

# GRL2GRL



*Young Adult*

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**Book Summary:**

Gender identity and sexual orientation is discussed through several fictional female characters' stories.

**Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; profanity; violence including sexual assault; and controversial religious commentary.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	"Ozzy and Laura hooked up." ...Girls call her a guy. She isn't a guy. Or a girl, really. She's "questionable." Gender fluid.
19	The notice on the back: GSA MEETINGS, THURSDAY 3:00, BAND ROOM 2. GSA. Gay/Straight Alliance.
20	Five Thursdays, come and gone. Five GSAs. ...That was better than what I'd be called if I got caught at Gay/Straight Alliance meeting.
21	I'd see girls in class or in the hall and my eyes would latch on to them and my heart would flutter. I'd imagine us alone, at my house, or hers, at the movies, in the dark. Kissing. Touching. ...End of the world. That's what it felt like. I couldn't be gay. It was against everything I knew, everything I believed.
29	Kissing me, steering me into a restroom for a couple of minutes alone together before class. Her hands sliding up the front of my shirt. Not caring about getting caught, or being known. ...I was gay, yeah. A lesbian, no question.
30	"How do you know? You can't know. You're only fifteen." Yes, Mother. You know at fifteen. You know at twelve, thirteen.
33	The first time we made love was on a Friday afternoon. ...We did it on the living room sofa wrapped in Mom's afgan.
35	Alex kissing me. On my lips, my neck, my breasts.
36	I even let you grope me in public.
51	I go, because I have to. He's my Lord and Master. He's my father. ...Cupping his hand around the back of my head, He kisses me. On the lips. The pressure on my head increases. It shifts. Pushing me down. To His lap; to my knees. I know what's coming. I shut myself off. Cold. Hard. ...." He scoots forward. He unzips his pants. "That'd show 'em." I fade, fade, fade away. ...Last night. Last week. Last year. As long as I can remember, back when I was six, eight, before Mom skipped. He never said, "Don't tell." Or if I--le did I don't remember. No, it was "This is what daddies and their little girls do." It was "Baby, I love you so much. You please me so much." I wanted to please Him. I had to. He was my father. I knew if I told He'd be mad. ...It went on for years. Every night. At first I cried and He'd say, "Shut up. That didn't hurt. If you want me to hurt you, I will. Get on your knees." Too long, too late. No one could save me now. This is what it is. This is who I am. Stone. Butch. Stone cold butch. That's me. Dead. Inanimate. Object. You could take a sledgehammer to me, crack me down the middle, and all you'd find inside would be dirt.

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53	<p>I needed to be more butch. That was all. I needed the power.</p> <p>.... I was so wasted, she got as far as taking off my bra. I remember watching her as if I was sitting in a dark theater, mesmerized by a movie. A movie starring me. The way her tongue played with my nipple, sucking me into her mouth. I watched from the front row, scene after smoldering scene, flickering across my stone face, my glassy eyes. I felt nothing. Direct stimulation and I couldn't feel a thing. Because what I saw in my movie was him. Doing it to me.</p> <p>He ruined me. He turned me into stone.</p>
56	<p>HIV? Not likely. The chances were slim, and not because I wasn't having sex.</p> <p>3. Personal responsibility and self-control. Give me a break. Who has self-control?</p> <p>4, 5, 6: All this moralistic crap about respecting your body and your partner's; protecting your reputation.</p>
57	<p>She'd hated me from day one when I'd asked if we were going to talk about same-sex stuff in here or if I was just wasting my time with so-called "Sex Ed."</p> <p>...My god? What did she know about my god? She probably thought since I was gay, I was godless. Against religion. But I'm not. I have a god. I go to church. My god isn't her god. My god doesn't scorn or condemn me. My god is kind and benevolent and accepting. We made a sacred pact. I'd be the best person I could be and God would save me a place in heaven. My heaven. The real one, where it doesn't matter who you are or how you look or how you sacrifice your dignity and self-respect most days just to be true to yourself.</p>
59	<p>I was the only out lesbian at school.</p>
61	<p>"I want to have sex," she said.</p> <p>..."Who do you want to have sex with? Not Chad Bennett, I hope. "</p> <p>..."Where is it? In his crotch?"</p> <p>She let out a little huff. Then grinned. "Yeah, pretty much."</p> <p>..."I'm just saying it's normal and natural for us to do it. To want to. We're programmed for sex.</p> <p>It's instinct, and hormones, and drive."</p> <p>"We're fucking sex machines," I deadpanned.</p> <p>"Exactly." She looked at me. "You know it's true."</p> <p>Heat rose up my neck. "Do you really want to do it with Chad?" I asked.</p> <p>She opened her mouth, then shut it. Her shoulders slumped. "Don't tell him."</p> <p>"Are you kidding me? Peyton, I thought, raise your standards. "Chad!" I hollered toward the quad. "Get a condom—"</p>
62	<p>"When you meet a girl, Do you want to, like-"</p> <p>"Fuck her?"</p>
63	<p>"Have you had sex?"</p> <p>...Biting her lip, she said, "I've come close. I haven't had intercourse." she blinked.</p> <p>"Do you have intercourse?"</p> <p>...When does a lesbian lose her virginity?</p>
66	<p>I was four when my cousin, Kevin, said, "You want to see my penis?" and I said, "Yeah," and he let me touch it. It felt squishy at first, then hard in my hand. I wanted one. Every day after that, I wanted one. My own penis. Mine.</p>

