlord Jesus watching.</p>

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49	When we get to school, I steer clear of the cop patrolling campus, just in case. All the students seem to be friends with him, but still. He gives them high fives and dabs at them when they pass by, as if anyone still dabs. I've never seen a cop act all buddy-buddy like that. My experiences with cops haven't exactly been pleasant. I've only had two close interactions, and I'm not trying to have a third. Once freshman year, when I saw my friend Junior get his head bashed into the cement floor of his own garage by a cop. And once when my dad was taken away. They both ended in deportations. My dad, and Junior's mom. The cop at this school seems safe enough, but I'm not getting close enough to find out.
53	She's gay, I think. The rainbow Vans and khakis are pretty convincing. I don't want to be tempted and I definitely don't want anyone thinking I like Bo like that. Besides, my metaphorical closet is safe and I have no intention of coming out. Not here.
54	As if she wouldn't have cried on my shoulder when her parents got divorced, or let me cry on hers when my dad got deported. As if none of it mattered because I'm gay.
56	"I do not care to sit with ignorant rich folk who think hoop earrings on brown skin makes me ghetto." Cesar's eyebrows shoot up and he shakes his head. "The caucacity!" I shush him and look around us.
57	I look down to see a pin on her backpack that has Homophobia is GAY in rainbow letters.
58	So maybe she's gay.
60	Like they know I'm gay. ...I'll take hearing my pulse over hearing my peers argue about whether I'm an abomination. Somehow, I'm hearing both. Homosexuality is sin. It's not natural! A child needs a mother and a father! What's next, we legalize bestiality? Pedophilia?
70	I'm almost positive she's gay. If I sat with her, would everyone else be positive I'm gay?
71	"It's racism," Amber says through a cough. I'm kind of relieved someone else said it. It's much safer when the white girl is the one to point it out. ...But something tugs at my chest, and I think I'm a little jealous? Because Bo is gay—probably—and she has a best friend since kindergarten who stuck with her. "It's racism," Amber says through a cough. I'm kind of relieved someone else said it. It's much safer when the white girl is the one to point it out. ...But something tugs at my chest, and I think I'm a little jealous? Because Bo is gay—probably—and she has a best friend since kindergarten who stuck with her.
72	Not being the only gay girl at school should make me feel better, but it doesn't.
74	I grew up Catholic, but I don't exactly agree with everything the faith preaches. As far as a higher power goes, I have no idea what I believe in. That Catholic guilt still messes me up, though. If there's a hell, I'm definitely going there.
78	"Ay, Mami, stop!" I push her hand away to see two women kissing on the screen. Something swirls in my stomach at the sight. I'd be happy if it wasn't for the fact that my

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	<p>mom didn't want me seeing it. ..."I won't have that ungodly crap in my house." She clicks off the TV, cementing my refusal to ever tell her about myself. No ungodly lesbians in her house. Maybe she didn't mean it like that. Or maybe she did. It doesn't matter, since I'm saving all my extra earnings so I can get by on my own if she finds out about me and kicks me out.</p>
79	<p>I hate how despite her homophobia, my chest still warms at her attempt to bond with me.</p>
84	<p>I think I'll be honest with him one day, about everything. I'm not about to come out to him right now—I'd feel almost selfish doing that when I should still be focused on Cesar and earning money for tuition.</p>
91	<p>If Hunter is my date, no one will think I'm gay.</p>
97	<p>"So, your parents are pretty supportive, huh?" I wish I didn't say that. Gay stuff is the number one topic I should be avoiding. "You mean about me being gay? Yeah, they're cool."</p>
100	<p>When I reach for the handle, Jamal reaches for Cesar's hands, and they kiss. Wait. Did I see that right? They kissed! I may have seriously misjudged this situation. New diagnosis: GAYYYYYY!!!!</p>
104	<p>"I'm bi," he says, finally wiping his eyes and nose, which were both starting to leak.</p>
116	<p>Or kiss someone that I'm actually attracted to. I want to kiss a girl. I want to hold a girl's hand. I want to cuddle with a girl. I want a girlfriend.</p>
123	<p>"Hey, have you guys ever wondered how many people at this school are actually closeted?" David asks.</p>
124	<p>"Yes, I was. Elaina's not gay, she's trans. It's two different things," Bo says flatly. "I meant, like, you weren't the only LGBTQ + person here," Amber says. "But David, I thought about the gay thing before, too. Jake Jeffrey is definitely gay. His girlfriend has to be a beard. I bet she's in on it." ..."And Ms. Felix, the art teacher? Definitely gay," Amber adds. ..."Yeah, Yamilet, you might want to brace yourself for that. People assume all Bo's friends are gay like her," David says.</p>
