

Fredericksburg ISD Sexually Explicit Book List

If you leave here with only one thing, please leave with this:

**NOT BOOK BANNING
NOT BOOK BURNING**

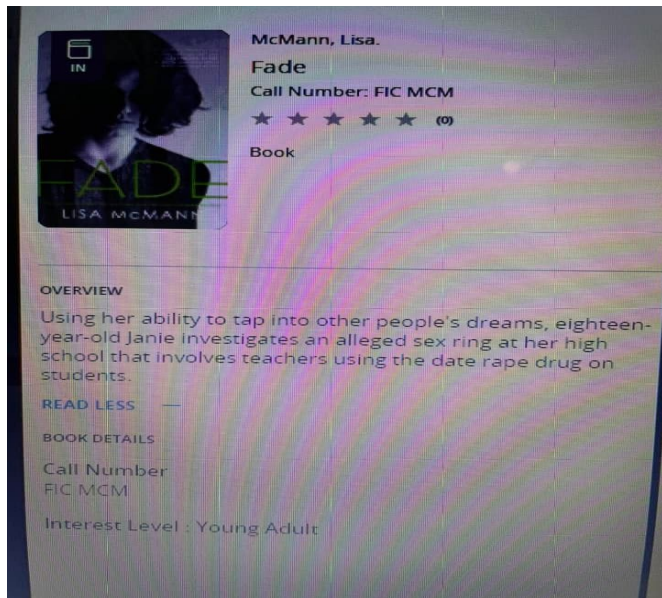
We're simply asking for
BOOK BOUNDARIES

Negative Effects sexually explicit materials can have on a child's brain:

- ❖ Desensitization to sexual situations which leads to acting out sexualized situations with other kids and potentially engaging in dangerous sexual behavior as an adolescent.
- ❖ Pornography harms a child's brain and actually changes neural pathways.
- ❖ Reading erotica can harm a child's view of sex. How it's depicted in a fictional novel or on the screen is not how it is in real life.

Sources: Netnanny.com, protectyouneyes.com, defendyoungminds.com

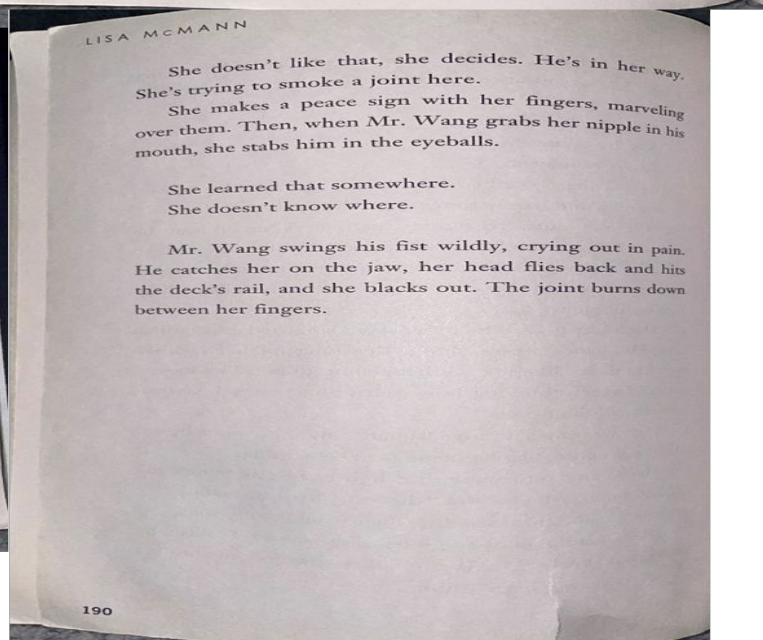
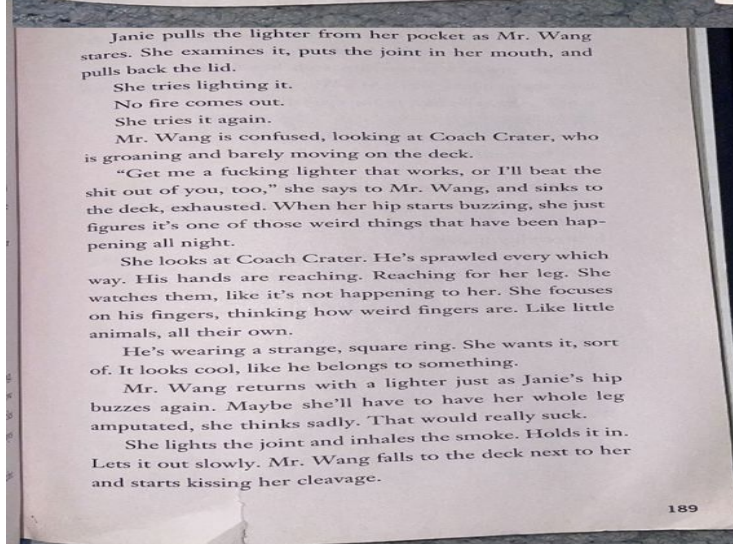
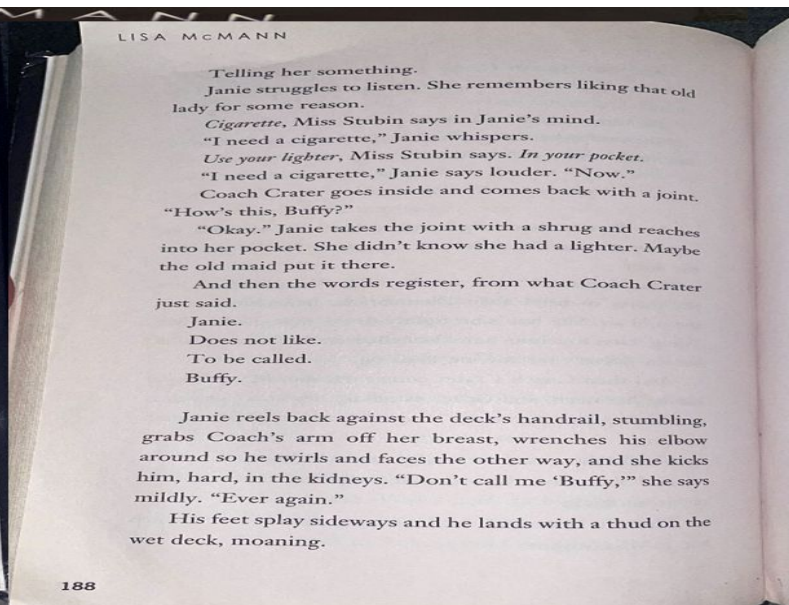
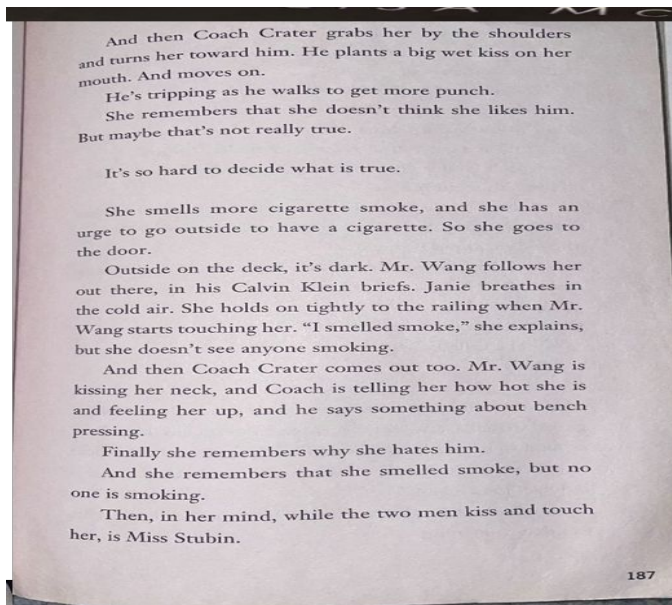
Please move sexually explicit books away from children and into an adult library or other areas that children do not have access to.
Thank you!

