

ATTENTION

The following document contains content that may be found offensive, vulgar, or untasteful (**We Completely Agree**). We share the following content as a public and parental advisory as evidence to what is happening in our public schools. We ask for your discretion and maturity when reviewing the following content.

MOMS *for* LIBERTY

Moms for Liberty is dedicated to fighting for the survival of America by unifying, educating and empowering parents to defend their parental rights at all levels of government.

What started as a fight statewide to get our children out of masks and back into school has turned into so much more. The months of virtual at-home and hybrid school opened our eyes to some questionable things inside the school walls. After our children were back in school, parents were no longer allowed in, no in person conferences, no volunteering for school parties, Zoom PTO meetings- parents were essentially shut out under the safety of the "experts."

Fortunately, a few moms were paying attention. When a syllabus came home with the required books to be read in class, they were shocked at the options provided- these books were full of explicit language, sexual and extremely mature content. If these books were part of the curriculum, what else did we not know about?

We realize books in our curriculum and libraries are a very small portion of the problem in public education. However, when speaking to many legislators, it is their belief that this is a singular and isolated problem found only in the metropolitan or large districts. As a tool, we have created a list of books that highlight some of the graphic and explicit materials our children have access to read. ***This is only a small sampling of what is in our schools.*** We covered as many districts statewide as we could, focusing on districts that have their catalog online.

Parents should have a say in what is available to our children within the school library and classrooms. We work hard to provide our children with specific morals and values, and feel strongly that they should come home from school with those morals and values intact.

Our group has been labeled "Book Banners", which is patently false. We do not want to burn books or take them out of circulation. If a parent believes their child should have access to these materials, they can check them out at a public library or purchase it. We are simply asking that sexually explicit, vulgar, and/or obscene materials not be available within our public schools, where parents have diminished control of what their children can access or read.

Our journey has taken us statewide, but we have discovered a similar posture that exists in school boards and administrators across districts; that the school is the expert in the child's education and its beliefs should be elevated and trusted over the parent. There has been a philosophical shift in the public school system where accountability & transparency has been removed and parents are no longer part of the equation. We need to fix this immediately! Parents have ultimate authority over their children, and we are taking back control of our children's education.

BOOK of BOOKs Sampling

The following pages contain QR codes for books that were rated 3, 4, or 5 using the ratedbook.org site. You can use the camera on your phone to scan the QR code and it will take you to the details for the book listed. This is not an all-inclusive list of books of content with concerns. As parents are made aware of books and reviews are done, the list continues to grow.

OUR GOAL:

- To provide a sampling of books found in libraries across the state of Iowa to demonstrate it is not an issue that is isolated to the bigger metro area school districts. The books on this list were found in libraries in Iowa Schools.
- Highlight and allow you to see the sexually explicit/obscene content our children are exposed to.

The criteria for the Content-Based Rating system:

CONTENT BASED RATING					
0	1	2	3	4	5
For Everyone <small>Content suitable for all ages</small>	Child Guidance <small>Some content may fall on appropriate for young children</small>	Teen Guidance <small>Some content may not be appropriate for children under 13</small>	Minor Restricted <small>Only a few instances of parents guidance</small>	No Minors <small>Adult content - no child copies</small>	Aberrant Content <small>Adult only</small>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mild Language • No Drugs • No Profanity • No References to Sexuality (Gender Discrimination or Sexual Abstinence) • No (Real or Altered) Guns 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mild Violence • Mild/Offensive Profanity • Mild Sexual Content • Superheroic Murders (without context) • No References to Sexual Abstinence • No (Real or Altered) Guns • Innocent Sexual Content • Innocent Gender Content 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Moderate Violence • Moderate Drugs • Moderate Profanity • Strong Sexual Content, including genitalia • Explicit Sexual Content/ Sexual Content References • Abused/Altered Guns • Explicit Violence • Explicit Gender Abstinence 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Descriptive/Explicit Violence • Extreme/Explicit Drugs • Descriptive/Explicit Violence • Sexual Content • References to Sexual Abstinence (including references, language, and/or illustrations) • Real or Altered Guns 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Explicit/Explicit Violence • Explicit Sexual Content/ Sexual Content References • Sexual Abstinence (including references, language, and/or illustrations) 	

Please visit [ratedbooks.org](https://www.ratedbooks.org) to learn more and to search for additional books. (<https://www.ratedbooks.org/>)



If you would like to check a specific school library catalog in your district visit: <https://www.gofollett.com/>



***If you would like to know if any of the books we have investigated are in your schools, please email moms4libertypolkcounty@gmail.com.

GENDER QUEER



Adult Graphic Novel

Summary of Concerns:
 This book contains explicit sexual activities and sexual identity, alternative gender identities, and profanity.

By Maia Kobabe
 ISBN: 978-1-713-70105-7



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Gender Queer was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School (in classroom)	Cedar Falls HS	Linn Mar
Valley Southwoods	Urbandale	Carlisle
Thomas Jefferson HS Council Bluffs	Keokuk Senior High	Davenport Central
Dubuque High School		

This book was appealed to the Iowa Department of Education.

Challenged in Carlisle and West Des Moines, Boards ruled to retain the book unrestricted.

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

HIDING MY PERIOD BECAME EXTREMELY IMPORTANT TO ME. FOR TWO ENTIRE SCHOOL YEARS I SUCCESSFULLY AVOIDED EVER USING A SCHOOL BATHROOM.



TO THIS DAY A HUGE NUMBER OF MY NIGHTMARES INVOLVE MENSTRUAL BLOOD.

I'll feel the familiar sensation of hot blood gushing from my body—



When I make it to the bathroom, I'll find my legs smeared with blood from waist to knees.



OF COURSE I NEVER HAVE A PAD OR CLEAN CLOTHES





*I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

WHEN I FINALLY GOT OLD ENOUGH TO NOT BE EMBARRASSED TALKING ABOUT THIS STUFF WITH MY SISTER

It really never occurred to you to put something into your vagina, not even a finger?

It really didn't.

So you've never tasted yourself?

What? NO! EW!

WAIT—you have?

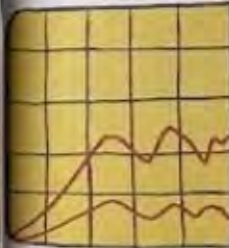
HAHA, of course! You should try.

AND SO:

Vagina
slime
↓



NOPE! CAN'T DO IT! I REFUSE!



I HAVE AN EXTREMELY LOW SEX DRIVE COMPARED TO PRETTY MUCH ALL OF MY FRIENDS. AS A TEEN I GOT BORED OF MASTURBATION



SO I QUIT FOR SIX MONTHS.

INTEREST IN EROTIC GAY FICTION HAS BEEN SO PREVALENT IN MY FRIENDSHIPS, ONE COULD MISTAKE IT FOR A PREREQUISITE.



When did you first ship Sam & Dean? COLLEGE



I'm sending you my favorite Merlin fic- you have to read it because Merlin & Arthur are the OTP of my heart. GRAD SCHOOL



IN FACT, I'M SHOCKED WHEN A FRIEND SAYS:



LATER SHE DESCRIBED HERSELF AS HETERO-FLEXIBLE AND TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHY SHE LIKED LESBIAN PORN MORE THAN GAY PORN.



AS IF I FELT
BEEN STABBED
THROUGH MY
ENTIRE
BODY AND WITH THIS CAME A
WAVE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL
HORROR



AT THE REALIZATION THAT THINGS CAN
GO INSIDE MY BODY

OF COURSE I ALREADY
KNEW THIS FACT INTELLECTUALLY.

embodied

KNOWLEDGE IS
AN ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT
MATTER.



WHAT MY BODY
TOLD ME WAS THAT THIS
INTRUSION OF THE OUTSIDE
WORLD INTO MY INTERNAL PHYSICAL
BEING WAS WRONG ON A LEVEL
TOO DEEP FOR WORDS.

ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME
ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON
AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170).

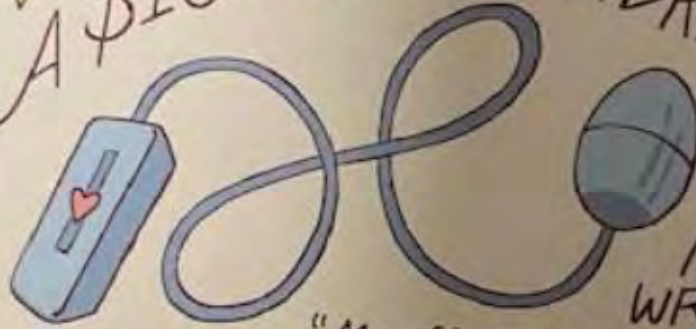


I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE,
FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY
ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY
A STRICT LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.



THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS
THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY
SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT
DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.

IN 2013, I DISCOVERED
ERIKA MOEN'S WEBCOMIC OH JOY
SEX TOY. IN A COMIC FROM NOVEMBER
OF THAT YEAR SHE TALKS ABOUT THE
FIRST SEX TOY SHE EVER PURCHASED
★ A \$10 BULLET VIBRATOR ★



MOEN
WRITES:

"My first orgasm is still
one of my most vivid, lovely experiences.
It was the first time I ever loved my body."





PUSH



Book Summary:

Classroom (School Age) (12-18)
Language (English) (American)
Publisher (Doubtless)

Summary of Concerns:

One person (1 person)
Abuse (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)
Language (1 person)

Label

By Sapphire

ISBN: 97800679766759

UNIVERSITY
OF IOWA LIBRARY



Profanity	Count
Ass	31
Bitch	47
Cracker	11
Cunt	3
Dick	9
Faggot	5
Fuck	83
Nigger	22
Piss	2
Pussy	18
Put a	4
Shit	79

In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Push was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School	Cedar Falls HS	Linn Mar
Iowa City High	Iowa City West	Carlisle
BCLUW High School	Urbandale	CR Washington

The following page is a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Push

By Sapphire

My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON'T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie.

-PAGE 127

I don't fucks boyz but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant. ...I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, "Bif Mama your pussy is popping!" I hate myself when I feel good.

-PAGE 72

"Carl got my tittie in hi mouf. Nuffin' wron wif that, it's natural. But I think thas the day IT start. I don't never remember noting before that. I hot. He sucking my tittie. My eyes closed. I know he getting hard I can see wifout my eyes, I love him so much."

..."So he on me. Then he reach over to Precious! Start wif his finger between her legs. I say Car what you doing! He say shut your big ass up! This is good for her. Then he git off me, take off her Pampers and try to stick his thing in Precious. You what trip me out is it almost can go in Precious! I think she some kinda freak baby then. I say stop Carl stop! I want him on me! I never wanted him to hurt her. I didn't want him doing anything to her. I wanted my man for myself. Sex me up, not my chile. So you cain't blame all that shit happen to Precious on me. I love Carl, I love him. He her daddy, but he was my man!"

-PAGE 152

5
/5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

THE HANDMAID'S TALE: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL



Young Adult Graphic Novel

Book Summary:

Young women are used to the brutality of the totalitarian regime that has taken hold.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains graphic depictions of sexual violence, as well as depictions of physical violence and self-harm, including genital mutilation.

By Margaret Atwood adapted by Renee Nault

ISBN: 9780385544856



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Handmaid's Tale and/or The Handmaid's Tale – Graphic Novel was found in the following schools. *

Valley Southwood	Johnston	Carlisle
Valley HS	Dallas Center Grimes	Pleasant Valley HS
Van Meter	Iowa City High	Davis County HS
Linn Mar	Iowa City West	Fairfield HS
Spirit Lake	Winterset HS	Mt. Pleasant HS
North Tama Secondary	South Tama High School	Waukee High School
Dubuque HS	CR Washington	Waukee Northwest
West Liberty HS	Thomas Jefferson Council Bluffs	Keokuk HS
Central HS - Davenport		

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



Page	Content
33	<p>It doesn't matter if we look. We're supposed to look: this is what they are there for, hanging on the wall.</p> <p>Sometimes they'll be there for days, until there's a new batch, so as many people as possible will have the chance to see them.</p> <p>The illustration on this page depicts a group of six individuals hanging in the air by their necks, at various heights. The bodies are suspended above a sidewalk in front of a gray stone wall. All of the individuals are wearing long white coats. Four of them have signs on their chests with an illustration of a fetus in silhouette.</p>
34	<p>They were doctors, then. These men, we've been told, have committed atrocities, and must be made into examples. It's no excuse that what they did was legal at the time.</p> <p>What we are supposed to feel towards these bodies is hatred and scorn.</p> <p>What I feel towards them is blankness.</p> <p>What I feel is that I must not feel.</p> <p>What I feel is partly relief, because none of these men is Luke.</p> <p>"Ordinary is what you are used to. This may not seem ordinary to you now, but after a time it will. It will become ordinary."</p> <p>The illustration on the left of the page depicts a zoomed in view of two individuals with cloths over their heads, hanging by a noose around their necks. They have long white coats on and signs around their necks with illustrations of fetuses in silhouette.</p> <p>The illustration on the upper right of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a head with a cloth over its head and a noose around the neck. The cloth is stained with blood where the individual's mouth would be.</p>
37	<p>"Let's go for a beer."</p> <p>..."Sure, you could do that. Or we could just go get drunk- I know which I'd pick..."</p>
41	<p>The doctor will never see my face. He deals with a torso only.</p> <p>He isn't supposed to speak to me except when it's absolutely necessary.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a woman, covered with a pink blanket. Her legs are resting on stirrups and there is a curtain in front of her face.</p>
42	<p>"Open up now honey."</p> <p>..."I could help you."</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"Shh. I could help you. I've helped others."</p> <p>"Help me how?"</p> <p>"How do you think?"</p> <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same woman as described above. A male doctor is pulling the pink blanket up.</p> <p>An illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a gloved hand grasping an exposed breast.</p>



