



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

7/30/22

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

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

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

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: * Take the mic
 Author: * WITH JASON REYNOLDS ISBN: * 978-1-33834370-0
EDITED BY BETHWANY C. MORROW

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

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

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

SEE ATTACHED

AT RIDGEVIEW H.S.!

NOT 847 VIOLATION

CSE
CRT
ANTI POLICE
GENDER CHAOS

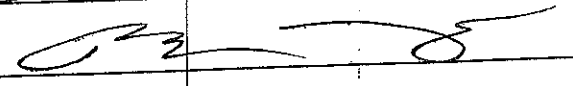
3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS

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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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


Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

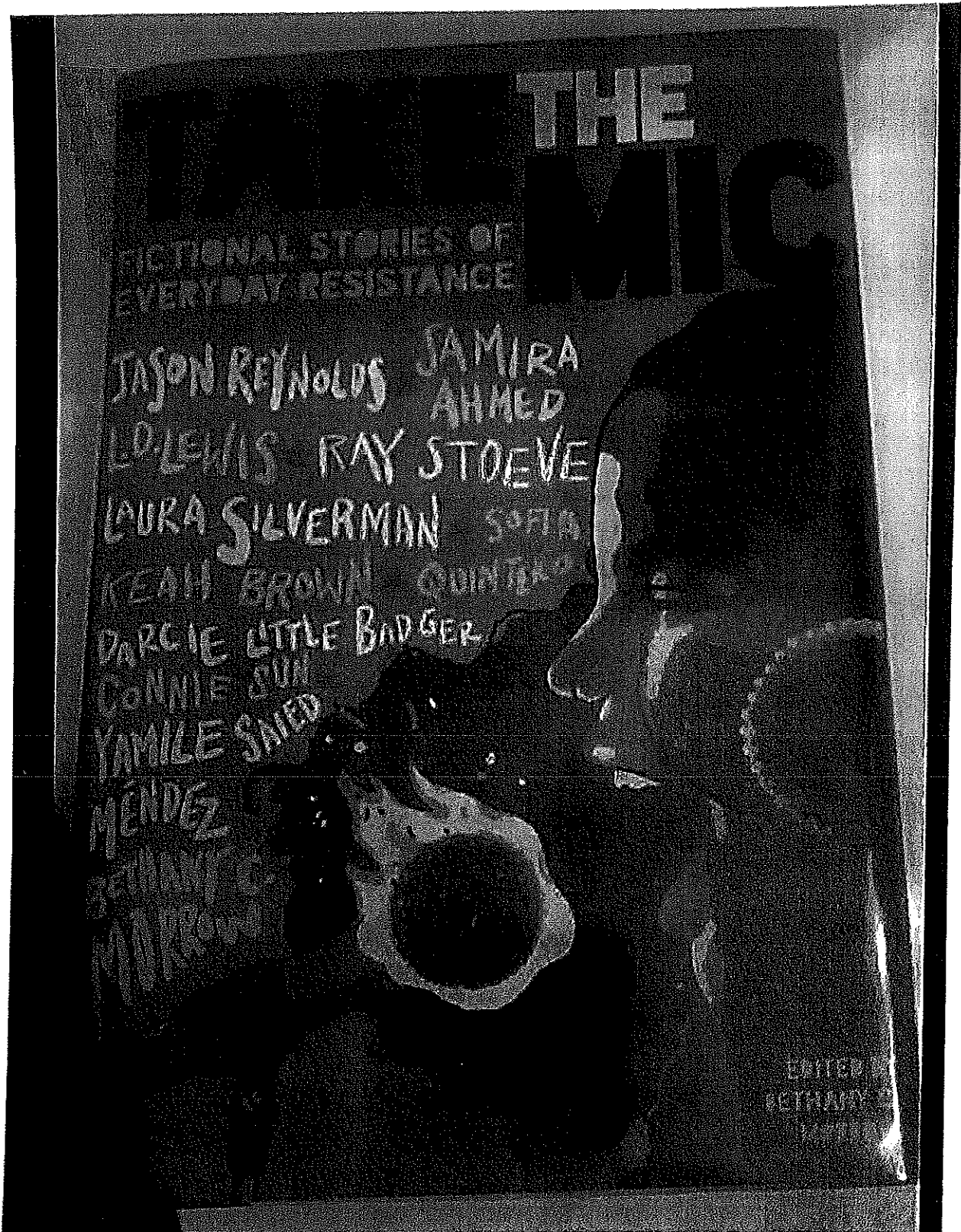
Signature of Complainant: * 

Date: 7/28/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

- To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:**
- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 2/7/23 by 
 - Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 26
 - 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: _____



Front cover

up until last year tanked my will to do anything else.
And now this? In five weeks?

"These are just options," Ms. Kerry had said. "Feel free to find your own."

Sure.

Some of the names on the list are familiar, some aren't. One has "Pride" in the name, so it must be gay-related. The Northwest Pride Association Youth Youth program. Sounds like an unfortunately named dating site for teenagers.

I ask Siri and she pulls up the website on my phone. It's a local mentorship program based in Seattle and the surrounding area. LGBTQ high school students get paired with younger LGBTQ buddies. Like Big Brothers Big Sisters except I wouldn't have to pick a gender box. That's cool.

Kevin screams the F-word from the living room. Eric's cackle follows. It might not be too bad, hanging out with a kid a few times a week. No worse than my brothers. Especially if all the kid wants to do is shoot hoops and play virtual soldiers.

"I'll do this one," I say, pointing to the mentorship program.

"Wonderful." Ms. Kerry beams at me, and I receive a form from the huge organizer behind the counter. Northwest Pride's logo rainbows across the top.

← OK

← NOT OK

← NOT OK

← NOT COOL!

← NOT OK = CSE

BOYS, GIRLS
No choices

binary people
the time, but I'm used to it
in the world, and most people
I don't really feel like I have the
gender bathroom, I'm not the
it most.

She catches my look and slightly
mean it that way.

"You did, though."

DISCRIMINATION
IS NOT
HATE!

"Don't be mad. I'm sorry. I'm just
glares at the phone. "Washington State
crimination on the basis of gender
school district mandated the availability
restrooms to students. He's breaking the

"So call the police." I'm trying to joke
her glare on me.

"Cops are not our friends," she says.

PAGE 192

→ CRT: ANTI-POLICE SENTIMENT

Name: Parker Johnson

Date of birth: August 10, 2001

Gender:

There's more than two boxes. There's male, female, nonbinary, even a fill in the blank. I've never seen a form with these options before. I check off "nonbinary" and it feels like letting out a breath I've been holding for years.

Ms. Kerry is still smiling at me when I hand in the form, the kind of smile cis people give when they're excited to witness me being my True Self. They'll get in touch with you soon.

"Cool." I escape the office and head for class.

I came out as nonbinary at the beginning of the year but some people (cough adults cough) still think it was yesterday, like this is something new and confusing. My friends don't blink when I switched pronouns without a blink. My friends are glad they didn't have to use a new name.

I'm pretty happy the way I am, but some people say I should do something more. You know, hormone test, change the way I look. Some people say it's not me. Not because I don't want to. But because

← NOT OK

← GET THERAPY!

← "CIS" IS NOT OKAY

← YOUR "TRUE SELF" IS IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!

← PRONOUNS, GENDER = CSE CHAOS

← "SOME PEOPLE = NOT BIND" OK

I AM THE REVOLUTION

BY KEAH BROWN

I am alive
for now
I tried to kill me
before they ever could
so, now I write like
death is sitting on my porch swing
and he just invited himself in
but I'm not leaving this desk
until the story is done

I am alive
and screaming at the top of my lungs
Black Lives Matter
nothing about us without us
I am a feminist
I am whole

← YES, BUT HAS
BLM MOVEMENT
HELPED? = CRT

← SHOULD BE EASY TO
DEFINE A WOMAN, RIGHT?

she raises her eyes, selecting a dark blue dress, confessing no gender-mainstream.

Nope. So the Queer Alliance meets in the principal's office next week. "What time?"

She tilts her head. "We're going to have someone. Why?"
"Just curious."

"Wait. Are you going to come?"
I keep my eyes fixed on my phone. She snorts, and I feel the rotation of the world.

She knows me, but she doesn't. She can't see what she wants, but she'll never understand what it's like to be trans in a world that wants to erase you.

On Sunday, I go over to Xavier's house. The porch, the yard surrounded by a chain-link fence. I knock on the door, Leanne lets me in.

"Parker! The new issue is here!" She runs down the stairs, "You've got an X-Men comic. Want to catch up?"

"Wanna read outside?"
"He needs." The backyard is full of people, some are casting a circle.

← QUEER ALLIANCE GROOMS MINORS!

← NOT ERASE YOU, HEAL YOU

she starts chanting, and the other kids join in. Tristan claps along, but doesn't sing. I just watch.

The principal appears a few minutes later, his bald head almost brushing the ceiling. The chanting subsides.

"Well, it's not every day you can say you've been protested," he says with a chuckle. No one laughs.

"We're not leaving until you change the bathrooms like you promised," Stella says.

He smiles. "I know it's slow, but I'm working on it. Don't worry."

"How hard is it to change some signs?" another boy pipes up from the back wall.

"Here, we printed some up." Stella waves a stack of papers with the All-Gender Restroom logo on them. The custodian said he could take down the other signs and put these up as soon as you say the word.

Mr. Carter's face darkens from white to red, his lips pressed together. "It's not that simple."

"It is that simple." Stella's on her scabbard, leaning in to tell Mr. Carter to give in now, while he still has a choice.

"You're going to change the signs you are making out of a piece of history. Seattle mandated all-gender restrooms on public single-stall restrooms five years ago. And you're breaking the law and the city code, which protects transgender people's restroom access. There are lawsuits out there."

TOILET
CHAOS

NOT
KOK

WHO PROTECTS
THE REST?

"My grandfather was the first
of the class a people who
this school built on the
in traditions."

← PROFANITY, OK

"Your dad was the first
about a racist mascot? No, I don't think
she seemed to be on the verge of tears."

← RACIST
MASCOT
SOCIAL JUSTICE

"Are you serious?" the boy asked.
grandmother was Cherokee. It was
an honor."

← !

"Uh, Jeremy, Did it you say that
came here through Ellis Island? I don't
I remember that from our family, yes."

"Keep my family tree out of this, mom."

As the class slipped into a heavy
abandoned in my seat in front of
the first period bell rang. The
gave me my first lesson in
disrespectful to my mother.
to a student who was
a student who was

I know that, I only hope...
"Nothing would happen..."
engagement, Mom and Dad...
police brutality and racism...
wouldn't ever have the same...
and how I needed to think...
police might be helpful to our family...
I felt to watch David choke up as he...
"I just don't know what it's going to..."
"We need all-gender restrooms at the..."
"It'll happen." I nudge her elbow...
must shake her head, biting her lip, and...
the hallway.

get the email that night "Your...
Assignment," the subject line reads...
emojis on either side. I open it...
making my head pound...
My buddy is a...
comics, skateboard...
stone. I love when...
reading on. I...
now works at...
The next line...
are matches...
requested a...

← CRT
"HE'S WHITE"

← CRT
"POLICE
BRUTALITY"

← NO!

← A "TRANS
MENTOR"
NOT
OK



TOWN HALL #2 1/19/23
TO BROSKIE BY HAND
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P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net
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Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
School: MIDDLEVIEW 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: THE 57 BUS
Author: DASHA SLATER ISBN: 978-0-374-30323-5

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

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

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO
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
PRO COMMUNISM & SOCIALISM
CSE -> GENDER CHAOS
CONFLICTS WITH COMMUNITY STANDARDS
& FLORIDA LAWS & STATUTES

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.

1/15/23

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

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

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

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

Date Committee convened: _____

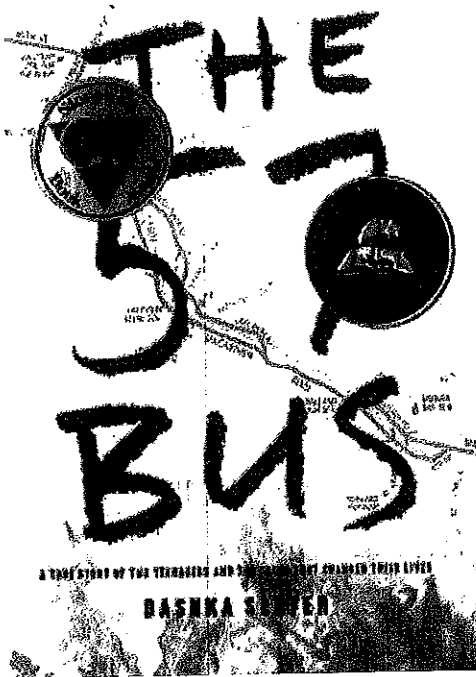
Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

THE 57 BUS



Young Adult

By Dashka Slater

ISBN: 978-0374303235

Summary of Concerns:

The book contains references to sexuality, alternate genders, profanity and communism.

Page	Content
0	Author's note: The pronouns and names used for gender-nonconforming people were approved by the in people in question.
4	A senior at a small private high school, the teenager identifies as agender- neither male nor female.
6	Oakland is considered one of the most diverse cities in the country. It's Asian and Latino, black and white, African, Arab, Indian, Iranian, Native American, and Pacific Islander. No one group is a majority. It has more lesbian couples per capita than any city in the nation, and one of the largest proportions of gay- and lesbian-headed households.
7	In 2013, the year Sasha was burned, Oakland ranked seventh among American cities in income and inequality- just below New York.
13	PRONOUNS Even as a toddler, Sasha was interested in language.
14	Our language, English, works differently. We care a lot about gender, and English reflects that in its pronouns- she or he, her or him, hers or his. You might think this is just how languages work in the real world, but there are many languages on earth that are basically gender neutral, using the same word for he, she, and it, or not using pronouns at all.
15	English, on the other hand, poses a challenge for people like Sasha who don't see themselves as fitting into neat either/or categories like male or female. Sasha, like many gender-non-conforming people, wants to be referred to with the pronoun they. It might feel awkward at first, but you'll get used to it.
16	For their sixteenth birthday, Sasha asked for an accordion, a manual typewriter, a Soviet flag, and a new Rubik's Cube. They didn't know how to play the accordion, but they might have learned if they had received one, which they didn't. They didn't get the flag either, although Sasha and their friend Michael made a cardboard hammer and sickle not long afterward and hung it on Sasha's bedroom wall. At the time, they were obsessed with everything having to do with Russian and communism.
17	To that you could add communism, games, and web comic Homestuck, and live-action role-playing, or larping.
19	Sasha created a card called A Complete History of the Soviet Union as Told by a Humble Worker, Arranged to the Melody of Tetris, which was the name of a six-and-a-half-minute song by an obscure British comedy band called Pig with the Face of a Boy. Michael and Sasha were both obsessed with the song and sang it at every opportunity.
20	Back then, Shasha was called Luke and they were referred to as he.
24	One day Samantha told the therapist about a video she'd seen on YouTube. Two young women stood back-to-back performing a slam poem called "Hir," rotating to face the mic as they gave voice to a girl named Melissa and the boy inside her named James. Sometimes she wishes she could rip the skin off her back, Every moment of every day she feels trapped in the flesh of a stranger. Watching it, Samantha felt something chime inside her- a bell vibrating in

NO
NEEDS
THERAPY

OK

MANY ARE
NOT!
"LATINX" IS
NOT A
WORD.

NOPE

WHY?

OK - ISH

?

THEY =
PLURAL
SASHA IS
NOT
PLURAL

THERAPY
WOULD
HELP

STOP!

Page	Content
	<p>resonance. Before puberty, her physical body didn't seem to have that much to do with who she was. People used to mistake her for a boy, but she had felt proud to be a girl. But now being a girl was like being stuffed into a heavy, constricting costume. She could barely breathe in it. The rules of the universe were fixed: You look a certain way and so you have to act a certain way and people are going to treat you a certain way. There was no way to alter it.</p> <p>"I think I might be...transgender?" she whispered to her therapist the next week.</p> <p>"I don't think you know what transgender means," her therapist replied.</p> <p>The bell that had been chiming inside her fell silent. She's the expert, Samantha thought.</p>
26	"I'm transgender."
27	<p>Back in seventh grade, Andrew rarely spoke about gender with Sasha after that one conversation. He wouldn't tell his parents he was trans for another year. For a while he convinced himself that being a girl would be okay, that being trans was just too hard a life.</p>
28	<p>Even though he'd started high school as a boy, his trans status was a topic of constant rumor and gossip.</p>
29	<p>Now, as Sasha explained that they also were questioning their gender, Andrew felt a rush of relief, similar to the one he'd felt when he came out to Sasha.</p>
29	<p>They just knew. Whether or not the appearance of their body matched the gender in their mind, there was some core understanding: my identity is this. But Sasha didn't feel that. Didn't feel strongly This is what I am. Didn't feel strongly This is what I'm not. Other people seemed to have a file in their brain marked Gender.</p>
29	<p>The idea of not having a gender wasn't frightening to Sasha, but it wasn't a relief either.</p>
29	<p>"For me at least, genderqueer includes an aspect of questioning," Sasha explains. "The fact that I was questioning my gender meant that I was genderqueer." Still, Sasha kept probing. On Facebook, they posted a status update asking, "What is your preferred pronoun?"</p>
30	<p>Sasha explained that there were other choices besides he and she choices like it, or they, or more recently invented gender-neutral pronouns like ne, ve, and ze or xe. Listening, it became clear to Karl that this was a topic Sasha had been thinking about a lot.</p> <p>Not long afterward, Sasha was talking with their parents about someone they'd met online who identified as genderqueer.</p> <p>"Are you genderqueer?" asked Debbie, Sasha's mother.</p> <p>"Yeah," Sasha said.</p> <p>That was the extent of the conversation. But that night, Sasha posted on Google+:</p> <p>Just came out as genderqueer to my parents. Basically, I don't identify as masculine or feminine.</p>
30	What did genderqueer even mean?
31	<p>I understand coming out as gay or even trans, but this is harder for me to understand."</p>

Boys HAVE PENISES

NOPE

NOPE

?

NO!

NO

CHAOS

"

NO

NUTS!

?

✓

Page	Content
32	<p>Sasha announced they were genderqueer, she asked for clarification. "Who are you attracted to? Do you have sexual feelings for men?"</p> <p>But that wasn't the issue for Sasha. They weren't all that interested in having sex with anyone, actually. And anyway, terms like <u>homosexual or heterosexual</u> made no sense if you didn't identify as one gender or another.</p> <p>Most of us see gender and sexuality and romance as one big interconnected tangle of feelings- this is who I am, this is who I'm attracted to, this is who I love.</p>
32	<p>Gender was the word for what people felt about themselves, how they felt inside. Sexuality was the category for who you were physically attracted to.</p>
33	<p>Because language is evolving rapidly, and because different people have different preferences, always adopt the language individuals use about themselves, even if it differs from what's here.</p>
34	<p>bigender/gender fluid- Sometimes identifies as male and sometimes as female.</p> <p>Cis/cisgender- The opposite of transgender; gender matches their birth sex.</p> <p>Gender questioning- Is unsure about where they belong on the gender spectrum.</p> <p>Genderqueer/nonbinary- Gender identity doesn't fit neatly into male/female categories.</p> <p>Intersex- Born with sexual anatomy, organs, or chromosomes that don't seem to fit the typical definitions of female or male. Replaces the outdated and offensive term hermaphrodite.</p> <p>Trans/transgender- Feels their gender is different from their birth sex, whether or not they have physically changed their body or outward presentation. A transgender man is someone who currently identifies as male. A transgender woman is someone who currently identifies as female.</p>
34	<p>cupiosexual- Doesn't feel sexual attraction, but is still interested in sex.</p> <p>Graysexual- Mostly doesn't feel sexual attraction but does occasionally.</p>
35	<p>pansexual- Physically attracted to people across the gender spectrum.</p> <p>TERMS FOR ROMANTIC INCLINATION</p> <p>Aromatic- Not romantically attracted to anyone.</p> <p>Biromantic- Romantically attracted to both men and women.</p> <p>Cupioromantic- Doesn't feel romantic attraction, but is still interested in romance.</p> <p>Heteroromantic- Romantically attracted to people of all the opposite gender.</p> <p>Homoromantic- Romantically attracted to people of the same gender.</p> <p>Panromantic- Romantically attracted to people across the gender spectrum</p> <p>Quoiromantic- Doesn't understand the difference between romantic and platonic love.</p>
37	<p>Discovering the experience of genderqueer identity felt like discovering a secret room. All this time there had been just two rooms: male and female. Now it turned out there was another room- one that could be furnished however you wanted.</p>
38	<p>He remembers his thought process going like this: Okay, not male. Okay, not female. So, neither? Okay. "That was the process and it took ten seconds," he says. "Then it was over."</p> <p>"I just rolled with the fact that Sasha was agender," Teah says.</p>

IF YOU ...
PENIS ...
= BOY

NO!

NO!

PLEASE
STOP
"HELPING"

Page	Content
40	But Sasha had surveyed the options: Men and Women- and walked back to the car. "There's no bathroom for me," they said, climbing into the backseat.
41	It was tough sometimes, watching Sasha navigate a world that didn't even have a category for them.
43	Sasha had been identifying as agender for almost a year by now, but they still dressed the same as they always had- like a boy.
46	One leaned out the window, "Let me suck your prick."
47	He didn't bother ruminating on why he'd been singled out, why the men had assumed he was gay.
48	1. I'm Sasha and I identify as agender. 2. It's important to respect people's preferred pronouns. 3. I'm petitioning the White House to recognize nonbinary gender. Anyone can start a petition on the We the People website at Whitehouse.gov, requesting that the federal government address a problem or change a policy. If a petition gets enough signatures within a thirty-day window, the White House will issue an official response. Sasha's petition reads as follows: Legal documents in the United States only recognize "male" and "female" as genders, leaving anyone who does not identify as one of these two genders with no option. Australia and New Zealand both allow an X in place of an M or an F on passports for this purpose, and the UK regnizes 'Mx' (pronounced "Mix") as a gender-neutral title. This petition asks the Obama administration to legally recognize genders outside of the male-female binary, and provide on option for these genders on all legal documents and records.
50	As they boxed up books and folders and unpinned words from the wall, Sasha noticed a pair of clipboards parents used to sign out their kids at the end of the day. One clipboard was marked Girls. The other was marked Boys. "What about the kids who aren't either one?" Sasha asked. "Which clipboard do they go on?"
51	Three years later, Karl's classroom included a boy who sometimes liked to dress as a princess and a girl who talked about maybe being a boy someday.
55	Nemo identifies as gender fluid.
56	"To me gender fluid means I have the potential to be anything, any gender at any time," Nemo explained. "I can be male, female, masculine, feminine, neither, both." Like Sasha, Nemo uses they/them pronouns. Sasha and Nemo knew each other from the school's Queer Club and had gone to see Les Miserables together the year before.
56	"And I'm asexual, so I don't do sexual relationships," Nemo says.
56	The fact that both of them identified as nonbinary wasn't the reason they were together, it was just another thing they had in common.
143	"I'm homophobic," Richard said at last. "I don't like gay people."
145	"My son considers himself agender," she said. "He likes to wear a skirt. It's his statement. That's how he feels comfortable dressing." It wasn't until later that she realized she'd gotten the pronouns wrong.

GET HELP!

WRONG!

CHARMING

WELL?

I WON'T SIGN IT

NUTS

NO

ASEXUAL OR CELIBATE?

TOO BAD

Page	Content
188	Being agender simply means that the person doesn't feel they are "either a boy or a girl."
189	But his presence was a statement in itself- I'm here, I'm queer, and I support my cousin. Inside the courtroom, reporters discussed the best terms to use when describing Sasha. Gender fluid? Genderqueer? Gender non-conforming? Agender?
189	"I've met the minor and I can tell you he's not homophobic, not even remotely," he said.
197	Like, 'Oh yeah, he gay, he hecka gay, let's burn him.'
202	Conversation turned to a case that was in the news- Donald Williams Jr., an African American freshman at San Jose State University, had been relentlessly bullied by the white students he lived with in a four-bedroom dormitory suite. The white kids, also freshmen, had insisted on calling Williams "three-fifths," a reference to the clause in the original US Constitution that counted slaves as three-fifths of a person when determining population for representation in Congress. They clamped a bike lock around his neck and claimed to have lost the key. They wrote Nigger on a whiteboard and draped a Confederate flag over a cardboard cutout of Elvis Presley in the suite's living room. They locked him in his room. And they claimed it was all just a series of good-natured pranks. In the end, three eighteen-year-old white students were expelled for what they did to Williams, and a seventeen-year-old was suspended. The three who were expelled were also charged in criminal court. The charge: misdemeanor battery with a hate-crime enhancement, which carried a maximum penalty of a year and a half in county jail. A jury eventually convicted all three of battery but acquitted one of the students of the hate-crime charge and deadlocked on the others. "Girl, they got misdemeanors," Regis said. "Nobody got charged with any felonies. Three white boys on one black boy."
224	They carried a book about the history of American Socialism.
228	The government had acknowledged the existence of nonbinary gender.
229	She had made Sasha a ball gown as a gift, using fabric donated by the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a San Francisco charity and street performance group that calls itself "a leading-edge Order of queer nuns."
249	Seven of them, including a knit cap, a flat cap, a Russian ushanka hat, and a Chairman Mao hat with a red star at the forehead. A few key books came along as well: a vegan cookbook, the novel Trains and Lovers by Alexander McCall Smith, The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. Le Guin, a book about anarchism called Black Flame, and the novel Orlando by Virginia Woolf, about a poet who changes genders from male to female.
285	"...We hope that there are programs in juvenile detention that can at least help Richard with this, and that he can become an ally who will stand up against the bullying and hatred of gay and trans people."
289	They talked about revolution vs. reform and anarchism vs. socialism, and Andrew was struck, as he always had been, by the way Sasha carefully considered things instead of just echoing the opinions of other people. Andrew was eighteen now. His glasses were rimless at the bottom; his nose

XD

"
IMPLIES
FEAR

NOT OK

"

RACE BASED
VICTIMHOOD
= CRT

NO

WONDERFUL

?

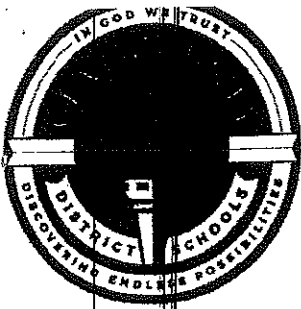
Page	Content
	pierced at the septum. He identified as a gay man. Few people knew his trans status- he kept it on the down low.
290	He was happier now than he'd been before he transitioned, but he still yearned for something else, some place outside of gender. "Actually," he said, "I'm starting to identify a little bit as- I don't even know the word I want to use yet. I like androgynous. I like genderqueer."

?

? Do Not

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	1
Fuck	10
Nigga	3
Pussy	1
Shit	4

NOT A LITERARY MASTERPIECE
 CAUSES MORE CHAOS THAN IT
 MAY INTEND TO SOLVE



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 Kerekas, District 1
Mary Boita District 2
Beth Clark District 3
Tina Bullock District 4
Ashley Cillhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTOWN.US
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
School: MIDVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: THE ASSASSIN'S BLADE
Author: SARAH J. MAAS ISBN: 978-1-61963-221-9
L7 PROBLEMATIC + 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. 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
PROMOTES PROMISCUITY
ALL CHARACTERS CONSUMED BY
SEXUAL DESIRE
NO ROLE MODELS
NO SERIOUS LITERARY VALUE

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 5
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why?

