From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Book Reviews December
To: Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Cc: Cartledge, Wendy B <Wendy.Cartledge@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: January 21, 2025 11:45 AM (UTC-05:00)

Still looking for a confirmation on this.
Thanks, [redacted]

[redacted]

On Thu, Jan 16, 2025 at 11:12 PM [redacted] <[redacted]> wrote:

> Can you confirm that when you state, "The committee decisions regarding these titles and the accompanying school library materials review committee documents were submitted to the Board of Education as part the appeal process, with the committee decisions being upheld.", that this is in reference to actions taken prior to the implementation of Regulation 43-170?
> Thanks, [redacted]
>
> [redacted]
>
> On Tue, Dec 10, 2024 at 11:02 AM Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us> wrote:
>
> > Dear Ms. [redacted],
> >
> > The district is in receipt of the five SC Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Forms you submitted on December 9, 2024. The district has already reviewed the titles submitted as part of your previous 96 book challenges. The committee decisions regarding these titles and the accompanying school library materials review committee documents were submitted to the Board of Education as part the appeal process, with the committee decisions being upheld. Therefore, please submit your complaint forms to the SCDE at sclreg@ed.sc.gov.
> >
> > Regards,
> > Candace
> >
> > ---
> >
> > **From:** [redacted] <[redacted]>
> > **Sent:** Monday, December 9, 2024 10:00 AM
> > **To:** Community Comments <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
> > **Subject:** Book Reviews December

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 I am requesting be reviewed by the District's Board.

Thanks, [redacted]

Empire of Storms by Sarah J Maas

Collateral by Ellen Hopkins

Hopeless by Colleen Hoover

Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda…

Identical by Ellen Hopkins

--

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: IS 38.1
To: Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: January 2, 2025 4:38 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

I am looking for any updates on IS 38.1 and any forms, policies, or procedures that correspond to said Policy to reflect Regulation 43-170. I have looked at the agendas for the Academic Committee meetings and don't see where it has been addressed.
Thank you for your time in this matter.
[redacted]

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Rubric for Book Reviews
To: Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 13, 2025 9:29 AM (UTC-05:00)

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.

Can you please send me any revised/updated paperwork associated with any new book reviews that incorporate Regulation 43-170? This would include any handouts, rubrics, instructions, etc that review committees would use in reviewing a book. If this material is available online, please just link it for me.
Thanks,
[redacted]

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Book Reviews December
To: Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Cc: Cartledge, Wendy B <Wendy.Cartledge@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: January 16, 2025 11:13 PM (UTC-05:00)

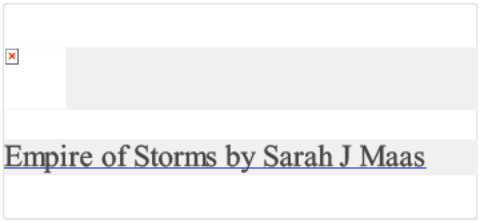
Can you confirm that when you state, "The committee decisions regarding these titles and the accompanying school library materials review committee documents were submitted to the Board of Education as part the appeal process, with the committee decisions being upheld.", that this is in reference to actions taken prior to the implementation of Regulation 43-170?
Thanks, [redacted]

[redacted]

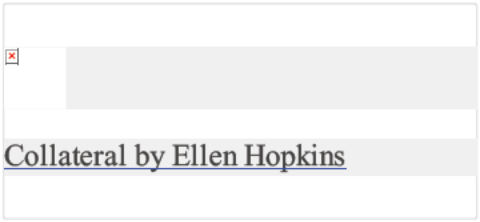
On Tue, Dec 10, 2024 at 11:02 AM Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us> wrote:

> Dear Ms. [redacted],
>
> The district is in receipt of the five SC Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Forms you submitted on December 9, 2024. The district has already reviewed the titles submitted as part of your previous 96 book challenges. The committee decisions regarding these titles and the accompanying school library materials review committee documents were submitted to the Board of Education as part the appeal process, with the committee decisions being upheld. Therefore, please submit your complaint forms to the SCDE at sclreg@ed.sc.gov.
>
> Regards,
> Candace
>
> ---
>
> **From:** [redacted] <[redacted]>
> **Sent:** Monday, December 9, 2024 10:00 AM
> **To:** Community Comments <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
> **Subject:** Book Reviews December
>
> **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 I am requesting be reviewed by the District's Board.

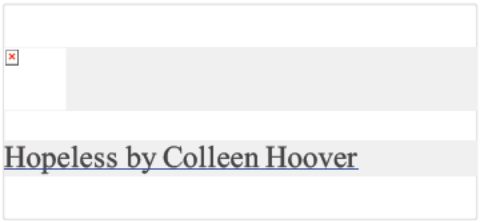
Thanks, [redacted]



Empire of Storms by Sarah J Maas



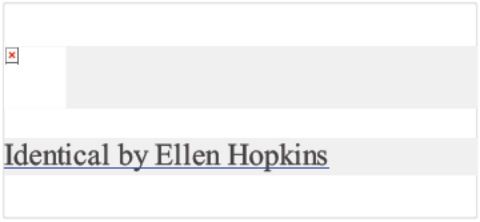
Collateral by Ellen Hopkins



Hopeless by Colleen Hoover



Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda…



Identical by Ellen Hopkins

--



From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Comment During Book Review Presentation
To: Stratos, Mary E <Mary.Stratos@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Rodriguez, Francisco <Francisco.Rodriguez@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 2, 2025 9:54 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

During the presentation at the work session on Friday, Dr. Stratos stated,
"WE HAVE RECEIVED A COMPLAINT REGARDING TITLES THAT HAVE BEEN PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED. THAT COMPLAINT DID NOT FOLLOW THE UPDATED
Below is the wording from the Regulation:
IV. Public Participation in a District's Review of Existing Instructional Material
A. Complainant shall further verify that the Complainant has made a good faith effort to address their concerns regarding non-compliance with this regulation with school level or district level staff.

I would like to point out that I have made a good faith effort by previously submitting the books which the District sent to review. It is disingenuous to undermine what has happened. If we are pointing fingers, the District and Board is not following the Regulation as written by trying to automatically tell me to send it to the State Board. As a District, you have squirmed every which way to avoid accountability. Is that really the lesson you want to model for our students? Whether the District staff or the Board agree with the Regulation, it is now the law and must be abided by. I sincerely ask that you stop putting roadblocks in the way.

Please do the right thing.
Thanks, [redacted]

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Review Submittal 2
To: Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: December 10, 2024 9:16 AM (UTC-05:00)

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.

Can you confirm that the District is in receipt of the 5 books that I sent in for review yesterday for the month of December?
Many thanks,
[redacted]

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Sexually Explicit Book in Library/Bluffton High School
To: Denise.Donica@beaufort.k12.sc.us <Denise.Donica@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 12, 2025 9:44 AM (UTC-05:00)

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.

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,
[redacted]

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: FOIA Documents
To: Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: December 18, 2024 4:10 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

Are documents in answers to FOIA requests accessible via an online search? For example, my emails and book complaints in answer to Mr. Schuster's FOIA request on September 9, 2024. The document contains material that is not suitable for minors. If a minor were to search the title and author of the book, could it potentially come up in the search results?
Thanks, [redacted]

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Complaints February
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 28, 2025 2:45 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

I am trying to send in 5 complaints for the month of February. [redacted] The wifi and my phone service is not sufficient for me to finish up the documents. I can finish them when I get home and send them in before midnight. The Regulation does not specify that complaints must be received prior to the close of business which is what I had intended to try and do. However, I reserve the right as long as they are submitted prior to midnight that they will be considered for the month of February.
Thanks, [redacted]

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Reviews December
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: December 9, 2024 10:00 AM (UTC-05:00)

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 I am requesting be reviewed by the District's Board.
Thanks, [redacted]

- Empire of Storms by Sarah J Maas
- Collateral by Ellen Hopkins
- Hopeless by Colleen Hoover
- Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda…
- Identical by Ellen Hopkins

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Comment in Meeting
To: Boatright, Ingrid D <Ingrid.Boatright@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 3, 2025 8:36 PM (UTC-05:00)

Thank you so much for your reply. I had hoped that there were not threats coming from anyone that I know so that makes me feel better. But if you do know of anyone, I'm happy to try and follow up because it's not really something I would tolerate whether they supported my side or not.
I have found a few more books but unfortunately the District doesn't seem to want to do any preemptive work on this, including past reviewed books that clearly violate the Regulation, so unfortunately I am having to follow through the motions.
I know it seems bothersome but currently the District is not in compliance so I'm doing my little part in helping to do that.
Thank you for your service!
[redacted]

[redacted]

On Mon, Feb 3, 2025 at 8:29 PM Boatright, Ingrid D <Ingrid.Boatright@beaufort.k12.sc.us> wrote:

> Ms. [redacted],
>
> I think there were threats throughout this process, including many to you. At this point, my expectation is that the state will be the final authority on these book challenges so I personally would prefer to just send them on to the state.
>
> I actually was referring to the thoroughness of your research in the initial list. I thought you would had found them all.
>
> Warm regards,
>
> Ingrid Boatright
>
> Sent via Superhuman
>
> On Sun, Feb 02, 2025 at 9:38 PM, [redacted] <[redacted]> wrote:
>
> > **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.
> >
> > You commented that there were threats made towards community members who served on book review committees. Can you substantiate that comment?
> > Additionally, there has been no review by District staff of the books in school libraries or classrooms since the Regulation was passed according to Dr. Bruder. If you were told something different, can you please elaborate? There are still books on the shelves that have not been reviewed that violate the Regulation.
> > Thanks, [redacted]
> >
> > --

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Book Reviews February
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: March 3, 2025 11:17 AM (UTC-05:00)

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.

Can you please verify that these submissions were received?
Thank you,
[redacted]

[redacted]

On Fri, Feb 28, 2025 at 8:37 PM [redacted] <[redacted]> wrote:

> Please accept this grouping of books for the month of February for review under Regulation 43-170. Please note that these books have already gone under review prior to the implementation of Regulation; therefore, starting at the school level is not necessary because they have already reached the District level.
> A response that they have been received would be greatly appreciated.
> Thanks, [redacted]
>
> --
>
> [redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Erin's Law
To: Walsh, Ryan G <Ryan.Walsh@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Cc: Stratos, Mary E <Mary.Stratos@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Hook, Denise D <Denise.Hook@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Gray, Emily H <emily.gray@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 21, 2025 6:03 PM (UTC-05:00)

The notification is sent on a Friday that it will occur on the following Wednesday and that is supposed to be enough time for a parent to schedule a meeting with the Chief Instructional Officer when they are told that is the only way to review materials?
Parents need to be given notice well in advance of lessons of this nature so that they can review materials if they wish to and make a determination if they want their child to participate. Contrary to the letter sent, parents have a right to exempt their child even if that is checking their child out of school.
I am not trying to be difficult but let you and the District know that parents should be given ample notice and not be required to make an appointment with a District employee in such a short amount of time. I would like to suggest that in the future you give parents at least a two week notice and have the material available for a parent to view at the District office without an appointment.
I hope that my concerns and suggestions will be strongly considered.
Thanks, [redacted]

[redacted]

On Fri, Feb 21, 2025 at 1:52 PM Walsh, Ryan G <Ryan.Walsh@beaufort.k12.sc.us> wrote:

> Good Afternoon,
>
> Ms. [redacted] to preview the materials that will be used for Erin's Law please set an appointment with Dr. Stratos. You can set an appointment with Dr. Stratos by contacting Denise Hook, who I am including on this email. Thanks
>
> ---
>
> **From:** [redacted] <[redacted]>
> **Sent:** Friday, February 21, 2025 12:46 PM
> **To:** Walsh, Ryan G <Ryan.Walsh@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
> **Subject:** Erin's Law
>
> **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.
>
> Can you please provide the information and content (any material) that will be used for this presentation on the 26th?
>
> Thanks, [redacted]

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Reviews January
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: January 17, 2025 4:40 PM (UTC-05:00)

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 this grouping of books for the month of January for review under Regulation 43-170. A response that they have been received would be greatly appreciated.
Thanks, [redacted]

- Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J Maas
- Last Night at the Telegraph Club…
- Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott
- Lucky By Alice Sebold
- Tricks by Ellen Hopkins

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) Request Form
To: Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: December 6, 2024 6:00 PM (UTC-05:00)

So I can assume that the Board has taken no action on the books that I submitted in August?

On Fri, Dec 6, 2024 at 3:43 PM Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us> wrote:

> Dear Ms. [redacted],
>
> There are no public documents responsive to your request as the information you have requested is protected under attorney-client privilege in accordance with South Carolina's Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).
>
> Regards,
>
> Candace
>
> BEAUFORT COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT **COMMUNICATIONS**
>
> ---
>
> **From:** Bruder, Candace L <Candace.Bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
> **Sent:** Wednesday, November 6, 2024 4:09 PM
> **To:** [redacted] <[redacted]>
> **Cc:** Cartledge, Wendy B <Wendy.Cartledge@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Godley, Molly D <Molly.Godley@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
> **Subject:** RE: Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) Request Form
>
> Dear Ms. [redacted],
>
> The district is in receipt of your October 23, 2024, FOIA request and will respond within
>
> the timeframe allocated by South Carolina law.
>
> Regards,
>
> Candace

Dr. Candace Bruder | Communications Officer

Beaufort County School District | SC

Office: 843-322-2432

Cell: 843-941-9178

Email: candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us

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BEAUFORT COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT

COMMUNICATIONS

From: Jotform <noreply@jotform.com>
Sent: Wednesday, October 23, 2024 7:00 PM
To: Bruder, Candace L <candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; Cartledge, Wendy B <wendy.cartledge@beaufort.k12.sc.us>; gillian.rowland@beaufort.k12.sc.us; Godley, Molly D <molly.godley@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Subject: Re: Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) Request Form

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.

Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) Request Form

Name:	Elizabeth [redacted]
Address:	[redacted]
Home Phone Number:	[redacted]
E-mail Address:	[redacted]
Public Records Requested (Description of Documents or Information Requested):	Please let this serve as a request for documentation from my emails requesting clarification on 9/24 and 10/8 concerning any board decisions on upholding their prior decisions concerning questionable books, prior to Regulation 43-170 going into effect, that have gone unanswered. If there is a reason that the District is choosing not to respond to my correspondence, I am requesting any documentation of that as well. I will email pictures of the emails I am referring to. Thanks

You can edit this submission and view all your submissions easily.

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Review
To: Bruder-Brasseur, Candace L <Candace.bruder@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 2, 2025 9:21 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

Dr. Stratos said in the work session that the Board collectively decided to send any of the prior reviewed titles directly to the State. I have asked several times if and when this was done only to be told that a motion had not been previously made. I even submitted a FOIA on October 23, 2024 to request because I couldn't get a direct answer. On December 6, 2024 I received a response that there were no public documents in response to my request. Has this happened since that FIOA was fulfilled? If so, can you please direct me to where the board made a motion and voted on this topic prior to Friday's works session on January 31, 2025?
Thanks, [redacted]

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Comment in Meeting
To: Boatright, Ingrid D <ingrid.boatright@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 2, 2025 9:39 PM (UTC-05:00)

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.

You commented that there were threats made towards community members who served on book review committees. Can you substantiate that comment?
Additionally, there has been no review by District staff of the books in school libraries or classrooms since the Regulation was passed according to Dr. Bruder. If you were told something different, can you please elaborate? There are still books on the shelves that have not been reviewed that violate the Regulation.
Thanks, [redacted]

--

[redacted]

From: [redacted] <[redacted]>
Subject: Book Reviews February
To: community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us <community.comments@beaufort.k12.sc.us>
Sent: February 28, 2025 8:37 PM (UTC-05:00)
Attached: Milk and Honey by Rupi Kapur.pdf, November 9 by Colleen Hoover .pdf, Oryx and Crake by Margaret Atwood.pdf, Perfect by Ellen Hopkins.pdf, The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood.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 this grouping of books for the month of February for review under Regulation 43-170. Please note that these books have already gone under review prior to the implementation of Regulation; therefore, starting at the school level is not necessary because they have already reached the District level.
A response that they have been received would be greatly appreciated.
Thanks, [redacted]

--

[redacted]

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Milk and Honey by Rupi Kaur

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see attachment

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

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 attachment. This book violates Regulation 43-170 with descriptions of sexual conduct.

February 1 of 5

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:** 2/27/2025

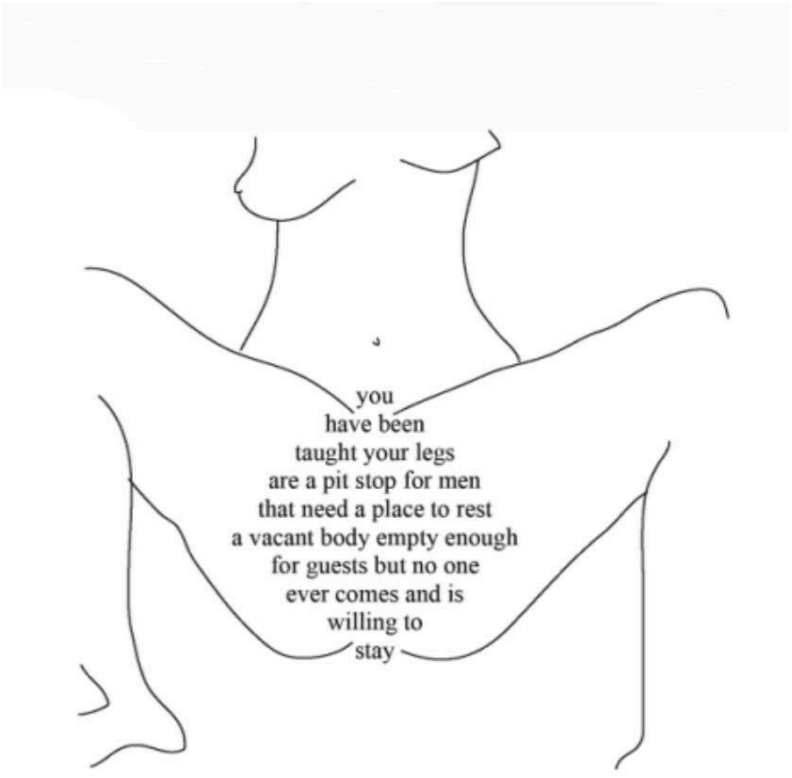
This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Milk and Honey
by Rupi Kaur

Available in the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains illustrations depicting non-sexual nudity and sexual activities including sexual assault.

Page 8
(Violates the Regulation with the depiction of a naked woman- insinuation of lewd exhibition of genitals and female breast nipples.)
The illustration depicts a naked woman sitting with her legs open with the words "*you have been taught your legs are a pit stop for men that need a place to rest a vacant body empty enough for guests but no one ever comes and is willing to stay*". The words are written over the pubic region of the illustration.



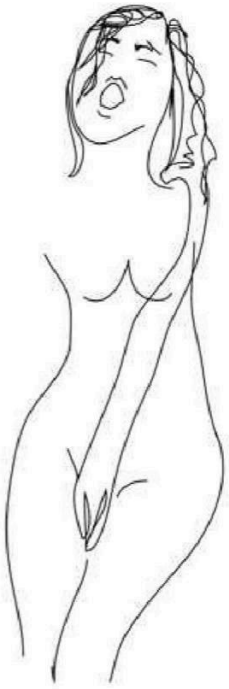
Page 8
(Violates the Regulation by describing a child being violated by her uncle.)
the therapist places the doll in front of you
it is the size of girls your uncle likes touching
point to where his hands were
you point to the spot between its legs the one he fingered out of you like a confession

Page 15
(Violates the Regulation with description of masterbation of genitals.)
he guts her with his fingers like he's scraping the inside of a cantaloupe clean

Page 20
(Violates the Regulation with description of masterbation.)
you plough into me with two fingers and I am mostly shocked. It feels like rubber against an open wound. I do not like it. You begin pushing faster and faster. But I feel nothing. You search my face for a reaction so I begin acting like the naked women in the videos you watch when you think no one's looking. I imitate their moans. Hollow and hungry. You ask if it feels good and I say yes so quickly it sounds rehearsed, but the acting. You do not notice.

Page 29
(Violates the Regulation with a depiction of a naked woman masterbating.)
The illustration on this page depicts a naked woman with her mouth open, head back, and hand on her thigh and fingers curled into her pubic region.

i am learning
how to love him
by loving myself



Page 38
(Violates the Regulation with referral to what would be materbation.)
you move my hand between my legs and whisper make those pretty little fingers dance for me
- solo performance

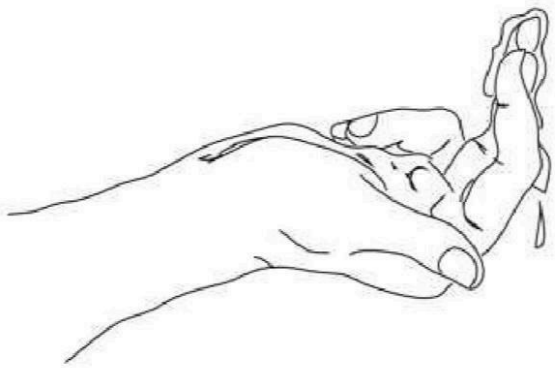
Page 40
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
*instead. Lie me down. Lay me open like a map. And with your finger trace the places you still want to **** out of me. Kiss me like I am the center point of gravity and you are falling into me like my soul is the focal point of yours. And*

when your mouth is kissing not my mouth but other places. My legs will split apart out of habit. And that's when. I pull you in. welcome you. Home.

Page 41
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
I will smile. Throw my head back. Arch my body like a mountain you want to split in half. Baby lick me.
Like your mouth has the gift of reading and I'm your favorite book. Find your favorite page in the soft spot between my legs and read it carefully. Fluently. Vividly. Don't you dare leave a single word untouched. And I swear my ending will be so good. The last few words will come. Running into your mouth. And when you're done. Take a seat. Cause it's my turn to make music with my knees pressed to the ground.
Sweet baby. This. Is how we pull language out of one another with the flick of our tongues. This is how we have the conversation.

