From: Ivie Szalai [redacted]
Subject: Book Reviews March
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: March 26, 2025 12:29 PM (UTC-04:00)
Attached: Shine by Lauren Myracle.pdf, Skin by Donna Jo Napoli.pdf, The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison.pdf, The Carnival at Bray by Jessie Ann Foleyynt.pdf, The Duff by Kody Keplinger.pdf, Like a Love Story.pdf

WARNING: This email originated from outside of Beaufort County School District's email system. Do not click links or open attachments unless you recognize the sender and know the content is safe.

Please find attached 5 books that have previously been reviewed. Since the District is sending those titles straight to the State Board for review, I reserve the right to be able to submit 5 titles at the District level each month per the Regulation. In addition to the 5 previously reviewed, I am submitting a title that I sent to the Bluffton High School principal and received no response. **Like a Love Story** is the book I am making the local complaint about.
Please respond to this email as confirmation that it was received.
Thank you,
Ivie Szalai

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Ivie Szalai

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: Shine by Lauren Myracle

School Where Contested Material is Located: Battery Creek High SchoolBeaufort High SchoolBluffton High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**

☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains pedophilia, sexual activities including sexual assault, and nudity. Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Shine
by Lauren Myracle

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains pedophilia, sexual activities including sexual assault, and nudity.

Page 94
(Violates the Regulation with mention of oral sex.)
And "Stay back, Candypants. My lollipop ain't yours to suck." And "Lose the fag pants, Candypants."

Page 156
(Violates the Regulation with reference to a penis in a covered turgid state.)
He liked girls, and the younger the better. Every winter he came into town for the Christmas pageant, because seeing little kids in angel robes gave him a boner. In the summer, he'd show up at the lake where younger kids went swimming- not Suicide Rock,...
...His thing made a teepee out of his swim trunks, right there in front of God and every living soul.
Once he asked Gwennie if she wanted him to teach her to float on her back. I was ten. She was nine. We'd both known how to float on our backs for years

Page 167
(Violates the Regulation with a description of a penis.)
When I was ten, I caught my brother dropping his pants in front of the mirror on Aunt Tildy's bureau.
...but I should have tiptoed away when I saw what he was doing.
...My brother's penis was no longer soft and pink. It was bigger, and it jutted out from his body in a way that confused me. I shrank behind the door frame, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. That thatch of dark hair- when did he get that?

Page 277
(Violates the Regulation with mention of bodily excretion.)
His breath smelled like my daddy's corn liquor. He fumbled at the elastic of my panties, but my cutoffs were too tight, and he couldn't work his fingers to where

he wanted. "C'mon now, Cat. Lemme feel how wet you are."
I didn't know what he meant. I pressed my spine into the sofa to get away from him, but moving like that raised my hips and loosened the hug of my shorts. His fingers slithered under my panties.
"Oh yeah," he said, moving his fingers the best he could. "See now?"
I was lost. Tommy was touching a part of me that no one was supposed to. I was pushing against him, but he was so much bigger than me. And my throat, it was like someone had wrapped a band around it and cinched it so tight, I could hardly breathe. The sounds I made- because I tried, I did- they came from some other girl. They were please and stop, but so trembly that they simply shuddered up into the air.

Page 279
(Violates the Regulation with mention of fingers being inserted in the vagina.)
By that point, Tommy had unbuttoned my shorts and yanked them down around my thighs, along with my panties. I was gripping them, trying to get them back up, but he was stronger. He no longer had his hand down my tank top, but instead his right arm stretched along the back of the sofa, bearing his weight while his left arm rode the length of my belly, straight as a rod until the sharp flex of his wrist. With Aunt Tildy standing frozen behind him in the doorway, he got one finger up inside me. I whimpered. He kept at it, the heel of his palm driving into my pelvic bone, until he got in two more.
Then he moaned. That sick bastard moaned, and Aunt Tildy snapped out of her trance.
..."I gotta go," I said through my tears and snot. I squirmed, but that just made it worse. It hurt. I could feel his fingernails, which I knew to be grimy with oil, and I squeezed shut my eyes, wanting to make everything disappear.
There was a bang outside, explosively loud, and Tommy jerked away. He jumped to his feet and said, "Fuck," as panicked as I'd ever heard him. He straightened his jeans as best he could over the bulge of his crotch, but already he was striding for the door and out of the house.

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: Skin by Donna Jo Napoli

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**

☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains nudity and sexual activities.
Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

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Skin
by Donna Jo Napoli

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains nudity and sexual activities.

Page 216
(Violates the Regulation with fondling of genitals through fabric, description of penis, rubbing of face on it, description of oral sex both on a male and female.)
I kiss Joshua hard. My hands slide up into his curly hair and hold his head fast.
He makes a contented, muffly sound. "What's so urgent that it couldn't wait for lunch tomorrow?"
…I loop my fingers over his belt and pull him into the gazebo.
"Good start," he breathes.
I undo his belt.
His hands are on my upper arms. He's breathing so deeply I can feel his belly move in and out against my hand. "Do you know what you're doing?"
"You can tell me if I do it wrong."
He gives me a small laugh. "That isn't what I meant." His lips make a little noise, like he just gulped. "Have you thought about this?"
Have I thought about anything else? I unzip him.
"We, uh, we're going pretty fast, Sep. It's only been a little while since we started talking to each other again."
"It's been weeks."
"Two. Two weeks. I've kept track. That's not much, Sep. What's the rush?"
…I pull down his trousers.
He makes that gulping noise again. "Good answer." His voice is husky.
I push him lightly so he drops onto the curving bench on this side of the round table. I get on my knees and push his legs further apart and insert myself between them and fondle him through the cloth. He breathes so hard, I sense his whole torso rise and fall. I pull down on his boxers and he lifts his but just enough so that I can get them down past his knees.
He lets out a half grunt.
"Did I hurt you?"
"No. It's good." He reaches down to a pocket and pulls out something.
I'm clumsy. I have to try to go slow- careful. But all I can think about is how hard he is. And how silky soft the skin on the tip is. I brush my cheek against it.

He makes a noise as though he's having trouble catching his breath. I love that I can do that to him.
I can't stop. I can't think. It's like my whole body has become my cheeks and lips and tongue.
Almost instantly, he clamps a handkerchief over himself and groans. He jams the handkerchief back in his pocket, and stands, drawing me up with him. He pulls up his boxers and trousers, and buckles his belt. And I'm still panting, still inside that other place, that other feeling. He kisses me. "I didn't expect that." His voice is so quiet I can hardly hear it.
"Mmm," I manage. I try to slow my heart. "I could tell. Do you always have a handkerchief in your pocket?"
"Actually, yes. You never know when it will come in handy." He laughs.
"I don't get it."
"Masturbation."
"Oh. Yeah. I'm just not quite, you know, thinking straight yet."
"You're amazing," he says.
"I'm glad you liked it."
"I loved it. Your turn now."
"What?"
"Your sex manual didn't explain turn taking?"
"I don't have a sex manual."
"Then that truly was amazing. You're a natural. So relax now, and let me take over. Let it happen naturally." He unsnaps my jeans and opens the zipper and pulls my pants all the way off, yanking them over my sneakers.
And now I'm glad it's too dark to see.
It's a warm enough night, but still I get goose bumps. "I don't take anything. You know, like birth control pills."
"What we're going to do can't make you pregnant."
Well, of course not. He has his jeans on.
…He pulls off my panties.
I'm standing with the bottom half of me naked in my neighbor's gazebo. Or naked except for my shoes and socks.
He kneels in front of me and runs his hands up and down my legs. They go over that ghost of a spot on the inside of my right thigh. The newest spot, and the biggest one yet.
…His hands touch it and keep moving. His eyes don't see. Thank you, clouds. Thank you, thank you.
His hands go everywhere, till I'm wobbling so bad I think I'll fall.
He pulls me down beside him on the floor of the gazebo and stretches out on his back. "Straddle my face."
"What?"

“Just do it. One knee on either side of my head. Just do it.”
“Facing which way?”
He laughs. “Facing the top of my head.”
I straddle him and he pushes my knees out, till I’m low enough. He kisses the inside of one thigh, then the other. So soft it’s like the best dream. Then his tongue flicks. Zap, like an electric shock. I jerk upward, rigid and more alive than I’ve ever been. He pulls me down again and holds me tight. And I implode, I explode, I fly apart, my head is twirling and I’m moving so fast, on and on and on, till it finally ebbs. And ends.
I slip my hand over his mouth to make him stop, and I collapse beside him.
He kisses my hand. Then my lips. “You’re a wonder.”
“I had an orgasm,” I say between pants. “I came. I really came.”
“Yeah.” He laughs. “I could tell.”
…”I never came before.”
“I wouldn’t have known it.”
“If that had lasted one more second, I think I would have vaporized.”
“That’s what it sounded like. I was afraid you’d wake the whole neighborhood.”

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: The Bluest Eyeby Toni Morrison

School Where Contested Material is Located: Battery Creek High SchoolBeaufort High SchoolBluffton High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**

☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation.
Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

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The Bluest Eye
by Toni Morrison

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation.

Page 83
(Violates the Regulation with description of vaginal sex, description of female bodily fluids, description of vaginal sex, and a description of something similar to masturbation.)
He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him.
While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place- like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat the damp may get into her hair; and that she will remain dry between her legs—she hates the glucking sound they make when she is moist. When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her hips, press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And then a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief.

Page 93
(Violates the Regulation with description of touching breast.
"Mr. Henry."

"What'd he do?"
"Daddy beat him up."
..."He...picked at me."
"Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?"
"Sort of."
"He showed his privates to you?"
"Noooo. He touched me."
"Where?"
"Here and there." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns, scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress.
"Really? How did it feel?"
..."It didn't feel like anything."
"But it wasn't supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?"
She sighed. "First he said how pretty it was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."

