



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

8/1/22

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.VB  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [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: \* I am Alfonso Jones  
Author: \* Tony Medina ISBN: \* 978-1-62014-263-9

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. [REDACTED]

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT</u>	<u>PAGES</u>	<u>READ SUMMARY</u>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>COMMON CORE</u>		
<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>CSE</u>		
<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>SEL</u>		
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>DEP (CRT) ANTI-POLICE</u>		
<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>SEXUAL CONTENT</u>		

SEE ATTACHED NOT 847 VIOLATION  
BUT AWFUL - AT RIDGEVIEW

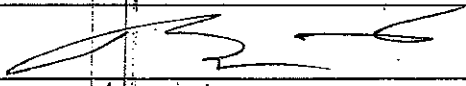
3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS

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 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 Members: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Outcome: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_
  - Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

RIDGE VIEW!

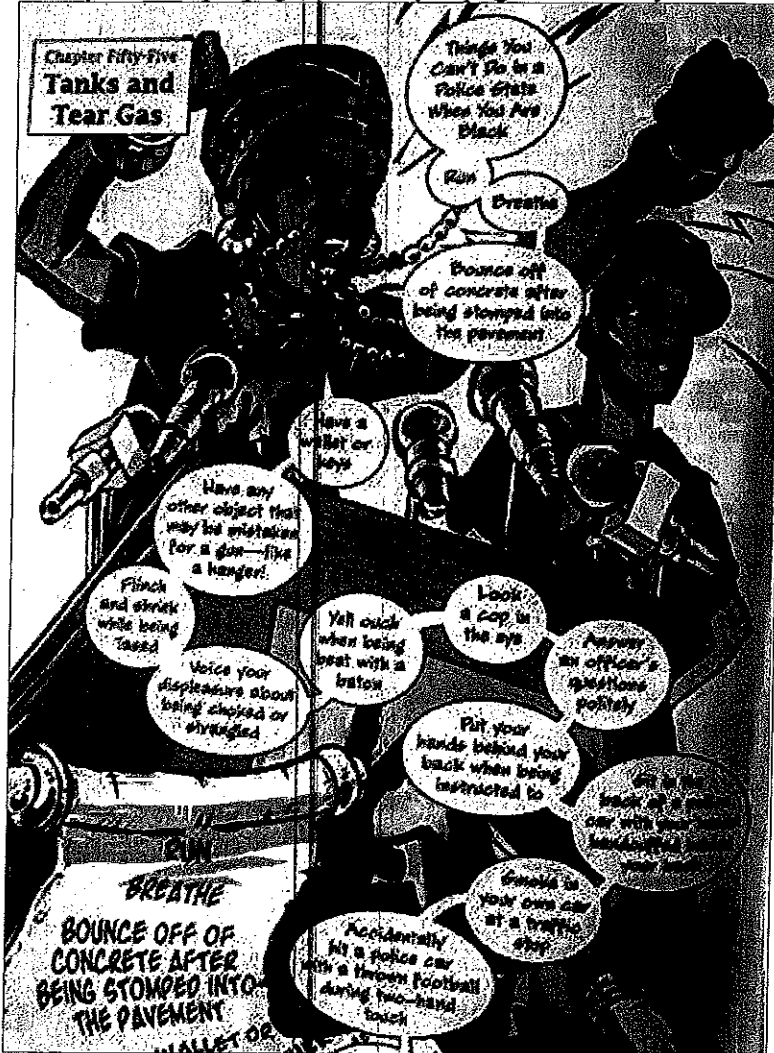
40. I am Alfonso Jones (also at ~~Riverview~~)

<http://titlepeek.fsc.follett.com/tp/query?action=3&subnumber=4300235&isbn=9781620142639&appid=4>

Goodreads Review:

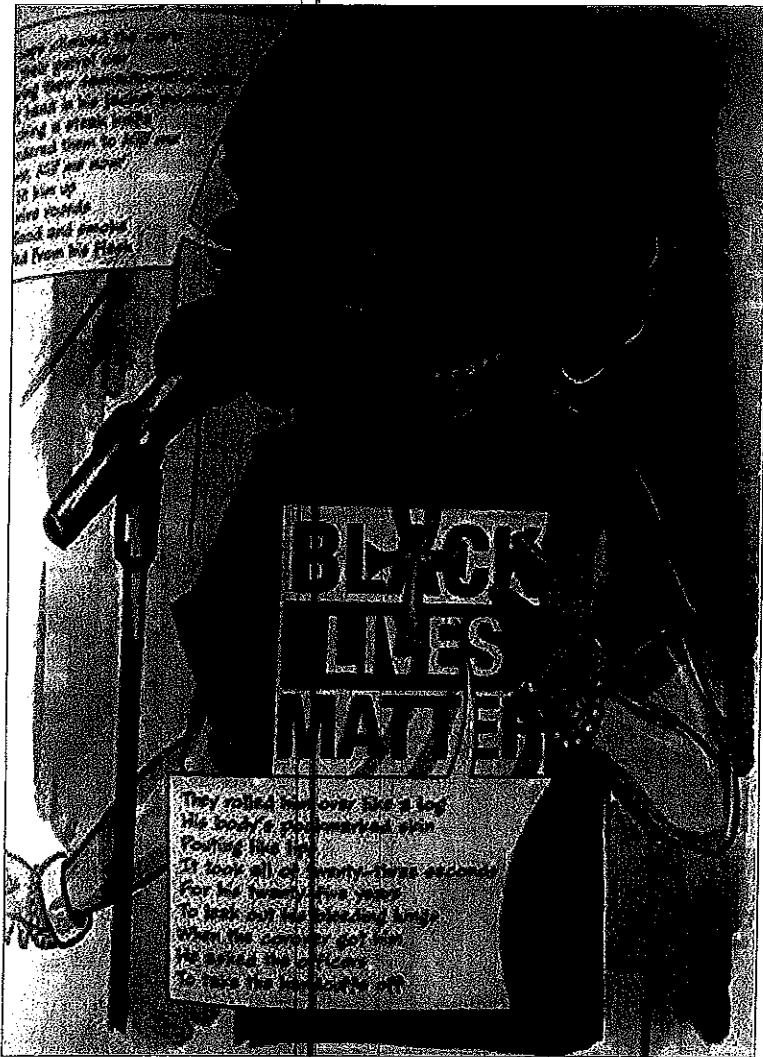
J. rated it did not like it

Poorly written propaganda. Truly repugnant in every sense of the word.



CLT  
ANTI-POLICE  
BLACK VICTIMHOOD

I AM ALFONSO JONES



CRT

2 of 2



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

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: VARIOUS

Title: I IS FOR IMMIGRANTS  
Author: SELINA ALKO ISBN: 978-1-250-23786-6

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.

NOT AN 847 VIOLATION

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.  
SEE ATTACHED  
CRT ALSO = CULTURALLY RESPONSIVE TRAINING  
\*SOVEREIGNTY IS NOT A DIRTY WORD!

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:

[Handwritten Signature]

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 [Signature]
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 8
- The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why?

Date Committee convened:

Committee:

Outcome:

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

Additional information:

# I IS FOR IMMIGRANTS



*Easy Reader*

**By Selina Alko**

ISBN: 978-1-250-23786-6

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains illustrations promoting activism.

*ILLEGAL  
IMMIGRATION*

**1**  
/5

**Child Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
15	The illustration on this page depicts a sign in the background that reads: Justice
25	The illustration on this page depicts several people with signs, shouting. The signs being held up read: Raise your voice!, NO HUMAN IS ILLEGAL, Respect, Resist

OK

NOT  
OKAY

IF YOU COME HERE ILLEGALLY  
YOU ARE AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT





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David S. Broskie

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- Mary Bolla District 2
- Beth Clark District 3
- Tina Bullock District 4
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 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED] Zip: [REDACTED]  
 School: RIDGEVIEW 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: \* I am not your perfect Mexican Daughter  
 Author: \* Erika L. Sanchez ISBN: \* 978-1-52470049-5

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

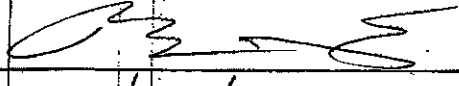
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5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

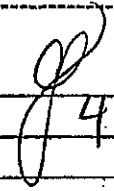
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Signature of Complainant: 

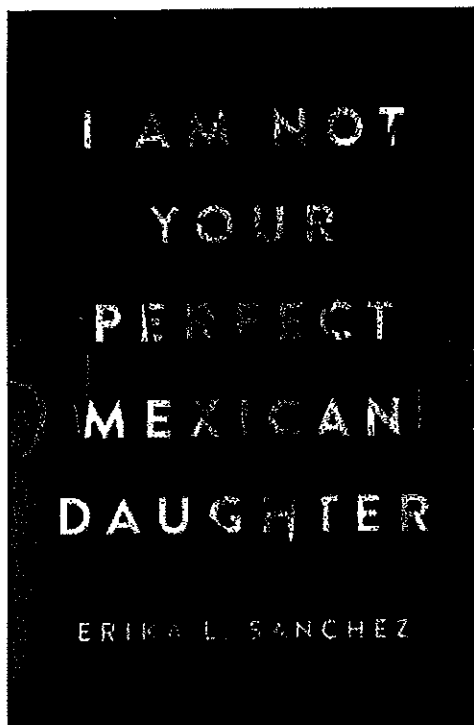
Date: 7/31/2022

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

# I AM NOT YOUR PERFECT MEXICAN DAUGHTER



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity,  
sexual activities, and profanity.

