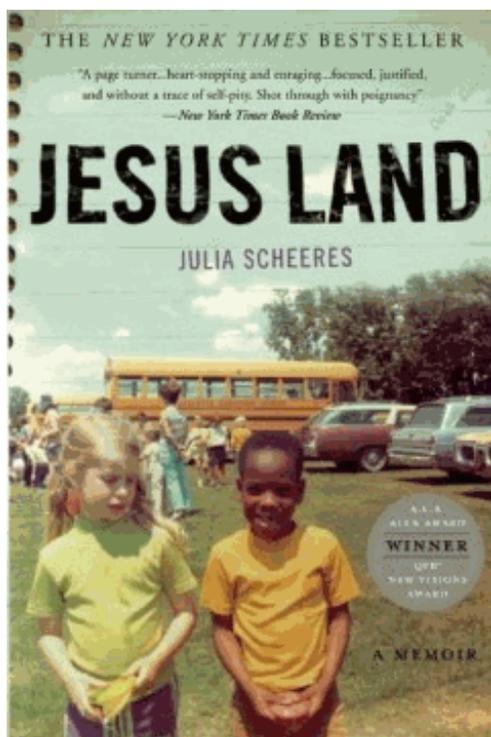


# JESUS LAND: A MEMOIR



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities including incest; underage alcohol abuse; and profanity

*Adult*

**By Julia Scheeres**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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24	I saw him by the pool, frenching a twenty-two-year-old who'd just arrived that morning.
35	but can't help but notice when the big-chested girl next to me unhooks her bra and her boobs fall down like half-filled water balloons. My own boobs are still little-girl pointy...
48	"Woah, nice udders!" one of them shouts to a girl strolling by them.
75	<p>Jerome thrust a mildewed picture of a woman with blond hair over my book. She was naked, gagged, and tied to a chair. Straps were wound tightly around the base of her breasts, making them stick out like fleshy missiles, and her blue eyes were wide with pain or fear.</p> <p>..."She looks like you," Jerome said. "Except you don't have these yet." He touched the woman's strangled breasts and then my flat chest.</p> <p>...As I reached for it, I noticed his penis spilling from the slit of his pajama pants like a rotten banana.</p> <p>...We played like that, him with his dick hanging out, me averting my eyes, until the television show ended and it was time to go to bed.</p> <p>But it kept happening. I'd be peeling potatoes or practicing piano and he'd walk by with his penis poking out. I didn't understand why he did it, and pretended not to notice.</p> <p>A few days after my twelfth birthday, he tried to kiss me.</p> <p>..."You're not really my sister," he said when I stood up. At thirteen, he was already a good six inches taller than me, and a whole lot stronger. He grabbed my shoulders and tried to smash his mouth onto mine, but I averted my face and his chapped lips grazed my forehead instead.</p>
78	<p>I hear him lock the door and creep toward my bed. The mattress tilts under his weight. By the time he touches me, I'm far away.</p> <p>I breathe deeply, pretending to be asleep, falling through layers of numbness, sensation draining from my body like dirty bath water.</p> <p>...Only when I pull my nightgown over my head do I notice the dried blood on my breast and remember Jerome. The tan circle around my left nipple is broken and raw; it's happened before. In my faraway place, I don't feel pain.</p>
93	<p>He knew I'd be here alone. He lied about Mother wanting me home. She doesn't. Brad keeps tugging at the cord; in my rush, I tied it in a knot and it won't budge. Thank you, Lord. Scott unclamps my mouth and snakes a hand down my top, groping my breasts through my bathing suit.</p> <p>"Not quite ripe, but tasty all the same," he says. Scott, who stood in my driveway and shook my hand.</p> <p>"Fuck you!" I scream up at him, craning my neck to look into his eyes.</p> <p>...Brad and Todd are now both yanking on the waistband of my sweatpants, trying to force it over my hips, and Scott is reaching under my swimsuit. I flail my arms and legs like a possessed rag doll, trying to twist from their grasp. Todd grabs my crotch and I spit at him, but the saliva falls on my chest. They whoop with laughter.</p> <p>Brad steps forward, loosening his grip on my ankle, and feeling this, I yank back my leg and slam my tennis shoe into his balls. He crumples, shrieking, to the</p>

