

# THIS IS OUR RAINBOW



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexuality; inexplicit sexual activities; inexplicit sexual nudity; inflammatory racial commentary; mild profanity; and alternate gender ideologies.

*Juvenile*

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**2** /5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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39	<p>"Er, how do you know my name?"</p> <p>"We have the same homeroom! I'm Alex, she/her pronouns please!"</p> <p>"Hi. I'm Jes. They/them."</p> <p>"I'm Rosie! I use she/her, and Alex can beat up anyone that tries otherwise."</p> <p>..."And I'm Mouse. They/them. I guess. For now."</p> <p>"We're the Porcupines! We're the coolest girls and not- dudes in this school!"</p>
40	<p>"Like, I'm kind of a punk lumberjack type."</p> <p>"And I'm sort of a Renaissance Faire sword queer."</p> <p>"I don't really have a deal. I'm just generally badass."</p> <p>..."I mean, yeah, we all want to be badass sword queers, but I think maybe that's not personally my deal."</p>
45	<p>"Well...I stopped wearing skirts because I didn't want people to think I was a girl! But..."</p> <p>"That's why I stopped wearing skirts too! But I don't like skirts anyway! Do you like skirts?"</p> <p>"I haven't worn one since I was five."</p>
48	<p>"But I'm afraid this means...everyone's going to think I'm a girl."</p> <p>"And I've spent so long trying to tell everyone that I'm not a girl!"</p> <p>"Being nonbinary does not mean you have to look like your eight-year-old brother. Unless you want that look."</p>
56	<p>The letter began composing itself from all the words above me, the words of my fears rearranging and disappearing to just one sentence: Is it okay for girls to like other girls?</p>
59	<p>Beneath my question- Is it okay for girls to like other girls?- a word appeared in flourishing cursive.</p> <p>Yes.</p>
64	<p>Are you, um...I mean, I know about drag queens. Are you one of them? Are you gay? Sorry if that's rude. I'm only twelve.</p>
74	<p>And pretty soon, since one of the characters we both wrote about was a trans girl, and since we had both signed on to the fanfic site with girl names, we started talking around the edges of the idea of transness, and for a while neither of us actually said the words, but the idea was in the air. We had intense discussions about our trans characters.</p> <p>..."Drumroll, please! I realized that I am transgender. And I've decided that, as soon as I can, I'm going to be Pearl in my regular life, not just here with you."</p>
75	<p>Pearl does a lot of reading online, and she has taught me all sorts of stuff, about Patriarchy and Privilege and Transphobia- all these amazing new words.</p>
78	<p>I didn't actually mind them giving me a girl name. I was just annoyed because it wasn't the name I wanted.</p>
81	<p>Then I had this weird idea that I was seeing my father's head on Mr. Sullivan's body, and I guess I snapped, because these words just started pouring out of me, words I learned from Pearl: Bigot, Sexist, Toxic Masculinity. I chewed out my teacher in front of the whole class.</p>