*Young Adult*

**By Erika L. Sanchez**

ISBN: 978-1-5247-0051-5

7	She is always apologizing to white people, which makes me feel embarrassed.
68	She said he crammed his tongue inside her mouth all nasty and she could feel his penis against her leg.
198	<p>We kiss and kiss for so long that my jaw aches. Then he lies on top of me and slips his cold hand under my shirt. After a few minutes, he tries to pull down my jeans, but I have to take my shoes off first.</p> <p>... After we kiss for a while, Connor pulls a condom out from under a couch cushion. I guess he was prepared. I look away as he puts it on.</p> <p>My body tightens, bracing itself- it hurts more than I imagined, but I pretend it doesn't.</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	5
Fuck	13
Motherfucker	3
Piss	2
Shit	11



## District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

**Title:** I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter

**Author:** Erika L. Sánchez

**Date:** 2/28/2023

**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?**

The coming of age and her family dynamics in an non-traditional white world.

**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.**

Many people deal with mental illness, trauma, and racial diversity. This book helps others to be mindful of their traditions, strictness and values of other cultures.

**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.**

Yes, this book deals with those that migrate here and their struggles leaving their country and the difficulties they face when they arrive here.



## 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.

Yes, the elements are part of her story.

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

Yes     No N/A

Explain your answer in a few sentences.

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:

- |                                    |  |  |
|------------------------------------|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> profanity | <input type="checkbox"/> brutality         | <input type="checkbox"/> Religion or portrayal of religious practices/ideologies |
| <input type="checkbox"/> language  | <input type="checkbox"/> sexual behavior   | <input type="checkbox"/> manner characters are presented                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> violence  | <input type="checkbox"/> prurient behavior | <input type="checkbox"/> portrayal of any societal groups                        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> cruelty   | <input type="checkbox"/> aberrant behavior | <input type="checkbox"/> political positions                                     |

**Notes:** One participant said it's not listed, but could be sensitive to some in how she refers to white people. Another participant said it didn't bother her, but there are differences in ways people feel towards other ethnicities.

**MEETING NOTES:**

Not Your Perfect Mexican

Daughter

2/28/23

Lab 1001

10:00 am

Vote

4 votes Keep at H.S. ONLY

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: Feb. 28, 2023

Title: I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter

Author: Erika Sánchez

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: 2/28/23

Title: I AM Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter

Author: Erika Sánchez

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: 2/28/23

Title: I'm Not your perfect mexican daughter

Author: Erika Sanchez

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: 2-28-23

Title: I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter

Author: Erika L. Sanchez

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**



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Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requester: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED]  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL  
 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: IF YOU COME SOFTLY  
 Author: JACQUELINE WOODSON ISBN: 978-0-14-241522-1  
E 0-698-11862-6 etc -

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  
CAT / RACISM  
SETS A VERY BAD EXAMPLE - DISHARMONY  
CAUSING A FLEMING H.S. & LAKE ASBURY JHS!

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: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 1/14/23

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: \_\_\_\_\_

# IF YOU COME SOFTLY



Young Adult

By **Jacqueline Woodson**

ISBN: 978-0-14-241522-1

### Book Summary:

Two young teenagers begin dating each other, one white and one black. Their interest in one another sparks introspection into they and their families' racism.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains controversial racial commentary; controversial social commentary; and derogatory term.

MILK JR DREAMED OF A WORLD WHERE WE JUDGED EACH OTHER ON OUR CHARACTER —

THIS BOOK HAS OTHER GOALS —

1/5

Child Guidance  
Booklooks Review Rating

THIS BOOK DOES NOT BRING US HARMONY —



MARXISTS  
UNDER  
INVESTIGATION  
FOR FRAUD.

Page	Content
Preface	...What I didn't know was that a book I was writing in the mid-nineties would not only continue to resonate with many but would become relevant to more and more people as the use of social media grew, as groups like Black Lives Matter formed, as the cases of police brutality skyrocketed.
5	Just one step and somehow the weight of his skin seemed to change. It got heavier. Light-skinned brothers- well, yeah- sometimes he caught himself making fun of them.
11	Don't get too black. Black monkey.
17	One day I just kissed him, leaned forward while he was sitting beside me stuttering out a tale about his father's sailboat. I had never kissed anyone the lips and Sam's lips felt dry and hard.
38	He wasn't really allowed to drink yet, but his mother still offered and told him everything she knew about certain wines.
62	He hated when white guys tried to sound black.
66	What was he doing here with all these white boys around him? He stared at a mirror, lost. That girl in the hail. "She's white too," he whispered, the words sinking in.
69	Once Anne and I were walking through Central Park when this black guy started running toward us. I frowned, remembering how Anne had screamed, and grabbed me. When the guy got up close, we realized he was a jogger, not a mugger or anything, and Anne had turned red with embarrassment. I started walking again. Would Anne have reacted that way if the guy had been white? ...Imagine two babies born- one white, one black. Maybe their mothers shared the same hospital room and talked low- when all the excited visitors were gone and the hospital was heavy with sleep- about their futures. Talked about their dreams for the babies, long after the two A.M. feeding was over. I used to think that all those babies needed was some kind of chance- and a mother's dream for them. I was so...so silly back then. Naïve.
70	But where were they then- these black people who were just like us- who were equal to us? Why weren't they coming over for dinner? Why weren't they playing golf with Daddy on Saturdays or quilting with Maion on Thursday nights? Why weren't they in our world, around us, a part of us?
83	"Your daddy still shacking up with Lois Ann?"
86	"I met this girl at school- this white girl." ..."I don't know. I just never really thought about that- about dating a white girl."
89	"But she's white."
135	"That's true. But you also have to take it a step deeper 'cause you're black. They're not 'those churches,' they're black churches and because they're black churches, they affect you."
136	...holding hands when these white boys started acting stupid- saying stuff like "jungle fever" and "who turned out the lights?"

CHARMING

"

OK

OK- ISH  
HE'S A  
RACIST

SO WHAT?

MAYBE?

OK

BIRDS OF  
A  
FEATHER...

OK

OK

OK

IS THAT A CRIME?

?

EXAMPLE  
OF  
WHITE ON  
BLACK RACISM -OK

EP

Page	Content
	...Who gets up in the morning, looks in the mirror, and says, 'I'm white so what am I gonna do with this- how am I going to use it to change the world?'"
143	Ever since he was a little boy, his father had always warned him about running in white neighborhoods. Once, when he was about ten, he had torn away from his father and taken off down Madison Avenue. When his father caught up to him, he grabbed Miah's shoulder. Don't you ever run in a white neighborhood, he'd whispered fiercely, tears in his eyes.
164	"Times like that, I hate white people. Then I have to ask myself, How can I hate white people and love you?" He smiled.
175	Then he asks me if I ever forgot I was white. Sometimes, I said. And when you're forgetting, what color are you? No color. ...And now, sitting between my pale mother and father, I cannot forget I am white with so many brown and black and gold faces around us.
186	Miah has a friend, Carlton, who is mixed racially but considers himself African American. What issues do biracial and mixed racial people face? If You Come Softly deals with a classic theme of the challenge of loving someone outside of your own group.

A RACIST CONSIDERATION

OK, SAD

NO IDEA

CAN'T SPEAK FOR ANYONE ELSE. I'M HAPPY NOT THINKING ABOUT WHAT I CAN'T CHANGE

Derogatory Term	Count
Monkey	1

THE HUMAN RACE IS WE THE PEOPLE.

"CONSIDERS HIMSELF" = FEELINGS  
TEACH FACTS - NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOUR SKIN MORE THAN YOUR CHARACTER!

TEACH THAT INSTEAD!



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 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
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Check as applicable:

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Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: INFINITY SON  
 Author: ADAM SILVEIRA ISBN: 978-0-06-245782-0

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 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 REPORT & EXCERPTS

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:

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[Redacted Signature]

[Handwritten Signature]

[Redacted Date]

1/13/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

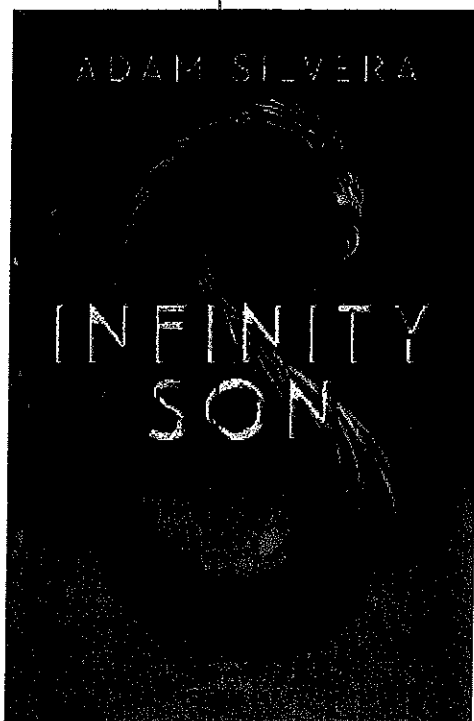
Clay County District Schools  
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To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

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



# INFINITY SON



*Young Adult*

**By Adam Silvera**

ISBN: 978-0-06-245782-0

## **Book Summary:**

A teenager struggles with his newfound superpowers as he is thrown into a war with others possessing superhuman abilities.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; violence; alternate sexualities; and mild/infrequent profanity.

