

RAMONA BLUE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; inexplicit sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; alternate sexualities; and inflammatory racial commentary.

Young Adult

By Julie Murphy

ISBN: 978-0-06-241835-7

CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
18	"...We're young. We're supposed to have sex with stupid people and get high at public parks or something."
19	That, combined with his cutoff jorts and his Budweiser tank top, give him this dirty seventies porn-star look that would make anyone else seem like a pedophile, but not Saul. ...Saul pours me a glass of Diet Coke and, after checking to make sure no one is around, adds a splash of whiskey.
25	Nineties heroin chic, Grace called it.
34	They'll tell him that I'm the white trash lesbian from the trailer park and that I'm so far down the social food chain that even the bottom-feeders are above me, which is why, unlike Ruth and Saul, no one really made a fuss when I came out. No one's really concerned with the sexual identity of a girl from a local trailer park. ..."Just that panty-dropping charm," I call.
36	Then there are the handful of times we've bought morning-after pills...
40	"Heteronormative bullshit," Ruth mumbles... ...I shove the cork back into the wine bottle Hattie opened and grab an almost empty handle of Fireball whiskey. ...I take a swig of whiskey and let it burn all the way down my chest.
50	"And look at porn," I added the minute he closes her bedroom door.
56	It's not that there aren't any gay people in the South; it's that our cliques and circles are a little tighter than they might be elsewhere.
58	And I get that I stand out, but I think some people have this idea of what a lesbian looks like, and I don't always fit that image.
66	"Ooh, FaceTime sex?" I joke.
78	She yawns, and then adds, "All that's on is soft-core porn and infomercials." ..."And what do you know about soft-core porn?"
79	Grace wasn't the first girl I had sex with.
83	"What? I know you've been getting up early to stroke it."
85	I'm not this sex-crazed maniac or anything, but I'm a human being. I think about sex. Girls think about sex. Sometimes a lot. I hate this idea that boys are thinking about sex nonstop and girls are thinking about- what?
91	We weave in and out of rooms, searching for a corner to claim. Everyone in the living room is grinding their baby-makers together, while the dining room is reserved for drinking games, and all the people on the patio are either passing around blunts or gathering around tall bongos.
92	She responds, parting my lips with hers and not being at all shy with her tongue.
115	"You can't pretend to be color-blind or some shit when it's convenient for you, okay? I'm black. This is the skin I wear every damn day. You're my best friend. You can't tell me that you don't see that my black life is not the same as your white life." ..."...But you need to understand that my life in this skin is different from yours." ...All his words ring true. Sure, Freddie has more money and lives in a nicer house, but when someone with a gun catches the two of us on their property, one of us

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	<p>is more likely to be carried out on a stretcher, and it's not me. ...I've spent a lot of time thinking about what it means to be gay, especially in the South, but if I'm being honest, I haven't spent much time thinking about what being black in the South might mean. Or anywhere else for that matter. Anger and shame weigh heavy on my chest, but this isn't about how I feel. It's about Freddie. I hate that this is a reality he has to live with every day, and I wish I had some kind of answer to the bigger problem, but I don't.</p>
117	...and the perk is that the adults are too drunk to care how drunk all their kids are.
135	He deepens the kiss. Or maybe I do. But either way our bodies curl together like vines.
137	Hattie and Dad, knowing where I ft and that I'm a lesbian, Ruth and Saul, and even my friendship with Freddie.
138	"...But my grandma did ask my mom if her and my dad were still 'boinking.'..."
140	"I guess if you really get down to it, I identify as homoromantic dimisexual."
159	<p>I'm sitting on the lip of the sink with my legs spread and Freddie kissing petals down my neck. ...My voice is uneven, clearly affected by his lips on my throat. ...He pulls back for a minute, bracing his hands on my thighs.</p>
160	"What? Because I'm a lesbian? A dyke?"
169	"Is she the only girl you've ever had sex with?"
182	<p>He's trimmed his facial hair and has traded his porn-star chic uniform of cutoff jorts and a tank top for fitted charcoal pants and a soft blue button-down shirt. ...The two of them standing together look like a pair of gay dads.</p>
183	<p>Saul yanks a bottle of whiskey off the bar. "Oh, it's on." While they pour themselves shots, I peruse the snack table with a beer dangling between my fingers.</p>
188	"You're allowed to have the realization that sexuality is fluid or whatever..."
189	"I wish I could tell you I'm gay or straight bi or a homoromantic demisexual."
190	<p>He drags his fingers along my side, pulling my shift up as he does, and every inch of my skin begs for him as he connects the dots all over my upper body. ...I press my face to his neck. ..."So you're not a virgin, right?" he asks. "Right. " With Freddie, it's not a matter of if we will have sex. It's a matter of when. ...Freddie wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me back to him. I press my hand against his chest, and he runs a finger over the evil-eye bracelet. "I've only been with Viv," he says. "But you know that." "Do you are you ready to be with someone else?" I ask. "Are you?" he asks. "I think I've found the right person." His fingers begin to roam again, and it's not long before my skirt is rucked up around my waist and his hand is discovering places it's never been.</p>
194	His face lights up with a stupid grin as he leans over the center console and kisses m in the dark car under a kaleidoscope of soap and bubbles, and I think everyone

