

HAND DELIVERED
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 Kejekes, 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: REVIEW 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: MAKING FRIENDS - BAD SERIES
Author: KRISTEN GUDSNUK ISBN: 978-1-33813922-8

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 MEN/BOYS KISSING
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
I SUGGEST YOU GET THE ENTIRE SERIES OUT OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

THIS VOLUME CURRENTLY AT DOCTOR'S INLET + THUNDERBOLT ELEM.

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]
[Redacted]
2/24/2023

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:

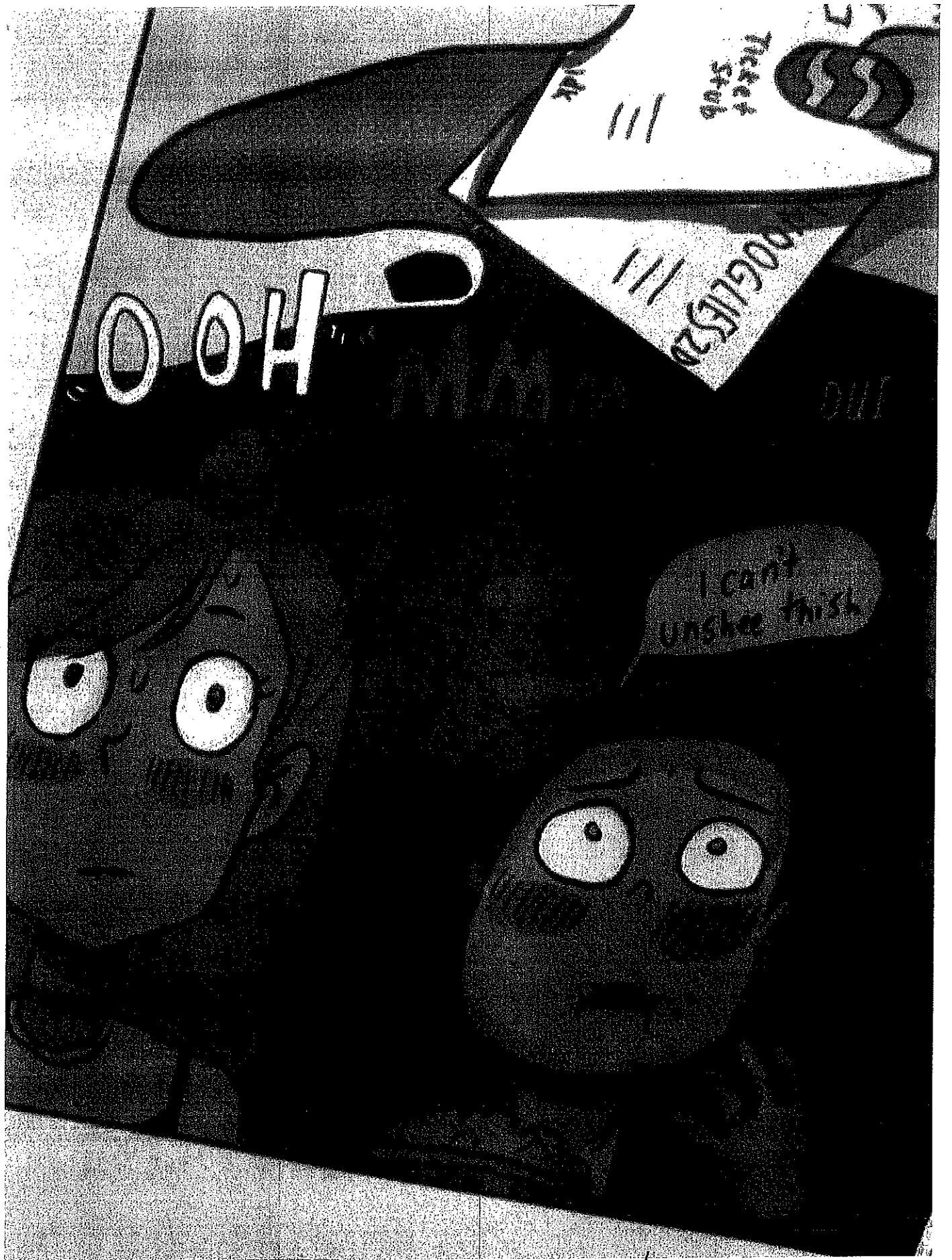
- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 3/8/23 by [Signature]
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 4
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? _____
- Date Committee convened: _____
- Committee: _____
- Outcome: _____
- Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____
- Additional information: _____

1000
1000
1000

MAKING FRIENDS



↳ SCHOLASTIC IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED!



BEHIND THE GIRLS, MEN/BOYS ARE KISSING



HAND DELIVERED
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: RAUCE FRIEDMAN
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: RAUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED] State: FL
School: NO LEFT TURN 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: MAKING FRIENDS BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD
Author: KRISTEN GUDSNOK ISBN: 978-1-33813927-3
& OTHERS

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.

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.
SEE ATTACHED
RUDE CHILDISH BANTER - OK
ANTI-RELIGION - NOT OK
BULBING/BUYING FRIENDS - NOT OK

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: 2/28/2023

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 3/8/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 9

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

DOUBLE THE TROUBLE!

Almost everything is going great for Dany. She and Madison are still best friends, she still has her magic sketchbook, and the new school year is actually looking up. But after Dany creates a duplicate of herself to help with homework and raise her social status, they accidentally unleash supernatural havoc

around town. And with the big school dance coming up, time is running out for Dany and her double to set things right before the night is ruined!



