

Education Edition

This edition contains materials that may be considered offensive, and inappropriate for anyone under the age of 108, but it is or was in our government middle school and/or high school libraries, and has been vociferously defended by some members of our community. In the interest of educating the public as to what the actual materials are, excerpts are included in this edition. Discretion is advised. The materials are on page 4-9 if you wish to skip them.

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Tara Petsch Updates School Library Porn Issue

Tara Petsch, one of the parents who has challenged pornographic books in the government school libraries, spoke on the status of efforts to protect children from porn. She was one of the speakers at the Thursday, June 9 Gillespie County Republican Club.

Mrs. Petsch introduced herself as a former school teacher and school administrator. She has 4 children; 3 of whom are in Fredericksburg schools. She also introduced her parents, who were present, and one of the other moms working with her: Tracy Knudsen.

Petsch's activities include web mastering makeschoolssafeagain.com and the Facebook pages "Fredericksburg ISD Parents & Community For Parental Rights-TEXAS," and "Make Schools Safe Again." She also spends time searching libraries, reading books, researching Critical Race Theory and Social Emotional Learning, making lots of phone calls and emails, conducting meetings and trainings, plus being a mom and a wife.

Tara opened her remarks by stating that the issue is much broader than pornographic books; the larger issue is the intentional sexualization of our children. She mentioned a UNICEF article which claimed that pornography is not always harmful to children. She mentioned the drag show at a Dallas bar where parents took their children, where the children gave money to the drag queens.1

The event was titled "Drag The Kids To Pride," which seems to be a double entendre (it has a double meaning.). Maybe even triple. At this event, one neon sign read: "it's not gonna lick itself;" another: "I licked it so it's mine."1

While Petsch didn't mention it in her speech, there was a similar event about three years ago in New Orleans. Burlesque dancer Bella Blue was photographed mostly naked as an elementary age girl stuck a bill in her panties. On her now deleted Facebook page, Bella was quoted as saying:2

"This little girl was at brunch a



Tracy Knudsen and Tara Petsch display and discuss the "In God We Trust" poster for local government schools. Photo by befreefilm, from the video "Tara speaks truth."

few weeks ago and her family was encouraging her to tip and engage with me. It's always so refreshing to see families actively destigmatizing and changing narratives around bodies and sexuality. At the end, her mom came up to me and said 'thank you for showing her that being a strong woman is ok.' And I told her 'No, no. Thank YOU for exposing her to burlesque and for encouraging her to experience it.'”2,3

Petsch noted other indicators, including the Detroit Tigers donating for transgender surgery of children. Petch cited statistics from Bill Maher: in 1940, 8% of people identified as LGBTQ.; whereas, present Generation Z identify at 21%. She said the percentage of those claiming to be LGBTQ is doubling every generation, and is the result of deliberate indoctrination.

State Farm was donating books promoting transgender ideas to five year olds in government schools, but backed down after pushback from outraged citizens.

The federal government is in on the act, too. Biden has announced

that schools wanting federal lunch money are required to allow "transgender" boys in girls restrooms and locker rooms.

Petsch said the state of Texas failed to pass legislation banning the "transitioning" of children, but the Attorney General did write a legal summary stating that for medical clinics to chemically or surgically "transition" children is child abuse. Petsch wanted to know what is wrong with our state legislators.

Petsch said the pornographic materials in the government school libraries indicate targeting of children. She said the Fredericksburg Standard refuses to publish

excerpts from the books, claiming they are too obscene [Editor's note: the *Fredericksburg Conservative* is publishing some of those excerpts in this issue.]

Petsch mentioned one book in the elementary school: *Too bright to see*, by Kyle Lukoff, which leads elementary students to question their genders, and introduces the concept that they may not be the gender determined by their chromosomes and their body parts, and their reproductive capacity. [Editor's note: we do not have excerpts from this particular book.] Petsch was disappointed that the book was not immediately removed, but was referred to the book review committee.

The book review committee was formed in March 2022 by FISD Superintendent Dr Rodriguez, who introduced new school board policies that reinforced the legal right for FISD to remove pervasively vulgar and educationally unsuitable library books from FISD school libraries.

On March 21, 10 library books were deemed pervasively vulgar and/or educationally unsuitable by FISD. These books and others featured: sex acts between teachers and students, child sex, adult and child sex, rape, graphic sex scenes, molestation, incest, pedophilia, etc.

On August 2 the book review committee is scheduled to meet again, and they are reviewing 42 books, as of Tara's talk.

Petsch said many other contested library books are stuck in the book review committee. The secondary book review committee is made up of many outspoken people in

the community who do not want any book boundaries in government school libraries. Some of them have avowed to remove no books. Some of them have created and promoted online petitions to keep all books (including the ones deemed pervasively vulgar) in FISD libraries. Some on this committee are actively involved in setting up an "underground library" in Fredericksburg.

Petsch said the "underground library" is hosted at the Gillespie County Democrat headquarters, and features books removed from the school libraries, including: *Jesus Land*, and *Fade*, removed from the Fbg Middle School library, and *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* removed from Fbg High School library. Petsch said the activists plan on having all the vulgar books available for children to check out of the underground library, and have had \$700 worth of books donated towards that effort.

Petsch said those opposing the removal of the obscene books prefer, instead, to remove the school superintendent, Dr. Rodriguez for the role he played in removing the vulgar books.. He acted by using his legal right in Board Policy EF Legal to remove "pervasively vulgar" & "educationally unsuitable" books.

Petsch said Dr. Rodriguez did what school board and superintendents should be doing, but others aren't brave enough to protect children. They're afraid of lawsuits. The pressure from those pushing sexualization of children is so great that assistant superintendent Darrington resigned and is moving out of Fredericksburg. Petsch said

Con't on p. 9, Petsch

Celebrating Independence Day and the right to life: end of Roe



Thou shalt not kill. Exodus 20:13
Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man. Genesis 9:6
photo (c) Lennart Nilsson www.lennartnilsson.com

(From Attorney General Ken Paxton)
Texans want to know what to expect now that Roe is overturned. The answer is that without further action by the Texas Legislature, abortion will soon be clearly illegal in Texas.

In 2021, the Texas Legislature passed the Human Life Protection Act of 2021

("the 2021 Act"), which prohibits abortions in most circumstances and takes effect on the 30th day after "issuance of a United States Supreme Court judgment in a decision overruling...Roe v. Wade,... thereby allowing the states of the United States to prohibit abortion." A pregnant woman, however, cannot

Con't on p. 9, Roe

Judge, Sheriffs declare invasion while Abbott Fiddles

On July 5th sheriffs, judges, and representatives of several counties met in Brackettville, Texas to support a Declaration of Invasion of Texas by illegal aliens, an order issued by Kinney County Judge Tully Shahan.

Goliad, Uvalde, Val Verde, Terrell, and Zavala county representatives also indicated they would likely support similar Declarations in the coming days.1

The US Constitution says:

Article I, Section 10: Powers Denied to the States

"No State shall, ...engage in War, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent Danger as will not admit of delay." (constitutioncenter.org)

Which is another way to say, states may engage in war if actually invaded, or suffer other danger that must be immediately addressed.

The Texas Constitution says:

Article IV Sec. 7.

[Texas' governor]...shall have power to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the State, to suppress insurrections, and

to repel invasions. (www.tlc.texas.gov)

Note, according to US founding fathers, the militia is not just the Texas State Guard, but all of the people.

Judge Shahan's Declaration says, in part:

"Whereas, the health, safety, and welfare of Kinney County residents is under an imminent threat of disaster from the unprecedented levels of illegal immigration, human trafficking, and drug smuggling coming across the U.S. border from Mexico.

"Whereas, since January 2021,

Con't on p. 3, Invasion

"In Congress, July 4, 1776

"The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, ...

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life...--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men...."

On July 4, 1776, our nation was born, and one of the founding precepts was that the right to life is given to us by our Creator; it is unalienable, and the government was instituted to secure the right to life, and other: rights.

In 1973, the US Supreme Court ignored the unalienable right to life, and instead, gave us abortion on demand, resulting in over 60 million murdered babies in the USA.

Almost 50 years later, the Court overturned *Roe*, stating: "*Roe* and *Casey* are overruled; and the authority to regulate abortion is returned to the people and their elected representatives." (*Dobbs v. Jackson*)

What are the implications of the *Dobbs* decision for Texas?

Attorney General Ken Paxton issued an Advisory that explains it pretty well:

Editor's note on this Education Edition

While we are generally willing to publish just about any opinion, we do not normally publish the smut and porn included in this edition.

However, we believe that the public may not be aware of what is being promoted to children by certain members of our community, and which either has been or is still being provided to minors by our government schools. Hence, this Education Edition: to educate adults to that which children have had easy access via your tax money.

Read the materials, and decide if you think the material is pornographic, or inappropriate for children, or if you want someone other than the parents giving these materials to minors.

Due to the offensive nature of the materials, we are attempting to prevent minors from accessing this edition by limiting our distribution to mailing to adults, and other methods which we think will prevent minors from seeing the material without their parents' permission.

This edition may not be distributed to minors without the consent of their parents.

Unattributed material was written by the editor.

Letters to the Editor

[Editor's note: The author of this letter says he was having difficulty publishing it in the Flg Standard, so we decided to publish it.

We will be glad to consider publishing what the Standard will not publish. Do be advised, we may find it appropriate to add our own contradictory, "sarcastic, impertinent or irreverent" (Merriam-Webster.com) comments.]

Please keep your letters under 500 words, sign them, and give us contact information so we can verify that you really wrote it.

We reserve the right to edit or excerpt submitted content.

Ken [Esten Cooke], my name is Dennis McCanless and I am a resident of Fredericksburg and a friend of George and Mary Studor. I was hoping that you could help me out with a recently submitted article that I wrote as a Letter to the Editor piece that did not seem to make it into the Standard. This

is not the first time this has happened and I would like to see if you could please look into it. I have attached the last one I sent and would very much like to see it published. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Dennis J McCanless

[body of the letter--Ed.]

On each graveyard tombstone, in between the date in which a person is born and the date in which a person dies, is a "dash" which metaphorically represents that person's life. Thinking about it, within the timeline that makes up a person's "dash" there are countless events, experiences, decisions, opportunities, challenges, successes and failures that make us who we are. Regardless of how we encounter these, we ultimately have a role to play in who we are, what we stand for, and how we want to contribute to society and the world in which we live in. Some people

use their dash to promote the fundamental beliefs that freedom, morality, decency, compassion and good works towards others are an expression of what God expects from us and, at its core, the people of the United States have historically valued and displayed those beliefs and human character within this world, although I realize that we are not without our share of flaws as every human and country on this earth is. But, we are still a fundamentally great nation to be championed, celebrated and fought for.

However, some people use their dash to promote ideas and lifestyles that disrupt, divide, deceive, lie and corrupt. They believe that what is good is bad and what is bad is good as part of their agenda to persuade us as a society away from God. We see their efforts every day in the endless promotion of lawlessness, perversion, socialism, false racism, abortion, intolerance, and now, the sexual indoctrination of children. Such an indoctrina-

tion event was even held here in Fredericksburg recently where a Celebration of Books was held to promote the idea that all children should be able to read all books, regardless of content, not just the age-appropriate ones. However, I believe the promoters of this occasion mis-named the event. It should have been called the Celebration of Perversion, because that in essence was what it was. The books they promote for kids are vile, disgusting and without any moral or educational value whatsoever. Period. They promote adolescent sexuality, perversion and alternative lifestyles that are not healthy towards kids as young as elementary school and because of this, society will ultimately pay a price which it cannot afford for such filth. They claim that children need to be exposed to vulgar material such as this in order to prepare them for life in the big world. What complete nonsense! I have spent many of my years in the big cities all over this nation and I never needed to be equipped with

the understanding of what male semen tasted like or how pedophiles groom their victims and how they carry out their abuse. Call me old fashioned, but kids need to be brought up to respect and honor God, and understand that moral character, integrity, compassion, hard work and perseverance are what prepares you for life in the real world regardless of whether that is in the "Big City" or in a small town.

So, stand up and celebrate those things that are truly good! Martin Luther King once said, "History will have to record the greatest tragedy of this period of social transition was not the strident clamor of the bad people, but the appalling silence of the good people." Please use your "dash" in this world to openly promote good and do not let the evil displayed and embraced by those celebrating the perverted attempts to indoctrinate children against God stop you, but only encourage your efforts more.

Dennis J McCanless

Editorials

To print and mail this edition of the paper to most households in Gillespie County will probably cost \$5,000-\$6,000. Obviously we don't have those kinds of funds.

If you would like to help with future editions, Please send a donation via PayPal.com to sirdavid@kic.com or you can mail a check to Fredericksburg Conservative; 1141 Metzger Road; Fredericksburg, TX 78624

We can't promise when the next edition will be, but it will be unapologetically conservative and Christian.

Cultivating at attitude of defiance to tyranny

We are suffering increasing attacks on our freedoms from all levels of government and business and fellow citizens, often without much recourse.

We cannot acquiesce. Sometimes, our only option is defiance, and the time has long passed for us to defy tyrants.

The Federal Judiciary

We have over 60 million dead babies because we did not defy the Supreme Court in 1973 when they wrote *Roe v. Wade*. While overturning that dreadful decision is good, I am afraid we are putting too much faith in the Court. All it will take is changing a couple justices, or packing the court, or some illegitimate federal action, and we'll be back to the same position we were in between 1973 and now; allowing the wholesale slaughter to continue. Meanwhile, we all sit around wringing our hands thinking we have to go along with it.

The same goes with the Court's recent rulings on guns, and so on. The Court issued some great ruling, but they will be easily overturned.

If we want liberty in the long term, we have to give up the idea that the Constitution is what some court says it is. It is not. The Constitution is the supreme law of the land, not the opinion of 5 black-robed tyrants on a Court, or some federal judge who may or may not give a hoot what is actually written.

The Governor

Remember in 2020 when Gov. Abbott closed businesses and churches, determined who was essential and who was not, and threw people in jail who disobeyed his illegal orders? Remember when we were told by others including local judges that people who were not

sick had to wear masks, quarantine in their homes, and stay 6 feet away from other people, and we were not allowed to assemble? And then there were the local businesses who enforced the "guidelines" of federal agencies, the governor, and these local judges. All these orders and enforcements violated both the US and Texas Constitutions. Why did so many people follow them?

