DOCKET NO. _____

TAMMY FOGLE,
Petitioner,

v.

ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT,
Respondent.

BEFORE THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
THE STATE OF TEXAS

PETITION FOR REVIEW

Pursuant to Texas Education Code (TEC) §7.057 and 19 TAC §157.1073, Petitioner Tammy Fogle petitions the Commissioner of Education for review of Abilene Independent School District's refusal to remove library materials that violate state law.

The record made before the Local School Library Advisory Council (SLAC) across two public meetings—November 17, 2025 and December 15, 2025—and before the Board of Trustees at three separate decision points—December 8, 2025, January 8, 2026, and February 8, 2026—is unambiguous: district-appointed reviewers repeatedly admitted the graphic and prohibited nature of the challenged titles, the district applied the wrong statutory standard throughout its review, and the Board voted at each decision point to retain materials without making any of the findings required by law. That record, summarized and documented in Petitioner's December 17, 2025 appeal (Exhibit C), compels reversal.

1. PARTIES

Petitioner: Tammy Fogle, 3126 Broken Bough Trail, Abilene, Texas 79605.

Counsel: Jonathan K. Hullihan, Texas Bar No. 24120376, Remnant Law, 5900 Balcones Drive, Suite 20675, Austin, Texas 78731, (512) 720-6218, JHullihan@remnantlawfirm.com.

Respondent: Abilene Independent School District, c/o Superintendent Dr. John Kuhn, 241 Pine Street, Abilene, Texas 79601.

2. FACTUAL BACKGROUND AND DESCRIPTION OF THE CHALLENGED ACTION

A. The Challenge Process.

Petitioner filed formal challenges pursuant to TEC §33.027 (enacted by Senate Bill 13, 89th Legislature) targeting thirteen titles that contain graphic sexual content involving minors, profane language, and indecent content as defined by TEC §33.020. Challenged books were removed from circulation pending review. The SLAC met on November 17, 2025 and December 15, 2025 to review the challenged materials. All meetings were public, audio-recorded, and posted to the district website. On January 8, 2026, in a special workshop meeting (Exhibit G), Petitioner read verbatim passages from The Lovely Bones aloud before the Board. The Board voted 5–1 to deny the appeal and 5–1 on the second-round titles, in both cases without statutory analysis. The Board's written decision, issued January 20, 2026, retained all thirteen principal titles, reclassifying three to upper high school access only.

B. The District Applied the Wrong Statutory Standard.

This error is foundational and is established by the November 17, 2025 SLAC meeting audio (Exhibit D). At the opening of that meeting, district librarian Kate Stover read the applicable standards aloud from the district's EFB local policy. She stated that "libraries shall not include harmful material," and proceeded to recite only the three-part harmful material test: (1) appeals to a minor's excessive interest in sex, taken as a whole; (2) describes sexual conduct in a patently offensive way; and (3) taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value. Ms. Stover did not read the independent indecent content or profane content definitions, which are separate grounds for mandatory removal under TEC §33.020 and carry no literary-value exception. The SLAC then applied only the three-part harmful material test throughout its deliberations on every title.

This was confirmed at the November 17 meeting when a voting member walked through the three-part test on The Bluest Eye and concluded the book did not meet all three prongs because it has literary value — without ever applying the indecent content or profane content tests, which are independently satisfied. Another voting member stated: "If we're going to censor, the Bible contains so many of the things that we're talking about, but we don't censor that." This framing

treats the challenge as a question of literary merit and community preference rather than statutory compliance.

At the December 15, 2025 meeting, an assistant superintendent instructed SLAC members to "vote what your heart tells you." This instruction directly contradicts TEC §33.027, which requires the SLAC to apply the statutory definitions in TEC §33.020, not personal judgment. That instruction, combined with Ms. Stover's incomplete recitation of the applicable standards at the November 17 meeting, renders the entire SLAC process procedurally defective. The Board's reliance on defective SLAC recommendations is an independent ground for reversal.

Petitioner's December 17, 2025 appeal letter (Exhibit C) specifically identified this error, noting that the district had not updated its EFB(LEGAL) policy to reflect SB 13's expanded definitions and that the "indecent" and "profane" categories in TEC §33.020 are independent grounds for removal that do not require application of the three-part test. The district did not correct this error before the Board's January 8, 2026 vote.

C. The SLAC Record Establishes Violations for Each Challenged Title.

The following summarizes the record evidence for each challenged title across both SLAC meetings, Petitioner's appeal letter, and the page-specific quotations submitted therewith. Full quotations appear in Exhibit C; SLAC audio admissions appear in Exhibits D and E.

(1) The Bluest Eye (Toni Morrison).

Indecent content: Contains graphic depiction of the rape of a twelve-year-old child by her father (pp. 149–150); descriptions of a pedophile's sexual conduct with young girls (pp. 152–154, 165); and an explicit consensual sex scene (pp. 120, 135–136). Profane content: racial slurs and profane language throughout.

SLAC admissions (November 17 meeting, Exhibit D): A voting member stated: "It's not like the rape of a child is great." Another stated: "It is one of the hardest books I've read." A third stated: "I needed to take some breaks from it." Reconsideration forms acknowledge the book "depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for minors." Despite these admissions, the SLAC applied only the harmful material three-part test and voted to retain, citing literary value..

(2) I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter (Erika Sánchez).

Indecent content: Extended first-person description of a minor's first sexual intercourse (pp. 193, 198–201). Profane content: 42 instances of "f*ck," 42 of "sh*t," 24 of "ass," among 139 total documented profane terms.

SLAC admissions (November 17 meeting): A voting member summarized: *"She tries drugs and alcohol and doesn't enjoy them, has sex with a boyfriend and uses protection and doesn't have a great time."* Another member referenced *"when she's having sex with the married man."* A third noted the book mentions abortion. Reconsideration forms acknowledge the book *"depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor."*

(3) The Glass Castle (Jeannette Walls).

Indecent content: A grandmother sexually molests a child (p. 111); an uncle exposes himself and masturbates in front of a minor (pp. 122, 138); a minor is nearly sexually assaulted in a bar by an adult (pp. 158–159). Profane content: 51 instances of religious profanity, 14 uses of "ass," 8 of "whore," among others.

SLAC admissions (November 17 meeting): A voting member stated: *"The sex that is talked about in this book literally is like there's nothing else to do in that rural, poverty-stricken area."* Another described *"these beginning sexual acts where it's like interrupted"* and confirmed that *"she's almost assaulted by family members."* Reconsideration forms acknowledge "a few disturbing incidents in the book with reference to sexual abuse" and "mature content such as alcoholism, child neglect, and physical and sexual abuse."

(4) The Lovely Bones (Alice Sebold).

Indecent content: Extended graphic depiction of the rape and murder of a fourteen-year-old girl by her killer (pp. 13–16); depiction of a minor's sexual activity (p. 111); graphic sexual content (pp. 267–268). This book is prohibited in Texas prisons pursuant to TDCJ policy prohibiting materials containing graphic presentations of illegal sexual behavior including rape, incest, and sex with a minor.

SLAC forms acknowledge "very mature themes… but disturbing content." SLAC member at the December 15 meeting stated: "Murder, you would think, okay, 14-year-old little teenage girl's murder, this is going to be gruesome. It's like the very first chapter."

(5) Kite Runner (Khaled Hosseini).

Indecent content: Graphic depiction of the rape of a minor by multiple assailants (pp. 66–69); child prostitution involving minors and adults (pp. 100, 224); ongoing descriptions of sexual violence.

SLAC reconsideration forms acknowledge the book "depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor" and contains "indecent or profane content that is inconsistent with the local community values or age appropriateness." SLAC member stated: "This book contains descriptions of sexual violence."

(6) Sold (Patricia McCormick).

Indecent content: Multiple extended graphic depictions of the rape of a child trafficking victim (pp. 102–106, 120–123, 127–129); descriptions of torture and sexual coercion; explicit

descriptions of child prostitution including a brothel keeper threatening to insert hot chilies into a girl's genitals (p. 257). Prohibited in Texas prisons pursuant to TDCJ policy.

SLAC admissions (December 15 meeting): Member stated: *"Child sex trafficking… descriptions of rape… experiences of sexual assault from a child's point of view."* Another: *"There are some scenes about what that involved."* Another: *"The book really gives language to kids who have happenings happen to them."*

(7) Nineteen Minutes (Jodi Picoult).

Indecent and profane content: Pervasive profane language throughout (dozens of instances of "f*ck," "whore," and "slut" applied to minors); depiction of drug-facilitated rape of a minor (p. 212); minors consuming alcohol and drugs throughout.

SLAC forms acknowledge the book "depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor." Member stated: "Some sexual stuff" and "it's just, very, very hard topic."

(8) Poet X (Elizabeth Acevedo).

Indecent content: Detailed first-person description of a minor's masturbation (p. 130); depictions of minors engaging in progressive sexual contact including a scene where a boy is pressed against the protagonist and "all of him" is felt (pp. 141, 326). Profane content: 22 instances of "ass," 17 of "sh*t," 2 of "f*ck" documented in the appeal record.

SLAC admissions (December 15 meeting): A member read the masturbation passage aloud on the record and stated: *"This was a fight when I don't think you can keep the book when the sex act is described in detail."* Another stated: *"I'm so uncomfortable with that one part."* Another: *"One chapter describes the act."* A member who voted to retain stated: *"I do feel like that is a young woman coming into her own in a very well-written, and actually a beautiful way."* That rationale applies a literary-value analysis, which is not a defense to the independent indecent content standard.

(9) Speak (Laurie Halse Anderson).

Indecent content: Graphic rape scene depicting a ninth-grade girl's sexual assault at a party (p. 135); a second attempted rape scene by the same assailant (p. 193); depiction of self-harm by cutting (p. 87).

SLAC forms acknowledge "a 9th grade girl raped at a party" and that scenes "appropriately generate an emotional response." Member stated: "You get to one very not graphic scene of when she was raped." Another: "Tastefully done when it gets to the rape scene." The characterization of a child rape scene as "tastefully done" confirms the SLAC was not applying the indecent content standard.

(10) Will Grayson, Will Grayson (John Green & David Levithan).

Indecent and profane content: Graphic references to sodomy (p. 7); reference to using a baguette as a sex toy (p. 26); detailed reference to autoerotic asphyxiation and accompanying sexual fantasy (pp. 103–104); explicit reference to masturbation and orgasm (p. 95); pervasive profanity throughout.

SLAC admissions (December 15 meeting): Member stated: *"It was too vulgar for me."* Another noted: *"The joke he makes about autoerotic asphyxiation."* Reconsideration forms acknowledge the book *"depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor."*

(11) Crank (Ellen Hopkins).

Indecent content: Depicts drug-facilitated sexual assault of a fifteen-year-old girl; explicit content related to addiction and sexual exploitation of a minor. Reclassified to upper high school access but not removed.

SLAC admissions (December 15 meeting): A member confirmed the book contains *"the way that it portrays a drug-facilitated sexual assault"* involving a fifteen-year-old. Another stated it is *"a very easy read"* accessible even to younger students. Reclassification does not constitute compliance with TEC §33.027 where the statutory threshold is independently satisfied.

(12) Like a Love Story (Abdi Nazemian).

Indecent content: Sexual content between male characters including a scene where ejaculation is described in the context of clothed sexual activity. A member confirmed at the December 15 meeting: *"The only thing that doesn't quite fade to black is that he ejaculates."* Another member stated: *"The sex was too much for me."*

(13) The Haters (Jesse Andrews).

Indecent content: Implicit sexual content and other mature themes. A SLAC member at the December 15 meeting stated: "There's no direct intercourse happening in there. It's very much a description that is very evident. Obviously there's a lot of implied things. There's a lot of suggested things." Reclassified to upper high school access but not removed.

D. The Board's Decision.

On January 8, 2026, the Board convened a special workshop meeting (Exhibit G, January 8 Board Meeting Transcript) to act on Petitioner's appeal and on the second-round SLAC recommendations. The meeting transcript establishes the Board's deliberative record with particularity and independently confirms the statutory violations alleged herein.

During public comment, Petitioner appeared at the podium and read aloud verbatim passages from *The Lovely Bones* at pages 13, 16, 59, 67, and 253, including the extended rape-

and-murder scene of a fourteen-year-old and additional scenes of sexual assault and murder. Petitioner expressly identified the basis for her appeal: that the book "is not allowed in Texas prisons because of the illegal sex acts done to a minor" and is not a question of banning but of removing materials purchased with taxpayer funds that independently meet the indecent content standard under TEC §33.020 without regard to literary value. The Board heard this argument and did not respond to or engage with the statutory standard invoked.

Following public comment, the Board took up Item 5A—the appeal of the December 8, 2025 first-round vote. The board member who moved to deny the appeal stated on the record: "I feel like we've spent a lot of time talking about this topic over the last several meetings… we've exhausted this topic." No board member requested any statutory analysis from staff. No board member asked whether the indecent content or profane content standards under TEC §33.020 had been applied. The motion to deny the appeal and "confirm the recommendations made by the Slack as already voted on and approved by the board in the seven to zero vote on December 8th, 2025" passed 5–1. The dissenting trustee did not articulate statutory grounds. The majority offered no findings whatsoever—statutory or otherwise.

On Item 5B—the second-round SLAC recommendations—the Board voted 5–1 to approve SLAC recommendations retaining *99 Days*, *Like a Love Story*, and *Black Flamingo*, reclassifying *The Haters*, *Crank*, and *Yolk* to upper high school access only. One trustee raised concerns on the record about explicit sexual content in *Crank* and *Like a Love Story* but voted to retain them, expressly stating he had not read the books and was deferring to the SLAC. Another trustee stated he had not reviewed the challenged books but voted to retain them as well. The Board made no statutory findings under TEC §33.020. It did not address the indecent or profane content standards. It did not explain why any admitted content fails to satisfy those independent standards. The Board's written notice, issued January 20, 2026 (Exhibit B), confirmed retention of all thirteen principal titles and reclassification of three to upper high school access only, based on the January 8 votes. The Board's final action on the second-round titles followed on February 8, 2026 (Exhibit I), as described below. Both decisions are arbitrary, capricious, and contrary to law.

The December 8, 2025 board meeting transcript (Exhibit F) corroborates the Board's failure to conduct any statutory analysis at the first decision point. The December 8 transcript shows that before the Board voted 7–0 to approve the SLAC's first-round challenge

recommendations under item 9C, Petitioner appeared during public comment and read aloud an explicit passage from *The Lovely Bones* depicting the rape and murder of a fourteen-year-old girl. No board member asked whether the indecent content or profane content standards under TEC §33.020 had been applied. No board member requested any statutory analysis from staff. The board moved directly to a unanimous roll call vote after brief discussion praising the SLAC's process.

The January 8, 2026 transcript (Exhibit G) confirms the same pattern repeated at the appeal and second-round votes: again no statutory findings, again no engagement with the indecent or profane content standards, again reliance on SLAC process rather than law. Together the three board meeting transcripts (Exhibits F, G, and H) establish that the Board's failure to apply TEC §33.020 was not an oversight but a consistent practice across every decision point in this proceeding.

On February 8, 2026, the Board convened its regular meeting and took final action on the second-round appeal under Item 7C (Exhibit H, February 8 Board Meeting Transcript). The matter was identified on the agenda as the "board decision on January 8, 2026" second-round recommendations. No new evidence was presented and no statutory analysis was conducted. One trustee moved to approve all second-round titles except *Like a Love Story*; that motion failed for lack of a second—the Board declined even to separate out a single title for individual consideration. A second motion to retain all six second-round titles (*99 Days*, *Black Flamingo*, *Crank*, *Like a Love Story*, *The Haters*, and *Yolk*) passed 6–1. The trustee who raised concerns about *Like a Love Story* explicitly acknowledged on the record that he had not read the book. The Board again made no statutory findings under TEC §33.020. No trustee referenced the indecent content or profane content standards. The February 8 action constitutes the Board's final decision on the second-round titles and is subject to this Petition.

E. The Parental Blocking Tool Does Not Substitute for Statutory Compliance.

Both SLAC meetings referenced a parental blocking feature in the district's Destiny library software allowing parents to restrict specific titles from their child's account. The district will likely argue this tool satisfies the parental oversight objectives of SB 13 and renders mandatory removal unnecessary. That argument fails for two reasons.

First, TEC §33.027 is a mandatory removal statute, not a parental opt-out statute. The legislature created parental opt-out mechanisms as a separate layer of protection; they do not displace the challenge and removal process. A district cannot substitute a voluntary parental tool for compliance with the mandatory statutory obligation to remove materials that meet the TEC §33.020 thresholds.

Second, the tool is practically inadequate. As a SLAC member acknowledged at the December 15 meeting, the tool requires parents to know specific titles in advance. Parents cannot search by content type or flag entire categories. The district had not yet broadly communicated the tool's existence to parents as of December 15, 2025. A system that requires parents to preemptively identify specific titles does not protect students from encountering prohibited content at random.

3. TIMELINE AND EXHAUSTION OF LOCAL REMEDIES

- October 15, 2025 – First-round challenges filed.
- November 17, 2025 – First SLAC meeting; district applies wrong standard (Exhibit D, audio recording and minutes).
- December 8, 2025 – Board action on first-round challenges; Petitioner reads explicit passage from The Lovely Bones aloud before the Board vote; Board votes 7-0 to approve SLAC recommendations with no statutory findings on the record; written notice December 9, 2025 (Exhibit A; Exhibit F, December 8 Board Meeting Transcript).
- December 15, 2025 – Second SLAC meeting on remaining titles (Exhibit E).
- December 17, 2025 – Timely appeal of first-round denial and second-round challenges filed (Exhibit C).
- January 8, 2026 – Board workshop meeting (Exhibit G); Petitioner reads verbatim passages from The Lovely Bones (pp. 13, 16, 59, 67, 253) before the Board; Board votes 5–1 to deny appeal and uphold December 8 SLAC recommendations with no statutory analysis on the record; Board votes 5–1 to approve second-round SLAC recommendations; trustees expressly state on the record they have not read the challenged books.
- January 20, 2026 – Written notice of Board's final retention decision (Exhibit B).
- February 8, 2026 – Final Board action on second-round appeal at regular meeting (Exhibit H); motion to carve out Like a Love Story for separate consideration fails for lack of second; Board votes 6–1 to retain all six second-round titles with no statutory analysis on the record; trustee acknowledges on the record he had not read the challenged book.
- All local remedies are exhausted. The Board's decisions are final local actions subject to Commissioner review.

All local remedies are exhausted. The Board's decisions are final local actions subject to Commissioner review.

4. DATE OF THE CHALLENGED DECISION AND TIMELINESS

The Board acted on first-round titles on January 8, 2026, with notice issued January 20, 2026. The Board acted on second-round titles (the subject of the second-round appeal) on February 8, 2026. This Petition is timely as to both decisions.

5. RELIEF REQUESTED

Petitioner respectfully requests that the Commissioner:

a. Find that Abilene ISD violated TEC §§33.020, 33.021, and 33.027 by applying only the three-part harmful material test while failing to apply the independent indecent content and profane content definitions; by instructing SLAC members to vote based on personal judgment rather than statutory standards; and by retaining materials at three separate Board decision points—December 8, 2025, January 8, 2026, and February 8, 2026—without making any statutory findings and without applying the indecent content or profane content standards that independently require removal;

b. Order the immediate removal of the following thirteen titles from all district libraries, classroom libraries, digital catalogs, and any other student-accessible platforms: The Lovely Bones; The Glass Castle; Poet X; Sold; Nineteen Minutes; Kite Runner; Speak; I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter; The Bluest Eye; Will Grayson, Will Grayson; Crank; Like a Love Story; and The Haters; and

c. Grant any other relief the Commissioner finds just and proper.

6. JURISDICTION AND LEGAL BASIS

A. Jurisdiction.

The Commissioner has jurisdiction under TEC §7.057(a)(2)(A) to hear appeals from actions of school district boards of trustees that violate or conflict with clear school law. The Board's retention decisions violate TEC §§33.020, 33.021, and 33.027.

B. Governing Statutory Framework – Senate Bill 13 (89th Legislature).

SB 13, effective September 1, 2025, governs all challenged materials. Three independent grounds for mandatory removal exist under TEC §33.020:

- **Harmful material:** Material whose dominant theme, taken as a whole, (1) appeals to a minor's prurient interest in sex, nudity, or excretion; (2) is patently offensive to prevailing adult community standards as to what is suitable for minors; and (3) is utterly without redeeming social value for minors. All three prongs must be met.
- **Indecent content:** Material that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a patently offensive way. This is a stand-alone ground requiring no literary-value analysis.
- **Profane content:** Material containing grossly offensive language constituting a public nuisance. This is also a stand-alone ground.

TEC §33.021(d) requires TSLAC to adopt collection development standards excluding all three categories. TEC §33.027 establishes the mandatory challenge, SLAC review, and Board decision process. 13 TAC §4.2, in the version effective at the time of the Board's action, independently required exclusion of harmful and indecent material. SB 13's statutory obligations were operative from September 1, 2025, regardless of TSLAC rule finalization (required by April 1, 2026).