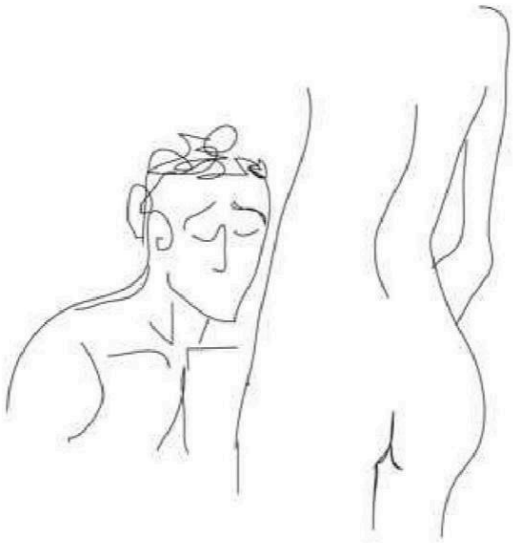
Page 52
(Violates the Regulation with a description of "fingering" and a visual picture depicting fingers with vaginal excretions.)

you must have known
you were wrong
when your fingers
were dipped inside me
searching for honey that
would not come for you



Page 54
(Violates the Regulation with a visual picture of a naked woman and reference to oral sex.)
Picture depicts a naked woman with a man in front of her at waist level with the insinuation of oral sex.

even when you undress her
you are searching for me
i am sorry i
taste so good
when the two of you
make love it is
still my name
that rolls off your
tongue accidently

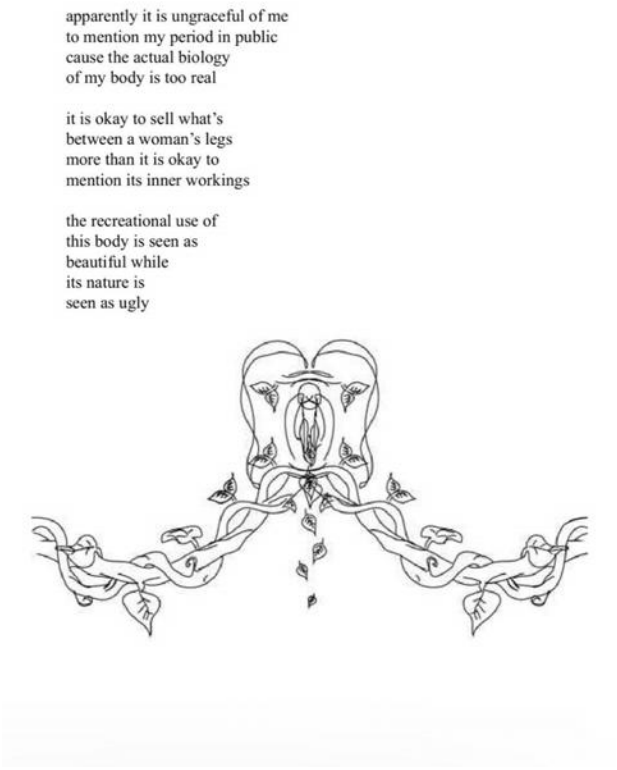


Page 67
(Violates the Regulation with a visual picture of two naked people "spooning". Although no genitals are pictured, it is hard to tell if they are engaged in sex or not.)
The illustration on this page depicts two nude people laying back to front; one with their hand resting on the outer thigh of the other.

even after the hurt
the loss
the pain
the breaking
your body is still
the only one
i want to be
undressed under



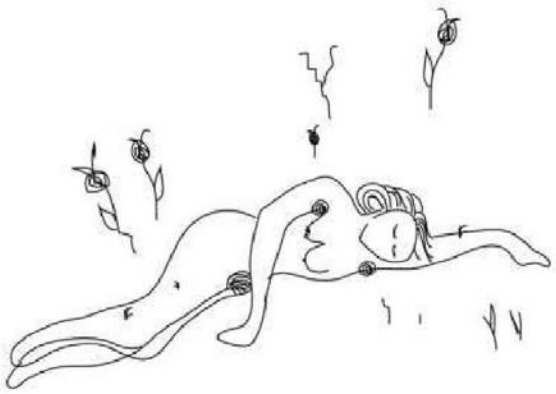
Page 92
(Violates the Regulation with the visual depiction of a vagina.)
The illustration on this page depicts vines intertwined creating an image of a Vagina.



Page 99
(Violates the Regulation with a visual depiction of a naked woman showing her breast with nipples and vagina.)

hair
if it was not supposed to be there
would not be growing
on our bodies in the first place

- we are at war with what comes most naturally to us



South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
November 9 by Colleen Hoover

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see attachment

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

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 attachment. This book violates Regulation 43-170 with descriptions of sexual conduct.

February 2 of 5

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:** 2/27/2025

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.

November 9
by Colleen Hoover

Available in the following schools:
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities.

Page 4
(Violates the Regulation with mention of ejaculate.)
"Releasing sperm into the vagina of a twenty-four-year-old does not a father make," I say, somewhat bitterly.

Page 158
(Violates the Regulation with description of vaginal intercourse.)
"Baby," he says, his lips forming a smile. "You have already made this the best sex I've ever had, and I'm not even inside you yet."
I bite my lip as I run my fingers up his arms, sliding them up his neck until I'm cupping his face. "What are you waiting for?"
He pulls in a raspy breath. "To wake up, I think." He lowers his mouth and kisses my neck. "I'm dreaming, right?"
I shake my head, just as he moves his hips against me. A moan escapes my mouth and the gentle kiss against my neck grows wilder.
"Definitely dreaming," he mutters. His mouth meets the base of my throat and he
Page Content
touches the tip of his tongue to my skin, dragging it up my throat until he's kissing me again. It's by far the sexiest thing I've ever felt.
Seconds turn into minutes. Fingers turn into hands. Teasing turns into torture. Torture turns into unimaginable pleasure.
His boxers have met their fate on the floor. In an insurmountable display of willpower, he's pressed against me, but still not inside me.
"Fallon," he whispers, moving his lips slowly across mine. "Thank you for this beautiful gift."
As soon as his words brush over my mouth, he covers me in a deep kiss. My whole body tenses from the burst of pain that ripples through me as he pushes inside of me, but the perfection of the way we fit together makes the pain a mere Inconvenience.

Page 203
(Violates the Regulation with mention of vaginal excretions.)
Oh, God, his fingers are slowly tracing up the front of my panties. I moan again. Twice. He puts just enough space between our mouths so that he can listen to me gasp as he slides his hand down the front of my panties.
My knees grow weak. I'm not sure I knew my body was capable of feeling these kinds of things. I think I just fell in love with my body a little bit more.
"Jesus, Fallon," Ben says, stroking me, breathing heavily against my mouth. "You're so wet."
As delicious as it feels to hear that, I can't help but laugh out loud. When I do, I quickly slap my hand over my mouth, but it's already too late. He heard my laughter in the midst of the most mind-blowing act of seduction I've ever been a part of.

Page 220
(Violates the Regulation with description of vaginal sex.)
"And I'll tell you about them one day, but right now I kind of want you to kiss me again."
It doesn't take ten seconds before I have her on her back and I'm buried deep inside her. I make love to her slowly this time- not in a wild rush like we did twice before. I kiss her, from her mouth to her breasts and back up again, softly pressing my lips against every inch of skin that I have the privilege of touching.

Page 290
(Violates the Regulation with mention of ejaculate.)
"Releasing sperm into the vagina of a twenty-four-year-old does not a father make," Fallon says.

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Oryx and Crake by Margaret Atwood

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see attachment

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

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

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

Please see attachment. This book violates Regulation 43-170 with descriptions of sexual conduct.

February 3 of 5

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

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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.

Oryx and Crake
by Margaret Atwood

Available at the following schools:
Bluffton High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities, sexual nudity, and beastiality. There are multiple references throughout the book to fictional pornographic websites and pedophilia.

Page 40
(Violates the Regulation with description of oral sex.)
Let's pretend I'm here with you, big butt and all, getting ready to suck your brains right out your dick.

Page 54
(Violates the Regulation with referral to beastiality and lewd exhibition.)
He'd moved on from the chimpanzee act and was into fake vomiting and choking to death- both popular- and a thing where he drew a bare-naked girl on his stomach with her crotch right where his navel was, and made her wiggle.

Page 71
(Violates the Regulation with not being age appropriate. Teachers having relations with a student is illegal.)
Her name was Melons- that was a nickname used among the boys in the class but Snowman can't remember her real name. She shouldn't have bent down so closely over his Read-A-Screen, her large round breasts almost touching his shoulder. She shouldn't have worn her NooSkins T-shirt tucked so tightly into her zipleg shorts: it was too distracting.
...He liked to imaging that if he hadn't been a minor, and she his teacher and subject to abuse charges, she'd have been gnawing her way through his bedroom walls to sink her avid fingers into his youthful flesh.

Page 73
(Violates the Regulation with reference to beastiality.)
They'd wait until some parent was away, then get right down to business- they'd swarm the place, waste themselves with loud music and toking and boozing, fuck everything including the family cat, trash the furniture, shoot up, overdose.

Page 86
(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of sex and bodily excretions.)
So they'd roll a few joints and smoke them while watching the executions and the porn the body parts moving around on the screen in slow motion, an underwater ballet of flesh and blood under stress, hard and soft joining and separating, groans and screams, close-ups of clenched eyes and clenched teeth, spurts of this or that. If you switched back and forth fast, it all came to look like the same event. Sometimes they'd have both things on at once, each on a different screen.

Page 89
(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of oral sex, pedophilia, and oral sex with minors.)
March, it must have been, because it was already hot as hell outside- the two of them were watching porn in Crake's room. Already it felt like old times sake, already if felt like nostalgia- something they were too grown-up for, like middleaged guys cruising the pleebland teeny clubs. Still, they dutifully lit up a joint, hacked into Uncle Pete's digital charge card via a new labyrinth, and started surfing. They checked into Tart of the Day, which featured elaborate confectionery in the usual orifices, then went to Superswallowers; then to a Russian site that employed ex-acrobats, ballerinas, and contortionists.
"Whoever said a guy can't suck his own?" was Crake's comment. The high-wire act with the six flaming torches was pretty good, but they'd seen things like that before.
Then they went to HottTotts, a global sextrotting site. "The next best thing to being there," was how it was advertised. It claimed to show real sex tourists, filmed while doing things they'd be put in jail for back in their home countries. Their faces weren't visible, their names weren't used, but the possibilities for blackmail, Snowman realizes now, must have been extensive. The locations were supposed to be countries where life was cheap and kids were plentiful, and where you could buy anything you wanted.
This was how the two of them first saw Oryx. She was only about eight, or she looked eight. They could never find out for certain how old she'd been then. Her name wasn't Oryx, she didn't have a name. She was just another little girl on a porno site.
None of those little girls had ever seemed real to Jimmy — they'd always struck him as digital clones — but for some reason Oryx was three-dimensional from the start. She was small-boned and exquisite, and naked like the rest of them, with nothing on her but a garland of flowers and a pink hair ribbon, frequent props on the sex-kiddie sites. She was on her knees, with another little girl on either side of her, positioned in front of the standard gargantuan Gulliver-in-Lilliput male torso

— a life-sized man shipwrecked on an island of delicious midgets, or stolen away and entranced, forced to experience agonizing pleasures by a trio of soulless pixies. The guy's distinguishing features were concealed — bag with eyeholes over the head, surgical tape over the tattoos and scars: few of these types wanted to be spotted by the folks back home, though the possibility of detection must have been part of the thrill.

The act involved whipped cream and a lot of licking. The effect was both innocent and obscene: the three of them were going over the guy with their kittenish tongues and their tiny fingers, giving him a thorough workout to the sound of moans and giggles. The giggles must have been recorded, because they weren't coming from the three girls: they all looked frightened, and one of them was crying.

...Oryx paused in her activities. She smiled a hard little smile that made her appear much older, and wiped the whipped cream from her mouth. Then she looked over her shoulder and right into the eyes of the viewer — right into Jimmy's eyes, into the secret person inside him. I see you, that look said. I see you watching. I know you. I know what you want.

Crake pushed the reverse, then the freeze, then the download. Every so often he froze frames; by now he had a small archive of them. Sometimes he'd print them out and give a copy to Jimmy. It could be dangerous it could leave a footprint for anyone who might manage to trace a way through the labyrinth — but Crake did it anyway. So now he saved that one moment, the moment when Oryx looked.

...The joint he'd been smoking must have had nothing in it but lawn mowings: if it had been stronger he might have been able to bypass guilt.

..."This a keeper?" Crake said. "You want it?"

"Yeah," said Jimmy. He could barely get the word out. He hoped he sounded normal.

So Crake had printed it, the picture of Oryx looking, and Snowman had saved it and saved it. He'd shown it to Oryx many years later.

"I don't think this is me," was what she'd said at first.

"It has to be!" said Jimmy. "Look! It's your eyes!"

"A lot of girls have eyes," she said. "A lot of girls did these things. Very many." Then, seeing his disappointment, she said, "It might be me. Maybe it is. Would that make you happy, Jimmy?"

...Jimmy had to think about that. He remembered himself watching. How could he have done that to her? And yet it hadn't hurt her, had it?

...She sighed. "I was thinking," she said, tracing a little circle on his skin with her fingernail, "that if I ever got the chance, it would not be me down on my knees."

"It would be someone else?" said Jimmy.

"Who? What someone?"

"You want to know everything," said Oryx.

Page 110
(Violates the Regulation with masterbation.)
Sometimes he can conjure her up. At first she's pale and shadowy, but if he can say her name over and over, then maybe she'll glide into his body and be present with him in his flesh, and his hand on himself will become her hand. But she's always been evasive, you can never pin her down. Tonight she fails to materialize and he is left alone, whimpering ridiculously, jerking off all by himself in the dark.

Page 130
(Violates the Reguation with descriptions of pedophilia.)
Something else would have to be found for the brother — some other occupation. He would have to be sold elsewhere. The older children in the room shook their heads: the brother would be sold to a pimp, they said; a pimp for hairy white foreign men or bearded brown men or fat yellow men, any kind of men who liked little boys. They described in detail what these men would do; they laughed about it. He would be a melon-bum boy, they said: that's what boys like him were called. Firm and round on the outside, soft and sweet on the inside; a nice melon bum, for anyone who paid.

Page 131
(Violates the Regulation with pedophilia and a description of genitelia.)
"Will I be a melon?" she asked. "A melon-bum girl?" and Uncle En laughed and said where did she pick up that word.
...Next day the man appeared and asked Oryx if she would like some money, a lot more money than she could make by selling roses.
...He unlocked a door with a key and they went in, and he locked the door behind them, and they were in a mauve-and-gold-coloured room with a giant bed in it, a bed for giants, and the man asked Oryx to take off her dress.
Oryx was obedient and did as she was told. She had a general idea of what else the man might want — the other children already knew about such things and discussed them freely, and laughed about them. People paid a lot of money for the kinds of things this man wanted, and there were special places in the city for men like him to go; but some wouldn't go there because it was too public and they were ashamed, and they foolishly wanted to arrange things for themselves, and this man was one of that kind. So Oryx knew the man would now take off his own clothes, or some of them, and he did, and seemed pleased when she stared at his penis, which was long and hairy like himself, with a bend in it like a little elbow.
...She could remember the singularity of his penis but not the singularity of his face. "It was like no face," she said. "It was all soft, like a dumpling. There was a

big nose on it, a carrot nose. A long white penis nose."
..."I won't hurt you," said the man. His accent was so ridiculous that Oryx wanted to giggle, but she knew that would be wrong. She smiled her shy smile, and the man took hold of one of her hands and placed it on himself. He did this gently enough, but at the same time he seemed angry. Angry, and in a hurry.
...But out on the street he laughed and made jokes about the man hopping around in his snarled-up trousers, and told Oryx she was a good girl and wouldn't she like to play this game again?
...But at the same time she enjoyed it. It made her feels strong to know that the men thought she was helpless but she was not. It was they who were helpless, they who would soon have to stammer apologies in their silly accents and hop around on one foot in their luxurious hot rooms, trapped in their own pant legs with their bums sticking out, smooth bums and hairy bums, bums of different sizes and colours, while Uncle En berated them.
..."Little SuSu," Uncle En would say, as he set Oryx down on the street outside the hotel. "You are a smart girl! I wish I could marry you. Would you like that?"
...She knew it was not a serious question but a joke: she was only five, or six, or seven, so she couldn't get married.

Page 136
(Violates the Regulation for not being age appropriate.)
Oryx was sold to a man who made movies. She was the only one of them that went with the movie man. He told her she was a pretty little girl and asked how old she was, but she didn't know the answer to that. He asked her wouldn't she like to be in a movie.

Page 139
(Violates the Regulation for not being age appropriate.)
Being in a movie, said Oryx, was doing what you were told. If they wanted you to smile then you had to smile, if they wanted you to cry you had to do that too. Whatever it was, you had to do it, and you did it because you were afraid not to. You did what they told you to do to the men who came, and then sometimes those men did things to you. That was movies.

Page 140
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness and descriptions of penises.)
Sometimes other people came to use the space, to make different kinds of movies. Grown-up women came, women with breasts, and grown-up men actors. The children could watch them making those movies if they didn't get in the way. Though sometimes the actors objected because the little girls would

giggle at their penises- so big, and then sometimes, all of a sudden, so small- and then the children had to back to their room.

Page 141
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness and descriptions of penises.)
And the girls would laugh, because whatever else happened to them they would never be like him, a rope-haired clownish giant with a cock like a wrinkly old carrot.
Oryx said she had many chances to see that old carrot up close, because Jack wanted to do movie things with her when there were no movies.
..."You did it for nothing?" said Jimmy. "I thought you said everything has a price."
..."He never did anything with me that you don't do. Not nearly so many things!"
"I don't do them against your will," said
Jimmy. "Anyway you 're grown up now."

Page 142
(Violates the Regulation for not being age appropriate and mention of oral sex.)
"What did you do for him? You sucked him off?"
..."All right, pixies, rise and shine," he'd say. "Candy time!" He brought candies for them as a treat, sometimes. "Want a candy, candy?" he'd say.
..He let them see the movies for themselves if he felt like it, or if he'd just been doing drugs. They could tell when he'd been shooting or snorting, because he was happier then.

Page 143
(Violates the Regulation for not being age appropriate with reference to porn and pedophilia.)
"His name was Jack. I told you. He told us a poem about it, in English. Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack has got a big candlestick."
...Working was what Jack called what they did. Working girls, he called them. He used to say, Whistle while you work. He used to say, Work harder. He used to say, Put some jazz into it, He used to say, Act like you mean it, or you want to get hurt? He used to say, Come on, sex midgets, you can do better. He used to say, You're only young once.
..."Did they rape you?" He could barely squeeze it out.
..."It wasn't real sex, was it?" he asked. "In the movies. It was only acting. Wasn't it?"
"But Jimmy, you should know. All sex is real."

Page 165
(Violates the Regulation for not being age appropriate.)
Their penises turn bright blue to match the blue abdomens of the females, and they do a sort of blue-dick dance number, erect members waving to and fro in unison, in time to the foot movements and the singing: a feature suggested to Crake by the sexual semaphoring of crabs. From amongst the floral tributes the female chooses four flowers, and the sexual ardour of the unsuccessful candidates dissipates immediately, with no hard feelings left. Then, when the blue of her abdomen has reached its deepest shade, the female and her quartet find a secluded spot and go at it until the woman becomes pregnant and her blue colouring fades. And that is that.
No more No means yes, anyway, thinks Snowman. No more prostitution, no sexual abuse of children, no haggling over the price, no pimps, no sex slaves. No more rape. The five of them will roister for hours, three of the men standing guard and doing the singing and shouting while the fourth one copulates, turn and turn about. Crake has equipped these women with ultra-strong vulvas extra skin layers, extra muscles — so they can sustain these marathons.
...Sex is no longer a mysterious rite, viewed with ambivalence or downright loathing, conducted in the dark and inspiring suicides and murders. Now it's more like an athletic demonstration, a free-spirited romp.
...Under the old dispensation, sexual competition had been relentless and cruel: for every pair of happy lovers there was a dejected onlooker, the one excluded.
...That had been the milder form: the single man at the window, drinking himself into oblivion to the mournful strains of the tango.

Page 167
(Violates the Regulation with mention of masterbation in public.)
"People can amuse themselves any way they like. If they want to play with themselves in public, whack off over doodling, scribbling, and fiddling, it's fine with me. Anyway it serves a biological purpose."

Page 169
(Violates the Regulation for beastiality.)
And what would happen if he tried? If he burst out of the bushes in his filthy tattered sheet, reeking, hairy, tumescent, leering like a goat-balled , clovenhoofed satyr or a patch-eyed buccaneer from some ancient pirate film- Aarr, me hearties! - and attempted to join the amorous, blue-bottomed tussle? He can imagine the dismay- as if an orangutang had crashed a formal waltzfest and started groping some sparkly pastel princess. He can imagine his own dismay too. What right does he have to foist his pustulant, cankered self and soul upon these innocent creatures?

Page 174
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness. Shagging is slang for intercourse and smaller boys is probably in reference to underage boys.)
Shagging smaller boys, dabbling in black-market pharmaceuticals.
..."Honey, we're so proud of you," said Ramona, who'd come decked out like a whore's lampshade in an outfit with a low neckline and pink frills. Jimmy'd seen something like that on HottTotts once, only it was worn by an eight-year-old. Ramona's push-up-bra breast tops were freckled from too much sun, not that Jimmy was much interested in those any more.

