

**HAND DELIVERED**  
**CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS**

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

**BOARD MEMBERS:**

- Janice 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: RANCE FRIEDMAN

Phone: [REDACTED]

Physical Address: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

School: [REDACTED]

Grade Level: MS

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: NEW KID

Author: JERRY CRAFT

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.

CRT

SEE ATTACHED  
RACE BAITING, MICROAGGRESSIONS, RACISM  
BULLYING

WAKE AGENDA, MARXISM

NOT OK FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: RAUL FRIEDMAN

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

[Redacted Signature] 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 3
The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?
Date Committee convened:
Committee:
Outcome:
Notification of Complainant: Date by
Additional information:

RE: Additional Evidence for "The New Kid" by Jerry Craft

Please find below additional evidence to consider for "The New Kid," by Jerry Craft, a book we currently have in our elementary, middle and high schools in our district. The request is being made to evaluate this book regarding age appropriateness and/or developmental appropriateness, for children K-3, in regards to Florida House Bill 1557.

The story of the "New Kid" at RAD school, which is claimed to be the author's true story, offers many situations that could be considered race baiting towards whites, other blacks, and Chinese students. Although the author uses humor and cartoon drawings throughout, the committee needs to determine that younger students (K-3) are not subjected to ideas of stereotyping for particular races and assumptions of ideas of money/professions, etc. based solely on race – **an idea that younger children cannot even grasp. \*AND SHOULD NOT BE EXPOSED TO!**

Few Examples Below:

"Why do they call him Maury-O? I heard 'cause it rhymes with 'Oreo.' But I still don't get it . . . white on the inside. Black on the outside" (33)

Teacher constantly calls student wrong names, implying it is because of race. (67)

"What are you, an eskimo? Is that racist? I'm sorry if anyone found that offensive" (p. 83)

"See? Those are the things that bother me. Like whenever a class talks about slavery or civil rights " (94)

"She says that in order to become successful one day, I need to get used to being a fly in the buttermilk" (94)

"Then why do they make it so tough for us? We don't dress weird. We don't use a whole lot of slang they can't understand. We're not aggressive" (95)

"Well, Jerome, we'd better break this up before they think we're starting a gang or something." (96)

"The point is, in order to be successful in corporate America, you have to know how to play the game" (p. 103).

P. 135—Has pictures of books available in the library about African Americans. The titles available on the page are "Escape from Gang Life," "Escape from Slavery," "Escape from Poverty," and Escape from Prison."

p. 140—The new kid receives a gift certificate from KFC.



CERTIFY

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### BOARD MEMBERS:

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- Tina Bullock, District 4
- Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

## Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED] BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@CCLDLEFTTURN.US  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [REDACTED]  
 School: BRIDGEVIEW 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: NOTES FROM A YOUNG BLACK CHEF - \*ADAPTED FOR YOUNG ADULTS  
 Author: KWAME ANWUACHI WITH JOSHUA DAVID STEIN ISBN: 978-0-593-17601-6

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.

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

CRT

SEE ATTACHED  
BLACK VICTIMHOOD / WHITE PRIVILEGE  
CHILD ABUSE - WHIPPING  
GANGS, VIOLENCE, DRUGS, ANTI-POLICE, DRUG USE & DEALING  
TRIVIALIZES ALL MANNER OF HORRORS  
3-DISTRICT COPIES: \*BRIDGEVIEW HS; MIDDLEBURG HS; OAKLEAF HS

P. 87 "THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN PRETTY MUCH MAKES YOU A CRIMINAL TO BEGIN WITH."

VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE FROM THE ADULT VERSION.  
 BOTH ARE INAPPROPRIATE

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]

3/6/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 3/23/23 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: \_\_\_\_\_

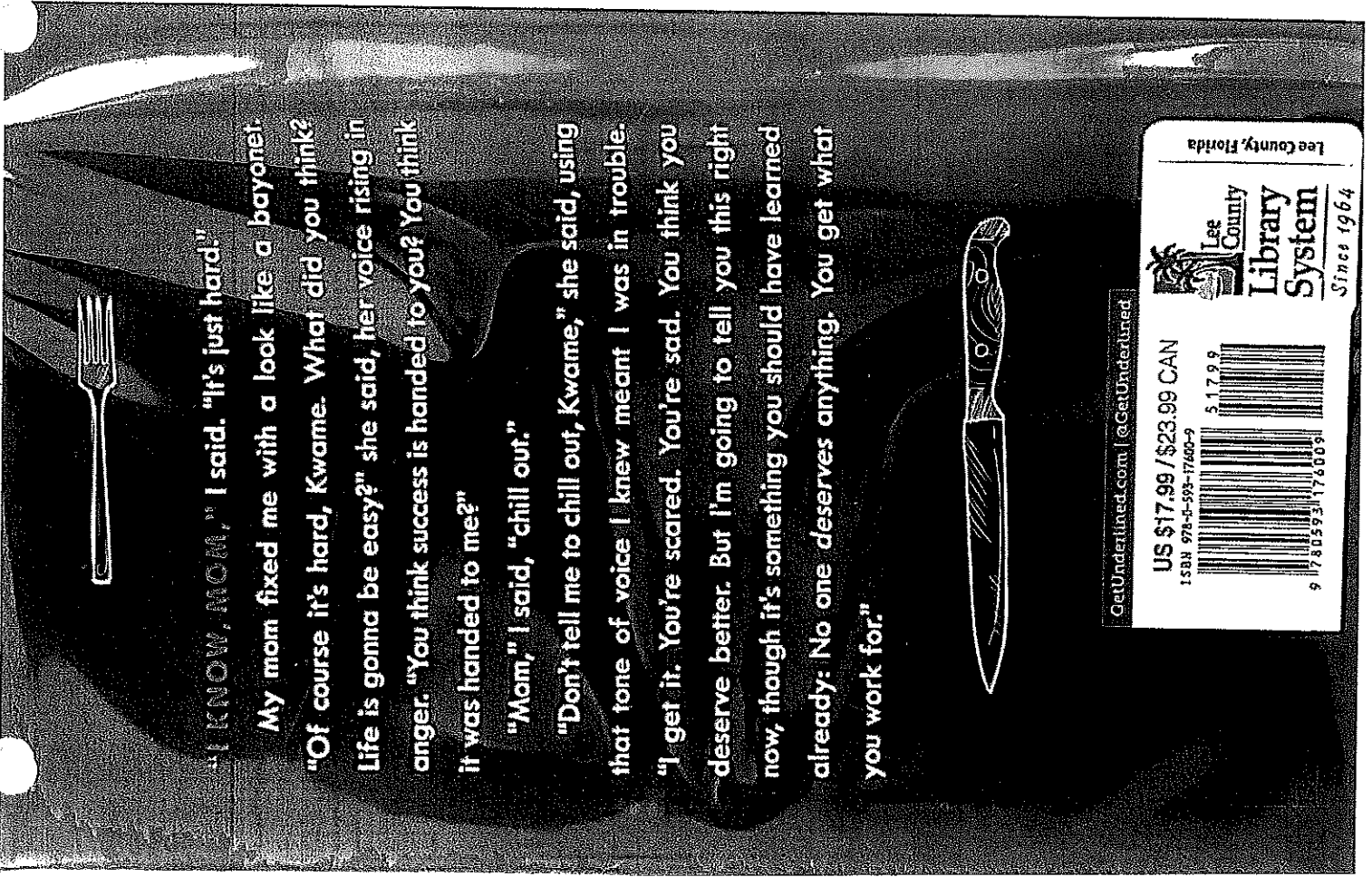
Committee: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

YOUNG ADULT VERSION IS AS ACOFUL AS THE ADULT VERSION.