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	<p>should make out in a car wash at least once. The car rocks gently against the brushes and the dryer until the employee guarding the end of the wash is whistling at us and waving us on to the exit.</p>
197	<p>His fingers knead against my waist, like a cat's paws. My lungs shudder as I sling my arms around his neck. I respond with an openmouthed kiss and slide my tongue past his lips.</p> <p>I want this. I've wanted it since that day we kissed in the locker room, but that doesn't make this moment any less nerve-racking for me. Freddie's . . . equipment is different from what I'm used to working with. What if I'm terrible at it? He groans, deeply. "This isn't why I invited you over. I mean, it is, but it's not. It doesn't have to be."</p> <p>He wraps his arms around me and presses me so hard against him that I can feel our ribs crash together.</p> <p>"This is why I came over," I say between rasping breaths.</p> <p>I pull back and sit down on the edge of the bed, crossing my foot over my knee. I am suddenly dizzy. This is the moment when Freddie and I change our relationship forever. When we are more than childhood friends or Peter Pan and Wendy Darling. My fingers shake as I pull at the tight knots on my combat boots. Freddie kneels down in front of me and places his hand on top of mine, stilling my nerves. He takes over the action of untying my shoes, and does so gently. Once he yanks off my first boot, he takes my other foot and places it on his thigh like how Hattie would before I knew how to tie my own shoes. After removing my boots, he removes my socks one at a time, and I swallow a giggle because I know my feet reek after the bike ride here.</p> <p>But he doesn't seem to care. He sucks the air right out of my chest when he kisses my knees through the holes in my jeans one at a time.</p> <p>I take off my T-shirt and unhook my bra with one hand, and something about undressing myself evaporates a sliver of my anxiety and reminds me that maybe having sex with Freddie won't be so different from my past experiences. As sweet as it was for him to help me with my boots, there's something powerful about taking off my own clothing and choosing to reveal myself to someone as dear to me as he is.</p> <p>Freddie, still on his knees in front of me, looks up. "If you're not ready," he says, "we don't—"</p> <p>I pull him up by his biceps and he's on top of me. "I'm ready," I tell him.</p> <p>And so is he. Or at least his body tells me that he is.</p> <p>I slip my hands under the elastic waist of his sweatpants and run my fingers down along his thighs. He sits up a little and takes off his tank top, revealing the acne scars on his shoulders. We both look down to the point where our bodies meet, and I place his hands on the button of my jeans and nod. Carefully, he undresses my lower half. I slide backward toward the head of the bed to help him pull my jeans off, and soon we're both sitting there on his bed, completely naked.</p> <p>Freddie stands, and I watch his hazy silhouette move in the early morning shadows. He opens his closet door and reaches for a shoe box on the top shelf. When he returns, he sits on the edge of the bed right next to me. I watch as he puts on a condom in front of me with expert precision, and I guess if I had one of those things, I'd want to make sure I knew how to properly protect it, too.</p>

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	<p>"They don't really show that part in the movies," I tell him. I guess it's a moment that should be awkward, but it's not.</p> <p>He turns to me. "You're sure? You can change your mind whenever you want."</p> <p>"I know I can." My heart doesn't pound with nerves. My fingers have stopped shaking. I am sure.</p> <p>Freddie lies back with his head toward the foot of the bed, and I curl my body against his. He kisses me gently, and even here with the two of us completely naked, his kisses make my stomach feel like it's full of feathers.</p> <p>When he braces himself above me and asks me to say yes once more, it's not a nod or a grin, but a firm confirmation. "Yes," I tell him. "I'm sure."</p>
200	<p>I was so scared that by having sex with Freddie, I would lose part of myself-... ...I choose guys. I choose girls. I choose people. But most of all: I choose.</p>
202	<p>But I can feel the difference even in the way we sit, and I can't believe there's not some glowing sign above our heads that reads: XXX JUST HAD SEX XXX.</p> <p>...Something about having sex with someone for the first time makes me feel like the whole world knows exactly what we've done.</p> <p>...And have sex in your grandson's bedroom.</p>
205	<p>"...I know how you can't make decisions without your carpet-munching sister..."</p>
215	<p>"How can I say 'Eat a dick, EHS' but in a more eloquent way?" asks Ruthie.</p>
224	<p>"He's dating Hattie's sister. First girls. Now black boys. She must be really trying to give her poor daddy a heart attack."</p>
254	<p>"...hetero bullshit..."</p>
258	<p>"...I bow down, Queen Sexpot!"</p>
287	<p>..."the government gets their shit together and figures out how to handle the dadgum student loan crisis."</p> <p>...I'm still trying to figure what I want to call myself. Gay? Bi? Queer? Pansexual? I'm not sure, but I'm going to figure it out as I go along.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	16
Bitch	3
Dick	2
Dyke	1
Fuck	1
Piss	2
Shit	28