Page 120
(Violates the Regulation with mention of biting a breast, fondling genitalia, female excretion, and description of intercourse.)
Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because 1 don 't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don 't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don 't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can 't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can 't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That he couldn't stop if he had to. That he would die rather than take his thing out of me. Of me. Not until he has let go of all he has, and give it to me. To me. To me.

When he does, I feel a power I be strong, I be pretty, I be young. And then I wait. He shivers and tosses his head. Now I be strong enough, pretty enough, and young enough to let him make me come. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind. My legs drop back onto the bed. I don't make no noise, because the chil 'ren might hear. I begin to feel those little bits of color floating up into me—deep in me. That streak of green from the june-bug light, the purple from the berries trickling along my thighs, Mama Is lemonade yellow runs sweet in me. Then I feel like I'm laughing between my legs, and the laughing gets all mixed up with the colors, and I'm afraid I'll come, and afraid 1 won 't. But I know I will. And I do. And it be rainbow all inside. And it lasts and lasts and lasts. I want to thank him, but don't know how, so I pat him like you do a baby.
..."But it ain't like that anymore. Most times he's thrashing away inside me before I'm woke, and through when I am..."

Page 129
(Violates the Regulation with description of masturbation.)
He was aware, in his sleep, of being curled up in a chair, his hands tucked between his thighs. In a dream his penis changed into a long hickory stick, and the hands caressing it were the hands of M'Dear.

Page 149
(Violates the Regulation description feeling in genitals and anus, description of intercourse
Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made—a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon.
Following the disintegration—the falling away—of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell.
Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his

genitals out of the dry harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her.
So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her.

Page 152
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness.)
The careful design was marred occasionally by rare but keen sexual cravings. He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh.
...all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of- disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive- children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness.

Page 165
(Violates the Regulation with description of touching and biting little girls breast and the insinuation of fondling little girls between their legs.)
The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for my own. Playful, I felt, and friendly.
...Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they'd eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning—just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look—any long funny look—any long funny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly.
...I did what You did not, could not, would not do: I looked at that ugly little black

girl, and I loved her. I played You. And it was a very good show!

Page 169
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness, incest.)
"Did you hear about that girl?"
"What? Pregnant?"
"Yas. But guess who?"
"Who? I don't know all these little old boys."
"That's just it. Ain't no little old boy. They say it's Cholly."
"Cholly? Her daddy?"
"Uh-huh."
"Lord. Have mercy. That dirty nigger."
..."Oh, come on. She ain't but twelve or so."

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: The Carnival at Brayby Jessie Ann Foley

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High School May River High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**

☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains sexual activities, sexual assault involving minors, and sexual nudity.
Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

The Carnival at Bray
by Jessie Ann Foley

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
May River High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities, sexual assault involving minors, and sexual nudity.

Page 17
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex and touching/holding breasts.)
She woke up once in the middle of the night, feverish, and saw the shadows of two people moving up and down- Uncle Kevin and the blonde- and the blonde was moving on top of him and he was holding her breasts in each of his hands like Christmas ornaments. Maggie knew what they were doing but it didn't look so frightening or clinical as when she learned about it during those awful movies in health class. And it didn't look as disgusting as the porno she'd seen at Katie Grant's house, which was all spread legs and shaved bodies and smirking plastic Faces.

Page 78
(Violates the Regulation with feeling of breast through fabric, sucking breast, fingers inside a vagina, and description of oral sex.)
The whiskey's powers hit her square in the face when she and Paul emerged into the cold night.
...When they reached the Ferris wheel at the edge of the carnival, Maggie's head began to swim. She leaned up against the ride's cold iron base.
"I don't feel so good," she said.
"Are you going to gawk?" Paul asked.
"Maybe."
"See, I'm fine," he laughed. "Takes more than a little whiskey to get me drunk. I've been drinking with my older brothers since I was ten." He stood back to look at her face, to see if she was impressed by this fact. She tried to smile at him but her head hurt. He grabbed her waist and kissed her, his spit cold and wet on her lips. She kissed him back, her eyes drifting shut, her mouth lolling open.
...She felt his cold fingers yank up her sweater and squeeze her breasts roughly.
...He pulled her sweater off and then, after some fumbling, her bra and dropped both pieces of clothing on the wet ground.

…She could feel her nipples pucker and tighten in the salted wind. He began to suck them, hard, and she grimaced, looking over his head…
…It didn't occur to her to tell him to stop. With his free hand, he yanked at the button of her jeans, pulled down the zipper, and stuffed his hand down her underpants. He found her warm opening, and twisted two fingers inside. Her breath caught sharply on the tight tissue inside of her unknit and gave way. The strangest thing happened. The pain of what he was doing to her somehow made her feel better. A memory floated before her, of Samantha Steinle, a weird, quiet girl from her Chicago neighborhood who, in seventh grade, had taken Maggie into the bathroom stall during recess, unbuttoned the cuff of her school blouse, and showed Maggie the patterns of razor marks that she'd scored herself with from wrist to elbow.
"Hurting myself is the only thing that makes me feel better," Samantha had said. Now, with Paul's fingers twisting inside of her, his teeth on the thin skin of her breasts, she finally understood what Samantha had meant.
He pulled his hand from between her legs and she heard the dull clinking of his belt buckle, the sharp exhale of a zipper being undone.
"Put your mouth on it," he whispered into her neck, his forearm a heavy pressure on her shoulders, and she crouched on the wet ground, her naked spine facing seaward, the puddles soaking into the knees of her jeans. He put his hands on the back of her head and pushed her closer to his thighs so she was nearly choking on it, and then his whole body stiffened and he moaned in just the way she'd heard her mother and Colm moaning through the thin walls of their bedroom. To stop herself from vomiting, she spit it out on the wet ground.

Page 80
(Violates the Regulation with visual description of what happens after a woman has sex for the first time.)
He turned, shambling toward the road with his hands in his pockets. In the morning she found a streak of bright red blood in the crotch of her underwear. She balled them up tightly and threw them in the trash. Then she took a long, steamy shower, even though she knew her mom would yell at her for using all the hot water, and she held her hands over her bruised breasts to protect them from the stinging water.

Page 184
(Violates the Regulation with feeling of breast through fabric.)
Back in their sparse little hotel room, Eoin kissed her under the stacks of thin blankets. Maggie could feel the swell of him press against her thighs beneath his jeans.
…"Is this too much?" He kissed her neck.

"No."
He moved his hands down her sweater, tracing the outline of her breasts, and skimmed his fingers over the sheer fabric of her tights. Her knees began to shake.

Page 193
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex.)
He kissed her so hard that her back scraped up against the cold, ancient stone, as if the past was pushing back at her, as the past does.
...His eyes hovered over her collarbone and he was peeling off her wet black dress. She was totally and completely unafraid. She tugged at his sweatshirt and pulled it over his head. This wasn't something he was doing to her, or even something they were doing together. They were making something, or beginning something, or finishing something. Her bra fell away to the linoleum floor, his pants were kicked to the other end of the bed, and the rain shook the shutters.
He moved on top of her and their lives became this moment, contained in the sheets, something that no one else would ever know, a secret to keep forever, the feeling of him inside of her.

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: The Duff by Kody Keplinger

School Where Contested Material is Located: Bluffton High SchoolMay River High SchoolWhale Branch Early College High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**

☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains sexual activities and nudity.
Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

The Duff
by Kody Keplinger

Available at the following schools:
Bluffton High School
May River High School
Whale Branch Early College High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities and nudity.

Page 29
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast through fabric.)
I kissed Wesley Rush.
One second his hand lay on my shoulder, and his gray eyes rested, for once, on my face, and the next my mouth was on his. My lips were fierce with bottled emotion, and he seemed to tense, his body frozen in shock. That didn't last very long. An instant later, he returned the aggression, his hands flying to my sides and pulling me toward him. It felt like a battle between our mouths. My hands clawed into his curly hair, tugging it way harder than necessary, and his fingertips dug into my waist.
It worked better than punching someone would have. Not only did it help me release the agonizing pressure, but it definitely distracted me. I mean, it's hard to think about your dad when you're making out with somebody.
And as disturbing as it sounds, Wesley was a really good kisser. He leaned into me, and I tugged at him so hard that he nearly fell off his bar stool. In that moment, we just couldn't get close enough to each other. Our separate seats seemed like they were miles apart.
All of my thoughts vanished, and I became a sort of physical being. Emotions disappeared.
Nothing existed but our bodies, and our warring lips were at the center of everything. It was bliss!
...His hand slid up from my waist, trailing along my torso, and came to a stop right on my boob.

Page 52
(Age appropriateness.)
"I guess she's really trying to make her boyfriend jealous or something. She's dating a junior, taking an OHH kid to our dance, and telling everyone she has the hots for Wesley.
She claims they fooled around after a party recently—I guess her boyfriend doesn't know about that yet—and she's thinking of doing it again. She said it was amazing."

“He slept with her?” Jessica gasped.
“He sleeps with everyone,” I said, turning the car onto 5th Street. “If it has a vagina, he’ll screw it.”
…Casey ignored her and said to me, “He might be a player, but he’s pretty damn sexy. Even you have to admit that, B. I bet he’s awesome in bed. I mean, you made out with him. Was he amazing? Can you really blame Vikki for wanting to hook up with him?”