"I KNOW, MOM," I said. "It's just hard."

My mom fixed me with a look like a bayonet.

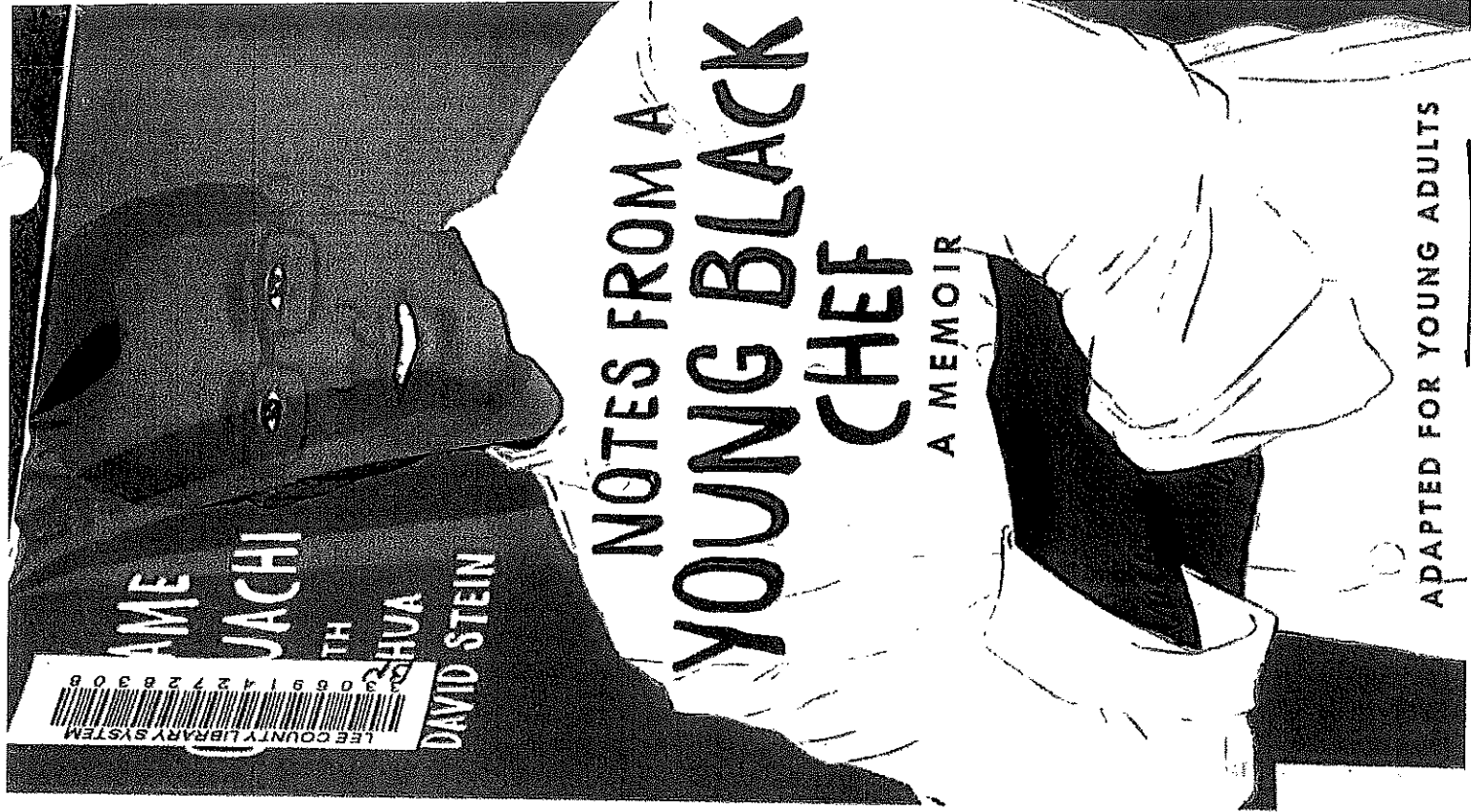
"Of course it's hard, Kwame. What did you think?

Life is gonna be easy?" she said, her voice rising in anger. "You think success is handed to you? You think it was handed to me?"

"Mom," I said, "chill out."

"Don't tell me to chill out, Kwame," she said, using that tone of voice I knew meant I was in trouble.

"I get it. You're scared. You're sad. You think you deserve better. But I'm going to tell you this right now, though it's something you should have learned already: No one deserves anything. You get what you work for."



NAME ONWUACHI  
OSHUA DAVID STEIN

# NOTES FROM A YOUNG BLACK CHEF

YA  
B Onwuachi

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US \$17.99 / \$23.99 CAN

ISBN 978-5-593-17600-9

5 17 99

Lee County Library System Since 1964

Lee County, Florida

FOOD WAS KWAME ONWUACHI'S  
FIRST GREAT LOVE.

He connected to cooking via his mother, in the family's modest Bronx apartment. From that spark, he launched his own catering company with twenty thousand dollars he made selling candy on the subway, after training in the kitchens of some of the most acclaimed restaurants in the country. He faced many challenges on the road to success, including breaking free of a dangerous downward spiral as a result of temptation and easy money, and grappling with just how unwelcoming the world of fine dining can be for people of color.

Food phenom Kwame Onwuachi tells the incredible story of how ingenuity in the face of adversity enabled a boy born on Long Island and raised in New York City, Nigeria, and Louisiana to become a *Top Chef* star and the owner of five wildly successful restaurants.

← VICTIM HOOD

should have been paying dues. It seems like the only ones keeping track are the white guys with tall chef's hats. And how did they make it big? By paying dues to older white guys with even taller chef's hats. As for the thousands of black and brown chefs—called cooks, domestics, servants, boys, and mammies who were kept out of restaurant kitchens (or overlooked within them)—they were beyond consideration. Their work was invisible. Their food and heritage were invisible. And they themselves—these men and women chefs—were invisible, too. So for those who criticize me as an ungrateful nobody, I get that it must be confusing. After all, the people I pay my dues to are the people who are barely seen or acknowledged by mainstream culture. They are people who do not exist in the spotlight.

They exist to me, though, and to many others. Tonight I'm standing on their stories. The National Museum of African American History and Culture, on Constitution Avenue, is both overwhelmingly and upliftingly powerful. Inspired by the angular shape of a Yoruban column from Nigeria, the museum is a three-tiered structure that looks like a futuristic wedding cake. The outside is decorated in intricate ironworks, much like the gates seen all throughout Charleston and New Orleans. At one time, these ironworks were fashioned by slaves and installed on the buildings of their masters. But those chains are broken now, and the museum celebrates those who lived bound by them, those who broke them, and all we've done as a people since.

Why am I here tonight? A few months ago, I was asked to create an "African American"-themed menu for a dinner to celebrate David Adjaye, the Ghanaian British architect who designed the building. At first I balked at the request. I don't do "African American-themed" menus. I am an African American chef, so if I cook *my* food, isn't every menu I create African American already?

On the other hand, why quibble? This is a dinner, not a thesis on race. And anyway, I was gearing up to open a restaurant. Any press is good press.

There's a lot riding on my performance tonight. It's not that a food critic might walk through the door (I've checked the guest list). Or that I'm cooking for D.C.'s most influential tastemakers. It's that I'm cooking for all the people, some remembered and many forgotten, housed in the museum floors below me.