127	<p>Still, she's holding my hand. Bianca used to hold my hand. She did it all the time, and it was never a big deal until I came out. She made it seem like I was some kind of monster for letting her hold my hand without telling her I'm gay.</p>
139	<p>"Take a shot with me! It'll help loosen up that stick in your ass." Cesar grabs my arm, and I jump. I guess I've been a little stiff since I left Bo's. "I can't, I'm driving!" I shove his shoulder. Still, I let him drag me to the kitchen, where we run into Hunter. "AYYYEE!" Hunter shouts, raising a glass at us and almost spilling it. Then he gives Cesar his usual enthusiastic dap. "What up, what up," Cesar murmurs while pouring himself a shot. ...Hunter hands me a shot glass, and I wave it away. "I'm the designated driver, unfortunately." "If you want to drink, you guys can hang out here until you're sober. Stay the night if you</p>

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	<p>have to. You won't be the only ones."</p> <p>Cesar raises his eyebrows at me like Hunter offered us his parents' fortune, but I'm nervous. The only time I ever had alcohol was at Bianca's birthday party last year.</p> <p>...Hunter holds a shot glass of Vodka to my face, and I stick my tongue in it to see how bad it tastes. It makes me gag.</p> <p>He laughs. "It tastes like shit. That's why you drink it fast. Here." He tilts my chin up. It feels like one of those really forced Heterosexual Moments in every movie ever, where a guy makes unnecessary physical contact while teaching a girl something extremely simple.</p> <p>And with that, I have an idea.</p> <p>I'll try out being straight for tonight.</p>
141	<p>I let Hunter tilt my head back, and he hands me the shot glass. He plugs my nose. I don't know if it's supposed to be romantic or whatever, but it's fucking weird.</p> <p>"Okay, now just chug it like that."</p> <p>I swallow the guilt down with the alcohol. I don't think plugging my nose even helped, because whatever he gave me was disgusting. Then he hands me a lemon, and I bite into it. He pours me a full drink in a red cup this time.</p> <p>"This one will taste good, I promise." I take a sip, and he's right. It tastes like vanilla Coke.</p> <p>...I already feel a little lighter. Alcohol makes pretending to be straight a little less intimidating. I take a big swig of my drink before I grab Hunter's hand and pull him over to the living room, aka dance floor.</p> <p>...Some of my tíos are allowed to not know how to dance, if they're drunk enough. They'd fit right in with this crowd.</p>
143	<p>"I'm gay!" I say, then my hand shoots over my mouth.</p> <p>...My surroundings blur together, and I don't know if it's the alcohol or that I just came out.</p> <p>...I drink on the toilet, finishing off my cup before I realize how hard the alcohol is hitting me.</p> <p>...I told Hunter I'm gay. I told Bo I'm straight. He'll probably blow my cover.</p>
146	<p>But before we go any deeper, he hops off the couch and runs over to play beer pong.</p>
147	<p>"Connor," I say, purposely sounding as white as possible.</p> <p>...I ditch Connor and go to them. Emily might be friends with two of my least favorite people in the world, after Bianca, but I'm too drunk to care right now.</p> <p>...I was supposed to be pretending to be straight tonight.</p>
148	<p>"You're taking a shot with me, okay?" She pours two out as she says it.</p> <p>I take it a lot easier this time. I must be a lightweight, because the room is spinning now, in a good way. Like</p> <p>...I pour myself another whipped cream Vodka and coke.</p>
149	<p>"Want to make Hunter jealous?" she whispers in my ear, and before I answer, her hips close the space between us and we're basically grinding.</p> <p>...This is straight-girl grinding, though. All for Hunter's entertainment, not mine.</p> <p>...If she knew I was gay, she would never dance with me like this.</p> <p>Before I know it, Jenna comes up behind Emily and grinds with her. Karen gets behind Jenna, and Karen's boyfriend is behind her, and it's this whole grinding train I want no part of.</p> <p>...I don't think I'm quite that drunk yet, though.</p> <p>As I'm walking out, I hear a chorus of boys cheering, and I turn to see Jenna and Emily making out.</p>

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	<p>...Why do straight girls get to kiss in front of everyone but I can't? ...Last time I was this drunk, I was the one drunk-kissing a straight girl. Bianca didn't kiss like a straight girl, though. ...She crawled over and open-mouth kissed me like she meant it. ...But no, Bianca's just one of those straight girls who kisses girls when there are cute boys around to see.</p>
