

PARENT'S GUIDE TO
125+ EXPLICIT
BOOKS
IN ALBUQUERQUE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS



HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN
FROM PORN IN NM SCHOOL LIBRARIES

ALBUQUERQUE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

LIST OF EXPLICIT BOOKS

Keeping porn out of schools isn't "book banning."

It's just common sense.

There are many dozens of books in Albuquerque Public School (APS) libraries that are age inappropriate for students. These are books that contain:

- **graphic sex scenes** that describe full penetration, sensations, and bodily fluids,
- descriptions of **sex acts between teachers and students**,
- pornographic and **excessively violent imagery**,
- detailed passages of young **children being sexually assaulted**, molested, and raped,
- descriptions of the use of **sex toys** and teens posting nude photos of themselves online,
- **children using hard drugs** and alcohol,
- teens engaging in self-harm, cutting, and **suicidal behaviors**,
- and much more.

This booklet contains the following:

- Page 1 – Which Books Are and Are Not Included in Our List
- Page 2 – How to Opt Your Children Out
- Page 2 – Age-Inappropriate, Sexually Explicit and Violent Books in Other School Districts
- Page 2 – Do You Have Any Questions or Want to Get Involved?
- Page 3 – Book Rating System by BookLooks.org
- Page 4 – Harmful Effects of Exposure to Sexually Explicit Materials on Children
- Page 6-14 – Quick Reference Chart of Which Books are in Each APS High School
- Page 15-21 – Quick Reference Chart of Which Books are in Each APS Middle School
- Page 22 – Quick Reference Chart of Which Books are in Each APS Elementary School
- Page 23-226 – Summaries of Age-Inappropriate Books in APS

Which Books Are and Are Not Included in This List

This book list is limited to books in Albuquerque Public School libraries. There may be age-inappropriate content in charter schools and/or classroom libraries in Albuquerque; however, we have no visibility into books in classrooms or charter schools in Albuquerque.

We have limited this book list to the worst-of-the-worst in terms of age-inappropriate content. There may be other books which parents would want to shield their children from in APS.

Library catalogs change over time and the books listed for each school are current on the APS library website as of January 22nd 2025. We have included listings for books that are “Lost”, “Out”, and “Out for Repair” as these books may be found/replaced and then returned to circulation.

This book list is not intended to be an exhaustive list of all age-inappropriate books in APS. We know there are more books in addition to the ones included here, but we have chosen to include only those books for which we could include summaries of explicit content that have been compiled on the booklooks.org website.

How to Opt Your Children Out

APS recommend parents reach out to their school’s librarian to opt their children out of specific books. To find out your librarian’s contact information, visit the school’s website via <https://www.aps.edu/schools> under School Contacts or contact the school directly. QR code has been provided to access APS’s website. Navigate to “find a school.”



Age-Inappropriate, Sexually Explicit and Violent Books in Other School Districts

The issue of age-inappropriate sexually explicit and violent content is not unique to APS. The same books can be found in other school libraries across New Mexico and other states across the USA. This is because most school libraries rely on book lists from the American Library Association (ALA) and School Library Journal (SLJ). The ALA and SLJ are promoting age-inappropriate, sexually explicit, and violent content for children and teens in their lists of recommended books.

Often, the school librarians have not even read the books before placing them on the shelf. It is time for APS and other districts to **stop relying on the ALA and SLJ as the “experts”** and instead take full ownership to ensure that the books being placed in our school libraries are age appropriate.

Do You Have Any Questions or Want to Get Involved?

If you have any questions or want to get involved, please contact Shante and Juan at concerned4schoolkids@gmail.com.

Donate Here



Content Advisory

Be advised that there is explicit material in this booklet that is inappropriate for children. It is only included for completeness so that parents seeking to inform themselves may do so with all the available information needed to make informed decisions.

The material contained herein includes pictures and materials that some will find offensive. **If you are under the age of 18 or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.**

Ratings System

A rating system has been developed to help provide the appropriateness of a book based on its content. Per this system, which is based of similar ratings of other media, is meant to be a quick guide for parents who want to know what objectionable material is found within a book.