Before we started prepping, I had a chance to wander the empty halls. The building is massive. The most harrowing exhibits are housed in three subterranean galleries called the History Galleries, exploring the horrors and heartbreak of the American slave trade. Like any black person in America, I've felt the effects of enslavement through time. Though for me the shackles have been more symbolic, they're nonetheless very real. In ways spoken and unspoken I bear the offspring of the wounds, welts, and scars whose victims are memorialized beneath me.

But to come face to face with iron, with *actual* shackles,

ARCHIST  
3  
SOMENWAT  
TRUCK

EVIDENCE  
ST

CRT



russy and real, that once bound the wrists of a kidnapped African child; to see a whip, its leather worn supple with cruelty; to see the splinters on the rough walls of a slave cabin; to see a stack of bricks as high as a man, each representing a slave owned by Thomas Jefferson, is to mainline history straight into my bloodstream. Exhilarating. Important. Infuriating.

As I take in the history and the misery of the Middle Passage, I feel the weight of so much freedom stolen. It's devastating to contrast the insane cruelty visited upon my ancestors with the richness of their lives in Africa. I have seen both sides of the ocean. I have grown up in the knockabout projects. In the Bronx, I've been the kid on the corner; but I have also spent time in Nigeria with my grandfather, an Igbo *obi*, where there were no projects, no blocks, no corners.

Since the National Museum of African American History and Culture cannot resurrect the stories of *all* the millions of African Americans, enslaved and free, it is up to us—all of us living—to keep the names and stories on our lips. We must realize that those few stories told on the floors below stand for the many that aren't. In my own way, I am trying to do the same through cooking. Keeping their stories alive.

For dinner tonight, a long table is set out on the balcony. Preparations are ready. The empty plates wait for me. Cards

with the names of the city's powerful glitterati are written in elegant gold type. Many of the faces are black or brown, a rarity as far as my own experience with formal black-tie events. I'm glad to see it.

Tonight, I'm using allium shoots (*Allium* being the genus name for onions) as a garnish for a reimagined gumbo we are serving. Alliums are one-third of the "holy trinity," the mirepoix of celery, bell peppers, and onions that form the base for much of Creole cuisine. These are the flavors I grew up with. These are the flavors and scents my mother, Jewel Robinson, grew up with. Her father, Bertran, was Creole. He taught my mom to fill our Bronx kitchen with his recipes. Gumbo kept me company growing up. As I sat on my fire escape outside our apartment in the summers, the smell of it wafted out the kitchen window. Its taste kept me cozy when it turned cold and the windows were closed and we kept the heat low to save a few dollars.

Now I am upgrading my recipes but keeping the spirit alive. Tonight, I've made a gumbo with a rich shellfish broth that will be poured tableside over lobster, king crab, and a scoop of caviar. It's almost ridiculously extravagant. Though run through the ringer of fine dining and elevated technique, the flavors would be instantly recognizable to any south Louisianan, and they hold special meaning for a black one.

Gumbo, in its basic form, arrived shortly after 1720, carried in the flavor memories of enslaved West African

ALLEGY  
WATER  
STAYING  
MAY

NO  
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TAY

behind it. My mother and my sister walked straight to the front door, opened it, walked through it, and shut it again. I stood in the hallway wondering what had just happened.

When you're little, everything feels like it's about you. That night as my mother walked out the door, as my life changed in a way I couldn't yet understand, I was positive that I had somehow started the fight, that it was my fault. Had it been the stew? I wondered. I really shouldn't have tried to stir it.

In the immediate aftermath of my mother's leaving, in the hours and days that followed, an unsteadiness crept into my life. I don't think it's left me yet, even now. That moment of her leaving introduced a new sadness into my world, a new kind of trauma. My feelings were so intense. Worry—that I had done some vague thing wrong but didn't know what it was. Confusion—were we not a family anymore? And then, of course, a paralyzing sense of anxiety—as my father paced in his room and I, cried-out and tired, sat on the floor silently waiting for . . . something.

A week later my new life began. My mother moved out and my father got his own place on Arundson Avenue, even farther north in the Bronx. From then on, I mostly lived with my mother, but I never asked why she left me that night with the bitter *egusi* stew and my raging father. The question still simmers in my mind.

I saw my father on weekends, and when I did, I no longer had my mother to protect me from his wild moods. He had a girlfriend, a woman named Jennifer, but she did little to calm the emotional earthquakes. A day could sour if, for instance, I accidentally dropped a glass. "Why the hell you do that?" my father would stream. "What were you thinking, if you ever think at all?" And as I scooped down to pick up the shards, I would cry. And as I cried he would tell me, "Stop crying. Only babies and losers cry."

He was demanding. Not demanding like a dad who wants his kid to succeed. No, he was demanding in a way that seemed like he actually wanted me to *fail*. And each time I did fail, a gleam would enter his eye. When I was a little older, seven or eight, he made me create a chart on poster board that he kept taped to the wall in the kitchen. He made me note with an *X* every time I had committed an infraction. If I didn't line up the equal signs perfectly in my math homework, I would have to walk over to the chart and mark an *X*. If the two legs of the *X* didn't meet perfectly in the center of the line in my name, an *X*. Ditto the *W*, *A*, *M*, and *E*. I hated spelling my name because the letters were so complicated to form.

See, after a certain number of *X*s had accumulated—five, ten, does it matter?—I had "earned" a whipping, and this my father did with a wooden-handled leather whip he said was from Africa.

I remember that whip and its origin in particular because

CHILD  
ABUSE

a few years earlier, I had taken a weeklong trip with my father to Nigeria. It was the first and only time I had been there. Though now hazy, my memories are of the farm animals and lush oases, blurs of color, hot sun, dusty roads and a feeling of joy. *And this* I thought as he beat me a few years later, *this whip is what you brought back from Africa?* Rage and pain and sadness and fear took root inside me, planting their poisonous seeds in my heart.

My father beat me on my arms until the braided leather lacerated the skin. He beat me on my backside and my legs, through my pants and sometimes not, so I could hardly sit down. Sometimes he delivered these beatings as soon as the chart was updated. Other times, out of the blue while we were watching television or hanging out, when everything seemed cool, he'd casually say, as if just noticing, "Kwane, get the whip." Once he beat me so hard, the whip broke and he made me repair it with duct tape. All Jennifer could do—or all that she did—was hold me as I cried and put ice on my skin to soothe the pain.

My father was a sadistic man who could barely contain his rage at the world. He was an architect by profession, a career built on predictability and straight lines on the assumption that every angle aligns just right. He was a man who valued plans and sticking to them. That the world was messy, that I was messy, he took as a personal insult. And so he punished me every time I diverged from his plan for what he thought I should do or be. And in some ways he

was successful, because even now I share his mania for precision.

Since my father had beaten me for as long as I could remember, I never mentioned anything about it to my mother. Mom had her rules, and I guessed Dad had his. *Surely*, I thought, *she must have known*. When you're a kid, it doesn't occur to you that adults have secrets from each other as well. More to the point, I never mentioned to my mother that my father abused me, because I didn't know he had. I thought that it was normal to have to wear sweaters in summer to hide the bruises.

Now, when I look back on it, I wonder how my mom could not have seen the welts covering my body when I got back from my father's house. Or why Jennifer never spoke up. Or why I didn't say anything at all.

Notes  
Ch 17  
A 5/25/16

NOT AN "ENUMERATED POWER"

nothing, and yet it was kept at arm's length. You had to know that it even existed—and that required exploring the confusing maze of the Department of Education. Something a lot of parents didn't have any awareness of, or have time for. For some of the kids I met growing up, and for many I later met in the projects, it didn't matter how talented and gifted they were. They never got the chance to try out for the program.