En Mass we should have politely told them, not only no, but heck no. You do realize no one has yet apologized for all these illegal acts? That ought to tell you they will do it again, when the next real or imagined "pandemic" comes along.

We cannot, we MUST not comply with these grievous violations of our US and Texas Constitutions.

Individuals, of course, bear the heaviest brunt of defiance, which is why those in authority must stand up for those under them. The Governor of Texas should stand against the feds, the Sheriff and other local officials should stand up for people in the county, etc, and individuals should stand together against all tyranny. There is power in numbers, and the only thing a tyrant understands is power.

The tricky part of all this is, who decides what is tyranny and what isn't? For example, the deceived on the left think that protecting children from murder (abortion), butchery (transgender surgery) and perversion (see pages 4-9) is bad, and the rest of us think they are demented and perverted.

It boils down to one thing. We must answer the question posed 2000 years ago by Pilate: "What is truth?" If we cannot give the correct answer, we are gone as a free country, and we will descend into barbarism and tyranny.

John Adams, put it this way, "Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious People. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other."1 James Madison wrote that our Constitution requires "sufficient virtue among men for self-government," otherwise, "nothing less than the chains of despotism can restrain them from destroying and devouring one another."2 (source of quotes 3)

The Bible says: John 8:32 "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That implies if you don't know truth, you will not be free.

Where do you find the truth? Read the Bible. Read the founding documents, and the writings of our founding fathers, and that includes those of Texas.

And, defy tyrants (defytyrants.com).

3 [https://constitutionallaw.regent.edu/preserving-a-constitution-de-](https://constitutionallaw.regent.edu/preserving-a-constitution-de)



Le 18:22 *Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination.*
--God

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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances. First Amendment, US Constitution.

The Texas Constitution Article 1. Bill Of Rights
Sec. 8. FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND PRESS; LIBEL. Every person shall be at liberty to speak, write or publish his opinions on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that privilege; and no law shall ever be passed curtailing the liberty of speech or of the press. In prosecutions for the publication of papers, investigating the conduct of officers, or men in public capacity, or when the matter published is proper for public information, the truth thereof may be given in evidence. And in all indictments for libels, the jury shall have the right to determine the law and the facts, under the direction of the Court, as in other cases.

Our Vision

- To provide a staunchly conservative paper that does not shy away from controversy.
- To cover hot topics at local, county, state, national, and international levels, and to cover regular local news as we are able.
- To be a voice for tax payers, property owners, and those not part of the establishment who feel that their views are not being adequately represented.
- To provide a First Amendment forum for those whose views are excluded from the local media
- signed-for-a-moral-and-religious-people/
- 1 "From John Adams to Massachusetts Militia, 11 October 1798," Founders Online, National Archives, accessed Feb. 28, 2020, <https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Adams/99-02-02-3102>.
- 2 James Madison, The Federalist Papers, No. 55.
- How a Texas governor should close the border**
- There's only one way to do it successfully, and that is by force.
- We need to tell the feds to shut down the border, or we will. Maybe give them a few days, just enough time to mobilize our National Guard, DPS, State Guard and whatever other forces we can muster.
- We take our forces to the border crossing centers, and tell them close it or we will. Considering that the Ustrper is using the border invasion to seize permanent power in this country and destroy our freedom, the feds will never agree. However, I suspect a number of Border Patrol agents would support the idea of actually closing the border, instead of assisting Biden's invasion. We use whatever force is necessary to seize the border.
- To stop the push from the Mexican side, we tell Mexico that we are serious, and if they want any commercial traffic to be allowed in our state, they must stop all illegals from crossing immediately and permanently, and they have to take back all the illegals who have already crossed the border. We can tell Mexico the commercial traffic will start again as long as they take all the illegals onto their side of the border. We tell them the traffic will stop again if they allow anyone through at any point. We house no one here.
- We finish the wall, and defend it. We hire those members of the Border Patrol who are willing to
- help us.
- We seize all commercial aircraft involved in trafficking illegals, and arrest the pilots. As expensive as aircraft are, and as few as their are, that type of large scale trafficking won't occur for long. Same thing with buses, etc.
- For those being shipped first to military bases, we wait until they are shipped out of those bases, wait for the feds to release them, and then seize them.
- The ones from Afghanistan might be a little trickier to handle; but there are, what, 40 Muslim nations? No reason why they can't take them.
- We authorize US citizens to use properly-meted force when necessary to help us close the border along its entire length.
- We use aircraft (helicopter gunships, etc) in certain cases to stop those who can't be stopped by other means. In my travels across Texas I heard that this has actually been done in the past, and it's what gave me the idea. A man who piloted a helicopter gunship flew special border missions for the executive branch. They received information that there was a column of drug mules headed north for the border. When this mule caravan crossed into the US, our guys carefully identified this caravan. The pilot told me, it took only two squirts from his mounted gun, presumably a mini-gun, to blow them all to smithereens.
- Naturally, it won't take much force to convince those on the other side of the border to not try to cross. They will understand the message quickly, and there will be very little further traffic.
- Of course, I am not talking about machine-gunning women and children; it takes less force to persuade people like that; nevertheless, if you are not willing to use the minimum amount of force necessary to

Con't on p. 3, Border

Con't from p. 1, Invasion

more than 3.2 million illegal aliens have been apprehended after unlawfully entering the United States.1 More than 800,000 illegal aliens have avoided apprehension while unlawfully entering the United States and remain unaccounted for within our nation.2 ...During the month of May 2022, Kinney County law enforcement documented over 4,000 illegal aliens who avoided apprehension by Border Patrol and whose whereabouts are currently unknown.5 ...

“Now, therefore, be is proclaimed by the County Judge of Kinney County, Texas:

“2. That as a matter of law, the aforementioned facts constitute--among other things--an **invasion** of Kinney County, Texas as the term “invasion” is used in Article IV, Section 4 of the U.S.

Constitution and in Article 4, Section 7 of the Texas Constitution;... “3. ...this declaration does hereby request that the Governor of Texas, as Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the State, declare the existence of an **invasion** on its border with Mexico and take necessary actions to preserve and protect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Texas;...

“4. ...requests the Governor of Texas...immediately prevent and/or remove all persons _invading_ the sovereignty of Texas and that of the United States;...

“8. That this declaration hereby authorizes the use of all lawfully available resources and authority granted under both the Constitution of Texas and the Constitution of the United States....”

A number of people spoke, including US Rep Chip Roy. In a December 2021 interview with

Matt Long and Angela Smith of the Fbg TEA Party, Rep Roy said following:

“So we’d have to decide as Texas, ... Sorry, we’re enforcing these laws.... [to stop the border invasion no matter what the feds say].

“I think at the end of the day, we’re getting to that critical juncture, where states have got to start deciding, ... are we going to protect our communities, yes or no--no matter what.

“Do we do we believe that Article 1 Section 10, or that the Constitution ... posits that we have a sovereign right, to defend our communities and ourselves? I think ultimately, we do.

... “By continuing to allow this flow of individuals across our border, and then, therefore, leaving our whole border wide open and exposed because border patrol [has] effec-

tively abandon[ed their] post. And as a result, Texans are dying. So to h___ with you, we’re gonna step in and solve the problem. But that’s the level of action that would be required in Texas.

“Now, to be clear, I favor that level of action. I think that’s where we are. I think it is time, now....

... “Just say, Enough. We don’t want any more of this. And say, No excuses. “

So far, Governor Abbott has not stopped the overwhelming flow of illegals entering Texas or the US. His primary response has been to blame Biden. Usurper Biden has made it clear that he is the facilitator of this invasion, he is the one who told the illegals to come, he is the one who has ordered Border Patrol to stand down, and his objective is to transform the US in so doing. However, Abbott has the

authority to stop the invasion, and he has the duty to defend Texas. Clearly, then, the duty of stopping invasion rests equally with Abbott as it does with Biden, and blame for not stopping the invasion lies with Abbott as much as with the Usurper. It is absolutely imperative that Abbott close the border. Perhaps the meeting in Brackettville will help motivate Abbott to take the action he should have taken a long time ago: do whatever necessary to actually close the border. As US Rep Chip Roy said, “No more excuses.”

(some information was taken from 1texasscorecard.com/state/texas-counties-act-to-declare-crisis-on-southern-border; and Matt Long of the Fbg TEA Party. Photos of the Declaration were taken from https://www.breitbart.com/border/2022/07/05/texas-border-county-officially-declares-border-invasion-urges-governor-to-follow/)

Editorial's Con't

Con't from p. 2, Border

stop whoever, they will simply over run you for your weakness. There are plenty of non lethal, large scale options: Long Range Acoustic Devices (sonic weapons that induce intolerable pain, used to defend ships from pirates), tear gas, Active Denial Systems (ADS) (pain generating microwaves), pepper balls, rubber bullets, etc.

The most effective option, however, is simply to convince people that they will not be allowed into the Texas no matter what, and they will be deported if somehow they do. And, to reduce the incentives, like free education, welfare, etc.

As for the illegal aliens who are already stashed here in various places, we round up a bunch of buses equipped with restrooms, and we load them all at gun point, and ship them back to the border. We tell Mexico, you want any commerce again? Take them. If not, we blockade their trade until they do.

A sheriff could exercise this option by calling up as many people as necessary to successfully implement it. The Texas CCP in two places authorizes sheriffs to call on as many people in the county as necessary to overcome the resistance, and they should do it now. Citizens can be on the lookout for illegals, and then the sheriff can do whatever it takes to succeed. Sheriff Joe Arpaio did this sort of thing in Arizona.

Naturally, leftwing activists will resist this; and you should expect that all the violence that was planned if Trump had served his second term will be brought to bear on anyone who stands up to the enemies of this country. We need the fortitude and determination to win no matter what it costs; and I believe the cost will be high. Sun shine patriots need not apply. If we don't, very simply, our country is gone. If our men could storm the beaches of Normandy for freedom, we can endure the pains that lie ahead of us for the freedoms of our future generations.

As for the federal judiciary, which will surely object to this and the other things we need to do, we can tell them what we should have told them to do back in 1973: go pound sand; we will uphold the Texas and US Constitutions, and y'all can go jump, and take your unconstitutional opinions with you.

The courts are not the supreme law of the land, the Constitution is, and these out of control courts just need to be ignored.

Then we can begin enforcing our laws against abortion again, even if Roe is re-instated, or the Usurper enacts some federal action to implement nationwide abortion. See how simple that is? We don't have to wait 40 years and watch 60 million Americans be slaughtered in the process, while we ask them, wringing our hands, pretty please, will you stop killing babies?--we just do it. If the Supreme Court doesn't like it, they can send their army. Wait, they don't have an army. So why do we quake in our boots at their opinions? Maybe Ketanji Brown Jackson (www.supremecourt.gov) can come here

and shake a stick at us. I'm thankful for the recent good decisions from the Court, but don't expect it to last long.

Another issue from the feds affecting Texas is gun control. Declaring our state a Second Amendment sanctuary is good, but we need to be clear what that entails.

When Dictator Biden (or Beto, for that matter, if he steals the election) decides to confiscate our guns, or tries to tell us to register them or surrender them, we can tell him to bug off, and that we will use whatever force is necessary to defend our rights, our state, and our people. If they surround some citizen, we call the Sheriff, first, but if that doesn't work, we surround them, and give them a chance to leave, maybe 60 seconds. ...

That brings up the issue of Usurper Biden's ignoring the courts to enforce his “vaccine” (gene therapy) mandates. Some people will argue that we can't select what laws we enforce and which ones we ignore. The suggestion is, our choice is, obey everything the government says, or nobody has to anything the government says, inviting anarchy. The focus should be, instead, we enforce the Constitution, and block anything against the Constitution. Dictator Biden's “vaccine” mandate is blatantly unconstitutional; therefore, we not only don't enforce it, we effectively block it. On the other hand, defending our borders, the Second Amendment, and the lives of unborn children, and the accuracy of our votes are 100% constitutional issues, and we are required to defend those issues, and effectively stop anyone who tries to violate them. By effective I mean using the continuum of force: use no more force than necessary to achieve the objective, but, nevertheless, use enough force to ensure the objective is achieved.

All that I see Abbott doing is the same thing the Republicans did while Obama was President: feign hand wringing and act like they were terribly opposed to what was happening, because their hands were supposedly tied. But, the truth came out when the Republicans had all 3 branches of government, and they did nothing, and stopped those like Trump who actually tried to do something. Well, time for “nothing” to come to an end. Abbott has been “sending troops” to the border for as long as he has been governor, and he has NEVER closed the border. It's all smoke and mirrors.

We need our governor to do something besides ask the feds to do their job. They won't. The people who stole the election did it right in front of our faces, and dared us to do anything. So far, we've done nothing, except for some Republican candidates who asked for more donations. That's about the best many Republicans can do: point their fingers at Democrats, and ask for more money, and silence complaints by saying, You must support the Democrats. Hogwash. Do you think those people are suddenly going to start defending the Constitution? Don't be delusional. Now they are screaming loudly against anyone who talks about taking back our country.

Either we take back Texas, and

use that as a stepping stone to take back the USA, or we will slide irreversibly into a bloody, communist dictatorship, thanks, in part, to the gutless and visionless people on our side. Either we fight and win, or the communist coup that occurred November 3, 2020 will be permanent. There can be no stopping point except victory.

Response to the Democrats' ad in the Standard

The Democrat statements are in italics, then my response follows.

*Democrats: Sensible Parental Rights Belong to Everyone**

Not a right of individuals, or individual families, but collective, or class rights.

Here is the heart of much of what the rabid left is pushing: a loss of individual rights (and responsibility), in favor of class rights.

You may exercise certain rights only if you belong to the proper class; or at least so long as you do not belong to the _improper_ class.

Not the rights of parents, but “*everyone*.”

It is straight out of Marxism, where no individual has rights, but, as we've heard several politicians say in regard to the SC case dealing with carrying handguns in NY, where they emphasize the “rights” of government to restrict the obvious constitutional liberties of individuals, admit that the constitution does, indeed enumerate individual rights (I think it was the NY mayor), and then they go on to say the constitution is outdated, outmoded, and should be ignored, and that they will actively defy adherence to the Constitution (Maxine Waters).