Clay County Public Libraries
1895 Town Center Blvd,
Fleming Island, FL 32003



ISSN 978-1-338-13126-6 \$12.99
1 338 13126 6 \$12.99
ISBN 978-1-338-13126-6



CLAY COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM



50758000395725

KIDS

MAKING FRIENDS

BACK TO THE BOARD DRAWING



SCHOLASTIC

MAKING FRIENDS

BACK TO THE DRAWING

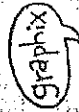
GRAPHIX
GUP

KRISTEN GUDSNUK

MAKING

BACK TO THE DRAWING

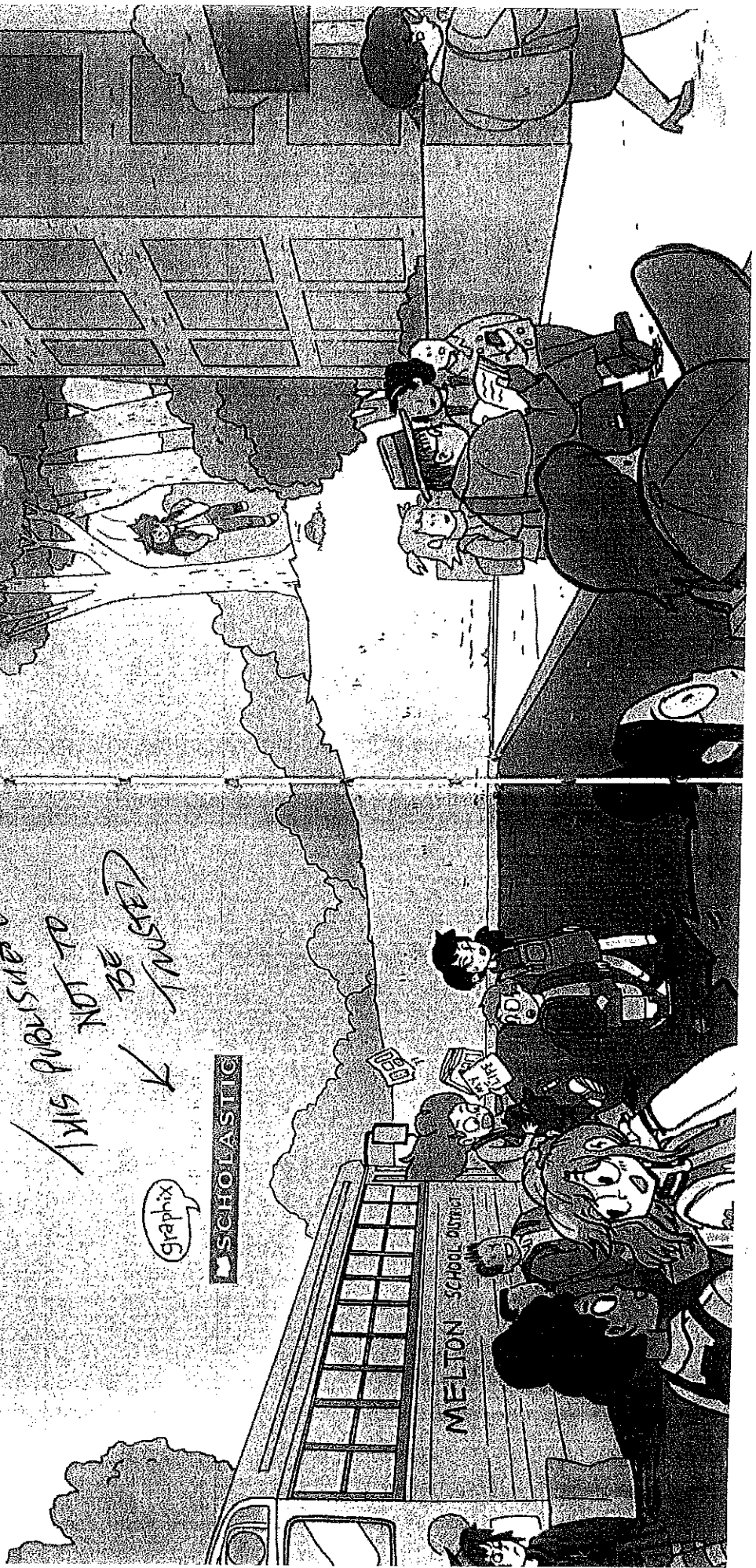
THIS PUBLISHER
NOT TO
BE
TRUSTED

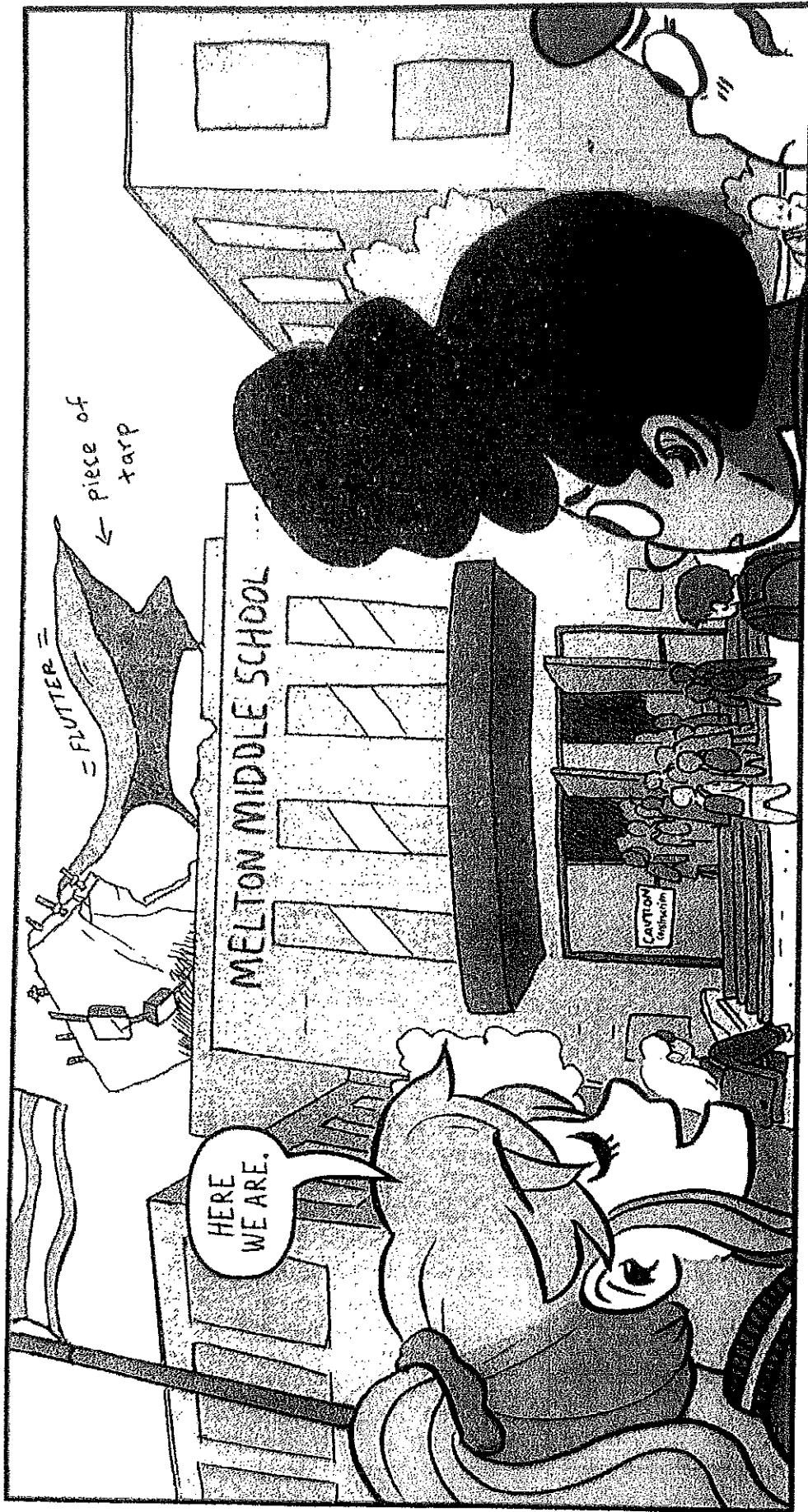


SCHOLASTIC

FRIENDS

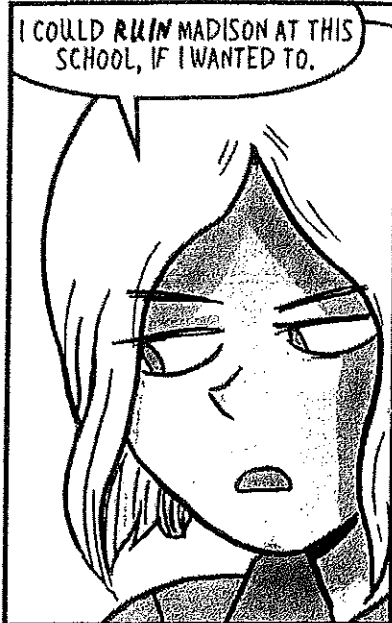
BOARD





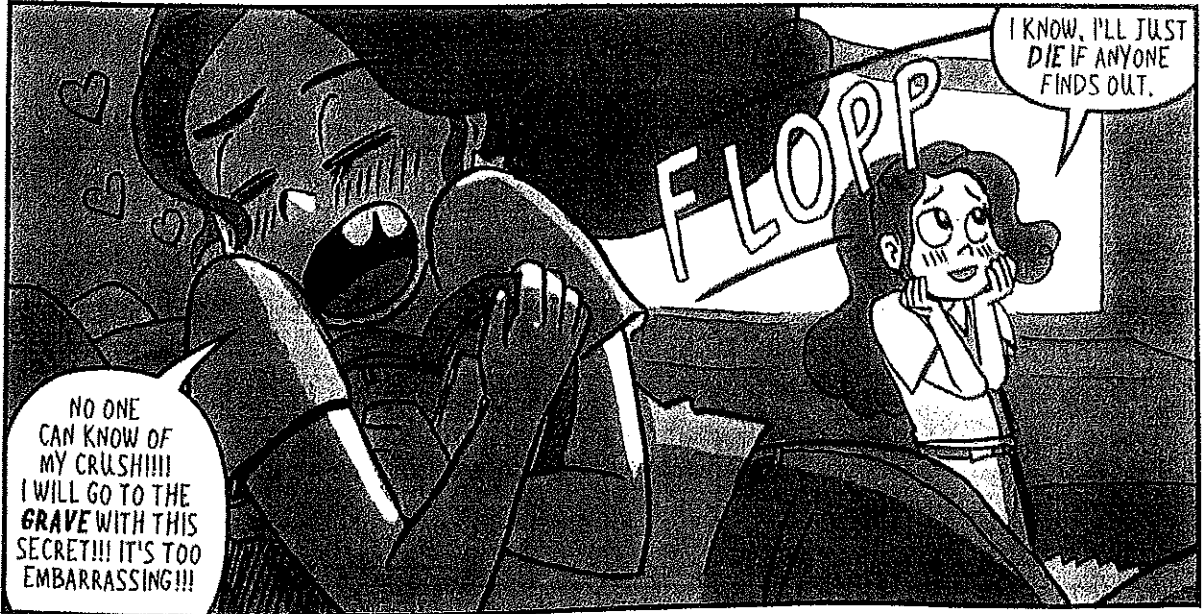
1

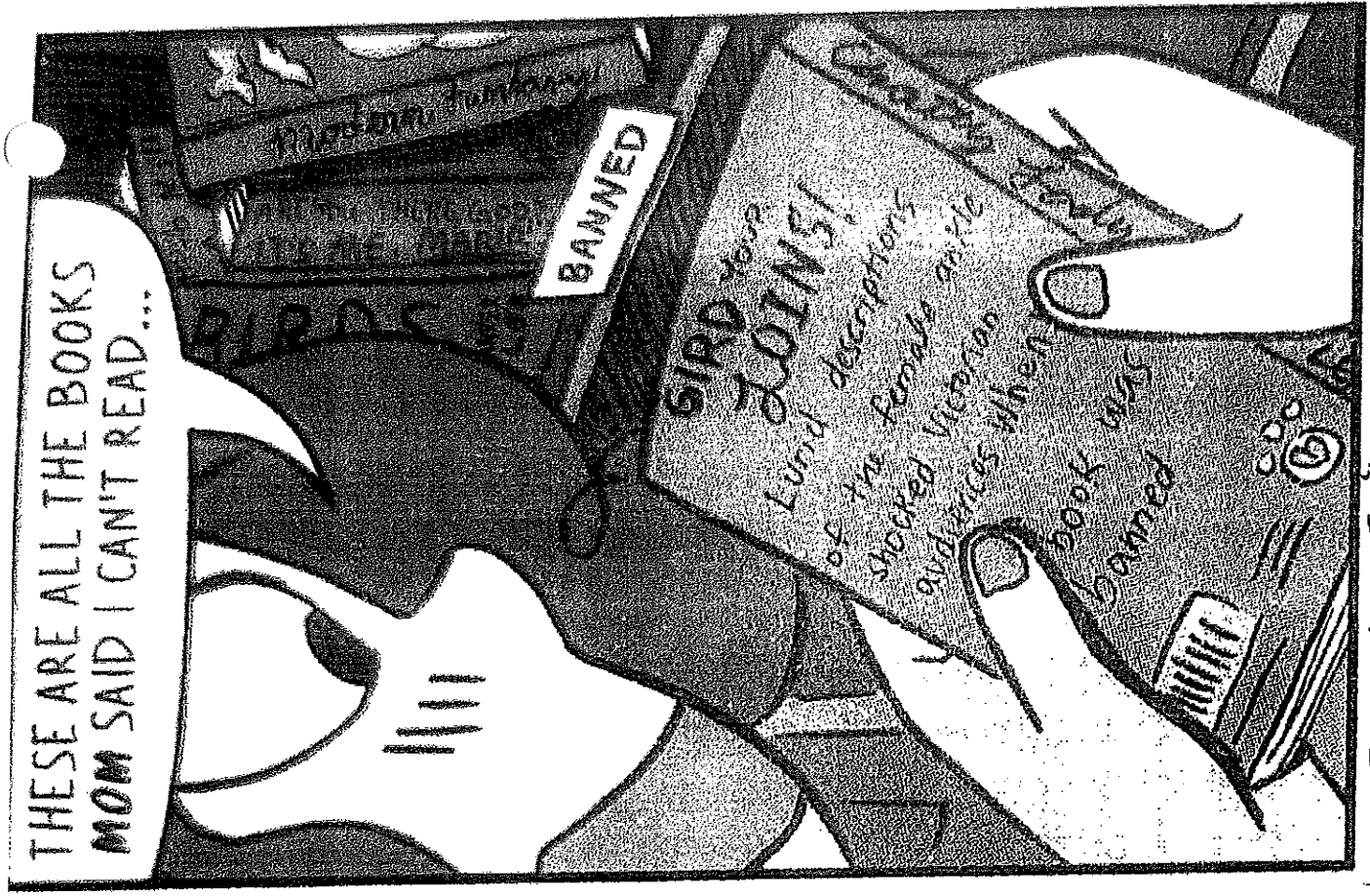
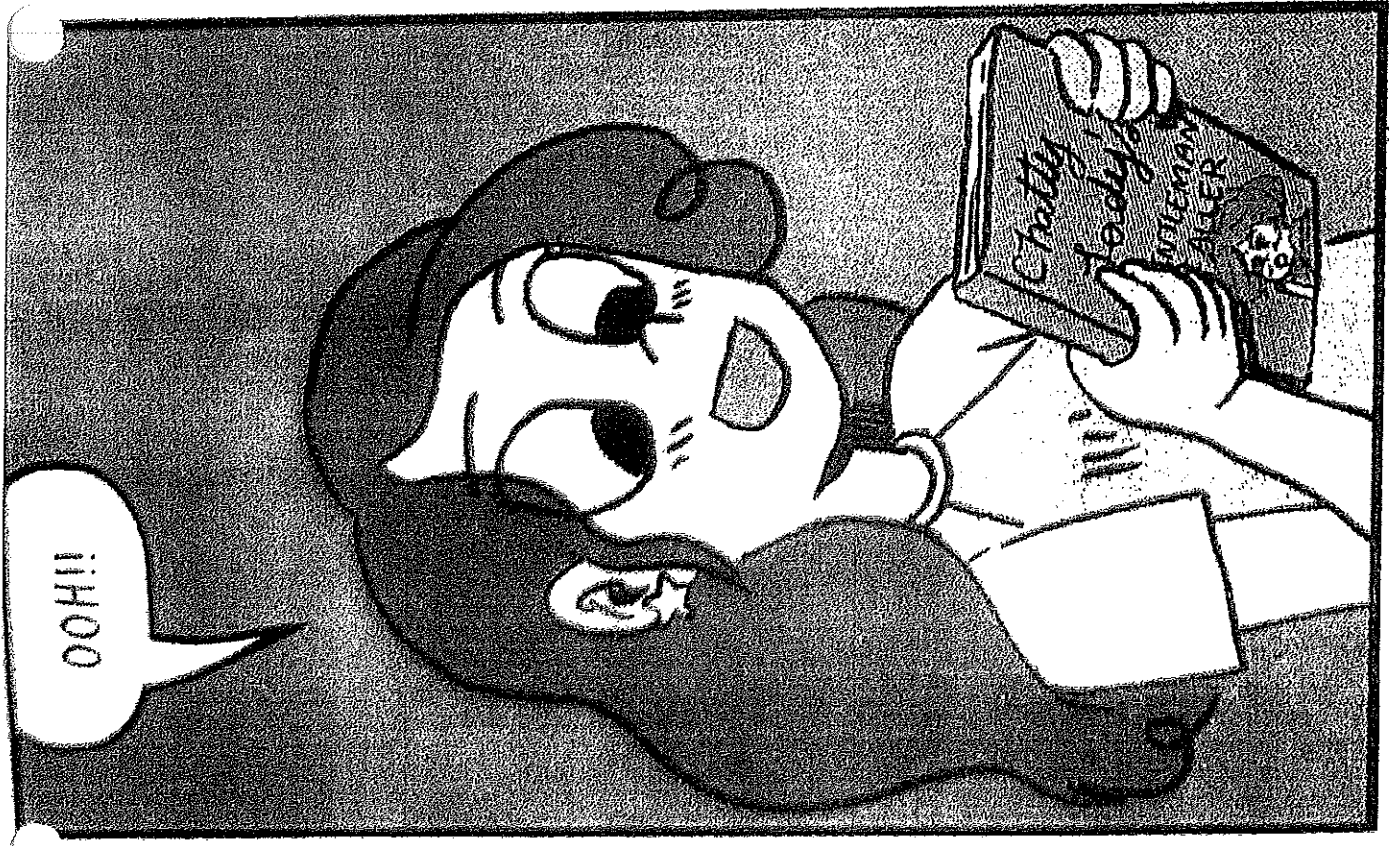
A STORY ABOUT MIDDLE SCHOOL CHILDREN -
MINORS!



TEACH BETTER EXAMPLES TO OUR CHILDREN
EXAMPLE OF
"BUYING FRIENDS"
NOT OKAY

"BANNED BOOKS"

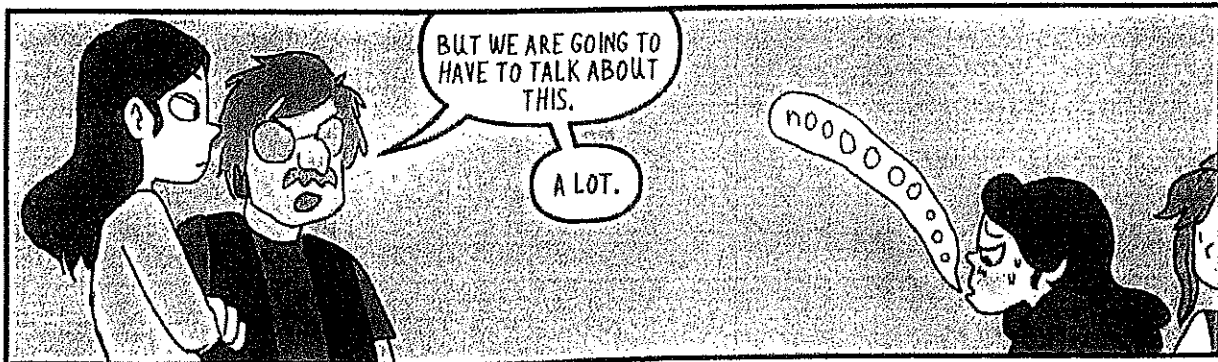
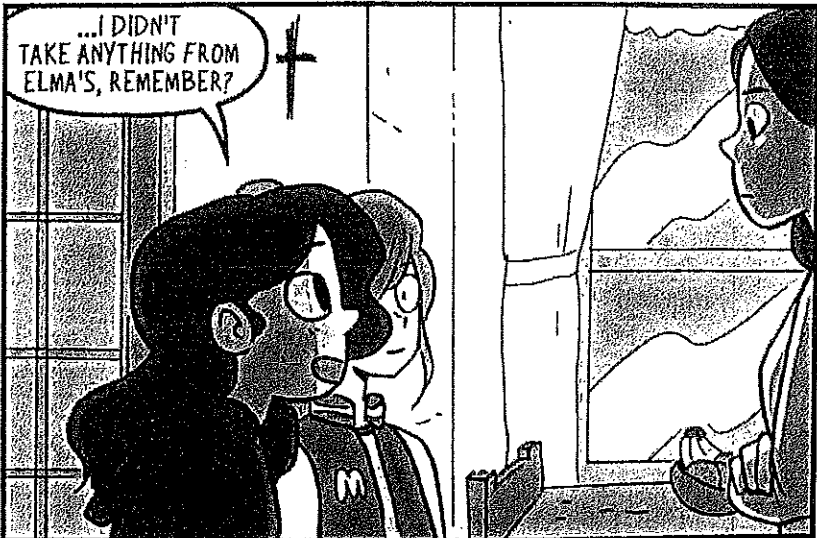
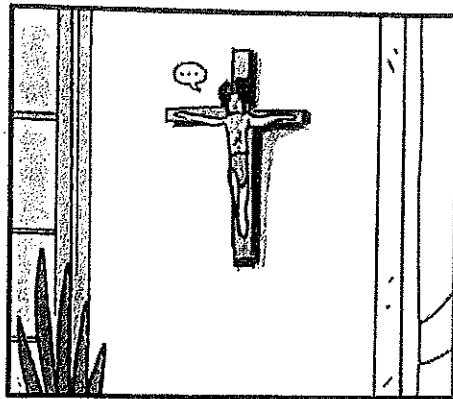
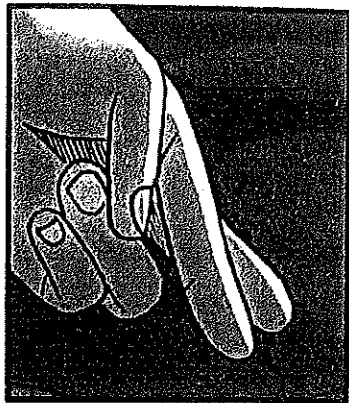
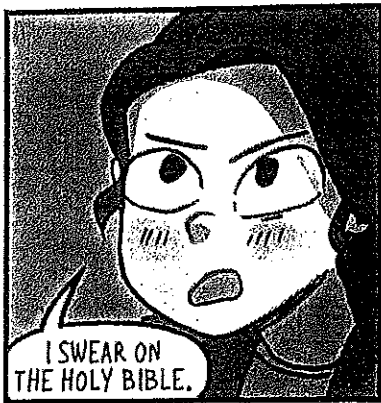
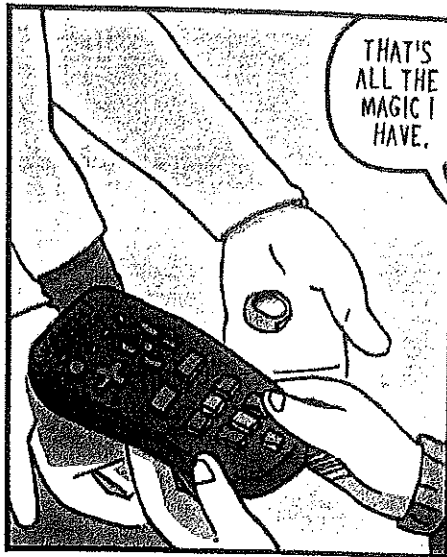