Date Committee convened:

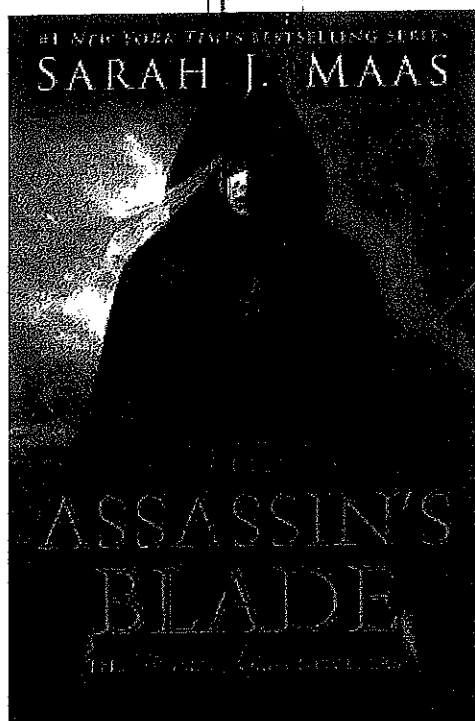
Committee:

Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information:

THE ASSASSIN'S BLADE



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-221-9

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; mild profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

2
1/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
345	...girls trained until they were seventeen, when their virginity was sold to the highest bidder.
444	<p>She'd never kissed anyone. And as her lips met his and he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close against him, she honestly had no idea why she'd waited so long. His mouth was warm and soft, his body wondrously solid against hers, his hair silken as she threaded her fingers through it. Still, she let him guide her, forced herself to remember to breathe as he eased her lips apart with her own.</p> <p>When she felt the brush of his tongue against hers, she was so full of lightning she thought she might die from the rush of it. She wanted more. She wanted all of him.</p> <p>She couldn't hold him tight enough. A growl rumbled in the back of his throat, so full of need she felt it in her core. Lower than that, actually.</p> <p>She pushed him against the wall, and his hands roamed all over her back, her sides, her hips. She wanted to bask in the feeling- wanted to rip off her suit so she could feel his callused hands against her bare skin. The intensity of that desire swept her away.</p> <p>...Sam's lips left her mouth to travel along her neck. They grazed a spot beneath her ear and her breath hitched.</p> <p>No, she didn't give a damn about anything right now.</p>
461	<p>She leaned down to kiss him, a swift brush of her mouth against his.</p> <p>"It's done," she said onto his lips.</p>
471	Celaena put her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply, giving him her silent reply.
492	<p>"I'm sorry I went to the Vaults," he said onto her skin, planting a kiss beneath her ear.</p> <p>A shiver went down her spine. Though they'd been sharing the bedroom for the past month, they hadn't yet crossed that final threshold of intimacy. She wanted to- and he certainly wanted to- but so much had changed so quickly. Something that monumental could wait a while longer. It didn't stop them from enjoying each other, though.</p> <p>Sam kissed her ear, his teeth grazing her earlobe, and her heart stumbled a beat. "Don't use kissing to swindle me into accepting your apology," she got out, even as she tilted her head to the side to allow him better access.</p> <p>He chuckled, his breath caressing her neck.</p> <p>..."If you go to the Vaults again," she said as he nibbled on her ear, "I'll hop in and beat you unconscious myself."</p> <p>She felt him smile against her skin. "You could try." He bit her ear- not hard enough to hurt, but enough to tell her that he'd now stopped listening.</p> <p>She writhed in his arms, glaring up at him...</p> <p>...But then Sam's lips found hers, and Celaena stopped talking for a good while after that.</p> <p>Yet as they stood there, their bodies twining around each other, there was still one question that remained unasked- one question neither of them dared voice.</p>

NOT OK

PROMUENT

PROMOTES PROMISCUITY

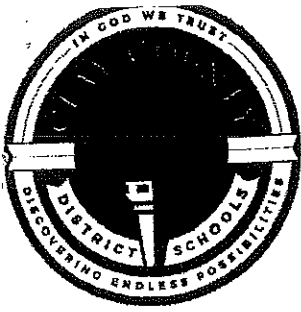
TRIVIAL

OK-ISH

Page	Content
509	<p>She scowled, but Sam kissed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck, opening her mouth to his, and a low growl escaped from him as their tongues met. Her hands tangled in the strap that held his sword against his back, and she withdrew long enough to unclasp the scabbard buckle across his chest.</p> <p>...Sam looked into her eyes again, and it was enough for her to grab him closer. He kissed her thoroughly, lazily, as if he had a lifetime of kisses to look forward to. She liked that. A lot.</p> <p>He slid one arm around her back and the other beneath her knees, sweeping her up in a fluid, graceful movement. Though she'd never tell him, she practically swooned.</p> <p>He carried her from the living room and into the bedroom, gently setting her down on the bed. He withdrew only long enough to remove the deadly gauntlets from his wrists, followed by his boots, cloak, jerkin, and shirt beneath. She took in his golden skin and muscled chest, the slender scars that peppered his torso, her heart beating so fast she could hardly breathe.</p> <p>He was hers. This magnificent powerful creature was hers.</p> <p>Sam's mouth found hers again, and he eased her farther onto the bed. Down, down, his clever hands exploring every inch of her until she was on her back and he braced himself on his forearms to hover over her. He kissed her neck, and she arched up into him as he ran his hand down the plane of her torso, unbuttoning her tunic as he went. She didn't want to know where he had learned to do these things.</p> <p>...Her breath hitched as he reached the last button and pulled her out of the jacket. He looked down at her body, his breathing ragged. They had gone further than this before, but there was a question in his eyes- a question written over every inch of his body.</p> <p>..."I can wait," he said thickly, kissing her collarbone.</p>
530	<p>"I like that," she said.</p> <p>He laced his fingers with hers and pulled her onto his lap. "I like you," he murmured, and Celajena let him kiss her until she'd again forgotten the dark burden that would always haunt her.</p>

THWASNT

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Shit	2



CERTIFY

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 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.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: AIDVIEW 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: THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY & LEON
 Author: ALAN CUMMING 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. *VIOLATES HIS 1467
3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.
SEE ATTACHED
ALL DESTINY SUMMARY - RE 2 DADS
FOUND AT WILKINSON ELEMENTARY
PROMOTES "SECRETS"

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: 3/9/2023

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 6

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

Date Committee convened: _____

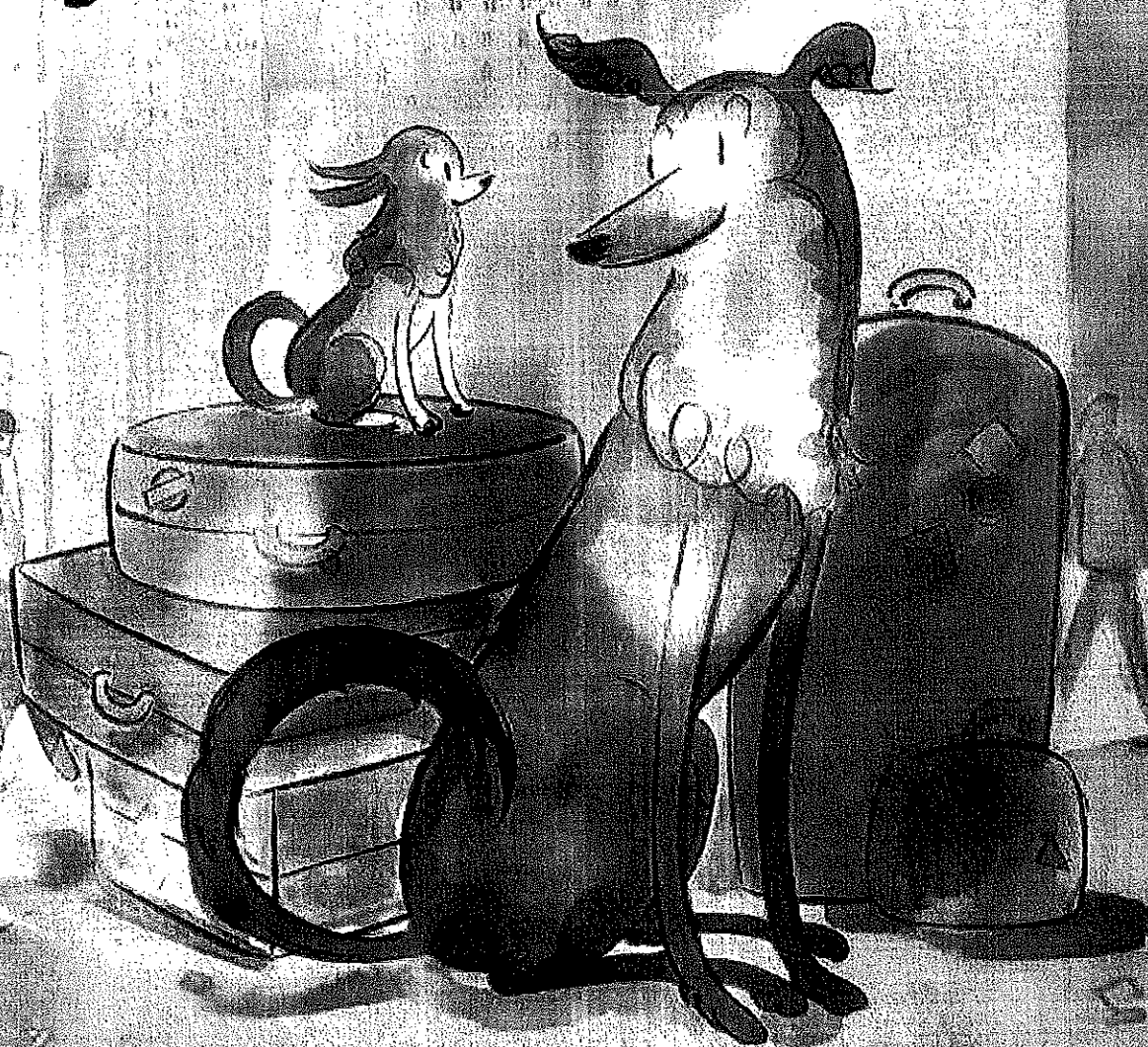
Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

The Adventures of HONEY & LEON



By Alan Cumming illustrated by Grant Shaffer

A little while later, Honey and Leon
said a sad goodbye to their dads.

→ NOT Z
OWNERS,
Z DADS

Don't worry, I'm
princess, we're only going
for a few days

Be a good
boy now!





2 DADS THAT LIVE TOGETHER
I'M NOT OFFENDED, BUT YOU'VE
VIOLATED HB 1467

Honey and Leon made it home
in the nick of time. And to think
their dads would never know!

But just like all families,
this one has its secrets.

NOW I'M
OFFENDED





CERTIFY OR HAND DELIVER
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

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

BOARD MEMBERS:
Janice 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] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
School: Middleview HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARNIES

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: VARNIES

Title: THE BEAST AND THE BETHANY
Author: JACK MEGGITT-PHILLIPS ISBN: 1-53447889-2
& 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!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY FINDING
GOOD AND MORAL AND CHEERFUL BOOKS
IS SO DIFFICULT
2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO NO
If YES, please explain in Question 3.

847.012
&
HB 1
MAYBE?
P.202

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.
SEE ATTACHED
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN DISTRICT COPIES
ALL (OR MOST) IN OUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS
A CHILD-EATING MONSTER
PROMOTES A TRIVIAL SENSE OF DEATH

"NEVER SEEN YOU EAT A HUMAN"

"BURIED UP Mrs. F's EARS"
"I WANT TO EAT A CHILD"
"I WANT TO EAT BETHANY"
"INJECT" - P.66 (DARK & MORBID)
"I WOULD RATHER A FAT CHILD"
"HUMANS, CATS, ... ALL THE SAME."

"FRESH CORPSE"
↑
P.202

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: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 3/26/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 4/12/23 by RB
- 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: OSC

- Outcome: no evidence of ch. 817 violation as presented
- Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by RD
- Additional information: _____



JACK
PREDICTABLE
ENDING
LEADS TO
SEQUEL(S)
IT'S
HAPPY-ISH
ENDING
OBSCURES
THE AWFUL
MESSAGE
=
DEATH
IS
TRIVIAL.

BY JACK MEGGITT-PHILLIPS
ILLUSTRATED BY ISABELLE FOLLATH

feasted upon seven pearl necklaces, an antique chest of drawers, two beehives, and a medium-sized statue of Winston Churchill.

"Is it something rare?" asked Ebenezer.

"It's not rare, but it is rarely eaten," answered the beast. "It's noisy, it comes in all shapes and sizes, and it's something that can be found in every country in the world."

Ebenezer thought for a moment, struggling to think what the noisy, common thing might be. He was never very good at figuring out the beast's clues.

"Is it some sort of trumpeter?" he asked.

"It is not." The beast laughed a slithery little laugh. "I am severely allergic to trumpeters. That would be the end of me."

"Is it a poodle? Do you want me to go to the dog shelter again?" suggested Ebenezer.

"No, no, no," said the beast, laughing again. "It's not an object, and it's not an animal."

Ebenezer was out of ideas. He thought that "trumpet" and "poodle" were both excellent guesses.

"Let me put you out of your misery," said the beast. "The next thing I want to eat is... a child."

A gleeful and dribbly smile slowly spread across the beast's face, as it watched Ebenezer come to terms with the suggestion.

"Sorry, but I think I misheard you there," said Ebenezer.

"I said I want to eat a child!" boomed the beast. "I want to know what one tastes like. I want a juicy, plump little child. I want to gobble it up in

25-26

one cozy, squishy bite."

Ebenezer shifted nervously. He suspected the beast wasn't finished yet.

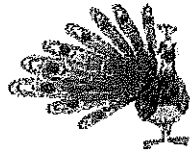
It wasn't.

"I want to know what a snotty nose tastes like," it sighed dreamily. "And chubby cheeks, dirty fingernails, and nit-ridden hair!"

The beast was breathless and sweaty with excitement. It looked at Ebenezer with furious hunger and energy in its eyes. Now, in a much softer voice, it asked:

"So when do you think you might be able to bring me one?"

YES, OR NO?
WOULD YOU GIVE THIS TO A
KINDERGARTNER?
YOUR LIBRARIANS DID!



The Heated Conversation

— **Y**ou can't eat a child!" said Ebenezer.

The smile dropped from the beast's face. Now, in its place, stood a nasty sort of snarl.

"And why not?" asked the beast. "You've brought me everything I've wanted before. Why are you turning your nose up at this one?"

"Because it's wrong!" said Ebenezer. "You can't go around eating children. There's something very *impolite* about it."

"Impolite? Did you say impolite?" asked the beast. "You didn't think it was impolite when you brought me a Wintlorian purple-breasted parrot, and you didn't think it impolite four hundred years ago when I asked you to bring me the last dodo."

— "But that was different!" said Ebenezer. "Animals aren't the same as children."

"That's a silly way to think!" said the beast.

"No, it's not. And I'm sorry, but I just won't do

to chew on more than just a sack of bones."

"Oh, right, now I get it," said Ebenezer. He showed how much he was getting it by nodding his head and clapping his hands together. "It's simple! I'll take back Bethany and ask Miss Fizzlewick if she has any brats in a larger size."

"NO!" boomed the beast, wobbling angrily. "THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT!"

Ebenezer waited for the wobbling to stop.

"What do you want?" he asked in his softest and most soothing of voices.

"I want to eat Bethany! I want to gobble her up and show her how scary a slimy hump of gray can be. But I don't want to do it until there's more of her to eat," answered the beast.

"When will there be more of her to eat?" asked Ebenezer.

"After you've fed her piles of food, you fool! Today is Tuesday, yes?" Ebenezer answered with a nod. "Well, you don't need your potion until Saturday. Three days is plenty of time to fatten up a child."

Ebenezer was horrified by the thought of having to live with Bethany for three days. At that moment in time, he would have happily chopped off his own ankles if it could have saved him from spending any more time with her.

"But, please—" said Ebenezer.

"No buts, Ebenezer," said the beast. "If you disappoint me again, then I'm afraid that you won't find me so generous with my gifts."



The Big Feed

For one of the first times in his life, Ebenezer had a problem. And it was a big one.

The big problem was that Bethany was not big enough. If he wanted to keep living his charmed, wrinkle-free life, then he had to find a way of putting meat on her bones as quickly as possible.

As Ebenezer walked down the stairs, he wondered whether there was a way of getting rid of Bethany by the end of the day. He thought of a few ideas, but none of them were really winners.

His first thought was that he should sneak into the hospital, steal some needles, and inject several packages of chocolate cookies into Bethany. It looked like it was going to be a solid plan, right up until the moment Ebenezer remembered that he was squeamish around any sort of medical equipment.

His next idea also looked like it was going to be a smasher. In order to avoid having to spend three days with Bethany, Ebenezer decided that he

"This day keeps getting better and better," he moaned to the wrinkly mirror.

Ebenezer trudged upstairs. The sound of the bell grew louder and more demanding as he made his way to the top floor.

The beast continued to ring the bell, even when Ebenezer was in the room. It only stopped after Ebenezer coughed in a pained fashion.

"What in the name of hot biscuits took you so long?" spat the beast. It was not in a jolly mood.

"Terribly sorry, my legs are a bit slow this morning," answered Ebenezer.

The beast targeted its three black eyes at Ebenezer. It burst into laughter.

"Ho ho ho, oh, Ebenezer, is that really what you look like without the potion?" it said. "Gosh, those 511 years really haven't been kind to you, have they?"

The beast was truly tickled by the sight of Ebenezer's new oldness. It laughed and laughed, until it broke out into a coughing fit.

Ebenezer walked over and gave the beast a firm pat on the back. The beast coughed out some stationery (a ruler, a protractor, and a packet of pencils), and then it was back to normal again.

"You shouldn't have made me laugh so much, Ebenezer!" said the beast crossly. "You know how bad it is for my chest. Really, you could have given me some warning before you came up here looking like that."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid that my appearance was a bit of a shock to me as well. I couldn't give you much warning, because I had no idea that I would

wake up looking like this. I can't remember the last time I was without the potion for so long."

"April 1902," said the beast. "It was when you took ages to bring me that Baskerville hound to eat. But I don't remember you looking quite this old and rotten."

"Speaking of the potion, I don't suppose there's any chance you might be able to give me a small advance?" asked Ebenezer.

"Yes, yes, yes—that's why I rang for you. How's the child doing?"

"She's doing fine, actually. A lot better. You know, she's not as awful as I thought—she apologized to someone yesterday, and she didn't let me sleep on a toad, so... yes. Progress, I would say."

The beast was not impressed. It didn't care about Bethany's emotional journey to becoming a better-behaved person. It only wanted to know whether the child was now large enough to eat.

"The child seemed a little rounder, when I saw her," said the beast. "There was more skin on her bones, and more juiciness in her cheeks. You have done good work, Ebenezer."

Ebenezer blushed. It was always a nice surprise to receive compliments from the beast.

"And you know, I haven't had so much as a bite to eat, since that singing parrot," continued the beast. "My stomach has started to growl."

"Oh, poor you," said Ebenezer. "You should have said. Would you perhaps like a little snack?"

"I would rather a fat child, Ebenezer! How much clearer can I be?"

Ebenezer's chest tightened. He started to feel

WHO IS THIS WRITTEN FOR?
IT'S TOO DARK TO BE FUNNY

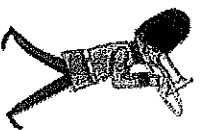
NOT OKAY
DEATH IS NOT FUNNY

TRIVIAL OR FUNNY

Ebenezer noticed that she had already gained quite a lot of weight. If the beast saw her, it would eat her on the spot.

"Maybe you don't need to eat quite so much food today," said Ebenezer. "You might live longer if you eat more healthily."

"Bog off," said Bethany. Then she shoved two muffins into her mouth.



The Bucket List

Ebenezer did not bog off. He refused to move from his seat, and he defied Bethany by scooping some porridge into his bowl.

Meanwhile, Bethany made herself a squashed-muffin sandwich—a new dish that she had recently invented. She laid a blueberry muffin on top of a pain aux raisins, bashed it into little pieces with her fists, and then put another pain aux raisins on top. She picked the whole thing up, careful not to let any crumbs get away, and then she scoffed it all down in three greedy bites.

It was quite a sight to see, and Ebenezer didn't know whether he should be impressed or appalled. As he looked at her, he realized that this was going to be the last day of her life. Tomorrow, she would be nothing but a digested meal at the bottom of the beast's belly.

"What are you looking at?" asked Bethany.

125-126

ON RAZIES
RESPONSE
BETHANY'S
STORIES



The Inconvenience

Stop looking at me like that," said the beast. "You're acting like you've never seen me eat a meal before."

Ebenezer was as pale as a glass of watery milk. His fingers were twitching, and his knees were trembling.

"N... n... never seen you eat a human," he stuttered, between a series of deep and jangly breaths.

"Humans, cats, statues of Winston Churchill—they're all the same. I don't know why you're getting so worked up about it," said the beast. "Although, I must say, this one tasted wonderful. Mmmnnh! It was everything I was hoping for."

The beast smiled and looked down at its full belly. It burped out Miss Fizzlewick's ears, which bounced along the floor and landed by Ebenezer's feet.

"Be a dear and pop those back into my mouth,"

INSANE TO
PLANT THIS
THOUGHT
IN A CHILD—

JUST
— NO!
"BURPED UP
MRS. F'S EARS"

"What's it doing?" asked Bethany.

The beast started to jump. On its third jump, the floorboards gave way, and the beast and the objects disappeared, as they fell through to the fourteenth floor.

"Oh no, please no," said Ebenezer.

The beast continued to vomit out heavy objects and jumped its way through one weak floor to another. Soon, it was just two floors from reaching Bethany and Ebenezer.

"We're doomed!" said Ebenezer. He clutched his chest, as his heart gave out entirely and he collapsed onto the sofa. Bethany ran over and tried to wake him up. She shook his body and slapped his face, until the last moments of life flickered in his face. "I'm so terribly sorry," he murmured. "It's all my fault. I should never have brought you into this house."

Ebenezer squeezed Bethany's hand, and then all signs of life disappeared from his body. His breathing stopped, his eyes collapsed shut, and his wrinkly skin faded to an unpleasant gray color.

"OH, BETHANEEEE!" shouted the beast from the hallway, after it burst through the final ceiling.

"THE BEAST WANTS TO SAY HELLOOO!"

Tears poured from Bethany's eyes, and snot streamed from her nose, but she knew what she needed to end this. She let go of Ebenezer's lifeless hand and walked over to Miss Fizzlewick's box. She grabbed one of the trumpets and shoved it down the back of her trousers.

She was ready to face the beast.

201-202



The Beast and the Bethany

I can appreciate a good scary story but this awful book...In my opinion, it seems that our media specialists are part of a death cult. Ebenezer's smelly fresh corpse might be a bit much for some children. Whose job is it to protect our children? Sadly it falls to us, always. The librarians don't care. With willful disregard for innocence, they've filled the shelves with poison.

The beast smashed the door open with the moon-sized bowling ball and used the two-hundred-pound weight and bag of bricks to push the other obstacles to one side. It made the piano play another loud, nasty tune as it waddled into the room.

"Mmmh!" it said, as it sniffed the air greedily.

"There's a delicious smell of death about the place!" It followed its nostrils and noticed that the scent was coming from the fresh corpse of Ebenezer. "Poor Ebenezer. It's such a pity—he's one of the better servants I've had over the past thousands of years."

"It's not a pity, it's murder!" said Bethany. "If you had given him the poison, he would still be alive."

The beast turned its attention to Bethany. It licked its lips when it saw how big she had grown.

Does it break the law?
Is it probably not
Is it good for children?
DEFINITELY NOT.

21
FRESH
CORPSE

DO
BETTER



TOWN HALL #2 1/19/2023
TO BROSKIE BY HAND
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

8/1/22

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

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

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

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: * The Black friend: on being a bitter white person
 Author: * Frederick Joseph ISBN: * 978-1-536217d-8

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

DOES NOT VIOLATE 847

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

	PAGES	see SUMMARY
<u>INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT</u>		
<u>COMMON CORE</u>		
<u>CSE</u>		
<u>SEL</u>		
<u>DEI CRT ANTI-POLICE</u>		
<u>SEXUAL CONTENT</u>		

CRT + ANTI POLICE SENTIMENT
→ 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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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


Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 7/31/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

- To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:**
- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 1/20/23 by 
 - Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 8
 - The form was fully completed and accepted: **Yes/No**. If not, why? _____
 - Date Committee convened: _____
 - Committee Members: _____
 - Outcome: _____
 - Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____
 - Additional information: _____



Ridgeview High School

Library

Catalog

Library Search > Search Results > "The Black friend"

Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Français

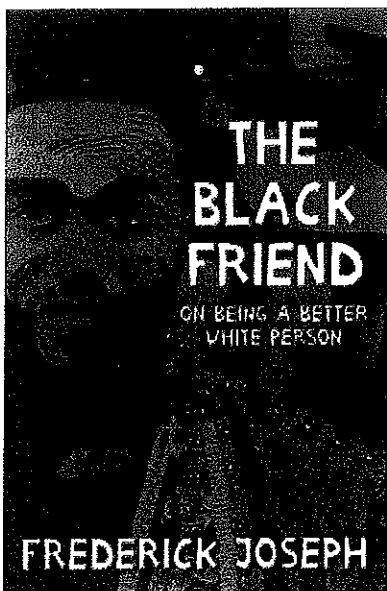
Español

How do I... ?

Title Details

Reviews

Copies



TitlePeek™

The Black friend : on being a better white person / [Book]

Frederick Joseph.

Call #:	305.8 JOS	Local copies available: 1 of 1.	Off-site copies available: 4 of 4. See all...



"We don't see color.' 'I didn't know **Black** people liked Star Wars!' 'What hood are you from?' For Frederick Joseph, life as a transfer student in a largely **white** high school was full of wince-worthy moments that he often simply let go. As he grew older, however, he saw these as missed opportunities not only to stand up for himself, but to spread awareness to those **white** people who didn't see the negative impact they were having. Speaking directly to the reader, *The Black Friend* calls up race-related anecdotes from the author's past, weaving in his thoughts on why they were hurtful and how he might handle things differently now. Each chapter features the voice of at least one artist or activist, including Angie Thomas, author of *The Hate U Give*; April Reign, creator of #OscarsSoWhite; Jemele Hill, sports journalist and podcast host; and eleven others. Touching on everything from cultural appropriation to power dynamics, 'reverse racism' to **white** privilege, microaggressions to the tragic results of overt racism, this book serves as conversation starter, tool kit, and invaluable window into the life of a former 'token **Black** kid' who now presents himself as the **friend** many readers need. Backmatter includes an encyclopedia of racism, providing details on relevant historical events, terminology, and more"--From the publisher's web site.



Selected List: My List

Add to This List

Publication Info | Explore! | Additional Info

Publication Info

Published

Somerville, Massachusetts : Candlewick Press, 2020.

Spring Branch ISD
101920

INSTRUCTIONAL RESOURCES
INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS

EFA
(EXHIBIT)

EXHIBIT A

REGISTRATION OF INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS

Name

Address

City

Zip

Phone

Do you represent your community or organization? (If an organization, please identify: _____)

Resource on which you are commenting:

- Book Magazine Audio Recording
 Textbook Library Program Newspaper
 Video/DVD Electronic information/network (please specify)
 Display Other

Title The Black Friend: on Being a Better White Person

Author/Producer Frederick Joseph

1. Have you reviewed the materials in their entirety? If not, please do so before completing and submitting this form.

2. To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific: cite pages, and the like)

Please see email to Mr. Barnes

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

Increasing racism + division in our district as a result of CRT teachings

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

18+ (Adults only)

5. In its place, what material of equal quality would you recommend that could be used to teach similar subject matter?

Books by/about: Martin Luther King or Shelby Steele

6. What do you believe should be done with the material in question?

- Remove it from the curriculum
 Do not allow my child to use this material
 Use it as resource

Complainant signature

Date

Subject: Book Review Request, The Black Friend

Dear Mr. XXXXX,

I am writing to inform you of my extreme concern about a book called "The Black Friend: On Being A Better White Person" by Frederick Joseph that is currently available in the XXX library and several other High Schools and Middle Schools within XXISD. As you are probably aware, the State of Texas passed a law (House Bill Number 3979) in July of 2021 that prevents the teaching of Critical Race Theory in Texas schools. I believe this book is in violation of State Law, and I would like to see it removed from XXISD library shelves.

Aside from the legal concerns surrounding this book, I have many other problems with the content and "message" found in Mr. Joseph's writing. My main concerns are as follows:

1. **The author stereotypes all white people based on their skin color.** These racial stereotypes are not only unflattering, they could fan the flames of anger and resentment for anyone reading this book by using emotionally charged language. Examples are as follows:

CRT *Page 70: "...white people...and what they don't like is a Black woman that is too free, too well spoken, too this, too that."

RUBBISH *Page 71: "Often white people find themselves in situations where people of color are simply better at something, they become resentful and sometimes even dangerous.."

1. **The author ironically is racist towards white people,** and he assumes that all whites are the same, when in reality there are many different ethnic groups that are considered "white" including Western Europeans, Eastern Europeans, Hispanic people, Roma people, some Arabs, some Eurasians some Africans and many other groups that I have inadvertently left out. And yet, somehow the author does not see a problem making the following statement about whites:

✓ *Page 3: "...white people are simply defined by the color of their skin, while Black people are a cultural and ethnic group."

1. **The author promotes the concept that there is institutional racism everywhere in society, and that everything must change or be dismantled.** This concept is a component of Critical Race Theory (and Kimberlé Crenshaw who is a leading scholar of this theory, is referenced

CRT

CRT

in the book, under the Encyclopedia of Racism under the "Intersection" heading). Examples of this can be seen here:

u

* Page 27: "...Racism makes everything about race, and racism can be found in every part of society. From our educational system to our legal system, nonwhite people are disproportionately mistreated and oppressed.

u

*First Page of Encyclopedia of Racism/Affirmative Action: "**As I've mentioned throughout the book**, inequality is built into **every** aspect of American society, giving Black and brown people less access than white people to education, employment, and power."

u

1. **The author discusses white privilege and white supremacy throughout the book, along with the concept that Americans (whites) are not accountable for their actions. He also paints the concept of being "color blind" in a very negative light. These are all components of Critical Race Theory as well.** Examples can be found here:

u

*Introduction/Page 1: "...white supremacy, white privilege, and the negative aspects of whiteness in general."

u

*Page 2: "That said, my one actual problem with white people is that many just don't have any sense of accountability when it comes to people of color."

u

*Page 27: "Because to see my color, to see my culture, to see my race, would also mean taking responsibility for how white people have historically treated people my color, with my culture, from my race."