**2**  
1/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	<p>Being gay isn't rainbows and sunshine all the time, but ever since the Blackout- the worst attack New York has seen in my lifetime- people have been treating celestials like terrorists.</p> <p>Tonight reminds me of when I attended my first Pride parade. I was out to my family and friends, and all was good there, but I couldn't pretend there wasn't still a knot in my stomach from wondering if strangers would be cool with my heart; reading minds would've come in handy. During the parade, I felt relief and security and happiness and hope, all tied up like an indestructible rope that bound us together. I breathed easy around strangers for the first time.</p>
55	<p>Lore has the life I want, and they rose to internet fame pretty quickly: they initially went viral when they campaigned to become their school's first-ever Korean American genderqueer class president, inspiring others to follow in their footsteps;...</p>
86	<p>Iris is kissing her girlfriend, Eva, at the door.</p>
90	<p>I had been talking about beautiful princes for so long that I never had to come out to my family, but when I got older and found the word that best fit my romantic worldview- gay for the win- it was awesome for telling new people in my life, and most important, how comfortable the word felt on my tongue.</p>
327	<p>The Senator pulls bourbon out of the mini fridge and pours himself a drink.</p>

Profanity	Count
Piss	8

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NEW ADVA FOR RA



# INFINITY SON

WHO WILL LIVE FOREVER  
AND WHO WILL DIE TRYING

The crowd erupts into cheers as Lore appears onstage. Lore has the life I want, and they rose to internet fame pretty quickly: they initially went viral when they campaigned to become their school's first-ever Korean American genderqueer class president, inspiring others to follow in their footsteps; they reached a million subscribers within a year with content that ranges from comedy skits to news about heroic acts from celestials to counter the overwhelming media against them; they even got to sit down with Wesley Young last December on his birthday and chat with him about fat acceptance as he played with puppies; and now they're getting an interview that makes the rest of us look like amateurs.

"Thanks for the love, New York," Lore says into a mic. They're wearing a silver dress that sparkles like stars on the stage. "I can't even believe that we're being graced by this inspiring woman's presence, so let's get her out here before she changes her mind. Huge round of applause for the candidate I can't wait to vote for in November—Congresswoman Nicolette Sunstar!"

The roars are thunderous as Nicolette Sunstar appears in a yellow pantsuit and hugs Lore. The two sit down and immediately seem like old friends, when in reality they probably spoke for a few minutes backstage. But the way Congresswoman Sunstar praises Lore for their high school election with the air of it being as significant as her run for president is so genuine. Lore leads Sunstar into a deeper conversation about what it

means to be the first ever Black celestial on the ticket before she reminds us all what she's fighting for: better job opportunities for gleamcrafters so they don't have to make money by powering wands, gem-grenades, and shackles with their gifts, only for enforcers to use those weapons against them; protecting pregnant celestials who are being killed, and in other cases, being detained by authorities and locked away underground, far away from the stars that give them power, to suppress their children's abilities from reaching their true potential; removing the corrupt enforcers from the force so gleamcrafters can live their lives in peace—and *not* in heavens; condemning the alchemists like Luna Marnette, leader of the Blood Casters, who are clearly doing more harm than good, no matter how much money they make for the enforcers.

I've given up catching any of this on camera—everyone's footage and livestreams will have me beat—so I lean forward with everyone else on the field as Sunstar commands our attention.

"Time and time again my opponents—Senator Iron, especially—have put down those with powers as they pursue their own," Sunstar says with the gentleness of a mother telling a bedtime story. "There is no question that the senator has faced tragedy with the loss of his wife and son. But the faults of some do not represent the lives of all. I truly wish I could lead an ordinary life as a mother who is stressed about parent-teacher conferences instead of global affairs. As a wife keeping

Iris was wounded by Stanton's basilisk acid and will be in serious need of healing. If someone as powerful as Iris is fading in and out like this with her spell-proof skin, I would've been a goner. It's hard to stomach a stranger getting hurt for me.

We pull into the parking lot of a lively gas station in Bed-Stuy. Just as I'm starting to feel nervous someone will recognize me, a massive flash swallows us whole. I shout and shield my eyes, bracing for an explosion.

"It was only an illusion," Atlas says.

I open my eyes, and the gas station behind us is now abandoned and run-down with shattered doors, as if it's been looted. "So it's safe?"

"To the best of our available abilities," Atlas says.

"One day we'll find a solution where we don't have to worry about sellouts," Maribelle says.

Iris groans as she presses her jacket against her wound.

"Don't restart this fight when my shoulder is literally melting, Maribelle."

"I'm not going to let you forget how three of our people died because you swore a superintendent would rather do the right thing than be rich," Maribelle says. "That wouldn't have happened if I was in charge."

"But you're not, and everyone is thanking all the stars for that one."

I don't know a damn thing about the history between Maribelle and Iris, but I would've expected the daughters of

## THIRTEEN

# NOVA

## EMIL

The world passes by in blurs as we drive to Nova. My nausea is next level with Atlas driving like enforcers are tailing us. If Iris wasn't so obviously doing her best to not howl in agony, I would've begged to pull over to force myself to throw up. I need this painful stretch of a day to be over already. But even as we get closer to Nova, I have a feeling the Spell Walkers are pushing me deeper into the chaos, not protecting me from it.

Maribelle is wrapping up a call with Wesley Young as we enter Brooklyn, going in on him for not making it to the mission to retrieve me on time. She instructs him to pick up Ma from the hospital and get back quickly before hanging up to make another call. She lets someone at the haven know that

ADAM SILVERA

town. Do you have any other family?"

Hope looks like she might cry.

I'm not dealing with her.

I walk to the edge of the dock and try to breathe. I shut my eyes and June's face comes into the darkness.

*She killed my parents.*

I'll snuff out her light.

TWENTY-TWO

## CAGE MATCH

EMIL

"Tell your mother how that makes you feel," Eya says during our morning therapy session.

Talking about the big family secret is difficult, but I don't want to keep shutting her out. "I can't trust you," I say to Ma with my eyes to the floor. "I mean, I trust you, but I feel stupid for doing so now. I know you love me and that you wanted the best for me, I get that. I always felt safe around you and Dad." Ma nods. "Do you think you would've been okay with us telling you as a child?"

The thought has crossed my head a lot. I probably wouldn't have known better. The same way I didn't treat my sexuality like a big deal. But I can see myself spiraling growing up too,

Turns out there was a straggler back at the arena who recorded Maribelle attempting to kill June. The user shared the clip online, and Silver Star Slayer uploaded it to his channel to disprove all my messaging, saying that no one should bring me or the "violent and destructive Spell Walkers." My face hot, and I might throw up. I wouldn't even wish this morning as a nightmare—the heroes I've been hyping up are going at it with each other because I've screwed them over. Looks like there's still some support online for Emil since he let June go, but other commenters are calling him complicit.

Maribelle snaps back to me. "Your channel was supposed to help us."

"I'm sorry. I edited it to protect our image."

"It backfired," Maribelle says. "Everyone thinks I'm as evil as the Blood Casters."

"This backfired because of your actions," Iris says. "Whether Brighton posted the video or not, this was going to leak. He just got the jump on this guy, and now the optics aren't great. End of the day, Maribelle, you were about to kill someone, and it doesn't look like self-defense."

"She killed our parents!" Maribelle looks so confused, like maybe she's wondering if she's speaking a whole other language because Iris doesn't seem to understand her pain. "It's not some bloodthirsty killer. I want vengeance."

Celestials are depressed

"Specters too," Emil says.

"I know you're not defending that shape-shifter," Maribelle says. "His crew is getting away with actual murder while we're being persecuted because I attempted to kill the celestial who screwed us over." Emil tries to speak, but she talks over him. "If it wasn't for Atlas showing up that first night when he did, then Ness would've kidnapped you and probably had your brother killed. Ness made his bed, and he has to lie in it."

"You tried to kill June, and you now have to live with that," Iris says.

"No," Maribelle says. "I'm going to live with the fact that I will be the one to kill her."

She storms from the room.

Atlas sighs. "I'll talk to her."

"If you can't get her to cooperate, you know what's going to happen, right?" Iris asks.

"I will do my best, but Mari is Mari. She's just as heartbroken as you are."

"It's different!"

"How?"

Iris shakes her head. "I'm older. More time with my parents and fighting alongside them. More weight on my shoulders. Just . . . do your best to get her to cool it. We need to be united."

Atlas nods and leaves.

Ross

an older white man murmuring in his sleep. The first time I walked in on Ness sleeping as someone else—a woman who was balding, a young boy with burnt fingertips, a woman with greasy hair and a mousy face—I assumed he was playing some weird game with me. But this is the first time I've seen him so distressed. The man's long red hair is plastered to his sweaty forehead, and a deep scar runs across his face. On inspection, he's missing a chunk of his nose.