THE IS AN AMENDMENT SEE 10th

That Gifted and Talented test determined my future in vast and varied ways. Instead of attending the underfunded and overcrowded school in my neighborhood, I took the bus every morning to P.S. 153 in faraway Baychester, a school nestled amid the brick buildings of Co-Op City.

Since kids tested into the program from around the city, our little classroom included Dominican kids, African kids, Indian kids, Japanese kids, Eastern European kids, Irish kids. It was a real rainbow, with Michael and Patrick as the white stripes.

In elementary school, friendship feels simpler. You just need the right conditions—physical proximity, natural warmth, and a little time—and affection takes root. The Gallagher twins were goofy, friendly, and open kids, just like me, and that was enough for a friendship to form. They had identical sandy-brown hair, fair skin, freckles, and crooked smiles. Michael was outgoing, adventurous, and a little obnoxious. Patrick was quieter and introverted, but funny when you got to know him, and loyal.

We quickly established our dynamic. Michael and I would stir the pot. Patrick, whose angelic demeanor endeared him to authority figures, covered for us. He had such an air of responsibility, and innocent saucer-like eyes, the teachers always took his word. Michael and I would have stolen ketchup packets—destined for the edge of a toilet seat—spilling out of our pockets, but wide-eyed Patrick would swear up and down that "No, ma'am, Kwame and Michael certainly never sneaked out to the cafeteria."

Because we couldn't drive or otherwise make plans on our own, we were dependent on our parents to keep the friendship alive outside of school. Luckily their mother, Fran O'Leary, and my mother became fast friends. My mother was a boisterous Creole woman who had left behind the corporate world to scrape by as a caterer and chef. Mrs. Fran was a white, hard-nosed prosecutor for the New York City criminal court. But when she wasn't at work, she was just as fun-loving and outgoing as my mom.

I preferred going to their house. Unlike our cramped quarters, the Gallaghers' home was a spacious three-story brick house around the corner from the Bronx Zoo. It was much more suburban and quiet than my neighborhood. Kids scampered around the blocks like extras in *The Sandlot*, all Chuck Taylors and wholesomeness. They left bikes outside. Unlocked. And when they came back, the bikes were still there. It was wild.

The Gallagher house was a jumble of stuff. The place

read Keep Out, and if I wandered in, she'd smack me so hard, my ears rang for days. Tatiana hated Westley and me; I wasn't a fan of hers and gave Westley a harder time than I should have. We all loved my mom, but between her job at Café Lou's and catering, she didn't have that much time for any of us.

Without a bedroom of my own, I slept in a closet. Not a closet-size bedroom, an actual closet. There was just enough room to wedge a twin mattress on the floor with a few extra inches on one side. To my mother's credit, she tried to make it room-like. She cleared out the clothes racks and shelves, decorated the walls with posters I got to choose, and installed a moon-shaped night-light, since I was terrified of the dark.

For a while I loved it. It was like being in a hobbit hole. But by the time I was ten, what had been comforting and snug felt like a cell. I was speeding into adolescence, with the usual haywire emotions. I needed more space. A space of my own. It couldn't be at my father's apartment, just twenty minutes away, at 233rd Street and Amundson Avenue. The weekends I spent with him left me feeling even more claustrophobic than my time in the closet. At least the closet was my own.

At my dad's house, every single thing I picked up or put down or sat on or lay on, every task I tried to complete, could set him off on an epic rage. An eye roll would "earn" me a beating with the whip. When I returned to my mom's

MORE  
CHILD  
ABUSE

windowpanes, doorways but no doors. The kids who lived there slept on bunk beds. Even in my school-issued yellow polo shirt and my bright blue shorts, knee socks, and sandals, I stood out. That I was American intrigued everyone.

"How do you say 'little boy' in American?" asked the boys, crowding around me the first day.

I said "little boy," in my best American accent.

They exploded into peals of laughter, misunderstanding what I'd said. "Noodle boy! Noodle boy!"

From then on, I was Noodle Boy. I didn't love it, but there was no malice intended.

Gradually I learned to decipher the Nigerian accent, a sort of ornately enunciated version of my own English, and my classmates learned to decipher my "American." School was different here. Our lessons were on Nigerian history and science. Even our physics classes involved taking notes in this case on the dimensions of a basketball court and the rules of the game.

When the Nigerian method of discipline became clear, I quickly shed my troublemaker persona. Back in the States, detention was cool. Here, punishments included digging a hole equal to your height, or carrying a cinder block across the dusty soccer field. Talking back to my teachers suddenly lost its appeal.

But it wasn't just that. What I remember most of all was how differently our Nigerian teacher treated us. We were just boys, students, some of us better than others. What

we weren't were problems. At the time I couldn't put into words or thoughts exactly why I felt the way I did—lighter than usual, more joyful than I was in the Bronx—but now I know that this was it. I was fundamentally not seen as a "problem" first and a person second.

As the days turned to months, I felt more and more at home. After a long breakfast hunger strike, I finally surrendered to Mimi's menu of red onion stew and rice. To my great surprise, I loved it. I even grew to love those Nigerian lunch staples, corned beef sandwiches, canned sardines, Scotch eggs, and mince meat pies, leftovers from the days of British colonialist rule. And then there was Auntie Mi's jollof rice and red stew waiting for us when we got home.

What I looked forward to most was when my granddad would preside over meetings of the village council. As an *obi*, or village elder, my grandfather frequently hosted meetings in a large open-walled building he had constructed across the dirt road from the compound. One of the few times I was allowed out the gate alone was to take him bowls of bright pink bitter kola nuts during these meetings, which the men would chew and spit out. It was always me, and not the others, who were chosen, so these days were special. The hall was a big open structure with a dirt floor and a raised platform on one end.

My grandfather sat on a large wooden throne that was covered with hides and intricate wood carvings. As *obi*, he acted as a mediator for local disputes, settling small claims

GOOD PLAN  
BETTER THAN S.  
R.B.I.S.

from B.A.B.Y. Kwame to middle-class Kwame with me. I have always cared about how I look. For as long as I dressed myself, I've been the best-dressed kid in my class (Even at Spellman, I was the kid with the designer clothes I'd do anything I could to afford the clothes I wanted to look how I wanted to look. When I was younger, after my mom taught me how to wash her hair, wrap it in curlers and blow-dry it, I turned around and charged her twenty dollars. "It's same as around the corner at the beauty salon," I told her. On snowy days, I took the subway up Pelham and shoveled driveways for fifteen dollars apiece, squirreled away my lunch money, my allowance, until I had enough to take the train down to Century 21, where I'd buy the clothes I wanted.

While other kids were wearing Air Jordans and Air Max and Pepé and Enyce, I rocked Prada shoes and Seven jeans and Ralph Lauren glasses. I didn't look street and didn't sound street when I didn't want to. And what this means that to the NYPD, a constant if lazy presence at Webster, I wasn't a suspect. In all my time on the block, I was never patted down, never arrested, never even viewed with suspicion. Looking good made me invisible, near-invincible. Violence, actual violence and the threat of it, permeated Webster.

I saw my first murder when I was sixteen. I was on Jaquan's crib, smoking a joint and blowing the smoke out the window at two in the morning or something, when I

NOT THINK

a couple of guys arguing on the stoop across the street. I thought they were playing dice or just drunk, or both. That wouldn't have been unusual. All of a sudden, one of the guys just pulled a gun on the other and shot him point-blank in the chest. The shooter ran into the building, and I put out the joint as fast as I could. I didn't need to be a witness. After a few minutes I cautiously crept back to the window to watch the parade of police, then EMTs, then forensic photographers, and gradually a crowd of onlookers. I went to sleep, and by morning the scene had been cleaned up, like nothing had happened. Then a few days later, I saw the guy who did it at the bodega. I was terrified he had somehow seen me see him. But he just gave me a nod, I gave him one back, and that was that.