POKING FUN AT "BOOK BANNERS."

How IS THAT WORKING OUT FOR YOU?

SUDHIEU WILLI C





HAND DELIVERED

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 Kejekes, 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]

School: RIDGEVIEW 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: MAKING FRIENDS THIRD TIMES A CHARM

Author: KRISTEN GUDSNUK

ISBN: 978-1-33863080-0

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.

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

SEE ATTACHED
FOUND AT DOORS INLET ELEMENTARY
SHOWS DECAPITATION - GRAPHIC
EQUATES CAPITALISM & PROFIT TO EVIL
* PROFIT 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: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

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

Signature of Complainant: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 2/28/2023

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 3/8/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 9

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

REALITY BITES!



Dany and Madison are living a new reality. Rather than best friends, the pair now believe they are twins—and that isn't the only part of their lives that has been completely rewritten. Their mom is a novelist, their dad is a rock star, and Dany has suddenly become a diligent student.

THINGS AREN'T ADDING UP.



Dany and Madison start sleuthing and discover that someone has drastically altered the universe! Can the pair put things back the way they were, or is this magic beyond their control?

A JUNIOR LIBRARY GUILD GOLD STANDARD SELECTION

Clay County Public Libraries
1895 Town Center Blvd.
Fleming Island, FL 32003



KRIST



MAKING FRIENDS

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM



MAKING FRIENDS

SCHOLASTIC

LIBRARY GUILD

KRISTEN GUDSNUK

MAKING FRIENDS

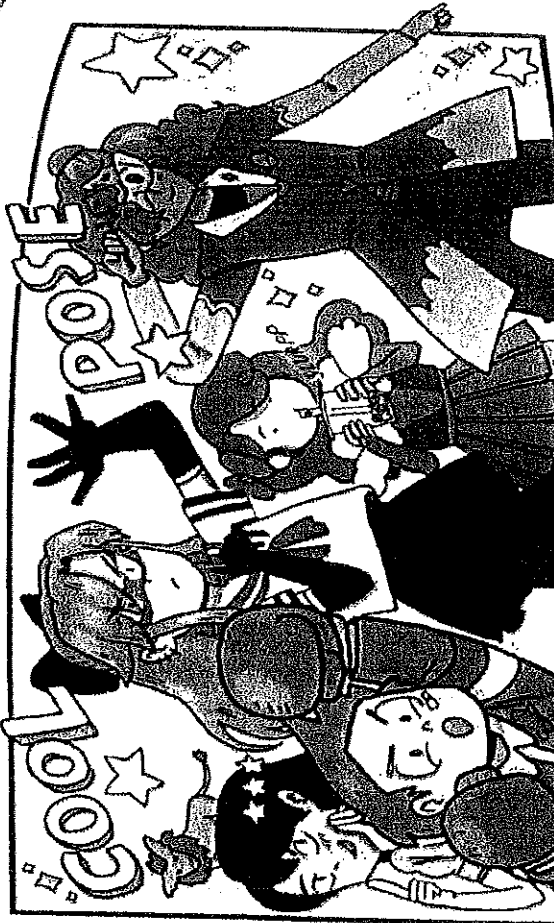
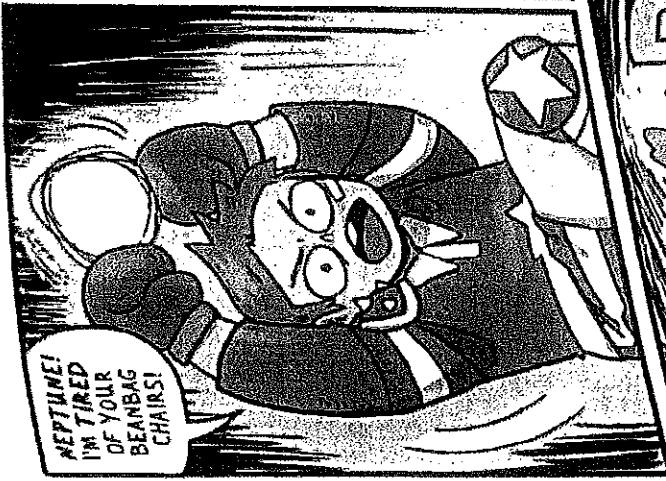
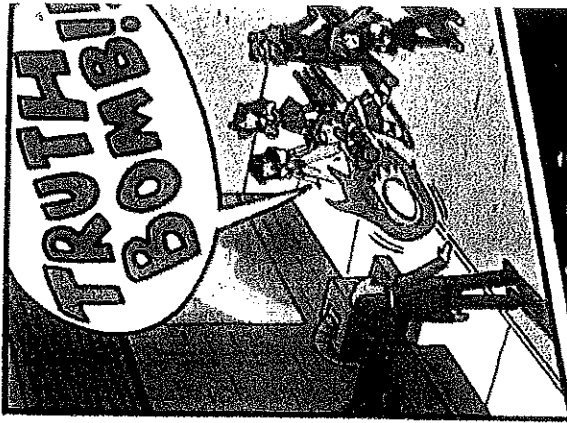
THIRD TIME'S A CHARM

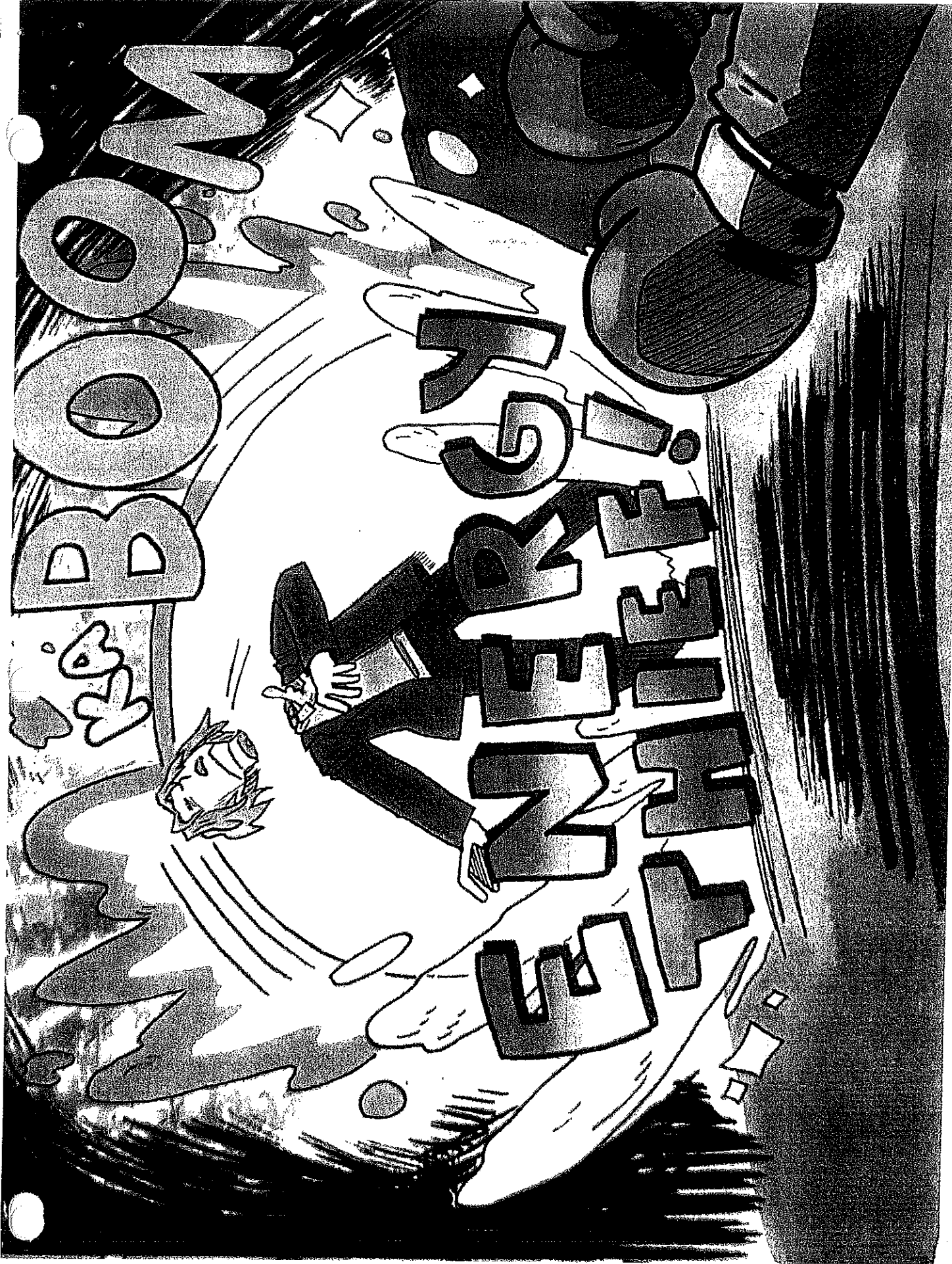
graphix

An Imprint of

SCHOLASTIC

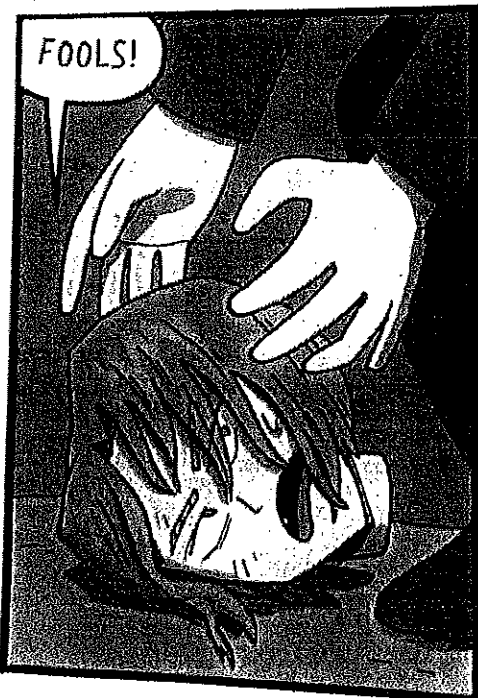
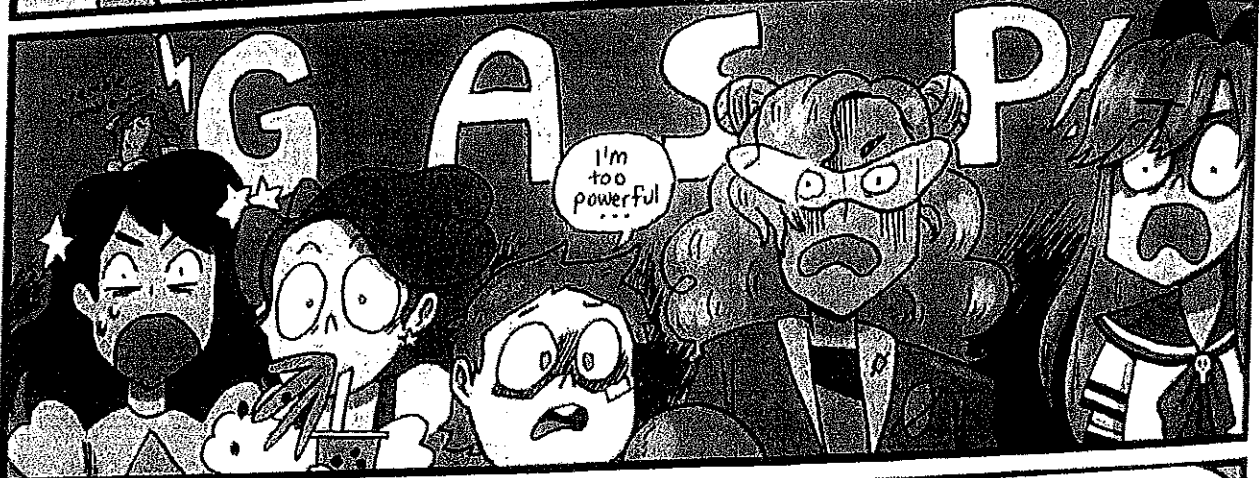
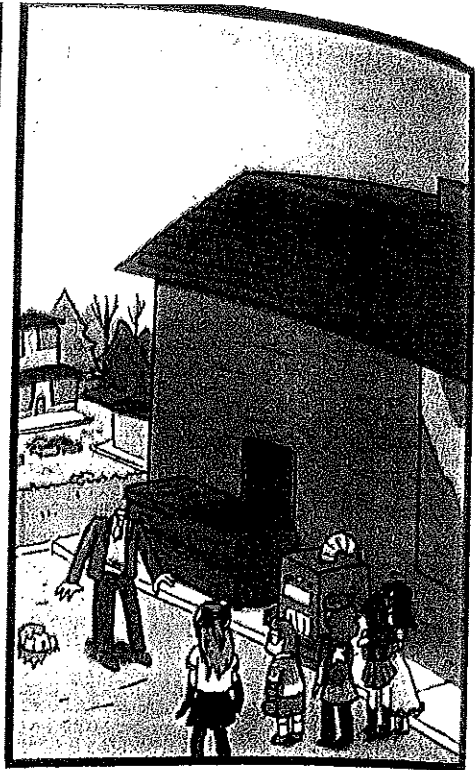
↳ NOT TWISTED!





