

No	Character		Dialogue / Narration	Gender Performativity	Concepts of Homosexuality			External	Internal	Claiming
	Major	Minor			Homosocial Desire	Homosexual Panic	Closet			
1	Amanda		...my mind was in a mall bathroom back in the city, the images shifting and jumbling like a kaleidoscope: A girl from my school, her scream as she recognized me. Her father rushing in, his rough, swift hands on my neck and shoulders. My body hitting the ground. (p. 1)			√		√		
2	Amanda		I texted Mom, letting her know I was okay and halfway there. She wrote back that she loved me, though I could feel her worry through the phone. I imagined her in our house all alone, Carrie Underwood playing on loop while the ceiling fans whispered overhead. Her hands covered in flour folded on the table in front of her, too many biscuits in the oven because she was used to cooking for two. If I'd had the strength to be normal, I thought, or at least the strength to die, then everyone would have been happy. (p. 9)					√		
3	Andrew		I thought of the words I wrote down for the counselor: <i>I should have been a girl.</i> (p. 17)						√	
4		Mother	"Anything, <i>anyone</i> , is better than a dead son." (p. 17)	√				√		
5	Amanda		I gave up trying at five and drank a chocolate-flavored nutritional shake with my medicine: two two-milligram estradiol tablets, which were tiny and blue and tasted like chalk, to feminize my appearance and stand in for the testosterone my body could no longer make, and one ten-milligram Lexapro tablet, which was round and white and waxy, to help me stay calm. (p. 18)						√	
6	Amanda		... remembering the countless nights I had spent at my mom's kitchen table, trying to get the rice to stick together. When the stress of transitioning had become too much, my doctors insisted I take some time off. (p. 21)	√					√	
7	Amanda		For so many years I'd been on the wrong side of too many jokes, too many pranks, too many confrontations. I'd been knocked down a hundred times in a hundred different ways. (p. 22)					√		
8	Amanda		"You never worried before." I remembered the days after I woke up in the hospital and realized I was still alive. I remembered having nobody to keep me company but nurses and Mom and the television—no friends, no family, no Dad. (p. 34)					√		
9	Amanda		"You never even sent a letter. I almost died and you were a ghost." (p. 34)					√		

10	Andrew		I put my hands on the back of my neck and pushed my head down, speaking into my lap. "So I don't know what the note meant. It means I'm crazy, I guess, because it doesn't make sense." (p. 36)						√	
11	Andrew		"My birth certificate says I'm a boy." My chest felt tight. The room, despite its high ceilings, felt suddenly cramped. "I have a ... I have boy parts. I have boy chromosomes. God doesn't make mistakes. So I'm a boy. Scientifically, logically, spiritually, I'm a boy." (p. 36)						√	
12	Andrew		"I know I like boys," I said. I stared up at the ceiling and jiggled my foot rapidly. "You don't have to be a girl to like boys, though." (p. 37)			√			√	
13	Andrew		"Clothes," I said quickly. I had never said these things out loud. My ears were ringing. My skin felt too tight. "I've wanted to wear girl clothes for as long as I can remember." (p. 37)						√	
14	Andrew		"When I was in first grade, the girl next door let me. Her parents caught us and I wasn't allowed to go back." (p. 37)	√					√	
15	Andrew		"I don't think God actually cares about that kind of thing, and I think I could deal with just being gay or whatever. It feels wrong that I'm a boy, though. When my hair gets long and people mistake me for a girl, I feel happy. I try to imagine what kind of man I'll grow up to be, and nothing comes. I think about being a husband or a father and even if it's with a man I feel like I'm being sucked into a black hole. The only time I feel like I have a future at all is if I imagine I'm a girl in it." (p. 37-38)						√	
16		Counselor	"I see," he said. I heard more scratches as he wrote more notes. "Gender identity disorder is in the most current diagnostic manual," he said. "It's a real thing that lots of people experience." (p. 38)					√		
17	Amanda		<i>Saturday night.</i> I thought about what Saturday night had looked like for the last ten years. Dinner with my mom: Chinese takeout if we were feeling adventurous; pork chops with cornbread, blackeyed peas, and turnip greens if we weren't. Video games in my room: all alone, late into the night, until my fingers ached and I was tired enough to fall asleep without my thoughts swirling. An actual high school party had always been a distant, exotic thing, something that only existed in movies. (p. 41)						√	