Another time, I was watching *Friday* at Jaquan's when Barshawn banged at the door.

"Kwame, open the door," Barshawn shouted.

He ran inside holding a black .45-caliber gun.

"Did you just shoot someone?" I asked.

"Nah, man," he said. "These useless dudes from the 1200 side ran up on us. Everyone is brawling downstairs. I need to scare them away..."

I don't know why, but suddenly I had an urge to air it out myself.

"Can I do it?" I asked.

Barshawn looked at me strangely for a second, then said, "Yeah, take the ratchet quick. Go, man!"

WENT  
PRIVILEGE

WENT

Barshawn had never left the Bronx. He had never made it to Manhattan. Of course, I didn't know this at the time. I hadn't occurred to me that you could be so close yet so far away. The first couple of days we spent in training, so I took the journey together. He looked around Sofia with his eyes wide open, overwhelmed by the cobblestone streets, the expensive boutiques, the crowds of tourists.

But because our shifts didn't always overlap, about a second week he had to do it on his own. I could tell he was scared, so I carefully drew him a map of where to go and how to get there. But it didn't help. He couldn't do it. The posh surroundings were alienating. He didn't believe he'd drop down in his bones, that he deserved to be out and about. Or that he was good enough to be outside of Webster, getting around on his own. After a few days showing up late or not showing up at all, he got fired. The next time I took him on the block he said, "Sorry, Kwame. But I couldn't do it. I ain't anything."

Back then McDonald's paid about \$7.25 an hour, which barely covered the subway fare to get there and back. But there were other jobs—an entire economy, in fact—that were much better paid and easier to enter: drugs. Selling you sell drugs is like saying you sell cars. There's a world of difference between selling Maseratis and selling used Hondas, just like there is between selling weed and selling cocaine or

CR

pills. Everyone has to come to their own conclusion—as I did. But from where I stand, saying that something is bad because it's illegal—or that something else is good because it is legal—breaks down when the color of your skin pretty much makes you a criminal to begin with. The guys at Webster had all been in and out of lockup. I was in fact the only one who hadn't seen the inside of a jail cell. Even when they weren't serving time, the guys from Webster were constantly hassled by cops. This was at the height of Mayor Bloomberg's stop-and-frisk years, when cops were encouraged to hassle black and brown men on the street, searching them for drugs or weapons or who knows what. Young men mind-ing their own business were thought to be guilty from the get-go. So it wasn't uncommon to be thrown against a wall and searched a few times a week. And even when young men of color weren't being pushed into the backs of cars or holding cells, they were still in the prison of no opportunity.

The projects are like a social science experiment to see which crabs could crawl out of a bucket. It's a feedback loop for hopelessness. The guys from Webster see only other guys from Webster, so they end up looking up to the drug dealers and gang leaders. And since so many of those guys, people like Cyrus, end up either dead or in jail, they lose hope. The world outside doesn't need them or even seem to want them. They're on their own.

THIS IS THE "YOUNG ADULT" VERSION?

WALTER  
"NIGHTMARE"  
VICTIM  
CLAIMS  
VICTIM





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

7/30/22

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

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VS  
Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
City: [REDACTED]  
School: RIDGEVIEW etc Grade Level: H.S etc Subject: VARIES

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

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

Title: \* Not otherwise specified  
Author: \* Hannah Moskowitz ISBN: \* 978-1-48140916-6

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

NOT AN 847 VIOLATION

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

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

READ THE SUMMARY IN DESTINY

SEE ATTACHED  
FYI 1 COPY IN CCSD - AT RIDGEVIEW H.S

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

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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: [Signature]

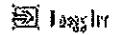
Date: 7/28/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

- To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:
- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by [Signature]
  - Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 5
  - The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? \_\_\_\_\_
  - Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Committee Members: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Outcome: no statutory violation per evidence
  - Notification of Complainant: Date \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_
  - Additional information: \_\_\_\_\_

### Ridgeview High School



## Catalog

Library Search > Search Results > "Not otherwise specified"

### Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

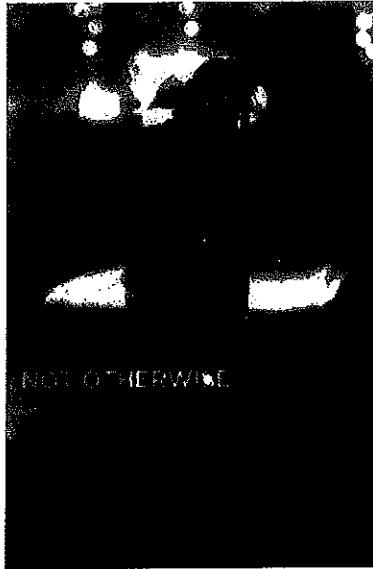
Español

How do I... ?

Title Details

Reviews

Copies



### Not otherwise specified

Hannah Moskowitz.

<b>Call #:</b>	F MOS	Local copies available: 1 of 1.
<b>Sublocation:</b>	GENRE: Realistic Fiction	There are no off-site copies of this title. See all...

Auditioning for a New York City performing arts high school could help Etta escape from her Nebraska all-girl school, where she is not gay enough for her former friends, not sick enough for her eating disorders group, and not thin enough for ballet, but it may also mean real friendships.

*SERIOUS LITERARY VALVE NOT FOUND HERE*

TitlePeek™

Selected List: My List

**Add to This List**

Publication Info | Explore! | Additional Info

### Publication Info

Published New York : Simon Pulse, 2015.  
 Edition This Simon Pulse ed. March 2015.  
 Format 260 p. ; 22 cm.  
 LCCN 2014-11032  
 ISBN 978-1-48140596-6 ((trade))  
 978-1-48140595-9 ((pbk.))  
 1-48140596-9  
 1-48140595-0

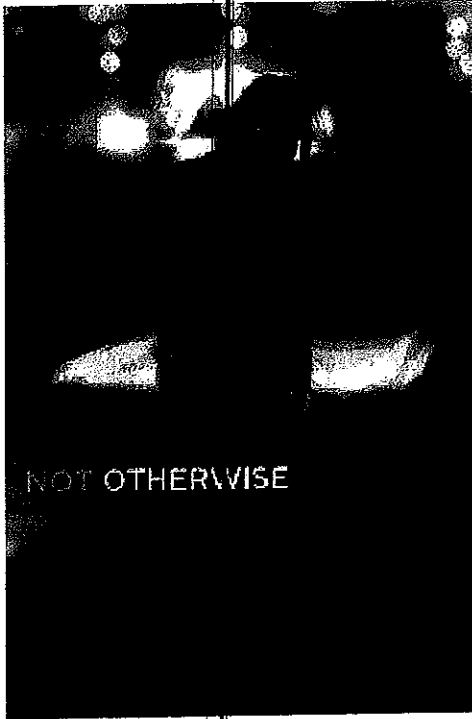
### Explore!

- Interpersonal relations -- Fiction. **Find It**
- Bisexuality -- Fiction. **Find It**
- Performing arts -- Fiction. **Find It**
- Bullies -- Fiction. **Find It**
- Eating disorders -- Fiction. **Find It**
- African Americans -- Fiction. **Find It**

PENDING FINAL REVIEW



# NOT OTHERWISE SPECIFIED



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity; inexplicit sexual activities; controversial cultural commentary; and alternate sexualities.