Page	Content
	<p>The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the woman described above from a bird's-eye view. Her breasts are exposed, and the pink blanket is pulled up to her pelvis. The doctor is standing between her thighs, leaning into her pelvis.</p>
43	<p>"The door's locked. No one will come in. They'll never know it isn't his. Most of those old guys can't make it anymore. Or they're sterile." He's said a forbidden word. Sterile. There's no such thing as a sterile man anymore, not officially. There are only women who are fruitful and women who are barren, that's the law. "Lots of women do it. You want a baby, don't you?" "Yes." Give me children or else I die. There's more than one meaning to it. "You're soft. It's time. Today or tomorrow would do it, why waste it? It'll only take a minute, honey. I hate to see what they put you through." "It's too dangerous. No, I can't." The penalty is death. "Think about it. I've seen your chart. Third posting, isn't it? You don't have a lot of time left. But it's your life."</p> <p>An illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a gloved hand on the upper thigh of the woman described above.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the same woman described above, in the background, behind a zoomed in view of the doctor's mouth and torso. He is removing a glove from his left hand. The woman's buttocks are exposed with her feet still resting on the stirrups.</p>
44	<p>There are three new bodies on the Wall. One is a priest, still wearing the black cassock. The two others have purple placards hung around their necks: Gender treachery. Their bodies still wear the Guardian uniforms. Caught together, they must have been.</p> <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts two women wearing red gown, walking underneath three individuals hanging above them.</p>
62	<p>"I committed abortion. I was raped. I was fourteen. A group of men..." "But whose fault was it?" The other women sitting at desks are saying, "HER FAULT, HER FAULT, HER FAULT." "Who led them on?" The other women sitting at desks are saying, "SHE DID, SHE DID, SHE DID."</p>
74	<p>They took her into the room that used to be the Science Lab. It was a room where none of us ever went willingly. Afterwards she could not walk for a week, her feet wouldn't fit into her shoes, they were too swollen. It was the feet they'd do, for a first offense. They used steel cables, frayed at the ends. After that the hands. They didn't care what they did to your feet and hands, even if it was permanent.</p>

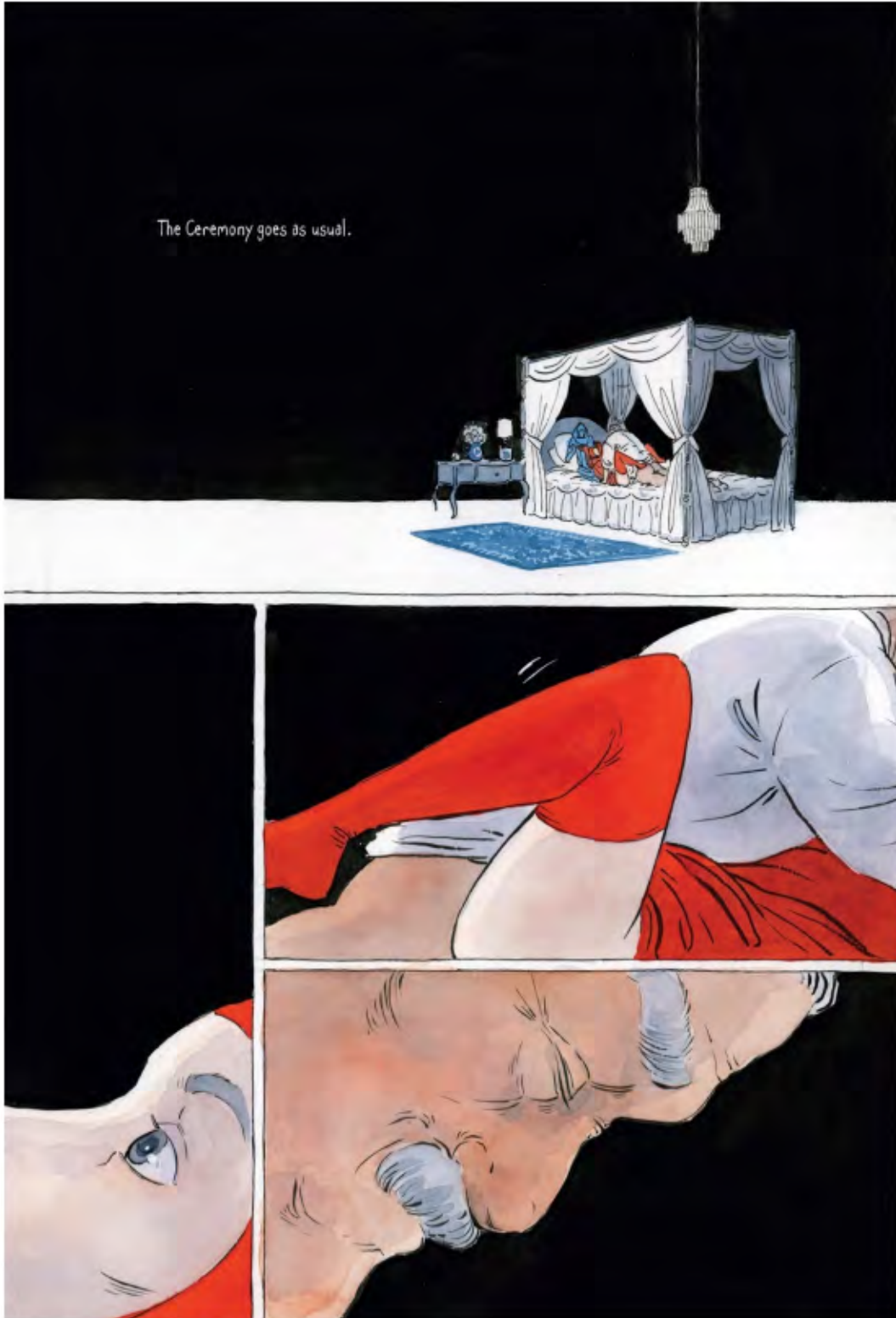


Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5



TRICKS



Fiction, Adult

Summary of Contents:

100% of all users who reviewed this book on Goodreads (2014-2015) gave it a 5 star rating. This book is highly recommended.

Other books rated a 5 or a 4 on BookLooks.org by this author include:

- Triangles
- A Sin Such as This
- Crank
- Identical
- Perfect
- People Who Kill
- Tilt

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 1-41695007-9



Profanity	Count
Bitch	6
Dick	1
Fuck	15
Motherfucker	1
Ass	4
Shit	2

In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Tricks was found in the following schools. *

Valley Southwood	Valley High School	Cedar Falls HS	Dubuque HS
Carroll	Linn Mar	Spirit Lake	East Buchanan MS/HS
Johnston	Urbandale	Dallas Center Grimes	Williamsburg
Iowa City High	Iowa City West	Carlisle	Green Mtn High School
Clarion-Goldfield-Dows	Fairfield HS	Cardinal Eldon	North Tama Secondary
Eldora High School	BCLUW High School	Waukee Northwest	Thomas Jefferson – Council Bluffs
Keokuk High School	Oskaloosa High School	Waverly High School	Davenport Central

The following page is a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge....He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. ...He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him... I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting... -page 323

Tricks

by Ellen Hopkins

Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom?... "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull. "Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me... I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, trying not to choke on his thrusts against my throat....Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest...Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs . Look how hard he is. ...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach....Down go my boxers. Oh my, What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft,

and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me....Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do....An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers. through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain... Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me....But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.



MILK AND HONEY



Adult

Summary of Concerns:

This work contains illustrations depicting
intoxicated people's sexual activities,
or similar sexual content.

By Rupi Kaur

ISBN:978-1-4494-7865-0

9781449496364
978-1449474256
978-1797136905



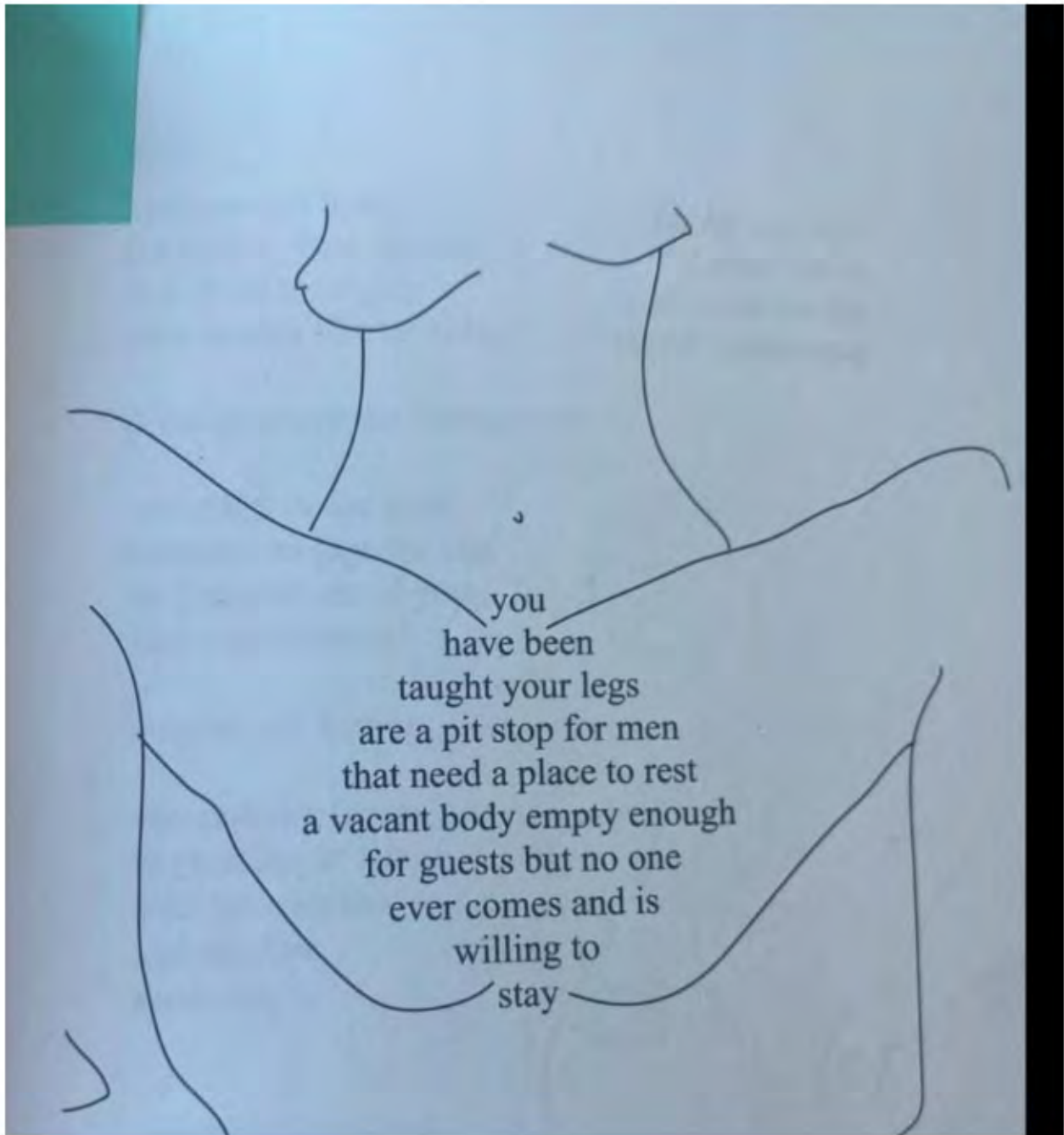
In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Milk and Honey was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School	Linn Mar	Johnston	Dubuque HS
Iowa City High	Iowa City West	Indianola HS	CR Washington
Urbandale	Mt Pleasant HS	Thomas Jefferson Council Bluffs	Waukee

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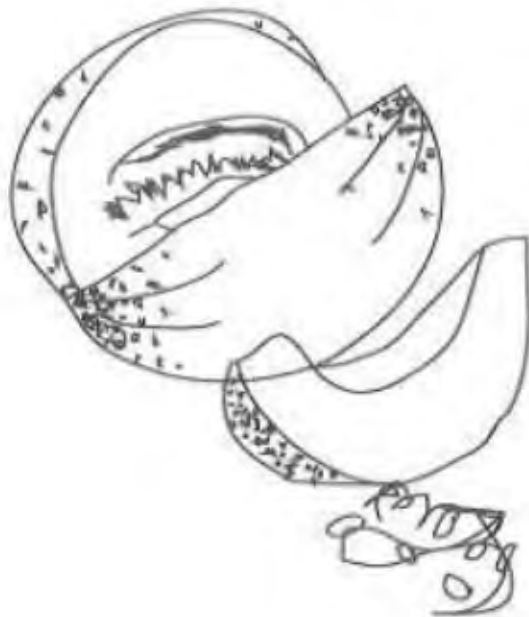
*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



you
have been
taught your legs
are a pit stop for men
that need a place to rest
a vacant body empty enough
for guests but no one
ever comes and is
willing to
stay

rupi kaur

he guts her
with his fingers
like he's scraping
the inside of a
cantaloupe clean



you plough into me with two fingers and i am mostly shocked. it feels like rubber against an open wound. i do not like it. you begin pushing faster and faster. but i feel nothing. you search my face for a reaction so i begin acting like the naked women in the videos you watch when you think no one's looking. i imitate their moans. hollow and hungry. you ask if it feels good and i say *yes* so quickly it sounds rehearsed. but the acting. you do not notice.

rupi kaur

i am learning
how to love him
by loving myself



rupi kaur

you move my hand
between my legs
and whisper
make those pretty little fingers dance for me

- solo performance



instead. lie me down. lay me open like a map. and with
your finger trace the places you still want to **** out of
me. kiss me like i am the center point of gravity and you
are falling into me like my soul is the focal point of yours.
and when your mouth is kissing not my mouth
but other places. my legs will split apart out of habit. and
that's when. i pull you in. welcome you. home.

when the entire street is looking out their windows
wondering what all the commotion is. and the fire trucks
come rolling in to save us but they can't distinguish
whether these flames began with our anger or our passion.
i will smile. throw my head back. arch my body like a
mountain you want to split in half. baby lick me.