Page 215
(Violates the Regulation for age appropriateness.)
It was the picture of Oryx, seven or eight years old, naked except for her ribbons, her flowers. It was the picture of the look she'd given him, the direct, contemptuous, knowing look that had dealt him such a blow when he was- what? Fourteen? He still had the paper printout, folded up, hidden deep.

Page 230
(Violates the Regulation with mention of nipples of breast and age appropriateness.)
A Jacuzzi, ceramic Mexican mermaids on the walls, their heads crowned with flowers, their blonde hair waving down, their painted nipples bright pink on breasts that are small but rounded.
... Underwear, sex aids, costume jewelry, mixed in with pencil stubs, spare change, and safety pins, and a diary if he got lucky.

Page 285
(Violates the Regulation with description of sex.)
After that they'd finished the Scotch. After that they'd had more sex, and this time Jimmy had enjoyed himself but his lover hadn't, because he'd been too rough and fast and had not said anything flattering to her the way he usually did. Great ass, and so on and so forth.

Page 314
(Violates the Regulation with mention of beastiality.)
Crakes sexual needs were direct and simple, according to Oryx; not intriguing, like sex with Jimmy. Not fun, just work- although she respected Crake, she really did, because he was a brilliant genius.
...They were in Jimmy's bedroom, lying on the bed together with the digital TV on, hooked into his computer, some copulation Web site with an animal component, a couple of well-trained German shepherds and a double-jointed ultra-shaved

albino tattooed all over with lizards. The sound was off, it was just the pictures: erotic wallpaper.

Page 328
(Violates the Regulation with beastiality.)
"She can't talk right now. I can't lift her up. I've had a few injuries. Now quit fucking the dog and let us in."

South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

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

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see attachment

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

Contested Material is *(select one)*: ☑ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
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Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material *(attach additional pages as needed)*:

Please see attachment. This book violates Regulation 43-170 with descriptions of sexual conduct.

February 4 of 5

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

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- 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:** 2/27/2025

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.

Perfect
by Ellen Hopkins

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

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

Page 268
(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of rape, bodily fluid, and while it may not be a violation of the Reg, the rapist blaming the victim might give others the idea to do the same.)
She tastes of soap and salt. A knockout combination. It makes me high. Makes me thirsty. Makes me hungry for even more. This could easily become addiction.
...I prove it with my mouth. My fingers. My tongue. This is her first time, so I want her to be ready, and I think she has to be. "I don't want to hurt you," I tell her. "Ever." She is flushed, her skin hot as summer sand. I'm crazy again, this time with the need to make this all real. I lift myself over her, working forearms. Biceps. She closes her eyes, moans as I move into place right up against her sweet spot. Pause at the resistance. "I need you," I say, before kissing her. Before going all the way with her. One push and we will be joined in the most amazing way. Connected by love. Now. I have to have her now. But just as I test the barrier, everything screaming yes, go, she opens her eyes. And out of her mouth comes a single word: No.
I heard her wrong I know I did, and even if I didn't, I know she means now, not no, so I go ahead and push. Hard. Oh. Oh. And her eyes pop wide and she screams, Stop. I said no. Stop, goddamn it. And her little fists try to pound against my chest, which only feels good and I can't stop, even if I wanted to, and I so don't, so I won't. And she starts to cry and I don't understand so I tell her, over and over again, "I love you. I love you. I love you." Rhythmic. In perfect time with my body's rhythmic beat. "I love you. I love you..."
There's a strange buzzing in my ears. With a final thrust, there's a brilliant flash and the emptying is syncopated. My head clears as the mist slowly lifts. And I see what I have done. Cara lies, stiff as old toast, tear-glossed eyes staring up at me. I told you no, she whispers. Why...?
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the hell just happened? "You wanted this! You told me so. In fact, you practically raped me..."
She sobs, and her entire body shakes with the force of it. No. You raped me. Her

voice slices, tempered steel. I told you to stop.
DNA evidence soaked into Chad's lumpy sofa in sticky, red ropes. But I didn't rape her. "Cara. We both wanted this. I love you so much. Please don't say I raped you. I've waited for this for months and months, until I was sure you were ready. And I was more than sure tonight." Cable TV moans and groans remind us both of how this little episode went down. I nod toward the noise. "You even liked…"
She strong-arms me aside, jumps up, stalks over to turn off the tube, blood trickling down her legs. Bastard. You set me up.
I have no idea what she means. Sudden anger is a tornado, hurtling through my veins. "Look. I'm not sure exactly what happened here, but you are everything to me. Even if you weren't, you have to realize you can't get a guy all worked up, then tell him to stop. It's not fair."
Cara snatches her clothes from the floor, stomps off to find the bathroom. Rule one of the Rapist's handbook. Blame the victim.
I run to catch her, grab her shoulders, swing her around, pinch her cheeks. "You shut the fuck up, hear me? I. Did. Not. Rape. You."
When I let go of her face, crimson finger-shaped marks remain.
…Her lips curl in a feral snarl. May I go now? I'd like to get rid of the…residue.

Page 319
(Violates the Regulation with reference to female excretion.)
And she's saying yes, touch me there, all wet…Strike two.

Page 468
(Violates the Regulation with reference to make ejaculate.)
In my pocket, the camera bumps against my groin. The boner is gone, a sticky glaze left as a reminder inside my boxers.

Page 491
(Violates the Regulation with reference to oral sex.)
The rest of me is stripped to skin. My mouth is a perfect O, as I give myself to Dani's lips, below my belly button and in between my opened legs. And tiny spot of glare or no, the camera caught everything. As if that isn't enough, another text. Another photo, this is when she has pulled my sweater all the way off, ducked to kiss the inside of my knee, leaving my most intimate places, plus my face, for the camera to see- and capture.

Page 529
(Violates the Regulation with description of lesbian sex.)
Kiss meets kiss, a mist of eloquence, a gathering of storm clouds. The rain begins to fall. A lift of hips, upwelling in the belly. A torrent in the V of opened thighs.

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see attachment

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

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 attachment. This book violates Regulation 43-170 with descriptions of sexual conduct.

February 5 of 5

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:** 2/27/2025

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 Handmaid's Tale
by Margeret Atwood

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

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexually explicit excerpts.

Page 22
(Violates the Regulation with imagery of masterbation.)
It's like thumbing your nose from behind a fence or teasing a dog with a bone held out of reach, and I'm ashamed of myself for doing it, because none of this is the fault of these men, they're too young.
Then I find I'm not ashamed after all. I enjoy the power; power of a dog bone, passive but there. I hope they get hard at the sight of us and have to rub themselves against the painted barriers, surreptitiously. They will suffer, later, at night, in their regimented beds. They have no outlets now except themselves, and that's a sacrilege. There are no more magazines, no more films, no more substitutes; only me and my shadow, walking away from the two men, who stand at attention, stiffly, by a roadblock, watching our retreating shapes.

Page 93
(Violates the Regulation with description of vaginal sex.)
Above me, towards the head of the bed, Serena Joy is arranged, outspread. Her legs are apart, I lie between them, my head on her stomach, her pubic bone under the base of my skull, her thighs on either side of me. She too is fully clothed.
My arms are raised; she holds my hands, each of mine in each of hers. This is supposed to signify that we are one flesh, one being. What it really means is that she is in control, of the process and thus of the product. If any. The rings of her left hand cut into my fingers. It may or may not be revenge.
My red skirt is hitched up to my waist, though no higher. Below it the Commander is fucking. What he is fucking is the lower part of my body. I do not say making love, because this is not what he's doing. Copulating too would be inaccurate, because it would imply two people and only one is involved. Nor does rape cover it: nothing is going on here that I haven't signed up for. There wasn't a lot of

choice but there was some, and this is what I chose.
Therefore I lie still and picture the unseen canopy over my head. I remember Queen Victoria's advice to her daughter: Close your eyes and think of England. But this is not England. I wish he would hurry up.
Maybe I'm crazy and this is some new kind of therapy.
I wish it were true; then I could get better and this would go away.
Serena Joy grips my hands as if it is she, not I, who's being fucked, as if she finds it either pleasurable or painful, and the Commander fucks, with a regular two-four marching stroke, on and on like a tap dripping. He is preoccupied, like a man humming to himself in the shower without knowing he's humming; like a man who has other things on his mind. It's as if he's somewhere else, waiting for himself to come, drumming his fingers on the table while he waits. There's an impatience in his rhythm now. But isn't this everyone's wet dream, two women at once? They used to say that. Exciting, they used to say.
...It has nothing to do with sexual desire, at least for me, and certainly not for Serena. Arousal and orgasm are no longer thought necessary; they would be a symptom of frivolity merely, like jazz garters or beauty spots: superfluous distractions for the light-minded.

Page 95
(Violates the Regulation with a description of excretory function.)
Kissing is forbidden between us. This makes it bearable.
One detaches oneself. One describes. He comes at last, with a stifled groan as of relief. Serena Joy, who has been holding her breath, expels it. The Commander, who has been propping himself on his elbows, away from our combined bodies, doesn't permit himself to sink down into us. He rests a moment, withdraws, recedes, rezippers. He nods, then turns and leaves the room, closing the door with exaggerated care behind him, as if both of us are his ailing mother.
...I untangle myself from her body, stand up; the juice of the Commander runs down my legs. Before I turn away I see her straighten her blue skirt, clench her legs together; she continues lying on the bed, gazing up at the canopy above her, stiff and straight as an effigy.

Page 118
(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of sexual acts and sado-masochistic acts.
Aunt Lydia didn't show these kinds of movies.
Sometimes the movie she showed would be an old porno film, from the seventies or eighties. Women kneeling, sucking penises or guns, women tied up or chained or with dog collars around their necks, women hanging from trees, or upsidedown, naked, with their legs held apart, women being raped, beaten up, killed.

Once we had to watch a woman being slowly cut into pieces, her fingers and breasts snipped off with garden shears, her stomach slit open and her intestines pulled out.

Page 139
(Violates the Regulation with a descriptor that is meant to allude to the excretory function of a man after having sex.)
I think about how I could approach the Commander, to kiss him, here alone, and take off his jacket, as if to allow or invite something further, some approach to true love, and put my arms around him and slip the lever out from the sleeve and drive the sharp end into him suddenly, between his ribs. I think about the blood coming out of him, hot as soup, sexual, over my hands.

Page 222
(Violates the Regulation with imagery of sex, description of a penis and a vagina.)
So now I imagine, among these Angels and their drained white brides, momentous grunts and sweating, damp furry encounters; or, better, ignominious failures, cocks like three-week-old carrots, anguished fumblings upon flesh cold and unresponding as uncooked fish.

Collateral by Ellen Hopkins

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

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

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classrooms, DISCUS

Contested Material is *(select one)*: [X] **Printed** [ ] **Audio/Visual** [ ] **Online Resource**

[ ] **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

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

- [X] 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)*:

Collateral is in violation of Regulation 43-170 because it contains depictions of oral and vaginal sex, beastiality, rape of a minor, and masterbation.
Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 2/5

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:** 12/13/24

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Page 74
Before Cole, I never understood the meaning of making love. My previous sexual adventures came in two categories. One: tepid fumbling- no play, no passion, no real point to the effort.
Certainly, no orgasm, at least not for me. Or, two: overheated romps- no concern, no caring, no real connection. Lightweight orgasm, yes, and short-term fun, but nothing worth holding on to. Either way, I always ended up disappointed. Sex and love were two distinct entities in my mind, as separate as east and west.

Page 77
All Resistance Weakened
All barriers lowered, when we got back to the apartment, Darian and Spence were hot and heavy through the door. They didn't waste a second, went straight back to her bedroom. Which left Cole and me alone in the front room.
…I slid my arms up around his neck, invitation heavy in the kiss I gave him. He lifted me as if I were weightless. Our lips never disconnected as he carried me to my room, eased me onto my bed. It was romantic.
Sexy. And even sexier when he stopped, to take off his shirt. Marines have to be fit. But Cole was a whole different level of fit- every muscle chiseled and skin smooth as suede.
I started to unbutton my blouse. No Let me. Please? I love how he asked permission, all the while taking complete control. I also loved how he didn't hurry. Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch.
And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my California girl.
The "My" took me over the top. In that moment, I wanted to be his, and so gave him things I'd always resisted. BC (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow. I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn."
He was down to boxers by then. BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little. It was intense, and all I wanted in those moments was to make him feel like the most important man in the world.
…SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED

When he finally slipped inside me. If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable. As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection. A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sexsqueals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something.
But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me.
I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again. He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together. When our bodies were quite finished, still we stayed joined until we had no choice but to slip apart. Then Cole turned me on one side, urged me into the bowl of his body, held me there. Exceptional, he whispered into my hair. Extraordinary.

Page 104
The wedding night was incredible, at least for Cole and me, who had our own honeymoon suite right on the beach, waves serenading us as we made love.
...We were starved for each other, barely through the door before tux and dress fell to the floor in an elegant heap. There was nothing elegant about what came next, either. It was desperation, made flesh. He picked me up with steel-muscled arms, kissed me, bit me, licked me. Tried, it seemed, to swallow me. And I screamed for him to climb inside me and he did, with his lips and tongue and fingers- one, two, three. And then he filled me up with fire and stone and when he poured into me, I cried. Because I knew.

Page 152
AFTER ALL THAT HURRYING
Cole actually slowed us down. He stopped me just inside the door. Stay right there, where I can look at you. He sat on the bed, unlaced his boots, unbuttoned his shirt. His eyes never strayed from me once. Take off your dress. Slowly. It's been a long time. I want to savor every second. He watched as I slid the sundress up over my head. Very slowly. Working the tease as if I had a real clue what to do. I stood there, in nothing but my prettiest pair of thong panties.
Turn around. Easy. Not too fast. Now, come here. I floated toward him,

and when I got close to the bed, paused. He reached out. Touched my breasts with hands much too gentle for their size. Then they slid around my back, coaxed me forward, and his lips circled my right areola, sucked it like a baby might. Hungry. He sat me on his lap, his incredible erection straining against his pants, pushing his zipper into the thin strip of cloth covering my crotch. "Cole, I exhaled. "God, baby, I need you. "The statement was truth, and felt that way. He sighed, laid back against the quilt, loosened the closures on his camos. I kissed his eyes, his mouth, his neck, down his chest to granite hard penis, urged it into my mouth. I am no expert, but did all I could to bring him all the way off. He came very close, but stopped short. No. I jerked off this morning, twice in fact, thinking about you and what we'd do. Does that make you pissed? It shouldn't. I did it for you, because I want you to come before I do. Twice, in fact. He smiled.
Took total control. And he made me come before he did. More than twice.
FOR THE NEXT WEEK
We had sex three or four times a day. Halfway through, my body ached, but I couldn't say no. Cole bordered on desperate. When I go back, I'll just have morning wood and my fist. I want to fuck you till I'm black and blue. I need to remember you. This. Pretty sure it was me who wore bruises. His muscles were concrete, and he gripped my arms as if he let go, I might try to escape. Not mean. Just determined. His eyes never left my face as he chanted, That's my girl. My beautiful, beautiful Ash.
It was cadence. Beautiful. Beautiful. Ash. I loved listening to his voice. After a while, orgasm was the last thing on my mind, but the rhythm of his voice kept me going.

Page 200
He comes through and, without a word, comes straight to me, lifts me off the floor, sweeps me into the bedroom, throws me onto the bed. Anger may feed what follows. He rips himself out of his pants, lifts my shift, yanks off the bikini bottoms.
His hands lace into my hair, hold my head against the pillow. He is inside me before he says, Don't you ever leave me like that again. Do you understand?
He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips. I lift my own, wrap my legs around him, open myself to accept his metered plunging. "Yes," is the most I can manage as he drives the air from my lungs. The smell of rum and whiskey clings to him, and his face is sticky. I lick away the dried mai tai, stoking his building frenzy too soon, we crest, hard, sticky wet, together. Too soon, but there will be an encore. And tonight, I'll sleep with him circled around me, one hand claiming my breast as his.

Page 234

Two soldiers stand back, let me look inside. A boy is chained there, on his knees. Naked. A huge Doberman is mounting him. And the soldiers laugh. "Bastards!" I run along the chain link, eyes in front of me. Suddenly, a German shepherd lunges at its gate. When I turn, I see it has something in its mouth. Red drool drips, and the dog bites down, crunching bones.

Page 305
That night, I also saw him pop a pill. Prescription. Maybe his, maybe not. I couldn't see the label, but I recognized the Prozac.
...Grabbed a little girl, like thirteen or fourteen. Gang raped her. Jesus, man. She didn't even have titties. And then, when her father tried to stop them, they up and killed him. The girl, too. Blew 'em away, left them bleeding in the street.

Page 340
Is an orgasm the same with every partner? Sitting here, buzzed, I imagine being with Jonah. My hand slips down between my legs where fantasy has made me wet.

Page 397
His mouth roamed my body freely, and every time his tongue made me squirm, he gripped harder. His kisses were laced with lust. Only later did I question the stimulus of his passion. I don't know if I'll ever trust him completely, but I did in that moment. I had to. He was taking me places I'd rarely seen before, even with him. He plunged his face between my legs, driving into me with tongue and teeth and fingers until I begged him to stop. No. It was a growl. Give me your cream. I had no choice, he made me come, but then I pleaded for, "More. Fuck me." I'd never said those words before. Not to Cole. Not to anyone. He hesitated, and I worried I'd made him angry or turned him off. Not even close. He smiled.
Say it again. Louder. I did, and when I did, in a single strong move, he slide one arm under me, flipped me over onto my stomach, tugged me to the foot of the bed. He stood there, just looking at me, for what seemed like a very long time. Suddenly, he was inside of me, driving into me with animal ferocity. Wilderness, personified. There was lust there, yes. And more-...
...In one gigantic shudder, it was all released, right there in me. We crept up onto the pillows, covered our nakedness with quilts.

Page 445
The sex was muted. Low-volume fumbling. Satisfaction-free. At least, for me.
...I was sick of playing passive. I wanted to try on the power role, and so I didn't crawl to one side of the bed and wait for Cole to make love to me. I pushed him backward into the bedroom. Dropped to my knees in front of him, unbuckled his

belt, unzipped his jeans, slid them off. Watched him stir, helped him grow completely hard with my hands. Mouth. I brought him right to the brink. Stopped. Stood. Took off my own clothes. "Lie down. And don't move." Oh yes, I like taking control. I kissed my way up on top of him. Licked his face. His neck. His chest. I straddled him, pushed him in, rocking hard. Harder. Not enough, with him still inside me, I turned around, faced the other way, and that angle created exquisite pressure. I made it last as long as I could. We both howled.

Profanity	**Count**
Ass	11
Bitch	4
Cock	3
Fuck	59
Piss	14
Shit	10

Empire of Storms by Sarah J Maas

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Empire of Storms by Sarah J. Maas

School Where Contested Material is Located: Bluffton Hilton Head Island HS

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

Empire of Storms is in violation of Regulation 43-170 because it contains touching of genitals, masterbation, and sexual intercourse. Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 1/5

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:** 12/13/24

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Page 17
She was delicately built, small enough that he might have thought her barely past her first bleed were it not for the full breasts beneath her close-fitting leathers.

Page 23
“Tempting as it might be,” Rowan said, nipping her ear in a way that made it hard to think, “I need to be on my way in an hour.” To scout the land ahead for any threats. Featherlight kisses brushed over her jaw, her cheek. “And what I said still holds. I’m not taking you against a tree the first time.”
“It wouldn’t be against a tree—it’d be in a pool.” A dark laugh against her now-burning skin. It was an effort to keep from taking one of his hands and guiding it up to her breasts, to beg him to touch, take, taste. “You know, I’m starting to think you’re a sadist.”
“Trust me, I don’t find it easy, either.” He tugged her a bit harder against him, letting her feel the evidence pushing with impressive demand against her backside. She nearly groaned at that, too.
Then Rowan pulled away, and she frowned at the loss of his warmth, at the loss of those hands and that body and that mouth.

Page 177
His eyes traveled from her feet to her head, and he frowned again. “Bigger tits won’t prove or hide anything.”
Her cheeks heated. “Perhaps they’ll keep men distracted just enough that they won’t ask questions.”
With that, she started upstream, trying not to think about the men who had touched and sneered in that cell. But if it got her safely across the river, she’d use her body to her advantage. Men would see what they wanted to: a pretty young woman who did not bristle at their attention, who spoke kindly and warmly.

Page 349
She chuckled, starting to feel the cool kiss of the water on her naked body. “As far as memory serves, Prince, it was that insufferable swagger that won your cranky, immortal heart.”
Rowan leaned into the thin veil of flame now melting into night-sweet air and nipped her lower lip. A sharp, wicked bite. “There’s my Fireheart.”
Aelin let him pivot her in the surf and sand to face him fully, let him slide his mouth along her jaw, the curve of her cheekbone, the point of her Fae ear.
“These,” he said, nibbling at her earlobe, “have been tempting me for months.” His tongue traced the delicate tip, and her back arched. The strong hands at her hips tightened.

