



TOWN HALL #2  
TO BROSKIE BY HAND  
1/19/23  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla District 2  
Beth Clark District 3  
Tina Bullock District 4  
Ashley Chousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTOWN.US  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED]  
School: WIDEVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIETIES

- Check as applicable:
- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TOWN IN EDUCATION
  - I already have a copy of the material
  - I will review the material on-site
  - I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

- Type of Instructional Material:
- Novel
  - Textbook
  - Workbook
  - Symbol
  - Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
  - Other: VARIETIES

Title: CAN I TOUCH YOUR HAIR?  
Author: IRENE LATNAM ISBN: 978-1-51240442-5

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3.

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
NON TRUTHS, RACISM  
CRT  
ANTI POLICE SENTIMENT

SEE ATTACHED

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS!

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant:

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

[Redacted Signature]

[Handwritten Signature]

Date:

1/13/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/30/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 5

The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?

Date Committee convened:

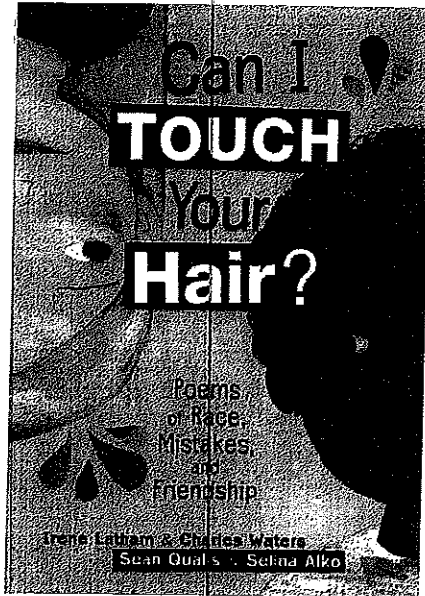
Committee:

Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date

Additional information:

# CAN I TOUCH YOUR HAIR



*Easy Reader*

**By Irene Latham and Charles Waters**

ISBN: 9781512408881

## Book Summary:

Discussions of racial biases and assumptions made by and toward two young children by their classmates and how they overcome them.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains controversial racial commentary.

## Mitigating Factors:

Positive narrative regarding overcoming harmful stereotypes of race and gender.

FIND ANOTHER WAY!

- CRT ANTI-RACISM IS JUST REVERSE-RACISM. IT'S POISON

~~1/5~~

Child Guidance  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	Mrs. Vandenberg holds up her hand. Write about anything! It's not black and white. But it is. Charles is black, and I'm white.
7	Now I'm stuck with Iren? She hardly says anything. Plus she's white.
12	At church everyone is white.
13	Everyone's brown arms raised in devotion, except mine. If it says that Jesus had hair like wool, eyes that were a flame of fire, and feet like brass as if they burned in a furnace, then why is everyone praising the straight-haired, blue-eyed white man I see looking down over all of us?
14	I'm confused: why do people who want to look like me hate me so much?
18	...the spot by the fence where the black girls play freeze dance. I watch for a few minutes, hoping Shonda will invite me to join them instead of me having to ask, can I play? I smile when Shonda comes over, but she doesn't smile back. You've got the whole rest of the playground, she says, Can't we at least have this corner?
19	When I walk over, J.R. says, "C'mon, man, stay away from us." Nicholas breaks in, "Your mouth is like a race car that never stops to refuel." The group shakes with laughter. I can't believe my "friends" would play me dirty like that.
20	He goes by the name Ghost, at least that's what his new friends, all the same color, call him. I introduce myself, "Hey, Ghost, my name's Charles." His pasty skin heats up faster than a summer's day. "My name's Paul," he says, leaving my outstretched hand to dangle. I realize I'm a few shades too dark to be allowed to call him by his nickname.
21	Why do we call this region the black belt? ...Because black people live there. ...I learn when it comes to black and white, sometimes it's best to press my lips closed and not say anything at all.
24	It's him; yes, him, the one who once asked me, "Why you do always try to act like one of us?" All because I earn my A+ report card, pushing through homework instead of playing video games, not saying, "You ain't," or "You is," or "I'm doing good."
25	When Shonda presents her family tree to the class, I see all the top branches are draped in chains. Because my ancestors were slaves, she says. I swallow, I want to say I'm sorry, but those words are too small for something so big.
26	When I watch the news, I can't believe when I see people who could pass as my family being choked, pummeled, shot, killed by police officers. Yet, when the police officers on TV are pale as a cloud, just like Officer Brassard, it makes my heart twist without any hope of being disentangled.
27	Only then does he tell me about Trayvon, about Ferguson, Missouri. What happened and why.

YOU'RE BOTH CITIZENS

WHITE = BAD SO?

OK

I HATE THE AUTHORS NOT THEM CHILDREN

TSS

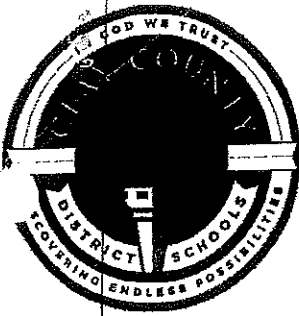
QUARMINING

I'M NOT SORRY. I HAD NO SLAVES

AWFUL

DO TELL! BLM AGENDA = VICTIMHOOD

Page	Content
30	<p>I want to go to my cousin Ronnie's sleepover tonight, so I ask Mom and Dad. "No can do, kiddo," Dad says. "That's a rough neighborhood, especially in the evening."</p> <p>"But, Dad," I say, "I hang out there after school at least once a week."</p> <p>"Baby, that's during the day," Mom says.</p> <p>"Why didn't anyone ever tell me this before?" I ask.</p> <p>"Because sometimes in life," Mom says, "There are thins you aren't supposed to know until it's necessary."</p>
31	<p>...sky black  streets black  faces black  fear white</p>
32	<p>The rapper then punches out a word that makes her do a double-take. "Did he just drop the N-bomb?" she asks. "Yes," I say. "But it had an A at the end of it, not an E-R, so it's okay."</p>



TOWN HALL #2 1/19/23  
TO BROSKIE BY HAND  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla District 2  
Beth Clark District 3  
Tina Bullock District 4  
Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: 9 [REDACTED] FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED]  
School: WIDEVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: CEMETERY BOYS  
Author: AIDEN THOMAS ISBN: 978-1-25025046-9

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3. NO

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
SEE ATTACHED  
GENDER CHAOS SEX  
LATINX (MORE CHAOS)

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS!

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant:

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

[Redacted Signature]

[Handwritten Signature]

[Redacted]

1/13/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 4

The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?

Date Committee convened:

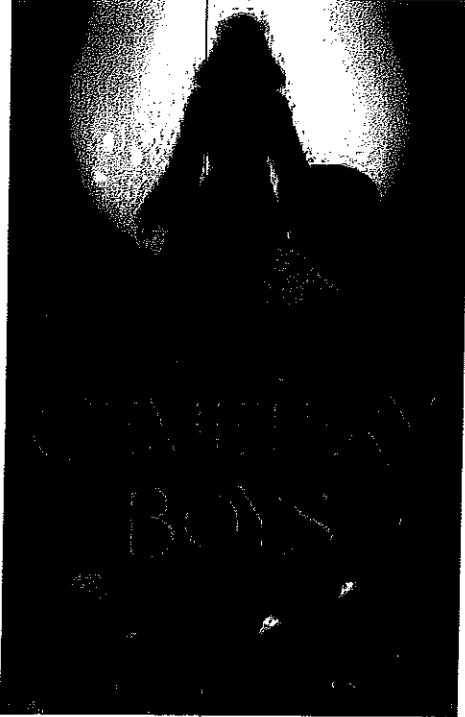
Committee:

Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date by

Additional information:

# CEMETERY BOYS



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains references to sexuality, alternate genders, moderate violence and profanity.

BWJX  
LATINX  
PRONOUNS

*Young Adult*

**By Aiden Thomas**

ISBN: 978-1250250469

BOOK COMMITTEE RATING



CHAOS

Page	Content
------	---------

16 Yadriel had spent years feeling misunderstood by everyone except for Maritza. When he had told her he was trans three years ago, she hadn't batted an eye. Ay, finally! she'd said, exasperated but smiling. I figured something was up, I was just waiting for you to spit it out. During that time, Maritza had been his reliable secret keeper, smoothly going back and forth between pronouns when they were alone, versus when they were around everyone else, until he was ready. It took him another year, when he was fourteen, to work up the courage to come out to his family. It hadn't gone nearly as well, and it was still a constant struggle to get them and the other brujx to us the right pronouns and to call him by the right name. himself a real brujo. With the help of his cousin and best friend Maritza, he performs the ritual himself, and then sets out to find the ghost of his murdered cousin and set it free.

77 "Oh..." Growing up in a multigenerational household and being part of a huge Latinx community, the concept of not having any family was both foreign and distressing.

NONSENSE

Profanity	Count
Fuck	2
Shit	2



to Broskie BY MAIL 2/2/2023  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P(904) 336-6500 F(904) 336-6536 Woneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla District 2  
Beth Clark District 3  
Tina Bullock District 4  
Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED]  
School: FLORIAN VIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIABLES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIABLES

Title: CHEER UP! LOVE AND POMPOMS  
Author: CRYSTAL FRASIER ISBN: 978-1-62010-955-7

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!
2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3.
3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
SEE ATTACHED  
"CROSS DRESSER", "TRANSITIONING"  
GENDER CHAOS  
TRIVIAL KISSING  
NOT FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS  
PROMOTES TRANSITIONING

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? \_\_\_\_\_

DAMAGED SOULS

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant: \_\_\_\_\_

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.


Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 1/31/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 2/7/23 by 
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 26
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

Committee: \_\_\_\_\_

Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CHEER UP!



"Sweet, lovely, and wonderful..."

—Susan McGinnis, author of *When a Girl*

Crystal Frasier • Val Wise • *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*

ARE THEY  
ALL AWAY  
GAMES LIKE  
THIS?

YEAH, UNTIL  
HOMECOMING  
IN A FEW  
WEEKS.

NO, NOT FROM THE  
FROM THE TEAM  
HOMECOMING  
QUEEN!

WHAT'S A  
ING-WE DO  
A TEAM?

YEAH,  
STOPS ANY  
TEAM INFIGHTING.  
WE PICK ONE GIRL  
AND ALL RALLY  
BEHIND HER.

AND  
OBVIOUSLY,  
OUR CHEER  
CAPTAIN IS  
THE BEST  
CHOICE!

OH,  
WE...

WE  
SHOULD  
PROBABLY  
CONSIDER  
EVERY-  
ONE.

IT'S  
TRADITION.

YEAH!

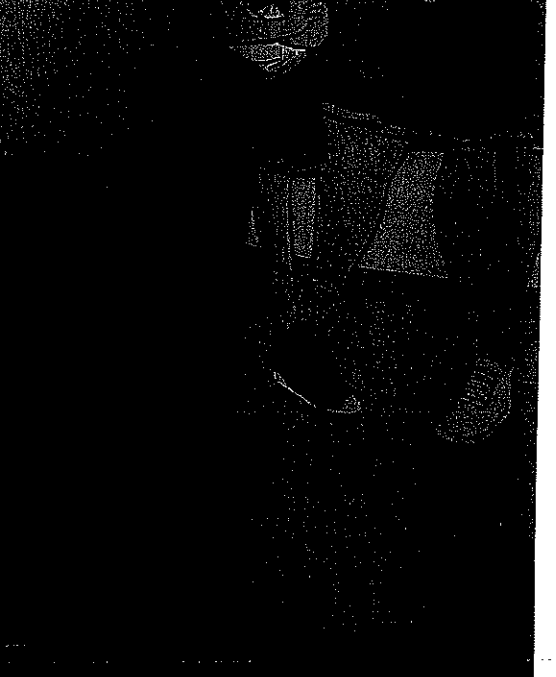
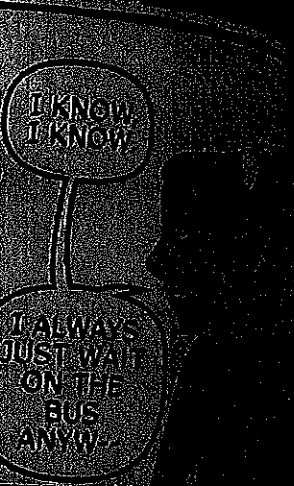
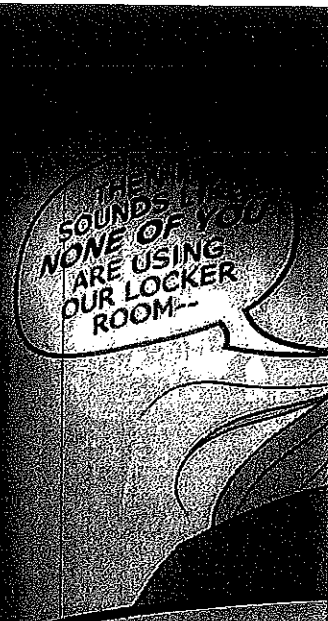
HEY!

OH, THEY  
WARNED US  
ABOUT YOUR  
TEAM...

AND  
ABOUT YOU,  
YOU LITTLE  
CROSS-  
DRESSER!

AND YOU ARE NOT  
GOING ANYWHERE  
NEAR MY LOCKER  
ROOM.

How  
DARE  
YOU?



↳ NOPE, SEE CHROMOSOMES & PENITENTIA

THEY  
SOUNDS LIKE  
NONE OF YOU  
ARE USING  
OUR LOCKER  
ROOM--

EINE!

WHATEVER.

WE  
DON'T EVEN  
CARE

BEBE'S  
BETTER  
AT BEING  
A GIRL  
THAN I AM!

BEBE IS A MALE

JUST LIKE I HAVE TO  
APOLOGIZE FOR  
BEING AROUND

ME  
TRANSITIONING  
PUT SO MANY  
PEOPLE OUT...

MY MOM,  
MY DAD,  
THE  
SCHOOL...

AND EVEN THE  
PEOPLE WHO ARE NICE  
GET SO MUCH ANGRIER  
WHEN I GET UPSET THAN  
THEY DID BEFORE

LIKE THEY'RE  
ALL JUST WAITING  
FOR PROOF THAT  
I'M ONE OF THE  
BAD ONES!

AND NO  
MATTER WHAT  
EVERYONE  
IS ALWAYS  
LOOKING  
AT ME.

I'M ALWAYS  
THE CENTER OF  
ATTENTION

AND THEY THINK  
IF I SCREW UP OR  
BREAK OUT, IT'S  
BECAUSE I'M A  
TRANS GIRL

NEVER  
BECAUSE  
I'M NOT  
PERFECT

trans

NO. A MALE



OH, WHAT  
AUGUST  
ROUGH!

YOU'RE A BOY  
AND NICE

IT WAS A  
PETTY  
NIGHT.

I GET SO  
ANGRY  
SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES IT MAKES ME  
SO MAD AT ALL THE OTHER  
GIRLS IN SCHOOL THAT THEY  
CAN JUST CHANGE IN THE  
LOCKER ROOMS...

...OR GO  
OUT  
WITHOUT  
MAKEUP.

IS SO  
SUCCESSFUL,  
DO IT?

BECAUSE IT'S  
STILL BETTER  
THAN TRYING  
TO BE A BOY.

SOMETIMES IT  
SUCKS, BUT OTHER  
TIMES, IT MAKES ME  
FEEL GREAT.

WHEN  
I TRIED  
BEING A  
BOY, I  
NEVER FELT  
ANYTHING.

I WAS  
NUMB

→ THERAPY EVEN BETTER



BECAUSE I'M TRANS?

NO!

SORT OF!

