

August 2022 UPDATE

28 books (1 delayed vote) were evaluated by the FISD Secondary Instructional Resource Reconsideration Committee (aka Book Review Committee). We believe that all of these books (in one way or another) break one or more laws, codes or policies for distribution to minors.

Please see the pages below.

The FISD Book Review Committee did not take laws, codes, students code of conduct, etc... into consideration. They simply voted their opinion on whether or not the books should remain in the libraries.

If you agree that any of these books should not be distributed to children or purchased with tax payer money, please let FISD know. The book review committee is made up of some people that have stated publicly that they do not want book boundaries for children or want to remove any book from FISD libraries: at school board meetings, events, in the newspaper and on their social media.

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Call 8309979551

SB 3- 87th legislative session: What is referred to as the “CRT” Law
Added to 28.0022 TEC- Texas Education Code is LAW

Texas Education Code: Sec. 28.0022. CERTAIN INSTRUCTIONAL REQUIREMENTS AND PROHIBITIONS.

- No widely debated and currently controversial issue of public policy or social affairs
- may not:
 - (i) one race or sex is inherently superior to another race or sex; (ii) an individual, by virtue of the individual's race or sex, is inherently racist, sexist, or oppressive, whether consciously or unconsciously; (iii) an individual should be discriminated against or receive adverse treatment solely or partly because of the individual's race or sex; (iv) an individual's moral character, standing, or worth is necessarily determined by the individual's race or sex; (v) an individual, by virtue of the individual's race or sex, bears responsibility, blame, or guilt for actions committed by other members of the same race or sex; (vi) meritocracy or traits such as a hard work ethic are racist or sexist or were created by members of a particular race to oppress members of another race; (vii) the advent of slavery in the territory that is now the United States constituted the true founding of the United States; or (viii) with respect to their relationship to American values, slavery and racism are anything other than deviations from, betrayals of, or failures to live up to the authentic founding principles of the United States, which include liberty and equality;

Texas Penal Code §43.24(a)(2) describes Material harmful material as material whose dominant theme taken as a whole: (1) appeals to the prurient interest of a minor, in sex, nudity, or excretion; (2) is patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is suitable for minors; and (3) is utterly without redeeming social value for minors. It is an offense in Texas to distribute this material in violation of Texas Penal Code §43.24(b).

FEDERAL OBSCENITY LAW: The Supreme Court has ruled that, “transmitting obscenity and child pornography, whether via the Internet or other means, is... illegal under federal law for both adults and juveniles.” --Reno v. ACLU, 521 U.S. 844 (1998).

"Federal law makes it illegal to distribute, transport, sell, ship, mail, produce with intent to distribute or sell, or engage in a business of selling or transferring obscene matter. Convicted offenders face fines and imprisonment."

INSTRUCTIONAL RESOURCES

EF
(LEGAL)

School Library

A district possesses significant discretion to determine the content of its school libraries. A district must, however, exercise its discretion in a manner consistent with the First Amendment.

Removal of Library Materials

Students' First Amendment rights are implicated by the removal of books from the shelves of a school library. A district shall not remove materials from a library for the purpose of denying students access to ideas with which the district disagrees. A district may remove materials because they are pervasively vulgar or based solely upon the educational suitability of the books in question.

*****No book review committee needed. Age appropriateness falls under educational suitability.***

Texas Education Code 28.004 (i-2) Before a student may be provided with human sexuality instruction, a school district must obtain the written consent of the student's parent.

Texas Education Code 28.004 (q-6) Before a student may be provided with instruction relating to the prevention of child abuse, family violence, dating violence, and sex trafficking, a school district must obtain the written consent of the student's parent.

FISD Student Code of Conduct: Mistreatment of Others

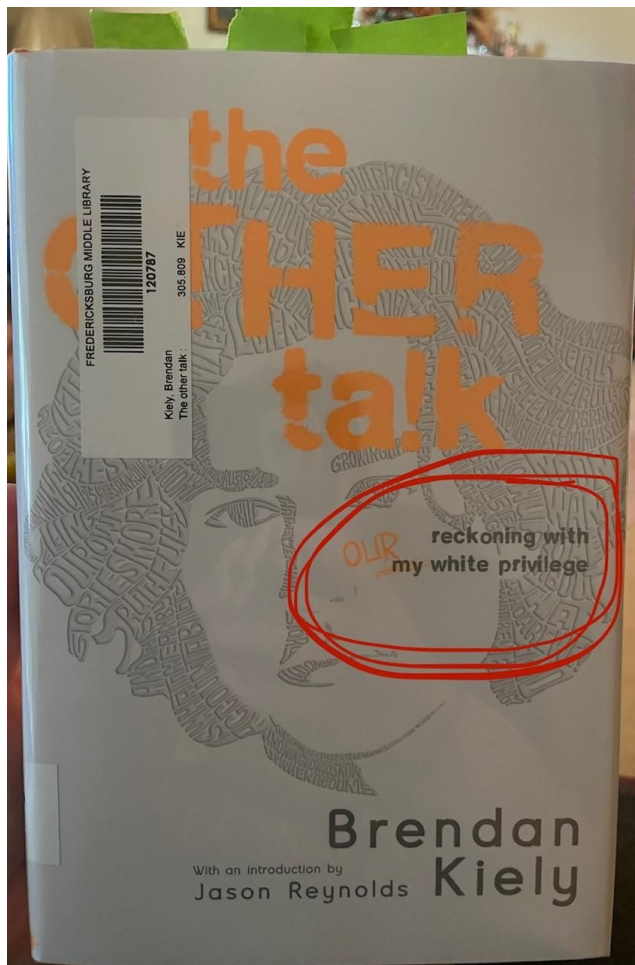
■ **Students shall not:**

- 16. Use profanity or vulgar language or make obscene gestures.
- 21. Engage in sexual or gender-based harassment or sexual abuse, whether by word, gesture, or any other conduct directed toward another person, including a district student, employee, board member, or volunteer.
- 22. Engage in conduct that constitutes dating violence. (See glossary.)
- 23. Engage in inappropriate or indecent exposure of private body parts.
- 27. Engage in inappropriate verbal, physical, or sexual conduct directed toward another person, including a district student, employee, or volunteer.

Possession of Prohibited Items

■ **Students shall not possess or use:**

- 48. Pornographic material;
- 49. Tobacco products, cigarettes, e-cigarettes, and any component, part, or accessory for an e-cigarette device;
- 54. Possess, use, give, or sell alcohol or an illegal drug.
- 55. Possess or sell seeds or pieces of marijuana in less than a usable amount.



And since those two different Americas are everywhere, racism affects everything in our daily lives.

Because:

Racism affects our life in schools.

On public transportation.

In the kind of food we have access to.

In the home and neighborhood we live in.

Racism affects the kind of healthcare we get, the kind of jobs we get interviews for... so go to the point

It's breaking everywhere.

And it divides.

Racism divides so that there is one America experienced by Black people, Indigenous people, and most people of the Global Majority, and there is another privileged America experienced by white people. And for white people like me, it's all too common that we don't talk much to one another about what it actually means to experience life in America *as a white person*. About the privileges we experience in our America.

CRT BACK IN FUSD!

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.

The thing is, these words were a con game. How? Because they had to do with whiteness. With who was white. Or, rather, who wasn't. Because even though these lofty lines said "all men," the people writing it didn't actually mean *all* men. And what the @#&%? about the women?! (Well, the talk about sexism and misogyny is a whole *other* talk this white boy will definitely have with his son—but the focus of *this* talk is about race, so... back to it.)

Those lofty lines about "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness" applied

! The one and only footnote in the entire book!!!

In this book, I'm trying to be as specific as possible and honor the way people identify racially and culturally. And even though I am writing about white privilege and white racial identity—which (necessarily) centers on whiteness—for the purposes of examination and awareness, when I refer to large groups of people that include Black people, Indigenous people, Latinx people, people of Asian descent, and all people who are often grouped together under the term "people of color" or BIPOC, I've chosen to use the term "the Global Majority." I was inspired by my reading of Tiffany Jewell's *This Book Is Anti-Racist*, where she, and many others involved with Montessori for Social Justice, explain that this term is more empowering and has nothing to do with "whiteness" or "color"—rather, it is a term that honors the power, magnitude, and

But whatever the reason, it means that sometimes they can really cause harm. And if they do cause harm, most likely they will get away with it. They can forget about it—and forget about hurting you.

But if you get hurt, the way they hurt you will stay with you—my friend had to explain all this to his son.

Then he did a deep dive. He had to lay it all out, to an eight-year-old boy: How to speak to a police officer, saying “yes, sir” and “no, sir.” How to hold his body. Where to put his hands. It went on and on, and when my friend was finished, he made his son repeat it all back to him. Again and again. Until his son, his eight-year-old son, was able to say it all, word for word.

But The Talk wasn’t over. Next came another conversation about why my friend was so hard on his son in public, at school, in the grocery store, when the family was going out for ice cream or whatever. Because the racism that lies at the heart of those possibly deadly interactions with a police officer is the same racism that could lie at the heart of an interaction with a store clerk, a teacher, another patron in the ice-cream shop, and so on. The store clerk might incorrectly assume you are stealing something. The teacher might incorrectly assume you cheated on the test. The patron at the ice-cream shop might incorrectly assume you are fighting with your friend when you are only joking around.

“And you,” he explained to his son, “will be the one paying the consequences for *their* mistakes.”

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And those consequences might affect you for a long time—might affect the way the teacher treats you for the rest of the school year or how the clerk looks at you anytime you’re in the store.

Those are the dangers that lie at the heart of racism everywhere in America.

My friend said it was hard, hard to sit down with his elder son to have this talk. Particularly because his son wants to be a police officer when he grows up. There are police officers in the family. His son wants to be one of the “good guys” protecting people from “bad guys.” So it broke my friend’s heart to have to “watch the light in my son’s eyes dim a little” as he told him why he needed to behave a specific way in public, especially with police officers. “I need to tell you this,” he told his son, “and I need you to act this way, so you can come home to us.”

Believe me—he did not *want* to have this talk with his son. But he had to, just like *he’d* been given a similar talk when he was growing up, only the story his father told him wasn’t about a name on the news—it was about his own uncle, a Black man killed by white police officers in South Carolina. So my friend knew, if he ever had kids, he’d have to do the same as his father did. And every single one of his Black and Brown friends had been given some version of the same talk when they were kids too. The cautionary stories their families passed down to them became their own lived stories: *Oh, did that cop just call me that? Am I really getting pulled over for going through a yellow light? Did he really just bust out my taillight for an excuse to stop me? Is he really asking me to*

CRT BACK IN FIST!

So why is it that we white people aren’t given a talk about what it means to be white in America? What if we *did* have a talk about being white? We need to, don’t you think?

If The Talk is about survival in the face of racism, I think this “other talk,” the talk for white people, also has to do with racism. But not about survival. Maybe it’s more about how we *don’t* have to have The Talk to survive. Instead, this “other talk” should be about being white, about white privilege. Because when it comes right down to it, they are basically the same thing:

Living as a white person is white privilege.

So, yes, that means this other talk is about how racism divides this country and how as white people we live in another, privileged, America. And it’s about how white people can’t escape living with white privilege. *And* (yes, this last one is a really important “and”!) it’s also about how if we learn about that divide . . .

. . . and understand how it’s worked in the past . . .

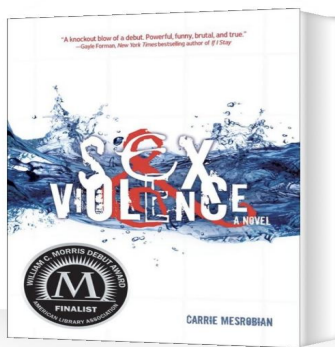
. . . so that we can recognize how it’s still at work today . . .

. . . we can better figure out how to work toward more racial justice . . .

. . . by taking some responsibility for that other, privileged America . . .

. . . AND work to change it.

But before I can work to change it, I first have to know what it is, right? I mean, I keep talking about a divided America, one America, and another privileged America, right?



Sex & Violence- Mesrobian

Some Concerns: pervasively vulgar, sex acts between minors, obscene

CHAPTER ONE

Sex & Violence

Carrie Mesrobian

Sex has always come without consequences for seventeen-year-old Evan. Until he hooks up with the wrong girl and finds himself in the wrong place at very much the wrong time. After an assault leaves Evan scarred inside and out, he and his...

When I came out of the Connison gang shower, Collette Holmander was waiting for me. She was standing in the hallway, her long red hair splashing down her black jacket and white shirt, her red knee socks on her pretty legs beneath her little black skirt. Even though Remington Chase was a vaguely religious boarding school, the girls' uniforms were unreasonably sexy—practically porn fantasies.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

You'd think the most fucked-up part of the last year would be the moment when I read this and thought, "Yeah, that. That sounds like the way to go."

fuck 99 times

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1. They **fuck** you up, your mum and dad.

PROLOGUE

2. You'd think the most **fucked-up** part of the last year would be the moment when I read this...

CHAPTER ONE

3. ...t flunk everything else," she added, when we got to my door. Her **fuckin**g perkycocky voice echoed in the empty hallway.
4. ...e called her firecrotch and she called him needledick and it was **fuckin**g uncomfortable.
5. ..., for no reason other than I sat by her in Spanish and I was the **Fucking** New Guy at this incestuous little prison of a boarding school...

even ask. I set my shit down and went to shower.

The Connison showers were sort of notorious. Not in a prison way, though I'm sure that kind of crazy hazing shit had happened. But while all the other dorms had separate shower stalls, Connison just had a big room full of showerheads and no privacy. Maybe the powers that be assumed that by junior year you could handle being naked around your classmates. Probably not even that much thought had gone into it. The shower room had a door separating it from the urinals and sinks, so at least you didn't have to bare it all while some dumbass was taking a piss.

At ten at night, no one was in the shower, so at least I could relax. Not relax enough to yank it, which was thing #476 that sucked about boarding school: no yanking it in the shower, like I was used to.

“You can’t do it with me here, Evan,” she said, after a while, pushing me away and zipping up her hoodie. I had kind of gotten sloppy with my hands everywhere, because even post-race sweaty, she was still crazy-hot to me. I hoped she wasn’t pissed about me getting so pervy, because the library courtyard was pretty public and well lit. But she was smiling, shaking out her hair.

“Sorry,” I said. “Where can I do it with you, then?”

“Your room,” she said. “This Monday during chapel. From 9:28 to 10:13.”

I stopped. Because though we’d done a lot of various naked activities, we’d never done *it*.

She kept on walking toward Fountaineau. “Buy some condoms,” she said over her shoulder.

I stumbled to catch up. “I have condoms.”

“You’re so dirty.”

“You mean slutty,” I said.

She laughed. “I’ve got to go,” she said. “I’m going to catch shit if anyone sees me with you.”

I kissed her again, but a minute later she pushed me off.

She reached behind me and turned the lock on the door. Her other hand still on the silver circle.

“Collette ...” I started, not sure what to say.

Then she rose on tiptoes and kissed me.

So. All right. This was the first thing about Southern boarding school I could recommend. Alone in my room, with a cute girl who had nice boobs and made all the moves and blew my mind with her long jump during track and called my douchebag roommate a needledick.

“Did you just shave, Evan?” she whispered.

“Yeah.”

“It smells awesome.”

There was probably ten more minutes of chapel. But I didn’t want her to go. She was wrapped around me, my hands on her ass over her skirt, her boobs smushed against my chest and her hair everywhere in a big awesome mess. I thought about the box of condoms stashed in a duffel bag in my closet. The only other redhead I’d ever been with was the Cupcake Lady of Tacoma, which sort of thrilled me and

So I let her in my room, against my better judgment. Collette and my roommate, Patrick Ramsey, had hooked up last year, but now they hated each other. (This was before my time, but he made sure I knew his hookup history as soon as we became roommates.) He called her firecrotch and she called him needledick and it was fucking uncomfortable.

On top of that, Collette was always pestering me about Farrah, who supposedly liked me, for no reason other than I sat by her in Spanish and I was the Fucking New Guy at this incestuous little prison of a boarding school forty-five minutes south of Charlotte, North Carolina. Apparently, for Farrah, the fact that I had a Yankee accent and shaggier hair than every squarefaced Southern boy she’d grown up with made me thrilling and exotic. Or just more thrilling and exotic than Tate Kerrigan, her asshole

freaked me out at the same time. I wondered if I could even get Collette’s clothes off in time.

But then she stepped back. Straightened her skirt and hair, pulled up one knee sock, checked her watch. “Chapel ends in four minutes. I’ll come by tomorrow.”

“Here?”

“Has to be here,” she said, kissing my lower lip one last time. “Mrs. Herst patrols Fountaineau during chapel, but Mr. Feining always gets coffee in the canteen. And if you tell anyone about this, you will never fucking see me again. I mean it.”

Then she whooshed out, and I stood there trying to get my dick to calm the fuck down.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

“You sure Jim’s not back yet?” I said. Wanting to lock the door.

“We’ve got time,” she said.

Then she **pushed** me down on the wobbly toilet and sat across my thighs, her legs wrapping around me. I was stunned by this—by her. This wasn’t supposed to happen with someone like Baker, even if she was sexually aggressive, because she was someone I liked. To talk to, even. Someone I’d have to see every day. God, she was nothing like Lana.

It was **shit manners thinking of Lana while touching Baker’s boobs**, but I couldn’t help it. Baker was so different from Lana, and not just physically, either. She was so serious. No giggling. No letting me take charge of everything, like Lana did. **Lana practically rolled on her back and waited to be petted**, but

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72%

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

I locked the door and Collette flopped against me on my unmade bed and we made out until her shirt was off and I was so hard I was almost sick to my stomach. But before I could test the idea of where she was on the sex thing (I usually started with this basic hand motion toward the belly-button area and then just a little lower toward the edge of the panties, as if to acknowledge they were there, as Girls Who Said No were always touchy about things going in that direction), **Collette just shoved her (ringless) hand down my pants and jerked me off**. Then she popped up and put back on her clothes.

“Chapel ends in four minutes,” she said, running out the door before I could even move.

These secret chapel make outs went on for a couple of weeks. It was danger-

Baker was very *busy*. Like she had priorities, things she just had to find out. Her hands were everywhere, doing all sorts of random but **outstanding shit like tickling my nipples and running over the bumps of my spine**.

“Evan, that scar is so not from a bike accident,” she whispered into my ear, which was like hearing the ocean roar into my brain. “How did you really get it?”

“Long story,” I whispered back.

“Be economical.”

“I kind of ruptured my spleen,” I said, my face at her sternum, while I **untied her bikini top and chucked it on the floor**. God, she had **great boobs**. They were just so ... cute. Pretty. Awesome. *Jesus*.

“He signs up for it,” I said. **Having sex with Lana made me less sympathetic**, I guess. I felt guilty about Lana sometimes—how we never kissed or went anywhere, how blatantly it was about getting down and nothing else—but at least I didn’t feel like chewing the plaster off the walls as much anymore.

“Don’t get me wrong, I love Kelly,” Baker said. “But I think she assumes Tom’s just going to **put up with her shit forever**.”

“Well, he might. Maybe they’ll get married.”

“Ugh, that’s so gross,” Baker said.

“I know. But it at least lets me imagine a happy ending for Tom.”

“Oh, he gets plenty of those,” Baker said. “Kelly basically **blow jobs her way out of any argument**.”