NOTS

*Page 30: "In my opinion, the idea of being color blind and trying to steer conversations away from race are the most manipulative and powerful tools of racism."

*Page 31: "The inability of people to accept accountability for doing things that are wrong is in the DNA of America". - **PUSHING WHITE GUILT**

CRT

u

*Page 235: In the Encyclopedia of Racism under the White Privilege section: "White privilege is the unearned, built in, disproportionate access to resources, power, and justice that white people experience over nonwhite people as a result of systemic racism. White Privilege is rooted in colonization, though white supremacy has existed since...well, since "white" has existed, and anything else became "other".

ANTI-POLICE SENTIMENT

1. **The author references Blue Lives matter in a very cruel and inhumane way.** An example can be seen here:

u

*Page 31: "And then there's Blue Lives Matter—the movement to remind everyone that white killer cops are people too."

THIS BOOK DOES NOT PROMOTE RACIAL HARMONY

1. Finally the author includes an index of racist terms at the back of the book called the "Encyclopedia of Racism". He makes some bold and offensive claims in this section of the book including the following:

*Page 229-230: America is NOT a melting pot statement: "One of the first things we learn about America in school is this melting pot concept, the idea that we are all here working and living well together. Ultimately, not only is that not true; it also lets white people escape accountability for creating systems and moments to separate everyone else from white people."

*Page 232: CRT in a nutshell is explained under the Systemic or Institutional racism section: "Systemic or institutional racism is a kind of stealth racism. It's the reinforcement of white supremacy through various strategies, plans, and parts of everyday life. It's the inequality that is built into our laws, our economic system, our housing system, our healthcare system, our educational system, our entertainment. As I said, it exists in just about every single thing you can think of."

*Page 236: White Women's Tears are described as follows: "In order to understand the power of white women's tears—which doesn't just mean their tears, but also their emotions, reactions, and words—it's important to understand the power that white women wield in our society, whether they're conscious of it or not."

I am offended by the above term "White Women's Tears". While there are women that have lied about rape and/or other assaults, many/the majority of women have not. It is insulting to white women who have been victims of sexual assault (regardless of race of the perpetrator) to read about a term that calls into question women's integrity. What do young white teen girls think when they read this if they have been the victim of assault already in their young life?!

Mr. XXXXX, I firmly support free speech and I am against censorship. This author certainly has a right to his opinion, and while I disagree with him, I have no problem if someone wants to buy his book or borrow a copy to read from a PUBLIC library. I do feel however, that School Libraries have a bigger responsibility and a higher standard to adhere to for the students that it serves. Children and teens are still developing emotionally, mentally, academically, neurologically, spiritually, and of course physically. They are HIGHLY impressionable. Which is why it is SO important for parents AND schools to make sure that the foundations we give our children prepare them for successful, healthy, and productive lives as adults.

When we provide racially divisive, or highly sexual/pornographic, or lots of foul language/cursing, or graphic violence or any other destructive reading materials to our children and teens in our SCHOOL libraries, we are not protecting them from topics that they may not be ready to process emotionally, mentally, or spiritually. There may be confusion, embarrassment, and misunderstandings from reading books that are age inappropriate. I really feel that it is the responsibility of public school libraries to consider the emotional and mental wellbeing of children and teens before putting "just

any" material on library shelves. Just because kids "can" read a certain book (if the publisher has dubbed it "teen lit") doesn't mean they *should*.

I would ask you and the book review/removal committee to consider the following philosophical questions.

1. Will students reading this book have a better respect for others who might be different than them, or will they come away thinking that all people of a certain race are alike, and therefore it is ok to prejudge anyone they come in contact with based on prior lived experiences?
2. Will students feel like victims or oppressors after reading this book? And if so, what does that mean for their emotional and mental health?
3. Will this book help build unity within our school district, or will it further promote division?
4. Will students feel like it's not enough to be kind and respectful to all, but that they must instead go out of their way to become an activist "antiracist" in order to not be considered "racist"? Further, will they judge others if they do not see others becoming activists/antiracists as well?
5. Will students reading this feel encouraged? Or will they feel hopeless and depressed because there is nothing they can do to change their race and ethnicity? Will they feel extreme guilt for historical atrocities? And if they do feel guilt that cannot be assuaged (because they cannot change the past), is that healthy and productive for society as a whole?

I would also like to understand why this book was selected to be a part of multiple libraries in XXBISD (including for children as young as 11/6th grade), and who XXISD purchased these books from? I feel that this book is not appropriate or healthy, and I would like the review committee to remove it from XXISD library shelves.

Thank you for taking the time to review this book. I appreciate your attention to this matter, and I look forward to hearing from you.

Regards,
XXXXXX
Texas Parent

FOR MYSELF,

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

CHAPTER PRESIDENT

NO LEFT TURN IN EDUCATION - FLORIDA



TOWN HALL #2 1/19/2023
TO BROSKIE BY HAND
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

8.1.22

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

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

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

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: * The boy and girl who broke the world: a novel
 Author: * Amy Reed ISBN: * 978-1-48148176-2

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

DOES NOT VIOLATE 847

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

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

SEE ATTACHED
 RACIST
 PROMOTES DRUGS...
 NO VALUE TO THIS BOOK

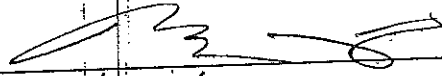
3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS

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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 7/31/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

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

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

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

Date Committee convened: _____

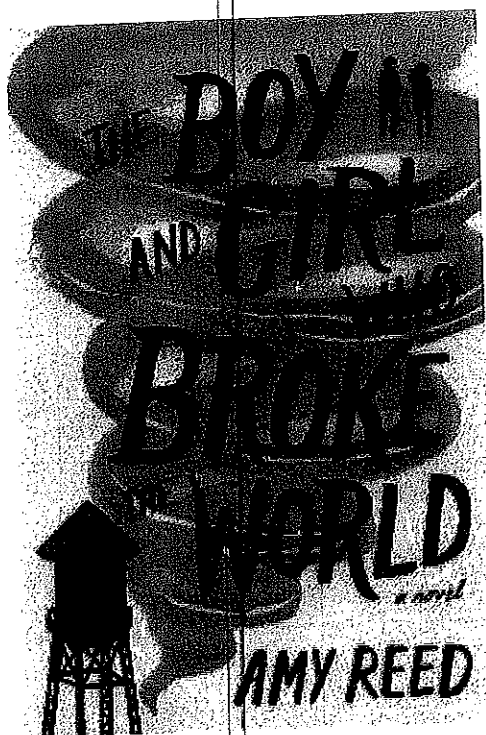
Committee Members: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

THE BOY AND GIRL WHO BROKE THE WORLD



Young Adult

By Amy Reed

ISBN:978-1-4814-8176-2

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity;
inflammatory racial commentary;
and drug use.

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating



Page	Content
31	White people love pretending they're Native American, and they don't care which kind.
135	"Just get me some fucking weed. I've been through hell. It's not like I'm asking you to get me fucking heroin."
136	"I don't think I can get you weed," Billy says. ..."First of all, I don't know anyone who sells weed." "You're a teenager in Fog Harbor. Everyone sells weed." ..."weed is barely a drug."
153	"...Speaking of drugs, did you get my weed yet?"
180	I know it's asking a lot of friend to come whit you to buy drugs, especially when the drugs are for someone she hates who is technically not supposed to be doing drugs, and I do feel a little bad about it. ...would think about my being a drug dealer's house.
207	"I'm almost out of weed," he says.
209	"Goddamn, nature is fucking brutal," Caleb says, sucking on his joint.
243	I think giving someone art is just about the most intimate gift a person can give, except for maybe sex toys or something.
249	"...anti-vaxxer shit."
258	I hold my other hand out to receive the bag of weed.

RACIST
POT +
~~MASSA~~
TRIVIALIZE

TRIVIALIZE
TOYS
SEX = GROOMING

Profanity	Count
Ass	13
Bitch	6
Fuck	50
Piss	9
Shit	19

NO SERIOUS LITERARY VALUE



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

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- Beth Clark District 3
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Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: MIDDLEVIEW 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: THE DETOUR
 Author: S.A. BODEEN ISBN: 1-48449515-2
EDWARDS

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

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]
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 B

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

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

evidence provided

Date Committee convened:

Committee:

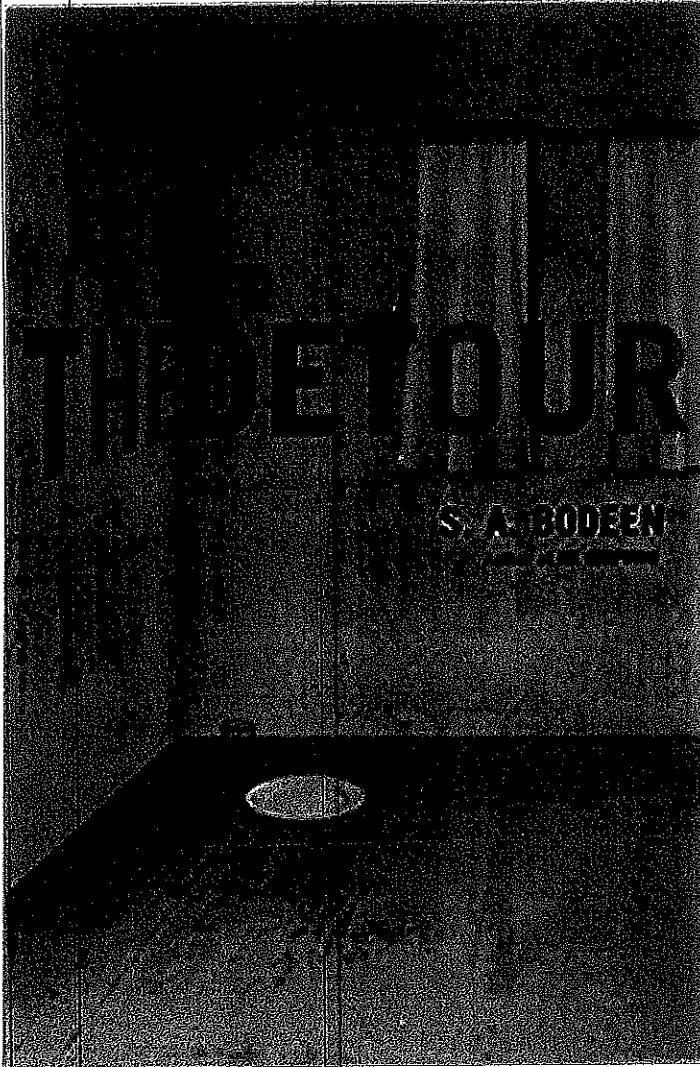
Outcome:

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information:

BLANK

Home / The Detour by S.A. Bodeen



The Detour by S.A. Bodeen

Specific Schools where available

<https://restoreottawa.substack.com/p/the-detour-book-experience-6th-grade?s=r>

Publisher : Feiwel & Friends (October 6, 2015)

From the vault- My public comments from February 2020 following up on asking for parent consent requirements for sexually explicit books for kids.

"The Detour", by S.A. Bodeen was not in the school library. It was, instead, in my child's 6th grade classroom teacher's personal library she kept to lend her own books out to students. It was given to my son to read without my knowledge.

2/9/2020

16 Nov 23

"My name is ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I live in Spring Lake, pay taxes to Ferrysburg, and yet somehow reside in the Grand Haven district boundaries.

Last month after the board meeting I sat down with my 6th grade twin boys and told them if they were ever uncomfortable reading something in a book they got from school they could tell us about it. My 6th grade son said "yes, I just read something that made me feel very uncomfortable about a man looking at a girls crotch and raping her". He ran upstairs and quickly returned with a book his teacher gave him before winter break.

The book details a 16 year old girl who is kidnapped and put in a house when an older man comes in the room to sexually assault her. He is kissing her, his tongue is down her throat, he rips her shirt off, his hands are touching her exposed breasts. She plays along like she's enjoying it for a while. Then she bites his tongue hard and slashes his face open with a piece of metal. He yells "You Bitch"

That's pretty heavy reading material for a 6th grader. I would never have consented to this book for my child.

In all fairness, I don't believe his teacher realized what was in that book. I think teachers in our district work really hard, and they want kids to read, which is a very noble thing. I do think there is a problem with the current YA age rating system our schools are relying on. This particular book was rated for ages 12 and up. This is the issue I am trying to bring to your attention. I do believe the district needs to take a closer look at these books and devise a way to flag explicit content and require parental consent when its being made available for minors to read.

Im aware that some parents want their kids reading sexually explicit content. Again, I think the district provides a form at the beginning of the school year where they can easily mark "full access" to all sexually explicit content. For other parents, not comfortable with their kids reading sexually explicit materials, those flagged books should be released only when parental consent is given.

Last week, my children's librarian gave me these options:

1. I can get weekly updates to see what books they're reading
2. I can log in to their accounts using my childs log in info to see what they are reading.
3. I can provide a list of books my kids can't read (which puts the burden on me rather than the librarian to figure out every book in the district that is sexually explicit)
4. I can Require parental consent for every item my kids check out, irrespective of content. (My kids read a ton, they can read a book a day)

Or

5. I can ban my kids from the library.

None of these options are satisfactory and still expose the district to the liability of giving sexually explicit materials to minors, many under the age of consent. We should make a district wide change when it comes to sexually explicit content available to minors. And my vote is for parental

← GOOD PARENTING

←

←

←

←

←

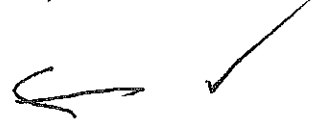
←

RAPE
PARENT
INTERESTS

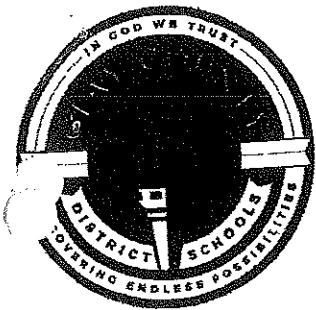
← BINGO
YOU'LL BE
SUED!

content available to minors, and my vote is for parental notification/ and consent on all items regarding sexually explicit content- gay or straight.

I would also like to know why the schools librarian sent an email to another parent the day after the last public board meeting stating that I formally requested ALL LGBTQ books ONLY to be put behind a desk and require a parent note to be checked out, irrespective of whether or not they were sexually explicit? It is publicly recorded that I asked for all sexually explicit books- gay and straight to require parental consent. That false statement by a GH employee turned into a published news article that created a hate mob and much venom towards me and subsequently made my kids fearful of going to school. I would like a follow up email from the superintendent explaining how that transpired. Its VITALLY important that parents are not publicly intimidated and slandered at the direction of school employees for bringing issues to the attention of district leadership regarding our kids. Had that librarian not made that false statement, I don't believe this would have turned into the media circus we now have in front of us.



YOUR
USUAL
OBJUSCATIONS
WON'T WORK
ANYMORE!



CERTIFY BY HAND DELIVER
CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

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

BOARD MEMBERS:
Janice 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.US
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
School: MIDDLEVIEW 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: THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM
Author: HOLLY GOLDBERG SLOAN ISBN: 0-7352-2994-5
& 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 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
FRAUD TRIVIALIZED, CULTURALLY RESPONSIVE TRAINING
EQUAL PAY ACT, INACCURATELY DESCRIBED
THIS BOOK IS TOO MISLEADING FOR
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

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

Signature: [Redacted]

[Handwritten Signature]

Date:

3/31/2023

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

- Received in Instructional Resources: Date 4/12/23 by [Signature]
- Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages _____
- The form was fully completed and accepted: Yes/No. If not, why? _____

Date Committee convened: _____
 Committee: OSC

Outcome: NO evidence of Chapter 847 violation as presented

Notification of Complainant: Date 4/1 by [Redacted] RD

Additional information: _____

NOT
FOR
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS

the
Elephant
in the
Room

Counting by 7's

got a whiff of the delicate pink manzanita blossoms. There was wild ginger growing somewhere. Cedar. Sweet woodruff. Western lark. Osoberry. Engelmann spruce. Sword ferns. Golden currant.

The elephant's body seemed to grow taller as her nose absorbed the variety and complexity of natural odors. Veda's enormous ears suddenly flared wide. She heard the wind rustle in the treetops and the sound of chirping sparrows, towhees, and buntings. Two bullfrogs called out from a ditch nearby, and somewhere close dozens of bumblebees buzzed in and out of a hive.

Veda heard it all.

It was a symphony to her.

It was the call of the wild.

The elephant moved away from her mobile prison and looked out past the farmhouse where she saw only open space. There was a sloping landscape of leafy trees, meadows, and in the distance, golden hills.

And then her eyes fell on Gio.

He stood perfectly still.

Veda turned to him. He didn't seem afraid. He seemed to be in awe.

The elephant took several steps forward and stopped. Gio stretched out his hand, and Veda's trunk extended to meet it. Gio whispered, "This is all yours now. This is your forever home."

Chester made certain the bear was moved in his

77-78

wheeled cage out of the second truck and into the old barn so fast that Gio never saw it happen. The old man stood motionless alongside Veda, whose trunk was carefully investigating the top of his gray-haired head, strand by strand. Chester tried not to explode from sheer excitement. He had pulled off the highway to get donuts and would be getting back on the roadway only hours later with over forty thousand dollars in cash and without a two-ton elephant and a cranky bear. Chester had heard Gio's story as they collected money and had decided he was the one, not Gio, who was winning the state's Powerball lottery!

Chester's plan before he went into the Hole in One bakery (if he could say he'd even had a plan) was to try to find a zoo for his elephant. But Chester had never received an exotic animal permit. He didn't do the regular (and required by law) veterinarian checkups. He had never been caught breaking the rules because the circus was forever on the move, always wheeling into a new town, in a new state, with new officials. So as long as Chester kept printing out false documents and acting with great confidence and authority, he'd never had a problem.

But he had to get this deal done as quickly as possible before the enormous burden of elephant ownership sunk in and Gio had second thoughts. He needed to be somewhere untraceable before this eccentric old man wearing expensive bedroom slippers could change his mind. Or at the very least before the guy got his foot smashed when Veda went in the wrong direction.

FRANK
REVALUED

to us!"

"I'm not spending it, I'm just looking. Hey, he gets more money than you."

Sila passed the check to her mother, who stared at the stub where the details of the payment were shown. Oya looked confused.

"He worked the exact same hours as me. But he got paid more."

"Does he do the same job?"

"He's a janitor. I'm a housekeeper. So yes. He cleans. Just like me."

"Has he been there longer than you?"

"No. He only started last year."

"So why does he get paid more?"
Oya didn't answer for a long time, but when she did her voice was hard.

"I think because he's a man."

NOT THE SAME JOB OYRA

→ PART OF THE GOV'T, BUT A BUSINESS NEOTAMES SALARIES

That was the beginning of the end. Oya went to the Grand Hotel the following Monday and returned Miguel's check to accounting. Then she spoke to the general manager, where she made her case that the women in housekeeping did the same work as the men in janitorial and she wanted to know why the men were paid more. The general manager said he'd look into it, and the next Friday, Oya was told that the hotel was cutting back on staff. She was let go that day, even though she'd been Employee of the Month only two months earlier.

Minutes later, holding the coffee mug she kept in the workers lounge, she was waiting in shock in

the parking lot for Alp to come get her. A woman approached looking for the service entrance. She told Oya she was interviewing for a position in the housekeeping department.

OK

Oya had been fired for questioning the system that saw a janitor as different from a housekeeper. The janitors pushed vacuums and brooms. There was nothing they did that the women didn't do.

What happened was bad and then it got worse.

The following month a certified letter arrived in the mail saying Oya's immigration paperwork was under review. A summons ordered Oya to immigration court. Her right to be in the country was being challenged based on a "tip" that her documents were incomplete. Further investigation revealed that Oya needed to return to the country where she was born and get new signatures on new documents.

It seemed simple when she left, but while she was overseas the rules changed for entrance to the United States. Oya Tekin was stuck. She was now waiting abroad, uncertain when she'd be able to come back to her husband and daughter.

—

Sila turned on the light and opened her bedroom door. It was so quiet. Living in an apartment building meant that there were always sounds. Other people flushing toilets in rooms above and below. Doors opening and closing. Strains of a television show played too loud or music from

MALE EMPLOYEE PAID MORE THAN SILA'S MOTHER

EMPLOYEE GOT A

A TRAVELER

HE IS ALLOWED TO DO THIS!

SHE SHOULD HAVE CALLED A LAWYER

DEBATED ASKING OR A STORY OF THE ORDER

things two ways: She spoke two languages, Turkish at home and English when she was out in the world. So there were two ways to go to school: one to make her mom happy, and one to feel comfortable. She could do both.

But now things were different. Sila woke up earlier than normal on Friday and opened the shade, hoping a train would go by. She went to her bureau and removed the most recent of her mother's scratchy sweaters. She slipped it over her head. It was May. Summer was just around the corner. The sweater was uncomfortable and far too hot to wear in spring weather. But Sila had made her decision.

she

The back of her neck was sweaty and her hair was wet at the top of her braid. It had been a hard day, and not just because she was making a point to the universe about the value of her mother, as seen in the heavy sweater. The week had dragged on. She'd missed turning in two assignments and didn't do very well on a history test because she'd read the wrong chapter. Sila was having trouble concentrating. Her mind was not there in the classroom; it was with her mother and an elephant.

And then there were the twenty-minute "connecting" sessions. She and Mateo Lopez had still not said a single word to each other. She felt bad that she didn't make an attempt to talk to him, but she thought he looked as disinterested in the whole thing as she was. Today would mark over a

*MADE
AUTISTIC*

week they'd been reading books for twenty minutes in that airless room. Sila could hear the other kids whispering when they left class early every afternoon. Before, she would have cared what they said about her. But now it made no difference.

When it was time to go that day, Sila gathered up her things and silently walked out the door. Mateo was right behind her. They got to the library and found the Facilitator waiting. He always left once they were settled. Sila wondered if he was watching with a hidden camera, or maybe listening on a speaker. But today the Facilitator looked at her with real concern.

"Is everything okay, Sila?"

"Uh-huh," Sila managed.

"You're flushed. You should take off your sweater. I think you're overheated."

Something inside Sila snapped and her eyes filled with tears. She whispered, "My mother made this sweater."

The Facilitator stepped back as if afraid that she might suddenly start sobbing. But before he could say anything, a low voice spoke out, "The pattern of Sila's sweater shows the ethnic, cultural, and religious pluralism that comes from one of the oldest points of civilization. Her family is Turkish."

Sila turned to look at Mateo. He continued, "She has her reasons for wanting to wear the sweater."

The Facilitator stared at the boy. "Yes. Thank you, Mateo."

Sila adjusted her backpack. "Come on, Mateo."

*CUTAWAY SCENE
RESPONSE
TRAINING
MADE ON
A TRIP
MICK*

Just down the street, Mateo was staring down at his dinner plate. If he had a choice in the matter, and he didn't, he would eat macaroni and cheese every night. And today he was getting his favorite meal. As he put his fork into his food he was pleased. After almost two hours riding a bicycle and six hours outside at Gio's property, Mateo was hungry.

His mother slid into the chair next to him.

"Anything new to report from Gio's today?"

"Sila wished she had never kicked the hornet's nest."

Rosa looked up with concern. "Goodness—was she stung?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. Kicking a hornet's nest is very dangerous."

"I didn't see it happen. Today is her mom's birthday. She said it's her fault her mom got sent back to Turkey because she kicked the hornet's nest."

"Why would that be her fault?"

"She looked at a paycheck from the hotel where her mom worked and she saw that the janitors got more money than the maids, so her mom complained to her boss."

Rosa stopped eating. "I don't understand what you're saying."

"They fired her mom after she complained about the check. Then immigration wrote and said there was a problem. Sila seeing the paycheck started a chain of bad stuff."

"Oh, I get it. Sila saying she kicked the hornet's

nest is just an expression."

"An expression of what?" Mateo asked.

"Trouble."

"Really?"

"Yes, I don't think hornets are connected in any way to the immigration problem."

"Sila should have said that."

Mateo's mother was no longer eating. She looked at her son. "I wondered what was going on with Sila's mother. But I didn't think it was right to ask a lot of personal questions."

"People don't like answering a lot of questions,"

Mateo agreed.

"Do they have a good lawyer?" Rosa asked.

"For what?"

"For the problem."

"I don't know."

"I need to speak with Sila's father."

Mateo served himself more macaroni and cheese. He ate for a while. When he was finished he took his plate to the kitchen, saying over his shoulder, "Mom, bees and hornets get blamed for a lot of stuff they don't do."

Sila was already in her room in bed, but she heard the doorbell ring. She was able to make out bits and pieces of a conversation between her father and Mateo's mother.

"Alp, I'm not an immigration lawyer. My specialty is labor law. But there's a lawyer in our firm who does immigration."



37.

Rosa Lopez made copies of everything Alp Tekin had given her, and sent it to her friend who was a specialist in immigration law. Then she started investigating Oya's former employment situation at the Grand Hotel.

IF PRIVATELY OWNED THIS PLACE SHOULD HAVE HAD A BETTER LAWYER.

From what she knew, Oya Tekin had done nothing wrong as an employee. Many people believed you could sue if you were fired unfairly. But that wasn't true. A law needed to have been broken in order to have a legitimate wrongful termination claim.

← OK
← OK

Rosa knew that there weren't laws against a boss liking one employee better than another. However, there was a law called the Equal Pay Act to guarantee that women couldn't do the same job as men and be paid less.

← ✓
← NOT ENTIRELY ACCURATE PRODUCTIVITY CAN BE A FACTOR!

Rosa had been standing up for her son to receive accommodations in school because of his differences, and so she was used to fighting for people's rights. She began by immediately filling out paperwork on behalf of Oya Tekin to open a case with the United States Equal Employment

← SILA'S MOM, OYA IS STILL MAKING TROUBLE
← OK



39.

The case of *Tekin vs. Grand Hotel Incorporated* went before the Oregon court fourteen months later, and in a unanimous decision the largest civil judgment in the state's history of labor dispute was awarded to Oya Tekin. She was given back pay for twenty-three months, and the right to return to her old job. But that wasn't what was so significant about the verdict. The Grand Hotel was found to have acted to punish her for pointing out their inequality in labor practices, and for that Oya was awarded damages. The amount of money was so high because it was determined that a senior employee of the hotel had made contact with immigration services in what was interpreted to be an attempt to have her deported.

Oya did not return to her job. Instead, she went to work for the Bureau of Labor and Industries as an advisor on employee rights. With the money from the settlement, the Tekins set up a college fund for their daughter. They purchased a mechanic business for Alp. And they tried to buy an elephant.

GRAND HOTEL HAD A BAD ATTORNEY!

MOST UNLIKELY!

OK



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

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: MIDVIEW 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: THE FIRE THIS TIME
 Author: JASMYN WARD - EDITOR ISBN: 978-1-50112634-5
& 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. (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
CRT, BLACK VICTIMHOOD, WHITE OPPRESSION
RACISM, MARXISM, GENDER CHAOS, DIVISION
DISHARMONY, HISTORICAL LIES

TWO COPIES
~~ONE COPY~~ IN THE WHOLE DISTRICT... RIDGEVIEW HIGH!
& KEYSTONE JR+SR 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: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

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

Signature of Complainant: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 2/11/2023

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 3/8/23 by [Signature]

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 40

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

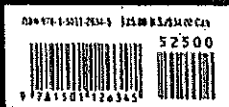
Additional information: _____

2023,
DESANTIS CHALLENGED CRT/DEI RESOURCE FUNDING
& INCLUDED KENDI'S LIST OF ANTI-RACIST LIT -
THIS BOOK WAS SUGGESTED BY IBRAHIM X KENDI

"In 1963 we were poised on a precipice, intellectually, spiritually, politically primed for the change we knew had to come. Now, some half-century later, we are again at the precipice. We are dismayed and disoriented to find ourselves here, agliss that the rules and players have changed but the game, somehow, is the same. What do we do this post-civil rights generation, the face of the same injustice, dressed in different clothes, coded in different laws? In *The Fire Next Time*, a new generation of black writers speaks with the 'herec urgency of now.'"

"A half-century ago James Baldwin, the prophet in the American wilderness, delivered *The Fire Next Time*—as complex a reckoning with race, morality, and human nature as we have seen. Jesmyn Ward has pulled together in this collection you now hold the incisive, sage, angry, and deeply complex voices of a new generation, responding to many of the same questions that confronted us in 1963. To Baldwin's call we now have a choral response—one that should be read by every one of us committed to the cause of equality and freedom."

"Fires destroy things... burn them up... make ashes for us all... but fires also keep us warm... give us a glow to sit by... to tell ancestry stories to the children against the rhythmic crackle of history... to make love to against the glow. The generation of segregation gave us *The Fire Next Time*. We broke down those walls... The generation after segregation gives us the water to mix with the ashes to build... something... anything all... in the words of Margaret Walker... our own. This is a book to pick up and tuck under our hearts to see what we can build."