CONTENT BASED RATING					
For Everyone Content is appropriate for all ages	Child Guidance Some content may not be appropriate for very young children	Teen Guidance Some content may not be appropriate for children under 13.	Minor Restricted Under 18 requires guidance of parent or guardian	No Minors Adult content. No child under 18.	Aberrant Content Adult only
0	1	2	3	4	5
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Mild Inexplicit violence• No Hate• No Nudity• No Profanity• No References to Sexuality, Gender Ideologies, or Sexual Activities• No Drug or Alcohol Use	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Mild violence• Mild/Infrequent Hate• Mild/Infrequent Profanity• Non-Sexual Nudity excluding genitalia• No References to Sexual Activities• No Drug or Alcohol Use• Inexplicit Sexuality• Inexplicit Gender Ideologies	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Moderate Violence• Moderate Hate• Moderate Profanity• Non-Sexual Nudity involving genitalia• Inexplicit Sexual Nudity/Sexual Activities• Drug or Alcohol Use• Explicit Sexuality• Explicit Gender Ideologies	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Excessive/Explicit violence• Extreme/Frequent Hate• Excessive/Frequent Profanity• References to Sexual Activities (NOT involving penetration, cunnilingus, fellatio, or ejaculation)• Drug or Alcohol Abuse	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Explicit Sexual Nudity (depictions of sexual organs in a state of arousal)• "Obscene" References to Sexual Activities (involving anal, oral, or vaginal intercourse, fingering, anilingus, or ejaculation)	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Explicit References to Aberrant Sexual Activities (sexual assault/battery, bestiality, or sadoomasochistic abuse)

Harmful Effects of Exposure to Sexually Explicit Materials on Children

Most parents intuitively know that exposing their children to age-inappropriate explicit content can be harmful. Researchers have also investigated this. **Studies have found connections between children being exposed to sexually explicit materials and potential harms.**

For instance, a 17-year-study of children, beginning when the children were in 7th or 9th grade, found that exposure to sexually explicit media, including books and graphic novels, is [associated with three risky sexual behaviors](#): early sexual debut, unsafe sex, and multiple sexual partners, thereby increasing the risk of teen pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. In that study, comic books were found to be the most common sexually explicit media that children had been exposed to, followed by videos. 22.5% of girls and 13.7% of boys had been exposed to sexually explicit novels. This study can be viewed here: Lin, W. H., Liu, C. H., & Yi, C. C. (2020). Exposure to sexually explicit media in early adolescence is related to risky sexual behavior in emerging adulthood. *PloS one*, 15(4), e0230242. <https://pmc.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/articles/PMC7147756/>

Other studies have found that kids who are exposed to sexually explicit and sexually violent media are more likely to be involved in [dating violence](#) and [sexual violence](#). A study of boys and girls aged from 14 to 19 years old found “reading pornographic comics and magazines significantly increased the likelihood of having sexually harassed a peer or having forced somebody to have sex.” This study can be viewed here: Bonino, S., Ciairano, S., Rabaglietti, E., & Cattelino, E. (2006). Use of pornography and self-reported engagement in sexual violence among adolescents. *European Journal of Developmental Psychology*, 3(3), 265–288. <https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/17405620600562359>

A review paper that analyzed 43 studies of adolescents and emerging adults found that children who had been exposed to sexually explicit media and sexually violent media were correlated with being victims or perpetrators of sexual violence. This study can be viewed here: Rodenhizer KAE, Edwards KM. The Impacts of Sexual Media Exposure on Adolescent and Emerging Adults' Dating and Sexual Violence Attitudes and Behaviors: A Critical Review of the Literature. *Trauma Violence Abuse*. 2019;20(4):439-452. <https://pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/29333966/>