And they start yammering about the “rights” of government, which, the verbiage in this ad being: “*everyone*.”

This is not just the loss of individuals' right to parent their children, but also involves how your tax dollars are spent. Pay up, but then, shut up. You have no say in the matter, because spending is determined by “*everyone*,” not by individual parents; and we'll call you names if you dare to say anything.

Democrats: Whereas, academic rights of teachers and other community leaders have been violated by the FISD school board, and administrators by continually kowtowing to the demands of a few loud and angry people who use inflammatory and fear inducing language, such as the dreaded acronyms , CRT and SEL, not to mention pornography and sex education.

Implies teachers have the “right” to teach values rejected by most of the parents in a school system, including the promotion of Marxist, anti-Christian, pornographic materials. This is

deemed to be a “right,” which would imply that government has a duty to enforce this “right” against any objections.

They make no effort to argue that the 4 terms are falsely applied, but seem to imply that whatever it is, it is good, and it should continue; only people should stop using such inflammatory language describing it.

You Democrats accuse us of name calling, but, does not your use of these terms constitute name calling: “a few,” “loud and angry,” “inflammatory,” “fear-inducing,” “dreaded,” “specious,” “distorted,” “untruthful?” What does that double standard make you?

Then again, hypocrisy and two sets of rules--one for thee, and one for me--are defining characteristics of those on the left.

Democrats: Whereas, the Texas Education Code, (TEC) chapter 26 (sec.26.001) affirms that parents are to be partners with teachers and administrators. The operative word here is “partner” . (sic) Parents are not given the right to absolute control of what is being taught in our public school.

Here you show your hand again, because you don't want parents to control what is taught in public schools; you want to control it yourselves, but pretend there is some sort of “partnership.” There is no equality between parents and government; parents are squarely and fully, completely in charge of their children's education.

You are in good company:

(this is from Yahoo News, a full-blown yahoo news outlet, but they did a pretty good job)

Biden Claims School Children Don't Belong to Parents 'When They're in the Classroom'

https://news.yahoo.com/biden-claims-school-children-don-234147454.html

At the 2022 Teacher of the Year ceremony hosted by the White House on Wednesday, President Biden claimed that school children don't belong to parents “when they're in the classroom.”

“They're all our children. And the reason you're the teachers of the year is because you recognize that. They're not somebody else's children. They're like yours when they're in the classroom,” he said.

Later in the speech, Biden targeted Republicans and the parent movements in local school districts that have fought to remove from libraries and curricula books that promote radical gender and racial ideologies.

“There are too many politicians trying to score political points trying to ban books, even math books. Did you ever think when you'd be teaching you're going to be worried about book burnings and banning books all because it doesn't fit somebody's political agenda?” Biden said.

The comments struck a similar tone to that of former Virginia Democratic gubernatorial candidate Terry McAuliffe, when he made his now infamous remark last year that parents should not be involved in K–12 public education. On the campaign trail, he declared at a debate: “I'm not going to let parents come into schools and actually take books out and make their own decisions. I don't think parents should be telling schools what they should teach.”

McAuliffe's then-opponent Glenn Youngkin, now governor of the Virginia, countered with: “You believe school systems should tell children what to do. I believe parents should be in charge of their kids' education.” Since Youngkin's sweeping victory in the state, multiple Republicans have followed his model, making parental rights a major policy priority and crafting legislation along those lines.

Florida's Governor Ron DeSantis, for instance, recently signed the Parental Rights in Education law, which prohibits instruction of sexual education and gender identity in kindergarten through third grade, deferring to parents to decide how and when to teach their children about such sensitive topics.

The parental-choice rhetoric has angered many progressives for its efficacy at the ballot box, given that it has persuaded many moderates too. Last week, MSNBC host Nicolle Wallace compared parental-rights legislation to the “war tactics” of Russians who “get their soldiers to rape children by dehumanizing them.” Similarly, American Federation of Teachers president Randi Weingarten suggested last week that these Republican-backed measures amount to “propaganda” and “misinformation,” claiming “this is the way in which wars start.”

Most Americans and Florida residents, regardless of political affiliation, support the Parental Rights in Education law, a recent survey found. [end]

Democrats: Whereas, the United States stands on a philosophy of separation of church and state, the Texas Family Code 151 does not direct the public school to protect religious training of children. The statute refers to the relationship between parent and child and does not refer to public school.

There is no separation of church and state.

Item from the Republican resolution: “*WHEREAS, public school parents of students in grades pre-K through grade 12 have the right and duty to direct the moral and religious training of their children as stated in Texas Family Code 151, and these rights must be recognized, affirmed, enforced, and protected.*”

The Democrats statement suggests that parental rights do not carry into the schools. If the parents have a right to protect the religious training of their children at home, the statement suggests that the schools have the “right” to attack their religious training in government schools.

Con't on p. 9, Response



www.2000mules.com

WARNING:
Extremely Graphic and Offensive materials, all of which either still are or were in the gov’t Elementary, Middle, and/or High School libraries.

Tricks, Hopkins, Ellen
as of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School library, will go to committee for review.

[ed: “tricks” refers to prostitution, and goodreads.com describes the book as involving: “Five teenagers from different parts of the country.” So, this appears to be a book describing teenage prostitution, some heterosexual, some homosexual, sometimes involving multiple prostitutes, sometimes involving multiple “Johns.”]

[book excerpts]

the “look but don’t touch” rule. Our two-for-one fee is three hundred an hour (a bargain!) plus tips for straight dancing. Private lap dances are twenty dollars per song. Girl-on-girl action adds another hundred to the tab.

Besides Lydia, we give a cut to our regular taxi drivers, who keep us off their meters.

They’re cool and weren’t hard to hook up with. Pretty much everyone in Vegas is a scammer.

As for the actual stripping, Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I’m a better dancer than Alex. Her b**bs are bigger, though, and really beautiful. I swear I never knew I leaned toward girls until I met Alex.

Guess I never let myself lean any way at all. Didn’t dare get close to anyone, male or female.

But Alex and I are tight. I love her heart. Her brains. Her body.

The men we perform for like....

I Have Never Considered Three-way s*x. How would...?

Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that. Like Loren, Carl has always played the feminine role.

But unlike with Loren (who insisted on using cond*ms), with Carl (who refused to), I set limits—“Carl, you know the rule.” 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 cond*m, 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,

But if we don’t call you in an hour, it’s okay to come looking.

She gives him a twenty for caring and off we go. Unlike Best Man, this guy is a pug,

short, wrinkled, and bug-eyed. He doesn’t talk as we handle the business stuff, but he does pay extra up front for a three-song lap dance. 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.”

No good. Alex’s eyes go just a little wild. 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 han* job. Give

when we dance with each other, br**st-to-br**st or belly-to-a**, 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 mas*****ion. It’s like they are mas*****ing for me, and I can control when they c*me by how I move my body, what I let them see. It’s a game I win every time.

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!

He does let go of Alex, who wipes her hand on his shirt.

We grab our clothes, throw ourselves out the door, mostly naked. Yank on what we can at a dead run. Suddenly Alex starts to laugh. She holds up a wad of bills. Stupid sh*t just gave us a really big tip.

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.

the thin latex protection. You ever seen a r*mrod like Dan’s? I shake my head as I roll the cond*m 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. I think about Cory, locked up in juvie until a judge decides he’s been “rehabilitated.”

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 and, still folding me into him, he moves me toward the bed, urges me facedown.

The sheets smell of bleach. I picture Mom, waiting tables at Denny’s. Jack’s life insurance put off the foreclosure. But not forever. And those f*cking bills just keep piling up. Her meager tips won’t pay them. Something has to.

Down go my boxers. Oh my. What

Might as well make it very good.

He’s on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You’re even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. “Don’t,” I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me. Humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor. As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding.

Shredding. Ripping. “Please?”

The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him.

For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me.

...let them
enjoy that
freedom.

Richard Zowie, Fbg
Fbg Std Radio Post, letter to the editor,
‘Fahrenheit 2022’

And then, despite everything that’s happening to me, I laugh out loud.

Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you. I’ve been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother.

And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting,

I Bite Down

On a strange metal taste—a metal taste of emotions. An odd blend of fear and . . . excitement. For some f*cked-up reason, I’m excited. I can’t wait this! 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, apple. 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. I’m only here for Mom. Cory. I won’t! But I do. And when I do, it’s over the top.

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. Reminds me of... Ronnie.

God I love her. She is my spark of sanity. My light against the darkness, closing in. She knows things are bad, but not how bad. If she even suspected... this. What I’m doing. What I’ve already done, she’d never speak to me again.

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.

Lily and Duncan, by Donna Gephart
as of 4-8-22 in Fbg Elementary School library, will go to committee for review.

[overview]

Lily Jo McGrother, born Timothy McGrother, is a girl. But being a girl is not so easy when you look like a boy. Especially when you’re in the eighth-grade. Norbert Dorfman, nicknamed Dunkin’ Dorfman, is bi-polar and has just moved from the New Jersey town he’s called home for the past thirteen years. This would be hard enough, but the fact that he is also hiding from a painful secret makes it even worse. One summer morning, Lily Jo

[book excerpts]

Discussion Questions

Lily and Dunkin’ is a powerful, timely story with tremendous potential for meaningful discussion. Below are some questions to consider as you read:

- 1.A transgender person is someone who does not identify with the biological gender assigned to him or her at birth. Lily, born Tim, associates as a female and wants to start the hormone therapy that will allow her to begin the physical transition to becoming a girl. When did Lily begin to think of herself as a girl? Why is it best that she begin the hormone therapy now? Her mother and sister are very supportive, but her father is not. Discuss why her father is resistant. How is Lily’s father finally convinced to support her decision?
- 2.Throughout the book, members of Lily’s family and her close friend tell her how brave she is. How does Lily exhibit this bravery when she stands up to the city in an attempt to save the tree she has named Bob? Why is the tree especially important to her as she takes bigger steps in becoming Lily? What is her ultimate act of bravery?
- 3.Norbert suffers from bi-polar disorder, a mood disorder that causes extreme lows and extreme highs. The proper breathing thing is totally ineffective.

“He’s making it impossible for me,” I say. “I can’t go on like this. I can’t

turn into—” “Shhh.” Mom presses her head even closer to mine.

I want to cry, because it feels like Mom really does understand. I don’t know what I’d do without her and Sarah on my side. And of course, Dare, who’s ready to fight the whole world on my behalf, or at

Pornography
is NOT in
our school
libraries.

Sponsored by parents of FSD students
Ad in Fbg Std Radio Post. 87206.42

least the kids at school. I’m lucky to have each of them.

But I need Dad, too.

“He’ll come around,” Mom says. “It’ll just take some more time for him to get used to it.”

“I don’t have more time.” I pull away from Mom. “I’m beginning to change. And it’s making me crazy. I need to start hormone blockers right now or things are going to happen that can’t be reversed. I can’t wait any more, and I need one of you to sign the form so I can get them.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Mom says. “Again. Please be patient a little longer. I want your dad to be on board before we take this next step.”

I stand, feeling light-headed. “It’s so unfair.”

groceries now, if I wanted to. And I certainly don’t have the energy to answer Dad. He should know Mom’s at her yoga studio. It’s not my job to remind him of her schedule.

“Go back in the house, Tim.” Dad sounds like the air has leaked out of him, too. I hate that I caused it. “What if one of your classmates sees you? Imagine how they’d make fun of you when school starts. Get in now. Go.”

They already make fun of me, Dad.

He looks around. “Someone’s coming. Hurry.”

I glance along the sidewalk. Someone is coming. A boy, carrying a Dunkin’ Donuts bag and grooving to some music only he can hear. I love the way he doesn’t seem to care how he looks, dance-walking outside like that. He could be in a commercial for Dunkin’ Donuts: “happy-looking, doughnut-carrying boy.” I wish I felt that happy. I wish— “Go!” Dad says.

I should walk back inside. Make it easier for Dad. Make it easier for myself.

But I don’t.

The boy gets closer to our house. He’s about my age. Tall. Curly, dark

“Happy now?” Dad asks. His voice sounds defeated. “Please move. These bags are breaking my arms.”

I sashay back up the path to our house, to my sister, who I know saw the whole thing and is smiling, too. “Don’t worry,” Sarah whispers into my ear. “I’ll get the rest of the bags.” Then she adds, “He’s cute. Isn’t he?” And my heart flutters.

I love my sister.

And I can’t keep the smile from my face, even though I know Dad is sad and mad and disappointed. Because of that Dunkin’ Donuts boy, I feel my first practice went pretty well.

Dad drops the grocery bags onto the kitchen counter so hard, I worry the glass jars I hear smack against the countertop might break. But I don’t stick around to find out if they do, not even to check and see if he remembered Pop-Tarts.

Upstairs in my room, lying on my side atop the ugly brown comforter with Meatball curled behind my knees, I smooth over the tiny flowers on Mom’s dress again and again.

The Dunkin’ Donuts boy smiled when he saw me.

Me.

Lily Jo McGrother.

Girl.

Beyond Magenta: Transgender Teens Speak Out by Susan Kuklin. As of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School library, will go to committee for review.

From goodreads.com:

“A groundbreaking work of LGBT literature takes an honest look at the life, love, and struggles of transgender teens.

“Author and photographer Susan Kuklin met and interviewed six transgender or gender-neutral young adults and used her considerable skills to represent them thoughtfully and respectfully before, during, and after their personal acknowledgment of gender preference. Portraits, family photographs, and candid images grace the pages, augmenting the emotional and physical journey each youth has taken. Each honest discussion and disclosure, whether joyful or heartbreaking, is completely different from the other because of family dynamics, living situations, gender, and the transition these teens make in recognition of their true selves.”

[book excerpts]

I was sexually mature. What I mean by sexually mature is that I knew about s*x. From six up, I used to kiss other guys in my neighborhood, make out with them, and perform or*! s*x on them. I liked it. I used to love or*! And I touched their you-know-whats. We were really young, but that’s what we did.

First Grade. Things Got Weird.

The first or second grade is when things started getting pretty weird. I was seven at the time, living at home, and going to a new school in a black community. I’m not a racist, but when it comes to qu**r people, black people are very ghetto, as I would say. In my low-income community, people had no education and no jobs. They were grown-ups acting like children. The adults, not the children, made fun of me when I wore my wigs.