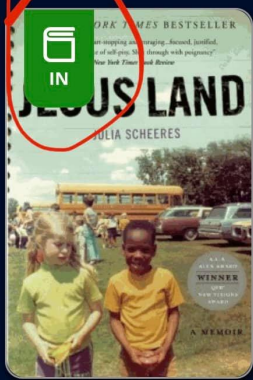


FADE- McCann

FMS & FHS

Some of the concerns: Sex scenes & sexual acts between children. Teachers, Coaches & a child interacting sexually together. Teachers drugging children to rape them.





Scheeres, Julia.

Jesus Land : a memoir

Call Number: 373.72 SCH

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Log In

OVERVIEW

The author writes of her teenage years in the Midwest, her adopted black brother, her fundamentalist Christian family, and Escuela Caribe--the prison-like Christian reform school they were sent to in the Dominican Republic.

Help Us Improve

Jesus Land: Scheeres FMS

Some of the concerns: sex
between children, molestation
of children

Pg. 112:

"Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it.

I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst.

"Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention.

CONTEXT – interaction between minors

Pg. 132

"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

CONTEXT – interaction between minors

Pg. 121:

He pauses weightily. "I'm here to tell you today that you can't jack off with Jesus!" He pounds the bookcase to emphasize each word, unaware of the obscene gesture he's making. You Can't. Jack. Off. With. Jesus.

(due to different editions
of books, page numbers
may differ)

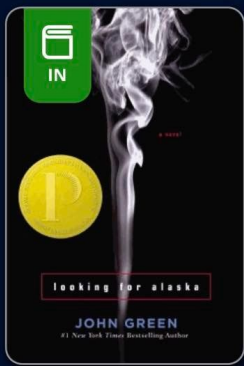
I've heard girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. . . . "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water.²⁸⁶

. . . I was banished to an island colony ruled by sadistic Jesus freaks.²⁸⁷

The other girls were also molested by male relatives living in their households, and this surprises me since they all come from upstanding Christian families. But then again . . . so do I.²⁸⁸

One of the preachers at Escuela Caribe gets a student pregnant.

Secretly, I admire Rhonda's craftiness. Not only did she manage to get laid, she also escaped The Program. She could always give the baby up for adoption and resume her life afterward. Or she could abort it—I'm sure God would also reject the forbidden fruit of a preacher man and a teenage member of his flock. It would make Him look bad.²⁸⁹



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 FMS & FHS

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?"

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.



Andrews, Jesse.

Me and Earl and the
dying girl

Call Number: FIC AND

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

OVERVIEW

Seventeen-year-old Greg has managed to become part of every social group at his Pittsburgh high school without having any friends, but his life changes when his mother forces him to befriend Rachel, a girl he once knew in Hebrew school who has leukemia.

[READ LESS](#) —

Me and Earl and the Dying Girl- Andrews

FHS

Some concerns: oral sex amongst
children, sexualization

about you, man, they don't give a fuck. They don't give a fuck if you live or die, you pussy-ass bitch. They don't give a fuck. Look at me. They don't. Give. A fuck."

"Oka ay. J Jesu , us."

"Man, just shut the fuck up, because I can't be hearing no more of this. Yeah, I fucking told Rachel about the films, I fucking gave her some of them dumb-ass films to watch, because she like the only person that *do* give a fuck. Yeah. She don't have big-ass titties, so you don't fucking care, but that other bitch don't give a shit about you and, and fucking Rachel *do*, and you don't fucking give a *shit* cuz you're a dumb little bitch."

tle bit of both. Homo and hetero.

EARL

Naw. That don't make any damn sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some titties, get a hard-on, look at some dude's funky dick, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real.

"Hey, Earl, I can't watch *Alphaville* today."

"Why the hell not?"

"I'm sorry, man, I have to hang out with this girl from, uh—this girl from synagogue."

"Wha-a-at."

"She's—"

"Are you gonna eat her pussy?"

Earl can be sort of profane sometimes. He's actually mellowed out a lot since his middle school days, believe it or not. Back in middle school he would have asked this in a much more violent and horrible way.

"Yeah, Earl, I'm going to eat her pussy."

"Heh."

"Yeah."

Earl con't...

“Do you even know *how* to eat pussy?”

“Uh, not really.”

“Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you’re gonna have to eat the pussy.”

“No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole.”

When Earl is in full-on Gross-Out Mode, you have to play along or you’ll feel stupid.

“God bless that man.”

“Yup.”

“I would teach you some pussy-eating technique, but it’s a little complicated.”

“That’s a shame.”

“I would need some diagrams and whatnot.”

“Well, tonight maybe you can draw some up.”

“Son, I don’t have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat.”

“Is that right.”

“I’m on pussy deadline.”

“You’ve got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row.”

“Aw, what the hell. What the *hell*. No one’s talkin bout *vaginas*. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that’s nasty.”

Earl likes to mix it up sometimes by pretending that you’re being gross and he is not, when he’s clearly being much grosser. This is

a classic humor move that he has perfected over the years.

“Oh, sorry.”

“Man, you’re sick. You’re perverted.”

“Yeah, that was really out of line.”

