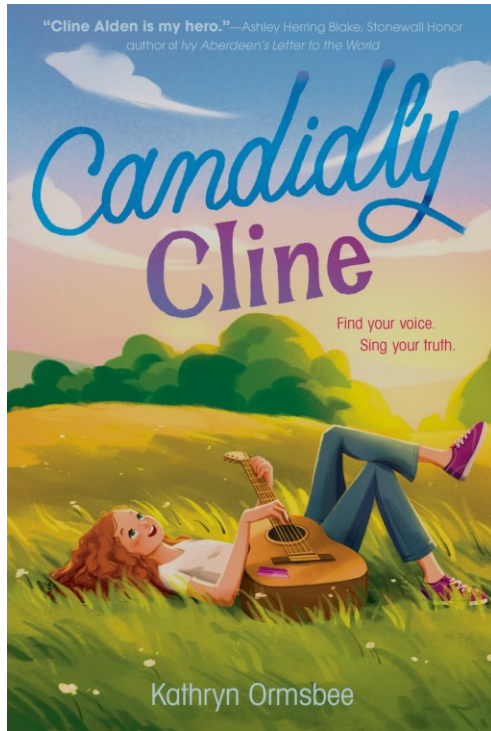


# CANDIDLY CLINE



*Juvenile*

**By Kathryn Ormsbee**

ISBN: 978-0-06-306001-2

## Book Summary:

A thirteen-year-old girl secretly pursues her dream of becoming a composer and musician.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; alternate sexualities; mild/infrequent profanity and derogatory term use; references to death and Alzheimer's disease; and controversial religious commentary.

**2** / 5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	Paris is the perfect place to say “I love you” or to kiss the person you’ve been crushing on for the very first time.
19	See, us Alden ladies are what you might call “godless women.” That’s what Mama calls us, anyway, when she’s trying to laugh off an invitation to someone or other’s church. ...Personally? I don’t know how I feel about God and all that. I don’t particularly like the idea of someone watching everything I do and wanting me to follow his rules. As to heaven—the thought of living forever and ever, and everything being perfect? That plain freaks me out.
39	See, I know Trevor was flirting. The trouble is, I don’t want him to. Trevor’s nice and all, but I don’t want to dance with him, and I especially don’t want to kiss him. ...See, I don’t like boys that way. I like girls that way.
40	I’ve overheard some diners at the Goldenrod saying how it’s a real tragedy that the “gay agenda” has taken over the media and how Bible-believing folks need to stand against it. Those same diners called a lady in Rowan County a hero years back for refusing to marry same-sex couples on account of her “principles.”
41	Then there’s Mama and Gram. I know that, on account of them being godless women, they don’t hold to the religious ideas those Goldenrod diners have. Still, I haven’t told either of them about my liking girls. ...Cline Louise Alden, the girl who doesn’t crush on guys. When I stand out, I want it to be for my music. The things I do. Not for a part of who I am and can’t change, any more than Hollie could change the color of her eyes.
113	If she knew that I liked girls instead of guys, this would all make sense to her, wouldn’t it? ...I’m almost positive she’d understand if I told her right out about me liking girls.
154	“It is a girl I’m thinking of,” I explain. “Not anyone in particular. But when I think about crushes? Like, the way the girls talk about boys at lunch. I . . . feel that way about girls.”
163	And I may not be a full-on godless woman like Mama and Gram, but I don’t like Tyler’s talk of “light” versus “dark.”
164	“I have this friend,” Hollie says, “and she told me recently that she struggles with same-sex attraction.”
165	“And it’s a tough topic for a lot of people these days. It’s been several years now since the government chose to legalize same-sex marriage, and some people think that’s a sign that being gay is okay. But as Bible-believing Christians, we have to stay true to what God’s word says about homosexuality: it’s not part of God’s plan for us. It’s the sign of a broken world. And we cannot support sinful behavior that grieves the heart of God. We should love everyone—including those who struggle with same-sex attraction, like Hollie’s friend. Though we cannot support decisions they make to act on those sinful feelings, we can support them, encouraging them to walk with the Lord. I’m not saying that’s an easy task. There’s nothing easy about being a Christian. Think about the very Christians we were pretending to be last night: they were imprisoned for their beliefs. Murdered, thrown to lions. But through it all, those faithful to Christ remained a light in the darkness.”
169	As the music plays, more terrible words come back to me: Struggling with same-sex attraction. Sinful behavior. A broken world.