VERY GRAPHIC DECAPITATION SCANNED WITH U

NOT
OK →



FOOLS!



I'M NOT
STEALING
ENERGY.

EVERYONE PARTAKING OF MY
TRADEMARKED NAP TECHNOLOGY
HAS SIGNED AN ENERGY
EXTRACTION FORM.

I ENCOURAGE
THEM TO READ
THE FINE PRINT.

PRINCE NEPTUNE...

HOW IS MY DAD DOING ALL THAT?

I WANNA BATTLE! NO FAIR!

WHAP!

BZZZZT

PHILIP-- ER, NEPTUNE-- DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S DOING TOO WELL!

fumble

HE'S HOLDING HIS OWN. WHOA!

GOOD LUCK, NEPTUNE. HAH. NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SAYING THAT.

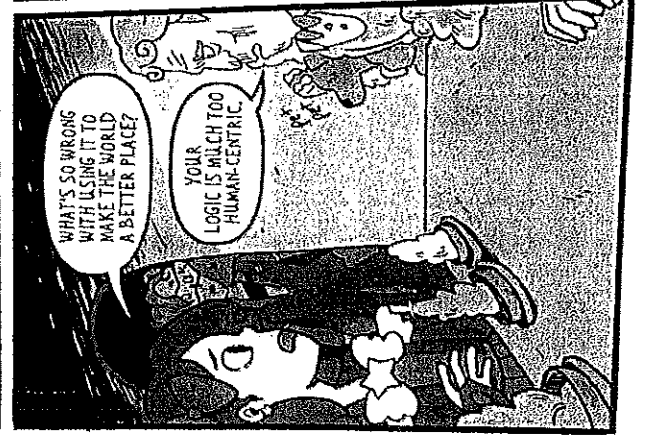
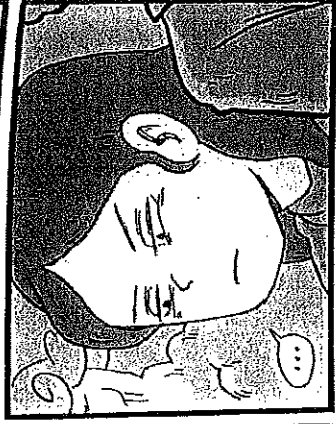
DIE, FOOLS!

WE'RE IN TROMBOLL NOW-- THERE'S THE MALL! I THINK WE'RE SAFE!

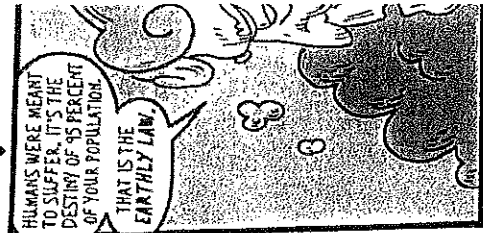
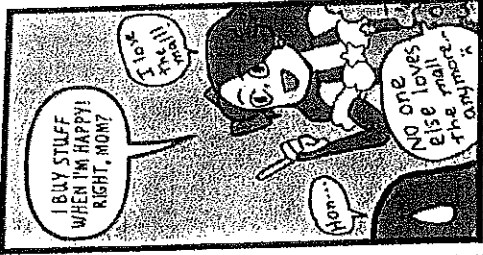
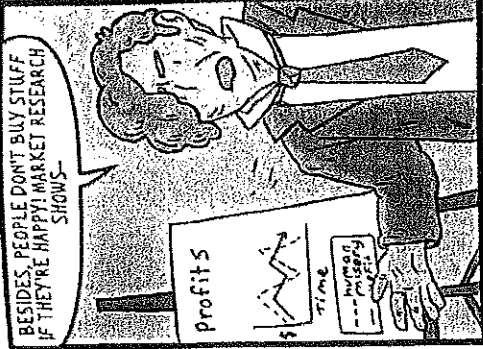
I CAN SMELL THE PRETZELS...

BANTER
OK-LS4 →

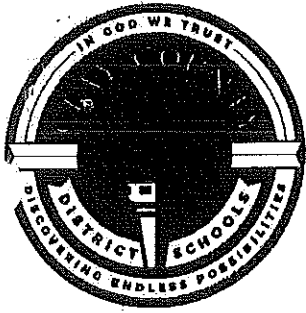
OK
ANTI-CAPITALISM
CACK OK



CACK
OK



CAPITALIST = EVIL - OK - 163



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

Bill @ Home
Feb 1003

BOARD MEMBERS:

- Janice Kerekas, 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: [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: * Marvin Redpost: Is He a girl?
 Author: * Louis Sachar ISBN: *

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]

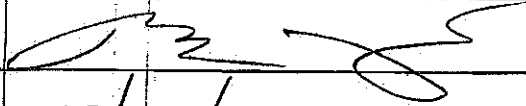
INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT

<u>COMMON CORE</u>	<u>PAGES</u>	<u>All</u>
<u>CSE</u>	<u>---</u>	<u>ATTACHED</u>
<u>SEL</u>	<u>---</u>	
<u>DEL / CRT / ANTI-POLICE</u>	<u>---</u>	
<u>SEXUAL CONTENT</u>	<u>---</u>	

NORMALIZING GENDER DYSMORPHIA IS NOT OKAY

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: N/A

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

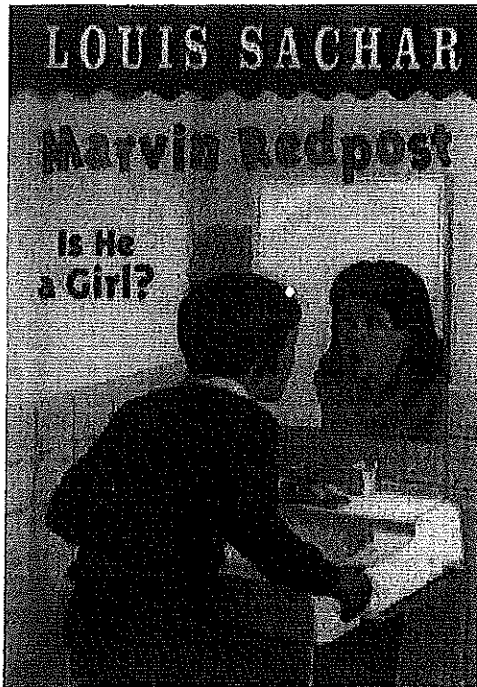
Date: 7/31/2022

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 [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: _____

MARVIN REDPOST: IS HE A GIRL?



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains benign references to switching genders.

Juvenile

By Louis Sachar

ISBN:0-606-05920-2

0-679-91948-7
0-679-91948-1
0-329-03157-6
978-0-679-91948-6
0-7587-6196-1
978-0-679-91948-9
978-0-329-03157-4
978-0-7587-6196-5

Page	Content
10	He liked being a boy. He was glad he was a boy! One thing for sure. He did not want to turn into a girl! At least not forever. Maybe it would be okay for a few minutes. Just to see what it was like.
16	The umpire spoke to Marvin. "I'm sorry young man," he said. "But you can't play. You're out of uniform." "Huh?" said Marvin. He looked down at his clothes. He was wearing a dress. The illustration depicts Marvin wearing a dress as other boys point at him.
17	"No!" Marvin said right away. He couldn't tell his mother that he wore a dress!
18	"It's already started," he said aloud. "I already sound like a girl."
26	"Look at my face," said Marvin. "Do I look like a girl?"
29	"I think I'm turning into a girl," said Marvin.
30	"Your voice sounds funny," said his mother. "Do you feel all right?"
31	No, I don't! he told himself. I don't like bangs. I don't want bangs. I don't want to wear my hair like a girl. He didn't know why he had thought such a thought.
38	"What's wrong with turning into a girl?" asked the voice. "Girls are better than boys. Girls are smarter. Prettier. Braver. Girls can have ponytails. Pigtails. Bangs. Girls can wear sparkles on their clothes." ... "Girls can do somersaults, Marvin. Your four-year-old sister can do a somersault, and you can't." "Girls can hang from the monkey bars upside down by their knees." Marvin had always wished he could do that.
39	"Girls can go into the girl's bathroom," said the voice. "Don't you want to go into the girls' bathroom? And hear all the secrets girls tell in there?"
40	He giggled. It was fun to be a girl!
42	Her ponytail stuck out of the side of her head. Marvin wondered what it would be like to have hair like that. ... "If I had long hair, I think I'd wear pigtails sometimes. Or maybe a french braid." ... "And your voice sounds so funny," said Casey. "What'd you do? Kiss your elbow?"
46	But if I wore a dress to school, everyone would probably think I was weird or something. Maybe not? He wasn't sure. Maybe he should wear a dress to school tomorrow, he thought. See what the other kids think.
47	"Do you think it would be weird if I wore a dress to school?" Marvin asked her.
55	"Clarence wouldn't hit-" Marvin stopped. ... He was going to say, Clarence wouldn't hit a girl.

006_Summary of Marvin Redpost : is he a girl? by Louis Sachar

[violates Parental Rights Act; switching genders is *harmful to minors – see facilities closing, and lawsuits regarding mutilations and sterilizations (both chemical and physical); and comments from persons now “detransitioning.”]

Format p # and content/keyword - my comments follow

P 10 Turning into a girl for a few minutes – okay I’m not horrified yet, just concerned.

P 17 “...couldn’t tell his mother that he wore a dress” – okay, I’m letting it slide.

P 29 “turning into a girl” – Hanging in there!

P 39 ““Girls can go into the girl’s bathroom,” said the voice. “Don’t you want to go into

the girls’ bathroom? And hear all the secrets girls tell in there?”” – that’s it folks! I am done! This book is crap! Who benefits besides doctors that do “transitions”?

p 46 Should he wear a dress – NO!

Seriously, someone in our district was paid to shelf this book. They need retraining, pronto!



District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

Title: Marvin Redpost: Is He a Girl?
Author: Louis Sachar
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?

To me, it's what is different about boys and girls. It is a funny story that focuses on how a boy and girl are different.

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.

Maybe, because it talks about learning lessons on bullying and showing compassion for the outcast.

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.

No discussion.



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.

I didn't see questionable elements, but based on what the complainant said, you can see what they think is questionable, but it is not written in that way.

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

Yes No

Explain your answer in a few sentences.

N/A

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

Yes No

9. Does this work have literary merit?

Yes No Not Applicable (high interest for the intended audience)

10. Could this work be considered offensive in any way due to: NO

<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: This is a dumb story, but not offensive. There are better books to teach the lesson of bullying. If I were a librarian, I probably wouldn't reorder this 30 year old book.

MEETING NOTES: It's almost a slam on femininity, but that is not what the author's intent was. Being The character is just meant to be a kind of quirky person.

Marvin Redpost: Is
He a girl?

12/14/22
11am

Vote/Re commendation

1 - Remove from all

3 - Keep at all levels
(Elementary)

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 12/14/22

Title: Marvin Redpost: Is He a Girl?

Author: Louis Sachar

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: Marvin Redpost: Is He a Girl?

Author: Louis Sachar

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: Is He a Girl?

Author: Louis Sachar

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: Marvin Redpost: Is He a Girl?

Author: Louis Sachar

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 W oneclay.net
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
David S. Broskie

No Copies title
in Destiny
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: [REDACTED] Grade Level: HS Subject: VALUES

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: VALUES

Title: MASKED (ELECTRONIC RESOURCE)
Author: _____ ISBN: _____

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

* HOW WILL YOU STOP INAPPROPRIATE ELECTRONIC RESOURCES?

THIS AWFUL BOOK TRIVIALIZES TRANSCENDENTAL ABOLITIONS

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.

[Redacted Name] [Signature] 1/15/2023

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 12
The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?

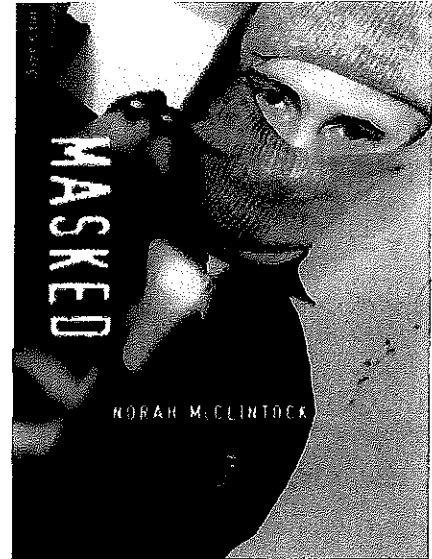
- Date Committee convened:
Committee:

- Outcome:
Notification of Complainant: Date by
Additional information:

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT AVAILABLE AT TEXAS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICTS



Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

Behind me, Leon says, "Liar. It's *my* baby." I'm staring into Corey's eyes, trying to make him see that I'm telling the truth. He has a little-boy face now— full of fear and wonder. At least, I think that's what I'm seeing. "A baby?" he says, as if he can hardly believe what I'm telling him. I nod. "Our baby." "Liar!" Leon says again. "Shut up, dickhead," Corey yells at him. "She's not talking to you. She's talking to me." "Pregnant?" my dad says. "You got yourself pregnant?" "It's mine," Leon says. "Don't be afraid, Rosie. Tell him the truth. Tell him about us." "I told you to shut up," Corey growls.

