

HAND DELIVER

07/30/22

CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

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

BOARD MEMBERS:

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

Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

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

Check as applicable:

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

Type of Instructional Material:

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

Title: * You asked for Perfect
 Author: * Laura Silverman ISBN: * 978-1-49265827-6

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

MAYBE 847 VIOLATION

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

P. 144
= PRURIENT

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

P. 75 DRUG USE TRIVIALIZATION & PROMOTION OF DRUGS

P. 76 MINDS KISSING TRIVIALIZED BOY KISSES GIRL & SAME BOY KISSES BOY - YOUTUBE FOR MARIJUANA = HOW TO!

* SEE ATTACHED DEAL BREAKER

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

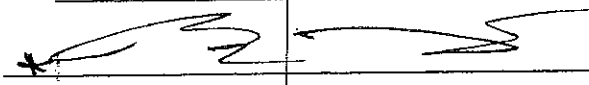
DAMAGED SOULS

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 3/10/23 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: _____

you ASKED FOR PERFECT BY LAURA SILVERMAN

"Yeah." I slip my hand away, so she won't notice it shaking. "Sure. No problem."

"Want more?" Sook asks.

I nod, and she passes me the joint. It's down to the length of a pen cap, so when I take a hit, the smoke burns my eyes as much as my throat. "Another?" I ask, throwing the roach to the ground and grinding it out with the bottom of my metal water bottle. My head buzzes, fizzes.

"Fantastic idea," Sook replies.

We're sitting on a giant boulder, half a mile down the twisted trails of Tin-der Hill. Canopies of leaves provide respite from the lingering summer heat, but the air is still tacky with humidity.

Sook pulls her lighter and a second joint from a floral-printed pencil pouch. She lights the joint and takes a hit before handing it to me.

The weed eases my racing pulse. I don't smoke often, especially not during the school year. Usually I like my express train of thoughts. It gives me an edge, helps me get more done. But for today, for the moment, I need to chill.

"Grateful Dead okay?" I ask, queuing up music on my phone.

Sook laughs. "Fine, I guess it is appropriate." She snatches the joint back from me. "Maybe it'll be good inspiration to mix it up anyway."

"Scarlet Begonias" begins to play. Sook and I finish the joint and lean back on the boulder. There's a cool breeze and a dappling of sun through the trees. Jerry Garcia's music mingles with the sound of wind ruffling leaves.

P. 75 OF 260

PROMOTION OF DRUGS

NOT OK

NEED

"Remember the first time we smoked?" Sook asks.

"Unfortunately, yes." I laugh. "Summer before ninth grade. Isaac had some, but he was worried they were going to drug test him for football, so he gave it to us."

"And we came right to this boulder." Sook says. "Well, after walking around for like two hours trying to find the least suspicious spot."

"And then we had to YouTube how to roll a joint. And how to light a joint. And how to smoke a joint."

Sook laughs. "It was a lot of work. Good thing we were fast learners."

I'll never forget that summer. My last months of freedom before high school; though I didn't know what high school would be like at the time. It was also the summer I started figuring out my sexuality.

I'd always been attracted to girls. My first kiss was as clichéd as it comes—a game of spin the bottle in sixth grade, a red-cheeked peck with Cindy Lao in front of twenty of our closest friends. Then in seventh grade, I had my first real kiss. It was Ava Newman's bat mitzvah party, and Hailey Bloom and I snuck out of the social hall and down to the east wing of the synagogue and made out for ten minutes in an empty preschool classroom. It was great.

But in eighth grade, I met Ian. He had blue eyes and played bass in orchestra, and my stomach flipped every time I saw him. I tried to brush off my interest as nothing, a silly infatuation. I liked girls, not guys. But the infatuation progressed into a hard-core crush, and one day, I was hanging out with him in the bass room after class, and he kissed me, and I kissed him back. And it was great, too.

P. 76

HOW TO
USE USE
VENT USE
FOR USE
← NOT
OKAY

ARE YOU ESTABLISHED TO
SUBMIT
OUR CHILDREN? YES!
YES!

PROMOTES
PROSECUTION

SLOPPY

quiet again. A contemplative quiet, but I'm bursting with adrenaline, with the need to make something happen. I keep glancing at his lips.

"I had fun tonight," I finally say. "Much better than studying at home."

"Good, I'm glad." Amir looks at me. His eyes are warmer than ever in the lamplight. I search them for a moment, wondering if he feels what I do.

Curiosity fuels courage. "Maybe we could do it again. By ourselves. If you know of other shows..."

"I'd like that."