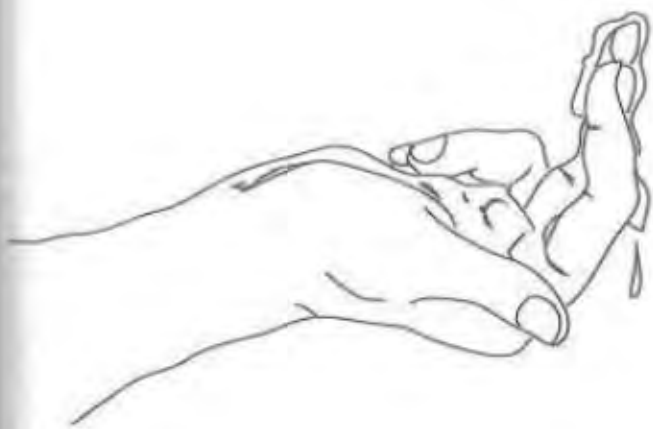
like your mouth has the gift of reading and i'm your
favorite book. find your favorite page in the soft spot
between my legs and read it carefully. fluently. vividly.
don't you dare leave a single word untouched. and i swear
my ending will be so good, the last few words will come.
running to your mouth. and when you're done. take a
seat. cause it's my turn to make music with my knees
pressed to the ground.

sweet baby. this. is how we pull language out of one
another with the flick of our tongues. this is how we have
the conversation. this. is how we make up.

- *how we make up*

rupi kaur

you must have known
you were wrong
when your fingers
were dipped inside me
searching for honey that
would not come for you



rupi kaur

even when you undress her
you are searching for me
i am sorry i
taste so good
when the two of you
make love it is
still my name
that rolls off your
tongue accidentally



the therapist places
the doll in front of you
it is the size of girls
your uncles like touching

point to where his hands were

you point to the spot
between its legs the one
he fingered out of you
like a confession

how're you feeling

you pull the lump
in your throat out
with your teeth
and say *fine*
numb really

- midweek sessions



he only whispers *i love you*
as he slips his hands
down the waistband
of your pants

this is where you must
understand the difference
between want and need
you may want that boy
but you certainly
don't need him

even after the hurt
the loss
the pain
the breaking
your body is still
the only one
i want to be
undressed under



milk and

the goddess between your legs
makes mouths water



THE SUN AND HER FLOWERS



Adult

By Rupi Kaur
ISBN: 978-1-4494-8890-1



Book Summary:

A collection of short poems about women, love, and shame.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities, sexual consent, sexual identity, and abortion commentary.



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Sun and Her Flower was found in the following schools.*

Valley High School	Cedar Falls	Indianola High School
Mt Pleasant HS	Oskaloosa Sr High	Urbandale
Waukee High School	Dubuque High School	Johnston
Iowa City High	Iowa City West	

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



Page	Content
6	bees came for honey flowers giggled as they undressed themselves for the taking the sun smiled
12	yesterday the rain tried to imitate my hands by running down your body I ripped the sky apart for allowing it -jealousy
34	I change what I am wearing five times before I see you wondering which pair of jeans will make my body more tempting to undress
40	do you still touch yourself to thoughts of me do you still imagine my naked naked tiny tiny body pressed into yours do you still imagine the curve of my spine and how you wanted to rip it out of me cause the way it dipped into my perfectly rounded bottom drove you crazy baby sugar baby sweet baby ever since we left how many times did you pretend it was my hand stroking you how many times did you search for me in your fantasies and end up crying instead of coming don't you lie to me
58	why did you leave a door hanging open between my legs were you lazy did you forget or did you purposely leave me unfinished -conversations with god
62	while I hid at the back of some upstairs closet of my mind as someone broke the windows- you



Page	Content
	<p>kicked the front door in- you too everything and then someone took me -it was you. Who dove into me with a fork and a knife eyes glinting with starvation like you hadn't eaten in weeks I was a hundred and ten pounds of fresh meat you skinned and gutted with your fingers like you were scraping the inside of a cantaloupe clean as I screamed for my mother you nailed my wrists to the ground turned my breasts into bruised fruit</p>
63	<p>every night my bedroom becomes a psych ward where panic attacks turn men into doctors to keep me calm every lover who touches me- feels like you their fingers- you mouths- you until they're not the ones on top of me anymore- it's you an I am so tired of doing things your way -it isn't working</p>
68	<p>at home that night I filled the bathtub with scorching water tossed in spearmint from the garden two tablespoons of almond oil some milk some honey a pinch of salt rose petals from the neighbor's lawn I soaked myself in the mixture desperate to wash the dirty off the first hour I picked pine needles from my hair counted them one two three lined them up on their backs the second hour I wept</p>



Page	Content
	called her witch and shouted whore until the evening came when his tired eyes betrayed him the first woman noticed it as he unwillingly fell asleep the quiet humming the drumming a knocking between her legs a doorbell a voice a pulse asking her to open up off her hand went running down the hall toward the sacred room she found god the magician's wand the snake's tongue sitting inside her smiling -when the first woman drew magic with her fingers
197	vagina- so much darker than the rest of you cause it is trying to hide a gold mine
210	she is not a porn category or the type you look for on a Friday night she is not needy or easy or weak -daddy issues is not a punch line
212	you want to keep the blood and the milk hidden as if the womb and breast never fed you The line drawing on this page depicts a nude woman with her breasts and pubic areas exposed. There are liquid droplets falling from her nipples and pubic area.
226	The line drawing on this page depicts a large woman sitting in the background. She is nude with her legs spread and knees bent upward. Her breasts are exposed. There is a path coming out from her pubic area. On the path are a crawling baby; a walking baby; a young girl walking with books stacked on her head; and a woman standing with her arms up in a "victory" pose.



2



Figure 1



Figure 2

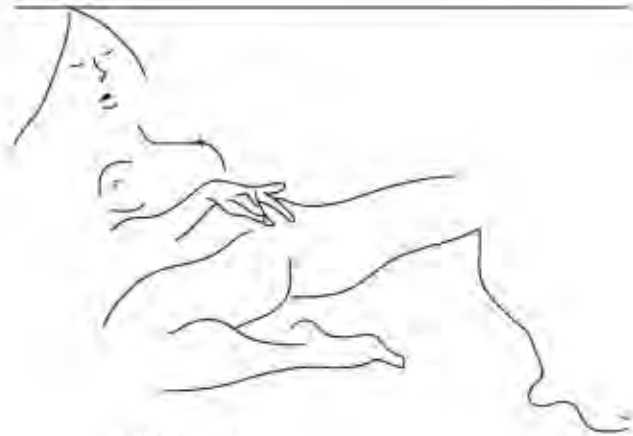


Figure 3



Figure 4

THIS BOOK IS GAY



Young Adult

Summary of Concerns:

The Commission on Gender and
Diversity is reviewing this material and
concerns regarding its suitability and
appropriateness.

By Juno Dawson

ISBN: 978-1492617822



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, This Book is Gay was found in the following schools.*

Keokuk HS	West Liberty HS	Carlisle
Waukee Northwest	Dubuque HS	Iowa City High

The following page is a sample of the content,
to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



Figure 2

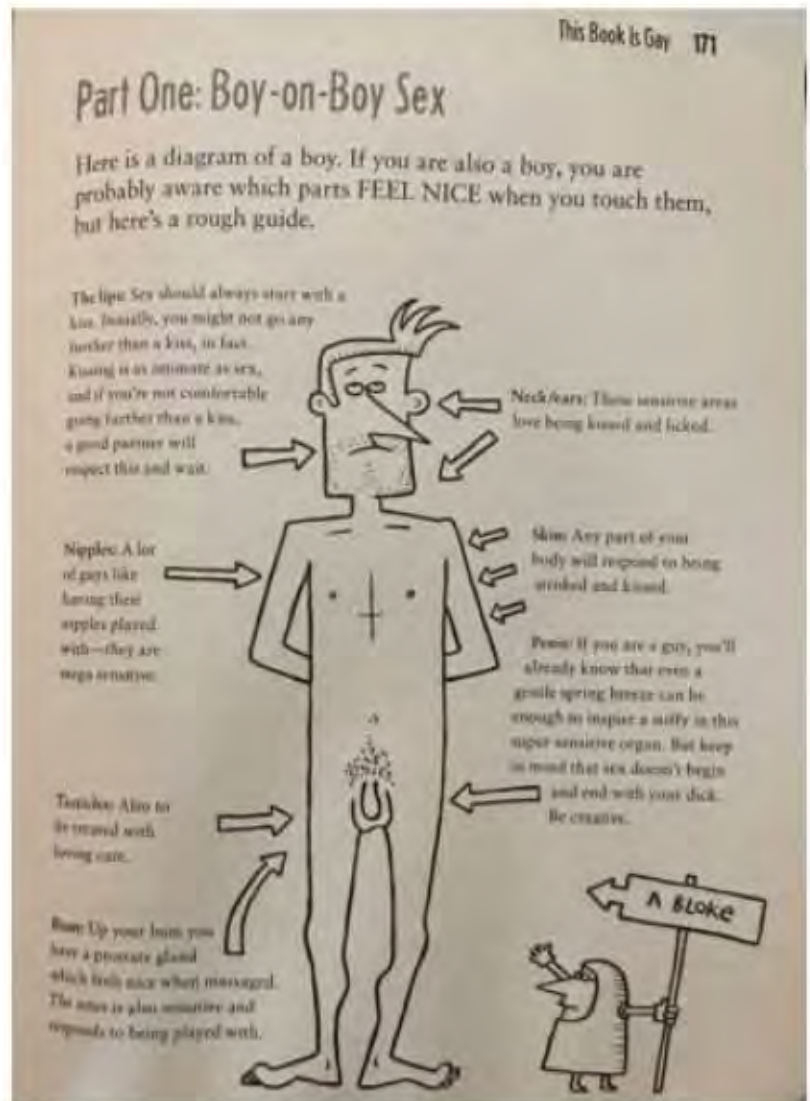


Figure 1

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE



Young Adult

Summary of Concerns:

The book contains explicit and
 sexual language, including sexual harassment,
 discussion of sexual violence, pedophilia and
 adolescent prostitution, and language
 that is homophobic and transphobic.

By **George M. Johnson**

ISBN-978-0-374-31271-8

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Faggot/Fag	13
Fuck	2
Nigga/Nigger/Negro	16
Piss	1
Shit	11



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, All Boys Aren't Blue was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School	Ankeny HS	Cedar Falls HS
Iowa City West	Urbandale	West Liberty
Pleasant Valley High- Bettendorf	Keokuk Sr High	Waukee Northwest
Waukee High School		

The following page is a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



All Boys Aren't Blue

-by George M. Johnson

He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself... But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was . . . large... I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along... He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me... He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain... He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. -Page 271

You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you. The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well... After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me— back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background... Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor. You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing... You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes. Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me.

-Page 203

As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick... He quickly went to giving me head... He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth..." He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star... His body felt great in my mouth. I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him... For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done. I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy, I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan... As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too... I finally came and let out a loud moan... I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

-Page 266





LUCKY



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene passages involving sexual assault/abuse, sexual activities, sexual nudity/profanity, and drug use.