This guy got me to perform or*! s*x on him. I thought I was doing the right thing by performing on him. But I wasn’t. He was just abusing me. He had total mind control over me. He didn’t have to get physical with me; he just knew where to hit me where it hurts emotionally.

We finally got caught in the act, and I was very happy because I wanted it to stop. I think the directors were worried that they could get sued because they kept telling me it was consensual. It wasn’t consensual at all. But I just wanted it to end. I wanted them to stop talking about it, so I agreed.

Afterward, that guy told everybody on campus about us, and they all thought I was this big old h*m*. Other kids tried to have s*x with me. Other kids wanted to abuse me. I was so confused. I was mad at myself, slow because of the medication, and I didn’t know what to do.

When I had testosterone in my body, I was a very horny boy. Before I went on hormones, I was able to get an ere**ion and maintain one. Whenever I saw a boy I liked in the hallway or in gym class—the locker room is the best place to get my eyes on flesh—I’d get it. I think that’s why a lot of gay people like to have s*x. They’re both men, they both have a lot of testosterone. It’s kind of a manly thing.

The estrogen slowed down my s*x drive. It’s not that I had no s*x drive; I have it once in a blue moon. My boyfriend feels like I’m not attracted to him. Of course I’m attracted to him. I just don’t have the want or the need or the urge for s*x all the time.

There are certain things that turn me on, but most of the time I don’t want to have s*x. I always wanted foreplay and romantic attention. My boyfriend was never the foreplay, romantic type. He just wanted to get right to it. What are you gonna do?

I’m glad I no longer have all that testosterone that fueled me to want s*x. Normally guys can get it up with a cold wind. That doesn’t happen to me anymore. I don’t have the morning wood. I only have it when I’m aroused.

The Testaments, by Margaret Atwood. As of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School library, will go to committee for review.

“Fifteen years after the events of *The Handmaid’s Tale*, the theocratic regime of the republic of Gilead maintains its grip on power, but there are signs it is beginning to rot from within”-Provided by publisher.

The Testaments is sequel to the *Handmaids Tale*, Atwood's previous novel where "women are essentially sex slaves.

"Forced to bear children for infertile couples among the power elite in Gilead, the totalitarian dystopia the United States has become after being taken over by Christian zealots." (*Margaret Atwood on "The Testaments,"* CBS Sunday Morning, 9-8-19, youtube) **[book excerpts]**

He snapped off his white stretchy sanitary gloves and washed his hands at the sink, which was behind my back.

He said, "Perfect teeth. Perfect." Then he said, "You're getting to be a big girl, Agnes."

Then he put his hand on my small but growing br**st. It was summer, so I was wearing the summer school uniform which was pink and made of light cotton.

I froze, in shock. So it was all true then, about men and their ram-paging, fiery urges, and merely by sitting in the dentist chair I was the cause. I was horribly embarrassed--what was I supposed to say? I didn't know, so I simply pretended it wasn't happening.

Dr. Grove was standing behind me, so it was his left hand on my left br**st. I couldn't see the rest of him, only his hand, which was large and had reddish hairs on the back.

It was warm. It sat there on my br**st like a large hot crab. I didn't know what to do. Should I take hold of his hand and move it off my br**st? Would that cause even more burning lust to break forth? Should I try to get away?

Then the hand squeezed my br**st. The fingers found my nip**e and pinched. It was like having a thumbtack stuck into me. I moved the upper part of my body forward--I needed to get out of that dentist chair as fast as I could—but the hand was locking me in. Suddenly it lifted and then some of the rest of Dr. Grove moved into sight.

"About time you saw one of these," he said in the normal voice in which he said everything. "You'll have one of them inside you soon enough." He took hold of my right hand and positioned it on this part of himself.

I don't think I need to tell you what happened next. He had a towel handy. He wiped himself off and tucked his appendage back into his trousers.

"There," he said. "Good girl. I didn't hurt you." He gave me a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "Don't forget to brush twice a day, and floss afterwards. Mr. William will give you a new toothbrush."

I walked out of the room, feeling sick to my stomach. Mr. William was in the waiting room, his unobtrusive thirty-year-old face impassive. He held out a bowl with new pink and blue toothbrushes in it. I knew enough to take a pink one.

Jesus Land, by Julia Scheeres. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg Middle School library.

Authors Comments:

When asked what was the most important lesson she learned at the school, Scheeres replied:

"To not trust people," I answered without hesitation.²⁹²

Scheeres also pays tribute to Planned Parenthood in her Acknowledgments at the back of her book. There is an interview with Julia Scheeres at the end of *Jesus Land*. When asked about her inspiration for the title of the book, Scheeres explains:

Beneath the much-hyped "family values" morality of the Bible Belt, you'll find child abuse, intolerance and racism. Given the rise of the Christian Right in America, I think my book's exploration of this sanctimony is timely.²⁹³

I lost my religion by degrees. The first step was witnessing the hypocrisy of the Christians around me as a child. The second was escaping the rigid subculture I grew up in and meeting secular folks who were much more moral and trustworthy than the Christians I was told to revere.²⁹⁴

Jesus Land—overview

The author writes of her teenage years in the Midwest, her adopted black brother, her fundamentalist Christian family, and Escuela Caribe—the prison-like Christian reform

school they were sent to in the Dominican Republic.

Jesus Land-Excerpts:

Page 112:

"Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it.

I stare at Scott's pe**is. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst.

"Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the pe**is with his hand to get my attention.

[CONTEXT—interaction between minors]

Page 132

"Ready?" he asks. I nod. He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his d**k. "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

[CONTEXT—interaction between minors]

Page 121:

He pauses weightily. "I'm here to tell you today that you can't jack off with Jesus!" He pounds the bookcase to emphasize each word, unaware of the obscene gesture he's making. You Can't. Jack. Off. With. Jesus.

I've heard girls giggle about bl** jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you... "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water.²⁸⁶

One of the preachers at Escuela Caribe gets a student pregnant.

Secretly, I admire Rhonda's craftiness. Not only did she manage to get laid, she also escaped The Program. She could always give the baby up for adoption and resume her life afterward. Or she could abort it—I'm sure God would also reject the forbidden fruit of a preacher man and a teenage member of his flock. It would make Him look bad.²⁸⁹

Jailbait, by Lesléa Newman. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg High School library.

Overview

Unpopular and lonely tenth-grader Andi builds a fantasy romantic life around her clandestine, sexual relationship with a man in his thirties.

Fade by Lisa McMann. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg Middle and High School libraries.

Fade—Overview

Using her ability to tap into other people's dreams, eighteen-year-old Janie investigates an alleged sex ring at her high school that involves teachers using the date rape drug on students.

Fade—pp. 101 & 102

with this dream curse hanging over her. She never thought she'd be with someone. Never imagined someone would sacrifice so much to deal with her strange problems. Wonders when Cabel will get tired

of it all and give up on her.

Desperately she pushes that thought aside. Her lips are hot against his neck.

She tugs at his T-shirt and slips her quivering fingers under it, re-exploring Cabel's nubbly skin. Touching the scars on his belly, his chest. She knows that Cabel feels the same way she does, sometimes—like no one would want to be with him because of his issues. *Maybe the two of us really could last*, Janie thinks. *Misfits, united*.

Cabel's fingers trace a slow path from Janie's shoulder to her hip as they kiss. Then he slips his shirt over his head and tosses it aside. Presses against her. "That's a little better," he whispers in her ear.

"Only a little?"

The winter dusk of late afternoon falls into the room. Janie reaches for her blouse and slowly unbuttons it. Lets it fall open.

Cabel pauses and stares, not sure what to do. He closes his eyes for a moment and swallows hard.

She reaches between her br**sts and unhooks her bra.

And then she turns her face slowly toward him. "Cabel?" She looks into his eyes.

"Yes," he whispers. He can barely get the word out.

"I want you to touch me," she says, taking his hand and guiding it. "Okay?"

"Oh, god."

She pulls a newly purchased cond*m from her pocket.

Sets the package on the skin of her belly.

Reaches for his jeans.

Cabel, momentarily rendered speechless, helpless, and thoughtless except for wanting her, sighs in shudders as he touches her skin, her br**sts, her thighs, and then, as the light fades from the window, they are kissing as if their lives depend on their shared breath, and urgently making love for the first time, with their eyes and bodies, like it's the only chance they'll ever have.

In the evening, as they lie together

WARNING:

Extremely Graphic and Offensive materials, all of which either still are or were in the gov't Elementary, Middle, and/or High School libraries.

in Caleb's bed, she knows it's time. Before she reads the green notebook, before what happens, happens, she needs to say what she feels. Because he is the only one who matters.

She practices in her mind.

Forms the words with her mouth.

Then tries them, softly, out loud.

"I love you, Cabe."

He's quiet, and she wonders if he's sleeping.

But then he buries his face in her neck.

Fade—pp. 187 - 190

And then Coach Crater grabs her by the shoulders and turns her toward him. He plants a big wet kiss on her mouth. And moves on.

He's tripping as he walks to get more punch.

She remembers that she doesn't think she likes him. But maybe that's not really true.

It's so hard to decide what is true.

She smells more cigarette smoke, and she has an urge to go outside to have a cigarette. So she goes to the door.

Outside on the deck, it's dark. Mr. Wang follows her out there, in his Calvin Klein briefs. Janie breathes in the cold air. She holds on tightly to the railing when Mr. Wang starts touching her. "I smelled smoke," she explains, but she doesn't see anyone smoking.

And then Coach Crater comes out too. Mr. Wang is kissing her neck, and Coach is telling her how hot she is and feeling her up, and he says something about bench pressing.

Finally she remembers why she hates him.

And she remembers that she smelled smoke, but no one is smoking.

Then, in her mind, while the two men kiss and touch her, is Miss Stubin.

Telling her something.

Janie struggles to listen. She remembers liking that old lady for some reason.

Cigarette, Miss Stubin says in Janie's mind.

"I need a cigarette," Janie whispers.

Use your lighter, Miss Stubin says. *In your pocket*.

"I need a cigarette," Janie says louder. "Now."

Coach Crater goes inside and comes back with a joint. "How's this, Buffy?"

"Okay." Janie takes the joint with a shrug and reaches into her pocket. She didn't know she had a lighter. Maybe the old maid put it there.

And then the words register, from what Coach Crater just said.

Janie. Does not like. To be called. Buffy.

Janie reels back against the deck's handrail, stumbling, grabs Coach's arm off her br**st, wrenches his elbow around so he twirls and faces the other way, and she kicks him, hard, in the kidneys. "Don't call me 'Buffy,'" she says mildly. "Ever again." His feet splay sideways and he lands with a thud on the wet deck, moaning.

Janie pulls the lighter from her pocket as Mr. Wang stares. She examines it, puts the joint in her mouth, and pulls back the lid.

She tries lighting it. No fire comes out. She tries it again.

Mr. Wang is confused, looking at Coach Crater, who is groaning and barely moving on the deck.

"Get me a f*cking lighter that works, or I'll beat the sh*t out of you, too," she says to Mr. Wang, and sinks to the deck, exhausted. When her hip starts buzzing, she just figures it's one of those weird things that have been happening all night.

She looks at Coach Crater. He's sprawled every which way. His hands are reaching. Reaching for her leg. She watches them, like it's not happening to her. She focuses

on his fingers, thinking how weird fingers are. Like little animals, all their own.

He's wearing a strange, square ring. She wants it, sort of. It looks cool, like he belongs to something.

Mr. Wang returns with a lighter just as Janie's hip buzzes again. Maybe she'll have to have her whole leg amputated, she thinks sadly. That would really s*ck.

She lights the joint and inhales the smoke. Holds it in. Lets it out slowly. Mr. Wang falls to the deck next to her and starts kissing her cleavage.

She doesn't like that, she decides. He's in her way. She's trying to smoke a joint here.

She makes a peace sign with her fingers, marveling over them. Then, when Mr. Wang grabs her nip**e in his mouth, she stabs him in the eyeballs.

She learned that somewhere.

She doesn't know where.

Mr. Wang swings his fist wildly, crying out in pain. He catches her on the jaw, her head flies back and hits the deck's rail, and she blacks out. The joint burns down between her fingers.

A Court of Mist and Fury, by Sarah J. Maas. As of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School library, will go to committee for review.

OVERVIEW

Though Feyre now has the powers of the High Fae, her heart remains human, but as she navigates the feared Night Court's dark web of politics, passion, and dazzling power, a greater evil looms--and she might be key to stopping it.

[book excerpts]

"... so I leaned down and put my mouth on him.

He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Sh*t," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.

His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him, grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood."

Rhys shuddered, and I watched his c**k twitch,

"Play later," he ground out. Indeed.

His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my leg around his back, careful of the wings.

Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused.

"Play later," I snarled into his mouth.

Rhys laughed and slid in. And in. And in."

...book... removal shelters children from reality

unidentified speaker, in School Trustees, p A4, April 13, 22, *Fbg Std Radio Post*

p 245

"But not forever, right? Even if the blight spread to the Spring Court again, even if it could shred me apart...I would come back. He brushed the hair from my face. I shook him off. "I suppose it'll be easier if I'm gone," I said, looking away from him. "Who wants someone around who's so covered in thorns?"

"Thorns?"

"Thorny. Prickly. Sour. Contrary."

He leaned forward and kissed me lightly. "Not forever," he said onto my mouth.

And though I knew it was a lie, I put my arms around his neck and

I'd be thrilled to see more kids with books in their hands, no matter what they were reading. Feel free to read what we like ought to be a part of this conversation. ...never found the porn stash. ...fringe online lunatics. ...just enjoy some quiet time in a big chair with a book. Mom would approve. ...when a politician starts telling people what they should read, it's time to pay attention.

Fbg Std Radio Post: Fear some politicians, but never fear books. ken@fredericksburgstandard.com Ken Esten Cooke

...I was banished to an island colony ruled by sadistic Jesus freaks.²⁸⁷

The other girls were also molested by male relatives living in their households, and this surprises me since they all come from upstanding Christian families. But then again...so do I.²⁸⁸

thighs, and then, as the light fades from the window, they are kissing as if their lives depend on their shared breath, and urgently making love for the first time, with their eyes and bodies, like it's the only chance they'll ever have.