*Young Adult*

**By Hannah Moskowitz**

ISBN: 9781481405959

**2**  
V5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	"Something you can eat? You mean like a penis?" Did you miss the part where the heteros make our life shit? "Bitch" is sexist gendered language and I'm pretty disgusted you decided to wear it right over your tits."
31	"I go both ways", I say, "You know that whole thing about there being a misconception about bisexuals being sluts. Like everyone thinks that just because we're into both we're into everybody?" ... "Well I'm actually kind of a slut. I'm awesome for the community, obviously"
76	"The goddamn bullshit of all this, I swear. The world makes you think God forbid, you actually enjoy sex, but at least you've got all your friends to tell you all the right stuff about how a woman's sexual energy is no one's business but her own and should be respected."
89	"No no no, sweetie, that wasn't dancing, that was being a whore. Good God, what do they teach in church nowadays? Aren't you supposed to be able to pick whores out of a lineup?"
128	"Hey. I'm the queer one here and I'm saying leave her alone. She's fucking fourteen. She doesn't hate anyone. She isn't running around telling people they're going to Hell. She's struggling because her damn God told her something she's questioning and that's really scary for her and she's fourteen. Leave her alone."

No!

No!

ANTI RELIGIOUS  
H A L O G U E  
OK-ish

No!

NOT  
OKAY

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Fuck	1
Shit	2

"SERIOUS LITERARY VALVE" ?

NOPE!



TO BROSKIE BY HAND 2/2/2023  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

2/7

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: 917 734 3706 Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VS  
Physical Address: 3933 TRAIL RIDGE RD  
City: MIDDLEBURG State: FL Zip: 32068  
School: RIDGEVIEW 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: NOVELS FOR STUDENTS... COMMONLY STUDIED NOVELS V. 55  
Author: EDITOR KRISTEN MALLEGG ISBN: 978-1-41032838-0

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  
VOL 55 INCLUDES TWO PREVIOUSLY DESELECTED ITEMS:  
THE ART OF RACING IN THE RAIN  
& THE KITE RUNNER  
ONLY ONE DISTRICT COPY ---- RIDGEVIEW HIGH!

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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

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

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

Signature of Complainant: \_\_\_\_\_

[Handwritten Signature]

Date: 2/1/2023

[Handwritten Date]

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 2/7/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 6

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

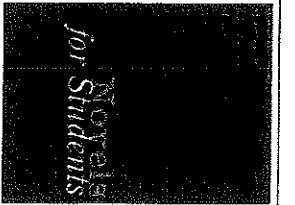
Date Committee convened: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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



**Novels for students, presenting analysis, context, and criticism on commonly studied novels**

Kristin B. Mallega, project editor; foreword by Anne Devaux, Jordan

Volume 55:

Call #: R 809.3 NOV V.55

Local copies number: 1 of 1  
There are no off-site copies of this title. See all.

Provides critical overviews of novels from various cultures and time periods. Includes discussions of plot, characters, themes and structure as well as the works' cultural and historical significance.



Selected List by List [Add to this list](#)

[Publication info](#) | [Explore](#) | [Additional info](#)

**Publication info**

Published Franklin Hills : Gale Cengage Learning, 2017.  
Format: xiv, 368 p. : ill., 29 cm.  
ISBN: 978-1-107-23232-6

**Explore**

- Fiction — Study and teaching (Higher) — United States.
- Fiction — Study and teaching (Secondary) — United States.
- Fiction — Stories, plots, etc.
- Fiction — History and criticism.
- American literature — History and criticism.
- English literature — History and criticism.
- Titles by: Jordan, Anne Devaux.

**Additional info**

• Includes indexes

• *Contexts: Alice in wonderland* — The art of tracing in the rain (Seyn Stein) — Dawn, (Eve Wisard) — Gardens in the dunes (Linda Norma Siro) — Gertrude and Charles (John Updey) — Set in hypothesis blue (Susan Vreeland) — Go set a watchman (Tempter Lee) — The kids runner (Gruffel Houston) — Life & times of Michael K (K. C. Coetzee) — Miraculous boys (Leopoldine Woodson) — My sister's keeper (Jodi Picoult) — Pride and prejudice — Whittier (Paul Fournier) — Word and burn (Sas. Sen).





1 copy @ RHS

# CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

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

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
David S. Broskie

### BOARD MEMBERS:

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

## Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.VS  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [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: \* Novels for Students. presenting, analysis, context, and criticism on commonly studied novels  
 Author: \* Deborah A. Stanley + Ira Mark Milne ISBN: \* 0-7870-3828

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

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

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

\* THIS ITEM INCLUDES  
 "FIXER" ← see ATTACHED  
 BY BERNARD MALAMUD

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

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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 7/31/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

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

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 8/2/22 by Cohn

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 Members:

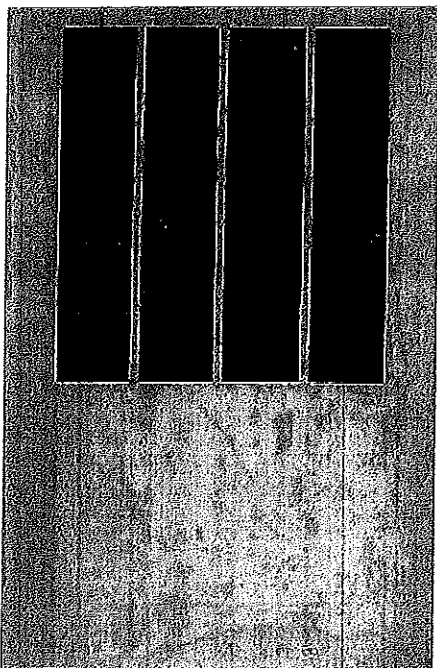
Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date  by

Additional information:

# THE FIXER

— INCLUDED IN:  
NOVELS FOR STUDENTS  
V. 9 sel ISBN  
0-7876-3828-5



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory religious and racial commentary; violence including self harm; and profanity.