Adult

By Alice Sebold

ISBN:0-316-09619-9



5
/5

Aberrant Content
Book/Book Review Rating

In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Lucky was found in the following schools. *

Valley Southwood	Cedar Falls HS	Forest City	CR Washington
Denison	IKM- Manning	Clarion-Goldfield-Dows	East Buchanan MS/HS
Iowa City High	Iowa City West	Thomas Jefferson - Council Bluffs	Earlham
Keokuk Sr High			

*This book should be removed from all schools – Historically inaccurate: “Publisher Pulls Alice Sebold’s Memoir as 1981 Rape Conviction Is Overturned”

The following page is a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

This book has sexually explicit excerpts and rape inappropriate for minors.



“ He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now. It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it

“
- Page 6

By Alice Sebold

Page 9

He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind.

He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said.

"Spread them."

I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold.

"Keep them there," he said.

He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts.

He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue.

Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek.

Page 11

He kicked me and I curled into a ball.

"I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand.

..."I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin."

"Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said.

"Like a straw?" I said.

"Yeah, like a straw."

I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard.

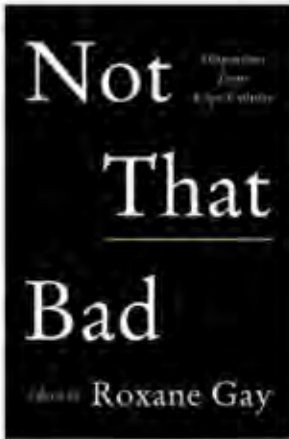
"Not like that," he said and brought my head away.

"Don't you know how to suck a dick?"

"No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before."

"Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin

NOT THAT BAD: DISPATCHES FROM RAPE CULTURE



Adult

By Roxane Gay

ISBN: 978-0-06-241350-5

Book Summary:

This book explores sexual assault and perceived sexual assault.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual violence— violence including sexual assault and molestation; profanity; innuendo and strong language; self-harm (including suicidal and homicidal ideation); sexualized violence; graphic descriptions; pornography; and a historical commentary.



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Not That Bad was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School	Iowa City High	Dubuque HS
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The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.



Page	Content
7	When I was twelve years old, I was gang-raped in the woods behind my neighborhood by a group of boys with the dangerous intentions of bad men. ...Allowing myself to believe that being gang-raped wasn't "that bad" allowed me to break down my trauma into something more manageable, into something I could carry with me instead of allowing the magnitude of it to destroy me.
8	If being gang-raped wasn't that bad, then it wasn't at all that bad being shoved or having my arm grabbed so hard it left five bruises in the form of fingerprints or being catcalled for having large breasts or having a hand shoved down my pants or being told I should be grateful for romantic attention because I wasn't good enough and on and on.
9	I don't know when this changed, when I began realizing that all the encounters people began realizing that all the encounters people have with sexual violence are, indeed, that bad. ...When I first came up with the idea for this anthology, I wanted to assemble a collection of essays about rape culture- some reportage, some personal essays, writing that engaged with the idea of rape culture, what it means to live in a world where the phrase "rape culture" exists.
10	There were hundreds and hundreds of stories from people all along the gender spectrum, giving voice to how they suffered, in one way or another, from sexual violence, or how they have been affected by intimate relationships with people who have experienced sexual violence.
11	That was years before you actually have sex and, even when you do, you are so afraid of getting pregnant accidentally that you don't let a man come inside you until after you're married.
12	IF RAPE CULTURE HAD A FLAG, IT WOULD BE ONE OF THOSE BOOB INSPECTOR T-shirts. If rape culture had its own cuisine, it would be all this shit you have to swallow. If rape culture had a downtown, it would smell like Axe body spray and that perfume they put on tampons to make your vagina smell like laundry detergent. If rape culture had an official language, it would be locker-room jokes and an awkward laugh track. Rape culture speaks in every tongue. If rape culture had a national sport, it would be...well...something with balls, for sure. YOU DRINK TOO MUCH AT THE PARTY BECAUSE IT'S COLLEGE and you're always drinking too much. The party is terribly generic with beer pong and a bass-heavy soundtrack. Everyone is drinking from foamy beer out of red Solo cups. ...Daniel knows you don't drink beer, so he has brought you a bottle of cheap vodka, which you drink mixed with even cheaper orange juice. ...A boy in the kitchen- a baseball player- takes his dick out to show everyone how big it is. It is, in fact, very big.
14	In it, the hero finds his petite, brunette English teacher alone in a church. He pulls out a 24k gold-plated gun with a pearl handle, holds it to her head, and rapes her, bending her over the back of a pew. When he's finished, he drives off in a convertible and leaves a bag of money at the police station to avoid arrest.

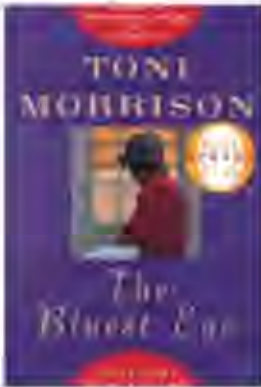


Page	Content
35	He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me down. I landed flat on my back and he fell over me, pinning me down with his body.
36	I never even said, "You raped me." ...In Savannah the summer after the rape, I had sex with more different men in three months than in all the years before and all the years after combined. My unarticulated logic went like this: If I give my body away, over and over, I can prove to myself that sex is my choice- even though, and this seems significant now, I always let the men choose me. Until I was nineteen years old, it never occurred to me that I could do the choosing.
37	Theirs was the first nationwide study of campus sexual assault ever, and the statistics rattled us all: Twenty-five percent of women in college have been the victims of rape or attempted rape. ...One in four female respondents had an experience that met the legal definition of rape or attempted rape and the average age when a rape incident occurred (either as perpetrator or victim) was 18 1/2 years old and [Women] were embarrassed about the details of the rape (leaving a bar with a man, taking drugs, etc.) and felt they would be blamed for what occurred, or they simply felt the men involved had too much social status for their stories to be believed and in short, many men fail to perceive what has just happened as rape.
38	So you're saying that if I go to a party in a really short skirt, and I'm flirting all over the place- if I get raped, it's not my fault? ...They wanted to have something to believe in, rules to follow, a formula, reasons other girls got raped and they didn't: short skirt equals rape; too much beer equals rape; unlocked door equals rape.
47	In so many ways, our contexts are different; but I am beginning to understand that my own white learned unresponsiveness to the shapes of their questions has something to do with the ongoing violence at the heart of this nation.
48	She advises us to turn away from the commonplace, "I was raped." ...The activist and poet, who wrote: "I am black and I am female and I am a mother and I am bisexual and I am a nationalist and I am an antinationalist..." ... "The victim must learn to make language tell her own truth: He raped me." ... "I was raped," I whisper.
56	The Luckiest MILF in Brooklyn ... "C'mere MILF tits!" Sweet tits, hot tits, sugar tits. Oh, hi. Here I am. MILF tits. Still valid, I guess, still viable. MILF-y, but tits all the same. I've been a D-cup since seventh grade, so my breasts have been up for public conversation almost as long as I can remember- along with the rest of me, especially my ass, the way I walk, and how viable a fuck I am to passerby. Do I want to smoke a joint in your car? ... You'd like to rub your dick all over my ass?
57	"C'mere MILF tits!" calls a man out a car window. "I wanna fuck you sideways!"
58	I'm supposed to be grateful because, even though I walk through the world with MILF tits and a sundress, I wasn't raped. And I've been raped, and this is much



Page	Content
	better. So, thank you. Today I stand outside the library, the luckiest MILF in Brooklyn.
59	I should have slowed down because I'm not that fine, I'm forty-two! I should be glad anyone finds me sexually viable.
60	If I would just be more amenable, more grateful, you're not hurting me you're complimenting me, smile and say thank you, stop, you're talking to me, you see me and I'm forty-two years old, you want to fuck me and I'm forty-two years old.
63	At lunchtime I'd go behind the cafeteria with one boy or another and let them fondle me in exchange for cigarettes, which I didn't smoke (yet) but stored away in a box my grandmother had bought me, but, let's face it, the attention was its own payment. By seventh grade, I learned to give blow jobs in exchange for wine coolers; the semen and the alcohol slid down my throat with such certainty I didn't know how to start saying no. By eighth grade I depended on the alcohol and by ninth grade, when I was kicked out of school for drugs, I had no doubt that the only thing I had to offer the world was my body, and the world pretty much confirmed that for a long time.
64	At forty-two (still got it!) (MILF tits!), the harassment has certainly, thankfully slowed, but it doesn't seem to want to go away altogether.
65	I wanna fuck your asshole. ...I'd like to put my cock between those titties. Ugly cunt, I'm talking to you!
66	The man who raped me is married to my aunt is the father of my cousin, who was, at one time, my closest friend in a family in which friends and love were rare. He is not the only man who raped me, but he is the only one who raped me and refused to leave because he was stitched into my life like an ugly scar from a wound healed wrong.
76	There had been a guy in his twenties who scanned my thirteen-year-old body, all Manhattan rooftop-tan and a tiny silver bikini, and said, "How old are you?" And I said "Old enough," and he laughed and said "You're some pretty little jailbait," and he never laid a finger on me. By that point, I had been hurt when men touched me.
77	A few days later, he started hooking up with one of my best friends. ...Sophomore year, I had been invited to a birthday party by the hottest guy in my homeroom, and the party had turned out to be five guys watching porn, and me, just me. I quickly downed four or five shots of vodka and thought Okay, let's cut to the chase, let's not let this be a group activity. So I took one boy's hand, the one who had invited me, and led him to the bathroom and fucked him so hard on the tile floor, no condom, and later his friends taunted me ("Whore!" "Slut!").
78	I had said, "Yes, give me more," moaned like in a porno.
81	"Wanna fuck?" I whispered to A. ..."Do you wanna fuck her?" "Hell yeah," said B. "Let's do this." ...He switched on the lights. I hadn't contemplated the literal meaning of the word fuck until he began unzipping his skater-boy jeans. "Fuck" meant his cock- short and thick, already hard- was going to be inside my body. It wouldn't be at all like the last time I'd fucked, which had been with my

THE BLUEST EYE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity and language that is not suitable for children. It contains sexual content and descriptions of violence that are not suitable for children.

By Toni Morrison
ISBN: 9780307386588



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Bluest Eye was found in the following schools.*
This book is also a selection in curriculum in Johnston Iowa.

Valley HS	IKM Manning	West Liberty HS	Keokuk Senior	CR Washington HS
Ankeny HS	Spirit Lake HS	Fairfield	Oskaloosa HS	Dubuque HS
Carroll	Iowa City High	Urbandale	Eldora	Waukee Northwest
Cedar Falls	Iowa City West	Cardinal Eldon Batavia	BCLUW HS	North Tama Secondary
Linn Mar	Carlisle	Mt Pleasant HS	BGM Jr/Sr	
North Tama	Waukee High School	East Buchanan HS/MS	Thomas Jefferson - Council Bluffs	

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Dear Families -

In the upcoming weeks, we will begin a new Unit, *The Social Construct Unit*.

During the course of our instruction, we will be using a collection of books that can be used to teach the standards, as well as provide specific skill related work in the areas of reading & writing. Our books are part of our Board approved English Language Arts curriculum. Our books are used within the Advanced Placement coursework, which is a college-level course; therefore, the text complexity and themes of the book are geared for college-level students.

As part of the unit, students will be able to choose from a variety of books to read. Our goal in offering these choices is to provide students with options that align to our intended instruction from the Iowa Core, while also allowing for book selections that align with interests and skill level.

For this unit/unit of study, students will choose to read one or more of the options below:

- *The Happiness Myth* by Jennifer Hecht
- *A Passage to India* by E.M. Forster
- *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Bronte
- *The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down* by Ann Fadiman
- *Their Eyes Were Watching God* by Zora Neale Hurston
- *Stoker* by John Stoker
- *The Bluest Eye* by Toni Morrison
- *The Red and the Black* by Alan Paton
- *Methland* by Nick Reding
- *The Sound and the Fury* by William Faulkner

As a point of reference, parents may want to find out more information about their student's book choice. The following are some websites that can be used to find out more information about the books on this list. While not an exhaustive list of websites containing information about books, each of the sites below contains information to support families as they preview materials. All of these websites have a free version providing information about books, but some are "for profit" and require a subscription to unlock all of its features. The free versions of subscription based sites, coupled with the other sites provided, assist families in making informed decisions. The websites represented are either used within the district, provided by our AEA partners, or were recommended as good sites from library professionals within the state.