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kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue entered my mouth.

Though the horror of Rhysand’s magic still tore at me, I pushed Tamlin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely.

His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the think silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain. I couldn’t kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need

Crank, by Ellen Hopkins.
As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg High School library.

From goodreads.com we are told that crank is crystal meth, and “Bree” is an alter-ego of Kristina’s, who will do bad things for crank.

Kristina Georgia Snow’s life is turned upside-down, when she visits her absentee father, gets turned on to the drug “crank”, becomes addicted, and is led down a desperate path that threatens her mind, soul, and her life.

It Started with a Kiss

Crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecrackered in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button.

Oh, baby,I want you so bad!

“B-b-bad to the bone?” We laughed,

but it wasn’t a joke. Not for long.

My shirt tore open. “Wait.”

I’ve waited for weeks.Put up and shut up.

Kisses segued to bites. Bruises.

Pain rippled through my body.

“Brendan, please stop.”

No. You promised, you d**n little tease.

Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. “I’ll scream.”

Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes.

Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down over it. Those sublime muscles hardened.

Just relax. You’ll love it.

My brand-new Victoria’s Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror.

They all love it.

Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement.

Instead, I froze as he pushed inside.

There it is.

Oh, God. There it goes.

It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff.

You weren’t lying, you bit*h!

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish.

Give me a line, I’ll give you an encore.

He pulled away, sticky and bloody. Throbbing inside and out, I didn’t

on the seat kept me semiupright on the long ride home

Bree, who staunched the blood straightened up my clothes unsmeared the makeup brushed my hair smooth willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul

Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge.

Not a Blink of Remorse

Brendan didn’t say a word most of the way home. He drove slowly, just under the limit. I watched him, out of the corner of my eye.

He didn’t look so perfect anymore. His nose had a bump and his eyebrows almost joined. And, of course, I knew what he was made of.

Finally, he found a few words—his thank you for the gift he had stolen, the one I should have given and never could again. I will remember them forever:

If I’d have known you’d just lay there, I wouldn’t have bothered.

I Tried to Be Cool

Tried to sound tough, asked if they could spare a smoke.

Sure, baby.
Anything you want.

Took a cigarette, bummed a light, and with a soft “thanks” tried to amble away.

Hey. Where ya going?
You ain’t in a hurry, are ya?

They weren’t big, not football players, but I was outnumbered and felt it.

Yeah, what kind of thanks is that?

The circle tightened, moving me back, away from the safety of the street.

D**n, you are a fine little piece.

Think. Think! But my brain moved too fast to process well.

My eyes gave it away.

Yo. I think this bit*h been crankin’.

That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked escape.

Ever done a three-fer? You gonna love it, baby.

Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong, ripped my clothes, vicious.

Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain,dripped onto the ground.

No! I screamed
Into dirty flesh.

Not this way!

Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.

A Court of Thorns and Roses, by Sarah J. Maas. As of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School library, will go to committee for review.

Overview

When nineteen-year-old huntress Feyre kills wolf in the woods, a beast-like creature arrives to demand retribution for it. Dragged to a treacherous magical land she only knows about from legends, Feyre discovers that her captor is not an animal, but Tamlin—one of the lethal, immortal faeries who once ruled their land.

[book excerpts]

He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him

dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn’t care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.

He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my br**st. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below.

His kissing was slower this time--gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath.

He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kiss deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin.

He paused again--his fingers retracting--but I grabbed him, pulling him farther on top of me. I wanted him now--I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. “Don’t stop,” I gasped out.

“I--” he said thickly, resting his brow between my br**sts as he shuddered. “If we keep going, I won’t be able to stop at all.”

I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare br**sts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation. He let our a low growl—and slowly, with predatory intent, raised his gaze to mine again.

The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord’s power focused solely on me—and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in its lessened state.

Books are not the problem. Troublemakers are!

Bernadine Swanzy, Fbg. Fbg Std Radio Past letters to the editor: Censorship

But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him and he wouldn’t balk. “Give me everything,” I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether.

We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, and I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me

library, will go to committee for review; removed from Middle School library.

Overview:

Sixteen-year-old Miles’ first year at Culver Creek Preparatory School in Alabama included good friends and great pranks, but is defined by the search for answers about life and death after a fatal car crash.

[book excerpts]

said, “Sorry,” and I said, “No, it’s okay. It’s just a little sore from the swan.”

We walked to the TV room together, and I locked the door. We were watching The Brady Bunch, which she had never seen. The episode, where the Bradys visit the gold-mining ghost town and they all get locked up in the one-room jail by some crazy old gold paneer with a scraggly white beard, was especially horrible, and gave us a lot to laugh about. Which is good, since we didn’t have much to talk about.

Just as the Bradys were getting locked in jail, Lara randomly asked me, “Have you ever gotten a bl** job?”

“Um, that’s out of the blue,” I said.

“The blue?”

“Like, you know, out of left field.”

“Left field?”

“Like, in baseball. Like, out of nowhere. I mean, what made you think of that?”

“I’ve just never geeven one,” she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of a sudden...

“No,” I said. “I never have.”

“Think it would be fun?”

DO !!?!!?!!?!!?!!?!! “Um. yeah. I mean, you don’t have to.”

“I think I want to,” she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching The Brady Bunch, watching Marcia Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my pe*is.

“Wow,” she said.

“What?”

She looked up at me, but didn’t move, her face nanometers away from my pe*is. “It’s weird.”

“What do you mean, weird?”

“Just beeg, I guess.”

I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth. And waited.

We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn’t quite sure what.

She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes, for as long as it took the Bradys to steal the key and unlock themselves from the ghost-town jail, she lay there, stock-still with my pe*is in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting. And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically.

“Should I do sometheeng?”

“Um. I don’t know,” I said. Everything I’d learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn’t that choke her? So I just stayed quiet.

“Should I, like, bite?”

“Don’t bite! I mean, I don’t think. I think—I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don’t know if there’s something else.”

“I mean, you deedn’t--”

“Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska.”

So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.

strings. It turns out that Hank Walsten did like something other than basketball and pot: he liked Jiggs. But we didn’t find a movie until Room 32, occupied by a couple of guys from Mississippi named Joe and Marcus. They were in our religion class and sometimes sat with the Colonel and me at lunch, but I didn’t know them well.

Alaska read the sticker on the top

of the video. “The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain’t that just delightful.”

We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her or*I s*x. No time for dialogue, I suppose. By the time they started doing it, Alaska commenced with her righteous indignation. “They just don’t make s*x look fun for women. The girl is just an object. Look! Look at that!”

I was already looking, needless to say. A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying “Give it to me” and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn’t help but take mental notes. Hands on her shoulders, I noted. Fast, but not too fast or it’s going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.

As if reading my mind, she said, “God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like torture. And all she can do is just sit there and take it? This is not a man and a woman. It’s a pe*is and a va**na. What’s erotic about that? Where’s the kissing?”

“Given their position, I don’t think they can kiss right now,” I noted.

“That’s my point. Just by virtue of how they’re doing it, it’s objectification. He can’t even see her face! This is what can happen to women, Pudge. That woman is someone’s daughter. This is what you make us do for money.”

“Well, not me,” I said defensively. “I mean, not technically. I don’t, like, produce porn movies.”

“Look me in the eye and tell me this doesn’t turn you on, Pudge.”

What Girls are Made Of, by Elana K. Arnold. As of 4-8-22 it is not on the list.

Overview: Sixteen-year-old Nina Faye navigates the difficult world of teenage relationships and dysfunctional family dynamics.

[book excerpts]

The last night of summer vacation we did it for the first time. We had almost done it the day before, in my bedroom I laid a towel on my sheet in case I bled, and then I watched Seth roll the cond*m over his pe*is, and I rested my head on my pillow and watched his hands push into the flesh of my thighs, spreading them apart, and I watched him maneuver his latex-wrapped ere**ion, as he pushed and tried to get inside.

I tried to relax, I tried to let him in, I wanted to let him in, but I just couldn’t. And Seth was sweet and said it was okay, we’d try again, and then I went down on him instead.

...as soon as the door shut behind them,

Seth grinned at me and asked, “Wanna try again?”

This time, in Seth’s room, we didn’t bother with a towel.

p 19

Seth pushed down my cutoffs and bikini bottoms and went down to the ground with them, looking up at me as he pressed his tongue to my skin.

My legs were shaking, so I sat down on the edge of his bed, and my legs fell open to make room for his mouth. He licked and licked like a cat at a bowl of cream, and when the inside of me felt as wet as the outside, we tried again.

This time, Seth touched my face and looked into my eyes as he fit his pe*is up against me, as he pushed inside.

p 20

That’s the idea. I know what I’m supposed to be, and who I’m supposed to be with Seth, but my desire for him overwhelms me at every turn, it fills my throat like an awful tumor, and I am powerless to define myself any other way.

It’s his smell, and his eyes, and the way he cuts his nails straight across. It’s the way he looks just after he’s c*me, his face softened and sweeter than normal. It’s the way his fingers look glazed like a donut after they have been inside of me. It’s everything. He is everything.

p 22

Thanks.” I pull loose the bag ties.

“Don’t take it out of the bag,” Seth says.

So I don’t. I just peek inside.

move, didn’t dare look him in the eye.

What the h*ll Is the matter, Bree?

I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shrouding the moon.

“My name is Kristina.”

But It Was Bree who got me on my feet helped me to the car put me

as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck.

My entire world constricted to the touch of his lips on my skin. Everything beyond them, beyond him, was a void of darkness and moonlight.

My back arched as he reached the spot he’d once bitten, and I

splintering around him.

We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time. he roared and went with me.

Looking for Alaska, by John Green. As of 4-8-22 in Fbg High School

Not shoes. There’s a picture on the box, of what must be inside—a red rubber-knobbed device with a long, black handle.

Three Speeds, the box announces. And, across the top, *Personal Massager*.

“Thanks?” It comes out kind of like a question, because I don’t understand why Seth would give me a back massager. It’s not like I’ve ever complained of back pain.

He grins. “You don’t get it, do you?” “I guess not.”

“It’s a vibrator,” he says.

Then I *do* get it, and I feel melted by the shame.

“It’s no big deal,” he says. “Wade says it’s hard for some girls to c*me without some...help.”

Don’t cry. Don’t cry. “I don’t need one of these,” I say, and I hate my voice, the wobble in it, I hate that Seth has maybe talked to his brother about *me*, said to him, “*So you know the girl I’m dating, Nina? She’s pretty cool. But no matter how much we do it, or how long I lick her, she just can’t c*me.*”

“It’s no big deal,” Seth says again, but of course it’s a big deal. It’s been three months, and I still haven’t had an org**m. And now he’s tired of trying, so he’s giving me this thing, and I don’t want it.

But giving it back to him seems like a bigger deal than just taking it, so I swing my backpack over my shoulder and zip it open, shove the box inside. “Thanks,” I say, my eyes focused on the teeth of the zipper as they meet and clench.

p 25

He shrugs out of his sweater, pulls his T-shirt over his head and tosses it aside, then kicks out of his shoes and yanks down his jeans and his underwear in one fierce movement. Then he’s there, naked, the thick horn of him wet-tipped and hard, and a rush of wetness floods the cotton lining of my thong.

“Take off your bra.”

I feel, thrillingly, like I’m in a movie, like I’m on display for a vast and important audience, like the whole world is watching as I reach behind my back and unhook the strap. My bra falls into my lap and I push my chest forward, pretending that I think my pointed little br**sts are beautiful.

Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin lace barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by an arm or a leg, and toss it to the ground.

My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn’t care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can’t be sewn back together. But I don’t say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together.

He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still—he likes it best, he says, when I don’t move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me under his hand, the back and forth motion of it.

p 34

It’s clear from his face when he’s close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, “Okay?”

“Okay,” I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don’t, and

I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.

“F*ck,” he says, collapsing against me. I run my fingers up and down his spine, feel a few bumps back there, new ones. He hates that he has acne on his back—bacne, he calls it—so I move my hand away to not draw attention to it. Soft now, his pe*is shrinks inside me and then slips out.

When I get up to go to the bathroom, a runny path of semen, like egg whites, trails down my leg. I am horrified. It feels like I’ve just peed myself. I don’t know what I expected. I guess I thought it would just sort of absorb inside me, or really, I guess I never thought about what would happen at all. The other times when we didn’t use a cond*m, Seth would pull out and c*me on my stomach or—those two times—on my back. And then he’d use his T-shirt or a sock to wipe me off. But this time, as I walk to the bathroom connected to my room, the sticky wetness drips down my thigh, a couple of drops falling silently to the carpet.

It’s not that I don’t have org**ms. It’s just that I don’t have org**ms with Seth.

p 35

against a tall rock, and before I can worry if someone will come by and see us I go down on my knees like the guy on the bridge, except instead of tightening a harness I’m unfastening his pants.

I pull him out of his underwear and he’s soft in my hand. I don’t look up at his face before I open my mouth and into it, and I pull and I s*ck until he grows hard and he sounds that mean he likes it, and I keep going and going and

when he says, “I’m going to c*me,” I don’t pull away.

The jet of him is warm and salty and tastes like thickened sweat. He breathes hard and his hands are tight fists at his eyes.

There’s not much water left in the last bottle but what there is Seth gives to me, and I drink it as he arranges himself back into his shorts. We walk the rest of the way back to the car, still not talking, but at least now side by side on the widening trail.

I carry the empty bottle. We drive home.

*Yet I, least of all souls
Take Him in my hand
Eat Him and drink Him,
And do with Him what I will!*

It’s a real thing written by a religious mystic way back in the thirteenth century. She was talking about worshipping Jesus, but come on. She was talking about s*x, right? S*x with Jesus? That was what she wanted—to give Jesus head. And I totally understand it.

When you love someone the way that I love Seth the way that woman who wrote the poem loved Jesus—you want to serve him. And you want to paralyze him so he can’t go away.

p 58

Then I get up and close my bedroom door. I lock it.

The cord is long enough to stretch from the outlet where my bedside lamp is plugged in to nearly the center of my double bed. I push down my jeans and underwear, step out of them, leave them on the floor.

I sit on the edge of my bed and flick the switch on the side of the vibrator. The sound as much as the movement startles me—it hums loudly, embarrassingly so.