“Sometimes, you’d be sleeping beside me at Mistward, and it’d take all my concentration not to lean over and bite them. Bite you all over.”
“Hmmm,” she said, tipping back her head to grant him access to her neck.
Rowan obliged her silent demand, pressing kisses and soft, growling nips to her throat. “I’ve never taken a woman on a beach,” he purred against her skin, sucking gently on the space between her neck and shoulder. “And look at that—we’re far from any sort of … collateral.” One hand drifted from her hip to caress the scars on her back, the other sliding to cup her backside, drawing her fully against him.
Aelin spread her hands over his chest, tugging his white shirt over his head. Warm waves crashed against them, but Rowan held her fast—unmovable, unshakable.
Aelin remembered herself enough to say, “Someone might come looking for us.”
Rowan huffed a laugh against her neck. “Something tells me,” he said, his breath skittering along her skin, “you might not mind if we were discovered. If someone saw how thoroughly I plan to worship you.”
She felt the words dangling there, felt herself dangling there, off the edge of the cliff. She swallowed. But Rowan had caught her each time she had fallen—first, when she had plummeted into that abyss of despair and grief; second, when that castle had shattered and she had plunged to the earth. And now this time, this third time … She was not afraid.
Aelin met Rowan’s stare and said clearly and boldly and without a speckle of doubt, “I love you. I am in love with you, Rowan. I have been for a while. And I know there are limits to what you can give me, and I know you might need time—”
His lips crushed into hers, and he said onto her mouth, dropping words more precious than rubies and emeralds and sapphires into her heart, her soul, “I love you. There is no limit to what I can give to you, no time I need. Even when this world is a forgotten whisper of dust between the stars, I will love you.”
Aelin didn’t know when she started crying, when her body began shaking with the force of it. She had never said such words—to anyone. Never let herself be that vulnerable, never felt this burning and unending thing, so consuming she might die from the force of it.
Rowan pulled back, wiping away her tears with his thumbs, one after another. He said softly, barely audible over the crashing waves around them, “Fireheart.”
She sniffed back tears. “Buzzard.”
He roared a laugh and she let him lay her down on the sand with a gentleness near reverence. His sculpted chest heaved slightly as he ran an eye over her bare body. “You …are so beautiful.”
She knew he didn’t just mean the skin and curves and bones.
But Aelin still smiled, humming. “I know,” she said, lifting her arms above her head, setting the Amulet of Orynth onto a safe, high part of the beach. Her fingers dug into the soft sand as she arched her back in a slow stretch.

Rowan tracked every movement, every flicker of muscle and skin. When his gaze lingered on her breasts, gleaming with seawater, his expression turned ravenous.
Then his gaze slid lower. Lower. And when it lingered on the apex of her thighs and his eyes glazed, Aelin said to him, “Are you going to stand there gawking all night?”
Rowan’s mouth parted slightly, his breathing shallow, his body already showing her precisely where this was going to end.
A phantom wind hissed through the palms, whispered over the sand. Her magic tingled as she felt, more than saw, Rowan’s shield fall into place around them. She sent her own power tracing over it, knocking and tapping at the shield in sparks of flame.
Rowan’s canines gleamed. “Nothing is getting past that shield. And nothing is going to hurt me, either.”
Something tight in her chest eased. “Is it that different? With someone like me.”
“I don’t know,” Rowan admitted. Again, his eyes slid along her body, as if he could see through skin to her burning heart beneath. “I’ve never been with … an equal. I’ve never allowed myself to be that unleashed.”
For every bit of power she threw at him, he’d throw back at her. She braced herself on her elbows, lifting her mouth to the new scar on his shoulder, the wound small and jagged—as broad as an arrowhead. She kissed it once, twice.
Rowan’s body was so tense above hers she thought his muscles would snap. But his hands were gentle as they drifted to her back, stroking her scars and the tattoos he’d inked over them.
The waves tickled and caressed her, and he made to settle over her, but she lifted a hand to his chest—halting him dead. She smiled against his mouth. “If we’re equals, then I don’t understand why you’re still half clothed.”
She didn’t give him the chance to explain as she traced her tongue over the seam of his lips, as her fingers unlatched the buckle of his worn sword belt. She wasn’t sure he was breathing.
And just to see what he’d do, she palmed him through his pants.
Rowan barked a curse.
She laughed quietly, kissed his newest scar again, and dragged a finger down lazily, indolently, holding his gaze for every single inch she touched.
And when Aelin laid her palm flat on him again, she said, “You are mine.” Rowan’s breathing started again, jagged and savage as the waves breaking around them. She flicked open the top button of his pants. “I’m yours,” he ground out.
Another button popped free. “And you love me,” she said. Not a question.
“To whatever end,” he breathed.
She popped the third and final button free, and he let go of her to toss his pants into the sand nearby, taking his undershorts with them. Her mouth went dry as she took in the sight of him.
Rowan had been bred and honed for battle, and every inch of him was pure-blooded warrior.

He was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. Hers—he was hers, and
"You are mine," Rowan breathed, and she felt the claiming in her bones, her soul.
"I am yours," she answered.
"And you love me." Such hope and quiet joy in his eyes, beneath all that fierceness.
"To whatever end." For too long—for too long had he been alone and wandering. No longer.
Rowan kissed her again. Slow. Soft. A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his hips nestling against hers. She gasped a bit at the touch, gasped a bit more as his knuckle grazed the heavy, aching underside of her breast. As he leaned down to kiss the other.
His teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her. Oh, gods. Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really goddamned did.
His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder.
Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up. She arched in silent demand—
A phantom touch, like the northern wind given form, flicked over her bare breast.
Aelin burst into flames.
Rowan laughed darkly at the reds and golds and blues that erupted around them, illuminating the palms that towered over the edge of the beach, the waves breaking behind him. She might have panicked, might have been mortified, had he not lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. "You're magnificent," he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth.
The hardness of him pushed against her, and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs. Rowan groaned, and she wondered if there was any other male in the world who would be so naked and prone with a woman on fire, who would not look at those flames with any ounce of fear.
She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head—not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him.
A roaring wind full of ice and snow blasted around them. And it was her turn to huff a laugh. But Rowan gripped her wrist, drawing her hand away. She opened her mouth in protest, wanting to touch more, taste more. "Let me," Rowan growled onto the sea-slick skin between her breasts. "Let me touch you." His voice trembled enough that Aelin lifted his chin with her thumb and forefinger.

A flicker of fear and relief shone beneath the glazed lust. As if doing this, touching her, was as much to remind him that she had made it today, that she was safe, as it was to pleasure her. She leaned up, brushing her mouth against his. “Do your worst, Prince.”
Rowan’s smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him.
Another wave crashed, parting around them, the cool water like a thousand kisses along her skin. Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip.
Aelin couldn’t take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs.
And as Rowan tasted her on that beach, as he laughed against her slick skin while her hoarse cries of his name shattered across palm trees and sand and water, Aelin let go of all pretense at reason.
She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire—
“Aelin,” he growled, her name a plea.
“Please,” she moaned. “Please.”
The word was his undoing. Rowan rose over her again, and she let out a sound that might have been a whimper, might have been his name.
Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid in with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and a kingdom and a world to look after.
When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them, dancing across the waves with ribbons of flame. There were no words in his eyes; none in hers, either.
Words did not do it justice. Not in any language, in any world.
He leaned in, claiming her mouth as he began to move, and they let go entirely.
She might have been crying, or it might have been his tears on her face, turning to steam amid her flames.
She dragged her hands down his powerful, muscled back, over scars from battles and terrors long since past. And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him. For him—only him.
Rowan’s magic went wild, though his mouth on her neck was so careful, even as his canines dragged along her skin. And at the touch of those lethal teeth against her, the death that hovered nearby and the hands that would always be gentle with her, always

love her—
Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan's as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass.
Rowan's own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered it at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water.
Aelin held him through it, sending the fire-opal of her magic to twine with his power. On and on, as he spilled himself in her, lightning and flame danced on the sea.
The lightning continued to strike, silent and lovely, even after he stilled. The sounds of the world came pouring back in, his breathing as ragged as the hiss of the crashing waves while he brushed lazy kisses to her temple, her nose, her mouth. Aelin drew her eyes away from the beauty of their magic, the beauty of them, and found his face to be the most beautiful of all.
She was trembling—and so was Rowan as he remained in her. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and shoulder, his uneven breath warming her skin. "I never ...," he tried, voice hoarse. "I didn't know it could be ..."
She ran her fingers down his scarred back, over and over. "I know," she breathed. "I know."
Already, she wanted more, already she was calculating how long she'd have to wait.

Page 358
Rowan didn't know whether to be amused, thrilled, or slightly terrified that he'd been blessed with a queen and lover who had so little care for public decency. He'd taken her three times on that beach—twice in the sand, then a third out in the warm waters. And yet his very blood was still electrified. And yet he still wanted more.
They'd swum into the shallows to wash off the sand crusted on them, but Aelin had wrapped her legs around his waist, kissed his neck, then licked his ear the way he'd nibbled hers, and he was buried in her again. She knew why he needed the contact, why he'd needed to taste her on his tongue, and then with the rest of his body. She'd needed the same.
He still needed it. When they'd finished after that first time, he'd been left reeling, to pull his sanity back together after the joining that had ... unleashed him. Broken and remade him. His magic had been a song, and she had been ...
He'd never had anything like her. Everything he'd given her, she'd given right back to him.
And when she had bit him during that second coupling in the sand ... His magic had left six nearby palm trees in splinters as he'd climaxed hard enough that he thought his body would shatter.
But once they were finished, when she'd actually made to walk back to Skull's Bay in nothing but her flames, he'd given her his shirt and belt. Which did little to cover her up, especially those beautiful legs, but at least it was less likely to start a riot.

Barely, though. And it'd be obvious what they'd done on that beach the moment they stepped within scenting range of anyone with a preternatural sense of smell.

Page 492

But he leaned forward, and despite the marshes, despite what gathered in the world, for the first time in ten years, Elide found herself not at all afraid as Lorcan caressed her lips with his own. Not afraid of anything as he did it again, kissing one corner of her mouth, then the other.

Such gentle, patient kisses—his hands equally so as they stroked the hair back from her brow, as they trailed over her hips, her ribs. She lifted her own hands to his face and dragged her fingers into his silken hair as she arched up into him, craving the weight of his body on hers.

Lorcan's tongue brushed against the seam of her mouth, and Elide marveled at how natural it felt to open for him, how her body sang at the contact, his hardness against her softness. Lorcan groaned at the first caress of his tongue against her own, his hips grinding against hers in a way that made heat scorch through her, made her own body undulate against his in answer and demand.

He kissed her deeper at that request, a hand sliding down to grip her thigh, spreading her legs a bit wider so he could settle fully between them. And as all of him lined up with her …

She was panting, she realized, as she ground herself against him, as Lorcan tore his mouth from hers and kissed her jaw, her neck, her ear. She was trembling—not with fear, but with want as Lorcan breathed her name over and over onto her skin.

Like a prayer, that was how her name sounded on his lips. She took his face in her hands, finding his eyes blazing, his breathing as ragged as her own.

Elide dared to run her fingers from his cheek down his neck, right beneath the collar of his shirt. His skin was like heated silk. He shuddered at the touch, head bowing so that his inky hair spilled onto her brow, and his hips drove into hers just enough that a small gasp came out of her. More, she realized—she wanted more.

His eyes met hers in silent question, her hand pausing over the skin above his heart. It was a raging, thunderous beat.

She lifted her head to kiss him, and as her mouth again met his, she whispered her answer—

Page 573

Let him lean in to brush his mouth against her bare neck, right under her ear.

Manon arched slightly at that caress. At the tongue that flicked against where his lips had been. Then he pulled back. Away.

Even as those phantom hands continued to trail up her hips, over her waist. His mouth parted slightly, body trembling with restraint. Restraint, where most males took and took when she offered it, gorging themselves on her. But Dorian Havilliard said, "The

Bloodhound was lying that night. What she said about your Second. I felt her lie—tasted it."
Some tight part in her chest eased. "I don't want to talk about that."
He stepped closer again, and those phantom hands trailed under her breasts. She gritted her teeth. "And what do you want to talk about, Manon?"
She wasn't sure he'd ever said her name before. And the way he'd said it …
"I don't want to talk at all," she countered. "And neither do you," she added with a pointed glance.
Again, that dark, edged smile appeared. And when he stepped close once more, his hands replaced those phantom ones.
Tracing her hips, her waist, her breasts. Unhurried, indolent circles that she allowed him to make, simply because no one had ever dared. Each brush of his skin against hers left a wake of fire and ice. She found herself transfixed by it—by each coaxing, luxurious stroke.
She did not even consider objecting as Dorian slid off her shirt and surveyed her bare, scarflecked flesh.
His face turned ravenous as he took in her breasts, the plane of her stomach—the scar slicing across it.
That hunger shifted into something icy and vicious: "You once asked me where I stand on the line between killing to protect and killing for pleasure." His fingers grazed the seam of the scar across her abdomen. "I'll stand on the other side of the line when I find your grandmother."
A chill ran down her body, peaking her breasts. He watched them, then circled a finger around one. Dorian bent, his mouth following the path where that finger had been. Then his tongue. She bit her lip against the groan rising up her throat, her hands sliding into the silken locks of his hair.
His mouth was still around the tip of her breast as he again met her eyes, sapphire framed with ebony lashes, and said, "I want to taste every inch of you."
Manon let go of all pretense of reason as the king lifted his head and claimed her mouth. And for all his wanting to taste her, as she opened for him, Manon thought the king tasted like the sea, like a winter morning, something so foreign and yet familiar it at last dragged that moan from deep in her.
His fingers slid to her jaw, tipping her face to thoroughly take her mouth, every movement of his tongue a sensuous promise that had her arching into him. Had her meeting him stroke for stroke as he explored and teased until she could hardly think straight.
She had never contemplated what it would be like—to yield control. And not have it be weakness, but a freedom.
Dorian's hands slid down her thighs, as if savoring the muscle there, then around—cupping her backside, grinding her into every hard inch of him. The small noise in her throat was cut off as he hoisted her from the wall in a smooth movement.

Manon wrapped her legs around his waist while he carried her to the bed, his mouth never leaving hers as he devoured and devoured her. As he spread her beneath him. As he freed her pants button by button, then slid them off.

But Dorian pulled back at last, leaving her panting as he surveyed her, utterly bare before him. He caressed a finger along the inside of her thigh. Higher. "I wanted you from the first moment I saw you in Oakwald," he said, his voice low and rough.

Manon reached up to peel off his shirt, white fabric sliding away to reveal tan skin and sculpted muscle. "Yes," was all she told him. She unbuckled his belt, hands shaking.

"Yes," she said again, as Dorian brushed a knuckle over her core. He let out an approving growl at what he found.

His clothes joined hers on the floor. Manon let him raise her arms over her head, his magic gently pinning her wrists to the mattress as he touched her, first with those wicked hands.

Then with his wicked mouth. And when Manon had to bite his shoulder to muffle her moaning as he brought her over the edge, Dorian Havilliard buried himself deep inside her.

She did not care who she was, who she had been, and what she had once promised to be as he moved. She dragged her hands through his thick hair, over the muscles of his back as it flexed and rippled with each thrust that drove her toward that shimmering edge again.

Here, she was nothing but flesh and fire and iron; here, there was only this selfish need of her body, his body.

More. She wanted more—wanted everything.

She might have whispered it, might have pleaded for it. Because Darkness save her, Dorian gave it to her. To them both.

He remained atop her when he at last stilled, his lips barely a hairsbreadth above hers—hovering after the brutal kiss he'd given her to contain his roar as release found him.

She was trembling with … whatever he'd done to her, her body. He brushed a strand of hair out of her face, his own fingers shaking.

She had not realized how silent the world was—how loud they might have been, especially with so many Fae ears nearby.

He was still atop her, in her. Those sapphire eyes flicked to her mouth, still panting slightly.

"This was supposed to take the edge off."

She kept her words low as his clothes slid over, hauled by phantom hands. "And did it?"

He traced her lower lip with his thumb and shuddered as she sucked it into her mouth, flicked it with her tongue. "No. Not even close."

But that was the gray light of dawn creeping into the room, staining the walls silver. He seemed to notice it at the same moment she did. Groaning softly, he pulled himself off her.

She tugged on her clothes with trained efficiency, and only when she was lacing up her

shirt did Dorian say, “We’re not done, you and I.”
And it was the purely male promise that made her bare her teeth. “Unless you would like to learn precisely what parts of me are made of iron the next time you touch me, I decide those things.”

Page 585
Manon was awake when Dorian stormed into her room an hour before dawn. He ignored her unlaced shirt, the swell of those lush breasts he’d tasted only yesterday, as he said, “Put your clothes on and follow me.”
…While they’d debated and readied for the past day, he’d contemplated Manon’s warning, after she’d made his very blood sing with pleasure. Unless you would like to learn precisely what parts of me are made of iron the next time you touch me, I decide those things.

Page 661
“Take off your shirt.”
Aelin hesitated—realizing where this was going.
Why Cairn’s belt carried a whip.
“Take off your shirt.”
Aelin tugged her shirt out of her pants and slung it over her head, tossing it in the sand beside her. Then she removed the flexible cloth around her breasts.
“Varik, Heiron.” Two Fae males came forward.
Aelin didn’t fight as they each gripped her by an arm and hauled her up. Spread her arms wide. The sea air kissed her breasts, her navel.

Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

School Where Contested Material is Located: Batten Creek High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classrooms, DECUS

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)*:

Half of a Yellow Sun is in violation of Regulation 43-170 because it contains kissing of breast, masterbation, and vaginal intercourse. Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 4/5

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:** 12/14/24

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.

Page 10
He often wondered wished that Anulika wasn't so flat-chested- he wondered what was taking her so long anyway, since she and Nnesinachi were about the same age- so that he could feel her breasts. Anulika would slap his hand away, of course, and perhaps even slap his face as well, but he would do it quickly- squeeze and run- and that way he at least have an idea and know what to expect when he finally touched Nnesinachi's.
But he worried that he might never get to touch them,...
...He feared, though, that one of the pot-bellied traders in the North would take one look at her, and the next thing he knew somebody would be palm wine to her father and he would never get to touch those breasts- were the images he saved for last on the many nights when he touched himself, slowly at first and then vigorously until a muffled moan escaped him. He always started with her face, the fullness of her cheeks and the ivory tone of her teeth, and then he imagined her arms around him, her body molded to his. Finally, he let her breasts form, sometimes they felt hard, tempting to bite into them, and other times they were so soft he was afraid his imaginary squeezing caused her pain.

Page 32
Porters surrounded the car and called out, "Sah? Madam? You get luggage?" but Olanna hardly heard them because he had pulled her to him.
"I can't wait, nkem, " he said, his lips pressed to hers. He tasted of marmalade. She wanted to tell him that she couldn't wait to move to Nsukka either, but he knew anyway, and his tongue was in her mouth, and she felt a new warmth between her legs.

Page 36
"I'm Olanna," she said and later, she would tell him that there had been a crackling magic in the air and he would tell her that his desire at that moment was so intense that his groin ached.

Page 43
She was almost asleep when Kainene knocked. "So will you be spreading your legs for that elephant in exchange for Daddy's contract?" Kainene asked.

Page 44
"The benefit of being the ugly daughter is that nobody uses you as sex bait."
"They're not using me as sex bait."

Page 49

A fight broke out under the kuka tree, and Olanna heard a child scream at another in Igbo, “Your mother’s pussy!”

Page 61
“That’s the smell of villagers. I used to smell like that until I left Abba to go to secondary school. But you wouldn’t know about things like that.” His tone was gently teasing. But his hands were not gentle. They were unbuttoning her blouse, freeing her breast from a bra cup. She was not sure how much time had passed, but she was tangled in bed with Odenigbo, warm and naked, when Ugwu knocked to say they had visitors.
“Can’t they leave?” she murmured.
“Come, nkem, ” Odenigbo said. “I can’t wait for them to meet you.”
“Let’s stay here just a little longer.” She ran her hand over the curly hair on his chest, but he kissed her and got up to look for his underwear.

Page 62
After Ugwu served drinks, Olanna watched Odenigbo raise his glass to his lips and all she could think of was how those lips had fastened around her nipple only minutes ago. She surreptitiously moved so that her inner arm brushed against her breast and closed her eyes at the needles of delicious pain. Sometimes Odenigbo bit too hard. She wanted the guests to leave.

Page 78
He had not been unfaithful to her, of course, but fidelity could not just be about sex. His laughing with Kainene, telling Kainene about Aunt Elizabeth, watching Kainene smoke, surely had to be infidelities; they felt so. His quickened heartbeat when Kainene kissed him goodbye was an infidelity. Her hand clasped in his on the table was an infidelity. And so the day Kainene did not give him the usual goodbye kiss and instead pressed her mouth to his, lips parted, he was surprised. He had not permitted himself to hope for too much. Perhaps it was why an erection eluded him: the gelding mix of surprise and desire. They undressed quickly. His naked body was pressed to hers and yet he was limp. He explored the angles of her collarbones and her hips, all the time willing his body and his mind to work better together, willing his desire to bypass his anxiety. But he did not become hard. He could feel the flaccid weight between his legs.
She sat up in bed and lit a cigarette.

Page 80
He could not bring himself to act. Days passed before she finally asked if he wanted to inside, and he felt like an understudy who hoped the actor would not show up and then, when the actor finally did fail to come, became crippled by the

awkwardness, not quite as ready as he had thought he was for the stage lights.
She led the way inside. When he began to pull her dress up above her thighs, she pushed him away calmly, as if she knew his frenzy was simply armor for his fear.
She hung her dress over the chair. He was so terrified of failing her again that seeing himself erect made him deliriously grateful, so grateful that he was only just inside her before he felt that involuntary tremble that he could not stop. They lay there, he on top of her, for a while, and then he rolled off. He wanted to tell her that this had never happened to him before. His sex life with Susan was satisfactory, through perfunctory.
“I’m so sorry,” he said.

Page 82
She was mostly inscrutable, watching, drinking, smoking. He ached to know what she was thinking. He felt similar physical pain when he desired her, and he would dream about being inside her, thrusting as deep as he could, to try and discover something that he knew he never would.

Page 136
"Good. Because we have work to do."
She closed her eyes because he was straddling her now and as he moved, languorously at first and then forcefully, he whispered, “We will have a brilliant child, nkem, a brilliant child,” and she said, Yes, yes. Afterward, she felt happy knowing that some of the sweat on her body was his and some of the sweat on his body was hers. Each time, after he slipped out of her, she pressed her legs together, crossed them at her ankles, and took deep breaths, as if the movement of her lungs would urge conception on. But they did not conceive a child, she knew. The student thought that something might be wrong with her body wrapped itself around her, dampened her.