305.896073
FIR

IT IS INFLAMMATORY, RACIST, DIVISIVE -
PROMOTES MARXISM, BLM, VICTIMHOOD. . .

INSIDE FRONT
JACKET

11/3 \$25.00
0/1 \$34.00

B&T

A GROUNDBREAKING ANTHOLOGY
ON RACE IN AMERICA BRINGING
TOGETHER THE MOST IMPORTANT
VOICES OF A NEW GENERATION

In response to recent tragedies and widespread protests across the nation, National Book Award-winning writer Jesmyn Ward looked to James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* for comfort and counsel. In the essay "My Dungeon Shook," Baldwin addresses his fifteen-year-old namesake on the one hundredth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. He writes: "You know, and I know, that the country is celebrating one hundred years of freedom one hundred years too soon."

Jesmyn Ward knows that Baldwin's words ring as true as ever today, and she has turned to some of her generation's most original thinkers to write short essays, memoirs, and a few essential poems giving voice to their concerns. *The Fire This Time* is divided into three parts that shine a light on the darkest corners of our history, wrestle with our current predicament, and attempt to envision a better future. Of the eighteen pieces, ten were written specifically for this volume.

In the fifty-odd years since Baldwin's essay was published, entire generations have dared everything and made significant progress. But the idea that we are living in the post-civil rights era—that we are a "postracial" society—is a callous corruption of a truth that our nation must confront. Baldwin's "fire next time" is now upon us, and it needs to be talked *abc* ut.

Education,
NOT indoctrination!



* WAS DESELECTED
IN CLAY COUNTY;
FLORIDA
↳ BECAUSE
ITS
POISON!
= CRT

WRONG!

THE FIRE THIS TIME

A New Generation
Speaks about Race

EDITED BY
Jesmyn Ward

Also by Jesmyn Ward

Men We Reaped: A Memoir

Salvage the Bones: A Novel

Where the Line Bleeds: A Novel

NOT IN
CCSD

Education,
NOT indoctrination!



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Manufactured in the United States of America

3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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ISBN 978-1-5011-2636-9 (ebook)

Copyright notices continued on page 225.

To Trayvon Martin
and the many other black men, women, and children
who have died and been denied justice
for these last four hundred years

*ADD TO NYT 1619 PROTEST -
ALSO, RACIST RUBS SH*

**Education,
NOT indoctrination!**



SCANNED WITH C

Introduction

JESMYN WARD

DEFENDED HIMSELF?

After George Zimmerman shot and killed Trayvon Martin on February 26, 2012, I took to Twitter. I didn't have anywhere else to go. I wanted to hear what others, black writers and activists, were thinking about what happened in Sanford, Florida. Twitter seemed like a great social forum, a virtual curia, a place designed to give us endless voice in declarations of 140 characters or fewer.

I found the community I sought there. I found so many people giving voice to my frustration, my anger, and my fear. We shared news and updates and photos, anything we could find about Trayvon. During that time, I was pregnant, and I was revising a memoir about five young black men I'd grown up with, who all died young, violent deaths. Every time I logged in or read another article about Trayvon, my unborn child and my dead brother and my friends sat with me. I imagined them all around me, our faces long with dread. Before Zimmerman was acquitted of second-degree murder and manslaughter in July 2013, I suspected Trayvon's death would be excused. During this period, I returned often to the photo of Trayvon wearing a pale hoodie. As I gazed on his face—his jaw a thin blade, his eyes dark and serious, too

PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK IS NOT TO SEEK HARMONY BUT TO VOICE FRUSTRATION, ANGER, AND FEAR!

NO FACTS
NO WHY
NO RESPONSIBILITY

OJ SIMPSON WAS ALSO ACQUITTED — WAS THAT TOO BECAUSE OF RACISM?

JESMYN WARD

AND/OR A TMOG

MARKER
FEBRUARY
MAYBE
ZIMMERMAN'S
YOU FORGET
ROUNDING
ZIMMERMAN'S
ON THE
SIDEWALK

big in the way that children's eyes are—I saw a child. And it seemed that no one outside of Black Twitter was saying this. I read article after article that others shared on Twitter, and no major news outlet was stating the obvious. Trayvon Martin was a seventeen-year-old child, legally and biologically, George Zimmerman was an adult. An adult shot and killed a child while the child was walking home from a convenience store where he'd purchased Skittles and a cold drink. Everything, from Zimmerman stalking and shooting Trayvon to the way Trayvon was tried in the court of public opinion after his death, seemed insane. How could anyone look at Trayvon's baby face and not see a child? And not feel an innate desire to protect, to cherish? How?

And then I realized most Americans did not see Trayvon Martin as I did. Trayvon's sable skin and his wide nose and his tightly coiled hair signaled something quite different for others. Zimmerman and the jury and the media outlets who questioned his character with declarations like *He abused marijuana* and *He was disciplined at school for graffiti and possessing drug paraphernalia* saw Trayvon as nothing more than a ward thing. They didn't see him as an adult human being, either, but as some kind of ravenous hoodlum, perpetually at the mercy of his animalistic instincts. Although this was never stated explicitly, his marijuana use and adolescent mischief earned this hoodlum in a hoodie his death. I knew that myth. It was as familiar to me as my own eyes, my own nose, my own hair, my own fragile chest. It was as familiar to me as the air I grew up in, air as dense and heavy and close and hot as the air Trayvon breathed

* IF ZIMMERMAN'S INTRODUCTION NEVER KNOW

MARKER
FEBRUARY
MAYBE
ZIMMERMAN'S
YOU FORGET
ROUNDING
ZIMMERMAN'S
ON THE
SIDEWALK

before Zimmerman shot him. I, too, grew up in a place that could sometimes feel as limiting and final as being locked in an airtight closet, the air humid and rank with one's own breath and panic. A place where for all the brilliant, sun-drenched summer days, there is sometimes only the absence of light: America, and the American South. A place where the old myths still hold a special place in many white hearts: the rebel flag, Confederate monuments, lovingly restored plantations, *Gone with the Wind*. A place where black people were bred and understood to be animals, a place where some feel that the Fourteenth Amendment and *Brown v. Board of Education* are only the more recent in a series of unfortunate events. A place where black life has been systematically devalued for hundreds of years.

In December 2002, my then senator, Trent Lott, attended a function honoring the outgoing Senator Strom Thurmond, who is famous for opposing the Civil Rights Act of 1957 so strenuously he conducted the longest lone filibuster ever, one that lasted twenty-four hours and eighteen minutes. At this event, Lott, who is from a small town on the Mississippi Gulf Coast around twenty-five miles from mine, said: "We're proud of it [voting for Thurmond in the 1948 presidential election]. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over all these years, either." It was dismaying to hear this, to see what those in power thought of people like me, but it wasn't a surprise. After all, when I participated in Presidential Classroom in Washington, D.C., I, along with around five of my high school classmates, met Senator Trent Lott.

IN 1964, WHAT FEELINGS OF BACKS AND WHITES WERE FATHERLESS?

UNCLEAN

* BALDWIN
WAS
DELETED

SO TOO WE
SHOULD WE
DO FOR

JESMYN
WARD

BRAN X.
KENDI

JESMYN
WARD
REMON

like that he and my grandfather were four years apart in age, but that Baldwin, as he was taught to me, had escaped to France and avoided his birth-righted fate whereas millions of black men his age had not. It seemed easy enough to fly in from France to protest, whereas it seemed straightforwardish to live in it with no ticker out. It seemed to me that Baldwin had written himself into the world—and I wasn't sure what that meant in terms of his allegiances to our interiors as an everyday, unglamorous slog.

So even now I have no idea why I went. Why I took that high-speed train past the sheep farms, and the French countryside, past the brick villages and stone aqueducts until the green hills faded and grew into Marseille's tall, dusky pink apartments and the bucolic steepes gave way to blue water where yachts and topless women with leather for skin were parked.

It was on that train that I had time to consider the first time I started to revere Baldwin, something that had occurred ten years earlier, when I was accepted as an intern at one of the oldest magazines in the country. I had found out about the magazine only a few months before. A friend who let me borrow an issue made my introduction, but only after he spent almost twenty minutes questioning the quality of my high school education. How could I have never heard of such an influential magazine? I got rid of the friend and kept his copy. But still I had no idea of what to expect. During my train ride into the city on my first day, I kept telling myself that I really had no reason to be nervous; after all, I had proven my capability not just once but twice.

Because the internship was unpaid I had to decline my initial acceptance to instead take a summer job and then reapply. When I arrived at the magazine's offices, the first thing I noticed was the stark futuristic whiteness. The entire place was a brilliant white except for the tight, gray carpeting.

The senior and associate editors' offices had sliding glass doors and the rest of the floor was divided into white-walled cubicles for the interns and the assistant editors. The windows in the office looked out over the city, and through the filmy morning haze I could see the cobalt blue of the Manhattan Bridge and the water tanks that spotted some of the city's roofs. The setting, the height, and the spectacular view were not lost on me. I had never before had any real business in a Manhattan skyscraper.

Each intern group consisted of four people; mine was made up of a recent Vassar grad, a hippie-ish food writer from California, and a dapper Princeton grad of Southeast Asian and Jewish descent. We spent the first part of the day learning our duties, which included finding statistics, assisting the editors with the magazine's features, fact-checking, and reading submissions. Throughout the day various editors stopped by and made introductions. Sometime after lunch the office manager came into our cubicle and told us she was cleaning out the communal fridge and we were welcome to grab whatever was in it. Eager to scavenge a free midday snack, we decided to take her up on the offer. As we walked down the hall the Princeton grad joked that because he and I were the only brown folks around we should be careful about taking any food because they might say we were looting.

Ground had been housed at the museum before they were transported to the temporary laboratory. I assumed that my own lack of feeling was due, in part, to the randomness with which I had selected Portsmouth as the place to try to make sense of the remains of slavery in America. I had no personal connection to New Hampshire, no familial bond to any of the people buried there, and I became certain that was the reason I couldn't feel anything while standing on those Africans. I thought maybe I needed to visit a slave grave site more closely related to my life if I was going to experience some true cathexis.

So once back in Rhode Island, I went to a talk given by Theresa Guzmán Stokes at Newport's Redwood Library about that city's largest African burial ground, called God's Little Acre, a cemetery founded in 1747. For more than twenty years, without city support, she had been maintaining its grounds out of personal respect for those buried there, clearing away litter and weeds and eventually establishing a fund to protect it. She runs a website about the cemetery, and she and her husband, Keith Stokes, former executive director of the Newport County Chamber of Commerce, are writing a book on the subject.

While introducing his wife, Stokes assured the small audience, We're not interested in slavery. It's emotional and it separates people. But the absurdity of slavery means it is practically impossible for anyone to contain all the contradictions that arise when speaking of it. So despite his previous seconds earlier to refrain from talk of slavery, Stokes started by explaining how often the term "servant" is used

OK-15M

a euphemism for "slave" in New England and how there is an assumption that Africans here were somehow "smarter" and treated better than those in the South. This misperception, he pushed, is because people don't want to remember the dehumanization. Without hesitating, he went on to say, Slavery is violent, grotesque, vulgar, and we are all implicated in how it denigrates humanity.

According to a series of articles by Paul Davis running that same week in the Providence Journal, Newport was a hugely significant port in the North Atlantic slave trade, and from 1725 to 1807 more than a thousand trips were made to Africa in which more than a hundred thousand men, women, and children were forced into slavery in the West Indies and throughout the American colonies. Ms. Guzmán Stokes explained how African people built many of the prominent colonial houses throughout New England, including those in Newport, and while many of those buildings remain restored in one form or another, just a handful of graves of Africans who made this contribution to the town's development can be found.

On my way to God's Little Acre, I came upon the tiny Newport Historical Cemetery #9, which Theresa Guzmán Stokes had also mentioned during her talk, but I could not figure out which graves belonged to Africans and which belonged to whites. A white woman was taking pictures of stones, so I asked her if she knew. She pointed to two graves in the corner. These over here, she said and then explained

OK

BY MON W

she had looked for information on African graves on the Web before she left her home in Seattle. The woman told me she was originally from Connecticut, but when she decided to marry an African American man in the 1970s, her family disowned her. She had four children with him, none of whom ever met her parents. She had brought her youngest daughter back east to visit historical sites for a vacation and confessed that she was glad she no longer lived in New England. *I couldn't take all of this "in your face" history. Like Thames Street, the blue stones, she said, referring to the pavers on a road that edges Newport's harbor. Each one of those stones represents an African. Every stone was from the ballast of a slave ship and was carried by a slave as he or she departed.* When I called the Newport Historical Society to confirm this, the reference librarian and genealogist Bert Lippincott III, C.G., insisted that stones like that were used as ballast on all ships coming into Newport, not just slave ships. He added, *Many Newporters bankrolled ships in the trade, but Newport was not a major destination for slave ships.* When I mentioned the article in the *Providence Journal* that claimed most Africans in colonial Newport were slaves, he said, *Mary were third-generation Americans. Most were skilled, literate, and worked as house servants.*

At God's Little Acre on the edge of Newport, three stone stands erect, three others appear jacked into the ground at a forty-five-degree angle. One lies level to the ground. Only these seven tombstones remain in the graveyard that commemorates the contributions of Africans to the city's early history. While surrounded on three sides by larger, crowded

cemeteries and an eight-foot wrought-iron fence facing Farewell Street, God's Little Acre is comparatively pastoral, and most of the grave markers are missing as a result of vandalism or landscaping contractors running tractor mowers through it for many years. The inscriptions on those few slate stones still standing are fading due to the way weather and pollution wear on them. Many are now just barely legible. —

A white woman with a backpack was taking pictures of the scant stones. She told me she teaches courses on African graveyards at a school in Connecticut. Pointing to one of the graves, she said, *He must have been loved by his "family" because stones were very expensive back then.* I wanted to say, *So were people.* And then I remembered reading an inventory from the estate of Joseph Sherburne, whose house has been preserved at the Strawberry Bank Museum. The linens were listed as worth forty dollars while the African woman who washed and pressed them had a line-item value of fifty dollars.

My trip to Newport made me realize that I knew almost nothing about the lives of blacks in Portsmouth during slavery and I wondered if that was the reason I was so unimpressed by my visit. So I drove back up to New Hampshire to walk the Black Heritage Trail, put together by a retired schoolteacher and local historian, Valerie Cunningham, in order to learn about the experiences of Africans and African Americans in Portsmouth. Some of the sites on the Black Heritage Trail highlight historic accomplishments of blacks in

NON-FICTION
OK-151M

Portsmouth such as the *New Hampshire Gazette* printing office where Primus, a skilled slave, operated a press for fifty years; the Town Pump and Stocks, where black leaders were elected in a ritual following loosely from the Ashanti festival tradition of Odwira; and St. John's Church, where the records indicate that Venus, most likely a poor but free black woman, received a gift of one dollar from the church in 1807 on Christmas Day.

I sat on a bench overlooking the Memorial Bridge, which crosses the Piscataqua River from Kittery, Maine, to where captive Africans would have first encountered Portsmouth, the wharf at what is now Prescott Park. The first known African captive arrived in Portsmouth around 1645, from Guinea, and slave ships started landing regularly as early as 1680 carrying small loads of mostly male children and adolescents. I tried to imagine what it felt like to come into this swiftly moving river harbor after a long journey across the Atlantic in the cargo hold of a ship—after having been starved, beaten, shackled, and covered in the feculence of the living and dead. Did seeing the flat, tidy fronts of buildings outlining this colonial settlement for the first time make them feel hopeful? So many rectangles. How far away the rest of the world must have seemed.

I ended my walk at the Portsmouth Public Library, which held no significance on the trail, but, according to the first news story I heard about the burial ground, had in its collection a copy of the archaeologists' report on the burial site

WHO OWNED WHO BOUGHT?
N. AMERICANS
AFRICAN SLAVE?

When I asked a reference librarian if I could see it, she hesitated and wanted to know if I planned on making copies. I told her I was not sure if I wanted to make copies because I hadn't yet seen the report. She then consulted with the head reference librarian, who told me that the burial site is a very sensitive issue for the city and that he needed to consult with the city attorney's office before releasing it. He took down my information—name, city of residence, and school affiliation—then asked me to wait while he placed the call.

The librarian was worried about how I might represent Portsmouth in a piece on the subject, because he cared about the town. I liked the town, too. It is pretty, easy to navigate, and surprisingly friendly for New England. I felt guilty and ashamed about my affinity for the town because at the time I could not muster more than a diffuse intellectual identification with the people who were buried just a few streets over.

Before copying the report, I remembered how easy it was for me to ignore what was already obvious, so I wrote down some details to remind myself of what I shouldn't forget: people were carried like chattel on ships to America; they were sold to other people; they were stripped of their names, spiritual practices, and culture; they worked their entire lives without just compensation; they were beaten into submission and terrorized or killed if they chose not to submit when they died; they were buried in the ground at the far edge of town; and as the town grew, roads and houses were built on top of them as if they had never existed. I spent the long summer with my friends at the beach,

OK

drinking Bloody Marys and eating lobster rolls on the open deck of a clam shack in Galilee, Rhode Island, while the Black Island Ferry, serrated with tourists, made its leather heave past the docked commercial fishing boats. Once school started, I turned my attention back to the spindles ream of lesson planning and grading papers. In all the time I did not once touch the archaeologists' report.

I could make something up about why I let the report sit in a manila folder on my desk for nine months without ever once attempting to read it—something about wanting to let the dead rest or about how loneliness swells and recedes—but I won't. The reason is not clear to me even now. What I do know is that holding the copy I had made of the report near the Xerox machine by the dimly lit front door of the Portsmouth Public Library that previous spring made me feel more than I had felt during any of my grave-site visits, like a balloon in my chest was expanding and taking up all the space I normally used to breathe.

Inense discomfort, I had thought. Maybe that's enough. But by January I was driving back up to Portsmouth, irritated with myself for not reading the copy of the report I had already made but even more irritated with myself for not being able to let it go unread. The once tattered and gloomy public library had moved to a brilliant new building a few streets over, and as I walked around the landscapers installing the brick steps, I caught the sign on the door that said, "Welcome to Your New Library." In the breezeway, three junior high school girls gathered around a computer terminal and giggled. A woman in a purple cardigan greeted

LIKE
CRATE
VICTIMHOOD
FILLS
THE
SPACE
INTENDED
FOR
THE
PURSUIT
OF
HARMONY?

me from behind the circulation desk with a smile and thin wave. Seduced by all of it, I thought, *I love my new library.* When I asked the reference librarian about the report, he told me it was now shelved in the local history section in the regular stacks. I thought, *Now it's all out in the open.* Now there's nothing to hide. I grabbed it off the wall, took a seat at one of the new blond reading tables, and thumbed through it lightly as if it were a mere tabloid magazine. I took notes from the acknowledgments, introduction, and background chapters, but when I got to the section describing the removal of the coffins—those same pages I had copied nearly a year before—a shrill noise came up from the back of my throat at the pitch of a full teakettle in a rolling-boil whistle. I cleared my throat and went back to reading, but my din started again. It was sharp enough for anyone to hear, so I decided I had better leave—but not before making a fresh copy of the report to take with me.

When a story is unpleasant, it is hard to focus on details that allow you to put yourself in the place of the subject, because the pain of distortion starts to feel familiar. Paying attention often requires some sort of empathy for the subject, or at the very least, for the speaker. But empathy, these days, is hard to come by. Maybe this is because everyone is having such a hard time being understood themselves. Or because empathy requires us to dig way down into the muck, deeper than our own feelings go, to a place where the boundaries between our experience and everyone else's no longer exist.

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Where Do We Go from Here?

ISABEL WILKERSON

Before the summer of 2014, before we had seen Eric Garner dying on a Staten Island street and Michael Brown lifeless in the Missouri sun for hours, before the grand jury decisions and the die-ins that shut down interstates, we may have lulled ourselves into believing that the struggle was over, that it had all been taken care of back in 1964, that the marching and bloodshed had established, once and for all, the basic rights of people who had been at the bottom for centuries. We may have believed that, if nothing else, the civil rights movement had defined a bar beneath which we could not fall.

But history tells us otherwise. We seem to be in a continuing feedback loop of repeating a past that our country has yet to address. Our history is one of spectacular achievement (as in black senators of the Reconstruction era or the advances that culminated in the election of Barack Obama) followed by a violent backlash that threatens to erase the gains and then a long, slow climb to the next mountain, where the cycle begins again.

The last reversal of black advancement was so crushing that historians called it the Nadir. It followed the leaps

DID
THEY
RESIST
ARREST?
YES
OR NO

IS
AFFIRMATIVE
ACTION
RACIST?

AND ALL
HUMANS
DOES ONGOING
SLAVERY
IN LIBYA
CONCERN
YOU AT
ALL?

HOW
DID HE
WIN WITHOUT
ANY WHITE
VOTES?

African Americans made after enslavement, during the cracked window of opportunity known as Reconstruction. The newly freed people built schools and businesses and ascended to high office. * By Democrats & the

*

But a conservative counterreaction led to a gutting of the civil rights laws of that time and to the start of a Jim Crow caste system in the South that restricted every step an African American could make. Any breach of the system could mean one's life. African Americans were lynched over accusations of mundane infractions, such as stealing a hog or 75 cents, during a period that lasted into the 1940s.

Six million African Americans fled that caste system, seeking asylum in the rest of the country during what would become the Great Migration. Denied the ballot, they voted with their bodies.

OK

Their defection put pressure on the country, North and South, and freed them to pursue their dreams of self-determination. But in the North, they were met with hostility from the onset—redlining, overpolicing, hyper-segregation, the seeds of the disparities we see today. The past few months have forced us to confront our place in a country where we were enslaved for far longer than we have been free. Forced us to face the dispiriting erosion that we have witnessed in recent years—from the birther assaults on a sitting black president to the gutting of the Voting Rights Act that we had believed was carved in granite.

And now police assaults on black people for the most ordinary human behaviors—a father tasered in Minnesota while waiting for his children; a motorist shot to death in

MENTAL ASYLUM

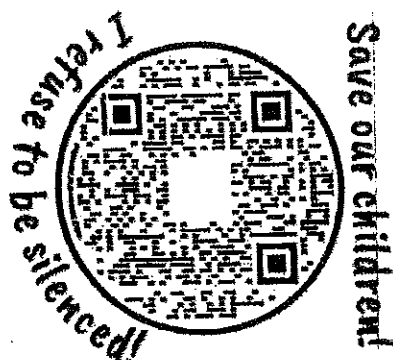
KKK

North Carolina while seeking help after a car accident. It is as if we have reentered the past and are living in a second Nadir. It seems the rate of police killings now surpasses the rate of lynchings during the worst decades of the Jim Crow era. There was a lynching every four days in the early decades of the twentieth century. It's been estimated that an African American is now killed by police every two to three days. — HOW MANY WHILE COMMITTING A?

The outcomes in Staten Island and Ferguson and elsewhere signal, as in the time of Jim Crow, that the loss of black life at the hands of authorities does not so much as merit further inquiry and that the caste system has only mutated with the times. From this, we have learned that the journey is far from over and that we must know our history to gain strength for the days ahead. We must love ourselves even if—and perhaps especially if—others do not. We must keep our faith even as we work to make our country live up to its creed. And we must know deep in our bones and in our hearts that if the ancestors could survive the Middle Passage, we can survive anything. — OK

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White Rage

= CRT

CAROL ANDERSON

When we look back on what happened in Ferguson, Missouri, during the summer of 2014, it will be easy to think of it as yet one more episode of black rage ignited by yet another police killing of an unarmed African American male. But that has it precisely backward. What we've actually seen is the latest outbreak of white rage. Sure, it is cloaked in the niceties of law and order, but it is rage nonetheless.

A MUCH SMALLER PROBLEM THAN BLACK ON BLACK CRIME

Protests and looting naturally capture attention. But the real rage smolders in meetings where officials redraw precincts to dilute African American voting strength or seek to slash the government payrolls that have long served as sources of black employment. It goes virtually unnoticed, however, because white rage doesn't have to take to the streets and face rubber bullets to be heard. Instead, white rage carries an aura of respectability and has access to the courts, police, legislatures, and governors, who cast its efforts as noble, though they are actually driven by the most ignoble motivations.

BURN, LOOT MURDER IN MY TOWN OR BUSINESS EXPECT RAGE

White rage recurs in American history. It exploded after the Civil War, erupted again to undermine the Supreme Court's Brown v. Board of Education decision, and took

OR BALANCE PRIOR DISTRICTING ABUSES BY DEMOCRATS

WON'T CREATE HARMONY WITH THIS RANT

EXAMPLE: BALTIMORE, MD. HAVE SCHOOLS IMPROVED? No

HUMAN
LIFE,
OK

on its latest incarnation with Barack Obama's ascent to the White House. For every action of African American advancement, there's a reaction, a backlash.

DEMOCRATS

TRUE

The North's victory in the Civil War did not bring peace. Instead, emancipation brought white resentment that the good ol' days of black subjugation were over. Legislatures throughout the South scrambled to reinscribe white supremacy and restore the aura of legitimacy that the antislavery campaign had tarnished. Lawmakers in several states created the Black Codes, which effectively criminalized blackness, sanctioned forced labor, and undermined every tenet of democracy. Even the federal authorities' promise of 40 acres—land seized from traitors who had tried to destroy the United States of America—crumbled like dust.

Influential white legislators such as Rep. Thaddeus Stevens (R-Pa.) and Sen. Charles Sumner (R-Mass.) tried to make this nation live its creed, but they were no match for the swelling resentment that neutralized the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments, and welcomed the Supreme Court's 1876 *United States v. Cruikshank* decision, which undercut a law aimed at stopping the terror of the Ku Klux Klan. ← DEMOCRATS

Nearly eighty years later, *Brown v. Board of Education* seemed like another moment of triumph—with the ruling on the unconstitutionality of separate public schools for black and white students affirming African Americans' rights as citizens. But black children, hungry for quality education, ran headlong into more white rage. Bricks and mobs at school doors were only the most obvious signs. In

TRAVEL NETWORK
PUBLIC SCENARIOS
HAVE BEEN
DEVELOPED
PRACTICALLY
SINCE
1954

March 1956, 101 members of Congress issued the Southern Manifesto, declaring war on the *Brown* decision. Governors in Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, and elsewhere then launched "massive resistance." They created a legal doctrine, interposition, that supposedly nullified any federal law or court decision with which a state disagreed. They passed legislation to withhold public funding from any school that abided by *Brown*. They shut down public school systems and used tax dollars to ensure that whites could continue their education at racially exclusive private academies. Black children were left to rot with no viable option.

A little more than half a century after *Brown*, the election of Obama gave hope to the country and the world that a new racial climate had emerged in America, or that it would. But such audacious hopes would be short-lived. A rash of voter-suppression legislation, a series of unfathomable Supreme Court decisions, the rise of stand-your-ground laws, and continuing police brutality make clear that Obama's election and reelection have unleashed yet another wave of fear and anger.

It's more subtle—less overtly racist—than in 1865 or even 1954. It's a remake of the Southern Strategy, crafted in the wake of the civil rights movement to exploit white resentment against African Americans, and deployed with precision by Presidents Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. As Reagan's key political strategist, Lee Atwater, explained in a 1981 interview: "You start out in 1954 by saying, 'N-----, n-----.' By 1968 you can't say 'n-----' that hurts

MOST
DEMOCRATS

EXPENSIVE
HOPE

DISAPPOINTMENT

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NOT
MENTION

A MINT
LIKE
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IS NOT
A RACE

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percent European—a mixture of British, Irish, French, German, Scandinavian, Iberian, Italian, and Ashkenazi—32 percent sub-Saharan African, a quarter Native American, and less than 1 percent North African. For a few days after I received my results, I looked into the mirror and didn't know how to understand myself. I tried to understand my heritage through my features, to assign each one a place, but I couldn't. All I could see was my hair: hair that grows up and out instead of falling flat, like my father's; hair that refuses to be as smooth and tidy as my mother's but instead bushes and tangles and curls in all directions at once. Mine is a mane that bears the strongest imprint of my African ancestors, hair that my stylist combed out into a voluminous afro during one of my visits to New York City, so that I walked the streets with a ten-inch halo that repelled the rain and spoke of Africa to everyone who saw it.

That's how I remembered myself. I remembered that people of color from my region of the United States can choose to embrace all aspects of their ancestry, in the food they eat, in the music they listen to, in the stories they tell, while also choosing to war in one armor, that of black Americans, when they fight for racial equality. I remembered that in choosing to identify as black, to write about black characters in my fiction and to assert the humanity of black people in my nonfiction, I've remained true to my personal history, to my family history, to my political and moral choices, and to my essential self: a self that understands the world through the prism of being a black American, and stands in solidarity with the people of the African diaspora.

WAS
IT
A
CHOICE?
LIKE
YOUR
CONCEPT
OF
GENDER?