The district confined its entire review to the three-part harmful material test. It never applied the indecent content or profane content tests. Because those tests carry no literary-value exception, numerous challenged titles must be removed on those grounds regardless of literary merit, educational value, or a reviewer's personal empathy for the subject matter.

C. The District Applied the Wrong Legal Standard and Its Process Was Procedurally Defective.

As established by the November 17 SLAC meeting audio (Exhibit F-1), district librarian Kate Stover read only the harmful material three-part test to the SLAC at the outset of the review process. She did not read independent indecent content or profane content definitions. The SLAC then applied only that test across both meetings. One voting member even walked through the three-part harmful material test on *The Bluest Eye* on the record and concluded it did not meet all three prongs — without ever asking whether the book independently meets the indecent content standard, which it plainly does based on the same member's own admissions.

At the December 15 meeting, an assistant superintendent instructed SLAC members to *"vote what your heart tells you."* TEC §33.027 requires the SLAC to apply the statutory definitions in TEC §33.020. "Vote what your heart tells you" is not the statutory standard. This instruction was procedurally improper and independently voids the SLAC's recommendations.

Petitioner's December 17 appeal (Exhibit D) expressly identified the wrong-standard error. The district did not correct it. The Board relied on the defective SLAC recommendations without conducting any independent statutory analysis. The result is a final decision untethered from the law the Board was required to apply.

D. Commissioner Precedent: Parent v. Lovejoy ISD, Docket No. 073-R10-08-2024 (Apr. 29, 2025).

Under *Lovejoy ISD*, a school board must make specific findings that challenged materials are **not** "pervasively vulgar" or "educationally unsuitable" before it may retain them. The Board made no such findings. Its written decision contains no statutory analysis. The audio record shows SLAC members acknowledging graphic rape of children, pedophilia, child prostitution, and graphic masturbation — and then voting to retain based on perceived literary merit or personal discomfort with removal. Literary merit is not a defense to the independent indecent content or profane content standards. The Board's failure to make required findings, and its reliance on a wrong standard throughout, is precisely the reversible error identified in *Lovejoy ISD.*

Although *Lovejoy ISD* arose under the HB 900/READER Act framework, the findings-required principle applies equally under SB 13, which retained the *Pico* "pervasively vulgar or educationally unsuitable" language within TEC §33.021(d)(iii).

E. Constitutional Framework: Little v. Llano County, No. 23-50224 (5th Cir. May 23, 2025) (en banc), cert. denied, — U.S. — (Dec. 8, 2025).

The Fifth Circuit's binding en banc decision eliminates any First Amendment defense to the Commissioner ordering removal. The court held 10–7 that a government entity's decision to select, curate, and remove books from a publicly funded library constitutes **government speech** — not restriction of private expression — and is therefore outside First Amendment challenge entirely. The court also held that *Board of Education v. Pico*, 457 U.S. 853 (1982), is "highly

fractured" and lacks binding precedential force in this circuit, because no majority of *Pico* justices endorsed a right to receive information applicable to library book removals.

Four direct consequences follow for this proceeding:

First, the district has no First Amendment defense to a removal order. Under *Llano*, library curation is government speech. SB 13 regulates the government's own expressive choices in its library collection. The First Amendment does not apply.

Second, the district cannot argue that ordering removal would restrict student access to ideas. *Llano* held there is no constitutional right to receive information from a government library. Excluded books remain available through other means.

Third, *Llano* confirms SB 13's mandatory removal framework is constitutional. A government may define the criteria for its own expressive choices.

Fourth, *Llano's* treatment of *Pico* eliminates the district's strongest counter-authority. The district cannot rely on *Pico's* plurality to claim students have a First Amendment right to access any of the retained titles.

Llano and *Lovejoy ISD* together establish that the district had a legal obligation to remove these materials and that no constitutional principle prevents the Commissioner from ordering that removal now.

7. EXHIBITS

- Exhibit A – December 9, 2025 AISD letter (first-round board action)
- Exhibit B – January 20, 2026 AISD letter (written notice of first-round and second-round board action on January 8, 2026 SLAC recommendations)
- Exhibit C – December 17, 2025 Petitioner's Appeal Letter with page-specific quotations and statutory analysis for all thirteen titles
- Exhibit D – November 17, 2025 SLAC meeting audio Transcript Excerpts (first meeting; wrong-standard evidence; admissions on I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter, The Bluest Eye, The Glass Castle)
- Exhibit E – December 15, 2025 SLAC meeting audio Transcript Excerpts (second meeting; "vote what your heart tells you" instruction; admissions on Poet X, Sold, Crank, Like a Love Story, The Haters, Will Grayson Will Grayson)
- Exhibit F – December 8, 2025 Board Meeting Transcript Excerpts (transcript confirming Petitioner's public comment reading explicit passage from The Lovely Bones prior to 7–0 board vote; no statutory findings on the record)

- Exhibit G – January 8, 2026 Board Workshop Meeting Transcript Excerpts (transcript confirming: Petitioner's verbatim public comment reading from The Lovely Bones, pages 13/16/59/67/253; 5–1 vote denying appeal with no statutory analysis; trustees' on-record admissions of not having read challenged books; 5–1 vote on second-round recommendations)
- Exhibit H – February 8, 2026 Regular Board Meeting Transcript Excerpts (transcript confirming: failed motion to carve out Like a Love Story for lack of second; 6–1 vote retaining all six second-round titles with no statutory analysis; trustee on-record acknowledgment of not having read the challenged book)
- Exhibit I – Affidavit of Tammy Fogle

PRAYER

For the foregoing reasons, Petitioner respectfully prays that the Commissioner grant the relief requested in Section 5, make findings that Abilene ISD violated TEC §§33.020, 33.021, and 33.027 by applying an incomplete statutory standard, failing to make required findings, and retaining materials that independently satisfy the indecent content and profane content definitions under TEC §33.020, and order the immediate removal of the thirteen identified titles from all student-accessible district platforms.

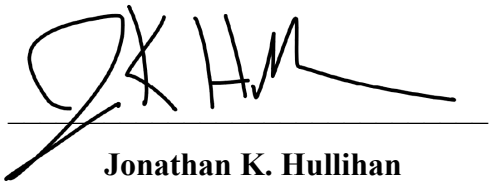
Respectfully submitted,

Jonathan K. Hullihan

Texas Bar No. 24120376
Remnant Law
5900 Balcones Drive, Suite 20675
Austin, Texas 78731
(512) 720-6218
JHullihan@remnantlawfirm.com
Attorney for Petitioner Tammy Fogle

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I certify that on February 23, 2026, a true and correct copy of this Petition for Review was served via email on the Superintendent and Board President of Abilene ISD and filed with the TEA Division of Hearings and Appeals at HearingsandAppeals@tea.texas.gov



Jonathan K. Hullihan

Lyndsey Williamson
Executive Director of Secondary Education
Lyndsey.williamson@abileneisd.org

Abilene Independent School District
241 Pine Street • Abilene, Texas 79601 • (325) 677-1444

December 9, 2025

Tammy Fogle
3126 Broken Bough Trail
Abilene, TX 79605

Ms. Fogle,

The purpose of this letter is to inform you of the outcome of the formal library material challenges you submitted to the district.

As required by district policy and in accordance with TEA guidance and SB 13 procedures, the School Library Advisory Committee completed a full review of each book and submitted their recommendation to the School Board. At its meeting on December 8, 2025, the Board of Trustees took actions detailed below.

The Board voted to remove the following titles entirely from the district's library catalog:

- *The Art of Racing in the Rain*
- *Identical*
- *Kingdom of the Cursed*
- *Kingdom of the Feared*
- *Thirteen Reasons Why*
- *Kendra*
- *Boy Toy*

The Board voted to retain but reclassify to upper HS (11th and 12th graders) the following title:

- *Kiter Runner*

The Board voted to retain in their original location the following titles:

- *I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter*
- *The Bluest Eye*
- *The Glass Castle*
- *The Lovely Bones*
- *Nineteen Minutes*
- *Poet X*
- *Sold*
- *Speak*
- *Will Grayson, Will Grayson*

The remaining challenged materials will be reviewed by the SLAC on December 15, 2025.

Thank you,
Lyndsey Williamson
Executive Director of Secondary Education
Abilene ISD

Lyndsey Williamson
Executive Director of Secondary Education
Lyndsey.williamson@abileneisd.org

Abilene Independent School District

241 Pine Street • Abilene, Texas 79601 • (325) 677-1444

January 20, 2026

Tammy Fogle
3126 Broken Bough Trail
Abilene, TX 79605

Ms. Fogle,

The purpose of this letter is to inform you of the outcome of the formal library material challenges you submitted to the district.

As required by district policy and in accordance with TEA guidance and SB 13 procedures, the School Library Advisory Committee completed a full review of each book and submitted their recommendation to the School Board. At its meeting on January 8, 2026, the Board of Trustees took actions detailed below.

The Board voted to remove the following titles entirely from the district's library catalog:

- *Me and Earl and the Dying Girl*
- *Tricks*
- *Suicide Notes from Beautiful Girls*
- *Forever*

The Board voted to retain but reclassify to upper HS (11th and 12th graders) the following titles:

- *The Haters*
- *Crank*
- *Yolk*

The Board voted to retain in their original location the following titles:

- *99 Days*
- *Like a Love Story*
- *Black Flamingo*

At the January 8th meeting, the Board also voted to uphold their original decision regarding the appeals that were submitted. Per SB 13, the Board is not required to take any action on these materials, should another challenge be submitted, before the second anniversary of the date of determination to not remove the library materials. The following books will remain in the Abilene ISD catalog:

- *I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter*
- *The Bluest Eye*
- *The Glass Castle*
- *Kite Runner*
- *The Lovely Bones*
- *Nineteen Minutes*
- *Poet X*
- *Sold*
- *Speak*
- *Will Grayson, Will Grayson*

Thank you,

Lyndsey Williamson
Executive Director of Secondary Education
Abilene ISD

December 17, 2025

To whom it may concern:

I appeal your decision to retain the following books. Based on SB 13 these books should be removed immediately from the library collection. I am surprised that you will include each appeal challenge in one form. If this is a misunderstanding on my part of that request for the appeal, I will be happy update if needed.

Through the SLAC process, it was communicated it seems that the policy for Abilene ISD is a version Miller Test.

> "The U.S. Supreme Court established the test that judges and juries use to determine whether matter is obscene in three major cases: *Miller v. California*, 413 U.S. 15, 24-25 (1973); *Smith v. United States*, 431 U.S. 291, 300-02, 309 (1977); and *Pope v. Illinois*, 481 U.S. 497, 500-01 (1987). The three-pronged Miller test is as follows:
>
> 1. Whether the average person, applying contemporary adult community standards, finds that the matter, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interests (i.e., an erotic, lascivious, abnormal, unhealthy, degrading, shameful, or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion);
> 2. Whether the average person, applying contemporary adult community standards, finds that the matter depicts or describes sexual conduct in a patently offensive way (i.e., ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated, masturbation, excretory functions, lewd exhibition of the genitals, or sado-masochistic sexual abuse); and
> 3. Whether a reasonable person finds that the matter, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value.
>
> Any material that satisfies this three-pronged test may be found obscene." (Citizen's Guide To U.S. Federal Law On Obscenity)

Based what was shared at the start of the SLAC meeting, from a Google drive that the public did not have access to, instead of using obscene as is used in the Miller test the word harmful was used. I have done my best to correctly transcribe what was shared by Kate Stover. She stated:

> "Harmful material" means material whose dominant theme taken as a whole: (A) appeals to the prurient interest of a minor, in sex, nudity, or excretion; (B) is patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is suitable for minors; and (C) is utterly without redeeming social value for minors); added considered harmful if all three of these are true any library material that is pervasively vulgar or educationally unsuitable; any library material containing indecent or profane content; any library material that refers a person to a website, including by use of a link or QR code, containing content legally prohibited under law; or any other material legally prohibited from inclusion in a public school library. [See EFB(LEGAL)]

However this is not the tool that should be used to evaluate profane and indecent books as communicated by SB 13. Since you it seems you have not updated your EFB(LEGAL) to reflect the added definitions in SB 13, it is easy to see why the SLAC and the board did not correctly remove all the books that are profane and indecent as defined by the law. It seems the reconsideration form filled out by those who reviewed the books used this to determine only if these books were "harmful". The definitions of what is profane and indecent is clearly stated in SB13, not obscene. By retaining these books, you are in violation of SB 13 by allowing profane and indecent books to be included in your library collection.

The books challenged meet the profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) threshold defined in SB 13.

Educational value is irrelevant when the profane and indecent threshold is met, as shown in the challenge forms. While the TSLAC can aid in understanding policy, it is the law that actually determines what can and cannot be allowed in the Abilene ISD library collection. When an assistant superintendent encourages members to "vote what your heart tells you" it seems that the SLAC is not be instructed to follow the law, not your feelings.

I have not challenged this material on anything except based on the profane and indecent aspects of the book. Initially I tried to include the TSLC standards as the challenge form requested, but realized that is not the standard by which we should measure. It overcomplicates the process. In this document I did include the other questionable aspects of the book to show the bigger picture of how the book has other issues that validate it's immediate removal. It can and should be removed on the profane and indecent parts alone. Validating a book due to educational content is not applicable when addressing profane and indecent materials included in the book. In fact several reviews completely ignored the profane and indecent sections because the "literary" merit was present. The context or whole does not apply to SB 13.

"My thought is to always err on the side of not harming a child," said one SLAC member. Another SLAC member stated, " . . .our responsibility is to all of the library's responsibilities to all of the students in the district or in the school, not just my kid or your kid." This is concerning since the responsibility is first to follow the law, not consider the students. It is also concerning that there are books being put back on the shelf at the SLAC and the Abilene ISD school board's instruction that are not allowed in Texas prisons per the TDJC Policy. They do not allow a book if "a specific determination has been made that the publication contains graphic presentations of sexual behavior that is in violation of the law, such as rape, incest, sex with a minor, bestiality, or necrophilia;" (See TDCJ Policy Section E Subsection 1 Subsection d)

Books titles to be appealed:

Kite Runner by Khled Hosseini

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains sexual assault of a minor; prostitution involving minors and adults; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

The book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor.

This book contains indecent or profane content that is inconsistent with the local community values or age appropriateness.

"This book contains descriptions of sexual violence, but it is not gratuitous."

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

6 He handed his cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out. "I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there."

…"What a tight little sugary cunt she had!" the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.

66 Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck. …"Fine," Assef snapped. "All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?" Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved. Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan's hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan's back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand. He unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn't struggle. Didn't even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb.

…I STOPPED WATCHING, turned away from the alley. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef's quick, rhythmic grunts.

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

100 Karim cleared his throat, dropped his head. Said the soldier wanted a half hour with the lady in the back of the truck. The young woman pulled the shawl down over her face. Burst into tears. The toddler sitting in her husband's lap started crying too.

…"It's his price for letting us pass," Karim said.

…"But we've paid a fair price already. He's getting paid good money," the husband said. Karim and the Russian soldier spoke. "He says… he says every price has a tax."

101 My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me, peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef's buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.

161 The general, ever the Pashtun, never made any queries—doing so meant alluding to a sexual act between his daughter and a man, even if the man in question had been married to her for over four years.

162 After months of sitting in waiting rooms reading magazines like Good Housekeeping and Reader's Digest, after endless paper gowns and cold, sterile exam rooms lit by fluorescent lights, the repeated humiliation of discussing every detail of our sex life with a total stranger, the injections and probes and specimen
collections, we went back to Dr. Rosen and his trains.

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

"There's nothing I can do to stop it." "You're selling children!" Farid barked.

233 A scrawny boy in a tweed jacket grabbed my elbow and spoke into my ear. Asked me if I wanted to buy some "sexy pictures."

"Very sexy, Agha," he said, his alert eyes darting side to side—reminding me of a girl who, a few years earlier, had tried to sell me crack in the Tenderloin district in San Francisco. The kid peeled one side of his jacket open and gave me a fleeting glance of his sexy pictures: postcards of Hindi movies showing doe-eyed sultry actresses, fully dressed, in the arms of their leading men. "So sexy," he repeated.

245 The Talib spun the boy around so he faced me. He locked his arms around Sohrab's belly, rested his chin on the boy's shoulder. Sohrab looked down at his feet, but kept stealing shy,

furtive glances at me. The man's hand slid up and down the boy's belly. Up and down, slowly, gently.

288 "He was sexually abused," I said, thinking of the bells around Sohrab's ankles, the mascara on his eyes.

303 When I wake up, maybe I will discover that everything I saw in the hotel bathroom was part of a dream: the water drops dripping from the faucet and landing with a plink into the bloody bathwater; the left arm dangling over the side of the tub, the blood-soaked razor sitting on the toilet tank—the same razor I had shaved with the day before—and his eyes, still half open but lightless. That more than anything. I want to forget the eyes.

306 Sohrab's bed was next to the window, the lower half lit by the late-morning sunlight streaming through the rectangular panes. A uniformed security guard was standing at the window, munching on cooked watermelon seeds—Sohrab was under twenty-four-hours-a-day suicide watch.

Ass 1	Fuck 4	Prick 1
Cunt 1	Goddamn 12	Shit 3
Fag 1	Piss 6	

I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter by Erika Sanchez

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; alcohol and drug use by minors; and excessive/frequent profanity.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

The book taken as a whole appeals to the minor's unwholesome or shameful interest in sex.

The book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor.

This book contains indecent or profane content that is inconsistent with the local community values or age appropriateness.

" Too gritty and graphic . . . mature content: sex, abortion, infidelity, violence, drug use, strong language."

". . . there is some profanity, sex, and drug use in this book . . ."

" . . . there is mature subjects such as infidelity, abortion, sex, suicide, and substance abuse . . ."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"She tries drugs and alcohol and doesn't enjoy them, has sex with a boyfriend and uses protection and doesn't have a great time."

"when she's having sex with the married man"

"where she goes to an abortion clinic and it's in passing. Little Sister discovers that Big Sister had had an abortion and it's like that passes."

Direct Quotes form the Book:

23 I remember tío Cayetano trying to give him a shot of tequila once, and Pedro just shaking his head no. As I study her dad's pictures in the living room, Lorena starts rolling a joint at the kitchen table. She's so much better at it than I am, basically a professional.…"I don't care what that motherfucker thinks," Lorena says, and licks the joint. "You want some or what?" She hands it to me I've smoked weed a total of five times now, and every single time, I start worrying about the stupidest things. The last time we smoked I thought the police were knocking on the door. The time before that, Lorena was on her phone and I was convinced she was texting mean things about me. But I keep smoking because I'm hoping that one day it will feel

good, that I'll be all floaty and calm, like everyone says. "I wonder if Olga ever smoked weed," I say. "Olga? Are you kidding me? No way. That girl was practically a nun." "Yeah, I'm not sure about that anymore." I take a hit, and it makes me cough so hard my
eyes water.
66 I am soooooo high. …This weed must be excellent.
67 Lorena said that her mom was working, and that José Luis wasn't supposed to come home for several more hours because he was picking up an extra shift, but here he is, walking in as we lie on the couch, high as hell.
68 I know José Luis is a creep, because last year Lorena told me he saw her going to the bathroom in the middle of the night and pushed her against the wall and kissed her. She said he crammed his tongue inside her mouth all nasty and she could feel his penis against her leg.
73 I bet they're probably fucking somewhere, even in this cold, and most likely without a condom, even though I've told Lorena a million times that she's out of her mind.
74 Then Ramiro puts his hand on the back of my head and leans into me. …Ramiro's breath is slightly minty, and at first the kisses are soft and feel all right, but after a while, he spirals his tongue against mine, which totally grosses me out. Is this really how people kiss? It feels like my mouth is being accosted.
78 Every time I see her, I wonder how she and tío have sex.
82 Today the bottle tío Bigotes takes out is bright green and shaped like a gun. Like always, they sit around the dining room table, passing the tequila and talking about how great it was to live in their hometown of Los Ojos. …"Remember how we used to skip school and go swimming in the river?" tío Cayetano
asks as he pours himself another shot. …I walk to the table and stand a few feet away, but he tells me to get closer. He pulls me toward him and puts his arm around my neck. His breath smells like tequila, cigarettes, and something deeper and more disgusting I can't figure out. I try to pull back subtly, but it's no use—his arm is locked around me. I wish Apá would save me, but he just looks down into his drink.
83 Tío Bigotes takes another shot of tequila and lets go of my neck as Amá comes into the living room.
90 Maybe they don't have sex anymore, though.
93 The three of us make our way to the liquor. Lorena and Juanga pour some shots of I don't know what.…The only other time I tasted beer was when I was twelve and secretly took a sip of Apá's Old Style when he was in the bathroom. …I drink it down fast without breathing through my nose.
96 I find Juanga and Lorena doing shots in the kitchen. "Here, take this. You need it." Lorena hands me a glass.
The smell of it makes my stomach flip, but I drink it anyway. It burns my throat and sends a pleasant warmth all throughout my body. My muscles begin to soften. No wonder so many people are alcoholics. I'm drunk by the time Juanga and Lorena are ready to go home. I don't know exactly how many drinks Juanga had, but I'm one hundred percent sure he shouldn't be driving. What choice do I have, though? How else would I get home?
112 After getting past the crowd of people in the living room, we finally make our way to the drinks in the kitchen. The table is covered with all sorts of bottles, and there's a keg next to the sink. Alex and the rest of the basketball team are smoking weed near the window. He asks us if we want to smoke or if he could make us a drink, which is nice of him because he probably has no idea who I am .The girls all choose Malibu rum, but I go for the Hennessy and Coke. I'm not sure if you're to mix the two, but the drink tastes okay. I finish it in three gulps. When I go for another cup, though, Lorena grabs my wrist and tells me to slow it down.
113 After about three more drinks, I start feeling a little more relaxed.