"Like she would ever touch you." "She did. She and I—" "Shut up, Leon," I say. He's going to ruin everything. "I already told you— it's not yours." "But you said—" "I said it because of him." I nod at my father. "He would have made me get rid of it if there wasn't a father." Even with a mask on, Leon manages to look crushed. His eyes are watery. His mouth droops. I can't help feeling sorry for him. He's a nice guy. Corey's expression is different. His eyes are hard now. So is his mouth. He says, "Why would he think the baby is his, Rosie? I don't believe in immaculate conception, not for you. So what did you do to make him think it's his baby, huh?"

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

But just as I'm about to open the door and go back into the store, I hear her voice loud and clear: "What's up, Dad? I was just about to take a shower, so..." You don't mistake a voice like that—kind of husky, low for a girl, but not old-lady low. Smoky low. Sexy low. There are a lot of guys at school who are crazy about that voice. Rosie's voice. Rosie Mirelli. She's in my history class.

Where's Kim? I'd almost be glad to see her grumpy butt marching around the corral this morning, swearing at random horses and kicking any that looked at her the wrong way. She's a total cow. But I gotta say, she gets stuff done around the barn. If she was here, she'd have dragged Carrie and Laura out of bed by their long sexy hair. She's the only one who'd dare. Now I remember. It's Kim's day off. Damn. No Kim, no Carrie, no Laura. No one else on the schedule. I'll have to round up the horses on my own. All sixty of them.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

Corey is staring at me. I know what he's thinking. He's wondering how much I could have loved him if I went off and got myself pregnant with another guy—worse, with a guy like Leon. He doesn't understand. How could he? I was with Corey forever—the whole year. I loved him. I *love* him. I don't think I could ever love anyone who wasn't Corey. But he fooled around with that other girl, and we got into a fight over it. I was the one who started it, even though I knew Corey well enough that I could have—should have—predicted exactly what he would do. Which turned out to be exactly what he did. He dumped me. He took off up to his uncle's place. He wouldn't return my calls. Two days after he left, I found out I was pregnant. I could have gone to a clinic. They would have helped me. But it's Corey's baby. How could I get rid of Corey's baby?

I let him do it with me—just once. When I finally told him I was pregnant, he assumed the baby was his. I figured my dad wouldn't push me so hard to get rid of it if the guy was still in the picture. I could keep the baby, and then later, when Corey came back—I knew he would eventually—there I'd be, with his baby. He would take me back. We would be a family. But Corey wasn't supposed to find out like this. He wasn't supposed to be hearing about his baby for the first time from Leon. "It's not *our* baby, Leon," I say. "It's *my* baby." I see confusion in Leon's eyes. And Corey's.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

First, I took away my dad's gun, and I didn't let his threats and beatings force me to admit it was me.

Then I called a shelter and arranged to get us all out of there. I don't know what I was going to do with the gun. I told myself I took it to make sure that he didn't decide to use it. But, really, it felt good having it in case he found us after we left the shelter, in case he threatened my mother again, in case he beat her again. I didn't have anything to do with what happened to my dad after that. No- body made him drive drunk. But am I sorry he's gone? No way.

I have no idea whether I'll be able to gather up five dozen horses and herd them in one tidy bunch toward the barn. I'm not a born-and-raised cowhand by any stretch. As far as I know, nobody has ever rounded up on their own. Lucky me. But what else can I do? I can't wait until one of the beautiful drunkards staggers in for her shift. That could be hours. By then there'll be guests lined up along the corral fences, waiting for their trail rides. I've got to do it.

No one's at the barn when I get there. I figured as much. Carrie and Laura downed a whole lot of beer last night. It's not the first time they haven't shown up for their shift. And I'm certain it won't be the last either. They get away with murder, those two. Jerks. If I ever overslept and missed the start of my shift, I'd sure as hell hear about it. But they're the queen bees, so I keep my head down and my mouth shut.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

Well, yeah, maybe. When you spend fourteen hours working and then another five dancing nonstop. But it's so fun! I glance at the clock again. 6:53. I shove my screaming feet into my cowboy boots. I look at them. They're filthy, caked in horseshit after the July rains. I'm not supposed to wear them inside the bunkhouse, but whatever. I can't scrub the crap off either. I've tried. It's all over the bottom of my chaps too. That's a bummer. I spent a lot to have those custom made. That was back when I thought I'd be making \$12.50 an hour.

I push open the screen door leading to the kitchen. Steve, the morning cook, hands me a muffin on my way through. He's nice enough but looks like he just escaped maximum-security prison. Who knows, maybe he did. They're not particularly strict with their hiring practices around here. Steve has so many tattoos it's hard to see any un-inked flesh on his arms. I like him though. He feeds me for free. The other cooks make you punch a meal card if you want so much as a package of saltines. "You look like shit, Jill," he says pleasantly. "Kiss my chaps, kitchen boy," I snarl over my shoulder.

Now I remember. It's Kim's day off. Damn. No Kim, no Carrie, no Laura. No one else on the schedule. I'll have to round up the horses on my own. All sixty of them.

Nope, adventure rides aren't my thing. It's hard enough for me to hang on to my own damn horse, let alone look after someone else's. But I don't say any of this. Maybe this guy will be able to handle himself. Being a wrangler and all.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

Oh god. Please don't let Corey come down here. Don't let him startle the guy in the mask. Open the cash drawer, Daddy. Open it and scoop out the cash. Give it to the guy in the mask. Give him anything he wants. Make him go away. And when he does go, call the cops. Call them and tell them what happened. While you're busy with that, I can go.

"I love you," Leon says. "That's why I'm here." I hear an explosion of laughter. It's Corey. "Right," he says. "Nothing says love better than a gun and a mask." Leon's eyes harden in the eyeholes of the balaclava. His lips twist. "For the love of God," Mr. Mirelli says, disgusted. "You, Leon, put that gun away and get the hell out of my store before I call the cops." I bet he'll call the cops any- way. "And you." His eyes flick to Corey. "Go away. Rosie's not going anywhere with you. She's busy."

Voices, sudden and loud, jolt me out of my dream. Confused, I try to sit up. But I can't. It feels like I've been tied to the bed with a million tiny threads. I force one eye open. Turn my head. The clock radio says 6:44. The voices keep shouting. They're coming from the radio. The same radio I've woken up to for the past thirty- five days, at the same ungodly hour. Except every morning it gets harder.

I leave the rest of the bunkhouse sleeping, closing the door softly behind me. The cold morning air stings my throat as I hobble across the grass to the main lodge. My feet are killing me. Heavy dew darkens my boots. God, it feels like win- ter's coming already. I shiver, wishing I'd dug around to find my gloves.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

A gun.

The guy has a gun. I'm smack in the middle of a real-life armed robbery. The guy in the mask must be on drugs or something. He must be desperate. Why else would he be robbing a convenience store? My uncle's friend isn't paying me enough for this.

Where did it come from? I've never seen a gun in the store before. Is it new? There's been a rash of robberies lately. The cops say it's because of all the drugs in the neighborhood, which is a relatively new thing. My dad has been complaining about it, about all the stickups and how the only thing that ever happens is that insurance rates go up for the storeowners.

And nervous, just like I am when I pull the balaclava down over my head. Nervous? Make that scared to death, because once you enter a store with the intent to commit a robbery, you're on the wrong side of the law. And once you're on the wrong side, anything can happen. For example, the guy behind the cash register could have a gun and he could reach for it, even if you tell him *you* have a gun, even if you wave your gun in his face. Some store owners are like that. They're cowboys. They don't like to be pushed around. Or maybe they've been robbed before— maybe they've been robbed one time too often— and now here you are, and the man behind the cash means to make you pay for all those other robberies. So maybe he shoots. Or maybe he tries to shoot, but you shoot first. In your mind, it's self-defense. In the law's mind, it's assault while committing a robbery. If the guy dies, it's murder. Either way, if they catch you, you're in bigger trouble than you bargained for.

But it's already too late. I read somewhere that the army figured out back in World War II that soldiers who suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder aren't cowards. They used to think they were. They used to put guns in soldiers' hands and tell them to kill, *kill, kill*, and then think there was something wrong with them if they fell apart after they'd obeyed the order. They used to think that real soldiers did what they were told, so if you told them to kill the enemy, they did it, and that was that. It was all okay.

At first I think the guy is a total amateur for leaving the door unlocked. But he's obviously not a complete idiot. Right away he asks if there's anyone else in the store, and he doesn't take Mr. Mirelli's word for it

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

when he answers, "No." He checks it out for himself, waving the gun at us to show us he's not kidding. He keeps the gun on us while he checks the aisles. He still has it on us when he ducks down for an instant. When he straightens up—the gun hasn't wavered so much as a millimeter—he's got Rosie by the arm. Her face is white and her eyes are enormous and fixed on that gun. She's scared. Well, join the club. The guy in the mask shoves her along in front of him. He points the gun at her. "You try anything, and she gets it," he tells Mr. Mirelli. "You understand?" Mr. Mirelli nods vigorously. He's like one of those bobble-head toys you see in the back of cars sometimes. He nods and nods and nods.

The guy in the mask doesn't answer right away. The only thing I can see are his eyes, so I focus in on them. I'm stunned when I see hesitation in them. Mr. Mirelli is offering to empty the cash register for the masked man, and the masked man is standing there holding on to Rosie and looking like he's actually thinking it over—should he go for it or not? I'm totally confused. He came in here with a mask and a gun. He announced it was a stickup. He used that actual word. So what's he thinking about? Then he waves the gun at Mr. Mirelli and me, telling us, okay, yeah, he wants the cash, and he wants us to go on ahead of him. In the instant before Mr. Mirelli turns away from me, I see the relief on his face. I know what he's thinking. He's thinking, If I hand over the cash, the guy will go away. I'm thinking the same thing.

The cops see the gun in his hand and out come their guns. They're yelling at him, "Put the gun down! Put the gun down!" When he stoops and lays it on the ground, one of them grabs it. Then they yell at him to get face down on the floor. Suddenly they're all over him, handcuffing him, reading him his rights, getting him out of the store and into a cop car.

Book Review: Masked by Norah McClintock

PROFANITY APPROXIMATE COUNT (and other sensitive words)

Dick – 1

Sex(y) – 2

Damn – 2

Shit - 2

RED FLAG

Pregnant – 7

Drunk – 2

Beer – 1

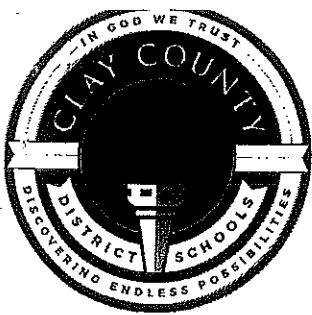
God – 4

Drugs – 2

Gun – 67

CONCLUSION

Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools



CERTIFY ON HAND DELIVERED
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:
ERIN SKIPPER
Janice Korokos, District 1
Mary Bolla District 2
Beth Clark District 3
MICHELE HANSON
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] WV.US
City: [REDACTED]
School: [REDACTED] Grade Level: VARIES Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable: H.S.

- I am the parent of a Clay County District Schools student
- I represent a special interest group named _____
- 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: MEET THE CLASS (MAGIC SCHOOL BUS RIDES AGAIN)
Author: SAMANTHA BROOKE ISBN: 978-1-33820236-6

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. 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!
1 COPY AT PATENSON ELEMENTARY
KEESHA FRANKLIN HAS 2 MOMS — OR MORE?

YOU CAN ONLY BE BORN FROM ONE WOMB —
TRUST THE SCIENCE

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 of Complainant: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 4/11/2023

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 5/7/23 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: 6/7

Committee: OSC

Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information:

The Magic School Bus Rides Again

Meet the Class

Includes
STICKERS!



SCHOLASTIC

NETFLIX
NOW A NETFLIX
ORIGINAL SERIES

Scholastic, Inc. and their book fairs, and Netflix, are not to be trusted!

Keesha Franklin



Likes: Doing it all, taking chances

Dislikes: Blending in

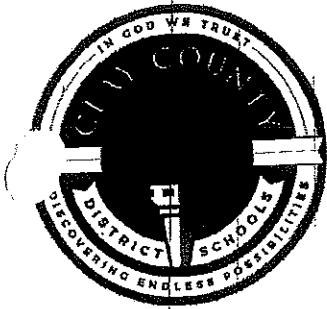
Strengths: Planning, learning

Challenges: Moves too quickly

Quote: "step aside, I've got a plan!"

Keesha is smart and fearless. She has the same can-do, fear-nothing attitude of her moms. She thinks before she acts and always has a plan—though it's not always a good one. As an only child, she's used to being the center of attention and can sometimes be a bit dramatic.

Don't try to squeeze in the "moms" (plural) because you have an agenda. In Florida this is illegal.



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: [REDACTED]
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED]
School: ALDVIEW 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: MIDNIGHT JEWEL
Author: RICHELLE MEAD ISBN: 978-1-59514-843-8

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. MA/BS

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

[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 7

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

"No," Florence admitted. "The Balanquans aren't like that. I hear they have cities and books and laws . . . and other kinds of civilized things. But obviously, not like *our* civilized things. I've only ever seen a couple of Balanquans. They keep to themselves."

"But there is always a need for more people, right?" asked Tamsin, steering us back. "It's all still new. It needs to be built."

"I suppose." Florence seemed uncomfortable at such a serious topic. After several awkward moments, she brightened. "Would you girls like to hear about how amazing Abner is?"