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88	"Yeah, the story is that they used to hang runaway slaves from the rafters as a warning to the other slaves in the area not to run away. And then, during the Civil War, they hung soldiers who tried to run away from the same rafters..." ...She hated when people talked about slavery. She always felt like people expected her to feel some kind of way about it because she was one of the only Black girls in school. It mostly made her angry, and how was that useful?
92	"It's just cornrows," Evelyn said, her voice quiet. "You could wear them too." Ashley laughed. "No, I cannot. There is nothing worse than white people wearing cornrows," she said, plopping down next to Evelyn. "Have you heard of cultural appropriation?" Evelyn shook her head, and Ashley launched into a lecture about how people took things from other cultures in a way that removed the significance or got praise while the original group got shamed.
94	Addie thought of all she knew about people who had tried to run away, the whippings, the beatings, the dogs that the slave patrol used. "Everything."
95	Cora refused the master by his proper title; instead, she called him "the old man" or "a no-good Confederate."
109	It's not even close to gymnastics, but at least the kids in eir art class don't get arranged by gender.
114	Kai's movements are all eir own. Anyone can do a pivot, twist, or leap: a boy, a girl, or even someone like em. But after all the time e spent figuring out eir new name and pronouns, there's one thing that still stumps Kai: Why does a skill become only for girls when performed on the beam, or just for boys when executed on rings?
126	"Gender and Sexuality Alliance," I say, eyes darting around. "Yep! It's for LGBTQ-plus kids. Allies too. The club's going to be a safe space where we can express ourselves without being judged..."
130	I was at my locker and Rho asked me about the GSA and I accidentally outed myself to Johnny Beacham- my skin crawls just thinking about it-...
131	That can't be right. "Rho, come on," I say without thinking, "I told you I was gay!" ..."Hey, everybody! Mini Marcus just came out! As gay! Look at him, standing there, being gay and stuff. No wonder he's a total friendless loser!"
132	"ATTENTION, EVERYONE: MINI MARCUS IS GAY. HE'S TOTALLY INTO DUDES. POINT AND LAUGH AT HIM IF YOU SEE HIM AROUND, BEING GAY, GAY GAY GAY GAY GAY."
134	"It stands for Gender and Sexuality Alliance," Rho says. "It's for LGBTQ-plus kids. Allies too. The club's going to be safe space where we can-" ..."Are you calling me a homo?" ..."Why would I go to some home club?" Johnny Beacham laughs.
140	Nana Billie rents out the other two floors to bougie white people, who seem to be everyday nowadays.
153	They kind of dip and move their hips and OMG are they grinding?
154	...deadass.
155	"Friends who kiss," I say. "So, for how long has this been happening?"

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156	I think about how Marcel's hands were on El's waist on the dance floor, how she didn't seem to mind him being all up in her space.
161	A lot of people still think that black people can't swim, but that's a stereotype.
166	Her lips on my lips, like a song. How underwater, we were more than girls, more than just friends, but two beautiful creatures, exchanging breath in the deep water.
171	"You mean...gay people?" "Yes. Gay, bisexual, lesbian- queer, I think is the word some of the young folks like. In my time, that word was a slur, but now I hear it's been reclaimed." ...Two woman splash into water ahead of us, and one dips the other as if they are dancing. Then they kiss and dive under the waves.
264	I didn't want to live that lie either. "I'm not a boy." "But you're not a girl either."
276	Her neon yellow tank top is really filled in right on the chest and I can't help but stare and wonder how she grew those so quickly?
290	Abigail didn't have crushes on men like Stacy's dad or boys like Maya's brother or male celebrities like One Direction. She had crushes on women with dark wavy hair that tickled against her cheeks after a spill off her bike, and pretty eyes and laugh lines. She had crushes on women like Mrs. Mackenzie, and God help her, her body was still betraying her with fluttery feelings in her stomach just thinking about Stacy's mom. ...She leaned even closer to Abigail to whisper, "You're right, though. Stacy's mom is really pretty." ...But that's when Lindsey added, "But I think Miss Santos is really, really pretty, too."
297	...can you imagine touching a boy's tongue with your tongue...
298	It wasn't like I was a stranger to being queer- my moms were queer, obviously, and so were Marnie's dads. And they had a lot of queer friends around town. ...Once I thought it- I like girls- everything clicked. ...My moms were ecstatic, even though Mimi kept going on and on about how sexuality was fluid and it was okay if one day I realized I liked boys too, or nonbinary people, or anyone, but still she couldn't get the smile off her face. At our next cookout with Marnie and her dads, they even made me a rainbow cake and strung up on rainbow streamers in our living room and bought rainbow party hats. I had an actual coming-out party and it was awesome.
319	I mean, I'm not bi. At least, I don't think so. I guess you never know, but right now, I just...I only like girls."
322	She's queer, like me.
323	Then we sit like that for the rest of the ride, two queer girls- messy and mean, sad and sorry and hopeful- holding hands on top of the world.

Profanity	Count
Ass	2