LifeKlance



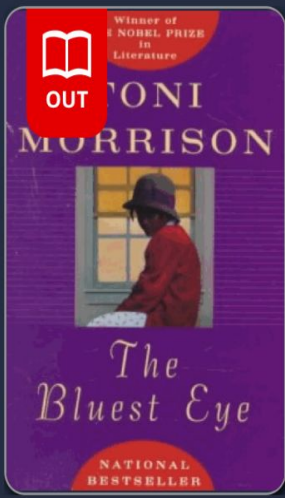
Age inappropriate (sex, rape, sexual abuse, date rape drugs, legal issues, etc...)- 28.004 TEC requires parental permission before sex education and dating violence is exposed to children in public schools.

This books exposes young children to topics that they are not even aware of yet at their ages (11-14 years old) without a parent being present.

Online book summary: “This book will help young people make informed decisions and more wisely navigate the emotionally charged, confusing issues associated with adolescent relationships.”

This book is not age appropriate and/or should be read with a parent only.

VOTE DELAYED



Morrison, Toni.

The bluest eye

Call Number: FIC MOR

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

The Bluest Eye-

Some concerns: rape and molestation of a young girl by her father. A character continuously speaks of his sexual desire of "little girls". -Child abuse, Child sexual abuse, Graphic sexual & explicit content, racist language

came, the more splendid she and her task became. In the name of Jesus.

No less did Cholly need her. She was one of the few things abhorrent to him that he could touch and therefore hurt. He poured out on her the sum of all his inarticulate fury and aborted desires. Hating her, he could leave himself intact. When he was still very young, Cholly had been surprised in some bushes by two white men while he was newly but earnestly engaged in eliciting sexual pleasure from a little country girl. The men had shone a flashlight right on his behind. He had stopped, terrified. They chuckled. The beam of the flashlight did not move. "Go on," they said. "Go on and finish. And, nigger, make it good." The flashlight did not move. For some reason Cholly had not hated the white men; he

So it was on a Saturday afternoon, in the thin light of spring, he staggered home reeling drunk and saw his daughter in the kitchen.

She was washing dishes. Her small back hunched over the sink. Cholly saw her dimly and could not tell what he saw or what he felt. Then he became aware that he was uncomfortable; next he felt the discomfort dissolve into pleasure. The sequence of his emotions was revulsion, guilt, pity, then love. His revulsion was a reaction to her young, helpless, hopeless presence. Her back hunched that way; her head to one side as though crouching from a permanent and unrelieved blow. Why did she have to look so whipped? She was a child—unburdened—why wasn't she happy? The clear statement of her misery was an accusation. He wanted to break her

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

neck—but tenderly. Guilt and impotence rose in a bilious duet. What could he do for her—ever? What give her? What say to her? What could a burned-out black man say to the hunched back of his eleven-year-old daughter? If he looked into her face, he would see those haunted, loving eyes. The hauntedness would irritate him—the love would move him to fury. How dare she love him? Hadn't she any sense at all? What was he supposed to do about that? Return it? How? What could his calloused hands produce to make her smile? What of his knowledge of the world and of life could be useful to her? What could his heavy arms and befuddled brain accomplish that would earn him his own respect, that would in turn allow him to accept her love? His hatred of her slimed in his stomach and threatened to become vomit. But just before the puke

moved from anticipation to sensation, she shifted her weight and stood on one foot scratching the back of her calf with her toe. It was a quiet and pitiful gesture. Her hands were going around and around a frying pan, scraping flecks of black into cold, greasy dishwater. The timid, tucked-in look of the scratching toe—that was what Pauline was doing the first time he saw her in Kentucky. Leaning over a fence staring at nothing in particular. The creamy toe of her bare foot scratching a velvet leg. It was such a small and simple gesture, but it filled him then with a wondering softness. Not the usual lust to part tight legs with his own, but a tenderness, a protectiveness. A desire to cover her foot with his hand and gently nibble away the itch from the calf with his teeth. He did it then, and started Pauline into laughter. He did it now.

VOTED BACK INTO FIRD

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 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.

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.

VOTED BACK INTO FUSD

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. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. 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 old man.

A cinnamon-eyed West Indian with lightly browned skin.

Although his given name was printed on the sign in his kitchen window, and on the business cards he circulated, he was called by the townspeople Soaphead Church. No one knew where the "Church" part came from—perhaps somebody's recollection of his days as a guest preacher—those reverends who had been called but who had no flock or coop, and were constantly

That, heavenly, heavenly Father, was how she left me; or rather, she never left me, because she was never ever there.

You remember, do you, how and of what we are made? Let me tell you now about the breasts of little girls. I apologize for the inappropriateness (is that it?), the imbalance of loving them at awkward times of day, and in awkward places, and the tastelessness of loving those which belonged to members of my family. Do I have to apologize for loving strangers?

But you too are amiss here, Lord. How, why, did you allow it to happen? How is it I could lift my eyes from the contemplation of Your Body and fall deeply into the contemplation of theirs? The buds. The buds

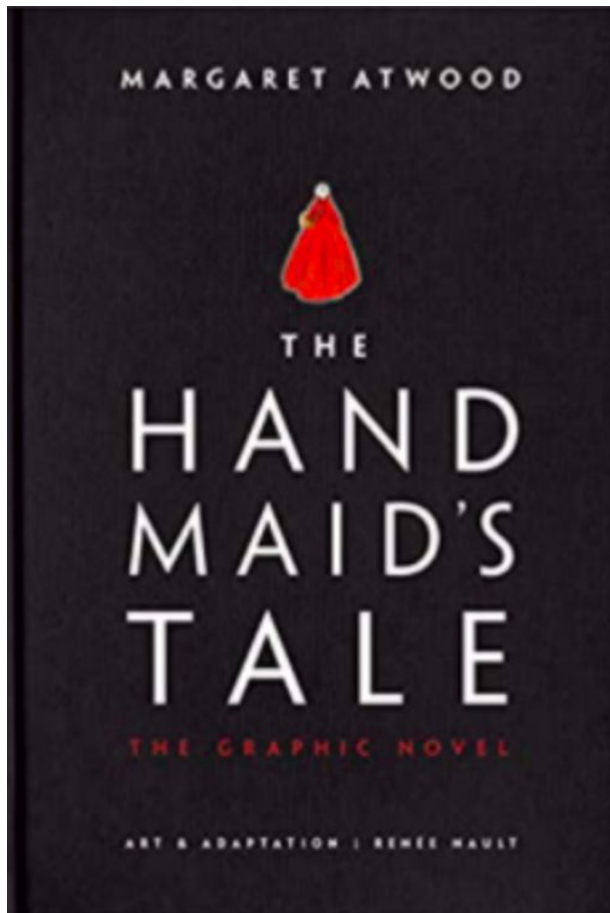
on some of these saplings. They were mean, you know, mean and tender. Mean little buds resisting the touch, springing like rubber. But aggressive. Daring me to touch. Commanding me to touch. Not a bit shy, as you'd suppose. They stuck out at me, oh yes, at me. Slender-chested, finger-chested lassies. Have you ever seen them, Lord? I mean, really seen them? One could not see them and not love them. You who made them must have considered them lovely even as an idea—how much more lovely is the manifestation of that idea. I couldn't, as you must recall, keep my hands, my mouth, off them. Salt-sweet. Like not quite ripe strawberries covered with the light salt sweat of running days and hopping, skipping, jumping hours.

tell him to smoke on the back porch. Children will sense instantly that they cannot come into her yard to retrieve a ball. But the men do not know these things. Nor do they know that she will give him her body sparingly and partially. He must enter her surreptitiously, lifting the hem of her nightgown only to her navel. 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

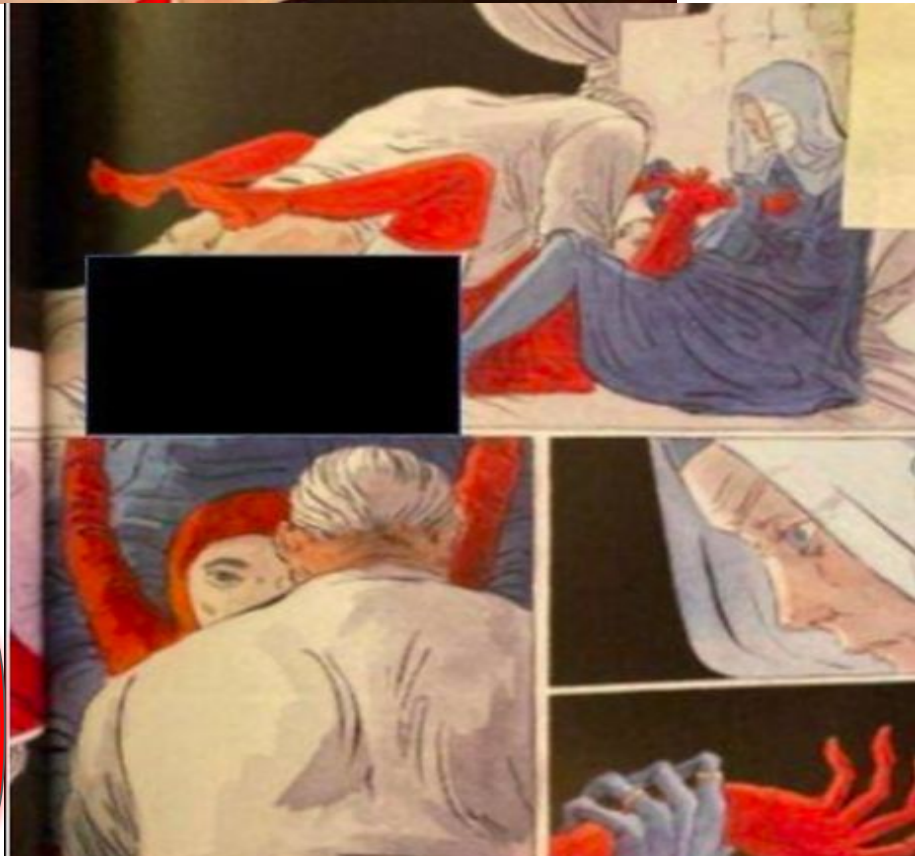
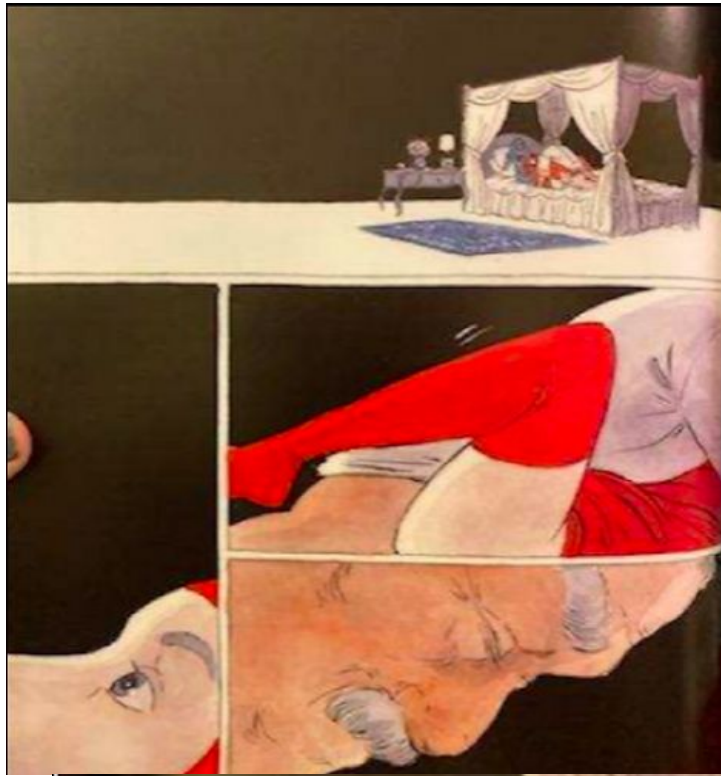
VOTED BACK INTO FISD

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



Handmaid's Tale Graphic Novel & written novel- Atwood

Some Concerns: drawings of women being raped, drawing showing sex between adults, obscene, sexually explicit, nude woman fondled by doctor, nudity, adult content



VOTED BACK INTO FISD



VOTED BACK INTO FISD





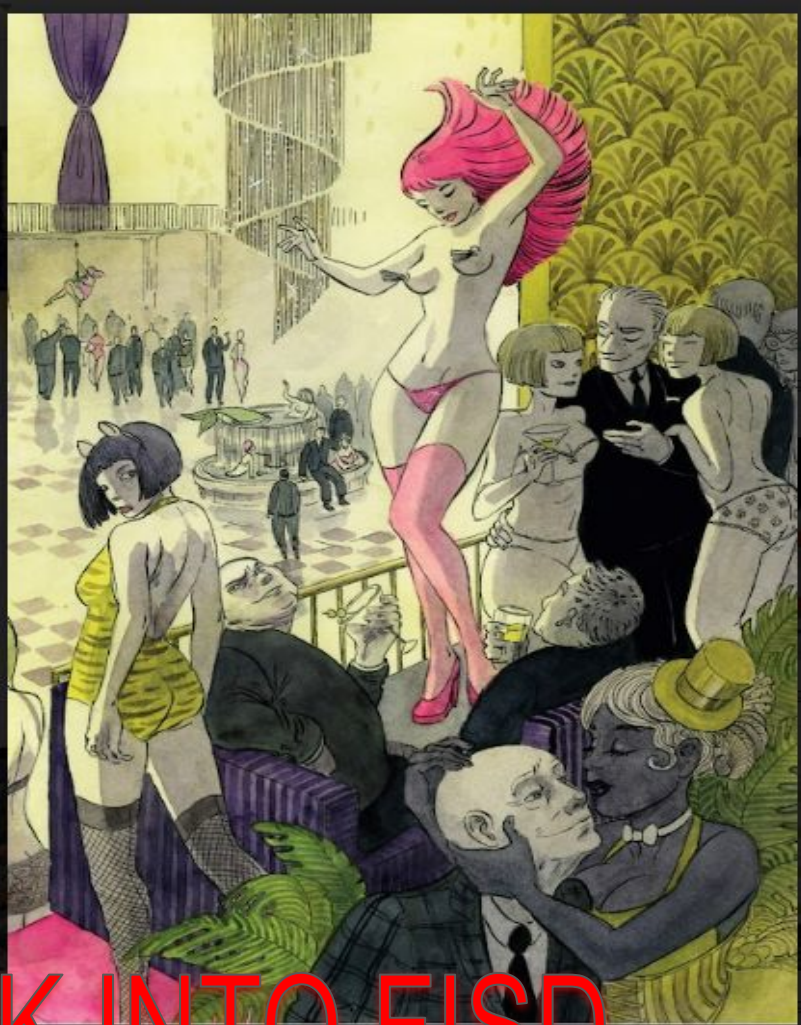
We've given them more than we've taken away. Think of the trouble they had before. Don't you remember the singles bars, the meat market?

Some of them were desperate, they starved themselves thin or pumped their breasts full of silicone, had their noses cut off.

And if they did marry, they could be left with a kid, two kids, the husband might just get fed up and take off, disappear.

They got no respect as mothers. No wonder they were giving up on the whole business.

This way they're protected, they can fulfil their biological destinies in peace.



VOTED BACK INTO FISH



Tomorrow, isn't it? The Ceremony.



I thought we could jump the gun.

Why did you bring me here?



Behind me I feel her presence, my ancestress, my double.

Turning in mid-air under the chandelier, in her costume of stars and feathers.

a bird stopped in flight, a woman made into an angel, waiting to be found.

By me this time.

How could I have believed I was alone in here?

There were always two of us.

Juliet Takes a Breath- Rivera

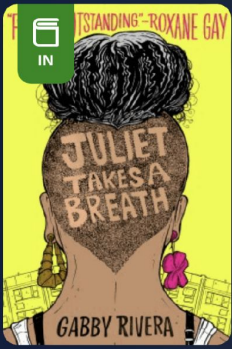
Some concerns: adult content, sex scenes, vulgar

“It’s also wholly dependent on the enslavement of other individuals and animals. That terror and disregard for life seeps into our souls and bodies with every bite. It’s an absolute poison to the pussy. Don’t believe me? Go down on a meat-eater and tell me if you can’t taste the sadnesses.”

“Whatever pronouns a person chooses, if they choose any at all, are their right. Not a fucking preference.”

“Get a little hysterical, Juliet. I mean that’s why vibrators were invented, right?”

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



Rivera, Gabby, author.

Juliet takes a
breath

Call Number: F Riv

PUBLISHED

2019

Help Us Improve

“Hey, mami, you lookin’ good. What’s up with your number?”

I didn’t answer him. I focused on the sixty-five-cent tomato sauce in my hands. He moved in close behind me.

“I said you lookin’ mad good,” he repeated, his breath harsh on my neck.

My back tensed up. I cracked my middle knuckle with my thumb. Every way this group of man-boys could possibly assault me flashed through my head. A bolt of fear snaked up my spine. I squeezed the can, wishing I was bold enough to clock him with it. I shrugged hard and turned around. His friends had moved in closer, forming a little semicircle around me. Fucking dudes, man.

“Whassup? You too good to say hello?” he asked, smiling.

“I’m gay and not interested,” I blurted out.

My whole face went hot. Why did I say that? Jeezus. With fluorescent lights above me, stained white tiles under my feet, and a circle of machismo incarnate around me, there was nowhere to run.

“That’s a damn shame. Maybe you just need this good D right here,” he said as he grabbed his crotch. He stared at me and gave himself a good up and down stroke. His eyes had a hard glint to them. His tattoo-party tattoos showed from beneath his beater: a lion on his right arm, a crucifix on the left, and the name *Joselys* across his neck.

His boys gave him a pound. They laughed,

you. I think. I don't really know how this feminism stuff works anyway. I've only taken one women's studies class and that was legit because a cute girl on my floor signed up for it. This girl made me lose my train of thought. I wanted to watch her eat strawberries and make her a mixtape. So I signed up for the class and then she became my girlfriend. But please don't ask me about anything that happened in that class afterward because love is an acid trip.

Feminism. I'm new to it. The word still sounds weird and wrong. Too white, too structured, too foreign; something I can't claim. I wish there was another word for it. Maybe I need to make one up. My mom's totally a feminist, but she never uses that word. She molds my little brother's breakfast eggs into Ninja Turtles and pays all the bills in the house. She's this lady that never sleeps because she's working on a master's degree while raising my little brother and me and pretty much balancing the rhythm of an entire family on her shoulders. That's a feminist, right? But my mom still irons my dad's socks. So what do you call that woman? You know, besides Mom.

Your book is a refuge from my neighborhood, from my contradictions, from my lack of desire to ever love a man, let alone wash his fucking socks. I don't even wash my own socks. I want to learn more about the wonder of me, the lunar power of my pussy, my vadge, my taquito, that place where all the magic happens. You know, once people are quiet enough to show it reverence. I want to be free. Free like this line: "A fully realized woman is at all times her true self. No soul-crushing secrets or self-imposed burdens of shame, these create toxic imbalance, a spiritual yeast infection if you will. So step out into the fresh air and let that pussy breathe."