Page 65
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast through fabric.)
Before he could say my name, I closed the space between us. Quickly, my lips moved against his. The mental and emotional emptiness took over instantly, but physically, I was more alert than ever. Wesley’s surprise didn’t last as long as it had before, and his hands were on me in seconds. My fingers tangled in his soft hair, and Wesley’s tongue darted into my mouth and became a new weapon in our war.
…I was fully conscious of Wesley’s hand as it slid up my torso and moved to cup my breast.
…The mind-numbing sensation I got from kissing him was so euphoric—such a high—that I couldn’t stand to give it up that fast.
…Without speaking, without hesitating, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and threw it onto Wesley’s bedroom floor. He didn’t have a chance to say anything before I put my hands on his shoulders and shoved him onto his back. A second later, I was straddling him and we were kissing again. His fingers undid the clasp on my bra, and it joined my shirt on the floor.
…I unbuttoned his shirt as he pulled the alligator clip from my hair and let the auburn waves fall around us. Casey had been right. Wesley had a great body. The skin pulled tight over his sculpted chest, and my hands drifted down his muscular arms with amazement.
His lips moved to my neck, giving me a moment to breathe. I could only smell his cologne this close to him. As his mouth traveled down my shoulder, a thought pushed through the exhilaration.
…But his mouth pressed into mine again, and that tiny, fleeting thought died. Acting on instinct, I pulled on Wesley’s lower lip with my teeth, and he moaned quietly. His hands moved over my ribs, sending chills up my spine. Bliss. Pure, unadulterated bliss.
Only once, as Wesley flipped me onto my back, did I seriously consider stopping. He looked down at me, and his skilled hand grasped the zipper on my jeans.
…Before I could come up with any answers, Wesley had my jeans and underwear off. He pulled a condom from his pocket (okay, now that I’m thinking about it, who keeps condoms in their pockets? Wallet, yes, but pocket? Pretty presumptuous, don’t you think?), and then his pants were on the floor, too. All of a sudden, we were having sex, and my thoughts were muted again.

Page 75
(Age appropriateness.)
But I really didn't know how to handle school on Monday. What did one do after having a one-night stand (or, in my case, one-afternoon stand) with the school's biggest manwhore?

Page 96
(Age appropriateness.)
"Listen," I said, twisting the knob. "I have to go, but I was thinking we should do this again.
Like a fling, maybe. Purely physical. No strings attached?"
"Can't get enough of me, can you?" Wesley asked, stretching out on his back again with a smirk. "That sounds good to me, but if I'm so fantastic, you should spread the word to your friends. You say you love them, so you ought to let them experience the same mindblowing pleasure… maybe at the same time. It's only right."

Page 148
(Age appropriateness.)
"What would you do without me?" he asked one night. We were tangled in the silky sheets of his gigantic bed. My heart was still pounding as I came down from the high of what we'd just done, and he wasn't helping matters by putting his lips so close to my ear.
…"You…" I struggled for words as Wesley pressed his mouth into the crook of my neck. The tip of his tongue moved down to my shoulder and made my brain get all fuzzy.
…His laughter was muffled against my skin. "That's amusing," he said, his lips still grazing my collarbone. "Because I'm pretty sure your ex is out of town by now." One of his hands slid between my knees. "Yet you're still here, aren't you?" His fingers began gliding up and down my inner thigh, making it difficult for me to think of a retort. He seemed to like this, because he laughed again.
…I squirmed uncontrollably as Wesley's fingertips danced along the inside of my leg. I wanted so badly to argue, but he was sending electric currents up my spine.
Finally, when I thought I might explode, his hand moved to my hip and he pulled his mouth away from my shoulder. "Oh, thank God," I whispered as he reached for a condom in the nightstand drawer, knowing what came next.

Page 165
(Age appropriateness.)

He opened the door and peered inside. Then he looked back at me with that familiar smirk.
"We'll have enough room."
"Enough room for what?"

Before I knew what was happening, Wesley had grabbed me by the hips and was pushing me into my bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind us, spun me around, and slammed me against the wall, where he began kissing me so hard that I thought my head might pop off. I was surprised, but once that wore off, I joined in. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back. He tightened his grip on my waist and shoved my jeans down as low as they would go without unbuttoning. Then he slid his hands under the elastic band of my underwear and rubbed his fingers along my hot, tingling skin.
After a few minutes, he pulled his mouth away from mine. "Bianca, can I ask you something?"
"No," I said quickly. "I am not giving you a blow job. No fucking way. Just the thought of it is disgusting and degrading and… No. Never."
"While that's a little disappointing," Wesley said, "it's not what I was planning to ask you."
…He took his hands out of my pants and placed them gently on my shoulders.

Page 167
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley still managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me.
"No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this."
I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees, one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination.
I'd heard Vikki and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it. Jake and I had never done that, and I'd always just assumed it was gross and weird.
It was kind of weird at first, but then it wasn't anymore. It felt… strange—but in a good way. Dirty, wrong, amazing. My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,… oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and—
"Oh, shit."
Wesley jumped away from me. He'd heard the car door slam, too. That meant my dad was
home.

Profanity	Count
Ass	38
Bitch	26
Dick	2
Fuck	54
Piss	21
Prick	1
Shit	46

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Like a Love Story By Abdi Nazemian

School Where Contested Material is Located: Bluffton High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classtoom and/or DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

This book contains sexually explicit material.
Please see below passages that violate Reugalation 43-170.

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 3/26/2025

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

I sent an email to the principal of Bluffton High School on February 12, 2025 expressing concern about the book **Like a Love Story.** I will include that email below. I never received a response and 30 days have expired. After a good faith effort of trying to address it at the school level and having no response, I am officially submitting this book for review to the District. Since the District is sending the previously reviewed titles straight to the State Board for review, I reserve the right to be able to submit 5 titles at the District level each month per the Regulation.

3:54 5G+ 56

Sexually Explicit Book in Library/ Bluffton High School



me Feb 12
to Denise.Donica

I have just become aware of a book in your library that violates Regulation 43-170. The book is Like a Love Story by Abdi Nazemian. It violates the Regulation with description of bodily fluid, oral and anal sex. The first step in addressing this is at the school level. Please let me know if you intend to remove the book from circulation or if we need to discuss further.
Thank you,
Ivie Szalai

Like a Love Story
By Abdi Nazemian

Available at the following schools:
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexually explicit material which is in violation of Regulation 43-170.

Page 288
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness with mention of whips and chains which is used in deviant sexual behavior.)
This morning, as I walk into school. I hear them cracking each other up as they call, “Reza, are you ready to strike a pose?” I ignore them. Then, when Art approached me, Darryl says to us, “Hey ladies with an attitude, don’t just stand there, lets’ get to it!”
…Art looks up at them, with defiance I wish I had in me. “Yeah, you fellas in the mood?” he asks lasciviously. “Because I’ve got some whips and chain in my backpack I’d love to try on you.”
…“I bet you’d like that,” Darryl says in disgust.

293 "This is the only butt that matters in our relationship. No other butts, okay?"
…I laugh. I grab his ass stiffly, trying to be as coolly seductive as he is, feeling awkward and foolish instead. “Except for this butt,” I say.
…I melt into his arms. I want him so bad. I want him to ravish me, I let him put a hand down my pants, feeling the smoothness of my skin in his palms.

Page 319
(Violates the Regulation with mention of a penis in a turgid state and description of sex.)
I grab Saadi by the collar of this blue Lacoste polo and I pull him close to me, and I make out with him, It’s furious. Our tongues explore each other. Then his hands are all over me, up the shiny fabric of the purple dress I designed for this party, on my thighs. His breath is heavy, and his hips are thrusting urgently. I feel what I never felt when Reza and I kissed, an erection, Saadi is so hard. He sits up and takes his polo off. His body is thick and his chest has black hair on it. I put my hands on his chest. My fingernails are painted purple too, and they look kind of great against his skin. He puts his hands on my face with a tenderness that surprises me.
…He pulls me into a kiss. I explore his mouth with my tongue, feel every crevice of

his body with my hands. The coarseness of his skin, the fuzz of his hair.
..."Take my dress off," I say, shocked by the commanding tone of my voice.
He yanks at the back of my dress.
..."Carefully," I warn.
..."It's beautiful," he says as he carefully peels it off me. "So are you."
...He looks at me, taking my body in. I guide him on top of me, feel his hardness.
He wants to have sex, but I tell him I'm not ready.
..."Maybe next time."
..."Next time?" I ask.
...He thrusts against me until he's done, and then he collapses, his head on my breast.

Page 337
(Violates the Regulation with description of a penis in a turgid state, touching of penis, and age appropriateness; twelve year olds should not be reading porn.)
"Where did you get a porno magazine?" I ask.
...Art laughs. He squeezes my thigh. "Oh Reza. My innocent Reza. The first time I read a porn, I was twelve. I found my dad's stash of Penthouse and Playboy magazines in the back of his closet. Playboy was pretty much useless to me. But Penthouse has these sex stories in them, and they were very hot because there were men in them." I find myself getting hard, and he moves his hands to my crotch, "Just covering up the evidence," he says with a smile.
..."Maybe you could...read those stories to me someday. You can't get AIDS from story time."
...He laughs, "Any day you want." He squeezes my erection.

Page 338
(Violates the Regulation with description of what sounds like sex but is likely masturbation in the first highlighted part, description of masturbation in the second highlighted area.)
Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else, He thrusts faster and faster , until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me.
..."Wow," he says. "Guess I won't be wearing these pants tonight."
...I notice the gooey stain on his black jeans, and the wetness on my own blue

jeans. “Oh,” I said. “I didn’t know that you…” I leap off the bed and go to the bathroom, I squeeze some shampoo from a tiny bottle onto a washcloth, get it all wet, and then rub the wetness off my pants. I wash my hands, perhaps too aggressively. I look at myself in the mirror. I tell myself I am okay, that nothing risky happened.
…"You okay in there?” Art asks. “You do realize having two pairs of jeans and two pairs of underwear between us is, like, as safe as abstinence, right?"
…"I know,” I say. And then, closing the door, I add, “I’m going to shower before we meet everyone downstairs."
…I turn on the shower, take off my clothes, and get inside. As I touch myself, I imagine Art thrusting on top of me, screaming my name. I close my eyes and let the hot water wash all evidence of my passion away.