- [Booklist Online](#): is a website that complements the Booklist magazine. Reviews on this website are written by members of the American Library Association. There is both a free and paid subscription option on this website, with the paid subscription (\$188.00/year). With the free subscription, you receive a basic book review.
- [Common Sense Media](#): Common Sense Media is an organization that reviews and provides ratings for media and technology with the goal of providing information

Quotes: **The Bluest Eye, teacher selected reading material.**

The tenderness welled up in him, and he sank to his knees, his eyes on the foot of his daughter. Crawling on all fours toward her, he raised his hand and caught the foot in an upward stroke. Pecola lost her balance and was about to career to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidity of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her – tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made – a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon. Following the disintegration – the falling away – of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell. Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his genitals out of the dry harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her. So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her. (162-163)

Soaphead Church is a self-declared "Reader, Advisor, and Interpreter of Dreams" who Pecola asks to give her blue eyes. He is also a pedophile. This has made a lot of people who have challenged *The Bluest Eye* uncomfortable, so we felt him to be worth mentioning here. *He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh. Body odor, breath odor, overwhelmed him. The sight of dried matter in the corner of the eye, decayed or missing teeth, ear wax, blackheads, moles, blisters, skin crusts – all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of – disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive – children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness. He was what one might call a very clean child man. (166-167)*



Page	Content
	laughter filled a tiny place over his head. ...The sight of him licking her fingers brought to mind the girlie magazines in his room.
82	They do not drink, smoke , or swear, and they still call sex "nooky."
83	He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him. While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place- like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Somewhere one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat the damp may get into her hair; and that she will remain dry between her legs—she hates the glucking sound they make when she is moist. When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her hips, press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And then a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief.
85	White kids; his mother did not like him to play with niggers. She had to explain to him the difference between colored people and niggers. They were easily identifiable. Colored people were neat and quiet; niggers were dirty and loud.
89	"Gimme my cat!" His voice broke. With a movement both awkward and sure he snatched the cat by one of its hind legs and began to swing it around his head in a circle. "Stop that!" Pecola was screaming. The cat's free paws were stiffened, ready to grab anything to restore balance, its mouth wide, its eyes blue streaks of horror. Junior tried to push her away, but she grabbed the arm which was swinging the cat. They both fell, and in falling, Junior let go the cat, which, having been released in mid-motion, was thrown full force against the window. It slithered down and fell on the radiator behind the sofa. Except for a few shudders, it was still. There was only the slightest smell of singed fur. Geraldine opened the door. "What is this?" Her voice was mild, as though asking a perfectly reasonable question. "Who is this girl?" "She killed our cat," said Junior. "Look." He pointed to the radiator, where the cat lay, its blue eyes closed, leaving only an empty, black, and helpless face.
93	"Mr. Henry." "What'd he do?"



Page	Content
	<p>"Daddy beat him up." ... "He...picked at me." "Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?" "Sort of." "He showed his privates at you?" "Noooo. He touched me." "Where?" "Here and there." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns, scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress. "Really? How did it feel?" ... "It didn't feel like anything." "But it wasn't supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?" She sighed. "First he said how pretty is was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."</p>
96	<p>"You could drink whiskey." "Where would I get whiskey?" ... "Pecola," I said. "Her father's always drunk. She can get us some." "You think so?" "Sure. Cholly's always drunk..."</p>
100	Black people were not allowed in the park, and so it filled our dreams.
111	No better than whites for meanness.
113	Nasty white folks is about the nastiest things they is.
117	I hurt just like them white women. Just 'cause I wasn't hooping and hollering before didn't mean I wasn't feeling pain. What'd they think? That just 'cause I knowed how to have a baby with no fuss that my behind wasn't pulling and aching like theirs?
120	<p>Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because I don 't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don 't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don 't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can 't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can 't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That</p>



Page	Content
	<p>... "I said, get on wid it. An' make it good, nigger, make it good."</p> <p>... The flashlight man lifted his gun down from his shoulder, and Cholly heard the clop of metal. He dropped back to his knees. Darlene had her head averted, her eyes staring out of the lamplight into the surrounding darkness and looking almost unconcerned, as though they had no part in the drama taking place around them. With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee hee hee."</p> <p>Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee hee hee."</p> <p>"Come on, coon. Faster. You ain't doing nothing for her."</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee hee hee."</p> <p>Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee hee hee."</p> <p>... "Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet."</p> <p>"Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby."</p> <p>... Cholly raised himself and in silence buttoned his trousers. Darlene did not move. Cholly wanted to strangle her, but instead he touched her leg with his foot. "We got to get, girl. Come on!"</p> <p>She reached for her underwear with her eyes closed, and could not find them. The two of them patted about in the moonlight for the panties. When she found them, she put them on with the movements of an old woman.</p>
140	It had occurred to him that Darlene might be pregnant.
149	<p>Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made—a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon.</p> <p>Following the disintegration—the falling away—of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell.</p>

THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER



Young Adult

Summary of Concerns:

(This book contains material that may be considered inappropriate for children and young adults.)

By Stephen Chbosky

ISBN: 978-1-4516-9820-2

978-1-4516-2243-2



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Perks of Being a Wallflower was found in the following schools. *

Valley Southwoods	Linn Marr	Dallas Center Grimes
Valley HS	IKM Manning	Iowa City High
Ankeny HS	Spirit Lake HS	Iowa City West
Carroll	Earlham	Indianola High School
Winterset	Pleasant Valley HS - Bettendorf	Davis County High School
Fairfield HS	Cardinal Eldon	Mt Pleasant High School
Keokuk Sr HS	Oskaloosa Sr	North Mahaska Jr Sr (New Sharon)
AGWSR Wellsburg High School	Janesville High School	BGM Jr/Sr
North Tama Secondary	Williamsburg High School	Waukee High School
East Buchanan HS/MS	Dubuque HS	CR Washington
Waukee Northwest	Waverly High School	West Liberty HS
Thomas Jefferson Council Bluffs		

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

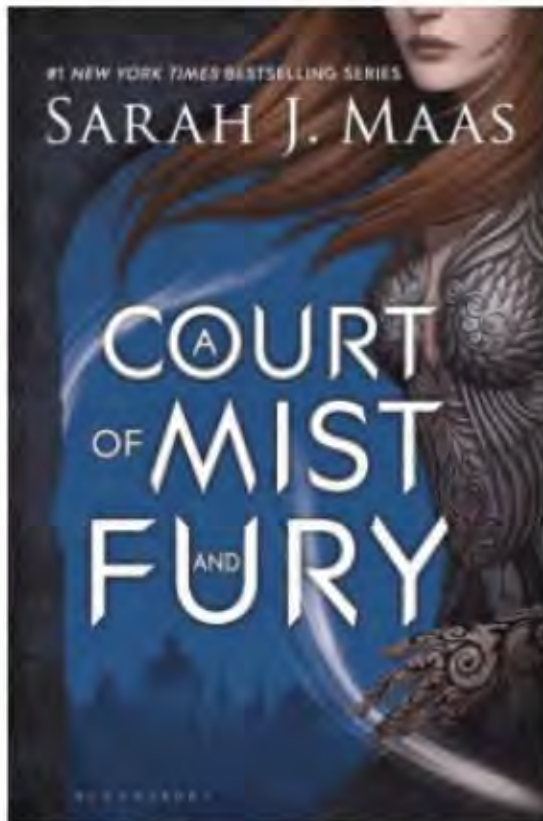
Page	Content
2	<p>I just need to know that someone out there listens and understands and doesn't try to sleep with people even if they could have. I need to know that these people exist.</p>
4	<p>That's maybe why he felt all alone and killed himself.</p>
6	<p>But over the summer she had her braces taken off, and she got a little taller and prettier and grew new breasts.</p>
12	<p>And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked. He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper. "Get out. You pervert."</p>
21	<p>I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I had never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission. ...Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow! I thought that in those movies and television shows when they talk about having a coffee break that they should have a masturbation break. ...I told Sam that I dreamt that she and I were naked on the sofa, and I started crying because I felt bad, and do you what she did? She laughed.</p>
30	<p>This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting. "C'mon, Dave." "What?" "The kid's in here." "It's okay." And the boy kept working up the girl's shirt, and as much as she sat no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn't know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. "Please. Dave. No." But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was. After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl's head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis</p>



Page	Content
	<p>in her mouth, and I don't think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying "no." Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.</p> <p>..."Did they know you were in there?"</p> <p>"Yes. They asked if they could use the room."</p> <p>"Why didn't you stop them?"</p> <p>"I didn't know what they were doing."</p> <p>"You pervert," ...</p>
33	Sam told me as we were hanging up our coats that Bob was "baked like a fucking cake."
44	<p>When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick's room.</p> <p>They had sex for the first time that night.</p> <p>I don't want to go into detail about it because it's pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that's pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really really stoned.</p>
45	He was also crying pretty bad, and he decided if anyone asked him, he would say his eyes were red from smoking pot.
49	According to my sister, Sam used to be a "blow queen." I hope you know what that means because I really can't think about Sam and describe it to you.
56	They usually start when my mom's dad (my grandfather) finishes his third drink. It is around this time that he starts to talk a lot. My grandfather usually just complains about black people moving into the old neighborhood, and then my sister gets upset at him, and then my grandfather tells her that she doesn't know what she's talking about because she lives in the suburbs.
66	<p>And I wasn't shy because we were trying to act like grown-ups, and we drank brandy. And I was warm. I'm still a little warm, but I have to tell you this.</p> <p>...That's when Patrick put on the second side of the tape I made for him and poured everyone another glass of brandy. I guess we all looked a little silly drinking it, but we didn't feel silly.</p>
70	She told me about the first time she was kissed. She told me that it was with one of her dad's friends. She was seven.
72	<p>And he caught his sister making out on the back porch</p> <p>...That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that was the thing to do</p> <p>And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" because that's what it was really all about</p> <p>And he gave himself an A</p> <p>and a slash on each damned wrist</p> <p>And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he could reach the kitchen.</p>
81	<p>I agreed, but then my brother started saying how my sister was just a "bitchy dyke."</p> <p>...I am probably the only one in the family with a friend who is gay.</p>
94	Everyone else is either asleep or having sex.

A COURT OF MIST AND FURY

By Sarah J. Maas



Concerns

This book contains numerous sexually explicit excerpts and violence.

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth.

...He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion.

...But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple.

...He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button.

"Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.

I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him.

...he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table.

...The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire.

I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast.

He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely.

A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when

his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the world

that I was very near to falling off.

He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as

his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked,

his teeth scraping ever so slightly---I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving.... But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table.

I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor.

...I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness.

Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me,...

...Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch.

...Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused.

...I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me.

...Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow.

...Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time.

...With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger.

...I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you."

Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end.

...Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt.

- Page 530



THE HATE U GIVE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial commentary; frequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Angie Thomas

ISBN: 978-0-06-287135-0



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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
31	Daddy believes in Black Jesus but follows the Black Panthers' Ten-Point Program more than the Ten Commandments. He agrees with the Nation of Islam on some stuff, but he can't get over the fact that they may have killed Malcolm X. "Pig in my house," Daddy grumbles and sits next to me.
51	"You mean y'all wanna justify what that pig did," Daddy says. "Investigate my ass." ... "A sixteen-year-old black boy is dead because a white cop killed him. What else could it be?"
81	Fooling around isn't new for us, and when Chris slipped his hand into my shorts, I didn't think anything of it. Then he got me going, and I really wasn't thinking. At all. For real, my thought process went out the door. And right as I was at that moment, he stopped, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a condom. He raised his eyebrows at me, silently asking for an invitation to go all the way. All I could think about was those girls I see walking around Garden Heights, babies propped on their hips. Condom or no condom, shit happens. ...I left his house pissed and horny, the absolute worst way to leave.
88	Last time he played with some neighborhood kids, they called him "white boy" 'cause he goes to Williamson.
110	Let my clarify- my butt against his crotch, my back against his chest. I'm bumping up against him, trying to figure out how to get the ball back in the hole. It sounds way dirtier than it actually is, especially in this position.
131	"...Coming in the Lord's house, looking like he prostitute you are!"
131	"I still can't believe you slept with that nasty ho."
3	A haze lingers over the room, smelling like weed, and music rattles the floor.
5	Plus, if I pull it over my nose, I can't smell the weed.
7	"...You're so lucky you go to that white-people school and don't have to deal with hoes like that."
9	"Point made. And before you say it, I'll lame white-kid suburb parties don't count." ... "I bet they be doing Molly and shit, don't they?" Chance asks me. "White kids love popping pills."
10	"Damn. For real?" Chance asks. "Shiiiiit. Bitch, next time invite me. I'll party with them white kids."
186	She pats my hair and says, "White people do stupid shit sometimes."
220	"It's really something that you're alive," I say. Snitches get stitches doesn't apply to King Lords. More like snitches get graves. Momma tilts Mr. Lewis's head to look at the cut on his cheek. "She's right. You're real lucky, Mr. Lewis. Don't even need stitches." ... "He ain't come in till them other ones got me down. Ol' punk ass, looking like a black Michelin Man."
224	"A cop though? If the homies find out, the gon' think I'm snitching." "They're not your homies if you gotta hide from them," I say. "Plus Uncle Carlos wouldn't ask you to snitch."