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	ground, his hands clamped between his legs. Half a second later, I'm sprinting down the hallway toward the exit.
107	He's wearing the same Big Boy T-shirt he wore the day he tried to stick his hands down my pants.
108	Brad's eyes graze my body top to bottom, as if I were the centerfold in a dirty magazine.
111	"What kind of things?" he asks, still caressing my back. "He picks the lock on my door at night and he...he.." I stop because these are things I cannot pronounce, and bury my face in his neck.
112	I open my eyes, and in a boozy blur, see his penis jutting from his shorts. He grabs it by the root. "Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it. I've heard of girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst. "Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention. I close my eyes and stick out my tongue and it touches the side of it. "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water. Scott collapses onto his back on the mattress and I spit the slime onto my parents' white bedspread and roll onto my back beside him.
117	He leans into me, one hand resting on the locker behind me, the other lifting my chin. His lips are full and soft on mine, and his tongue swishes into my mouth, thick and wet and salty. I pull my head away; I don't know what to do with a tongue and don't much like it. Scott frowns. "You sure could use some practice kissing," he says, before smashing his mouth onto mine.
122	We were in a stall in the basement girls' bathroom, practicing kissing, and he kept trying to put his hand down my jeans, and I kept shoving it away. He was getting peeved. "I won't be your boyfriend unless we do it," he said, his hard-on pressing against my leg. "I'll find someone else. There are lots of fish in the sea." We'd spent the final fifteen minutes of every lunch hour last week locked in that stall, hoping no one would walk in as we wrestled in silence, Scott trying to stick his hands different places and me slapping them away. I wanted to take it slow, so our first time would be special, so it would be making love, not just sex. Scott scoffed when I told him this. "Sex is sex," he said. He narrowed his eyes. "Besides, I didn't think this would be such a big deal for you, considering..." I grabbed his head and stuffed my tongue in his mouth to shut him up. "Fine, I'll do it," I said after coming up for air.

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123	<p>"You must have unholy thoughts to masturbate! You must not sin!"</p> <p>He pauses weightily. "I'm here to tell you today that you can't jack off with Jesus!"</p> <p>He pounds the bookcase to emphasize each word, unaware of the obscene gesture he's making. You. Can't. Jack. Off. With. Jesus.</p>
129	<p>I know that as a young Christian woman, my virginity is supposed to be my most prized possession, but Jerome stole it away from a long time ago. Sometimes in my coma state, he does something that startles me to consciousness and an image- his hand groping my breast, his head descending my belly- burns itself into my mind before numbness again saves me. These images sicken me, and I want to replace them with others of my choosing.</p> <p>...Today's a good day for sex;...</p>
131	<p>"You coming to bed or what?" he asks.</p> <p>...I walk to the venetian blinds and close them, then stand on the other side of the darkened room to strip to my bra and panties and rush to the bed before Scott has the time to inventory my imperfections. He throws back the covers and I collide against his solid heat. I put my arm across his chest and press my face into his musk as Sting serenades us. If we could just do this, only this, I'd be happy. Scott puts his arms around me and unhooks my bra.</p> <p>"Roll over," he says. "I want to see you."</p> <p>He pulls my hands from his neck and I cover myself with the sheet as I turn. He flings it off.</p> <p>"But it's cold!" I protest.</p> <p>He pulls off my underwear, then retrieves a sliver square from the nightstand and kneels between my legs and rips it open. It contains a flesh-colored circle, which he rolls over his penis like pantyhose. So that's a condom.</p> <p>"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick. I bite my bottom lip and look up into his eyes, but his face is turned to the alarm clock next to the bed.</p> <p>...as Scott pokes and prods at me...</p> <p>..."Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."</p> <p>...and inhale deeply, letting my legs fall flat on the bed. I know from the groaning noises he makes that he's inside me, and I try to feel something, to stay focused on the moment- this is Scott, my boyfriend- but it's numb there. I wonder if I'll ever be normal.</p> <p>...Scott's eyes are closed as he moves inside me.</p> <p>...It's over quickly.</p> <p>"Did you like it?" Scott asks as he pulls off the condom. White liquid bulges at the tip of it. Sperm.</p> <p>"It was fine," I say, wrapping the sheet around me.</p> <p>"Want to do it again?" he asks.</p> <p>I glance down at his penis, now deflated and pitiful, and he laughs.</p> <p>"I mean later tonight," he says. "I'll come to your window."</p> <p>...I shrug. I've sunk into my numbness as if it were a soft cocoon and don't care one way or another. He can do what he wants.</p>

