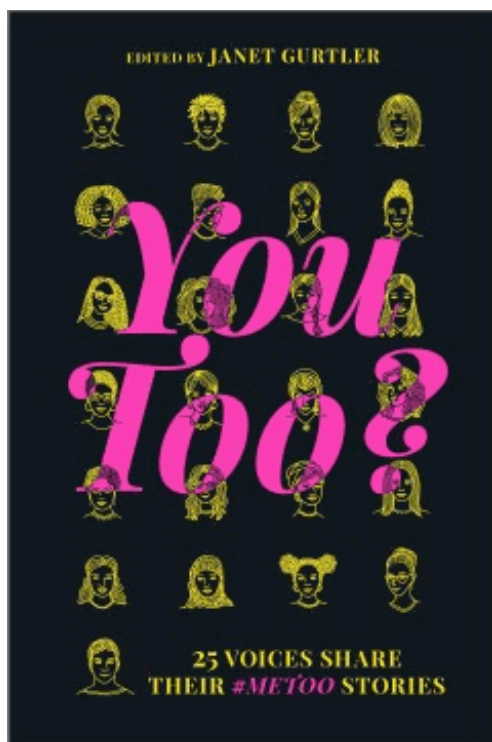


YOU TOO?



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation; sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; profanity; drug and alcohol use; and controversial racial and gender commentary.

Young Adult

By Janet Gurtler

ISBN: 978-1-335-92908-2

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
10	So I listened to sexist jokes. Racist jokes.
11	<p>...and I acknowledge that, as a white woman, I am speaking from a place of privilege.</p> <p>...I've been called out and challenged to look at the things I say and think about how my wording might marginalize groups of people.</p>
17	<p>I think this is exactly why the neighbor told me, "It's our secret. If you tell anybody, then they'll want to play our tickly game, too. It won't be special anymore."</p> <p>I was five. I wanted to be special.</p>
18	I didn't tell anybody that this man lay me down in the back of his work van, took my pants down, and touched me there. But that's not the reason I didn't tell. I didn't tell because at age five, I had no idea this was wrong.
19	<p>I asked him if he could make a doll bed out of the box, and he said, "Sure. But first, I want to play with you, okay?"</p> <p>Play with me? Sure! I nodded happily.</p> <p>"But it's a secret," he said. "You can't tell anybody, or they'll want to play, too."</p> <p>A secret? Oh, boy!</p> <p>He picked me up, set me on the floor of the van, pushed me back, and took off my pants. They were shorts, actually.</p> <p>...He had a cigarette clamped in the corner of his mouth as he put his hand between my legs and rubbed.</p> <p>"Does that tickle? Does that feel good?" he asked.</p> <p>...He gave me a little pat on the leg, put my clothes back where they belonged, and lifted me up. "Remember, you can't tell anybody. This is our secret."</p> <p>...I remember eventually seeing a pediatrician because it hurt every time I peed.</p>
22	I told Brian, "They're mad at Billy's dad for tickling me down there." I pointed between my legs, and both moms nearly passed out.
27	<p>"Wow, I'll bet your nipples are as big as silver dollars!" Michael proclaimed as he stood behind me in line at the diving board.</p> <p>...By that time- at the ripe old age of barely thirteen- I had heard it all.</p> <p>...The hallways in my junior high school during passing period were some of the most naked fully-clothed moments of my life. Boys' overtly sexual comments- often accompanied by "accidental" brushes, grabs, and gropes- were often the burden of early-developing girls like me.</p>
37	I wish I could say that there was never a time in my life where I felt out of place or unwanted because of my race, but unfortunately for me (and many other people of color, I'm sure), that's not the case.
38	I was very aware of the distinct differences between me and my White neighbors across the street or my Filipino neighbors next door.
42	Yes, the Barbie conversation with my mom hinted at the idea that we, as a Black race, were inferior to White people- the fact that society expected me to play with a doll that didn't represent what I looked like on the outside was a flashing neon sign foreshadowing the hidden racism I would have to endure as I grew older- but it wasn't until someone call me a nigger that I actually felt like less of a