I MEAN, WE'RE STILL KIDS, AND YOU'RE DOING THIS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT THING THAT EVERYONE AROUND YOU JUST MAKES HARDER

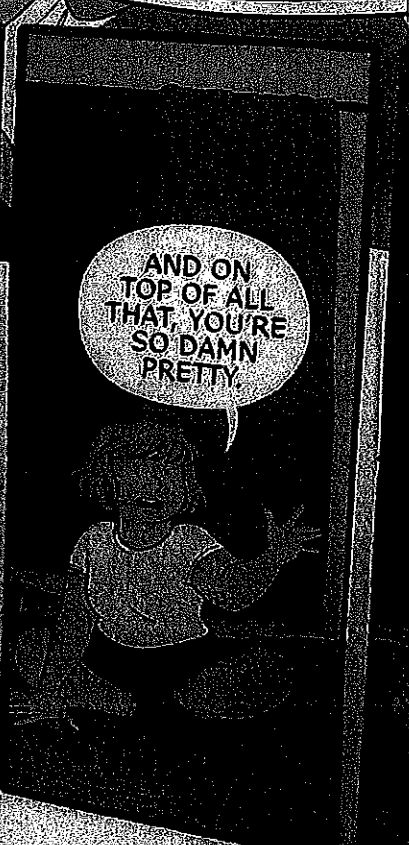
AND YOU'RE DOING IT FOR YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED

SORRY I HADN'T TAKEN THIS INTO ME

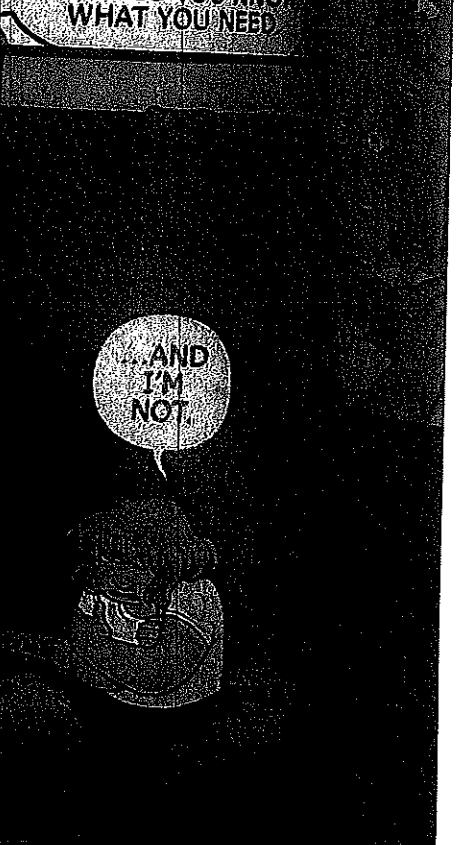
NO!



ALL I EVER DO IS PICK FIGHTS AND TROLL PEOPLE



AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, YOU'RE SO DAMN PRETTY



AND I'M NOT



GODT

SORRY I DIDN'T BRING THIS FOR YOU

ANNIE, ALL MY PRETTY COMES OUT OF BOTTLES.

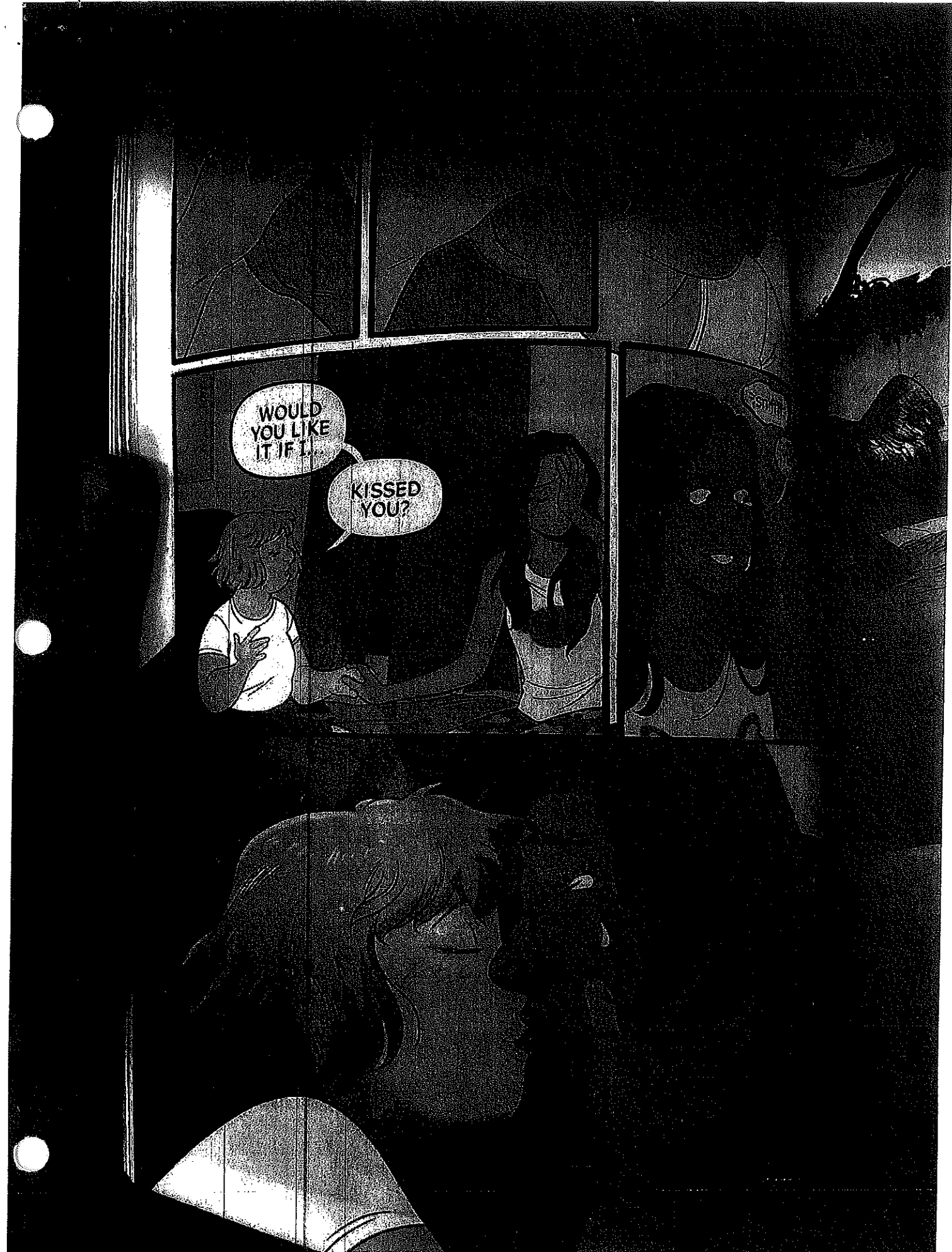
UNDER MY CLOTHES AND MAKEUP, I STILL LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME.

I CAN'T START HORMONE THERAPY UNTIL I GRADUATE. I'M JUST ON PUBERTY BLOCKERS.

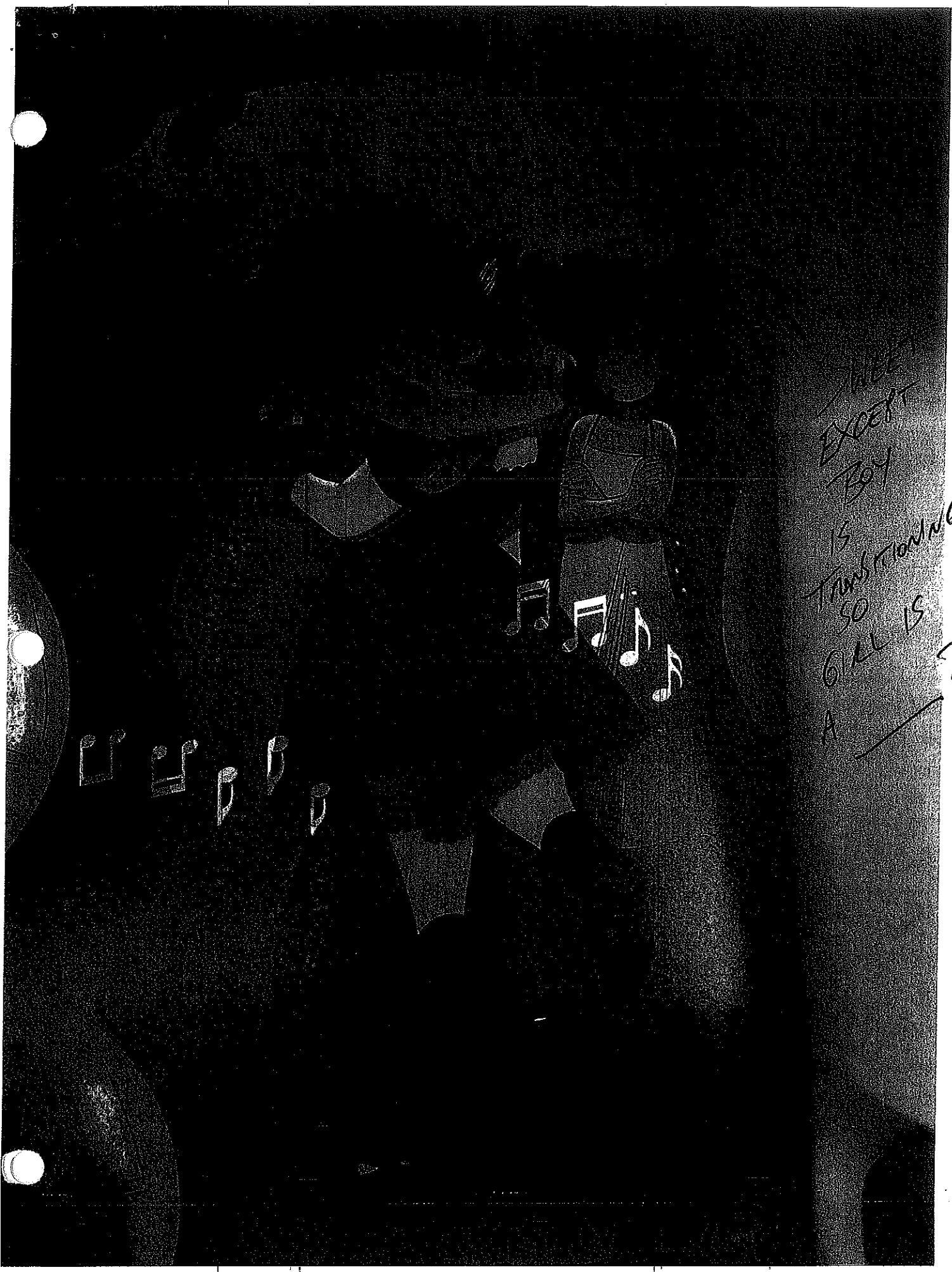
BUT I HAVE TO LOOK PERFECT SO PEOPLE DON'T GET GROSSED OUT.

YOU'RE NOT GROSS!





BOY KISSES GIRL - CHAOS



ALL  
EXCEPT  
BOY  
IS  
TRANSITIONING  
SO  
GIRL IS  
A

?



"Cheer Up! Love and Pompa  
story about friends encour  
selves. A book custom des  
—Miranda Spark (The Gender Appeal)

CENTRAL BRANCH

it a love  
their best  
s smile."

"Simply, elegantly, perfectly wonderful... This is a moving, joyful,  
entertaining coming-of-age story [...] an inspiring and inspired work  
of art, genuine in its emotion and universal in its appeal. Bravo!"  
—Greg Bucke (Stumptown, The Old Guard, Whiteout)

Annie is a smart, antisocial lesbian starting her senior year of high school who's under pressure to join the cheerleading squad to make friends and round out her college applications. Her former friend Bebe is a people-pleaser, a trans girl who must keep her parents happy with her grades and social life in order to maintain their support of her transition. Through the rigors of squad training and amped-up social pressures (not to mention micro-aggressions and other queer youth problems), the two girls rekindle a friendship they thought they'd lost and discover there may be other, sweeter feelings springing up between them.





TOWN MAIL #2 1/19/23  
TO BROSKIE BY HAND  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P(904) 336-6500 F(904) 336-6536 Woneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla District 2  
Beth Clark District 3  
Tina Bullock District 4  
Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED] Mail: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED]  
School: MIDDLEVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: CINDERELLA IS DEAD  
Author: KALYNN BAYRON ISBN: 978-1-54760387-9  
& 1-54760387-9

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3. MAYBE

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
SEE ATTACHED  
SEX, DESIRE, SEXUALITY  
PRO NOTES PROMISCUITY

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?  
DAMAGED SOULS!

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

Signature of Complainant: [Signature]

Date: 1/14/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by [Signature]  
 Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 4  
 The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why?

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

Committee: \_\_\_\_\_

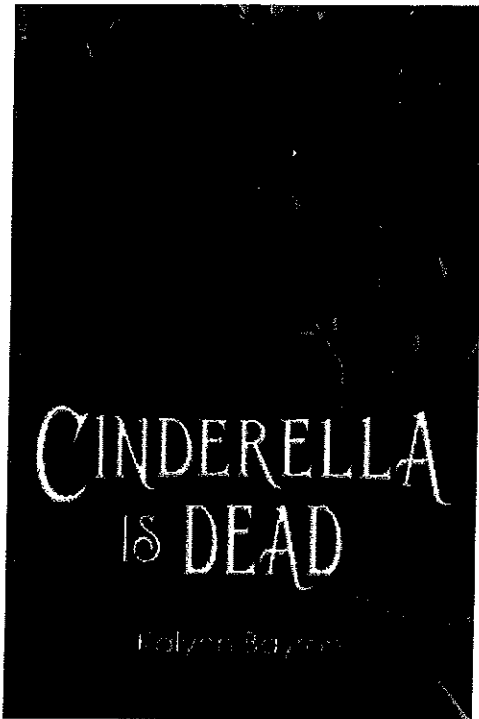
Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_



# CINDERELLA IS DEAD



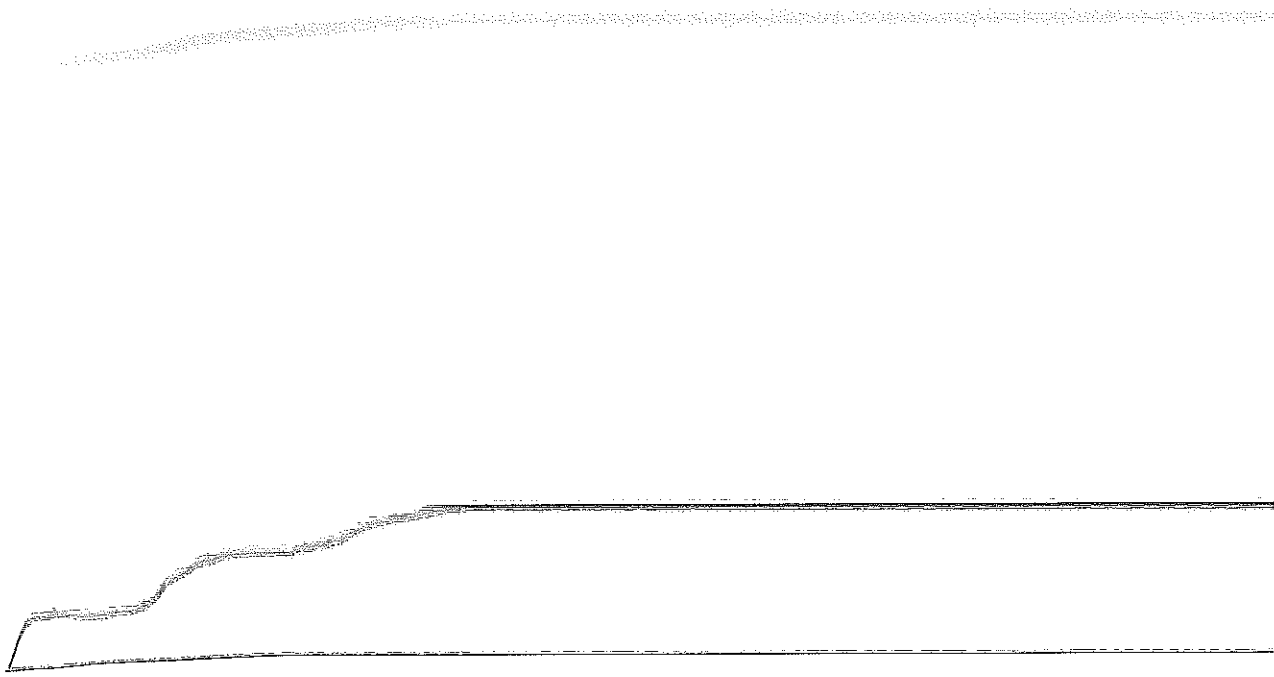
*Young Adult*

**By Kalyonn Bayron**

ISBN: 978-1-5476-0387-9

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains references to sexual activity and sexuality.