114 As I look around the party, trying to spot Lorena, I see a couple making out in a bedroom through a cracked door. Not just kissing, though, I mean really going at it. …The girl is sitting on the guy's lap with her legs wrapped around him. Maybe it's because she's totally drunk, but I don't notice any shred of shame or embarrassment, which I admire in a strange way. Their kisses are wet and sloppy, and you can see their tongues going in and out of each other's mouths. The girl rubs herself on the guy as he starts kissing her neck and chest. The girls next to us are now scandalized, call her a slut, skank, whore, and so many other synonyms in both English and Spanish that it seems like they've consulted a bilingual thesaurus. A group of guys gather and try to snap pictures with their phones. The couple either doesn't notice or doesn't care. …"Yeah, so gross," I say, but I'm wondering if anyone will ever touch me like that.`

126 "So what do you like to do for fun? What is your idea of beauty? "Shopping, partying, and… fucking," he laughs.

128 I had no idea that a fifteen-year-old virgin would be such an oddity. It's as if Lorena just told him I had a sixth toe or something. She lost her virginity when she was fourteen and thinks she's some sort of sexpert now.

129 "And who is there for me to have sex with? Please, tell me. Am I supposed to just bang any loser I see?" …"So I'm stuck-up because I don't want to have sex with anyone? Am I hearing that correctly?" …I'm so angry my ears feel as if they're on fire. "Just because you have sex with everything with a penis attached to it doesn't mean you're better than me"

134 Whenever they run out for a quick errand, though, I hunt for the key. I've even risked stumbling upon sex stuff in their room by searching all of their drawers.

147 "I said hi. Didn't you hear me?" the driver barks. "I have something to show you. You know, 'cause you have nice tits."

180 He leans in for a kiss. My heart is beating so hard I wonder if Connor can feel it. He puts his hands through my hair and holds my neck as if kissing me were some sort of emergency. This is nothing like the time with Ramiro. Connor is gentle with his tongue, and something about the way he touches me makes me feel so wanted. After a while, we finally stop kissing and sit there in awkward silence until we see a woman walking a hairless cat in a puffy jacket.

186 When I think of kissing Connor, I get a little short of breath and my insides feel hot.

193 I think Amá has always been afraid that we'd get molested or have sex. …I wonder if Connor expects us to have sex. …I mean, I like him, and when we make out, it's obvious my body wants it, but what will it
mean? …Lorena says I have to shave my pussy before I go. …Lorena sighs. "You have to, or else he's going to get grossed out." "Why did we evolve with hair down there if we didn't need it? Isn't there a reason for it?" …I guess Lorena has a point. "Okay, so tell me how." "What do you mean how? You just do it."
"The whole thing?" "Yes, stupid." "What if I cut myself?" "You won't. Just do it slow." "It hurts, right? Not the shaving but the… you know. Ugh. I'm freaking out." Lorena is silent for a few seconds. "At first it does, but then it gets better."

198 Connor puts down the laptop and kisses me, and though we've kissed many times before, my hands and legs begin to shake. I hope he doesn't notice. We kiss and kiss for so long that my jaw aches. Then he lies on top of me and slips his cold hand under my shirt. After a few minutes, he tries to pull down my jeans, but I have to take my shoes off first. This is the part I was most afraid of. Every time I take my shoes off in someone's house, I remember the time in kindergarten, a roach crawled out of my sneaker. Though it's happened to me only once, I still worry about it every single time. What if there's a roach nestled in there somewhere, ready to ruin me? …."Oh shit, you've never done this before, huh? Are you sure you want to?" He holds my face in his hands and looks straight into my eyes. "Yeah, I'm sure." I nod. Connor looks skeptical. "Don't you feel special? Since you'll be the first? You can strut around wearing a crown, throw some confetti or something." Connor smiles. "So you're absolutely, one hundred percent positive? I don't want to do it if you're not ready. There's no rush, you know." "Yes.

Really. Now shut up and kiss me." I laugh and pull him closer. After we kiss for a while, Connor pulls a condom out from under a couch cushion. I guess he was prepared. I look away as he puts it on. My body tightens, bracing itself—it hurts more than I imagined, but I pretend it doesn't. "Is that okay?" he whispers. "Yeah." I'm not sure what to do. Am I supposed to say something or move a certain way? I hold my breath for a long time, my mouth against his neck. Then I wrap my legs around him, grip his back, and inhale. I don't know how to describe his smell exactly—clean and sweaty at the same time—but I like it.

Connor kisses my face and then bites my lip, which surprises me. I can't help but gasp. "Sorry," he says, his voice raspy.

Though it hurts, kissing and touching him feel amazing. At the same time, I keep thinking I'm doing something dirty. So many feelings all jumbled together. There's also this sensation building, like I have to pee or something. I've never experienced anything like that before. It's not bad, just intense. Once Connor is finished, he kisses my forehead and sighs. I rush to put on my clothes.

201 Maybe sex counts as exercise because I'm also tired as hell, like I just ran laps or something.

203 How do I explain that I bought the box of condoms because I had sex and was terrified to get pregnant? How do I tell Amá that both of her daughters are and were probably impure?

228 Maybe parents think their kids have lost their values, that they've become too Americanized. So is Mexico supposed to teach me not to have sex? Is it supposed to teach me not to kill myself?

239 Dull, dutiful Olga was sexing a married man.

254 The latest dirt is that the lady who owns the most popular burger stand is having sex with her second cousin. …The rumor was that he began dressing like a woman and became a prostitute.

284 "I know I'm not the best mother sometimes. You're just so different, Julia. I've never known how to deal with you, and then after your sister died, I had no idea what I was doing. When I found out you were having sex, I was so scared you'd end up like your cousin Vanessa, alone and with a baby. I don't want you to have that kind of life. I want you to have a good job and get married."

290 Here I thought she was , passive, and complacent, letting the world pass her by, when, in fact, she was letting the world pass her by while having sex with an old married dude, hoping he would one day leave his wife.

Ass 24	Goddamn	Pussy 1
Bitch 11	4	Shit 42
Fuck 42	Piss 14	Tit -1

<u>The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison</u>

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains profanity and derogatory terms; sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation; descriptions of pedophilic activity, alcohol use; inflammatory racial and religious commentary and references.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

his book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to the prevailing community standards for a minors.

This book contains indecent or profane content that is inconsistent with the local community values or age appropriateness.

"This book is really hard to read. It is graphic in way that evokes significant emotional response. It involves rape, incest, and pedophile."

"The sexuality in the book is not gratuitous."

"I doubt younger/less mature would pick it up."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

“I struggled with some of that subject matter”
“would I teach it? I don't know.”
“Are there horrible things that happened in this book? Yes. And they should be talked about it. she speaks to an audience that does not have their voice heard ever”
“one of the hardest books I've read”
“Are there horrible things that happened in this book? Yes. And they should be talked about it.”
“difference between pronoun reading and erotica”
“if we're going to censor, the Bible can take so many of the things that we're talking about, but we don't censor that”
“it is appalling, but you read what that character is going through”
“young girl who goes through some terrible things”
“It's not like the rape of a child is great.”
“I needed to take some breaks from it.”

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

18 When she comes out of the car we will beat her up, make red marks on her white skin, and she will cry and ask us do we want to pull her pants down.

29 I destroyed white baby dolls. But the dismembering of dolls was not the true horror. The truly horrifying thing was the transference of the same impulses to little white girls.

32"You want to go up to Mr. Henry's room and look at girlie magazines?" Frieda made an ugly face. She didn't like to look at dirty pictures.

36 "Mrs. MacTeer! Mrs. MacTeer!" Rosemary hollered. "Frieda and Claudia are out here playing nasty! Mrs. MacTeer!" Mama opened the window and looked down at us.
"What?"
"They're playing nasty, Mrs. MacTeer. Look. And Claudia hit me 'cause I seen them!" Mama slammed the window shut and came running out the back door.
"What you all doing? Oh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Playing nasty, huh?"

41 Pleading eyes and tightened testicles.

44 Even from where Pecola lay, she could smell Cholly's whiskey.
…Cholly had come home drunk.

48 She ran into the bedroom with a dishpan full of cold water and threw it in Cholly's face. He sat up, choking and spitting. Naked and ashen, he leaped from the bed, and with a flying tackle, grabbed his wife around the waist, and they hit the floor. Cholly picked her up and knocked her down with the back of his hand. She fell in a sitting position, her back supported by Sammy's bed frame. She had not let go of the dishpan, and began to hit at Cholly's thighs and groin with it. He put his foot in her chest, and she dropped the pan. Dropping to his knee, he struck her several times in the face, and she might have succumbed early had he not hit his hand against the metal bed frame when his wife ducked.
...Sammy, who had watched in silence their struggling at his bedside, suddenly began to hit his father about the head with both fists, shouting "You naked fuck!" over and over and over. Mrs. Breedlove, having snatched up the round, flat stove lid, ran tippy-toe to Cholly as he was pulling himself up from his knees, and struck
him two blows, knocking him right back into the senselessness out of which she had provoked him. Panting, she threw a quilt over him and let him lie.

59 Neither were they the sloppy, inadequate whores who, unable to make a living at it alone, turn to drug consumption and traffic or pimps to help complete their scheme of self-destruction, avoiding suicide only to punish the memory of some absent father or to sustain the misery of some silent mother.
…On one occasion the town well knew, they lured a Jew up the stairs, pounced on him, all three, held him up by the heels, shook everything out of his pants pockets, and threw him out of the window.

60 Into her eyes came the picture of Cholly and Mrs. Breedlove in bed. He making

sounds as though he were in pain, as though something had him by the throat
and wouldn't let go.
77 Instead we saw Mr. Henry and two women. In a playful manner, the way grandmothers do with babies, he was sucking the fingers of the women, whose laughter filled a tiny place over his head.
…The sight of him licking her fingers brought to mind the girlie magazines in his room.
82 They do not drink, smoke , or swear, and they still call sex "nookey."
83 He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him. While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but
private parts of the body in some more convenient place- like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is
coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat the damp may get into her hair; and that she will remain dry between her legs—she hates the glucking sound they make when she is moist. When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her
hips, press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin
slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And then a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown\ down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief.
85 White kids; his mother did not like him to play with niggers. She had to explain to him the difference between colored people and niggers. They were easily identifiable. Colored people were neat and quiet; niggers were dirty and loud.
89 "Gimme my cat!" His voice broke. With a movement both awkward and sure he snatched the cat by one of its hind legs and began to swing it around his head in a circle.
"Stop that!" Pecola was screaming. The cat's free paws were stiffened, ready to grab anything to restore balance, its mouth wide, its eyes blue streaks of horror. Junior tried to push her away, but she grabbed the arm which was swinging the cat. They both fell, and in falling, Junior let go the cat, which, having been released in mid-motion, was thrown full force against the window. It slithered down and fell on the radiator behind the sofa. Except for a few shudders, it was still. There was only the slightest smell of singed fur. Geraldine opened the door.
"What is this?" Her voice was mild, as though asking a perfectly reasonable question. "Who is this girl?"
"She killed our cat," said Junior. "Look." He pointed to the radiator, where the cat lay, its blue eyes closed, leaving only an empty, black, and helpless face.
99 "Mr. Henry."
"What'd he do?"
"Daddy beat him up."
…"He…picked at me."
"Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?"
"Sort of."
"He showed his privates at you?"
"Noooo. He touched me."
"Where?"

"Here and there." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns,
scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress.
"Really? How did it feel?"
…"It didn't feel like anything."
"But it wasn't supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?" She sighed. "First he said how pretty is was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."
96 "You could drink whiskey."
"Where would I get whiskey?"
…"Pecola," I said. "Her father's always drunk. She can get us some."
"You think so?"
"Sure. Cholly's always drunk…"
100 Black people were not allowed in the park, and so it filled our dreams.
111 No better than whites for meanness.
113 Nasty white folks is about the nastiest things they is.
117 I hurt just like them white women. Just 'cause I wasn't hooping and hollering before didn't mean I wasn't feeling pain. What'd they think? That just 'cause I knowed how to have a baby with no fuss that my behind wasn't pulling and aching like theirs?
120 Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don’t move, because 1 don 't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my
tit. Then I don 't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his
hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don 't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold,
and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can 't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can 't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That he couldn't stop if he had to. That he would die rather than take his thing out of
me. Of me. Not until he has let go of all he has, and give it to me. To me. To me. When he does, I feel a power I be strong, I be pretty, I be young. And then I wait. He shivers and tosses his head. Now I be strong enough, pretty enough, and young enough to let him make me come. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind. My legs drop back onto the bed. I don't make no noise, because the chil 'ren might hear. I begin to feel those little bits of color floating up into me—deep in me. That streak of green from the june-bug light, the purple from the berries trickling along my thighs, Mama Is lemonade yellow runs sweet in me. Then I feel like I'm laughing between my legs, and the laughing gets all mixed up with the colors, and I'm afraid I'll come, and afraid 1 won 't. But I know I will. And I do. And it be rainbow all inside. And it lasts and lasts and lasts. I want to thank him, but don't know how, so I pat him like you do a baby.
…"But it ain't like that anymore. Most times he's thrashing away inside me before I'm woke, and through when I am…"

123When Cholly was four days old, his mother wrapped him in two blankets and one newspaper and placed him on a junk heap by the railroad.
127 To Aunt Jimmy she said, "You done caught cold in your womb. Drink pot liquor and nothing else."
129 He was aware, in his sleep, of being curled up in a chair, his hands tucked between his thighs. In a dream his penis changed into a long hickory stick, and the hands caressing it were the hands of M'Dear.
135 Cholly could see her bloomers and the muscles of her young thighs.
136 He rose to his knees facing her and tried to tie her ribbon. Darlene put her hands under his open shirt and rubbed the damp tight skin. When he looked at her in surprise, she stopped and laughed. He smiled and continued knotting the bow. She put her hands back under his shirt.
...She tickled his ribs with her fingertips. He giggled and grabbed his rib cage. They were on top of each other in a moment. She corkscrewing her hands into his clothes. He returning the play, digging into the neck of her dress, and then under her dress. When he got his hand in her bloomers, she suddenly stopped laughing and looked serious. Cholly, frightened, was about to take his hand away, but she held his wrist so he couldn't move it. He examined her then with his fingers, and she kissed his face and mouth. Cholly found her muscadine-lipped mouth distracting. Darlene released his head, shifted her body, and pulled down her
pants. After some trouble with the buttons, Cholly dropped his pants down to his knees. Their bodies began to make sense to him, and it was not as difficult as he had thought it would be. She moaned a little, but the excitement collecting inside him made him close his eyes and regard her moans as no more than pine sighs
over his head. Just as he felt an explosion threaten, Darlene froze and cried out. He thought he had hurt her, but when he looked at her face, she was staring wildly at something over his shoulder. He jerked around.
There stood two white men. One with a spirit lamp, the other with a flashlight. There was no mistake about their being white; he could smell it. Cholly jumped, trying to kneel, stand, and get his pants up all in one motion. The men had long guns.
..."I said, get on wid it. An' make it good, nigger, make it good."
...The flashlight man lifted his gun down from his shoulder, and Cholly heard the clop of metal. He dropped back to his knees. Darlene had her head averted, her eyes staring out of the lamplight into the surrounding darkness and looking almost unconcerned, as though they had no part in the drama taking place around them. With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear.
"Hee hee hee hee heeeeee."
Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind.
"Hee hee hee hee heeee."
"Come on, coon. Faster. You ain't doing nothing for her.'
"Hee hee hee hee heeee."
Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could
do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws.
"Hee hee hee hee heee."
..."Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet." "Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby."
...Cholly raised himself and in silence buttoned his trousers. Darlene did not move.
Cholly wanted to strangle her, but instead he touched her leg with his foot. "We
got to get, girl. Come on!"

She reached for her underwear with her eyes closed, and could not find them. The two of them patted about in the moonlight for the panties. When she found them, she put them on with the movements of an old woman.
140 It had occurred to him that Darlene might be pregnant.
149 Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a
border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made—a hollow suck of air in
the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon.
Following the disintegration—the falling away—of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell. Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his genitals out of the dry harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly
stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her. So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her.
152 The careful design was marred occasionally by rare but keen sexual cravings. He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not
154 experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh.
…all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of- disquieted
him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies
were least offensive- children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness. They were industrious, orderly, and energetic, hoping to prove beyond a doubt De Gobineau's hypothesis that "all civilizations derived from the white race, that none can exist without its help, and that a society is great and brilliant only so far as it preserves the blood of the noble group that created it."
165 The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for my own. Playful, I felt, and friendly.
...Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they'd eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning—just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look—any

long funny look—any longfunny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly.
…I did what You did not, could not, would not do: I looked at that ugly little black girl, and I loved her. I played You. And it was a very good show!
168 A slim young girl in a pink crepe dress. One hand is on her hip; the other lolls about her thigh- waiting.
169"Did you hear about that girl?"
"What? Pregnant?"
"Yas. But guess who?"
"Who? I don't know all these little old boys."
"That's just it. Ain't no little old boy. They say it's Cholly."
"Cholly? Her daddy?"
"Uh-huh."
"Lord. Have mercy. That dirty nigger."
…"Oh, come on. She ain't but twelve or so."
178 Oh. She's all right. For a half-white girl, that is.
180 All he did was get drunk and beat her up.
…Anyway, if she didn't love him, she sure let him do it to her a lot.
…I saw them all the time. She didn't like it. Then why'd she let him do it to her? Because he made her.
182 You said he tried to do it to you when you were sleeping on the couch.
See there! You don't even know what you're talking about. It was when I was washing dishes.

Ass 1
Bitch 1
Coon 2
Fuck 3
Nigger 8

The Glass Castle by Jeanette Walls

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

This book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to the prevailing community standards for a minors.
This book contains indecent or profane content that is inconsistent with the local community values or age appropriateness.
". . . there are a few disturbing incidents in the book with reference to sexual abuse . . ."
"Sexual abuse is related . . .potentially upsetting subject matter."
" . . . mature content such as alcoholism, child neglect, and physical and sexual abuse . . ."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"The sex that is talked about in this book literally is like there's nothing else to do in that rural, poverty stricken area."
"these beginning sexual acts where it's like interrupted"
"I'm versed in whole dead white guys"

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

55 A couple of months after Dad lost his job, he came home with a bag of groceries: a can of corn, a half gallon of milk, a loaf of bread, two tins of deviled ham, a sack of sugar, and a stick of margarine. The can of corn disappeared within minutes. Somebody in the family had stolen it, and no one except the thief knew who. But Dad was too busy making deviled-ham sandwiches to

launch an investigation. We ate our fill that night, washing down the sandwiches with big glasses of milk. When I got back from school the next day, I found Lori in the kitchen eating something out of a cup with a spoon. I looked in the refrigerator. There was nothing inside but a half-gone stick of margarine. "Lori, what are you eating?"
"Margarine," she said. I wrinkled my nose. "Really?" "Yeah," she said. "Mix it with sugar. Tastes just like frosting." I made some. It didn't taste like frosting. It was sort of crunchy, because the sugar didn't dissolve, and it was greasy and left a filmy coat in my mouth. But I ate it all anyway. When Mom got home that evening, she looked in the refrigerator. "What happened to the stick of margarine?" she asked.
"We ate it," I said. Mom got angry. She was saving it, she said, to butter the bread. We already ate all the bread, I said. Mom said she was thinking of baking some bread if a neighbor would loan us some flour. I pointed out that the gas company had turned off our gas.
65 On one of the mattresses, Billy's father was snoring unevenly. His mouth hung open, and flies were gathered in the stubble of his beard. A wet stain had darkened his pants nearly to his knees. His zipper was undone, and his gross penis dangled to one side. I stared quietly, then asked. "What's the funny thing?" "Don't you see?" said Billy, pointing at his dad. "He pissed himself!" Billy started laughing.
68 Billy said there was an awful lot about men and women I didn't know. He said some men stuck knives into women while they were kissing them, especially if the women were being mean and didn't want to be kissed. But he told me he'd never do that to me. He put his face up next to mine. "Close your eyes," he said. "No way," I said. Billy smushed his face against mine, then grabbed my hair and made my head bend sideways and stuck his tongue in my mouth. It was slimy and disgusting, but when I tried to pull away, he pushed in toward me. The more I pulled, the more he pushed, until he was on top of me and I felt his fingers tugging at my shorts. His other hand was unbuttoning his own pants. To stop him, I put my
hand down there, and when I touched it, I knew what it was, even though I had never touched one before. I couldn't knee him in the groin like Dad had told me to if a guy jumped on me, because my knees were outside his legs, so I bit him hard on the ear. It must have hurt, because he yelled and hit me in the face. Blood started gushing out of my nose. The other kids heard the ruckus and came running. One of them opened the shed door, and Billy and I scrambled out, pulling on our clothes. "I kissed Jeannette!" Billy yelled. "Did not!" I said. "He's a liar! We just got into a fight, that's all." He was a liar, told myself all the rest of the day. I hadn't really kissed him, or at least it didn't count. My eyes had been open the entire time.
88 Mom rolled her eyes whenever Dad mentioned his research. I began to have my own doubts about what he was up to. He came home in such a drunken fury that Mom usually hid while we kids tried to calm him down. He broke windows and smashed dishes and furniture until he'd spent all his anger; then he'd look around at the mess and at us kids standing there. When he recognized what he'd done, he hung his head in weariness and shame. Then he'd sink to his knees and pitch forward face-first on the floor. After Dad had collapsed, I would try to pick up the place, but Mom always made me stop. She'd been reading books on how to cope with an alcoholic, and they said that drunks didn't remember their rampages, so if you cleaned up after them, they'd think nothing had happened. "Your father needs to see the mess he's
making of our lives," Mom said. But when Dad got up, he'd act as if all the wreckage didn't exist, and no one discussed it with him. The rest of us had to get used to stepping over broken furniture and shattered glass. Mom had taught us to pick Dad's pocket when he passed out. We got pretty good at it. Once, after I'd rolled Dad and collected a handful of change, I pried his fingers loose from the bottle in his hand. It was three quarters empty. I stared at the amber liquid. Mom never touched the stuff, and I wondered what Dad found so irresistible. I opened the bottle and sniffed. The awful smell stung my nose, but after working up my courage, I took a swig. It had a hideously thick taste, smoky, and so hot it burned my tongue. I ran to the bathroom, spat it out, and rinsed my mouth. "I just took a swig of booze," I told Brian.

