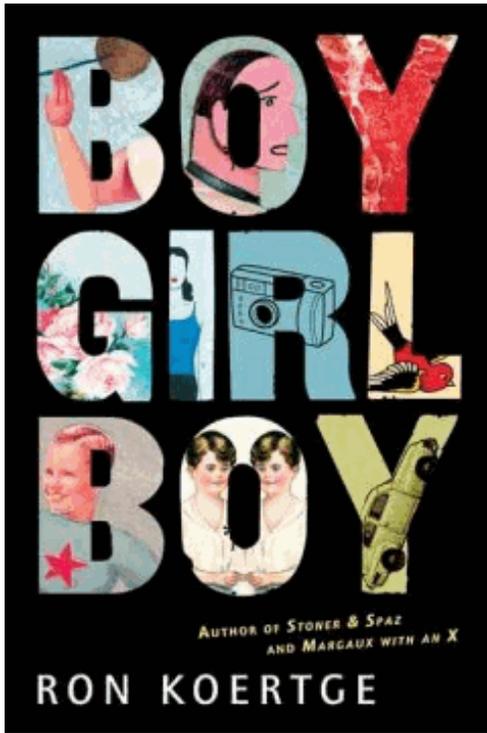


BOY GIRL BOY



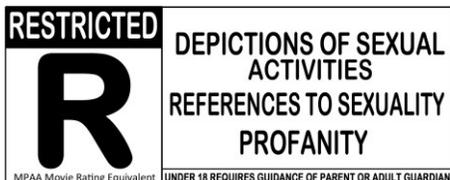
Young Adult

By Ron Koertge

ISBN: 0-15-205325-5

OBJECTION RATING

3/5



Summary of Concerns:

This book has excerpts depicting sexual activities and references to sexuality, as well as hard profanity.

CONTENT WARNING

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CITATIONS	
Page	Content
45	Where's your faggot friend, faggot?" asks Billy. . . . Fuck you.
50	So did that mean he was gay, or were we just sort of low voltage? You know, this could be all my fault." He shook his head. "It's not your fault. You didn't get a boner from Teen Titans. Look, Mary Ann told me stuff that girls can do. You go home; I'll take a shower, and then I'll come over. He eyed me suspiciously. "Doesn't it just make you sick to your stomach? It just makes me sick to my stomach. What does?" "Being queer."
73	He nods, eyes down like a Chinese bride's. Then waits for me to at least acknowledge Boys' Town, an entire block dedicated to what he thinks is a gay lifestyle: half-naked men on a loading dock, shirtless men with poodles out for a stroll, bare-chested men at an outdoor café. He started Boys' Town a few years ago. He meant well, I suppose. It's hard to be sure. If it's authenticity he values, why doesn't he have skinheads with baseball bats prowling the backstreets, and fervid Christians with GOD HATES FAGS placards? By now everybody in Wendleville knows I'm gay.
134	Then he's kissing me, and I'm kissing him back. I'm completely into finally making out with Elliot. But I'm thinking about that sandwich (juicy slab of meat between slices of bread white as an angel's socks), and I want it, too. I'm hungry for everything. Elliot pushes me back on the bed and lies on me. This is nothing like him in the Volvo with Mary Ann or some other hootchie where it seemed like he had a kind of checklist (kiss, nibble, caress, whisper) and was cool as sherbet. No way. He's completely out of control. We start out with him on top of me, but pretty soon I'm on top of him. I can't believe it. I'm with him at last: bony, flat-chested me. While Elliot kisses me and keeps kissing me and fumbling with my robe, I think of a word he doesn't know—besotted. I feel besotted with him, and I finally understand what everybody sees in this.
155	I should find the punk station: "Another Heart.' Fucked-Up Night" and "Watch Out! That's My Boner."

Profanity	Count
Fuck	5