I switch it off. I find my phone and plug it into my stereo and start a

song at random. It’s not the song that matters—I’m not setting a mood here. It’s the noise I need.

It’s an old song, recently rereleased—I Wanna Be Your Dog.” I turn up the volume and yank back the covers on my bed, slide beneath them, and don’t restart the vibrator until it’s muffled underneath the blankets.

Between the closed door and the loud music and the heavy quilt, no one but me could possibly hear the angry buzz of Seth’s first and final gift to me. I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at its apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it.

My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently.

It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the shower-head, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth’s tongue.

It’s remembering Seth’s tongue that pushes me into the

p 67

Grandparents tell their grandchildren, “I’ll eat you up!” It’s the same idea, in a weird way. You want to consume the person you love. You want to eat him so he’s inside you, so he becomes part of you, so he can’t leave you.

Grandparents eating grandchildren. Chewing the flesh and drinking the blood of Jesus every Sunday in church. Swallowing Seth’s c*m on the trail. Is it different?

Is it?

Me and Earl and the dying girl, by Jesse Andrews. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg High School library.

[Overview]
Seventeen-year-old Greg has managed to become part of every social group at his Pittsburg high school without having any friends, but his life changes when his mother forces him to befriend Rachel, a girl he once knew in Hebrew school who has leukemia.

[book excerpts]
about you, man, they don’t give a f*ck. They don’t give a f*ck if you *live* or *die*, you pu**y-a** bit*h. They don’t give a f*ck. Look at me. They don’t. Give. A f*ck.”

“Oka ay. J Jesu / us.”
“Man, just shut the f*ck up, because I can’t be hearing no more of this. Yeah, I f*cking told Rachel about the films, I f*cking gave her some of them dumb-a** films to watch, because she like the only person that do give a f*ck. Yeah. She don’t have big-a** t’tties, so you don’t f*cking care, but that other bit*h don’t give a sh*t about you and, and f*cking Rachel *do*, and you don’t f*cking give a *sh*t* cuz you’re a dumb little bit*h.”
“I d / d do.”

tle bit of both. H*m* and hetero.
EARL
Naw. That don’t make any d**n sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some t’tties, get a hard-on, look at some dude’s funky d**k, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real.

GREG
I guess I can’t say that, no.
“Hev. Earl. I can’t watch *Alphaville*

WARNING:
Extremely Graphic and Offensive materials, all of which either still are or were in the gov’t Elementary, Middle, and/or High School libraries.

today.”
“Why the h*ll not?”
“I’m sorry, man, I have to hang out with this girl from, uh—this girl from synagogue.”
“Wha-a-at.”
“She’s—”
“Are you gonna eat her pu**y?”

Earl can be sort of profane some-times. He’s actually mellowed out a lot since his middle school days, believe it or not. Back in middle school he would have asked this in a much more violent and horrible way.
“Yeah, Earl, I’m going to eat her pu**y.”
“Heh.”
“Yeah.”

“I would need some diagrams and whatnot.”
“Well, tonight maybe you can draw some up.”

“Son, I don’t have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat.”

“Is that right.”
“I’m on pu**y deadline.”
“You’ve got twenty va**nas, all lined up in a row.”

“Aw, what the h*ll. What the *h*ll*. No one’s talkin bout *va**nas*. Greg, what the h*ll is wrong with you. Man, that’s nasty.”

Earl likes to mix it up sometimes by pretending that you’re being gross and he is not, when he’s clearly being much grosser. This is

“Do you even know *how* to eat pu**y?”
“Uh, not really.”

“Papa Gaines never **sat** you down, said, Son, one day you’re gonna have to eat the pu**y.”

“No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole.”

When Earl is in full-on-Gross-Out Mode, you have to play along or you’ll feel stupid.

“God bless that man.”
“Yup.”

“I would teach you some pu**y-eat-ing technique, but it’s a little complicated.”

“That’s a shame.”

a classic humor move that he has perfected over the years.
“Oh, sorry.”
“Man, you’re sick. You’re pervert-ed.”

5) Purchase copies of books that are being reconsidered to donate to Fisd so they can remain on the shelves during the review process.

Bernadine Swanzy, Fbg. *Fbg Std Radio*
Post letters to the editor: Censorship

“Yeah, that was really out of line.”
“I’m talkin bout *pu**y*. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pu**y.”

“Yeah, that’s not gross. What I said was gross, but not what you just said.”

“Got some Grey Poupon up in this. Got some *H*llmann’s*.”

Gross-Out Mode can last indefinitely and sometimes you just have to change the subject without

The perks of being a wallflower, by Stephen Chbosky. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg Middle and High School libraries.

[overview]
Charlie, a freshman in highschool, explores the dilemma of growing up through a collection of letters he sends to an unknown receiver.

[book excerpts]
still in it. I said I didn’t see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a

few minutes, the boy’s hand went up the girl’s shirt, and she started protesting.

“C’m^{on}, Dave.”
“What?”
“The kid’s in here.”
“It’s okay.”

And the boy kept working up the girl’s shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn’t know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her br**sts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear to his knees.

“Please. Dave. No.”
But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his pe*is with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like pe*is, but that was the way it was.

After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl’s head down and she started to kiss his pe*is. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his pe*is in her mouth, and I don’t think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying “no.” Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

(Charlie watching two of his friends have s*x)

“When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick’s room. They had s*x for the first time that night. I don’t want to go into detail about it, because it’s pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that’s pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really stoned. No matter what Patrick did, Brad kept crying. Brad wouldn’t even let Patrick hold him, which seems rather sad to me because if I have s*x with someone, I would want to hold them. Finally, Patrick just pulled up Brad’s pants, and said to him, “just pretend you’re passed out.”

Eleanor and Park, by Rainbow Rowell. As of 4-8-22 removed from Fbg High School library.

[editor’s overview]
mal-adjusted tenth graders with dysfunctional homes; a stepfather writing perverted messages to his stepdaughter; domestic violence; teen sexual activity.

[book excerpts]
kissing any guys either. And if he thought about She-Hulk or Storm (instead of this girl, Dawn) the kissing got a lot better.

Maybe I’m not attracted to real girls, he’d thought at the time. *Maybe I’m some sort of perverted cartoon-sexual.*

Or maybe, he thought now, he just didn’t recognize all those other girls. The way a computer drive will spit out a disk if it doesn’t recognize the formatting.

When he touched Eleanor’s hand, he recognized her. He knew.

eleanor

Disintegrated.
Like something had gone wrong beaming her onto the Starship *Enterprise*.


If you’ve ever wondered what that feels like, it’s a lot like melting—but more violent.

Even in a million different pieces, Eleanor could still feel Park holding her hand. Could still feel his thumb exploring her palm. She sat completely still because she didn’t have any other option. She tried to remember what kind of animals paralyzed their prey before they ate them...

Maybe Park had paralyzed her with his ninja magic, his Vulcan hand-hold, and now he was going to eat her.



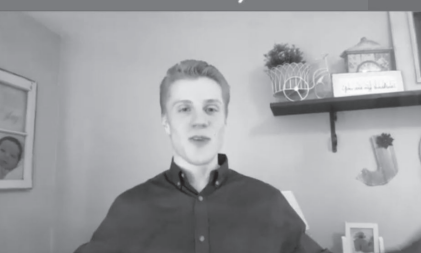

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of which either still are or were in the govern-
ment Middle School and High School libraries.

That would be awesome.

park

They broke apart when the bus stopped. A flood of reality rushed through Park, and he looked around nervously to see if anyone had been watching them. Then he looked nervously at Eleanor to see if she'd noticed him looking.

She was still staring at the floor, even as she picked up her books and stood in the aisle.

park

Jesus. Was it possible to rape somebody's hand?

Eleanor wouldn't look at Park during English and history. He went to her locker after school, but she wasn't there.

When he got on the bus, she was already sitting in their seat—but sitting in his spot, against the wall. He was too embarrassed to say anything. He sat down next to her and let his hands hang between his knees...

Which meant she really had to reach for his wrist, to pull his hand into hers. She wrapped her fingers around his and touched his palm with her thumb.

Her fingers were trembling.

Park shifted in his seat and turned his back to the aisle.

"Okay?" she whispered.

He nodded, taking a deep breath. They both stared down at their hands.

Jesus.

eleanor

Saturdays were the worst.

On Sundays, Eleanor could think all day about how close it was to Monday. But Saturdays were ten years long.

She's already finished her home-work. Some creep had written *do i make you wet* on her geography book, so she spent a really long time covering it up with a black ink pen. She tried to turn it into some kind of flower.

She watched cartoons with the little kids until golf came on, then played double solitaire with Maisie until they were both bored stupid.

Later, she'd listen to music. She'd saved the last two batteries Park had given her so that she could listen to her tape player today when she missed him most. She had five tapes from him now—which meant,

"Hey, Red."

Eleanor ignored the girl's voice. She looked back at the street. What if somebody had heard her leave the house? What if Richie came after her? She stepped off the sidewalk into someone's yard. Behind a tree.

"Hey, *Eleanor*."

Eleanor looked around. She was standing in front of Steve's house. The garage door was mostly closed, propped open with a base-ball bat. Eleanor could see some-one moving inside, and Tina was walking down the driveway, holding a beer.

"*Hey*," Tina hissed. She looked as disgusted with Eleanor as ever. Eleanor thought about running again, but her legs felt weak.

"Your stepfather's been looking for you," Tina said. "He's been driving around the neighborhood all g*d-d**n night."

"What did you tell him?" Eleanor said. *Did Tina do this? Is that how he knew?*

"I asked him if his d**k was bigger than his truck," Tina said. "I didn't tell him anything."

"Did you tell him about Park?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. Then shook her head. "But somebody's going to."

*s*ck me off*

Eleanor looked back at the street. She had to hide. She had to get away from him.

"What's wrong with you anyway?" Tina asked.

"Nothing." A pair of headlights stopped at the end of the block. Eleanor put her arms over her head.

"Come on," Tina said in a voice Eleanor had never heard before—concerned. "You just need to stay out of his way until he cools off."

Eleanor followed Tina up the drive-

way, crouching to get into the hazy, dark garage.

"Is that Big Red?" Steve was sitting on a couch. Mikey was there, too, on the floor, with one of the girls from the bus. There was hessian music, Black Sabbath, coming from a car up on blocks in the middle of the garage.

"Sit down," Tina said, pointing to the other end of the couch.

"You're in trouble, Big Red," Steve said. "Your daddy's looking for you." Steve was grinning from ear to ear. His mouth was bigger than a lion's.

"It's her stepdad," Tina said.

"*Stepdad!*" Steve shouted, throwing a beer can across the garage. "Your f*cking *stepdad*? Do you want me to kill him for you? I'm gonna kill Tina's, anyway. I could get them both in the same day. Buy one, get one..." He giggled. "Buy one, get one...free."

Tina opened a beer and shoved it into Eleanor's lap. Eleanor took it, just to have something to hold. "Drink up," Tina said.

Eleanor took a sip obediently. It tasted sharp and yellow.

"We should play quarters," Steve slurred. "Hey, Red, do you have any quarters?"

Eleanor shook her head.

Tina perched next to him on the arm of the couch and lit a cigarette. "We had quarters," she said. "We spent them on beer, remember?"

"Those weren't quarters," Steve said. "That was a ten."

Tina closed her eyes and blew smoke at the ceiling.

Eleanor closed her eyes, too. She tried to think about what she should do next, but nothing came to her. The music on the car radio switched from Sabbath to AC/DC to Zeppelin. Steve sang along, his voice was surprisingly light. "Hang-man, hangman, turn your head awhile..."

Eleanor listened to Steve sing song after song over the wet hammer of her heartbeat. The beer can went warm in her hand.

*I know your a sl*t you smell like c*m*

She stood up. "I've got to get out of here."

"God," Tina said, "relax. He won't find you here. He's probably al-ready at the Rail drinking it off."

"No," Eleanor said. "He's going to kill me."

It was true, she realized, even if it wasn't.

Tina's face was hard. "So, where you gonna go?"

"Away... I have to tell Park."

park

Park couldn't sleep.

That night, before they'd climbed back into the front seat of the Im-pala, he'd taken off all of Eleanor's layers and even unpinned her bra—then laid her down on the blue up-holstery. She'd looked like a vision there, a mermaid. Cool white in the darkness, the freckles gathered on her shoulders and cheeks like cream rising to the top.

The sight of her. She still glowed on the inside of his eyelids.

It was going to be constant torture now that he knew what she was like under her clothes—and there wasn't a *next time* in their near future. Tonight was another fluke, a lucky break, a gift...

"*Park*," someone said.

Park sat up in bed and looked around dumbly.

"*Park*." There was a knock at the window, and he scrambled over to it, pulling back the curtain.

It was Steve. Right behind the glass, grinning like a maniac. He must be hanging from the window ledge. Steve's face disappeared, and Park heard him fall heavily onto the ground. That asshole. Park's mom was going to hear him.

Park opened the window quickly and leaned out. He was going to tell Steve to go away, but then he saw Eleanor standing in the shadow of Steve's house with Tina.

Were they holding her hostage? Was she holding a beer?

l8r g8r, by lauren my-

racle. As of 4-8-22 re-
moved from Fbg High
School library.

p 137

zoegirl: we talked about everlasting life.

mad maddie: uh huh

mad maddie: and what did u learn about everlasting life?

zoegirl: i didn't "learn" anything. tina and arlene talked about the peaceful paradise that's waiting for us after we die, and i was like, "yeah, that would be nice."

mad maddie: it WOULD be nice. doesn't mean it's true.

zoegirl: doesn't mean it's not, either

zoegirl: tina, she's the one who just got married, she looked so...i don't know, open and honest when she talked about it. her whole face lit up.

mad maddie: cuz she's trying to suck u in. it's all an act.

zoegirl: no it's not. why r u so cynical?

zoegirl: i haven't figured out what makes jehovah's witnesses so different from normal old Christians. so far it seems like it's just that they call God "Jehovah."

mad maddie: and that they go door to door invading ppl's privacy, trying to cram jehovah down their throats.

zoegirl: i was thinking how hard that must be, the whole door-to-door thing. i bet ppl are mean to them all the time. (case in point: U!)

mad maddie: i wouldn't be mean. i just wouldn't invite them in for cookies.

zoegirl: i think they're brave. it may not be what u or i would do with our lives, but that doesn't make it wrong.

mad maddie: whatever

mad maddie: did they give u any more reading material?

zoegirl: yeah, a book called "The Greatest Man Who Ever Lived." i gave them a \$5 donation for it.

p 153

Saturday, March 18, 3:33 PM E.S.T.