"Please don't, please don't," the man mutters.

I set down the plate of food and rub the man's shoulder. "Ness?"

The man snaps awake, and his hand finds its way around my throat quick as a blink. His nails are digging into my flesh and have trapped my next breath from reaching me when I need it most. He's missing an eye, but the bright blue one that remains burns with more than enough hate to make up for it. I pound at his wrist, his arm, his chest, but every punch is weaker than the last. I'm fading, and a gray light and loosened grip and new breath keeps me awake. Ness is himself again and he's shaking. He removes his hand from my throat.

"That wasn't me," Ness says. "I didn't do it."

Of course that was him, of course he did it. What is he doing with his mouth about?

I fall on my back, breathing in and out, in and out. He breathes over me. He's been threatened by Maribelle left and right but this is the first time I've seen pure concern on his face.

massage my neck while my heart runs wild.

"I'm sorry. That happens sometimes," Ness says as he helps me up, resting me against the wall closest to the door. "Turning into other people when I sleep."

I'm so thrown by all of this—the strangling and the apology and the opening up.

It takes me a minute, but I get the words out: "Who is he?"

Ness sits against the opposite wall. There couldn't be more space between us. "He was a trafficker who tried killing me that night on the dock. So I killed him first."

I figured Ness had taken a life before, but the confirmation still pins me. I'm afraid to ask, but I have to know. "So those other people I've seen you turn into . . ."

"I don't know who you've seen or haven't seen, but I'm haunted by people who I haven't killed too. I get so deep into some of these nightmares that my power mistakes it as concentration to morph into them. Dione was the only Caster who showed any sympathy. June doesn't care, and Stanton thought it made me weak."

"You're not weak," I say. "The strongest power above all is a living heart, right?"

"You pushing your brother's campaign on me?"

"No. I'm heartbroken because we're eighteen and we've been turned into weapons. You have to lie about being dead so your father won't find you. You had to manipulate your way to safety. You had to kill for a gang you don't want to be in.



Anklin gains control, and the tip of the blade kisses my hair and I pray Brighton isn't watching and has the common sense to get the hell out of here. I don't want to kill this man, but I have to fight for my life. I'm sweating and shouting as I ignite fire, burning Anklin's hands. Gold and gray flames crawl up his sleeves. He drops the blade beside me as he tries to extinguish the fire.

I don't bother with him. I charge after Luna. I'm beat, but I'm still fast enough to catch up with her. I jump into the air and tackle her to the ground. The urn rolls out of her grip. I cast a fire-dart, aim, and the second before I throw it, Luna redirects my wrist and it shoots into a plaque. Luna punts me, her ring cutting into my cheek, and man, if I survive this, Ma is going to give me hell for fighting an elderly woman, no matter how corrupt she is. I clock Luna in the chin, but it's not enough to lay her out, and I wonder how many times she's been hit during her journey that she knows how to take a punch so well.

I shoulder roll and grab the urn, running back in the direction of the car. I dodge recovering acolytes, holding on to the urn for dear life, and damn, I could've been a boss at football. Stanton steps in my path with a bloody nose. Maribelle is aiming a wand at June. It's a distraction, and she's falling for it. Dione and Anklin pop up behind me as Luna approaches too.

"You come closer and I'll pour everything out," I say, trying to twist open the urn's cap. They grin and laugh at me like

they knew this would go down. "Fine, fine. Say the hell back or I'll burn it."

They all calm down.

"Hand it over," Luna says.

Phoenix song screeches higher and higher within me, and my arms are set ablaze, bigger than ever before—true wings of gray and gold flames. I shoot into the air right as Stanton

lunges at me. My legs are dangling and what-the-what, I'm actually flying. Flying isn't as weightless as I thought it would be, it's more like the worst pull-ups of my life, but I can't sink with this urn in my possession, so I work harder and harder to rise high as a tree.

"Get him down!" Luna shouts.

I shuff my body, holding one fist ahead of me, and I soar through the air with the wind and fire roaring in my eyes. The urn is tight in my grasp, and I fly out of the cemetery, happiness overpowering fear for once.

attention-thirsty Instagram account, but in person, Atlas was dedicated to the mission. Same for Wesley, who was carrying people away from the action at an exhausting speed. Then a celestial was about to strike Atlas out of the air, and I drop-kicked him into a car's windshield. He thanked me for saving his life, and I called it even.

Then tonight when he needed me to back him up, I killed him.

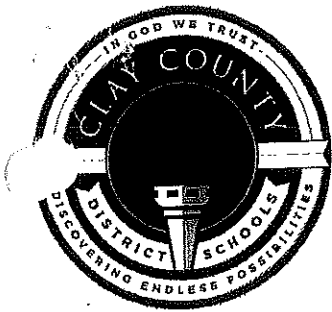
I've stayed in our room for an extra hour by myself, punching holes in the wall and screaming and crying into the pillow that smells of him. I want him in bed with me, to feel the world roll off my shoulders as he embraces me for the night, like we're the only people in the world.

Mama and Papa were bold with how they wore their hearts on their sleeves when out saving the world that hated them. It inspired me growing up. Even after the Blackout, I was still determined to fall in love and fight for it. But I shouldn't have said anything. June could've killed anyone, but she targeted Atlas to destroy me. At least my parents died together.

I wander the halls and find everyone in the boardroom. Wesley is balled up against the wall and sobbing; he even kicks at the floor. Emil, Brighton, and Prudencia are sitting around the egg, and they freeze when they see me. Eva is massaging circles into Iris's back. Iris is in her own daze.

"Where is Atlas?" I ask.

"Maribelle, I'm so sorry," Eva says. "There's nothing I—"



# CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043

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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

David S. Broskie

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## 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: WIDEVIEW 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: INSTRUCTIONS FOR DANCING  
 Author: NICOLA YOON ISBN: 978-1-52471897-8

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  
 If YES, please explain in Question 3. YOU DECIDE

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

SEE ATTACHED REPORT

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: 12/8/2022

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Green Cove Springs, Florida 32043

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

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

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

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

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

NEW Challenge 003\_Instructions for Dancing by Nicola Yoon

[Critical Race Theory - once; sexual content – mild; stealing parents alcohol; drinking; kissing couples; drunken kissing lesbians age 17; moral vacuum]

Format p # and content/keyword - my comments follow

P28 White privilege – This insane belief, that our skin exceeds our character in importance, does not occur elsewhere in this book. I am willing to overlook this one stupid reference to further determine if this book may harm a child.

P52-53 A considerable amount of trashy banter – about breasts. Again, we'll just move on.

P110 F-word – this and other profanity plays a minor role in this book. I'm still hanging in there.

P112 Beginning at the bottom of the page with "I'm Cassidy..parentally neglected..got you booze..5 bottles of white wine..parents won't even notice..." – Okay now we're approving of drunkenness from 17 year old children and making this normal, as well as stealing the booze from your family. Why would we set such an example for our children?

P114 The sentence beginning with "The last time..." is missing one word, namely "us." I am including this note so that nobody will doubt me when I tell you I read the entire book and do not want this book in our schools!

P120-121. Passionate kissing and wanton [unwed] desire. Not a deal breaker for me.

P124 Lesbian kissing. Whatever.

P125 Drunken Lesbian kissing – see? That's a bridge too far. It is NOT okay to tell children that getting drunk and kissing people are as symbiotic and ordinary as chocolate and peanut butter. NOT okay at all!

P138 Dark moodiness – fine, I guess.

P139 More [implied] Lesbians – whatever.

P236 Implied pre-marital consensual sexual encounter between two persons age 17. "Then we are nothing but hands and lips and wanting and having." – If we could be sure that nobody under 17 ever reads the book, I might ignore the moral sloppiness of some of these characters. Since high schools have younger students, and we are supposedly teaching the benefits of abstinence to them, this book doesn't belong in our schools. We must provide better examples for innocent children and must NOT promote promiscuity. Right?

YA

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR DANCING



COMING SOON

“Beautifully crafted.”

—People

“Gorgeous and lyrical.”

—The New York Times Book Review

“Fresh, moving.”

—Entertainment Weekly

“Heartwarming and inventive.”

—Bustle

“Powerful, lovely, heart-wrenching.”

—Mashable

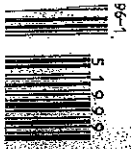
“Extraordinary.”

—All the Bright Places

—Small, Great Things

—The New York Times

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YA

I stop talking to gauge his reaction so far.

He's not looking at me as if he thinks I've finally lost my sanity, so I keep going. "But the craziest part is that when I go home, she told me they really did break up because she caught him kissing his ex on the beach."

"Was she really upset?" he asks quietly.

"She was fine, I say with a sigh. "But I need you to focus. I feel like you're maybe missing my very enormous point."

"Sorry, sorry," he says. "So you saw the whole history of their relationship from beginning to end? Past and present and future?"

"I don't understand why you're not telling me that I'm losing it." I lean forward and whisper, "I think I might be losing it."

"I'm not ruling it out, but I like to keep an open mind."

Martin's open-mindedness is actually one of my favorite things about him. I still remember the first time I needed to tell him to check his (white) privilege. He wasn't defensive. He just listened and learned.