“Erotica is a story in a book or magazine that tells about sexy things happening. People like it because it can be fun to read other people’s fantasies. Sometimes they think of themselves within those sexual situations, or just find it funny. (You are allowed to laugh.) If you are a writer by nature and have some sexy story ideas of your own, you could write your own erotica. But beware: You are a teen and that means you have no privacy no matter how locked you think your door is. If you write this stuff but don’t want your parents to find it and have a heart attack from thinking you are writing about things you have done personally, stash your stories away in a good, safe place. You cannot publish these stories quite yet because even if they aren’t autobiographical, they’re considered a type of pornography, and, as you know by now, you have to be at least 18 for that. But writing about your fantasies is a good outlet, especially if those fantasies are ones you don’t really want to act out—now or ever”

by Nikol Hasler from Sex: An Uncensored Introduction.

Quick Reference Chart - Which Books are in Each APS High School

Explicit Books APS High Schools	Albuquerque High School	Atrisco Heritage Academy	Cibola High School	Del Norte High School	Eldorado High School	Highland High School	La Cueva High School	Manzano High School	Rio Grande High School	Sandia High School	Valley High School	Volcano Vista High School	West Mesa High School	Early College Academy/CEC	Juvenile Detention Center	New Futures/eCademy/ Freedom High	Nex+Gen	LCE Multicultural Library	Unified ARTS Resource Library
All Boy's Aren't Blue by George Johnson	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		
All Your Perfects by Colleen Hoover					X										X		X		
The Almost Moon by Alice Sebold		X		X					X										
America: A Novel by E.R. Frank				X				X								X			
American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis									X										
Anatomy of a Boyfriend by Daria Snadowsky		X		X		X		X					X						
And They Lived by Steven Salvatore	LOST		X						X				X						
Are You My Mother: A Comic Drama by Alison Bechdel					X														
Assassination Classroom (series) by Yusei Matsui		X			X		X		X				X				X		
The Art of Racing In The Rain by Garth Stein		X	X		X		X			X	X	X							
Almost Perfect by Brian Katcher		X		X	X	X	X	X		X		X							
Anatomy of a Single Girl by Daria Snadowsky					X		LOST												
Beautiful by Amy Reed		X			X	X						X				X			
Beyond Magenta by Susan Kunklin	X	X		X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X		X			

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Blankets by Craig Thompson					X			X		X									
The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X		
Boy Toy by Barry Lyga		X			X							X							
Breathless by Jennifer Niven		X		X	X		X		X		X								
Burned by Ellen Hopkins	X	OUT		X	X	X	X	X	X		X		X	X	X				
Call Me By Your Name by Andre Aciman		X	LOST				X									X			
The Carnival at Bray by Jessie Ann Foley		X	X		X	X		X	X		X	X	X	X		X			
Choke by Chuck Palahniuk												OUT							
A Clash of Kings by George RR Martin		X		X	X	X			LOST		X	X	X		X		X		
Collateral by Ellen Hopkins	X			X			X			X									
Collected Poems 1947-1980 by Allen Ginsberg		X	X			X			X	X		X							
Confess by Colleen Hoover															X		X		
A Court of Frost and Starlight by Sarah J. Maas			X		X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X				
A Court of Mist and Fury by Sarah J. Maas		X	X	X	X	X	X	OUT	X		X	X	X	X	X	X			
A Court of Silver Flames by Sarah Maas			X		X			X	X		X		OUT		X	X			
A Court of Thorns and Roses by Sarah J. Maas		X		X	X		OUT	OUT	X	OUT	OUT		X		X	X			
A Court of Wings and Ruin by Sarah J. Maas		X	OUT	X	X		X	X	X		X	OUT	X		X	X			