18	Amanda		I had only used a women's room a few times since I'd been attacked, and the idea still made my heart race. (p. 42)					√		
19	Amanda		I wondered what Dad would think if he knew I was watching sports of my own free will. I remembered when I quit Little League after the first game and cried in my room, how angry and disappointed he had been. (p. 44)						√	
20	Amanda		I went back one page, to a piece of Sailor Moon fan art I'd drawn two years before. (p. 47)	√					√	
21	Amanda		I just want to ... I want to relax. I haven't really relaxed since ... well, since ever. (p. 49)							
22	Amanda		I remembered asking my parents when I was little, and how embarrassed and confused I'd felt when Dad responded angrily. My emotional life had already					√		

			begun to collapse at that point, but something about that particular dressing-down knocked loose the floodgates, and months of bottled up loneliness, fear, and shame poured out. I remembered lying on my bed after Dad was done yelling at me, listening to the cardinals outside, and wondering if that was the last time I would ever cry, if God had decided I only got a set amount of tears in my whole life. (p. 52)							
23		Bee	I'm bisexual. (p. 53)				√			√
24	Amanda		It reminded me of the time Dad took me hunting with some buddies from work and a freak storm kept us trapped in our cabin all weekend. I tried to make oatmeal cookies like in Mom's recipe book from the ingredients on hand, but all it seemed to do was make Dad uncomfortable. He never took me hunting again. (p. 54)	√					√	
25	Amanda		I thought of how I'd stopped doing so many of the things I'd enjoyed so Dad wouldn't be mad. I thought of going the rest of my life pretending I sprang to life from nothing at sixteen years old and felt my cheeks flush with shame and anger. I was so tired of cowering. I was so tired of hiding. I <i>wanted</i> to tell the truth, to say it out loud. (p. 55)						√	√
26	Amanda		When it was cold outside I could wear thick boots, thick jeans, sweaters, scarves, and hats. I could cocoon myself so that the only visible parts of me were my nose and my eyes and a few strands of brown hair. Nobody could tell if I was a boy or a girl. (p. 56)	√						√
27	Amanda		"Amanda," I said then. "It's ... I mean it's not my name, but I always wanted it to be. So, Amanda, I guess." (p. 59)	√			√			√
28	Amanda		A garden overflowed with flowers in full bloom. I knew all of their names: Indian pinks, white rain lilies, Stokes aster, false indigo. Mom had taught me them years before, until Dad found me gardening, and they fought. (p. 60)	√					√	
29	Amanda		In the last week I'd been given more hugs than in my entire life combined. I was anxious about anyone touching me and my reflex was to tense up and jump away, but once I took a deep breath and relaxed I found that I actually enjoyed it, that momentary contact that said you weren't alone. (p. 60)							√
30	Andrew		In the story I found a car in my room like the one from <i>The Phantom Tollbooth</i> except purple instead of red because purple was my favorite color and also it was a time machine instead of a machine to go to magical worlds. I got in the car and turned the key and drove and I arrived in the future! And in the future I was in a science lab and there was a very tall and pretty lady there with long hair who was busy working on her computer. She was wearing a lab coat but it was also a very pretty dress in a way that was hard to explain, so I drew a picture. The lady got up and hugged me and said that she was me, grown-up! She showed me how she drank a special medicine so that when she grew up she became a woman instead of a man. She told me that the way I felt like a girl inside of me was a true thing, and was not bad or wrong. Then I got in my time machine and came home. (p. 68-69)	√						√

31	Andrew		Dad was driving the car, and Mom was not in the car, which was normal. They did not like riding in the car together because it made them full of stress and then they yelled, which I did not like. (p. 69)					√		
32		Dad	... He looked confused on the third page where I saw the beautiful lady. Then he frowned. My tummy felt sick and suddenly I wanted my story back. I was too scared to move though because he reached the page where the lady explained that she was me, and the lines were on his forehead like when he was very angry. He skipped the last three pages and read the note the teacher attached instead. (p. 70)					√		
33		Dad	"Son," he said, "I want you to have a good life. Boys who really think the things in your story are confused. They don't have good lives. So you're not one of those boys." (p. 71)					√		