"It's the worst thing I've ever tasted in my life."
89 During the sermon, the priest discussed the miracle of Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth. "Virgin, my ass!" Dad shouted. "Mary was a sweet Jewish broad who got herself knocked up!" The service came to a dead halt. Everyone was staring. The choir had swiveled around in unison and were gaping openmouthed. Even the priest was speechless. Dad had a satisfied grin on his face. "And Jesus H. Christ is the world's best-loved bastard!"
91 In the morning Dad told me that for the next few days, he was going to keep to himself in his bedroom. He wanted us kids to steer clear of him, to stay outside all day and play. Everything went fine for the first day. On the second day, when I came home from school, I heard a terrible groaning coming from the bedroom. "Dad?" I called. There was no answer. I opened the door. Dad was tied to the bed with ropes and belts. I don't know if he had done it himself or if Mom helped him, but he was thrashing about, bucking and pulling at the restraints, yelling "No!" and "Stop!" and "Oh my God!" His face was gray and dripping with sweat. I called out to him again, but he didn't see or hear me. I went into the kitchen and filled an empty orange-juice jug with water. I sat with the jug next to Dad's door in case he got thirsty. Mom saw me and told me to go outside and play. I told her I wanted to help Dad. She said there was nothing I could do, but I stayed by the door anyway. Dad's delirium continued for days. When I came home from school, I'd get the jug of water, take up my position by the door, and wait there until bedtime. Brian and Maureen played outside, and Lori kept to the far side of the house. Mom painted in her studio. No one talked much about what was going on. One night when we were eating dinner, Dad let out a particularly hideous cry. I looked at Mom, who was stirring her soup as if it were an ordinary evening, and that was when I lost it.
95 upright piano trying to teach each other to play, we heard heavy, uneven footsteps at the front door. We turned and saw Dad. He tripped on the coffee table. When we tried to help him, he cursed and lurched at us, swinging his fist. He wanted to know where that goddamn sorry-assed mother of ours was, and he got so mad when we didn't tell him that he pulled over Grandma's china closet, sending her fine bone china crashing to the floor. Brian came running in. He tried to grab Dad's leg, but Dad kicked him off. Dad yanked out the silverware drawer and hurled the forks and spoons and knives across the room, then picked up one of the chairs and smashed it on Grandma's table. "Rose Mary, where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?" He found Mom in the bathroom,
crouched in the tub. As she darted past him, he grabbed her dress, and she started flailing. They fought their way into the dining room, and he knocked her to the floor. She reached into the pile of kitchen utensils that Dad had thrown there, grabbed a butcher knife, and slashed it through the air in front of him. Dad leaned back. "A knife fight, eh?" He grinned. "Okay, if that's what you want." He picked up a knife, too, tossing it from hand to hand. Then he knocked the knife out of Mom's hand, dropped his own knife, and wrestled her to the floor. We kids pounded on Dad's back and begged him to stop, but he ignored us. At last, he pinned Mom's hands behind her head. "Rose Mary, you're one hell of a woman," Dad said. Mom told him he was a stinking rotten drunk. "Yeah, but you love this old drunk, don't you?" Dad said. Mom at first said no, she didn't, but Dad kept asking her again and again, and when she finally said yes, the fight disappeared from both of them. Vanished as if it had never existed. Dad started laughing and hugging Mom, who was laughing and hugging him. It was as if they were so happy they hadn't killed each other that they had fallen in love all over again. I didn't feel like celebrating. After all he'd put himself through, I couldn't believe Dad had gone back to the booze.
108 He asked if I wanted a ride, too. When I told him where I was headed, he frowned. "That's Niggerville," he said. "What you going there for?" Stanley didn't want his friend to drive me there, so I walked. When I got back home later in the afternoon, the house was empty except for Erma, who never set foot outside. She stood in the kitchen, stirring a pot of green beans and taking swigs from the bottle of hooch in her pocket. "So, how was Niggerville?" she asked. Erma was always going on about. "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street, on the

edge of the black neighborhood. "Goddamn niggers, "Erma always muttered. "The reason I have not gone out of this house in fifteen years is because I do not want to see or be seen by a nigger." Erma kept stirring the beans. "Keep this up and people are going to think you're a nigger lover," she said. 111 They'd been gone for a minute or two when I heard Brian weakly protesting. I went into Grandpa's bedroom and saw Erma kneeling on the floor in front of Brian, grabbing at the crotch of his pants, squeezing and kneading while mumbling to herself and telling Brian to hold still, goddammit. Brian, his cheeks wet with tears, was holding his hands protectively between his legs. "Erma, you leave him alone!" I shouted. Erma, still on her knees, twisted around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said. Lori heard the commotion and came running. I told Lori that Erma was touching Brian in a way she ought not to be. Erma said she was merely mending Brian's inseam and that she shouldn't have to defend herself
against some lying little whore's accusations. "I know what I saw," I said. "She's a pervert!"
121 Ginnie Sue Pastor pretty much kept to herself. At first I wondered if she lay around in a lacy negligee all day, smoking cigarettes and waiting for gentlemen callers. Back in Battle Mountain, the women lounging on the front porch of the Green LanternI'd long since figured out what they really did wore white lipstick and black mascara and partially unbuttoned blouses that
122 I felt Stanley's hand creeping onto my thigh. I looked at him, but he was staring at the Hee Haw Honeys so intently that I couldn't be sure he was doing it on purpose, so I knocked his hand away without saying anything. A few minutes later, the hand came creeping back. I looked down and saw that Uncle Stanley's pants were unzipped and he was playing with himself. I felt like hitting him, but I was afraid I'd get in trouble the way Lori had after punching Erma, so I hurried out to Mom. "Mom, Uncle Stanley is behaving inappropriately," I said. "Oh, you're probably imagining it," she said. "He groped me! And he's wanking off!" Mom cocked her head and looked concerned. "Poor Stanley," she said. "He's so lonely."
But it was gross!" Mom asked me if I was okay. I shrugged and nodded. "Well, there you go," she said. She said that sexual assault was a crime of perception. "If you don't think you're hurt, then you aren't," she said. "So many women make such a big deal out of these things. But you're stronger than that." She went back to her crossword puzzle.
124 WE FOUGHT A LOT in Welch. Not just to fend off our enemies but to fit in. Maybe it was because there was so little to do in Welch; maybe it was because life there was hard and it made people hard; maybe it was because of all the bloody battles over unionizing the mines; maybe it was because mining was dangerous and cramped and dirty work and it put all the miners in bad moods and they came home and took it out on their wives, who took it out on their kids, who took it out on other kids. Whatever the reason, it seemed that just about everyone in Welchmen, women, boys, girls liked to fight. There were street brawls, bar stabbings, parking-lot beatings, wife slappings, and toddler whalings. Sometimes it was simply a matter of someone throwing a stray punch, and it would all be over before you knew it had
started. Other times it would be more like a twelve-round prizefight, with spectators cheering on the bloody, sweating opponents. Then there were the grudges and feuds that went on for years, a couple of brothers beating up some guy because back in the fifties his father had beaten up their father, a woman shooting her best friend for sleeping with her husband and the best friend's brother then stabbing the husband. You'd walk down McDowell Street, and half the people you passed seemed to be nursing an injury sustained in local combat. There were shiners, split lips, swollen cheekbones, bruised arms, scraped knuckles, and bitten earlobes. We had lived in some pretty scrappy places back in the desert, but Mom said Welch was the fightingest town she'd ever seen.
128 Money would come in and with it, food on the rare occasion that Dad landed an odd job or Mom received a check from the oil company leasing the drilling rights on her land in Texas. Mom was always vague about how big the land was and where exactly it was, and she refused to consider selling it. All we knew was that every couple of months, this check would show up and we'd have plenty of food for days at a time. When the electricity was on, we ate a lot of beans. A

big bag of pinto beans cost under a dollar and would feed us for days. They tasted especially good if you added a spoonful of mayonnaise. We also ate a lot of rice mixed with jack mackerel, which Mom said was excellent brain food. Jack mackerel
129 was not as good as tuna but was better than cat food, which we ate from time to time when things got really tight. Sometimes Mom popped up a big batch of popcorn for dinner. It had lots of fiber, she pointed out, and she had us salt it heavily because the iodine would keep us from getting goiters. "I don't want my kids looking like pelicans," she said. Once, when an extra-big royalty check came in, Mom bought us a whole canned ham. We ate off it for days, cutting thick slices for sandwiches. Since we had no refrigerator, we left the ham on a kitchen shelf. After it had been there for about a week, I went to saw myself a slab at dinnertime and found it crawling with little white worms. Mom was sitting on the sofa bed, eating the piece she'd cut. "Mom, that ham's full of maggots," I said. "Don't be so picky," she told me. "Just slice off the maggoty parts. The inside's fine."
138 I felt Stanley's hand creeping onto my thigh. I looked at him, but he was staring at the Hee Haw Honeys so intently that I couldn't be sure he was doing it on purpose, so I knocked his hand away without saying anything. A few minutes later, the hand came creeping back. I looked down and saw that Uncle Stanley's pants were unzipped and he was playing with himself. I felt like hitting him, but I was afraid I'd get in trouble the way Lori had after punching Erma, so I hurried out to Mom. "Mom, Uncle Stanley is behaving inappropriately," I said. "Oh, you're probably imagining it," she said. "He groped me! And he's wanking off!" Mom cocked her head and looked concerned. "Poor Stanley," she said. "He's so lonely." "But it was gross!" Mom asked me if I was okay. I shrugged and nodded. "Well, there you go," she said. She said that sexual assault was a crime of perception. "If you don't think you're hurt, then you aren't," she said. "So many women make such a big deal out of these things. But you're stronger than that." She went back to her crossword puzzle.
158 Dad and I took seats at the bar. Dad ordered Buds for himself and me, even though I told him I wanted a Sprite. After a while, he got up to play pool, and no sooner had he left his stool than a man came over and sat on it. He had a black mustache that curved around the sides of his mouth and coal grime under his fingernails. He poured salt in his beer, which Dad said some guys did because they liked to make
extra foam. "Name's Robbie," he said. "That your man there?" He gestured toward Dad. "I'm his daughter," I said. He took a lick of foam and started asking me about myself, leaning in close as he talked. "How old are you, girl?" "How old do you think?" I asked. "About seventeen." I smiled, putting my hand over my teeth. "Know how to dance?" he asked. I shook my head. "Sure you do," he said and pulled me off the stool. I looked over at Dad, who grinned and waved. On the jukebox, Kitty Wells was singing about married men and honky tonk angels. Robbie held me close, with his hand on the small of my back. We danced to a second song, and when we sat down again on the stools facing the pool table, our backs against the bar, he slid his arm behind me. That arm made me tense but not entirely unhappy. No one had flirted with me since Billy Deel, unless you counted Kenny Hall. Still, I knew what Robbie was after. I was going to tell him I wasn't that sort of girl, but then I thought he would say I was getting ahead
of myself. After all, the only thing he'd done was dance me slow and put his arm around me. I caught Dad's eye. I expected him to come barreling across the room and whock Robbie with a pool cue for getting fresh with his daughter. Instead, he hollered to Robbie, "Do something worthwhile with those damned hands of yours. Get over here and play me a game of pool." They ordered whiskeys and chalked their cues. Dad held back at first and lost some money to Robbie, then started upping the stakes and beating him. After every game, Robbie wanted to dance with me again. It went on that way for a couple of hours, with Robbie getting sloppy drunk, losing to Dad, and groping me when we danced or sat at the bar between games. All Dad said to me was. "Keep your legs crossed, honey, and keep 'em crossed tight." After Dad had taken him for about eighty bucks, Robbie started muttering angrily to himself. He snapped down the cue chalk,

sending up a puff of blue powder, and missed a final shot. He flung his cue on the table and announced he'd had enough, then sat down next to me. His eyes were bleary. He kept saying he couldn't believe that old fart had beat him out of eighty bucks, as if he couldn't decide whether he was pissed off or impressed. Then he told me he lived in an apartment over the bar. He had a Roy
159 Acuff record that wasn't on the jukebox, and he wanted us to go upstairs and listen to it. If all he wanted to do was dance some more and maybe kiss a little, I could handle that. But I had the feeling he thought he was entitled to something in return for losing so much money. "I'm not sure," I said. "Aw, come on," he said and shouted at Dad, "I'm going to take your girl upstairs." "Sure," Dad said. "Just don't do anything I wouldn't do." He pointed his pool cue at me. "Holler if you need me," he said and winked at me as if to say he knew I could take care of myself, that this was just a part of my job. So, with Dad's blessing, I went upstairs. Inside the apartment, we pushed through a curtain made from strands of beer-can pull tabs linked together. Two men sat on a couch watching wrestling on television. When they saw me, they grinned wolfishly at Robbie, who put on the Roy Acuff record without turning down the television. He pressed me to him and started dancing again, but I knew this was not going in a direction I wanted, and I resisted him. His hands dropped down. He squeezed my bottom, pushed me onto the bed, and began kissing me. "All right!" one friend said, and the other yelled. "Get it on!" "I'm not that kind of girl," I said, but he ignored me. When I tried rolling away, he pinned back my arms. Dad had said to holler if I needed him, but I didn't want to scream. I was so angry at Dad that I couldn't bear the idea of him rescuing me. Robbie, meanwhile, was saying something about me being too bony to screw.
161 Mr. Becker would say. Sometimes, after watching Maureen Dean, Mr. Becker got so randy that he came behind me while I was cleaning the display case and rubbed up against my backside. I'd pull his hands off and walk away without saying a word, and that horndog would return to the television as if nothing had happened.

Ass/Jackass / Asshole etc. 14	Pussy 1
Bastard 6	Shit / Bullshit etc. 7
Breast / Tit 4	Whore 8
Cock 1	Damn 2
Cunt 1	God / God damn etc. 51
Fag / Faggot 1	Hell 36
Fuck 1	Jesus 3
Ni**er 6	Lord 2
Penis 1	Christ 4
Piss 5	Bitch 6

The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains mild profanity; alternate sexualities; sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; violence; alcohol use; and suicide commentary.

THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED BY TEXAS PRISONS DUE TO THE GRAPHIC ILLEGAL SEX ACTS IN IT.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

This book contains indecent or profane content is inconsistent with local community values or age appropriateness.

“very mature themes . . . but disturbing content”

Comment made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"murder, you would think, okay, 14 year old little teenage girl's murder, this is going to be gruesome. It's like the very first chapter and it is over like that. There is no gratuitous violence."

"good from a cautionary tale"

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

9 My father was the kind of dad who kept a nude photo of you when you were there in the downstairs bathroom, the one that guests would use.

13 After this he said, "You're very pretty, Susie."

"Thanks," I said, even though he gave me what my friend Clarissa and I had dubbed the skeevies.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"No, Mr. Harvey," I said. I swallowed the rest of my Coke, which was a lot, and said, "I got to go, Mr. Harvey. This is a cool place, but I have to go."

He stood up and undid his hunchback number by the six dug-in steps that let to the world. "I don't know why you think you're leaving."

I talked so that I would not have to takin in this knowledge: Mr. Harvey was no character. He made me feel skeevy and icky now that he was blocking the door.

"Mr. Harvey, I really have to get home."

"Take off your clothes."

"What?"

"Take your clothes off," Mr. Harvey said. "I want to check that you're still a virgin."

"I am, Mr. Harvey," I said.

"I want to make sure. Your parents will thank me."

"My parents?"

"They only want good girls," he said.

"Mr. Harvey," I said, "please let me leave."

"You aren't leaving, Susie. You're mine now."

…I fought hard. I fought as hard as I could not to let Mr. Harvey hurt me, but my hard-as-I-could was not hard enough, not even close, and I was soon lying down on the ground, in the ground, with him on top of me panting and sweating, having lost his glasses in the struggle.

…I thought it was the worst thing in the world to be lying flat on my back with a sweating man on top of me. To be trapped inside the earth and have no one know where I was.

…Mr. Harvey started to press his lips against mine. They were blubbery and wet and I wanted to scream but I was too afraid and too exhausted from the fight. I had been kissed once by someone I liked. His name was Ray and he was Indian.

…He kissed me by my locker the day before we turned in our photos for the yearbook.

…"Don't, Mr. Harvey," I managed, and I kept saying that one word a lot. Don't. And I said please a lot too. Franny told me that almost everyone begged "please" before dying.

"I want you, Susie," he said.

"Please," I said. "Don't," I said. Sometimes I combined them. "Please don't" or "Don't please." It was like insisting that a key works when it doesn't or yelling "I've got it, I've got it, I've got it" as a softball goes sailing over you into the stands.

"Please don't."

But he grew tired of hearing me plead. He reached into the pocket of my parka and balled up the hat my mother had made me, smashing it into my mouth. The only sound I made after that was the weak tinkling of bells.