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	<p>The day I got it was the happiest day of my life. I could stop stuffing socks in my briefs. With my penis I could pack. Bind and pack. Thank you, cousin Kevin. Best bud in the world. Like a bro to me. Thank you for performing a degrading act of humiliation to buy me a penis.</p> <p>I'd been binding, wrapping myself since I was twelve. Since my boobs showed through my T-shirts. Sports bras worked for a while, then my boobs got too big and I started wrapping. The best wrap was Ace Bandage. It bound real tight. I could really smash my boobs flat in stretchy wrap. Even in a sleeveless shirt, you could barely tell I was a ze. A s/he.</p> <p>My packer was a strap-on. Guys sometimes named their penises, like Willie or Jack or Dick.</p> <p>...My packer was a part of me. It made me. The shaft was big in size, six inches. Four bucks an inch. \$23.99. You could get soft packers online, cock socks and compression vests.</p> <p>.... You had to be twenty-one to buy at Fascinations and you had to show ID. I asked, begged, pleaded with Kevin to buy me a packer. Please, Kevin? Please? He refused to set foot in a place like that, a sex shop.</p> <p>...When he hustled back to the truck and flung the paper bag at me, he said, between clenched teeth, "Don't ever ask me to do something like that again, Eva."</p> <p>"Vince, not Eva," I reminded him.</p> <p>...I could either tuck it into the harness that wound around my hips and joined at the pubic bone, or I could tape the shaft behind, between my legs.</p> <p>...I liked the thickness of it—of me—in the mirror, standing forward, to the side, astride a chair. But for school, for public use, I'd duct tape it underneath. That way no one would know I was packing and I could feel the security of it between my legs at all times.</p> <p>Oh man. Thanks, Kevin. My P was sweet.</p>
67	<p>Mom was nineteen and a junkie.</p> <p>...You got two sons. A bio boy and a trans boi.</p>
69	<p>I'd always dressed like a boi.</p>
70	<p>I was authentic. Binding and packing. Wearing my P. Could everyone tell?</p> <p>...He was doing his girl.</p> <p>..."You're slowing down in your old age. You need a hit of Viagra?" I smirked.</p> <p>..."Yes, ma'am. Meaty ball." We'd arrange them with anatomical exactness on the plate.</p>
72	<p>Soon as I could, I was starting testosterone. It'd lower my voice and turn my fuzz into real facial hair. I couldn't wait for the day I could afford T.</p> <p>...Nevaeh said, "Are you a girl?"</p> <p>Out of the blue. Just like that.</p> <p>I swallowed hard.</p> <p>"Sorry," she said, lowering her eyes. "I couldn't tell."</p> <p>Boi, I thought, I'm boi. Transman. Born girl, but changing over. One day, soon as I get the money for T. For surgery to remove my breasts, maybe.</p>
76	<p>"Fuck," the other dude said. "Are you a girl?"</p> <p>...Hoisting his hands onto his hips, surveying me like a specimen, he added, "You</p>

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	<p>one of them freaks: A crosser? A transvestite?"            ...I'm not a transvestite.            ... "He's a she. A she-he."            Ze, I thought.            ...Two of them lunged at me, trapping my arms behind my back. They reeked of beer and weed and cigarettes.            A sudden chill on my stomach made me gasp. They'd lifted up my shirt. "Oh shit. Look at that."            ...His forehead touched my breastbone and he said, "There's something down there." His hands pressed against both my breasts. "Oh yea. I see cleavage." He inserted an index finger between me.            ...Cut-face found the end of the bandage and spun me around and around as he unwrapped it. I tried to plant my feet, slap them off, kick, elbow, resist, whatever I could do, but they just kept spinning and spinning me. The wrap came free.            "Whoa," on said. "Nice rack."            Another went, "Why would you want to cover up these pretty things?"            Rough hands. Squeezing me.            ...Someone pinched my nipple. I cried out. No, I thought. It isn't me. They're not my breasts. They're coming off. I can't feel this. I'm cool.            Cut-face tried to kiss me, but I twisted away.            ... "Gross, dude. You know you're kissing a guy."            "Oh yea?" He grabbed my boobs and squeezed hard. He suctioned his lips onto mine.            ...A hand slid between my legs. "Whoa, ho. What have we here?"            ... "Check. It. Out." Cut-face unzipped my pants.            ... "We're just having a little fun here. You're the one who said you're bored with female shit. You're the one who wanted to go cruising and find us a cheep ho. Man, you got your wish."            ...I tried to move, run, but my pants were around my ankles.            Moby gasped. "What in the world...? He, ho. Rubber dickie."            ...The duct tape ripped and a hunk of pubic hair came with it. I cried out. I couldn't help it. "She's bigger than you, Moby." Cut-face laughed.            ...Pressure, pulling on it. Yanking. Then the elastic snapping off my hips.            ...My face met concrete. A shoe on my head.</p>
80	<p>"I'll get you a new one. The next one's on me," Kevin said. "You can get a bigger one- my size." He grinned. "Don't worry, Vince." He looked at me deep. "I'll replace it."</p>
94	<p>I wouldn't mind sleeping with her- minus the sleep.</p>
100	<p>She though I was bi, but after she tried it with me, she decided she wasn't into girls.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory	Count
Ass	3

Bitch	6
Dyke	4
Fuck	8
Piss	1
Queer	1
Shit	5