Page 151
She walked over to get a bag in the rafters and Ugwu noticed, again, the new suspicious roundness to her body: the breasts that filled her blouse, the buttocks that rolled with each step. Onyeka must have touched her. Ugwu could not bear to think of the man’s ugly body thrusting into his sister’s.

Page 161
The light was off, and in the thin stream that came from the security bulb outside he saw the cone-shaped rise of her breasts as she pulled her blouse off, untied the wrapper around her waist, and lay on her back.
There was something moist about the darkness, about their bodies close together, and he imagined that she was Nnesinachi and that the taut legs

encircling him were Nnesinachi's. She was silent at first and then, hips thrashing, her hands tight around his back, she called out the same thing she said every time. It sounded like a name—Abonyi, Abonyi—but he wasn't sure. Perhaps she imagined that he was someone else too, someone back in her village.
She got up and left as silently as she came. When he saw her the next day across the hedge, hanging out clothes on the line, she said "Ugwu" and nothing else; she did not smile.

Page 278
It was only days ago, but even the memory of Olanna's fat was hazy: he had fallen asleep afterward, on her living room floor, and woken up with a dry headache and a keenly uncomfortable sense of his own nudity. She was sitting on the sofa, dressed and silent. He felt awkward, not sure whether they were supposed to talk about what had happened. Finally he turned to leave without saying a word because he did not want what he imagined to be regret on her face to turn into dislike. He had not been chosen; it would have been many. He had sensed this even while holding her naked, but it had not marred the pleasure he found in her curvy body, her moving with him, her taking as much as she gave. He had never been so firm, never lasted so long as he had with her.

Page 293
But she knew he would not leave and that when she stretched out on the bristly carpet he would lie next to her. She kissed his lips. He pulled her forcefully close, and then, just as quickly, he let go and moved his face away. She could hear his rapid breathing. She unbuckled his trousers and moved back to pull them down and laughed because they got stuck at his shoes. She took her dress off. He was on top of her, and the carpet pricked her naked back and she felt his mouth limply enclose her nipple. It was nothing like Odenigbo's bites and sucks, nothing like those shocks of pleasure. Richard did not run his tongue over her in that flicking way that made her forget everything; rather, when he kissed her belly, she was aware that he was kissing her belly.
Everything changed when he was inside her. She raised her hips, moving with him, watching his thrusts, and it was as if she was throwing shackles off her wrists, extracting pins from her skin, freeing herself with the loud, loud cries that burst out of her mouth. Afterward, she felt filled with a sense of well-being, with something close to grace.

Page 308
His defenselessness moved her. She knelt down before him and unbuttoned his shirt to suck the soft-firm flesh of his belly. She felt his intake of breath when she touched his trousers zipper. In her mouth, he was swollen stiff. The faint ache in

her lower jaw, the pressure his widespread hands on her head, excited her, and afterward she said, “Goodness, Ugwu must have seen us.”
He led her to the bedroom. They undressed silently and showered together, pressing against each other in the narrow bathroom and then clinging together in bed, their bodies still wet and their movements slow. She marveled at the comforting compactness of his weight on top of her. His breath smelled of brandy and she wanted to tell him how it was almost like old times again, but she didn’t because she was sure he felt the same way and she did not want to ruin the silence that united them.

Page 349

“That his brother is a criminal. They say he gave army exemption passes to all his male relatives, everyone in his umunna. And you need to hear what he does with those young-young girls that crawl around looking for sugar daddies. They say he takes up to five of them into his bedroom at the same time. Tufia! It is people like him who must be executed when the state of Biafra is fully established.”

Page 354

She liked the way he said that, in a free Biafra, and she stood up and squashed her lips against his. “Yes, but we can have a wartime party.”
“We hardly have enough for ourselves.”
“We have more than enough for ourselves.” Her lips were still against his and her words suddenly took on a different meaning and she moved back and pulled her dress over her head in one fluid gesture. She unbuckled his trousers. She did not let him take them off. She turned her back and leaned on the wall and guided him into her, excited by his surprise, by his firm hands on her hips. She knew she should lower her voice because of Ugwu and Baby in the next room and yet she had no control over her own moans, over the raw primal pleasure she felt in wave after wave that ended with both of them leaning against the wall, gasping and Giggling.

Page 358

“They are even looting toilet seats! Toilet seats! A man who escaped from Udi told me. And they choose the best houses and force people’s wives and daughters to spread their legs for them and cook for them.”

Page 446

Eberechi visited often, and her smile, a brush of her hand, or her pinching his neck became exquisite joys. The afternoon he first kissed her, Baby was asleep. They were inside, sitting on the bench and playing Biafran whot and she had just said “Check up!” and placed down her last card when he leaned closer and tasted the

tart dirt behind her ear. Then he kissed her neck, her jaw, her lips; under the pressure of his tongue, she opened her mouth and the gushing warmth of it overwhelmed him. His hand moved to her chest and enclosed her small breast. She pushed it away. He lowered it to her belly and kissed her mouth again before quickly slipping his hand under her skirt.
“Just let me see,” he said, before she could stop him. “Just see.”
She stood up. She did not hold him back as he raised her skirt and pulled down the cotton underwear with a small tear at the waistband and looked at the large rounded lobes of her buttocks. He pulled the underwear back up and let go of her skirt. He loved her. He wanted to tell her that he loved her.

Page 457
When he finally went back inside, he stopped at the door. The bar girl was lying on her back on the floor, her wrapper bunched up at her waist, her shoulders held down by a soldier, her legs wide, wide ajar. She was sobbing, “Please, please, biko.” Her blouse was still on. Between her legs, High-Tech was moving. His thrusts were jerky, his small buttocks darker-colored than his legs. The soldiers were cheering.
“High-Tech, enough! Discharge and retire!”
High-Tech groaned before he collapsed on top of her. A soldier pulled him off and was fumbling at his own trousers when somebody said, “No! Target Destroyer is next!”
Ugwu backed away from the door.
"Ujo abiala o! Target Destroyer is afraid!"
Ugwu shrugged and moved forward. "Who is afraid?" he said disdainfully. "I just like to eat before others, that is all."
"The food is still fresh!"
“Target Destroyer, aren’t you a man? I bukwa nwoke?”
On the floor, the girl was still. Ugwu pulled his trousers down, surprised at the swiftness of his erection. She was dry and tense when he entered her. He did not look at her face, or at the man pinning her down, or at anything at all as he moved quickly and felt his own climax, the rush of fluids to the tips of himself: a selfloathing release. He zipped up his trousers while some soldiers clapped. Finally he looked at the girl. She stared back at him with a calm hate.

Page 463
“I hear there’s a lot of free sex here. But the girls have some kind of sexually transmitted disease? The Bonny disease? You guys have to be careful so you don’t take anything back home.”
...“Niggers are never choosy about what they eat,” the redhead muttered.
Page 499

“How could you stay here and let him spread the legs of starving girls? How will you account for this to your God? You both are leaving now, right now. I will take this to Ojukwu myself if I have to!”

Profanity/Derogatory Term	**Count**
Fuck	10
Nigger	1
Piss	3
Pussy	1

Hopeless by Colleen Hoover

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai
Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: Hopeless by Colleen Hoover
School Where Contested Material is Located: Hilton Head Island HS
Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classrooms, DISCUS
Contested Material is *(select one)*: [X] **Printed** [ ] **Audio/Visual** [ ] **Online Resource**
[ ] **Other** *(please describe)*: _____

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

- [X] 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)*:

Hopeless is in violation of Regulation 43.170 because it contains incest, rape by brother, fondling, and vaginal intercourse. Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 3/5

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:** 12/13/24

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.

Page 5
When we were fifteen, we started sneaking boys in to eat ice cream and watch movies with us. By the time we were sixteen, the ice cream and movies took a backseat to the boys. Now, at seventeen, we don't even bother leaving our respective bedrooms until after the boys go home.

Page 9
He's been here less than three minutes and he's already got his hand up my shirt. I think it's safe to say he's not here for my stimulating conversation. His lips move from my mouth in favor of my neck, so I use the moment of respite to inhale deeply and try again to feel something.
Anything.
I fix my eyes on the plastic glow-in-the-dark stars adhered to the ceiling above my bed, vaguely aware of the lips that have inched their way to my chest. There are seventy-six of them. Stars, that is. I know this because for the last few weeks I've had ample time to count them while I've been in this same predicament. Me, lying unnoticeably unresponsive, while Grayson explores my face and neck, and sometimes my chest, with his curious, overexcited lips.
Why, if I'm not into this, do I let him do it?
I've never had any emotional connection to the guys I make out with. Or rather, the guys that make out with me. It's unfortunately mostly one-sided.

Page 10
For a while she suspected I might be gay. After a very brief and awkward "theorytesting" kiss between us when we were sixteen, we both concluded that wasn't the case. It's not that I don't enjoy making out with guys. I do enjoy it- otherwise, I wouldn't do it. I just don't enjoy it for the same reasons as other girls.
...Grayson's hands have ventured further than I've allowed them to in the past and I quickly become aware of the fact that he has unbuttoned my jeans and his fingers are working their way around the cotton edge of my panties.

Page 11
Did I mention I'm immune to his panty-dropping grin?
"How much longer are you gonna keep this up?" He slides his hand over my stomach and inches his fingertips into my jeans again.
...I've never had sex with any of the boys I've made out with, including the currently pouting Grayson. I'm aware that my lack of sexual response would probably make it easier on an emotional level to have sex with random people. However, I'm also aware that it might be the very reason I shouldn't have sex. I know that once I cross that line, the rumors about me will no longer be rumors.

They'll be fact. The last thing I want is for the things people say about me to be validated. I guess I can chalk my almost eighteen years of virginity up to sheer stubbornness.
For the first time in the ten minutes he's been here, I notice the smell of alcohol reeking from him. "You're drunk." I push against his chest. "I told you not to come over here drunk again." He rolls off me and I stand up and button my pants and pull my shirt back into place. I'm relieved he's drunk. I'm beyond ready for him to leave.
He sits up on the edge of the bed and grabs my waist, pulling me toward him. He wraps his arms around me and rests his head against my stomach. "I'm sorry," he says. "It's just that I want you so bad I don't think I can take coming over here again if you don't let me have you." He lowers his hands and cups my butt, then presses his lips against the area of skin where my shirt meets my jeans.

Page 29
I have a feeling if he smiles at me like Grayson tries to smile at me, my panties will be on the ground in record time.

Page 30
The guys that, all they have to do is flash a crooked smile or a dimple and ask a girl her name and she melts until she's on her knees in front of him? The guys who spend their Saturday nights climbing through windows?

Page 140
Like the hand that just planted itself on my outer thigh and is working its way up to my waist. He slides his hand under my T-shirt until his fingers barely graze the edge of my pants, and he leaves his hand there, slowly moving his thumb back and forth across my stomach.
...When he reaches my ear again, he doesn't speak this time. Instead, he kisses it and there isn't a nerve ending in my body that doesn’t feel it. From my head all the way down to my toes, my entire body is screaming for his mouth.
I place my hand on his neck and when I do, chills break out on his skin. Apparently, that one simple move momentarily melts his resolve and for a second, his tongue meets my neck. I moan and the sound completely sends him into a frenzy.
He moves his hand from my waist to the side of my head and he pulls my neck against his mouth, holding nothing back.
...He kisses and licks and teases every inch of my neck, only gasping for air when it's absolutely necessary. As soon as I see the stars above my head, there isn't even enough time to count one of them before my eyes roll back in m y head and I'm holding back sounds that I'm too embarrassed to utter.

He moves his lips farther from my neck and closer to my chest. If we didn't have such a limited supply of firsts, I'd tear my shirt off and make him keep going. Instead, he doesn't even give me this option. He kisses his way back up my neck, up my chin, and trails soft kisses around my entire mouth, careful not to once touch my lips. My eyes are closed, but I can feel his breath against my mouth, and in know he's struggling not to kiss me. I open my eyes and look at him and he's staring at my lips again.

...I don't know what it is about him staring at my lips like he is, but it's definitely the hottest thing about this whole situation right now. I do something I probably shouldn't do. I lick them. Slowly.

He groans again and presses his forehead to mine. His arm gives way beneath him and he drops his weight on me, pressing himself against me. Everywhere. All of him. We moan simultaneously once our bodies find that perfect connection, and suddenly it's game on. I'm tearing off his shirt and he's on his knees, helping me pull it over his head. After it's completely off, I wrap my legs around his waist and lock him against me, because there could be nothing more detrimental than if he were to pull away right now.

He brings his forehead back to mine and our bodies reunite and fuse together like the last two pieces of a puzzle. He's slowly rocking against me and every time he does it, his lips come closer and closer, until they brush lightly against mine. He doesn't close the gap between our mouths, even though I absolutely need him to. Our lips are simply resting together, not kissing. Every time he moves against me, he lets out a breath that seeps into my mouth and I try to take them all in, because it feels like I need them if I want to survive this moment.

We remain in this rhythm for several minutes, neither of us wanting to be the first to initiate the kiss. It's obvious we both want to, but it's also obvious that I may have just met my match when it comes to stubbornness.

He holds the side of my head in place and keeps his forehead pressed against mine, but pulls his lips back far enough so he can lick them. When he lets them fall back into place, the wetness of his lips sliding against mine drags me completely under, and I doubt I'll ever be able to come up for air.

He shifts his weight, and I don't know what happens when he does this, but somehow it causes my head to roll back and the words, "Oh, God," to come out of my mouth. I didn't mean to pull away from his mouth when I tilted head back, because I really liked it being there, but I like where I'm going even more. I wrap my arms around his back and tuck my head against his neck for some semblance of stability, because it feels like the entire earth has been shifted off its axis and Holder is the core.

...I try to calm my breaths and minimize the sounds escaping my lips, but I've lost any form of self-control. It's obvious my body is enjoying this nonkissing friction a little too much and I can’t find it in me to stop.

...He continues kissing my neck and moving his body against mine in a way that boys have done to me before, but this time it's different.
...He pulls back and looks down into my eye, still barely moving his body against mine.
..."...I need to watch you and in need to hear you because the fact that I know you're actually feeling this right now is so fucking amazing. You feel incredible and this feels incredible and please. Just...please."
He lowers his mouth to mine and gives me the softest peck imaginable. It's enough to preview of what his real kiss will feel like and just the thought of it makes me shudder. He stops moving against me and pushes himself up on his hands, waiting for me to decide.
..."Thank you," he breathes, gently easing himself onto me again, recreating the connection between us. He kisses the edge of my mouth several times, trailing close to my lips and down my chin and across my neck. The faster he breathes, the faster I breathe. The faster I breathe, the faster he plants kisses all over my neck. The faster he plants kisses all over my neck, the faster we move together creating a tantalizing rhythm between us that, according to my pulse, isn't going to last much longer.
I dig my heels into the bed and my nails into his back. He stops kissing my neck and down at me with heated eyes, watching me. He focuses on my mouth again, and as much as I want to watch him stare at me like he does, I can't keep my eyes open. They close involuntarily as soon as the first wave of chills washes over my body like a warning shot of what's about to come.
...As hard as it is to do in the moment, I keep my eyes locked on his as I drop my arms, clench the sheets with both fists and thank Karma for bringing this hopeless boy into my life.
...I begin to shudder beneath him and he never once breaks our stare. I can no longer keep my eyes open no matter how hard I try, so I let them fall shut. I feel his lips slide delicately back to mine, but he still doesn't kiss me. Our mouths are stubbornly resting together as he holds his rhythm, allowing the last of my moans and a rush of my breaths and maybe even part of my heart to slip out of me and into him. I slowly and blissfully slide back down to earth and he eventually holds still, allowing me to recover from an experience that he somehow made not at all embarrassing for me.
When I'm completely spent and emotionally drained and my whole body is shaking, he continues to kiss my neck and shoulders and everywhere else in the vicinity of the one place I want kissed the most- my mouth.

Page 232
His mouth collides with mine and for this moment, he really is all I need.
He's propped up on his hands and knees, kissing me fiercely, but I need him to

drop himself on top of me. My hands are still locked above my head and my mouth is useless to form words when he's teasing it like he is. The only thing I can do is lift my foot up and kick his knee out from under him, so that's what I do.
The second his body falls against mine, I gasp. Loudly. I hadn't taken into consideration that when I lifted my leg, it would also push the hem of my dress up. Way up. Couple that with the hard denim of his jeans and you have a pretty gasp-worthy combination.
"Holy shit, Sky," he says between breathless moments of completely ravishing my mouth with his. He's winded already and we haven't even been at it more than a minute. "God, you feel incredible. Thank you for wearing this dress." He's kissing me, sporadically muttering into my mouth. "I really..." He kisses my mouth, then runs his lips down my chin and halfway down my neck. "I really like it. Your dress." He's breathing so heavily now, I can barely make out the mumbling coming from him.
He scoots slightly farther down on the bed until his lips are kissing the base of my throat. I tilt my head back to give him plenty of access, because his lips are more than welcome anywhere on me right now. He releases his grip on my hands so he can lower his mouth closer to my chest. One of his hands drops to my thigh, and he slowly runs it upward, pushing away what's left of the dress covering my legs. When he reaches the top of my thigh, he stills his hand and squeezes tightly, as if he's silently demanding his fingers not venture any further.
I twist my body beneath his, hoping he'll get the hint that I'm attempting to direct his hand to keep going wherever it wants to go. I don't want him to second-guess himself or think for a second that I'm hesitant to go any further. I just want him to do whatever it is he wants to do, because I need him to. I need him to conquer as many firsts as he can tonight, because I'm suddenly feeling greedy and I want us to pass them all.
He takes my physical cues and inches his hand closer to my inner thigh. The anticipation of him touching me alone is enough to cause every muscle from the waist down to clench. His lips have finally made their way past the base of my throat and down to the rise of my chest. I feel like the next step is for him to remove the dress completely so he can get to what's underneath it, but that would require his other hand, and I really like it where it is. I'd like it a little more if it were a few inches further, but I absolutely don't want it further away.
I bring my hands to his face and force him to kiss me harder, then drop my hands to his back.
...I reach around to his stomach and pull his shirt up over his head, but I don't realize that when I do, it also causes him to move his hand off my thigh. I may have whimpered a little, because he grins and kisses the corner of my mouth.
...He never looks away and he keeps his locked on mine, even when he dips his head to plant kisses around the edges of my lips.

..."Holder," I breathe. He slides his hands up my waist and moves closer to me. His mouth reaches my lips and he slips his tongue inside. It's sweet and warm and I know it hasn't been very long since I last tasted it, but I've missed it.
..."Holder," I mumble, pulling away. I bring my hand to his cheek. "I want to. Tonight. Right now."
..."This isn't me saying yes, Holder. This is me saying please."
With that, his lips crashed to mine and he groans. Hearing that sound come from deep within his chest further solidifies my decision. I need him and I need him now.
"We're really doing this?" he says into my mouth, still kissing me frantically.
"Yes. We're really doing this. I've never been more positive of anything in my life."
His hand slides up my thigh and he slips his hand between my hip and my panties, then begins to slide them down.
"I just need you to promise me one thing first," I say.
He kisses me softly, then pulls his hand away from my underwear (dammit) and nods. "Anything."
I grab his hand and put it right back where it was on my hip. "I want to do this, but only if you promise we'll break the record for the best first time in the history of first times."
He grins down at me. "When it's you and me, Sky...it'll never be anything less."
He snakes his arm underneath my back and pulls me up with him. His hands move to my arms and he hooks his fingers underneath the thin straps of my dress, sliding them off my shoulders. I close my eyes tightly and press my cheek to his, fisting my hands in his hair. I can feel his breath meet my shoulder before his lips do. He barely kisses it, but it's as if he touches and ignites every part of me from the inside out with that one kiss.
"I'm taking it off," he says.
My eyes are still closed and I'm not sure if he's telling me or asking my permission to remove the dress, but I nod anyway. He lifts my dress up and over my head—my bare skin prickling beneath his touch. He gently lays me back against my pillow and I open my eyes, looking up at him, admiring just how incredibly beautiful he really is. After regarding me intensely for several seconds, he drops his gaze to his hand that's curved around my waist.
He slowly moves his eyes up and down my body. "Holy shit, Sky." He runs his hand over my stomach, then leans down and kisses it softly. "You're incredible."
I've never been this exposed in front of someone before, but the way he's admiring me only makes me want to be this exposed. He slides his hand up to my bra and grazes his thumb just underneath it—causing my lips to part and my eyes to close again.
Oh, my God, I want him. Really, really bad.
I grab his face and pull it to mine, locking my legs around his hips. He groans and

slips his hand away from my bra and down to my waist again. He slides my panties down my thighs, forcing me to unlock my legs and let him take them off completely. My bra is quick to follow and once all of my clothes have been removed, he scoots his legs off the bed and halfway stands up, leaning over me. I've still got hold of his face and we're still frantically kissing while he removes his pants, then climbs back onto the bed with me, lowering himself on top of me. We're skin to skin now for the first time, so close that air couldn't even pass between us, yet it still feels like we aren't near close enough. He reaches across the mattress and his hand fumbles over the nightstand. He removes a condom from the drawer, then lays it down on the bed, lowering himself on top of me again. The hardness and weight of him forces my legs farther apart. I wince when I realize the anticipation in my stomach is suddenly turning into dread.
And nausea.
And fear.
My heart is racing and my breaths begin to come in short gasps. Tears sting at my eyes as his hand moves around beside us on the bed, searching for the condom. He finds it and I hear him open it, but I'm squeezing my eyes shut. I can feel him pull back and lift up onto his knees. I know he's putting it on and I know what comes next. I know how it feels and I know how much it hurts and I know how it'll make me cry when it's over.
But how do I know? How do I know I've never done this before?
My lips begin to tremble when he positions himself between my legs again. I try to think of something to take away the fear, so I visualize the sky and the stars and how beautiful it all is, attempting to ease my panic. If I remind myself that the sky is beautiful no matter what, I can think about that and forget how ugly this is. I don't want to open my eyes, so I just count silently inside my head. I visualize the stars above my bed and I start from the bottom of the cluster, working my way up.
...I want him to be done already. I just want him off me.