I've got a secret. I think it's going to kill me. Sometimes I hope it does. How do I tell my parents that I'm gay? Gay sounds just as weird as feminist. How do you tell the people who breathed you into existence that you're the opposite of what they want you to be? And I'm supposed to be ashamed of being gay, but now that I've had sex with girls, I don't feel any shame at all. In fact, it's pretty fucking amazing. So how am I supposed to come out and deal with everyone else's sadness? "Sin Vergüenza Comes Out, Is Banished from Family." That's the headline. You did this to me. I wasn't gonna come out. I was just gonna be that family member who's gay and no one ever talks about it even though EVERYONE

Pervasively vulgar

Harlowe called my cell phone. I almost picked up, but I realized I had nothing to say to her. Everything was a lump in my throat. Harlowe left a voice mail. I didn't listen to it. Avoid. Avoid. Somebody would let her know I was okay. She'd be fine. Harlowe had gotten all of my energy before her reading. I was in full-on self-preservation mode.

I heard Kira's motorcycle before I saw it. She pulled up, handed me a helmet, and I hopped on. We zipped up Burnside and dipped through different side streets until I didn't know where we were. I kept my arms around her hips, nestled into her back. Kira pulled up to her house and invited me inside. She promised to take me stargazing another night. She made a quick salad and boxed mac and cheese. It was the most normal thing I'd eaten in Portland. Kira listened to me as I tried to piece together complicated feelings and not cry. Was Harlowe racist? Was I oversensitive? Did my being from the Bronx scream so loud of poverty and violence that my actual story didn't matter? What did it mean for me as a person and a wannabe feminist that I looked up to Harlowe? Was I proof that her feminism was for everyone?

I stopped after admitting that I loved Harlowe and that made me an even bigger fool. How could I love some fake-ass, kinda racist (?), clueless person like Harlowe?

Kira said she had wondered about Harlowe for a while after reading *Raging Flower*. She wondered if Harlowe was the ally that most people praised her to be. That what Harlowe said about me solidified her impression that Harlowe was like every other white lady feminist she'd ever met.

"People are fucked up like that sometimes, Juliet, especially white people. I'm white and Korean and even some of my friends will assume I'm good at math or know martial arts just because of how I look. Those assumptions live inside people and they do their best to dodge them and intellectualize around them, but they're still there. They also don't see me as politicized or as someone who experiences microaggressions. It sucks. We deserve better. You deserve better," Kira said. She kissed my cheek.

I leaned into her. I asked her if I could take a shower. Kira showed me to the bathroom. I turned on the hot water, slipped off my clothes, and stood under the stream with my eyes shut.

After a few minutes, she knocked on the door and told me she was leaving me a towel.

"You can come in, if you want," I said. The second the words came out, I couldn't believe I had said them.

"Okay," she replied. It was quiet for a minute, then the curtain was pulled back. Beautiful, **naked** Kira moved into the shower with me. She pressed me against the cool tiles and kissed me. The weight of the evening slid off my skin as the hot water washed over us. She soaped up my chest, belly, and back. Her hands were firm. She kneaded my back muscles and kissed along my shoulder blades. I let her hands roam my flesh and explore the curves of my body. I didn't think about anything else but kissing her, all of her. She slid her hands along my thighs.

"You feel really good to me. Are you good?" she asked. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to do. I just want to check in."

"I don't know what I want to do. I like this. I like kissing you and feeling you. But I don't want to use you," I replied. I gazed at the droplets of water along her eyelashes.

"I'm here. I know what it's like when you need to be kissed and touched. I don't feel used. We can take it slow and stop whenever," she said.

Kira turned off the shower and led me to her bedroom. Both of us wrapped in towels, bodies warm and wet, we flopped onto her bed. I followed her lead. Where she touched and pressed her lips, I did the same. She kept her hands on my thighs while she kissed my belly. Kira slid up my body. Her mouth a whisper away from mine. She made me wait for a kiss. Eye contact the whole time made me feel grown in my own body: sexy mami in full bloom. When our lips finally touched, I was hers. My body had never felt so desired and alive. We moved in rhythm with each other. And when I felt her inside me, I wrapped my hips tight around her waist and gave her everything. I fell asleep with my head on her chest.

In the soft early hours of the morning, after all the gentle kisses and assurances that everything would be okay, she dropped me off at Harlowe's. Maxine was the only one home. She said Harlowe was so upset that I'd left that she'd run off to her favorite meditation temple. Maxine didn't seem worried about Harlowe. She hugged me and said she understood why I had to take off for a bit. There was too much to say and not enough time to process. I packed fast and left my copy of *Raging Flower* on the bed.

Maxine took me to the airport.

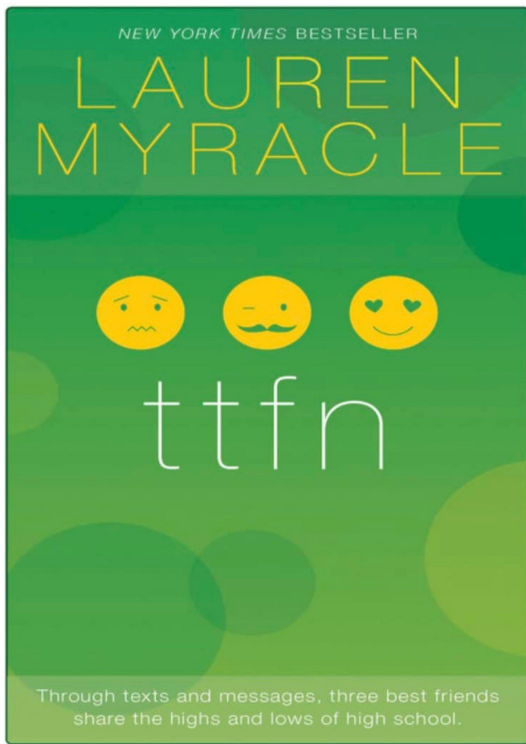
And I was gone. On a plane to Miami.



Result 12 of 12



VOTED BACK INTO FISD



TTFN- Myracle

Some Concerns: sexual content like masturbation is discussed, child sexual relations, normalization of student/teacher (inappropriate) relationships (Mr. H)

mad maddie: ooo, you picked up a shift at Kidding Around? nudge-nudge, know what i mean, know what i mean?

zoegirl: maddie? you're trying to make a sex joke about a childcare facility.

mad maddie: it's a stupid name. i can't help it.

mad maddie: so shld i invite chive to dylan's? i wanna invite him to do SOMETHING, only i don't want it to be boring, which i'm fairly sure dylan's won't be. do you follow dylan on twitter?

zoegirl: i did, but it made me want to buy him "hooked on phonics." HIS SPELLING MAKES ME CRINGE! so i muted him.

mad maddie: HA. well, apparently there will be copious amounts of beer.

zoegirl: dylan's an idiot to tweet that. what if his parents see it?

zoegirl: tonnie wyndham's in my english class, and last week she said on facebook how she'd plagiarized her book review. only ms. griffith found out, because ms. griffith surfs the net and types in her students' names.

mad maddie: that girl needs to change her privacy settings.

mad maddie: she doesn't seem to have much interest in privacy—or shld i say boundaries—in the first place, tho. today in health, she asked how many calories r in a tablespoon of sperm.

zoegirl: ewww!

mad maddie: wanna know the answer? 9.

zoegirl: that is revolting. mrs. wayker actually knew?

mad maddie: guess it's not the first time it's come up.

mad maddie: ha—come up, get it?

zoegirl: i am *never* giving anyone a blow job, not even my husband.

come visit me in my trailer if you want. i will have christmas lights blinking all year long.

mad maddie: so wazzup?

zoegirl: have you ever heard of

zoegirl: ok, this is embarrassing. i don't know how to say it. which is why i'm txting it.

zoegirl: but have you ever heard of girls, like, pleasuring themselves by jiggling their legs?

mad maddie: WHAT?!!

mad maddie: omg, i am rolling on the floor, just so you know. just exactly how phenomenal IS that swivel chair?

zoegirl: maddie! not *me*! god!

mad maddie: and the term is "masturbating," zoe. u can say it. mas-tur-bat-ing.

zoegirl: fyi, i don't do that. sometimes i wish i could, but i can't, so that's that.

mad maddie: what do u mean, u can't?

zoegirl: i can't, that's all

mad maddie: r u serious?

zoegirl: this is not actually what i texted to talk about. but yes, i'm serious.

zoegirl: can u?

mad maddie: can i MASTURBATE?

mad maddie: uh, zoe, where is your mom? she's not in the room with u, is she?

zoegirl: yes, she's standing right behind me and i'm reading our texts aloud.

zoegirl: she's in a meeting, dummy! i've been stuck at her office *forever* because we're meeting my dad for dinner.

mad maddie: well, in that case... yes, i'm pleasuring myself quite nicely, thank u very much. and i'm only telling u that cuz ur one of my dearest friends on the planet. but don't go asking for lessons.

mad maddie: anywayz, who cares? bodies r bodies r bodies.

zoegirl: no, because bodies are connected to actual people, to hearts and brains and souls.

zoegirl: was brannen cute at least?

mad maddie: eh, too short for my taste. and u know what's bad?

zoegirl: what?

mad maddie: it turned into this totally horny go-for-it session, with my bra shoved up and his hands all over me, and now he won't quit txting. he's like, "do u wanna go to a movie? do u wanna go out for coffee?"

mad maddie: i finally wrote back and said, "enough, all right? quit feeling sorry for me."

55

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

didn't stop him, you know? i didn't want to hurt his feelings.

mad maddie: u didn't wanna hurt his feelings? u did NOT just say that, zoe.

zoegirl: anyway, we somehow ended up with both our shirts practically off, but not completely. they were just pushed up really high.

zoegirl: actually, i was wearing a sweatshirt—and i wasn't wearing a bra underneath. it was thick enough that i didn't need to! i didn't *expect* anyone to find out!

mad maddie: whoa, zoe! u hussy!

zoegirl: i know! i'm sure he was pretty startled. but i didn't *plan* it that way—it just happened!

mad maddie: and in the church basement, no less. what is it with u and jesus? does he, like, turn u on?

zoegirl: can we let go of that, please? i knew you would have to say that, and now you have, so that's over.

mad maddie: first mr. h, now doug . . . u give religion a whole new meaning. "hussies for christ"!

zoegirl: what if doug *does* think i'm a hussy? what if he woke up this morning and was like, "there's something wrong with her"?

zoegirl: we did more last night than i've ever done with *anyone*. what if he looks down on me now?

mad maddie: zoe, u r so insane i can hardly stand it. i'm sure he went home with a stiffie, while visions of zoe danced in his head.

zoegirl: i just wish i didn't feel guilty. why do i feel guilty?!

mad maddie: i have nooooo idea. all u did is fool around.

mad maddie: ooo, do u think u made his scrotum tighten?

zoegirl: *what*?

mad maddie: this is becoming a little more, and i want to

zoegirl: okay, please let's not put names on them. i'm totally turning bright red.

zoegirl: but yeah, *those noises*

zoegirl: i want to get over it, i really do. i want to let go and let whatever happens happen. but i can't!

SnowAngel: wait a minute. if ur worried about noises, then u guys must have gone pretty far . . .

zoegirl: below the shirt, below the underwear. *but just barely*

SnowAngel: his or yours?

zoegirl: uh, both?

SnowAngel: holy cats!

SnowAngel: zoe, u r not a prude, ok? in fact i'd say ur turning into a sex guru. shit, girl, ur gonna outpace us all!



Sat, Jan 8, 3:33 PM E.S.T.

mad maddie: it is a mistake to wear low-riders if u have an ass the size of texas. i am not saying this to be mean, but because it is the truth.

zoegirl: oh great! i just asked angela straight out if i have a big butt, and she said no!

mad maddie: U? ur a size two, zoe.

mad maddie: the ass in question is margo pedersen's. she was working at java joe's when i went by for a latte, and she had to lean over to get the milk. nuff said.

zoegirl: oh

mad maddie: u gonna c doug tonight?

zoegirl: yeah, at work. and we'll probably do something afterward.

mad maddie: ooh-la-la. give him a kissy for me!

zoegirl: oh, jan 9, 1:33 PM E.S.T.

zoegirl: hey, angela. i have something i want to tell u, but

zoegirl: yeah. sick.

mad maddie: so u should be doubly glad u've got doug, that's all i'm saying.

zoegirl: right, i am

mad maddie: and that doug isn't pervy like mr. h

mad maddie: or chase dickinson

zoegirl: you know what else chase said? that he used to have this girl he "hung" with who gave him head for over an hour. is that possible?

mad maddie: now that's just silly. blow jobs should not last over 30 minutes.

zoegirl: ewww!

mad maddie: ah, zoe, u still have a ways to go!

Thu, Jan 20, 4:04 PM P.S.T.

SnowAngel: hey, zo. have u ever had wasabi cheese spread? it is sooooo good.

zoegirl: isn't wasabi that super-spicy green stuff u get with sushi?

SnowAngel: yeah, but this is a cheese spread with wasabi in it. it makes my mouth sting, but it's thoroughly addictive. *swipes last little bit up with cracker and smacks lips*

zoegirl: mmm, you're making me hungry

zoegirl: want to hear something sad? i saw mr. h hitting on cameron bryant—well, sitting really close to her in backwork—and maddie told me that cameron is his "special" student this year.

SnowAngel: that's not sad. that's gross. he needs to go to a sex offenders' home.

zoegirl: i know

zoegirl: but the reason it's sad is because when maddie told me that, it made *me* feel sad.

SnowAngel: WHY?

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

mad maddie: huh?

mad maddie: well, this IS what's best for her—to realize she's flawed just like the rest of us.

mad maddie: and now, off for a celebratory glass of nestle quik. l8rs!

Wed, Jan 19, 5:05 PM E.S.T.

zoegirl: ok, mads, i did it. are you happy?

mad maddie: u did what?

mad maddie: no u didn't. ur lying.

zoegirl: i'm not. i told chase dickinson to shut the hell up!

mad maddie: bullshit!

zoegirl: he was talking to kurt manheim in french about all kinds of disgusting stuff, that's what started it. he was all, "my rep's getting pathetic because i haven't had sex in over a month," and "that's why i need a girlfriend, someone older who can teach me stuff. someone who'll give me head."

mad maddie: he said all this in french?

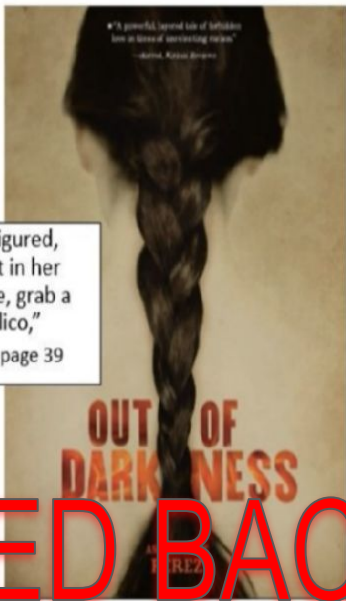
zoegirl: not *in* french, as in parlez-vous francais. but right there in the middle of class, yeah. he sits behind me.

mad maddie: he's such a scuz. no way ANY girl would have sex with him.

zoegirl: so kurt said, "dude, you're crazy," as in, "people can hear you," but chase was all, "chill, nobody's listening." kurt said, "what about her?" meaning me. chase laughed and said, "zoe? she doesn't even know what 'giving head' means." then he poked me in the back and goes, "do you, zoe? do you know what 'giving head' means?"

mad maddie: what a dick

zoegirl: so i turned around and looked him dead in the eye and said, "shut the hell up, chase."



"Take her out back, we boys figured, then hand on the titties, put it in her cornbox, put it in her cornhole, grab a hold of that braid, rub that calico,"
On page 39

Out of Darkness- Perez

Some Concerns: very mature adult content, rape, racial slurs, vulgar, sexually explicit

Word Counts

- nig*er 23
- c*nt 1
- dirty Mexican 3
- cornhole 1
- titties 1
- f*ck 2
- d*ck 2
- p*ssy 4
- ass 1
- b*tch 1
- b*stard 5
- sex 1
- pregnant 4
- rape 2
- drunk 3
- beer 6
- sh*t 8
- damn 29
- Jesus 4 (in vain)
- God 13 (in vain)

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

greenest of all was Miranda Gibbler. None of us liked Miranda; all of us pretended to. She was ugly and had spite enough to poison the whole town. But what mattered was her daddy's money. "A Mexican is a Mexican is a Mexican," she said, plenty loud for the rest of us to hear. The girls among us followed Miranda's lead and began to tally flaws. Clothes from five years ago, a braid long out of style. Patch on the back hem of her dress. And also: how come her name is Smith when Smith isn't Mexican? Look at her, making eyes at Fred Carter, not wasting any time.

The boys among us had no trouble getting past the plain clothes and laying down plans. Take her out back, we boys figured, then: hand on the **titties**; put it in her coin box; put it in her cornhole; grab a hold of that braid; rub that calico. The nicer boys among us thought, buy her ice cream first; dance with her once or twice?

"Looking for the cigar factory?" Miranda said when the Mexican girl walked past on her way to the one empty seat at the front of the room. Miranda

The rape scene (p. 380-381)

Beto tied Wash to the tree with shaking fingers. He was sobbing now. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" Henry said when Beto finished. He crossed to the tree and tested the knots one by one before turning his back to Wash. "Look at me, son," he said to Beto. "Now I'm going to show you another side of what it means to be a man. What do you do with a field you own? You plow it." He walked over to Naomi. "Lie down," he told her. "Don't do this, Henry." Naomi's lip trembled as she spoke. "Down," Henry ordered. She dropped to her knees. The clouds cleared then, and tears shone on her face. Beto wanted to run to her, but he couldn't move. **Lie back. Open your legs. Stop crying.** Don't try to tell me this is the first time you've done this," Henry said. "Henry," she protested, "I haven't-I've never-" "You've lied enough already," he said. Then **he pushed her back until her head was on the ground.** "Beto, you come here. Watch. But don't try anything. I've got the gun right here." Beto looked long enough to see the revolver his father held near his sister's face. The shotgun lay on the far side of Naomi, out of reach.

The graphic child molestation description

"Henry was staring right at her. He grinned. "You thought you fooled me, but I fooled you," he said. "I knew you were awake." He closed the door behind him and locked it. He had put locks on all the bedroom doors the week before. When Estella asked him why, he said simply, "It's how a house should be." She hadn't protested. Henry came to the side of her bed and pulled back the covers. Naomi sat up quickly and scrambled backward. "Shh," he said. He took one of her hands in his and squeezed it. "Come on over here." He pulled her to her feet, close to him. **He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening.** She had never seen one before except on a baby. This was different. **He lifted her hand to his mouth and licked it. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness. His hand moved hers.** His left hand gripped her shoulder, pressing her head tight against the hard, flat plane of his stomach. **She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her.** In the distance, she heard the train pass. **A moment later, the thing leaped. Henry's whole body shuddered, and a hot mess lay across her palm and between her fingers. Henry wiped himself quickly** with a handkerchief. Then, never letting go of her shoulder, he urged her toward the door. "Come on," he said once it was open. He walked her to the bathroom and then guided her hand to the sink. "There," he said, rinsing her hand and patting it dry. "All better." He walked back to his room like he had merely gone to get a glass of water. In the morning, when her mother asked her what was wrong, Naomi smiled a bright, false smile and said that it was nothing. Henry, sitting across from her at the table, raised his eyebrows at her over the top of his coffee cup and smiled. "She's a good girl, ain't she?" he said. **He winked at her** as if he were promising to keep her secret rather than commanding her to keep his.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



Follow Your Arrow- Verde

Very complex sexuality topics discussed throughout the book for this age group. Topics such as sexuality, social identity, sexual orientation and sexual identity should be discussed with a parent present or with parental permission.

28.004 TEC requires parental permission before sex education and dating violence is exposed to children in public schools.