We slip back into silence, but the air crackles between us. When we get to the car, Amir follows me around to the passenger side. He stands in front of me, hands tucked into his pockets. My back almost touches the car. I try to take a calming breath but inhale spearmint and basil.

"Amir?" Amir asks. His gaze is sincere and resolute. "Can I kiss you?" — OK-15M

My throat catches, voice coming out rough. "Yeah, you can kiss me."

Our lips meet, and it's soft and sweet with a flicker of need. Amir tugs my jacket, bringing me closer to him. Our chests press together lightly, and my pulse jumps.

It's the gentlest kiss in the world. Determined in its leisure, like we can stay here against his car for an eternity. His lips brush against mine and then wander to my cheek and jaw, featherlight. My hands instinctively reach for his hair. It's full and soft, and Amir makes a little noise when I run my fingers through it.



"Coming!" I open the door, and there he is, Amir, outside my bedroom. He's wearing black sweatpants. They sling low on his hips. I swallow hard.

"Sorry, the garage was open, and you weren't picking up your phone. I heard you playing from downstairs. You sound good." He holds up his textbook.

"Still want to study?"

I'm home alone with Amir. Amir who is wearing those sweatpants. "Um, yeah. Let's study. Come in." I let him into my room. The silence makes my thudding pulse too loud, so I tap my phone and play *Scheherazade*. The strings fill the room.

I scratch my ear. "So, do you—"

"You're bleeding," Amir says.

"What?"

He steps closer to me, gaze on my neck. And then his fingers are there, tracing the delicate skin. I shiver. His fingers travel down my arm, then to my fingers. Also bleeding. Only a few drops. I've seen worse. He lifts his hand, as if to show proof.

"Oh," I say.

"Yeah," he says.

He's standing close to me, eyes not breaking contact.

And then the music lifts and we're kissing. I'm not sure who leans in first.

Maybe both of us, but his lips are on mine, and I'm inhaling him, spearmint and basil.

It's hungrier than our first kiss.

BOYS
KISSING
AGAIN,
YAWN



P. 14/4

My arms wrap around his back, feeling his broad shoulders. And I draw him close to me. His lips leave mine and run down my jaw and neck before finding my mouth once more. We step back together, then back again, until his legs press against the edge of my bed. *Scheherazade* delves deeper into the first movement. My pulse races to catch up with the tempo.

I pull back for a second, breathing hard.

"You okay?" Amir asks.

My hands tangle with his, like I'm unable to break complete contact. "I'm okay, but uh—" I clear my throat, glancing back at my bed. "I don't want to have sex or anything. I mean, I do, like one day, but I don't want to have sex right now."

"Me neither," Amir says. I exhale. He scratches his neck, self-conscious for a rare moment. "Pants stay on?"

"Pants stay on," I agree.

We both smile.

Then we're kissing again. Then we're on the bed kissing, twisting and pushing closer together. I pull my lips across his skin, against the stubble of his jaw, down his neck, and across his collarbone. Amir shudders beneath me as I accidentally nip the skin.

Too hot. He is actually too hot of a person.

"This okay?" he asks, reaching for the hem of my T-shirt.

"Yeah." I'm a bit breathless as he pulls my shirt off and then his also. I'm overwhelmed by the press of his bare chest against mine.

NOT EXACTLY REACHING ABSTINENCE on TEACHING

PULVER



That was good.

"Um."

"You're dating Amir?" Rachel squeals.

"Well, we...how did you..."

"Mrs. Naeem and I always said you two would be cute together. Now when did this start? I noticed you talking at Rachel's game. You know we support that you're gay, right?"

I clear my throat. "Bisexual."

"Yes, right! I'm sorry. That's what I meant—I don't care that you're bisexual. I mean, I do care. In a good way." I give her a soft smile. "I know."

My parents were pretty great when I came out in ninth grade. There was a lot of hugging and thankfully not a lot of questions. Mom took a while to understand the guys and girls part, which to be fair, took me a while to get myself. I know she's trying, though, and I know Amir and I are ridiculously lucky to have parents who want their sons to date.

"So." Mom nudges me. "How long have you two been going out?"

My face flushes, but I guess it's better to rip off the Band-Aid. I should've known she'd figure it out sooner rather than later. "We're not going out, but yeah, we're talking or whatever...it's new." I rub my face. I'm so not prepared to define the relationship, much less with my mom instead of Amir. "Can we maybe leave it alone for now?"

Mom smiles. "Yes, yes we can. For now." She sighs and settles back into the couch. "Rachel, could I bother you to grab the lotion from my bathroom?"

P.160

GAY

B1

MATTER