Page	Content
	person, just because I was born with a little more melanin in my skin than some people would have liked.
43	She was shunned by the Black community, who said she was a mutt- that her White side made her too White to hang out with them- and out cased by the White kids, who didn't believe her that she, as a half-Black person, was smart enough to be in the honors class.
44	I wasn't made fun of by the Black kids because I "acted White" and "talked White," ...
46	As Shay put it, the guys were pulling out their penises and putting the in my butt and back as we danced. Whenever I'd satisfied them enough to reach their climax, they'd spray their secretions on my back and leave, making room for the next guy to dance with me.
46	"Too Whit to know better," one of the girls said with a laugh as she washed her hands.
51	Misogyny and sexism seemed a part of almost every interaction. As I got older, I cringed at the constant comments men made about women's bodies, their obsession with breasts, and the derogatory terms they used to talk about women.
72	During my first year o high school, I realized that gay women were considered inherently erotic. It's not noticeable at first, the idea that queer relationships exist- for some people- purely for the pleasure of erotic gaze.
73	I didn't want the recognition of my bisexuality to mean that those things were anything other than acts of friendship. ...Gay women are constantly told that there love is purely sexual, a show put on for the eyes of others. ..Queerness is constantly fetishized by television and film despite being demeaned by the people who write the characters.
77	In case you, reader, don't know what it means, it's a turn of phrase used to describe a serial harasser- usually a *cis man- who's never been officially outed or reported,...
78	Mr. Mathers liked the chesty girls, you see. ...He wasn't grabbing girls in their chest area or propositioning them for sex in his car. He was a much more subtle bag of gross. He was a woodshop teacher, so he stood over or behind the girls and pressed against them while he taught them. He stared down our shirts while we worked the machinery- shamelessly, even- almost every time. When he talked to us, he didn't look us in the face, but in the boobs.
92	Right on the playground of my elementary school, hands reached down my pants and fingers entered me. Robbing me of an innocent youth.
100	White-passing skin...but ultimately, I was a little black girl, and with that came special rules. Don't act too "white" (even though most of my interests were "white" ones). Don't act too "fast" (and when you're a black girl, any move-rolling your shoulders, shaking your butt when you're dancing, snapping your fingers- is considered "fast"). ...I must have also written some stuff regarding struggling with my identity,

Page	Content
	because eventually, some classmates got a hold of the journal, read it, and decided that I was the class Oreos. I don't know if the meaning still holds, but back then, people used the term "Oreo" to make fun of "black people who act white."
102	Because I was an "Oreo."
103	Maybe I should have "acted my color."
114	Was the rejection borne of feeling that my friend and me-both of color- weren't worthy because we weren't white? ...It wasn't even a half hour into the dance, and I was already exhausted by the weight of my skin color and my gender.
119	My short stint in junior high had already included scolding looks, cultural misunderstandings, microaggressions, being called a P*** and a N*****, people asking if my skin color washed off, if I was brown because I didn't shower, and off-color jokes about the Kama Sutra. Now, I was being subjected to someone's asinine (emphasis on the "ass" in asinine) idea that I was obligated to him for a date because I ingested three sips of his Coke,...
121	They delighted in coming up and asking me, "Hey, Jon said this about you. Is it true you're a stuck-up b**** and you're better than everyone else?" ...there was the idea that I should be flattered that he, a white boy, had asked me, a brown girl, out. More than flattered. I should be grateful.
125	Some days, I'm just so tired, exhausted to my bone marrow that these injustices continue to be inflicted on women, minorities, LGBTQ2 people, on anyone who doesn't fit the mold.
129	For one thing, I was addicted to gay porn. That was how I chose to frame it back then- the porn was gay. ...Gayness was still a joke in my tiny hometown- not an identity.
130	According to these guys, the only challenge associated with sex was convincing a girl to do it with you. ...If she was a "fat chick" or a "butterface," your buddies would probably give you shit for it.
131	I'd seen enough gay porn to know what men were supposed to look like naked. Bodies like mine didn't exist within the realm of male desire. ...Wasn't I supposed to be the one begging her for sex? What kind of guy didn't want to score with his hot girlfriend? ...My internet browsing history consisted exclusively of penises, sure, but maybe a real-life vagina was just what I needed to trigger my latent straightness. I pictured myself successfully having sex with Whitney and then bragging about it to all of my guy friends the next day.
132	...I could finally admit it wasn't just the porn that was gay. ...Eventually we started kissing on his bed. His hands wandered, and I tried not to cringe when they got close to my fleshy problem areas. I was relieved when he stopped to get up and turn off the lights. The darkness calmed my nerves just enough to let him take my clothes off.
133	Dylan put his hands down my pants. I froze. If someone had asked me before that moment what I would have done if