As he kissed his wet lips down my face and neck and then began to shove his

hands up under my shirt, I wept. I began to leave my body; I began to inhabit the air and the silence. I wept and struggled so I would not feel. He ripped open my pants, not having found the invisible zipper my mother had artfully sewn into their side.
"Big white panties," he said.
I felt huge and bloated. I felt like a sea in which he stood and pissed and shat. I felt the corners of my body were turning in on themselves and out, like in cat's cradle, which I played with Lindsey just to make her happy. He started working himself over me.
"Susie! Susie!" I heard my mother calling. "Dinner is ready."
He was inside me. He was grunting.
"We're having string beans and lamb."
I was the mortar, he was the pestle.
"Your brother has a new finger painting, and I made apple crumb cake."
...Mr. Harvey made me lie still underneath him and listen to the beating of his heart and the beating of mine. How mine skipped like a rabbit, and how his thudded, a hammer against cloth. We lay there with our bodies touching, and, as I shook, a powerful knowledge took hold. He had done this thing to me and I had lived.
16 I knew he was going to kill me. I did not realize then that I was an animal already dying.
"Why don't you get up?" Mr. Harvey said as he rolled to the side and then crouched over me. His voice was gentle, encouraging, a lover's voice on a late morning. A suggestion, not a command. I could not move. I could not get up.
When I would not—was it only that, only that I would not follow his suggestion?—he leaned to the side and felt, over his head, across the ledge where his razor and shaving cream sat. He brought back a knife. Unsheathed, it smiled at me, curving up in a grin. He took the hat from my mouth.
"Tell me you love me," he said. Gently, I did. The end came anyway.
67 If I had known this was to be the sex scene of my life, I might have prepared a bit, reapplied my Strawberry-Banana Kissing Potion as I came in the door.
69 Using a blue ballpoint pen, Brian Nelson had made an obscene hole where her legs were crossed.
…how subversive Ruth was then, not because she drew pictures of nude women that got misused by her peers,…
92 My father got what she called "finely drunkened."
104 No counselor could say he had flashed a light under the denser shrubbery by the boy's dorm and found Salmon and Heckler going at it.
…She thought of sex as the Star Trek transport.
105 It was not so much, she would write in her journal, that she wanted to have sex with women, but that she wanted to disappear inside of them forever.
111 Their breath began to heat the small space beneath the boat, and he could not stop it- his penis stiffened inside his jeans. Lindsey reached her hand over.
"I'm sorry…" he began.
"I'm ready," my sister said.
At fourteen, my sister sailed away from me into a place I'd never been. In the walls of my sex there was horror and blood, in the walls of hers there were windows.
116 What I think was hardest for me to realize was that he had tried to stop himself. He had killed animals, taking lesser lives to keep from killing a child.
130 "How did your wife die?" my mother asked.
"Suicide."
134 She took his hand and placed it on her breast. She whispered in his ear. I knew what was happening. Her rage, her loss, her despair. The whole life lost tumbling

out in an arc on that roof, clogging up her being. She needed Len to drive the dead daughter out.
He pushed her back into the stucco surface of the wall as they kissed, and my mother held on to him as if on the other side of his kiss there could be a new life.
138 Clarissa, giggly with both fear and lust, had unlocked her privates and slept with Brian.
152 A young girl being led through the streets. She was taken to a pyre where she was wound in a sheet and placed up on a platform built from sticks. The bright fire that consumed her brought my mother into that deep, light, dreamlike bliss. This girl was being burned alive, but, first, there had been her body, clean and whole.
159 She was waiting for her father outside a bar. He raped her in the bushes and then strangled her. That time, as he grew conscious, coming up out of the stupor that often clung on, he heard noises. He turned the dead girl's face toward his, and as the voices grew closer he bit down on her ear. "Sorry, man," he heard two drunk men say as they walked into the nearby bushes to take a leak.
175 …it was now full of nudes she'd copied out of Playboy, scaling various parts up or down and adding hair and wrinkles where they had been airbrushed out- "but at least I'm not a per for charcoal."
212 While the two of them sat with their backs to the fire, shivering at first and drinking the brandy shots Grandma Lynn had Buckley serve them…
218 But Ray was different. Their kisses and early pushing and rubbings were objects under glass to her- memories that she kept preserved.
253 He had made a certain kind of love to my mother before she went away. Sex as an act of willful forgetting. It was the kind he made more and more in the rooms above the barbershop.
...The edges of Mr. Harvey seemed oddly blurred. For years he had kept at bay the memories of the women he killed, but now, one by one, they were coming back. The first girl he'd hurt was by accident. He got mad and couldn't stop himself, or that was how he began to weave it into sense. She stopped going to the high school that they were both enrolled in, but this didn't seem strange to him. By that time he had moved so many times that he assumed that was what the girl had done. He had regretted it, this quiet, muffed rape of a school friend, but he didn't see it as something that would stay with either one of them. It was as if something outside him had resulted in the collision of their two bodies one afternoon. For a second afterward, she'd stared. It was bottomless. Then she put on her torn underpants, tucking them into her skirt's waistband to keep them in place. They didn't speak, and she left. He cut himself with his penknife along the back of his hand. When his father asked about the blood, there would be a plausible explanation. "See," he could say, and point to the place on his hand. "It was an accident."
267 Ray drew back the curtain. I turned to face him and opened my eyes. I felt a marvelous draft on the inside of my thighs.
"It's okay," I said.
He stepped slowly into the tub. At first he did not touch me, but then, tentatively, he traced a small scar along my side. We watched together as his finger moved down the ribbony wound.
"Ruth's volleyball incident, nineteen seventy-five," I said. I shivered again.
"You're not Ruth," he said, his face full of wonder.
I took the hand that had reached the end of the cut and placed it under my left breast.
"I've watched you both for years," I said. "I want you to make love to me."

His lips parted to speak, but what was on his lips now was too strange to say out loud. He brushed my nipple with his thumb, and I pulled his head toward me. We kissed. The water came down between our bodies and wet the sparse hair along his chest and stomach. I kissed him because I wanted to see Ruth and I wanted to see Holly and I wanted to know if they could see me. In the shower I could cry and Ray could kiss my tears, never knowing exactly why I shed them.
I touched every part of him and held it in my hands. I cupped his elbow in my palm. I dragged his pubic hair out straight between my fingers. I held that part of him that Mr. Harvey had forced inside me. Inside my head I said the word gentle, and then I said the word man.
268 We made love then. We made love in the shower and in the bedroom and under the lights and fake glow-in-the-dark stars. While he rested, I kissed him across the line of his backbone and blessed each knot of muscle, each mole and blemish.
280 I imagined her tying it on in her heaven, drinking mute juleps with Tennessee Williams and Dean Martin.

Bitch 1
Fuck 1
Shit 5

Nineteen Minutes by Jodi Picoult

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; violence; controversial social and political commentary; controversial religious commentary; alternate sexualities; hate; abortion; and suicide commentary.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

The book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for a minor.

This book contains indecent or profane content is inconsistent with local community values or age appropriateness.

" . . .takes a highly controversial approach to such a horrific topic."

"There are a few scenes of sexual content . . ."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"some sexual stuff"

"so realistic"

"hard, very, very hard topic"

"I do struggle with the weightiness of the topic in such a I mean, it's there. It's prevalent. It's everywhere right now"

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

Page 21- "We danced and we drank and we danced. The St. Andrew's Preppers were everywhere, blond and tan and laced together with white powder and pills ..."

Page 29- "Her eyes are dead-blank but the truth sits right there anyway: she knows Duncan fucked someone else at the party."

Page 30-"... fine, go fuck some roofied slut, said Piper Morello on Friday night."

Page 31- "I shrug. 'Fucked a teacher.'"

Page 45-"... you're such a drama queen, like you haven't fucked the whole team ..."

Page 48- "And Connor said, 'u think im fukkin high?'"

Page 50- "...you know his pills are always what he says they are ... Sure as hell won't come back on you when you're just the fucking dealer."

Page 53-"... Luck's a whore. She fucks us all eventually."
Page 74-"Up on the roof, drunk off his ass."
Page 83-"I feel fucking high ... "
Page 96-"... that new girl, the one who fucks teachers?"
Page 110-"You really think he's going to kill his best friend just because he wants to fuck you?"
Page 116-"And Piper said, Go fuck some roofied slut ..."
Page 143-"The man at the store didn't even look twice when I handed him the license I stole out of my sister's purse at Christmas. When I need to be, I'm twenty-six, with tastes to match."
Page 145-"We're drinking. We're celebrating ..."
Page 146- "... because tonight we're drinking for the king... And I weave in with vodka in one hand and tequila in the other and pour too much and they drink it anyway.... Maybe you don't suck, said Piper, too drunk already ... "
Page 149- "Finish the bottle. Mack pushes the tequila across the table... He knocks back the last inch of liquor."
Page 150-"Drink up, captain, he says, and he slides the vodka to Duncan. Duncan grabs the bottle with one hand. When the bottle is empty, he holds it in front of him and spins it."
Page 151- "He's too drunk to do anything about it.... Liquor and weed and lust and hate.... He presses hard against me and I swallow down the blood. His hand slips off the broken bottle and onto my back - under the waistband of my skirt - onto my skin - but the knife-sharp glass is in my hand now. He cages me against him. One hand on my ass and the other on my neck, three fingers pressing up under my skull. He kisses me ... but I kiss him back, exactly like he wants. Exactly like he would have felt anyway no matter what I did.... Broken bottle sliding up his throat. He lets me go. Three tiny cuts under his jaw bloom red."
Page 154-"You're drunk, she says. And you're drunk, and you're drunk. You're all drunk... Banks pulls a clip out of his pocket and lights another joint."
Page 158-"Drunk, says Mack, and they both laugh."
Page 211-"Almost as twisted as your fuck of the week, he says."
Page 212-"You mean the part where you and Duncan and Duffy and Connor drugged some girl and raped her?"
Page 224-"I'm finished. Let's go get drunk."
Page 225-"We stopped for liquor. Banks is already drinking it."
Page 229-"He hands me the bottle and I drink - or he thinks I drink, anyway. I've hardly had a shot all night, but I've grabbed the bottle as often as he has."
Page 237-"Sick of his rough drunk charm and his rough drunk hands."
Page 239-"He drank too much and he swam too far out."
Page 274- "You're a twisted bitch, and not just the way Banks talked about you when he wanted to fuck you for it."
Page 277-"... The patron saint of stupid sluts who drink too much?"
Page 280- "... and she said, fine, go fuck some roofied slut."
Page 306 -"You killed for some drunk bitch?"
Page 310-"I'll fucking drink to that."
Page 316- "I'm just a girl you wanted to fuck. You're just a boy I let fuck me because I wanted to see how many of your friends I could make you kill."

Poet X by Elizabeth Acevedo

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; references to alcohol use; references to drug use; controversial religious commentary; violence; and alternate sexualities.

Comments from the those on the SLAC reviews about the book:

The book taken as a whole appeals to a minor's unwholesome or shameful interest in sex.
This book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to the prevailing community standards for a minor.
This book contains indecent or profane content is inconsistent with local community values or age appropriateness.
" . . . the descriptions of the sexual act is probably too much for a child in high school."
" . . its literary merit outweighs the distraction of indecency . . ."
"There is one very poetic description of masturbation on page 130.."

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

'I love this book. Except for one chapter.'
"Can we cut out that chapter?"
"this was a fight when I don't think you can keep the book when the sex act is described in detail."
"One chapter describes the act."
"I mean, it is a sex act, but I don't see it as being not appropriate. I do feel like that is a young woman coming into her own in a very well-written, and actually a beautiful way. "
"I don't consider that sexy and that's the masturbation"
"In bed at night, my fingers to eat, I have no name for. Sliding into center, finding a hidden core or stem, or maybe the, and learning to caress and breathe at the same time. How to be silent and feel something right inside me. And when it all builds up, I sink into my mattress, I feel such a release, such a relief, I feel such a shame, settle like a blanket covering me from head to toe. To make myself feel this way as a dirty thing, right? Then why does it feel so good? I don't feel like it's."
"You can tell she's not meaning to be promiscuous or wanting to promote promiscuity or it's an actual question of, you know, discovery. "
"self-exploration"
"My review says there is one very poetic description of masturbation on page 130."
"I would rather see a young girl learning self-pleasure than going out and being promiscuous and finding pleasure with others It's not casual sex. It's not unprotected sex. It's not rape or . . ."
"I'm so uncomfortable with that one part, how can you recommend the whole of the part is so"
"It was uncomfortable, but I don't think I go back earlier. As far as harmful goes, it's not a consequential negative view of sexual acts. It's not rape. It's not the glorification of sleeping around or anything like that is her falling in love with a guy and expressing herself.."
"I can't imagine. Having a discussion about that in a high school classroom."
"These are the kind of books that young girls do read when your mom won't answer the questions you have, and you go about trying to discover it in the safest way possible."

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

4 Shake my head as even the drug dealers posted up near the building smile more in the summer, their head scowls softening into glue-eyed stares in the direction of the girls in summer dresses and short shorts:
"Ayo, Xiomara, you need to start wearing dresses like that!"
"Shit, you'd be wifed up before going back to school."
"Especially knowing you church girls are all freaks."
5 Taller than even my father, with what Mami has always said was "a little too much body for such a young girl."
I am the baby fat that settled into D-cups and swinging hips so that the boys who called me a whale in middle school now ask me to send them pictures of myself in a thong.
The other girls call me conceited. Ho. Thot. Fast.
When your body takes up more room than your voice you are always the target of well-aimed rumors, which is why I let my knuckles talk for me.

14 God It’s not any one thing that makes me wonder about the capital G.O.D.
About a holy trinity that don’t include the mother. It’s all the things.
Just seems as I got older I began to really see the way that church treats a girl like me differently. Sometimes it feels all I’m worth is under my skirt and not between my ears.
…Sometimes I feel my life would be easier if I didn’t feel like such a debt to a God that don’t really seem to be out here checking for me.
19 Your father will never touch rum again. He will stop hanging out at the bodega where the old men go to flirt.
25 Last year, during youth Bible study, he wasn't so strict. He talked to us in his soft West Indian accent, coaxing us toward the light. Or maybe I just didn't notice his strictness because the older kids were always telling jokes, or asking the important questions we really wanted to know the answers to:
"Why should we wait for marriage ?"
"What if we want to smoke weed?”
"Is masturbation a sin?”
28 X: You make out with any boys while you were in DR.?
C: Girl, stop. Always talking about some boys.
X: Well if you didn't kiss nobody, why you all red in the face?
C: Xiomara, you know I didn't kiss no boy. Just like I know you didn't.
X: Don't look at me like that. I'm not proud of the fact that I still ain't kiss nobody. It's a damn shame, we're almost sixteen.
C : Don't say damn, Xiomara. And don't roll your eyes at me either. You won't even be sixteen until January.
X: I'm just saying, I'm ready to Stop being a nun. Kiss a boy, shoot, I'm ready to creep with him behind a stairwell and let him feel me up.
32 And I get all this attention from guys but it’s like a sancocho of emotions.
This Stew of mixed-up ingredients: partly flattered they think I'm attractive, partly scared they're only interested in my ass and boobs, and a good measure of Mami-will-kill-me fear sprinkled on top.
What if I like a boy too much and become addicted to sex like Iliana from Amsterdam Ave.? Three kids, no daddy around, and baby bibs instead of a diploma hanging on her wall.
What if I like a boy too much and he breaks my heart, and I wind up angry and bitter like Mami, walking around always exclaiming how men ain’t shit, even when my father and brother are in the same room?
35 This is the typical hood school, and not too long ago it was considered one of the worst in the city: gang fights in the morning and drug deals in the classroom.
39 Mami put her hand out but didn't take them. Instead she backhanded me so quick she cut open my lip.
“Good girls don’t wear tampones. Are you still a virgin? Are you having relations?”
I didn’t know how to answer her, I could only cry. She shook her head and told me to skip church that day. Threw away the box of tampons, saying they were for cueros. That she would buy me pads. Said eleven was too young. That she would pray on my behalf. I didn’t understand what she was saying. But I stopped crying. I licked at my split lip. I prayed for the bleeding to stop.
42 I hear one of Mami’s famous sayings in my ear, “Mira, muchacha, life ain’t fair, that’s why we have to earn our entrance into heaven.”
43 As much of a science geek as he is, he doesn’t question the Bible the way that I do.
46 Today, I already had to curse a guy out for pulling on my bra strap, then shoved a senior into a locker for trying to whisper into my ear.
“Big body joint,” they say, “we know what girls like you want.”
51 “Oh, is this your girl? That’s a lot of body for someone as small as you to handle. I think she

needs a man a little bigger."
When I see his smirk, and his hand cupping his crotch, I break from Twin's grip, ignore Caridad's intake of breath, and take a step until I'm right in homeboy's face:
"Homie, what makes you think you can 'handle' me, when you couldn't even handle the ball?"
52 I shouldn't get so angry when boys—and sometimes grown-ass men—talk to me however they want, think they can grab themselves or rub against me or make all kinds of offers.
59 When the only girl I'm supposed to be was an impregnated virgin who was probably scared shitless.
…When I look around the church and none of the depictions of angels or Jesus or Mary, not one of the disciples look like me: more nita and big and angry.
When I'm told to have faith in the father the son in men and men are the first ones to make me feel so small.
That's when I feel like a fake. Because I nod, and clap, and "Amén" and "Aleluya," all the while feeling like this house his house is no longer one I want to rent.
62 That all the lit candles beckon like fingers that want to clutch around my throat. That I don't understand her God anymore.
64 Papi was a mujeriego. That he would get drunk at the barbershop and touch the thigh of any woman who walked too close.
They say his tongue was slick with compliments and his body was like a tambor with the skin stretched too tight. They say Papi was broken, that he couldn't get women pregnant, so he tossed his seeds to the wind, not caring where they landed. They say Twin and I saved him.
That if it wasn't for us Mami would have kicked him to tomorrow or a jealous husband would have shanked him dead.
68 When Communion time comes I stand in line with everyone else and when Father Sean places the Eucharist onto my tongue I walk away, kneel in my pew, and spit the wafer into my palm when I'm pretending to pray. I can feel the hot eyes of the Jesus statue watching me hide the wafer beneath the bench, where his holy body will now feed the mice.
85 A boy's face in my hands, but he's nearly a man.
Memories of Mami's words almost lash my fingers away but still I brush upward, against the grain and prickle and bristle of a light beard at his jaw. His cheekbones rise like a sun; the large canvas of a forehead. A nose that takes space. 'This is a face that apologize for itself.
The boy moves his body closer to mine and I can feel his hands drop down from my waist to my hips then brushing up toward these boobs I hate that I now push at him like an offering, his hands move so close, our faces move closer— and then my phone alarm rings, waking me up for school. In my dreams his is a mouth that knows more than curses and prayer.
95 I've never smoked weed, but I think Aman does sometimes after school; I smell it on his sweater, and know the crowd he chills with.
97 I don't want a converted man-whore like my father so the whole block talks about my family and me.
118 And although I still want to stay seated during Communion, I get up every time, put the wafer in my mouth then slip it beneath the pew. My hands shaking less and less every time I do.
120 "I Think the Story of Genesis Is Mad Stupid"
"God made the Earth in seven days? Including humans, right? But in biology we learned dinosaurs existed on Earth for millions of years before other species . . . unless the seven days is a metaphor? But what about humans evolving from apes? Unless Adam's creation was a metaphor, too? And about this apple, how come God didn't explain why they couldn't eat it? He gave Eve curiosity but didn't expect her to use it? Unless the apple is a metaphor? Is the whole Bible a poem? What's not a metaphor? Did any of it actually happen?"
130 In bed at night my fingers search a heat I have no name for. Sliding into a center, finding a hidden core, or stem, or maybe the root. I'm learning to caress and breathe at the same time.

How to be silent and feel something grow inside me. And when it all builds up, I sink into my mattress. I feel such release. Such a relief. I feel such a shame settle like a blanket covering me head to toe. To make myself feel this way is a dirty thing, right? Then why does it feel so good?
140 “You ever smoked a blunt?” I shake my head.
“Word. Drake is better when you lit. But we can listen to him anyways.”
141 "In Aman’s arms I feel warm.
In Aman l s arms I feel safe. In Aman’s arms he apologized. In Aman’s arms I apologize. In Aman’s arms I want to forget. In Aman’s arms my mouth finds his. In Aman’s arms my hands touch skin. In Aman’s arms my shirt comes off. In Aman’s arms I am shy for a moment.
In Aman’s arms I am beautiful beautiful beautiful. In Aman’s arms I feel beautiful. In Aman’s arms my jeans unsnap. In Aman’s arms I show myself. In Aman’s arms naked skin rubs against mine. In Aman’s arms kisses and kisses. My neck and ear. In Aman’s arms fingers touch my breasts. In Aman’s arms I feel good. So good."
145 So I press my lips to his.
His mouth is soft against mine. Gently, he bites my bottom lip.
And then his tongue slides in my mouth. It’s messier than I thought it’d be.
He must notice, because his tongue slows down.
146 As much as boys and men have told me all of the things they would like to do to my body, this is the first time I’ve actually wanted some of those things done.
148 But I also shouldn’t kiss a boy in the smoke park . . . and yet, I did that, too.
149 Because I didn’t want to stop kissing.
And we didn’t. Until his hands moved under my shirt and I jumped at the chill.
Maybe I jumped at something else. Guilt? How fast we’re moving?
I don’t know, but I knew it was time to stop. But I didn’t want to.
I mean, I guess I did. It’s confusing to know you shouldn’t be doing something, that it might go too far, but still wanting to do it anyway. **I** don’t whisper with Caridad, or make eye contact with anyone, or question Father Sean, or look at the cross bearing an all-knowing God who, if he exists, saw everything, everything that happened in the smoke park.
151 Okay. I know. It’s not that deep to kiss a guy. It’s just a kiss, some tongue, little kids kiss all the time, probably not with tongue (that’d be weird). Boys have wanted to kiss me since I was eleven, and back then I didn’t want to kiss them.
155 I don’t know what they would do if the person he brought home was not a girl.
163 Tug on the hem of Twin’s Green Lantern tee (it fits tight around my boobs and shows some midriff. I’m glad Mami didn’t ask to see what I had on under my jacket.)
164 This is a party crowd: the loudest, the boldest, the ones who smoke during the school day, and drink their parents’ mamajuana on the weekend. Someone hands me a cup of fruity drink but I put it down on the TV stand, lean against the wall.
166Then his leg is between mine and we’re dancing exactly the way people do in music videos. Like if they weren’t wearing clothes they’d be . . . you know. I can feel all of him. Not as scrawny as I thought.
174 I look at the boy who gazes at Twin with love all over his face.
180 I’ve always found Nicki Minaj compelling. Although she gets a bad reputation for being “overly sexual” and making songs like “Anaconda,” I think the persona she portrays in her videos is really different from who she is in real life.
… She is a woman in a male-dominated world making albums that go platinum. I know she’s not considered most women’s role model like Eleanor Roosevelt or Mother Teresa, or even Beyoncé, but I think she stands for girls who don’t fit into society’s cookie-cutter mold.
189 We never kiss so publicly but with his lips on mine I realize I want the same thing.
…And I know people are probably staring, probably thinking: “Horny high school kids can’t keep their hands to themselves.”
But I don’t care because when our lips meet for those three stops before I get off, it’s

beautiful and real and what I wanted.
191 Walking home from the train I can't help but think Aman's made a junkie out of me: begging for that hit eyes wide with hunger blood on fire licking the flesh waiting for the refresh of his mouth.
192 I mean, I did miss my stop because I didn't want to quit Aman's kisses.
"Se lo estaba comiendo. Had her tongue down his throat. Some little, dirty boy. I had to get off the train a stop early."
…Mami's eyes were a fan and my make-out session on the train was the shit hitting it.
194 Trying to unhear my mother turn my kissing ugly, my father call me the names all the kids have called me since I grew breasts.
204 "This is why you want to go away for college so you can open your legs for any boy with a big enough smile. You think I came to this country for this? So you can carry a diploma in your belly but never a degree? Tu no vas a ser un maldito cuero."
205 "Cuero," she calls me to my face. The Dominican word for ho.
This is what a cuero looks like: A regular girl. Pocket-less jeans that draw grown men's eyes. Long hair. A nose ring. A lip ring. A tongue ring. Extra earrings. Any ring but a diamond one on her left hand. Skirts. Shorts. Tank tops. Spaghetti straps. A cuero lets the world know she is hot. She can feel the sun. A spectacular girl. With too much ass.
…Hips that look like water waiting to be spilled into the hands of thirsty boys.
218 I'm so out of it the next morning as I put my things away in my locker that I don't notice the group of guys circling near until one bumps me, both his hands palming and squeezing my ass.
219 Pushing away from my locker, I face the dude who groped me, push him hard in the back.
231 "You cannot turn your back on God. I was on my journey to the convent, prepared to be his bride, when I married your father. I think it was punishment. God allowed me America but shackled me with a man addicted to women.
It was punishment, to withhold children from me for so long until I questioned if anyone in this world would ever love me. But even business deals are promises. And we still married in a church. And so I never walked away from him although I tried my best to get back to my first love. And confirmation is the last step I can give you. But the child sins just like the parent. Because look at you, choosing this over the sacred. I don't know if you're more like your father or more like me."
249 These are boys from some of my classes, some even smoke with Aman. Sometimes the teacher on duty notices.
295 I got him an X-Men comic, issue 17. Although it's not his usual anime, Twin tears up when he sees it. Iceman, the main character in it, is a super-dope gay mutant.
305 She holds me off with the lit match, but I make another grab and the smoking book falls to the floor. We both reach for it and just as my fingers grace the cover, feel the etched woman on the leather, my mother slaps me back hard onto my ass.
The Christmas bracelet rattles to the floor, but as I breathe near the door, my cheek stinging, all I can do is watch the pages burn.
323 In Aman's arms my mouth finds his.
…In Aman's arms my shirt comes off.
…In Aman's arms my jeans unsnap. In Aman's arms I show myself. In Aman's arms naked skin rubs against mine. In Aman's arms kisses and kisses. My neck and ear. In Aman's arms fingers touch my breasts. In Aman's arms I stop breathing. In Aman's arms I feel good. So good.
326 And I Also Know We have to stop. Because now we're lying on the couch and he's on top of me. And his kisses feel so good, everything feels so good. But I also feel him pressed against me. The part of him that's hard. That's still an unanswered question I don't have a response for. And when his hand brushes my thigh and then moves up—
…I stop his hand. I pull my face from his kiss. He is breathing hard. He is still kissing me hard. He is still bumping up against me. Hard. "We have to stop."