Page 385
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex, touching of penis, and anal sex.)
"Okay,” I say. A wave of excitement passes through me at the thought of us naked together.
…He starts first. He peels his tight ripped jeans off in the blink of an eye, and then his tank top. And finally, with a smile, his underwear. He waves his underwear around in the air and tosses it at me. I duck and laugh.
…"’Your turn,” he says.
…"Yean,” I say, every part of me thrumming with anticipation.
…I can feel my arms shaking as I slowly take off my black jeans and my T-shirt. I pause before taking my underwear off. I search his eyes for the reassurance I need. “Art,” I whisper. I want to tell him I’m scared, I like feeling it on my tongue. “Art.” And then again more decisively, “Art.”
…We lie naked next to each other, and we kiss for what feels like either a split second or an eternity. It’s a kiss that stops time. There is no past or further, just this moment, just this kiss.
…Time starts again when he removes his lips from mine and kisses the back of my ears, my neck, my shoulders, my chest. He works his way down. “I want to kiss every part of you,” he says. And he does. When he takes me inside his mouth, it’s almost over.
…"Wait, slowdown,” I beg him. And then, when he does, I just repeat, “Wow. Wow. Wow.” I must sound like an idiot, but I don’t care. I don’t feel like an idiot. I feel like me.
…I pull him back up when I can’t take any more, and I do the same to him. I kiss and lick every inch of skin on his body, tasting the expanse of him, drawing him into me. The moment my lips leave his neck, I miss it already. Then when they leave his chest, I miss that. I want all of him, all at once, all the time.

..."I love you," I whisper, my breath heavy.
..."Me too,"" he says, laying me on my back and finding his way on top of me.
...I turn to the bedside table and gave a condom. I give it to him with a smile and a nod. "Wow," he says. "Wow, I didn't think..."
..."What?" I ask, mischievous. "You thought I'd remain like a virgin forever?"
...He beams. A hand on my cheek, he says softly, "Quien es est nino?' Who's that boy?"
...I realize I'm a new person now, the person I've been waiting to be. I feel it's only right to quote Madonna back to him, so I kiss him once more, then whisper, "I'm a young boy with eyes like the desert that dream of you, my true blue."
...His smile radiates love. "True blue," he repeats.
...He tries to open the condom wrapper but fumbles with it. He tries his teeth. I grab it from him and tear it open. I try to put it on him, doing my best to block out why the condom is necessary, trying to forget all those images of death and disease. My hands shake as I place the condom on him. "I think you're putting it on upside down," he says, laughing.
...He smiles. I smile. We have a layer of protection between us now. He squeezes some lube onto him, then onto me. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me, or deeper into me, because he's in me now. We thrust and grunt and sweat until we almost fall off the bed.
..."I need to catch my breath," he says. Then, with a smile, he adds, "I think this is the first team sport I like."

Public Records Exemptions

Enclosed please find a copy of the response documents for your public records request. The following information is provided to explain the process employed to review and produce the response documents.

Exemptions and redactions have been done in the public documents responsive to your request in accordance with S.C. Code Ann. 30-4-40(a)(2), (4) and (7).

Reason	Description	Pages
		1

From: Ivie Szalai [redacted]
Subject: April Book Complaints
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: April 30, 2025 10:16 PM (UTC-04:00)
Attached: The Freedom Writers Diary by The Freedom Writers with Erin Gruwell.pdf, The Infinite Moment of Us (1).pdf, The Kite Runner (1).pdf, Tilt (1).pdf, Water for Elephants (1).pdf

WARNING: This email originated from outside of Beaufort County School District's email system. Do not click links or open attachments unless you recognize the sender and know the content is safe.

Please accept these 5 books for the month of April.
Please send a response to acknowledge receipt.
Thank you, Ivie

--

Ivie Szalai

The Freedom Writers Diary

by The Freedom Writers with Erin Gruwell

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
The Freedom Writers Diaryby The Freedom Writers with Erin Gruwell

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, Possibly Classroom and SORA

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☑ **Other** *(please describe)*: Movie Rated PG-13 should not be in middle school

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Beaufort Middle School
H E McCracken Middle School
Hilton Head Island High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School

Movie rated PG-13 is available in the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island Middle School

Please see below

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 4/30/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Beaufort Middle School
H E McCracken Middle School
Hilton Head Island High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School

Movie rated PG-13 is available in the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island Middle School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities, sexual nudity, and violence including child abuse and molestation.
I would like to point out that these are essays written under the tutelage of their English teacher. In BCSD, many of the things written would be against the Student Code of Conduct and I cannot imagine a teacher accepting work of this nature. If a student cannot write it as an assignment, why would it be acceptable for them to be able to check it out in the library, have access in a classroom or check out the movie? Does the movie require parental consent for those under the age of 13 or are librarians allowing any middle school student to check it out? This could be a student as young as 11 to 12 years old.

Page 7 (8, 9, and 10)
(Could violate the Budget Proviso 1.79 which prohibits instructional materials which include library books from containing material depicting one race or sex is inherently superior to another race or sex.)
Most of these niggas come strapped and ready to bust a cap.
...I don't even think everyone in this class is supposed to be in here, because there's a white boy in the corner looking down at his schedule, hoping that he's in the wrong room. For his entire life he's always been part of the majority, but as soon as he stepped into this room, he became the minority. Being white in this class is not going to give him the same status that he gets in society.
Page 8
What the hell am I doing in here? I'm the only white person in this English class!
Page 9
I'll lie and insist that there's been a computer error and that I am supposed to be

in the Distinguished Scholars class, even though I suck in English and have a learning disability. I know she'll believe me 'cause I'm white.

Page 10
That's just the way it is, and we all respect that. So when the Asians started trying to claim part of the 'hood, we had to set them straight.

Page 13
(Age Appropriateness)
I opened my backpack, took the gun out, and put it in my waist, then I slowly walked to the back and waited for the door to open.
..."Fuck them niggas..."
...Usually, I would have run, but this time I had a gun. I knew they were getting closer, so I turned around, reached for my gun, took it out, and pointed the gun at his head.
...I put the gun back in my waist, and went home. No big deal, just another day in the 'hood.

Page 19
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
I presumed she must have been given specific instructions because while we sizzled, she kneeled in front of David O'Neal, a popular junior boy. I couldn't make out exactly what was happening, but he was holding something in front of him that looked like a bottle, and I think she was crying. Then her head started moving back and forth, and as a crowd of rowdy boys gathered around them she started to go help her I was pushed back to the ground as a voice screamed, "Where do you think you're going, whore? Did I say you could get up?" It was one of the members.
...I reeked of beer that had been poured on me multiple times.

Page 127
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breasts.)
"Hmm? What is that? Who's touching me?" Whatever it was. I didn't like it...it was Uncle Joe. What was he doing to me? Whatever it was, I wanted him to stop. I opened my mouth to tell him to stop, but the words wouldn't come. It was as if a ton of bricks had fallen on me, knocking the air from my lungs, making me unable to speak.
I felt his body right next to mine and his breathing got stronger and stronger. He was touching me in places I didn't know could make me feel so dirty. I didn't move a muscle. I made my body as hard as a rock, as he slowly slid his hand up my shirt caressing my back and the side of my breasts. He kept on trying to make me lie on

my back, but he was unsuccessful.
He got closer and closer. I could actually feel his skin touching mine. The feel of his sweat and his lips on my skin made me want to cry. A gigantic lump formed in my throat and to this day, nothing makes it go away. Uncle Joe wasn't being rough with me, which made it hard for me to decide whether or not what he was doing to me was wrong. It tore me up inside to think he would actually do me any harm.
I was only a little girl, but I knew what he was doing was wrong. But why? Uncle Joe is the most righteous person I've ever met...After Uncle Joe invaded me, he got up for a drink of water.

Page 150
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
"As his penis twirled in my mouth, thoughts of the popcorn he promised me ran through my mind..."

Page 183
(Not age appropriate.)
Apparently Jeremy had brutally raped and murdered a seven-year-old girl in a Nevada casino.
...Jeremy began playing tag with the little girl, followed her into the women's restroom, where he raped and murdered her in a bathroom stall. The friend with Jeremy was also in the restroom at the time, but he left and did nothing to stop this crime.
...He had child pornography on his computer, and he was abusing drugs. This is a lethal combination. Although not an excuse, such things can make a person with such a dark and disturbed side commit acts they may never have if not under their influence.
Page 185
I found out they were really here because of a kid at our school named Jeremy Strothmeyer, who had gone to Las Vegas and raped and murdered a seven-yearold girl while we were in Washington.
Page 186
People were saying it was because of drugs, specifically speed, that led Jeremy to murder a seven-year-old girl. Bullshit! I used to be a "tweeker," but not even at my lowest point would I ever murder anyone.

Page 215
(Violates the Regulation with mention of male balls being wiped on faces.)
"You are so lucky you didn't have to go last night," one of the pledges said. "We had to play a game called Jingle Balls. Well, the most popular senior guys were standing in front of us..." Then they went on to tell me how all the guys were

screaming at them and telling them what to do. They said the guys had their balls out of their pants and the pledges had to kneel in from of them and sing. They told me how they had to sit on guys' laps, sing to them, and even kiss them. ...Now that I'm so-called "popular" I stood in shock listening to the young girls sing "Jingle balls, jingle balls, Jingle all the way..." I couldn't believe it! I watched the pledges on their knees, inches away from the guys standing in front of them with their balls out of their pants. The freshmen girls were singing this song, in disgust, as the high school participants crowded around to watch. After a couple of minutes, the males were getting frustrated. I didn't know why at first until I heard, "The fucking bitches are closing their eyes. Make them open their eyes!" The senior girls disregarded their comments and continued watching. When they went through this ceremony four years ago, the males were allowed to wipe their balls on the pledges' faces, but this year the girls were spared this.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	**Count**
Ass	15
Bitch	6
Fuck	13
Nigger/Nigga	3
Shit	12

The Infinite Moment of Us

by Lauren Myracle

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
The Infinite Moment of Us by Lauren Myracle

School Where Contested Material is Located: May River High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, Possibly Classroom and SORA

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:
☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.
☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Please see below

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 4/30/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Available at the following schools:
May River High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities.