If I told Cassidy (other best friend forever) about the vision, she would try to have me committed to a very expensive and upscale mental institution. Sophie (my other other best friend forever) would explain to me all the scientific reasons why what I'm saying is not possible. But for Martin, no idea is too outlandish to consider.

"Has it happened with anyone else?"

"No."

"So you're not seeing my romantic past and future right now?" he asks with an eyebrow wriggle.

"Not possible, seeing as how you have neither," I say, grinning at him.

He smiles at me and flips me off at the same time.

"How about we do an experiment," he says after a while. "Maybe it only works on couples."

"What are you saying? I should stare at people?"

"How else are we going to figure out what's happening with you?"

"Fine," I say.

I scan the room. Shelley and Sheldon are sitting two tables over. Their coupledom is legendary. At first it was because of their ridiculously similar names. But now it's because of their longevity. They've been together for three years, since Shelley was a sophomore and Sheldon was a freshman. Every year, they get voted Couple Most Likely to Get Married.

I watch them for a good thirty seconds before looking back at Martin. "Nothing," I say.

He points to Dwight and Joel sitting by the windows. "How about them?"

I creepy-stare at them before turning back to Martin. "Nope," I say.

I try a few more times with other couples, but nothing happens. I look down at my mashed potatoes and carve little gravy rivulets with my fork. "I really am losing it," I say without looking up.

"My mom would say you have a lot going on. Your parents got divorced, and you found out your dad cheated, and you moved away from the house you grew up in, and it's second semester senior year. She'd say stress is a killer."

WHITE  
PRIVILEGE  
= CRT  
ODDLY  
NOTHING  
OF THE  
SOFT  
DECEITS  
AGAIN  
IN  
THIS WRITTEN  
STORY.





because I'm riding so fast. Not because I was having so much fun bantering with him right there on the sidewalk. Really I should know better than to banter. Why? Because in every romance book ever written, banter is a gateway drug. Banter leads to actual conversation, which leads to dating, which leads to kissing, which leads to coupling, which leads to heartbreak.

I turn the corner onto my street and remind myself that the only reason I'm entering this competition is so I can figure out a way to get rid of the visions. Despite how it might seem, this is not a love story.

UNLIKE THE OTHER  
DOZENS OF AWFUL  
BOOKS I'VE READ  
LATELY, THIS ONE  
IS ACTUALLY  
\*WELL-WRITTEN.

\* \* THERE ARE MANY ADULT  
THEMED CONTENT ITEMS  
NOT APPROPRIATE FOR  
YOUNG CHILDREN —

CHAPTER 15



Dance Number Two, Excerpted

"ALWAYS HAVE trouble telling left foot from right foot?"  
"You are leading her, not kidnapping her!"  
"Unless toes are broken, keep dancing."  
"Get closer! Is his breath still stinky?"  
"Sexy" is small word. Why so difficult for you to understand?"  
"No, no. Now you look like giant flightless bird. Elbows wai!"  
"Loose arms!"  
"I danced tango with sprain ankle one time. A little toe wise is nothing."  
"No rocking side to side. You are not little teapot."  
"Frame is sloppy. Why?"  
"Music is privilege, not right."

1 of MANY

*And yeah nothing is fucking all right  
Black box at the bottom of the sea*

[Chorus]

*Open you up*

*Look inside*

*Already know*

*Just what I'll find*

*Nothing survives*

*Nothing survives*

*Nothing survives*

[Bridge]

*It's all in my head*

*Just an illusion I said*

*And know that you're gone*

*Everything is all so beautifully wrong*

*All wrong, all wrong, all wrong*

[Chorus]

*Open you up*

*Look inside*

*Already know*

*Just what I'll find*

*Nothing survives*

*Nothing survives*

*Nothing survives*

Chorus

CHAPTER 23



Fabulous, Excellent and Copacetic

Me: "Martin, Cassidy and Sophie >

Me: I invited X to our bonfire tonight

Martin: Okay

Cassidy: K

Sophie: Ok

Me: Huh

Me: You guys don't have anything else to say?

Cassidy: Nope

Cassidy: Why?

Cassidy: U have sumthing else 2 say?

Me: Nope

Cassidy: Fabulous

Martin: Excellent

Sophie: Copacetic

Me: I don't even like you people

CHAPTER 24



Not a Date, Part 3 of 3

DOCKWEILER STATE BEACH is one of my favorite places in the world. The beach itself is beautiful, with wide stretches of (mostly clean) sand and an always-churning dark-blue ocean that seems to fall off the end of the world. There's a bicycle path and a picnic area and even showers. My favorite part, though, are the fire rings that line the beach. If you go here early enough, you can claim one and have a bonfire with your friends underneath a darkening sky while listening to the Pacific crash all around you. It might be the most perfect place on earth.

"Is that him?" Cassidy asks.

I look up from the fire pit to see X wobbling across the sand.

"It's easier if you take off your shoes," I yell to him.

He stops to take them off and then wobbles a slighter steadier wobble toward us.

"You're X," Cassidy says when he gets to us. "Evie's friend. I don't know if I'm imagining the small pause between 'Evie's' and 'friend.'"

"I'm Cassidy," she says. "I'm the rich, wild, parentally n-

eed friend. I got you booze." She picks up one of the five piles of white wine she brought. Earlier when I told her we had need that many, she said, "My parents won't even notice you're missing."

I'm Martin. I guess I'm the sensitive one," Martin says to me. "I got you a chair." He points to the beach chair nestled in the sand next to mine.

And I'm Sophie," Sophie chimes in. "I'm the steady, boring one," she says.

Cassidy takes a sip of wine. "You're not boring," she says.

"Thanks," Sophie says, smiling. She turns back to X. "I might you the most delicious sandwich in all of Los Angeles."

"waves." "Thanks for letting me crash."

Evie says you're incredible," Cassidy says.

His eyebrows shoot up.

He flushes to clarify. "Incredible at making music. What Cassidy means is that I said you're an incredible musician."

"Yes," says Cassidy, looking back and forth between us with a mischievous smile on her face. "That's exactly what I meant."

I give her a look at says *no one will find your dismembered, severed body at the bottom of the sea.*

He ignores me. "Anyway, you can play to thank us. Every bodyfire needs a hot guy playing guitar."

"You don't have to play," I tell him.

But you still have to be hot," Cassidy says.

"I don't mind doing both," he says with a grin.

He grins and tells him to sit.

Sophie tells him to eat.

Cassidy hands him an almost overflowing cup of wine.

17 YEARS  
OLD'S  
STEALING  
DRINKING  
BOOZE

Instead of sitting with everyone, I tend the fire. I'm the group fire starter because I'm the only one who's good at it. I learned my technique—crumpled newspaper nested under a shallow, three-log pyramid—from Dad. The four of us used to come here at least once a week every "winter." The quotes around *winter* are Dad's. He's originally from Washington, DC, where winter is a real season, with snow and ice and weather-induced tears. Here in LA, the temperature rarely drops below fifty. When it does, it's just an excuse for us to wear fashionable scarves and sheepskin boots and pretend to be cold for a few days. Dad loved our bonfires because the beach at night in winter is the coldest LA ever gets. It reminded him of home.

The last time the four of us were together out here was a few months before Mom and Dad told us they were getting divorced. If I'd known it was going to be the last time, I'd have memorized all the details. All I remember now are probablys.

Probably Mom made a stew, extra <sup>or</sup> beef, and packed Tupperwares for each of us. Probably Dad poked at the fire obsessively. Probably we all laughed and called him a pyromaniac. At some point, he and Mom would've started drinking wine, and they'd have laughed more and touched each other more. Probably they told embarrassing stories about when Danica and I were toddlers. Probably Danica and I smiled at each other in the firelight and pretended to be embarrassed. The next day, we probably all smelled like smoke and stew and ocean. I'm sure we found sand in our clothes.

"Everything good?" X calls to me from his beach chair. He really more observant than he needs to be.

"Yeah," I say, and just like Dad, I poke at the logs, which absolutely don't need any poking.

"Pyromaniac," X says.

It's the perfect night for a bonfire. The temperature is just what you'd want to sit next to fire, but not so hot that you'd rather be *in* the fire. Even the wind is cooperating so gently that smoke drifts straight up into the air instead of gusting sideways into our faces.

I toss another log on and listen while the four of them get-to-know-you chat. X tells them where he's from and about his band and about dropping out of high school. Cassidy really impressed with that last part.

I try not to watch X as he talks, but I can't help myself. Eight flickers across his face and lights him up. He does a lot of grinning and chuckling. I decide I like people who are serious with their laughter.

Once X realizes the three of us have been friends since middle school, he begs for funny—meaning embarrassing—stories of me. I threaten to douse the fire. Cassidy declares herself nervous to cold. She tells him the story of when I peed on myself while running up a very long staircase in first grade. X tells him the story of how he peed on himself on the bus in second grade and how he sat and waited until someone was off the bus before getting off and running all the way back home.

Eventually we get to the Tipsy Philosophical portion of evening. This is when we're all just tipsy enough to ask answer pseudo-philosophical questions. We're allowed at

PASSIONATE  
KISSING

takes my right hand with his left and rests his other hand on my waist. We're almost in closed position. All I have to do is move my left hand and rest it on his shoulder, so I do.