This books exposes young children to topics that they may not even be aware of yet at their ages (11-14 years old) without a parent being present.

Known to their fans as #Cevie, CeCe and Silvie are girlfriends and teen fashion influencers on an Instagram-like app. However, bisexual CeCe's online and real-life worlds are upended when Silvie ends their relationship and CeCe soon finds herself attracted to a boy from whom she keeps her online life a secret. For more than two years, CeCe has followed Silvie's lead, to the point of squelching her own political voice to amass followers, likes, and sponsorships. CeCe, who lives with her mother and is estranged from her conservative father, admits she is addicted to social media and worries about losing followers and navigating cancel culture. When she meets Josh, an internet-shunning violinist who goes to a different Cincinnati high school, she decides to hide her online

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

School Library Journal

Juvenile and young adult book reviews for school librarians. slj.com



School Library Journal even recommends **GRADES 9 & Up and high school libraries.**

1 FEB 2021

Follow your arrow

Gr 9 Up-CeCe Ross and Silvie

Castillo Ramirez met on the second day of freshman year in their high school's brand new Gender and Sexuality Alliance and have been inseparable ever since. Together, they are the Internet-famous couple Cevie, a brand that has earned them a million followers each and substantial income as influencers. When Silvie unexpectedly breaks up with CeCe and #Cevie no longer exists, CeCe loses more than a girlfriend; she loses an identity. In steps Joshua Haim, a violinist who is delightfully disconnected from social media and

CeCe is internet-famous. And CeCe

whose friendship will cause CeCe to reevaluate her identity, the price of keeping secrets, and the meaning of family and love. Verdi addresses sexual identity and cancel culture in this accessible and entertaining novel. Readers will enjoy the relatable and authentic characters, who are bisexual, straight, and lesbian, as well as the exciting climax of the novel. CeCe and Joshua are white, and Silvie is Latina. **VERDICT** Recommended for public and high school libraries for readability and thoughtful examination of social identity and sexual orientation. -Carly Wiggins Searcy, McNeese State Univ., LA

taking place. Thousands of homemade signs bob above people's heads, declaring IF BEING GAY IS WRONG, WHY ARE WE ALL SO FABULOUS?? and BINARIES ARE FOR ELECTRONICS. Rainbow flags wave in the breeze, as far as the eye can see.

"Are you ready?" Silvie asks, straightening my necklace. Her voice cracks on every syllable.

"Are you crying?" I ask, aghast. "Don't worry! It's going to be great."

She nods, sniffing. "No, I know. I'm just really glad we ended up here."

I know she means "here" both literally and figuratively—and I'm glad too. Here and here are both very good places to be.

Mia's standing a few feet away, listening to the current speaker and giving Silvie and me space to talk. Mia and I met for the first time this morning; she's really nice.

understand that cisgender bisexual and pansexual people have the luxury—the privilege—of being able to date someone of the opposite sex and fly under the radar in everyday society, whereas gay and lesbian people, and many trans people, don't. I agree it isn't fair. But does that mean bi and pan folks don't get to wave the flag quite as high or shout quite as loud? Do they not get to stand up and be counted too? What happened to supporting and welcoming someone no matter how they ID or who they love, regardless of if it fits a certain narrative?

"And what if the guy I kissed, the guy whose life has been turned upside down because of all of this, weren't cisgender? What if he were trans, or male-presenting nonbinary? What if he were cis but I

relationships be any different than my real-life ones?"

More laughs. I wonder if my dad is watching this. If he is, I hope he can tell how much love and support and joy is emanating from this little section of our city today.

"For now, though, I want to focus on one aspect of my identity. One small but important sliver of who I am." I pause. Take a breath. "I'm bisexual. Always have been, always will be. I am that *B* that people rarely talk about, even online, even today. Bisexual people in opposite-sex relationships are often seen as straight, and bisexual people in same-sex relationships are usually presumed to be lesbian or gay. But bisexuality is a thing, and it's time we do better at recognizing and celebrating that."

were trans or nonbinary? Would that be 'better'? Why or why not?"

I pause to let that sink in, and find Mom in the crowd again. "My mom and I do this two-choice thing. Like: Paninis or wraps? Bike ride or a walk? Beyoncé or Halsey?" The crowd laughs appreciatively, and I go on. "A two-choice system can help things feel easier. But there are more than two choices in life. There are *infinite choices*. And even when something isn't a choice, like sexuality, you have a choice in how to talk about it." Mom is wiping her eyes, a wadded-up tissue clenched in her fist, and my heart squeezes.

"Yes," I say, turning another page, "the labels, the letters in the initialism—LGBTQIAP—are important. Owning your identity is powerful, and something to be proud of. But sometimes

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



Maybe He Just Likes You- Dee

Not age appropriate: Very mature topics such as a child's sexuality, #MeToo movement & sexual harassment language, etc...are discussed throughout the book and not appropriate for this age group without parental consent or a parent present.

Copyrighted Material

For seventh grader Mila, it starts with some boys giving her an unwanted hug during a surprise birthday celebration.

The next day it's another hug. A smirk. Comments. It all feels . . . weird. According to her friend Zara, Mila is being immature and overreacting. Doesn't she know what flirting looks like?

But it keeps happening, despite Mila's protests. On the bus, in the halls. Even during band practice—the one time Mila can always escape to her happy “blue sky” place. It seems like the boys are EVERYWHERE. And their behavior doesn't feel like flirting—so what is it?

Mila starts to gain confidence when she enrolls in karate class. But her friends still don't understand why Mila is making such a big deal about the boys' attention. When Mila is finally pushed too far, she realizes she can't battle this on her own, and she finds help in some unexpected places.

From the author of *Everything I Know About You*, *Halfway Normal*, and *Star-Crossed* comes this timely story of a middle-school girl standing up and finding her voice.

FROM THE AUTHOR:

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

“But the topic of sexual harassment is different, because for many gatekeepers, acknowledging the sexuality of middle schoolers is taboo. So I had to strike a very

delicate balance with this book: I had to keep the harassment PG-rated, but at the same time do justice to Mila's sense of violation. I had to make it clear that this was a particular kind of aggressive behavior that homed in on her growing sense of selfhood. And because Mila was a seventh grader struggling with the self-consciousness and confusion of puberty, it affected her in a way she couldn't articulate—not to friends, teachers, or even her mom.

Also, it affected others. One thing I learned from interviewing a middle school guidance counselor for this book was that when sexual harassment happens in middle school, it violates not just the student being targeted, but the whole school community. In **MAYBE**, some of Mila's harassment occurs in isolation, under the radar of both adults and other kids. But enough of the behavior is witnessed—confusing, embarrassing and threatening not just Mila, but also her friends and classmates.....**There's a scene of restorative justice in which the boys come to understand Mila's perspective. And the teachers take responsibility, initiating a schoolwide program about Consent, Boundaries and Sexual Harassment.**

Then I just kept going. I even told her about the scorecard. At least, as much as I knew about it.

Which was pretty weird, because I'd always been a bit afraid of Ms. Fender, really. But I think maybe it had to do with being a musician: Ms. Fender turned out to be a great listener. She never interrupted me once. She asked short questions that kept me talking. And she never made me feel stupid, like I was "overreacting," like I didn't know how to "take a joke." Also, she never told me to "just ignore them."

"Sexual harassment—and that's what this sounds like to me, Mila—is something I take very seriously," she said in a quiet, careful voice when I finally finished. "And not just because it happened to me, too."

again for your eagle-eyed copyediting. Thanks also to Heather Palisi for the design and to Erika Pajarillo for the beautiful and bold cover art.

Jill Grinberg, you're the best agent out there. A deep bow to you and the whole agency—Denise Page, Katelyn Detweiler, Sophia Seidner, Sam Farkas.

Dr. Samantha Morrison, thank you for talking to me candidly about sexual harassment in middle school. I wish there were more professionals like you available to more kids.

A deep karate bow to the New Paltz Karate Academy for all they do to teach and inspire students. Special thanks to Maurey and Deena Levitz for sharing their expertise so generously.

Thanks to the #KidsNeedMentors program for connecting me with the classrooms of two amazing teachers,

I told Ms. Fender the whole story, from the beginning. About the fuzzy green sweater, the hugging and the grabbing. What had happened at the lockers, on the bus, on the blacktop. When I told her all the stuff that had gone on in the band room, Ms. Fender's hand flew to her mouth.

"Oh," she said. "Mila, I'm so sorry! I had no idea—"

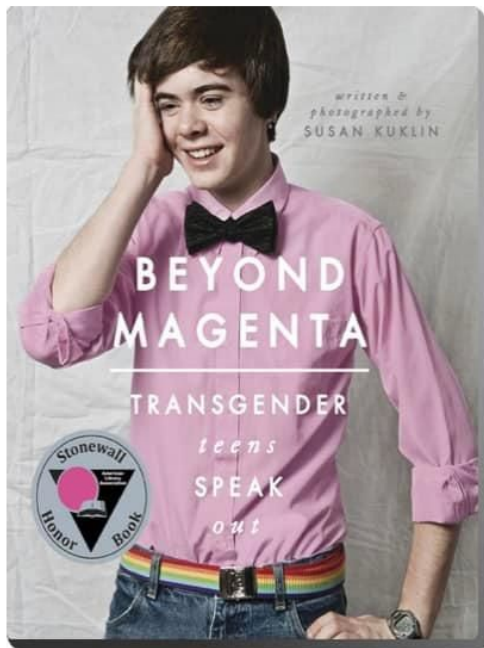
"I know," I said.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Even so, there were other consequences. All four boys got three weeks of detention, and Mr. McCabe kicked them off the basketball team. They could re-join it in the spring, he said, but only if they "demonstrated respect for the entire school community."

Also, Ms. Fender had them stand up in front of the band and apologize for "unbandlike behavior." I apologized too, for wrecking the concert.

The week after the community meeting, Ms. Habibi and Mr. Dolan started a bunch of assemblies the whole seventh grade had to attend. They invited all these different speakers—some of them kids from the high school—to talk about Consent and Boundaries and Sexual Harassment. At first I thought it would be torture to sit there in the audience, but somehow it never



Beyond Magenta- Kuklin

Some concerns: child sex act (as young as 6 years old), racially offensive language, offensive judgemental language towards the gay community-

First Grade. Things Got Weird

The first or second grade is when things started getting pretty weird. I was seven at the time, living at home, and going to a new school in a black community. I'm not a racist, but when it comes to queer people, black people are very ghetto, as I would say. In my low-income community, people had no education and no jobs. They were grown-ups acting like children. The adults, not the children, made fun of me when I wore my wigs.

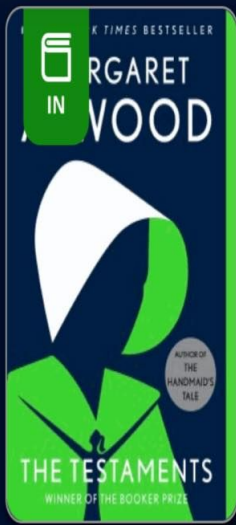
I was sexually mature. What I mean by sexually mature is that I knew about sex. From six up, I used to kiss other guys in my neighborhood, make out with them, and perform oral sex on them. I liked it. I used to love oral. And I touched their you-know-whats. We were really young. but that's what we did.

This guy got me to perform oral sex on him. I thought I was doing the right thing by performing on him. But I wasn't. He was just abusing me. He had total mind control over me. He didn't have to get physical with me; he just knew where to hit me where it hurts emotionally.

We finally got caught in the act, and I was very happy because I wanted it to stop. I think the directors were worried that they could get sued because they kept telling me it was consensual. It wasn't consensual at all. But I just wanted it to end. I wanted them to stop talking about it, so I agreed.

Afterward, that guy told everybody on campus about us, and they all thought I was this big old homo. Other kids tried to have sex with me. Other kids wanted to abuse me. I was so confused. I was mad at myself, slow because of the medication, and I didn't know what to do.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



Atwood, Margaret, 1939-

The testaments

Call Number: FIC ATW

Sublocation: Dystopian

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Search

sex

IV: THE CLOTHES HOUND

1. ...ood could I sneak without Melanie noticing? Cheese and crackers? **Sex** with him would be out of the question: it would be too risky to...

VIII: CARNARVON

2. It was what happened to girls who were smuggled and made into **sex** slaves—we'd learned about that at school. But girls like me didn't...

IX: THANK TANK

3. ...ing; sometimes a series of grunts and breathy gasps that sounded **sexual**, and probably were. The powerless are so tempting.

X: SPRING GREEN

4. ...ng and handsome. She didn't want some young jerk who'd never had **sex** before because that would be uncomfortable—what if he didn't

The Testaments- Atwood

Some Concerns: graphic scenes of child molestation, child sex, mature adult content

96 | MARGARET ATWOOD

He snapped off his white stretchy sanitary gloves and washed his hands at the sink, which was behind my back.

He said, "Perfect teeth. Perfect." Then he said, "You're getting to be a big girl, Agnes."

Then he put his hand on my small but growing breast. It was summer, so I was wearing the summer school uniform, which was pink and made of light cotton.

I froze, in shock. So it was all true then, about men and their rampaging, fiery urges, and merely by sitting in the dentist chair I was the cause. I was horribly embarrassed—what was I supposed to say? I didn't know, so I simply pretended it wasn't happening.

Dr. Grove was standing behind me, so it was his left hand on my left breast. I couldn't see the rest of him, only his hand, which was large and had reddish hairs on the back. It was warm. It sat there on my breast like a large hot crab. I didn't know what to do. Should I take hold of his hand and move it off my breast? Would that cause even more burning lust to break forth? Should I try to get away? Then the hand squeezed my breast. The fingers found my nipple and pinched. It was like having a thumbtack stuck into me. I moved the upper part of my body forward—I needed to get out of that dentist chair as fast as I could—but the hand was locking me in. Suddenly it lifted, and then some of the rest of Dr. Grove moved into sight.

"About time you saw one of these," he said in the normal voice in which he said everything. "You'll have one of them inside you soon enough." He took hold of my right hand and positioned it on this part of himself.

I don't think I need to tell you what happened next. He had a towel handy. He wiped himself off and tucked his appendage back into his trousers.

"There," he said. "Good girl. I didn't hurt you." He gave me a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "Don't forget to brush twice a day, and floss afterwards. Mr. William will give you a new toothbrush."

I walked out of the room, feeling sick to my stomach. Mr. William was in the waiting room, his unobtrusive thirty-year-old face impassive. He held out a bowl with new pink and blue toothbrushes in it. I knew enough to take a pink one.

VOTED BACK INTO FISS

Search

5. ...had used that fact against her: why was she so afraid of having **sex** with a man, since her slut of a Handmaid mother hadn't had such...

XI: SACKCLOTH

6. "Domestic cases? **Sexual** assault? Female criminals? Sex workers suing for enhanced protection? Property rights in divorc...
7. "Domestic cases? Sexual assault? Female criminals? **Sex** workers suing for enhanced protection? Property rights in divorc...

XII: CARPITZ

8. ...om Gilead, but you wouldn't last a day in most of them, you'd be **sex**-trafficked," said Ada. "And forget South America, too many dicta...

XIII: SECATEURS

9. ...we were to put too much emphasis on the theoretical delights of **sex**, the result would almost certainly be curiosity and experimentat...

XIV: ARDUA HALL

10. ...sed by that, and said she was sure we would both get through the **sex** part and not make a fuss. We would follow Aunt Lise's instructio...

XVI: PEARL GIRLS

11. ...id, so Aunt Beatrice—the taller one—said, "Does he make you have **sex**?" I gave the tiniest nod, as if I was ashamed of those things.
12. ...much he valued you. You're lucky he sold you to us and not some **sex** ring," said Aunt Beatrice. "He wanted a lot of money, but I got...

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



The Glass Castle- Walls Some Concerns- Adult and child molestation & sex. Normalizes pedophilia, racism

(Grandma molests grandchild)...."They'd been gone for a minute or two when I heard Brian weakly protesting. I went into Grandpa's bedroom and saw Erma kneeling on the floor in front of Brian, grabbing at the crotch of his pants, squeezing and kneading while mumbling to herself and telling Brian to hold still, goddammit. Brian, his cheeks wet with tears, was holding his hands protectively between his legs. "Erma, you leave him alone!" I shouted. Erma, still on her knees, twisted around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said. Lori heard the commotion and came running. I told Lori that Erma was touching Brian in a way she ought not to be." Ch. 33, Pg. 461

"Mom, Uncle Stanley is behaving inappropriately," I said. "Oh, you're probably imagining it," she said. "He groped me! And he's wanking off!" Mom cocked her head and looked concerned. "Poor Stanley," she said. "He's so lonely." "But it was gross!" Mom asked me if I was okay. I shrugged and nodded. "Well, there you go," she said. She said that sexual assault was a crime of perception. "If you don't think you're hurt, then you aren't," she said." Ch. 41

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

THE
GLASS
CASTLE



JEANNETTE
WALLS

"On one of the mattresses, Billy's father was snoring unevenly. His mouth hung open, and flies were gathered in the stubble of his beard. A wet stain had darkened his pants nearly to his knees. His zipper was undone, and his gross penis dangled to one side. I stared quietly, then asked, "What's the funny thing?" "Don't you see?" said Billy, pointing at his dad. "He pissed himself!" Billy started laughing."

Ch. 21, Pg. 262

*"Keep this up and people are going to think you're a n*gger lover," she said."*

Ch. 32, Pg. 450

"The other girls talked endlessly among themselves about who still had their cherry and how far they would let their boyfriend go"

Ch. 46, Pg. 632

BOOK REVIEW:

The Glass Castle
by Jeannette Walls

PROFANITY COUNT

(and other sensitive words)

- f*ck 1
- p*ssy 1
- c*nt 1
- a*s 4
- b*tch 9 (sonofab*itch, etc.)
- b*stard 6
- n*gger 6 (n*ggers, N*ggerville, n*gger lover)
- screw 1
- whore 8
- faggot 1
- rape 3
- drunk 21
- beer 21
- pissed 3
- shit 7 (shit-hole, bullshit, shit-for-brains)
- demon 17
- damn 44
- Jesus 2 (in vain, Jesus H. Christ)
- virgin 1

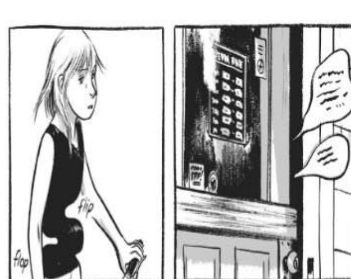
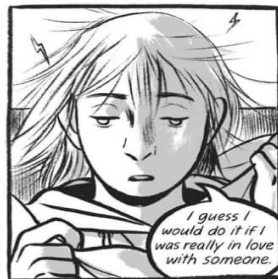
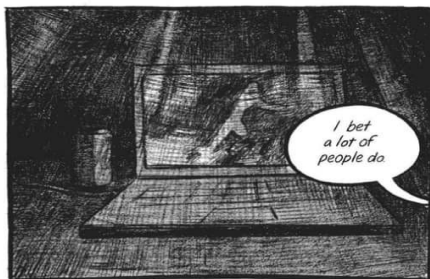
PROFANITY COUNT CONTD.