Page	Content
398	<p>"People are pissed, DeVante. They're not thinking shit out. They're doing shit." "...He was mad as hell that Chris is white. But ay? You spit that NWA shit like you did back there, maybe he'll think you're a'ight." "What? Surprised a white boy knows NWA?" Chris teases. "Man, you ain't white. You light-skinned."</p>
400	"I swear, I don't understand white people..."
401	"...If my pops were here, he'd say you've fallen into the trap of the white standard."
408	<p>Ahead of the crowd a lady twists stands on top of a police car, holding a bullhorn. She turns toward us, her fist raised for black power. Khalil smiles on the front of her T-shirt. ...She eyes beat-up DeVante. "Oh my God, did you get caught in the riots?" DeVante touches his face. "Damn, I look that bad?" ..."You can destroy wood and brick, but you can't destroy a movement..."</p>
410	<p>"You want to fight the system tonight?" ..."Good. As of now I'm not your attorney. So if your parents find out about this, I didn't do it as your attorney but as an activist. You saw that bus near the intersection?" ..."If the police react, run straight to it. Got it?" ...She takes me to the patrol car and motions at her colleague. The lady climbs off and hands Ms. Ofrah the bullhorn. Ms. Offrah passes it over to me. "Use your weapon," she says. Another one of her coworkers lifts me and sets me on top of the cop car. ...Shit, I have no idea what to say. ...You know what? Fuck it. "My name is Starr. I'm the one who saw what happened to Khalil," I say into the bullhorn. "And it wasn't right." ..."We weren't doing anything wrong. Not only did Officer Cruise assume we were up to no good, he assumed we were criminals. Well, Officer Cruise is the criminal." The crowd cheers and claps. Ms. Ofrah says, "Speak!" That amps me up. I turn to the cops. "I'm sick of this! Just like y'all think all of us are bad because of some people, we think the same about y'all. Until you give us a reason to think otherwise, we'll keep protesting."</p>
430	DeVante shrugs. "I already need the stitches. Might as well snitch."

Profanity	Count
Ass	37
Bitch	14
Fuck	70
Nigga	2
Piss	10
Shit	103

English 10 Syllabus



- DMACC Career Day
- Job shadow
- Speech
- **Analysis Unit** - students will develop analytical skills by diving deeper into a short story
 - "The Cask of Amontillado" by Edgar Allan Poe
 - "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin
 - "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry
 - They can use the short stories we have read previously as well.
 - Analysis essay
- **Book Club/Awareness Unit** - students will be able to make connections to the real world by choosing a novel that centers around an issue that impacts society as a whole. They will then create a book trailer (as a group) promoting their book choice. This will be followed by a research project and presentation that will be geared towards raising awareness on something they are passionate about
 - Sold by Patricia McCormick
 - The Poet X by Elizabeth Acevedo
 - Turtles All The Way Down by John Green
 - All American Boys by Jason Reynolds and Brendan Kiely
 - Thirteen Reasons Why by Jay Asher
 - The Hate U Give by Angie Thomas
- **Weekly** -
 - Nonfiction article (of student choosing)
 - Read
 - Annotate
 - Summarize
 - Share
 - Vocabulary terms

Students Signature: _____

Parents Signature: _____

- Please note that items are tentative and can change or altered throughout the year

SOLD



Summary of Concerns:

Ny Patricia McCormick
ISBN: 978-076851720



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, **Sold** was found in the following schools.*
This book is also a selection in curriculum in Carroll Iowa.

Valley Southwoods	Linn Mar	Spirit Lake HS	Carlisle
Valley High School	Forest City	Earlham	West Liberty HS
Ankeny HS	Denison	Iowa City High	Winterset HS
Carroll	IKM Manning	Iowa City West	Pleasant Valley HS Bettendorf
Davis County HS	Fairfield HS	Pekin Packwood	Mt Pleasant HS
Keokuk SH	Williamsburg HS	Keokuk Sigourney Jr./Sr.	Tri County Thornburg
Oskaloosa SH	North Mahaska Jr./ Sr. New Sharon	Eddyville-Fremont / Eddyville-Blacksburg	Eldora
AGWSR Wellsburg HS	BCLUW HS	Dike New Hartford	Green Mt Garwin HS
East Buchanan MS/HS	Dubuque HS	Johnston	Thomas Jefferson Council Bluffs
Davenport Central HS	CR Washington		

The following page is a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

SO

In between, men come. They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open. Then they disappear. I cannot tell which of the things they do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.

-page 123

Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. His teeth dig into my lower lip. Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might. He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move. ...I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast...He unbuckles his belt...The fish-lips man removes my dress....Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me.

*With a sudden thrust
I am torn in two.*

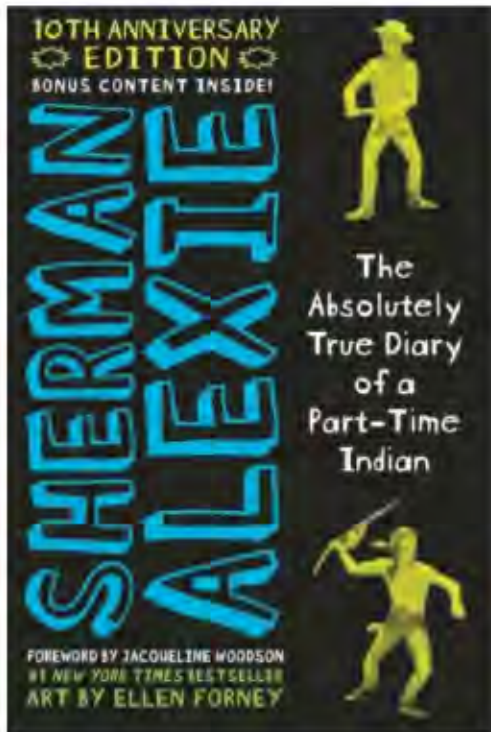
"Oh, yes," he says, panting.
"Habib is good in bed."

-page 102

LD

"Sold" by Patricia McCormick

THE ABSOLUTELY TRUE DIARY OF A PART-TIME INDIAN



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual nudity; inflammatory racial commentary; references to racism; and profanity.

Young Adult

By Sherman Alexie

ISBN: 978-0-316-21930-3

978-0-316-50404-1

978-0-316-43988-6

978-0-316-01368-0

978-0-316-01369-7

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
12	And what's more, our white dentist believed that Indians only felt half as much pain as white people did, so he only gave us half the Novocain.
37	I like girls and their curves. And I really like women and their curvier curves. I spend hours in the bathroom with a magazine that has one thousand pictures of naked movie stars: Naked woman + right hand = happy happy joy joy yep, that's right, I admit that I masturbate, I'm proud of it. I'm good at it. I'm ambidextrous. If there were a Professional Masturbators League, I'd get drafted number one and make millions of dollars. Ad maybe you're thinking, "Well, you really shouldn't be talking about masturbation in public." Well, tough, I'm going to talk about it because EVERYBODY does it. And EVERYBODY likes it. And if God hadn't wanted us to masturbate, then God wouldn't have given us thumbs. So I thank God for my thumbs.
62	During one week when I was little, Dad got stopped three times for DWI: Driving While Indian.
64	"Did you know that Indians are living proof that niggers fuck buffalo?" I felt like Roger had kicked me in the face. That was the most racist thing I'd ever heard in my life.
73	The illustration on this page depicts a diagram of a young man split with "White" written on one side and "Indian" written on the other side. On the "White" side are the labels: "A BRIGHT FUTURE," "POSITIVE ROLE MODELS," "HOPE," "Ralph Lauren Shirt," "Ergonomic backpack (with cell phone)," "Timex wristwatch," "The latest Air Jordans,". On the "Indian" side there are labels: "A VANISHING PAST," "A FAMILY HISTORY OF DIABETES AND CANCER," "BONE-CRUSHING REALITY," "Kmart T-shirt," "Sears blue jeans 2 pairs for \$19.99!," "no watch (It's skin-thrifty!)," "Glad garbage book bag," "canvas tennis shoes (purchased in aisle 7 of Safeway supermarket)"
118	"...And, yea, you need to take that seriously, but you should also read and draw because really good books and cartoons give you a boner." "You should get a boner! You have to get a boner!"
119	The illustration on this page depicts to young men talking to each other. "Did you just say books should give me a boner?" "Yes, I did." "Are you serious?" "Yeah... Don't you get excited about books?" "I don't think you're supposed to get that excited about books."
120	"Now doesn't that give you a boner?" "I am rock hard," I said. Gordy blushed.



Page	Content
	"Well, I don't mean a boner in the sexual sense," Gordy said. "I don't think you should run through life with a real erect penis..."
131	"What are you looking at?" she asks me. "I'm looking at an anorexic," I say. A really HOT anorexic, I want to add, but I don't. "I'm not anorexic," she says. "I'm bulimic." ...They have their own fucking Web sites where they give advice on the best laxatives and stuff. "What's the difference between bulimics and anorexics?" I ask. "Anorexics are anorexics all the time," she says. "I'm only bulimic when I'm throwing up."
135	"...In the meantime, you just keep your trouser snake in your trousers and I won't have to punch you in the stomach."
135	"Kid, if you get my daughter pregnant, if you make some charcoal babies, I'm going to disown her..."
141	She was wearing a white shirt and white shorts, and I could see the outlines of her white bra and white panties. Her skin was pale white. Milky white. Cloud white. So she was all white on white on white, like the most perfect kind of vanilla dessert cake you've ever seen. I wanted to be her chocolate topping.
143	"Well, this article said that over two hundred Mexican girls have disappeared in the last three years in that same part of the country. And nobody says much about that. And that's racist. They guy who wrote the article says people care more about beautiful white girls than they do about everybody else on the planet. White girls are privileged. They're damsels in distress." ..."I think it means you're just a racist asshole like everybody else."
153	I imagined that Earl said his daughter could go only if Roger got his hands into her panties instead of me.
154	"Yeah, have you done her yet?"
160	A few minutes later, he e-mailed me a digital photo of his bare ass.
167	That's one more thing people don't know about Indians: we love to talk dirty.
201	She hugged me hard. And I have to admit that it felt pretty dang good. Miss Warren was, like, fifty years old, but she was still pretty hot. She was all skinny and muscular because she jogged all the time. So I sort of, er, physically reacted to her hug. And the thing is, Miss Warren was hugging me so tight that I was pretty sure she could feel my, er, physical reaction. I was kinda proud, you know? ...No, I was mostly ashamed of my, er, physical reaction to the hug. Yep, I had a big erection when I heard of my sister's death. How perverted is that? How inappropriately hormonal can one boy be?
259	A tribe of chronic masturbators.

Integrated Language Arts (ILA)

Angela Allsop, Bridget Bearden, Melissa Dale, Kristi Miller, Parris Robinson, Haley Thiele, Ed Walker

Course Description:

Integrated Language Arts (ILA) is a year-long (2 semester) course focusing on the 5 strands of the Iowa Common Core: Reading, Writing, Speaking, Viewing, Listening. Throughout the course, students will be provided with multiple opportunities to develop their skills in these areas through whole-class and student selected activities. All 10th grade students must take ILA as part of their graduation requirements.

Course Outlook:

SEMESTER 1 -

Introductory Unit

- Writing and Grammar Baselines
- MLA Requirements

Unit 1: Narrative - *Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*

- Student-created narratives
- Speaking opportunities

Unit 2: Independent Research

- Research social issues
- Creative project
- Speaking opportunities

Unit 3: *The Crucible*

- Argumentative writing
- Speaking opportunities

SEMESTER 2 -

Unit 4: Documentary Analysis

- Documentary analysis
- Student - created mini-documentary

Unit 5: Short Stories

- Literary analysis

Unit 6: Choice Novels

- Student-choice reading
- Literary analysis
- Speaking opportunities

Unit 7: Community Project

- Researching relevant issues
- Argumentative writing
- Speaking opportunities

Some Useful iPad Applications/Accounts:

- Showbie (Required for assignment submission)
- Socrative
- Good Notes
- My Homework App
- iMovie
- Flipgrid

- Turnitin.com (Required for assignment submission)
- Moodle
- Remind.com
- Google Drive
- Google Docs, Google Slides
- Zoom

Grading Policy:

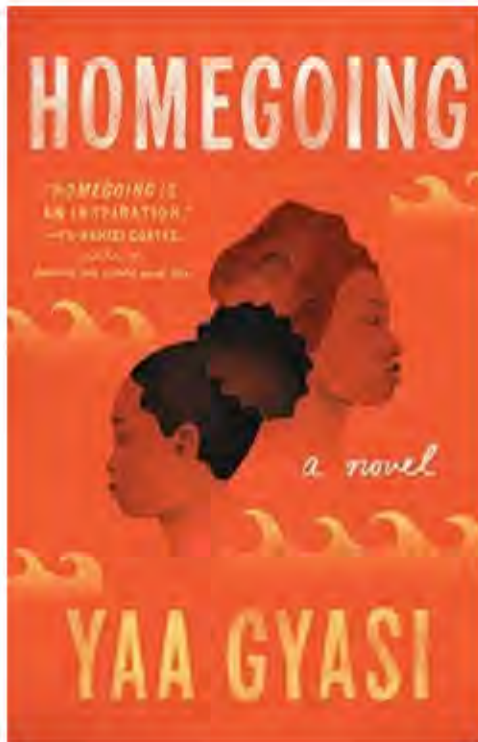
All in-class work and assessments (presentations, essays, quizzes, etc.) will be connected to the standards outlined in Common Core and Johnston English Curriculum Guide. In our class, students will always be scored on their ability to demonstrate the standard on an 8-point scale. The 8-point scale will help us report to students, parents, and all stakeholders where the student is at in reference to each grade-level standard. Using this 8-point scale will allow us to provide very targeted feedback, as well as help students understand exactly what is required to achieve proficiency on each skill. With that in mind, each score will generally represent the following:

8	7	6	5	4	M
This student went beyond grade level expectations with their skill.	This student is exactly where they should be: at 10th grade-level.	This student understands the basic concepts or can demonstrate foundational skills, but needs additional assistance achieving grade level work.	This student is struggling with grade-level concepts or skills.	This student is distant from grade level expectations.	This student has not completed the assignment within the necessary time frame.