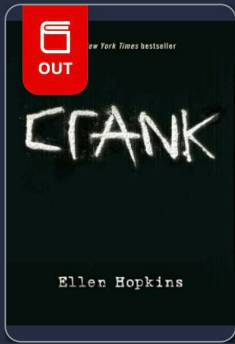
“I’m talkin bout *pussy*. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pussy.”

“Yeah, that’s not gross. What I said was gross, but not what you just said.”

“Got some Grey Poupon up in this. Got some *Hellmann’s*.”

Gross-Out Mode can last indefinitely and sometimes you just have to change the subject without

← Title Preview



Hopkins, Ellen.

Crank

Call Number: FIC HOP

Sublocation: FREDERICKSBURG
HIGH SCHOOL

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

OVERVIEW

Kristina Georgia Snow's life is turned upside-down, when she visits her absentee father, gets turned on to the drug "crank", becomes addicted, and is led down a desperate path that threatens her mind, soul, and her life.

Crank-revved, pistons firing full bore,
passion firecracked in tiny bursts
from thigh to belly button.

Oh, baby,

I want you so bad!

"B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed,
but it wasn't a joke. Not for long.

My shirt tore open. "Wait."

I've waited for weeks.

Put up and shut up.

Kisses segued to bites. Bruises.

Pain rippled through my body.

"Brendan, please stop."

*No. You promised,
you damn little tease.*

Off came my shorts. Down went
his zipper. I realized I was in
serious trouble. "I'll scream."

*Go ahead. No one can hear
but skunks and coyotes.*

Still, as I opened my mouth, his
hand slapped down over it. Those
sublime muscles hardened.

Just relax.

You'll love it.

My brand-new Victoria's Secrets
shredded, and I felt the worst of
Brendan pause, savoring my terror.

They all love it.

Had he done it a different way, I
might have responded with excitement.

CRANK- Hopkins

FHS

Some concerns: child rape, some glorification of drug use (meth), very emotional, hard read. Not for children.

Tried to sound tough,
asked if they could
spare a smoke.

Sure, baby.

Anything you want.

Took a cigarette, bummed
a light, and with a soft "thanks"
tried to amble away.

Hey. Where ya going?

You ain't in a hurry, are ya?

They weren't big, not football
players, but I was outnumbered
and felt it.

*Yeah, what kind of
thanks is that?*

The circle tightened,
moving me back, away
from the safety of the street.

*Damn, you are
a fine little piece.*

Think. Think! But my brain
moved too fast to process well.
My eyes gave it away.

*Yo. I think this bitch
been crankin'.*

That was license enough. Bodies
bumped, pushed me into
a doorway, blocked escape.

*Ever done a three-fer?
You gonna love it, baby.*

Instead, I froze as he pushed inside.

There it is.

Oh, God. There it goes.

It went, all right, with an audible
tear. Pain mushroomed into agony
and all I could do was go stiff.

*You weren't lying,
you bitch!*

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked
and sweated over me. Stoked by the
monster, it took him a long time to finish.

*Give me a line,
I'll give you an encore.*

He pulled away, sticky and bloody.
Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move,
didn't dare look him in the eye.

*What the hell
is the matter, Bree?*

I stared up at the clouds, gathering
into gloom, shrouding the moon.

"My name is Kristina."

who got me on my feet

helped me to the car

put me on the seat

kept me semiupright

on the long ride home

Bree, who staunched the blood

straightened up my clothes

unsmearred the makeup

brushed my hair smooth

willed strength against the aching
claiming body and soul

Bree, who understood

that, wasted on crank, there

was nothing I could do

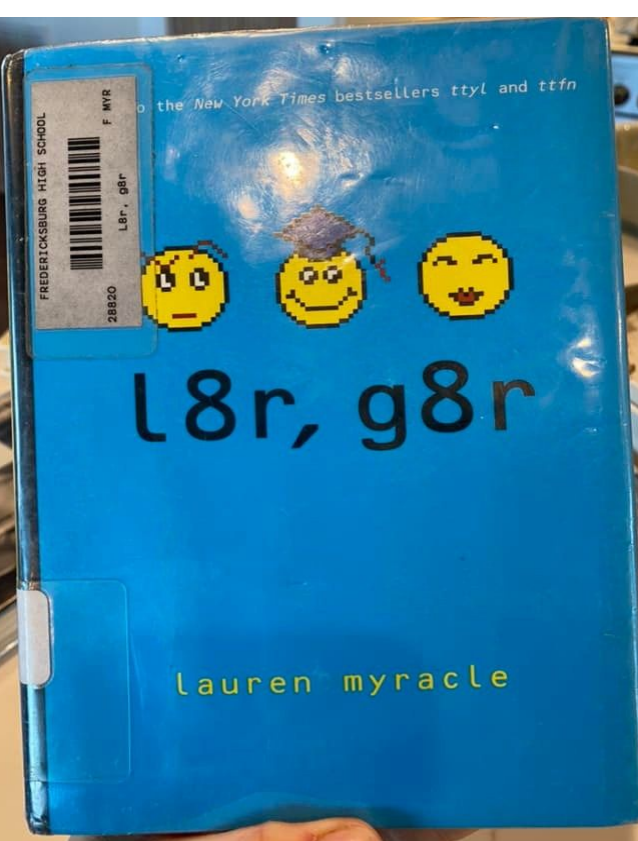
but plot future revenge.

Brendan didn't say a word
most of the way home. He
drove slowly, just under the
limit. I watched him, out
of the corner of my eye.

He didn't look so perfect
anymore. His nose had a
bump and his eyebrows
almost joined. And, of course,
I knew what he was made of.

Finally, he found a few words—
his thank you for the gift he had
stolen, the one I should have given
and never could again. I will
remember them forever:

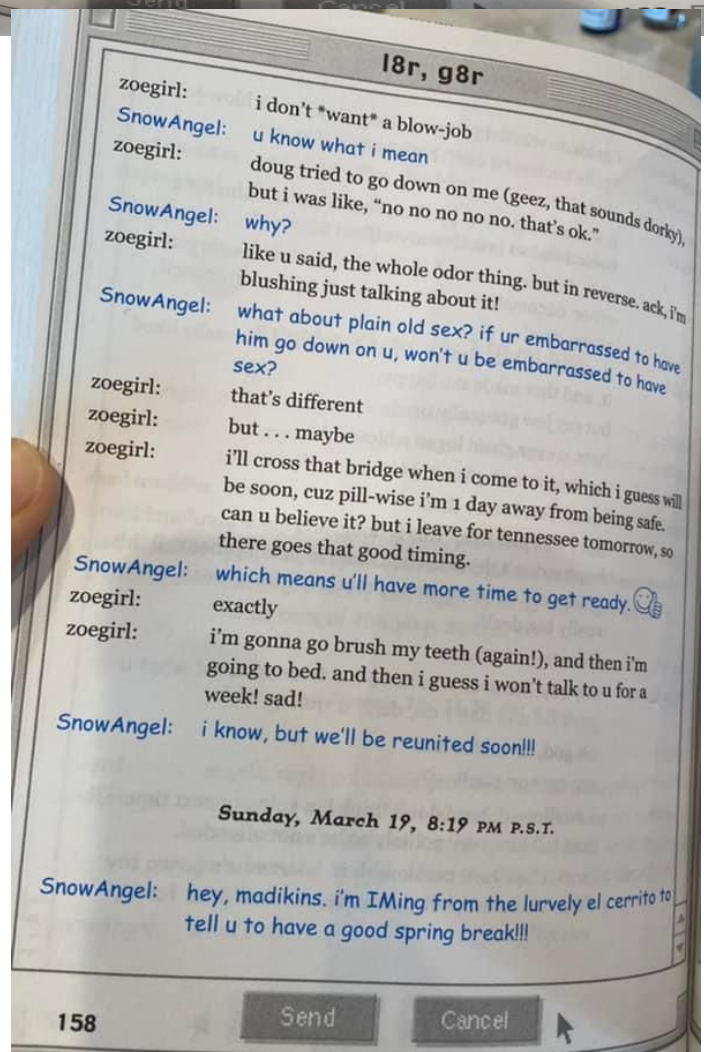
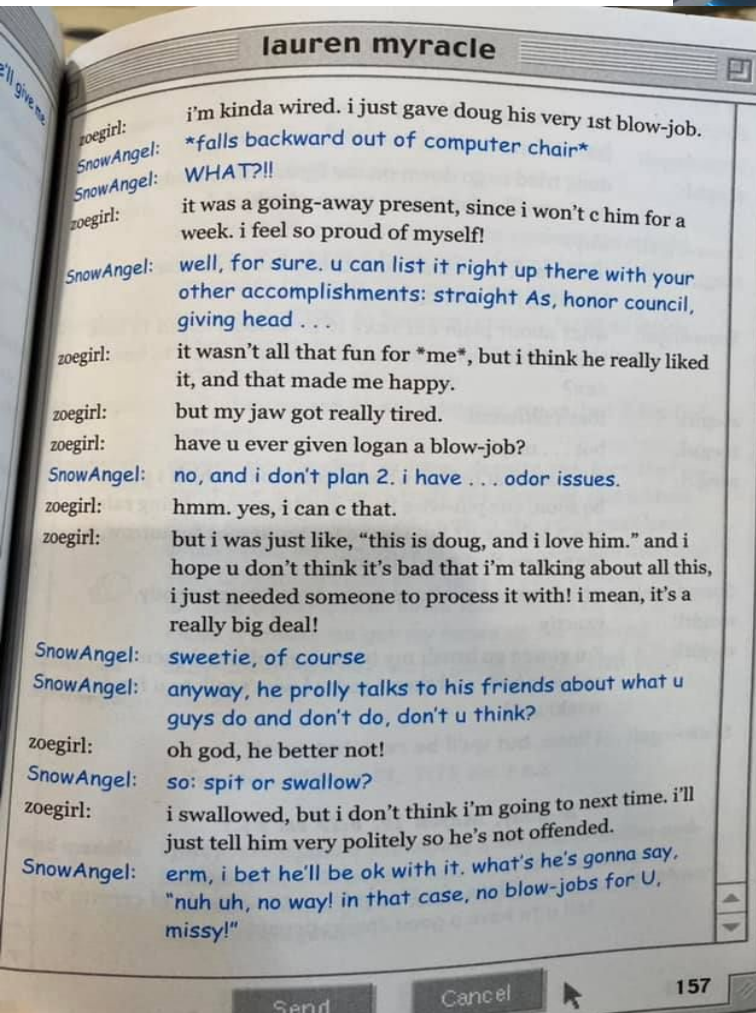
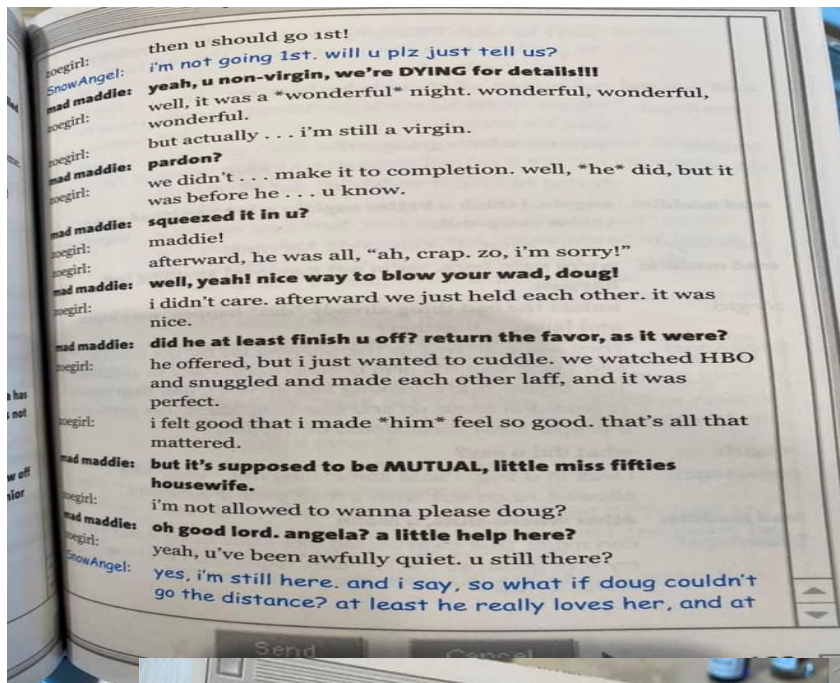
*If I'd have known
you'd just lay there,
I wouldn't have bothered.*

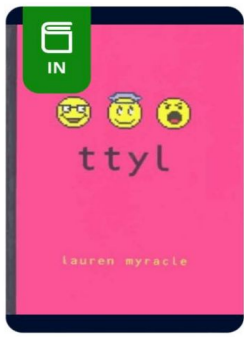


L8r, g8r- myracle

FHS

Some Concerns: child sex, sexual content





Myracle, Lauren, 1969-

Ttyl

Call Number: FIC MYR

★★★★★ (0)

Book

ttyl- myracle

FHS

Some Concerns: children discussing sexual content, normalization of child & adult (teacher) relationships (pedophilia)

OVERVIEW

Chronicles, in "instant message" format, the day-to-day experiences, feelings, and plans of three friends, Zoe, Maddie, and Angela, as they begin tenth grade.