34	Amanda		I was never going to be free of my past; it was always going to be there, waiting to suck me in and crush me like a black hole. The only way to escape it was to keep moving. (p. 74)						√	
35	Amanda		I didn't mind it; pain reminded me I was alive. For years I had been so numb, desperate to feel anything at all. (p. 78)						√	
36	Amanda		Did he realize it had been a decade since he'd said those words? He pulled me into a tight hug and kissed my cheek before I could react, then stumbled off to bed. (p. 81-82)					√		
37	Amanda		I remembered how angry he had sounded when he told me that lives like mine weren't good, couldn't possibly be good. (p. 82)	√				√		
38	Amanda		I still believed in God, and for a long time my faith had been the only thing keeping me afloat. But I could never forget the day Mom had come home from seeing our pastor, red in her eyes from weeping and rage. I asked her what was wrong and heard a stream of curses, so strange in her normally sweet little voice, as she told me he'd had some <i>suggestions</i> : that I should be sent to a camp to fix me, that I should spend more time with a male role model, that I should maybe take some time away from the congregation until I found a way to fit in. We never went to church after that, though I did continue to pray. (p. 90-91)					√		
39		Anna	I hurried downstairs, where the same van Anna had driven a few days ago stood parked outside the breezeway. I took a minute to actually read the bumper stickers this time, out of morbid curiosity: JESUS WAS A CONSERVATIVE, one read, and RIGHTS COME FROM GOD NOT GOVERNMENT; ILLEGAL ALIENS! EXACTLY WHICH PART DID YOU NOT UNDERSTAND? and I CAN'T HELP THAT I'M HOMOPHOBIC ... I WAS BORN THAT WAY! I stood in place and swallowed, my mouth suddenly dry. The side door slid open and Anna leaned out, smiling. (p. 91-92)			√		√		
40	Amanda		I might not have been to church in years, but I'd paid attention when I was there.... "My favorite passage from John is, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him may not perish.' It's so life-focused, you know? So hopeful." (p. 95)					√	√	

41	Amanda		I decided that the people who had said God didn't love me, who said that I didn't have a place on Earth—they were wrong. God wanted me to live, and this was the only way I knew how to survive, so this was what God wanted. This was what <i>I</i> wanted. I had chosen to live, and it seemed like, finally, I was doing just that. (p. 99)						√	
42	Amanda		I knew I should want to take things slow—I should be afraid of getting close to Grant, because growing closer meant knowing things about each other, and there was so much about me that I didn't want him to know, that he could never know. (p. 105)			√				
43		Dad	“He’s coming home with bruises once a <i>week</i> for Christ’s sake!” Dad said. “We have to do <i>something!</i> ” (p. 124)						√	
44		Mom	“So you wanna throw my baby to the goddamn wolves?” Mom said, ice in her voice. (p. 124)						√	
45	Amanda		I listened but not closely, because this was an old argument. Dad wanted me to play sports, join the scouts, go camping with him and his navy buddies, do whatever it took to “toughen me up.” The nights we didn’t, he still looked disappointed, but the nights we did were in some ways worse because I had to watch the frustration grow in his eyes. He said it was for my safety, but Mom said putting me closer to the people who were bullying me would just get me bullied more, and I agreed. I had just started slipping back to sleep when their argument stopped being typical. (p. 124-125)	√					√	
46		Mom	Do <i>not</i> tell me to shut up. And so is the way you push your issues about your manhood onto my son. You’re gonna get him put in the hospital because you’re afraid of your <i>buddies</i> knowin’ you raised a <i>fairy</i> . (p. 125)						√	
47		Mom	“Don’t you worry about it,” Mom said, and now it sounded like she was gagging. “All I ever, <i>ever</i> want you to worry about is doin’ good in school and bein’ yourself. Okay?” (p. 127)						√	
48	Amanda		I wanted to change the subject, but there were some things I’d wanted to talk about for years that I’d only ever plastered in chat boxes to strangers on the Internet, and now I wanted to say them out loud. (p. 131)				√		√	
49	Amanda		“I had a problem when I was a kid,” I said, feeling my throat start to close. I felt like a liar again. “Raising me was so hard that my parents were stressed out all the time, and they disagreed on basically everything about how to help me.” I took a deep breath and dried my hands before taking his. “I’ve seen their wedding photos, though, and I’ve looked through old albums. They were happy before I was born, and then they weren’t.” (p. 131)						√	