Gradebook Categories:

All practice assessments will fall under the **Skills Practice** category (worth 0% of the grade). These assessments will represent the student's grasp of each Language Arts standard as we move through each unit. Though these assignments do not themselves impact a student's grade, they should be seen as an indicator for the student, guardian(s), and teacher regarding the student's performance in the course.

HOMEGOING



Adult

By Yaa Gyasi

ISBN: 9781101947142

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual assault; and nudity.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
22	<p>He was still in his uniform, and Effia could tell that he'd had a long day by the way his lapel drooped. She helped him pull off his cap and shirt and she pressed her body against his, as Adowa had taught her. Before he could register his surprise, she grabbed his arms and pushed him to the bed. Not since their first night together had he been this timid, afraid of her unfamiliar body, the full-figured flesh, so different from how he had described his wife. Excited now, he pushed into her, and she squeezed her eyes as tightly as she could, her tongue circling her lips. He pushed harder, his breathing heavy and labored. She scratched his back, and he cried out. She bit his ear and pulled his hair. He pushed against her as though he were trying to move through her. And when she opened her eyes to look at him, she saw something like pain written across his face and the ugliness of the act, the sweat and blood and wetness they produced became illuminated, and she knew that if she was an animal tonight, then he was too.</p>
41	<p>When she heard the soft moaning, the quickened breath, she turned to face the wall of the hut. Once, just once, she had watched them where they lay, the darkness helping to cover her curiosity. Her father was hovering over her mother's body, mobbing softly at first, and then with more force. She couldn't see much, but it was the sounds that had interested her. The sounds her parents made together, sounds that walked a thin line between pleasure and pain. Esi both wanted and was afraid to want. So she never watched again.</p>
47	<p>One of them grabbed a woman on the far end and pushed her against the wall. His hands found her breasts and then began to move down the length of her body, lower and lower still, until the sound that escaped her lips was a scream</p>
48	<p>He put her on a folded tarp, spread her legs, and entered her. She screamed, but he placed his hand over her lips, then put his fingers in her mouth.</p>
101	<p>For the entire week after, his body had taken over the excuse-making for him, his penis lying limp between his legs each time he went to her. Even on the nights she braided her hair the way he liked it and rubbed coconut oil on her breasts and between her thighs.</p>
116	<p>They kissed, and whatever clothes Anna hadn't gotten to, Jo made quick work of removing. He tasted her and could feel more than hear the pleasure it sent through her body like a current, the way she stifled her moans so the kids wouldn't wake up, and expert at that after many nights and seven children. They worked quickly and quietly together, hoping the dark would mask their motions if one of the children happened to be peering through the curtain, unable to sleep. Jo grabbed onto Anna's butt with both of his hungry hands. As long as she lived, it would always be a pleasure and a gift to fill his hands with the weight of her flesh.</p>
136	<p>Ohene had discovered that the stick between his legs could perform tricks, and while Abena's father and mother were out begging for a share of the elders' food, as they did every week, Ohene and showed Abena those tricks. ..."See?" he said as they watched it lift when she touched it. They had both seen their fathers' this way. Ohene on those days his father went from on wife's hut to the next, and Abena in the days before she got her own hut. But they had never known Ohene's to do the same. ..."What does it feel like?" she had asked. ...He shrugged, smiled, and she knew what he felt was a good thing.</p>



Page	Content
	<p>...All children had heard the fables about people who lay together before they had their marriage ceremonies: the far-fetched one about the men whose penises turned into trees while still inside the woman, growing branches into her stomach so that he could not exit her body; the simpler, truer ones about banishment, fines, and shame.</p> <p>...Finally that night, Abena had been able to convince Ohene, and he had fumbled around, thrusting at the entrance until he broke through and she hurt, thrusting inside: once, twice then nothing. There was no loud moan or whimper as they had heard escape their fathers' mouths. He simply left the same way he had arrived.</p>
143	<p>Soon her lips were meeting lips. They were not the lips she remembered from their childhood, the ones that were thin and always dry because he refused to oil them. They were thicker, a trap for her own lips, her own tongue.</p> <p>...Soon they were lying down in the shadow of the cave, Abena took off her wrapper and heard Ohene Nyarko suck in his breath, removing his own. At first they just stared at each other, taking their bodies in, comparing them with what they'd know before.</p> <p>...He reached for her, and she flinched, remembering the last time he had touched her. How she had lain on the floor of her parent's hut, staring up at the straw roof and wondering if there was more to it than that, the pain of it so outweighing the pleasure that she could not understand why it happened in huts across her village, the Asante, the world.</p> <p>...Now Ohene Nyarko pinned her arms down to the hard red clay. She bit his arm and he growled, letting go, until she hugged him back toward her. He moved like the knew the scenes that were playing inside her head. And she let him inside her. And she let herself forget everything but him.</p> <p>...When they had finished, when they were sweaty and spent and catching their breath, Abena laid her head against his chest, that panting pillow, his heart drumming into her ear.</p>
192	<p>That night, Crippled Man turned Crazy Woman onto her back and entered her, forcefully at first, and then more timidly. She opened her eyes to see him working more slowly than he used to, using his arms to push off, push in, his sweat dripping slowly off the bridge of his nose to land on her forehead and trickle down to meet the floor.</p>
210	<p>Robert was cautious, but she was wild. It had always been that way. The first night he had lain with her, he'd been so nervous that his penis had rested against his left leg, a log on the river of his quivering thigh.</p> <p>..."Your daddy's gon' kill me," he said. They were sixteen, their parents at a union meeting.</p> <p>..."I'm not thinkin' 'bout my daddy right now, Robert," she'd said, trying to stand the log. She's put each of his fingers into her mouth one by one and had bitten the tips, watching him all the while. She'd eased him into her and moved on top of him until he was begging her to stop, to not stop, to quicken, to slow. When he closed his eyes, she'd bidden him to open them, to look at her. She liked to be the star of the show.</p>
214	<p>The gray suit eased the mop away. "You still have cleaning to do," he said. He caressed her face. His hands started to move down her body, but before it could</p>

ASSASSINATION CLASSROOM



Young Adult Graphic Novel

By Yusei Matsui

ISBN: 9781421581514



Book Summary:

A group of students attempt to kill their alien teacher who is teaching them how to become assassins.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence; mild profanity; and sexual activities.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
7	The illustration on this page depicts a classroom full of young students is shown with guns aimed toward the front of the classroom. <i>See Figure 1.</i>
8	Class 1 Killing Time in Homeroom The illustration on this page depicts several students with guns aimed toward a teacher in the front of the room. The teacher is an alien wearing a cap and gown. <i>See Figure 2.</i>
9	The illustration on this page depicts a zoomed-in profile of a hand holding a handgun. The word "START!!" is written in front of the barrel of the gun with an arrow pointing in the direction away from the barrel.
10	The illustration on the top of the page depicts several young individuals with various types of guns pointed in one direction. The words: GET READY!! Are written in large letters. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts several guns firing. "FI-I-I-RE!!!" is written on the top of the image. Written across the page are the words: POW, POW, POW, POW, POW
12	The illustration on the top of the page depicts the alien teacher depicted above in the front of the classroom. There are several students with their guns aimed downward. One of the students is saying, "ALL THOSE BULLETS...AND WE MISSED?!" Two other students are saying, "WE'RE ASSASSINS AND OUR TARGET IS..." "...OUR TEACHER." The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts a young woman holding a rifle while another individual says, "YOU'RE RELYING TOO MUCH ON THE 'SPRAY AND PRAY' METHOD."
13	The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts the alien teacher described above holding up its right arm as it holds a handgun aimed at it. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts the alien teacher's tentacle arm in the foreground. In the background, a young man is standing with a handgun in his left hand. The alien is saying, "OKAY, SOMEONE PLEASE HAND ME A GUN THAT IS LOADED."
14	The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts the alien teacher with a gun in his left tentacle hand. His right tentacle arm has been shot with pieces of his tentacle flying toward the edge of the frame. The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts a young woman looking downward at a severed tentacle as it wiggles, falling toward the floor. <i>See Figure 3.</i>
15	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of the alien teacher's head. It has a smile on its face with shaded lines across its face. It's saying, "...BEFORE GRADUATION. I HOPE YOU CAN KILL ME..."



Page	Content
20	The illustration on the top of the page depicts the alien teacher described above looking at a young man waving a sword. The young man is saying, "...ASSASSINATE YOUR TEACHER."
22	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of a hand firing a handgun. The words surrounding the image read: ...THIRTY OF YOU..., ...CAN ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM EVERY DAY AT CLOSE RANGE!!!
29	The illustration on the middle-right side of the page depicts a man with an angry face holding a knife, looking toward a young girl. The man is saying, "...WHEN HIS GUARD IS DOWN. YOU STAB HIM...MY PLAN IS SIMPLE."
33	The illustration on the middle-left side of the page depicts several weapon pointed toward the alien teacher described above.
38	The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts a young man attempting to stab the alien teacher in the chest.
93	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts several young individuals with swords and knives attempting to stab the alien teacher who is tied up to a tree, swinging. A girl is saying, "...HE'S LETTING US PLAY 'PINATA.'"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the alien teacher swinging side to side saying, "I'M ONLY GOING TO LET YOU DO THIS ONCE. YOU NEED TO TRY HARDER." There are knives pointed at him with the word "STAB" "STAB" written next to them.</p>
116	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of the palm of a hand with several small blades sticking out of it. The alien teacher's right is depicted in the background as being severed and spraying blood. "WOW...YOU ARE FAST. AND THEY WEREN'T LYING WHEN THEY SAID THIS WOULD HURT YOU. EVEN TINY SLIVERS LIKE THIS."
117	The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts a young man holding up his hand. There are several small, sharp objects sticking out of it. He is saying, "I CAN'T BELIEVE...YOU FELL FOR THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK!"
122	The illustration on this page depicts several young individuals in a classroom with guns and knives in their hands or on their desks. The bottom of the page reads: THE HIGHLY MOTIVATED STUDENTS OF ASSASSINATION CLASSROOM. (IT'S AMAZING HOW WELL A BILLION CAN MOTIVATE KIDS--THAT AND A GOOD TEACHER.)
127	<p>The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts a posterior view of a handgun firing bullets toward the alien teacher.</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts a young man smiling. He's holding a handgun saying, "HA HA! YOU FELL FOR IT AGAIN." "IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT...KILL MY PARENTS...KILL WHOEVER...I'M GOING TO KEEP THIS UP, YOU KNOW. YOU THINK I CARE IF I DISRUPT YOUR CLASS?"</p>
128	The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of a young man's face. He's saying, "I'VE BEEN WANTING...TO KILL A TEACHER."



Page	Content
135	"I CAN'T BELIEVE I GET TO KILL A TEACHER WITH MY OWN HANDS!" "IT'S PAYBACK TIME! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE LAST ONE..."
181	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a man lying on the ground, shirtless. He has a terrified expression on his face and a hole in his forehead with smoke billowing out of it. Above this picture, there is a blood splatter.
182	The illustration on the top of this page depicts a young woman in an upper thigh length dress with a small holster strapped to her left upper thigh. She is straddling a man's pelvis. The man is nude laying on his back on a soft mattress. The woman has a small handgun aimed at him. There is smoke coming out of the barrel of the gun. <i>See Figure 4.</i>
184	"Kill" is a fascinating word. It's often used, but rarely put into action. So I decided to create a story centered around this unique word. If you enjoy it, you can kill me now and I'll die happy. -Yusei Matsui
Back Cover	PARENTAL ADVISORY ASSASSINATION CLASSROOM is rated T+ for Older Teen and is recommended for ages 16 and up. It contains realistic violence and suggestive situations. ratings.viz.com

Profanity	Count
Piss	1



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4



FLAMER



Young Adult Graphic Novel

Book Summary:

A young teenage boy (and is bullied while coming to grips with his homosexuality and its religious implications.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains offensive sexual content, sexual activities, sexual teasing, profanity and derogatory terms, violence including self-harm, and antisemitic religious commentary.