"You want to practice right now?" he asks.

He slides his arm up from my waist to just under my shoulder blade. He uses the heel of his hand against my back to nudge me closer. Effi would be proud of his lead technique. We are in perfect closed position.

There's at least six inches of space between us.

I can't quite get myself to look up at him, so I look at his clavicle instead.

"I really want to kiss you," he says.

Now I have to look up at him. "There's no kissing in dancing," I say.

He smiles a smile that's somehow wider than his face. He doesn't take his eyes off my lips. "Is that a yes?"

My heart slows all the way down. Strangely, I feel relieved I know I'm going to kiss him. Honestly, nothing could stop me from kissing him. I've wanted to kiss him for a while now. Probably since our Lalaland tour. Probably since before that.

The only reason I haven't yet is that I'm afraid. Because of my dad and the divorce. Because of the visions. What if I see our future? What if it's not a good one?

But I don't want to be afraid anymore.

I lean in and tilt my face up.

Our teeth collide.

He smiles against my lips and pulls away for a second to adjust our position. But then he puts his hands on either side of my face and kisses me again. I wrap my arms around his neck

ing to get closer—*needing* to get closer. His hands slide on my back and then . . . lower. Never again will I make fun of his enormous hands. They are the perfect size.

Wow, that was better than I thought it was gonna be, and tonight it was gonna be good," he says when we finally pull

laugh. "How much thinking about this have you been doing?"

"A fair amount," he says, and kisses me again, and it's more good.

Excellent.

Dependous.

Phenomenal.

Edigious.

Very synonym for *excellent* ever conceived.

I almost certainly worry about this kiss and what it means now, but for right now I lean in and kiss him again, happy in the here and now.

RELATIVELY  
TASTEFUL  
WORTH  
STYLE

He waits for me to settle back into my seat before he starts his interrogation. "So I'm guessing you didn't have a vision after you kissed?"

I bounce a little in my seat. "Nope, not even a blip."

"Huh," he says. "I wonder why?"

"I'm trying not to wonder why," I tell him.

"I'm happy for you, Eves. You guys are good together." He smiles, but I can feel that something's on his mind.

"What's up with *you*?" I ask.

"I think Danica really likes her new guy," he says. "She posted about him a lot. What if I missed my chance?"

I don't know what to say. I'm torn between wanting to make him feel better and not wanting to encourage him about something that's never going to happen.

"I don't think you missed your chance," I say.

The four-minute-warning bell rings, and we gather our things and leave. Our next class is on the third floor. Martin pushes the stairwell door open but then stops walking so suddenly that I almost run into him. "Oh my god," he says.

At first I think Danica must be here somewhere, because she always stops Martin in his tracks. But then I follow his gaze. It's not Danica.

It's Sophie and Cassidy standing right there in the middle of the staircase.

They're kissing.

And I see

LESBIAN  
KISSING

CHAPTER 26



Sophie and Cassidy

THE AND CASSIDY outside Cassidy's enormous house. It's at night. Cassidy is struggling to fit her key into the front door. "Let me help you," Sophie says. She tries to take the key away from Cassidy, but Cassidy doesn't let go. Instead, she tries to pull Sophie in closer.

Sophie resists.

Cassidy says: "You're so pretty. How come it took me so long to notice how pretty you are?"

Sophie's dark eyes are hopeful and careful. "How drunk are you, Sophie? You're kind of teasing, kind of not."

Cassidy shakes her head. "You're pretty when I'm sober, too?"

At the same time when Cassidy pulls her in, Sophie doesn't resist.

Leading Sophie through the doors of the planetarium at the observatory. Except for a guard and a tour guide, no one else is there.

How did you do this?" Sophie asks, excited and awed.

DRUNK  
LESBIAN  
CHILDREN

La Brea Tar Pits is called La Brea Tar Pits because it's on La Brea Avenue and has quite a few . . . tar pits. The largest one, Lake Pit, is just off the main entrance. The tar is greenish-black, thick and always oozing. Occasionally a bubble of stinky air burps to the surface.

Lake Pit is my favorite of the pits because it has one of the most macabre sculptures I've ever seen. It's of three enormous woolly mammoths—two adults and a baby. One of the adults is trapped waist-deep in tar. The other adult and the baby mammoth are safe on land, but the baby is clearly trumpeting in distress. Its mouth is frozen wide-open in a scream. Its trunk is rigid and pointed straight at the trapped mammoth. The other adult mammoth looks resigned.

The thing about the sculpture is that it captures a moment in time. You can read it two ways. Either the mammoth in the pit is done for and we're seeing its last seconds on earth. Or we're actually seeing the start of a miraculous escape.

How I read it changes depending on my mood.

Today, I decide that the mammoth in the pit is doomed.

I leave the mammoth family to their never-ending tragedy and climb to the top of the main hill and sit down on the grass. It's three o'clock. At this time of day the park population is mostly families with young children. I watch the little kids run up the hill and roll down it over and over again. I watch their anxious parents watch them anxiously.

Ten minutes later, Martin comes ambling up the hill. He's wearing a khaki shirt with khaki shorts and khaki hat. There's a red handkerchief tied around his neck.

"You look like a park ranger," I say.

PARK  
WOODS  
OK

"Thanks," he says. He sits down and wipes his forehead with the handkerchief.

Before I can make fun of his outfit some more, I notice a boy staring at the mammoth sculpture. His mom is with him. I can't hear what they're saying, but it's obvious that the boy is upset and his mom is trying to comfort him.

"That thing is such a bummer of truth," I say.

"I guess I don't need to ask what kind of mood you're in," Martin says.

He shrugs and then sighs.

Sophie and Cassidy told me about the fight," he says.

"Yeah, I figured," I say. I rest my head on his shoulder and lean over the park.

"Tell me what you see," he says, putting *see* in air quotes.

"You want me to tell you how people end up?" I ask, and he nods.

I look around, trying to find a couple on the verge of kissing. I find one, a guy and a girl, picnicking next to a big sycamore. I point them out to Martin. Once their vision ends, I grin the outcome: "Semester-abroad trip to Japan. She'll love with a Japanese girl."

"Right," he says.

I find another couple holding hands. Again, I point them out to Martin. I don't have to wait too long for the inevitable. He proposes to her and she turns him down. She doesn't seem enough."

Another couple on a blanket are already kissing. He moves to New York.

"I spend the next hour like this. I see all the things I expect

MOORE  
LESSONS

IMPLIED  
PRE-MARITAL  
SEX

BOTH  
PARTIES  
AGE

17  
LEGAL  
AGE  
OF  
CONSENT

There's only one bed. He kisses me and my hand slips under his shirt. His lips are on my neck.

"Are you sure?" he asks me before we go on.  
"Yes, I'm sure," I say. "Yes."

Then we are nothing but hands and lips and wanting and having.

The world changes after that, the way colors surprise you after a rain.

Has the grass ever before been this green? Or that tree branch so black?

X and me in my small, dim dorm room. I'm holding my own guitar—the one he bought for me—in my hands.

"Show me what you've been practicing," he says.  
I play the song I've been working on, "Miss the Future."

He kisses me after I'm done. "That was beautiful, and I'm not just saying that because I'm in love with you."

"I dunno," I say. "You do love me an awful lot."  
"Come sing it onstage at our next show," he says.

At first I hesitate, but then I say yes—I wonder if being with him will always feel like discovery.

Me, alone, in a bedroom. It's nighttime and the lights are off.

My face and my chest and my ribs hurt. They hurt the way muscles do when you use them far too much for far too long.

I've been crying. I'm crying still.  
I try to take a deep breath to calm myself, but it's painful.

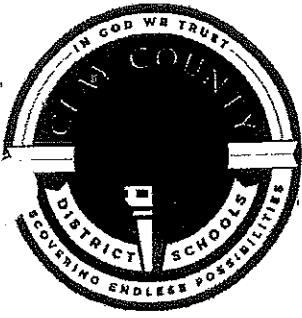
For a shallow one, but any amount of air is too much. A small breeze sighs across my face. I turn my head toward it. Streetlight through the open window paints a shadow on the floor. The edges are clear and they are sharp.

I look down at my hands and the thing I'm clutching between them.

It's a funeral program. There's a photograph of X's face. The caption reads *In loving memory: Xavier Darius Woods.*

The date on it is ten months from now.





# 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

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## Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: 917 734 3706 Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US  
 Physical Address: 3933 TRAIL RIDGE RD  
 City: MIDDLEBURG State: FL Zip: 32068  
 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: ISLANDBORN  
 Author: LEO ESPINOSA <sup>Juan Diaz</sup> ISBN: 978-0-7352-2986-0

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.  
NO MENTION OF D.R.'S HISTORY SEE ATTACHED  
OF TYRANNICAL MILITARY LEADERS (JUAN BOSCH)  
AND CIVIL WAR, POVERTY...  
CUTE STORY FOR A BABY-MAYBE  
BUT IT'S NOT LIKELY TO PREVENT  
THE NEXT TYRANNY OR CIVIL WAR -  
TEACH TRUTH!

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: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 1/10/2023

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 1/17/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 13

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

Date Committee convened:

Committee:

Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date by

Additional information:

# ISLANDBORN

BY  
JUNOT DÍAZ

ILLUSTRATED BY  
LEO ESPINOSA



Every kid in Lola's school was from somewhere else. Hers was a school of faraway places.