50	Amanda		I remembered all the times boys at my old school had cornered me out of the sight of a teacher and hit and kicked me in places that couldn’t be seen through my clothes. I remembered them yelling, “Faggot!” and laughing. I remembered how I was certain teachers knew what was happening and how they did nothing. I remembered the boys warning that nobody would care if I said anything anyway, and if I ever did get them in trouble they would put me in the hospital.						√	

			(p. 135)							
51	Amanda		Instinctively I looked away, remembering the way the girl from school had screamed when she'd seen me in the women's room, and how angry her father had been at the idea of finding me there. (p. 136)						√	
52	Amanda		I stared and thought of Dad and all the times he had yelled at me as a kid. (p. 150)							√
53	Amanda		"I'm going to apply to NYU. I think I'll get in. It's weird though. It's what I've wanted for so long, but it's scary too. It's scary to think of leaving here, of being so far from my parents and everything I know. But then it's the only way I can be really free, that I can finally live somewhere that people understand me. (p. 158)							√
54	Amanda		But here in Lambertville, I realized, I didn't feel that same choking, desperate need to run away. For the first time ever I was living <i>my</i> life, the life I was supposed to live—I was finally the truest version of myself. I just happened to be keeping an enormous secret at the same time. (p. 166)						√	√
55	Amanda		I did know, of course: I had learned to make costumes the same year I learned to make sushi. (p. 169)	√						
56		Dad	You're smart as a whip, and from everything I've heard from you and your mother you missed out on a lot of good years. It's okay if you want to cut loose a <i>little</i> . I haven't missed the fact that you're a teenager. (p. 170)						√	
57	Amanda		I remembered all the times guys had hit and kicked me because they didn't like me, but decided it was best not to mention those. (p. 172)			√			√	
58	Amanda		I was nodding, but I wondered what Bee would say if I told her the truth—that I was one of those people who wasn't being honest. It struck me, in a way it hadn't before, that Bee was pretty brave, just for being herself. (p. 181)							√
59	Amanda		I breathed cool air in through my nose, held it, and poured it back out between my teeth. Now was my chance to stop. But I didn't. "I'm transsexual." (p. 185)				√			√
60	Andrew		We didn't always sit together but I didn't mind; he was really cute and smart, and he had a lot of friends, so he tried to spend time with as many of them as he could. That was why our friendship meant so much to me, really—he could have spent time with anybody, and he wanted to spend time with me. His friendship had been one of the best parts of seventh grade, maybe the only good part. But as I stared at the back of Marcus's head, I could tell something was off. (p. 188)		√					√
61		Marcus	"Boys call them journals, faggot," he said in a low, dangerous voice." (p. 189)			√			√	
62	Andrew		<i>So glad I haven't hit puberty yet. Maybe I'll be lucky and I never will, or maybe everybody is wrong and when I go through puberty I will turn into a woman like I'm supposed to. Probably not, but at least I can dream. Marcus is so gorgeous, I wish we could do more on our sleepovers, but just being near him is nice. Maybe one day I can finally be a girl like I'm supposed to, and then he'll see how I feel about him, and maybe he'll feel the same way. It isn't because he's so hot though, really, it's because of how wonderful he is. He's smart, and funny,</i>					√		√

			<i>and never cruel. Nobody has ever been as nice to me as he is. He's made me feel like maybe the world isn't so bad, since he's in it.</i> " (p. 189-190)							
63	Andrew		Stop," I said, looking around to make sure the street was clear. "Please stop." He turned a page. I ran over and tried to grab the journal out of his hands. He struggled with me for a moment and then punched me in the stomach. I gagged wordlessly and fell to my knees, my hands over my aching gut. He turned the page again. I didn't stand back up but felt tears dripping out of my closed eyes. (p. 190)			√		√		
64		Virginia	You're a girl, you've always been a girl ... (p. 194)					√		
65	Amanda		And it obviously isn't everything, but being ... being <i>the way I am</i> has been a huge part of my life. It's easy to act like my past never happened, but it feels like I've put up this wall around my heart. (p. 194)				√		√	√