251	Constance turns her back to me and slips her arms out of her tunic, pulling it up over her head and tossing it to the ground. I am unable to take my eyes off her. She removes her trousers and tosses them aside. As she pivots toward me, I have to make a concerted effort to keep my mouth from falling open. A blanket of freckles covers her chest and shoulders and trickles down on to her arms like a sprinkling of stardust. Her hair, a mass of red, luminescent curls frames her face like a halo. She doesn't look away or try to cover herself. A wave of yearning threatens to consume me. With a smirk, she wades in until the water rests just below her shoulders.
255	I unbutton my vest and set it aside. Amina turns completely away, but Constance raises her eyes to the sky. I slip out of my tunic and trousers and wade into the pool. I brace for the chill of the water, but it's like stepping into a warm bath. Constance levels her eyes at me, and something shifts in her. Her mouth opens and then closes, like she wants to speak but can't. And while she looks me over, taking in every inch of me, her gaze lingers longest on my eyes.
286	My heart races. I don't know what to say or do. All I know is that I want to be close to her. I lean in and she reaches up, running her fingers down the side of my neck, tracing my collarbone. My stomach twists into a knot. Before I have a chance to overthink it, I press my lips to hers. Her hands move to my neck and face. A surge of warmth rushes over me as she presses herself against me. There is an urgency in her kiss, like she's trying to prove to me how much she cares, and I yield to her, unconditionally. The fire in me that has smoldered for her bursts to life in a way I never knew was possible. I'm lost in the tide of her breathing, the sweet smell of her skin, the push and pull of our bodies against each other. Each touch sends a shiver straight through me. In this moment, nothing else matters, only the surrender to the feelings we share.
296	She puts her opposite hand on the small of my back and leans close to my ear. I think she'll speak some other bit of useful information, but instead she lets her lips brush against the side of my neck.
235	She runs her hand over the small of my back as she gets up. A warm shudder courses through me. I watch her as she walks toward the front of the cottage. The feeling stays with me in the chilly nighttime air.
239	She reaches down and runs her fingers over the back of my hand. For a moment I think she might turn her face up and press her lips against mine, and while I want that more than anything, I can't bring myself to slip my hand under her chin and bring her mouth closer. My feelings for Constance grow with each passing second, but my feelings for Erin hang heavy on my heart.
147	Her knee presses into mine on purpose. Testing her boundaries a bit. I don't move away.
149	Her body backlit by the flames, is like a vision. She is tall and strong. She's got her sleeves pushed up; a wide, jagged scar runs over the muscles of her upper arm. They flex as she stokes the flames. I imagine how they might feel wrapped around me, and I wonder if she can tell how enthralled I am with her.

DESIRE & ACHIEVEMENT WRITING READING

WE ARE TEACHING FEELINGS OVER FACTS. NOT OKAY

OK

OK



TOWN HALL #2 1/19/23  
to BROSKIE BY HAND

7/30/22

CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Kerekes, District 1
- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VG

Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED]

School: RIDGEVIEW etc Grade Level: HS etc Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NOLEFTTURN IN EDUCATION FLORIDA
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc)
- Other: VARIES

Title: \* City of Heavenly Fire

Author: \* Cassandra Clare ISBN: \* 978-1-4424-1089-5

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN

2. What is objectionable about the material: specific pages, chapters, language, scenes?  
Attach additional information, if necessary. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

- INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT PAGES
- COMMON CORE
- CSE
- SEL
- DEI / CRT / ANTI-POLICE
- SEXUAL CONTENT

SEE ATTACHED

POSSIBLY VIOLATES 847  
SURELY PROMOTES PROMISCUITY

3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS

4. For what age group would you recommend this material? ~~ADULT~~ ADULT

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

6. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN


Signature of Complainant: \* 

Date: 7/28/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by 
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 6
- The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why?
- Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_
- Committee Members: \_\_\_\_\_
- Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_
- Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_
- Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

## City of Heavenly Fire | Page 03 of 370

Author: Cassandra Clare | Submitted by: Maria Garcia | 216673 Views | Add a Review

Pages with images might load slow. Please hit next page button if you encounter an empty page. For fast browsing without images version

&lt; Prev Page

35

Next Page &gt;

didn't care at the moment. She pulled him toward her carefully until their bodies were lined up, not quite touching, but so close that she could feel the heat radiating off him. Of course he didn't need to zip his jacket, not with the fire burning through his veins. The scent of black pepper and soap and cold air clung around him as she pressed her face into his shoulder and breathed him in.

"Clary," he said. His voice was a whisper and a warning. She could hear the roughness of longing in it, longing for the physical reassurance of closeness, of any touch at all. Carefully he reached around her to place the palms of his hands against the stone wall, caging her into the space made by his arms. She felt his breath in her hair, the light brush of his body against hers. Every inch of her seemed supersensitized; everywhere he touched she felt as if tiny needles of pleasure-pain were being dragged across her skin.

"Please don't tell me you pulled me into an alley and you're touching me and you don't plan on kissing me, because I don't think I could take it," she said in a low voice.

He closed his eyes. She could see his dark lashes feathering against his cheeks, remembered the feel of mapping the shape of his face under her fingers, of the full weight of his body on hers, the way his skin felt against her skin.

"I don't," he said, and she could hear the dark roughness under the usual smooth glide of his voice. Honey over needles. They were close enough together that when he breathed in, she felt the expansion of his chest. "We can't."

She put her hand against his chest; his heart was beating like trapped wings. "Take me home, then," she whispered, and she leaned up to brush her lips against the corner of his mouth. Or at least she meant it as a brush, a butterfly touch of lips on lips, but he leaned down toward her, and his movement changed the angle swiftly; she pressed up against him harder than she'd meant to, her lips sliding to center against his. She felt him breathe out in surprise against her mouth, and then they were kissing, really kissing, exquisitely slow and hot and intense.

*Take me home.* But this was home, Jace's arms surrounding her, the cold wind of Alicante in their clothes, her fingers digging into the back of his neck, the place where his hair curled softly against the skin. His palms were still flat against the stone behind her, but he moved his body against hers, gently pressing her up against the wall; she could hear the harsh undertone of his breathing. He

wouldn't touch her with his hands, but she could touch him, and she let her hands go freely, over the swell of his arms, down to his chest, tracing the ridges of muscle, pressing outward to grip his sides until his T-shirt was rucking up under her fingers. Her fingertips touched bare skin, and then she was sliding her hands up under his shirt, and she hadn't touched him like this in so long, had nearly forgotten how his skin was soft where it wasn't scarred, how the muscles in his back jumped under her touch. He gasped into her mouth; he tasted like tea and chocolate and salt.

She had taken control of the kiss. Now she felt him tense as he took it back, biting at her lower lip until she shuddered, nipping at the corner of her mouth, kissing along her jawbone to suck at the pulse point at her throat, swallowing her racing heartbeat. His skin burned under her hands, *burned*—

He broke away, reeling back almost drunkenly, hitting the opposite wall. His eyes were wide, and for a dizzy moment Clary thought she could see flames in them, like twin fires in the darkness. Then the light went out of them and he was only gasping as if he had been running, pressing the heels of his palms against his face.

"Jace," she said.

He dropped his hands. "Look at the wall behind you," he said in a flat voice.

She turned—and stared. Behind her, where he had been leaning, were twin scorch marks in the stone, in the exact shape of his hands.

---

The Seelie Queen lay upon her bed and looked up at the stone ceiling of her bedchamber. It was wreathed with dangling trellises of roses, thorns still intact, each one perfect and blood-red. Every night they withered and died, and every morning they were replaced, as fresh as the day before.

Faeries slept little, and rarely dreamed, but the Queen liked her bed to be comfortable. It was a wide couch of stone, with a feather mattress laid on top, and covered with thick swathes of velvet and slippery satin.

"Have you ever," said the boy in the bed beside her, "pricked yourself on one of the thorns, Your Majesty?"



He saw her mouth quirk into a reluctant smile. "Try this on," she said, and tossed him the green sweater, slightly less frayed than the rest.

"Are you sure it's okay for me to borrow clothes?"

"You can't go around like *that*," she said. "You look like you escaped from a romance novel." Isabelle laid a hand dramatically against her forehead. "Oh, Lord Montgomery, what do you mean to do with me in this bedroom when you have me all alone? An innocent maiden, and unprotected?" She unzipped her jacket and tossed it to the floor, revealing a white tank top. She gave him a sultry look. "Is my virtue safe?"

"I, ah—what?" Simon said, temporarily deprived of vocabulary.

"I know you are a dangerous man," Isabelle declared, sashaying toward the bed. She unzipped her trousers and kicked them to the floor. She was wearing black boy shorts underneath. "Some call you a rake. Everybody knows you are a devil with the ladies with your poetically puffed shirt and irresistible pants." She pounced onto the bed and crawled over to him, eyeing him like a cobra considering making a snack out of a mongoose. "I pray you will consider my innocence," she breathed. "And my poor, vulnerable heart."

Simon decided this was a lot like role-playing in D&D, but potentially much more fun. "Lord Montgomery considers nothing but his own desires," he said in a gravelly voice. "I'll tell you something else. Lord Montgomery has a very large estate . . . and pretty extensive grounds, too."

Isabelle giggled, and Simon felt the bed shake under them. "Okay, I didn't expect you to get *quite* so into this."

"Lord Montgomery always surpasses expectations," Simon said, seizing Isabelle around the waist and rolling her over so she was beneath him, her black hair spread out onto the pillow. "Mothers, lock up your daughters, then lock up your maidservants, then lock up yourselves. Lord Montgomery is on the prowl."

Isabelle framed his face between her hands. "My lord," she said, her eyes shining. "I fear I can no longer withstand your manly charms and virile ways. Please do with me as you will."

Simon wasn't sure what Lord Montgomery would do, but he knew what *he* wanted to do. He bent down and pressed a lingering kiss to her mouth. Her lips parted under his, and suddenly everything was all sweet dark heat and Isabelle's lips brushing over his, first teasing, then harder. She smelled, as she always did,



DO YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTERS TO SAY THIS?



## City of Heavenly Fire | Page 134 of 370

Author: Cassandra Clare | Submitted by: Maria Garcia | 216673 Views | Add a Review

Pages with images might load slow. Please hit next page button if you encounter an empty page. For fast browsing use 'without images' version.

&lt; Prev Page

134

Next Page &gt;

dizzily of roses and blood. He pressed his lips to the pulse point at her throat, muting over it gently, not biting, and Izzy gasped; her hands went to the front of his shirt. He was momentarily concerned about its lack of buttons, but Isabelle grasped the material in her strong hands and ripped the shirt in half, leaving it dangling off his shoulders.

"Goodness, that stuff rips like paper," she exclaimed, reaching to pull her tank top off. She was halfway through the action when the door opened and Alec walked into the room.

"Izzy, are you—" he began. His eyes flew wide, and he backed up fast enough to smack his head into the wall behind him. "What is he doing here?"

Isabelle tugged her tank top back down and glared at her brother. "You don't knock now?"

"It—It's my bedroom!" Alec spluttered. He seemed to be deliberately trying not to look at Izzy and Simon, who were indeed in a very compromising position. Simon rolled quickly off Isabelle, who sat up, brushing herself off as if for lint. Simon sat up more slowly, trying to hold the torn edges of his shirt together. "Why are all my clothes on the floor?" Alec said.

"I was trying to find something for Simon to wear," Isabelle explained. "Maureen put him in leather pants and a puffy shirt because he was being her romance-novel slave."

"He was being her what?"

"Her romance-novel slave," Isabelle repeated, as if Alec were being particularly dense.

Alec shook his head as if he were having a bad dream. "You know what? Don't explain. Just—put your clothes on, both of you."

"You're not going to leave—are you?" Isabelle said in a sulky tone, sliding off the bed. She picked up her jacket and shrugged it on, then tossed Simon the green sweater. He happily swapped it for the poet shirt, which was in ribbons anyway.

"No. It's my room, and besides, I need to talk to you, *Isabelle*." Alec's voice was terse. Simon grabbed up jeans and shoes from the floor and went into the bathroom to change, deliberately taking plenty of time with it. When he came back out, Isabelle was sitting on the rumpled bed, looking strained and tense.

"So they're opening the Portal back up to bring everyone through? Good."



To Broskie By Hand 2/2/2023  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

7/30/22

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Kerekes, District 1
- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VS  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: M  
 School: NO LEFT TURN etc Grade Level: H/S etc Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NOLEFTTURN IN EDUCATION FLORIDA
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: \* Class Act  
 Author: \* Jerry Craft ISBN: \* 978-0-06-288551-7  
8978-00628-85529

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN

2. What is objectionable about the material: specific pages, chapters, language, scenes?  
Attach additional information, if necessary. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

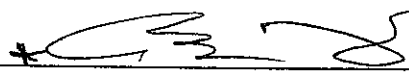
INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT  
PAGES  
COMMON CORE  
CSE  
SEL  
DEL/CRT/ANTI-POLICE  
SEXUAL CONTENT

NOT 847 VIOLATION

RACIST CRT CONTENT  
NOT GOOD FOR ANY CHILD  
SEE ATTACHED

3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS
4. For what age group would you recommend this material? ~~ADULT~~ ADULT
5. Is there anything good in this material? NA
6. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

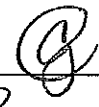
Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

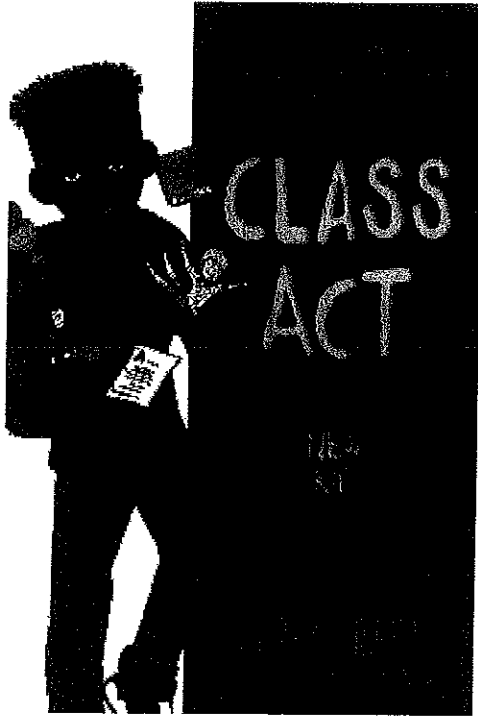
Date: 7/28/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
 Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
 900 Walnut Street  
 Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

- To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:**
- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 2/7/23 by 
  - Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 12
  - The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_
  - Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Committee Members: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_
  - Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CLASS ACT



*Juvenile Graphic Novel*

**By Jerry Craft**

ISBN:9780062885524

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains references to racism.

**1**  
/5

**Child Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
60	"But as much as I hate to admit it, because he's a lot taller than me and his skin is darker, the way that people see us, and treat us, couldn't be more different."
61	"They don't judge us the same on the street." Clutching valuables. "They don't watch us the same in stores." "And while they'll say things to him like: "I would have NEVER thought you were this smart." "They'll say things to me like: 'Oh, you're not like the others, Jordan, you're not really Black.'" "Of all the people in the world, the one who's most like me is my friend Drew. It's the world that makes us different." "I don't like the way that guys is looking at us. I'm calling the Police!"
65	The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts young dark-skinned male bending over wearing a football jersey. He is tying his shoe lace. A light-skinned male wearing a football jersey is pointing at the dark-skinned male saying, "LOOK, he's taking a knee!" Someone else running in the background yells, "No, he's just tying his shoe!"

CRT

CRT

BLACK  
VICTIMHOOD  
&  
ANTI-WHITE  
SENTIMENT  
= CRT  
= RACISM



# CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

12/14 @ 11am  
L. O. 1001

### BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Kerekes, District 1
- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

## Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VB  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: M...  
 School: NO LEFT TURN ETC Grade Level: H.S etc Subject: VARIES

### Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NOLEFTTURN IN EDUCATION FLORIDA
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

### Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: \* Clockwork Princess  
 Author: \* Cassandra Clare ISBN: \* 978-1-41697590-8

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN

---



---



---



---



---

### 2. What is objectionable about the material: specific pages, chapters, language, scenes?

Attach additional information, if necessary. ~~VARIES~~

INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT SEE ATTACHED

COMMON CORE

CSE

SEL

DEI / CRT / ANTI-POLICE

SEXUAL CONTENT

AVAILABLE AT OAKLEAF JR. HIGH. WHY?  
 DO YOU WANT KIDS THERE TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS?