*Adult*

**By Bernard Malamud**

ISBN: 66-20164

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>Zhenia, dead more than a week, was covered with stab wounds, his body bled white. After the funeral in the cemetery close by the brick factory, Richter, one of the drivers, brought in a handful of leaflets accusing the Jews of the murder. ...was imprinted on the cover, and under it: SAVE RUSSIA FROM THE JEWS. In his room that night, Yakov, in fascination, read that the boy had been bled to death for religious purposes so that the Jews could collect his blood and deliver it to the synagogue for the making of Passover matzos.</p> <p>...He was worried because the brick factory where he worked was in the Lukianovsky District, one in which Jews were forbidden to live.</p> <p>...two drunken soldiers shot the first three Jews in their path, his father had been the second.</p>
9	<p>His nose was sometimes Jewish, sometimes not.</p>
11	<p>"Outside the Pale only wealthy Jews and the professional classes can get residence certificates. The Tsar doesn't want poor Jews all over his land...</p>
27	<p>"Anyway, God save us all from the bloody Jews," the boatman said as he rowed, "those long-nosed pock-marked, cheating, bloodsucking parasites. They'd rob us of daylight if they could. They foul up earth and air with their body stink and garlic breaths, and Russia will be done to death by the diseases they spread unless we make an end to it. A Jew's a devil- it's a known fact- and if you ever watch one peel off his stinking boot you'll see a split hoof, it's true..."</p>
28	<p>I say we ought to call our menfolk together, armed with guns, knives, pitchforks, clubs- anything that will kill a Jew- and when the church bells begin to ring we move on the Zhidy quarter, which you can tell by the stink, routing them out or wherever they're hiding- in attics, cellars, or ratholes- bashing in their brains, stabbing their herring-filled guts, shooting off their snotty noses, no exception made for young or old, because if you spare any they breed like rats and then the job's to do all over again.</p> <p>"And then when we've slaughtered the whole cursed tribe of them- and the same is done in every province throughout Russia, where we can smoke them out- though we've got most of them nice and bunched up in the Pale- we'll pile up the corpses and soak them with benzine and light fires that people will enjoy all over the world. Then when that's done we hose the stinking ashes away and divide the rubles and jewels and silver and furs and all the other loot they stole, or give it back to the poor who it rightfully belongs to anyway.</p>
57	<p>"What do you think goes on in the wagons at night? Are the drivers on their knees fucking their mothers?"</p>
68	<p>When the coffin was lowered into the grave, hundreds of leaflets exploded into the air: WE ACCUSE THE JEWS.</p>
69	<p>The fixer readily confessed he was a Jew. Otherwise he was innocent.</p>
113	<p>"Who knows what a Jew does with money. I've heard it said they take it to bed with them and give it a fuck once in a while..."</p>
128	<p>"The Jew killed my child," Marfa cried out.</p>
130	<p>..."if the bowels of the earth were to open to reveal the population of human dead since the beginning of the world, you would be astonished to see how many innocent Christian children among them have been tortured to death by Christ-</p>

Page	Content
	hating Jews. Throughout the ages, as described in their holy books and various commentaries, the voice of Semitic blood directs them to desecrations, unspeakable horrors- for example, the Talmud, which likens blood to water and milk, and preaches hatred of gentiles, who are characterized as being not human, no more than animals.
139	The days were passing and the Russian officials were waiting patiently for his menstrual period to begin. Grubeshov and the army general often consulted the calendar. If it didn't start soon they threatened to pump blood out of his penis with a machine they had for that purpose. The machine was a pump made of iron with a red indicator to show how much blood was being drained out. ...It was used exclusively on Jews; only their penises fitted it.
141	We suspected a Jew at once because a Russian couldn't possibly commit that kind of crime.
142	He flipped open a notebook to a page of pen-and-ink sketches, turning the book so that Yakov could read the printing at the top of the page: "Jewish noses."
142	"A Jew is a Jew and that's all there is to it. Their history and their character are unchangeable. Their nature is constant. ...With a Jew it is the nose that burns and reveals the criminal he is."
143	...how your fellow Jews were executed in the not too distant past. They were hanged wearing caps full of hot pitch and with a dog hanging beside them to show the world how despised they were.'
145	"The pricks are born with privileges."
150	As he cried out, Fetyukov reached behind him whipping a short heavy stick out of his trousers. He struck Yakov a hard blow on the head. The fixer went down on one knee, holding both hands over his pain-wracked, bloody head, then fell over.
177	"No more noise out of you or I'll shoot your Jew cock off."
194	Yakov had first to raise his arms and spread his legs. The Deputy Warden probed with his four fingers in Yakov's armpits and around his testicles.
195	At the end he had to bend over and pull apart his buttocks.
216	"...Spread your filthy ass."
223	"...It takes a Jew to shift the blame of his crime onto his accusers..."
231	Also there's a lot of fucking in the Old Testament, so how is that religious?.."
235	"I'm onto your Jew tricks."
242	The harlot, he had heard it said, was Israel, but the jealousy and anguish Hosea felt was that of a man whose wife had left his bed and board and gone whoring after strangers. "And let her put away her harlotries from her face, and her adulteries from between her breasts; Lest I strip her naked, ...And slay her with thirst.
245	"...Zhenia told me about the times you enticed him to come to your room in the stable and there with the promise of bonbons and sweets you got him to open the buttons of his pants and with your hand caused him intense excitement..."
247	I begged him, stay away from those evil Jews.

Page	Content
251	"...The simple fact is there are too many Jews- my how you procreate!..."
263	Yakove put his hands to his head, obsessed by the thought that someone was hitting him repeatedly. When the searchers appeared he was unchained and ordered to strip quickly. Though he tried to hurry, his fingers were like lead; he could not open his few buttons, and the guard booted him for not moving fast enough. He begged them to examine half his body at a time, with his jacket and shir on and pants off; then with his pants on and the other clothes off, but they wouldn't. All he was allowed to keep on was his undershirt. It was as though, if that were not removed, the search could not be such a bad thing whatever else they did to him. During the search Berezhinsky grabbed the fixer's beard in his fist and tugged. When Yakov complained, he yanked his penis. "Ding-dong, giddyap. A Jew's cock's in the devil's hock."
265	When he could hold no longer hold it he pissed on the floor. Once he held it so long the stream burst forth, wetting his pants and shoes. When Berezhinsky came in and saw what had happened he slapped the fixer's face with one hand, then the other until the day blotted out. "You cocksucker Zhid, I ought to make you lick it up off the floor."
267	He had secret, almost pleasurable thoughts of death, had had from the time he had stolen Zhitnyak's needle. He had thought, if I want to die sometime I can use the needle to cut my veins. He could do it after Kogin left, and bleed all night.
268	He had no belt but could tear up his clothes and the blanket, braid the strips together, and if he did not first freeze to death, hang himself from the window bars.
274	Overnight a madman is born who thinks Jewish blood is water. Overnight like becomes worthless. The human body is worth less than its substance. A person is shit.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	1
Cock	2
Fuck	6
Piss	5
Prick	1
Shit	6

Library Search

Resource Lists

Library Search > Search Results > "Novels for students"

How do I... ?

Title Details Reviews Copies

R  
809.3  
NOV

Novels for students. presenting analysis, context, and criticism on commonly studied novels

Deborah A. Stanley and Ira Mark Milne, editors ; foreword by Anne Devereaux Jordan.  
Volume 9 :

Copies in district: 1 See all...

\_a Contains entries that provide information about fifteen novels, each with an introduction to the novel and its author; a plot summary; descriptions of characters; analysis of themes; an explanation of literary techniques and movements; a historical context essay; a look at media adaptations; and reading suggestions.

Add to This List

Selected List: My Personal List

Show Less

Explore!

Explore! | Publication Info | Additional Info

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- Fiction -- Study and teaching (Higher) -- United States. [Find It](#)
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TO BROSKIE BY HAND 2/2/2023  
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

277

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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: RIDGEVIEW 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: NOVELS FOR STUDENTS - COMMONLY STUDIED NOVELS V. 60  
 Author: EDS. MELISSA SUE HILL & Michelle Lee ISBN: 978-1-41036558-3

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. 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  
VOLUME 60 ALSO INCLUDES PREVIOUSLY Deselected  
TITLE - "The KITE RUNNER"

ONE DISTRICT COPY — Ridgeview High



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

DAMAGED SOULS

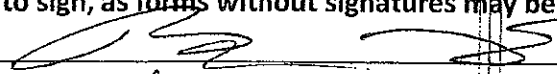
5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

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

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

Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 2/1/2023

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

Catalog

Library Search > Search Results > "Literary newsmakers for students" > Search Results > "Novels for students" > Search Results > "Literary newsmakers for students" > Search Results > "Novels for students"

Library Search

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Resource Lists

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How do I... ?

Title Details   Reviews   Copies

**Novels for students. presenting analysis, context, and criticism on commonly studied novels**

Melissa Sue Hill and Michelle Lee, project editors ; foreword by Anne Devereaux Jordan.

