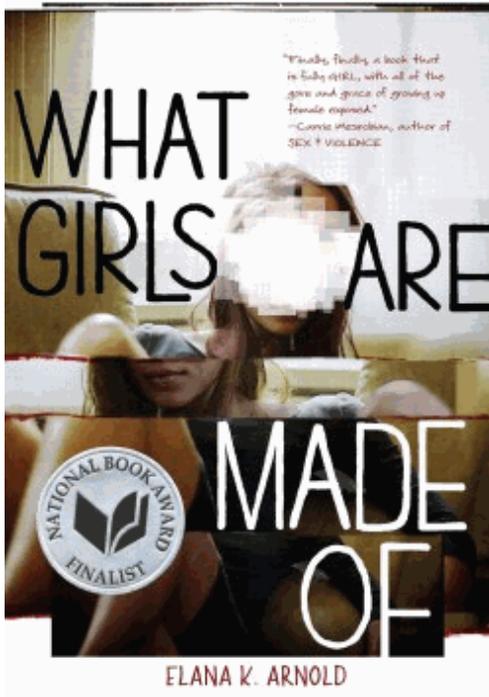


WHAT GIRLS ARE MADE OF



Young Adult

By Elena K. Arnold

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OBJECTION RATING

4/5



Summary of Concerns:

The book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. The book also seeks to normalize abortion and give accolades to Planned Parenthood.

CONTENT WARNING

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8	I'd driven myself there, to the Costa Mesa Planned Parenthood, which was joke of a name because no one went there planning for parenthood, they all went planning for un-parenthood.
9	As long as they're at it, what's a little boob play, between friends?
14	The gloves go in the bin marked MEDICAL WASTE next to the door on her way out, as though the touch of me- of my vagina- is toxic.
19	I laid a towel on the sheet in case I bled, and then I watched Seth roll the condom over his penis, and I rested my head on my pillow and watched his hands push into the flesh of my thighs, spreading them apart, and I watched him maneuver his latex wrapped erection, as he pushed and tried to get inside.
20	I know it isn't okay to care this much about a boy. I know it's not feminist, or whatever, to make all my decisions based on what Seth would think.
20	If Seth wants to have sex and I'm on my period, I'm the one to suggest that I give him head.
22	It's the way hi fingers look glazed like donut after they have been inside of me.
25	<p>"It's a vibrator," he says.</p> <p>Then I do get it, and I feel melted by the shame.</p> <p>"It's no big deal," he says. "Wade says it's hard for some girls to come without some...help."</p>
25	"So you know the girl I'm dating, Nina? She's pretty cool. But no matter how much we do it, or how long I lick her, she just can't come."
34	<p>Then he's there, naked, the thick horn of him we-tipped and hard, a rush of wetness floods the cotton lining of my thong.</p> <p>"Take off your bra."</p>
34	<p>Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground.</p> <p>My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn't care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can't be sewn back together. But I don't say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together.</p> <p>He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it.</p> <p>It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?"</p> <p>"Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.</p> <p>"Fuck," he says, collapsing against me.</p>