66	Amanda		She really was one in a million—she was the sister I never had, the watchful eye that had kept me safe, and I hated myself for ever thinking her anything but beautiful. I thought about how every person could hold two truths inside of them, how impossible it felt sometimes to have your insides and outsides aligned. (p. 197)					√		
67	Amanda		The thought that had been bubbling just under the surface for weeks arose once more, unbidden: <i>What if I told Grant the truth?</i> (p. 199-200)				√		√	
68	Amanda		<i>Dear Grant</i> , I wrote after a moment. <i>This is the story of my life. When I was born my parents named me Andrew Hardy and the doctors wrote "male" on my birth certificate. They had no idea who I would grow up to be.</i> (p. 200)							√
69		Mom	Andrew Hardy was gonna die one way or the other, and one of the choices gave me a daughter in exchange while the other left me with no one. (p. 205)	√				√		
70		Mom	When you were a year old I looked at your baby pictures and cried. When you were three I looked at the pictures from when you were one and cried. When you went to kindergarten I looked back and cried. Kids constantly grow and change, and every time you blink they turn into something different and the kid you thought you had is just a memory. (p. 205 – 206)					√		
71	Amanda		I was lucky enough to have the same lunch period as all three girls on most days, and they always saved me a seat. For the first time in my life I actually looked forward to walking into the cafeteria. (p. 207)							√
72	Amanda		It wasn't a lie, <i>really</i> ; I was with my girlfriends, shopping for a dress for an actual dance with my actual boyfriend. I had been excited all the way there, and I would probably be excited again once we were in the store. (p. 213)							√
73	Amanda		It was strange to have such normal friendships for the first time, but still have so many secrets. (p. 218)						√	
74	Andrew		I'm not a boy or a girl anymore. I'm just broken. It would have been easier if I'd died. (p. 230)						√	
75		Mom	You know I thought you were gonna be a girl when I was pregnant? I was a little sad when you came out a boy. I knew I didn't wanna go through that whole					√		

			ordeal again, so I was afraid I'd never get to show anybody this stuff. (p. 232)							
76		Dad	I just wanted to tell you, you look really beautiful tonight. (p. 235)	√						√
77	Amanda		I just saw smiling faces pointed at me in every direction, Grant's the brightest of them, and I felt myself in my own body being loved and accepted, and it felt so good it was almost surreal. This wasn't my life. This couldn't be my life. Things like this <i>did not</i> happen to girls like me. (p. 240)							√
78		Bee	Look at our homecoming queen. Ain't she sweet? Ain't she beautiful? She's livin' the dream, right? I bet a lot of you guys've thought about her in the shower. Smart, pretty, but not pushy or intimidating ... she's everything this fucked-up place wants a girl to be. But guys, guess what: She's a <i>he!</i> (p. 241-242)							√
79		Parker	Well, what were you then? Cause you're not a girl. I mean, sure, technically, no, you sure as hell ain't a girl, but you <i>look</i> like one at least. (p. 248)			√				
80	Amanda		I remembered Mom telling me how frightening men were, all men really, how helpless it often felt to be a woman among men... (p. 249)					√		
81	Amanda		"I'm a <i>freak</i> ," I said. Tears came but I wasn't sad. I thought maybe I was angry, but I didn't know who I was angry at. Grant, for not loving me. Parker, for what he had done. My dad for warning me, for being right. Myself maybe, for thinking I could ever be happy. "I'm a freak, and jerks like Parker are always going to want to see the freak show, as long as they know the truth about me." (p. 255)							√
82		Layla	The <i>truth</i> is that you're my friend, Amanda. You're one of the most beautiful girls I've ever known, inside and out. I mean, I'm trying to picture what you must've been like before you became Amanda, and I can't even think of a way the Amanda I know could ever pull off being a boy. We love you no matter what. (p. 255)							√
83	Andrew		I would have preferred to sit in the back of the bus, but older, meaner boys sat back there, and the assistant principal said I was only making myself a target. Not that sitting up front helped; they kicked at my legs and slapped things out of my hands when they walked by. For a while my shins were striped with green and purple bruises and my paperbacks came home with torn covers and missing pages. Now I sat quietly with my knees pulled to my chest and stared straight ahead. (p. 261)			√		√		
