

# QUEERCEAÑERA



*Young Adult*

**By Alex Crespo**

ISBN: 978-0-06-325742-9

## **Book Summary:**

A seventeen-year-old plans a party to celebrate his sexuality.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; profanity and derogatory terms; controversial social and religious commentary; and alcohol use by minors.

**2** /5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	<p>“The LGBT community is not a monolith, Carmen.”</p> <p>“You’re so right. Thank you for showing me that some of you are painfully boring,” she replies cheerily.</p> <p>...“So why aren’t you more entertained by my sparkling commentary on the intersection of pop culture and queerness?”</p>
6	<p>Olivia clings to her dad’s leg, Aaron holds onto Mom’s arm, and a rainbow stretches over the Austin city skyline in the background. But then there’s the caption: A rainbow is a promise of God, not a symbol for pride. Blessed to have a God-fearing family that understands.</p>
13	<p>The owner greets April by name—both of her moms are well-known local musicians, so in places like this, she’s practically royalty.</p>
16	<p>The relationship was catastrophic, to say the least, equal parts April trying to convince herself she wasn’t aro ace and me trying to convince myself I was bi instead of gay. I was desperate to stay in the closet as long as I could, and she kept my secret until I was ready to come out at the beginning of my junior year.</p>
17	<p>“A god-fearing family, ugh, please. I’ll give her something to fear.”</p> <p>...“You know she’s . . . opinionated. She always speaks her mind, that’s how she’s been forever. But she said everything was fine when I came out, so maybe this isn’t directed at me, right?”</p> <p>...Mom has pretty traditional Catholic beliefs, but when I came out to her, she seemed okay with it.</p>
21	<p>“If I could show her I’m happy, that I’m proud of myself, then it might make her more comfortable with the idea that I’m gay.”</p>
24	<p>Which feels silly, because when I came out Dad and Carmen weren’t just accepting, they were actually excited for me. Carmen came home for Thanksgiving break with her laptop covered in Pride stickers and a never-ending list of advice on dating boys. Dad made me a three-tier coming-out cake, and I practically had to beg him not to decorate the house with rainbow streamers. He still sends me every positive news article he sees about LGBT rights, and he’s more amped about my first Pride Month out of the closet than he was about Christmas.</p>
33	<p>“A queerceañera,” he says, smiling from ear to ear. “Like a queer quinceañera. Get it?”</p> <p>...“It would still hold the same meaning. It’s to celebrate your coming of age and into your identity.”</p> <p>“Oh! And it’s perfect because your birthday falls during Pride Month,” Dad adds, clearly pleased with himself that he’s made the connection.</p>
39	<p>“Yeah. How am I supposed to find a chambelán in a week if I haven’t been able to find a boyfriend in seventeen years? I told her that forcing me to find a date was upholding outdated and patriarchal social norms about companionship.”</p>
43	<p>“You told me ages ago that Felix was your first kiss, and you clam up every time I’ve asked you to tell me more. That’s highly relevant if you ask me.”</p> <p>“Okay, yes, we kissed one time. But it’s way more complicated than that. Felix and I were—”</p> <p>...“He was my person. Felix is the son of my mom’s best friend, so we were basically attached at the hip since birth. I was obsessed with him, and I thought he felt the same about me. He was, like, my gay awakening before I knew what being gay even meant.”</p>
49	<p>Since I came out, she does ask me about boys a little, but never in a prying way. She brings it up as casually as if she were talking to Carmen or any of my cousins about their love lives,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>like the fact that I'm gay is no big deal, and it feels really nice.</p> <p>...“You know, I heard Grindr—” she starts earnestly, and I almost do a spit take. “What? You don't use dating apps?”</p> <p>“I mean, no, but I wouldn't exactly call it a dating app,” I say once the danger of choking has passed, but then decide against going down that rabbit hole for the time being. “How do you even know about stuff like that?”</p> <p>“I'm a very worldly person,” she says, leaning down to scratch Luna behind her ear. “I may be getting older, but I'm not going to end up like your dad, scrolling on Facebook every day.”</p> <p>“Please do not talk to my dad about the intricacies of Grindr.”</p>
104	<p>“Savannah,” she says, tucking a strand of her white-blonde hair behind her ear. Her makeup is done immaculately as ever: baby blue smokey eyes matching her nails, crop top, and plaid miniskirt perfectly. But her put-together look is really an illusion, and I realize she's somehow 200 percent drunker than anyone else right as she blurts out, “Please tell me you're into girls.”</p> <p>...“I'm as gay as they come. Plus, I'm dating him.”</p>
111	<p>“I'm not drunk. I'm just buzzed.”</p> <p>“Everyone says that when they're drunk,” he points out, still leaning into me. “But you're having fun, right?”</p> <p>...But I am having fun, and I'm pretty sure I would be even if I hadn't had a single drink.</p>
116	<p>I was drunk, I can admit that now.</p> <p>...But as I continue to backtrack through my memories of the night, they snag on Felix's arm around my shoulders and the way I pulled him into me when I was three beers in.</p>
117	<p>But now that Felix and I are fake-together and testing the waters, maybe this is a good opportunity to keep warming Mom up to me being openly gay.</p>
126	<p>“The ‘other woman’ thing was so gross. I hate when people project heteronormative bullshit onto me.”</p>
150	<p>There's something really insidious about the type of homophobia that lives in the silences and awkward pauses of conversations, where it's not what someone says, but what they don't say.</p>
161	<p>“Do you have a secret boyfriend too? Or maybe a girlfriend? You're obviously way too cool to be straight.”</p>
178	<p>Then his hand was in mine, and we were nose to nose, and between a tangle of branches, we shared our first kiss.</p>
188	<p>“Well, my parents always kind of knew I was queer, so I never officially came out.”</p> <p>“They've been allies for, like, a million years,” Felix says over his shoulder. “Caleb literally has baby pictures at a Pride parade. It's hilarious.”</p>
213	<p>These types of photos should stay private. Me being gay should stay private.</p>
231	<p>Tía Regina complains loudly until Dad pulls out ingredients to make some finger food, and Tío Gael passes me a half-shot of tequila with a wink. Across the room, Elisa gasps.</p> <p>“He is underage!” she says, and Valentina hides a laugh behind her hand.</p> <p>“The legal drinking age in Mexico is eighteen,” Tío Gael replies. “And it's a special occasion.”</p> <p>“Right, and I've totally never had alcohol before this exact moment,” I deadpan, which earns me a belly laugh from the adults in the room and a truly scandalized look from Elisa.</p> <p>“I'm lucky I've never had to worry about you where drinking is concerned,” Dad says as Tío</p>