Page 123
(Violates the Regulation with description of a turgid penis.)
Once, he ran his finger over the swell of her lower lip, and she surprised him by parting her lips and capturing his finger between her top and bottom teeth. She sucked on him, circling the tip of his finger with her tongue, and he got hard.

Page 130
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast, penis in a turgid state, touching of vagina, and insertion of fingers in vagina.)
"Mmm," she said, and she arched her back. In some ways they'd moved fast physically, which Charlie was 100 percent fine with, although there were certain things they hadn't done that he wished they would.
...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example.
...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips.
..."God, you drive me crazy," he said. He kissed her neck. Ran his hand over the curve of her breast, and then down along her side. Down farther, pulling her close. She was wearing a skirt today, and he found the hem and slipped his hand underneath. Her thigh, her ass. Silk panties with soft lace around the edges.
He ran his finger below the lace, and Wren made a small sound. Wren tried to be quiet when they were together like this.
...His cock strained against his jeans. He pulled back slightly and used his forearm to push her legs apart. He slid his hand beneath her panties again and found the spot he was looking for- heat and wetness and skin softer than any silk or lace and slipped two fingers inside her.
"Oh," Wren said. She was breathing hard. Charlie drew away from her kiss, but kept on with his fingers, watching her. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were parted. She lifted her hips...

Page 135
(Violates the Regulation with question of touching a penis and description of scrotum.)
Did Wren want to have sex with Charlie? Definitely.
...Tessa had had sex for the first time when she was sixteen, and sinc then she'd had sex with two other boyfriends before P.G. And, yes, Tessa and P.G. were now

having sex ("And it is sooooo good," Tessa raved), which brought Tessa's count up to four.
That was a lot of sex, Wren thought.
"Have you at least touched his dick yet?"
..."Oh my God, Wren. That poor guy must have the worst case of blue balls ever."

Page 146
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast and description of nipples.)
She let her fingers trail up and down her body. Tessa was still in the shower- Wren would hear the water turn off when Tessa was done- and Wren was a little tipsy.
She closed her eyes and touched her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt and gazed at the swell of them. She touched herself beneath her bra. Her nipples hardened. She thought of Charlie, and she crossed her feet at the ankles and rolled onto her side.
God, she wanted him.
She groaned, embarrassed and aroused...

Page 149
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast and description of nipples.)
"Yes, I want to...have sex. With you. Or make love to you. With you. Whatever."
...I want to have sex with you.
..."Do you...want me to send you a picture?"
She heard Charlie inhale. He stumbled over his words. "You mean of...of you?"
"Yeah," she whispered. She unbuttoned her light summer blouse. Blue, like periwinkles. "Can your ghetto phone receive pictures?"
"Yes," he said without hesitation.
She glanced at the door that led to the bathroom. It was closed, and the shower was still on.
...She let her blouse fall open. Her bra was one of her prettier ones...
The fabric was sheer, and her nipples- still hard- were clearly visible.
...She pulled down the cup of her bra on one side. She cupped her breast with her hand, lifting it higher, and- quick, do it now, or you never will- used her other hand to tap the shutter button on her phone.

Page 153
(Not age appropriate.)
"Did you have table sex, or is she too afraid to get dirty?"
Ah, shit.
...Charlie and Starrla had had table sex- or a table fuck; with Starrla it was always "fucking"- in Chris's shop one Saturday afternoon long, long ago. Starrla had been on top.

...They'd had sex on this sofa, too. More than once.
..."Banged her yet. Your pretty, perfect girlfriend."

Page 158
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast.)
And then...her unbuttoned blouse. Her bra, pushed to the side. All breasts were not equal, Charlie thought. He didn't think about Starrla's breast, or his hand on it, because Starrla wasn't Wren.
Looking at the picture Wren sent, and knowing she had sent it to please him, made him crazy with love and longing.
...I want to make love to you.

Page 179
(Not age appropriate.)
...shitty day.
As for sex. Well. They were fourteen the first time they "fucked," and afterward, Charlie tried to tell her how pretty she was.

Page 202
(Violates the Regulation with description of nipples and bodily fluid.)
...she paused to admire herself in her full-length mirror, wearing nothing but her new lingerie. She turned to one side and then the other. She tried to see herself the way Charlie would see her, and it excited her.
...Heat spread up her body. Her nipples hardened, and her breathing changed, and when she imagined not just his eyes on her, but his hands, his mouth, she grew suddenly and undeniably wet.

Page 205
(Violates the Regulation with description, touching, and sucking of breast, bodily fluid, description of a turgid penis, oral sex, masturation, and vaginal sex.)
A drop of water landed on Wren's thigh, below the hem of her soft, clingy sundress, and Charlie ducked and licked the coldness off. Something wonderful and private fluttered inside her.
..."...you should take off your dress."
Wren's pulse quickened. "You want me to take off my dress?"
"I do."
She breathed, or tried to. Her body tingled. She rose to her knees, took the bottom of her sundress in her hands, and pulled it over her head.
The night air made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. The night air also made her nipples hard, or maybe it was the way Charlie was looking at her.

"You are beautiful," he said. He brought her champagne glass to her mouth, and she took a sip. Then he moved the glass down her body, charting a course between her breasts and over her tummy.
"Is it cold?" he asked.
She nodded.
He lifted the glass back to her breast, pressing the coldest part to her nipple. He watched her face.
...Charlie fanned his hands over the back of her panties. "God, I love your ass," he murmured.
She was both thrilled and mortified. She was on her knees, and he was behind her, and when she shifted to move back beside him, he didn't let her. Instead, he ran his hand over and under her panties.
...Charlie pulled her back to him, and she turned toward him. They were both on their knees, and he put one hand at the base of her neck and kissed her while his other hand skimmed the side of her body and the curve of her hip.
...He leaned back, and she helped pull his shirt over his head.
...He trailed his fingers down the strap of her new French bra. He reached the lace and lightly skimmed it. With both hands, he scooped up her breasts, running his thumbs over the swell of them and making her nipples even harder. They poked visibly through the sheer fabric- Wren glanced down and saw- and Charlie said, "Leaves?"
Wren's mind was foggy. Then she said, "Leaves. Yes. On my bra. Do you like?"
He dipped his fingers under the lace, sliding the fabric of the bra off her breast and anchoring it beneath, so that it pushed her flesh higher. He did the same to the other breast. "I like this better," he murmured, bowing his head and sucking first one nipple and then the other.
Wren couldn't think. It was all sense and touch and heat and shivers. Oh my God, she thought, and she moved beneath his touch, following his hands with her body.
He fiddled with her bra. It took him a moment to work the clasp, and she smiled as she kissed him.
She was wet.
She was scared, but she wanted him inside her.
Her fingers found his jeans. She undid the button and pulled down the zipper, drawing away to check his expression.
"Baby," he murmured.
"Can we...?" She pushed down on the waist of his jeans, not sure how to get them off him. Why had she never gotten his pants off him before? She'd wanted to, but she'd been shy, but now- aggh. Why wasn't there a guidebook for this stuff?
He helped, and in the moonlight, she drew in her breath. Boxer briefs. Black and tight. Muscular thighs, so different from her softness.

And in the front. Erect and long beneath his boxers. His dick. Tessa had taught her to call it that, dick and not penis, because penis was a silly word. And this, the solid length of Charlie's dick, of Charlie...
She'd wanted to touch him there many times, but she'd been scared. She was still scared. Her heart pounded, and she hooked her thumbs beneath the band at the top of his boxers- but no. They wouldn't...they were stuck, caught by the tip of his dick. She bit her lip and used her fingers to pull the waistband up and over him. She tugged them to his knees and didn't know what to do next.
But okay. Wow. She bent and took him in her mouth before she realized what she was doing. And then...
Really wow, and really strange. Not bad, but really, really strange.
He moaned, and Wren moved up and down. Her hair swung. She was doing this, and part of her couldn't believe it, but part of her could, especially since he clearly liked it.
"God, baby," Charlie told her, his breath hitching. "But...hold on..."
He gently pushed her shoulders. When her mouth left his dick, he made a sound. He fumbled with his boxers, less graceful and more urgent than he'd been with his jeans. He got them all the way off, and Wren's eyes widened at the sight of this beautiful boy- her boy, her Charlie- naked and hard in front of her.
He lay her down. He slipped her panties off, and he kissed her toes. He kissed her shins, her knees, her thighs, and when she lifted her hips, he stretched his body over hers and eased his finger, maybe two, inside her. With his thumb, he rubbed other places.
Wren lifted her hips higher. She pressed against him and found his mouth with hers. His dick was hard against her but not yet in her.
...With his knee, he spread her legs. She gasped. She clung to his shoulders...
...Warmth between her legs. Pressure. Slippery, hard, soft- but it didn't go in, or it didn't feel as if it did.
"Charlie? I don't-"
He pushed harder, and she widened her legs. She didn't know what she was doing, but she was willing to try.
Charlie did something with his fingers- she wasn't sure what- and her body acted on its own. She arched her spine and pressed the back of her head into the blanket. She smelled the earth, and she smelled Charlie, who thrust into her. She cried out at a sudden sharp pain, and Charlie stilled.
"Are you okay?" he asked, bearing his weight on his forearms.
"I'm fine," she said, wanting to be. But ow.
...She took him by his hips and pulled him back inside her. Okay, better. Yes. It no longer hurt.
She nudged him out a little with a rock of her own hips. In, out. In, out. It worked,

it made sense, it felt really, reallyThey're rhythm fell off, and their hips kind of bumped, and again, Wren couldn't
get it back.
...He positioned himself on one hip and slipped almost all the way out of her. She missed him.
...She grasped his hips, and he thrust harder. Faster. She moved with him, and oh my God, yes. So silky. Salt from his neck. She nibbled and licked and kissed, and small sounds came from her, and she found that if she twined her legs around his, she could raise her hips even higher.
Charlie groaned.
In and out, together, and she loved this boy. She was doing it. She was having sex with Charlie, making love to Charlie, and everything inside her expanded and connected.
...Charlie called out her name, and he stopped thrusting, but he stayed inside her, his muscles taut.
"Oh, baby," he said, panting.
...Only, no. Not yet. She moved beneath him, needing more- and more and more. Desire welled inside her. Desire and pleasure, until she felt crazy with it. She grabbed his hips and pulled, and he thrust again and kissed her roughly.
...He circled her nipple with his tongue before sucking and tugging.
"Charlie. God, Charlie..."
He switched to her other breast.....Her muscles tightened, and she turned her head to the side as she rose one last
time to meet him.
The she let go.
...Charlie pulled out of her, slowly, and lay beside her.

