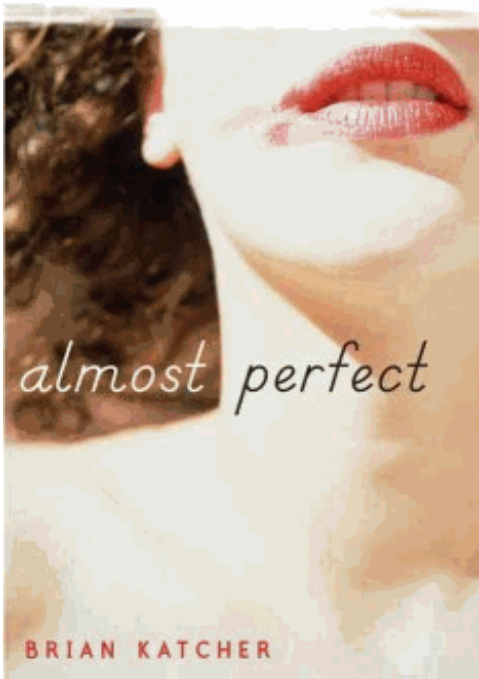


ALMOST PERFECT



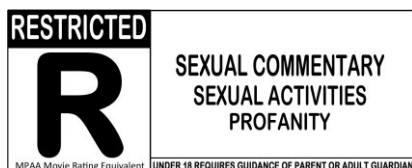
Young Adult

By Brian Katcher

ISBN: 978-0-385-73664-0

OBJECTION RATING

3/5



Summary of Concerns:

The book normalizes transgenderism and encourages hormone/puberty blocker usage at an early age. The author also suggests that children as young as three years old, are capable of determining their gender and sexuality. The book uses profanity and slang for while speaking about homosexuality. There are a couple of mildly detailed sexual encounters and an assault mildly described.

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.

Page	Content
12	<p>"C'mon, Logan. Don't tell me you wouldn't like to press your face into her chest and make motorboat noises." I stifled a laugh. "Piss off, Jack."</p>
101	<p>"I..." She swallowed, took a deep breath, and closed her eyes, "I'm a boy."</p>
102	<p>Sage is a guy. A boy. A MAN</p>
102	<p>And I'd fallen for it. Jesus, I'd fallen for it completely. I'd kissed a boy. French-kissed a boy! That made me a fag, didn't it? For a month, I'd fantasized about Sage. Her cute face, her muscular, athletic body. Now my mental images of her naked body filled me with horror. Big, hairy balls. An eight-inch cock. Flat, hairy chest and hairy back. And I had kissed her. No, not her. Him.</p>
103	<p>I'd made out with a boy. I'd believed Sage was a girl. But does everyone else?</p>
106	<p>"Sage, do you think I want my friends to know I kissed an ass pirate like you? Just stay the hell away from me. I don't ever want to see you again, faggot."</p>
123	<p>Could you pass the salt, Logan? Oh, and by the way, I'm really a boy. Shit, I would have run for the hills!</p>
128	<p>"Why...why are you pretending to be a girl?" Sage snorted, "I fooled you, didn't I?" I revved the engine. "Goodbye." "Wait." She touched my arm, then immediately pulled away. "I guess this is all new to you." It was my turn to snort. "Logan, I've never thought of myself as a boy. Not since I knew the difference. I am a girl. It's some sick damn joke of nature that I wasn't born with a female body. And you're not going to see anything there, so stop staring."</p>
163	<p>"I guess it started when Tammi was born. I had just turned three. I was so excited about having a little sister. She was so cute. Mom dressed her up like a little baby doll, in these little pink dresses, and bows, and the most adorable-" ..."Right. So it wasn't long before I started asking Mom and Dad why I couldn't wear dresses and be pretty. They thought I was jealous, so they bought me new toys, new clothes. Mostly sports stuff." She gagged. "But I wasn't jealous of Tammi. I just wanted to be beautiful like her." ..."Sorry, I guess I assumed you were a lot older when you decided you wanted to be a girl." ...Sage's forehead wrinkled. "It wasn't a decision, Logan. Tammi was what showed me that there was a difference between boys and girls. I realized I was a girl.</p>
168	<p>"...Next year, I'm going to enter college as a woman. I let myself deny that I was a female for over ten years. That's ten years wasted. And it'll probably be another ten years before I can afford the surgery." In my entire life, I'd never wondered about how a sex change worked. "So you're really going to have the doctor cut it off?" She shook her head. "They won't actually remove my penis," lectured Sage. "They'll slit it laterally to create..." ..."Okay. Yes, I do want to have sexual reassignment surgery, or a sex change, as</p>