Page 302
Daddy also says that mommy would be sad if I stopped taking his presents because she's not here to take his presents anymore.
...Then when my daddy finally stops making me thank him, he pulls my nightgown back down and whispers, "Goodnight, Princess."
...I hate getting presents.

Page 311
He walks back to the bed and sinks to his knees on the floor in front of me, bringing himself to my eye level. He grabs my waist and scoots me to the edge of the bed, then slides his hands behind my knees and wraps my legs around him. He

pulls my shirt over my head, never once looking away from my eyes. When my shirt is off, he pulls his own shirt off. He wraps his arms around me and stands up, picking me up with him and walking to the side of the bed. He lays me down gently and lowers himself on top of me, then places his palms against the mattress on either side of my head, looking down at me with uncertainty.
...He lifts up onto his knees and reaches to his wallet on the nightstand. He takes a condom out, then removes his pants, never once taking his eyes off mine.
...Holder's fingers grasp the button on my jeans and he unbuttons them, then slides them off me.
...He lowers his lips to mine and kisses me while he removes my bra and underwear. I'm glad he's kissing me, because it gives me an excuse to close my eyes. I don't like the way he's looking at me...like he wishes he were anywhere else right now than here with me. I keep my eyes closed when his lips separate from mine in order for him to put on the condom. When he's back on top of me, I pull him against me, wanting him to do this before he changes his mind.
...He positions himself against me, kisses me on the side of the head, then slowly enters me.
I don't make a sound, despite the pain.
I don't even breathe, despite my need for air.
...I'm successfully able to keep myself separated from what he's doing until he abruptly stills himself on top of me, his head still buried tightly against my neck. He's breathing heavily and, after a moment, he sighs and separates himself from me completely.

Page 319
"I want to make love to you, Sky. And I think you want it, too...""
..."...When I'm kissing you, I'm kissing you because you have the most incredible mouth I've ever seen and you know I can't not kiss it. And when I make love to you- I'm doing exactly that. I'm making love to you because I'm in love with you..."
...I respond by completely dissolving into him, allowing his lips to follow his, my hands to intertwine with his, my rhythm to match his.
...The entire time he's touching me, exploring me with his hands and his lips and his eyes, he continues to tell me over and over how much he loves me. And for once, I remain completely in the moment, wanting to feel every single thing he's doing and saying to me. When he finally tosses the wrapper aside and readies himself against me, he looks down at me and smiles, then strokes the side of my face with his fingertips.
...He immediately covers my mouth with his and the familiar, sweet mixture of him seeps into my mouth at the same moment he pushes inside me, filling me with so much more than just himself.
...I grasp his shoulders and move with him, feeling everything.

Page 350

I kiss the side of his head, my hands gripping his neck. Each time my lips touch him, he holds me just a little bit tighter. His mouth grazes my shoulder and soon we're both attempting to kiss away every ounce of the heartache that neither one of us deserves. His lips become adamant as he kisses my neck harder and faster, desperately trying to find an escape. He pulls back and looks into my eyes, his shoulders rising and falling with every breath he's struggling to find.

In one swift movement, he crashes his lips to mine with an intense urgency, gripping my hair and my back with his trembling hands. He pushes my back against the shower wall as he slides his hands down behind my thighs. I can feel the despair pouring out of him as he lifts me up and wraps my legs around his waist.

...I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him against me, allowing him to consume me for a break from his heartache. I let him, because I need a break just as badly as he does right now. I want to forget about everything else.

...With his body pressing me into the wall of the shower, he uses his hands to grip the sides of my face, holding me still as our mouths anxiously search each other's for any semblance of relief from our reality. I'm grasping his upper back with my arms as his mouth moves frenziedly down my neck.

"Tell me this is okay," he says breathlessly against my skin. He lifts his face back to mine, nervously searching my eyes as he speaks. "Tell me it's okay to want to be inside you right now . . . because after everything we've been through today, it feels wrong to need you like I do."

I grip his hair and pull him closer, covering his mouth with mine, kissing him with such conviction that my words aren't even needed. He groans and separates me from the shower wall, then walks out of the bathroom to the bed with me still wrapped around him. He's not being gentle at all with the way he rips off the last two items of clothing between us and ravishes my mouth with his, but I honestly don't know if my heart could take gentle right now.

He's standing at the edge of the bed leaning over me, his mouth meshed to mine. He breaks apart momentarily to put on a condom, then he grabs my waist and pulls me to the edge of the bed with him. He lifts my leg behind the knee and brings it up to his side, then slides his hand underneath my arm and grips my shoulder. The moment his eyes fall back to mine, he pushes himself into me without hesitation. I gasp from the sudden force of him, shocked by the intense pleasure that takes over the momentary flash of pain. I wrap my arms around him and move with him as he grips my leg tighter, then covers my mouth with his. I close my eyes and let my head sink deeper into the mattress as we use our love to temporarily ease the anguish.

His hands move to my waist and he pulls me against him, digging his fingers

deeper into my hips with each frantic, rhythmic movement against me. I grab hold of his arms and relax my body, allowing him to guide me in whatever way can help him right now. His mouth breaks away and he opens his eyes at the same time open mine.

...He continues looking at me, but he turns his head and kisses the inside of my palm, then drops himself on top of me, stopping suddenly.

We're both panting for air and I can feel him inside me, still needing me. He keeps his eyes locked with mine as he slides his arms underneath my back and pulls me to him, lifting us both up. We never separate as he turns us around and slides himself down to the floor with his back against the bed, me straddling his lap. He slowly pulls me in for a kiss. A gentle kiss this time.

The way he's holding me against him protectively now, trailing kisses along my lips and jaw—it's almost as if he's a different Holder than the one I had just thirty seconds ago, yet still wholly passionate. One minute he's frantic and heated . . . the next minute he's gentle and coaxing. I'm beginning to appreciate and love the unexpectedness in him.

I can feel him wanting me to take control now, but I'm nervous. I'm not sure that I even know how. He senses my unease and he moves his hands to my waist, slowly guiding me, barely moving me on top of him. He's watching me earnestly, making sure I'm still here with him.

...He brings one of his hands to my face, still guiding me with his other hand on my waist. "You know how I feel about you," he says. "You know how much I love you. You know I would do whatever I could to take away your pain, right?"

I nod, because I do know. And looking into his eyes right now, seeing the raw honesty in them, I know he's felt this way about me long before this moment.

"I need that from you so fucking bad right now, Sky. I need to know you love me like that."

Everything about him, from his voice to the look on his face, becomes tortured. I would do whatever it took to take that away from him. I lace our fingers together and cover both bur hearts with our hands, working up the courage to show him how incredibly much I love him. I stare him straight in the eyes as I lift up slightly, then slowly lower myself back down on top of him.

He groans heavily, then closes his eyes and leans his head back, letting it fall against the mattress behind him.

"Open your eyes," I whisper. "I want you to watch me." He raises his head, looking at me through hooded eyes. I continue to slowly take control, wanting nothing more than for him to hear and feel and see just how much he means to me. Being in control is a completely different sensation, but it's a good one. The way he's watching me makes me feel needed like no one's ever been able to make me feel.

..."Don't look away again," I say, easing myself up. When I lower myself back onto

him, his head sways slightly from the intensity of the sensation and a moan escapes my throat, but he keeps his tortured eyes locked firmly on mine. I'm no longer in need of his guidance, and my body becomes a rhythmic reflection of his.
"The first time you kissed me?" I say. "That moment when your lips touched mine? You stole a piece of my heart that night." I continue my rhythm as he watches me fervently. The first time you to me you lived me because you weren't ready to tell me you loved me yet?" I press my hand harder against his chest and move myself in closer to him, wanting him to feel every part of me. "Those words stole another piece of my heart."
He opens his hand that I have pressed over my heart until his palm is flat against my skin. I do the same to him.
...I lower my mouth to his and kiss him softly. He closes his eyes and begins to ease his head against the bed again. "Keep them open," I whisper, pulling away from his lips. He opens them, regarding me with an intensity that penetrates straight to my core. “I want you to keep them open . . . because I need you to watch me give you the very last piece of my heart."
He releases a vast breath and it's almost as if I can see the pain literally escaping him. His hands tighten around mine as the look in his eyes instantly changes from an intense hopelessness to a fiery need. He begins moving with me as we hold each other's gaze. The two of us gradually become one as we silently express with our bodies and our hands and our eyes what our words are unable to convey.
We remain in a connected cadence until the very last moment, when his eyes grow heavy. He drops his head back, consumed by the shudders that are taking over his release. When his heart rate begins to calm against my palm and he's able to connect with my eyes again, he pulls his hands from mine and grips the back of my head, kissing me with an unforgiving passion. He leans forward as he lowers my back to the floor, trading dominance with me, kissing me with Abandon.

Page 385
"...His behavior the previous few months as a result of his alcohol abuse already had me scared of him..."
..."My brother raped me that night. No only did he do it that night, but it continued almost every night after that for two solid years."

Profanity	**Count**
Ass	30
Bitch	6
Fuck	23
Goddamn	1
Piss	11
Pussy	2
Shit	26

Identical by Ellen Hopkins

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

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

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High, Hilton Head & May River HS

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library, possibly classrooms, 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)*:

Identical by Ellen Hopkins violates Regulation 43-170 because it contains incest, sex for drugs, touching breast, child touching fathers penis, masterbation, Sadomasichism, oralsex, cutting, child pornography, vaginal intercourse.
Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 3/5

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:** 12/13/24

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.

Page 19
Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?

Page 26
He likes what I give him. I like what he gives me, too, and I'm mostly talking about the bud. I pick up my pace because right under his front seat I know there's a fat, stinky joint with my name on it.
...Of course, he expects compensation, and after smoking a big ol' doobie, I'm generally willing to cooperate.
Life has gotten better- or at least more bearable- since I was introduced to my good friend, marijuana. You couldn't have a more decent friend. I love everything about it.
I love the way it smells- good green bud, anyway, and that's the only kind Mick gets. I guess his brother knows a Humboldt grower. Okay, the post smells a lot like skunk juice. But somehow, there's a difference. A good one.
I love the way the thick smoke tastes, curling across my tongue, snaking down my throat. I love holding it in. Coughing it out. I love head rushes, the creeping warmth that follows.
And I love the distant place it takes me to. Everything feels right there. Mellow. Easy. Stress-free. I even love the munchies, the perfect excuse for devouring a pint of Haagen-Dazs. Of course, afterward I have to go stick my finger down my throat. Don't dare get fat. Daddy would not like that.

Page 28
Mick and marijuana await me. I'm ready to pay Mick's going rate for the pot. (And I'm not talking money.) Some people would balk at the price tag.
You might think, because of the things I've seen Daddy do, I'd be disgusted by sex. No way. I like how it feels physically, yes. Kisses, hot and prickly as August. Hands, tan and rough against my soft white skin. And the last, extreme punctuation.
But getting off myself isn't the best part. I do everything in my power to make sure and that puts me indisputably in control. (He thinks otherwise, and I let him.) It's the only time I am in control. And I like how that feel most of all.

Page 42
He reached across the seat, grabbed hold of my arm. Pulled. When I resisted, he yanked harder. Hard enough to hurt. Hard enough to leave purple bruises.
Someone smart would have screamed. Someone sane would have waited for a stop sign, thrown themselves free. Someone whole would have said no.

Get the fuck over here and don't give me shit.
I did as instructed. Worse, I liked that he told me what to do. It meant he cared, really cared. Right? Whatever. "Did you score some bud?" I asked, more to change the subject than anything.
Under the seat. Twist one up, okay? We headed out Happy Canyon Road, only horses and cattle to mind our business. We could have gone home- no one there- but I was still too made for sex.
You know you want me. You'd take slimy seconds.
Gross. "Yeah, right. Like your pimply butt is such a turn-on." It isn't too pimply, and it's kind of a turn-on, but that was beside the point. His hand brushed my left nipple. You love it.
"Not while wondering who you're thinking about, Madison or me." I took a deep drag, held it. Took another without passing the joint, exhaling giant smoke puffs right in his face.
Bogart. Pass that fucking thing over here.
So I did, and once we were totally buzzed he pulled off onto a dirt ranch road, parked. No maid out here. Just birds and squirrels. Defenses lowered by excellent bud, I said okay to a quickie. Totally in control.

Page 62
I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do.
It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone.
...Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl.
His voice was a soft hiss. Are you awake? Talk to me. Daddy ish-is-sh-so lonely.
I'd never heard him sound like that. Like a stranger. A drunk, slurring stranger. Where was my daddy?
Kaeleigh, all sweetness, wanted to comfort Daddy, who drew her onto his lap. Stroked her hair. Kissed her gently on the forehead. Cheeks. Eyes. Finally, on her lips, but not nasty or mean or with tongue or anything but misplaced love. Love meant for Mom.
He just held her, kissed her. Breathed Wild Turkey all over her until they both fell asleep, woven together.

Page 64
That one innocent joining was only the beginning, but neither realized it that night. And all I could do was linger in a dark corner, sharp jabs of envy tearing my eyes.

Page 65
I guess I could have offered descriptions o Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars.
...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.

Page 66
I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.

Page 80
No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.

Page 82
I can't imagine her actually getting close enough to someone- anyone- to invite them into her bed, let alone her pants.

Page 100
Great place for a kegger, too. And that's our destination. Mick drives like a maniac, which would be all right except I really, really want to get high, and smoking dope and speeding don't exactly go hand in hand.
..."If you slow down a little, I'll roll a nice big joint. And after we smoke it, just maybe I'll mess around with your nice big joint too." Okay, so it isn't eloquent, but it works.
He slows to right around the speed limit as I fumble under the seat, searching for his stash. This slow enough for you?
...Finally, pay dirt. I reach into the baggie, extract a big bud.

Page 101
He reaches for my left boob.

Page 103
Needless to say I don't feel much like messing around with Mick's "nice big joint," not even after killing off the nice big joint wrapped in a rolling paper. Maybe after a beer or ten. And hey, lucky me, looks like the beer's flowing up here on Figueroa Mountain.

Page 108

He reaches across the short distance between us, pulls me right into him, kisses me with unexpected hunger. In the time it takes me to react to that, decide whether or not to invite more, he already has my top button unbuttoned. His hands want to go under the fabric, insist on it, in fact. I should say no. Need to say no. "W-wait," I try, but no little bit of me wants to stop and Ty intuits all of that. He doesn't stop, and I don't try to make him. And it isn't long before I throw every ounce of caution to the nonexistent wind. With only a fleeting thought of Mick, I give in to this insane desire to know this not-quite-stranger in the most intimate way. And so, I sacrifice my inner child, give myself away.

Page 114

Memory strikes suddenly chokes me. Strangles me. It was dark in my room. Very dark.

Someone had closed the curtain. I was small. Maybe nine. Mommy wasn't home. But Daddy was. He lurched through my door. That scared me. But why? He'd never hurt me before. Only touched me lovingly. Like any Daddy.

…Don't be afraid, little flower. It's only me.

Page 150

Someone had closed the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared. I tried to tell her not to worry, but just then, Daddy burst through the door.

I closed my eyes tight, made myself no more than a shadow. Something about him was different. I didn't want that something to find me.

I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild Turkey. His peculiar potpourri.

I love you so much, my little flower. Daddy needs something from my girl, my sweet rose. Will you give it to me?

I wanted to be his little flower, would have given my Daddy anything. What did he want from Kaeleigh? She laid her head on his chest. "What?"

I want you to see something, something that proves how much I love you. This is only for you, Kaeleigh girl.

He lifted her gently, sat her down on the bed beside him. Then he opened the snaps on the fly of his flannel pajamas.

It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite. See how much Daddy loves you? Show me you love me, too. Touch it. He closed her hand around it.

I know it sounds bad, but I wanted to touch it too. I didn't know what it meant, only that it made Daddy happy. I wanted to make him happy too.

That's right. That's right. His voice rocked in rhythm with his body. Oh, yes, my Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower…

…when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept. Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded,

"Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?"
...Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay? Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused. "Can I tell Mama our secret?"
No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you?
She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed, "I won't tell." Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.

Page 202
I do know a few other people who might have some bud.
...He gave me his number, for the next time you find your mouth watering for a red hot lollipop...

Page 210
Drinking. Smoking. Feeling the creep of the poppy, all along my spine, skull to tailbone. I know the high is mostly hash, not so different from regular cannabis (though even tastier). But the opium topper provides a whole new set of rushes. Body rushes, like little shivers. Head rushes, like turning in circles, round and round, don't fall down.
Shall we move the party into the bedroom? Ty reaches over, kisses me. Hard. Harder.
...His teeth rake my bottom lip, move down over my chin, down my neck. Not too hard. Not really. But hard enough.
Should I have warn garlic and a silver cross? I laugh out loud at the thought, and I realize how fucked up I am.
...He picks me up, carries me into his bedroom, half throws me onto the bed. When he starts to undress me, I burst into a new fit of giggles. My jeans are so tight, he can't wiggle me out of them.
"Want some help, my macho vampire?" I shed everything and he does too, but before we do another thing, he asks, How 'bout another bowl? Something to take you real, real low. He leers like a scary circus clown. Low as a girl can go.
True to his word he drops me real, real low. I'm floating on a poppy sea. Naked. Mellow. But a sudden wind rouses the breaks and low tide builds to major swells. Ty kisses me, all fang, pure vampire.
"Hey. Take it easy." But somehow my body responds to the pain. And Ty responds to that, clamping one hand around both my wrists, pulling them over my head and pinning me helpless. It is then I notice the nylon cord, one end tied tight to the headboard.
Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games.

He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape-proof.
I shake my head. "Don't." But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?"
Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules. The proper response would be, "Please, sir." Say it.
My heart yells, "No fucking way." But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir."
He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way.
Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me.
Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand."
I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules. This is a new game, and the sick thing is, I see quickly that I like it, might ask to play it again. The pain is fuzzy at the edges, blurring toward pleasure. Maybe it's the hash, the gentle arms of opium. And now new leather- human, Ty- falls softly over the heated welts, a soothing balm of sweatbeaded skin. But then heightened pain, forced inside me, stuffed inside me.
Seared, branded, likely marked, a moan escapes me and Ty surges. After, knots loosened, a rub of cool eucalyptus oil persuades me I do want to play again. Soon.

Page 238
Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous.
That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall.
As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine.
Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy. I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest.
Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might

smack her.
But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke. Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V.
It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful.
Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy.
At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.

Page 280
Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly.
I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse. "Touch me. Please?"
He wants to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh…
And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightening ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.

Page 319
(Doing the dirty.)
Shot one: missionary, Daddy on top.
Shot two: doggie-style, Daddy on top.
Shot three: can't even say it, let alone dwell on the picture, but Daddy's on top.
(Always on top.)

Page 320
Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex.
Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know? Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty…
Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawleer, assorted others).
I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life.

Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.

Page 336
I'm kind of liking this blood thing. Fetish? Fixation? Not quite an obsession yet, but I can see it growing into that. Drip. Drip.
Steady. Slow. Drip-drip. Quicker yet. Drip-drip-drip. Drip-drip-drip.
Drip.
Drip.
Drip.
I'd probably just let myself drip, but I did promise to show up at work and help out with the Halloween decorations.

Page 393
Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her.
I could tell she was afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did.
His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh!
I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.

Page 415
"This should cover what I smoked. Please take me home now."
Don't want your money. His zipper opens, and what escapes is eager. Then he pushes my head down. Haven't you missed me?
I could just do it. Get it over with. Pretend it never happened. But I don't think so. It has to be my idea or not at all.
"No, Mick. Goddammit, I said no!"
But he's all over me and I may not have a choice. He outweighs me by a hundred pounds and he's got me pinned against the door. His fingers, clumsy, work at my own zipper. I try to push him off.
What's wrong? You know you want to.
"No. I really don't." But I can't stop his mouth from covering mine, leaving a wet trail of sobber all over my face.
One hand tugs my shirt over my head, the other is inside my bra, twisting, pinching. I could just get it over with.
See? Your nipples don't lie. You like it.
He's too worked up to manage tight jeans, so he leans up over me, demanding I

do him with my mouth. I could bite.
But he'd probably kick my ass and finish his business anyway. I've never seen this side of Mick.
Or maybe I have and ignored it. I can barely breathe, and the teeth of his zipper are biting into my chin.
Atta girl. You can't say no to…
Daddy. Daddy? Kaeleigh would just give in. The thought of her wide-eyed surrender gives me a sudden idea. But I have to play things right. First I go limp, pretend to acquiesce. I even give him a taste of what he wants.
"Stop for a minute. You're hurting me."
He hesitates, looks down into my eyes, which have teared up quite nicely. He draws back ever so slightly.
I did down, beyond fear, fine Raeanne again. "If we're going to do this, you don't get to have all the fun. And can we pretty please take another hit first?"

Page 459
I am your little girl. I am not your girlfriend. I am not your whore. I am not my fucking mother! But he is on top of me and my shout is silenced. He is inside of me and my scream stays there too. He is finished.
And I don't cry out, but I do cry a bucket of silent tears. He slithers away and at last, I quietly sob no no no no no.

Page 507
I found your father, on a swing with a young girl, about his age. They were naked, playing with each other. Miranda was directing them, and her boyfriend was taking pictures.
…Your father gained his manhood, if you could call it that, at the age of ten. His photographs appeared in magazines, for the pleasure of pedophiles.