She waxed on about how handsome her husband was, how he catered to her every whim. How he bought her anything she wanted. Being married to a man like him has been more wonderful than I ever dreamed.

"In all ways?" asked Ingrid. "Even in . . . intimate ways?"

Shock and giggles ran around the table. Florence's cheeks turned a dusky pink, which somehow managed to make her look even prettier. "Well, it wouldn't be proper to go into detail, but I will say it's quite lovely most of the time."

"Most of the time?" I asked pointedly.

Florence looked surprised I'd spoken. "Well . . . what I mean is, some days I'm just so tired, but it is a wife's duty. Which I gladly do for him. And as I said—it really can be lovely. And, oh, the sweet things he always says afterward. Pouring out his emotions. Compliment after compliment. Telling me how much he adores me. He's even recited poetry."

I didn't really find "lovely" to be a compelling endorsement, but her words brought more happy sighs from my housemates. It must have struck with Adelaide too, because later that evening, while we were preparing for bed, she remarked, "I don't remember poetry ever being mentioned in our Female Studies book."

Our Female Studies class was meant to prepare a young lady for her wedding night and other matters not discussed in polite company. Adelaide was fascinated by the whole subject. Its textbook was the only one I ever saw her diligently studying.

"That book is nonsense," Tamsin scoffed. "All cut-and-dried. Its whole focus is on making men happy without ever saying how it can be just as good for women."

Adelaide and I exchanged glances behind Tamsin's back. Neither of us was brave enough to ask how she could speak with such confidence on that matter.

Adelaide finished unbraiding her hair. "I don't need poetry. I just want love. Someone I can look at and feel an instant connection to. Someone who's meant for me, and me for him."

With a wistful sigh, she pulled on a robe and disappeared out the door to go to the washroom. "I hope her expectations lower a little by the time we get there," I said. "I don't want to see her hurt when reality sets in."

"Well, aren't you a ray of sunshine." Tamsin ran a brush through her long hair. "Don't write off her happiness just yet."

"I'm not," I protested. "I want her to be happy. But she's such a romantic, and I don't know if that's realistic. I mean, we have two months to accept an offer. Do you really think we're going to fall madly in love with someone in that time?"

"Stranger things have happened. I'd like to." She nodded toward the Female Studies book lying on Adelaide's bed. "I'll make all that business a whole lot better."

"Well, I'm not setting my sights on romance. And don't look at me like that! You've never made any secret about your priorities either. You want the richest, most successful man you can find, and that's what you'll choose, whether love and attraction are involved or not. Me? I don't need the richest. Someone who's established—with a little to splurge—is all I want. That, and respect, of course. Those are my priorities. Maybe he'll be handsome, and maybe I'll like being in bed with him. If not, I'll just deal with it. That's being realistic."

Shock filled Tamsin's brown eyes, and she held the brush in midair, forgotten. "There's realistic and there's depressing, Mira. And that's just . . . I don't even know. Do you hear yourself? You make it sound

"Relax this," he ordered, straightening my leg. "No—you've tensed it more. Relax. Let it drop. Don't try to do anything with it. Don't even hold it up."

I relaxed my leg as best I could and tried not to cry out as the massage continued. I gritted my teeth. "What happened with Sloan?"

"About what I expected." Grant didn't look up. "A lot of grumbling. He—he didn't seem very happy about me being here. I figured he'd end the deal. Tell me to go away and refuse to pay me?"

"No one's getting rid of you. Not after you got such good information. He caught me up on the situation when I got into town. There haven't been many ships coming in yet, but Grant's trip always coincides with when one arrives. This is the first time Sloan's gotten a heads-up before he left. And it's all thanks to you and your brilliance."

"Stop it. You've never been this nice to me. It's unsettling." The and I still couldn't believe he was lying to me. Or was he? Nothing he'd said was untrue. He just wasn't telling me the whole truth. I felt even more rattled when he looked up and smiled at me. He smiled. It even reached his eyes, and it made something in my stomach tighten. I'd never seen Grant so . . . happy. Like a normal, sane person—not some tense, cynic who was always hyper-focused on his work.

"You, Mirabel, have just proven you're worth fifty gold. But do think you'll get a copper more."

"I wouldn't dream of it," I murmured, watching as he turned to his work. "So what do I do now? Go on with life at the Glimmer Court? Get ready to charm and dance with all the men I can manage?" He paused, his hands resting on either side of my calf. I could feel his face so well from this angle, but it looked like that smile had faded a bit. "I suppose so. That's what you're here for. Now the leg now?"

I tentatively pressed against the side of my calf. The knot had entirely released, but it was smaller and softer. The whole muscle had relaxed. Freed from the worst of the pain, I suddenly realized what

scandalous situation I was in. A man at my feet. My skirt biked up. His hands on my leg.

But I wasn't scandalized. Through some unspoken agreement, he and I had never mentioned the time I'd tricked the favor from him. We'd behaved as properly as male and female acquaintances should, only lapsing into informality when our lessons segued into banter or one of us outraged the other. I still studied those sculpted features sometimes, still thought back to when I'd run my hands over his hair and chest. But it was easy to shove any lingering desire when I was focused on my larger goals in Adonia. It was very easy when I no longer saw him every day.

But here he was in front of me now, holding my leg in his hands. His skin felt warm against mine, and every place his fingers had traveled along my body had come to life. And places that hadn't been touched hoped they would be.

Get a grip, I told myself. Turn this off; just like you have before. You have more important things to worry about. Remember when you talked to Tansin? When you made going to bed with a man sound like something you could take or leave with ease? Leave this one.

But when I'd so flippantly told Tansin that, I hadn't been faced with a man who was so frustratingly attractive—and just frustrating in general. A man who was looking at me as though he too had suddenly realized the nature of our current situation.

It hastily released the skirt. His hands dropped almost as quickly.

"Better?" I said. "Still sore, but the regular kind of active sore."

"Good."

An awkward moment seized us, and I wished I knew what he was thinking. He had his inscrutable mask back on. "How . . . how'd you know what to do?" I asked at last.

"Because someone in another life, I was apprenticed to a healer."

"Really? When?"

"With my uncle. But like I said, that was another life." Grant got to his feet and handed me my shoe. "This'll all get better if you stop

and nowhere I wanted to go. Something was coiled up in my chest, something tight and ready to burst.

"I don't need to like you," I said.

His fingers tightened on my wrist, and our mouths met, frantic and greedy. His other hand returned to my waist, and then a last attempt at caution tugged at him.

"Aiana will kill me too," he said. It wasn't clear who he was making the argument to.

"You think I'm a distraction? You've been a bigger distraction. Since the day I saw you on that ship." I barely recognized my own voice. "I don't need to marry you, Grant, but I need to get you out of my system. I need to get this done with so that I can worry about other things."

He held me—us—there, suspended on a razor's edge as he searched my face for some answer. At last, he must have found it, because he said, "There's no way I've been the bigger distraction."

And then his lips were on my neck, my cheek, and then back to my mouth, as hungry and demanding as before. We stumbled away from the door and ended up on the floor again, his body over mine. My hands slid under his shirt, and I didn't even realize I was digging my nails into his back until he gave a small grunt of surprise and pulled away. The weight of his gaze pinned me as much as the rest of him. I recognized the familiar, obsessive look. Only this time, it wasn't that he wanted to unravel.

His hands and lips moved almost everywhere on me, and in the places they didn't, I guided him there myself. I felt drunk, intoxicated both by what he did to me and the effect I had on him. This was Grant stripped of his cynicism and careful calculation. This was Grant unrestrained, his vigilant nature temporarily blinded by instinct.

I fumbled at the buttons of his shirt, and he took over, strung his way out of it. He was much more adept at undoing my buttons, not even needing to look at them as he trailed feather-light kisses along

my neck. When he finished with my buttons, he spread the shirt open, his expression eager and expectant. What he found made him pause.

"Really?" he asked.

The shirt's thin material showed a little more of me than I liked in certain lighting, so tonight I'd taken the time to put on a jump, a flexible quilted corset with no boning but plenty of laces.

Despite my ragged breathing, I managed to ask, "Would it help if I just gave you my knife?"

He shot me a dry look at that and then started in on the laces with his clever fingers, working his way down as easily as he had with the buttons. Each time he freed a cluster of laces, he'd push the jump open a little more and then continue unwrapping me. I trembled at the newness of it all, of hearing myself like this. But that anxiety was fleeting, quashed by an overwhelming eagerness to seize what would happen next.

He'd almost reached the jump's bottom edge, near the waist of my pants, and I ran my hands over his arms, tracing the shape of his muscles. My fingers grazed a spot just below his shoulder where the skin felt rough and uneven. The patch was round, about the size of my fist, and when I lifted my head for a better look, I saw that it was scar deeper and clearly more traumatic than the little ones I'd already noticed scattered over him.

"What is this?" I murmured, as he pulled out the last lace and tossed the jump across the room.

"Nothing." His eyes raked me over. "An old burn."

He brought his lips to a spot just above the center of my breastbone. I exhaled and started to close my eyes . . . but I couldn't shake that scar from my mind. A wave of emotion, oddly compassionate in such a heated moment, swept me. That wound—that burn—had been no rife. *What a thing to endure*, I thought. It hit me in a way I didn't expect, and for a few heartbeats, my world centered on him rather than what I was doing with him.

I slid my hand to his face and lifted it, cupping his cheek as I looked

you were dead. And I couldn't handle it—I mean, I didn't know how I'd—and I just—I felt like I would die too—and I—”

“Easy there,” he said. His nervous body language contradicted the lightness of his tone. He'd gone rigid in my arms and drew back a little. After a moment's thought, he removed my mask and examined my face. His expression became more troubled as he did, the hand on my hip growing tentative.

My own hold tightened. I needed to cling to him, half afraid he might disappear again if I didn't. That fear of losing him had the same effect as when I'd realized how painful the burn on his arm must have been. The same effect as hearing him talk about being a ghost. Something changed in me during those moments of his vulnerability—because he changed too. He stopped being my adversary, my partner in espionage, or even my object of superficial desire. He was just... Grant.

“I'm glad you're okay,” I said softly. “Because I actually do like you. And I think... maybe you like me too.”

He did. I could see it. And I could also see that it terrified him. Keeping his hand there, barely touching me, took more effort than all that fervor on the floor had. Because when you were a man who was resigned to being unfixed to anything, it was easier to tear off the clothes of a transient lover than it was to simply meet the eyes of someone you might care about. And it was beyond comprehension that that person might care back.

“It's fine if you only like me a little,” I added. Despite his unease, a smile began creeping over his face. His grip on me grew stronger, steadier. “Only a little, huh?”

I walked my fingers up his neck and ran them through his hair. “Yes. As little as you want, if it makes you feel better. I don't want you to throw me out again.”

“I've never thrown you out. You stormed out.”

“I won't this time.”

I raised my chin and parted my lips, the invitation clear. He accepted

it. His indecision vanished with that kiss, replaced by an intensity that almost felt desperate. Like maybe he thought he'd lost me too. He lifted me up, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as he carried me to his bedroom. The kissing never broke until we fell onto the bed in a tangle. He rolled me to my back and brought his mouth down again, but I stopped him for a moment, resting my hand against the side of his face so that I could just look at him. I smiled, and he smiled back. And even with my body so spun up and restless, I realized I was just as elated to simply be there *with him* as I was to finally let desire run its course. I let my hand drop, and as we kissed again, I sensed a similar revelation in him.

After that, I stopped worrying about whether I was doing everything right. I stopped caring that I still fumbled with clothing while he removed it with such ease. Despite his own eagerness, he took his time and drew out every action in a way that was both glorious and agonizing. He could read my body's cues, and I learned some of his. I also learned that there was a lot I'd never known about going to bed with someone.

And when it was over, when we lay side by side in blissful exhaustion, I discovered another gap in my sexual knowledge. What did you do afterward?

Grant had his hands behind his head and gazed at the ceiling thoughtfully. I sprawled on my side, half-covered in sheets, as I let myself savor all the different sensations still echoing in my body. I felt lazy and liquid. I felt as though I'd been remade.

I looked over at him and couldn't even imagine what he was thinking. He was Grant, after all. But he was so still just then, so at ease for once, instead of constantly fighting his way against the world. I scooted over and rested my head on his chest, cautious of the purpling welts. He'd have bruises for days. He started a little at my movement, but after several moments, he put his arm around my shoulder.

We stayed in that contented closeness for a few precious minutes, and then, in his way, he abruptly said: “I have three questions for you.”

That should've immediately set off my alarms, but I was still too languid and dazed to give it much thought. "Okay?"

"Your first time?"

"Yes." I hesitated. "Was it obvious?"

"Not right away." His face remained pensive, but there was an appreciative edge to his voice. "You aren't exactly shy about what you want. That threw me off."

A little of my old doubt returned. "Is that a bad thing?"

"No, no, you were fine."

I lifted my head. "Fine?"

He sighed. "You were exquisite. Intense, daring, provocative—more so, because you don't even realize it. You make it hard to be patient. Is that better?"

Delight—mixed with a little bit of self-satisfaction—filled my chest. I wondered if this counted as the sort of "sweet and tender things" Florence had spoken of. For Grant, it was probably akin to reading poetry. "Yes. Is that your second question?"

"You know it isn't." He finally turned his head and looked at me, his expression earnest. "Did I hurt you?"

"No." I said, surprised. "It was . . . I don't know. I'm still reliving it. I don't have the words. It's beyond words."

He looked relieved. "Good. Though I would've settled for 'fine.' And then, because he excelled at the unexpected: "So. What are you doing running around with Tom Short-sleeves?"

I groaned and rolled away, returning to my back. "Come on, Grant. Do we really have to talk about this now? For once, can't we have a nice moment?"

"I thought we just did. A lot of them. And of course we're going to talk about this now. Mirabel, you were running around with some of the city's most dangerous men! You could've gotten yourself killed!"

My body still sang from what we'd done, and I'd never wondered earlier what the odds were tonight of repeating it. Judging from this conversation's trajectory, they weren't good.