356 So it seems to me that when the Bible describes church as a place where two or more people discuss God, they don't mean just the cathedral-like churches. I don't know what, who, or where God is. But if everything is a metaphor, I think he or she is a comparison to us. I think we are all like or as God.

Ass 22
Fuck 2
Shit 17

Sold by Patricia McCormick

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This contains explicit aberrant sexual activities including rape of a minor; prostitution; and explicit violence.

THIS BOOK IS PROHIBITED BY TEXAS PRISONERS DUE TO THE GRAPHIC ILLEGAL SEX ACTS IN IT.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

" . . .deals with the difficult topic of child sex trafficking. . .the descriptions of rape are not too graphic . . ."

"extensive research of . . . sex trafficking . . .experiences of sexual assault . . . from a child's point of view . . .gives students language for what has been done to them . . ."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"And so in the book, there are some scenes about what that involved. It's not glorified."

"I think every student should read it."

"every time that she's been an author that school and you, a different locations that someone has kind of disclosed sexual abuse to her."

"he sells her into human trafficking. And so in the book, there are some scenes about what that involved."

"And so the stepfather convinces her that she can do that, too, and It's not glorified."

"And it's child's a point of view"

"It was just a page or two or three, and then said it again would come back. And you almost had to emotionally I did,"

"described from the child's point of view"

"book really gives language to kids who have happenings happen to them that they didn't understand what it happened"

Direct Quotes from the Book with Page Numbers:

102 "Are you ready to work?" she says in my language.
I nod and say yes, then nod again, although I do not understand how these city people do their chores in such fine clothes and uncomfortable shoes.
I follow Mumtaz down the hallway lined with tiny rooms. We pass by girls sitting cross-legged on the floor. Girls drawing on tiger eyes. Girls spraying themselves with flower water. Some of them stare at me. Some take no notice.
We go up some stairs, down another hallway, then into a room where an old man is lying on a bed. His skin is yellow and he has tufts of hair poking out from his ears. Mumtaz speaks kindly to him and I wonder if he is sick.
Across the hall, in another room, where a red cloth is hung across the doorway, I hear the sound of grunting. It is a strange, animal sound that makes me shudder.
Mumtaz points to me and says something to the old man. He licks his palm and smooths down his hair. They do not seem to notice the grunting. Then it stops. The red cloth is pulled back. And a man stands in the hallway zipping his pants. I look down at my red-painted nails and my new shoes. Something is not right here. I don't know what is going on, but it is not

right, not right at all. Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound.
"Don't be afraid," she says. "Come her, now." I don't move. Her voice turns hard. "Get over here, you ignorant girl." She says. Still, I don't move. Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. He teeth dig into my lower lip. Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my
thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth.
And I bite down with all my might.
He cries out "Aghh!" and I am running. Running down the hall, past the other girls, losing my fancy city shoes along the way, until I am back in the room where I started, pulling my old clothes out of my bundle.
106 I wrap my arms around myself and grip with all my might. But the trembling will not stop.
"Well, then." Mumtaz says, pulling her record book out from her waistcloth.
"Let me explain it to you."
"You belong to me," she says. "And I paid a pretty sum for you, too."
She opens to page in her book and points to the notation for 10,000 rupees.
"You will take men to your room," she says. "And do whatever they ask of you.
You will work here, like the other girls, until your debt is paid off."
107 This Shahanna leans close and whispers to me, "It will go easier on you if you hold still." There is a slicing sound, and a clump of my hair falls to the floor. I cry out and try to break free, but Shahanna has hold of me. Mumtaz draws back, the jaw of the scissors poised at my neck. "Hold still," she says, her teeth clinched. "Or I'll slice your throat."
109 Each morning and evening Mumtaz comes, beats me with a leather strap, and locks the door behind her.
110 Tonight when Mumtaz comes to my room, she sees that her strap has left raw sores on my back and neck, my arms and legs. So she hits me on the soles of my feet.
111 Tonight when Mumtaz comes and unlocks the door, she sees there is no part of me unmarked by her strap.
"Now will you agree to be with men?" I shake my head. And she says that she will starve me until I submit.
115 "No," I hear myself say in a ragged voice. "I will not do this disgraceful thing."
Shahanna sighs.
"She will only sell you to another place just like this."
116 You are safe here only if you do not show how frightened you are.
120 A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says, "You're lucky to be with Habib." He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move.
"You're lucky," he says, "that Habib is your first one."
I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that.
"You can tell the others that it was Habib," he says. I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is this Habib he keeps talking about?
"If this is really your first time," he says. "Old Mumtaz is a tricky one."
He unbuckles his belt. "Once before, she sold Habib used goods."
The fish-lips man removes my dress. I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens.
"Habib," he says. "Habib is good with the ladies."
Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs.
He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me. With a sudden thrust I am torn in two.

“Oh, yes,” he says, panting. “Habib is good in bed.”
I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don’t know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally. I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing. Habib rolls off me. Then I understand: I was the person crying.
123 In between, men come. They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open. Then they disappear. I cannot tell which of the things the do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.
125 I hurt. I am torn and bleeding where the men have been. I pray to the gods to make the hurting go away.
To make the burning and the aching and the bleeding stop.
127 Before it starts, you hear a zipper baring its teeth, perhaps the sound of a shoe being kicked aside in haste, the wincing of the mattress. Once it starts,
you may hear the sound of horns bleating in the street below, the peanut vendor hawking his treats, or the pock of a rubber ball as the children shout and play in the school yard nearby. But if you are lucky, or if you work hard at it, you hear nothing.
Nothing, perhaps, but the clicking of the fan overhead, that steady ticking away of seconds until it is over. Until it starts again.
128 One day Shahanna comes to my room, bearing a cup of tea and a leftover heel of bread. She slips a small plastic package into my hand.
“Don’t let Mumtaz see this,” she whispers.
“What is it?” I ask. She checks to make sure no one can hear. “A condom.”
I don’t understand what this condom is and why it must be kept so secret.
Shahanna explains.
“Ask the men to use it, so that you don’t get a disease,” she says.
“Most of them will say no; they will threaten to go somewhere else if you insist.”
129 There is a bucket of water next to my bed. But no matter how often I wash and scrub and wash and scrub, I cannot seem to rinse the men from my body.
132 One afternoon, Mumtaz comes to the door and tells me to gather up my things.
“Now that you are no longer a virgin,” she says, “I cannot fetch a good price for you.”
133 I haven’t cried, not one tear, since that first night with the fish-lips man.
But now tears surge up in my eyes. I blink them back and lift my chin.
“But what?” she says. She pulls the leather strap out from under her skirt and slaps it against her open palm. I bow my head.
“From now on,” Mumtaz says, “you will join the other girls downstairs each night.
You will share a bedroom and be free to walk the house.” I stare straight ahead.
Mumtaz comes close and takes my chin in her hand.
“But if you try to run away,” she says, “I will grind hot chilies and put them in your private parts.”
135 A fat, toothless woman stirs a vat of greasy stew while a naked child crawls at her feet, and the air is thick with the smell of spices and cooking oil, perfume and cigarette smoke. It is all, suddenly, too much. I sink to the floor, wincing at the tenderness between my thighs.
141 Before, when you were in the locked room, Shahanna says, Mumtaz sent the customers to you. Now, if you want to pay off your debt, you must do what it takes to make them choose you. Tell the customers that you are twelve, she says. Or Mumtaz will beat you senseless. Do whatever the customer asks of you, Shahanna says.
Otherwise he will beat you senseless. Then he will do whatever he likes and leave without paying. Always wash yourself with a wet rag after the man is finished, Pushpa says.
This will keep you from getting a disease.

142 There are special things you need to know about how to use your shawl, she says. Flick the ends of your shawl in a come-closer gesture and you will bring the shy men to your bed, the ones who will slip an extra coin into your hand before they go.
Draw your shawl to your chin, bend your neck like a peacock. This will bring the older men to your bed, the ones who will leave a sweet on your pillow.
Press your shawl to your nose with the back of your hand, Pushpa says, when you must bring a dirty man to your bed. He will leave nothing but his smell, the stink of sweat, and hair oil and liquor and man. But you can use your shawl to block the worst of it. Anita turns away from the mirror, transformed from a crook-faced country girl into a tiger-eyed city woman. There is another way to use a shawl, she says.
I cannot tell from her always-frowning face if she is being kind or cruel.
That new girl, the one in your old room, she says. Yesterday morning Mumtaz found her hanging from the rafters.
145 The younger ones, like Jeena, are given special medicine so they can sleep under the bed while their mothers are with customers.
147 Half of what the men pay goes to Mumtaz, she says. Then you must take away 80 rupees for what Mumtaz charges for your daily rice and dal. Another 100 a week for renting you a bed and pillow. And 500 for the shot the dirty-hands doctor gives us once a month so that we won't become pregnant.
180 Once, when the dirty-hands doctor pushed himself up against me in a back hall, Monica pried him off of me and told him he would have to pay like everyone else.
182 I have been beaten here, locked away, violated a hundred times and a hundred times more. I have been starved and cheated, tricked and disgraced.
189 "Have you been washing yourself?" she says. "After the men. Do you wash yourself down there?" I try to nod, but my head is heavy, achy, a distant thing I cannot control. All I can do is close my eyes.
191 "Take these pills tonight," she says. "And you'll be back at work in no time."
Then she unwinds her waistcloth and takes out her record book. She wets her pencil with the tip of her tongue and writes a number in her book.
"You'll be able to work off the cost of the medicine in a few days," she says.
216 "Get to work, you lazy whores," she says.
227 Here at Happiness House, there are dirty men, old men, rough men, fat men, drunken men, sick men. I will be with them all. Any man, every man.
228 I have a regular customer now. He makes me do a nasty thing, but he gives my 10 rupees extra.
254 I learned ways to be with men. I learned how to forget what was happening to me even as it was happening. But ever since the pink-skinned man came here, with his pictures of the clean place, I cannot remember those ways. Now, while I wait for the American to return, and the men come to my bed, I clench the sheets in my hands, for fear that I will pound them to death with my fists. I grit my teeth, for fear that I will bite through their skin to their very bones. I squeeze my eyes closed tight, for fear that I will see what has actually happened to me.
257 It is a simple kitchen sound, the grinding of spices with a wooden pestle. Sometimes it means nothing more than spicy stew for supper. But sometimes it means that the cook is readying the hot chili punishment for one of us. And then it is a sound that turns even the hardest woman here into a whimpering child. Because it means that someone has crossed Mumtaz, that Mumtaz will smear the chili on a stick and put it inside the girl, and that all of us will be awake throughout the night, listening to the girl moan.
258 She pushes the cook aside, takes her stick, rolls it in the chili powder, and wheels

around to face me. I fall to the floor, kissing her feet and weeping. She gives me a kick in the ribs, and all the air flies out of me in a whoosh. Then she is gone. Soon I hear a piteous wailing coming from the next room. Anita bends over me.
"It's Kumari, the new girl," she says, stroking my hair. "She accepted a bangle bracelet from a customer."
258 "You certainly act the part of the guilty one," Mumtaz says from above me.
What I feel next is the gritty sole of her shoe on the side of my head, gently at first, then with steady, gathering force, relentless, building pressure until her full weight is on me. She grinds her foot, and the metal edge of my earing bites into the flesh of my ear. But I do not cry out. The seconds tick by. Then, somehow, I am outside myself, marveling at this pain, a thing so formidable it has color and shape. Fantastic red, then yellow, starbursts of agony explode in my head. Then there is a blinding whiteness, and then blackness.
Somehow, without warning, the pain is gone. A new pain takes its place as Mumtaz yanks on my braid and drags me to my feet.
We are eye to eye. I can smell the sour tang of her sweat. "Have you done something for which you should be punished?" she says.
I don't answer. She yanks on my braid. My scalp yelps with pain. But I don't say a word.
"Have you done something wrong?" she says, spit gathering in the corners of her mouth.
"Tell me, you stupid little hill girl." Mumtaz has called me a little hill girl. Which is, still, what I am. I meet her gaze. "No, Mumtaz," I say. "I haven't."
She lets go of my hair, and it takes all my strength to keep my knees from giving way.
"Then put on you makeup," she says, "and get back to work."
I stay upright until she is gone. Only then do I slump to the floor and touch the side of my head. My earring comes off in my hand, bloodied, but intact. And I know then that my earlobe has been torn clear through.

Speak by Laurie Halse Anderson

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book contains sexual activities; inexplicit sexual assault; self-harm involving cutting; profanity; reference to abortion; alcohol use; controversial social commentary; and references to racism.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

This book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to the prevailing community standards for a minor.

". . . 9th grade girl raped at a party . . .it only contains one brief scene that describes the rape . . .it contains the second scene of attempted rape. Both scenes appropriately generate an emotional response . . ."

" . . .deals with the difficult topic of rape. . . story of the main character . . . working the traumatic event . . ."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"You get to one very not graphic scene of when she was raped"

"Tastefully done when it gets to the rape scene"

"America's teens are desperate for responsible, trustworthy, and worthy adults to create situations in which they can discuss the issues that are of the highest concert for them. Reading and discussing books is one of the most effective ways to get teams to think through and learn about the challenges of adolescence."

"both very, it's just her head and eyes closed and fist is clenched, you know, where she couldn't because she was being rude, but it didn't show anything graphic, no nudity, no anything."

Direct quotes from the book:

3 The school board has decided that "Merryweather High—Home of the Trojans" didn't send a strong abstinence message, so they have transformed us into the Blue Devils. Better the Devil you know than the Trojan you don't, I guess.

16 I hear Dad turn on the television. Clink, clink, clink—he drops ice cubes in a heavy-bottomed glass and pours in some booze.

25 I cut through the lunch line, loop around a couple making out by the door, and start down a hall. Mr. Neck stops to break up the PDA.

29 My parents didn't raise me to be religious. The closest we come to worship is the Trinity of Visa, MasterCard, and American Express. I think the Merryweather cheerleaders confuse me because I missed out on Sunday School. It has to be a miracle. There is no other explanation. How else could they sleep with the football team on Saturday night and be reincarnated as virginal goddesses on Monday?

…They are the Pride of the Trojans. Oops—I mean Pride of the Blue Devils.

In Universe #2, they throw parties wild enough to attract college students. They worship the stink of Eau de Jocque. They rent beach houses in Cancún during Spring Break and get group-rate abortions before the prom.

49 We can't be the Buccaneers because pirates supported violence and discrimination against women. The kid who suggests the Shoemakers in honor of the old moccasin factory is laughed out of the auditorium. Warriors insults Native Americans. I think Overbearing Eurocentric Patriarchs would be perfect, but I don't suggest it.

54 His son wanted to be a firefighter, but didn't get the job. Mr. Neck is convinced that this is some kind of reverse discrimination. He says we should close our borders so that real Americans can get the jobs they deserve.

…Mr. Neck writes on the board again: "DEBATE: America should have closed her borders in 1900."

56 David: "The Constitution does not recognize different classes of citizenship based on time spent living in the country. I am a citizen, with the same rights as your son, or you. As a citizen, and as a student, I am protesting the tone of this lesson as racist, intolerant, and xenophobic."

87 I open up a paper clip and scratch it across the inside of my left wrist. Pitiful. If a suicide attempt is a cry for help, then what is this? A whimper, a peep? I draw little window cracks of blood, etching line after line until it stops hurting. It looks like I arm-wrestled a rosebush.

…She says suicide is for cowards. This is an ugly nasty Momside.

118 Picasso sure had a thing for naked women. Why not draw them with their clothes on? Who sits around without a shirt on, plucking a mandolin? Why not draw naked guys, just to be fair? Naked women is art, naked guys a no-no, I bet. Probably because most painters are men.

135 He tilted my face up to his. He kissed me, man kiss, hard sweet and deep. Nearly knocked me off my feet, that kiss.

…He kissed me again. His teeth ground hard against my lips. It was hard to breathe.

…"Do you want to?" he asked. What did he say? I didn't answer. I didn't know. I didn't speak. We were on the ground. When did that happen? "No." No I did not like this. I was on the ground and he was on top of me. My lips mumble something about leaving, about a friend who needs me, about my parents worrying. I can hear myself—I'm mumbling like a deranged drunk. His lips lock on mine and I can't say anything. I twist my head away. He is so heavy. There is a boulder on me. I open my mouth to breathe, to scream, and his hand covers it. In my head, my voice is as clear as a bell: "NO I DON'T WANT TO!" But I can't spit it out. I'm trying to remember how we got on the ground and where the moon went and wham! shirt up, shorts down, and the ground smells wet and dark and NO!—I'm not really here, I'm definitely back at Rachel's, crimping my hair and gluing on fake nails, and he smells like beer and mean and he hurts me hurts me hurts me and gets up and zips his jeans and smiles.