84	Andrew		I pressed my forehead into my knees and closed my eyes. I had spent Halloween in my room, alone, playing video games. I spent every night and every weekend in my room, alone, doing homework or playing video games. (p. 262)			√		√		
85	Andrew		This body, this walking prison, had forced me to keep it alive for fifteen years. (p. 263)						√	
86	Andrew		I opened the textbook to the page that read, " <i>What Boys Can Expect from Puberty.</i> " Then I opened the pill bottle, removed three small white pills, and put them in my mouth. They tasted powdery and bitter. I swallowed them with a sip						√	

			<p>of water and kept reading. <i>Testes will descend from the body and begin producing testosterone and sperm.</i> I swallowed three more pills. I wouldn't be a friendless victim anymore. <i>Spontaneous erections and nocturnal emissions are normal and should not be cause for alarm.</i> I swallowed three more pills. No more caring that Dad didn't care about me. <i>Thick, coarse hair will appear on the face, chest, and stomach, with leg and arm hair noticeably thicker than females'.</i> I swallowed three more pills. My limbs felt heavy and strange. No more future with no love, no kisses, no closeness. <i>The voice will drop by about an octave as the larynx enlarges and hardens.</i> I swallowed three more pills. It was difficult to focus. No more possibility of shaming Mom with the knowledge of the kind of life I actually wanted. <i>Bone density and muscle mass increase and shoulders widen disproportionately, giving males and females distinct skeletal shapes.</i> I swallowed three more pills. I was very sleepy. Everything felt okay though. I knew everything would be okay. The bottom of the page said something about acne and body odor but the words danced whenever I tried to move my eyes over them. I closed the book and set it aside. I took the remaining pills and the glass of water and moved to the bathroom. I removed my clothes and sat down in the tub because I didn't want to leave a mess. Leaving a mess would have been rude. (p. 263-265)</p>							
87	Amanda		<p>Everything about that plan was fine except for one thing: I didn't want to disappear anymore. (p. 276)</p>						√	√
88		Dad	<p>I think I've been so afraid for you all this time that I forgot that. I pray the Lord forgives me one day but I was. More than that, though, so much more than that, I was terrified for you. I had to drink just to let your mother teach you how to walk; I kept seeing visions of you falling and cracking your head open. I couldn't stand the idea of you hurting. I couldn't stand the idea of anything taking away your happiness. (p. 276)</p>					√		√
89		Dad	<p>I guess what I'm trying to say is, if you want to come back to Lambertville, well, I'd be real happy to have my daughter back. (p. 277-278)</p>							√
90	Amanda		<p>We walked back to the house, a different kind of silence falling between us. I caught his eye and he put his arm around my shoulder, pulling me in close. When we got to the house he opened the trashcan lid and tossed the baseball mitts inside. "Bye, Andrew," I said softly. "Bye, son," Dad agreed, as we went inside. (p. 278)</p>							√
91	Andrew		<p>It was really happening. It was really, finally happening. I wasn't going to grow hair on my chest and back. My voice wasn't going to deepen any more than the little bit it already had. My shoulders weren't going to widen. I was never going to grow a beard. All because of this moment. (p. 280)</p>							√

92	Andrew		The bullying would probably be worse than ever, but somehow, now, I felt like I could handle it. I felt like, as Amanda, I could face things that would have kept me cowering in bed before. (p. 283)							√	
93		Anna	Just 'cause I'm grappling with the ... the... With the metaphysics doesn't mean I don't still love you and Chloe like sisters! I did do some reading though, online, and if I ever do or say anything homophobic or transphobic, y'all just let me know, okay? And I'll have a talk with the folks at church, Amanda, 'cause everybody loved you and I want you to feel comfortable coming back. (p. 285)								√
94	Amanda		“Welcome back,” I heard a voice say, and looked up to see a mousy girl with cat-eye glasses gripping the straps of her backpack and smiling at me. She looked vaguely familiar, but I didn't think we'd ever spoken before. I realized that even though I didn't know her, she knew me, and the thought that she noticed I was gone—and that I'd come back—made me smile. I continued down the hall with my head held high. A few classmates looked away when I passed, but the rest nodded in my direction or waved. (p. 288-289)								√