This doesn't mean that I don't honor and claim the myriad other aspects of my heritage. I do, in ways serious and silly. I read Phillip Larkin and Seamus Heaney and love all things Harry Potter and *Doctor Who*. I study French and Spanish and attempt to translate the simplest poems by Pablo Neruda and Federico García Lorca into English (and fail awfully). I watch obscure French movies with subtitles. I attend powwows and eat fry bread and walk along the outside of the dancing circles with a kind of wistful longing because I want to understand the singing so badly, because I want to stomp the earth in exultation and to belong in that circle, too. But I imagine that my ancestors from Sierra Leone and Britain, from France and the Choctaw settlements on the Mississippi bayou, from Spain and Ghana—all those people whose genetic strands intertwined to produce mine—felt that same longing, even as they found themselves making a new community here at the mouth of the Mississippi. Together, they would make new music, like blues and jazz and zydeco, and new dances, second lining through the streets. They would make a world that reflected back to them the richness of their heritage, and in doing so discover a new type of belonging.

FOUND
SOME
ATTENUATE
VICTIMHOOD
TO
WALLOW
IN

2 BETWEEN
OF THIS WORLD
—
MARXISTS ABUSE
LANGUAGE —

CULTURAL
APPROPRIATION

SCANNED WITH C

CLINT SMITH

and say "another black poem."
Maybe I'm scared people won't think
of the poem as a poem, but as a cry for help.

Maybe the poem is a cry for help.

IT
WOULD
OTHERWISE
HAVE
BEEN
"ANOTHER
BORING
POEM."
Maybe I come from a place where people
are always afraid of dying.
Maybe that's just what I tell myself
so I don't feel so alone in this body.
Maybe there's a place where everyone is both
in love with and running from their own skin.
Maybe that place is here.

Maybe that's why I'm always running from
the things that love me. Maybe I'm trying
to save them the time of burying darkness
when all they have to do is close their eyes.

A "BLACK"
POEM
INTENTIONALLY.
IT'S STILL
BORING—

noijonp3

Blacker Than Thou

KEVIN YOUNG

It was never easy for me. I was born a poor black child...

The beginning of Steve Martin's *The Jerk* still makes me
laugh with its twist on Once Upon a Time. The dissonance
between what we know of the white comedian Martin, his
relative success, and his obviously false declaration sends
up not only the tragic showbiz biography but the corny
black one: in both, the worse, the better. It also suggests
his character's transformation, his overcoming—after all,
he's clearly white now!—not to mention his current lot in
which he's as smudged, bummy, apparently destitute. His
isn't blackface, but his face half-greased is certainly part of
the effect—it's a familiar one, in other words, to black peo-
ple used to watching white people only claim blackness as a
"poor me" stance.

Now, why does this jerk remind me of Rachel Dolezal?

There's a long-standing American tradition of whites don-
ning blackface, or redface, or any other colored mask they

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LATELY—
THE NUTTY
CAPTAINIST

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BLACKER THAN THOU

of Life" (from Victor LaValle); "Blackish Like Me" (mine too). Now things done got serious.

? When you are black, you don't have to look like it, but you do have to look at it. Or look around. Blackness is the face in the mirror, a not-bad-looking one, that for no reason at all some people uglify or hate on or wish ill for, to, about. Sometimes any lusting after it gets to be a drag too.

Every black person has something "not black" about them. I don't mean something white, because despite our easy dichotomies, the opposite of black is not white. This one likes European classical music; that one likes a little bit of country (hopefully the old stuff); this one is the first African American principal ballerina; this one can't dance. Black people know this—any solidarity with each other is about something shared, a secret joy, a song, not about some stereotypical qualities that may be reproducible, imitable, even marketable. This doesn't mean there aren't similarities across black people or communities or better yet memory—just that these aren't exactly about bodies and not really about skin at all, but culture.

There is a long tradition of passing—of racial crossing the line, usually going from black to white. You could say it was started, like this country, by Thomas Jefferson. — OK

SO CLOSE
TO SEEING
THAT ALL
PEOPLE
ALSO
SHARE
HUMANITY —
WASTED
OPPORTUNITY —
YOU PROMOTE
VS + THEM
INSTEAD —

KEVIN YOUNG

OKAY ✓

One of the best things about being black is that, having some key exceptions, it's not a volunteer position. You can't just wish on a dark star and become black. It's not paid either. It's more like a long internship with a chance of advancement.

I've never seen the TV show *Blackish* all the way through (I hear it's quite good now.) From what I've seen, *Fresh Off the Boat*, another of ABC's offerings, seems to me a more accurate portrayal of the complexity of racial identity, even black identity. (This is despite the worries of its creator, chef and author Eddie Huang.) The young Asian immigrant who's the main character identifies with hip-hop in order to be both American and remain and help explain being *nonwhite*. It's funny, and frequently brilliant: How do you become American?

Is this the same as becoming black?

Traditionally, pretend blackness was the fastest route to becoming white. This is true for Irish and Jewish immigrants, who adopted blackface in large numbers in the late nineteenth and early twentieth, and soon assimilated and for Northerners, for whom blackface helped them imagine themselves a nation since blackface's advent in the 1830s. Cue that Pin caricature of Jim Crow dancing.

A CENTURY AGO - ALL NOT YET ALL THE WAY

BLACKER THAN THOU

Like Rachel Dolezal, I too became black around the age of five. I first became a nigger at nine, so I had me a good run.

✓

The problem isn't just that Rachel Dolezal can wash off whatever she's sprayed on herself (it just don't look right), or that blackness is a choice, but that what she's wearing isn't just bronzer, but *blacker*: a notion that blackness is itself hyperbolic, excessive, skin tone only. Well, and wigs.

This last, some black observers have praised.

Did Dolezal really fool those black folks around her? I have a strange feeling she didn't, that many simply humored her. You have to do this with white people, from time to time.

Black people are constantly identifying and recognizing those who look like secret black folks—many light-skinned people I know get identified as white by white people, but we know they're black. (This isn't passing, brw.) Most look like one of my aunts. Knowing they are black, it is hard to see them another way.

It's one of the advantages of my folks being from Louisiana—there's lots of folks who don't "look black" but are (which of course should make us stop and reevaluate what

RIGHT CREATOR

SHE PASSED IN NAACP'S FOR NEGRO'S

YES

NO

PROST

ON! COULD WE EACH SEE EACH OTHER AS PEOPLE!

Author HAS ANOTHER AGENDA

SCAHHEN WILLI C

stant shifting set of stories to explain her identity (it's complicated), an array of attempts to be not just someone else as anyone might, but to be exotic, even in her birth (which she said was in a teepee or tipi). When asked directly on the teepee if she was born in a teepee, she answered, "I wasn't born *in* a teepee," emphasis allowing that maybe, just maybe, she could later say she was born near or under one. The hoaxer is always leaving the pretend teepee door ajar.

OTHER LIES —

Dolezal also says she was abused, and claimed to have lived in South Africa. It is true that her actual parents did live there, but not with her, only her siblings—many of whom were actually adopted and black. She apparently earlier equated their alleged beatings (that several of them have denied) with slavery. Given her disproven lies, abuse does not so much provide an explanation for her behavior as much as a distraction: true or not, like her making slavery a mere metaphor it would seem part of a scenario of victimhood, which to her is also, inherently, black.

NOT JUST DOLEZAL YOU TOO!

Borrowed blackness and nativeness provide her the ultimate virtual victimhood.

Finally the chief problem with racial impostors or blackface: it can be only, as James Weldon Johnson said of stereotypical black dialect, comic or tragic. Ultimately, it conforms to white views of "the blacks" themselves, off-

his suspicion. "No one waves to the police," he explained. When I told friends of his response, it was my behavior, not his, that they saw as absurd. "Now why would you do a dumb thing like that?" said one. "You know better than to make nice with police."

I DO -
THEY KEEP
VS
SAFE!

A few days after I left on a visit to Kingston, Hurricane Katrina slashed and pummeled New Orleans. I'd gone not because of the storm but because my adoptive grandmother, Pearl, was dying of cancer. I hadn't wandered those streets in eight years, since my last visit, and I returned to them now mostly at night, the time I found best for thinking, praying, crying. I walked to feel less alienated—from myself, struggling with the pain of seeing my grandmother terminally ill; from my home in New Orleans, underwater and seemingly abandoned; from my home country, which now, precisely because of its childhood familiarity, felt foreign to me. I was surprised by how familiar those streets felt. Here was the corner where the fragrance of jerk chicken greeted me, along with the warm tenor and peace-and-love message of Half Pint's "Greetings," broadcast from a small but powerful speaker to at least a half-mile radius. It was as if I had walked into 1986, down to the soundtrack. And there was the wall of the neighborhood shop, adorned with the Rastafarian colors red, gold, and green along with images of local and international heroes Bob Marley, Marcus Garvey, and Haile Selassie. The crew of boys leaning against it and joshing each other were recognizable; different faces,

fellow detainee. Deference to the police, then, was sine qua non for a safe encounter.

AGREED!
"SINE QUA NON"
IS ESSENTIAL
STOP
RESISTING
ARREST!

The cops ignored my explanations and my suggestions and continued to snarl at me. All except one of them, a captain. He put his hand on my back, and said to no one in particular, "If he was running for a long time he would have been sweating." He then instructed that the cuffs be removed. He told me that a black man had stabbed someone earlier two or three blocks away and they were searching for him. I noted that I had no blood on me and had told his fellow officers where I'd been and how to check my alibi—unaware that it was even an alibi, as no one had told me why I was being held, and of course, I hadn't dared ask. From what I'd seen, anything beyond passivity would be interpreted as aggression.

GOOD
DECISION

The police captain said I could go. None of the cops who detained me thought an apology was necessary. Like the thug who punched me in the East Village, they seemed to think it was my own fault for running.

IMPLIES
RACISM BUT
PROVES
NOTHING -
CRT
DOES
NOT
RELY ON
PROOF -

Humiliated, I tried not to make eye contact with the onlookers on the sidewalk, and I was reluctant to pass them to be on my way. The captain, maybe noticing my shame, offered to give me a ride to the subway station. When he dropped me off and I thanked him for his help, he said, "It's because you were polite that we let you go. If you were acting up it would have been different."

NO
DOUBT

I realized that what I least liked about walking in New York City wasn't merely having to learn new rules of navi-

P. 145

The Condition of Black Life Is One of Mourning

> Is DREAM
MOURNING?

CLAUDIA RANKINE

A friend recently told me that when she gave birth to her son, before naming him, before even nursing him, her first thought was, I have to get him out of this country. We both laughed. Perhaps our black humor had to do with understanding that getting out was neither an option nor the real desire. This is it, our life. Here we work, hold citizenship, pensions, health insurance, family, friends, and on and on. She couldn't, she didn't leave. Years after his birth, whenever her son steps out of their home, her status as the mother of a living human being remains as precarious as ever. Added to the natural fears of every parent facing the randomness of life is this other knowledge of the ways in which institutional racism works in our country. Ours was the laughter of vulnerability, fear, recognition, and an absurd stuckness.

I asked another friend what it's like being the mother of a black son. "The condition of black life is one of mourning," she said bluntly. For her, mourning lived in real time inside her and her son's reality: At any moment she might lose her reason for living. Though the white liberal imagination likes

ALWAYS
A
VICTIM

NO!

MARXIST

↳ ALLIES TO BLM =
CANNON FODDER

A WHITE PERSONS IS NEVER KILLED BY A WHITE WOMAN

SHAWN

to feel temporarily bad about black suffering, there really is no mode of empathy that can replicate the daily strain of knowing that as a black person you can be killed for simply being black: no hands in your pockets, no playing music, no sudden movements, no driving your car, no walking at night, no walking in the day, no running onto this street, no entering this building, no standing your ground, no standing here, no standing there, no talking back, no playing with toy guns, no living while black.

OK → black girls were killed in the bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama. Now, fifty-two years later, six black women and three black men have been shot to death while at a Bible-study meeting at the historic Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina. They were killed by a homegrown terrorist, self-identified as a white supremacist, who might also be a "disturbed young man" (as various news outlets have described him). It has been reported that a black woman and her five-year-old granddaughter survived the shooting by playing dead. They are two of the three survivors of the attack. The white family of the suspect says that for them this is a difficult time. This is indisputable. But for African American families, this living in a state of mourning and fear remains commonplace.

The spectacle of the shooting suggests an event out of time, as if the killing of black people with white-supremacist justification interrupts anything other than regular television programming. But Dylann Storm Roof did not create

2ND AMENDMENT IS FOR US ALL IN YOUR NAME TO LIVE IN FEAR

himself from nothing. He has grown up with the rhetoric and orientation of racism. He has seen white men like Benjamin F. Haskell, Thomas Gleason, and Michael Jacques plead guilty to, or be convicted of, burning Macedonia Church of God in Christ in Springfield, Massachusetts, just hours after President Obama was elected. Every racist statement he has made he could have heard all his life. He, along with the rest of us, has been living with slain black bodies.

We live in a country where Americans assimilate corpses in their daily comings and goings. Dead blacks are a part of normal life here. Dying in ship hulls, tossed into the Atlantic, hanging from trees, beaten, shot in churches, gunned down by the police, or warehoused in prisons: Historically, there is no quotidian without the enslaved, chained, or dead black body to gaze upon or to hear about or to position a self against. When blacks become overwhelmed by our culture's disorder and protest (ultimately to our own detriment, because protest gives the police justification to militarize, as they did in Ferguson), the wrongheaded question that is asked is, What kind of savages are we? Rather than, What kind of country do we live in?

In 1955, when Emmett Till's mutilated and bloated body was recovered from the Tallahatchie River and placed for burial in a nailed-shut pine box, his mother, Mamie Till Mobley, demanded his body be transported from Mississippi, where Till had been visiting relatives, to his home in Chicago. Once the Chicago funeral home received the body, she made a decision that would create a new pathway for how to think about a lynched body. She requested an

OK - SM NO DEFLECTION

NO

Do you

BLAME POLICE?

YES, YOU DO.

= CRT

OK

BLM
UNDER 3
INVESTIG-
ATIONS
FOR FRAUD
FOUNDED BY
A MARXIST
(PROACTIVIST)
GRIEFER
THAT BOUGHT
MANY
HOUSES &
HAPPENED
FEW
PEOPLE

The American tendency to normalize situations by centralizing whiteness was consciously or unconsciously demonstrated again when certain whites, like the president of Smith College, sought to alter the language of "Black Lives Matter" to "All Lives Matter." What on its surface was intended to be interpreted as a humanist move—"aren't we all just people here?"—didn't take into account a system inured to black corpses in our public spaces. When the judge in the Charleston bond hearing for Dylann Storm Roof called for support of Roof's family, it was also a subtle shift away from valuing the black body in our time of deep despair.

Anti-black racism is in the culture. It's in our laws, in our advertisements, in our friendships, in our segregated cities, in our schools, in our Congress, in our scientific experiments, in our language, on the Internet, in our bodies no matter our race, in our communities, and, perhaps most devastatingly, in our justice system. The unnamed, slain black bodies in public spaces turn grief into our everyday feeling that something is wrong everywhere and all the time, even if locally things appear normal. Having coffee, walking the dog, reading the paper, taking the elevator to the office, dropping the kids off at school: All of this good life is surrounded by the ambient feeling that at any given moment, a black person is being killed in the street or in his home by the armed hatred of a fellow American.

The Black Lives Matter movement can be read as an attempt to keep mourning an open dynamic in our culture because black lives exist in a state of precariousness. Mourning then bears both the vulnerability inherent in

BURNING CITIES HELDS, HOW?

THE CONDITION OF BLACK LIFE IS ONE OF MOURNING

black lives and the instability regarding a future for those lives. Unlike earlier black-power movements that tried to fight or segregate for self-preservation, Black Lives Matter aligns with the dead, continues the mourning, and refuses the forgetting in front of all of us. If the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s civil rights movement made demands that altered the course of American lives and backed up those demands with the willingness to give up your life in service of your civil rights, with Black Lives Matter, a more internalized change is being asked for: recognition. — AND LOTS OF MONEY

The truth, as I see it, is that if black men and women, black boys and girls, mattered, if we were seen as living, we would not be dying simply because whites don't like us. Our deaths inside a system of racism existed before we were born. The legacy of black bodies as property and subsequently three-fifths human continues to pollute the white imagination. To inhabit our citizenry fully, we have to not only understand this, but also grasp it. In the words of the playwright Lorraine Hansberry, "The problem is we have to find some way with these dialogues to show and to encourage the white liberal to stop being a liberal and become an American radical." And, as my friend the critic and poet Fred Moten has written: "I believe in the world and want to be in it. I want to be in it all the way to the end of it because I believe in another world and I want to be in that." This other world, that world, would presumably be one where black living matters. But we can't get there without fully recognizing what is here.

Dylann Storm Roof's unmediated hatred of black peo-

SCANNED WITH C

MENTAL
ILLNESS

NO THANK
—

NO FACTS
— YOU DON'T
KNOW
MATTER

MILLIONS

WHO KNOWS
AT ENF'S?
ROCKS

ple; Black Lives Matter; citizens' videotaping the killings of blacks; the Ferguson Police Department leaving Brown's body in the street—all these actions support Mammie Till Mobley's belief that we need to see or hear the truth. We need the truth of how the bodies died to interrupt the course of normal life. But if keeping the dead at the forefront of our consciousness is crucial for our body politic, what of the families of the dead? How must it feel to a family member for the deceased to be more important as evidence than as an individual to be buried and laid to rest?

NOT
SCIENCE
BROWN'S
GENE
BLACK

Michael Brown's mother, Lesley McSpadden, was kept away from her son's body because it was evidence. She was denied the rights of a mother, a sad fact reminiscent of pre-Civil War times, when as a slave she would have had no legal claim to her offspring. McSpadden learned of her new identity as a mother of a dead son from bystanders: "There were some girls down there had recorded the whole thing," she told reporters. One girl, she said, "showed me a picture on her phone. She said, 'Isn't that your son?' I just bawled even harder. Just to see that, my son lying there lifeless, for no apparent reason." Circling the perimeter around her son's body, McSpadden tried to disperse the crowd: "All I want them to do is pick up my baby."

McSpadden, unlike Mammie Till Mobley, seemed to have little desire to expose her son's corpse to the media. Her son was not an orphan body for everyone to look upon. She wanted him covered and removed from sight. He belonged to her, her baby. After Brown's corpse was finally taken away, two weeks passed before his family was able to see

him. This loss of control and authority might explain why after Brown's death, McSpadden was supposedly in the precarious position of accusing vendors selling T-shirts that demanded justice for Michael Brown that used her son's name. Not only were the procedures around her son's corpse out of her hands, his name had been commoditized and assimilated into our modes of capitalism.

Some of McSpadden's neighbors in Ferguson also wanted to create distance between themselves and the public life of Brown's death. They did not need a constant reminder of the ways black bodies don't matter to law enforcement officers in their neighborhood. By the request of the community, the original makeshift memorial—with flowers, pictures, notes, and teddy bears—was finally removed by Brown's father on what would have been his birthday and replaced by an official plaque installed on the sidewalk next to where Brown died. The permanent reminder can be engaged or stepped over, depending on the pedestrian's desires.

In order to be away from the site of the murder of her son, Tamir Rice, Samaria moved out of her Cleveland home and into a homeless shelter. (Her family eventually relocated her.) "The whole world has seen the same video like I've seen," she said about Tamir's being shot by a police officer. The video, which was played and replayed in the media, documented the two seconds it took the police to arrive and shoot; the two seconds that marked the end of her son's life and that became a document to be examined by everyone. It's possible this shared scrutiny explains why the police held his twelve-year-old body for six months

BACK
AGAINST
PACIFISTS
BATTERS

NOT
TRUE

TAMIR'S
GONE
FIERED
NOT
FAMILY
PNO
ALIBI
WHO GAVE HIM
THIS TOSS?
SCANNED WITH U

Know Your Rights!

EMILY RABOTEAU

On the Saturday after the Charleston church massacre wherein nine worshippers at one of the nation's oldest black churches were slaughtered during Bible study by a white gunman hoping to ignite a race war, we dragged our kids to the east side to walk them over New York City's oldest standing bridge. It seemed as good a way as any to kill a weekend afternoon. The High Bridge, which was built with much fanfare in the mid nineteenth century as part of the Croton Aqueduct system and as a promenade connecting Upper Manhattan to the Bronx over the Harlem River, had recently — and somewhat miraculously — reopened after forty-odd years of disuse. I say "miraculously" because the bridge was an infrastructure most of us had come to accept as blighted, even as some civic groups had coalesced to resurrect it. In the back of our minds that summer of 2015, as an uprising and its violent suppression raged in Missouri, was the problem of when and how to talk to our children about protecting themselves from the police.

At what age is such a conversation appropriate? By what age is it critical? How could it not be despairing? And what,

AS OPPOSED TO
A "VIOLENT
UPRISING
AND
NECESSARY
SUPPRESSION."

STOP
RIDING,
RESISTING
ARREST,
LOOTING...

ORT

precisely, should he said? The boy was four then. The girl just two.

The day was hot. En route to the bridge we felt no reprieve from the sun, just as we'd felt no relief from the pileup of bad news about blacks being murdered with impunity. When we learned of the terror at AME Emanuel in Charleston, we had not yet recovered from the unlawful death of Freddie Gray in Baltimore, nor the shooting of Mike Brown in Ferguson, nor the chokehold death of Eric Garner in Staten Island, nor the shooting of Trayvon Martin in Florida, nor the shooting of Tamir Rice in Cleveland, to name but a few triggers of civil unrest. We weren't surprised there were no indictments in these cases, sadly enough, but we were righteously indignant. The deaths seemed to be cascading in rapid succession, each one ripping a live wire, like the feet of Muybridge's galloping horse.

The picture we were getting, and not because it was growing worse, but because our technology now exposed it, was clear and mounting evidence of discriminatory systems that don't treat or protect our citizens equally, and escalating dissent was giving rise to a movement that insists what should be evident to everyone: Black Lives Matter. There were hashtag alerts for pop-up protests in malls, die-ins on roads, and other staged acts of civil disobedience such as disruptions of white people eating their brunch. Protesters against police brutality dusted off some slogans from the civil rights era, such as "No justice—no peace!" but others were an acronym: "I can't breathe," "Hands up, don't

3 MEN
DIED
POORLY -
NO NEED TO
EXAMINE
THEIR
CRIMINAL
HISTORIES -

YOU LEFT OUT
"F. THE POLICE" 158
"FRY 'EM LIKE BACON"

ORT

shoot!" "White silence is violence," and most poignant to me as a mother, "Is my son next?" "It's too hot and my legs are too small," our son protested on the way to the bridge.

The boy was right—it was hot and getting hotter. He was tall for four but still so little. When standing at our front door, his nose just cleared the height of the door-knob. He was the same size as the pair of boys depicted in a two-panel cartoon by Ben Sargeant circulating widely on my Facebook feed that summer. Both panels depict a little boy at the threshold, on the verge of stepping outdoors. The drawings are nearly identical except that the first boy is white and the second, black. "I'm goin' out, Mom!" each boy calls to a mother outside of the frame. The white boy's mother simply replies, "Put on your jacket." But the other mother's instructions comprise so intricate, leery, and vexed a warning that her words obstruct the exit: "Put on your jacket, keep your hands in sight at all times, don't make any sudden moves, keep your mouth shut around police, don't run, don't wear a hoodie, don't give them an excuse to hurt you..." and so on until the text in her speech bubble blurs, as in a painting by Glenn Ligon. The cartoon is titled, "Still Two Americas."

I didn't wish to be her, the mother who needed to say, "Some people will read you as black and therefore X." Why should I be the fearful mother? Nor did I cover the white mother's casual regard. I wanted to be the mother who got to say to her children, "Keep your eyes open for interesting

OK

EMILY RABOTEAU

UNCONSTITUTIONAL BUT EFFECTIVE

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!

A BLE STRAIN OR UNITY

Stop-and-frisk policing was implemented in New York as part of an increased trend of enforcement that began in response to rising crime and the crack cocaine epidemic of the 1980s and '90s. The technique disproportionately affects young men of color. (From 2004 through 2012, African Americans and Hispanics were subject to nearly 90 percent of the 4.4 million stop-and-frisk actions despite constituting only about half of the city's population.) In black and Latino neighborhoods like Harlem and Washington Heights, residents often view the police; a force ostensibly there to protect them, with mistrust and fear. In 2013, the year the Harlem mural was made, a federal court judged the use of stop-and-frisk tactics to be excessive and unconstitutional. Since then, their use has declined. Critics of reducing the practice predicted a rise in crime. Instead, overall crime has dropped. I would like to believe these statistics mean it's growing slightly safer for my children to walk.

Yal-san Liem, who works for one of the activist organizations that makes up People's Justice, explained to me that the murals were financed by the Center for Constitutional Rights. "Visual art communicates differently than the written or spoken word," she commented. "By creating Know Your Rights murals, we seek to bring important information directly to the streets where it is needed the most, and in a way that is memorable and visually striking."

People's Justice formed in 2007 in the wake of the NYPD killing of the unarmed black man Sean Bell the day before his wedding. "It wasn't an isolated incident," Liem lamented, recalling the 1999 killing of Amadou Diallo, the

BECAUSE
WHY?
A. CONTRASTING
B.
W/MT 10%
OF SUBWAY?
RIDEAS

600,510

NO DATA = NO ARGUMENT

unarmed black man shot forty-one times by police, and the assault of Abner Louima, who was sodomized by police with a broom handle in 1997, allegedly told to "Take that, nigger!" Liem said, "Our original goal was to highlight the systemic nature of police violence in communities of color. We've taken a proactive approach to empowerment that includes organizing neighborhood-based Cop Watch teams and outreach that uses public art as a means of education. It's about shifting culture and creating hope."

Maybe that's what I was scavenging for. Hope. I like how Emily Dickinson defined it—"the thing with feathers."

The third mural that I shot was in Bushwick, Brooklyn. I had difficulty finding it, in part because Bushwick is a neighborhood of murals but also because Liem had given me bum directions. I lost myself in the rainbow spectacle of street art. There was Nelson Mandela on a wall overlooking the parking lot of a White Castle, but where was the mural I sought? I asked a group of kids in Catholic school uniforms if they knew where I could find it. They all claimed to know the Know Your Rights mural, but none could give me an exact address. Either it was somewhere down Knickerbocker Avenue or else it was located in the opposite direction past three or four schoolyards and a car wash. In the end, one girl kindly volunteered to walk me there. She wore a purple backpack, braces on her teeth, and a gold name necklace that said coincidentally (or not) "Esperanza." Esperanza told me with excitement that she'd be getting an

said, emphatically. "He's a jerk." We smiled at each other. She returned to her dispute and I went on my way.

"If you are HARASSED by police . . ." the Long Island City mural advises, ". . . take PICTURES of any INJURIES." Again, the mural is a backdrop to walking but this time, because it consists entirely of text, the message is even starker. A woman is about to cross the street. I don't know where she's going, or what she's looking at. She may be checking for oncoming traffic or reading the warning on the mural. Her braids swing across her back as her sneaker approaches the curb. My friend the writer Garnette Cadogan has said, "Walking is among the most dignified of human activities." But here, the woman's simple dignified act of walking, whether home from work or school, or to the bodega for a carton of milk, is erupted by the somber memo that hangs in the background. The public space feels contested and even traumatic because of the public art. The intersection looks hazardous, like something is about to hit her.

OK

LIVING
IN FEAR
IS TOUGH TO
SELL -

The fifth mural I shot was in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the swiftly gentrifying Brooklyn neighborhood made famous by Spike Lee's landmark film *Do the Right Thing*. In fact, the Bed-Stuy mural directly references that movie by depicting the character Radio Raheem. At the start of the movie, Radio Raheem blasts Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" from his boombox like a reveille. Near the movie's end, he's choked to death by a nightstick-wielding cop—a pivotal plot point that incites a riot, much like the uprisings that followed the Rodney King

DID THIS
MOVIE
IMPROVE
YOUR
LIFE?

NOPE -

EMILY RABOTEAU



© Emily Raboteau

Artist: Trust Your Struggle (collective), *Trust Your Struggle*, Bedford Snyresant, Brooklyn, Marcus Garvey Boulevard and Mar-doumough Street, 2010. "Justice or Just Us." "LOVE/HATE." "Stay calm and in control. Don't get into an argument. Remember officer's badge and patrol car number. Don't resist, even if you believe you're innocent. You don't have to consent to be searched. Try to find a witness & get their name & contact. Anything you say can be used against you. Know Your Rights. Trust Your Struggle. Spread love. It's the Brooklyn way. Didn't pass the bar, but know a little bit, enough that you won't illegally search N.Y."

CRIME = VICTIMHOOD
= JUST YOUR STRUGGLE

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!

verdict in Los Angeles, and the Freddie Gray verdict in Baltimore, and the Michael Brown verdict in Ferguson, which reverberated across the country like so many waves of heat.