Page 231
(Violates the Regulation with description of putting mouth on breast.)
And there was a particular spot on the innermost part of her leg- soft and pale for Charlie only. He stroked that spot with a downward motion, and the pleasure drew heat to the most private parts of her. When her breathing quickened, he noticed, because he always noticed.
"I love it when you squirm," he would murmur, perhaps putting his mouth to her breast. Sucking. Nibbling. Tugging.
There had been times, afterward, when she felt embarrassed by how she twisted and turned, how she arched her spine, imploring him wordlessly to have his way with her because there was nothing she wanted more.

Page 237

(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast, touching of vaginal area through fabric.)

He touched her lower lip, then lowered his hand and cupped her breast. She gasped, and Charlie ran his thumb over her nipple. She pressed against him, and when she closed her eyes, he kissed her long and hard.

"God, Charlie," she murmured. Her cheeks were flushed, and she put her hands on his chest.

238 Charlie found Wren's knee under the table. He ran his hand under her dress and up her leg, making her press her lips together, as well as her thighs. She shot him a look. He shrugged and grinned, too.

...As Tessa loaded up everyone's plates, Charlie's hand traveled higher between Wren's thighs. Tessa sat down, and everyone dug in, chatting and laughing. Charlie stayed in the conversation, but his real interest lay elsewhere. With his hand that was under the table, he reached the lace bordering Wren's panties. Wren dropped her piece of bread. She tried to act as if nothing unusual was going on, but her hand joined his under the table. She clutched his forearm. Her fingernails dug into his skin.

"I'm sorry, what?" she said to P.G. and P. G. repeated a plot detail of the story he was telling.

Charlie's fingers went to the strip of silk stretched over Wren's crotch. Wren's grip on him tightened. He looped his thumb under the top edge of Wren's panties and tugged the fabric upward and finally Wren couldn't take it anymore. She gripped Charlie's wrist and moved his hand forcibly away, relocating it to his own thigh and pressing down on it for several seconds to ensure that he'd stay put.

"Jesus," she said under her breath, but the look she gave him thrilled him.

"I want you," he mouthed.

...She moved her other hand higher on Charlie's leg, and heat spread through him. She smelled sweet, and her body was soft, and she had no idea what she did to him.

...He had a dead-on view of her breasts, which threatened to spill from her seethrough bra. Damn, it was hard not to touch her.

Page 241

(Violates the Regulation with description of a turgid penis.)

He slid his hands to her lower back and then to her perfect ass, pulling her closer.

...She looked slightly shocked, and then pleased. She winked and swished off, and his dick, which had begun to soften, grew stiff again. It was mind-blowing how easily, and often, she aroused him.

Page 248

(Violates the Regulation with sucking of breast.)

"You like her tits better than mine? Okay. Do you suck them like you sucked mine? Okay, that's super. That's great. Have fun..."

Profanity	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	3
Dick	11
Fuck	12
Shit	12

The Kite Runner
by Khaled Hosseini

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, Possibly Classroom and SORA

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:
☐ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.
☑ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: Grade 11 and 12.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School (Many copies of this book so likely has been used as classroom instructional material.)
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

Please see below

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 4/30/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Available at the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School (Many copies of this book so likely has been used as classroom instructional material.)
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual assault of a minor, prostitution involving minors and adults.

Page 6
(Not age appropriate with description using fingers to simulate sex, description of a woman's vagina.)
He handed his cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out. "I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there."
..."What a tight little sugary cunt she had!" the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.

Page 66
(Not age appropriate with description of rape and anal sex.)
Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck.
..."Fine," Assef snapped. "All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?"
Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved.
Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan's hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan's back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand. He unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn't struggle. Didn't even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb.
...I STOPPED WATCHING, turned away from the alley. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was

weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef's quick, rhythmic grunts.

Page 69
(Not age appropriate with description of bodily fluid after anal rape.)
And that was as close as Hassan and I ever came to discussing what had happened in the alley. I thought he might burst into tears, but, to my relief, he didn't, and I pretended I hadn't heard the crack in his voice. Just like I pretended I hadn't seen the dark stain in the seat of his pants. Or those tiny drops that fell from between his legs and stained the snow black.

Page 101
(Not age appropriate by further describing the anal rape that had previously taken place.)
My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me, peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef's buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.

Page 224
(Not age appropriate with alluding to sell children for sex.)
"There is a Talib official," he muttered. "He visits once every month or two. He brings cash with him, not a lot, but better than nothing at all." His shifty eyes fell on me, rolled away. "Usually he'll take a girl. But not always."
"And you allow this?" Farid said behind me. He was going around the table, closing in on Zaman.
"What choice do I have?" Zaman shot back. He pushed himself away from the desk.
"You're the director here," Farid said. "Your job is watch over these children."
"There's nothing I can do to stop it."
"You're selling children!" Farid barked.

Page 303
(Not age appropriate as it could be triggering to read about suicide. There should at least be a warning.)
When I wake up, maybe I will discover that everything I saw in the hotel bathroom was part of a dream: the water drops dripping from the faucet and landing with a plink into the bloody bathwater; the left arm dangling over the side of the tub, the blood-soaked razor sitting on the toilet tank—the same razor I had shaved with the day before—and his eyes, still half open but lightless. That more than anything. I want to forget the eyes.

Profanity	**Count**
Cunt	1
Fuck	4
Shit	3

Tilt
by Ellen Hopkins

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Tilt by Ellen Hopkins

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, Possibly Classroom and SORA

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:
- ☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
- ☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.
- ☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School
Whale Branch Early College High School

Please see below

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 4/30/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School
Whale Branch Early College High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors to include sexual assault.

Page 4
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex.)
One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please."
Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive?
just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did.
And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all.

Page 17
(Not age appropriate. Describes how porn can be accessed online for a minor.)
For now, I'll distract myself with some fine medicinal green and a little porn of the guy-on-guy variety.
You can get anything you want online. It's crazy, really. All you have to do is lie and say you're eighteen.

Page 19
(Not age appropriate. Describes the porn the minor is watching.)
I finish off a fat blunt and am almost ready to finish myself off…
…"I would think that's obvious, Mom. I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action." She never even noticed! Her eyes go wide at Mr. Top drilling Mr. Bottom. God, Shane! She clicks the mouse and the screensaver pops up as she launches a rant about how am I paying for porn and pot and now she's onto Grandma's good china, which I remind her she never uses anyway.

Page 55

(Not age appropriate. Could have gotten the point across without the mention of bleeding that was caused by nonconsensual anal sex of a minor.)

But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather's prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn't ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn't ask for it.

Page 71

(Violates the Regulation with description of sex and bodily fluid.)

I hear the canned moans that can only mean they're watching cable porn.
...Make yourselves at home, he says, patting the sofa beside him. Orgy?
...Mik and I would appreciate a little alone time, you know? Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents' room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay?
...Dylan pulls me through the door, and his kisses are filled with intent. "Wait," I say, going into the bathroom to get a big clean-looking towel. I put it over the pretty paisley spread and as we start taking off our clothes, it comes to me that we've barely said a dozen words to each other tonight. That's plenty for Dylan, who pulls me down on top of him
...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He's ready. Wants inside me. But "Not yet.
Where's the condom?" I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull out. Don't worry. Don't worry? We didn't use one last time. It was right after my last period. But now it's been a couple of weeks. "Dylan. This is dangerous. I can't get pregnant."
He rolls me onto my back. Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles down at me. I know what I'm doing. Promise. I won't get you pregnant. And I have to have you right now. He hesitates, waiting for my answer. Everything about me is shouting yes, so I nod and lose myself in the moment. Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good. I am happy for the towel beneath us. Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat and the sticky proof of our love. It is, for sure, all good. At least, until I get home.

Page 115

(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of masturbation and sex.)

Dirty movies are the best I'm gonna do tonight. Again. I never thought whacking off would get old, but after you've had the real deal, all warm and creamy,

calloused skin, too cool with lotion, can't measure up. And once you've experienced the low growl of building passion, dubbed moans and groans get annoying really fast. And after you've tasted authentic nipples, all sweet with strawberry shower gel, fake boobs, no matter how giant and airbrushed, kind of seem like letdowns. No, once you've made love with your amazing girlfriend, getting off solo is bullshit.

Page 236
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex.)
I scoot into his lap, straddle his legs.
Can I reach him this way? I lock his eyes with mine. "Kiss me." He hesitates, and I see a flash of doubt, so I cover his mouth with mine, and there is nothing tentative about the way I move my body, eel-like, against his.
God, I've missed this amazing rush! I lift my shirt over my head, wait for him to take his off, too. And we are skin against skin in the sage-scented night and I am overwhelmed with love for him. He rolls me off him, onto my back, starts to unzip my shorts.
But now he stops. "Don't stop. I want to."
But I didn't think we would so I didn't bring a condom. That makes me laugh.
"And that matters, why?"
Good point. But I don't want to hurt you, either.
"You won't. Pregnant women have sex all the time. In fact, I've heard-"
Stop talking. You're messing up my concentration. He kisses me, softly at first, then harder. I kiss him back even harder. Slip out of my shorts, help him out of his, too. And now we are totally naked under a blush of summer stars. He kisses down the front of me, lifting goose bumps, even though the air is low oven hot.
He lifts up over me, holding his weight with the strength of his arms. Rocks into me with a tenderness I didn't know he possessed. Time blurs a mist of making love.