SnowAngel: uh oh

mad maddie: uh oh, what-oh?

SnowAngel: well...

SnowAngel: i crashed the jeep

mad maddie: WHAT?

SnowAngel: but not bad! just a little! *hold thumb and forefinger verry close to show how teeny*

mad maddie: angela! r u ok?

SnowAngel: i'm fine, but before i got any further, u need to know that honestly, it wasn't my fault. it was aunt sadie's. she's the 1 who ordered "The Firm." "The Firm" is this set of exercise videos she's been wanting, and it arrived today.

mad maddie: what happened to pole-dancing? didn't she just buy that ridiculous pole thing?

SnowAngel: a girl needs variety in her exercise routine—that's what she said, plus the pole was giving her bruises.

mad maddie: ack, didn't really wanna hear that

mad maddie: so what does this have to do with crashing your jeep?

SnowAngel: u c, the mailman left the package at the end of the driveway by the mailbox, which he shouldn't have done. he's not supposed to leave it at the end of the driveway, he's supposed to bring it to the door.

SnowAngel: omg, it's the POST-MAN'S fault!

mad maddie: dude. WHAT HAP-PENED?!

SnowAngel: so i was driving back from jamba juice, and there was

pp 157-158

zoegirl: i'm kinda wired. i just gave doug his very 1st bl**-job.

SnowAngel: *falls backward out of computer chair*

SnowAngel: WHAT?!!

zoegirl: it was a going-away present, since i won't c him for a week. i feel so proud of myself!

SnowAngel: well, for sure. u can list it right up there with your other

accomplishments: straight As, hon-or council, giving head...

zoegirl: it wasn't all that fun for "me", but i think he really liked it, and that made me happy.

zoegirl: but my jaw got really tired.

zoegirl: have u ever given logan a bl**-job?

SnowAngel: no, and i don't plan 2. i have...odor issues.

zoegirl: hmm. yes, i can c that.

zoegirl: but i was just like," this is doug, and i love him." and i hope u don't think it's bad that i'm talking about all this, i just needed someone to process it with! i mean, it's a really big deal!

SnowAngel: sweetie, of course

SnowAngel: anyway, he prolly talks to his friends about what u guys do and don't do, don't u think?

zoegirl: oh god, he better not!

SnowAngel: so: spit or swallow?

zoegirl: i swallowed, but i don't think i'm going to next time. i'll just tell him very politely so he's not offended.

SnowAngel: erm, i bet he'll be okay with it. what's he gonna say, "nuh uh, no way! in that case, no bl**-jobs for U, missy!"

zoegirl: i don't *want* a bl**-job

SnowAngel: u know what i mean

zoegirl: doug tried to go down on me (geez, that sounds dorky), but i was like, "no no no no no. that's ok."

SnowAngel: why?

zoegirl: like u said, the whole odor thing. but in reverse. ack, i'm blushing just talking about it!

SnowAngel: what about plain old s*x? if ur embarrassed to have him go down on u, won't u be embarrassed to have s*x?

zoegirl: that's different

zoegirl: but...maybe

zoegirl: i'll cross that bridge when i come to it, which i guess will be soon, cuz pill-wise i'm 1 day away from being safe. can u believe it? but i leave for tennessee tomorrow, so there goes that good timing.

SnowAngel: which means u'll have more time to get ready. :-)

zoegirl: exactly

zoegirl: i'm gonna go brush my teeth (again!), and then i'm going to bed. and then i guess i won't talk to u for a week! sad!

SnowAngel: i know, but we'll be reunited soon!!!

Sunday, March 19, 8:19 PM P.S.T.

SnowAngel: hey, madkins. i'm IM-ing from the lurvely el cerrito to tell u to have a good spring break!!!

p 183

zoegirl: then u should go 1st!

SnowAngel: i'm not going 1st. will u plz just tell us?

mad maddie: yeah, u non-virgin, we're DYING for details!!!

zoegirl: well, it was a *wonderful* night. wonderful, wonderful, wonderful.

zoegirl: but actually...i'm still a virgin.

mad maddie: pardon?

zoegirl: we didn't...make it to completion. well, *he* did, but it was before he...u know.

mad maddie: squeezed it in u?

zoegirl: maddie!

zoegirl: afterward, he was all, "ah, crap. zo, i'm sorry!"

mad maddie: well, yeah! nice way to bl** your wad, doug!

zoegirl: i didn't care. afterward we just held each other. it was nice.

mad maddie: did he at least finish u off? return the favor, as it were?

zoegirl: he offered, but i just wanted to cuddle. we watched HBO and snuggled and made each other laff, and it was perfect.

zoegirl: i felt good that i made *him* feel so good. that's all that mattered.

mad maddie: but it's supposed to be MUTUAL, little miss fifties housewife.

zoegirl: i'm not allowed to wanna please doug?

mad maddie: oh good lord. ange-la? a little help here?

zoegirl: yeah, u've been awfully

quiet. u still there?

SnowAngel: yes, i'm still here. and i say, so what if doug couldn't go the distance? at least he really loves her, and at

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Gillespie County Democratic Party, Ad in the *Fbg Std Radio Post*

p 206

SnowAngel: did HE have the Big O?

zoegirl: well, yeah!

mad maddie: guys always do! der!

zoegirl: we'll get better with practice, that's what i think

zoegirl: plus doug wore a cond*m, which i've read can inhibit the woman's pleasure. he's gonna look into different brands for next time.

SnowAngel: doug wore a cond*m? but ur on the pill!

zoegirl: he wanted to be doubly safe.

mad maddie: oh my g*d

zoegirl: what?

mad maddie: that is so doug, that's all. *and* so u. u've found your sould-mate, haven't u?

zoegirl: i know ur saying that to tease me—but yes, i have.

zoegirl: i love him so much. i already *did* love him so much, and now i love him even more. it's like that song by cascada, "everytime we touch." that's *exactly* how it is!

SnowAngel: *rocks out to pulsing bass line* "cuz everytime we touch i get this feeling! and everytime we kiss, I swear I can fly!"

***Then Again, Maybe I won't*, by Judy Blume. As of 4-8-22 in SES library; sent to committee for review.**

Overview *Unable to accept or explain his family's newly acquired wealth, his growing interest in s*x, and a friend's shoplifting habit, a thirteen-year-old finds the pains in his stomach getting worse and worse.*

[book excerpts]

...swim back and forth twice before running out of breath.

Joel had on this grubby red bathing suit and he has about the knobbyest knees I've ever seen. I felt funny in the new suit my mother bought me this morning. I should have worn my old one.

The chess board was set up on a round umbrella table. Joel seemed really anxious to teach me how to play. I only let him because, after all, it was his swimming pool.

After I was there almost an hour the back door slammed and Joel's sister Lisa came out. She was wearing a bikini and was very suntanned which made her hair look even lighter than Joel's. All I could think of was *Wow!* She was the best looking girl I've ever seen in person

man ... you can always come to me."

"Okay Pop." I got up and stretched. My father stood up and put his arm around me.

"Hey Tony ... how about a quick game of chess?"

"Okay Pop ... I guess I can do my homework later."

When we were downstairs my mother gave Pop a look that said, *Well?* And he gave her one back that said, *Everything's taken care of.*

The next day my father handed me a book called *Basic Facts About S*x*. He said I should read it in my spare time and if I have any questions I should come to him. There's a whole section on wet dreams and another on mas*****ion. Maybe they do know about me after all!

anywhere. She has curves all over. I turned away from the chess board so I could keep watching her.

Lisa climbed onto the diving board and did a perfect swan dive into the water. After four laps of the crawl she stuck her head up and spit out some water.

"Hey Joel," she called. "Who's your friend? He's cute. Too bad he's not a little older!" Then she laughed and started to swim again.

I could feel the red climb from the back of my neck where it started, to my ears and then my face. Why do girls always say *cute*? That's such a dumb word. It makes me think of rabbits.

Con't from p. 3, Response

Democrats: Whereas, and Reno v. ACLU, 521 U.S. 844, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously in favor of the ACLU that the 1996 Communications Decency Act provisions of "indecent transmission" and, "patently offensive display," abridge the freedom of speech protected by the First Amendment, the Court wrote that, "the interest in encouraging freedom of expression in a democratic society outweighs any theoretical but unproven benefit of censorship."

Argues for no limit of any sort for any age school child, except that it cannot be illegal.

Think of the worst materials available to adults that is legal, and this *Whereas* argues that it violates the "rights" of teachers to not be able to give it to students. And, taxpayers have to pay for it. And, shut up about it.

Democrats: Whereas, Texas penal code section 43.21 and 43.23 define obscene material and dissemination of such materials, but say the work as a whole must have obscene themes. Proponents of school library book removal and FISD administrators and the school board have refused to consider any work as a whole.

I would be curious to know if there is any book they consider not suitable for children. Perhaps only the Bible and the Ten Commandments.

According to this *Whereas*, all the books removed should be available to all students, including elementary and kindergarten students.

Maybe with some instructive videos, since young children are going to be clueless about a lot of this stuff.

Democrats: Whereas, the Republican resolution was passed only by the Executive Committee of the Republican Party, it is not as representative as it appears.

The resolution is exactly as representative as it appears. The composition of the body that voted was clearly stated. Nobody claimed that it represents the views of every single republican or voter in the county, but I would be willing to bet that it represents the majority of people here.

I would be curious to know how many Democratic candidates would sign on to the Democrats' ad and say they believe it 100%; I'd be curious to know how many voters in this county would sign their name to the ad; and let's see who wins in November; people pushing this rot, or those who are against it. Then we'll see who is representative and who is not.

Statewide, it appears Republican voters agree with our proposition way more than your Marxist perversion. Consider the results of the non-binding questions posed to Republican voters during the 2022 Texas Primary. Looks to me like 91% of the Republican voters agree with us, not so much with you. Maybe our resolution is more representative than you think.

Prop 4 : Texas schools should teach students basic knowledge and American exceptionalism and reject Critical Race Theory and other curricula that promote Marxist doctrine and encourage division based on creed, race, or economic status. Passed 91.10%

Prop 5 : Texas should enact a State Constitutional Amendment to defend the sanctity of innocent human life, created in the image of God, from fertilization until natural death. Passed 83.25%

Prop 8: Texas should ban chemical castration, puberty blockers, cross-sex hormones, and genital mutilation surgery on all minor children for sex transition purposes. Passed 92.55%

Con't from previous column

Prop 9: Texas parents and guardians should have the right to select schools, whether public or private, for their children, and the funding should follow the student. Passed 87.78%

[https://ballotpedia.org/Texas_Republican_Party_Advisory_Questions_\(March_2022\)#Republican_Party_propositions](https://ballotpedia.org/Texas_Republican_Party_Advisory_Questions_(March_2022)#Republican_Party_propositions)

Democrats: Therefore, be it resolved that it should be recognized that opinions must be substantiated by an honest reporting of Supreme Court rulings and penal codes.

Who's going to do the substantiating? Who is taking it upon themselves to "fact check" opinions?

Since when does anyone form their belief system based on the Supreme Court and the penal code?

We were stating our strongly held beliefs in favor of parental rights, and in the right to speak out against wrongs, and we pulled in some relevant portions of the Penal Code, and Court decisions that supported our position.

But, we would have issued an equally strong statement if all the Penal Code and Court decisions were against us.

Fortunately, we believe we have accurately represented those legal authorities to which we referred.

Also, our ultimate appeal is to the Judge of the Universe, whose positions on these matters we endeavor to hold; and, to which, we would suggest, you are wholly contrary.

Democrats: Therefore, be it resolved that the Republican Party of Gillespie County has continued to present a distorted and untruthful case to control public school curriculum and library acquisitions.

Obviously, you wish to control the public school curriculum, and library acquisitions, but you slam parents who want to control the learning environment of their children, and who want to protect their children from harmful materials.

Nobody is preventing any parent from giving their child whatever materials they wish, the objection is that the government is providing these materials without the parents' knowledge or consent, and the radical explicitly anti-American, anti-Christian agenda is being foisted on children en masse for the stated objective of destroying everything for which Western and Christian culture stands, and doing so by stealing and warping the minds of the youth.

People like Hitler knew that if you seize the minds of the youth, the older one will soon die off, and don't matter.

Democrats: Therefore, the Republican Party Executive Committee resolution should be dismissed as specious.

You have obviously dismissed our resolution as specious, but in light of actual facts, I'd say yours is the specious resolution.

You want to give sexually perverse, anti-American, anti-Christian, Marxist propaganda to children, and silence anyone with a contrary opinion. Shame on you!

Con't from p. 1, Roe

be held criminally or civilly liable under the 2021 Act.

Today, the Court issued its opinion reversing Roe, but it has yet to issue its judgment. A judgment is a legal document distinct from the Court's opinion. The Court will issue its judgment only after the window for the litigants to file a motion for rehearing has closed.

A judgment can issue in about a month, or longer if the Court considers a motion for rehearing. So while it is clear that the 2021 Act will take effect, we cannot calculate exactly when until the Court issues its judgment. My office will publicly announce an effective date for the 2021 Act as soon as possible—and we look forward to doing so.

Upon taking effect, the 2021 Act provides that a person "may not knowingly perform, induce, or attempt an abortion" except under limited circumstances, such as a life threatening condition to the mother caused by the pregnancy.2

A person who violates the 2021 Act commits a first-degree felony if an unborn child dies as a result3 and incurs civil penalties of not less than \$100,000 for each violation.4

My office is specifically authorized to pursue and recover those civil penalties, and I will strictly enforce this law. Further, we will assist any local prosecutor who pursues criminal charges.5

Additionally, state licensing authorities are required to revoke any applicable license or permit of a health care professional who performs or attempts to perform an abortion in violation of the Act.6

What's more, some prosecutors may choose to immediately pursue criminal prosecutions based on violations of Texas abortion prohibitions pre-dating Roe that were never repealed by the Texas Legislature.