In New York, I remember the Ferguson protesters took to the streets chanting, "Whose streets? Our streets!" I myself was drawn to the vortex of 125th Street, where I shot pictures of the crowd swarming toward the Triborough Bridge. I paused there at the edge of my own reason sometime before midnight to return to my children, but the mob pushed on as far as the tollbooths on the Manhattan side, succeeding in shutting the bridge down. It felt so logical an impulse, to act unruly in the face of injustice. Yet this impulse is what the Red-Stuy mural admonishes against.

Radio Raheem's fist is the focal point of the mural, adorned with its gold "LOVE" knuckleplate. The mural, dominated by the color red, cautions the viewer to "Stay calm and in control. Don't get into an argument . . . Don't resist, even if you believe you're innocent."

The man I photographed walking past the love punch wears paint-splattered work boots, a headcloth over his dreadlocks, and earphones. I wonder what he's listening to. Perhaps because he's distracted by his music, he's unaware that I've shot him with my phone.

So was the woman in the Bronx, where I took my sixth and final picture. She was too absorbed by the screen of her device to notice me, though if she looked my way, she would have seen that I too was operating my phone. My posture mir-

SCANNED WITH

GOD'S PRINCE

CRIMINALS

Composite Pops

MITCHELL S. JACKSON

How does a fatherless boy spell *father*?

One answer is in the video of a poet who monologues about a dream in which he's a child contestant in a spelling bee. For the win, he has to spell the word *father*. He proceeds to spell the word *m-o-t-h-e-r*. Then when the spellmaster says he's "incorrect," he launches into a rant about absentee fathers and womanizing men and maternal strength...

HAS
A
POINT

While plenty mothers in the world deserve the most huge hurrahs, what I want to say to this poet and other like minds is this: no matter how much we lambast men and high-note praise women, a woman maketh a father not.

Yes, ours is indeed a revolutionary era of gender fluidness and sexual equality and girls doubtless need dads too—I repeat: girls need their dads. No way no how no day would I try to diminish or worse negate the role of a dad in his daughter's life. No one, and that includes humans, saints, and extraterrestrials, could convince me that my princess's life would be better off without me in it. However, just as there are some aspects of being a female that my daughter's mother is more equipped to guide her through, there are aspects of

?

NO

OK

MITCHELL S. JACKSON

love is not dictated by law or blood, that being a constant presence is as much a part of being a man as almost anything else, that what I want must be earned, that I can win and win I will, that there's justice in my genes, that either I swim or drown and there is no one more important to that outcome than me.

Now here I am the father of two children, trying my all-out damndest to mind the lessons of my beloved composite, all the while feeling encouraged by the fact I know they're rooting for me to best the job they did.

Thank. You. Pops.

NO —
File NO 1

1. Praise be to the gender politicians. By male and female I mean cisgendered male and female—the Latin prefix *cis* means “on the same side”—i.e., men and women whose gender identity is aligned with the gender they were assigned by birth. — NO!

2. For my DNA dad's sake, I must note that the absoluteness of his early absence is a point of dispute.

3. Obama (BO) is the latest exemplar—a total of twelve were either abandoned or lost their biological fathers when they were young—of a president whose life confirms how efficacious it is to compose a composite. It's damn near folklore now, how Barack Hussein Obama, Sr., had bounced on his wife and BO by the time he was a toddler, how his mother spent time in Seattle, remarried in Hawaii, took young BO to live with her new husband in Indonesia, but sent him back to the Aloha State to live with her parents around the time he entered the fifth grade. One of BO's composites thereafter, if nothing else for the fact that he assumed the role of his long-term primary caretaker until he went off to college, was his maternal grandfather Stanley Dunham (no shade to Stanley's wife's role in co-parenting her grandson), Stanley was also the one who introduced BO to the man who just might own the

COMPOSITE POPS

title of Most Controversial of all presidential composites: a libertine, ex-journalist, poet, and Communist associate named Frank Marshall Davis, a man who became especially infamous during BO's first campaign when conspiracy theorists claimed Davis was his biological father. The truth, though, as confirmed by BO in his memoir, is that Davis helped shape his views on racial identity, race relations, and social justice. Davis was a part of BO's life but for a handful of years, but I'm calling him a composite for his impact. For example, though this next point may be a stretch (then again, so was a black man being elected the leader of the free world), remnants of Davis's radical thought can be found in the socialist-leaning legislation that is Obama Care. From the last to the first: George Washington (GW) lost his father, Augustine (Augustine's people called him Gus), when he was eleven. From that point, GW's older half-brother Lawrence Washington became his surrogate father. Answer me this: What would America look like if GW hadn't followed Lawrence into the military and politics (Lawrence fought in the War of Jenkins Ear and was later elected to Virginia's House of Burgesses)? Lawrence christened the Mount Vernon estate (or should we call it a plantation?), and GW paid homage to his beloved older brother when it was in his sole possession by hanging only his portrait in his study. GW and BO are notable for being the first and last, but the list between them includes Thomas Jefferson (TJ), who lost his father at thirteen and found a mentor in the philosophy professor William Small when he entered William and Mary College a few years later. Small fostered in TJ a great appreciation for diverse disciplines and also a love of Enlightenment thinkers. He also introduced TJ to the politician and law professor George Wythe—the man who became TJ's unofficial political and cultural mentor—as much a composite as any man was for the future president. How amazing it must've been for an ambitious young TJ to sit around a supper table discussing politics and culture with Small, Wythe, and a governor. How fortunate TJ was to have been given the chance to later study law (there were no law schools in colonial America) with Wythe, and have that apprenticeship that included history,

POWER
GRAB

DAVIS
134
RACIST
100

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EDWIDGE DANTICAT

consideration by the priest and nuns who were giving out the only food available to the camp dwellers, but the food would always run out before they could get to everyone.

A few days after leaving Haiti and returning to the United States, I read a Michael Brown anniversary opinion piece in The Washington Post written by Raha Jorjani, an immigration attorney and law professor. In her essay, Jorjani argues that African Americans living in the United States could easily qualify as refugees. Citing many recent cases of police brutality and killings of unarmed black men, women, and children, she wrote:

Suppose a client walked into my office and told me that police officers in his country had choked a man to death over a petty crime. Suppose he said police fatally shot another man in the back as he ran away. That they arrested a woman during a traffic stop and placed her in jail, where she died three days later. That a 12-year-old boy in his country was shot and killed by the police as he played in the park.

Suppose he told me that all of those victims were from the same ethnic community—a community whose members fear being harmed, tortured or killed by police or prison guards. And that this is true in cities and towns across his nation. At that point, as an immigration lawyer, I'd tell him he had a strong claim for asylum protection under U.S. law.

This is not the first time that the idea of African Americans as internal or external refugees has been floated or applied. The six-million-plus African Americans who

MANY CASES? HOW MANY? KERSHAW'S POINTS? ASKING FACTS? WOOD, ANALYSIS? IS PROTECT?

MESSAGE TO MY DAUGHTERS

migrated from the rural south to urban centers in the northern United States for more than half a century during the Great Migration were often referred to as refugees, as were those people internally displaced by Hurricane Katrina.

Having now visited many refugee and displacement camps, the label "refugee" at first seemed an extreme designation to assign to citizens of one of the richest countries in the world, especially if it is assigned on a singular basis to those who are black. Still, compared to the relative wealth of the rest of the society, a particularly run-down Brooklyn public housing project where a childhood friend used to live had all the earmarks of a refugee camp. It occupied one of the least desirable parts of town and provided only the most basic necessities. A nearby dilapidated school, where I attended junior high, could have easily been on the edge of that refugee settlement, where the primary daily task was to keep the children occupied, rather than engaged and learning. Aside from a few overly devoted teachers, we were often on our own. We, immigrant blacks and African Americans alike, were treated by those who housed us, and were in charge of schooling us, as though we were members of a group in transit. The message we always heard from those who were meant to protect us: that we should either die or go somewhere else. This is the experience of a refugee.

I have seen state abuses up close, both in Haiti, where I was born under a ruthless dictatorship, and in New York, where I migrated to a working-class and predominantly African, African American, and Caribbean neighborhood in Brooklyn at the age of twelve. In the Haiti of the 1970s

POINT - THE DID PEOPLE?

DIAGNOSIS + HEAL FOUNDATION
HEAL HAITI? MORE
SCIENCE WITH

EDWIDGE DANTICAT

To think, I remember telling my husband, our daughters will never know a world in which the president of their country has not been black. Indeed, as we watched President Obama's inaugural speech, my oldest daughter was shocked that no woman had ever been president of the United States. That day, the world ahead for my girls seemed full of greater possibility—if not endless possibilities, then at least greater than those for generations past. Many more doors suddenly seemed open to my girls, and the "joyous daybreak" evoked by Martin Luther King, Jr., in his "I Have a Dream" speech, a kind of jubilee, seemed to have emerged. However, it quickly became clear that this one man was not going to take all of us with him into the post-racial promised land. Or that he even had full access to it. Constant talk of "wanting him to fail" was racially tinged, as were the "birther" investigations, and the bigoted commentaries and jokes by both elected officials and ordinary folk. One of the most consistent attacks against the president, was that, like my husband and myself, he was born elsewhere and was not *really* American.

Like Barack Obama's father, many of us had brought our black bodies to America from somewhere else. Some of us, like the president, were the children of such people. We are people who need to have two different talks with our black offspring: one about why we're here and the other about why it's not always a promised land for people who look like us.

In his own version of "The Talk," James Baldwin wrote to his nephew James in "My Dungeon Shook," "You were

NOT REALLY A COMMITMENT CONVICTION

MESSAGE TO MY DAUGHTERS

born in a society which spelled out with brutal clarity and in as many ways as possible that you were a worthless human being."

That same letter could have been written to a long roster of dead young men and women, whose dungeons shook, but whose chains did not completely fall off. Among these very young people are Oscar Grant, Aiyana Stanley-Jones, Rekia Boyd, Kimani Gray, Remisha McBride, Trayvon Martin, Michael Bell, Tamir Rice, Michael Brown, Sandra Bland, and countless. It's sad to imagine what these young people's letters from their loved ones may have said. Had their favorite uncle notified them that they could qualify for refugee status within their own country? Did their mother or father, grandmother or grandfather warn them to not walk in white neighborhoods, to, impossible, avoid police officers, to never play in a public park, to stay away from neighborhood watchmen, to never go to a neighbor's house, even if to seek help from danger?

I am still, in my own mind, drafting a "My Dungeon Shook" letter to my daughters. It often begins like this. *Dear Mira and Leila, I've put off writing this letter to you for as long as I can, but I don't think I can put it off any longer. Please know that there will be times when some people might be hostile or even violent to you for reasons that have nothing to do with your beauty, your humor, or your grace, but only your race and the color of your skin. Please don't let this restrict your freedom, break your spirit, or kill your joy. And if possible do everything you can to change the world so that your generation of brown and black men, women, and*

CRK
VICTIM
KOD

CRK

EVEN IF YOU'RE WHITE

Contributors

CAROL ANDERSON is the Samuel Candler Dobbs Professor and chair of African American Studies at Emory University and the author of *White Rage: The Unspoken Truth of Our Racial Divide* and *Eyes Off the Prize: The United Nations and the African American Struggle for Human Rights, 1944-1955*, which was awarded the Myrna F. Bernath Book Award and the Gustavus Myers Outstanding Book Award and was selected as a finalist for the Truman Book Award and the W. E. B. Du Bois Book Award.

JERICHO BROWN has published two poetry collections, *Please* and *The New Testament*, and has been the recipient of the Whiting Writers' Award, the American Book Award, a fellowship at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, and a National Endowment for the Arts grant. He is an associate professor of English and creative writing at Emory University in Atlanta.

GARNETTE CADOGAN is editor-at-large of *Nonstop Metropolis: A New York City Atlas* (coedited by Rebecca Solnit and Joshua Jelly-Schapiro). He is currently a visiting fellow at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Culture at the

YOUR PEERS ARE RACISTS & MARXISTS

I WILL REVIEW & CHALLENGE IF FOUND APPROPRIATE

SEEN THIS OFFEN - AWARDS GIVEN BY OTHER MARXISTS SEE A.L.A.

(continued from front flap)

Contributors include Carol Anderson, Jericho Brown, Garnette Cadogan, Edwidge Danticat, Rachel Kaadzi Ghansah, Mitchell S. Jackson, Honorée Fanonne Jeffers, Kima Jones, Kiese Laymon, Daniel José Older, Emily Raboteau, Claudia Rankine, Clint Smith, Natasha Trethewey, Wendy S. Walters, Isabel Wilkerson, and Kevin Young.

INSIDE
BACK
JACKET



© KIM WELSH

JESMYN WARD received her MFA from the University of Michigan and is a recipient of a Stegner Fellowship, a John and Renée Grisham writers residency, and the Strauss Living Award. She is currently an associate professor of creative writing at Tulane University and author of the novels *Where the Line Bleeds* and *Salvage the Bones*, which won the 2011 National Book Award. She is also the author of the memoir *Men We Reaped*, which was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award and won the Chicago Tribune Heartland Prize and the Media for a Just Society Award. She lives in Mississippi.

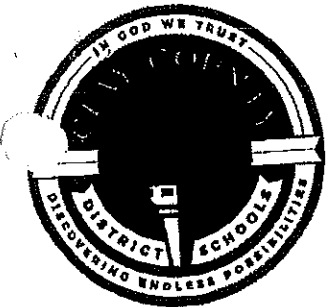
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11/4 10am Lab 100



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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
David S. Broskle

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] 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: * THE GIRL FROM THE SEA
Author: * MOLLY KNOX OSTERTAG ISBN: * 978-1-33854057-4

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 SEE PUBLISHER DESCRIPTION

COMMON CORE PAGES

CSE REAR COVER.. ARE YOU SUGGESTING MINOR CHILDREN OF ANY ETHNIC ORIENTATION SHOULD BE KISSING?

SEL

DEI / CRT / ANTI-POLICE

SEXUAL CONTENT

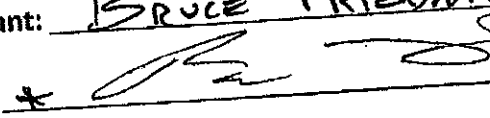
3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? DAMAGED SOULS

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

5. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: 

Date: 7/27/2022

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 8/1/22 by S. Gannon

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 1

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

Date Committee convened: _____

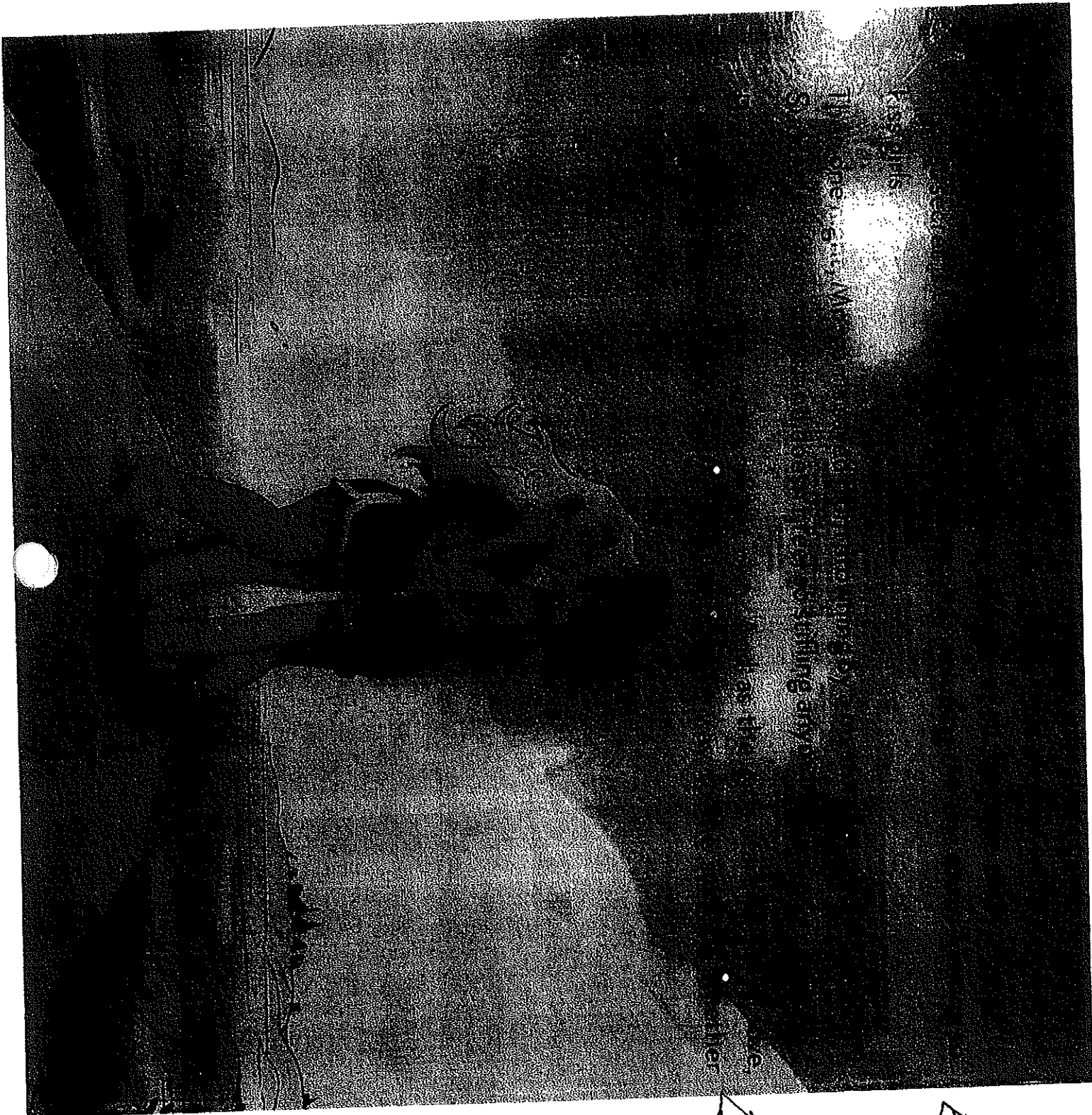
Committee Members: _____

Outcome: _____ by _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____

Additional information: _____

THE
GIRLS
FROM
THE
SEA
BY
Molly
Knox
OSTENTAT
PUBLISHED
&
SERVED
ON YOUR
WATCH
IN 2021



NO,
I AM NOT
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ING
YOU
ARE
GOOD M
CHILDRE
/ SF
/





District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

Title: The Girl From the Sea
Author: Molly Knox Ostertag
Date: 11/4/2022
Committee Members: [REDACTED]
Complainant: Bruce Friedman (not in attendance)

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

Follow your heart. Be true to who you are.

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.

Any differences of acceptance. Accepting others' differences than yours and being judged.

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.

Problems with different minority groups.



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.

About being true to yourself and who you are.

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

Yes No Not Applicable

Explain your answer in a few sentences.

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

Yes No

9. Does this work have literary merit?

Yes No Not Applicable (No real discussion happened)

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

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

Notes:

MEETING NOTES: No notes discussed.

DCC
The Girl from the Sea

11/4/22

10am Lab1001

~~Outcome:~~
~~Keep at JH + HS only - 1~~
~~Keep at HS only - 3~~ } out of 4

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 11/4/2022

Title: The Girl From the Sea

Author: Molly Knox O'Stertag

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: 11/4/22

Title: The Girl From the Sea

Author: Molly Knox O'Stertag

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: 11/4/22

Title: The Girl From the Sea

Author: Molly Knox Ostertag

Select ONE option:

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Keep the book at the high school level ONLY

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

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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] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: AIDVIEW 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: THE GLITTERING COURT
 Author: RICHELLE MEAD ISBN: 978-1-59514-841-4

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

- What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!
- Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO
If YES, please explain in Question 3. MA/BS
- 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 FLEDMAN

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

[Redacted Signature]

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 9

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

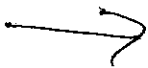
Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

MIRA IS NOT LIKE THE OTHER Glittering Court girls. She is a war refugee, cast out of her home country and thrust into another, where she has learned to fight against the many injustices around her. For some, the Glittering Court offers a chance at a life they've only ever dreamed of, one of luxury, glamour, and leisure. But for Mira, it's simply a means to an end. In the new world, she plans to earn off her marriage contract price and finally be free.

Mira pitches herself as an asset to one of the passengers on board the ship, the sardonic and aloof Grant Elliot, whom she's discovered is a spy for the prestigious McGraw Agency—and her ticket to buying her freedom. His cover blown, Grant has little choice but to take her on. Mira applies herself by day, learning the etiquette and customs that will help to earn her anonymity. By night, she dons a mask and slips into the city, fighting injustice and corruption on her own terms—and impressing Grant with her extraordinary abilities and insights into a brewing rebellion. But the rebellion isn't all they're fighting...

Neither of them can ignore the attraction burning between them—an attraction so powerful, it threatens to unravel everything Mira's worked so hard for. With freedom finally within her grasp, can Mira risk it all for love?



her jabs, and it had been a while since she'd gotten a rise out of me. Someone as nasty as her lived for that kind of thing.

"Why not?" she asked. "It's true, you know. I'm not just making it up."

"Of course you are," I said. "Mira's one of the most decent girls here—which you'd know if you weren't such a bigot."

Clara shook her head. "How do you think she got here? How in the world do you think a Sirmimican refugee managed to snag a job in an establishment like this—one whose whole point is to train the Osfridian girls?"

"Cedric Thorn saw potential in her."

Clara snarled. "Oh, he's seen a lot more of her than that."

I didn't have to fake my next stumble. "You're such a liar. I should report you for slander."

"Am I? Did you see the way he dotes on her when he visits? The way he defied his father to get her and risk his commission? They made a deal. She went to bed with him in exchange for a spot here. I've heard other people talking about it."

"Who?" I asked. "Your roady friends?"

"Say whatever you want, but there's no getting around the truth. Your Sirmimican friend is a dirty, shameless—"

I did what I did next without a second thought. Clara had moved close to me in order to keep her voice down, and I used that proximity to snake my foot out and strike her in the ankle. The results were spectacular, throwing both of us off-balance. Mishaps weren't uncommon for me, but she was one of the better dancers. I was thrown off by a move, falling backward and striking a bureau rather painfully. It was worth it to see Clara go sprawling on the floor, causing the whole class to come to a standstill.

"Girls!" exclaimed Miss Hayworth. "What is the meaning of this? I straightened up, smoothing my dress from where it had snagged on the bureau's elaborate handles. "I'm sorry, Miss Hayworth. It was my fault—my clumsiness."

She looked understandably exasperated. "How can you understand the principles so well and not execute them? And oh, look—you've torn your dress. We'll both get in trouble with Mistress Masteron for that."

I looked down and woefully saw that she was right. These dresses might not be the silks and velvets I'd once worn, but they were a substantial investment by the Glittering Court. Respect for them had been drilled into us. Clara's embarrassment might have come at a greater cost than I'd expected.

"Well," said Miss Hayworth, leaning close. "It looks like it should be an easy enough fix, thankfully. You may go early to take care of it."

I stared up at her in confusion. "Take care of it?"

"Yes, yes. It's a quick mend. Go now, and you probably won't be late for Mister Bricker's lesson."

I didn't move, right away as I let the impact of her words sink into me. "A quick mend," I repeated.

Annoyance filled her features. "Yes, now go!"

Spurred by her command, I hurried out of the classroom, taking only small satisfaction from Clara's outrage. When I was alone in the great hall, I surveyed my skirt's tear and felt despair sink in. For anyone else, this probably was an easy mend—unless you'd never mended anything. I'd occasionally done fancy, very fine needlework, and if she'd wanted me to embroider flowers on the dress, I could've managed that. I had no idea how to mend something like this, but dutifully borrowed one of the manor's sewing kits and went to my room.

There, I found a housemaid cleaning. I retreated, not wanting her to see my ineptitude, and instead chose to work in the conservatory. It was unoccupied; the music teacher wouldn't be here for two days. I unlaced my overdress and settled down on a small sofa. I wriggled out of the voluminous garment and spread the fabric over my knees. It was a light, rose-colored wool, suitable for our late spring weather. It was thicker than the fine silks I'd embroidered, so I randomly chose a larger needle and set to work.

My maids had always threaded my embroidery needles for me,

"Before, it was your choice. Now, it's becoming blackmail!"

"If I married him, she'd have no motivation to sell me out."

"But she'd always hold that over you. Someone who's threatening to do it now will never let that go. And if she does tell now . . ."

"Then some enterprising scoundrel in hope of a bounty carries me back to Osfrid. Unless I get the security of marriage—with Warren or someone else."

"I'll marry you myself before I let you do that." There was a hardness to his voice, no joking.

I still managed a laugh, but there was a catch in it. Maybe it was because of the earlier excitement. Maybe it was because we were lying our alone under the stars. Maybe it was simply the boldness of what he'd said—and what it would mean.

"Last I checked, you aren't in a position to let me do anything." He was so close to me, his body leaning into mine. I could see the lines of his face, the shape of his lips. And of course, I could smell that damned vetiver. "Besides, what use could an art-forging, renegade noble possibly be to some tree-worshipping?"

I can't say the kiss was entirely unexpected. And I can't say I hadn't wanted it.

There was a hesitancy to it at first, as though he worried I might protest. He should've known better. I parted my lips and heard a small sound of surprise catch in his throat. And then all nervousness between us vanished. I'd say I yielded to him, except I was every bit as aggressive as he was. I wrapped my arms around his neck to pull him closer, crushing his lips to mine. ~~It was the great release of months and months of pent-up . . . attraction?~~ Lust? A deeper feeling? Whatever it was, I let it sweep me away.

I'd shared a few polite kisses in ballroom corners that seemed to belong to some other world. There was nothing polite here. It was hungry and consuming, almost an attempt by each of us to possess the other. I felt my whole body respond when he shifted his over mine. One of his hands cupped my face, and the other rested on my hip.

After years of virtue lectures, I'd always wondered how silly girls could give theirs up. Now, I understood.

When he brought his mouth down to my neck, trailing kisses to my collarbone, I thought I would melt. We clung to each other in the night, struggling to get closer and closer. Though all our clothes remained on, at one point I ended up on top of him, uncaring that it liked my skirt up to my knee. He tangled his fingers in my hair as we kissed, freeing it from the carefully placed pins.

Then, at last, I paused for breath, managing to sit up—albeit in a very brazen way—that still straddled his hips. He ran his fingers along the side of my face, tracing my cheekbone before sliding back to the unruly waves of my hair.

"Dishveled," I said, smoothing his own hair back. "Just like you always wanted."

"I . . . have wanted a lot more than that," he admitted, voice husky. But he dropped his hand with a sigh. "But your future husband won't thank me for this."

"Future" being the important word. I don't have a husband yet. And until I do, I can make my own choice." I considered that for a few moments. "Actually, I intend to make my own choices even after I have a husband."

"I'm sure you do, but I'm also pretty sure my father would have some very, uh, strong opinions about this. We're your caretakers—your guardians. We're supposed to protect you and support you until you can move on to some extravagant marriage offer."

Words I'd heard so many times. "And get you an equally extravagant commission."

He sat up, gently shifting me off him. "I don't care about that." I thought about our original plan. I thought about the riders in the night and the gunshots. Cedric needed to get out of here.

"I care about it," I said softly. "Have you had any luck with the painting?"

"Not exactly. No one really doubts its authenticity. But Walter—

my name anymore. I'm Adelaide. This is my life now—the one that began the day I met you."

He caught hold of my hand so that he could kiss each of my fingers. A tremor went through him, and he looked away. "You shouldn't say that. Not when you're getting married tomorrow."

"Do you think that changes how I feel?" I reached out and turned his face back toward mine. "Do you think my being someone else's wife will change anything? Don't you know that I'd lie with you in the groves, under the light of the moon? That I'd defy the laws of gods and men for you?"

I couldn't even say who started the kissing then. Maybe there was no true start. Maybe it was just a continuation of what we'd begun that night among the stars. Wrapped in his arms, wrapped in him, I couldn't believe I'd somehow gone the last week without touching him. Really touching him—not those stolen brushes of fingertips and legs. I had danced with dozens of men in this month and never felt a flicker of what I felt when Cedric simply looked at me.

He shifted so that my back was pressed against the window, and I pulled him as close to me as I could. I undid the tie that held his hair back, releasing it around his face. He delicately ran his hands along where the dress exposed one shoulder and then brought his lips down to it. The heat of his mouth against my bare flesh undid me, and I arched my body against his. He pulled back abruptly, breathing ragged.

"You told me once—"

"That I planned on staying virtuous until my wedding night?" I guessed. "That's true. It's a principle I believe in. But, well, I have a very creative definition of 'virtuous.' And if this is the last night I can be with you, I plan on pushing the limits of that definition as far as they can go."

His mouth was on mine again, filled with a demand that made me shudder. His hands slowly moved up my hips—up, up until they reached the top of the dress's low-cut bodice. He traced the edge of the

neckline and then began untying the intricate silver laces that held it all together. I'd nearly pried his suit coat off when the door to the attic landing suddenly opened.