So when Lola's teacher asks the students to draw a picture of where their families emigrated from, all the kids are excited. Except Lola. She can't remember the Island—she left when she was just a baby. But with the help of her family and friends, and their memories—joyous, fantastical, heartbreaking, and frightening—Lola's imagination takes her on an extraordinary journey back to the Island. As she draws closer to the heart of her family's story, Lola comes to understand the truth of her abuela's words: "Just because you don't remember a place doesn't mean it's not in you."

Lyricaly written by *New York Times* bestseller and Pulitzer Prize-winner Junot Díaz, and gloriously illustrated by Leo Espinosa, this picture book is a celebration of creativity, diversity, and our imagination's ability to connect us—to our families, to our past, and to ourselves.

DEI

Dial Books for Young Readers  
Penguin Young Readers Group  
345 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014  
Penguin.com/Kids



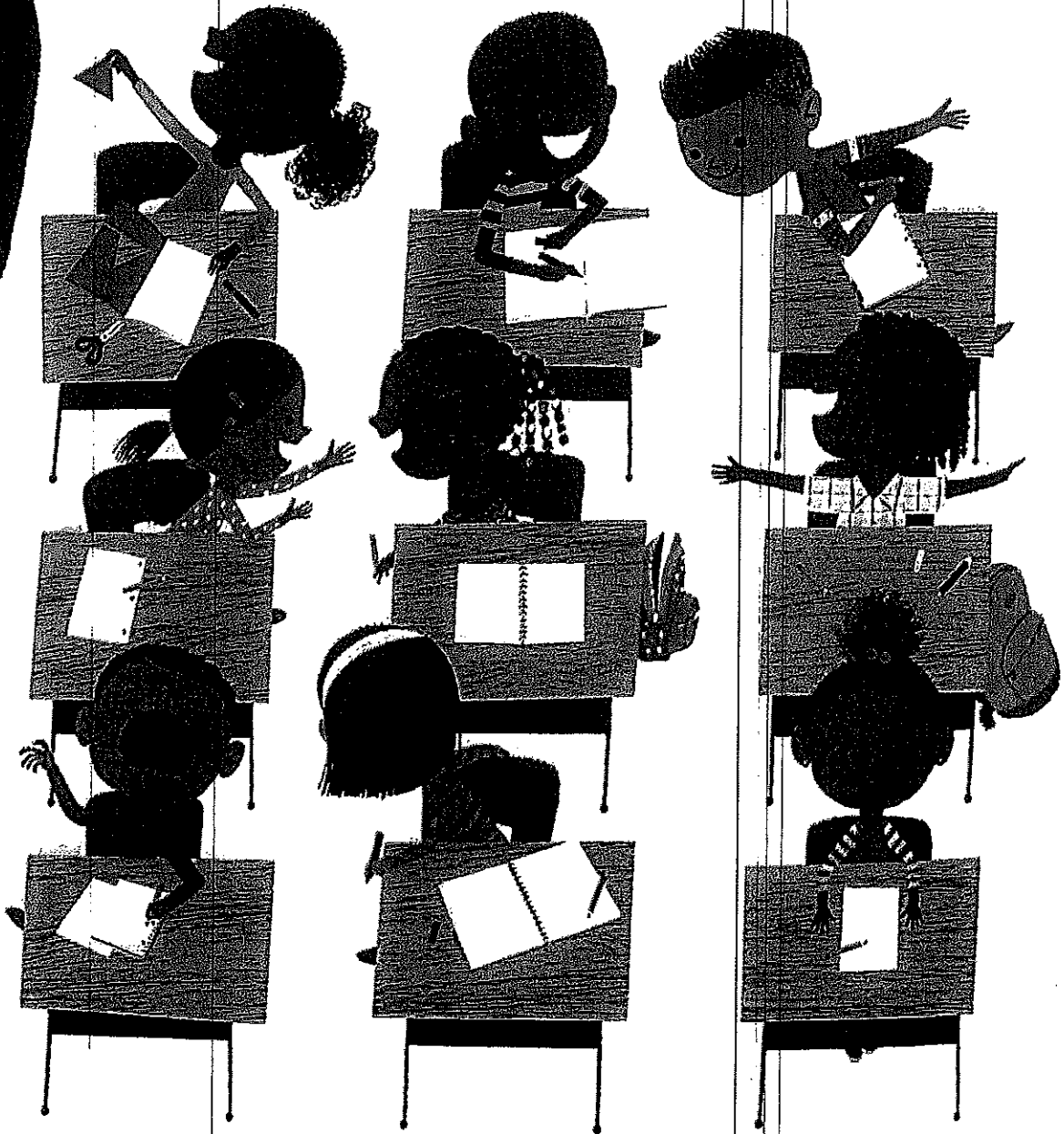


So when her teacher, Ms. Obi, told the class, "Please draw a picture of the country you are originally from, your first country, and bring it in tomorrow," everyone got super excited.

"I'm going to put in pyramids," said Dalia.

"And I'll draw a canal this long," Franklyn said.

"There's gonna be a mongoose in mine," Nelson yelled. (Nelson always yelled.)



Everyone was talking about their drawings . . . everyone but Lola. Lola, you see, loved to draw, but she had left the Island when she was just a baby so she didn't remember any of it.

Lola raised her hand. (She hated raising her hand almost as much as she hated Nelson's yelling.) "Miss, what if you don't remember where you are from? What if you left *before* you could start remembering?"

"No problema," Ms. Obi said. "Are there people around you who do remember?"

"Like my whole neighborhood!" Lola said. "And they're *always* talking about the Island."

"Well, then," Ms. Obi started, "maybe—"

But Lola finished her sentence. "I should talk to everyone who *does* remember. I should draw from their memories."

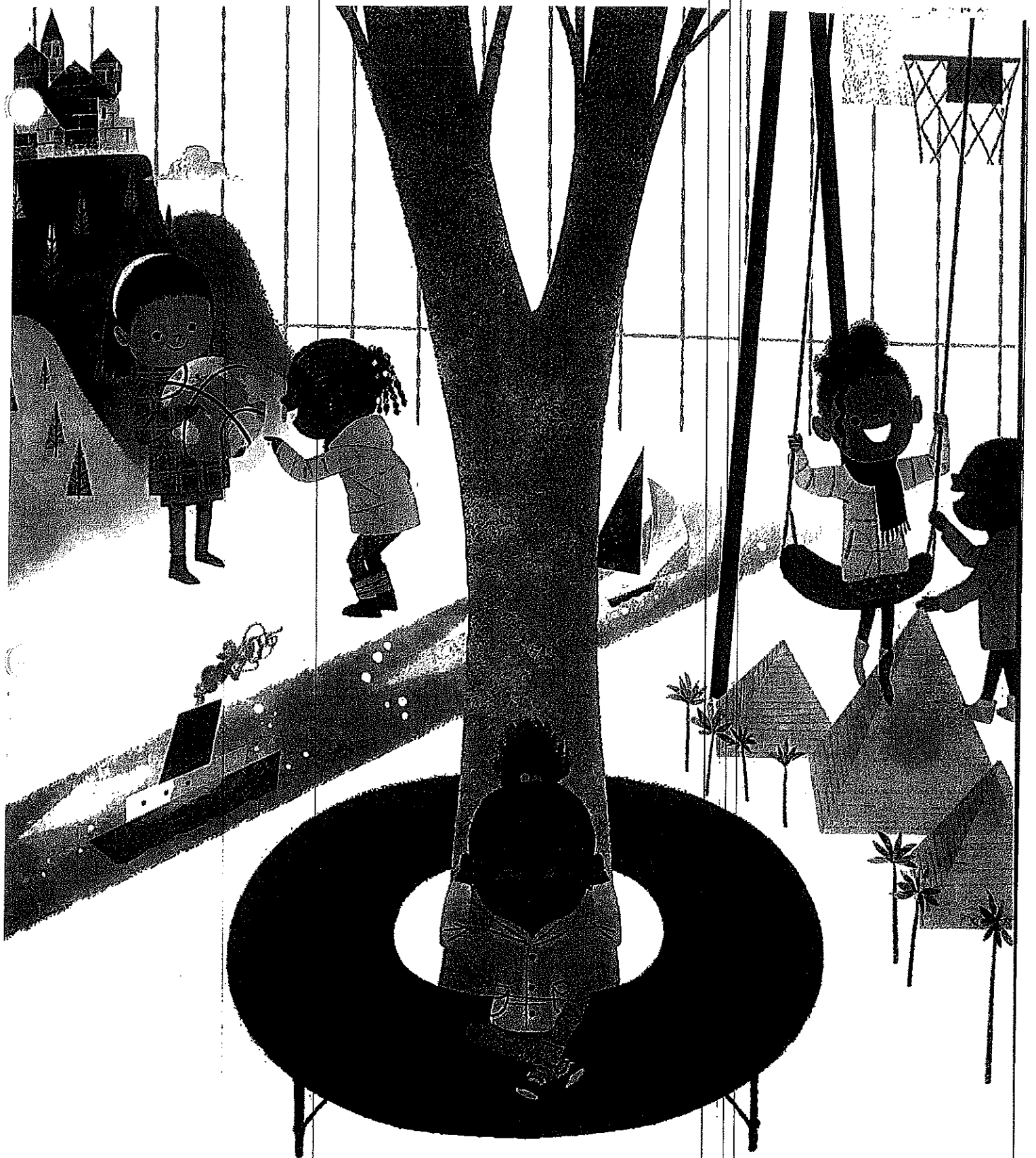
"That's a very good plan, Lola," Ms. Obi said with a smile.