[READ LESS](#) —

BOOK DETAILS

Call Number
FIC MYR

Interest Level : Young Adult

SnowAngel: don't think i can say

mad maddie: say.

SnowAngel: well, she said that margaret . . . er . . . ejaculates.

mad maddie: ?????!!!

SnowAngel: actually she said she squirts when she comes. and then she was like. "shit, i can't believe i told u. u've gotta swear not to tell, feri. u've gotta swear!" while the whole time i was two sinks over going. "HELLO! do u even know i'm here?"

mad maddie: disgusting

SnowAngel: i know. i was like, "margaret is yr friend, asshole. how wid u like it if she went around spreading rumors about u?"

zoegirl: you two actually talked?

SnowAngel: our seats are right next to each other. and tonight when i do my hw, i get to fantasize about his summer sausage. "nudge, nudge, wink, wink"

zoegirl: while i'll be reading 5,000 pages of "The Great Gatsby" and answering probing discussion questions about the american dream. mr. h expects us to read a book a week. can you believe that?

SnowAngel: like that'll be a problem for u.

SnowAngel: did he stare at your boobs?

zoegirl: mr. h?!

SnowAngel: maddie and i had him for journalism last year, and he was always staring at some girl's boobs. mostly maddie's. he was always "reading" her shirts.

zoegirl: ewww!

SnowAngel: so watch out, he makes a big deal of being all christian, but what that MEANS is that he's majorly sexually repressed. whereas i, on the other hand, am not sexually repressed at all. speaking of, better start practicing for rob. bye!

her sides.

zoegirl: i have a really hard time believing that.

zoegirl: or if he did, he was probably just trying to watch out for her. like he didn't want her to get busted for breaking the dress code.

mad maddie: she said he got a total stiffie while they were talking. she said it was hysterical.

zoegirl: that's ridiculous. mr. h would never do that.

mad maddie: what makes u so sure?

zoegirl: because he's NICE. because he treats me like i'm a person instead of a kid. that's what was so great during our meeting—we were just two people having a discussion.

mad maddie: what did the two of u "discuss"?

zoegirl: NOT skirt lengths or anything like that. geez. we both said how we believe there's meaning to life, that everything's not random and pointless like some people think. mr. h talked about christianity a little—how he's sure God has a plan for him. he told me that everything that happens, happens for a reason. doesn't that give you the chills?

mad maddie: yesterday at publix, a little kid rammed me with a grocery cart. was there a message there? cuz i think i missed it.

zoegirl: he also said that sometimes you'll meet someone totally unexpected and it'll change your life in a

Ttyl cont...

zoegirl: he was talking about next weekend, which is when he's going to be house-sitting for the kravitzes, and at first it was like . . . sexy. kind of.

zoegirl: (don't laugh!)

SnowAngel: what do u mean?

zoegirl: just that nobody was listening, but they COULD have been. and that made it . . . i don't know. exciting.

SnowAngel: oh man

zoegirl: he told me about how nice the kravitzes' house is, and he told me about the hot tub again.

zoegirl: then he lowered his voice and said, "you're still coming, right?"

SnowAngel: FUCK.

zoegirl: please don't say that word. *especially* that word.

SnowAngel: what'd u say?

zoegirl: i said, "i think so, yeah." and he said, "good." then he touched my hand really lightly and said, "you can wear your bikini."

SnowAngel: !!!

SnowAngel: i was KIDDING when i told u to wear a bikini!

SnowAngel: i was not . . .

SnowAngel: u r not . . .

SnowAngel: TEACHERS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY "YOU CAN WEAR YOUR BIKINI" TO THEIR STUDENTS!!!!

zoegirl: i know!

zoegirl: at first i thought he *was* just teasing me, and i said, "yeah, right, me in a bikini. wouldn't that be a lovely sight."

SnowAngel: and . . . ?

SnowAngel: like how?

zoegirl: just really gentle, like it meant something to be touching me.

SnowAngel: wow

zoegirl: then he pulled back his hand and said, "you're in 10th grade, zoe." and i said, "i know." then he said, "you're 15," and i said, "i know."

SnowAngel: oh man. he was totally, like, admitting he was into u.

zoegirl: then he pushed back my hair again, tucking it behind my ear, and . . .

zoegirl: it's the way he looked at me, like he was saying two different things at the same time.

zoegirl: it sounds really stupid, doesn't it?

SnowAngel: it doesn't sound stupid, zo. it sounds . . . big.

zoegirl: yeah. that's kind of how it feels too.

SnowAngel: i guess i'm excited for u. since u like him back and everything, but r u sure this is ok? i mean, he's a TEACHER.

zoegirl: i know. and probably nothing more will happen, not till i graduate. and that won't be for another two years.

SnowAngel: true. and i've gotta say—thank god for that!

the way to and from alpharetta, where his church is. it was a long drive, so we got to talk A LOT. he's so interesting, angela, and he knows so much about spirituality. i know maddie makes fun of him, but i really admire him.

SnowAngel: do u think HE thought it was weird today?

zoegirl: i don't know. i may have been making it up. in fact, i probably was. but sometimes it seemed like he was giving me these looks, like he and i shared a secret.

zoegirl: or not a *secret*, more like just the knowledge of the special time we had together.

zoegirl: agh. that sounds corny.

SnowAngel: huh

SnowAngel: zo, don't get offended . . . but do u think he's hitting on u? just a little?

zoegirl: PLEASE

zoegirl: anyway, he told me that he doesn't believe in dating just for the sake of dating. he only wants to date someone if he thinks she might be a person he'd like to marry.

SnowAngel: what if yr that person?

zoegirl: i'm 15, angela.

SnowAngel: so?

zoegirl: although something happened that was sort of funny. when he dropped me off after church, he reached over to open my door for me, and it was a little awkward because his body was, like, right there. soooo close. and then he half-laughed and started to say something, but he stopped himself. i said, "what?" and he said, "i'll, ah, tell you when you're older."

SnowAngel: zoe!!!!

zoegirl: DON'T tell maddie.

Fri, Nov 19, 10:09 AM E.S.T.

zoegirl: i am so dead! i saw mr. h at fellowship this morning—I was too wimpy not to go—and when we were in the kitchen getting out the orange juice, he said, "i'm looking forward to tonight. i got a special candle just for the occasion."