Page	Content
	Gael passes another shot to Abuelo, who's listening in with quiet amusement. "Carmen on the other hand . . ." "Hey, you only had to pick me up drunk from one party in high school!" Carmen squawks. ...Before she has the chance to do any real damage, Dad wipes his hands on a kitchen towel and raises his own shot glass.
233	Carmen, who's already had another shot of tequila, bursts out laughing as April and I both groan in unison.
237	Carmen pulls me back into the conversation at the center of the room, some dumb debate about which male celebrity is the ultimate DILF, which then prompts a ten-minute Spanglish explanation of what constitutes DILF in the first place.
277	Felix's hands come up to cradle my face, and between one heartbeat and the next, he leans down to press his lips against mine. And somehow, even though I've been thinking about this kiss for what feels like ages, it's even better than I'd imagined. It holds every ounce of fondness and adoration I've held for Felix since we were kids, and by the time we pull away, my heart is so full it feels like it's going to burst out of my chest again.
279	Before anyone can stop us, I pull Felix along the side of the room, and we scoot into the photo booth together. I don't even have time to think of what to say next before he pulls me in for another kiss. His hands are warm on either side of my face, and I can feel him smile against my lips.
280	Our noses bump against each other as he pulls me in for another kiss. Three, two, one, snap. As much as I want to hide in the photo booth and keep making out with Felix, we both agree that it might be bad form to hide from my guests for the entire night. ...The last frame shows us both smiling into a kiss, and we look really ridiculously happy.
287	But I do spend about half of the queerceañera with Felix's lips on mine instead, so I can't really complain.
292	"I really do," I say, leaning in for another kiss, this time on his lips.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	8
Dick	1
Fuck	5
Goddamn	1
Piss	3
Queer	66
Shit	35