3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS

4. For what age group would you recommend this material?

ADULT

5. Is there anything good in this material?

NA

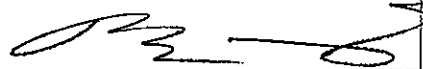
6. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN:

NA

Printed name of Complainant:

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant:



Date:

7/31/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 8/2/22 by JF
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 4
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?
- Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_
- Committee Members: \_\_\_\_\_
- Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_
- Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_
- Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CLOCKWORK PRINCESS



*Young Adult*

**By Cassandra Clare**

ISBN:978-1-4169-7590-8

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains depictions of sexual activities.



Chapter	
190	<p>She felt the hot press of his mouth again at the hollow of her throat, then lower. His kissed ended where her dress began. She felt her heart beating beneath his mouth, as if trying to reach him, trying to beat for him. She felt his shy hand slip around her body, to where the lacings fastened her dress closed...</p>
415	<p>Her words were cut off, for he had caught hold of her and pulled her against him, and crushed his lips down against hers. For a split second it was almost painful, sharp with desperation and thinly controlled hunger, and she tasted salt and heat in her mouth and the grasp of his breath. And then he gentled, with a force of restraint she could feel all through her body, and the slide of lips against lips, the interplay of tongue and teeth, altered from the pain to pleasure in the sliver of the moment.</p> <p>...but he was not being careful now. His hands slid roughly down her back, tangling her hair, fisting in the loose fabric at the back of her dress. Half-lifting her so their bodies collided; he was against her, the long slim length of his body, hard and fragile at the same time. Her head slanted to the side as he parted her lips with his and they were not so much kissing as devouring each other. Her fingers gripped his hair tightly, hard enough that it must have hurt, and her teeth grazed his bottom lip. He groaned and pulled her tighter, making her grasp for air.</p> <p>...She held tight to his back and shoulders as he carried her over to the bed and laid her down on it.</p> <p>...He sucked in his breath and closed his eyes, his body going very still. She ran her fingers along the waistband of his trousers, her heart pounding, hardly knowing what she was doing...Her hand curved about his waist, thumb flicking against his hipbone, drawing him down. He slid down over her, slowly, elbows resting on either side of her shoulders.</p> <p>...He lowered himself slowly, slowly, until their lips just brushed. She arched upward, wanting to meet his mouth with hers, but he drew back, nuzzling her cheek, now his lips pressing the corner of her mouth- and then along her jaw and down her throat, sending little shocks of astonished pleasure throughout her body.</p> <p>...Her hands pulled at his shirt, and it came away, the buttons tearing, his head shaking free of the fabric...His hands were less sure on her dress, but it came away as well, off over her head, and was cast aside, leaving Tessa in her chemise and corset.</p> <p>...she guided his hands around her until his fingers were on the strings of the corset...Will pulled her against him, gentle now, and kissed the line of her throat again, and her shoulder where the chemise bared it, his breath soft and hot against her skin until she was breathing just as hard, her hands smoothing up and over his shoulders, his arms, his sides. She kissed the white scars the Marks had left on his skin, winding herself around him until they were a heated tangle of limbs and she was swallowing down gasps he made against her mouth.</p> <p>...And he moved to cover her body with his own.</p>

Summary of Clockwork Princess by Cassandra Clare

[Sex]

Format p # and content/keyword - my comments follow

P 190 "She felt his shy hand slip around her body, to where the lacings fastened" – Thought we were teaching abstinence?

p 415 SEX – the whole darned page is clearly what it is. Do better and be sure to show this to the persons that declared Clay school libraries have "no erotica..." In the end, this book is not for my kid, and maybe not yours too. It's one page that is designed to stimulate a child's brain. Not in a good way. Do we need this in front of our children? I feel this appeals to prurient interest. Ergo, HARMFUL TO MINORS!

How much poison is it okay to put in soup? Same with porn in our libraries!



# District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

**Title:** Clockwork Princess

---

**Author:** Cassandra Clare

---

**Date:** 12.14.22

---

**Committee Members:** [REDACTED]

---

**Complainant:** Bruce Friedman (not in attendance) \*Reconsideration form read aloud for committee.

---

**1. What is the overall purpose, theme or message of the material?**

Pleasure reading, coming of age story.

**2. This work is most suitable for which grades? (Check all that apply.)**

Pre-K     K-6     7-8     9-12     None

**3. Are concepts presented in a manner appropriate to the ability and maturity level of your suggested audience?**

Yes     No

**4. Will reading or listening to this work result in a more compassionate understanding of human beings?**

Yes     No

**If yes, explain how.**

Character dying and friends help to make them comfortable. Empathy and loyalty is shown. Family is someone you care about and not just blood. Life is short...learn Self Forgiveness.

**5. Does this work offer an opportunity to understand and better appreciate the aspirations, achievements, and problems of different cultures and/or minority groups?**

Yes     No

**If yes, explain how.**

There is a character in the book that is like a servant however, she is accepted like a family member. Honor different cultures and language barriers.



# District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

6. Are questionable elements of this work an important part of the overall development of the story or text?

Yes  No

Explain your answer in a few sentences.

Talks about angels and demons but not the indoctrination. There is a love scene, but it is muted. Described as Hallmark like.

7. Non-fiction ONLY: Does the material contribute to the evolution of ideas?

Yes  No N/A

Explain your answer in a few sentences.

[Empty box for explanation]

8. Are the illustrations appropriate for the student's developmental age?

Yes  No

9. Does this work have literary merit?

Yes  No  Not Applicable

10. Could this work be considered offensive in any way due to:

- profanity
- brutality
- Religion or portrayal of religious practices/Ideologies
- language
- sexual behavior
- manner characters are presented
- violence
- prurient behavior
- portrayal of any societal groups
- cruelty
- aberrant behavior
- political positions

Notes:

### MEETING NOTES:

No additional discussion

# Clockwork Princess

Lab 1001

12/14/22

11:00 am

Vote/Recommendation

5 - keep at HS only

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/22

Title: The Clockwork Princess

Author: Cassandra Clare

Select ONE option:

I vote to remove the book from all libraries

OR

I vote to keep in Clay County School Libraries (specify recommendation below)

- Keep the book at ALL school levels
- Keep the book at the junior and high school levels
- Keep the book at the high school level ONLY

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/2022

Title: A CLOCKWORK PRINCESS

Author: CASSANDRA CLARE

Select ONE option:

I vote to remove the book from all libraries

OR

I vote to keep in Clay County School Libraries (specify recommendation below)

- Keep the book at ALL school levels
- Keep the book at the junior and high school levels
- Keep the book at the high school level ONLY

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/22

Title: Clockwork Princess

Author: Cassandra Clare

Select ONE option:

I vote to remove the book from all libraries

OR

I vote to keep in Clay County School Libraries (specify recommendation below)

Keep the book at ALL school levels

Keep the book at the junior and high school levels

Keep the book at the high school level ONLY

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/22

Title: Clockwork Princess

Author: Cassandra Clare

Select ONE option:

I vote to remove the book from all libraries

OR

I vote to keep in Clay County School Libraries (specify recommendation below)

Keep the book at ALL school levels

Keep the book at the junior and high school levels

Keep the book at the high school level ONLY

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/22

Title: Clockwork Princess

Author: Cassandra Clare

Select ONE option:

I vote to remove the book from all libraries

OR

I vote to keep in Clay County School Libraries (*specify recommendation below*)

Keep the book at ALL school levels

Keep the book at the junior and high school levels

Keep the book at the high school level ONLY





TOWN HALL #2 1/19/23  
TO BROSKIE BY HAND

CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P(904) 336-6500 F(904) 336-6536 Woneclay.net

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Kerekes, District 1
- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: RONCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED]  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [REDACTED]  
 School: ALDENVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VANIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VANIES

Title: CLOSER TO NANNERE  
 Author: ELLEN HOPKINS ISBN: 978-0-593-10861-1

PROBLEMATIC

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3. NO

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
1 COPY IN OAKLEAF JR HIGH WHY?  
ALL ABOUT DRUG ABUSE & CHILD ABUSE  
SEE ATTACHED

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? \_\_\_\_\_

*DAMAGED SOULS!*

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

*[Signature]*

1/14/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

**To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:**

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 5

The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

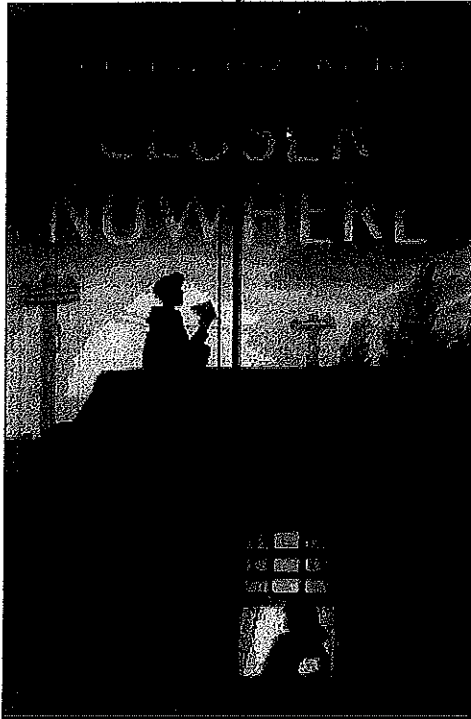
Committee: \_\_\_\_\_

Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CLOSER TO NOWHERE



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

ISBN:978-0-593-10861-1

## **Book Summary:**

A twelve-year-old boy goes to live with his cousin's family and turns his cousin's world upside-down.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains violence including child abuse; alcohol and drug addiction

**2**  
/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
124	When Cal was little- like, three or four- his dad started using drugs.
125	<p>Mom nods. And a few times Cal tried to step in between them. David hit him, too.</p> <p>"No way!" Who hits little kids?</p> <p>Afraid so. And as David's addiction got worse, so did the violence.</p> <p>One night, he came home with a stolen gun.</p> <p>...When she insisted, he beat her pretty badly.</p>
126	But sometime after Caryn died, he started doing drugs again, and things got pretty rough for Cal.
129	<p>"...Did...did Aunt Caryn ever do drugs, too?"</p> <p>Mom hesitates, but then says, She experimented, but didn't like how they made her feel.</p>
180	<p>Mom and Dad fought. A lot. Sometimes things got physical shoving scratching hitting.</p> <p>I saw bloodied lips and noses purple welts and bruises.</p> <p>After one epic battle, Dad passed out. Mom hustled me to her car.</p> <p>...And then he lifted his right hand.</p> <p>In it was a gun.</p> <p>Pretty sure it was loaded.</p> <p>If he'd pulled the trigger, he would've killed Mom, and maybe me.</p>
183	This is true
348	"I mean, does she always drink that stuff?"
349	She asks what I know about alcoholism and I have to answer, "Not very much, except sometimes people die from it."
350	<p>Mom never got over what happened between my sister and her, and when Caryn passed away without them reconciling, she was devastated.</p> <p>Drinking can't change that, but it can make her forget how sad and lonely she is, at least temporarily.</p>
354	"Grandma's an alcoholic."
355	<p>I Know a Lot About Addiction</p> <p>Answer: More than any kid should.</p> <p>I know what it was like to put a blanket over my mom when she fell asleep on the couch before dinner</p> <p>The stuff she drank was brown, not clear, but it smelled the same on her breath as Grandma's.</p> <p>Some people say alcohol can cause cancer. Which came first? That's the question.</p> <p>I know how it hurts to shrink back into a corner when my dad stormed in, eyes red and bulging.</p> <p>I was too little to understand his nervous pacing and ranting were symptoms of his drug use.</p>
356	<p>I know how it felt to go to the school nurse because my teacher noticed a suspicious bruise on my arm.</p>

←

←

←

←

←

←

←

←

Page	Content
	To have child protective services pay us a visit. To lie to the nice lady that I fell and hit a rock.
357	Turns out Dad's latest "job" was using a gun to rob people. The money he took all went for drugs.
380	Three short bursts of fire alarm interrupt, followed by Hard lockdown; hard lockdown; hard lockdown. Definition of Panic: What Happens Next No. No way. Three "hard lockdowns" mean this is not a drill. We've done those lots of times. But this is different. Teachers, lock your doors and follow protocol.
386	Uncle Frank used drugs. Pretty soon, so did Dad. Sometimes they went on benders- long drug parties. They were having one of those and didn't want a kid around, so they locked me in the closet. Gave me a bucket to use for a toilet. I ate peanuts. Jerky. Water. To keep me quiet, they gave me cold medicine, which made me really sleepy.

←

←

←

←



CERTIFY BY HAND DELIVER  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla, District 2  
Beth Clark, District 3  
Tina Bullock, District 4  
Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED]  
School: NIDBVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VANIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VANIES

Title: CONCEALED  
Author: CHRISTINA DIAZ GONZALEZ ISBN: 978-1-33864720-4

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO NO  
If YES, please explain in Question 3.

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.

SEE ATTACHED  
HUMAN GENE EXPERIMENTS, EVIL CORPORATE CONGLOMERATE  
LIVING IN CONSTANT FEAR, "DRUG CARTELS"  
LYING ALWAYS, DRUG ABUSE, OVERDOSE, ADDICTION  
FAKE PASSPORTS, VIOLENCE, KNIVES, GUNS  
SOME PEOPLE "DISPENSABLE."  
BLOODY MEDICAL CARE, DEATH, MURDER

WHY IS THIS BOOK AT ORANGE PARK  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL?

TOO  
MATURE  
FOR  
ELEMENTARY  
SCHOOLS

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS

5. For what age group would you recommend this material?

ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material?

NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN:

NA

Printed name of Complainant:

BAUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

Signature:

[Handwritten Signature]

Date:

3/30/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 4/12/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages \_\_\_\_\_

The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

Committee: OSR

Outcome: no evidence of Ch 817 violation as presented

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by RD

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CHRISTINA DIAZ GONZALEZ

# CONCEALED

WHAT IF YOU HAD NO NAME  
NO PAST, AND NO HOME?

DESTINY  
SAYS

INTEREST  
GRADE  
LEVELS  
5-8

---

CCSD HAS  
1 @ GREEN  
COVE JHS

1 @ LAKESIDE  
JHS

1 @ ORANGE  
PARK  
ELEMENTARY

↗  
BAD PLAN  
SEE  
CONTENT!

SEE  
ATTACHED  
DESTINY  
(3-PAGES)



A BIT NONSENSE FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

needed to go.

"All right. Which way, L?"

B and L. That's how my parents referred to each other. It was a way to simplify things and avoid messing up each other's names. It also made sense since Dad always used different names that either started with B like Bradley or Bernard, or a name like William or Robert whose nickname could be Bill or Bob. Mom did the same thing, except hers were usually Spanish-sounding names like Lucia or Leticia.

"Make a left on the main road." Mom studied the map in her hands. "The highway should be up ahead."

I turned around and popped my head over the top of the seat just in time to see the man jump into his car.

Mom had also been watching him through the side-view mirror. "We need to go faster. Now."

"I got it." Dad's fingers were clenched tight around the steering wheel, but he remained with the flow of traffic as our van crossed the intersection and approached the on-ramp for the highway. "I'm trying to blend in."

"Dad." My voice cracked a little. I knew the story about the car accident that had almost killed my mother and me. It's what had started everything. A car had run Mom off the road in order to send a message about what happens to people who testify against the cartel. Mom hadn't been seriously hurt, but I'd barely survived. "The guy ... he's still back there, and I think he's going to get on the highway, too."

This time Dad floored the gas pedal and we lurched

forward, passing several cars. The van seemed to shake with excitement at being pushed to its limit.

I glanced ahead at the empty highway and then back at the car that was growing ever closer to us. "He's gaining on us—go faster!"

Suddenly, Dad slammed on the brakes and I went tumbling forward, slamming my head against the back of the bucket seat.

The mysterious car quickly switched lanes and zoomed by, not even giving us a second look.

"You okay back there?" Dad called out.

"I'm okay," I said, rubbing my forehead. "Should've had my seat belt on."

"You always need to have it on." His eyes met mine for an instant through the rearview mirror. "But if you got scraped up or anything, the medicine bag is in between the seats. The blue liquid for cuts and scrapes is in there."

"I'm okay," I repeated, buckling myself up. "I don't need it."