Page 517
How far will you go with me? He kisses my mouth. My throat. Will you let me draw blood?
He bites my neck, and a moan escapes my mouth, unbidden. How high will you let me take you?
For once, I want to relinquish control. For once, I want to completely let go. "You decide."
His grin is pure evil. That's my girl. He yanks my blouse over my head, spills me from my bra.
He kisses, bites. I'm already lost, but hungry for more. He pulls me to my feet, hands all over me…

Page 530
I told her, "Where Daddy touched me." She looked and her face grew red.

Page 542
Turns out the electrolyte imbalance is real, the result of not only puking from Oxy withdrawal, but also the binge-and-purge cycle that my alter and I seem to have shared.
..."You eat. I'll throw it up. You'd be a regular oinker if not for me."
..."...And I need to get high."
...Drug abuse. Alcohol. Bulimia...
"Don't forget that lovely bit about shaving until you slice yourself open."
And that's the easy stuff. Promiscuity.
...And the granddaddy of all- fucking Daddy.
"More accurately, letting Daddy fuck you and keeping it to yourself."
Even if I tell her every bit of it, there's no guarantee she can fix me. Suicide sounds better and better.
"Yeah, but you'd have to get it right. Or maybe, just leave that to me."

Page 555
I was drunk but not too drunk to take in what was going on.
Your mother was gone, and your father was washing you. Only the way he was washing you was all wrong. He was touching you in a sexual way. Kaeleigh. I confronted him, but he just laughed in my face.

Profanity	**Count**
Ass	12
Bitch	9
Faggot	1
Fuck	36
Piss	8
Prick	1
Shit	17

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J. Maas

School Where Contested Material is Located: Bluffton High School, Hilton Head Island High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library

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 explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically licking/sucking of breast, description of sexual intercourse, and climax.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

January 1/5

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:** 1/17/25 1/1/25

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.

Kingdom of Ash
By Sarah J Maas

Available at the following schools:
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains explicit sexual activities.

Page 349
(Violates the Regulation with licking/sucking of breast, description of sexual intercourse, and climax.)
She smiled despite that truth. “I’m ready to be kissed again, Prince.”
He let out a dark chuckle and muttered, “Thank the gods,” before he lowered his mouth to hers.
The kiss was gentle—light. Letting her decide how to guide it. So she did.
Sliding her arms around Rowan’s neck, Aelin pressed herself against him, arching into his touch as his hands roamed along her back. Yet his mouth remained featherlight on hers.
Sweet, exploratory kisses. He’d do it all night, if that was what she wished.
Mate. He was her mate, and she was finally…With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.
She couldn’t touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.
But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.
“You’re my mate,” he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.
Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. “You’re my mate.” Her words were a breathless rush. “And I am yours.”
Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck.
She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving.

Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her.
Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.
He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.
"Together, Aelin," he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.
Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.
And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.
His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.
For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other.

Page 537
(Violates Regulation with stroke of genital through pants and descriptions of intercourse.)
He ran his fingers over the scar. Over it, and then up her stomach. Up and up, her skin pebbling beneath his touch, until he halted just over her heart. Until he laid his palm flat against it, the curve of her breast rising to meet his hand with each unsteady breath she took.
…So Dorian brushed his mouth against hers. Manon let out a small sound.
Dorian kissed her again, and her tongue met his, hungry and searching. Then her hands were plunging into his hair, both of them rising onto their knees to meet halfway.
She moaned, her hands sliding from his hair down his chest, down to his pants. She stroked him through the material, and Dorian groaned into her mouth.
Time spun out, and there was only Manon, a living blade in his arms. Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll.
Manon drew her hands from him to remove the glittering crown atop her head, but he halted her with a phantom touch. "Don't," he said, voice near-guttural. "Leave it on."
Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back.
His mouth went dry at the beauty that threatened to undo him, the temptation that his every instinct roared to claim. Not the body, but what she had offered.
He almost said yes, then.
Was almost selfish enough, greedy enough for her, that he nearly said yes. Yes, he would take her as his queen. So he might never have to say farewell to this, so that this magnificent, fierce witch might remain by his side for all his days.

Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss.
A shift of her hips, and he was buried, the heated silk of her enough to make him forget that they had a camp around them, or kingdoms to protect.
He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin. Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own.
Stay. The word echoed in each breath.
Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster.
Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.
Manon's breathing was as ragged as Dorian's when they pulled apart at last.
She could barely move her limbs, barely get down enough air as she gazed at the tent ceiling.
Dorian, as spent as she, didn't bother to try to speak.

Page 570
(Violates the Regulation with description of rubbing between her thighs.)
Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers.
No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly.
They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.

Page 830
(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of intercourse.)
Rowan had taken the time last night to reacquaint her with certain parts of that body. And his own. Had spent a long while doing so, too. Until that haunted look had vanished, until she was writhing beneath him, burning while he moved in her. He hadn't stopped his tears from falling, even when they'd turned to steam before they hit her body, and there had been tears on her own face, bright as silver in the flame, while she'd held him tight.
Yet this morning, when he'd nuzzled her awake with kisses to her jaw, her neck, that haunted look had returned. And lingered.

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Last night at the Telegraph Club by Malinda Lo

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library

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 explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically touching of breast and masterbation.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

January 2/5

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:** 1/17/25 1/1/25

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.

Last Night at the Telegraph Club
by Malinda Lo

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexual activities.

Page 41
(Violates Regulation with touching of breast.)
Maxine pushed Patrice back against the velvet cushions, lowering her mouth to the girl's creamy skin. "You're like me, Patrice. Stop fighting the possibility." Patrice whimpered as Maxine pressed her lips to her neck.
"Max, what are you doing?" Patrice gasped. "This is shameful."
"You know what I'm doing," Maxine whispered. She unbuttoned Patrice's blouse and slid the fabric over Patrice's shoulder, stroking her breasts. Patrice let out a sigh of pure pleasure.
"Kiss me now," Patrice whispered.
Maxine obeyed, and the sensation of Patrice's mouth against hers was a delight far beyond shame.

Page 42
(Violates Regulation with masterbation.)
She went to bed imagining Maxine's hand on the buttons of Patrice's blouse, unbuttoning it.
She slid her own hand beneath the placket of her nightgown; she felt her own warm skin beneath her fingertips. In the quiet darkness of her bedroom she felt the faint but insistent beating of her heart, and she felt its quickening. She imagined the blouse sliding off Patrice's shoulders, the pale swell of her breasts. Lily's whole body went hot. She felt the need to cross her legs against the hungry ache at the center of her body. She imagined them kissing the way Marlon Brando had kissed Mary Murphy in The Wild One, which she and Shirley had snuck into last February. (" Don't be such a square," Shirley had said when Lily had worried about getting caught.) But now, in Lily's imagination, Marlon Brando became Max, crushing Patrice bonelessly in her arms. And then their lips pressed together, and Lily tugged up the hem of her nightgown and pressed her fingers between her thighs, and pressed, and pressed.

Page 286

(Violates the Regulation with cupping of breast, stroking of nipple, and description of masterbating another person.)

She brushed her nose against Kath's neck, and she wanted to bottle up the fragrance of her. She felt Kath's pulse beneath her lips, and Kath's hand cupping the back of her head, and at last, Kath's mouth touching hers.

It was still a shock to feel it: the connection between their bodies, as if it had risen from the marrow of her bones, thick and charged and sweet. Before, she had been afraid of being discovered and afraid of discovering herself, but the more they kissed, the less afraid she felt, until her fear was subsumed beneath much more powerful feelings.

She wanted to touch Kath's skin. She tugged the hem of Kath's blouse out from her skirt and slid her hands beneath it, and finally she felt the warm skin of her back, and the quiver of Kath's body as she touched her. Kath drew back briefly and reached for the buttons of Lily's blouse, asking, "Can I?" Lily helped her unbutton it, and then Kath put her hand on the bare skin of Lily's waist, and Lily closed her eyes. Kath's hand slid up over her ribs and cupped the curve of her breast, and her thumb trailed electrically over the outline of Lily's nipple through her bra. And then she pushed her leg between Lily's thighs, and Lily gasped at how it felt—the pressure and the movement there—and it was exactly what she wanted. She was astonished by the way this worked between them so instinctively, as if they had been made to do this together.

But Lily felt as if there were no time. She couldn't entirely forget that they only had an hour together. A desire for something more was rising inside her as Kath moved against her, their skirts riding up as their bodies rubbed together. It felt urgent, as if they were counting down the seconds till a bomb would explode. There was no time; they had to do this right now.

And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath's hand and moved it to the cleft of her body.

Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered.

"Please," Lily said, overcome.

So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear.

It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped.

"Am I in the right place?" Kath asked.

"Yes," Lily whispered.

It all felt like the right place. Kath's fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating—she'd never even really touched herself like this before—and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, but she couldn't really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath's neck until it was over.

There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily's thigh and whispered, "Can I—is this all right?"

"Yes," Lily said, and she leaned into Kath, holding her as she moved, feeling Kath's wetness slide against her leg.

…How different this was from when Lily was alone in her room. How different, and how much more: an overflowing amount of more. Kath kept rocking against her thigh, her breath ragged against Lily's cheek, and Lily stroked her hand over Kath's hair tenderly, feeling impossibly close to her. How precious she was, and how miraculous.

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*:
Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott

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

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library

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 explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically touching of breast, masterbation, forced oral sex of a minor, etc.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

January 3/5

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:** 1/1/25 1/17/25

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.

Living Dead Girl
by Elizabeth Scott

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

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

Page 4
(Violates Regulation with brief description of intercourse. This is a minor who is being held captive.)
You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open.
Waiting. "Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing. "Good girl, Alice." Afterward, he will give you the water and a container of yogurt. He will sit with one hand curled around your knee. You will watch TV together. He will tell you how lucky you are.

Page 10
(Although this may not explicitly violate the Regulation, it is disturbing to think of a minor having this done and at the insistence of her male abuser.)
"Skipping," I say, stripping off my clothes, down to one of Ray's old T-shirts. Smell of him all around me, always.
…"Ready," I say, lying down, and the woman motions for me to spread my legs.
"You want it all gone?"
I nod.
She is supposed to ask how old I am, and maybe other things. Something. There is a sign out front that says minors must have a parent or guardian present to sign off on all services, and this isn't a desperate, dying store that needs customers.
…She starts to wax. My eyes burn and then water as she rips hair away, stripping my flesh.
It is good for women to look like little girls now, to have no hair between their legs.

Page 26
(Violates Regulation with forced oral sex.)
"I know, silly girl. My girl," he says, and stands up, unbuckles his belt. Opens his pants. "Come over here. Give me a kiss hello."
I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder.

“Alice, my baby,” he says, kissing my cheek.
Then he shoves me to my knees.
When he’s finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away.
…He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap during the sitcom he hates.

Page 28
(Violates Regulation with insinuation of where he is groping.)
“No breakfast, remember?” he says, sitting down next to me on the bed, one paternal hand on my forehead while the other gropes below. He keeps it up until he starts to sweat, little beads of moisture gathering at his temples, and then gets up.

Page 47
(Violates Regulation with touching of breast, describes molestation of young boy and forced vaginal sex.)
"You're-too tall, though," he says, frowning, and pushes my hands off his feet, dragging me up toward him. Hands on my throat. "Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish." "I don't want to leave," I tell him, cracking out the words as the world goes fuzzy around the edges. "I want to stay with you.
… I can't breathe, but that's not why he lets the pressure up. He lets go a little so I can nod.
Because he knows I will. I am not strong; I cannot stop him or even slow him down. I can only wait until he gets so tired of me that he lets me die and moves on. "She would punish me," he says. "Hold me down and show me how all we think of is sin. How We are-all sin."
He spits the last word out, like he can taste it, and then touches my hair, slides his fists under my shirt and twists the sullen rise of my right breast, the little lump that's there. "Would you be that kind of mother?"
"No."
Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn’t want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is.

Page 48
(Violates Regulation with descriptions of forced intercourse but what is most disturbing is the insinuation that the captive girl is getting too old so he’s going to force her to have a child, a girl, so he can continue his abuse with her.)
“You know you’re supposed to listen when I talk.” He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants.
I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my

lungs until he grabs my hair and says, “I know what I’m going to do. What’s going to change.”
He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his hand.
…Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food), and feel my heart cramp.
It will be over soon, finally, but the thing about hearts is that they always want to keep beating.
They want to keep beating, and when Ray’s finished he says, “I like that. A family. You’d be a good mother, wouldn’t you? Let me watch out for a little girl of our own? Let me take care of her? Help me teach her everything she needs to know?”

Page 61
(Violates the Regulation with the insinuation of a man having intercourse with a tiny baby.)
He sleeps with one arm thrown across me after, and I lie stinging sharp all over, a wet sticky puddle under me. Soon there will be a little girl here, a real one with tiny arms and legs for Ray to push into.
I want him to take her tomorrow. I want that little girl here now, where I am. I want her to be Ray’s love, to bear it.

Page 67
(Violates the Regulation with character giving oral sex twice.)
The whistling boy came up to me by the bathroom and asked if I wanted company. He had bright red pimples, angry oozing sores, all over his face, and when I said yes he blinked and turned like he was going to run away until I dropped to my knees in front of him.
I did it because he was so surprised-looking and because his skin was so angry-looking and because I saw he saw my eyes and thought about running. I did it because he was nothing.
I did it because I wished Ray had used the knife instead of tying me to a chair.
Ray saw my mouth when I came back and knew. I couldn't sit down for a week afterward, and my back, from my shoulders to about my knees, was purple black, then yellow green, for ages. Both my little fingers have crooked knuckles now, and ache before it rains.
…I do not take the pills Jake offers, I know nothing can take away the world. I just push him down into his seat and open his zipper.
“The backseat’s wider,” he says, but I shake my head and when he tries to threaten, his hands grabbing my hair, I dig my fingers into them, right into his skin, until he moves them away.
When I’m done, I sit up and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand.

Page 73

(Violates the Regulation with the insinuation of holding down a small infant for the captor to rape.)

He is breathing faster now and pulls me toward him, a yank on my ankles drawing my ragdoll body in, lower half pushed against him.

"You'll hold her," he says, and everything own is easily pushed down, away, clothes falling off me like water.

"You'll hold her and I'll love her."

He grins at me. "You'll like that, won't you?"

I nod because he wants me to. I nod because I will. She will get his love and I will hold her down to take it all because then there will be none for me.

I cannot save myself, and I do not want to save her.

Page 102

(Violates Regulation with pinching and grabbing of breast.)

He pinches the stub of my left breast hard, then grabs the right and hauls me in, face changing, smile shifting into his real one, all gums and teeth. Ready to tear.

Page 148

(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of raping a minor.)

We are close to the park. Ray has finished his chicken and cleaned his hands and pressed my face down into his lap again, then changed his mind and moved me around, folding me into what he wanted, my head pushing into the door as he pushes into me, grunt (him) thunk (me).

“You. Remember. Who. You. Belong. To,” he says. “You. Remember. Whose. Girl. You. Are.”

I nod and he pushes my hair out from where it has gotten trapped under me, caught by him and how he’s moved me.

“There,” he says. “That must feel better.”

It does, of course it does, not feeling bits of my hair strain, snap. My head goes thunk again, once, twice, and then he sighs. Flexes his fingers on my shoulder, red pain silent scream inside me.

Tears on my face, I cannot help it, and he licks them off one by one, sucking every last thing he can from me.

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material *(one per form)*: Lucky by Alice Sebold

School Where Contested Material is Located: Battery Creek High SchoolHilton Head Island High School

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library

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 explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically with fondling of breast, fingering/fisting, oral sex, and vaginal sex-all forced/rape.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

January 4/5

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:** 1/17/25 1/1/25

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.

Lucky
by Alice Sebold

Available in the following schools:
Battery Creek High School
Hilton Head Island High School

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains excerpts involving sexual assault/battery and sexual activities.

Page 5
(Violates the regulation with fondling of breast, fingering/fisting, oral sex, and vaginal sex-all forced/rape.)
My lips were cut. I bit down on them when he grabbed me from behind and covered my mouth. He said these words: "I'll kill you if you scream." I remained motionless. "Do you understand? If you scream you're dead." I nodded my head. My arms were pinned to my sides by his right arm wrapped around me and my mouth was covered with his left.
He released his hand from my mouth.
I screamed. Quickly. Abruptly.
The struggle began.
He covered my mouth again. He kneed me in the back of my legs so that I would fall down. "You don't get it, bitch. I'll kill you. I've got a knife. I'll kill you." He released his grip on my mouth again and I fell, screaming, on the brick path. He straddled me and kicked me in the side. I made sounds, they were nothing, they were soft footfalls. They urged him on, they made him righteous. I scrambled on the path. I was wearing soft-soled moccasins with which I tried to land kicks. Everything missed or merely grazed him...
Somehow, I don't remember how, I made it back to my feet. I remember biting him, pushing him, I don't know what. Then I began to run. Like a giant who is all powerful, he reached out and grabbed the end of my long brown hair. He yanked it hard and brought me down onto my knees in front of him. That was my first missed escape, the hair, the woman's long hair.
"You asked for it now," he said, and I began to beg.
He reached around to his back pocket to draw out a knife. I struggled still, my hair coming out painfully from my skull as I did my best to rip myself free of his grip. I lunged forward and grabbed his left leg with both arms, throwing him off balance and making him stagger. I would not know it until the police found it later in the grass, a few feet away from my broken glasses, but with that move, the knife fell from his hands and was lost.
Then it was fists.

Maybe he was angry at the loss of his weapon or at my disobedience. Whatever the reason, this marked the end of the preliminaries. I was on the ground on my stomach. He sat on my back. He pounded my skull into the brick. He cursed me. He turned me around and sat on my chest. I was babbling. I was begging. Here is where he wrapped his hands around my neck and began to squeeze. For a second, I lost consciousness. When I came to, I knew I was staring up into the eyes of the man who would kill me.

...He stood up and began dragging me over the grass by my hair. I twisted and half crawled, trying to keep up with him. Dimly, I had seen the dark entrance of the amphitheater tunnel from the path.

...As he dragged me, as I scrambled against the grass, I caught sight of that fence and became utterly convinced that if he brought me beyond this point, I would not survive.

For a moment, as he dragged me across the ground, I clung feebly to the bottom of that iron fence, before a rough pull yanked me clean.

..."Stand up," he said.

I did.

I was shivering uncontrollably. It was cold out and the cold combined with the fear, with the exhaustion, made me shake from head to toe.

He dumped my purse and bag of books in the corner of the sealed-off tunnel.

"Take off your clothes."

"I have eight dollars in my back pocket," I said. "My mother has credit cards. My sister does too."

"I don't want your money," he said, and laughed.

I looked at him. Into his eyes now, as if he was a human being, as if I could speak to him.

"Please don't rape me," I said.

"Take off your clothes."

"I'm a virgin," I said.

He didn't believe me. Repeated his command. "Take off your clothes."

My hands were shaking and I couldn't control them. He pulled me forward by my belt until my body was up against his, which was up against the tunnel's back wall.

"Kiss me," he said.

And he drew my head forward and our lips met. My lips were pursed tightly together. He tugged harder on my belt, my body pressing further against his. He grabbed my hair in his fist and balled it up. He drew my head back and looked at me. I began to cry, to plead.

"Please don't," I said. "Please."

"Shut up."

He kissed me again and this time, he inserted his tongue in my mouth. By pleading, I had left myself open to this. Again he pulled my head back roughly.

"Kiss back," he said.
And I did.
When he was satisfied, he stopped and tried to work the latch on my belt. It was a belt with a strange buckle and couldn't figure it out. To have him let go of me, for him to leave me alone, I said, "Let me. I'll do it."
He watched me.
When I was done, he unzipped the jeans he wore.
"Now take off your shirt."
I had a cardigan sweater on. I took that off. He reached over to help unbutton my shirt. He fumbled.
"I'll do it," I said again.
I unbuttoned the oxford-cloth shirt and, like the cardigan, I peeled it back from my body. It was like shedding feathers. Or wings.
"Now the bra."
I did.
He reached out and grabbed them- my breasts- in his two hands. He plied them and squeezed them, manipulating them right down to my ribs. Twisting. I hope that to say this hurt isn't necessary here.
"Please don't do this, please," I said.
"Nice white titties," he said. And the words made me give them up, lobbing off each part of my body as he claimed ownership- the mouth, the tongue, my breasts.
"I'm cold," I said.
"Lay down."
"On the ground?" I asked, stupidly, hopelessly.
...I sat first, kind of stumbled into a seated position. He took the end of my pants and tugged. As I tried to hide my nakedness- at least I had my underpants on- he looked down at my body.
"you're the worst bitch I ever done this to," he said.
..."I'm a foster child," I said. "I don't even know who my parents are. Please don't do this. I'm a virgin," I said.
"Lie down."
I did. Shaking, I crawled over and lay face up against the cold ground. He pulled my underpants off me roughly and bundled them into his hand. He threw them away from me and into a corner where I lost sight of them.
I watched him as he unzipped his pants and let them fall around his ankles.
He lay down on top of me and started humping.
...He worked away on me, reaching down to work with his penis.
I stared right into his eyes. I was too afraid not to.
He called me bitch. He told me I was dry.
"I'm sorry," I said- I never stopped apologizing. "I'm a virgin," I said.