"Well, I'm still alive. Don't you have any faith in me?"

"A great deal, which is why, the more I think about it, I should've realized a long time ago who the golden-haired angel that's captivated the city is." He shook his head, expression pained. "When were you going to tell me? Why didn't you already?"

"I don't know. The time never seemed right. Probably because I knew you'd react like this."

He sat up. "Like what? Like being worried about you?"

A glimmer of the old frustration sparked in my chest at his tone. "Like you judging me."

"You should be judging yourself. What happened to your righteous sense of fighting injustice?"

"That's exactly what I'm doing. We give back to the oppressed.

We punish the corrupt. It's what I've always wanted to do, and you know it."

"I didn't know you'd do it by becoming a vigilante. And a comm-mor-thief."

"Tom not!" I jerked upright, wrapping a blanket around me. "I don't take any jobs I don't want to. It's earning me money to help pay off Lonzo's bond. And it connects me with the pirates you thought the traitors might be buying from. I thought you'd like that."

"Tom Short-sleeves steals art and jewelry, not army supplies. Every-one knows that."

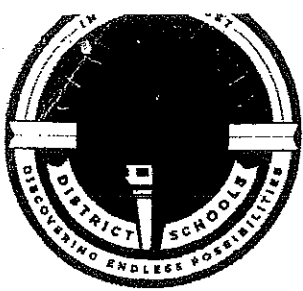
"But Tom knows pirates who do steal for the traitors. Like Sandler. Remember the lead I got you?"

He made no acknowledgment of that. "There are better ways for you to earn money."

"And I'm pursuing them all. Marriage, your case, Tom." I waved my hands impatiently. "One way or another, I'll get Lonzo back."

"Marriage is what you list first?"

"I already told you I'll do anything I can to pay the bond. Going through with marriage might not be my preferred plan, but it's the most reliable."



HAND DELIVERED
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 Kejekes, 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] FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US

Physical Address: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED] Zip: [REDACTED]
Grade Level: [REDACTED] Subject: [REDACTED]

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: MY LIFE AS AN ICE CREAM SANDWICH

Author: IBI ZOBOL

ISBN: 978-0-399-18735-3

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.

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

SEE ATTACHED - ADVENTURES OF A 12-YEAR OLD CHILD

CRT - RACISM

TRIVIALIZES:

- " BUYING STOLEN MERCHANDISE
- " DOPE FIENDS, JUNKIES
- " GRAFFITI, VANDALISM
- " ANTI-POLICE SENTIMENT
- " CREW = GANGS
- " PROSTITUTION - HOOKERS
- " UNCLE RICH MEETS W HOOKERS
- " POLICE STEAL FAMILY CASH
- " DADDY'S NIGHT/FIGHT IN JAIL BROKEN JAW
- " GRANDPA DIES

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]: [Signature] Date: 2/23/2023

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 3/8/23 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: _____

Problem and Author

"OLD FATHER"
WHERE NO ONE
WAS BEFORE.



PRAISE FOR IBI ZOBOI

Without question... an invincible force in storytelling.
—NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR JASON REYNOLDS

"Zoboi urges us to examine the American dream to see if there is
room within it to hold the ones we love." —ECONOMY

... of the next generation. I bow.
—AUTHOR RITA WILLIAMS-GARCIA

Clay County Public Libraries
1895 Town Center Blvd.
Fleming Island, FL 32003

ISBN 978-0-396-18736-3 5 1699
5 7803391187353

IBI ZOBOI MY LIFE AS ICE CREAM SANDWICH

CLAY COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM
50758900123028

MY LIFE AS
ICE CREAM
SANDWICH



JF
ZOB

Scanned with C

up there in that town. You can come back down when Reverend Swaggart is on," she'd say with her hard-candy voice.

"No, thank you, Momma," I'd say as I stomped back up to my room. Hearing about sin in New York City was way more fun than listening to Jimmy Swaggart sing sad songs about Baby Jesus.

I put my glasses back on, tighten my seat belt, and search all around my mind—my "magnation location," as Granddaddy calls it—for a new name for this planet, a funky one with lots of soul, as Granddaddy would insist. Planet No Joke City echoes in my mind as if it was coming straight from Granddaddy himself. Ain't nothing funny about No Joke City!

I let out a deep, ringing laugh just like my granddaddy's. It's not until the stewardess comes over to tell me that we'll be landing in twenty minutes that I start thinking about Daddy and his junkyard in Harlem, and my New York City best friend, Bianca Perez.

Last Tuesday when he called, Daddy sounded happy to have me for a whole week, even though he promised Momma that this time he'd sign me up for a day camp with ballet classes, piano lessons, and math enrichment, as well as making sure that I get to a good church on Sunday. But he'd also secretly promised me that he'd let me play in the junkyard, even if it meant getting in trouble with Momma.

Momma had been eavesdropping on the other phone line. "Julius, you better keep Ebony-Grace away from all those greasy men and little street urchins!"

If Daddy keeps his promise to Momma and signs me up for day camp, I won't see Bianca the whole time I'm there. She'll be stuck in her tiny apartment with no TV helping her grandmother sew dresses for rich ladies. Bianca's definitely gonna need my help, too.

"I'm coming for you, Bianca Pluto!" I say under my breath. Surely, I can use a bigger crew to help on the *Uhrra*, and Bianca Pluto has already proven herself to be a worthy first officer.

When the airplane finally touches down, I squeeze my eyes shut and I'm on the *Uhrra* orbiting Planet No Joke City. I promise myself not to laugh after I beam down or else the aliens will recognize E-Grace Starfleet and take her prisoner. So before the airlock opens, I let out a giggle that becomes a chuckle that turns into an avalanche of big, bright joy. I laugh until I am a bubble floating up into zero gravity.

"Ebony-Grace. We have to exit the plane now. Do you need help with your things?" The stewardess's voice pulls me back down to Earth.

She is not smiling, so I quickly stop laughing.

When I step off the plane and walk through a long, narrow, dimly lit hallway, no one welcomes me, there's no parade for E-Grace Starfleet, the granddaughter of the brave and powerful space hero, Captain Fleet. No cheers, no laughter, no joy.

Ain't nothing funny in No Joke City, all right.

OK-ISM

E-NYC
HARLEM

OK

Momma
DIP
LIVE

back to Harlem from Huntville to start his own business—the auto repair shop and junkyard at the corner. I was only four. A year later, Momma and I visited Daddy for the first time, and for that whole summer, we were like a family again. Until we had to leave because Momma said the schools and streets weren't very good in Harlem.

When I first met Bianca, Momma had been in this same kitchen—making something really good, I'm sure—when a lady holding a little girl's hand rang our doorbell. Daddy was standing in the middle of the living room shaking his head at me when he saw what I had done to the telephone. (He once told me it was the fourth phone he'd rented from Ma Bell since I figured out how to unplug a phone cord and turn a screwdriver.) And that's exactly how Bianca first saw me that day: Phillips screwdriver in my hand, and my legs wrapped in the cord. She pulled away from her abuela to help untangle me.

She stayed for a long while after that and came back the next day. When she brought her baby doll to share, she didn't mind that I took the little eyes out just to see what made them open and close. Soon, Bianca was breaking things and putting them back together again with me, too.

I'm pulling out the ham and cheese to just eat the Wonder Bread when Bianca starts laughing. "Why are you doing that? Abuela would beat your butt for wasting food," she says. "Are you trying to trick me with all that laughing?"

"Huh?"

"The Funkazoids chased E-Grace Starfleet all the way to Planet No Joke City! Did you see the signal the Sonic King sent us?" I say, pulling off the crusts from the bread.

"What signal?"

"The sound waves! The Sonic Boom!"

I watch her face—the brown eyes, the curly jet-black hair, the milk mustache. Her shirt is too tight because she's blossoming, as Momma would say, and I don't like all the striped colors on it—the pinks, blues, and purples. I'll make sure to lend her some of my clothes that I sneaked into my suitcase—my NASA, Superman, and Empire Strikes Back T-shirts. Even the new E.T. one that I got from a boy at my old school. I'd traded it for a Transformers T-shirt. I have to hide all these shirts from Momma, who thinks little ladies ought to dress accordingly.

Bianca just shakes her head as if she doesn't know what I'm talking about.

So I try again. "We're gonna have to stop King Sirius Julius from keeping me as prisoner. You have to help me find the *Uhura* so we can save Captain Fleet."

She shrugs. "You wanna go in the fire hydrant instead? Then we can go dry our clothes in the park. Or maybe we could jump some double-Dutch. When my sneakers are wet and I'm jumping rope, they make a squishy sound and it's like music when we sing 'Jack be nimble, Jack be quick...'"

"No, let's go check out the junkyard instead. Is my old rocket ship still there? The one that made it to the moon? Maybe we can use that to get to the *Uhura*?"

My very first summer in Harlem without Momma was when I was nine. Bianca and I spent almost every single day in the junkyard behind Daddy's shop. I wasn't allowed to go anywhere out of Daddy's sight. But Daddy's sight was always under the hood of a car or on some rusty car parts.

On one of those days, I sat by the window of Daddy's brownstone all morning waiting for a giant storm cloud to ease up from New Jersey and Central Park and sit its wide, cloudy butt right over Harlem. When it finally crossed 125th

puer
DK

course. He's almost like Granddaddy because he can go into his imagination location with no problem. He's all right by me. The only thing is, he never sticks around to hear about the *Uhura* and Captain Fleet and the evil Sonic King.

"Those kids are all strange, Uncle Richard," I say.

He laughs. "Oh, you're just a little bit country—and a whole lot of strange, too—EG," he says. "And call me Uncle Rich, you hear? Emphasis on the Rich. Words have power coming out of the mouths of children, ain't that right? They have the ability to *manifest*." He spreads his hands out across the front of his face as if he were making the word *manifest* magically appear out of nowhere.

And I see it, too. *Manifest*. It glitters and chimes like it's written with gold and silver and a million tiny bells.

"Manifest," I whisper.

"That's right." Uncle Rich says as he strides over to the TV set and turns it on. "What you wanna watch?"

"*Star Trek!*" I shout. "You got a VCR, Uncle Rich?"

"*Star Trek?*" He turns back to me and looks at me all funny.

"Oh, I forgot. You're extra-galactic. I think we just missed *Kung Fu* on Channel 5. You ever seen *Five Deadly Venoms?*" Uncle Rich stands back and poses like Bruce Lee and says, "Ha-yai!"

"I don't like *Kung Fu*, Uncle Rich. It's too violent!" I say.

"And *Star Trek* ain't? With all those laser guns going off?"

"Phasers!" I make my hand like a phaser and point it at the top TV, hoping to vaporize it and in its place will be a new VCR. "Pew! Pew!"

Uncle Richard laughs. "You need to stop watching so much TV, little girl. Ain't no VCR in this house. But if you really want one, you could ask your daddy. And he could ask Lester to do him a solid. He's gonna need some cold hard cash for a hot VCR, but if he loves you and wants to keep you here with him..."

BUYING STOLEN

38

MEUCRANDEE

"Keep me here with him?" I ask, looking at him sideways. He walks up the stairs without answering me.

I can't watch the *Star Trek: The Motion Picture—Special Longer Version* videotape that's in the makeup case, so I sink into the couch and tolerate the news, which Momma doesn't let me watch back home. After a few minutes of an anchorman named *Sue Simmons* (who looks very much like Momma) reporting on all the very bad, terrible, and awful things happening to the good people of *No Joke City*, Granddaddy's job's logo comes up in a little square next to Sue Simmons's head.

"NASA!" I whisper-yell. I move closer to the TV—almost kissing the screen, as Momma would say—and listen very carefully to Sue Simmons talk about Granddaddy's job.

The National Aeronautics and Space

Administration announces some of its mission

specialists for both the 1985 and 1986 space

shuttle crews. The flights are mission 51-D

scheduled for launch in February 1985 and

61-D, forecasted for January 1986.

Images of the space center pop up on the screen and I step back to get a good look at Granddaddy whenever he shows up. But that news is not coming out of the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville. The astronauts and rocket-ship people on the screen are all from the John F. Kennedy Space Center in Florida. The other space center, as Granddaddy would say, while rolling his eyes.

Mission 51-D is to be the twenty-first space

shuttle operation on the ninth flight of the

orbiter Challenger. While mission 61-D will be

the fourth SpaceLab flight and will focus on

Mamma gives any and everybody permission to pop me one time if I get out of line.

"Ebony, sweetheart." Señora Luz says with her singsong voice like molasses. "Come inside for service. You can stay with Bianca for Sunday school."

Bianca is not looking in my direction. She's slipping from me. I have to save her! I can't lose this battle.

I walk over to Bianca, grab her hand, and walk right into the church with her—she in her fancy dress and me in my Superman short set.

IS THAT RACIST?

CHAPTER 12

The Holy Redeemer Church is not really a church. It's a hallway. Chairs are lined up against the walls in rows of four on each side. A long, narrow walkway leads to the pulpit where there's an organ, a drum set, a box of tambourines, a pile of spare bibles, and six grown-ups in black graduation gowns—the choir.

Bianca pulls her hand from mine. She walks ahead of me and I follow her through the hallway church, past the pulpit, and through a secret door that opens up to a portal—a steep staircase leading down to a musty basement.

I knew the Holy Redeemer wasn't a real church. It's the command center for the No Joke City rebel alliance! Who knew that Bianca was plotting along with the nefarious minions to overthrow the king? Maybe she even obtained a complete tactical readout of his battle station!

"Wow!" I whisper as we reach the very bottom of the steps. The ceiling is so low that I can reach up and touch it with my fingertips. I have to duck to dodge the swinging lightbulbs.

We're in an even narrower hallway and a few doors line the walls. Laughter pours out of one of the rooms whose door is left open. I'm careful not to smile just yet. I have to know who exactly is leading this rebellion. I have to understand the terms of this impending war.

KIND WITH
GOOD IMAGINATION -OK

Some call out, "Is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's Superman!"
Another one yells, "It's Jesse Owens's love child!"
I zoom past a grandpa who says, "Look at Wilma Rudolph
straight outta the Rome Olympics!"