- penis 1
- wanker 2 (also wanking off)
- God 34 (in vain, oh my God, by God, godforsaken, Goddamn, Goddammit)

RED FLAGS

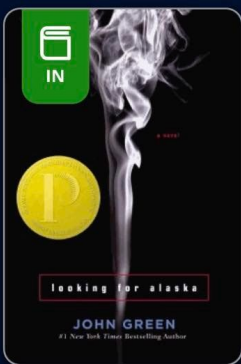
- Sexual Content (Masturbation, Molestation, Sexual Assaults)
- Physical abuse (Peer to Peer)
- Extreme Violence
- Bigotry
- Alcohol & Drug Use (Beer/Cigarettes, Alcoholism & Drunk Driving)
- Extreme Profanity
- Condemnation of Christianity
- Mental Health Issues
- Extreme Poverty
- Child Abuse, Abandonment and Neglect
- Solicitation of Prostitutes
- Adult Situations

VOTED BACK INTO FISD









Green, John.

Looking for Alaska : a novel

Call Number: FIC GRE

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book



Log In

OVERVIEW

Sixteen-year-old Miles' first year at Culver Creek Preparatory School in Alabama includes good friends and great pranks, but is defined by the search for answers about life and death after a fatal car crash.

Help Us Improve

Looking For Alaska- Green

Some concerns: sex between children, children watching a pornographic video, children discovering how to give oral sex

Alaska read the sticker on the top of the video. *"The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain't that just delightful."*

We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. No time for dialogue, I

suppose. By the time they started doing it, Alaska commenced with her righteous indignation. "They just don't make sex look fun for women. The girl is just an object. Look! Look at that!"

I was already looking, needless to say. A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes. *Hands on her shoulders, I noted. Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.*

As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like

Just as the Bradys were getting locked in jail, Lara randomly asked me, "Have you ever gotten a blow job?"

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

DO I!?!?!?!?!?! “Um. yeah. I mean, you don’t have to.”

“I think I want to,” she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching *The Brady Bunch*, watching Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis.

“Wow,” she said.

“What?”

She looked up at me, but didn’t move, her face nanometers away from my penis. “It’s weird.”

“What do you mean *weird*?”

“Just beeg, I guess.”

I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth.

And waited.

We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn’t quite sure what.

She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes, for as long as it took the Bradys to steal the key and unlock themselves from the ghost-town jail, she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting.

And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically.

“Should I do sometheeng?”

“Um. I don’t know,” I said. Everything I’d learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly

“Um, that’s out of the blue,” I said.

“The blue?”

“Like, you know, out of left field.”

“Left field?”

“Like, in baseball. Like, out of nowhere. I mean, what made you think of that?”

“I’ve just never geeven one,” she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden...

“No,” I said. “I never have.”

“Think it would be fun?”

exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn’t that choke her? So I just stayed quiet.

“Should I, like, bite?”

“Don’t bite! I mean, I don’t think. I think—I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don’t know if there’s something else.”

“I mean, you deedn’t—”

“Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska.”

So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.

VOTED BACK INTO FISS

e. lockhart
michael i. printz honor winner

real live
boyfriends*

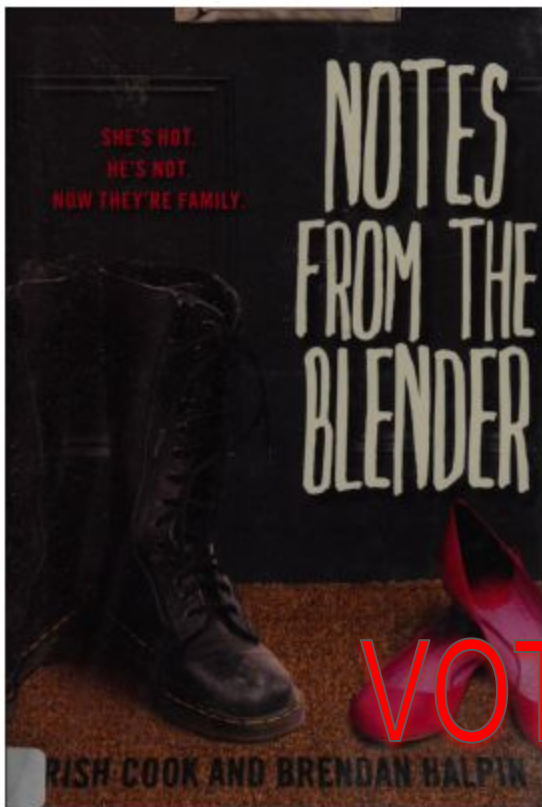
*yes, boyfriends, plural, if my life weren't complicated
I wouldn't be Ruby Oliver.
a ruby oliver novel

Real Live Boyfriends- Lockhart

Some concerns: sex between children, sexual acts amongst children, mature adult content, low literary quality & educational value

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

27	If you are getting to the upper or nether regions, there will be buttons and zippers and suchlike to negotiate. Do not just let him fumble around with your bra clasp or shirt button for six hours....Just undo them yourself, if you want them undone. Trust me, the guy will be seriously relieved. ...If it gets to the nether regions once, every single time after that have protection in your bag, just in case.
100	I was about to get out of the car when he leaned in and put his hand on my boob....As it was, I let him grope it.
101	While we were kissing, I could tell Noel was really getting into it---you know, in the nether regions...
102	It was really a complicated situation to be in, and not anywhere near as fun as getting horizontal had been, back when everything was cheerful and simple between us. Eventually when his hand roamed up my dress toward my butt....
151	Gideon's kissing was the kissing of a guy who knows exactly what this kind of kissing can lead to, and who has long since been done with two hour make-out sessions where everyone keeps their clothes on. The people he was used to kissing obviously had full and complete knowledge of the nether regions and what to do if one encountered them.
218	Then we closed Noel's door. And the rest of what happened is nobody's business but our's.
Pages 8, 35, 161	5 offensive quotes (mostly re. preferring perverted animal behavior to normal behavior; ie, "gay" penguins & porno-watching panda bears)



Notes From the Blender- Cook
Some Concerns: sexual content with children, vulgar, mature adult topics, normalizes pornography addiction, obscene, Drinking, Normalization Sex Sexualization, Suggestive wording, Porn not real, Drugs

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

At least Dad had never blamed me for that. Or, anyway, I never thought he did.

"So, listen, Dec," he'd said at the conclusion of last year's Serious Talk, "I've talked to your aunt Sarah, and we've agreed that you're going to spend Saturday nights over there and then go to church with her on Sunday mornings."

"Church? Church? You're kidding, right?" I had heard my dad talking to his sister Sarah after mom died and saying that any God who'd take my mom away wasn't worth getting out of bed for on Sunday.

"No, Dec, I'm not. I want . . . I feel like I'm not doing a great job—I mean, I bought you the games I'm complaining about, right? I want you to have some female influence in your life, and yeah, I do want you to go to church, even if you hate it, so it's not all demons and killing."

I had been so angry I was actually speechless, which rarely happens. "And you know, I mean, Dec, it's important for you to know that porn isn't real. I mean, they're really having **sex**, but that's not what real **sex** is like. Real **sex** is—"

"Dad, I swear to God I will go to Aunt Sarah's house and spend the night and go be the minister's helper if you will promise to never, ever tell me what real **sex** is like." I mean, who wants to hear that from their dad? *Well, son, when your mother and I used to hit it . . .* No. Not what I want to hear at all. Ever.

Dad had paused, looking like he was thinking about getting mad, and then he'd smiled. "Deal."

So that's how I came to spend weekends with my aunt Sarah, the minister at First Church, and her partner, Lisa. And how I got a job as the First Church sexton. That sounds a lot more interesting than it actually is. The sexton is actually the church janitor. So I go and sweep up the parish hall, dispose of the mouse corpses that collect in the kitchen, set some new traps, maybe rake some leaves, that kind of stuff. And the whole time, I try to figure out how I can ever say, "Yeah, they call me the sexton, 'cause I'm bringin' a ton of **sex**." Which doesn't even really make sense, but it amuses me when I'm doing the parts of the job that are less interesting than rodent disposal.

And I guess Dad's evil plan of a year ago kind of worked. After spending around fifty weekends at their house and three afternoons a week doing sexton stuff at the church, I now think of Sarah and Lisa a lot like real parents. I love them and they bug the shit out of me. I still listen to death metal, I still play M-rated games where I deal death and destruction, and I still look at porn.

I am now a high school sophomore, but no closer to getting to see a real girl naked, so I have to make do with digitized fantasy women, or scenarios my own fevered imagination cooks up about Neilly Foster. It sounds like a cheesy song or something, but this girl is so hot I think maybe it should be illegal. I only ever see her at lunch and in the halls—she's a junior, after all—which is good, because if I had any classes with her, I would probably fail. I once saw her eating a Popsicle in the caf and had to go home for the rest of the day.

"Not stare at her legs when she was talking to you. That would have been a good start."

"Dad. I mean, I know you're engaged and everything, but have you looked at this woman?"

"Dec, there are conversational places where I just can't go with you. Your lustful feelings for a woman at least twice your age is definitely one of those places."

"But she is hot. You know it."

"Fine. She's an attractive woman. I'll make sure I find you a male therapist for your next session."

"What do you mean, for *my* next session? I thought this was a *we* thing!"

"Well, I just realized that having me there might actually be preventing you from saying whatever is on your mind, so it might be more helpful for you to go on your own for a while so you can get this stuff out without worrying what I might think about it."

"Dad, except for the part about Dr. Rappaport being an incredible hottie, that's the most sensible thing you've said in weeks."

"I never said Dr. Ra—"

"It was implied. Clearly implied."

Dad fought back a smile.

I was feeling pretty proud of myself until Dad told me the next day that Dr. Gordon had had a cancellation and we'd be heading straight over for my one-on-one therapy session. "Dad, I'd be

totally happy to have a one-on-one with Dr. Rappaport. Actually, a two-on-one would be fine, too, because her receptionist—"

"Do you have any idea how horribly uncomfortable it makes me when you say stuff like that?"

"Duh. Why do you think I'm saying it?" It's true. Except for getting busted for BitTorrent **porn**, I had been concealing the fact that I am, as Lisa might say, "a sexual being" from Dad ever since I started feeling like a sexual being, and now I was flaunting it all over the place, mostly because I'd discovered it gave me power over him.

He stared at me for a minute.

"What?"

"You just— I dunno. Your mom had that same stubborn, mischievous streak. It makes it really hard for me to stay mad at you about it."

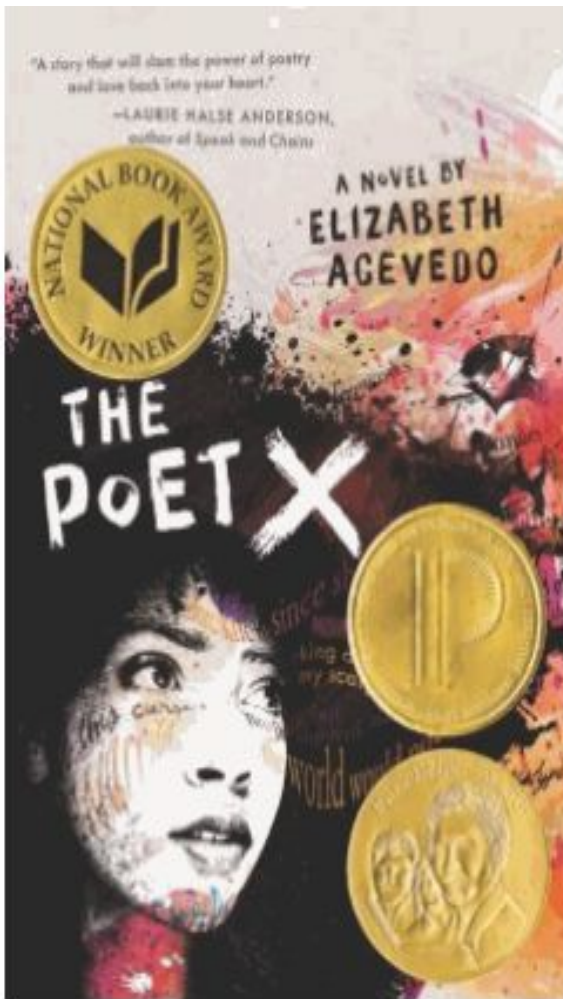
Touché—I make Dad uncomfortable by talking about my desires; he makes me uncomfortable by talking about Mom. I don't know if he's doing this intentionally or not. In either case, I don't respond, but I really like hearing that there's part of Mom surviving in me, so I smile, which, of course, means Dad wins.

And then he won again, because I wound up crying in Dr. Gordon's office. I swear I don't know how the guy did it. It might have had something to do with him being this really unattractive white-haired old man, so I couldn't be distracted by thinking about him naked. In fact, the very thought of that is completely

PROFANITY COUNT AND OTHER SENSITIVE WORDS

Playboy Magazine – 1	Margaritas – 1	A*shole – 8
A*s – 11	God (in vein) – 28	
Jesus (in vein) – 6	Sex – 23	Naked – 7
Alcohol – 3	Dildo – 2	H*ll – 45
Prescription Meds – 1	Drug use – 2	Virgin(ity) – 2
Beer – 10	Inebriated – 1	Pissed – 21
Knocked up – 7	Porn – 5	Tattoo – 8
Cervix – 1	Sh*t – 33	Marijuana – 2
Crystal Meth Lab – 1		

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



The Poet X- Acevedo

Some Concerns: profanity, sexual activities; sexual nudity, mature content, vulgar, masturbation, obscenity, theme of “coming of age sexualization,” underlying unspoken theme against the family unit.

Page	Content
4	Shake my head as even the drug dealers posted up near the building smile more in the summer, their head scowls softening into glue-eyed stares in the direction of the girls in summer dresses and short skirts: "Ayo, Xiomara, you need to start wearing dresses like that!" "Shit, you'd be wifed up before going back to school." "Especially knowing you church girls are all freaks."
5	Taller than even my father, with what Mami has always said was "a little too much body for such a young girl." I am the baby fat that settled into D-cups and swinging hips so that the boys who called me a whale in middle school now ask me to send them pictures of myself in a thong. The other girls call me conceited. Ho. Thot. Fast. When your body takes up more room than your voice you are always the target of well-aimed rumors, which is why I let my knuckles talk for me. Which is why I learned to shrug when my name was replaced by insults.
25	Last year, during youth Bible study, he wasn't so strict. He talked to us in his soft West Indian accent, coaxing us toward the light. Or maybe I just didn't notice his strictness because the older kids were always telling jokes, or asking the important questions we really wanted to know the answers to: "Why should we wait for marriage?" "What if we want to smoke weed?" "Is masturbation a sin?"
28	X: You make out with any boys while you were in DR.? C: Girl, stop. Always talking about some boys. X: Well if you didn't kiss nobody, why you all red in the face? C: Xiomara, you know I didn't kiss no boy. Just like I know you didn't. X: Don't look at me like that. I'm not proud of the fact that I still ain't kiss nobody. It's a damn shame, we're almost sixteen. C: Don't say damn, Xiomara. And don't roll your eyes at me either. You won't even be sixteen until January. X: I'm just saying, I'm ready to Stop being a nun. Kiss a boy, shoot, I'm ready to creep with him behind a stairwell and let him feel me up.
32	And I get all this attention from guys but like a sancocho of emotions. This Stew of mixed-up ingredients: partly flattered they think I'm attractive, partly scared they're only interested in my ass and boobs, and a good measure of Marui-will-kill-me fear sprinkled on top. What if I like a boy too much and become addicted to sex like Iliana from Amsterdam Ave. ? Three kids, no daddy around, and baby bibs instead of a diploma hanging on her wall. What if I like a boy too much and he breaks my heart, and I wind up angry and bitter like Mami, walking around always exclaiming how men shit, even when my father and brother are in the same room?
40	Mami put her hand out but didn't take them. Instead she backhanded me so quick she cut open my lip. "Good girls don't wear tampones. Are you still a virgin? Are you having relations?" I didn't know how to answer her, I could only cry.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page	Content
	<p>She shook her head and told me to skip church that day. Threw away the box of tampons, saying they were for cueros. That she would buy me pads. Said eleven was too young. That she would pray on my behalf. I didn't understand what she was saying. But I stopped crying. I licked at my split lip. I prayed for the bleeding to stop.</p>
64	<p>Papi was a mujeriego. That he would get drunk at the barbershop and touch the thigh of any woman who walked too close. They say his tongue was slick with compliments and his body was like a tambor with the skin stretched too tight. They say Papi was broken, that he couldn't get women pregnant, so he tossed his seeds to the wind, not caring where they landed. They say Twin and I saved him. That if it wasn't for us Mami would have kicked him to tomorrow or a jealous husband would have shanked him dead.</p>
85	<p>A boy's face in my hands, but he's nearly a man. Memories of Mami's words almost lash my fingers away but still I brush upward, against the grain and prickle and bristle of a light beard at his jaw. His cheekbones rise like a sun; the large canvas of a forehead. A nose that takes space. "This is a face that apologize for itself. The boy moves his body closer to mine and I can feel his hands drop down from my waist to my hips then brushing up toward these boobs I hate that I now push at him like an offering, his hands move so close, our faces move closer— and then my phone alarm rings, waking me up for school. In my dreams his is a mouth that knows more than curses and prayer.</p>
130	<p>In bed at night my fingers search a heat I have no name for. Sliding into a center, finding a hidden core, or stem, or maybe the root. I'm learning to caress and breathe at the same time. How to be silent and feel something grow inside me. And when it all builds up, I sink into my mattress. I feel such release. Such a relief. I feel such a shame settle like a blanket covering me head to toe. To make myself feel this way is a dirty thing, right? Then why does it feel so good?</p>
321	<p>"In Aman's arms I feel warm. In Aman's arms I feel safe. In Aman's arms he apologized. In Aman's arms I apologize. In Aman's arms I want to forget. In Aman's arms my mouth finds his. In Aman's arms my hands touch skin. In Aman's arms my shirt comes off. In Aman's arms I am shy for a moment. In Aman's arms I am beautiful beautiful beautiful. In Aman's arms I feel beautiful. In Aman's arms my jeans unsnap. In Aman's arms I show myself. In Aman's arms naked skin rubs against mine.</p>

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page	Content
	<p>In Aman's arms kisses and kisses. My neck and ear. In Aman's arms fingers touch my breasts. In Aman's arms I feel good. So good."</p>
326	<p>We have to stop. Because now we're lying on the couch and ha on top of me. And his kisses feel so good, everything feels so good. But I also feel him pressed against me. The part of him that's hard. That's still an unanswered question I don't have a response for. And when his hand brushes my thigh and then moves up— I know why island people cliff dive. Why they jump to feel free, to fly, and how they must panic for a moment when the ocean rushes toward them. I Stop his hand. I pull my face from his kiss. He is breathing hard. He is still kissing me hard. He is still bumping up against me. Hard. "We have to stop."</p>

Page	Content
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FROM THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF SMILE
RAINA TELGEMEIER

DRAMA



Drama- Telgemeier

Some concerns- gender ideology to children,

- seventh and eighth graders struggling to determine their sexual orientation as well as hiding from parents,
- drive a wedge between children and parents instead of opening up dialogue around same-sex attraction



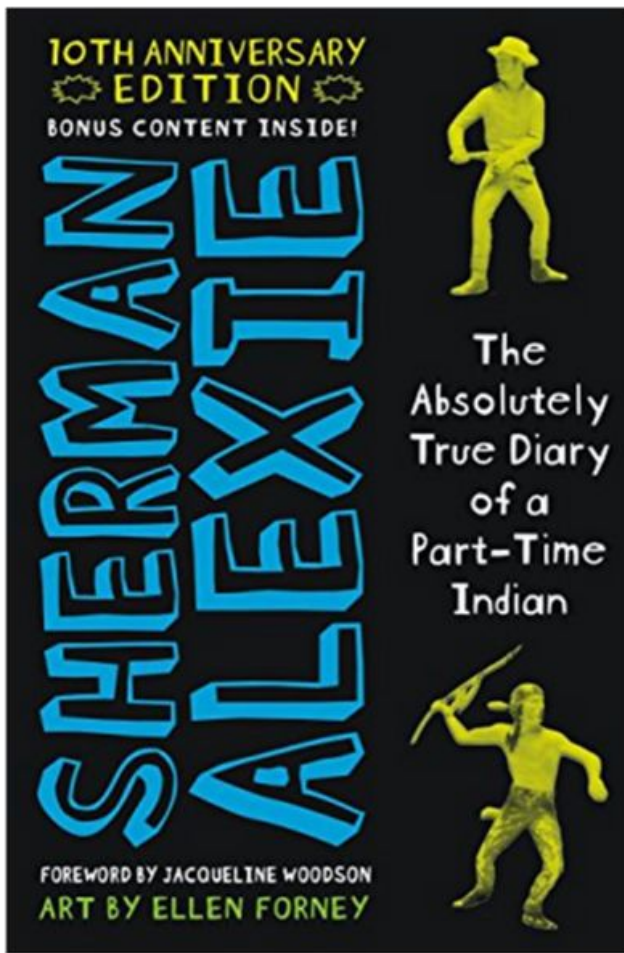


VOTED BACK INTO FISD

WEST STILL DOESN'T KNOW IF HE'S REALLY GAY. OR, I DUNNO, BI, OR WHATEVER.