Page	Content
171	<p>“What happened in that youth group wasn’t right.”</p> <p>I sniff, studying Mrs. Yune’s manicure. “You mean, you don’t agree with them?”</p> <p>She’s using her no-nonsense voice when she tells me, “I certainly don’t.”</p> <p>“But . . .” I frown, trying to understand. “You go to the same church.”</p> <p>“That may be,” says Mrs. Yune, “but Tyler Evans and I have very different ideas about what kind of God we believe in.”</p> <p>I’m more confused than ever. “Don’t all Christians believe in the same God?”</p> <p>Mrs. Yune shakes her head at me. “I wish I had an easy answer for that. What I can say is this: I believe in a God of love. A God who loves everyone and wants them to be exactly who they are.”</p> <p>I manage to look Mrs. Yune in the eye. “Then, you don’t think me liking girls is . . . sinful behavior? Or the sign of a broken world?”</p> <p>...“Those are horrendous assertions. Not to mention, completely incorrect. There’s nothing wrong or broken about you, Cline, understand? You are perfect the way you are, no matter who you love.”</p> <p>“Okay,” I mumble.</p> <p>Mrs. Yune taps her nails on the gearshift, looking out at our tree-shaded lane. “I didn’t always understand what I’m telling you now. The church I was raised in taught me to believe what your friend Hollie seems to.”</p>
172	<p>She’s basically my boss, and somehow I’ve ended up telling her what I haven’t told even Mama or Gram: that I like girls.</p>
174	<p>What if everyone in youth group thinks I like girls now?</p>
175	<p>What if everyone in youth group thinks I like girls now?</p>
180	<p>“I’m fine with school,” Sylvie explains. “It’s more like, you know, the system. How adults try to make us all follow the same path and then, like, put us in tons of debt. But that’s more a problem of, you know, the illusion of meritocracy. Also, the underfunding of the education system. Like, come on. Pay our teachers more, right?”</p>
218	<p>She makes me laugh, and she’s real pretty and smart. I guess it only makes sense that I’d get a crush on her. I’m not sure I’d ever be able to tell her that, though. How could I even muster the courage to ask her if she likes girls? I guess I could do what I’ve done before and put it in a song. Maybe she’d get the hint. Or maybe . . .</p>
232	<p>Did it seem to her—like it sure seemed to me—that a second or two more, and Sylvie and I could’ve kissed?</p> <p>My first kiss. What might that be like. My face explodes with more heat, and I can almost see the sparks showering down on the floorboard. Sylvie told me about the kind of love songs she writes. She was telling me that she likes girls, too. Wasn’t she?</p>
287	<p>“Can you believe it?” Darlene stage-whispers. “My mama won’t let me date boys till I’m fifteen.”</p> <p>What about girls? I think to myself, prodding at the fruit cup on my tray.</p>
295	<p>She asks, “Would it . . . be all right if I kissed you?” Then her eyes get big, and she adds, “I mean, just on the cheek!”</p> <p>...Then Sylvie’s lips press against my skin, soft and warm, and it’s like I’m listening to the greatest song of all time.</p>
307	<p>Tonight’s the first time I’ll be seeing Sylvie since Halloween, when she gave me that better-than-music kiss. I’ve replayed that moment so many times, you’d think I’d be sick of it, but</p>

Page	Content
	no. I'll never be sick of Sylvie or imaging what it would be like to kiss her—this time, maybe, on the lips.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	1
Queer	1