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35	<p>Soft now, his penis shrinks inside me and then slips out.</p> <p>When I get up to go to the bathroom, a runny path of semen, like egg whites, trails down my leg. I am horrified. It feels like I've just peed myself. I don't know what I expected. I guess I thought it would just sort of absorb inside me, or really, I guess I never thought about what would happen at all. The other times when we didn't use a condom, Seth would pull out and come on my stomach or- those two times- on my back. And then he'd use his T-shirt or a sock to wipe me off. But this time, as I walked to the bathroom connected to my room, the sticky wetness drips down my thigh, a couple of drops falling silently to the carpet.</p>
36	<p>And I don't need the stupid vibrator, either.</p>
49	<p>The box is in front of her. It's violet and white with a green arc over the letters that read Plan B One-Step, and beneath, in pink, Emergency Contraceptive.</p>
49	<p>"It's just one pill," the pharmacist says. "You take it by mouth withing seventy-two hours of unprotected sex. Has it been less than seventy-two hours?"</p>
58	<p>She was talking about sex, right? Sex with Jesus? That was what she wanted- to give Jesus head.</p>
67	<p>I tun up the volume and yank back the covers on my bed, slide beneath them, and don't restart the vibrator until it's muffled underneath the blankets.</p> <p>Between the closed door and the loud music and the heavy quilt, no one but me could possibly hear the angry buzz of Seth's first and final gift to me. I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it's apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it.</p> <p>My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently.</p> <p>It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth's tongue.</p> <p>It's remembering Seth's tongue that pushes me into the first orgasm, the sweet way he'd press it just there, right where I'm holding the rubber tip of the vibrator, the anxious, ineffective, hopeful lapping of his tongue. And I squeeze my eyes shut and my hips buck up against the vibrator, and my neck gets tight and my toes are stuck in a weird curled spasm, and I can't tell and don't care which way is up and which way is down, and the music is playing and I hear the words of the song and picture myself heeled at Seth's side, a faithful pet, a happy dog, an obedient good girl who follows rules and gets rewarded. I'm hearing the buzz of the tool in my hand, and every part of me vibrates in a way that makes me forget my name, and I don't care I don't care I don't care, just as long as this feeling persists, and I'm wound so tight that I might break like a thread, like a cord, like a promise, and then I do break, I break and I shatter and I'm lost in the vibration of my coming, and maybe I make a sound and maybe I bite my lip and my legs spread into butterfly pose then and fold up like wings and I fly, and then I shiver and it's behind me, that pleasure.</p>
68	<p>Instead I flick the vibrator's switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I'm overcome and lost in it. When the crest</p>

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	<p>of it passes, I don't turn off the vibrator, I don't take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I've come and how many ways I've lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before, and they drag me back and away, like an undertow.</p>
91	<p>I lay in a bath full of tepid water, imagining myself as Teresa, massaging myself with a rough washcloth, pretending it was the hand of God, until I came, suddenly and hard, for the first time. My mother was in the next room, and she heard me in there, she heard the sound I made, a sharp inward breath, a little high-pitched cry.</p>
105	<p>I have options. I can continue the pregnancy. I can get an abortion. "I don't want a baby," I say. I'm done crying now, and I absolutely know the answer to this question. I know it more surely than any question I've ever answered, ever. "Okay," says the counselor. "This is California, so you aren't required to have parental permission to move forward, but we do recommend that you consider having someone with you.</p>
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107	<p>Equal opportunity abortion.</p>
107	<p>"Have you ever had an abortion?" Jesus. That's not the kind of question you ask someone. But Angie doesn't look offended. "Yes," she says. "I'm not really supposed to talk about my own experiences, but yes. Twice. Once the kind you're having, with the Abortion Pill, and once before that, the surgical kind." I don't ask why, but Angie smiles like she knows I'm wondering. "The first time, I was a little younger than you. My boyfriend and I were sexually active, but the condom we were using broke. I should have come to a place like this and gotten the Morning After Pill, but I didn't even know it existed. By the time I admitted to myself that my period was never going to come, I was thirteen weeks pregnant. Too far along for the Abortion Pill. The second time was just last year." "Oh," I say. "Were you sorry? Are you sorry?" Angie shakes her head. "I don't believe in God," she says, "But if I did, I'd thank him every day for both of my abortions."</p>
109	<p>"That's everything. The abortion begins after you take this first pill. A pregnancy can't survive without the progesterone to support it. So take a few minutes if you'd like, for yourself, before you take it. Then make a follow-up appointment at the front desk before you leave."</p>

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	I don't need a few minutes. I pick up the cup that holds the pill and tip it into my mouth and swallow it down with the water.
109	"I'm pregnant and I'm taking pills so that I can stop being pregnant and the doctor said I shouldn't be alone"-
120	I sit on the toilet and I cramp and bleed, liquid blood and blood clots, something that might be tissue.
124	I lie back, for a third time, my uterus looks like an empty cave. "Great," she says. "You're no longer pregnant."
181	That nurse practitioner and Angie at Planned Parenthood, and how much they helped me.
188	"I could rape you," he said.

Profanity	Count
Fuck	2
Shit	2