← MORE IMPORTANT THAN SOVEREIGNTY?

Lola started feeling better about the assignment. But then she saw all the other kids chatting excitedly about what they were going to draw, and it made her sad. Everybody was remembering their first home, even Nelson who forgot everything. (Nelson even forgot his last name once, for like an hour.) Lola had always wanted to remember the Island, but no matter how hard she tried she never could. It was like a familiar word just at the tip of your tongue, but instead of a word this was an entire world! Lola closed her eyes and tried to recall *anything* about the Island but nothing came up.





She kept trying all through the school day—to help her focus, she put her fingers on the sides of her head, like her abuela’s psychic sometimes did.



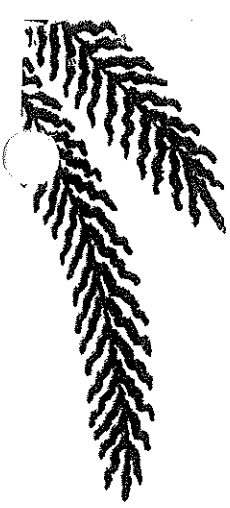


In the lobby of their building the cousins ran into Mr. Mir, the superintendent. Leticia called out, "Hey, Mr. Mir, can you tell us what you most remember about the Island?"

"Nobody cares about that old stuff," Mr. Mir grumbled. "Just be glad that you live here."

"Don't listen to him," Leticia said. "Keep going and call me later if you need any help. Okay?"

"I will," Lola said.



At home Lola found her abuela at the kitchen table trying to finish a puzzle. (Abuela loved puzzles.)

"Abuela! I'm supposed to draw a picture of the Island for school. But I don't remember it—why don't I remember it?"

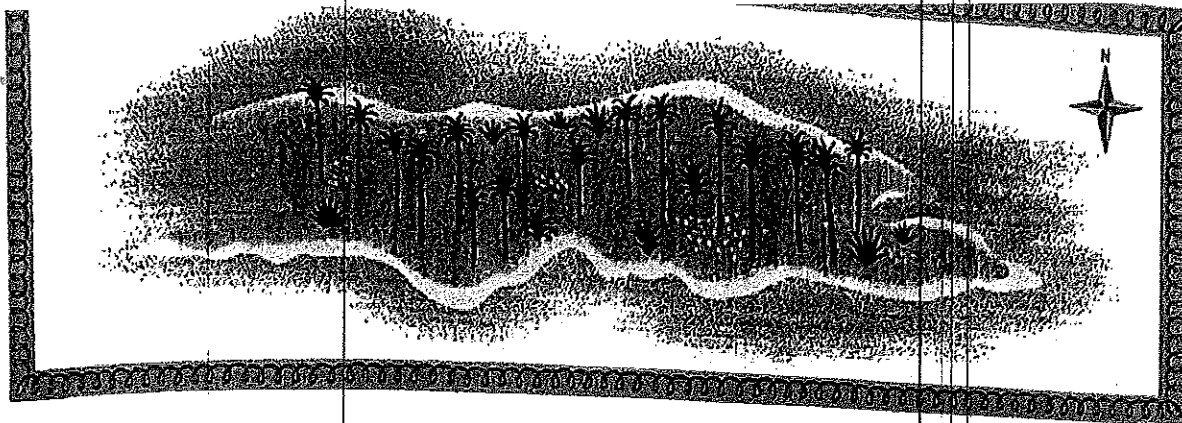
"Hija, you were just a baby when you left."

"But the other kids remember . . ."

"Just because you don't remember a place doesn't mean it's not in you."

"Will you tell me what you remember most?" Lola asked.





Mr. Mir looked up from the contraption he was fixing. "Your grandma says you've been interviewing people about the Island."

Lola nodded nervously. "Yes, sir. It's for a class assignment."

"What have they told you?"

She flipped through her sketches. "Bat blankets, more music than air, fruit that makes you cry, beach poems, and a hurricane like a wolf."

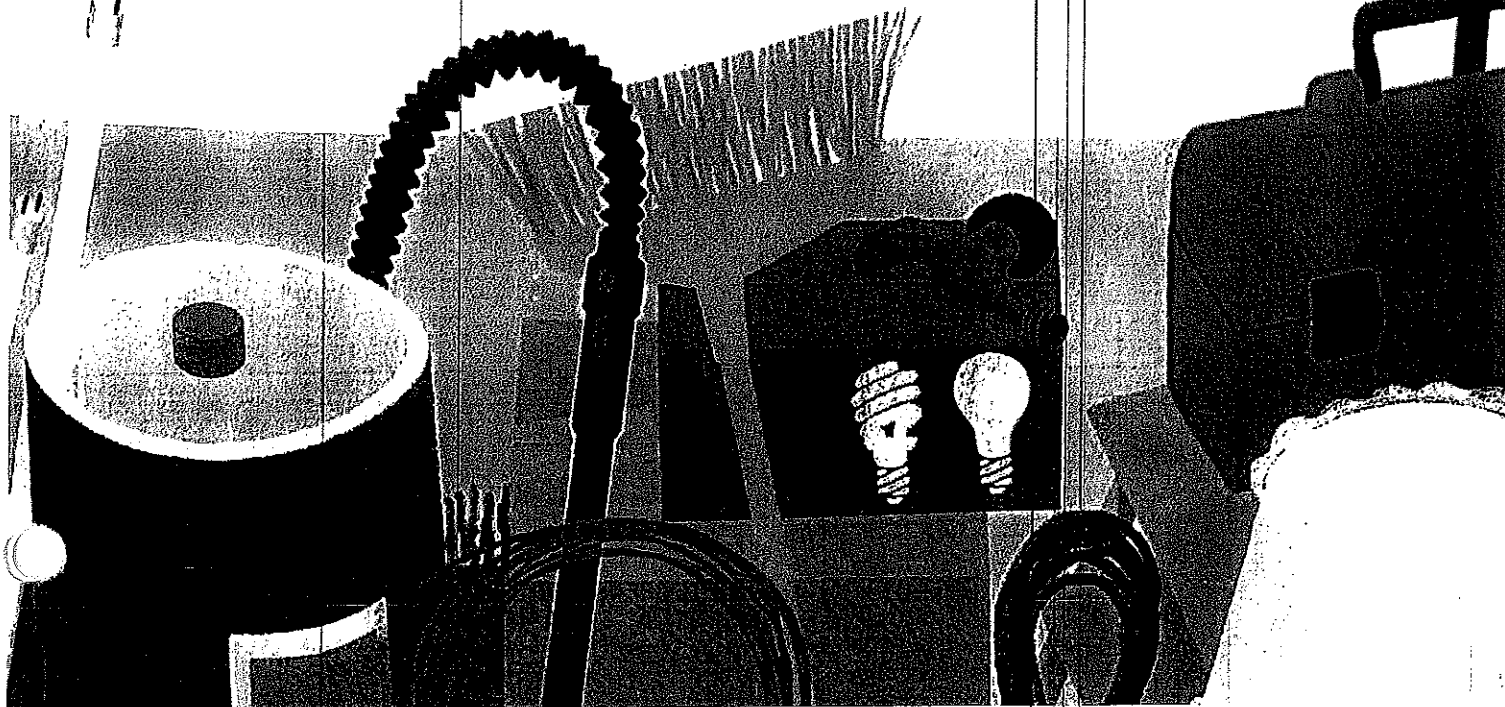
"I see," Mr. Mir said. "So no one told you about the Monster?"

Lola's eyes got wide. She shook her head *no*.

"Even those who know don't always want to talk about HIM."

Mr. Mir turned toward the old worn map he had of the Island. "Our Island has always been a beautiful place. It was when I was your age, and it is today. But even the most beautiful places can attract a monster. A long time ago, long before you were born, that's exactly what happened: A monster fell upon our poor Island."

For once Lola's pencil didn't move.



"It was the most dreadful monster anyone had ever seen. The whole Island was terrified and no one could defeat it. It was just too strong. For thirty years the Monster did as it pleased. It could destroy an entire town with a single word and make a whole family disappear simply by looking at it."

Lola's curly hair was uncurling with fear. "Did you see the Monster, Mr. Mir?"

"Yes. All the time."

"Were you scared?"

"We were all very scared."



Lola's heart was pounding. "So what happened next, Mr. Mir?"

"What should always happen to monsters. Heroes rose up. Strong smart young women just like you, Lola, and a few strong smart young men, too. They got tired of being afraid and fought the Monster. What a titanic battle that was. The whole Island shook from their struggle—the Monster tried all of its evil tricks but in the end the heroes found the Monster's weakness and banished it forever."

THE MONSTER WAS ONE  
OF MANY TYRANTS IN  
GOVERNMENT. SEE JUAN  
BOSCH