The next thing I saw was the telephone. I stood in the middle of a drunken crowd and I called 911 because I needed help.
164 If it were an After-School Special, I would speak in front of an auditorium of my peers on How Not to Lose Your Virginity. Or, Why Seniors Should Be Locked Up. Or, My Summer Vacation: A Drunken Party, Lies, and Rape. Was I raped?
Oprah: "Let's explore that. You said no. He covered your mouth with his hand. You were thirteen years old. It doesn't matter that you were drunk. Honey, you were raped. What a horrible, horrible thing for you to live through. Didn't you ever think of telling anyone? You can't keep this inside forever. Can someone get her a tissue?"
174 "According to this, she has pissed off a whole bunch of people. One person wrote in huge letters that she's a whore, and all these others added on little details. She slept with this guy, she slept with that guy, she slept with those guys all at the same time. For a tenth-grader, she sure gets around."
176 The climax of mating season is nearly upon us—the Senior Prom.
..The only things we're learning are who is going with who (whom? must ask Hairwoman), who bought a dress in Manhattan, which limo company won't tell if you drink, the most expensive tux place, and on and on and on.
183 I didn't call the cops to break up the party, I write. I called—I put the pencil down. I pick it up again—them because some guy raped me. Under the trees. I didn't know what to do. She watches as I carve out the words. She leans closer to me. I write more. I was stupid and drunk and I didn't know what was happening and then he hurt—I scribble that out—raped me. When the police came, everyone was screaming, and I was just too scared, so I cut through some back yards and walked home.
186 What's the name of that drug they give perverts so they can't get it up? Diprosomething. He should get it every morning in his orange juice. I went out with him to the movies—he tried to get his hands down my pants during the PREVIEWS!!
191 They say she and Andy argued during a slow song. They say he was all over her with his hands and his mouth. While they danced, he was grinding against her and she backed off.
…He got wicked drunk at a party and passed out in a bowl of bean dip.
193 Andy Beast: "You have a big mouth, you know it? Rachel blew me off at the prom, giving me some bullshit story about how I raped you. You know that's a lie. I never raped anybody. I don't have to. You wanted it just as bad as I did. But your feelings got hurt, so you started spreading lies, and now every girl in school is talking about me like I'm some kind of pervert. You've been spreading that bullshit story for weeks. What's wrong, ugly, you jealous? Can't get a date?"
…Beast: "You're not going to scream. You didn't scream before. You liked it. You're jealous that I took out your friend and not you. I think I know what you want."
His mouth is on my face. I twist my head. His lips are wet, his teeth knock against my cheekbone. I pull my arms again and he slams his body against mine. I have no legs. My heart wobbles. His teeth are on my neck. The only sound I can make is a whimper. He fumbles to hold both my wrists in one hand. He wants a free hand. I remember I remember. Metal hands, hot knife hands.
…He curses and turns, his fist coming, coming. An explosion in my head and blood in my mouth. He hit me.
…He grabs me, pulls me away from the door, one hand over my mouth, one hand around my throat. He leans me against the sink. My fists mean nothing to him, little rabbit paws thumping harmlessly. His body crushes me.
198 Andy Evans raped me in August when I was drunk and too young to know what was happening.
199 You: I was raped, too sexually assaulted in seventh grade, tenth grade, the summer after graduation, at a party i was 16 i was 14 i was 5 and he did it for three years i loved him i

didn't even know him. He was my best friend's brother, my grandfather, father, mommy's boyfriend, my date my cousin my coach i met him for the first time that night and—four guys took turns, and—I'm a boy and this happened to me, and—

…You: i wasn't raped, but my dad drinks, but i hate talking, but.

Ass 1
Bitch 5
Piss 7
Shit 2

Will Grayson, Will Grayson by John Green

This book includes profane (means content that includes grossly offensive language that is considered a public nuisance) and/or indecent (means content that portrays sexual or excretory organs or activities in a way that is patently offensive) content.

This book is full of profane language and sexually explicit content. It contains graphic descriptions of pornography stores and sex toys, as well as the dangerous practice of autoerotic asphyxiation.

Comment(s) made by those on the SLAC who reviewed the book/commented on the form to the responded to the questions on the form:

This book depicts or describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to the prevailing community standards for a minor.

The book taken as a whole appeals to a minor's unwholesome or shameful interest in sex.

This book contains indecent or profane content is inconsistent with local community values or age appropriateness.

"Minors in a porn shop."

"The sexual content is minimal. . ."

"It does have some profanity and sexual references."

Comments made by SLAC members about the book at the SLAC meeting:

"it was too vulgar for me"

"the joke he makes about auto erotic asphyxiation and his mom to come in and think he did that is something else"

"I'm constantly torn between telling myself and killing those around me."

"The word porn is in the book, there's no actual porn"

"I thought that a lot of the risky behavior was treated as if, like, when they . I mean, I know, I just want a but I don't want my kids making fake IDs or meeting strangers at the porn. Shop or, you know, I just thought."

"And the is the other Will Grayson who says, I'm constantly torn between telling myself and killing myself around me

"One of my children has been pranked, not in that in the sexting way, but in a similar way t targeted for their sexuality."

Direct Quotes from the Book:

7 "…someone stops and asks you how it feels to be sodomized by Tiny Cooper and how you find Tiny Cooper's gay little pencil prick behind his fat belly."

26 Every now and then you get a teacher like Mrs. Grover, who's a sadistic loser…she responds by giving us quizzes everyday and giving us gay projects like 'design your own ride for Euro Disney' and then acting all surprised when I'm like 'yeah my ride for Euro Disney is Minnie using a baguette as a dildo to have some fun with Mickey.' Since I don't have any idea how to say 'dildo' in French (dildot?) I just say dildo and she pretends to have no idea what I'm talking about."

32- 33"I turn on Law & Order….this time it's the episode with the guy who strangles blonde after blonde after blonde, and even though I've seen it like 10 times I'm watching it like I don't know that the pretty reporter he's talking to is about to have the curtain cord around her neck….the cord knocked this microscopic piece of skin off (his) hand while he as strangling her,

ran it under the microscope and you're totally f*cked. You gotta know he wishes he wore gloves although the gloves probably would've left fibers and he would've been totally f*cked anyway."
60 "I definitely don't want Maura to think I'm going to get all 'hey, why don't we sit on my bed and hey since we're sitting on my bed how about I put my d*ck inside you' with her."
66 "Moms don't need to hear that kind of sh*t from their kids, unless they're doing something really wrong, like smoking pot in bed, or doing heroin, or doing heroin while they're smoking pot in bed. If my mom were a jock guy at my school, all of her jock-guy friends would be saying 'dude you just need to get laid.' But sorry, geniuses, there's no such thing as a f*ck cure. A f*ck cure is like the adult version of Santa clause. It's kind of sick that my mind has gone from my mom to f*cking…."
76 "And you know how no one ever listens to (parents') advice because even if it's true it's so annoying and condescending that it just makes you want to develop a meth addiction and have unprotected sex with eighty-seven thousand partners?"
78 "He told me all about it. A musical about a big gay bastard and his best friend who uses tweezers to jack off 'cause his d*ck's so small." (Pg. 78)
80 "What do you think this is, 1832? When you like someone and they like you, you f*cking put your lips against their lips then you open your mouth a little, then just a hint of tongue to spice things up. Everybody's always got their panties in a twist about how the youth of America are debaucherous, sex- crazed maniacs passing out handjobs like lollipops, and you can't even kiss a girl…"
95 "I don't care if in 14 hours I am going to be jerking off and have the most life-altering orgasm in all of unrecorded history."
103-104 "For the first time in my life I realize why hangars are called hangars, because after 15 minutes of trying things on and throwing them aside, all I want is to hook one to the top of my closet door, lean my neck into the loop, and let my weight fall. My mother will come in and think it's some autoerotic asphyxiation where I didn't even have the time to get my d*ck out, and I won't be alive enough to tell her that I think autoerotic asphyxiation is one of the dumbest things in the whole universe, right up there with gay republicans."

Please reach out to me if you have any questions or need clarifications.

Thank you,
Tammy Fogle

FOGLE v. ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
Before the Commissioner of Education, State of Texas
Docket No. _____

EXHIBIT D

November 17, 2025 — Abilene ISD SLAC Meeting
RELEVANT EXCERPTS — Official Audio Transcript

This exhibit reproduces the portions of the November 17, 2025 Abilene ISD School Library Advisory Council (SLAC) meeting transcript relevant to this proceeding. Omitted portions are indicated. Timestamps correspond to the publicly posted meeting audio.

Relevant portions: (1) SLAC Chair Lindsey Williamson's reading of the statutory standard — establishing that the SLAC was instructed on only the three-part harmful material test and not the independent indecent content or profane content standards; (2) SLAC member discussions and admissions regarding The Bluest Eye, The Glass Castle, and I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter, which independently satisfy the indecent content and profane content standards under TEC §33.020.

PART 1 — THE STANDARD READ TO THE SLAC (approximately 8:51 / 12:44)

[NOTE: District librarian Kate Stover read the following standard to the SLAC at the outset of the November 17 meeting. This is the standard the SLAC applied throughout its deliberations on all challenged titles.]

[8:51 / 12:44]

KATE STOVER (District Librarian, non-voting):

> *"Libraries shall not include harmful material, and material is considered harmful if all three of these are true. When taken as a whole, it appeals to a minor's excessive or unnatural interest in sex. It describes sexual conduct in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for minors. And taken as a whole, it lacks serious, literary, artistic, political or scientific value for minors."*

[NOTE: CRITICAL: Stover read only the three-part harmful material test. She did not read the independent indecent content or profane content definitions, which are separate grounds for mandatory removal under TEC §33.020 and carry no literary-value exception. The SLAC applied only this three-part test across both meetings.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 2 — THE BLUEST EYE (Toni Morrison) — SLAC Discussion

[NOTE: The SLAC discussed The Bluest Eye during this meeting. The following are verbatim statements from voting and non-voting members. Members explicitly applied the three-part harmful material test —

acknowledging the book meets the second prong (patently offensive depiction of sexual conduct) but concluding it does not meet the third prong because it has literary value. No member applied or discussed the independent indecent content standard.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"When we look at this harmful material criteria, we have these three questions, and the book has to meet all three. You have to have an answer to all yes, answer to all three for to be considered harmful, and so does the book taken as a whole appeal to a minor's unwholesome or shameful interest in sex? No. Does the book depict or describe sexual content in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for minors? Yes, but it is not portrayed favorably. It's not like the rape of the child is great. It's this horrible, horrific thing that tugs at your heart strings, and you see this girl descending into madness, and you're understanding. Why does the book, taken as a whole, lack serious, literary, artistic, political or scientific value for minors? No. So it doesn't meet the criteria for harmful material."

[NOTE: This member walked through the three-part test on the record, acknowledged the book depicts sexual conduct in a patently offensive way (second prong — yes), but concluded retention was appropriate because the book has literary value (third prong — no). This is precisely the wrong standard: the indecent content ground under TEC §33.020 carries no literary-value exception and is satisfied by the member's own admission that the book depicts sexual conduct in a clearly offensive way.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"The Bible, if we're going to censor, the Bible contains so many of the things that we're talking about, but we don't censor that."

[NOTE: This framing treats the challenge as a question of literary merit and community preference rather than statutory compliance. Whether other books also contain similar content is not a defense to the mandatory removal standard under TEC §33.020.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"It is one of the hardest books I've read."

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I needed to take some breaks from it."

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I think that it belongs in our libraries. I did have a recommendation, and it was hard. It was a hard line for me to weigh. My recommendation was relocating to a more mature section."

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 3 — I AM NOT YOUR PERFECT MEXICAN DAUGHTER (Erica Sanchez) — SLAC Discussion

[NOTE: The following are verbatim statements from SLAC members regarding I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter. A voting member provided a summary of the book's content on the record, including the sexual content at issue. A separate member noted the book references sexual intercourse with a married man and abortion.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"This is entirely appropriate and relatable for high school teens. The main character makes both smart and stupid choices. She tries drugs and alcohol and doesn't enjoy them. Has sex with a boyfriend and uses protection and doesn't have a great time. She grapples with grief, expectations, poverty, food insecurity, major depression, first love and coming of age as a first generation American with undocumented parents."

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I'm looking at the quote of the when she's having sex with the married man, how would the parent know?"

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"There is also abortion mentioned. Little sister discovers that big sister had had an abortion."

[NOTE: No SLAC member applied the indecent content or profane content standards to this title. Discussion focused on literary merit, cultural representation, and the parent blocking tool.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 4 — THE GLASS CASTLE (Jeannette Walls) — SLAC Discussion

[NOTE: The Glass Castle was discussed during this meeting. The following are verbatim statements from SLAC members.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"The sex that is talked about in this book literally is like there's nothing else to do in that rural, poverty stricken area, and I read that, and that's kind of the way I read it."

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"These beginning sexual acts where it's like interrupted... she's almost assaulted by family members, and mom is just like, well, are you going to be a victim, or are you going to be a forget her, you know, just forget about it."

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I found it interesting that what you would pull from this book would be, you know, these beginning sexual acts where it's like interrupted."

[NOTE: The petition cites The Glass Castle for indecent content at pages 111, 122, 138, 158-159, including a grandmother sexually molesting a child, an uncle exposing himself and masturbating in front of a minor, and a near sexual assault. The SLAC acknowledged sexual content involving minors on the record but did not apply the indecent content standard.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

FOGLE v. ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
Before the Commissioner of Education, State of Texas
Docket No. _____

EXHIBIT E

December 15, 2025 — Abilene ISD SLAC Meeting
RELEVANT EXCERPTS — Official Audio Transcript

This exhibit reproduces the portions of the December 15, 2025 Abilene ISD SLAC meeting transcript relevant to this proceeding. Omitted portions are indicated. Timestamps correspond to the publicly posted meeting audio.

Relevant portions: (1) SLAC Chair Williamson's opening update confirming the standard applied; (2) Assistant Superintendent Patty Blue's 'vote what your heart tells you' instruction; (3) SLAC member discussions and admissions regarding The Haters, Crank, Like a Love Story, and The Bluest Eye (continued). These are the titles that proceeded to second-round board action on January 8 and February 8, 2026.

PART 1 — OPENING: PRIOR MEETING UPDATE AND STANDARD CONFIRMATION (approximately 2:47 / 3:27)

[2:47 / 3:27]

LINDSEY WILLIAMSON (SLAC Chair / Executive Director of Secondary Education):

> *"Good evening. Thank you all for being here. Thank you for attending this meeting of the Abilene ISD slack. Members of the public are invited to attend. We respectfully ask that you allow our meetings to proceed in an orderly fashion, without interruption."*

[3:27]

WILLIAMSON:

> *"The first item on the agenda is just to provide you with an update from our the December 8 board meeting where we presented our the slack recommendations. So we will quickly go over this information. There of the 19 books that we reviewed at the last slack meeting on November 17, the decisions, or the slack recommendations, were upheld by the board, so they voted on the slack recommendations."*

[NOTE: The chair confirmed that the board had adopted the SLAC recommendations from the November 17 meeting without modification — the same recommendations made under the wrong standard (three-part harmful material test only).]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 2 — 'VOTE WHAT YOUR HEART TELLS YOU' INSTRUCTION

[NOTE: Associate Superintendent for Curriculum and Instruction Patty Blue issued the following instruction to SLAC voting members at or near the opening of the challenge book review portion of the December 15 meeting. Blue is identified in the transcript as 'Associate Superintendent for curriculum and instruction here in Abilene Einstein, I'm a non voting member.' This instruction is a central piece of evidence in this proceeding.]

PATTY BLUE (Associate Superintendent for Curriculum and Instruction, non-voting):

[Instructing voting members prior to deliberations on challenged titles:]

[NOTE: The transcript records Blue instructing SLAC members to 'vote what your heart tells you.' The exact timestamp is identified from the audio recording. TEC §33.027 requires the SLAC to apply the statutory definitions in TEC §33.020 — not personal judgment. This instruction is procedurally improper and independently voids the SLAC's recommendations.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 3 — THE HATERS (Jesse Andrews) — SLAC Discussion (approximately 6:21 / 7:29)

[NOTE: The Haters was held over from the November 17 meeting due to an abstention. The following is the SLAC discussion at the December 15 meeting. This title was subsequently voted 5-1 to reclassify to upper high school by the board on January 8, 2026, and retained 6-1 on February 8, 2026.]

[6:21]

WILLIAMSON:

> *"Let's start with the haters, which we discussed at the last meeting. We had at least one member, voting member, choose to abstain from voting from that one, which meant that we were moving it for further consideration to this meeting. So the original vote for the haters and the author Jesse Andrews was three voted to retain to the original location. One voted to retain, but reclassify. Two voted to remove, and one asked to abstain and review further."*

[7:29]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

> *"It was very interesting read, definitely an issue book."*

[7:37]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I thought that some of the points were made that it's there's no direct intercourse happening in there. It's very much a description that is very evident. Obviously, there's a lot of implied things. There's a lot of suggested things. I do think that it merits, possibly enough of a discussion to move it to a different section or location."

[8:52]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"I will also say it complicates, or it talks about some very complicated issues that I do think that students will find, not every student will find, but they will encounter in their life and support at some point. Some that are pretty serious, some of them that are a little bit less serious, but they can all kind of connect with issues — with adoption, absentee parents, guardians, friendships, huge intimacy, peer pressure, self discovery."

[NOTE: No SLAC member applied or discussed the indecent content or profane content standards. The member who found the content concerning described it in terms consistent with the indecent content standard ('no direct intercourse... very much a description that is very evident... a lot of implied things') but did not apply that standard to the vote.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 4 — CRANK (Ellen Hopkins) — SLAC Discussion (approximately 56:11 / 58:34)

[NOTE: Crank was discussed at the December 15 meeting. The book depicts drug-facilitated sexual assault of a fifteen-year-old. The following are verbatim SLAC member statements. This title was reclassified (not removed) by the board.]

[58:34]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"Something that I thought was important in the book, and the reason that I was really that I would fight to keep it especially, is because of the way that it portrays a drug facilitated sexual assault, and that being kind of an under talked about, under reported, but very prevalent danger. Drug facilitated sexual assault is so common and it shows in the book how it results in shame and under reporting because of that shame."

[1:01:40 / 1:01:55]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"The character is 15... I do know people who started down these roads when they were younger than juniors and seniors."

[1:03:49]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):

"The double edged sword of this one is how easy it is to read. A lot of times when there's content that's mature and it's well written in a traditional verse, you kind of weed out kids that maybe are not quite as mature. This one is a very easy read, which could be good if a mature, struggling reader wants to read it, but it also could be bad in the sense that a middle schooler could pick this up and burn through it very quickly."

[NOTE: The member confirming the book portrays drug-facilitated sexual assault of a 15-year-old, and that the book is 'a very easy read' accessible to middle schoolers, is significant. The petition cites Crank for indecent content based on this same drug-facilitated sexual assault. No member applied the indecent content standard.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 5 — LIKE A LOVE STORY (Abdi Nazemian) — SLAC Discussion (approximately 1:06:46 / 1:22:48)

[NOTE: Like a Love Story was discussed at length at this meeting. The following includes the on-record member statement identifying the specific sexual content at issue — ejaculation during a clothed sexual encounter. This admission is cited in the petition. This title was retained 6-1 by the board on February 8, 2026, over a trustee's motion to remove it.]

[1:06:46]

WILLIAMSON:

"Next title is Like a Love Story, and it was purchased at Cooper in 2019, and it's been checked out three times, the last time being in October of 2025, and it was purchased at Abilene high in 2021, it's been checked out there a total of four times, the last time being in October of 2024."

[1:22:07]

SLAC MEMBER (voting — in favor of retention):

"The only thing that doesn't quite fade to black is that he ejaculates, and it's an important part of the plot, because that's where that fear comes in. It's closed, clothes on clothes, everybody remains fully clothed in that scene, and yet he's so scared that he feels, you know, he needs to immediately change and shower and all that. It is a part of the AIDS story of the book, and a part of showing that part. It's not graphic in the description, but it does have to say that in the conclusion of this kind of making out scene."

[1:24:38]

SLAC MEMBER (voting — against retention):
"The sex was too much for me."

[1:08:02]

SLAC MEMBER (voting — in favor of retention):
"I gotta say it was, I did love it, but it was the most complicated and this one had me torn in so many different directions and constantly worrying about the underrepresented groups. And I do think this is a very large underrepresented group, especially where we are located."

[1:14:50]

SLAC MEMBER (voting — in favor of retention):
"For those who actually would read it and actually get some value from it, it could save lives, and I don't want to minimize that in any capacity. Studies are showing without good representation, good supports, kids are dying."

[NOTE: The member who voted to retain acknowledged on the record the specific sexual content (ejaculation during a clothed encounter). The member who opposed retention stated 'the sex was too much for me.' Both framings apply a personal or literary judgment — neither applied the indecent content standard. That standard asks whether the material portrays sexual organs or activities in a patently offensive way — a question none of the members asked.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

PART 6 — THE BLUEST EYE (continued) — SLAC Discussion

[NOTE: The Bluest Eye was also discussed at this meeting, consistent with the transcript records from both meetings. The following member statement explicitly applied the three-part test on the record and acknowledged patently offensive depictions while concluding literary value prevents removal.]

SLAC MEMBER (voting):
"When we look at this harmful material criteria, we have these three questions, and the book has to meet all three. Does the book depict or describe sexual content in a way that is clearly offensive according to prevailing community standards for minors? Yes, but it is not portrayed favorably. It's not like the rape of the child is great. Does the book, taken as a whole, lack serious, literary, artistic, political or scientific value for minors? No. So it doesn't meet the criteria for harmful material."

[NOTE: This is the clearest on-record demonstration that the SLAC applied only the three-part harmful material test. The member acknowledged the second prong is met — the book depicts sexual conduct in a patently offensive way — but concluded the third prong (literary value) defeats removal. Under TEC §33.020's independent indecent content standard, literary value is irrelevant. The member's own admission satisfies that independent standard.]

* * * [PORTIONS OMITTED] * * *

FOGLE v. ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
Before the Commissioner of Education, State of Texas
Docket No. _____

EXHIBIT F

December 8, 2025 Abilene ISD Board of Trustees Regular Meeting
RELEVANT EXCERPTS — Official Audio Transcript

This exhibit reproduces the portions of the December 8, 2025 Abilene Independent School District Board of Trustees regular meeting transcript that are relevant to this proceeding. Omitted portions are indicated by ellipsis notation. The complete transcript is available upon request. Timestamps correspond to the publicly posted meeting audio.

Relevant portions: (1) Petitioner Tammy Fogle's public comment; (2) Board discussion and vote on Item 9C — Challenge Book Recommendations; (3) District librarian Kate Stover's statements regarding SB 13 obligations.