Page 401
(Violates the Regulation with kissing of nipples, turgid penis, and description of oral sex with a minor.)
That's better, he says, pulling me to him for a kiss. He tastes of weed and alcohol, but I don't care, and I give him as good as he gives me. His spare hand lands on my exposed thigh, starts to creep. I leave it there, but say, "Not here. I think the neighbors are spies."
...Okay. Let's go someplace private.
...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper

body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." It's a lie, but he can't know that, and it's better than saying I'm too young. He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie when he
frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do.
Getting off Is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There's the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren't all that much fun. Okay, maybe I'm a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I'm so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait. Oh yes, I plan on winning a major jackpot, taking her all the way for the very first time. If that means patience, okay by me. It's only part of the game.

Page 426
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
And now we are kissing. It's the kind of kiss that means it's been way too long. A sudden longing floods my body- a torrent of deep, lust-drenched need, flowing through my veins. "Make love to me." Heart pounding, I tug him backward, toward the small bed.
He wants me just as much. The proof is obvious, despite two layers of jeans between us. Yet, he hesitates. Is this the only reason you wanted to see me?
"No, goddamn it! I love you and I've missed you, and maybe it's part of the reason because I'm sick of not feeling. Make me feel something!"
I yank my T-shirt over my head, put his hands on my chest, over my thrashing heart. "This is the most alive I've been in two weeks. Please. I don't want to be dead inside anymore." He slides his hands around me, drops them to my thighs, lifts and carries me to the bed. Now water becomes fire coursing through me, consuming, filling the emptiness inside me with flame. I fall back against the small, hard mattress, rushing my zipper as Alex removes his own clothes. I open my arms and he comes to me, kisses my mouth. My neck. Down my chest.
...I love you, before kissing me in the most intimate way of all. His mouth urges me to quench conflagration, but I don't want to. "No! Not yet." Too soon. And not enough of him. I could go all night. Besides, "This has to be good for you, too." He

pushes up over me, stares down at me. Do you have a condom? I didn't bring one. Didn't think . . .
"I . . . no . . ." Shit. But, you know, "I don't care. You can withdraw. What are the odds? Please . . ."
His eyes flash terror. No fucking way!
...I'm okay. Let me take care of you. I do. And it's good.

Page 431
(Violates the Regulation with description of touching breast, sexting with a minor with instructions of what to do and where to touch, and graphic description of masturbation.)
The kissing and licking and touching and rubbing. I do like it. It feels good. I totally get the lust part.
...I'm alone in my room.
Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next.
...I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC.
I try to make it sexy like the girl in that movie. I'm not sure I can accomplish that with a cell phone camera, but I give it my best shot, then hit send before I chicken out. I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. He called me beautiful. That's a first. Am I beautiful? I look at the photo I sent him.
...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. Wow. How did that happen? Suddenly ,my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING.
...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone— the source of the building throb.
...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. Wouldn't even if I could. So I give myself up to that woman inside me. Let her move my hand. Teach me what to do. She is instinct, pure or filthy, and I listen to her, follow her direction. Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving

toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash— and a bolt of understanding.
If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.
...Excited to try it again. I will. But not now. Why don't they teach you this in school? That you really don't need someone else to make you feel this good?
...Ask me, self-pleasure could be the key to abstinence.
Listen to me like I've suddenly become an expert on self-pleasure.

Page 473
(Violates the Regulation with touching the nipple.)
"I can't drink any more than this one. I can't miss school tomorrow. I've got a history test." Chloe rolls her eyes. I know. I'm in your class, remember? Don't worry. We won't get drunk on a beer or two. She might not, but I'm feeling pretty buzzed. She hands me a can for Lucas, and we go back to the boys, who down their beers in a couple of swigs. Lucas drapes his arm around my shoulder. Ready for a little Halloween fun? His hand drops down over my boob, and his fingers obviously play with my nipple and I'm worried that he thinks this beer means I'm going to have sex with him, right here, right now.

Page 549
(Violates the Regulation with turgid penis and description of vagina.)
I lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment.

Profanity	**Count**
Bitch	12
Fuck	26
Shit	23

Water for Elephants

by Sarah Gruen

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Water for Elephants by Sarah Gruen

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, Possibly Classroom and SORA

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

I request that this Contested Material be *(choose one of the following)*:

☑ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.

☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____.

☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____.

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
*H E McCracken Middle School
May River High School
Whale Branch Early College High School
*Please note that this book is in a MIDDLE School (When reviewed by BCSD on 4/5/23, it was voted to go back on the shelves with no restrictions.)

See below

I, Elizabeth Szalai *(insert your name)*, **hereby certify that:**

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____ **Date:** 4/30/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
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May River High School
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*Please note that this book is in a MIDDLE School (When reviewed by BCSD on 4/5/23, it was voted to go back on the shelves with no restrictions.)

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexually explicit content.

Page 44
(Violates the Regulation with description of vagina, and a burlesque type show with descriptions of the performer playing and sucking on her own breast.)
The interior is dim, illuminated by a string of red bulbs that casts a warm glow on the woman methodically removing her clothes.
My job is to maintain order and periodically smack the sides of the tent with a metal pipe, the better to discourage peeping toms; or rather, to encourage peeping toms to come around front and pay their fifty cents.
...Moonshine is passed from man to man, each blindly groping for the bottle because no one wants to take his eyes off the stage.
The woman is a statuesque redhead with eyelashes too long to be real and a beauty spot painted next to her full lips. Her legs are long, her hips full, her chest a stupefaction. She is down to a G-string, a glimmering translucent shawl, and a gloriously overflowing brassiere.
She shakes her shoulders, keeping gelatinous time with the small band of musicians to her right. She takes a few strides, sliding across the stage in feathered mules. The snare drum rolls, and she stops, her mouth open in mock surprise. She throws her head back, exposing her throat and sliding her hands down around the cups of her brassiere. She leans forward, squeezing until the flesh swells between her fingers.
I scan the sidewalls. A pair of shoe tips peeks under the edge of the canvas. I approach, keeping close to the wall. Just in front of the shoes, I swing the pipe and smack the canvas.
There's a grunt, and the shoes disappear. I pause with my ear to the seam, and then return to my post.
The redhead sways with the music, caressing her shawl with lacquered nails. It has gold or silver woven through it and sparkles as she slides it back and forth across her

shoulders. She drops forward suddenly at the waist, throws her head back, and shimmies.
The men holler. Two or three stand, shaking their fists in encouragement. I glance at Cecil, whose steely gaze tells me to watch them.
The woman stands up, turns her back, and strides to the center of the stage. She passes the shawl between her legs, slowly grinding against it. Groans rise from the audience. She spins so she's facing us and continues sliding the shawl back and forth, pulling it so tight the cleft of her vulva shows.
"Take it off, baby! Take it all off!"
The men are getting rowdier; more than half are on their feet. Cecil beckons me forward with one hand. I step closer to the rows of folding chairs.
The shawl drops to the floor and the woman turns her back once again. She shakes her hair so it ripples over her shoulder blades and raises her hands so that they meet at the clasp of her brassiere. A cheer rises from the crowd. She pauses to look over her shoulder and winks, running the straps coquettishly down her arms. Then she drops the bra to the floor and spins around, clutching her breasts in her hands. A howl of protest rises from the men.
"Aw, come on, sugar, show us what you got!"
She shakes her head, pouting coyly.
"Aw, come on! I spent fifty cents!"
She shakes her head, blinking demurely at the floor. Suddenly her eyes and mouth spring open and she pulls her hands away.
Those majestic globes drop. They come to an abrupt stop before swinging gently, even though she's standing perfectly still.
There's a collective intake of breath, a moment of awed silence before the men whoop in delight.
"Atta girl!"
"Lord have mercy!"
"Hot damn!"
She caresses herself, lifting and kneading, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She stares lasciviously down at the men, running her tongue across her upper lip.
A drum roll begins. She grasps each hardened point firmly between thumb and forefinger and pulls one breast so that its nipple points at the ceiling. Its shape changes utterly as the weight redistributes. Then she drops it—it falls suddenly, almost violently. She hangs onto the nipple and lifts the other in the same upward arc. She alternates, picking up speed.
Lifting, dropping, lifting, dropping—by the time the drum cuts out and the trombone kicks in, her arms move so fast they're a blur, her flesh an undulating, pumping mass. The men holler, screaming their approval.
"Oh yeah!"
"Gorgeous, baby! Gorgeous!"

“Praise the sweet Lord!”
Another drum roll begins. She leans forward at the waist and those glorious tits swing, so heavy, so low—a foot long, at least, wider and rounded at the ends, as though each contains a grapefruit.
She rolls her shoulders; first one, and then the other, so her breasts move in opposite directions. As the speed increases, they swing in ever-widening circles, lengthening as they gain momentum. Before long, they’re meeting in the center with an audible slap.
Jesus. There could be a riot in the tent and I wouldn’t know it. There’s not a drop of blood left in my head.
The woman straightens up and then drops into a curtsy. When she stands, she scoops a breast up to her face and slides her tongue around its nipple. Then she slurps it into her mouth. She stands there shamelessly sucking her own tit as the men wave their hats, pump their fists, and scream like animals. She drops it, gives the slick nipple a final tweak, and then blows the men a kiss. She leans down long enough to retrieve her diaphanous shawl and disappears, her arm raised so that the shawl trails behind her, a shimmering banner.
“All right then, boys,” says Cecil, clapping his hands and climbing the stairs to the stage.“Let’s have a big hand for our Barbara!”
The men cheer and whistle, clapping with hands held high.
“Yup, ain’t she something? What a lady. And it’s your lucky day, boys, because for tonight only, she’ll be accepting a limited number of gentleman callers after the show. This is a real honor, fellas. She’s a gem, our Barbara. A real gem.”
The men crowd toward the exit, slapping each other on the back, already exchanging memories.
“Did you see those titties?”
“Man, what a rack. What I wouldn’t give to play with those for a while.”
I’m glad nothing requires my intervention, because I’m trying hard to maintain my composure. This is the first time I’ve ever seen a woman naked and I don’t think I’ll ever be the same.