150	I put all my energy into sending a text that doesn't give away how drunk I am.
151	People start dancing and smoking and drinking again.
152	<p>I only went to one other "party" party before. He was there. Cops showed up there, too. They didn't have a warrant, but they broke the door down and came in anyway. I watched one of them bash my friend Junior's head into the concrete floor of his garage before I ran away. Not everyone was so lucky. Anyone who didn't get away got MICs, even if they weren't drinking. Junior's mom got deported, even though she didn't know about the party. And here they just asked us to turn the music down. No one is getting arrested or deported. No kid is getting their head bashed into the floor. The party is still fucking happening.</p>
154	<p>And that I like her even though she has a girlfriend and thinks I'm straight. What would I have to lose by coming out to my dad, anyway? ...Yami: I'm gay. I know you're not supposed to call or text anyone when you're drunk, but I've been wanting to tell him for so long. I guess I'm worse at being straight than I thought. ...While I'm making drunk confessions, I might as well call Bo.</p>
155	"JUST KIDDING I'M GAY AS FUUCK!"
156	<p>Yami: LMAO JK I text Bo again, because maybe she hasn't heard the voice mail yet. Yami: I'm drnk please donnt listen to the message</p>
159	I pretend she likes me, too. And this gay thing. I think I could maybe get used to it.
162	<p>"You're not mad?" So they know I was drinking. They know Bo left at three a.m. to get me. They know I stayed the night because I was too drunk to let Bo know where I live.</p>
168	Having a crush sucks. But she has a girlfriend, and I'm in the closet, so I don't know why I'm being such a baby.
171	Mom will think she lost her phone, and that'll buy me some time to figure out what to do if Dad wants to tell her about me being gay.
174	"So, when are you gonna spread your wings and be gay with us, Yami?"
176	<p>"Back to Jamal's question, then. Be gay with us!" "I thought you were bi?" "Yeah, and I thought you were lesbian? But I don't hear you using that word either." ..."If 'gay rights' is supposed to include us, then we get to call ourselves gay. You don't hear nobody fighting for bisexual or lesbian marriage. Gay es un 'umbrella term.'" ..."Fine. I'll be gay with you when I move out, probably." Truth is, I'm not ready yet. "Coward." "If I'm a coward, you're a hypocrite! If it's so easy, why aren't you out, then, huh?"</p>

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	<p>“That’s not what I meant. You don’t have to be out out to be gay with us. You do have to talk to Bo, though.”</p>
186	<p>Why does some priest have to be my middleman? If there’s a God, I would hope I could keep my business between the two of us. Still, I’d prefer not to be damned to hell just because I skip out of formally telling my sins to a priest to pass it on to the all-knowing entity he worships. I start thinking about all the sins I’ve committed since my last confession. Being gay. Drinking at a party. Flicking Cesar just because I feel like it . . . Being gay. Mom has made us go twice a year ever since we were seven, but it’s not like I can stop being gay after confession. I wonder how the rules work when your “sin” is a constant thing. If confession is supposed to absolve me, it’s not working. The day after every confession, I’m always gay all over again. Based on the way the rules have been explained to me, that means the only way I can get into heaven is if I spontaneously die the moment the priest absolves me. “I just don’t see why I have to apologize for being exactly the way God made me,” she says. “The sin lies in the action and the thoughts. Because sex outside of the sacrament of marriage is a sin.” “But gay marriage is legal. So it’s not a sin if you’re married then.” ...“It may be legal in the eyes of the United States, but not in the eyes of God.” ...“Why?” she snaps. The priest pauses for a minute. “Because the Bible has written it so.” “Where? Don’t cite the Old Testament at me, since our uniforms are made from mixed fabrics. Another sin, according to the Old Testament.” “Romans 1: 26 and 1: 27. ‘For this reason God gave them—’” “‘Up to vile passions,’ blah blah. I know the passage.” Someone gasps when Bo interrupts. “It’s about adultery, not homosexuality in the context of committed partners. You can’t put us through a year of scripture class and expect us to learn only the convenient parts.”</p>
189	<p>She’s right. The Bible says a whole lot of things that the Catholic church kind of just ignores. ...I think about telling him I’m gay. ...I tell him about hurting Bo’s feelings, and getting drunk.</p>
203	<p>And she has a girlfriend, who I wish I wasn’t jealous of.</p>
205	<p>“Why are you so desperate to keep your feelings a secret? You already know she’s gay, so if she doesn’t feel the same, at least she’ll understand. It’s not like she’ll go telling people.”</p>