Mom chuckled nervously as we resumed a normal speed. "Guess that was a little bit of an overreaction on my part."

Dad let out a deep breath. "Ya think?" Then he cracked a smile. "But it's good practice." He reached over and patted her hand. "You never know."

I slumped back into my seat. My heart was still racing but everything was back to normal ... or at least our version of normal.

This was the only life I knew.

A life on the run  
Never revealing who we were. Never dropping our  
guard. Never forgetting that there were people who  
wanted us dead.  
Always wondering if this would be the day they'd  
find us.

## CHAPTER 2

# MEET M

THE SOUND OF PEOPLE talking right outside the van stirred me from my sleep. I lifted my head and saw my dad in the glow of the headlights, speaking to a bearded, hipster-looking guy in a flannel shirt. Off to their right was an RV parked among several tall trees, and farther down the small paved road were the twinkling lights of other trailers.

By the look of things, we had arrived at our new home.

All of a sudden, the van door slid open.

"Yes, this is our daughter," Mom said, motioning for me to get out. "And we have no pets ... never will. Allergies, you know."

An older woman, with short blond hair and wearing reading glasses that hung at the edge of her nose, glanced around the van.

"Like I said before, not many kids around these parts, but they are allowed. Just sign the bottom where it says you're aware of the park's rules and regulations," she said to Mom as I crawled out. "Initial on the left where it says no money is due since the year was

window.

"I don't what? Don't understand? That doesn't work anymore, Dad."

He shook his head. "You're still too young."

"I'm almost thirteen ... you owe me the truth!" I could feel my heart pounding at my temples. I had never been this angry with him. "Tell me!" I demanded. "Owe you?" Dad looked me in the eyes. "I don't owe you anything." He got up and turned his back on me.

"This conversation is over."

His words sliced through me. It was a wound deeper than anything that the magic mermaid potion could ever heal.

I took a step back, and with tears threatening to explode from my eyes, I ran to the door, flinging it open. I glanced at him still turned away from me. "Then you can stay living with your lies and I'll find my own truth. I wouldn't trust what you said anyway."

I stormed outside and froze, my anger momentarily paralyzing me. I wasn't a little kid anymore who he could simply push aside. I took a deep breath and looked around. I wanted answers, but how do you search for answers when you can't risk anyone else finding what you uncover?

My heart beat a little faster.

This was now my mission. The truth couldn't be concealed forever. There had to be a trace of it somewhere, but where? The only thing I knew was that a drug cartel was after us, so maybe I could start with that. Look into drug cartels that had made the news

around the time of my accident. It wasn't much, but it was something.

But I'd need help. Help from someone who didn't keep secrets from me.

I glanced over at the gnomes and flamingos in front of Parker's double-wide trailer.

Parker. He was my best shot at getting some answers. I marched over to the trailer and before I had gone up the steps, the front door flung open. "He hates me, doesn't he?" Parker blurted out, shaking his head. "I don't think he liked me much before, but now ..."

"Who? My dad? He's fine. Don't worry about him." I paused for a moment to calm myself down. I had to be sure about what I was going to do.

"Yeah, but I should have thought—"

"Listen," I interrupted him. "You mentioned that you do online schooling. That means you're good with computers, right?"

"Well, yeah. Who doesn't know how to use a computer?" Parker scrunched his eyebrows. "What's going on?"

"We live off the grid, remember? So, I need some help doing some research. Can you help me look things up?"

"On the computer? Sure, if I still had it." Parker glanced back inside. "Hold on a minute." He took a couple of steps, and I could see Mrs. Anderson was sitting in a big chair facing a large TV. "Um ... Mrs. Anderson, I'm going to see if the laundry's ready." "Yeah, yeah, all right." She waved him off.

stuff. You didn't hack into the Pentagon."

He spun around, gave me a shrug, and raced down the path. "Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Get me a computer and find out!"

I caught up with him at the storm shelter where all the coin-operated washing machines and dryers were housed. "Tell me the truth." I said as I followed Parker over to a small bench in front of a dryer that was still shaking with its full load.

"I'm really good, but the cops caught me when I was careless with a bank. So maybe not quite Pentagon-busting good, but close." He slid a dingy white plastic basket with a broken handle in front of the dryer. "So, what do you think? Want to get the laptop for me? I mean for your project. I'm sure your parents can convince Mrs. Anderson."

"That's the thing..." I bit my bottom lip before going on. "My parents don't want me using any technology. I'm sort of doing this without their approval."

"Ooh." Parker smiled. "That's even better. I knew you'd add a little excitement to this place."

I sighed. "But that means we can't get the laptop."  
"Not necessarily." Parker had what I could only describe as a sly twinkle in his eye. "There is a way, but it'll mean bending some rules and telling a couple of lies. You okay with that?"

I nodded. "Oh yeah. Lying is not a problem."

## CHAPTER 6

# BOWLING FOR ANSWERS

WHILE THE TOWELS DRIED, Parker and I hatched our plan. Parker explained that he had once tried paying Jimmy five dollars an hour in order to "rent" the laptop from him, but that Jimmy had backed out of the deal because he was afraid of what his grandmother might do if she found out. But if I was the one doing the "renting," then Jimmy might do it and we could use the Wi-Fi at the diner where Jimmy worked.

The only problem was that this meant I'd have to get permission from my parents to go to town with Parker... unsupervised. Not so easy.

That night, while Mom was serving dinner, I began laying my trap.

"The pasta looks good, Mom," I said, trying to butter her up. "¡Y tengo un hambre!" I rubbed my belly while looking at my plate. "I could eat a horse."

"Oh, good. I made plenty. Wasn't sure if Parker would be joining us tonight."

"Nope, Mrs. Anderson is cooking," I explained. Then, trying to keep things as casual as possible, I

55-56

→ SHE'S THIS STAY'S HERO!

(SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE)

"No." I glanced over my shoulder as the voices of a couple of truckers carried through the alley. "They might be looking for me at the local bus station. In fact, this whole area is probably going to be watched."

"Immigration isn't going to come after you. I'm surprised they've gone through this much trouble just for your parents. Worst case ..."

Parker didn't understand. This was about life or death.

Mainly death.

I needed help in getting to the Atlanta safe house, but I also needed Parker to understand the stakes in all this. I took a deep breath, knowing that I was about to break the most important rule of the Witness Protection

Program. I was going to trust someone with the truth.

"Are you listening to me?" Parker asked, and I realized I hadn't been.

"No, but that's because I have something to tell you." I paused, reconsidering for a moment what I was about to do. "I'm going to tell you something, but you have to swear not to tell anyone. Even if you choose to not help me, you can't tell anyone. Not Mrs. Anderson, not the police, not anyone."

"What are you talking about?" Parker asked.

"Do you promise?" I insisted on an answer. "I'm trusting you with ... well, with everything."

"Um, okay," he said hesitantly. "Sure."

"Those men that took my mom ... they aren't with Immigration. My parents aren't being deported." I paused for a second, knowing that I was going against

everything I'd been taught. "We're in the Witness Protection Program and those supposed agents are probably showing fake badges and really work for the drug cartel. They want us dead."

For a moment Parker's face showed no reaction; then he slowly took a step back and let out a nervous laugh.

"You're kidding, right?"

I shook my head. "Wish I was."

Parker slow-blinked. "So, those men ... you've been running from them ..."

"For years," I said, feeling a sense of relief at being able to finally talk about things with someone. "And now they have my mom."

"What about your dad?"

"I don't know. He left yesterday and I don't have any way to get hold of him. That's why I need to get to Atlanta. There's a safe house there where I can get help. Maybe he'll be able to meet me there."

"Wow." His shoulders slumped a little. "This is all ..."

"I know, I know. It's not what you expected, and I wouldn't have gotten you involved at all if I didn't need your help in getting there."

"Uh-huh." Parker paced alongside the dumpster.

"Okay, give me a second to think." He stopped and shook away an idea. "Jimmy can't be trusted."

"But I need a way to get out of here and over to Atlanta."

Parker snapped his fingers. "Cows."

"Huh?"

"In case our ID change came up sooner than expected."

"Oh." Parker nodded and yanked up another blade.

"What would your new name be?"

"If I told you, then I wouldn't be able to use it when I get to Atlanta."

"Oh. Right." He flicked away the little green ball in his hand.

More silence.

"I'm thinking Lily or Layla," I said, realizing that at this point there was no harm in telling Parker as much as he wanted to know. "Because names have to match the person."

Parker stared at me for a second. "You look more like a Layla than a Lily, I think." He smiled and

straightened up. "What about me? What name suits me?"

I gazed at him from head to toe. "Can't see you as anything other than Parker."

"I was thinking Peter," he answered. "Then I could say I was Peter Parker... like Spider-Man."

"Nope." I shook my head. "You'd just be Peter because once you have a new name, you can't really use your old one again... even if you wanted to."

"That makes sense." Parker leaned closer to me. "Do you ever want to go back to your real name?"

I shrugged. "I don't even know what it is."

"Really?"

"That's what I wanted to research on the computer. I don't know anything about my old life. At least prior to

being in the program."

"And how long has that been?"

"About three years. I was almost ten when my mom and I were in an accident caused by the cartel. They ran us off the road and I ended up with amnesia. It's what made my parents realize that we wouldn't be safe unless we went into the program." I sighed, but it felt good to talk about it all with someone.

"Wow."

"Yeah. Since I don't remember much from my old life, it feels like it never existed. Although I do have some flashbacks about living somewhere near a desert when I was little, but it's like remembering old photographs. I just wanted to learn more about who I am and what my dad did to get the cartel so angry that they'd want to hunt us down."

"Well, you have to be sure you want to know stuff like that," Parker said. "Not knowing might be better."

"It's not," I answered. "Trust me. Not knowing the truth is the worst."

"I don't know," Parker mused. "I sometimes wish I didn't know some stuff about my past."

"Like what?" I said, realizing that I wasn't the only one who had secrets.

Parker stared at the ground. "You know how I mentioned that when my mom got sick, I changed some bills?"

"Yeah."

"Well, she wasn't actually sick," he said. "I found out that she had a drug problem." He sighed. "I couldn't do

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS? NO! NOT OK!

OVERDOS

much except change some bills. She eventually overdosed and died."

I put my hand on his knee. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah." He shrugged. "It's fine. Kinda been on my own ever since, you know?" He looked up at me. "Just make sure you want to know your parents' secret."

I nodded, leaning against the tree.

We both grew quiet, lost in our own thoughts.

A few minutes later a car could be seen coming down the road. "That's probably the taxi," Parker said, standing up and taking a couple of steps toward the road.

"Jim, yeah. About the money ..." I lingered for a few seconds under the shade.

Parker turned to face me. "I was thinking about that. I think it makes more sense for me to go with you instead of getting stuck here in the middle of nowhere." He held his hand above his eyes to reduce the glare bouncing off the black asphalt. "If that's okay with you, I mean."

"Sure," I said. "I can drop you off wherever you want."

"I've come this far, might as well make sure you get to the safe house." Parker gave me a lopsided grin as a blue car with the word TAXI in checkered letters pulled over along the opposite side of the road. "Plus, I'm guessing the agents can make sure I don't get into too much trouble with Mrs. Anderson."

The taxi driver, an old man with a big gray mustache,

stuck his head out the car window. "You asked for a cab?" he called out.

"Our aunt did!" Parker shouted.

I smiled. Having a friend who knew my secrets was something I'd never really experienced. It filled a void that I didn't even know I had. I liked it more than I'd thought possible. It was like having a partner. "Okay, we stick together until the safe house and then the agents can help get you home," I whispered as we walked over to the taxi.

"Cool." Parker let out a short laugh. "Look at me. Never thought I'd be headed toward federal agents ... always thought I'd be running away from them."

I gave him a little shove. "You also never thought you'd meet a girl with eleven names."

"Wrong." He gave me a wink as we crossed the road.

"A girl with twelve names ... right, *Layla*?"

I felt my body stiffen. I already disliked that name.

"I'm still Katrina," I replied dryly. "Don't want to change just yet."

"Right. I didn't mean ... I just, uh, never mind." He gave me a weak smile. "Katrina. Understood," he said as he opened the back door of the taxi and got inside.

But Parker didn't understand. Katrina was the only version of me he would ever know. The moment I changed my name and became someone else, our friendship, like everything else in my life, would have to disappear. I wanted ... no, I needed, Katrina to exist for as long as possible.

It was a screenshot of me lying in a hospital bed, connected to a bunch of wires with electrodes on either side of my forehead. It looked like a still from a security camera.

"Whoa... that's you, right?" Parker asked in a hushed voice.

I felt a huge knot in my throat as I stared at myself. "It must be from when I had my accident."

"The bottom says it's from about three years ago."

"Yeah, that's when I lost my memory." I turned the laptop to get a better look. *EMMA exp.* was written before the date. "What do you think that means?" I asked, pointing to the words. "Some sort of code?"

"Could be the name of the machine recording the image," Parker suggested. "Might not mean anything."

"But why would this picture be saved?" I scanned the black-and-white image for other clues. "It must mean something."

The lights in the car turned on and the doors unlocked remotely.

X was coming back with a shopping cart full of things.

"We'll have to look for more clues later," I said as Parker slipped the laptop back in his bag and hid it under the seat. "For now, we need to go along with whatever X is planning. Until we can get ahold of my dad."

Parker nodded as X put the bags in the trunk.

"You took a while," I said as X opened the door to get behind the wheel.

"Had to get several things," he said curtly, turning on the car. "Don't usually need to plan on bringing along two kids when starting phase two of an operation." He shifted the car into reverse and pulled out of the parking space.

"Phase two?" Parker questioned. "What was phase one?"

"Phase one is escaping," X explained, driving out of the parking lot. "Phase two is disappearing. That's why I bought everything. We'll need to establish our new identities."

"Is there a phase three?" I asked as we merged onto the nearby highway.

X glanced at me through the rearview mirror and nodded. "That's when we implement the mission." He hit the accelerator as we raced into the darkness. "The rescue mission."

131-132



changing her look."

X had already transformed himself into someone else. He was wearing a silver wig that looked like it was his real hair and a fake mustache. It was obvious that he had done this all before and was a master of disguises.

"I don't care," Parker insisted. "I'm not shaving my head." He pulled down the baseball cap he was wearing. "This covers my hair and..." He walked over to where I was standing and took the glasses off my face. "If I put these on..." He slipped them over his ears and smiled. "Ta-da. It's like I'm Clark Kent. No one can recognize me."

I bit my lip.

We were in a dangerous situation with a man we didn't fully trust and yet, somehow, Parker seemed to lighten the tension in the room.

At least for me.

X was not amused. But he also didn't want to argue the point any further. "Fine, whatever. But the cap and glasses stay on at all times when we go out." He picked up the pillow and blanket off the floor where he'd slept and tossed it all on one of the beds. "This is why I hate working with kids," he muttered, grabbing his duffel bag and setting it all on the small table by the window. "Are we going to try to meet up with my dad today?" I asked.

"Maybe." X turned around with the small camera in his hand that he had pulled out of his duffel bag. "I sent him a message so he'd know not to go home and where to rendezvous with us. I'll see how he responds." He

pointed to the bare wall next to the far bed. "Stand over there. I need to take a headshot of each of you. And don't smile in the picture."

"Why do you need photos of us?" Parker asked as we both did as we were told and stood side by side against the wall.

"IDs," X replied, snapping a picture of each of us. I took a doughnut from a box on the nightstand and sat next to Parker on the bed. We silently watched as X pulled out a tiny printer, a tackle box, and several passports from the duffel bag.

Parker and I glanced at each other as X hunched over the passports with a pair of tiny scissors.

Leaving the country had not been part of the plan. X's actions were becoming more and more suspicious. None of this was adding up. The government wouldn't give us fake passports... they'd be able to give us real ones. "Um, why do we need fake passports?" I asked. "I thought we were going to Miami to meet Dad there."

"I'm traveling with two kids," he said, not bothering to look our way. "Need something to show we're a family. Plus, what other type of ID would kids have?" He shook his head as if he couldn't believe he needed to explain things. "And I need to keep our options open."

"But won't people be able to tell those are fake?" Parker asked as X turned on a tablet that he'd had in his duffel bag.

X ignored him. "Tell me what you want as a first name," he said while connecting the tablet to the printer. "We'll all be part of the Garcia family. I already have a

passport with that name and this disguise. You two can be my kids ... from different mothers."