Page 49
(Violates the Regulation with not being age appropriate and alludes to a turgid penis.)
I spend the next forty-five minutes standing guard outside Barbara’s dressing tent as she entertains gentleman callers. Only five are prepared to part with the requisite two dollars, and they form a surly line. The first goes in and after seven minutes of huffing and grunting emerges again, struggling with his fly. He staggers off and the next enters. After the last of them leaves, Barbara appears in the doorway. She is nude except for an Oriental silk dressing gown she hasn’t bothered to tie.
…“That’s it, honey,” she says, waving me away. There’s whiskey on her breath and in her eyes. “No freebies tonight.”

I return to the cooch tent to stack chairs and help dismantle the stage while Cecil counts the money. At the end of it, I'm a dollar richer and stiff all over.

Page 63
(Not age appropriate.)
I'm lying on the floor, looking up at the stripper's dangling breasts. Her nipples, brown and the size of silver dollar pancakes, swing in circles—out and around, SLAP. Out and around, SLAP. I feel a pang of excitement, then remorse, and then nausea.
And then I'm . . .I'm . . .

Page 78
(Violates the Regulation with reference of a turgid penis.)
Rumor has it that Chaz's tiny penis even gets erections.

Page 81
(Violates the Regulation with reference to masturbation and a turgid penis.)
I flip one open. A crudely drawn Olive Oyl lies on a bed with her legs open, naked but for her shoes. She spreads herself with her fingers. Popeye appears in a thought bubble above her head, with a bulging erection that reaches to his chin. Wimpy, with an equally enormous erection, peers through the window.

Page 97
(Violates the Regulation with reference to masturbation and a turgid penis.)
Kinko is sitting on the edge of his cot, an eight-pager in one hand and his penis in the other.
He stops midstroke, its slick purple head extending beyond his fist. There's a heartbeat of silence followed by the whoosh of an empty Coke bottle flying at my head. I duck.
"Get out!" Kinko screams as the bottle explodes against the doorframe behind me. He leaps up, causing his erection to bounce wildly. "Get the hell out!" He lobs another bottle at me.

Page 107
(Violates the Regulation with reference to a penis in a turgid state and description of a penis not turgid.)
Bathing is even more embarrassing, because I have to strip down to my birthday suit in front of a nurse. Now, there are some things that never die, so even though I'm in my nineties my sap sometimes rises. I can't help it. They always pretend not to notice. They're trained that way, I suppose, although pretending not to notice is almost worse than noticing. It means they consider me nothing more than a harmless old man

sporting a harmless old penis that still gets uppity once in a while. Although if one of them took it seriously and tried to do something about it, the shock would probably kill me.
Rosemary helps me into the shower stall. “There, now you just hold on to that bar over there—”
“I know, I know. I’ve had showers before,” I say, grabbing the bar and easing myself onto the bath chair. Rosemary runs the shower head down the pole so I can reach it.
“How’s that for temperature, Mr. Jankowski?” she asks, waving her hand in and out of the stream and keeping her gaze discreetly averted.
“Fine. Just give me some shampoo and go outside, will you?”
“Why, Mr. Jankowski, you are in a mood today, aren’t you?” She opens the shampoo and squeezes a few drops onto my palm. It’s all I need. I’ve only got about a dozen hairs left.
“You give me a shout if you need anything,” she says, pulling the curtain across. “I’ll be right out here.”
“Hrrrmph,” I say.
Once she’s gone I quite enjoy my shower. I take the shower head from its mount and spray my body from up close, aiming it over my shoulders and down my back and then over each of my skinny limbs. I even hold my head back with my eyes shut and let the spray hit my face full on. I pretend it’s a tropical shower, shaking my head and reveling in it. I even enjoy the feel of it down there, on that shriveled pink snake that fathered five children so long ago.
Sometimes, when I’m in bed, I close my eyes and remember the look—and especially the feel—of a woman’s naked body. Usually it’s my wife’s, but not always. I was completely faithful to her. Not once in more than sixty years did I stray, except in my imagination, and I have a feeling she wouldn’t have minded that. She was a woman of extraordinary Understanding.

Page 131
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex.)
The gatherings run the entire gamut, from celebratory soirées characterized by radio jazz and outbursts of laughter to the desultory gatherings of dirty men who huddle some distance from the train and pass around various types of intoxicant.
…I hear thrashing in the long grass and pause to investigate. I see a woman’s bare legs spread wide with a man between them. He grunts and ruts like a billy goat. His trousers are down around his knees, his hairy buttocks pumping up and down. She grasps his shirt in her fists, moaning with each thrust. It takes me a moment to realize what I’m looking at—when I do, I wrench my eyes away and wobble forward.
As I approach the ring stock car, I see people sitting on the open doorway and milling around outside.
There are even more inside. Kinko is lording over a party with a bottle in his hand and drunken hospitality on his face.

Page 133
(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast, vagina, penis, and oral sex.)
"Well now, what have we here?" says a sultry voice from somewhere very nearby.
My eyes pop open. A foot's length of tightly packed cleavage is directly under my nose. I run my eyes up it until I see a face. It's Barbara. I blink quickly, trying to see only one of her. Oh God—it's no use. But no—wait. It's okay. It's not multiple Barbaras. It's multiple women.
"Hi, honey," says Barbara, reaching out and stroking my face. "You doing okay?"
"Mmm," I say, trying to nod.
Her fingertips linger under my chin as she turns to the blonde crouching beside her. "So young. Oh, he's cute as a button, isn't he, Nell?"
Nell takes a drag from a cigarette and blows the smoke from the side of her mouth. "Sure is.
Don't think I've seen him before."
"He was helping out at the cooch tent a few nights ago," says Barbara. She turns back to me. "What's your name, honey?" she says softly, running the backs of her fingers up and down my cheek.
"Jacob," I say, around the edges of a belch.
"Jacob," she says. "Oh, say, I know who you are. He's the one Walter was talking about," she says to Nell. "He's brand new, a First of May. Handled himself real well at the cooch tent."
She grabs my chin and raises it, gazing deep into my eyes. I try to return the favor but am having some trouble focusing. "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me, Jacob—you ever been with a woman?"
"I . . . uh . . .," I say. "Uh . . ."
Nell giggles. Barbara leans back and puts her hands on her waist. "Whadya think? Wanna give him a proper welcome?" "We practically have to," says Nell. "A First of May and a virgin?" Her hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. My head, which had been wobbling on its stem, snaps upright. "You think his hair is red down there, too?" she says, cupping me in her palm.
Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be.
Oh God. Oh God. I'm touching a breast. Through a dress, but still—
Barbara stands up for a moment, smoothes her skirt, looks furtively around, and then crouches. I'm pondering this change of position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my fingers against hot, moist silk.
I catch my breath. The whiskey, the moonshine, the gin, the God-knows-what—all of it

dissipates instantly. She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys.
Oh shit. I may come right now.
"Hmmmm?" she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places it back on my knee, and then gives my crotch an experimental squeeze.
"Mmmmm," she says, her eyes half-closed. "He's ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age."
The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the door of the stock car. At least, I am aware of finding myself cheek down in the dirt. Then I'm swept upward again and jostled along in the dark until I'm sitting on the edge of a bed.
There are definitely two Barbaras now. And two of the other one, as well. Nell, was it? Barbara steps backward and raises her arms in the air. She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I'm interested—there is no question about that. But I simply can't sit upright anymore. So I fall back.
Someone's yanking on my pants. I mumble something, not sure what, but I don't think it's encouragement. I'm suddenly not feeling well.
Oh God. She's touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It's limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified.
The other woman—now there's only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?—lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis.
I gasp. The women giggle, but it's a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response.
Oh God, oh God, she's sucking it. Sucking it, for God's sake.
I'm not going to be able to—
Oh my God, I need to—
I turn my head and hurl the unfortunately varied contents of my stomach onto Nell.

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(Violates the Regulation with a picture of a woman bare breasted not for educational purposes.)

The photograph on this page depicts a woman wearing a dress with the top pulled down exposing her breasts.



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(Violates the Regulation with touching of genitals and breasts through fabric, and description of sex.)

"Don't say anything," she says softly. Her fingers flutter their way around my ear and down the back of my neck. I shudder. Every hair on my body is standing on end.
When her hands move to my shirt, I open my eyes. She undoes the buttons slowly, methodically. I watch her, knowing I should stop her. But I can't. I am helpless.
When my shirt is open she pulls it free of my trousers and looks me in the eye. She leans forward and brushes her lips past mine—so softly it's not even a kiss, merely contact. She pauses for just a second, keeping her lips so close I can feel her breath on my face. Then she leans in and kisses me, a gentle kiss, tentative but lingering. The next kiss is stronger still, the next one even more so, and before I know it I'm kissing back, clutching

her face in both my hands as she runs her fingers over my chest and down my body. When she reaches for my trousers, I gasp. She pauses, tracing the outline of my erection. She stops. I am reeling, teetering on my knees. Still staring into my eyes, she takes my hands and brings them to her lips. She presses a kiss into each palm and then places my hands on her breasts.

"Touch me, Jacob."

I am doomed, finished.

Her breasts are small and round, like lemons. I cup them, running my thumbs over them and feeling her nipples contract under the cotton of her dress. I crush my bruised mouth to hers, running my hands over her rib cage, her waist, her hips, her thighs—

When she undoes my trousers and takes me in her hand, I pull away.

"Please," I gasp, my voice cracking. "Please. Let me be inside you."

Somehow, we make it to the bed. When I finally sink into her, I cry out.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	11
Fuck	18
Pussy	1
Shit	26