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	<p>...He takes the Police tape from the cassette player and pulls his clothes on, then goes to the bathroom, and when he comes back he kisses me, gently this time, without groping.</p> <p>"You're a bitchin' girlfriend," he whispers in my ear.</p>
144	<p>I notice, for the first time, the weird bend in the middle of his forearm.</p> <p>"What's happened?" I ask him.</p> <p>...A 2x4 lays on the floor, one of the pieces from the pile beside the woodstove.</p> <p>"Dad hit you with that?"</p> <p>He nods.</p>
146	<p>What I don't tell her is that these things are happening because I'm up all night having sex while she and Dad sleep two doors down the hallway.</p> <p>I wait for Scott each night dressed in a summer teddy, perfumed and painted and shivering under the blankets...</p> <p>...He walks forty minutes from his house to mine...</p> <p>...As I wait for him, I imagine myself his prize, one he must battle cold, dark and distance to claim.</p> <p>When I hear the shuffle of his boots on the roof ledge, I open my window and he steps into my bedroom, tracking in cold as he peels off his layers, one by one, until he's standing there naked and brown and grinning and already hard.</p> <p>We listen to The Police while we do it, and if the tape ends, Scott stops whatever we're doing to flip it over, and afterward he drums his fingers on my back to the music as we fade into sleep.</p>
147	<p>After a few weeks of practicing sex, I'm starting to feel something. Not the eyeballs-rolled-toward-heaven-suck-in-your-breath immensity that Scott gets out of it, but a swelling pleasure that builds as he seesaws on top of me and ends all too quickly when he suddenly stops and says "fuck" in a small voice before rolling off me.</p> <p>But it's enough of a something to make Scott clamp his hand over my mouth so I don't make noise and enough of a something to make me want to practice alone, rubbing the swelling place with a nail polish bottle and pretending it's Scott until my body trembles and a brightness like heat lightning flashes through me and I whisper "fuck" as well.</p>
223	<p>"I drank alcohol," ...</p> <p>..."You were an alcoholic."</p> <p>I jolt my head. A drink now and then before school is not alcoholism.</p>
238	<p>Like when a boy tongues the space between your fingers and you can feel it down between your legs.</p> <p>Janet's boyfriend rises stiffly from the picnic table, a bulge tenting the front of his Sunday slacks.</p> <p>"My Lord, look at that woodie!" Susan whispers as he walks to the boys' bathroom. "Do you think he's going in there to abuse himself?"</p> <p>We laugh, and I remember Reverend Dykstra telling our Young Calvinist group that "you can't jack off with Jesus" and laugh even harder.</p>
242	<p>His callused palms smoothing it shut, the same callused palm that skimmed my back as we laid in bed after sex.</p>

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253	"Stay out of our pool, Niggers!" the yelled. "You're polluting it!"
256	I'm still learning not to gag; it's like learning to give a blow job.
272	I pull back my shoulders and thrust out my breasts the way Susan did that night after Vespers, and his eyes slide over this small offering on my nipples, which poke out like the eraser tips on No. 2 pencils.
276	We regard each other for a moment, and then he sticks out his tongue and flutters he tip up and down in a perverted gesture. I turn my head in shame, and he laughs. I will think about his tongue later, when I'm alone with my nail polish bottle.
318	It is of Scott, stripped naked and walking toward me as I lie in my bed at home, his stiff penis wagging back and forth like a chiding finger. ...I close my eyes again, and Scott kneels between my legs, then lowers himself into me. His hot tongue swishes into my mouth and I grab his butt and pull him deeper. His curved brown shoulders dip and rise in the slanted lamp light, his eager skin bumps mine. His salt taste and beef bullion smell, they envelope me. His heat and his desire, they comfort me. I shall not want. A spark flares in me and swells into a flame, and I sweat and sway and whisper, "Yes, Jesus."
319	Later, when I'm lying in my bunk surrounded by the mute shapes of sleeping girls, I reach under the sheet with a bottle of nail polish, spread my legs, and slide the fat glass bottom over my panties. Over the place where, earlier, the flame grew, then flickered out. I think of Scott and his musk and his meat and how I'd shudder with pleasure when he sank into me. Slow, soft. Fast, hard. When the wave of fire crashes through me, I bite one hand and clamp the other over my swollen flesh, trying to keep it in. Sweet Jesus.

Profanity	Count
Ass	10
Bitch	2
Cunt	1
Dick	4
Faggot	2
Fuck	24
Nigger	7
Piss	6
Pussy	1
Shit	11