Mira had warned me she thought someone else was using this window as an escape, but I'd never really expected to cross paths with that person. And I'd certainly never expected it would be Clara.

START

kind the Alanzans need to go forward and build respectability for the future. Founding Westhaven is the right way to do this. But how will it look if your own wife isn't a member of the faith?"

"I'll look like she has her own opinions and goes with them—just as we've been telling the orthodox we have the right of all beliefs, and Alice finally concluded with, "Well, there's a magistrate in White Rock who's one of us. You should seek his counsel before you do something stupid. She's a threat to your faith and a threat to our success."

When I rejoined them, they all tried to act like nothing had happened, but didn't do a very good job. It was time to wrap up their visit anyway, and we were all a little relieved.

"Oh, Glen," exclaimed Henrietta when she saw his bulging pocket of stones. "What did I tell you about those rocks?"

"They're for my collection," he stated. "I'm going to be a royal geo-geologist."

"A what? Never mind. We aren't going to keep hauling rocks around. Leave those here."

Glen obstinately stuck out his lower lip, and I quickly knelt down before him. "It is a lot to carry around. Why don't you leave them here? I'll keep them safe until you're able to come back for them."

He didn't look as though he liked that idea, but he also didn't like crossing his mother. So, the rocks were left in a small pile by the shanty, and we waved the Galvestons off.

"Don't say it," Cedric said, as soon as they were gone. "I know you overheard, and you just need to forget about it."

"It's kind of hard to forget being called a threat to you. Or hearing that our marriage would be 'something stupid.'"

"No religion is truly enlightened. There are closed-minded people in all of them."

I looked him in the eye. "What are we going to do when we have children?"

ARTI
RELIGION

run to him and order him to lie down, but Warren was still on the offensive. "He'd say anything to protect his whore."

Sully had the sense to try and keep Cedric back, but Cedric was undaunted. "The knife is mine. I've got more Alanzan items in my trunk. You won't find anything in her possession."

"Then arrest him!" said Warren. "And her for being his accomplice! And for attacking me!"

"He attacked me," I retorted. I gestured to my torn clothes. "He subdued me and tried to assault me! I defended myself!"

Warren was pale and sweating, no doubt feeling the wound and blood loss, but he pushed on. "She invited me here. She's a girl with our morals—laid down for Thorn, laid down for anyone. Then she changed her mind and acted like it's my fault. You can't trust the word of some common, vulgar girl!"

Silas looked like he didn't know what to think, and I didn't blame him. But it occurred to me that as improbable as it might be, there could be a chance Warren could get away with all this. He was the governor of this colony. And who was I? A memory surfaced from long ago: Cedric telling me that I didn't know what it was like to live without the prestige of the upper class, that there was a power there I didn't even realize.

I straightened up to my full height and put on as imperious a look as I could manage. "I'm telling you again: He assaulted me. And maybe you can't take that seriously from some 'common, vulgar girl,' but I'm not one. I'm Lady Elizabeth Wirmore, Countess of Rothford, and I am a peeress of the realm."

CHAPTER 28

TRAVELING BACK TO CAPE TRIUMPH BY BOAT WAS A LOT easier than the overland journey had been. We didn't return right away—not with Cedric's injuries being what they were. Between us, Warren, and the hired thugs, Silas Garrett had his hands full keeping track of everyone. He finally hired his own muscle from among the various men looking for work in White Rock—deputizing them as temporary agents of the law. Silas used a group of them to help him take Warren and the others back to Cape Triumph. He left a smaller group to keep an eye on Cedric and me at the Marshalls—not that we were much of a flight risk.

When Silas came back a week later, news came to us by way of the doctor who'd been making regular visits to check up on Cedric. "I told Mister Garrett you're fit to travel now," the doctor said. "And he plans on taking you both back tomorrow."

We were sitting outside in the afternoon sun, with Cedric propped up in a makeshift lounge chair that Mister Marshall had crafted. Cedric's eye was open again, and most of his bruises had faded to a

yellowish color. His left arm was in a sling and would need a few more weeks of recovery. He'd also broken a couple of ribs, and there wasn't much to treat them, aside from binding them and taking it easy.

"Fit to travel?" I exclaimed. "Like this?"

"The worst is over," said the doctor. "Your life's not in danger. Will the journey be uncomfortable? Possibly—especially if you're careless. But the boat's nothing compared to the land route."

But we'd quickly figured that out.

I woke the next morning to sunlight streaming in through the bedroom's bay window. Cedric lay at my back, his arms encircling my waist. I ran my fingers over the crisp white sheets, inhaling a scent that was a mix of Cedric's vetiver, the detergent used on the sheets, and the violet perfume Mira and Tamsin had gifted me for my wedding.

"I can tell that you're thinking," Cedric said, pressing his cheek to my back. "Thinking much harder than you should be."

"I'm trying to memorize this. Every detail. The light, the smells, the feel." I rolled over so that I could look at his face. The morning sun lit up his hair, which was unquestionably disheveled. "Even you. We get to wake up together for the rest of our lives now, but it's going to be a long time before it resembles anything like this room, this bed."

He brushed my hair back and then trailed his hand along my neck.

"Getting cold feet?"

"Hardly, seeing as I've married you twice now."

"Maybe we can find a reason to stay here longer."

"And miss going to Westhaven with the charter members? That wouldn't reflect well on a founder and so-called leader of the community. You'd also get arrested and possibly executed for heresy if you don't go. And all those food supplies we've got sitting downstairs would go to waste."

"Was that list in any particular order? Like, least to most serious consequence?"

"I... don't know." The hand that had been by my face had slipped under the covers and now ran over my bare leg—slowly, agonizingly. I was trying to keep my face and voice cool, but the rest of my body was betraying me as I curled closer to him. "You're kind of making it difficult to focus. And we have a lot to do."

"Yes." His voice was husky as he moved his mouth to my neck.

"Yes, we do."

"That's not what I..."

It was impossible for me to resist. Or maybe I was impossible for him to resist. We melted into each other, and I forgot all about Westhaven and the hardships ahead. For the next hour, my world was a jumble of skin and hair and bedding. Afterward, I had a halfhearted urge to get up and start the day. That was soon abandoned. I collapsed and fell back asleep.

The sound of knocking snapped me awake and effectively shut out any remaining languor. I jerked upright. "They're here for our wedding. What time is it?"

Cedric opened one eye and fixed it on the window. "It's not time."

"Well, someone wants something," I said as the knocking continued. I climbed out of bed and searched around until I found a long, thick housecoat. I pulled it on, noting that my wedding dress was lying on the floor in the room's far corner, inside out. It was one of my diamond dresses, a fantasy of white silk and silver. "How'd that get over there?"

Cedric had been watching me dress, both eyes now open, and slid over to the corner. "You needed help getting out of it." Like his gaze over to the corner. "You needed help getting out of it." Like that was any kind of answer.

"We'll get an earful from Jasper. I have to give that back." I finished cinching up the robe and hurried to the bedroom door.

"I think you're supposed to call him 'Dad' now," Cedric yelled after me. I paused just long enough to throw a small pillow at him.

Downstairs, the knocking had grown louder and more irritated. So, perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised to find that it was, in fact, Jasper standing out on the porch. He checked his pocket watch impatiently. "There you are."

"Sorry. We were still... asleep. Would you like to come in?"

"No time. I'm off to meet a man I might possibly be starting an exciting business venture with."

"And he had to schedule it during our send-off, huh?" Cedric snorted to the doorway beside me, yawning. He'd thrown on last



02/11/17

CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043

P (904) 336-6500 F (904) 336-6536 W oneclay.net

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

David S. Broskie

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: AIDENVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIIES

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: VARIIES

Title: THE GOD BOX
 Author: ALEX SANCHEZ ISBN: 978-1-41690899-9
& 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. NO - P. 121

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

SEE ATTACHED
ANTI-RELIGION, GAY BASHING, ASSAULT

"INSTANT WOOD"

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: [Handwritten Signature]

Date: 3/8/2023

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 6

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

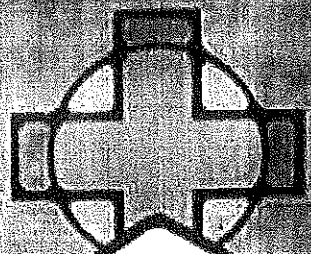
Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

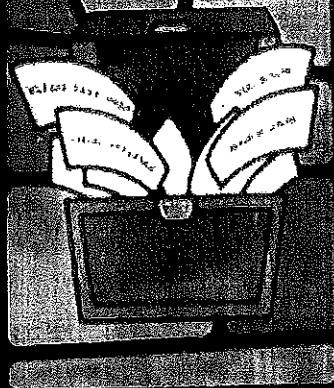
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the GOD BOX



ALEX SANCHEZ

Lambda Award winner

pointed with anticipation as I prayed, Dear Jesus, please forgive me
I don't mean to sin. But I don't know what else to do. I need to find out. Can
I ever be attracted to girls?

My hand trembled as I opened the browser search engine
and typed:
P...O...R...N

Within seconds, a page came up listing 154,368,929 entries. My
breathing stopped. Where to start?

Taking a deep breath, I clicked on a link. The site that popped
up named me: Choose either "Horny Babes" or "Hot Flunks." My
eyes wavered back and forth between the two options. My rational
mind told me, "Horny Babes." Instead, I clicked "Ego Flunk."

Instantly, an orgy of naked guys appeared on the screen, doing
things I'd never even imagined. Up until that moment I had never
really thought about precisely how guys had gay sex. My fantasies had
never gotten that far. The mere thought of being in another guy's
arms, my body pressed against his as we kissed, had been enough
to propel me into ecstasy.

Now I gazed in open-jawed amazement. The chiseled guys on
screen were doing stuff with each other that made me nearly burst
through my pants. Literally shaking, I closed the browser window
and gasped for breath.

"Jesus, please forgive me." I prayed out loud this time, and
waited for my excitement to die down. There was no denying my
body's response to the naked flunks.

So, was I maybe... bisexual? At least that word didn't have the
horrible connotations of the word "homosexual." Pastor Jose had
never preached a sermon against bisexuals.

But... if I was bi, that meant I was also attracted to women.
So... too bi.
Please, Jesus, I prayed again. "Help me."

199 ALIX 9400002

ANTI
RELIGION

OK
GAY
YAWN

My palms damp with sweat, I once again opened the porn
site, but this time I clicked "Horny Babes." A page full of beautiful
naked women appeared. And as it did, my hormones further sub-
sided. Better said, it ceased altogether.

It wasn't that the boobs and stuff were boring. Before that
moment I had never actually seen a woman completely nude. And
I definitely had never seen women doing the sorts of things these
were doing. But rather than make me horny, the images made me
a little nauseous. I felt kind of embarrassed for the girls exposing
themselves like that. And inside my pants I felt... nothing. Zip.
Zero. Nada.

If I was truly bisexual, shouldn't I feel something? Maybe I'd
just stopped feeling horny altogether. To check, I clicked back to
the "Hot Flunks" site.

Instant word. Quickly I closed the browser again.
I leaned back in my chair and took a huge breath, realizing the
implications of my experiment. I was definitely turned on by guys,
not girls.

I wiped my sweaty palms against my pants, more worried than
ever. What if this wasn't a phase? What if I never became attracted
to women and yet didn't want to sin by having sex with guys? Should
the rebuke for all my life? Was that what God wanted for me? To
never experience the warmth and love of someone else's body or
feel their heart beat against mine?

I knew that St. Paul considered rebuke a noble calling, but
he also realized how hard it was. I recalled 1 Corinthians 7, where
he even said that it was "better necessary than to be alone with
passion." I didn't want to go through life alone and crazed with
lust. I wanted to be loved and cared about like everyone else.
I wanted someone to marry, to love, to have and to hold till death
do us part. So, why would I be so wrong for that person to be

1998 GUN BOX 721

INSTANT
WOOD
GUY
VIOLET

GAY BASINNE "ASSAULT"

While walking home on December 29 at approximately 10 p.m., Cardero, 71, a senior at Longhorn High, was attacked and severely beaten with a tire iron. He is currently in critical condition at Abilene Regional Medical Center.

Attempted murder? My stomach wrenched. Were the two seventeen-year-olds in fact Jude and Terry? What would happen to them?

Abuelita set a plate of eggs and crisp bacon in front of me, but I told her I wasn't hungry. More than anything I wanted to get back to Abilene and see Manuel. Although there was nothing I could do besides pray and wait, I wanted to be with him—even if he didn't know I was there.

Abuelita wiped her glasses with her apron and sighed. "Pablito, you have to eat. Come on."

I must have been hungrier than I thought, because I ate everything on the plate. I had finished brushing my teeth when Pa phoned from work. "Did you get some sleep?"

"Yeah, but I'm going back to see him. He's in ICU."

Pa became quiet, as if thinking. "Okay, but I want you home early for New Year's Eve—too many drunks on the road. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

It was still raining off and on during my drive to Abilene. I tried to keep to the speed limit, though I wanted to hurry. I was thinking about Manuel's parents and what I wanted to tell them when suddenly my cell rang.

"Thank God you're okay," said Eric. He was the last person I expected a call from, especially since I had never phoned him about the ex-guy meeting. "I heard on TV that a boy from your town was attacked. I was afraid it might've been you."

90 ALEX SANCHEZ

"No. He's a friend of mine."

"Oh yeah? Was he gay?"
I made me feel creepy that Eric said "was"—as if Manuel had died. Maybe I just heard it that way. I braced my arms against the steering wheel and replied, "Yeah, he's gay."

"The lifestyle isn't safe," Eric exhales an audible sigh. "If you want God's protection, you've got to get right with him."

I should have predicted that response. Would he have said the same if Manuel had been straight? Why wasn't he blaming the attackers instead of Manuel? I clenched my jaw, wanting to tell Eric, "Go screw yourself!"

"When are you coming to our fellowship?" he asked.

"I don't know." That was the farthest thing from my mind right now. "Look, I've got to go."

"Okay?" Eric said. "Call me if you want to talk."

"Yeah, sure," I said, and hung up. I had no intention of calling and even though it was cold outside, I turned on the AC to help cool my anger.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, I'd managed to get Eric's phone call out of my mind, and I hurried into the visitors' lounge eager to find out about Manuel.

"How's he doing?" I asked his parents. "Any news?"

"No. His mom forced her lips into a pale smile, as if trying to be hopeful.

"But the doctors say it's good that he's stable," Mr. Cardero offered.

I needed an agreement and I'd agreed with my wife and I think I had remembered to tell them. "Um, I'm really sorry for you, giving him a ride home. I thought he had his car." Mrs. Cardero nodded forgiveness. "I know. He could have called us."

THE GOD BOX 191

GAY

GAY OK

YAWN

EWANING

GSA = (was) GAY STRAIGHT ALLIANCE (NOW) GENDER SEXUALITY ALLIANCE

church and learned that on several mornings, while I was at school, their minister had come to pray for Manuel.

I wondered if Pastor José had ever even considered praying for him. Instead of preaching against the GSA and the sinful lifestyle of homosexuals, why didn't he preach about the destructive lifestyle of homophobic? Surely he knew that Jude and Terry had been charged with attempted murder.

After chatting some more with Manuel's parents, I pulled out my books to try to do some homework. I had begun falling behind in school. But as I glanced across the room at Manuel, it suddenly seemed like he shifted a little.

"Did he just move?" I said to Manuel's parents, and tossed my books down. It was the first time since he'd been hospitalized that I'd seen him move more than a twitch.

His parents and I crowded around the bed as Manuel groaned softly. My pulse quickened as his eyelids fluttered. I grabbed the call button, ringing for the nurse.

For an instant Manuel's unpatched eye flickered open and he gazed at us. My heart nearly zoomed from my chest. But then his eye closed, and he was gone again.

The nurse hurried into the room. "What happened?"

"He opened his eye!"

"That's good." She checked his IV and pulse. "A real good sign. I'll let the doctor know."

For the rest of the day Manuel's parents and I stayed glued to his bedside—well into dinner time, till his dad offered to get us food from the snack bar.

Um, I'll go? I volunteered, not really wanting to leave Manuel. Our figure, Mr. Cortez didn't want to either. When I returned to the room, I searched for the nurse. Manuel was sitting up in bed, looking at me and smiling. "What happened?"

He stared blankly at his parents and me. Could he recall who we were? I waited, breathless, remembering the possibility of brain damage.

"Manuel?" his mom said, as a hopeful smile worked its way onto her face.

"Yeah?" His voice was scratchy after days of not speaking.

Then his gaze moved over to me, as though he wasn't sure who I was and was straining to remember.

I got a hollow feeling in my stomach. All this time I had been thinking only of him, and he couldn't recall me. I clenched my jaw, trying to hide my disappointment.

But he kept his eye fixed on me, and in a clear voice he asked, "So, now will you kiss me?"

My jaw dropped slightly, and my face warmed with embarrassment. His question was the last thing I expected. Was he delirious? Why was he asking that? Then I recalled the movie theater and near-kiss. But if he had brain damage, how on earth could he remember that?

I stared at him, open-mouthed, not sure how to respond, especially with his parents there, staring at me.

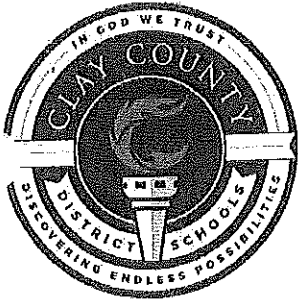
"Well?" Manuel insisted.

There was no doubt from his tone that he was sincere. But could I actually do what I wanted?

Bracing myself on the silver bed rail, I leaned over and touched my lips to his. It wasn't a hard kiss, or very long, but it held my whole being. And with that gentle kiss, all my doubts, guilt, and uncertainty melted away for a moment, replaced by a million possibilities. This was how it was supposed to feel, natural and real. It was how I was supposed to feel—to have life and have it more abundantly.

When I leaned back up, Manuel's one good eye was staring at me. "What happened?" And all I could think was, "I kissed you."

11/4 YAM EAST 101



CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043
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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 Gillhousen, District 5

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: Anita Jones
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: a_jones64@att.net
 Physical Address: 276 [REDACTED] Ct
 City: [REDACTED] State: Florida Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: _____ Grade Level: _____ Subject: _____

Check as applicable:

- 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: _____

Title: The Hate You Give ISBN: 978-0062498533
 Author: Angie Thomas

1. What is your interest or reason for this request?
Examination for possible violations of FL Statutes 847.012, 847.001 and 1006.34

2. What is objectionable about the material: specific pages, chapters, language, scenes?
 Attach additional information, if necessary.
please see attached paperwork

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

4. For what age group would you recommend this material? I would not _____

5. Is there anything good in this material? n/a

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: _____

Signature of Complainant: _____

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 7/27/22 by S. Gannon

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: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____



Florida Citizens Alliance Template
 Review Template Media Center Materials- Florida
 Last Name of Reviewer(s) and FL County where you reside: Cole
 Publisher/Exact Title of Publication/Author/Year Published/ISBN: Balzer + Bray/The Hate You
 Give/Angie Thomas/2017/978-0062498533

Problem: Examination for possible violations of FL Statutes 847.012, 847.001 and 1006.34

847.012 3(b) Any book, pamphlet, magazine, printed matter however reproduced, or sound recording that contains any matter defined in s. 847.001, explicit and detailed verbal descriptions or narrative accounts of sexual excitement, or sexual conduct and that is harmful to minors.

847.001 (6) "Harmful to minors" means any reproduction, imitation, characterization, description, exhibition, presentation, or representation, of whatever kind or form, depicting nudity, sexual conduct, or sexual excitement when it:

- (a) Predominantly appeals to a prurient, shameful, or morbid interest;
- (b) Is patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is suitable material or conduct for minors; and
- (c) Taken as a whole, is without serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value for minors.

1006.34 4. Any instructional material containing pornography or otherwise prohibited by s. 847.012 may not be used or made available within any public school.

Location	Quote	Problem
Identify actual page(s) number(s); if page number is n/a, state Chapter & sub-chapter number & title.	Copy the exact words/sentences from the Novel. Do not change punctuation, or add bold, underline or italics in order to make your point. Everything within this section must be verbatim out of the book. Do not take quote out of context or eliminate words in order to 'prove' your point. Thoroughly read the entire novel and highlight	Use following abbreviations to describe problem: E/A means explicit and detailed verbal descriptions or narrative accounts of sexual excitement, or sexual conduct and that is harmful to minors N nudity or sexual conduct, SE sexual

To add another row to the end of the table, place your cursor at the end of the text in the last cell (last row, last column) and hit Tab. Continue to hit Tab to add additional rows. Otherwise, you can use Layout under Table Tools to insert rows above and/or below existing rows.

Please save this file using following file format: *Author_Publisher_Publication_YYMMDD_ReviewersSurnames.docx*

An evaluation of the class room or media center materials provided to the student.

Number	Questions	Yes	No
1	Does the novel or textbook material violate FL Statutes 1006.34, 847.001 and 847.012?	X	
2	You are asked to document at least 6 excerpts that contain sexually explicit material. Are there a few more or many more—"few" or "many" under the yes column	X	
3	Does this material predominantly appeals to a prurient, shameful, or morbid interest of a minor student?	X	
4	Is this material patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is <u>suitable material or conduct for minors?</u>	X	
5	Taken as a whole, is this material without serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value <u>for minors?</u>	X	
6	Does this material contain excerpts that cannot be printed in public newspapers or read on public television or radio?	X	
7	By design does this material serve as a major tool for assisting in the instruction of a subject or course by school officers	X	
8	Would you personally share this material with your minor children or grandchildren?	X	

Concerns: State your brief narrative of your concerns (100 words or less)

Referring very specifically to the statute's definitions, I did not find this novel's content per se to fit any of the legal language descriptions as it applies to sexual explicit material/pornography and/or activities.

The novel's thematic content is more along the lines of controversial topics of a racial nature such as resulted from the "Mark Ferguson", "Trevor Martin" type incidences in real life. It depicts the dilemma of the main character (a 16yr. old girl) who witnesses the fatal shooting of her childhood friend, a black male by a police officer. Her world is between the realities of the poor black neighborhood and the white suburban prep school she attends; thus, her emotional response and objectivity is severely challenged.

What I do find offensive within the colloquial dialogue used is the repetitiveness of curse words and/or grossly inappropriate words for young ears. From the onset of chapter 1 and throughout are words such as , "shit, fuck, hell, ass, weed, popping pills", etc. It is left up to the reader to judge the validity of the implied racial divide the story depicts.

Evaluations based on template

Choices	Explanations	Yes	No
1	This material has no violations of FL State anti- pornography Laws.	X	
2	This material has minor violations of FL State anti- pornography Laws.		X
3	This material has many violations of FL State anti- pornography Laws.		X

4	This material is so flawed that it is not recommended for use in public schools		X
---	---	--	---



Library Search

Destiny Discover

Resource Lists

Library Search > Search Results > "The hate u give"

How do I... ?

Title Details Reviews Copies



The hate u give

Angie Thomas.

Copies at District Instructional Materials

There are no local copies of this title.

Off-site Copies

Copies: 1 - 50 of 50

1 2 Show All

Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
FIC THO	T 12109	Due: 11/23/2021		Bannerman Learning Center
F THO	T 47043	Available		Clay High School
F THO	T 47047	Available		Clay High School
F THO	T 70278	Available		Fleming Island High School
F THO	T 70279	Available		Fleming Island High School
F THO	00002327	Available		Florida Youth Challenge Academy
F THO	T 31484	Available		Green Cove Springs Junior High School
FIC THO	T 14032	Available		Keystone Heights Jr. Sr. High School
FIC THO	T 16211	Available		Keystone Heights Jr. Sr. High School
F THO	T 46313	Available		Lakeside Junior High School
F THO	T 46315	Due: 3/23/2021		Lakeside Junior High School
F THO	T 22470	Available		Oakleaf High School
F THO	T 22485	Available		Oakleaf High School
F THO	T 25281	Available		Oakleaf High School
F THO	T 906063	Available		Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22208	Available		Oakleaf High School

F THO CS	T 22209	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22210	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22211	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22212	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22213	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22214	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22216	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22217	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22218	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22219	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22220	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22221	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22222	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22223	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22224	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22225	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22226	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22230	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22231	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22233	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22236	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22239	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22242	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22245	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22248	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22251	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22254	Available	Oakleaf High School
F THO CS	T 22257	Available	Oakleaf High School
Fic Tho	T 1759	Available	Orange Park High School
Fic Tho	T 2720	Available	Orange Park High School
Fic Tho	T 5672	Available	Orange Park High School
F THO	T 31983	Lost	Ridgeview High School

F THO
F THO

T 32425 Available
T 32577 Available

Ridgeview High School
Ridgeview High School

1 2 Show All

Copies: 1 - 50 of 50

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District Committee Reconsideration Meeting Minutes

Title: The Hate U Glve
Author: Angle Thomas
Date: 11/4/2022
Committee Members: [REDACTED]
Complainant: Anita Jones (not in attendance)

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

-personal narrative, perspective, her feelings, being a person of color in the United States of her experience

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.

-absolutely, we grew up around Baltimore and we want our own kids to read this book because we know people that lived through this event

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.



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.

-the language is appropriate to the context of the story and the true way a culture or area truly speaks,
-it shows the difference between her language at her own socio economic situation and can compartmentalize the two areas of her life at high school

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

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

- _profanity _brutality _Religion or portrayal of religious practices/ideologies
- _language _sexual behavior _manner characters are presented
- _violence _prurient behavior _portrayal of any societal groups
- _cruelty _aberrant behavior _political positions

Notes:

MEETING NOTES:

-there are offensive words in the book, but they are necessary for the narrative of the book

-I checked off the violence, it could have been depicted as more violent, and it is a story of her friends and it was violent. People will take it personally, but it is part of the story. If a student has a personal choice, that it is too violent or what not, they can choose to close the book and move on.

DCC

The Hate U Give

11/4/22

Game

Lab 1002

Outcome:

Keep at JH + HS -

Keep at HS only -

4 } out of 5
1 }

Reconsideration Ballot

Date: 11/4/2022

Title: THE HATE U GIVE

Author: ANGIE THOMAS

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: 11-4-22

Title: The Hate U Give

Author: Angie Thomas

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: 11-4-22

Title: The Hate You Give

Author: Angie Thomas

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: 11-4-22

Title: The Hate U Give

Author: Angie Thomas

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: 11-4-22

Title: Hate U Give

Author: Angie Thomas

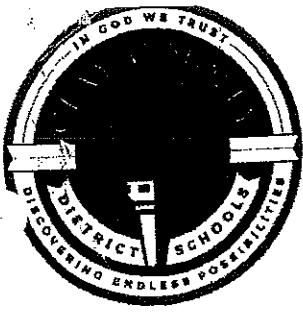
Select ONE option:

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**



HAND DELIVER
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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.US
Physical Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
School: WIDEVIEW HS... Grade Level: HS... Subject: VARIES

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: THE HEARTBREAK BAKERY
Author: AR CAETTA ISBN: 978-1-53621653-0

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

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

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO
If YES, please explain in Question 3. NO P. 173 - ONLY

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.
SEE ATTACHED
GENDER/SEXUALITY/PRONOUN CHAOS
PROMOTES PROMISCUITY, PROFANITY, FLUID GENDER

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

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

6. Is there anything good in this material? NA

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

Printed name of Complainant: BAUCE FRIEDMAN

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

[Redacted]: [Signature]
2/16/2023

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: _____

a bag over his head with both hands, triumphant as a boxer in a big-budget movie.

And then I'm throwing frozen peas out of the freezer to make room for my best metal mixing bowl, and I only wait five minutes for the bowl to chill, because it's after dark and it's not over ninety degrees. And at the same time that the temperature is finally dropping, my impatience is rising. I pour all the cream in the chilled bowl, grab the mixer Harley unearthed for me, and skim the beaters through the cream. Harley hovers just behind me.

"What are you . . . ?"

"Shhh," I say, like even the smallest word might disturb the molecules of cream as they start to gather.

Soon, we're staring at an enormous bowl of fresh whipped cream. I've added a tablespoon of sugar, so it's barely sweet, which I know Harley will like, and there's no shortage of things we can slather it on. I spotted an Entenmann's raspberry cheese Danish twist in the bread box. A carton of wild blueberries in the fridge.

Harley can't wait for any of those, it seems.

He dips a finger straight into the bowl. The whipped cream goes right between his lips.

He smiles, his fingertip still hooked there, his tongue pressed up behind it, his teeth looking very close and very white. And then he dips his finger into the whipped cream again and holds it out for me.

My lips close around his finger, and my first taste of Harley is skin and salt and cream, silky soft, a hard surprise

172

at the center. His finger moves in my mouth, pushing a little deeper and then drawing back out.

"Um." I say, when I have my mouth back.

Then we switch, and I feed him a bite of whipped cream, and then we're giving it to each other by the handful, smearing it into each other's faces. Getting creative about what parts of the body we're aiming for.

We laugh and shriek and run after each other around the kitchen.