I looked at Parker sitting next to me on the bed. He didn't need to be here. "Parker, this really is more than what you bargained for. If you want to go—"

"It's too late for him to back out at this point." X typed something into the tablet. "It was actually too late the moment he took off in that horse trailer with you."

"Cow," Parker corrected him.

"Huh?" X scrunched his eyebrows and glanced over at us.

"It was a cow trailer," Parker said, his arms crossed and his face clearly showing his annoyance. "And not that I'm backing out, but why is it too late? Maybe Katrina and I are better off on our own."

"On your own?" X scoffed, as if the idea was ridiculous.

"Yeah." Parker stood up and got closer to me. "I've got my own resources. I know people."

X's expression seemed to change. It was as if he was seeing us for the first time. Me, a girl completely willing to change everything about herself, who had lost the only two people who really knew her, and Parker, a boy who had bounced around from place to place and always tried to be self-reliant, but was clearly in over his head.

"Listen." X sighed and his shoulders relaxed a bit. "I know this is all a bit intense. But the people we're dealing with ... they don't mess around. I'm sure they've figured out that you were helping her, and they

can't take any chances on what you may or may not know."

"But he doesn't know anything," I said.

"I get that." X nodded. "I do. But they won't care. Parker isn't safe anymore. He's in as much danger as you ... probably more."

"More danger?" Parker repeated, a little incredulous.

"Than Katrina?"

X shrugged. "You're dispensable. She's not."

"Oh," Parker and I said in unison, realizing what he meant.

"So, at this point, I'm going to try to protect the two of you." He leaned back in his chair. "Listen, your father trusted me with his secrets. He trusted me with you. I hope you do the same."

My father and his secrets.

It always came back to this.

"Protect us from who exactly?" I asked. "We should at least know who's after us."

X's eyes narrowed and he cocked his head to one side. "I thought your father had told you everything." Ugh! I had messed up my lie from the night before.

"Well, he told me most of—"

"Stop." X raised his hand, holding back a smirk.

"Don't bother lying. You might be good, but I'm much better and you didn't fool me with your little ploy at the gas station." He paused. "Nice try, though. Now let me get back to—"

"No!" Parker jumped up from the bed. "Nothing is going to happen until we get answers. Real ones."

EBMONTANA  
S.M.O.L.

because I don't think you're really with the government."

X remained quiet.

"Are you?" Parker persisted. "Are you a government agent?"

"I am," X said. "But not like you think. You'll never find my name on any government payroll. My role is ... more nuanced."

"Are we really in the Witness Protection Program?" I asked as plainly as possible.

Inside, I was trembling, but I tried to keep my emotions in check. I couldn't let the creeping fear of finding out the truth stop me.

"No," X answered. "But your parents thought it best to have you believe that. I've been using my resources to create their own type of protection program."

My heart sank inside my chest. Not because I didn't expect the answer, but because I did. It had been something that I'd never wanted to face. There'd been clues for so long, but I'd put on blinders in order to keep the lie going.

Parker glanced over at me, then back at X. "But then who exactly are we running from? It's not a drug cartel, is it? Because if it were, we'd be with some real feds by now?"

"Smart kid." X took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "Neither one of you is going to let this go, are you?"

We shook our heads.

X's eyes narrowed as he decided what to say next.

"It's a powerful conglomerate with an even more powerful man in charge. You've probably never heard of them, but they have their hands in a lot of things that the public never finds out about. They control a lot of things."

"Sterling BioGenysis," I said, gauging X's reaction.

"That's one of their companies, and your dad is someone they want ... at any cost." X turned around to face the desk.

"But why do they want to kill him? Kill us?"

X shook his head. "Your father can answer those questions. Right now, I need to finish these passports."

The conversation was apparently over ... for now.

"Give me the names you want to use. Just the first name."

"Um ... how about Carlos?" Parker suggested.

"That's my dad's name."

X shrugged. "Sure."

"Make my name ... " I paused, then plowed ahead with my idea. "Eva."

I could see X's body tense up for a second. "No. Pick something else," he replied in a very businesslike tone.

His response seemed to confirm that the flash of memory I'd had was real. My name had been Eva.

"How about Layla?" Parker suggested, using the name I'd mentioned to him. "You were thinking of that name anyway."

"I guess." It was strange. For the first time, I didn't want to change my name. I still wanted to be Katrina.

"All right." X continued working at the desk. "Those

realize that Parker and I had left the car.

Parker:

I had to warn him.

I ran to the table, grabbed my backpack, and headed to the men's room. "PARKER!" I shouted while pushing open the door. "WE HAVE TO GO!"

"Hey!" Parker opened up the stall where he had been sitting on the toilet seat. "What are you doing? This is the men's room. Someone else could've—"

I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him toward the exit as he clutched the laptop in his other hand. "It's X. You were right to not trust him." I was speaking as fast as I could. "He's working with BioGenesis. He's not trying to help us, he's just using us to get to my dad. He sold us out."

"What?" Parker stuffed the computer in his bag while following me out the restaurant's back exit. "How do you know?"

We were in an open area that led to a park. I didn't know where to go, but I knew we didn't have much time. "I heard him on the phone." I started running toward the main street, where an orange-and-green trolley-like bus had stopped at the corner. "We have to get on that thing."

Parker and I ran faster, hopping on just as it was about to pull away.

"How ... how ... how much is it?" Parker asked the driver as he tried to catch his breath.

The driver, a large woman wearing sunglasses, smiled and motioned for us to take a seat on one of the

wooden benches behind her. "Trolley is free," she said as the doors behind us folded close. "Which stop do you want?" She pointed to the map plastered along the edge of the ceiling next to an ad for teeth cleaning.

I looked out the back window and could see X in the marina parking lot looking around for us. We'd hopped on just in time.

The sign above us had several stops, but there was one that would help us get farther away from X.

"The Metrorail station," I said.

"Then you're on the right trolley," the driver answered. "Just take a seat and I'll get you there."

Parker and I sat down on one of the long wooden benches that lined either side of the trolley. There were a few other people on board, but no one seemed to pay much attention to us.

"I don't think he saw us get on, so we should be okay," I whispered, still a little out of breath from running.

"Even if he did ..." Parker pulled out the car key.

"He's not going anywhere without this."

I could feel my body relax a little. I had forgotten that we had it with us when we went to the restaurant.

"So ... what did you hear, exactly?" he asked in a low voice as my heart rate settled down.

"You were right to be suspicious of him. I think he's working with the people who kidnapped my mom." I took a deep breath before continuing on. "I heard him say how they should keep my mom safe until my dad made contact. That he'd be able to convince my dad to

sighed. "You already know my dad took off on me and my mom was an addict. There was nothing I could do to get her to stop ... to help her." His voice cracked a little as he opened up to me.

"But you were just a kid," I replied, taking a long look at him.

"Yeah, I guess." He shrugged. "All I could do was get rid of some bills for her, so I did that. And as for the foster families I was sent to ... none of them really cared about me. I've sort of gotten used to no one sticking around for very long, so I make it easy for them to get rid of me."

"I care," I said. "I'll stick around."

Parker tilted his head and furrowed his brow. "That may not be up to you."

I couldn't say anything because he was right. In the end, being together might not be a choice.

But being friends could be.

"Even if something happens and we eventually get split up, we'll always be friends. Deal?" I held up my pinkie. "I pinkie promise it."

Parker smiled and wrapped his finger around mine. "Fair enough." He glanced over his shoulder at the bridge and lowered his voice. "Now that we have that settled, did you find out anything from X?"

"No, not really. But he's using a tablet and something inside a tackle box that's under his seat to get messages to my dad. Do you know what that might be?"

"Probably some type of portable hot spot ... maybe using a satellite." Parker scratched his head. "But if he

only uses it for a minute or two, I won't be able to hack into it unless ..."

"Unless what?" I could see Parker was coming up with a plan.

"Unless we steal it tonight and I set it up in my room. It'd be amazing." Parker was already relishing the thought of acting like some spymaster. "Can you imagine what he might have access to?"

"It's too risky and—"

The engines rumbled and the boat began to shake.

"What the—"

"It's the anchor," I said, hearing the chain being brought up beneath the deck. "Something must have happened. Maybe my dad responded."

Parker and I hurried back to the bridge and, as we opened the sliding glass door, I noticed the locked tackle box sitting on the captain's chair.

I pointed it out to Parker and he gave me a slight nod.

"Is it my dad?" I asked, my voice filled with hope.

"Did he contact you?"

"He did." X replied. "Phase three of getting your family to safety is about to begin."

was freaking him out so much

My eyes met his.

"Just tell me what you're thinking," I said, bracing myself for whatever he was about to say.

His lips twitched nervously. "I... um... I think you died."

I didn't know whether to laugh or not. The idea seemed far-fetched. Wouldn't I know if I'd died?

The TV was now droning on, talking about the possibility of extraterrestrial life-forms visiting Earth, but the only life-form I was thinking about was me.

"You're kidding, right?" was all I managed to say.

"No." He pointed to the machines next to my bed.

The picture was grainy, but you could see that there was a flat line on one of them. "When my mom died, I was in the hospital room with her. She had a machine hooked up to her, too. I remember how it beeped when the line went flat." He paused to catch his breath.

I reached over and touched his arm.

He slowly exhaled. "Everyone came rushing inside and kicked me out, but I'll never forget the machine—it looked just like that."

I wasn't going to argue with his memory, especially considering I had none of my own, but there could be other explanations.

"Maybe there's another reason, even if it is the same type of machine," I suggested. "It could have just been unplugged. Or it was a glitch."

"Anything is possible," Parker mused. "But what would you store on a super-top-secret file—a picture of

a glitch or a picture of someone who comes back from the dead?"

I stayed silent. He was right.

"Look, I'm not saying you stayed dead," Parker explained. "But maybe that experiment, the blue liquid that heals anything, saved your life."

"That's not how it works. The blue liquid only speeds up healing; it doesn't magically cure you in an instant, and it definitely doesn't bring someone back to life."

"How can you be sure? Maybe it does all sorts of things." He arched one eyebrow. "The cross-purposing stuff, remember?"

I shook my head. "That doesn't make sense, because why would my dad take it if it could help people? There has to be another explanation."

Every answer seemed to bring more questions.

It was like the Russian nesting dolls my mom had once bought me. She had said they reminded her of the ones her father had bought for her when she was little, but I just loved them because every time I opened one, there was another one hidden inside.

But at that very moment, I really didn't love the Russian nesting dolls that had become my life.

"It's complicated," Dad answered while filling up a syringe with whatever was in the small glass bottle. He turned X's arm over and began looking for a vein. "I'm going to give you a sedative because I'm going to have to go in pretty deep."

"I don't need it." X pushed away Dad's bloody gloved fingers.

"But I do," Dad said as he held on to X's arm. "I'm nervous enough without thinking that you might twitch or that you're in pain."

"A nervous doctor," X mocked as Dad injected him with something. "Just what the patient wants to hear." X looked over at Parker. "Keep the boat heading east at a slow pace. I'll take over as soon as ..."

His words trailed off as the sedative kicked in. "Is he okay?" Parker asked, going back to the captain's chair.

"He'll be out for a bit." Dad spread the other white towel out on the table and began removing more supplies from the medical bag. "But I can't waste time. I didn't give him that much."

The bridge was turning into an operating room. There was a slight earthy smell in the air that I could only imagine was from the blood. It made me feel a little light-headed.

"Katrina," Dad called out to me. "Katrina!"

I shook off the sensation and focused back on Dad.

"Yeah?"

"I need you to bring me some filtered water and a flashlight," he instructed. "I'll need you to shine it on

him while I ... um ... while I fix him up, okay?"

I nodded and went below deck to get the items.

The entire process of "fixing him up" was something I didn't want to do. I'd never thought of myself as squeamish, but I'd never seen so much blood either.

When I returned, Dad had everything laid out on the towel. It seemed that besides being a scientist, Dad also had some medical training. It was another secret being revealed.

"Point it right over him," Dad said as he wet the gauze and began cleaning the wound.

I did as he asked, but turned my head so I wouldn't have to see anything else. Instead, I concentrated on the night sky and the churned water that we were leaving as the boat made its way back to the Bahamas.

We didn't speak again until Dad was done and said he was going to wash up downstairs.

Parker had opened the sliding glass door to let fresh air filter through the cabin, but X was still out of it. I walked over and took a seat in the first mate's chair next to Parker. It felt like we hadn't had much time to process anything that had happened.

"You doing okay?" he asked me.

I shrugged. It was the best answer I could give. I wasn't sure about anything anymore. "I really thought that the blue medicine was the experiment, but obviously it only works on me."

"I bet it's somehow connected to your life being saved," Parker mused, his eyes still on the dark, barely perceptible horizon. "Maybe you need it to stay alive or

blow.

"No, no." He shook his head, desperately trying to convince me. "I'm your father in every way that matters."

"But not biologically," Parker clarified.

Dad glared at Parker, but Parker was immune to any type of stare-down from my father at this point. The two of us had gone through too much in the last couple of days to be intimidated anymore.

"So, I *am* just a lab creation?" I said, my initial shock and fear being replaced with anger.

"No!" Dad countered. "Your mother carried you. I saw you be *born*. Once you were with us, I realized how much I loved you. But ..."

"But what?" I inched closer.

Dad bit his lip and paused. "But not everyone saw you like we did."

"The people at Sterling BioGenesis," Parker said.

Dad nodded. "At first we thought they were going to help us protect you. Because we knew if anyone learned what we'd done ... well, we could be arrested and they'd certainly take you away. They convinced us that with them we'd all be safe. That it only meant that they'd observe you and do some mild testing. I had already refused to repeat the ... um ... um ..."

"The experiment," I said with scorn. "Call me what I am."

Dad ignored my comment and continued. "I explained that I wasn't quite sure how it had all happened nor what the future ramifications might be.

229-230

That we needed time to evaluate you and your sister."

"My sister!" I exclaimed, not sure I had heard him correctly. It was almost too much to absorb. "I have a sister?"

Dad nodded. "A twin. That's who you saw in the picture." He sighed. "Her name was Eylla."

"A sister," I repeated, realizing the significance of my memory-like dreams. It wasn't my subconscious telling me to trust myself. Eylla had been the one hiding in the closet with me. She had been the one I'd seen holding my mother's hand. *She* was the person I trusted more than anyone.

I wasn't alone. There was someone else just like me.

"Wait, you said her name was Eylla?" Parker questioned.

Dad looked out to the horizon. "She died a few years ago," he said, his voice quivering. "I wasn't able to protect her."

*She was gone?*

It felt like I'd been punched in the stomach. The pain of losing a sister was only magnified by realizing that I had barely any memory of her even existing.

The few seconds of feeling that there was someone who could truly understand who I was had been stripped away. There was no one like me anymore. I was alone again.

Dad turned to look at me, his eyes full of tears. "It was then that I realized that I couldn't let the same thing happen to you. I knew I had to get you out no matter what."



"I was just an experiment that you didn't want to leave behind." I mumbled, feeling like my entire world was crumbling apart.

"Not at all!" Dad stepped toward me, but I put my hand up to keep him away. "Please, you have to understand," he begged. "I tried for the two of you to have as normal a childhood as possible. I thought it would only be small tests, but nothing you would notice."

"What kind of tests?" Parker asked.

Dad spun around and pointed to the wheel. "Um ... shouldn't you be a little more focused on navigating the boat?"

"Nope." Parker crossed his arms. "It's on autopilot. What kind of tests did Katrina have to do?"

"I'd like to know, too," I said, trying to keep my emotions in check.

Dad relented. He was going to have to fully disclose anything and everything we wanted to know. "At first it was small things. Social-emotional assessments ...

Regular developmental testing ... in which you both exceeded all expectations. Then when you were about two, you scraped your knee. It healed within the hour. More physical testing started at that point, but your body always repaired itself. You were even impervious to viruses. You had an immunity like no other."

My stomach turned, and it wasn't because of the ocean waves. It was the deep sense of betrayal that was making me queasy. "You tried to make me sick? On purpose?"

Dad's head dropped a little, but I refused to believe it was shame, because if it was, it was too little too late. "I never wanted you to get sick and you never did," he said. "I always made sure to test blood samples in the lab beforehand to see how you both might react to any virus. There was barely a risk. But eventually, even that wasn't enough. They took me off your case and assigned Dr. Olga—"

"Porchencko," Parker and I said in unison.