207	<p>It’s like throwing in my face that she’s uncomfortable with the fact that I’m gay.</p>
215	<p>My dad, my idol, who was once upon a time the most trusted person in my life, wants nothing to do with me. It’s such bullshit that there’s a stigma around being closeted. We get shit for “living a lie” just because we want to survive. ...It’s not like I can come out once and be done with it, either. I came out six times already. ...But if I’m “living a lie,” then so is every straight person who’s never “come out” to every single person in their life about their sexuality.</p>
217	<p>Maybe he’s mad because his mom is homophobic.</p>

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220	<p>"I came out to Dad," I whisper as I walk in and close the door behind me. ..."I just want you to be careful. But why would you even want to go if you know he's homophobic? If he finds out about you, he won't treat you any different."</p>
236	<p>If she hasn't found out I'm gay yet, she probably will before I see her again.</p>
237	<p>That song seems to be a favorite of hers. She calls it the lesbian anthem.</p>
254	<p>I may not know the languages of my ancestors. I may not know much about them at all. Colonization will do that to a people.</p>
258	<p>"Yeah, that makes sense. I think it's only natural to feel that cultural separation, and it sucks that your parents don't get that. I think a lot of white people don't know what it feels like to be the only one, you know?" "Exactly! They just don't know what it's like to not be white in a place full of white people! I kind of loved that about tonight. I feel like my parents felt how I always feel. I don't think they've ever been such a small minority before. It's not the same, though, since they just got to see all the fun stuff, and then go back home to their comfortable house where they never have to think about race. I can't really talk to my parents or Amber about this kind of thing."</p>
260	<p>"The only one who's Chinese?" "Chinese, gay, et cetera." ..."I feel like I'm always the elephant in the room no one wants to talk about. Do you know what I mean? I make people uncomfortable just by existing, but no one wants to acknowledge it. I know I have it easier than a lot of people because of my parents, and because I'm light-skinned, but I still feel like I'm invisible. I'm like Schrödinger's gay. I have to shout about being gay and Chinese to prove I actually exist." "Is that why you wear the rainbow Vans? And the pins?" I ask. "It helps not to have to come out to every new person all the time." "That's smart. But aren't you ever afraid to like, come off too gay?" I know I would be. "Yeah, sometimes . . ." "Is that why you don't hug girls?"</p>
304	<p>"What?" is all I can say, because I can't bring myself to admit to her I'm gay every day.</p>
305	<p>I stop resisting the magnetic pull and eagerly close the space between our lips. Kissing Bo is like being in a sensory deprivation tank. The world around us disappears, and the soft sensation of her lips on mine is the only thing tethering me to this plane of existence, keeping me from floating away to the clouds.</p>
309	<p>Cesar is suicidal and I had no idea. ..."He . . . he wanted to . . ." Jamal's voice catches like he's going to cry. "He wanted to what?" I ask, even though I know the answer. I need to hear it out loud. Jamal wipes a stream of tears from his cheek with one hand and sniffles. "To die, Yami. But he also must not have wanted to, or he wouldn't have called me, right?" Jamal sounds like he's trying to convince himself more than me.</p>
320	<p>I want to tell her I'm gay, just to take some of the weight off Cesar. But I can't bring myself to say it.</p>
327	<p>"Is there anything I can—" I interrupt her by pulling her into a kiss. She makes a startled noise, but then kisses me back.</p>

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332	<p>“Why did God make me like this if I’m not supposed to be like this, huh?” His chin quivers, and he wraps his arms around himself.</p> <p>...“I don’t know,” I ask myself that all the time. “Is that why you broke up with Jamal? Because you want to be straight?”</p> <p>It takes him a while to say anything. “It was my penance.”</p> <p>“Penance . . .” It takes me a minute to process what that means. “Like from confession? The priest made you break up with him?” I never thought I could be so pissed at a priest in my life. What gives him the right to play God in people’s lives like that?</p> <p>“No one made me do anything. I just wanted to get right with God. . . . I thought I could get better. Date girls from now on. And I could be good with Dad, too.”</p> <p>“Better . . . as in straight?”</p> <p>He doesn’t answer.</p> <p>“What about me then? Am I going to hell, too? Is Jamal?”</p> <p>“In lak’ech . . .” He shrugs. Meaning, we’re all going to hell. That’s a fucking shitty way to use that phrase.</p> <p>“Well, I don’t believe that. There’s nothing wrong with us. There’s nothing to fix, besides your backward attitude.”</p>