"Abortion"
"If any person shall designedly administer to a pregnant woman or knowingly procure to be administered with her consent any drug or medicine, or shall use towards her any violence or means whatever externally or internally applied, and thereby procure an abortion, he shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years;

if it be done without her consent, the punishment shall be doubled.

By 'abortion' is meant that the life of the fetus or embryo shall be destroyed in the woman's womb or that a premature birth thereof be caused";

"Furnishing the means"
"Whoever furnishes the means for procuring an abortion knowing the purpose intended is guilty as an accomplice."

"Attempt at abortion"
"If the means used shall fail to produce an abortion, the offender is nevertheless guilty of an attempt to produce abortion, provided it be shown that such means were calculated to produce that result, and shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars."

"Murder in producing abortion"
"If the death of the mother is occasioned by an abortion so produced or by an attempt to effect the same it is murder";
"By medical advice"

"Nothing in this chapter applies to an abortion procured or attempted by medical advice for the purpose of saving the life of the mother."

Although these statutes were unenforceable while Roe was on the books, they are still Texas law. Under these pre-Roe statutes, abortion providers could be criminally liable for providing abortions starting today.

(end of AG Advisory)

To summarize the above, abortion is illegal in Texas based on the statutes in effect before Roe, and, after the Supreme Court issues its judgment, also illegal based on the 2021 law.

Unfortunately, a woman is allowed to perform an abortion on herself, and abortion to "save the mother's life" is also allowed. Keep in mind, there is no such thing as a necessary abortion to save the mother's life. In all cases, both mother and baby should be treated as patients, and equal efforts should be made to preserve both. Delivering a baby early is very different from chopping a baby in pieces or otherwise intentionally killing him or her. (This page discusses ectopic pregnancies: <http://www.personhoodinitiative.com/ectopic-personhood.html>)

It seems that people on both sides of the argument are trying to perpetuate the idea that there is some sort of distinction between born and unborn people. The end result still allows unborn babies to be killed. The idea also draws an artificial distinction between women who kill their babies, and all other killers.

Do we believe that unborn babies are fully human, or not? Do we believe that killing them is murder, or not? We can't have it both ways.

The rational used by the Court to overturn Roe was to attack the concept of unenumerated rights. I believe the Court could have refrained from weakening the Ninth Amendment, while at the same time outlawing all abortions in all states, if they had attacked the concept of abortion directly.



IndoctriNation Free Version

WARNING:
Extremely Graphic and Offensive materials, all of which either still are or were in the government Middle School and High School libraries.

The Court could have affirmed two propositions, based on the Declaration of Independence, and medical science:

1. unborn babies are innocent human beings, irrespective of their location, condition, or dependency;
2. killing an innocent human being is murder.

Instead, the Court attacked the concept of unenumerated Constitutional rights, explicitly covered in the Ninth Amendment, which says:

"The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

The Ninth Amendment clearly states that, just because certain rights are unenumerated (they are not listed), doesn't mean that the government can infringe on them. And, it doesn't say that the unenumerated rights are limited to only those rights of long tradition and etc.

Con't from p. 1, Petsch

Darrington received threatening letters in the mail.

Petsch said she supports Dr. Rodriguez, and wants him to know that there are more people supporting him than opposing him. She wants the community to praise the school board for voting 7 to 0 in favor of removing the books they removed. She suggested letters to the editor supporting the efforts to protect children. She also suggested people join her Facebook pages. And, she asked people to join her in researching books in the school libraries. Her group can train you how to locate obscene materials available to students in the government schools.

Petsch then discussed some good news. She noted Lara Logan, the former CBS news correspondent who lives in Fredericksburg, has been very supportive. Logan suggested that concerned parents take out an ad in the paper exposing the contents of the vulgar books. Petsch said she collected money, but Ken Cooke of the *Standard* refused to print the ad, claiming that the *Standard* was a family paper, and couldn't print the material, we assume, because it is vulgar, obscene, and unsuitable for children.

More good news includes Texas SB 797, which Gov. Abbott signed last legislative session. The law allows government schools to display the motto "In God we trust," along with a Texas and US flag. Working with The National Motto Project (usnationalmotto.com), Petsch has acquired 6 of these framed posters, to be hung prominently in various government schools in Gillespie County. On the back of each of these posters will be a sticker from First Liberty Institute with their phone number and the promise of legal aid if anyone attempts to remove the poster.

Petsch was also happy that the Republican Precinct Chairmen and County Chairman of Gillespie County unanimously passed a resolution in favor of parents' rights

The resolution was printed in a full page ad in the *Standard*, and said, in part:

WHEREAS, parental rights continue to be violated because school districts are not providing full transparency of the contents of sex education lessons and materials with Critical Race Theory (CRT) components and Social Emotional Learning (SEL).

WHEREAS, local parents, family members, teachers, and administrators who have stood for parents' rights have been harassed and intimidated for their beliefs.

...
WHEREAS, public school parents of students in grades pre-K through grade 12 have the right and duty to direct the moral and religious training of their children as stated in Texas Family Code 151, and these rights must be recognized, affirmed, enforced, and protected.

...
RESOLVED, that the Republican Party of Gillespie County continues to uphold, defend, and support the principles set forth under Texas Law to protect the parental rights of pre-K through grade 12 students in Texas public schools.

RESOLVED, that the Republican Party of Gillespie County continues to support the rights of parents and concerned citizens for the removal of school curriculum materials, library books and instruction that are deemed age inappropriate as well as potentially obscene and harmful material.

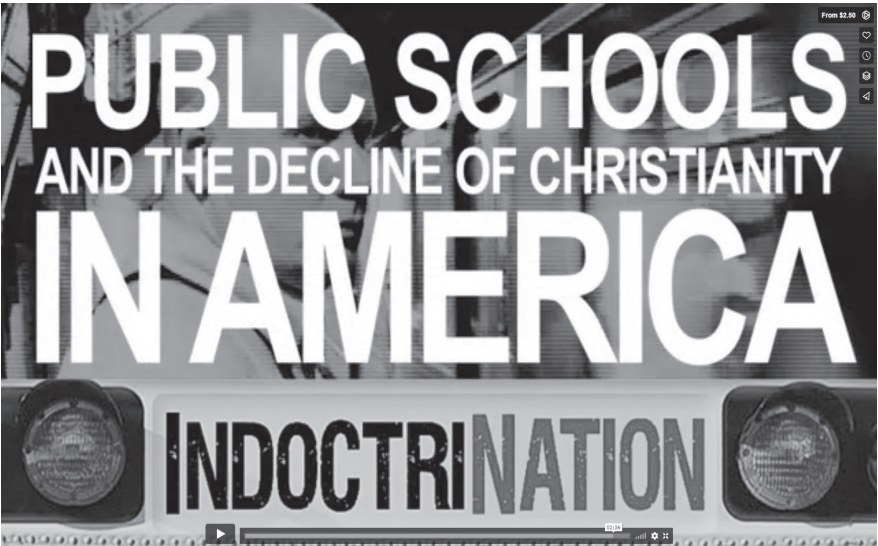
An audience member said he thought we had a nice conservative town, and he's been here 17 years. But, there is evil in this town, and a lot of it. And he didn't know that, but, Tara Petsch caught them. He continued, they're after your children. And they're after your grandchildren. Take my word for it, because that's one of the big planks in their program. Tara caught them sitting, and we got those 10 books out of there, and they are mad about it. I can tell you that. So there's gonna be a lot of kickback. Tara makes it look like fun. And she's succeeding.

Petsch concluded by saying: people tell me "Miss Tara, oh, you're so strong and you just don't get intimidated." I have moments, but God is so in this like nothing in my life before, so he's definitely tired of his children being murdered, and he's tired of his children being sexualized. So we have to do something; we can't sit by and just let it go anymore, because they're not there. They've tripled down. You know, the opposition has.

1 <https://thepostmillennial.com/breaking-shocking-scenes-emerge-from-child-friendly-drag-show-in-dallas-gay-bar>

2 <https://thepostmillennial.com/outrage-resurfaced-photo-shows-young-child-putting-money-in-burlesque-dancers-underwear>

3 <https://iamawake1.blogspot.com/2019/04/and-then-one-day-for-no-reason-at-all.html>



90% of Christian parents send their children to Public School.
Public schools teach a worldview that is antithetical to the Biblical worldview.
Public schools are doing discipleship.
No parent can make up for the 30+ hours of humanistic brainwashing at government school.
88% of Christian children deny their faith by graduation day.
We are losing the culture war of the worldviews.
Nowhere in Scripture do we have justification for giving our children to the state to be indoctrinated in an effort to send our kids as missionaries.
www.indoctrinationmovie.com Colin Gunn

Usurper Biden:
“...the Second Amendment...is not absolute.
...We need to ban assault weapons and high-capacity magazines.”



“H*ll yes, we're going to take your AR-15, your AK-47....”
Robert Francis O’Rourke

[long speech] *Usurper Biden*
JUNE 02, 2022

US Constitution:
“...arms
...shall not be infringed.”



photo on Flickr.com by Henry Zbyszynski *Statue of Captain John Parker of the Lexington Militia on Lexington Green; used with permission*

“Stand your ground, don’t fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.”

Captain John Parker, at the line of the Minutemen, Lexington Green, April 19, 1775, when British troops were marching to confiscate militia held cannons, small arms, and ammunition.

The Usurper never offers anything that will actually protect children; just disarm the rest of us, so we are all as helpless as the children in those classrooms.
A simple plan: 1. end gun free zones; 2. harden schools; 3. shoot the shooters; 4. homeschool

Violent assault against the lives and liberties of millions of Americans, and the end of freedom

The Usurper proposes violent assault against the lives and liberties of millions of Americans.

There is only one way Biden’s gun confiscation measures can be implemented--provided Americans do not voluntarily comply--and that is with large scale violence, directed against Americans and their God-given rights, to permanently eliminate the Second Amendment, and the rest of the Bill of Rights.

Biden’s lies about protecting children aside (nothing in his long speech would provide any protection for any children), gun control’s only objective is “the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States,” (Dec of Indep).

While we have endured Biden’s direct attacks against our economy, energy prices, food supplies, etc, there is no room to tolerate the disarmament of the citizenry. The Second Amendment is the only teeth we have against tyrants and usurpers like Biden/Harris.

The thought of allowing ourselves to be disarmed brings to mind Texas historian H. Yoakum: “Every one who knows the Texans, or who has heard of them, would naturally conclude that they never would submit to be disarmed. Any government that would attempt to disarm its people is despotic; and any people that would submit to it deserves to be slaves!”

What is the proper response to such an evil scheme, to disarm the citizenry and establish an unconstitutional, bloody Marxist dictatorship?

The Declaration of Independence tells us “that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government...”

George Washington said:
“Unhappy it is though to reflect, that a Brother’s Sword has been sheathed in a Brother’s breast, and that, the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with Blood, or Inhabited by Slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous Man hesitate in his choice?”

--George Washington, May 31, 1775, on the British attempt to confiscate weapons at Lexington & Concord April 19, 1775.

Another of George Washington’s famous quotes eliminates the possibility of us submitting to the Usurper’s tyranny:

“The time is now near at hand which must probably determine, whether Americans are to be, Free-men, or Slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their Houses, and Farms, are to be pillaged and destroyed, and they consigned to a State of Wretchedness from which no human efforts will probably deliver them. The fate of unborn Millions will now depend, under God, on the Courage and Conduct of this army-Our cruel and unrelenting Enemy leaves us no choice but a brave resistance, or the most abject submission; that is all we can expect-We have therefore to resolve to conquer or die.”

-- George Washington to his troops before the Battle of Long Island.

Of course, we can’t leave out the fiery Patrick Henry, who minced no words in his speech:

“it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

...
“These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for

us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves.

...
“Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated;

we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free-- if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending--if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained--we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!”

If the Usurper and his spineless



allies in Congress would decide to leave us alone, we would be glad to go about our business.

But, since it looks like they will try to play their hand, I would like to offer a few thoughts on the topic of the use of force in defense of our lives and liberty:

1. We follow the principles and historical examples of our founding fathers, and the Bible;

(April 19, 1775, and October 2, 1835 provide some prime examples from history; some good examples from the Bible include Psalm 149, Psalm 18, and Psalm 118.)

2. We use the least amount of force necessary to achieve liberty, but we also use enough force to achieve it;

3. We generally respond with force based on red lines. Cross those lines, and force is justified, maybe even required,

Such as:

- a. any gun confiscation of any sort on any scale, including red flag laws;
- b. any kidnapping of children;
- c. any attempt to forcibly place someone in any camp of any sort, whether quarantine, re-education, etc;
- d. any attempt to forcibly quarantine someone anywhere, including in their home with no probable cause of a dangerous, contagious illness;
- d. any forced medical procedure, including vaccines;
- e. any forcible denial of food or access to purchasing food on the open market;
- f. any home invasions engendered by a left-wing political agenda (not because you robbed a bank or are selling drugs out of your home, etc).

g. any forcible closure of businesses for “pandemic” or politically correct reasons;

h. any surgical or chemical “transgender” butchery of our children.

None of the above precludes civil disobedience, which is an effective tool, but, in the face of violent enforcement of violations of the Second Amendment, we must have an effective response.

A few things are definite: we cannot allow nor comply with any infringement of the Second Amendment. We must defend the life and liberty of all Americans.

A Famous Russian Gulag Survivor Addresses the same Topic.

“And how we burned in the camps later, thinking: What would things have been like if every Security operative, when he went out at night to make an arrest, had been uncertain whether he would return alive and had to say good-bye to his family? Or if, during periods of mass arrests, as for example in Leningrad, when they arrested a quarter of the entire city, people had not simply sat there in their lairs, paling with terror at every bang of the downstairs door and at every step on the staircase, but had understood they had nothing left to lose and had boldly set up in the downstairs hall an ambush of half a dozen people with axes, hammers, pokers, or whatever else was at hand?... The Organs would very quickly have suffered a shortage of officers and transport and, notwithstanding all of Stalin’s thirst, the cursed machine would have ground to a halt! If...if...We didn’t love freedom enough. And even more – we had no awareness of the real situation.... We purely and simply deserved everything that happened afterward.”

Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn , *The Gulag Archipelago 1918–1956* www.goodreads.com

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