Volume 60 :

Call #:	R 809.3 NOV V.60	Local copies available: 1 of 1. There are no off-site copies of this title.	See all...
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Provides critical overviews of novels from various cultures and time periods. Includes discussions of plot, characters, themes and structure as well as the work's cultural and historical significance.

Selected List: My List

Add to This List

Publication Info | Explore! | Additional Info

**Publication Info**

Published Farmington Hills : Gale, 2019.

Format    xix, 366 p. : ill. ; 29 cm.

ISBN       978-1-41036558-3

ISSN       1094-3552

**Explore!**

• Fiction -- Study and teaching (Higher) -- United States. **Find It**

• Fiction -- Study and teaching (Secondary) -- United States. **Find It**

• Fiction -- Stories, plots, etc. **Find It**

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• American literature -- History and criticism. **Find It**

• English literature -- History and criticism. **Find It**

• Titles by: Hill, Melissa Sue, editor. **Find It**

• Titles by: Lee, Michelle, editor. **Find It**

*the INCLUDES KITE RUNNER*

**Additional Info**

• Includes indexes.

• Contents: The color purple / by Alice Walker -- Far from the madding crowd -- Frankenstein / by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley -- The great Gatsby / by F. Scott Fitzgerald -- The handmaid's tale / by Margaret Atwood -- Jane Eyre / by Charlotte Bronte -- **The kite runner** / by Khaled Hosseini -- Life of Pi / by Yann Martel -- Lord of the flies / by William Golding -- The lord of the rings -- Night / by Elie Wiesel -- Of mice and men / by John Steinbeck -- Their eyes were watching God / by Zora Neale Hurston -- To kill a mockingbird / by Harper Lee.

*V60 ->*



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2/2

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David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

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- 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: PAUL FRIEDMAN  
 Phone: [REDACTED]  
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]  
 City: [REDACTED]  
 School: RIDGEVIEW HS Grade Level: 11/12 Subject: VOLUNTES

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: NOVELS FOR STUDENTS COMMONLY STUDIED IN NOVELS V. 01  
 Author: EDS. MELISSA SUE HILL & Michelle Lee ISBN: 978-1-41036560-6

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  
VOLUME 01 AGAIN, ALSO INCLUDES PREVIOUSLY RESELECTED TITLE  
"THE KITE RUNNER."

ONE DISTRICT COPY  
 AT RIDGEVIEW HIGH

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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

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

Signature of Complainant: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 2/1/2023

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 \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

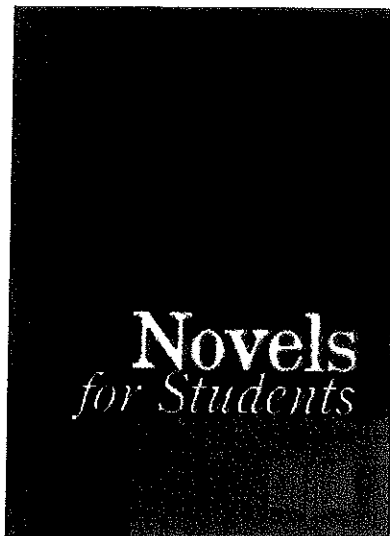
Español

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### Novels for students. presenting analysis, context, and criticism on commonly studied novels

Melissa Sue Hill and Michelle Lee, project editors ; foreword by Anne Devereaux Jordan.

Volume 61 :

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Provides critical overviews of novels from various cultures and time periods. Includes discussions of plot, characters, themes and structure as well as the work's cultural and historical significance.

Selected List: My List

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- English literature -- History and criticism. [Find It](#)
- Titles by: Hill, Melissa Sue, editor. [Find It](#)
- Titles by: Lee, Michelle, editor. [Find It](#)

#### Additional Info

- Includes indexes.

• Contents. Dear Martin / by Nic Stone -- Gathering Blue / by Lois Lowry -- The Grass is singing / by Doris Lessing -- If I Die in a combat zone box me up and ship me home / by Tim O'Brien -- **The Kite Runner** -- Long Way Down / by Jason Reynolds -- My Name is Lucy Barton / by Elizabeth Strout -- Open City/ by Teju Cole -- Preparation for the Next Life / by Attius Lish -- Ready Player One / by Ernest Cline -- Salt to the Sea / by Ruta Septys -- The Secret Life of Bees -- Terms of Endearment/ by Larry McMurtry -- Under the Mesquite/ by Guadalupe Garcia McCall.

↑  
K:61

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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: NUMBERS  
Author: RACHEL WARD ISBN: 978-0-545-14299-1

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

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SEE ATTACHED

TWO ILLEGAL SEX SCENES  
+ PROFANITY



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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant:

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

Signature of Complainant:

[Handwritten Signature]

Date:

1/15/2023

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 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:

# RATED READS



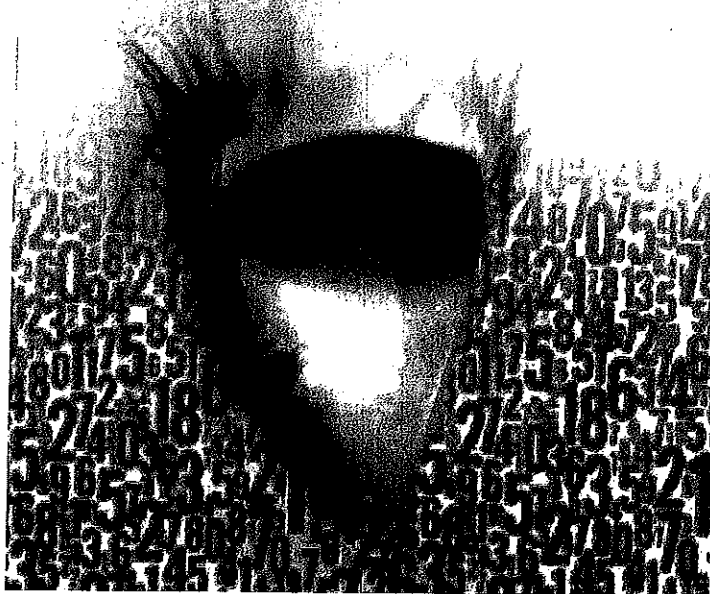
# NUMBERS (NUMBERS, BOOK 1)

Book Author(s): Rachel Ward

By Corinne Edwards / HIGH, YOUNG ADULT / dystopian, fantasy, paranormal



**NUMBERS**  
RACHEL WARD



For Jem, every person she meets, every person she sees, comes with a number. It took her a while to figure it out, but that number is the date that person is going to die. Period. For any regular person, this knowledge would make life extremely stressful and complicated, but Jem's life isn't even regular. It's pretty dang horrible. Shuffled from one foster home to the next, she's created a tough shield of "couldn't care less" and has effectively enabled herself to go through life not feeling close to a single person.

The cards change, though, when another outsider refuses to be blown off and

Jem slowly begins to let someone under her skin. Together they witness an event

that changes everything, and suddenly Jem is racing against a clock that only she knows is ticking.

This was an interesting, fast-paced read. Poor Jem: you know there is so much hurt under all her scorching hardness. I liked the twists this book took, and the ending threw me for a loop. I can't lay my finger on the reason why I wasn't thrilled – maybe the climax felt a little too much like a television miniseries. But I liked the romantic relationship, and the whole idea of knowing when everyone was going to die was very intriguing.

Rated: High for language. There are also two scenes of teenage sex.

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IS TEENAGE SEX  
LEGAL TO  
PRESENT TO  
CHILDREN?

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