338	<p>“Um, what’s the occasion?” Cesar asks.</p> <p>“Es gay,” Mom says with a huge grin on her face.</p> <p>Cesar and I burst out laughing. The pan dulce is made up of the bi flag colors, and the decorations are rainbow. Oh, Mom, she tries so hard. It’s really sweet.</p> <p>“Hey! I’m cool, okay? You wanna be gay, you go be your gay li’l selves!” She pulls us both into a hug. I know she’s overcompensating, but it’s still nice having someone besides ourselves to celebrate with and just tell us we’re good.</p> <p>“You didn’t have to do all that.” Cesar squirms out of the hug. I guess it makes sense that he’s a little overwhelmed. Up until very recently, I thought Mom would disown us if she found out, and now she’s all rainbows and gay pride. It’s a little dizzying.</p> <p>“I did. Because I love my gay children! I love you!” She pinches both of our cheeks and kisses Cesar’s nose.</p> <p>“Sure. What about the Bible?” He gives her a skeptical look.</p> <p>“Mijo, if the Bible tells me I shouldn’t love my kids, then the Bible is wrong.”</p>
342	<p>Emma lets me use their study to work, and Bo sneaks in for some quick kisses every chance she gets. Her parents won’t let her hang out in there with me, because they know I’ll get distracted. But I don’t think they know me and Bo like each other, so it’s kind of fun sneaking kisses whenever they aren’t looking. It feels like we’re secret agents again, except this time the mission is to be cute and do couple things like kissing and holding hands.</p>
348	<p>Once he’s gone, Ms. Felix stops grading our still-life art from last week and pulls up a seat across from me. I catch her staring at me, like she has something she wants to say. She’s making me a little anxious. She definitely overheard me and Hunter talking about how I want to ask Bo to prom. She’s always given me a really open-minded vibe, but what if I was wrong about her?</p> <p>“What?” I ask, letting out a nervous laugh.</p> <p>She smiles, but there’s a sadness in her eyes. “I just wish I was as brave as you are, is all.”</p> <p>“What do you mean?”</p> <p>She pauses for a while before saying anything else. “I’m only telling you this because I think it would have helped me a lot when I was your age if I’d had an adult in my life open up to</p>

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	<p>me. But I need you to know you aren't alone." I stare at her, wide-eyed. Is she . . . coming out to me? "I'm not oblivious to what everyone says about me either. I know a lot of my students already suspect it. But I thought I'd let you know personally. I'm there with you." "So . . . you're queer?" I know it's not the most tactful way of asking, but when have I ever been known for being tactful? She nods. "And I'm not out. Not here. So let's keep this our little secret, okay?" "Of course."</p>
353	<p>Cesar jogs over to his room and comes back with the laptop. It's opened to a search for therapists with an LGBTQ + client focus. The therapist highlighted is an older Latina woman. Mom scans the screen and frowns. "She doesn't accept our insurance, mijo." "Oh." Cesar frowns. "Do you think maybe it would help to join some kind of support group? Maybe something with kids your own age?" Mami asks tentatively.</p>
357	<p>"It has also come to my attention that there has been some confusion around the rules. I want to be clear that Slayton Catholic does not endorse romantic same-sex couples for prom. We will be updating our code of conduct effective immediately to avoid any further . . . mishaps."</p>
361	<p>"If you two wanted to go to prom as friends, it wouldn't be an issue. There was an inappropriate public display of affection at the art show. Some of the students and parents were made to feel very uncomfortable. And as you know, this school operates by the laws of the Catholic faith. Homosexual activity is not permitted on this campus. I'm sorry, but that kind of inappropriate behavior can't go unpunished."</p>
375	<p>It's not much better than me impulsively shouting I'M GAY at anyone I want to come out to.</p>
383	<p>My hand goes over my mouth to cover my huge smile. Bo kisses the back of my hand while it's still over my mouth. Then she gently pulls it away and kisses me again. I'm laughing between kisses because I can't believe she just said that. We both fall back on the ground, kissing and laughing. Bo rolls over and spoons me, and talks to me softly. "In case you didn't know, I think you're amazing and inspiring and beautiful, too." She kisses my ear, and I straight-up giggle. I never understood the appeal of kissing before Bo. I didn't get kissing on the mouth, or on the hand, on the freaking ear. But I've never been kissed by anyone like Bo. It's different with her. She does something to me I can't explain. Kissing her is relaxing and intense and just . . . happy? It's nice. I don't even care that people can see us.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	12
Comemierda	1
Dick	4
Dyke	1
Fuck	30
Goddamn	4
Pinche	2
Piss	13
Shit	83