REALLY?

VOTED BACK INTO FISD



Diary of Part-time Indian- Alexie

Some concerns: Violence, masturbation, Racism, sexual excitement, vulgar, sexually explicit

Word Count:

2 masturbate

1 masturbation

1 f*ck

5 d*ck (-wad; without a- ; stick your -inside knot-holes; I stick my - in the girl trees)

3 p*ssy

18 ass

1 b*tch

1 b*stard

9 sh*t

1 niggers

2 Jesus (in vain)

7 God (in vain)

4 God (other--> "And if God hadn't wanted us to masturbate, then God wouldn't have given us thumbs."; Page 221" I was mad at God; I was mad at Jesus. They were mocking me, so I mocked them")

5 damn

1 bra

1 panties

1 pregnant

3 breast/s

3 fag

7 gay

1 homophobia

1 homosexual

1 horny

1 crack

1 meth

37 drunk

1 vodka

1 wine

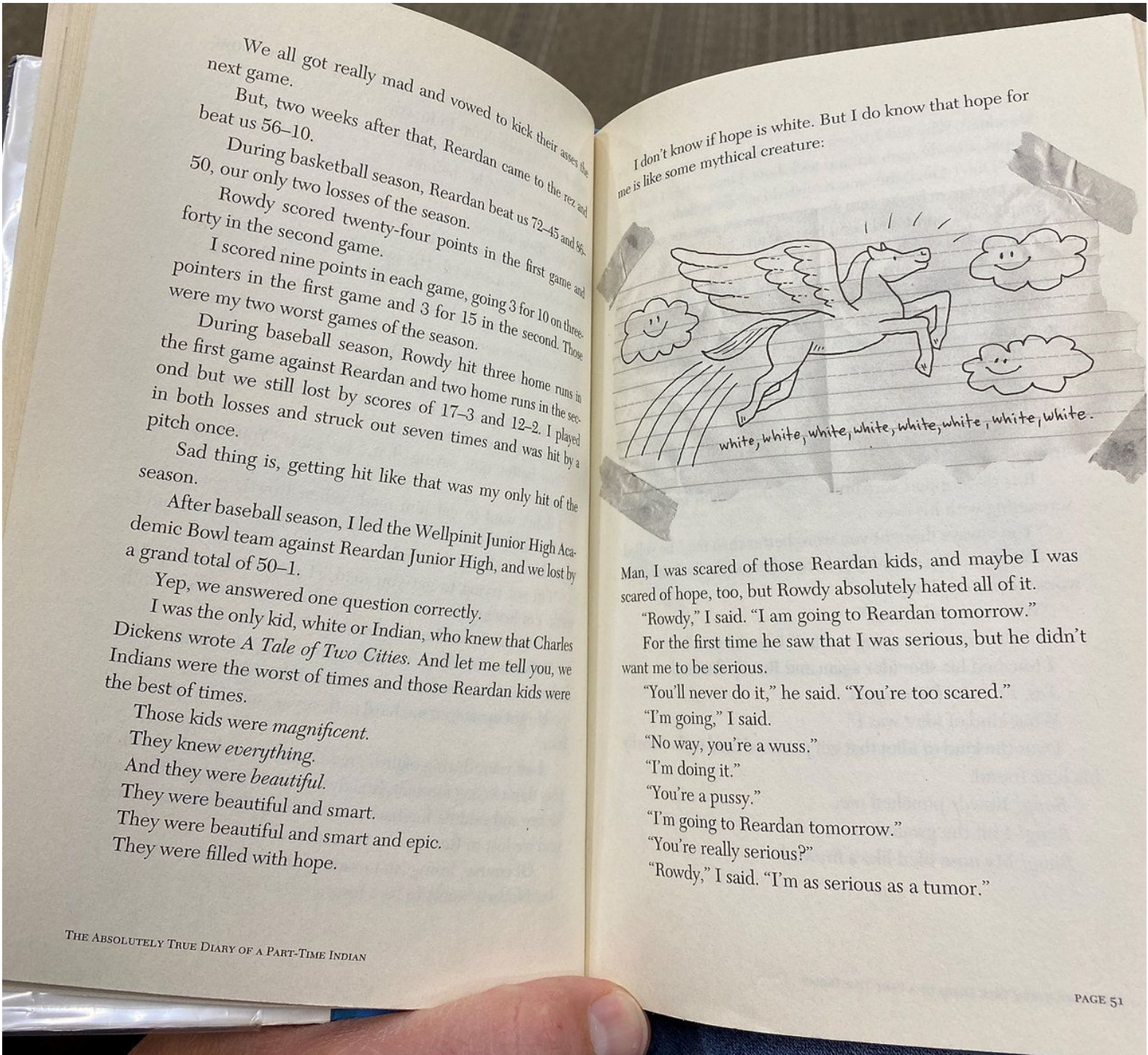
4 naked (-movie stars; -women and men; -women + right hand = happy)

9 crap



VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page 25, bottom line Page 26, first line	"I spend <i>hours</i> in the bathroom with a magazine that has one thousand pictures of naked Movie stars: Yup, that's right, I admit that I masturbate."
Page 97, bottom lines	"I don't think you should run through life with a real erect penis. But you should approach each book – you should approach life – with the real possibility that you might get a metaphorical boner at any point."
Page 201, middle Page 202, first line	"...Miss Warren was hugging me so tight that I was pretty sure she could feel my, er, physical reaction. I was kind of proud, you know? "Yep, I had a big erection ..."
Page 217 middle	"I belonged to that bribe...And the tribe of chronic masturbators."



VOTED BACK INTO FISD

VOTED BACK INTO FIST

Over the next few weeks, Penelope and I become the hot item at Reardan High School.

Well, okay, we're not exactly a romantic couple. We're more like friends with potential. But that's still cool.

Everybody is absolutely shocked that Penelope chose me to be her new friend. I'm not some ugly, mutated beast. But I am an absolute stranger at the school.

And I am an Indian.

And Penelope's father, Earl, is a racist.

The first time I meet him, he said, "Kid, you better keep your hands out of my daughter's panties. She's only dating you because she knows it will piss me off. So I ain't going to get pissed.



And if I ain't pissed then she'll stop dating you. In the meantime, you just keep your trouser snake in your trousers and I won't have to punch you in the stomach."

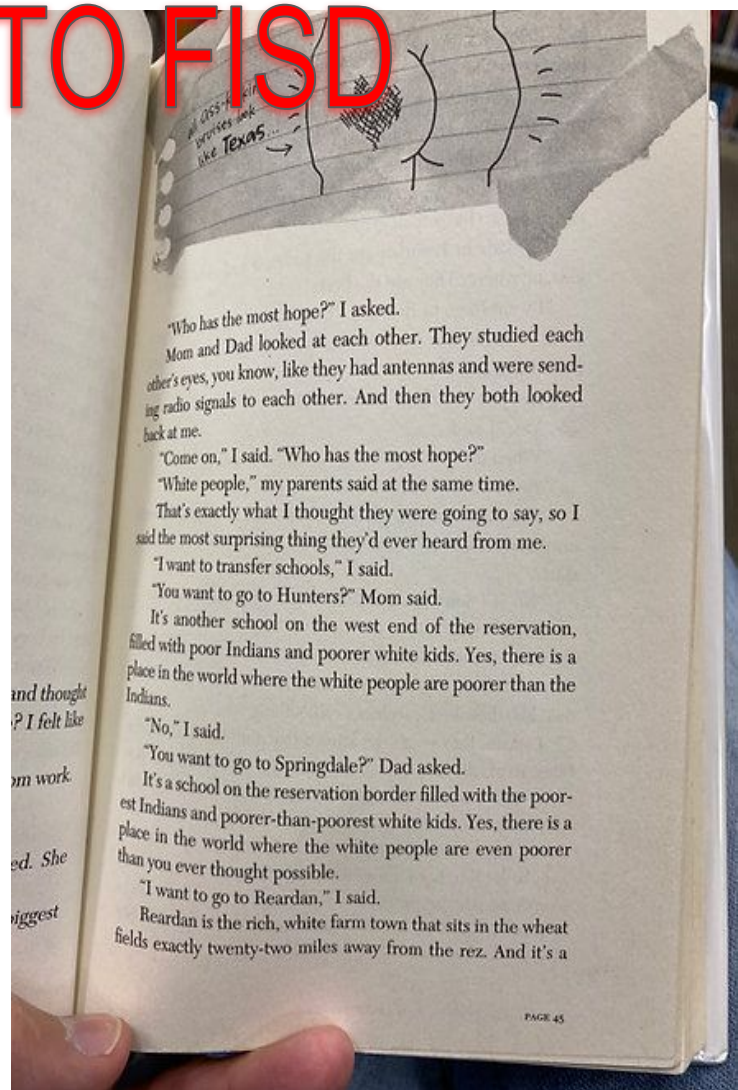
And then you know what he said to me after that?

"Kid, if you get my daughter pregnant, if you make some charcoal babies, I'm going to disown her. I'm going to kick her out of my house and you'll have to bring her home to your mommy and daddy. You hearing me straight, kid? This is hi on you now."

Yep, Earl was a real winner.

Okay, so Penelope and I became the hot topic because we were defying the great and powerful Earl.

And, yeah, you're probably thinking that Penelope was dating me ONLY because I was the worst possible choice for her.



Roger the Giant and his gang of giants strutted over to me.

"Hey, Chief," Roger said.

It seemed like he was seven feet tall and three hundred pounds. He was a farm boy who carried squealing pigs around like they were already thin slices of bacon.

I stared at Roger and tried to look tough. I read once that you can scare away a charging bear if you wave your arms and look big. But I figured I'd just look like a terrified idiot having an arm seizure.

"Hey, Chief," Roger said. "You want to hear a joke?"

"Sure," I said.

"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.

Roger and his friends were laughing like crazy. I hated them. And I knew I had to do

something big. I couldn't let them get away with that shit. I wasn't just defending myself. I was defending Indians, black people, and buffalo.

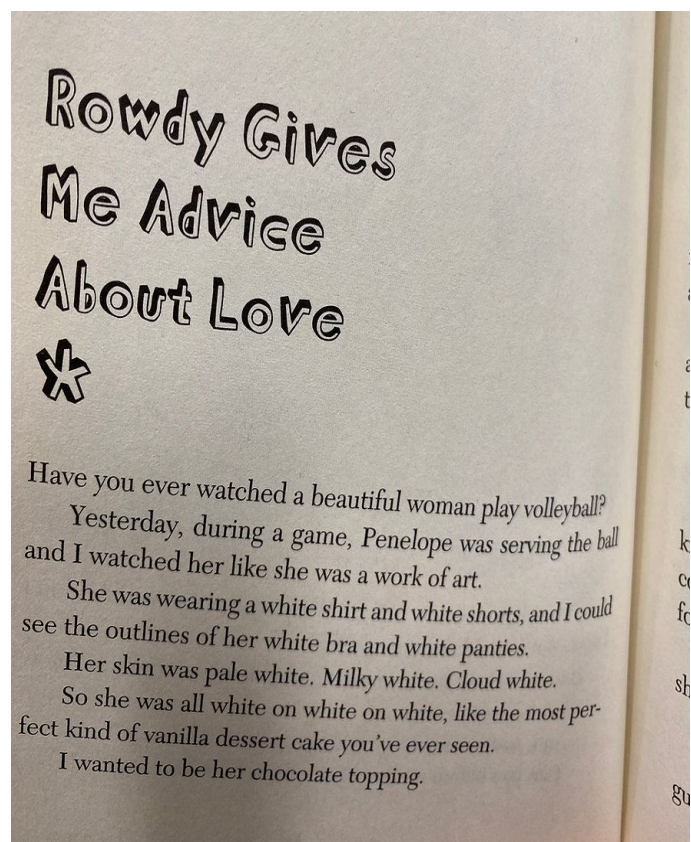
So I punched Roger in the face.

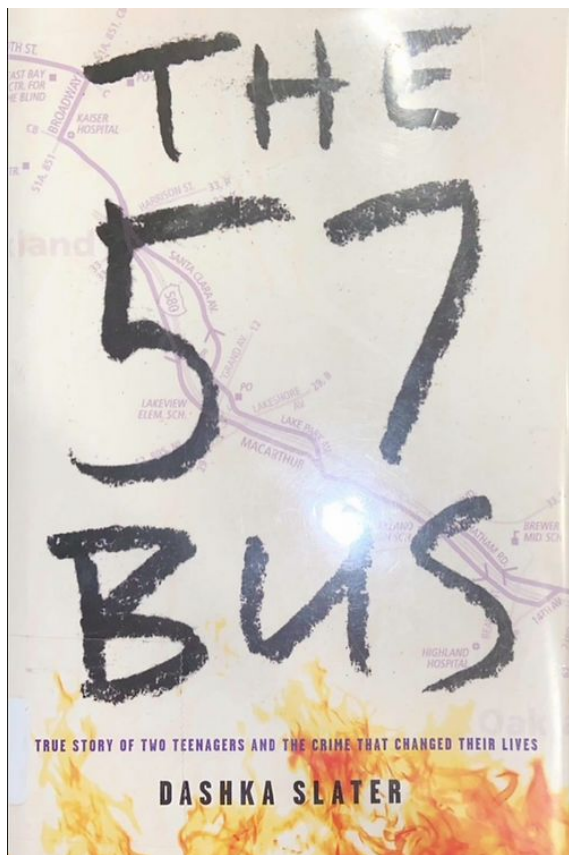
He wasn't laughing when he landed on his ass. And he wasn't laughing when his nose

bled like red fireworks.

I struck some fake karate pose because I figured Roger's gang was going to attack me for bloodying their leader.

But they just stared at me.





The 57 Bus- Slater

Some Concerns: heavy gender identity to children, promotes communism & socialism, sexuality, gender ideology, medically & factually inaccurate, vulgar, racist language

U	Author's note: The pronouns and names used for gender-nonconforming people were approved by the people in question.
4	A senior at a small private high school, the teenager identifies as agender- neither male nor female.
6	Oakland is considered one of the most diverse cities in the country. It's Asian and Latino, black and white, African, Arab, Indian, Iranian, Native American, and Pacific Islander. No one group is a majority. It has more lesbian couples per capita than any city in the nation, and one of the largest proportions of gay- and lesbian-headed households.
7	In 2013, the year Sasha was burned, Oakland ranked seventh among American cities in income and inequality- just below New York.
13	PRONOUNS Even as a toddler, Sasha was interested in language.
14	Our language, English, works differently. We care a lot about gender, and English reflects that in its pronouns- she or he, her or him, hers or his. You might think this is just how languages work in the real world, but there are many languages on earth that are basically gender neutral, using the same word for he, she, and it, or not using pronouns at all.
15	English, on the other hand, poses a challenge for people like Sasha who don't see themselves as fitting into neat either/or categories like male or female. Sasha, like many gender-non-conforming people, wants to be referred to with the pronoun they. It might feel awkward at first, but you'll get used to it.
16	For their sixteenth birthday, Sasha asked for an accordion, a manual typewriter, a Soviet flag, and a new Rubik's Cube. They didn't know how to play the accordion, but they might have learned if they had received one, which they didn't. They didn't get the flag either, although Sasha and their friend Michael made a cardboard hammer and sickle not long afterward and hung it on Sasha's bedroom wall. At the time, they were obsessed with everything having to do with Russian and communism.
17	To that you could add communism, games, and web comic Homestuck, and live-action role-playing, or larping.
19	Sasha created a card called A Complete History of the Soviet Union as Told by a Humble Worker, Arranged to the Melody of Tetris, which was the name of a six-and-a-half-minute song by an obscure British comedy band called Pig with the Face of a Boy. Michael and Sasha were both obsessed with the song and sang it at every opportunity.
20	Back then, Shasha was called Luke and they were referred to as he.
24	One day Samantha told the therapist about a video she'd seen on YouTube. Two young women stood back-to-back performing a slam poem called "Hir," rotating to face the mic as they gave voice to a girl named Melissa and the boy inside her named James. Sometimes she wishes she could rip the skin off her back,

do with who she was. People used to mistake her for a boy, but she had felt proud to be a girl. But now being a girl was like being stuffed into a heavy, constricting costume. She could barely breathe in it. The rules of the universe were fixed: You look a certain way and so you have to act a certain way and people are going to treat you a certain way. There was no way to alter it.
"I think I might be...transgender?" she whispered to her therapist the next week. "I don't think you know what transgender means," her therapist replied.
The bell that had been chiming inside her fell silent. She's the expert, Samantha thought.

26 "I'm transgender."

27 Back in seventh grade, Andrew rarely spoke about gender with Sasha after that one conversation. He wouldn't tell his parents he was trans for another year. For a while he convinced himself that being a girl would be okay, that being trans was just too hard a life.

28 Even though he'd started high school as a boy, his trans status was a topic of constant rumor and gossip.

29 Now, as Sasha explained that they also were questioning their gender, Andrew felt a rush of relief, similar to the one he'd felt when he came out to Sasha.

29 They just knew. Whether or not the appearance of their body matched the gender in their mind, there was some core understanding: my identity is this. But Sasha didn't feel that. Didn't feel strongly This is what I am. Didn't feel strongly This is what I'm not. Other people seemed to have a file in their brain marked Gender.

29 The idea of not having a gender wasn't frightening to Sasha, but it wasn't a relief either.

29 "For me at least, genderqueer includes an aspect of questioning," Sasha explains. "The fact that I was questioning my gender meant that I was genderqueer." Still, Sasha kept probing. On Facebook, they posted a status update asking, What is your preferred pronoun?

30 Sasha explained that there were other choices besides he and she, choices like it, or they, or more recently invented gender-neutral pronouns like ne, ve, and ze or xe. Listening, it became clear to Karl that this was a topic Sasha had been thinking about a lot.

Not long afterward, Sasha was talking with their parents about someone they'd met online who identified as genderqueer.

"Are you genderqueer?" asked Debbie, Sasha's mother.