SnowAngel: ew! ick, ick, ick!

zoegirl: he said it in this shy little boy way, and it would have been cute if i'd still been into him. but i'm not!!!

SnowAngel: did u tell him u couldn't come?

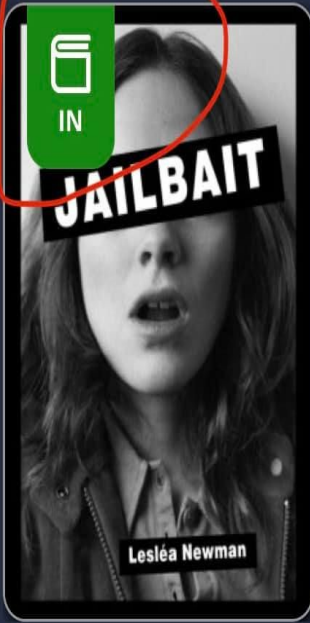
zoegirl: no! i said something brilliant like, "uh, great," and then i darted off to get a sweet roll—not that i was able to eat it. i wanted to tell him no, but i just couldn't!

SnowAngel: zoe, u have to get out of it.

zoegirl: how? he's coming to pick me up at seven. i already told my mom i'm going to Bible study with him, like years ago before i got freaked out, and she's delighted. she'll probably have a plate of cookies for him when he arrives.

SnowAngel: what if u told her the truth?

zoegirl: are you KIDDING? that would be a disaster. she'd call the entire school board, and then she'd realize i'd been lying to her all this time and she'd—crap, i have no idea what she'd do.



Newman, Lesléa.

Jailbait

Call Number: FIC NEW

☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

OVERVIEW

Unpopular and lonely tenth-grader Andi builds a fantasy romantic life around her clandestine, sexual relationship with a man in his thirties.

BOOK DETAILS

Call Number

FIC NEW

Interest Level : Young Adult

Jailbait- Newman
FHS

Some concerns:
normalization of child
& adult sex. The book
summary/overview
alone is not
appropriate for
children (or really
anyone since reading
or viewing pedophilia
is illegal.)

Chbosky, Stephen.

The perks of being a wallflower

Call Number: FIC CHB
Sublocation: FREDERICKSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

Book

Stephen Chbosky

OVERVIEW

Charlie, a freshman in high school, explores the dilemmas of growing up through a collection of letters he sends to an unknown receiver.

BOOK DETAILS

Call Number
FIC CHB

Interest Level : Young Adult

Perks of Being a Wallflower- Chbosky FMS & FHS

Some concerns: graphic sex scenes, rape, child sex

Dear friend,

Do you know what “masturbation” is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow!

That weekend, my sister spent a lot of time with this boy. And they laughed a lot more than they usually did. On Friday night, I was reading my new book, but my brain got tired, so I decided to watch some television instead. And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked.

He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper.

“Get out. You pervert.”

still in it. I said I didn’t see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy’s hand went up the girl’s shirt, and she started protesting.

“C’mon, Dave.”

“What?”

“The kid’s in here.”

“It’s okay.”

And the boy kept working up the girl’s shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn’t know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees.

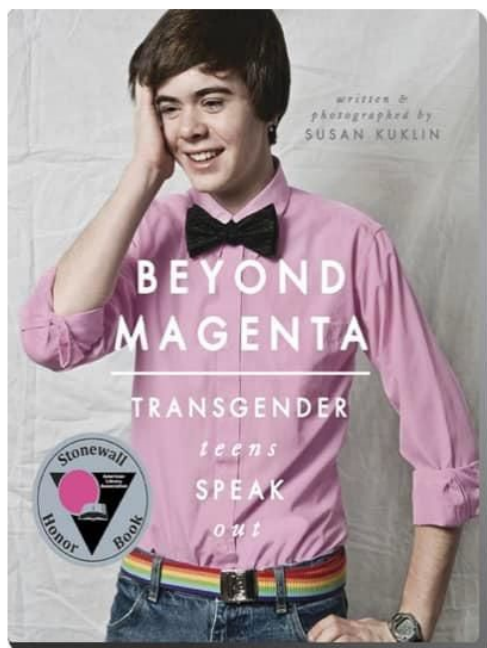
“Please. Dave. No.”

But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.

After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl’s head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don’t think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying “no.” Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

(Charlie watching two of his friends have sex)

“When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick’s room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don’t want to go into detail about it, because it’s pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that’s pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really stoned. No matter what Patrick did, Brad kept crying. Brad wouldn’t even let Patrick hold him, which seems rather sad to me because if I have sex with someone, I would want to hold them. Finally, Patrick just pulled up Brad’s pants, and said to him, “just pretend you’re passed out.”



Beyond Magenta- Kuklin

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

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.

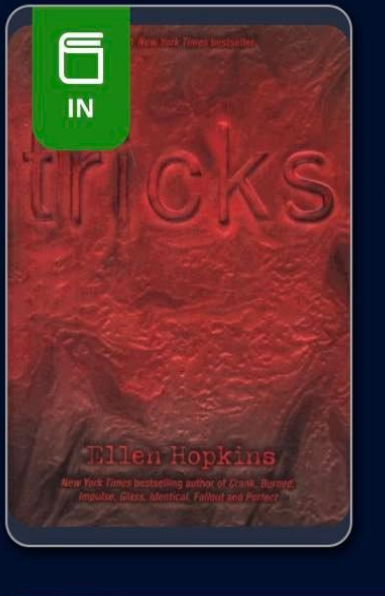
Afterward, that guy told everybody on campus about us, and they all thought I was this big old homo. Other kids tried to have sex with me. Other kids wanted to abuse me. I was so confused. I was mad at myself, slow because of the medication, and I didn't know what to do.

TRICKS-Hopkins

FHS

Some Concerns:
3 way sex, child
sex, RAPE, child
prostitution

FHS



Might as well make it very good.

He's on me, yanking my hair,
pushing me to my knees. He flips

me over. *You're even prettier
from behind, know that?* I hear
his zipper lower. It is the loudest

sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it
sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in
my throat. Useless to plead. Useless

to fight. He yanks down my shorts
in a single swift motion. He is on
me. In me. Humiliating me in every

possible way, right here on
the kitchen floor. As promised,
he is rough. Biting. Pounding.

Shredding. Ripping. "Please?"

The word bounces off him, ping-pong
weakly in my ears. Trying

to fight him only fuels him.

For a fleeting second, I think
maybe someone will come

through the door to save me.

And then, despite everything
that's happening to me, I laugh

out loud. Save me? What did
he say? *I already paid for
a good time with you.* I've been

sold. And just who would
sell me? The answer is all
too obvious: Iris. My mother.