"No way, it's Flo-Jo on her way to LA," says the teenage
walking beside him.

But I am not running down the streets of Harlem, I am
flying way up high over it, with the clouds.

NOT NICE,
BANTER, OK

CHAPTER 13

"Ebony-Grace, you can't just run around Harlem like you
know the place. You're a spring chicken, baby girl—only
twelve. You don't know these streets like the other kids yet.
These kids—what your momma calls 'little street urchins'—
have seen more hard life than any grown folk down in
Alabama. I bet if a dope fiend asks for five dollars, you'll give it
to him. If that same dope fiend asks you to use our bathroom,
you'll let him in. You don't need to know about that kinda life,
baby girl. But you don't need to be up in them clouds, either.
There's a difference between knowin' and havin'."

(HERMAN)
DOPPE
FIEND

"What's a dope fiend, Daddy?" I ask, when King Sirus
Juhus finally stops his lecture to take a breath.

GOOD
QUESTION

"Proves my point, Broomstick," he continues. "Don't give
Lester five dollars if he ever asks for it. And never, ever let him
into the house."

GOOD
LESSON

I shrug because I don't have any problems with Lester,
other than the fact that he smells funny.

HE'S A
JUNKIE

I'm sitting on the creaky hardwood floors of my bedroom
with my arms crossed and my legs stretched out in front of
me. A stack of ten comic books sits next to my bare feet. I've
already read them twice, even while a low-level Sonic Boom
invades King Sirus Juhus's hair and music pumps through-
out every corner of the brownstone.

MY LIFE AS AN ICE CREAM SANDWICH

181 ZOBOL

FF 171

~~GRAFFITI~~

POLICE

AGGRESSIONS

VANDALISM

ANTI POLICE

SENTIMENT

CREW = GANG

DID HE
B31ST
ADD3ST
NOT
RESOLVED
= CRT

Bianca gasps, too. "Do you see that?"
"Who's Michael Stewart?" I call out, and Daddy puts his finger over his lips and shushes me.

"That's the A train going back to Harlem," Bianca says.

"Mike Stewart was tagging the L train when the police got him."

"Bianca!" Daddy whisper-yells, puts his finger over his lips again, and shakes his head.
"Police? Tag?" I ask and uncover my ears and look around for the kind of tags that comes with all the new clothes Momma likes to buy from JCPenney. And there weren't any police around on this train, either.

"The police killed Michael Stewart 'cause he was tagging trains," Bianca whispers.
"Why was he running after trains?" I figured it out. He was chasing a train, like a game of freeze tag.
Bianca looks at me funny, and I turn away. I said the wrong thing.

"No, not like the game," she says. "Like graffiti."
I glance at her and wait for more.
"Tagging is when you put your name or your crew's name on a train or on a wall for everybody to see. But mean ol' Mayor Koch wants the police to arrest anybody caught tagging. Michael Stewart was caught on the L train, and they beat him up, then he died."

Bianca's words sit heavy in my mind. I remember hearing this story on the news down in Huntsville and Momma had said, "I hope your daddy's not up there spray painting on cars. They could do it on trains, next thing you know, they'll be all over cars, too."

I ask Bianca, "Did . . . King Stirus, I mean, my daddy know him? Michael Stewart?"

"Maybe. Mr. Julius knows everybody. Maybe he'll take us to those art places downtown. If you could tag a train, what would you put on it?"
"What do you mean by 'tag'?" I ask, still thinking about the game. I imagine myself chasing a train through the subway. I'd get tired real quick. I can't even run a relay without my glasses flying off my face and my heart feeling like it's gonna leap out of my chest.

"Graffiti. Those bright words on the train. What would you put? I would tag my Nine-F Crew name, Butter Pecan. And draw a giant ice cream cone with little pecans all over and a bright yellow square on top. That'll be the butter." She motions her hand in the air as if she were drawing something with an invisible paintbrush, but she makes a shushing sound. "You should put Ice Cream Sandwich and draw one, too."

"No, I'd put . . . Cadet E-Grace Starfleet, and draw a spaceship called the *Uhuura*." I do as she does, pretending to paint my name into the train's cool air.
"That would be funky fresh," Bianca says with a wide smile. "And then you'd make it look like outer space with stars and planets. I don't think I ever seen that kinda tag. All I see is cartoons. But yours would be so fly! And then, you could do it in secret and all the guys wouldn't know that it's girls doing all those tags."

I stare at Bianca wide-eyed. "Can we really do that? Tag a train?"
"I don't wanna do graffiti. I wanna break-dance and I wanna rap. I wanna be the best B-girl MC in Harlem. No. In the entire city. That way, I can be in movies like the Rock Steady Crew and be famous. Watch, I'm gonna beat Calvin in that contest."

MY LIFE AS AN ICE CREAM SANDWICH

"Admiral Morrow looks like you, Daddy. And he's sommander of Starfleet." I lean over to whisper into his ear again, like I am. "His mustache is thick like yours. You can't even see his lips move."

He shushes me just as Spock—after being dead, born again as a baby, a boy, then an old man—finally recognizes Admiral Kirk, and reminds him that they're still friends, even though he can't remember anything about all their missions together. Just like Bianca. I glance over at her as she sits out her face all screwed up, not even looking up at the screen. She's picking at the bottom of the popcorn bag and spilling out the kernels against the back of the seat in front of her. It's as if I'm between Admiral Morrow, who didn't even want Captain Kirk to return to the Genesis Planet, and Spock, the half human—half Vulcan, who can't remember anything about the spaceship or the friendship.

Then I remember the Genesis Device was first created in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. [I've watched it dozens of times on Granddaddy's Belamax machines.] The Genesis Device can make anything dead, anything broken, come back to life again. It can make everything old new again. Like Spock dying, coming back to life, and growing up to be himself again on the Genesis Planet.

"Can the Genesis Device help the starving children in Ethiopia?" I'd asked Granddaddy the last time we watched *Star Trek II*. Earlier that evening, Momma yelled at me for not finishing my meal loaf. She'd said there are starving children in Africa, and I believed her because the white lady with big blond hair was always talking about sponsoring poor children in Third World countries on her commercials.

Granddaddy only chuckled and patted my head.

IN A JOKER

Maybe everything here in No Joke City—and everything down in Huntsville, too—can be born again.

"I must have your thoughts. May I join your mind?" Bianca asks as we walk out of the movie theater with Daddy. "I know where you got that from, Ebony-Grace." Bianca says, yawning. "Spock's father wanted to find him through says, yawning. I'm not Captain Kirk and you're not Captain Kirk's brain. I'm not."

Spock. And you can't mind meld." She says this while rolling her eyes and followed her into thing about No Joke City never left her and followed her into that movie theater, even as she watched all of outer space stretch out in front of her and she could just touch it with her index finger.

When I'm watching movies on the VCR with Granddaddy, everything about Huntsville, Alabama, and the sixth grade and my little house on Olde Stone Road, and even my being Momma's only child melts away like ice cubes in sweet tea in July. The screen pulls me in, and I forget about everything and everyone around me. Except for Granddaddy. But Granddaddy wasn't with me this time, and I was left with King Status Julius and Butter Pecan Bianca. More like bitter pecan with her face all screwed up like that.

"Hey, daddy!" a woman says with a syrupy sweet voice as we walk down 42nd Street. "Those your little girls?" She's super tall with even taller high heels, a short sparkling skirt, and enough makeup to make her look like Bozo the Clown. Daddy takes both our hands and speeds up toward the train station.

"Why don't you come over and tuck me in after you take them home, daddy?" the woman says.

"No thanks, ma'am" is all Daddy says. Bianca giggles. I only look back at the tall woman who

CHILD INTERACTS WITH PROSTITUTES

Hooker's

smiles, winks, and waves at me as we walk away. Then I say, "Lady, he's my daddy!"

The lady laughs. "Ain't nobody trying to take your daddy from you, little girl. I just know he gotta whole lot more to spread around, that's all, sugar."

"No he don't!" I say, but the lady is too far away now to hear me.

Daddy is looking over at me when he says, "Rule number one for walking out here in these streets, Broomhilda, you don't have to argue with crazy. And there's a whole lotta crazy out here, and before you know it, you'll be one of them, Ah! that right, Bianca?"

REFERENCE
TO
AGONY

"That's right, Mr. Freeman," Bianca says. "Or all that crazy will snatch you up and put you in the back of a van." "Is Uncle Rich crazy, Daddy?" I ask. "Cause that lady looked like one of his lady friends he brought over to the house today."

UNCLE
RICH
MISTAKES
IN

"Is that right?" Daddy slows down. "But don't let me hear you tattle-telling one more time. You can't be putting your uncle's business out in the streets like that."

HOOKER'S
GENUVINES

I didn't mean to, really, I'm just tired of Daddy and everybody else calling other people crazy 'cause that's exactly what they say about me—crazy. My stories about the *Ufmu* and Planet Boom Box—crazy. How I want to be the very first kid in outer space—crazy. So, crazy Uncle Rich and that crazy winking lady are perfectly fine. Nobody told Gene Roddenberry that he was crazy when he wanted to make a TV show about people in outer space, on a spaceship, and visiting other planets and aliens. And nobody told Michelle Nicolson that it was crazy to play a black lady on a spaceship in the far future.

I look up and out at everything in this crazy city—all the

Hooker's

neon lights, the people sleeping on the sidewalk, the man wearing a dirty business suit and dancing by himself, the boy carrying a giant radio on his shoulder, and even all the fancy ladies who smile too much and talk to every single man who passes them. There isn't a single tree or shrub or blade of grass pushing its way out of slabs of concrete on the ground. The only thing alive here is all that electricity—blinking lights, zooming cars, and dancing ladies in sparkling dresses. And it's all crazy. Ain't nothing funny about No Joke City, all right. I'm starting to like it here.

I smile a little because there are no nefarious intentions around to see me. Except for Bianca. But she's not smiling. She's not looking up. She looks down as if trying to not step on any sidewalk cracks. The cracks here are wide, as if they're fault lines in the earth. The concrete crumbles around them as if the Sonic Boom itself had made all of Times Square rumble and jumble. So we're astronauts again, avoiding giant moon craters.

I take her hand when we're about to cross the street. "You think something like that would work here?" she asks quietly. "The Genesis Device?"

My heart lights up. My soul glows. I smile big and bright. "You were watching after all!" I squeal. "Well, I couldn't help it," she says. "It was right there in my face."

When we reach the other corner and start to head down into the belly of the Atomic Sonic Boom again, I say, "I definitely think the Genesis Device can work here."

sheriff's car. Or both. It gets closer and everyone starts scurrying away back to their sloops and windows as if nothing had just happened.

"Five-oh!" somebody yells.

Daddy stands over Uncle Richard, breathing hard, wiping his sweaty forehead and bloody mouth with the back of his hand.

So I run to him.

He pushes me away without saying a word.

Before I run back again—because maybe he doesn't know it's me, maybe he's too angry to even notice—two sheriffs rush to him to grab both his arms and put them behind his back.

By this time, no words fall out of my mouth. And without thinking, I dig into my shorts pocket and grab whatever's left of the money. I hold it up so those sheriffs can see that it's okay, that Daddy shouldn't go to jail, that neither he nor Uncle Richard did anything wrong.

"I took the money, Daddy!" I yell out, and then the rest comes pouring out with it: "I just wanted to make things right. For Bianca and her friends—my friends. I didn't mean to lie. Take me prisoner instead. Please!"

FORGIBLY NAIVE 12-YEAR-OLD

HAS STOLEN & SWAMEN

*FAMILY MONEY
CAUSED A FIGHT
THE RESULT - THEN FATHERS
ARRESTS*

CHAPTER 35

I see fights in movies and on TV all the time. Kirk is always kicking somebody's butt. Mr. Spock can do his Vulcan nerve pinch. And there's sometimes a phaser or a lightsaber. But someone's always the bad guy. Two good people could never get into a fight. Somebody's gotta win.

The only real live fight I've ever seen was between Mrs. Turner and some other church lady from another part of town. I didn't really know what they were fighting about, but it was at a church picnic and they knocked down a pan of cornbread. That fight was funny.

But Daddy and Uncle Richard's fight was not. Everybody on the block was talking about it for days afterward.

They talked about what a shame it was to see brothers fighting over money. About how Daddy wouldn't see that cash again after one of the police officers snatched it out of my hand to keep as evidence. About how they'd never seen a skinny little girl from Down South cause so much trouble.

I never thought that this was going to be the thing that forced Momma to get me back home to Granddaddy. This, and that other thing.

"Baby," Momma says so softly that I don't recognize her voice. "It's time for you to come home now."

*NOTHING
POLICE
SPARKS*

DADDY'S
NIGHT
IN
JAIL

BROKEN
JAW

Daddy is at the kitchen table eating a bowl of oatmeal. He's been eating oatmeal for two weeks, since after the fight and spending the night in jail. The left side of his face is still swollen. I had to stay in Blanca's room, where her abuela let us watch TV late into the night until the screen seized and fizzed like soda pop.

"I gotta stay and look after Daddy," I tell her. I'm like Momma now. While she looks after her own daddy, I look after mine.

"Your father's going to be all right, Ebony. He got his own self into that mess. You're too young to get all caught up in his stuff."

I watch as Daddy tries to chew with the bandage across his jaw. He broke it. He had a fat, busted lip, too, and a black eye from the fight with Uncle Richard, and from another fight while he was in jail.

"It's my fault, Momma," I say.

Daddy looks up at me and shakes his head. He didn't tell Momma about my fib, which was really a straight-up lie. All he ever said to me was, "Broomstick. It's my fault I didn't do the right thing with that money in the first place."

Momma says, "Nothing is your fault, Ebony. Now, I don't want you coming down here with those thoughts in your head. Especially when you see your grandfather."

I gasp. "Where is Granddaddy, Momma?"
"Ebony-Grace, your grandfather's in the hospital now."

DYING