Dad cocked his head to the side. "How in the world do you know her name?" He turned to look at X, who was still sleeping off the sedative. "Did he tell you?"

"No, but we've discovered a lot in the last couple of days." I scoffed, realizing how little we had actually known. "But obviously we didn't know *that* much."

"I just figured something out. The experiment names ... Epsilon 3 Alpha and Epsilon 5 Alpha," Parker mused. "Those were their names, right? E, Roman numeral III, and A looks like EIII; and E, Roman numeral V, and A spells—"

"Eva." I said, my voice coming out as soft as a whisper. My original name, the thing that I'd thought was truly mine, wasn't anything more than an abbreviation for my experiment classification.

"Yes." Dad responded simply, without trying to make any justifications.

I didn't know what to say or do at this point. Nothing felt real anymore. I stared at my hands. Were they even really human?

"Um, I think we have a problem." Parker interrupted

memory, and your sister ... " He rubbed his forehead.  
"She wasn't as lucky. That's why we had to risk everything and get you out right away, because Porchenko would keep going until it was too late for you, too."

"And I got you out within hours," X added. "Had to move up our timeline, but it worked."

Dad gazed at X with a sense of appreciation. "I'm not even sure how X has managed all these years to have Sterling believe he was working for him."

"Yeah, about that ... there's something you should know because, well, I think our current predicament calls for full disclosure." X took a deep breath. "In order to keep my promise to protect her"—he pointed at me—"I had to make certain trade-offs. Things that you won't be happy about. But I had to do it."  
Dad tensed up. "What did you do?"

"Sterling BioGenysis has never questioned my loyalty because ... " X pulled back away from my father. "Because they know that I've continued helping them with furthering their research."

"How?" Dad's fists were clenched. It looked like he was about to throw a punch. "How did you help them with the research?"

"Avoiding governmental oversights. Finding them a new lab. Something out of reach of most governments." X stared at Dad as if he was reevaluating what he was about to say. "I set them up to do research in a remote mountainous area in Turkistan. I thought they had figured out how to replicate your research ... I didn't

see a reason to tell you."

"Uh-huh. But what else are you still not telling me?" Dad asked, grinding his teeth.

"About a year ago I learned that they were still struggling to do what you did on a cellular level." He paused. "But yet there had been ongoing research and development." X's eyes darted over to me and Parker before landing squarely back on Dad. "I think you know, B. There's only one way Sterling would be able to do that."

"No." Dad slowly shook his head, refusing to accept whatever X was saying. "It can't be. You're wrong."

"What is it?" I asked, but Dad wasn't listening to me anymore.

"I wasn't sure either, but I got confirmation about five months ago." X explained. "I didn't tell you because you'd probably do something irrational, which would just expose everyone. I had to keep my cover and wait for the right time."

"No! I had a right to know!" Dad yelled. "I thought I could trust you. That there weren't secrets between us."

"There are always secrets, B. Always." X struggled to sit up straight and leaned on the table for support.

"It's what we choose to share that's important."

"Knock off that wise secret agent crap," Dad said, his face flushed with emotion. "How could you do that to her?"

I got between Dad and X. "Who?" I asked again, insisting on being made a part of the conversation. Neither of them spoke.

"No." I plopped down on the bench. All my thoughts felt jumbled. My mind was bouncing from one thing to another and landing on all things simultaneously.

*I'm some sort of modified humanoid experiment.*

*I have a twin sister.*

*I'm part of a rescue attempt where failure likely means my parents and Parker get killed and I'm basically trapped by Sterling forever.*

*Oh, and my parents aren't even my parents because ... once again, I'm some sort of freak humanoid experiment.*

"Hey ... you doing okay?" Parker asked as he took a bite of his sandwich.

"How can you eat?" I asked, not even remotely hungry. "After everything that's happened?"

He shrugged. "We need to fuel up." He eyed me carefully. "Is that something you can control? The need for food. Is it like the self-healing thing?"

"Of course not." I stood up. "I need to eat like everyone else ... even if I'm not like everyone else!" I stormed off to my cabin, slamming the door behind me.

I couldn't believe he had asked me that.

How much of a weirdo did he think I was?

Five seconds hadn't even passed when there was a light knock on the door, followed by a stronger one.

"Katrina?" It was Parker. "Can I come in? Please."

I didn't want to talk to him or to anyone. All I wanted was to stay in the cabin and never come out.

"I'm an idiot," Parker declared. "But I really didn't

mean anything bad by my question."

I thought about Parker standing there feeling guilty. He was the only one who had, for the most part, been honest with me. I should be the one apologizing to him for ruining his life.

I got up and opened the door. "I'm sorry, Parker," I said. "I overreacted."

"Meh." Parker looked at me with a sheepish grin.

"It's a lot to take in, you know?"

"Tell me about it," I said. "Not exactly what I expected to find out when I asked for your help in doing some research." I walked back to the galley and started making my own sandwich. "And I'm extra sorry for ever getting you involved. I didn't know it would lead to this."

"It's okay. It's not your fault." Parker took a seat at the small table where he'd left his plate.

I put up a fake smile. "Who knew you'd be trying to help some freak experiment escape from a lab," I said, trying to be funny.

"Hey, don't talk about yourself like that," Parker scolded as I came to the table.

"But it's the truth," I insisted. "I'm this weird genetically manipulated thing."

"Stop," Parker said. "You're not a thing."

"No one really knows what I am, Parker. I don't even know what I am exactly."

"I know what you are." He smiled. "You're my friend. And it's like your dad said ... you just have an upgrade to what the rest of us are born with. Human

she'd hurt us just to see how fast we'd heal. Make us swear not to tell Mom. We'd hide ..."

"In a closet sometimes?" I ventured.

"Exactly." Eilla nodded vigorously. "You do remember. We were on our own. No one was there to protect us. And eventually they just left us with her." There was anger in her voice. "Did you know that even the memory loss was because of one of her weird operations that went wrong?"

I shook my head. Everything she was saying explained a lot of the missing pieces in my memory.

"Well, Father made her keep working with me until she was finally able to restore my memories. Then he got rid of her," Eilla continued. "Since then he promised to never let anyone else touch me. We've grown a lot closer in the last couple of years. I've even told him I want to take over BioGenyisis one day."

"You've been brainwashed—"

"Hal. Look who's talking," she mocked. "You're the one being lied to. But you'll understand once you get your memories. I'm sure Father will take care of you just like he did with me. You'll see."

This was not going well. I was starting to doubt everything and everyone.

We sat together in awkward silence for about a minute.

"Listen, we'll sort through all of this stuff later."

Eilla said. "For now, why don't you go wash up a little and I can bring you some fresh clothes to wear. I've missed having a sister."

There were life-and-death issues surrounding us—Parker was sinking as we spoke—and she wanted me to freshen up?

But maybe there was a window in the bathroom that I could use to escape. I needed to somehow find a way to help Parker because he was running out of time. If I couldn't get to him, I realized, then maybe I could radio the Coast Guard.

"Ever?" Eilla was staring at me. "You okay?"

"Yeah." I got up and headed to the bathroom. "Clean clothes sound nice."

I closed the door behind me and looked around. It was a large bathroom with white marble everywhere, but there was no window. My heart sank.

Parker was counting on me because there was no one else left. X was dead, my parents were out of commission, and Eilla ... well, she didn't seem like she'd be willing to help.

I struck my tongue out at my reflection.

It had been stupid to think the person in the mirror with bad bleached-blond hair, ill-fitting clothes, and no memory was going to convince Eilla to leave her princess life behind. And I hadn't even told her the part about telling the world what we really were. She'd really hate that part of it.

No, I had to face the fact that Eilla was not going to be on my side in saving Parker.

Eilla knocked on the bathroom door. "Hey, can I come in? I have some clothes for you."

"Sure," I answered, opening the door wide.

*Cheryl*

"Once I get out of here, I'll start working on it." He smiled. "A hacker's gotta hack, you know?"

"You better keep me posted on whatever you find," I said.

"We're starting!" Eylla said, fluffing up her hair in front of the camera.

I rushed to where she was standing in front of a tripod with a computer tablet pointed at us so we could see ourselves and the comments coming in. The light turned green, indicating that we were now streaming live around the world.

"Hi, everyone!" Eylla smiled at the camera.

"Welcome to your daily check-in with your favorite, not-quite-normal friends who you're keeping safe just by tuning in. I'm Eylla Grace ..."

I waved. "And I'm Katrina."

Then the two of us got close together, and squeezed each other's hands like we'd done at the beginning of each show. "And this ... is *The Lab*."

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

As an author I'm often asked, *Where do you get your ideas?* The truth is that they can come from anywhere. Some of my stories have been inspired by historical events, art, movies, dreams, and, in the case of *Concealed*, science. The key is to be interested in learning more about the topic and want to discover more about it.

For this book, it all started when I stumbled upon a news story about a Chinese scientist who used CRISPR technology to modify human DNA, resulting in the birth of twin girls. I had always thought that altered DNA was the stuff of science fiction, and now I was curious to learn more about this real-world scientific breakthrough. I read about how CRISPR technology is effectively used in agricultural, medical, and diagnostic settings and how it still poses serious ethical concerns when it comes to altering human DNA. Everything I discovered added a new layer to the story that had begun to form in my imagination about a girl whose identity is unknown ... even to herself.

And so, now that you know how I find my ideas, the question becomes *What will inspire you to discover and learn something new?*

337-338

SEBIE:  
MADHAN  
LAB  
LEAKS



Ridgeview High School

Log In

Catalog

*H.P.*

Library Search > Search Results > "Concealed /SSYRA 6-8"

*ALL POS  
INCL DESTINY W CHALLENGE*

Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

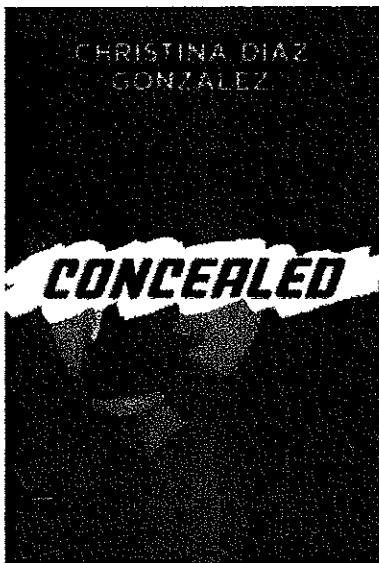
Español

How do I... ?

Title Details

Reviews

Copies



### Concealed /SSYRA 6-8

Christina Diaz Gonzalez.



Call #:	F GON	There are no local copies of this title. Off-site copies available: 0 of 3. See all...
---------	-------	--

"Katrina doesn't know any of the details about her past, but she does know that she and her parents are part of the Witness Protection Program. Whenever her parents say they have to move on and start over, she takes on a new identity. A new name, a new hair color, a new story. Until their location leaks and her parents disappear. Forced to embark on a dangerous rescue mission, Katrina and her new friend Parker set out to save her parents--and find out the truth about her secret past and the people that want her family dead. But every new discovery reveals that Katrina's entire life has been built around secrets covered up with lies and that her parents were actually the ones keeping the biggest secret of all"--OCLC.

TitlePeek™

Selected List: My List

**Add to This List**

Publication Info | Explore! | Additional Info

#### Publication Info

Published New York : Scholastic Press, 2021.

Edition 1st ed.

Format 304 p. ; 22 cm.

ISBN 978-1-33864720-4

#### Explore!

• Witnesses -- Protection -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Friendship -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Family life -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Family secrets -- Fiction.

**Find It**

- Adventure fiction. [Find It](#)
- Thrillers (Fiction) [Find It](#)
- Action and adventure fiction. [Find It](#)
- Titles by: Gonzalez, Christina Diaz, 1969- [Find It](#)

### Additional Info

- Booklist, December 2021
- Publishers Weekly Annex, October 2021
- School Library Journal, December 2021
- Reading grade level: 4.8.
- Interest grade level: 5-8 Follett School Solutions.
- Lexile Service: 610L

[Top](#)



Ridgeview High School

Follett

Catalog

Library Search > Search Results > "Concealed /SSYRA 6-8"

Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

Español

How do I... ?

Title Details

Reviews

Copies

### Concealed /SSYRA 6-8

Christina Diaz Gonzalez.



#### Copies at Ridgeview High School

There are no local copies of this title.

#### Off-site Copies

Copies: 1 - 3 of 3

Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
F GON	T 3000	Due: 3/10/2023		Green Cove Springs Junior High School
F GON	T 48266	Due: 11/30/2022		Lakeside Junior High School
F Gon	T 15939	Due: 3/15/2023		Orange Park Elementary School

Copies: 1 - 3 of 3

DECIDE —  
FOR WHAT AGE  
IS THIS  
APPROPRIATE?





CERTIFY ON HAND DELIVER  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P(904) 336-6500 F(904) 336-6536 Woneclay.net  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:  
Janice Kerekes, District 1  
Mary Bolla District 2  
Beth Clark District 3  
Tina Bullock District 4  
Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: RONCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: RONCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VS  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED]  
School: FLORIAN HS Grade Level: HS Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: CROWN OF MIDNIGHT  
Author: SARAN J MAAS ISBN: 978-1-61963-062-8

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!
2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO NO BUT STILL INAPPROPRIATE
3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.

PROMOTES PROMISCUITY  
TRIVIALIZES VIRGINITY

SEE ATTACHED  
CCSD DISMISSED MY CHALLENGE MADE IN JULY 2022 - (FOR INCOMPLETENESS)  
THEY REVISED POLICY TO MAKE CHALLENGES MORE DIFFICULT  
THEY NEVER READ THE BOOK!  
1 COPY @ FLEMING ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: NA

Printed name of Complainant: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

[Redacted Signature]

Date: 4/6/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 4/12/2023 by [Signature]
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages \_\_\_\_\_
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

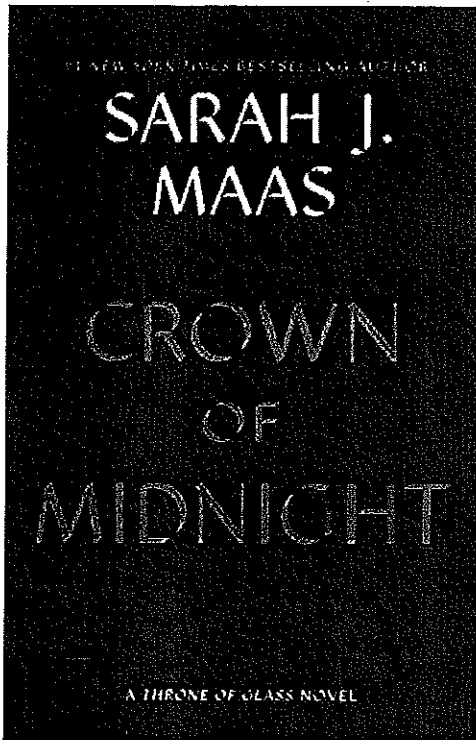
Committee: OSE

Outcome: no evidence of ch 657 violation as presented

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by [Signature]

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CROWN OF MIDNIGHT



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-063-5

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; nudity; violence; alcohol use; and mild/infrequent profanity.

IT'S A TRASHY ROMANCE NOVEL —

DO WE SEND OUR KIDS TO LIBRARIES TO LEARN ROMANCE?

REPEAT OFFENDER

THIS SPECIFIC BOOK IS LESS OFFENSIVE THAN LATER BOOKS IN THE "THRONE OF GLASS" SERIES —

READING THIS MIGHT ENTICE A CHILD TO READ ANOTHER — NOT OKAY!