And as he finishes, all sticky
and stinking and revolting,

Three-way sex. How would . . . ?

Oh. No way will I let one
of them take me like that.

Like Loren, Carl has always
played the feminine role.

But unlike with Loren (who
insisted on using condoms),
with Carl (who refused to),
I set limits—"Carl, you know
the rule." My rule: hands or

mouths only. He stops
kissing Brett, but neither
man quits moving, writhing
like mating hooded serpents.

We're playing by my rules,

remember? But don't worry.

I only expect you to give.

For now. From somewhere,
he extracts a condom, hands
it to me, keys to the kingdom.

Don't rush, he orders,
and don't you dare
close your eyes. I want
to see how much you like
it. He moves in front of me,

On a strange metal taste—a metal
taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear
and . . . excitement. For some fucked-up
reason, I'm excited. I can't want
this! Adrenaline firecrackers through
my body. Blood pulses in my temples.

*You make Dan happy now, hear?
Pain! Oh my God! Nothing
has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg
him to stop. But he doesn't stop.
Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't.
Through the rhythmic pain, apple.*

Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh!
Nothing has ever felt so good.
Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't.
No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.
I'm only here for Mom. Cory. I won't!
But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.

the thin latex protection. *You ever
seen a ramrod like Dan's?* I shake
my head as I roll the condom down
over it. *No, of course you haven't.
Let's see just how good you are.*

I close my eyes, fight not to gag at
the taste of lubricant, not to choke
on his thrusts against my throat.
I think about Cory, locked up
in juvie until a judge decides
he's been "rehabilitated."

Dan decides he's done with Europe.
He pulls me to my feet, moves behind
me, drapes my back with his chest.
His muscles are thick cables, but his skin
is smooth and cool as snake skin. *Check it out.
The little boy likes that.* He reaches down

between my thighs. *Look how hard he is.*
No! How could something so messed
up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't . . .
His lips brush the back of my neck
and, still folding me into him, he moves
me toward the bed, urges me facedown.

The sheets smell of bleach. I picture
Mom, waiting tables at Denny's. Jack's
life insurance put off the foreclosure.
But not forever. And those fucking
bills just keep piling up. Her meager
tips won't pay them. Something has to.

Down go my boxers. Oh my. What



A Court of Thorns & Roses- Maas FHS

Some Concerns- Graphic Sex scenes with “a beast like creature”, deemed “child erotica”

A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES

I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare breasts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation. He let out a low growl—and slowly, with predatory intent, raised his gaze to mine again.

The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord's power focused solely on me—and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in its lessened state. But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him and he wouldn't balk. “Give me everything,” I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether.

We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, and I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him.

We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

within me. He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck.

My entire world constricted to the touch of his lips on my skin. Everything beyond them, beyond him, was a void of darkness and moonlight. My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.

He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below.

His kissing was slower this time—gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath.

He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kiss deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin.

He paused again—his fingers retracting—but I grabbed him, pulling him farther on top of me. I wanted him *now*—I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. “Don't stop,” I gasped out.

“I—” he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. “If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all.”

He didn't reply.
"A week?" No answer.
upper lip curled, but I forced myself into neutrality.
"I don't know."
"But not forever, right?" Even if the blight spread to the Spring Court
again, even if it could shred me apart . . . I would come back. He brushed
the hair from my face. I shook him off. "I suppose it'll be easier if I'm
gone," I said, looking away from him. "Who wants someone around
who's so covered in thorns?"

"Thorns?"
"Thorny. Prickly. Sour. Contrary."

He leaned forward and kissed me lightly. "Not forever," he said onto
my mouth.

And though I knew it was a lie, I put my arms around his neck and
kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips
parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue
entered my mouth.

Though the horror of Rhysand's magic still tore at me, I pushed Tam-
lin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep
me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely.

His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the
thin silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain.
I couldn't kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need



The Glass Castle- Walls

FMS & FHS

Some Concerns- Adult and child molestation & sex.

Normalizes pedophilia

(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



A Court of Mist and Fury- Maas FHS

Some Concerns: erotica, graphic sex scenes

“... so I leaned down and put my mouth on him. He jerked at the contact with a barked, “Shit,” and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth. His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him, grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood.”

I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed.

His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him.

He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach.

His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me.

I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup my rear, the other sliding between us.

This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing between our bodies ...

His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching. “Feyre,” he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any Ianthé had offered up

as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.

“Hmm?” he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.

“Is everyone just going to call me ‘Tamlin’s wife’? Do I get a ... title?”

He lifted his head long enough to look at me. “Do you want a title?”

Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. “No,” I gasped out. “But I don’t want people ...” Cauldron boil me, his damned *fingers*—“I don’t know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.”

His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. “They won’t,” he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. “There is no such thing as a High Lady.”

He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—

“What do you mean, there’s no such thing as a High Lady?”

The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.

He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it.

My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants.

Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then—

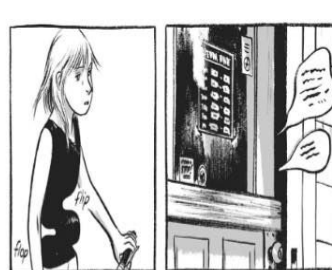
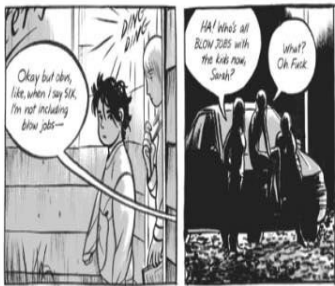
“Come here,” he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable.



This One Summer- Tamaki FMS

Some Concerns: unwanted teen pregnancy, discussions of suicide & miscarriage, discusses oral sex & child sex, teens smoking & drinking alcohol, kids rent x-rated pornography











Atwood, Margaret, 1939-

The testaments

Call Number: FIC ATW

Sublocation: Dystopian

☆☆☆☆☆ (0)

The Testaments- Atwood

FHS

Some Concerns: graphic scenes of child molestation, child sex

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...

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.