I dearly, dearly hope his siblings don't wake up.

But even that fear can't stop me tonight.

I fling a five-fingered star of whipped cream at him and run toward the living room. He catches me right by the door, pulls me back, spins me up against the counter. Harley pins me there, hips to hips. His face is close, eyes sparking like the candles on top of a cake, and they're mine to blow out whenever I feel ready. Then there will be nothing but darkness and cake and plenty of time to eat it, and it's all so overwhelmingly good that at first I don't notice the feeling of something hard against the front of my shorts. I remember Harley's joke about packing with a scone, and way after the fact I realize that Harley is packing something else.

We both pull away at the same moment—and then look at each other with thrilled, nervous, we're-really-getting-close-to-the-edge-of-something glances. I've been hoping to get closer to Harley pretty much nonstop the last few times we've been together. Even while I was baking. Especially while I was baking.

173

WAGNER
PARENTS
OK-GUY

John
1/10/16



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

8.1.22

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

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

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

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: * The house on Mango Street
 Author: * Sandra Cisneros ISBN: * 978-0-679-43335-4

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

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

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

VIOLATES 847

SEE ATTACHMENT - 1 COPY OAKLEAF N.S.
 * CULD RAPE, CHILD BEATEN, ENSLAVED VIA MARRIAGE

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

DAMAGED SOULS

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

ADULT

5. Is there anything good in this material? _____

NA

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

NA

Printed name of Complainant: _____

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

Signature of Complainant: _____

Date: _____

7/31/2022

Please submit the completed form and any additional documentation to:

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

To be completed by Instructional Resources Office Staff:

Received in Instructional Resources: Date 11/20/22 by 48

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: _____

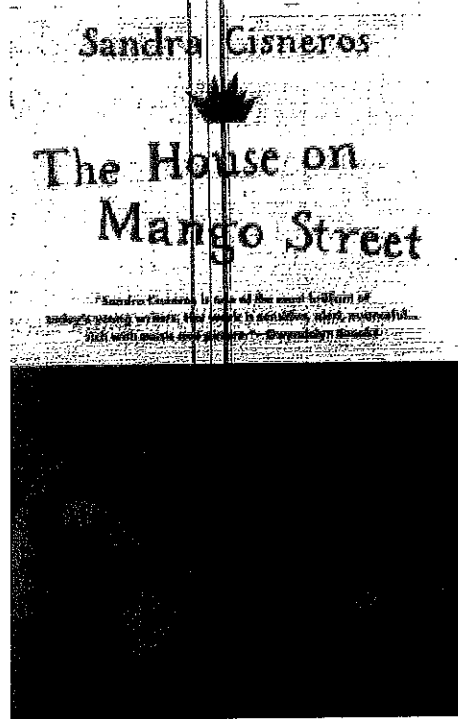
Committee Members: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence involving child abuse and domestic violence; and sexual assault.

Adult

By Sandra Cisneros

ISBN: 978-0-679-73477-2

~~2~~
1/5

Teen Guidance
BookLook Review Rating

Page	Content
63	<p>What he did. Where he touched me. I didn't want it, Sally. The way they said it, the way it's supposed to be, all the storybooks and movies, why did you lie to me? ... Why didn't you hear me when I called? Why didn't you tell them to leave me alone? The one who grabbed me by the arm, he wouldn't let me go. He said I love you, Spanish girl, I love you, and pressed his sour mouth to mine. Sally, make him stop. I couldn't make them go away. I couldn't do anything but cry. I don't remember. It was dark. I don't remember. I don't remember. Please don't make me tell it all.</p> <p>...He wouldn't let me go. He said I love you, I love you, Spanish girl.</p>
92	<p>He never hits me hard. She said her mama rubs lard on all the places where it hurts. Then at school she'd say she fell. That's where all the blue places come from. That's why her skin is always scarred.</p> <p>But who believes her. A girl that big, a girl who comes in with her pretty face all beaten and black can't be falling off the stairs. He never hits me hard.</p> <p>But Sally doesn't tell about that time he hit her with his hands just like a dog, she said, like if I was an animal.</p> <p>...Until the way Sally tells it, he just went crazy, he just forgot he was her father between the buckle and the belt.</p> <p>You're not my daughter, you're not my daughter.</p> <p>And then he broke into his hands.</p>
101	<p>She met a marshmallow salesman at a school bazaar, and she married him in another state where it's legal to get married before eighth grade.</p> <p>...Sally says she likes being married because now she gets to buy her own things when her husband gives her money. She is happy, except sometimes her husband gets angry and once he broke the door where his foot went through, though most days he is okay. Except he won't let her talk on the telephone. And he doesn't let her look out the window. And he doesn't like her friends, so nobody gets to visit her unless he is working.</p>

RAPE

CHILD BEATEN

NOT OK

SAD

CHILD ENSLAVED



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: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [REDACTED]
 School: MIDDLEVIEW HS... 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: THE LOTTERYS MORE OR LESS
 Author: EMMA DONAGHUE ISBN: 978-1-33820753-8

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. NO

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

SEE ATTACHED
GENDER & PRONOUN CHAOS
A BOY PAINTING HIS FINGERNAILS
DEFENESTRATION - MENTIONED TWICE
A TANTRUM THAT INCLUDES SETTING FIRES
-INSIDE YOUR HOUSE

NO SERIOUS LITERARY VALUE

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

DAMAGED SOULS


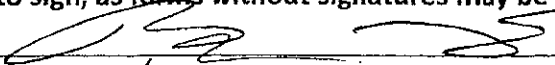
5. For what age group would you recommend this material? ADULT

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.

: 

: 2/15/2023

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 3/8/23 by 

Attachments were included with this form. Total number of pages 15

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

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____



Way County Public Libraries
895 Town Center Blvd.
Jelming Island, FL 32003

ISBN 978-1-336-20753-8
51799
9 781336 207538



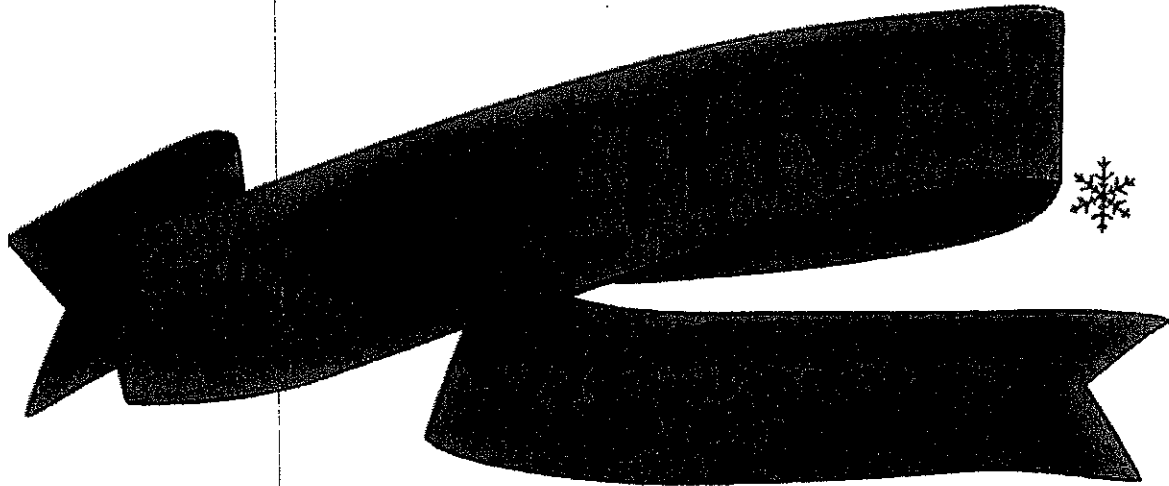
BONUS SHIP
The LOTTERY'S Millions or Less



JF
DON

CLAY COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM
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Illustrated by
CAROLINE HADILAKSONO



EMMA DONOGHUE

illustrated by
CAROLINE HADILAKSONO



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*NO
LONGER
TRUST WORTHY!*



"Not till February," says Mrs. Marikkar with a little sigh-laugh, patting her bump. "May we offer you hardworking people some short eats?"

Eyeing the cones longingly, Sumac says, "They look yum . . . but our house still has power."

"That's all right," says the middle girl, "there's plenty for everybody."

"Really? Thanks!" So Sumac has a fritter — lentil, maybe? — and moves on to a bowl-shaped pancake with an egg cooked into the bottom.

Aspen's emerged from Camelottery, wearing several scarves (including two of Sumac's), and doesn't seem to have electrocuted herself so far. She's tucking in to the fried chickpeas and giggling a lot with the Marikkar twins.

"Do you mind my asking, what are you?" the eldest girl asks MaxiMum.

"What kind of what?" says Sumac.

"Like, why are we different colors?" Wood sounds bored of that old question.

"No, no," says the girl awkwardly, "I mean are you celebrating Christmas this week — are you Christians?"

"We're kind of a mix," CardaMom tells her. "I'm a lapsed Catholic Mohawk. PopCorn was raised Presbyterian but he's basically pagan now, and PapaDum's . . . I guess you'd say a nonpracticing Hindu."

PECULIAR
&
OK

"MaxiMum's a Buddhist," Sumac puts in helpfully.

"That's not really a religion," says MaxiMum. —?

"Isn't it?" Sumac's confused.

"We don't believe in a god or a soul," MaxiMum tells her.

"Huh. What is it, then?"

"Something you practice, I guess," says MaxiMum. "A technology."

Wood overhears that. "Like Xbox?"

"Sure," says MaxiMum. "A technology for being happy." — OK-ISH

"So, exactly like Xbox," he says.

Mrs. Marikkar has her head on one side as if she doesn't know what to make of them. "And you boys and girls?"

"I'm an atheist," says Wood. —

Really? Sumac didn't know that.

"We're mostly electric," says Aspen.

Sumac wonders if she's talking about the power outage.

CardaMom lets out a hoot. "You mean picking and choosing from different traditions?" —

"Yeah, and making up our own minds," says Aspen.

"Then the word you want is *eclectic*." —

"Whatever," says Aspen, mouth full again.

"Anyway," Sumac tells Mrs. Marikkar, "we'll definitely have a special Christmas dinner on the twenty-fifth, with a

"Ah, by the way . . . I think Brian is boy name, no?" —

asks Luiz.

"Yeah," Brian pipes up from the floor. "Not a girl." She's —
got a long piece of tape tangled around both her fists now.

Luiz nods as if he's getting his head around that. "But,
excuse me, you all say *she*?"

PRONOUN
CHAOS

Sumac sees what he means. "Hey, Brian," she asks, "do
you mind when we call you *she*?"

Brian frowns, either because *she's* thinking hard or
because *she's* wrestling with the tape.

"Do you want us to say *he* or *they* or something else
instead?" asks Catalpa.

NOT
OKAY

During the Indigenous Peoples of the World festival,
Sumac remembers, CardaMom brought home a theater
director who went by *they* instead of *she* or *he*. At first it felt
funny to say *they* about one person, but the Lotterys soon
got the knack.

?

NOT
OKAY

NOT
FUNNY AT ALL!

"Nah," says Brian now. "Get me out!"

"OK, OK," says Sumac, "let me find where it starts."

She picks at an edge of the tape, but Brian's so wriggly,
finally Sumac just has to peel the whole tangle off, with
Brian going "Ow ow ow" all the way.

Now Catalpa helps Luiz post a looming selfie of his
taped eye on Snapchat, with an animated arrow, and a
scribbled caption in Portuguese that he spells out for her.

"Not a word, at first," says PopCorn. "You'd ^{only say} us a couple of times, so you really didn't know ^{to me} He mimics younger-Brian's suspicious scowl. "And ~~the~~ you said —"

BRIAN MALE "SKE NOT"

"Owey mine!" That makes Brian laugh till she coughs. "Yep, because he was *your* baby brother and you ~~were~~ at all sure about sharing him with us."

She scratches under one polar bear earmuff.

"Are you too hot in those, maybe?" asks Cardamon.

"Nah. What do Oak say?"

"I seem to remember he just went *gab gab gab*," says PopCorn. "But then you said something else, you said —"

"Poopy!" roars Brian.

"Because Oak had done a poop and you knew before any of us," says Sumac. Had Brian smelled it? she wondered, or heard it? Or did she just know her baby brother that well? Like telepathy, but just for poops: telepoopy.

STUPID STANTER OK

Sumac enjoys Welcome Day so much, she'd almost like one of her own. But because she came to Camelottery on the same day as she was born, the Lottery's celebrate Sumac on her birthday, with a ritual that nobody else gets.

What happened was, it was Sic's seventh birthday a couple of days before, and he was meant to have a Zombie Party on Saturday, but it had to be canceled at the last minute when the call came from Jensen to say Nenita was in the

is full of PapaDum's chilis and stews, but without a microwave they'd take days to defrost . . .

Wood is tapping on his phone.

"Shouldn't you be saving your power for emergencies?"

Sumac asks him.

"This is an emergency, numbskull."

"No, but I mean more urgent ones. Like calling an ambulance."

"What, after I defenestrate one of my sisters?"

Sumac looks around at her parents. "Did you all hear that death threat?"

"Sorry, wasn't listening. We've got two small cans of tomato soup we could heat up," offers CardaMom.

"Hate tomato," says Brian crossly.

"Does this fuel smell a bit toxic?" asks PopCorn, sniffing the air. "We could have Bits 'n' Bobs, that's always fun."

"No it's not," says Catalpa.

"How's Bits 'n' Bobs different from Deli Sandwich Delight?" Wood wants to know.

"Well . . . you don't lay everything out on the table," says PopCorn, with a toothy smile that he lights up with his flashlight. "People just help themselves to whatever wild combo they fancy from the fridge. Or in this case, from the bicycle cage."

— THROW
SOMEONE
OUT A WINDOW!

BANTER
NOT
OKAY

MaxiMum calls CardaMom to see if she and the others want to come. But apparently she and Wood are doing a big hike in the Ravine, and Catalpa's staying home with Luiz to paint his nails ten different colors. _____

REALLY?
WHY?

Sumac's favorite song in the movie is "My Favorite Things." While she waits for it, she's suffering through "Sixteen Going on Seventeen" — the drippy one about Liesl and Rolf being in love — when suddenly she gets hit by a thought. Literally hit: like a kick to her chest.

Catalpa's got a crush on Luiz! _____ OK

A *massive* one.

She must have. It makes sense of her insisting on "nursing" him all the time (when Luiz is perfectly able to lean forward without help), and going to all that trouble to make things for him to sleep on or look into — even figuring out the angles for that mirror, when geometry is *not* her strong suit. With her scornful face, and complaints about being stuck with their couchsurfer, Catalpa fooled them all. Yeah, maybe she really did find Luiz annoying at the start of his visit, Sumac decides, but now she laughs at his jokes and winds scarves around his neck to keep him cozy. What else could that mean but lurrrrrrve? _____ OK

There's a five-year gap between fourteen and nineteen, which must be embarrassingly huge when you're fourteen. _____

SUGGESTIVE
BUT
OK

TBD

Sumac's so tempted to say it out loud . . .

Catalpa and Luiz, up a tree

K-I-S-S-I-N-G!

— OK

. . . but no. That's not Sumac, even on her worst day.

She stomps out of the room and slams the door. Oh, she'll stay away from her whole wretched family for more than a *few minutes*.

The sun's setting now — at 4:46, which seems ridiculously early. The darkness is creeping back into the house. Sumac feels like an itchy, miserable, starving, white-fungal-nosed bat. These holidays are *unsalvageable*. There's a certain relief in deciding that, and giving up on the whole mess.

She thumps all the way up to her room in the attic. She curls up on her bed and tries to read her graphic novel of *Les Misérables* by the very last of the daylight. Maybe learning about truly miserable people in nineteenth-century Paris will make her feel a bit less downtrodden by comparison?

WHY IS THIS A GRAPHIC NOVEL TEACH READING WORDS!

It doesn't. Sumac sniffs a lot.

Then she spots her festive calendar; somebody's stashed it behind her bedroom door like a piece of junk.

IMPLIES SJW BUT OK

She goes next door to the Artic and roots through the drawers for an extra big permanent marker (the kind the Lotterys use for signs at protest rallies). She puts a thick

apart at the hinge. Curses! That's pathetic. Sumac's favorite art scissors. How can steel be weaker than cardboard?

GIRL
NEEDS
COUNSELING

What she'd really like to do is burn this thing to a crisp.

Her eyes fall on the old cigarette lighter (*Pride Toronto 2007*) the Lotterys use for making things like wax drip paintings. She picks it up and practices flicking the flame on.

If it were summer Sumac would burn her calendar in the fire pit in the Wild behind the house. Obviously she's not going to set fire to a big square of cardboard indoors . . .

bad

She runs over to the window and winches it to its widest point, letting in freezing air. (Luckily they had the attic windows replaced with triple-glazed ones last year, because Sumac would never have managed to get one of the old storm windows out of its slot.)

She looks down at the darkening yard, with the last streaks of sunset behind the trees. Then she sticks the calendar right out the window.

Sumac remembers how impossible it was to get her birthday candles to stay lit on the beach last May, when there was only a puff of wind. Tonight it doesn't feel as if there's any breeze at all, but she's shaking so much now, with cold or excitement, she can't tell. She makes a flame on the fourth try and holds it to the bottom edge of the calendar, where it says *Cookie Party*.

BAD
IDEA
PYROMANIA

The cardboard edge blackens in a satisfying way, and then fire springs up. Success!

Sumac tilts the square of cardboard horizontally, so her hand won't get scorched. Her arm's tired, but she doesn't care. She braces her elbow, and holds out her flaming calendar like a big protest sign to the universe that says: *Everything gets messed up. All the best-laid plans of mice and men, and it's just not fair!*

BAD EXAMPLE
"SPLENDIDLY" ?

The calendar's burning splendidly now, crackling and spitting and shooting out its orangest flames. Sumac's enjoying herself. She's going to chuck the calendar down into the icy grass behind the house now. Let it fly and finally fizzle out like a firework. She gives it one big heave —

Not quite big enough. Her arm must have been too tired. Sumac leans out so far, the window frame feels like it's going to chop her in half. Way, way below, the festive calendar is burning on the roof of the Derriere. Caught on the very edge of the shingled porch roof, balancing on the eaves trough, which is full of dry, crispy leaves.

BURN THE HOUSE DOWN?

Arghhhhhhhhhhh!

That's what Sumac shouts in her head, but what comes out is just a faint little groan in her nose.

Think, think. Be a problem solver. There's a fire extinguisher on the shelf beside the hot-glue gun, but it's no

BETTER PLAN

good to Sumac, because the fiery calendar is too far down
to reach.

Pour water from the window? OK

She runs to fill a plastic bowl from the sink of the Rainforest, one floor down. If she bumps into anyone she'll ask for help, but she prays she won't, because this may be the stupidest thing she's ever done in her entire life. Abelle

Nobody's around. Probably all downstairs arguing some more.

The water slops over the rim as Sumac hurtles back up to the attic floor. Into the Artic and over to the open window. She leans out as far as she can go. The calendar's still flaming away. Has the house caught fire yet? Sumac pours the water in a shaky stream . . .

It splashes on the roof of the Derriere and pours off it, just to the left of the calendar, barely spattering the edge of the flaming cardboard.

Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh double arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Time to confess. LONG
PAST
TIME

Sumac thunders down through the dim, cold house. "Somebody," she wails, like Brian. "Somebody!"

MaxiMum steps out of her room so unexpectedly that Sumac crashes into her bony shoulder. "What's the problem?"

so the whole dome burns blue under its holly crown. They all clap and cheer.

CardaMom gets the thimble for luck in life, Brian gets the coin for luck in wealth, and Wood gets the ring for luck in marriage (but swaps it with CardaMom because he swears he'd rather defenestrate himself than marry anyone). Sumac gets nothing, but that's all right.

Oak crushes a bit of pudding in his fingers, then rubs his head with it.

"Oaky!" Catalpa wails in protest.

He grins and sucks his whole fist like a big cake pop.

Sumac only has a tiny slice and doesn't finish it. "I've never actually liked Christmas pudding, just the smell of the spices."

"After all that effort of making it!" PopCorn puts on a pretend-offended face.

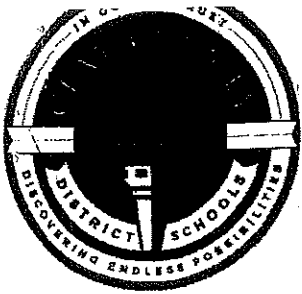
"But I love the feeling that people have been doing this just the way we're doing it, ever since the Middle Ages," she assures him.

"I hate to break it to you, but medieval Christmas pudding was a kind of soupy beef porridge," he tells her. "*Mincemeat*, as in, minced-up meat."

"Ew!"

Wood and Aspen announce that they have a surprise for

STUCK
ON
JUMPING
OUT
WINDOWS
= NOT
OK



HAND DELIVERED
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Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

Individual Requesting Review: BRUCE FRIEDMAN
 Phone: [REDACTED] Email: BRUCE.FRIEDMAN@NOLEFTTURN.US
 Physical Address: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED] State: FL Zip: [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: THE LOTTERYS PLUS ONE
 Author: EMMA DONOGHUE ISBN: 978-0-545-92581-5

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

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

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO
 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
ONE CHILD WITH 4 PARENTS? - NOT OKAY
MOCKING HETERO-NORMATIVITY - YOU DECIDE
*TRIVIALIZES THE HOLOCAUST - NOT OK
MOCKS CONSERVATISM - OK
 → A TRANSGENDER CHILD (MALE) ~~HAS~~ CHANGED ITS OWN NAME TO A BOY NAME - FROM BRIAN TO BRIAN - OKAY - ISH
Now is a girl as far as he/she/its "PARENTS" ARE CONCERNED - NOT OKAY = GENDER CHAOS

FOUND IN CCSD ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS DOCKERS INLET, MIDDESBURG OAKLEAF VILLAGE & SWIMMING PEN CREEK

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: BAULE FRIEDMAN

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

[Redacted Signature]

2/26/2023

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 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:



WOMEN
COUPLE *
2 = GAY #2
OKAY

2 MEN
COUPLE
#1
OKAY

NOT
OKAY ↘

IMPRES CHILD HAS
4 PARENTS =
NOT CLEAR
ABOUT
GENETICS
CONVENTION PA
ADoption PA

... upon a time, a man from Delhi and
... talked in love, and so did a woman from
... woman. The two couples became
... together. When they won the
... and found a big old house
... and grow some
... (five-nine) is the fifth of seven kids,
... their four parents and five pets,
... home they call Camelottery.
... that never changes... is that

SHALL WE SAY
MOCKING HETERO-NORMATIVITY?

liculously easy money, I call it," says Wood, eyes
it on the sand, "so zip your lip. I don't earn a cent for
n Environmental Steward."

"That's because all you guys do is stand around spraying
each other with hoses!"

MaxiMum speaks over them: "Family life of the eastern
garter snake, Wood?"

He groans and heaves up on one elbow. "OK. Get this
not monogamous. Like, the opposite of monogamous. For
they stop eating for two weeks, to get ready."

"Not how I've ever gotten ready for a date," mutters
CardaMom.

"Then they form a mating ball of one female and
twenty-five males."

"Twenty-five times ew!" cries Aspen.

"Each to their own," says MaxiMum with a sneer.
Sumac wishes Grumps could hear this. *Grumps*

female = mature's way, they birth She squints at the
but there's still no sign of the old man.

"Then the female goes off to give birth —"

"Lay her eggs," Sumac corrects him.

"I likes eggs," remarks Brian.

"Not eggs, live baby snakes, so nyah!"

Sumac. "Anything between three and ninety-six
Eye, Mom, and they all wriggle off on their own

"Huh," says MaxiMum. "So the two you saw together
the other morning?"

"Unrelated, or maybe siblings who'll never see each
other again, and good riddance," Wood says, looking around
at his sisters.

"*How very different from the home life of our own dear
Queen,*" says PopCorn in a posh falsetto.

"Tain, you're quite the swimmer," says MaxiMum.

Sumac jumps. The old man is right behind them, red-
faced and dripping.

A couple with a baby and a toddler hover awkwardly
his side. They turn out to be from Lille, and soon
CardaMom's chatting away to them in French about how
little they're here they have to visit Montreal, where she lived
when she was studying to be a lawyer and then being one.
"I was not lost," Grumps keeps repeating gruffly.

"OK, Dad," says PopCorn, "but they said when you
went out of the lake you seemed to have no idea —"

Letting my bearings, I was. Can I not have a moment
to myself without busybodies poking their noses in the
end of the stick?"

Sumac frowns, trying to picture that.

"I like an egg salad swimmer," Brian tells him.

"No," says MaxiMum, "no life jacket for Brian today,
no life preserver either."

MALE *
FEMALE ->
NATURAL
WIP
WIP?
SUIT?
NOT
OK

get your socks into a garbage bag, Dad." not throwing out my socks," says Grumps in a tone. . . .

just need to wash them."
"Those are perfectly good socks."

"What about yogurt? Or chamomile tea," says PopCorn yanking off Brian's shorts and underwear. "That can be soothing."

PapaDum snorts. "Hydrocortisone and antihistamine are what they need. I'll check the medicine cabinet."

"Socks, Dad," pleads PopCorn.

"The boy," says Grumps, staring.

"Wood?" says Sumac, looking around.

"The wee baldy one." Grumps is pointing at Brian, who's shuddering under the hose. "He's a girl!"

A silence, which Brian breaks. "I not a girl!"

Aspen titters. "Didn't you know?" she asks Grump.

He gives her a fierce look.

Sumac's staggered. How can the man have spent two weeks here thinking Brian's a boy?

"At the moment, Brian's preferring not to be that," murmurs PopCorn.

The scrubbed ridges where Grumps's eyebrows are ing to grow back go up. "Not to be called a girl!"

"Not a girl," shrieks Brian.

But then again, Sumac realizes, the Lotterrys are a big mob, and they talk a lot and often all at the same time. Grumps must have heard $\frac{1}{2}$ sometimes, but not known that it was this particular bald four-year-old being talked about.

"Why did you name her Brian, for the love of God?" he demands.

"It was actually Briar," says Sumac, "but she changed it when she was three."

"Ye are all out of your tiny minds," says Grumps, and stomps away to the house in his dripping socks.

*

After the moms get back, Wood proposes a game in the vine called Friend or Foe, so that nobody else will get out this summer. (Grumps doesn't answer when Aspen knocks on his door to ask if he wants to come along.) Wood points to a jagged leaf.

"Nettle, foe," shouts Brian. She can't reach her shins to scratch her rashes because she's got her fire truck on, so she leans against a tree.

"Mum, what's this delicious little friend?" asks Sic, leaning against some orange globes.

"It's mine taste." Aspen reaches for one.

"You're so dead," Wood tells her. "That's Jerusalem

GRUMPS HAS A PLAN

"Ye take my car away," Grumps thunders down
me onto a plane, trap me in this weirdy commu-
abuse, that's what it is."

"Poor Grumps," murmurs Catalpa.

Sumac scowls at her. Wasn't her big sister the one who
objected most loudly to the dads and moms *shipping in*
random old guy in the first place? So why is Catalpa pro-
as all nicey-nicey now?

PopCorn's voice, from the Grumpery: "Dad, do
remember what the doctor said about —"

"You," the old man interrupts, "siting in judgment on
my sanity, I like that! All daubed with tattoos, with your
oddball lifestyle and your pack of mongrels —"

"Don't speak to your son that way!"

The kids all stiffen because that's PapaDum, sounding
angrier than they've ever heard him.

Oak lets out a squeak. Sic blows little raspberries out
his head.

PopCorn's professional counselor voice, all low and lull-
ing; Sumac can't make out what he's saying.

"But we've only got one mongrel, that's Diamond. She's
not a pack," says Aspen. "Maybe Grumps thinks Kipper
from the apartment building is ours? But he's nearly all yel-
low Labrador."

"Us," hisses Sumac. "We're the mongrels."

...wear it," says Sic with a shrug. "Mutts mak

...fact: We're a raggle-taggle, multiculti crew.
...was raised on racism, homophobia, all that jazz.
...thirties ring a bell at all? Hitler? Ex-ter-min-ate!"
...in a robotic voice.

Sumac's seen ninety-year-olds boogieing on floats
Pride Parade. "Yeah, well, he's had decades and
decades to grow out of being like that. At this rate he'll still
be a narrow-minded when he's a hundred."

Wood says, "I could eat my own fist," says Wood.

"I'll run down the street and see if they're coming,"

Aspen.

"Sh," says Sumac, listening hard, because the voices in

Grumpery are rising again.

"We've taken you in, Iain," PapaDum's saying, "and in
fact, you could have the common courtesy to —"

"Who asked you to take me in, Saint Gandhi?" roars
Sumac. "Didn't want to be taken in, did I? Wanted to stay
right where I was!"

And then the front door scrapes open and MaxiMum
falls up, "Lunch," so the kids all clatter down the stairs,
Wood lugging Oak over his shoulder, firefighter-style.

TRIVIALIZE
THE
HOLOGRAM?