Page	Content
	<p>my boyfriend's best friend took it upon himself to grab my dick, I probably would have said that I'd freak out and tell him to stop. But I didn't. ...Instead, he leaned over and unbuckled my belt. I remained frozen. Shawn started kissing me. Dylan kept touching me and Shawn and himself. It occurred to me that they had probably done this before, which made me sick to my stomach. ...I kissed both of them back as convincingly as possible. ...Eventually, we were all naked.</p>
135	"He has a nice ass."
135	<p>I texted my best friend when I got home: Shawn and I had a threesome tonight!</p>
137	<p>My identity was so wrapped up in the struggle to validate myself against the atmosphere of toxic masculinity and fat-shaming and homophobia that defined my childhood. ...Would I have seized the opportunity to have sex with Whitney? ...How many of his friends' sexual boasts were just positive spins on negative experiences?</p>
146	The ones who palmed girls' butts and remarked on how juicy they were.
147	<p>Uncle J had spotted a vulnerable, traumatized girl, and had used his understanding of her- my- situation to prime me for a sexual relationship. ...It wasn't that I was scared, it just didn't seem that big a deal. By then, I was used to the men at the gas station who leered at my breasts too long, or the uncle who always seemed very concerned about the shortness of my skirts. This incident was just another in a long line that had started happening the moment I started wearing bras- and, if we're being honest, well before that.</p>
154	And there was the time I was walking across a crowded train platform on my way home from school and someone reached up under my uniform skirt and between my legs.
155	...though I doubt there were too many boys who have had the experience of having some stranger's hand thrust between their legs.
158	It's bad enough that there are so many men who seem to think that sticking their hands up teenage girls' skirts or down their shirts is somehow acceptable, or at least excusable.
163	<p>She was thirteen when she was attacked. Thirteen when she was raped. ...We drank a lot of alcohol and smoked a lot of weed.</p>
165	...this young girl was picked up by a group of people who were drinking and doing drugs. They gave her a ride, and then one of the men raped her.
166	He was eventually arrested for molesting young boys, but we didn't know that at the time. Rumor has it that the allegations and charges against him eventually led to his suicide in a jail cell.
167	They would stick their hands up under our shirts. Feel our bras. Grab at our boobs.

Page	Content
168	<p>They stormed inside, and the three boys turned into one monster, pushing each other on. The monster had six hands. It was angry. Demanding. Six hands grabbed at me. Six of them.</p> <p>"Get her. Grab her." They spoke in short, terse sentences.</p> <p>...The six-handed monster tried to go a little furth than just feeling my boobs, until I ran from them and locked myself in a bathroom.</p>
180	<p>...I went from being molested by not just one man in my family, but by two.</p>
193	<p>The first time he touched me, I invited more. He showed me things my younger sexual partners didn't know or wouldn't do.</p> <p>...Then he'd kiss the back of my neck while I was filling molds. Sometimes he'd pull me into the back office for a quickie.</p>
201	<p>The truth is that, according to laws of the time, Bathsheba couldn't say no to her king if he demanded sex from her.</p> <p>The truth is that, according to the laws, it wasn't rape unless the woman was a virgin, which David would have known Bethsheba likely wasn't, because she was married.</p> <p>The truth is that David raped Bathsheba, and after the rape, when she became pregnant, David not only murdered her husband, but then also forced Bathsheba into a relationship with him. She was forced to marry and live with her rapist for the rest of his life.</p>
202	<p>Bathsheba was raped by a man in a position of power over her.</p>
203	<p>The paintings of her hanging in art museums around the world portray her breasts exposed, her naked body being presented to the viewer in a sprawl over the edge of a fountain.</p>
207	<p>A hand job I didn't want to give, to a guy I didn't like.</p>
208	<p>A body that belonged to everyone but me.</p> <p>It belonged to the boy who lived next door to my parents' best friends, who pushed his tongue into my mouth and his hands beneath my T-shirt. (Twelve: there was nothing beneath my T-shirt; my body was still a vast and unshaped plain.)</p>
209	<p>My gender swam back and forth, male and female, everything and nothing. I moved in those waters, easily. Wanting her and loving her was easy. But not the slaps. Not the punches. Not the bites and pinches and vicious twists, my flesh between her forefingers and thumb- her nails, long and sharp.</p>
210	<p>So many people knew that this man bedded me and hit me; that he pulled out my hair and stuck his hands up my skirt in public.</p> <p>...I finally broke up with the Beast (ran away from him, hid from him) because he hit me and threatened me and put his hands on my throat on a military installation.</p>
212	<p>...and just let him have what he wanted- a hand job on the steps of the student union.</p> <p>...At seven, I said I only wanted to see it, but he insisted on so much more.</p> <p>...It wound black ribbons around my throat and cinched tight beneath my disappointing breasts.</p>