By Mike Curato

ISBN: 978-1-62779-641-5



3/5

Minor Restricted
Restricted Reading Rating

In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Flamer was found in the following schools.*

Denison	Iowa City West	Indianola
West Liberty High	Pleasant Valley HS/Bettendorf	Eldora
Waukee Northwest	Davenport Central	Dubuque High School

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Page	Content
14	"Hey, Navarro, suck any good dicks lately? Hahahahaha"
22	"What's wrong, Navarro? I thought you like a big sausage in your mouth! Haha!" The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a young teenage boy with a hotdog on a stick balanced between his legs. Three other boys are watching him, laughing.
23	The illustration on this page depicts the young teenager described above, standing behind another young teenage boy whom is bent over with a hot dog bun opened behind his buttocks. The teenage standing up with the hotdog on a stick is saying, "Okay, who wants my hot weiner?" The other boy is saying, "Oh, yeah, baby, slide it right into my buns." <i>See Figure 1.</i>
26	Usually his bark is worse than his bite, but one time he was so mad at my little brother, he went to hit him... ...but mom stepped in between them.
40	We're canoeing out to Frying Pan Island, which supposedly looks like a frying pan, but we're all certain it looks like a cock and balls.
45	"Okay, Flaming Arrows, let's set up camp. Everyone pitch your tents." "You're making me pitch one right now, hot stuff." "Why, thank you, Jones. Just for that, your sweet ass is on K.P. tonight."
69	"Yes...uh...why are you dressed like a girl?" "I just think women's fashion is more interesting. And EXCUSE ME, but this is my fantasy, so don't worry about it..." The illustration on this page depicts the main character, whom is a male, dressed in a princess outfit with a tiara and ball gown, speaking to a knight in armor.
74	And what if someone thinks my penis is small? I mean, it's not microscopic, but there's the age-old shrinkage dilemma... Even worse than someone seeing me naked is me seeing others naked. It's so...scary.
75	The illustration on this page depicts several men showering along side one another. The main character is in the background with his underpants on, looking toward the other young men showering.
76	The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts the main character, a young man, standing in a frontal view in his boxer shorts. There is an older naked male walking in a profile view. The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The male walking is shown in profile with his buttocks exposed. The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts the main character standing behind a naked young man. The main character has his hands up near his face as the young man in front of him is bent over saying, "ooooooooops! I dropped the soap. Don't get any ideas, boys!"

Page	Content
252	The illustration on the middle-right-side of the page depicts a young man from the chest upward. His arms are bound with rope and he has blood and tears running down his face.
281	Too short. Too fat. Not MAN enough, Not WHITE enough. Not STRAIGHT enough. I'll never be safe ANYWHERE.
306	The illustration on this page depicts an arm and hand with the fist clenched with the bottom facing upward. There is another hand lightly pressing a knife to the wrist. <i>See Figure 4.</i>
364	However, there were experiences I had during my time in the Boy Scouts that were very hard as a closeted kid. Over the years, the Boy Scouts have become more inclusive of sexual orientation and gender thanks to people in and out of scouting who made their voices heard. But when I was a kid, it was not okay to be gay. ...Though scout bylaws have become more inclusive, homophobia still exists in many troops today, because homophobia is nationally and internationally a systemic issue. ...Also like Aiden, I once kneeled in a camp chapel with a knife against my wrist.

Profanity/Derogatory	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	3
Cock	2
Dick	5
Faggot/Fag	14
Fuck	15
Piss	1
Prick	1
Queer	2
Shit	13



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4

CONTENT BASED RATING



0

For Everyone

Content is appropriate for all ages

- Mild Inexplicit Violence
- No Hate
- No Nudity
- No Profanity
- No References to Sexuality, Gender Ideologies, nor Sexual Activities
- No Drug or Alcohol Use

1

Child Guidance

Some Content may not be appropriate for very young children

- Mild Violence
- Mild/Infrequent Profanity
- Mild/Infrequent Hate
- Non-Sexual Nudity excluding genitalia
- No References to Sexual Activities
- No Drug or Alcohol Use
- Inexplicit Sexuality
- Inexplicit Gender Ideologies

2

Teen Guidance

Some content may not be appropriate for children under 13.

- Moderate Violence
- Moderate Hate
- Moderate Profanity
- Non-Sexual Nudity including genitalia
- Inexplicit Sexual Nudity/Sexual Activities
- Drug or Alcohol Use
- Explicit Sexuality
- Explicit Gender Ideologies

3

Minor Restricted

Under 18 requires guidance of parent or guardian

- Excessive/Explicit Violence
- Extreme/Frequent Hate
- Excessive/Frequent Profanity
- Sexual Nudity
- References to Sexual Activities (NOT involving penetration, cummingus, fellatio, or ejaculation)
- Drug or Alcohol Abuse

4

No Minors

Adult content. No child under 18.

- Explicit Sexual Nudity (depictions of sexual organs in a state of arousal)
- Obscene References to Sexual Activities (involving anal, oral, or vaginal intercourse; fingering, anilingus, or ejaculation)

5

Aberrant Content

Adult only.

- Explicit References to Aberrant Sexual Activities (sexual assault/battery, bestiality, or sadomasochistic abuse)

Use the camera on your phone – scan QR Code to view book summary:

The Haters – Jesse Andrews



<https://tinyurl.com/nh2cdb7h>

Damsel - Elana K. Arnold



<https://tinyurl.com/2p9y8pyx>

Red Hood – Elana K. Arnold



<https://tinyurl.com/27bswy2z>

What Girls Are Made Of – Elana K. Arnold



<https://tinyurl.com/3886i6xy>

The Handmaids Tale Graphic Novel - Atwood



<https://tinyurl.com/mryvskr2>

Oryx and Crake – Atwood



<https://tinyurl.com/mryvskr2>

Speak (Graphic Novel) – Anderson



<https://tinyurl.com/3b8cmmzs>

My Friend Dahmer



<https://tinyurl.com/4rdk8rs2>

Perks of Being a Wallflower - Chbosky



<https://tinyurl.com/yptw3pub>

Lawn Boy - Evison



<https://tinyurl.com/28ajdtu6>

The Carnival at Bray - Foley



<https://tinyurl.com/2p8693e6>

Life is Funny - Frank



<https://tinyurl.com/mrxccw6p>

**Not that Bad - Dispatches from Rape Culture
Roxane Gay**



<http://booklooks.org/data/files/Book%20Looks%20Reports/N/Not%20that%20Bad.pdf>

Homegoing - Gyasi



<https://tinyurl.com/ye3y6anf>

Maybe Now - Hoover



<https://tinyurl.com/bdee6tet>

Losing Hope - Hoover



<https://tinyurl.com/4tt8nn4bi>

Tricks - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/mtxwemxu>

Triangles - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/27cddrpw>

A Sin Such as This - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/yck7ehtp>

Crank - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/4wnyx7k>

Identical - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/5n6mswxj>

Perfect - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/txdr969>

People Who Kill - Hopkins



<https://tinyurl.com/zx63kf3k>

Tilt - Hoover



<https://tinyurl.com/3aumxcnd>

All Boys Aren't Blue - Johnson



<https://tinyurl.com/2p9er68e>

**The Sun And Her Flowers – Kaur
(illustrations)**



<https://tinyurl.com/2y6ktsvm>

Home Body - Kaur



<https://tinyurl.com/yrf377uz>

**Milk and Honey – Kaur
(Illustrations)**



<https://tinyurl.com/ykvdzfn5>

**Gender Queer – Kobabe
(Graphic Novel)**



<https://tinyurl.com/2p956bm3>

Last Night at the Telegraph Club



<https://tinyurl.com/2h9brkcd>

Boy Toy – Lyga



<https://tinyurl.com/2c3d9s6c>

A Court of Frost and Starlight - Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/r739d2m8>

A Court of Mist and Fury - Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/28mnu4s7>

A Court of Silver Flames – Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/2y6ktsvm>

A Court of Thorns and Roses – Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/2p827jt9>

A Court of Wings and Ruins -Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/yckw5drlv>

Empire of Storms - Maas



<https://tinyurl.com/a4rtv69b>

The House of Earth and Blood - Mass



<https://tinyurl.com/3rpw2ncv>

Kingdom of Ash - Mass



<https://tinyurl.com/bdbmj3k6>

**Wicked - The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch
of the West - Maguire**



<https://tinyurl.com/bdasseer>

Sold - McCormick



<https://tinyurl.com/2bcrmsms>

The Female Species - McGinnis



<https://tinyurl.com/2za6ju7s>

Heroine - McGinnis



<https://tinyurl.com/wxpfan33>

Red, White and Royal Blue - McQuiston



<https://tinyurl.com/2n78rryz>

The Bluest Eye - Morrison



<https://tinyurl.com/2p8k6rp9>

**How Beautiful the Ordinary – Multiple Authors
(Graphic Novel)**



<https://tinyurl.com/mse3ff4f>

The Wind-up Bird Chronicle



<https://tinyurl.com/yc2xcxu2>

Shine - Myracle



<https://tinyurl.com/4i7syfhw>

The Infinite Moment of Us – Myracle



<https://tinyurl.com/2kjs87du>

YOLO – Myracle



<https://tinyurl.com/424pra3j>

L8r G8R – Myracle



<https://tinyurl.com/4jyc76dz>

Like A Love Story



<https://tinyurl.com/4tsw93jz>

Breathless - Niven



<https://tinyurl.com/82z9kyek>

Out of Darkness



<https://tinyurl.com/567ma2x2>

Nineteen Minutes - Picoult



<https://tinyurl.com/yckk6eu6>

The Nowhere Girls – Reed



<https://tinyurl.com/2s4m7yxe>

Normal People - Rooney



<https://tinyurl.com/mv89vuvz>

Living Dead Girl - Scott



<https://tinyurl.com/2p9eyk4s>

Lucky – Seabold



<https://tinyurl.com/yc6tutuw>

**this book should be removed from all libraries – it is historically inaccurate – the man named was falsely identified*

Jesus Land: A memoir



<https://tinyurl.com/55p2rwh2>

Push – Sapphire



<https://tinyurl.com/yz2tak2c>

Slaughterhouse Five



<https://tinyurl.com/bdfzp849>

This Book is Gay



<https://tinyurl.com/2yvfv6fz>

**Flamer – Curato
(Graphic Novel)**



<https://tinyurl.com/mr2792zv>

The Hate U Give – Thomas

*HF802 – part of curriculum in many schools



<https://tinyurl.com/bdfvcnt3>

Assassination Classroom – Matsui

*Concern is violence – there are many books in this series



<https://tinyurl.com/rpvd4kcw>

Speak – Anderson Graphic Novel

*Concern is age appropriateness – has been found in Middle Schools



<https://tinyurl.com/3b8cmmz5>

Beyond Magenta – Kuklin



<https://tinyurl.com/5n7kk8r4>

Parents have been challenging books and have submitted books for reconsideration in the following districts. The following book were challenged with the resulting decisions to retain the books in the schools. All of the districts listed below (like many districts in Iowa) **REQUIRE two students** sit on a review committee to evaluate the books. Examples include:

- West Des Moines: Gender Queer (appealed through the Iowa Department of Education)
 - Currently in reconsideration process: Push, Not that Bad, Milk and Honey, Gender Queer, Tricks, All Boys Aren't Blue
- Carlisle: Gender Queer
- Carroll: Sold, Red Hood, Damsel, Crank, Haters
- Ankeny: All Boys Aren't Blue
- Johnston: The Hate U Give, Absolute True Diary of a Part Time Indian – *curriculum concerns*
- Indianola: Beyond Magenta and Looking for Alaska
- Urbandale: Gender Queer, All Boys Aren't Blue, Lawn Boy (*challenged through the Superintendent level of the process*)

Other areas of concern:

- Availability of these books in electronic or audio format via the school library
- Books used as part of curriculum
- Books that are available as part of a teacher classroom library and available for student check out
- Books with early exposure of sexual topics and alternative sexual topics to young students in elementary and middle school.

SCHOOL SEARCH SUMMARY PAGE

Schools Searched	Titles Located
AGWSR Wellsburg High School.	5
BCLUW High School	24
BCLUW Middle School	4
BGM Jr/Sr High School	7
Cardinal (Eldon/Batavia)	10
Carlisle High School	43
Carroll	24
Cedar Rapids Washington	33
Central Davenport High School	11
Clarion -Goldfield- Dows	20
Dallas Center Grimes	20
Davis County High School	11
Denison	18
Dike - New Hartford Jr. High	2
Dike - New Hartford Sr High	6
Dubuque High School	34
Earlham	8
East Buchanan MS/HS	26
Eddyville Blakesburg Jr./Sr. High School	3
Eldora High School	8
Forest City	12
Green Mtn-Garwin High School	15
Mount Pleasant High School	14
IKM Manning	10
Iowa City High	31
Iowa City West	36

Schools Searched	Titles Located
Janesville High School	5
Jefferson Fairfield High School	14
Johnston	26
Keokuk Senior High School	36
Keokuk/Sigourney Jr/Sr High School	17
Linn Mar	46
Oskaloosa High School	29
North Mahaska Jr/Sr. High School (New Sharon)	19
North Tama Secondary	17
Oelwein High School	3
Oskaloosa Middle School	1
Pekin (Packwood)	7
Pleasant Valley High School - Bettendorf	37
Hubbard/Radcliff Middle School	3
South Tama High School	1
Spirit Lake	11
Tri County (Thornburg)	6
Valley High School	71
Valley Southwoods	24
Van Meter	8
Waukee High School	25
Waverly High School	9
Waverly Middle School	5
West Liberty High School	27
Winterset High School	35

Total Schools Searched in Iowa = 51