2/5

Teen Guidance  
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
58	His mouth was a work of art, too, all sensual lines and softness that begged to be explored.
77	Celaena knew the scarlet dress was a little scandalous. And she knew that it was definitely not appropriate for winter, given how low the front dipped, and how much lower the back went. Low enough to reveal through the black lace mesh that she wasn't wearing a corset beneath it. But Archer Finn had always liked women who were daring with their clothes, who were ahead of the trend. And this dress, with its close-fitting bodice, long, tight sleeves, and gently flowing skirt, was about as new and different as it came. ...Chaol stood in the hallway, his bronze eyes traveling down the front of her dress, then up again. "You're not wearing that."
81	"Our professions have always been similar, yours and mine. I can't tell which is worse: training us for the bedroom, or the battlefield."
82	Archer looked at her and gently twined her fingers with his before raising her hand to his lips. It was a soft, slow kiss that burned through her. He murmured onto her skin. "Do you want to come inside?"
93	No one noticed as they slipped through, and if they had, Archer's hands roaming over her bodice, her arms, her shoulders, her neck, would suggest that they were going through the door for some privacy.
116	"And then," Ress was saying, his boyish face set with fiendish delight, "just as he got into her bed, stark naked as the day he was born, her father walked in"—winces and groans came from the guards, even Chaol himself—"and he dragged him out of bed by his feet, took him down the hall, and dumped him down the stairs. He was shrieking like a pig the whole time."
173	He shoved that feeling down, even as the silken texture of her hair against his fingers made him want to bury his face in it, and the smell of her, laced with mist and night, had him grazing his nose against her neck. There were other kinds of comfort that he could give her than mere words, and if she needed that kind of distraction ... ...Her fingers were moving down his back, still digging into his muscles with a fierce kind of possession. If she kept touching him like that, his control was going to slip completely.
188	So Chaol brushed away her tears, lifted her chin, and kissed her. The kiss obliterated her. ...She twined her arms around his neck, her mouth meeting his in a second kiss that knocked the world out from under her. She didn't know how long they stood on that roof, tangled up in each other, mouths and <u>hands roving until she moaned</u> and dragged him through the greenhouse, down the stairs, and into the carriage waiting outside. And then there was the ride home, where he did things to her neck and ear that made her forget her own name.
189	His eyes blazed with hunger that matched her own, and she kissed him again, tugging him into her bedroom. He let her pull him, not breaking the kiss as he kicked the door shut behind them. And then there was <u>only them, and skin against skin</u> , and when they reached that moment when there was nothing more between them at all, Celaena kissed Chaol deeply and gave him everything she had. ...His hands grazed lower, down her back, not even stumbling over the scar tissue. He'd kissed every scar on her back, on her entire body, last night.

Concomitant  
=  
SROOMING

TUMBLED

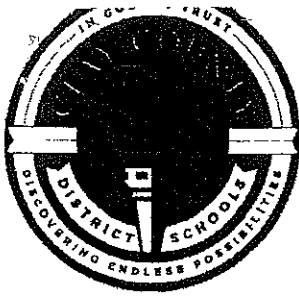
VIRGINITY  
LOST  
NOT  
TRIVIAL

Page	Content
190	"Who said anything about shame?" She gestured down to her naked body, even though it was covered by the blanket. "Honestly, I'm surprised you're not strutting about, boasting to everyone. I certainly would be if I'd tumbled me." ...The relief in his eyes made her kiss him.
191	The grin Chaol gave her was hungry and wicked enough that she shrieked when he yanked her under the blankets.
199	He'd barely breathed during that first time, and he'd done his best to be gentle, to make it as painless for her as possible. She'd still winced, and her eyes had gleamed with tears, but when he'd asked if she needed to stop, she'd just kissed him. Again and again. All through that first night he'd held her and allowed himself to imagine that this was how every night for the rest of his life would be.
200	There was color high on her cheeks that set her eyes sparkling, making him think of how she looked when they were tangled up with each other. ...He kept a respectable distance until they rounded a corner into an empty hallway and he stepped closer, needing to touch her. ...But his eyes drifted to the small wooden door just a few feet away. A broom closet. She followed his attention, and a slow smile spread across her face. She turned toward it, but he grabbed her hand, bringing his face close to hers. "You're going to have to be very quiet." She reached the knob and opened the door, tugging him inside. "I have a feeling that I'm going to be telling you that in a few moments," she purred, eyes gleaming with the challenge. Chaol's blood roared through him, and he followed her into the closet and wedged a broom beneath the handle. ...And gods above, Chaol was ... well, she blushed to think about just how much she enjoyed him after her body had adjusted. Just the touch of his fingers on her skin could turn her into a feral beast.
211	Chaol sighed, untangling his legs from Celaena's as he sat up and grabbed his pants from where he'd thrown them on the floor.
252	She'd become entwined in his life—from the morning runs to the lunches to the kisses she stole from him when no one was looking—and now, without her, he felt hollow.
260	The barkeep mopped his brow again and poured her a brandy.

AS OF 4/6/2023:  
THIS AUTHOR(S) WORK(S)  
APPEARS ON THE  
RECON LIST

Profanity	Count
Ass	9
Bitch	3
Piss	3
Shit	3

12 TWELVE TIMES  
SUPERINTENDENT BUOSKIE,  
BEST IF YOU, PROACTIVELY  
DECLINE ANY FUTURE PURCHASES  
AND CLEAN THE SHELVES,  
DISTRICT WIDE —



CERTIFY ON HAND DELIVER

CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043  
P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Keekes, District 1
- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review:

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Phone:

[REDACTED] BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US

Physical Address:

7927 [REDACTED] RD [REDACTED]

City:

School: RIDGEVIEW HS

Grade Level: HS

Subject: VARIETIES

Check as applicable:

- I represent a special interest group named NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION
- I already have a copy of the material
- I will review the material on-site
- I wish to check out the material for a two-week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIETIES

Title:

CUT

Author:

PATRICIA MCCOLMICK ISBN: 0-439-32459-9

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request?

PROTECT CHILDREN!

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO

NO MAYBE

If YES, please explain in Question 3.

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.

BUT HARMFUL TO MINORS ANYWAY

SEE ATTACHED  
{ SELF HARM / ANOREXIA / BULIMIA } TRIVIALIZED  
DRUGS, SEX, PROMISCUITY, PREGNANCY

NOT A "SELF-HELP" BOOK

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material?

DAMAGED SOULS

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT \*

\* FOLKS WITH A BLOOD FETTERISH

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN:

\* ESPECIALLY NOT "SCARS" BY CHERYL RAINFIELD

→ MY APPEAL PENDING

SINCE TWO MONTHS AGO

Printed name of Complainant: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

Please do not forget to sign, as forms without signatures may be returned.

Signature of Complainant:

[Handwritten Signature]

Date:

3/26/2023

SEE ATTACHED EMAIL

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

Clay County District Schools  
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional Resources  
900 Walnut Street  
Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 4/12/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages \_\_\_\_\_

The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_

Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

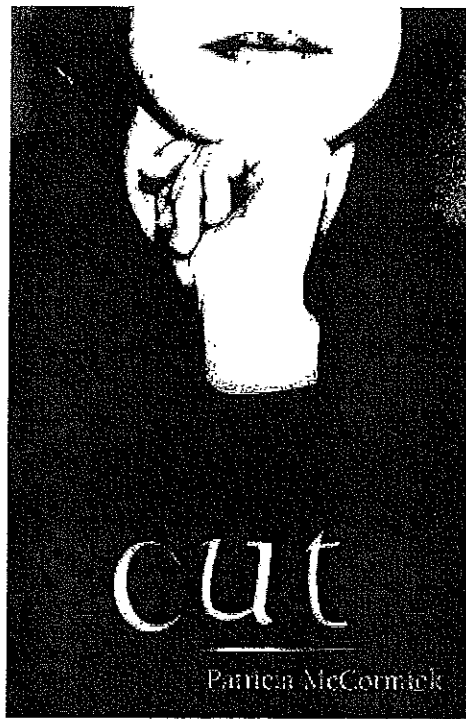
Committee: OBC

Outcome: NO VIOLATION of Child Abuse as presented

Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

# CUT



*Young Adult*

**By Patricia McCormick**

ISBN: 0-439-32459-9

### Book Summary:

A fifteen-year-old girl in a psychiatric institution begins to confront the issues in her past.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains self-harm including cutting and anorexia; references to drug abuse; mild/infrequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

ALL MADE TRIVIAL BY THIS HORRIBLE BOOK

2 1/5

Teen Guidance  
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
11	I touched the blade to a piece of ribbon draped across the table and pressed, ever so slightly. The ribbon unfurled into two pieces and slipped to the floor without a sound. Then I placed the blade next to the skin on my palm. ...What happened next was that a perfect, straight line of blood bloomed from under the edge of the blade. The line grew into a long, fat bubble, a lush crimson bubble that got bigger and bigger. I watched from above, waiting to see how big it would get before it burst. When it did, I felt awesome. Satisfied, finally. Then exhausted.
12	Most of the girls are anorexic. ...Some are druggies.
13	The substance-abuse guests- Sydney, who says she's addicted to every drug she's ever tried, and Tiffany, who seems normal but is here instead of going to jail for smoking crack- sit together on the other side of Claire's chair.
61	I get back into bed, moving calmly and efficiently now, lie on my stomach, and pull the covers over my head. Inside the dark blanket tent, I fold the pie plate in half, press it flat, bend it back and forth, back and forth, like I'm following a recipe, back and forth, until the fold is crisp. When I rip it, it gives way easily and I have two neat halves, each with a jagged edge. I lay my index finger lightly on the edge of one half, testing it. It's rough and right. I bring the inside of my wrist up to meet it. A tingle crawls across my scalp. I close my eyes and wait. But nothing happens. There's no release. Just a weird tugging sensation. I open my eyes. The skin on my wrist is drawn up in a wrinkle, snagged on the edge. I pull it in the other direction and a dull throbbing starts in my wrist. I hold my breath and push down on the piece of metal. It sinks in neatly. A sudden liquid heat floods my body. The pain is so sharp, so sudden, I catch my breath.
106	Down at the end of the hall, Rochelle is at her post, on the lookout for late-night barfers and illegal laxative users.
108	"Which one?" you say. "Becca, the really skinny girl, the anorexic who's still throwing up?"
126	We're in the middle of Group and Tiffany is telling us about some guy she had sex with behind the dumpster at her school.
138	"I use my mom's Exacto knife." I stare at my shirtsleeve. "Or her embroidery scissors. Once I used the paper towel dispenser in the guest bathroom here." ...I look at my arm. It's crisscrossed with pink lines, lines that strike me as delicate and faint, lines I remember making.

SELF HARM

NOT TRIVIAL

"

DO WE WANT MORE OF THIS?

SICK

NOT TRIVIAL

LOVELY!

Profanity	Count
Goddamn	1
Piss	2

**B**

Bruce Friedman <bruce.friedman@noleftturn.us>

Fri, 27  
Jan,  
15:04

to Roger, DAVID.BROSKIE, claycountyschoolboard, Aimee, Melissa, Elana, Tanya, Brandy, vicki, Cynti

Hi Mrs. Johnson:

Firstly, I will reiterate that I intend to APPEAL each and every book that fails a book challenge including those noted above, regardless of the source of the challenge.

Secondly, I understand that the appeal process is still undefined at this time, and that as long as an appeal is pending, these books will remain off the shelves in ALL CCSD libraries.

If this is incorrect, please advise. Have any books associated with any failed challenges by anyone, been reshelved? I hope not.

Thirdly, I believe current CCSD policy requires that all books challenged with completed forms and references to content or attachments would be pulled immediately. Hundreds of my completed challenges do not yet appear on the District Reconsideration List [henceforth DRL], so I am left to assume they have not been attended to at all. Many of these are quite vile and were found on the shelves THIS WEEK at Fleming Isl. High School! Please tell me when the DRL will be made current, and will show ALL of the challenges.

Lastly, I'll provide brief details and quotes from the items listed, and ask you \*and the school board to clarify how CCSD will explain to parents that these books are somehow appropriate for our children (minors!):

<i>Light it Up</i>	Keep at High School Only
<i>Embrace</i>	Keep at High School Only
<i>Neanderthal Opens the Door to the Universe</i>	Keep at High School Only
<i>Woke: A Young Poet's Call to Justice</i>	Keep at ALL schools
<i>Scars</i>	Keep at High School Only
<i>Heroine</i>	Keep at High School Only

"Light It Up," by Kekla Magoon, is infused and polluted with Critical Race Theory and will further division among all CCSD students.

It includes this gem: P. 226 - "White people: We matter most! We deserve preferential treatment! Cops: You have the right to express your opinion. Here's a permit. Black people: We want equality! We deserve justice! Cops: You're out of control. Here's a bullet."

1/27/2023  
CHALLENGE  
APPEAL  
REQUEST

REPORT HERE - <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1SHu-7IAbT1KLqv1nWp5nVMabs02V9fRm/view>

"Embrace," by Jessica Shirvington, is a trashy romance novel at best, with this: P. 67  
""If you want him, you have to, you know...make a move. You need to let him know what he's missing out on. Use your...assets."

She meant my boobs."

- The book gets worse/more graphic, but CCSD will probably not deny that this book has little serious literary value.

REPORT HERE

- <http://www.booklooks.org/data/files/Book%20Looks%20Reports/E/Embrace%20Series%20Book%201.pdf>

"Neanderthal Opens the Door to the Universe," by Preston Norton, - Did your team of "readers" actually read this? Forget the inappropriate content for a moment, here's the "profanity count" - with my apologies

A\$\$ 116; B\*tch 20; C\*ck 2; D\*ck 13; F\*ck 62; P\*ss 9; P\*ssy 1; Q\*eer 5; Sh\*t 178 TIMES!

REPORT HERE

- [https://drive.google.com/file/d/1fDXZtSBF9edg1890\\_RM5AqNse7MRqtwj/view](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1fDXZtSBF9edg1890_RM5AqNse7MRqtwj/view)

"Woke : a young poet's call to justice," by Mahogany L. Browne, with Elizabeth Acevedo and Olivia Gatwood, on p. 25 - "Say the names of leaders who came before and made the world better; say their names, so that uttering letters might lend you courage. Say the name: Malcolm X. Cesar Chavez..."

Cesar Chavez did NOT make the world better except for himself and at other's considerable expense. There is much more awful content.

P. 40 "a white person can walk down the street and not worry about being discriminated against while a person of color cannot." - This is Critical Race Theory!

REPORT HERE - [https://drive.google.com/file/d/1\\_8oB-TNc9p-CzLjXrx0izN7GyNIPJZNw/view](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1_8oB-TNc9p-CzLjXrx0izN7GyNIPJZNw/view)

**"Scars," by Cheryl Rainfield, describes the glorious satisfaction of self harm. Do we want to promote self mutilation and self harm?**

**P. 178 - "Because I need cutting. I need it so bad."**

**REPORT HERE - <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1QsqNvAR2-zni7Ry0LbNmiSkm3iUQm5Ny/view>**

"Heroine," by Mindy McGinnis - on p. 29 - ""...Can I rub your back? How about your vagina?" and p. 127 - "I'm even better at scanner codes than I am at blow jobs," she says, sucking on her fork."

The rest of this masterpiece is also all sex and drugs.

REPORT HERE

- <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1cBBgDD9weQeealjz915lyhk6Nm2QA5ve/view>

I am unsure of the nature of the disconnect between the reviewers of these books, your District Curriculum Council, and the vile content they all seem to have ignored. I look forward to the appeals.

Have a good weekend everyone.

Bruce

*SUBMIT WITH CCSD CHALLENGE*



Ridgeview High School

Log In

Catalog

Library Search > Search Results > "Cut"

Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

Español

How do I... ?

Title Details

Reviews

Copies



**Cut**

Patricia McCormick.

Call #:	F MCC	Local copies available:	1 of 1.
Sublocation:	GENRE: Realistic Fiction	Off-site copies available:	5 of 5. <a href="#">See all...</a>

*DESTINY SUMMARY  
← NOT SUFFICIENT WARNING!*

While confined to a mental hospital, thirteen-year-old Callie slowly comes to understand some of the reasons behind her self-mutilation, and gradually starts to get better.

TitlePeek™

Selected List: My List

**Add to This List**

[Publication Info](#) | [Explore!](#) | [Quiz Info](#) | [Additional Info](#)

### Publication Info

Published Asheville, N.C. : Front Street, 2000.

Edition 1st ed.

Format 168 p. ; 22 cm.

LCCN 00-34840

ISBN 1-886910-61-8

### Explore!

• Self-mutilation -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Emotional problems -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Psychiatric hospitals -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Family problems -- Fiction.

**Find It**

• Titles by: McCormick, Patricia, 1956-

**Find It**

• <http://www.mackin.com/BookPics/Book.aspx?isbn=9780545290791>

### Quiz Info

Accelerated Reader®

Quiz Number: 44857

Points: 5.0 pts.

Reading level: 4.6

Interest level: UG

### Additional Info