"Yeah," Sasha said.

That was the extent of the conversation. But that night, Sasha posted on Google+: Just came out as genderqueer to my parents. Basically, I don't identify as masculine or feminine.

30 What did genderqueer even mean?

31 GENDERQUEER

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

32 Sasha announced they were genderqueer, she asked for clarification. "Who are you attracted to? Do you have sexual feelings for men?" But that wasn't the issue for Sasha. They weren't all that interested in having sex with anyone, actually. And anyway, terms like homosexual or heterosexual made no sense if you didn't identify as one gender or another. Most of us see gender and sexuality and romance as one big interconnected tangle of feelings- this is who I am, this is who I'm attracted to, this is who I love.

32 Gender was the word for what people felt about themselves, how they felt inside. Sexuality was the category for who you were physically attracted to.

33 Because language is evolving rapidly, and because different people have different preferences, always adopt the language individuals use about themselves, even if it differs from what's here.

34 bigender/gender fluid- Sometimes identifies as male and sometimes as female. Cis/cisgender- The opposite of transgender; gender matches their birth sex. Gender questioning- Is unsure about where they belong on the gender spectrum. Genderqueer/nonbinary- Gender identity doesn't fit neatly into male/female categories. Intersex- Born with sexual anatomy, organs, or chromosomes that don't seem to fit the typical definitions of female or male. Replaces the outdated and offensive term hermaphrodite. Trans/transgender- Feels their gender is different from their birth sex, whether or not they have physically changed their body or outward presentation. A transgender man is someone who currently identifies as male. A transgender woman is someone who currently identifies as female.

34 cupiosexual- Doesn't feel sexual attraction, but is still interested in sex. Graysexual- Mostly doesn't feel sexual attraction but does occasionally.

35 pansexual- Physically attracted to people across the gender spectrum. TERMS FOR ROMANTIC INCLINATION Aromatic- Not romantically attracted to anyone. Biromantic- Romantically attracted to both men and women. Cupioromantic- Doesn't feel romantic attraction, but is still interested in romance. Heteroromantic- Romantically attracted to people of all the opposite gender. Homoromantic- Romantically attracted to people of the same gender. Panromantic- Romantically attracted to people across the gender spectrum Quoiromantic- Doesn't understand the difference between romantic and platonic love.

37 Discovering the experience of genderqueer identity felt like discovering a secret room. All this time there had been just two rooms: male and female. Now it turned out there was another room- one that could be furnished however you wanted.

38 He remembers his thought process going like this: Okay, not male. Okay, not female. So, neither? Okay. "That was the process and it took ten seconds," he says. "Then it was over."

shoot this shit up.

77 Richard's mother, Jasmine was already four and a half months pregnant when her grandmother took her to the doctor to get checked. She was fourteen years old and had been dating a boy two years older. He was the one who figured out she was pregnant- she hadn't known enough to make sense of the changes happening to her body. It was too late for an abortion, but Jasmine figured she was prepared to raise a child.

109 Do u ever just get rly tired when u have a lot of shit to do and u just start crying for no reason

112 "Whoa, nigga. You said, 'Hey!'" Jamal echoed. "Screamin' and shit." Lloyd leaned close and screeched in Jamal's ear. Richard laughed and slapped Lloyd's head. "Aw, nigga, you just broke my neck," Lloyd yelled. "Damn, pussy, bitch, fuck!" Richard brandished the lighter, pretending to light Lloyd's sleeve. He looked at Jamal. "Do it," Jamal urged. Lloyd danced between them, landing half on Jamal's lap. "Move, nigga! Get off me," Jamal grumbled.

114 Sasha leaps up, slapping the flaming skirt. "Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!"

115 "Oh, Lord. Fuck."

115 "Oh my God. Who would want to do some shit like that?"

116 "That's fucked up. That's hellu fucked up!" Then the driver walks down the aisle to the back of the bus and kicks the charred remnant of Sasha's skirt through the door. "Real stupid motherfuckers, man!" he bellows.

143 "I'm homophobic," Richard said at last. "I don't like gay people."

145 "My son considers himself agender," she said. "He likes to wear a skirt. It's his statement. That's how he feels comfortable dressing." It wasn't until later that she realized she'd gotten the pronouns wrong.

188 Being agender simply means that the person doesn't feel they are "either a boy or a girl."

189 But his presence was a statement in itself- I'm here, I'm queer, and I support my cousin. Inside the courtroom, reporters discussed the best terms to use when describing Sasha. Gender fluid? Genderqueer? Gender non-conforming? Agender?

189 "I've met the minor and I can tell you he's not homophobic, not even remotely," he said.

197 Like, 'Oh yeah, he gay, he hecka gay, let's burn him.'

202 Conversation turned to a case that was in the news- Donald Williams Jr., an African American freshman at San Jose State University, had been relentlessly bullied by the white students he lived with in a four-bedroom dormitory suite.

to get some had surveyed the options. Men and women. And walked back to the car. "There's no bathroom for me," they said, climbing into the backseat.

41 It was tough sometimes, watching Sasha navigate a world that didn't even have a category for them.

43 Sasha had been identifying as agender for almost a year by now, but they still dressed the same as they always had- like a boy.

46 One leaned out the window, "Let me suck your prick."

47 He didn't bother ruminating on why he'd been singled out, why the men had assumed he was gay.

48 1. I'm Sasha and I identify as agender.
2. It's important to respect people's preferred pronouns.
3. I'm petitioning the White House to recognize nonbinary gender. Anyone can start a petition on the We the People website at Whitehouse.gov, requesting that the federal government address a problem or change a policy. If a petition gets enough signatures within a thirty-day window, the White House will issue an official response. Sasha's petition reads as follows: Legal documents in the United States only recognize "male" and "female" as genders, leaving anyone who does not identify as one of these two genders with no option. Australia and New Zealand both allow an X in place of an M or an F on passports for this purpose, and the UK regnizes 'Mx' (pronounced "Mix") as a gender-neutral title. This petition asks the Obama administration to legally recognize genders outside of the male-female binary, and provide on option for these genders on all legal documents and records.

50 As they boxed up books and folders and unpinned words from the wall, Sasha noticed a pair of clipboards parents used to sign out their kids at the end of the day. One clipboard was marked Girls. The other was marked Boys. "What about the kids who aren't either one?" Sasha asked. "Which clipboard do they go on?"

51 Three years later, Karl's classroom included a boy who sometimes liked to dress as a princess and a girl who talked about maybe being a boy someday.

55 Nemo identifies as gender fluid.

56 "To me gender fluid means I have the potential to be anything, any gender at any time," Nemo explained. "I can be male, female, masculine, feminine, neither, both." Like Sasha, Nemo uses they/them pronouns. Sasha and Nemo knew each other from the school's Queer Club and had gone to see *Les Miserables* together the year before.

56 "And I'm asexual, so I don't do sexual relationships," Nemo says.

56 The fact that both of them identified as nonbinary wasn't the reason they were together, it was just another thing they had in common.

73 "I don't give a fuck about them flowers," the guy said. He didn't know who Lil'

Male Content

a the face of a person in a determining population for representation in Congress. They clamped a bike lock around his neck and claimed to have lost the key. They wrote Nigger on a whiteboard and draped a Confederate flag over a cardboard cutout of Elvis Presley in the suite's living room. They locked him in his room. And they claimed it was all just a series of good-natured pranks. In the end, three eighteen-year-old white students were expelled for what they did to Williams, and a seventeen-year-old was suspended. The three who were expelled were also charged in criminal court. The charge: misdemeanor battery with a hate-crime enhancement, which carried a maximum penalty of a year and a half in county jail. A jury eventually convicted all three of battery but acquitted one of the students of the hate-crime charge and deadlocked on the others. "Girl, they got misdemeanors," Regis said. "Nobody got charged with any felonies. Three white boys on one black boy."

224 They carried a book about the history of American Socialism.

228 The government had acknowledged the existence of nonbinary gender.

229 She had made Sasha a ball gown as a gift, using fabric donated by the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a San Francisco charity and street performance group that calls itself "a leading-edge Order of queer nuns."

239 "You're the one who smacked my ass!" "I'm the one who smacked your ass!"

249 Seven of them, including a knit cap, a flat cap, a Russian ushanka hat, and a Chairman Mao hat with a red star at the forehead. A few key books came along as well: a vegan cookbook, the novel *Trains and Lovers* by Alexander McCall Smith, *The Left Hand of Darkness* by Ursula K. Le Guin, a book about anarchism called *Black Flame*, and the novel *Orlando* by Virginia Woolf, about a poet who changes genders from male to female.

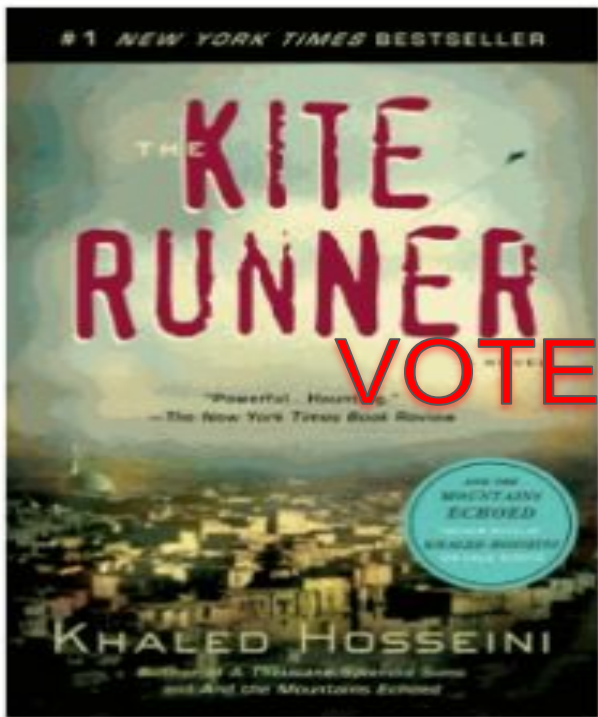
267 "It was kind of fucked up that we were out there fighting and cutting school," she says.

285 "...We hope that there are programs in juvenile detention that can at least help Richard with this, and that he can become an ally who will stand up against the bullying and hatred of gay and trans people."

289 They talked about revolution vs. reform and anarchism vs. socialism, and Andrew was struck, as he always had been, by the way Sasha carefully considered things instead of just echoing the opinions of other people. Andrew was eighteen now. His glasses were rimless at the bottom; his nose pierced at the septum. He identified as a gay man. Few people knew his trans status- he kept it on the down low.

290 He was happier now than he'd been before he transitioned, but he still yearned for something else, some place outside of gender. "Actually," he said, "I'm starting to identify a little bit as- I don't even know the word I want to use yet. I like androgynous. I like genderqueer."

VOTED BACK INTO FICSD



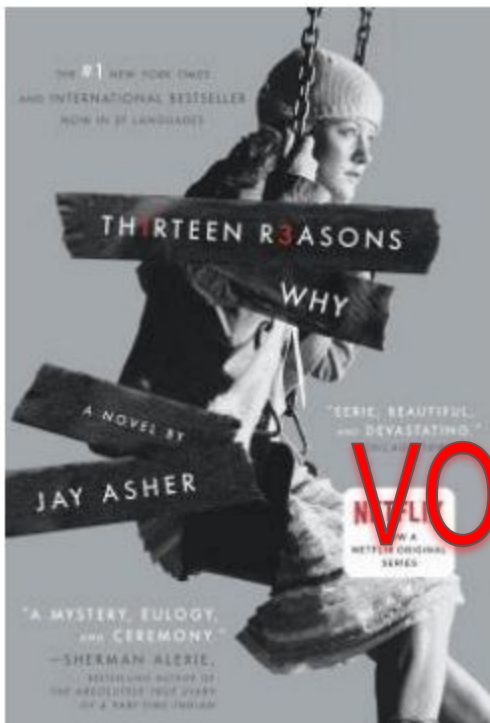
The Kite Runner- Khaled Hosseini

Some Concerns: This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; prostitution involving minors and adults; explicit violence; rape, profanity.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page	Content
	tried to fight... God... took him...bleeding down there... his pants... doesn't talk anymore...just stares...
255	"There is a Talib official," he muttered." He visits once every month or two. He brings cash with him, not a lot, but better than nothing as all." His shifty eyes fell on me, rolled away." Usually he takes a girl. But not always." "And you allow this?" Farid said behind me. He was going around the table, closing in on Zaman. "What choice do I have?" Zaman shot back. He pushed himself away from the desk. "You're the director here," Farid said. "Your job is to watch over these children." "There's nothing I can do to stop it." "You're selling children!" Farid barked

Page	Content
7	He handed the cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out. "I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there." The soldiers laughed. One of them made a squealing sound. I told Hassan to keep walking. "What a tight little sugary cunt she had!" the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.
75	Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck. ..."All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?" Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved. Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan's hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan's back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn't struggle. Didn't even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb. ...I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef's quick, rhythmic grunts
77	I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef's quick, rhythmic grunts
115	Karim cleared his throat, dropped his head. Said the soldier wanted a half hour with the lady in the back of the truck. ..."It's his price for letting us pass." Karim said. He couldn't bring himself to look the husband in the eye. "But we've paid a fair price already. He's getting paid good money," the husband said. Karim and the Russian soldier spoke. "He says... he says every price has a tax."
116	My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef's buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.
120	Then he told Baba about Kamal. I caught only snippets of it: Should have never let him go alone... always so handsome, you know... four of them...



Thirteen Reasons Why- Asher

Some Concerns: sensationalizes suicide, detailed sexual assault, normalizes sexual battery and assault, adult content

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page	Content
10	Hannah Baker's suicide tapes are getting passed around.
25	Hannah took off her shirt and let Justin put his hands up her bra.
27	She came over to my table at lunch, whispered the proposition in my ear, and I had a hard-on for the rest of the day.
37	Sure, I am pressuring you with that second set of tapes, but who cares if people around town know what you think of my ass, right?
38	"You idiot, Jackass."
47	Or fat-ass Jackass Jimmy.
47	A cupped hand smacked my ass. And then, he said it. "Best Ass in the Freshman Class, Wally. Standing right there in your store!"
52	Alex, am I saying your list gave him permission to grab my ass? I'm saying it gave him an excuse. And an excuse was all this needed.
52	I'm just going to tell you why it pissed me off. I've had my butt grabbed before- no big deal- but this time it was grabbed because someone else wrote my name on a list.
88	"He's cramming his dick in his pants."
101	Don't worry; Mrs. Crimsen, I thought. No boys in here. No alcohol. No drugs. No fun.
109	"You're a dick, Marcus."
121	Which is funny, because whoever designed the list forgot to mention drinking and sex- which would've been the most accurate response for most of our student body.
170	Or deep down, maybe there was more. Maybe I wanted someone to figure out who wrote the note and secretly come to my rescue.
172	Because we're juveniles, she said, as long as the suicide didn't occur in a public place with witnesses, they probably wouldn't report in the news.
174	A girl who, for some reason, blames me for her suicide.
182	They wrote about death. About the evilness of men. ...Seriously, that's how they described it. They went on to call Earth a knocked-up gaseous alien needing an abortion.
247	Fun drunks make a nice addition to any party. Not looking to fight. Not looking to score. Just looking to get drunk and laugh.
254	Okay, I'll say it. I thought about suicide. ...I thought about suicide. ...I wish I would die. ...What about hanging? Well, what would I use? Where would I do it? And even if I knew what and where, I could never get beyond the visual of someone finding me- swinging- inches from the floor. ...You took pills. That, we all know. Some say you passed out and drowned in a bathtub full of water. It came down to two lines of thinking. If I wanted people to think it was an accident, I'd drive my car off the road. Somewhere where there's no chance of survival. And there are so many places to do that on the outskirts of town. I've probably driven by each of them a dozen times in the past couple of weeks.

Page	Content
	Others say you drew the bathwater, but fell asleep on your bed while it was filling. Your mom and dad came home, found the bathroom flooded, and called your name. But there was no answer. Then there are these tapes. ...So I've decided on the least painful way possible. Pills. My stomach pulls in, wanting to rid my body of everything. Food. Thoughts. Emotions. But what kinds of pills? And how many? I'm not sure. And I don't have much time to figure it out because tomorrow...I'm going to do it. Wow. ...I won't be around anymore...tomorrow.
264	Your fingers made their way under my bra. But you didn't grab me. Testing the boundaries, I guess. Sliding your thumb along the underside of my breasts. "Weren't you on that list?" you said. "Best ass in the freshman class." Bryce, you had to see my jaw clench. You had to see my tears. Does that kind of shit turn you on? Bryce? Yes. It does. "It's true," you said.
265	And I'm going to kick your ass.
265	As if letting him finger me was going to cure all my problems. But in the end, I never told you to get away...and you didn't. You stopped rubbing circles on my stomach. Instead, you rubbed back and forth, gently, along my waist. Your pinky made its way under the top of my panties and rolled back and forth, from hip to hip. Then another finger slipped below, pushing your pinky further down, brushing it through my hair. And that's all you needed, Bryce. You started kissing my shoulder, my neck, sliding your fingers in and out. And then you kept going. You didn't stop there. I'm sorry. Is this getting too graphic for some of you? Too bad.