"Stop looking at me," he said. "Shut your eyes. Stop shaking."
"I can't."
"Stop it or you'll be sorry."
I did. My focus became acute. I stared harder than ever at him. He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now.
It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it, I went into my brain.
"Stop staring at me," he said.
"I'm sorry," I said. "You're strong," I tried.
He liked this. He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind.
He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said.
"Spread them."
I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold.
"Keep them there, " he said.
He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue.
Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek. I was leaving now, but then I heard sounds. Out on the path. People, a group of laughing boys and girls, passing by.
...I looked at him; he did not hear them. This was it. I made an abrupt scream and, as soon as I did, he shoved his hand in my mouth. Simultaneously I heard the laughter again. This time it was directed toward the tunnel, toward us. Yells and taunts. Good-time noises.
We lay there, his hand locked my mouth and pressing down hard into my throat, until the group of well-wishers left.
...He ordered me to stand up. Told me I could put on my panties.
I thought it was over. I was trembling but I thought he'd had enough. Blood was everywhere and so I thought he'd done what he'd come for.
"Give me a blow job," he said. He was standing now. I was on the ground, trying to search among the filth for my clothes.
He kicked me and I curled into a ball.
"I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand.
"I don't know how," I said.
"What do you mean you don't know how?"
"I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin."
"Put it in your mouth."
I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and

small black hairs, and his flaccid dick.
He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said.
"Like a straw?" I said.
"Yeah, like a straw."
I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard.
"Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?"
"No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before."
"Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin.
"Get back on the ground," he said, "and do what I say."
And I did. When he told me to close my eyes I told him I had lost my glasses, couldn't even really see him. "Talk to me," he said. "I believe you, you're a virgin. I'm your first." As he worked against me, trying for more and more friction, I told him he was strong, that he was powerful, that he was a good man. He got hard enough and plunged himself inside me. He ordered me to and I wrapped my legs around his back and he drove me into the ground. It looked and watched and cataloged the details of it all. His face, his purpose, how best I could help him.
I heard more party-goers on the path, but I was far away now. He made noises and rammed it in. Rammed it and rammed it and those on the path, those so far away, living the world where I had lived, could not be reached by me now.
"Nail her, all right!" someone yelled toward the tunnel.
They passed. I was staring straight into his eyes. With him.
"You're so strong, you're such a man, thank you, thank you, I wanted this."
And then it was over. He came and slumped into me. I lay under him. My heart beating wildly...
...Then I heard his breathing. Light and regular. He was snoring. I thought: Escape. I shifted under him and he woke.
He looked at me, did not know who I was. Then his remorse began.

Page 18
(Violates Regulation with mention of ejaculate.)
They took pubic clippings and pubic combings and samples of blood and semen and vaginal discharge.
..."Alice," Dr. Husa said, "we are going to let you urinate now but then I will have to take stitches inside."

Page 27

(Violates Regulation with description that depicts oral sex.)

I had not eaten anything since the night before- since the raisins at Ken Child's house- and I could not look at the bagels or doughnuts without feeling what- the rapist's penis- had last been in my mouth.

Page 31

(Violates Regulation by description of how to give a blow job.)

At approx 12:05 AM while walking on the path past the bathhouse and near the amphitheater I heard someone walking behind me. I started to walk faster and was suddenly overtaken from behind and grabbed around the mouth. This man said "be quiet I'm not going to hurt you, if you do what I say." He loosened up his grip on my mouth and I screamed. He then threw me on the ground and yanks my hair and said "don't ask any questions, I could kill you right now." We were both on the ground and he threatened me with a knife I never saw. He then began to struggle with me and told me to walk over to the area of the amphitheater. While walking I fell down and he became angry, grabbed my hair and pulled me into the amphitheater. He proceeded to undress me until I was left with my bra and panties. I took off my bra and panties, he told me to lie down which I did. He took off his pants and proceeded to have intercourse with me. After he was done he got up and asked me to give him a "blow job." I said that I didn't know what it meant and he said "just suck on it." He then took my head and forced my mouth on his penis. After he was done he told me to lie down on the ground and again had intercourse with me. He fell asleep on me for a short time. He got up and helped me dress and took $9.00 from my back pocket. I was then allowed to leave and went back to Marion Dorm where I notified the University police.

Page 55

(Violates the Regulation with referral to a woman having sex with multiple men at one time known as a train.)

A girl had been gang-raped at a fraternity that year.

...In the elevator of my sister's dormitory was a crude ballpoint drawing of her with her legs spread open. A group of male figures were waiting in line beside her. The caption read, "Marcie pull a train."

Page 60

(Violates the Regulation with descriptors of oral sex)

(At first, I had difficulty with solid food. Initially my mouth was sore from the sodomy and, after this, having food in my mouth reminded me too much of the rapist's penis as it lay against my tongue.)

Page 80

(Violates the Regulation with description of fondling breast.)

...seeing it played out onstage, with Aldonza chased by a group of men, fondled and abused, her breasts grabbed like lobes of meat.

...I was not a whore...

Page 119

(Violates the Regulation with mention of forced oral sex and intercourse.)

"First he brought me up to his face with his hands around my neck and kissed me a couple of times and then said to take my clothes off. He tried to take my clothes off first. He couldn't get my belt undone. He told me to do it and I did."

..."You were bleeding?"

"Yes."

"From falling down?"

"From falling down and him hitting me and smashing my face."

"Prior to the act of sexual intercourse you described, he struck you?"

"Umm-hmm."

"Where did he strike you?"

"In the face. I couldn't breathe for a while. He kept his hands around my neck, he scratched my face. Also, he just generally punched me around when I was on the ground and he was sitting on me to keep me from going anywhere."

"All right, " Ryan said, "and after this you mentioned he was having some difficulty having an erection for some period of time, is that right?"

..."He was able to have an erection. I didn't really know if he had or not- I'm not familiar with that. But, then, before he came into me and had intercourse, he stopped once and made me get on my knees and he was standing up and he told me to give him a blow job."

..."After he did come in me, he got me up off the ground and started dressing and found some of my clothes and gave them to me and I put those on, and he said, "You're going to have a baby, bitch- what are you going to do about it?"

Page 157

(Violates Regulation with mention of coming and gagging from oral sex.)

Somehow I lay under him as he fucked me. He fucked me hard. It was what I later heard girls call "athletic sex." I held on. When he came, he came loudly and snorted and bellowed.

...In the early morning he wanted to have sex again. But first, after kissing me, he pushed me down near his penis. Once there, I didn't know what to do.

"Haven't you ever done this before?" he asked,

I tried but gagged.

"Come up here," he said, releasing me. We kissed some more and, concerned

with a look he saw in my eye, he grabbed me by my hair and pulled my head away from his. "Look," he said. "Don't do that. Don't fall in love with me."

Page 171
(Violates Regulation with mention of hand in vagina.)
No father wanted to hear the story of how a stranger shoved his whole hand up his daughter's vagina.

Page 174
(Violates Regulation with mention of fondling/kissing breast and hands in vagina.)
"...Then he made me lie down on the ground and he took his pants off and left his sweatshirt on, and he started fondling my breasts and kissing them and doing things like that, and he was very interested in the fact that I was a virgin. He kept asking me about it. So he used his hands in my vagina..."

South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

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

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

Location of Contested Material *(library, classroom, etc...)*: Library

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 explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically with fondling of breast, fingering/fisting, oral sex, and vaginal sex-all forced/rape.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.
Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School
It does appear that this book has been removed from some high schools since I originally investigated.

January 5/5

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:** 1/17/25 1/1/25

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.

Tricks
by Ellen Hopkins

Available at the following schools:
Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
May River High School
It does appear that this book has been removed from some high schools since I originally investigated.

Summary of Concerns:
This book contains sexually explicit excerpts involving minors.

Page 29
(Violates Regulation with touching between legs and description of oral sex.)
Swollen with desire. Demanding. Lips still locked to mine, she murmured, What if I give you this...?
Her hand found my own, urged it along her body's contours, all the way to the place between her legs, the one I had never asked for.
...In the heat of the moment, I even got hard, especially when Janet touched me, dropped onto her knees, lowered my zipper, started to
do what I never suspected she knew how to do. Yes...

Page 74
(Violates Regulation with talking about male sex organ getting erect.)
Let alone given me an up-close view of those tasty-looking tits. Something twitches behind my zipper. Glad I'm standing behind the counter.
...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the mounds I can't quit staring at.
...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again.

Page 77
(Violates Regulation with talk of masterbation.)
I have to admit I have thought about boinking her more than once, while taking solo care of a hard-on.
Oh yeah, the big M. I probably do it more than I should, and Ronnie is definite boner bait, at least when I'm left to my own imagination instead of Internet porn. Viva la webcams!

Page 97

(Violates the Regulation with touching of breast.)

My Hand, Disguised as Andrew's hand, moves lightly down my neck, over collarbone, breastbone. Goose bumps rise in unusual places, and my body tingles in a completely foreign way. Because of Andrew. But he's not here. I pretend he is and let "his" hands explore the rounds of my breasts, move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers circle the hard center nubs, raised like it's cold in here. It's not. I'm burning up. Delirious with raw need. My hand wants to slide lower, to a place I know nothing about except what they call it in books. And suddenly it comes to me how completely inept I'll be when Andrew and I finally share that warm feather bed, with comfy quilts and pillows we can fall into.

I Turn on the Light Go to the computer, try to avoid looking at the Calvary screen saver. Jesus, hanging on the cross, staring down at his poor crying mother. Mama downloaded that, no doubt specifically to deter the kind of Internet exploration I have in mind

Page 206

(Violates the Regulation with the touching of "his need"- penis.)

You've done coke before, right? No? Oh, baby, you're gonna love it.

You're totally gonna fly.

Don't worry. He grins like a leprechaun. You're safe flying with me. Mostly anyway.

I watch Lucas suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze. I inhale gently, one line up the right nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention.

I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched. Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body. Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive. Never felt so in love. I glance at the clock. Not even one. We have plenty of time. But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?"

I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall, like a groom clutching his bride. The thought makes me blush, and I have no clue why. I rest my head against his chest for the entire ten-second journey. Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You

don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don’t think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back. “I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will
hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready.
And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts. And then, it's just over. Still Buzzed And yet also drained, we lie together for a while. I don't know if it was good for Lucas or not. I want to ask, but I don't want to ask because if I do and he says no, it will leave a scar. I don't even know if it was good for me, because I'm not sure what "good sex" is. Your first time probably isn't so good, right?

Page 216

(Violation of the Regulation with rape of a minor.)

...another of Iris's badass lays, one I can't forget. I do my best never to think of him, what he did. Try never to remember that place in my childhood, but sometimes it pops into view despite all my efforts to keep it hidden. I was almost ten, and we lived in Pahrump, the butthole of Nevada. Iris worked at a cathouse, making money her usual way, only without walking the streets. Walt was a miner, and though he was a regular paying customer at Mimi's, he had an appetite for younger meat. Iris was younger then too, but even at twenty-six, she was way too old for Walt. Still, he paid for her, then he followed her home. She let him move in for a while. I remember his sour sweat, coming in after working backhoe. I remember how he touched Iris, and how she didn't care that her kids could see. I remember his Marlboro breath falling all down around me when he said, Let me show you something.
On Another Day It wouldn't have happened, couldn't have happened. Too many witnesses around. But for some odd reason, that particular afternoon, Iris had taken the other kids to play in the park. You stay and start dinner, she said. We won't be gone very long. I didn't mind. I was too old for swings, and I've always liked spending time by myself. But it wasn't more than ten minutes before Walt came through the door. He didn't ask where Iris was, or why the house was so quiet. He didn't say one word. I opened a can of refried beans, spooned them into a pot. I had no real reason to be afraid. So why did my hands shake? I kept my back to him but could feel his eyes, carving into me. Finally, he started toward the living room. Bring me a beer, sweets. I dug one from the fridge. But he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called from Iris's room. He was already out of his jeans. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that. Still, I took him the beer, holding my breath against his stench. He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him.
Let me show you something.
I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. He choked my cries.

When He Finished (Thank God it didn't take long), he rolled off me with a grunt. Reached for his beer. Slammed it. Ripped and pried, swallowed up by the shame of what that meant, I crawled into the bathroom to scrub away the evidence. Not that I'd dare tell anyone when he followed me, stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too. He knew that was a bigger threat than saying he'd hurt Iris or some other TV kind of shit. Because I knew he would come back for Mary Ann. She was only eight. If he did this to her, she'd die for sure. It had almost killed me. I'll probably always link sex with pain.

Page 291

I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin, and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin sex really isn't very good.
..."F-fuck you!..."
...One more gulp and I repeat, "Fuck you!"

Page 314

(Violates the Regulation with description of her orgasm.)
Ronnie rises on her tiptoes, lifts her slick, honey-sweet lips to meet mine. It's the sweetest kiss ever, but it soon becomes more. I lock the door, guide her to my bed, and for maybe the very first time, sex is more than getting off. This time, sex feels like love.
...She undulates seductively, the rise and fall of her body like salty waves beneath my own.
Another first, this time no faking climbing higher and higher, until she finishes with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction. I love you, too, she exhales softly. We lie, tangled together, unmoving, unspeaking. And we both know this is what sex should be.

Page 316

(Violates Regulation with licking between breast.)
I've never had a girl in here. He probably thinks I'm taking care of business, solo.
...I kiss Ronnie's face, her neck, lick the shimmer of sweat from the deep fold between her breasts. She sighs, and that makes me want more.

Page 371

(Violates Regulation with brush of breast.)
He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint-- of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately.
Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after He makes me feel like a real model--beautiful, every man's desire. When

he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket. You are exceptionally lovely, he says, brushing sand from my hair. He settles
beside me, props himself on one elbow. Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you?
Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places. So this is making love! Well, not quite. I want to know the rest. "Make love to me."
You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists.
Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that okay?"
Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.

Page 384

(Violates Regulation with mention fingers touching hidden places clients can't touch reducing them to masterbation.)

The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, breast-to-breast or bellyto-ass, tan skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching hidden places we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to masturbation.
It's like they are masturbating for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see.

Page 389

(Violates Regulation with "girl on girl rubbing", masterbation, and ejaculation.)

I glance at Alex, who nods, meaning she'll do it for him. She knows I never could. After a little girl-on-girl rubbing, she goes to take care of it. He sits very still in his chair, staring as she strips free of her bra. Suddenly his hands are all over her. "Hey. Cut it out. Absolutely no touching allowed."
...Okay, man, we're out of here. She tries, but the creep snakes his arms around her waist, squeezes like a hungry boa constrictor. All I want is a hand job. Give it to me, I'll let you go. You, over there, play with yourself. So much for control. Good
thing it doesn't take long He finishes with a loud, Aaaagh!

Page 409

(Violates Regulation with description of vaginal sex.)

Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white nakedness over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he

plunged inside. Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. Sex is sex. A kiss means love.

Page 411

(Violates Regulation with description of lewd exhibition.)

But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you touch yourself. Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use vibrators too? Like this. Downright disgusting things. Your period? I like the taste of blood. How I wish I could say no. But even if I thought he'd leave me alone, saying yes is how I have convinced him to make Father believe I am fit for small freedoms. Like working in the yard, pulling weeds and picking vegetables.

Page 414

(Violates Regulation with a man "nursing" a woman and rough sex.)

Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too.

...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love you, too, Mommy. See how much?

...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual. When he finishes, I lay my head on his knobby chest.

Page 416

(Violates Regulation with cupping of breast, rubbing on face, and intercourse.)

I roll on top of him, look up into his eyes. "What if we..." Soft kiss. "Never mind." He shivers. Is much too easy. I feel almost evil when he whispers, What? almost evil when he whispers, Together."

...I lean forward, cup my breasts, rub them over his face. Confusion seeps into his eyes, and like it or not, his muscles relax. All but one. I rock back gently, invite him inside. "I'd be all yours and take such good care of you." The second time takes longer, but when he's finally done, he says, I'll think about it.

Page 433

(Violates Regulation with mention of masterbation.)

They ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. Masturbators. Every now and then, you come across married guys who want to meet for real, with or without their wives, usually the former. Cheap thrill seekers. I haven't played in the flesh, but I don't mind getting someone off telling dirty stories. There's a certain sick kind of power in that.

Page 450

(Violates Regulation with masterbation, touching of nipples, and description of vaginal sex.)

Some guys like to watch girls getting off all by themselves. Make it look good for the camera. I was never into touching myself, but it isn't so bad, especially when I'm high. Besides the occasional H, Bryn supplies me with bud-- mediocre seeded Mexican-- and prescription downers. Not sure where he gets them, and I really don't care. As long as I'm buzzed, the things he asks of me are easy to do, and hey, anything's better than wasting away in Santa Cruz.

...You're right, Bryn. She's very pretty. Tight little body, too. Yes, she'll do.

His hands slide over my front, reach up under my blouse. The skin of his fingers, seeking my nipples, is calloused. Cold. "No, wait. I can't. You're not serious... Bryn?" He can't want me to do this! I jerk away from Oscar, turn to Bryn. Search his eyes. They are deadly serious, and so is Bryn when he says, Yes, you can. And if you love me, you will. You do love me, don't you? "Of course I love you! But this isn't..." Isn't right, is what I want to say. But what is right, anymore? Is this really what loving him means? Bryn's hands press down on my shoulders. Do this for me, Whitney. Do this for us. He kisses me. But it is the kiss of a stranger.

I Beg for a Buzz First Pot won't do. It has to be smack, and three long pulls of the acrid smoke barely take me to the place I need to be. Oscar watches. Waits impatiently for the H to kick in. You should use a needle. Smoking the Lady is a waste of good dope. Feeling queasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His body is lean, muscular. Another time, another place, I might find him attractive, but attraction is about choice. I have no choice here but to do what he
has paid to do. I hate you, Bryn. I hate you.

Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no move when he bites
my neck, and lower. I'll wear his teeth marks for days. “Stop. You're hurting me."

You think that hurts? You ain't seen nothing yet. His teeth close even harder and his hand squeezes my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to the morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.

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(Violates the Regulation with touching of male sex organ, oral, and anal sex.)

You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. He reaches for his wallet. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me?

He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull.
"Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before?
His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, not to choke on his thrusts against my throat.
...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is. No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me
toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach.
...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me.
...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do.
I Bite Down On a strange metal taste--a metal taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. Adrenaline
firecrackers through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain.
Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.
...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.

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(Violates Regulation with descriptors of oral and anal sex.)
Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. Mouth. Ugh. Tequila. I push him away.
"Wait just one fucking second...." I step back, look at Carl...
...No need to be rude to our guest. He's here by invitation. Understand? "Invi--" Carl wants me to be with this creep? What happened to our "exclusive relationship"? "No. I don't understand."
...He pushes me, and not gently, toward Brett. Now apologize to my friend as I hope you would apologize to me. He Does Not Mean With words. And he doesn't exactly mean solo. They move in unison, and I am sandwiched between them, Carl behind me, moving

sensuously, while Brett dares kiss me again. I hold my breath against the assault of gin at my back, tequila in my face. A strange tongue in my mouth. Now Brett rests his chin on my shoulder, and he and Carl are kissing. It's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by sensual motion. Behind me and in front of me, both men grow hard, and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner.
I Have Never Considered Three-way sex. How would...? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that.
...My rule: hands or mouths only. He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, writhing like mating hooded serpents. We're playing by my rules, remember? But don't worry. I only expect you to give. For now. From somewhere, he extracts a condom, hands it to me, keys to the kingdom.
Don't rush, he orders, and don't you dare close your eyes. I want to see how much you like it. He moves in front of me, strips Brett from the waist down, pushes him onto his hands and knees. Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, positioning himself inches from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, grab his shoulders. Carl's hands cover mine. Brett moans as I...Oh my God! I am damned. But I don't stop and I don't rush. Carl's eyes never once leave mine. Finally I beg his permission. "Now? Please?" He nods and I do. We all do.

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(Violates Regulation with description of intercourse.)
Poor baby. Don't worry. Daddy has presents for his beautiful little girl. He comes over, sits beside me. Pulls a dime bag from his pocket like it's made of gold. Clean rigs, too. Let Daddy fix it for you. He cooks up a perfect spoon, loads it, plunges it between my toes.
Bryn gives me wings. The sting is luscious, the awful rush all I need. No, not all. I need Bryn. And he's here, all mine right now. His lap is warm, inviting. I climb into it, slip my arms around his neck. Thank you. Better now. Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, suck his tongue into my mouth, seeking moisture. It curls over my own tongue, sensuous as smoke. Time slows.
...Want him to take me higher. Want sex as it was meant to be, as only Bryn can ever give it to me. "Make love to me."
He pushes me to the floor. My head spins, dizzy with anticipation. My brain screams, kiss me! Kiss all those special places, just like you used to. I know he will, but... But what?
Why is he stopping? He reaches into a back pocket. What is that? A rubber? No. We don't need that.
...Finally he says, Never know what kind of gift one of your customers might have left.
What? My face flushes, hot from the skag, hotter still with an overdose of anger. Always, with no exceptions, "My customers use condoms."
I Try to Push Him Away But even if I were perfectly straight, my stick-figure body would

be no match for his toned physique. And I'm not straight. My vision is blurred, like looking through a fishbowl, and my muscles feel like steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest vanishes. So hell, he can screw me, if that's all it means to him. He boosts himself up over me.
...That's it, he soothes. No need to waste a perfectly good boner In. Out. In. Out. I close my eyes.

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(Violates the Regulation with description of rape of a minor.)
Since the revelation about Iris sicking her snarling dogs on me, other faces--other mutts--materialize when I least want to recognize them, often just as I sink into an alcohol fueled stupor, praying it will let me sleep, dreamless. I was so young the first time, I didn't know what it meant, only that nothing had ever hurt so bad. Walt tore me up and I bled and bled and when I screamed, nobody came. And he laughed. That's it, little baby.
Scream for your daddy. Only he wasn't my daddy at all. My daddy was a brave soldier, fighting far away. Iris told me so. I still believed the stuff she told me then. When I told her about the man, not my daddy, she said, He was only making you into a real girl. I didn't understand. But I made myself believe her. I was a real girl now. But what was I before?
Walt was the first. There were others. Nameless. Faceless. I figured out how to close off my brain when they did it to me, to withdraw into a dark little room inside my head, where I couldn't see them. Couldn't smell their sweat, their stagnant breath. Couldn’t taste the tobacco coating their tongues, or the beer tainting the spit they left in my mouth. Couldn't feel what was down between my legs. But now they revisit me. Is it because of what I'm doing?