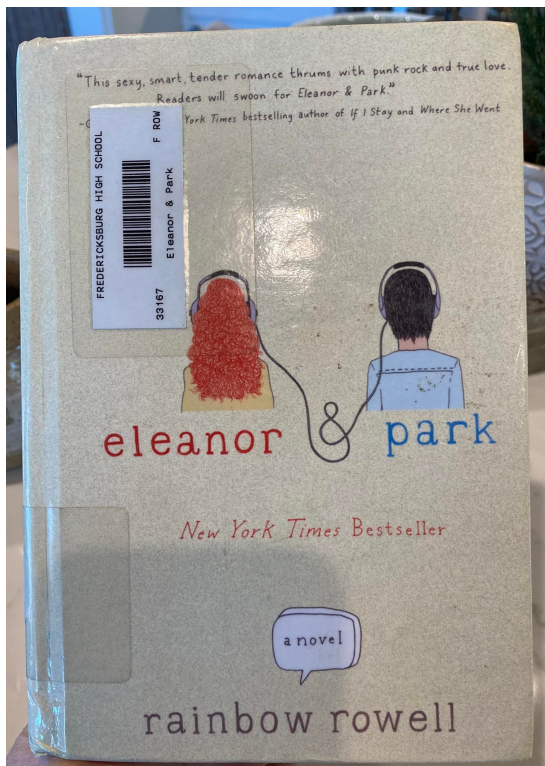
Dr. Grove was standing behind me, so it was his left hand on my left breast. I couldn't see the rest of him, only his hand, which was large and had reddish hairs on the back. It was warm. It sat there on my breast like a large hot crab. I didn't know what to do. Should I take hold of his hand and move 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.



1

park

XTC was no good for drowning out the morons at the back of the bus.

Park pressed his headphones into his ears.

Tomorrow he was going to bring Skinny Puppy or the Misfits. Or maybe he'd make a special bus tape with as much screaming and wailing on it as possible.

He could get back to New Wave in November, after he got his driver's license. His parents had already said Park could have his mom's Impala, and he'd been saving up for a new tape deck. Once he started driving to school, he could listen to whatever he wanted or nothing at all, *and* he'd get to sleep in an extra twenty minutes.

"That doesn't exist!" somebody shouted behind him.

"It so fucking does!" Steve shouted back. "Drunken Monkey style, man, it's a real fucking thing. You can kill somebody with it..."

"You're full of shit."

"You're full of shit," Steve said. "Park! Hey, Park."

Eleanor & Park- Rowell

FHS

Some Concerns: Sexual content, Bigotry, Racism, violence, drunk driving

"Your stepfather's been looking for you," Tina said. "He's been driving around the neighborhood all goddamn night."

"What did you tell him?" Eleanor said. *Did Tina do this? Is that how he knew?*

"I asked him if his dick was bigger than his truck," Tina said. "I didn't tell him anything."

"Did you tell him about Park?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. Then shook her head. "But somebody's going to."

suck me off

"Stepdad!" Steve shouted, throwing a beer can across the garage. "Your fucking stepdad? Do you want me to kill him for you? I'm gonna kill Tina's, anyway. I could get them both in the same day. Buy one, get one . . ." He giggled. "Buy one, get one . . . free."

Tina opened a beer and shoved it into Eleanor's lap. Eleanor took it, just to have something to hold. "Drink up," Tina said.

Eleanor took a sip obediently. It tasted sharp and yellow.

"We should play quarters," Steve slurred. "Hey, Red, do you have any quarters?"

Eleanor shook her head.

Tina perched next to him on the arm of the couch and lit a cigarette.

"We had quarters," she said. "We spent them on beer, remember?"

"Those weren't quarters," Steve said. "That was a ten."

Tina closed her eyes and blew smoke at the ceiling.

Eleanor closed her eyes, too. She tried to think about what she should do next, but nothing came to her. The music on the car radio switched from Sabbath to AC/DC to Zeppelin. Steve sang along; his voice was surprisingly light. "Hangman, hangman, turn your head awhile. . ."

Eleanor listened to Steve sing song after song over the wet hammer of her heartbeat. The beer can went warm in her hand.

i know your a slut you smell like cum



PROFANITY & VIOLENCE

Profanity is frequent and varied, and includes the following terms: *a-*, *b-tard*, *b-ch*, *c-t*, *d-n*, *d-k*, *fag*, *the f-word*, *h-*, *h-spawn*, *p-*, *p-y*, *s-* and the *f-word* with mother. The names *Jesus* and *God* (sometimes paired with *d-n*) are misused. Racial slurs and other coarse language are also used.

Park fights Steve after he and Tina mock Eleanor on the bus. He kicks Steve in the face, sending him to the hospital. Park's face is badly bruised as well.

Eleanor and her siblings imagine violent ends for Richie. Richie fires his gun at some teens, trying to scare them. Richie is violent, unstable and verbally abusive. He throws heavy objects at the wall, abuses Eleanor's mother, writes sexually explicit notes in Eleanor's schoolbooks, and threatens and attempts to physically harm Eleanor.

Steve offers to kill Richie and says that he plans to kill Tina's stepfather one day. After Eleanor is safely in Minnesota and her mother and siblings have moved away, Park confronts Richie, who in a drunken stupor has fallen to the ground. Park wants to kill him, but just kicks dirt into his mouth instead.

fist." But Park hoped nobody would. The guy who Steve hit couldn't open his eyes for a week.

Park tossed Tina her balled-up homework. She caught it.

"Park," Steve said, "tell Mikey about Drunken Monkey karate."

"I don't know anything about it." Park shrugged.

"But it exists, right?"

"I guess I've heard of it."

"There," Steve said. He looked for something to throw at Mikey, but couldn't find anything. He pointed instead. "I fucking told you."

"What the fuck does Sheridan know about kung fu?" Mikey said.

"Are you retarded?" Steve said. "His mom's Chinese."



SEXUAL CONTENT

Eleanor and Park's relationship becomes increasingly physical. Handholding progresses to kissing and then kissing deeply. They begin lying on top of one another while caressing each other under their clothes, and eventually removing layers of clothing. They stop just short of intercourse because Park refuses. He doesn't have a condom. These scenes are written in a detailed, emotionally charged way.

Park remembers kissing girls when he was younger but not feeling anything and wondering if he was gay (although he didn't want to kiss boys either). His parents ask him if he's wearing eyeliner because he wants to be like a girl, but Park insists that he just wants to be himself. He kisses another girl after a year of not hearing from Eleanor.

Mikey looked at Park carefully. Park smiled and narrowed his eyes. "Yeah, I guess I see it," Mikey said. "I always thought you were Mexican."

"Shit, Mikey," Steve said, "you're such a fucking racist."

"She's not Chinese," Tina said. "She's Korean."

"Who is?" Steve asked.

"Park's mom."

Park's mom had been cutting Tina's hair since grade school. They both had the exact same hairstyle: long spiral perms with tall feathered bangs.

"She's fucking hot is what she is," Steve said, cracking himself up. "No offense, Park."