Sold- McCormick

Some Concerns: explicit aberrant sexual activities including raping of children; prostitution; and explicit violence.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Page	Content
102	<p>"Are you ready to work?" she says in my language. I nod and say yes, then nod again, although I do not understand how these city people do their chores in such fine clothes and uncomfortable shoes. I follow Mumtaz down the hallway lined with tiny rooms. We pass by girls sitting cross-legged on the floor. Girls drawing on tiger eyes. Girls spraying themselves with flower water. Some of them stare at me. Some take no notice. We go up some stairs, down another hallway, then into a room where an old man is lying on a bed. His skin is yellow and he has tufts of hair poking out from his ears. Mumtaz speaks kindly to him and I wonder if he is sick. Across the hall, in another room, where a red cloth is hung across the doorway, I hear the sound of grunting. It is a strange, animal sound that makes me shudder. Mumtaz points to me and says something to the old man. He licks his palm and smooths down his hair. They do not seem to notice the grunting. Then it stops. The red cloth is pulled back. And a man stands in the hallway zipping his pants. I look down at my red-painted nails and my new shoes. Something is not right here. I don't know what is going on, but it is not right, not right at all. Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound. "Don't be afraid," she says. "Come her, now." I don't move. Her voice turns hard. "Get over here, you ignorant girl." She says. Still, I don't move. 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. He 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 cries out "Aghh!" and I am running. Running down the hall, past the other girls, losing my fancy city shoes along the way, until I am back in the room where I started, pulling my old clothes out of my bundle.</p>
106	<p>I wrap my arms around myself and grip with all my might. But the trembling will not stop. "Well, then." Mumtaz says, pulling her record book out from her waistcloth. "Let me explain it to you." "You belong to me," she says. "And I paid a pretty sum for you, too." She opens to page in her book and points to the notation for 10,000 rupees. "You will take men to your room," she says. "And do whatever they ask of you. You will work here, like the other girls, until your debt is paid off."</p>
107	<p>This Shahanna leans close and whispers to me, "It will go easier on you if you hold still." There is a slicing sound, and a clump of my hair falls to the floor. I cry out and try to break free, but Shahanna has hold of me.</p>

	<p>Mumtaz draws back, the jaw of the scissors poised at my neck. "Hold still," she says, her teeth clinched. "Or I'll slice your throat."</p>
109	<p>Each morning and evening Mumtaz comes, beats me with a leather strap, and locks the door behind her.</p>
110	<p>Tonight when Mumtaz comes to my room, she sees that her strap has left raw sores on my back and neck, my arms and legs. So she hits me on the soles of my feet.</p>
111	<p>Tonight when Mumtaz comes and unlocks the door, she sees there is no part of me unmarked by her strap. "Now will you agree to be with men?" I shake my head. And she says that she will starve me until I submit.</p>
115	<p>"No," I hear myself say in a ragged voice. "I will not do this disgraceful thing." Shahanna sighs. "She will only sell you to another place just like this."</p>
116	<p>You are safe here only if you do not show how frightened you are.</p>
120	<p>A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says, "You're lucky to be with Habib." 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. "You're lucky," he says, "that Habib is your first one." I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that. "You can tell the others that it was Habib," he says. I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is this Habib he keeps talking about? "If this is really your first time," he says. "Old Mumtaz is a tricky one." He unbuckles his belt. "Once before, she sold Habib used goods." The fish-lips man removes my dress. I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens. "Habib," he says. "Habib is good with the ladies." 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." I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don't know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally, I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing.</p>

Page	Content
	Habib rolls off me. Then I understand: I was the person crying.
123	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.
125	I hurt. I am torn and bleeding where the men have been. I pray to the gods to make the hurting go away. To make the burning and the aching and the bleeding stop.
127	Before it starts, you hear a zipper baring its teeth, perhaps the sound of a shoe being kicked aside in haste, the wincing of the mattress. Once it starts, you may hear the sound of horns bleating in the street below, the peanut vendor hawking his treats, or the pock of a rubber ball as the children shout and play in the school yard nearby. But if you are lucky, or if you work hard at it, you hear nothing. Nothing, perhaps, but the clicking of the fan overhead, that steady ticking away of seconds until it is over. Until it starts again.
128	One day Shahanna comes to my room, bearing a cup of tea and a leftover heel of bread. She slips a small plastic package into my hand. "Don't let Mumtaz see this," she whispers. "What is it?" I ask. She checks to make sure no one can hear. "A condom." I don't understand what this condom is and why it must be kept so secret. Shahanna explains. "Ask the men to use it, so that you don't get a disease," she says. "Most of them will say no; they will threaten to go somewhere else if you insist."
129	There is a bucket of water next to my bed. But no matter how often I wash and scrub and wash and scrub I cannot seem to rise the men from my body.

Page	Content
132	One afternoon, Mumtaz comes to the door and tells me to gather up my things. "Now that you are no longer a virgin," she says, "I cannot fetch a good price for you."
133	I haven't cried, not one tear, since that first night with the fish-lips man. But now tears surge up in my eyes. I blink them back and lift my chin. "But what?" she says. She pulls the leather strap out from under her skirt and slaps it against her open palm. I bow my head. "From now on," Mumtaz says, "you will join the other girls downstairs each night. You will share a bedroom and be free to walk the house." I stare straight ahead. Mumtaz comes close and takes my chin in her hand. "But if you try to run away," she says, "I will grind hot chilies and put them in your private parts."
135	A fat, toothless woman stirs a vat of greasy stew while a naked child crawls at her feet, and the air is thick with the smell of spices and cooking oil, perfume and cigarette smoke. It is all, suddenly, too much. I sink to the floor, wincing at the tenderness between my thighs.
141	Before, when you were in the locked room, Shahanna says, Mumtaz sent the customers to you. Now, if you want to pay off your debt, you must do what it takes to make them choose you. Tell the customers that you are twelve, she says. Or Mumtaz will beat you senseless. Do whatever the customer asks of you, Shahanna says. Otherwise he will beat you senseless. Then he will do whatever he likes and leave without paying. Always wash yourself with a wet rag after the man is finished, Pushpa says. This will keep you from getting a disease.
142	There are special things you need to know about how to use your shawl, she says. Flick the ends of your shawl in a come-closer gesture and you will bring the shy men to your bed, the ones who will slip an extra coin into your hand before they go. Draw your shawl to your chin, bend your neck like a peacock. This will bring the older men to your bed, the ones who will leave a sweet on your pillow. Press your shawl to your nose with the back of your hand, Pushpa says, when you must bring a dirty man to your bed. He will leave nothing but his smell, the stink of sweat, and hair oil and liquor and man. But you can use your shawl to block the worst of it. Anita turns away from the mirror, transformed from a crook-faced country girl into a tiger-eyed city woman. There is another way to use a shawl, she says. I cannot tell if she is giving me a winning face if she is being kind or cruel. The new girl, the one in your old room, she says. Yesterday morning Mumtaz found her hanging from the rafters.

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Page	Content
145	The younger ones, like Jeena, are given special medicine so they can sleep under the bed while their mothers are with customers.
147	Half of what the men pay goes to Mumtaz, she says. Then you must take away 80 rupees for what Mumtaz charges for your daily rice and dal. Another 100 a week for renting you a bed and pillow. And 500 for the shot the dirty-hands doctor gives us once a month so that we won't become pregnant.
180	Once, when the dirty-hands doctor pushed himself up against me in a back hall, Monica pried him off of me and told him he would have to pay like everyone else.
182	I have been beaten here, locked away, violated a hundred times and a hundred times more. I have been starved and cheated, tricked and disgraced.
189	"Have you been washing yourself?" she says. "After the men. Do you wash yourself down there?" I try to nod, but my head is heavy, achy, a distant thing I cannot control. All I can do is close my eyes.
191	"Take these pills tonight," she says. "And you'll be back at work in no time." Then she unwinds her waistcloth and takes out her record book. She wets her pencil with the tip of her tongue and writes a number in her book. "You'll be able to work off the cost of the medicine in a few days," she says.
216	"Get to work, you lazy whores," she says.
227	Here at Happiness House, there are dirty men, old men, rough men, fat men, drunken men, sick men. I will be with them all. Any man, every man.
228	I have a regular customer now. He makes me do a nasty thing, but he gives my 10 rupees extra.
254	I learned ways to be with men. I learned how to forget what was happening to me even as it was happening. But ever since the pink-skinned man came here, with his pictures of the clean place, I cannot remember those ways. Now, while I wait for the American to return, and the men come to my bed, I clench the sheets in my hands, for fear that I will pound them to death with my fists. I grit my teeth, for fear that I will bite through their skin to their very bones. I squeeze my eyes closed tight, for fear that I will see what has actually happened to me.

Page	Content
257	It is a simple kitchen sound, the grinding of spices with a wooden pestle. Sometimes it means nothing more than spicy stew for supper. But sometimes it means that the cook is readying the hot chili punishment for one of us. And then it is a sound that turns even the hardest woman here into a whimpering child. Because it means that someone has crossed Mumtaz, that Mumtaz will smear the chili on a stick and put it inside the girl, and that all of us will be awake throughout the night, listening to the girl moan.
258	She pushes the cook aside, takes her stick, rolls it in the chili powder, and wheels around to face me. I fall to the floor, kissing her feet and weeping. She gives me a kick in the ribs, and all the air flies out of me in a whoosh. Then she is gone. Soon I hear a piteous wailing coming from the next room. Anita bends over me. "It's Kumari, the new girl," she says, stroking my hair. "She accepted a bangle bracelet from a customer."
258	"You certainly act the part of the guilty one," Mumtaz says from above me. What I feel next is the gritty sole of her shoe on the side of my head, gently at first, then with steady, gathering force, relentless, building pressure until her full weight is on me. She grinds her foot, and the metal edge of my earring bites into the flesh of my ear. But I do not cry out. The seconds tick by. Then, somehow, I am outside myself, marveling at this pain, a thing so formidable it has color and shape. Fantastic red, then yellow, starbursts of agony explode in my head. Then there is a blinding whiteness, and then blackness. Somehow, without warning, the pain is gone. A new pain takes its place as Mumtaz yanks on my braid and drags me to my feet. We are eye to eye. I can smell the sour tang of her sweat. "Have you done something for which you should be punished?" she says. I don't answer. She yanks on my braid. My scalp yelps with pain. But I don't say a word. "Have you done something wrong?" she says, spit gathering in the corners of her mouth. "Tell me, you stupid little hill girl." Mumtaz has called me a little hill girl. Which is, still, what I am. I meet her gaze. "No, Mumtaz," I say. "I haven't." She lets go of my hair, and it takes all my strength to keep my knees from giving way. "Then put on your makeup," she says, "and get back to work." I stay upright until she is gone. Only then do I slump to the floor and touch the side of my head. My earring comes off in my hand, bloodied, but intact. And I know then that my earlobe has been torn clear through.



Jumping Off Swings-

Some concerns: child sex, vulgar, sexually explicit, rape

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

“SO, WAS SHE TOTALLY INTO IT?” Kyle asks.

“What do you think?” Josh smirks at us as if his new status has elevated him from virgin geek to ultrastud.

My best friend has officially become an asshole.

“Dude, way to hook up on the first try!” Dave high-fives Josh, then gives me a sympathetic look, like “Too bad you’re still a loser, buddy.”

My second best friend has officially joined my best friend in the Asshole Club.

My hands close into fists. If they weren’t talking about Ellie, maybe I wouldn’t mind so much. Maybe that makes me an asshole, too.

THE FIRST BOY made me feel like I was the most beautiful girl in school. He told me I was special. That he couldn’t believe he was with me. When he held me, I felt like a present he didn’t want to share. He said it was his first time, too. But his kisses got harder and harder. And his hands moved everywhere, too fast. A noise came out of me when he ripped his way inside me. He didn’t notice. He just moaned louder.

But I wasn’t moaning. I was crying. He didn’t even kiss me good-bye when he was done.

I stayed after he left the room. I sat and listened to the party noises in the other part of the house we were in. To people laughing. I wiped my eyes and

sat on the edge of the bed. I thought of the words he'd used earlier. How they filled me up and made me feel wanted and alive. But how, when he pushed his way inside me, he emptied me out again.

Pretty soon Corinne found me. She asked if I was all right. She wanted to know what happened. She wanted to know all the details. "Far, farther, or farthest?" she kept asking.

She giggled when I told her farthest. She jumped up and down on the bed.

"Tell me what it was like!"

But I couldn't. I wanted to be able to tell her it was the way it was supposed to be. Special. But it wasn't. And I couldn't lie. So I just shrugged and said I'd tell her later.

When I got home and changed, I saw the blood on my panties. I was

afraid something was wrong with me. I called Corinne the next morning. She said that happens when you do it the first time. Her sister told her about it. Ava said that in some cultures, they check the wedding couple's sheets for blood to prove that the bride was a virgin. I couldn't stop thinking about that. About someone else seeing my blood. And knowing what I'd done.

I didn't know what to do with my bloody panties. I folded them into a tight ball and hid them way back in my underwear drawer where I couldn't see them.

The second time, I should have known. I should have recognized the familiar lies.

You're so hot. I have to have you. C'mon . . .

And the third time.

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

And the fourth.

Their hands felt so good, wanting me. Needing me. Their words made me feel beautiful. Irresistible. Even powerful for that one brief moment before it was over.

But I was none of those things.

I was nothing.

Just a smell on their hands to share with their friends.

I mean if I had said, "I'm sure I'd tell Ellie every detail. And to be honest? I had expected the same from her, which was a huge disappointment. But I've heard enough through my sister's bedroom wall when my parents aren't home to know that sex *can* involve talking. Ava's number-one rule: "If you're gonna be with a guy, you need to make sure right off the bat that *you* are the one calling the shots. You say what you want and what you don't want. Period." She's been with her boyfriend for two years. She must know what she's talking about because that guy adores her. And like I said, judging from the noises they make, they are *both* having a good time.

But Ellie's not the type of person to ever put herself first. It's just not who she is.



Perfectly Good White Boy- Mesrobian

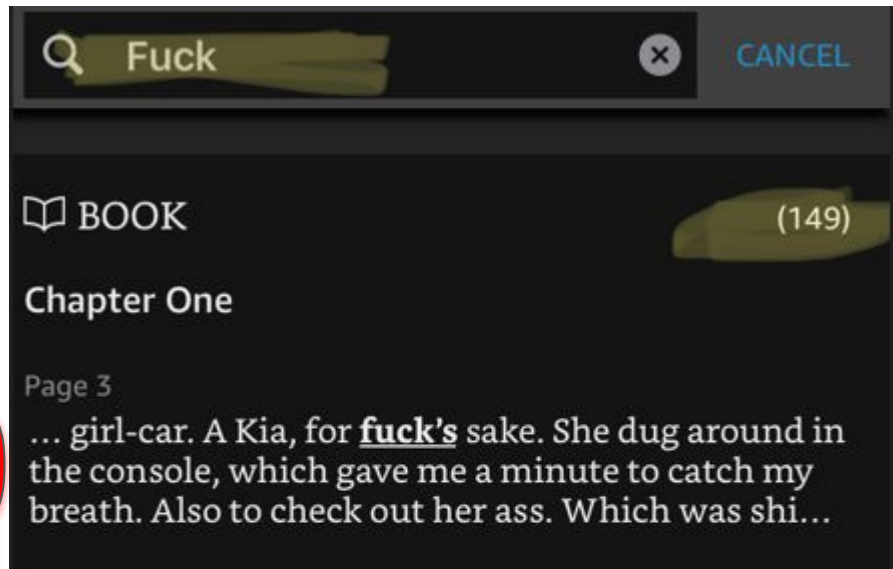
Some Concerns: vulgar, obscene, sexually explicit

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

her seem smaller than before, in a way that made me want to scoop her up and put her in my pocket, like she might run away. Before something else about this weird, good situation would break. I just reached out to her waist and hooked her toward me, my hand gripping the edge of her skirt, looking for anything to grab onto. And I kissed her. I was sorta wasted and not thinking much beyond *GRAB SMASH GIRL*.

But she was into it. Which was amazing in itself. Because it couldn't have been that smooth. She was on her tiptoes, wobbling in those damn cowboy boots. But somehow, it worked.

So we made out. Nothing really involved. I maybe touched her boob over her shirt a little by accident, but it was mostly kissing. This all went down with us both up against a tree in the dark, away from the rest of the party.



She smelled like bonfire and tasted like beer, but her mouth was super soft and warm.

After a little while, she pushed back from me, folded her fingers beneath my belt, looked down. Right at The Horn I was rocking there. Jesus.

“Carena and I set up our tent already,” she said. “She might already be in it. But do you want to go and see? It might be more private . . .”

“Okay,” I said.

“Do you want to get another beer?”

“No. Do you?”

“No.”

We walked quickly toward where all the tents were, between the house and cornfield. Nobody saw us. And we didn't say a word to each other. She checked that her tent was empty and then she told me to take off my shoes, so I did,

She smelled like bonfire and tasted like beer, but her mouth was super soft and warm.

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Finally, she did talk, though. Just as her hand went down my boxers and started rubbing my dick, she said, “We can’t have sex, okay, Sean? I can’t yet. Okay?”

What? “Okay,” I said.

“You’re not mad?”

Was she kidding? We were almost *naked*. My hands were on her *tits*. She was giving me a *handjob*. Why would I be *mad*?

“Why would I be mad?”

“I don’t know. We just can’t do it tonight. But I’ve thought about it, and I’ve got this plan, okay? I’m not just being a prude.”

JESUS. I was about to come all over her, pretty much, and she was talking about being a *prude*?

“Obviously you’re not,” I said. “Not that you’re . . . you know . . .” I sort of

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

nudged her hand off my dick so I could actually talk like a normal person.

“A slut?”

“I didn’t say that. I just . . . what’s your plan?”

“It’s not really a plan,” she breathed into my ear. “More of a *rationale*.”

“Okay...”

“If we do it tonight, then what would we do next weekend?” She laughed in my ear and all my hair stood on end. Christ.

“Next weekend . . .?”

“Well, that’s when we’ll go out on a real date. Next Friday’s my birthday and I turn eighteen. So we could do something fun for that. Okay?”

I felt like a baby again. I wouldn’t turn eighteen for months.

But I just said okay, and we kissed again, but her hand didn’t go back into

She laughed, and I shushed her. She held me tighter around the neck, and I could feel her boobs against me again. God.

I’d think about that morning so many times. How I was dead tired and probably still half drunk and my balls ached but how it all was so good. How she

Her mouth full of sugar flakes and cherry filling. Her little laughs in my ear. My hands climbing up her shirt and The Horn hard as hell in my jeans. How fucked up and good life was. One minute you’re drinking beer in a barn, the next life sends a Frisbee bashing into your face and a girl so beautiful



City of Heavenly Fire- Clare

Some concerns: main characters have sex for the first time (with a condom), discussion of sexuality & sexual content, violent, young boy must kill his own father

VOTED BACK INTO FISD

Jace drew her back against him, fitting her body to his, wrapping his arms around her waist, his lips touching the back of her neck. “We could go in the farmhouse,” he said. “There are bedrooms.”

She turned around in his arms and poked him in the chest, firmly. “This is my mother’s wedding,” she said. “We’re not going to have sex. At all.”

“But ‘at all’ is my favorite way to have sex.”

“The house is full of vampires,” she told him cheerfully. “They were invited, and they came last night. They’ve been waiting in there for the sun to go down.”

“Jordan’s dead.” His voice was tight as he stood up, brushing sand from his clothes. He held out a hand to help her up from the ground. “Come on,” he said. “Let’s get back to Alec before he decides Isabelle and Simon are having sex off in the caves and starts freaking out.”

“You know everyone thinks we’re off having sex,” said Simon. “They’re probably freaking out.”

“Hmph,” Isabelle said. The glow of her witchlight bounced off the runed walls of the cave. “As if we’d have sex in a cave surrounded by hordes of demons. This is reality, Simon, not your fevered imagination.”

“There was a time in my life when the idea that I might have sex one day seemed *more* likely than being surrounded by hordes of demons, I’ll have you know,” he said, maneuvering around a pile of tumbled rocks. The whole place reminded him of a trip to the Luray Caverns in Virginia that he’d taken with his mother and Rebecca in middle school. He could see the glitter of mica in the rocks with his vampire sight; he didn’t need Isabelle’s witchlight to guide him, but he imagined she did, so said nothing about it.

“I don’t want to feed on my friends’ blood.”

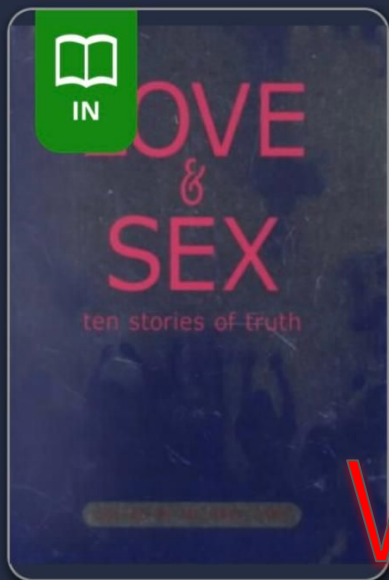
“Why not?” Jace stepped past the fire and looked down at Simon; his expression was open and curious. “We’ve been here before, haven’t we? Last time you were starving, I gave you my blood. It was a little homoerotic, maybe, but I’m secure in my sexuality.”

Simon sighed internally; he could tell that under the flippancy, Jace was completely serious in his offer. Probably less because it was sexy than because Jace had a death wish the size of Brooklyn.

“I’m not biting someone whose veins are full of heavenly fire,” Simon said. “I have no desire to be toasted from the inside out.”

Clary swept her hair back, baring her throat. “Look, drink my blood. I always said you were welcome to it—”

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