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	you'd call it. When they're done, you could see me naked and still think I was born female."
197	<p>Sage had breasts. ...Sage had the real thing. I bobbed by the rope that separated us from the deep end and stared at her. She was all the way in the water, though it only came up to her navel. They bunched swim skirt completely obscured her crotch. Her tits, however, were almost on display. That whole story about her being a boy was a lie! ...They must be real. That bikini left little to the imagination, and besides, her headlights were on.</p>
203	<p>"Sage, how did you...um...develop like that?" ..."I take synthetic estrogen. Hormones, Logan." ..."Like medicine? You actually grew those things?"</p>
204	<p>"You never wondered why I don't have a beard? You never noticed how soft my skin is?" She held her arm out to me as if she wanted me to feel her softness. ..."Of course I noticed, but I just thought that you were girly. I guess I never knew you could change someone's body like that." I thought back to the pool. Pills could turn a guy into a chick? Sage's oversized robe had slipped slightly, revealing her bare shoulder. "Only if you start before puberty's over. That's another reason I transitioned early. If you started taking hormones now, you wouldn't get nearly the results. Your breasts would stay small and pointy, and you wouldn't lose your facial hair. Your, ah, other parts wouldn't wither up as much, either." ..."So you just go to the pharmacy and order this stuff?" "Ha! I wish. It's a catch-twenty-two situation for trans-gendered people. Hormones have to be prescribed by a psychiatrist, and most therapists won't let you start until you're in your mid-twenties. By then they won't do you nearly as much good."</p>
206	<p>The bottom of her bathrobe had fallen open, revealing that she was wearing a thick pair of gym shorts. Slowly, her hand crept up to the robe's belt and began to undo it. "Sage, don't." I did not want to see her body again. I did not want to see her smooth belly or her freckled shoulders or her round, perfect chest. I knew I'd never be able to forget what I'd seen. Her hand didn't stop. The knot fell apart. Her robe began to open. Slowly, I had plenty of time to leave if I wanted. Why was she tormenting me like this? Her robe collapsed onto the bed. And there she stood, in nothing but shorts. Every detail of Sage's damp body was revealed. This was the first time I'd ever seen an actual pair, in real life. ...My hands raised and gently touched her hips. She was right, her skin was soft. Her body quaked. Our eyes locked. Sage was smiling a terrified smile. There I stood, holding a topless woman. I could feel her stomach expand with each breath. She took my right hand in both of hers. Her fingers wrapped around my wrist. Gently, she guided my upward. Sage wanted to be touched. She wanted me to touch her. Hip, belly, ribs...</p>

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212	Sage would be back to being just another trans-gendered girl who I'd shared secrets and saliva with.
247	<p>I DON'T CARE! I kissed Sage harder to drown out the voice. I wrapped my arms around her waist. We kneeled awkwardly, facing each other on the bed, holding hands across our laps.</p> <p>I didn't care. I didn't want to care. Sage was so wonderful. I could worry about everything else later. Right now, I was making out with a special, special girl. I'll be just fine. I mentally repeated the drunk driver's mantra as I lowered my arms. When my hand cupped Sage's rear, she let out a long, almost painful groan and leaned back. When she looked at me, there were tears in her eyes.</p> <p>"Logan, I'm so sorry."</p> <p>Was she apologizing for kissing me? Or for what we were about to do? It didn't matter. I grasped the hem of her shirt and began to lift.</p> <p>"Turn off the light, please," she said shyly.</p> <p>...When I turned back around, Sage was sitting on the bed wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. She was looking down at the floor, her hands pressed between her knees. I'd never been so turned on in all my life. I thought, for a strange moment, of Brenda. I was suddenly glad that we'd never made love.</p> <p>I removed my shirt and sat next to Sage. She smiled at me. When I tried to kiss her, she fell backward onto the bed, her body on full display. She was mine, if I wanted her. I touched her skin.</p> <p>"Logan?"</p> <p>"Yes. Sage?" God, why were we talking now?</p> <p>"Please be gently. It's my first time."</p> <p>I kissed her. But not on the mouth. "Mine too."</p>
263	I saw the person who made me look like a fag in front of my sister.
264	"I can't tell my sister I was willingly kissing a guy. She'll think I'm a queer."
283	<p>Tammi screamed when she saw her sister, and for a horrible moment I thought Sage had slit her throat. She was hunched over the toilet, blood dripping from her face.</p> <p>I rushed over to her to inspect the damage. The half-clotted blood covered her mouth and nose. She hadn't done this to herself.</p> <p>...Sage hardly seemed conscious as I inspected the damage. Her nose was obviously broken. Her lip was split, and her right eye was swelling shut. Inside her mouth, I could see the stump of broken tooth, the remains of her braces digging into her gums.</p>
284	Sage couldn't hid her gender from the staff, and you never knew who might overhear.
285	"I tried to get out of the care, and the son of a bitch followed me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding on me. I kept begging him to stop, but he just smiled and said he was going to fuck me up the ass. I acted like he knocked me out. That's when he left. Then I had to walk back to where I parked the truck."
296	My transsexual girlfriend got gay-bashed wasn't it.

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310	<p>“For the past four years, I’ve had to watch my only son dress like some drag queen. He shares clothes with Tammi, he does her makeup. Fuck, Logan, he takes drugs that made him grow tits...”</p>
324	<p>“I can’t do it, Logan. I could live with a father who hates me, and a society that treats me like a damn joke, and a body that’s too tall and too muscular...but when that guy started pounding on me, and calling me a fag, and kicking me in the crotch...” She stopped for a bit, then continued, almost whispering.</p> <p>“I realized that I’m never going to be a woman. Even if I have the surgery. I’ll be faking it. I’ll always be a boy to my family, and I’ll live the next sixty years wondering if my secret will get out. I just can’t take it anymore. I tried and I failed, so I’m quitting. I wish we could just stay friends, but after what we did together, we couldn’t face each other man to man.”</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	2
Fuck	6
Piss	2
Shit	1