Page	Content
221	"Nothing, technically. You've got great boobs, but believe me- a push-up bra never hurts."
222	"...I've been patted and squeezed like an animal at a petting zoo, and one time, a guy offered me a hundred-dollar bill to take off my top."
223	All after groping my butt.
225	"...Made her want to try all this kinky shit in the bedroom," Twin Number One said. "It was awesome." ..."One time she let me handcuff her to the bed, and then I surprised her with some nipple clamps." "How'd she like it?" "Howled like a banshee. I've never cummed so fast in my life." ...TaylorMade squeezed me tighter against his side." I bet Blondie her would look great in nipple clamps. What do you think, boys?"
237	There were no sounds. Manny sat down on the wall, yanked me onto his lap and leaned backward pinning me against his stomach. When I say these two boys were "beefier" than others, I should make note that Manny was literally a giant- the result of some congenital pituitary gland hormone dysfunction. Rylan stood in front of us and tugged at my lime-green-and-white striped Dolfin shorts. I kicked and screamed, and I remember thinking how easy my stretchy shorts could be taken off. Soon those shorts were draped around my ankles. The memory that stands out the most for me is their laughter. Whooping, hollering laughter. The time frame may have been seconds, or minutes. I have no idea. I t felt like hours. I was unsure if my underwear had been dragged down with my shorts. But as I kicked and squirmed, I felt their skin against mine in parts of my body that had never been touched before.
238	"Now I am going to be raped."
255	I was sixteen years old the first time a grown man told me I wasn't worth raping.
256	...a beautiful starlet whistled at by a crude construction worker who pushed his hard hat up his brow to better take a look at her legs.
264	Until now, I haven't written about the time I was assaulted, at fifteen years old, at 2:00 in an empty high school classroom by a male student.
266	The families of successful white traders became more patriarchal.
268	I suddenly felt D behind me, pressing me into the table. I tried to turn and pull away, saying, "Stop it, D," but I was knocked backward onto the table. D's body was heavy on top of mine as he forced his hand under my sweater. I screamed, "Ge the fuck off me! Goddammit!" His shaved face pressed roughly against mine, while all hundred pounds of me kicked and shoved. It didn't move him an inch.
273	I was sexually assaulted my junior year of high school.
276	He grabbed my hair and forced me to kiss him in the movie theater, even when I tried to push him off me. He called me a tease.
280	The discrimination wasn't overt, but the message was the same: white men get away with what they want. The people in power are still mostly white men, too.

Page	Content
292	It seems that there has become a "right way" to be wronged., be a pretty, white, cis-het female; be affected, but not broken; be pissed, but not too pissed; and always be ready to be a spokesperson for a group you never wanted to be part of.
296	After the first time I had sex, I wrote a letter to myself.
298	What happened was that he got angry and slammed me against the bed with his hands around my neck.
300	What I meant was, I let a man fuck me last night and felt powerful because I refuse to hurt over it, which is easier than I let this happen to me. I did this to my body.
302	Good sex isn't lonely, or wordless, or out of reach. It's really pretty simple. It is, This is what I like. It is, Does this feel good? More concrete things. Masturbation is vital. When you're feeling a certain pleasure for the first time, it's going to overwhelm. Reciprocations becomes difficult; so probably, it's a good idea to orgasm on your own before you expect yourself to help someone else.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	3
Dick	1
Fuck	8
Goddammit	1
Nigger	2
Piss	3
Shit	8
Tit	2