PART 1 — PUBLIC COMMENT: TAMMY FOGLE (approximately 29:22)

[NOTE: Petitioner Tammy Fogle appeared during public comment and read aloud from The Lovely Bones before the board voted on Item 9C. The following is her complete public comment.]

BOARD PRESIDENT:
"Tammy Fogle."

TAMMY FOGLE (Petitioner / Public Commenter):
Ms. Fogle approached the podium and read aloud from The Lovely Bones (Alice Sebold), including the opening pages depicting the rape and murder of a fourteen-year-old girl. She specifically identified the content as meeting the profane and indecent standard under state law, stating that the book is not allowed in Texas prisons because of the illegal sex acts done to a minor. She stated that removing the book from district libraries is not banning but is removing materials purchased with taxpayer funds that independently satisfy the indecent content standard regardless of literary value.

[NOTE: Board members did not respond to, question, or engage with Ms. Fogle's statutory argument during public comment or at any subsequent point in the meeting.]

PART 2 — ITEM 9C: CHALLENGE BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS (Vote and Discussion)

[NOTE: Item 9C was taken up following public comment. The following reflects the board's discussion and vote on the SLAC's first-round challenge book recommendations.]

BOARD PRESIDENT:
"We'll now move to Item 9C, challenge book recommendations."

Board members acknowledged the SLAC's work. Discussion focused on the committee process, the volume of books reviewed, and the hours invested by SLAC members and staff. No board member asked whether the indecent content or profane content standards under TEC §33.020 had been applied. No board member requested any statutory analysis from staff or district counsel. No board member referenced the specific statutory definitions under Senate Bill 13.

BOARD MEMBER:

> *"I just want to say thank you to the committee. This is a lot of work and they did a thorough job."*

The board proceeded directly to a roll call vote.

BOARD PRESIDENT:

> *"Roll call vote on Item 9C. Bill Enrique. Yes. Taylor Tidmore. Yes. Danny Wheat. Yes. Blair Schrader. Yes. Rodney Goodman. Yes. Cindy Earls. Yes. Angie Wiley. Yes. Motion passes seven to zero."*

[NOTE: Vote: 7-0. No statutory findings made on the record. No board member referenced TEC §33.020, the indecent content standard, the profane content standard, or the harmful material three-part test. The board voted to approve the SLAC's first-round challenge recommendations without any independent legal analysis.]

PART 3 — DISTRICT LIBRARIAN KATE STOVER: SB 13 TIMELINE REMARKS (approximately 54:11)

[NOTE: District librarian Kate Stover addressed the board regarding the SB 13 compliance timeline and the district's removal procedures. Her statements confirm the district was aware of its statutory obligations under SB 13 at the time of the vote.]

KATE STOVER (District Librarian):

Ms. Stover addressed the board regarding the 90-day SB 13 review timeline and the distinction between removing books from the active catalog and removing them from physical shelves. She confirmed that books under formal challenge had been removed from circulation pending the SLAC review, consistent with SB 13 requirements.

[NOTE: Stover's remarks confirm that: (a) the district understood SB 13 had imposed mandatory obligations upon it; (b) the district had taken the procedural step of removing challenged books from circulation; and (c) the board was informed of these obligations before voting. Notwithstanding this awareness, no board member asked whether the SLAC had applied the indecent content or profane content tests required by TEC §33.020, and the board voted without making any statutory findings.]

FOGLE v. ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
Before the Commissioner of Education, State of Texas
Docket No. _____

EXHIBIT G

January 8, 2026 Abilene ISD Board of Trustees Workshop Meeting
RELEVANT EXCERPTS — Official Audio Transcript

This exhibit reproduces the portions of the January 8, 2026 Abilene ISD Board of Trustees workshop meeting transcript relevant to this proceeding. Omitted portions are indicated by ellipsis notation. Timestamps correspond to the publicly posted meeting audio.

Relevant portions: (1) Petitioner Tammy Fogle's public comment; (2) Item 5A — Board vote on Petitioner's appeal; (3) Item 5B — Board vote on second-round SLAC recommendations, including on-record trustee admissions of not having read challenged books.

PART 1 — PUBLIC COMMENT: TAMMY FOGLE (Item 5, Public Comment)

[NOTE: Seventeen members of the public signed up to speak. The board reduced each speaker to one minute. Fogle was called and read verbatim passages from The Lovely Bones aloud before the board voted on the appeal and second-round titles.]

BOARD PRESIDENT:
"Tammy Fogle, followed by Summer Walters."

TAMMY FOGLE (Petitioner / Public Commenter):
Ms. Fogle read aloud verbatim passages from The Lovely Bones (Alice Sebold) at pages 13, 16, 59, 67, and 253, including the extended scene depicting the rape and murder of a fourteen-year-old girl and additional scenes of sexual assault. She stated that the book is not allowed in Texas prisons because of the illegal sex acts done to a minor, and that removing the book is not banning but removing materials purchased with taxpayer funds that independently meet the indecent content standard under TEC §33.020 without regard to literary value.

[NOTE: No board member responded to, questioned, or engaged with Ms. Fogle's statutory argument during or after her public comment.]

PART 2 — PUBLIC COMMENT: ERIC LEMONS (Item 5, Public Comment)

[NOTE: Eric Lemons, identified as a parent and SLAC member, spoke in opposition to the appeal. His remarks are included because they articulate the district's likely legal defense and are part of the deliberative record before the board when it voted.]

ERIC LEMONS (Public Commenter / SLAC Member):

Mr. Lemons addressed the board regarding Petitioner's appeal:

> *"I'm a parent and a Slack member. I wanna briefly address the most recent appeal of your decision. And for the Slack, the appellant claims that the Slack misunderstands both its role and the law under SB 13. And that claim is incorrect. SB 13 allows for the removal of materials under two narrow circumstances, both of which require a full review of the entire book. First, a book may be removed if it is deemed harmful material under Texas penal code 43.24. That standard is specific — material must meet all three of the requirements, the last of which it must be utterly without redeeming literary value. If any of those are not met, the material does not qualify as harmful under SB 13. The second situation is if work is pervasively vulgar and educationally unsuitable as established in Board of Education v. Pico, the key word is pervasively. This is not about isolated passages, it's about the work as a whole. These are not my opinions. They are legal standards. In every case, the entire book must be considered."*

[NOTE: Lemons' characterization omits TEC §33.020's independent indecent content and profane content grounds, which carry no literary-value exception and are not subject to the Pico 'pervasively vulgar' standard. No board member followed up to ask staff or counsel whether Lemons' characterization of the law was accurate. The board voted without resolving this legal question.]

PART 3 — ITEM 5A: BOARD VOTE ON PETITIONER'S APPEAL (5-1)

[NOTE: Item 5A was the board's consideration of Petitioner's December 17, 2025 appeal of the first-round SLAC recommendations and the December 8, 2025 board vote. The following is the board's complete discussion and vote.]

TRUSTEE TIM MOORE (Motion maker):

> *"I feel like we've spent a lot of time talking about this topic over the last several meetings... we've exhausted this topic."*

Trustee Moore moved to deny the appeal and confirm the recommendations made by the Slack as already voted on and approved by the board in the seven to zero vote on December 8th, 2025.

No board member requested any statutory analysis from staff or counsel. No board member asked whether the indecent content or profane content standards under TEC §33.020 had been applied during the SLAC review. No board member referenced TEC §33.020, TEC §33.027, or any statutory provision. The board proceeded to a roll call vote.

BOARD PRESIDENT:

> *"Roll call vote on Item 5A."*

[NOTE: Vote result: 5-1 to deny the appeal. Dissenting trustee: Rodney Goodman. Goodman did not articulate statutory grounds for his dissent on the record. No findings were made — statutory or otherwise — by either the majority or the dissent.]

PART 4 — ITEM 5B: BOARD VOTE ON SECOND-ROUND SLAC RECOMMENDATIONS — TRUSTEE ADMISSIONS

[NOTE: Item 5B was the board's vote on the second-round SLAC recommendations covering six titles: 99 Days, Like a Love Story, Black Flamingo (recommended for retention); The Haters, Crank, and Yolk (recommended for reclassification to upper high school access). The following includes on-record trustee admissions of not having read the challenged books.]

Before the vote, one trustee raised concerns about explicit sexual content in Crank and Like a Love Story but stated on the record that he was relying on the SLAC committee's work rather than his own review of the books:

TRUSTEE (unidentified in audio):
"I haven't reviewed either books... I trust the good work of the Slack committee."

A second trustee similarly confirmed he had not read the challenged books but voted to retain them.

[NOTE: These admissions are legally significant: board members acknowledged they had not independently reviewed the challenged materials yet voted to retain them without making any statutory findings. The board's reliance on defective SLAC recommendations — made under the wrong standard — without independent review compounds the procedural error.]

The board proceeded to a roll call vote on Item 5B with no statutory analysis on the record.

BOARD PRESIDENT:
Roll call vote on Item 5B. Motion to approve the second-round SLAC recommendations. Vote: 5-1. Dissenting trustee: Rodney Goodman.

Result: Retained in full — 99 Days, Like a Love Story, Black Flamingo. Reclassified to upper high school access — The Haters, Crank, Yolk. No board member referenced TEC §33.020, the indecent content standard, the profane content standard, or any other statutory provision. No findings were made.

FOGLE v. ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
Before the Commissioner of Education, State of Texas
Docket No. _____

EXHIBIT H

February 8, 2026 Abilene ISD Board of Trustees Regular Meeting
RELEVANT EXCERPTS — Official Audio Transcript

This exhibit reproduces the portions of the February 8, 2026 Abilene ISD Board of Trustees regular meeting transcript relevant to this proceeding. Omitted portions are indicated by ellipsis notation. Timestamps correspond to the publicly posted meeting audio.

Relevant portions: (1) Selected public comments bearing on the legal standards at issue; (2) Item 7C — Board's final vote on second-round appealed library materials, including the failed first motion, on-record trustee admissions, and the 6-1 final vote.

PART 1 — PUBLIC COMMENT: SELECTED SPEAKERS (Item 5, Public Comment)

[NOTE: The board received public comment from seventeen speakers. The following speakers are included because their statements bear on the legal standards at issue or are otherwise relevant to this proceeding.]

KRISTIN GANZI (Public Commenter / Parent):
Ms. Ganzi spoke in opposition to book removal, arguing that removing books denies students access to diverse perspectives:

> *"When we censor books, we aren't just removing paper and ink. We are removing the opportunity for our children to encounter diverse perspectives in a safe, guided environment. Censorship does grant a small group, the power to make these decisions for every family in the district."*

TAMMY FOGLE (Petitioner / Public Commenter):
Ms. Fogle addressed the board regarding the legal authority to remove books and cited the Fifth Circuit's en banc decision in Little v. Llano County:

> *"I had a revelation the other day... In May of 2025, the... it came in December, Little versus Llano, where a public librarian or a board member took away some books that were profane and indecent. And, uh, she was, they were sued and taken to the federal court, which said that, um, the Fifth Circuit appeared said that local communities have the right to remove obscene and inappropriate books from libraries. Public libraries are not obligated to [stock] sexually explicit or patently offensive materials... So y'all have the right to remove the books. You have a right as community to represent our community values. It's not a First Amendment right issue, it's government speech. So thank you very much."*

[NOTE: Fogle correctly cited Little v. Llano County, No. 23-50224 (5th Cir. May 23, 2025) (en banc), cert. denied (Dec. 8, 2025). No board member responded to or engaged with this argument before voting.]

KAYLIN ICK (Public Commenter):
Ms. Ick addressed the board regarding the legal standard for obscenity and the SLAC's authority:

> *"None of the books you will consider tonight meet a legal definition for obscene content. In fact, only a judge in a court of law has the authority to deem a book obscene — outside of a court, opinions are just opinions. So how do we as a school district determine what challenge books meet the threshold set by SB 13? We have our Slack. They've done a great job reviewing these books. They have as much authority to make this choice as anyone can have outside of a court of law. I encourage you to uphold their decisions."*

[NOTE: Ms. Ick's characterization conflates the legal standard for obscenity with the separate indecent content and profane content grounds under TEC §33.020. Removal under TEC §33.020's indecent content or profane content standards does not require a judicial finding of obscenity. No board member sought clarification on this point before voting.]

KATE STOVER (District Librarian / SLAC Member):
Ms. Stover addressed the board on behalf of the SLAC, defending its process and noting the work invested:

> *"SLAC spent roughly 900 hours reading the first group of challenged books. What we're seeing playing out at our school board meetings is not unique to our district or even our state, and it's not new. Book banning swept the nation in the eighties. But now these groups share tactics online. When challenges are submitted with attachments of excerpts from biased sites, it is obvious that the person did not read the book."*

[NOTE: Stover's remarks do not address whether the SLAC applied the indecent content or profane content standards under TEC §33.020. The petition does not dispute the SLAC's effort; it disputes the legal standard the SLAC was instructed to apply.]

PART 2 — ITEM 7C: FINAL BOARD ACTION ON APPEALED LIBRARY MATERIALS

[NOTE: Item 7C was listed on the agenda as 'Appealed library materials — board decision on January 8, 2026.' This was the board's final consideration of the six second-round titles retained or reclassified on January 8, 2026.]

BOARD PRESIDENT:

> *"Let's now move to item seven C, appealed library materials, board decision on January 8, 2026."*
>
> *"The board will now consider a discussion of the appealed titles. Does any board member need to talk about a specific title of the titles being presented?"*

TRUSTEE RODNEY GOODMAN:
Trustee Goodman raised concerns about Like a Love Story and moved to remove it:

> *"I would like to remove Like a Love Story. As some of you know, I work at the NOAA project and we, um, help those who have been sexually assaulted. We, um, have a lot of family, domestic family violence that we offer, shelter and human trafficking. And that book from the beginning, the first part of it is, um, somewhat graphic when a girl tries to have sex with a boy and he doesn't. And the second half of it is when a boy in a homosexual relationship tries to have sex with him. They end up doing that. But I'm not sure I see any educational value in that. And it seems like it's, while it, I wouldn't call it rape, um, the pressuring from both the first half and the second half is pressuring the kid to have sex. And I just don't understand why it would need to remain in our library."*

TRUSTEE TAYLOR TIDMORE:

> *"Rodney, I'm not trying to put you on the spot. Uh, did you read the entire book?"*

TRUSTEE RODNEY GOODMAN:

> *"I did not. Okay. I've gone from Slack committee members' opinions and I would note that there were two members that voted to have it removed also, while it's not the majority, but, um, any of those that have a couple members that think it should be removed, it kind of gives me concern."*

[NOTE: Goodman explicitly acknowledged on the record that he had not read Like a Love Story. He relied on SLAC minority member opinions — the same SLAC that the petition establishes applied the wrong statutory standard throughout its review.]

TRUSTEE TAYLOR TIDMORE:
Trustee Tidmore responded to Goodman's motion:

> *"I think we're in the same position we were in last month, and I'll kind of say what I said last month. I mean, we already approved last month to keep all these titles in our library. We already have policies in place that allow our parents to restrict which books their students have access to. We have trustworthy and passionate librarians. We have a slack in place that we handpicked. So in my opinion, we should take their recommendation. So I don't see why we would change our mind 30 days later."*

[NOTE: Tidmore's statement confirms the February 8 action was a continuation of the January 8 vote, not a new independent review. No statutory analysis was performed at either meeting.]

TRUSTEE (additional remarks):

"I would say too, that I appreciate the Slack committee, the members that are on it, and I don't have time to read that many books, and I know they put hours and hours into it. But, um, I would remind the board too that the Senate bill is written where the board is the final authority. As with any committee, we have, um... [the board went] a different direction. But I do appreciate the slack, so I'm not taking anything away from them. But this book just does not seem like it should be in our library from the graphic sexual nature of it. And I think it should be removed."

[NOTE: This trustee acknowledged the board is the final authority under SB 13 but made no statutory findings and did not reference TEC §33.020's indecent content or profane content standards.]

PART 3 — FIRST MOTION: FAILS FOR LACK OF SECOND

TRUSTEE RODNEY GOODMAN:

"I'll make a motion. We approve all of them, but Like a Love Story."

BOARD PRESIDENT:

"Alright, we have a motion in that regard by Rodney Goodman. Is there a second?"

[Pause — no trustee seconded the motion.]

BOARD PRESIDENT:

"Not being a second. The motion fails."

[NOTE: Critical procedural fact: Goodman's motion to retain all second-round titles except Like a Love Story failed for lack of a second. No trustee was willing to second even a motion that would have retained five of the six titles and removed only one. The board then proceeded to a second motion to retain all six titles.]

PART 4 — SECOND MOTION: 6-1 VOTE TO RETAIN ALL SIX SECOND-ROUND TITLES

TRUSTEE (motion maker):

"I move to retain the following titles in the Abilene ISD catalog, as recommended by the Slack and approved by the Board of Trustees on January 8th, 2026: 99 Days. Black Flamingo. Crank. Like a Love Story. The Haters and Yolk."

BOARD PRESIDENT:

"Is there a second?"

TRUSTEE (second):

"Second."

BOARD PRESIDENT:

"We'll now take a roll call vote. Angie Wiley. Yes. Rodney Goodman? No. Blair Schrader. Yes. Danny Wheat? Yes. Taylor Tidmore? Yes. Cindy Earls? Yes. Bill Enrique? Yes. Motion passes. Six to one."

[NOTE: Final vote: 6-1 to retain all six second-round titles — 99 Days, Black Flamingo, Crank, Like a Love Story, The Haters, and Yolk. Sole dissenting vote: Rodney Goodman. No statutory findings were made on the record. No board member referenced TEC §33.020, the indecent content standard, the profane content standard, or the harmful material three-part test. The board made no findings as to why any of the retained titles fails to meet the indecent content or profane content thresholds. This constitutes the Board's final action on the second-round titles.]

TAMMY FOGLE Petitioner,	§ § §	BEFORE THE
v.	§ §	COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
ABILENE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT Respondents,	§ § § §	THE STATE OF TEXAS

AFFIDAVIT OF PETITIONER TAMMY FOGLE

Tammy Fogle v. Abilene Independent School District
BEFORE THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION THE STATE OF TEXAS

BEFORE ME, the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared Tammy Fogle, who, being by me duly sworn, stated as follows:

My name is Tammy Fogle. I am over the age of 18, of sound mind, and competent to make this affidavit. The facts stated below are true and correct based on my personal knowledge.

1. I am the Petitioner in this matter and a resident of Abilene, Texas, within the boundaries of Abilene Independent School District (AISD).

2. I personally attended and/or fully reviewed the official audio and video recordings of the public meetings concerning my library material challenges:

    - November 17, 2025 SLAC Meeting (full audio)
    - December 15, 2025 SLAC Meeting (full audio)
    - January 8, 2026 Board Workshop (full audio/video, where I also spoke)

3. During the November 17, 2025 SLAC Meeting, voting committee members openly admitted on the audio recording:

    - *The Bluest Eye*: "really hard to read… graphic… involves rape, incest, and pedophilia."
    - *Sold*: "child sex trafficking… descriptions of rape… experiences of sexual assault from a child's point of view."

4. During the December 15, 2025 SLAC Meeting, members discussed "sexually explicit content," "issue books," and "raw and gritty" sexual themes in *The Haters*, *Crank*, *Like a Love Story*, *Yolk*, and *Forever*.

5. On January 8, 2026, I stood before the Board and read explicit rape passages from *The Lovely Bones* (for example: "Take off your clothes… He was inside of me… He raped her in the bushes and strangled her"). Other speakers read similarly graphic scenes from *Speak*.

6. Despite these clear, on-record admissions that the books contain harmful, sexually explicit, and patently offensive content involving minors, the Board:

    - Upheld retention of *The Bluest Eye*, *Sold*, *The Lovely Bones*, *Nineteen Minutes*, *Speak*, *Poet X*, *I Am Not Your Perfect Mexican Daughter*, *The Glass Castle*, *Will Grayson, Will Grayson*, and others; and
    - Only reclassified *Crank*, *The Haters*, and *Yolk* to upper high school.

7. The official SLAC minutes and Board recaps are sanitized and omit these graphic admissions (for example, describing discussions as "sensitive themes" instead of "rape, incest, and pedophilia" or "human trafficking"). This shows the district knew the books met the definition of prohibited "harmful material" under Penal Code §43.24 but still chose not to remove them.

8. These actions violate the mandatory removal requirements of Texas Education Code §33.021 and 13 TAC §4.2.

9. Attached to this petition is a transcript of the board respective board hearings.

Executed on February 23, 2026.

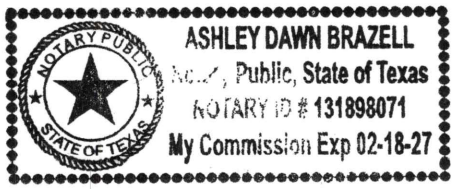
FURTHER AFFIANT SAYETH NOT.

Tammy Fogle

Tammy Fogle
3126 Broken Bough Trail
Abilene, Texas 79606

NOTARY ACKNOWLEDGMENT
State of Texas
County of Taylor

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 23 day of February, 2026.



Notary Public Signature