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Crank by Ellen Hopkins	X	X		X	X	X	X	X		OUT	X	X	X		X	X	X		
Damsel by Elana Arnold	X	X			X			X	X	X	LOST		X			X		X	
Doing It! By Hannah Witton	X					X	X												
The Duff: Designated Ugly Fat Friend by Kody Keplinger		X	X						LOST	X				X		X			
Empire of Storms by Sarah J. Maas	X	X	X		X		X		X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X		
Fallout by Ellen Hopkins	X			X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X			
Fade by Lisa McMann		LOST		X	X		X		X			X							
Forever by Judy Blume					X		X	X	X			X	X			X			
Forever for a Year by B.T. Gottfred								X				LOST							
The Freedom Writers Diary by The Freedom Writers with Erin Gruwell	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X			
Fun Home by Alison Bechdel						X			X	X									
Fight Club by Chuck Palahniuk		OUT		X		X		OUT	X				X						
Finding Cinderella by Colleen Hoover																	X		
A Game of Thrones: The Graphic Novel Volume 1 by George R.R. Martin		X			X				X				X				X		
A Game of Thrones: The Graphic Novel Volume 2 by George R.R. Martin		X			X				X				X						

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A Game of Thrones: The Graphic Novel Volume 3 by George R.R. Martin		X			X				X				X						
Gender Queer by Maia Kobabe							X	X	X					X					
Grl2grl by Anne Peters					X	LOST			X										
Glass by Ellen Hopkins	X	X		X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X				X			
Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie			X					X		X			X			X			
The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood	X		X			X		X											
The Handmaid's Tale the graphic novel by Margaret Atwood	X	Spanish	X	X				X		LOST	X		X			X			
The Handsome Girl and Her Beautiful Boy by B.T. Gottfred			X																
The Haters by Jesse Andrews	X	X	X					X	X		X	X	X						
Haunted by Chuck Palahniuk (NONE)								X				X							
Homegoing by Yaa Gyasi	X	X	X				X	X	X				X			X			
Hopeless by Colleen Hoover									X		OUT						X		
House of Earth and Blood by Sarah J. Maas			X		X		X	X			X		X		X				
House of Sky and Breath by Sarah J. Maas			X		X						X								
How Beautiful the Ordinary by Michael Cart		X					X	X								X			

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I Never by Laura Hopper	X									X		X				X			
Identical by Ellen Hopkins	X	X		X	X	OUT	X		X			X			X	X			
Impulse by Ellen Hopkins	X	X	OUT	X	X	X	X		X			X	X		X				
Infamous by Elana K. Arnold	X		X									X							
The Infinite Moment of Us by Lauren Myracle	X									X		X							
Invisible Monsters Remix by Chuck Palahniuk				X				X											
It Ends With Us by Colleen Hoover	OUT			OUT	OUT						X				X				
It Starts With Us by Colleen Hoover	X								OUT		X				X				
Jack of Hearts (And Other Parts) by L.C. Rosen		X	X						X						X	X			
Jesus Land: A Memoir by Julia Scheeres						X				X		X							
Juliet Takes a Breath by Gabby Rivera	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X				X	X		X			
Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J. Maas	X		X		X	X	OUT		X	X	X						X		
The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X	X	X	
Last Night at the Telegraph Club by Malinda Lo	X	X	X		X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X					
Let's Talk About It by Erika Moen and Matthew Nolan									X			X	X						
Lighter Than My Shadow by Katie Green								X											

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Like a Love Story by Abdi Nazemian		X		X	X		X		X		X	X	X		X				
The Little Black Book for Girlz: A Book on Healthy Sexuality by St. Stephen's Community House	X									X		X							
Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott		X		X	X	X	X	X	X										
Looking for Alaska by John Green	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X
Losing Hope by Colleen Hoover											X								
Lucky by Alice Sebold	X	X		X			X		X			X	X			X			
Lullaby by Chuck Palahniuk									X										
The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold	X	X		X	X	LOST	LOST	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X		
Man O' War by Cory McCarthy		X											X				X		
Milk and Honey by Rupi Kaur	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X		X	X		
The Nerdy and The Dirty by B.T. Gottfred	X																		
Nineteen Minutes by Jodi Picoult		X	X		X	X	X	X				X				X			
Normal People by Sally Rooney	X				X		X				LOST		X						
Not That Bad: Dispatches from Rape Culture by Roxane Gay											X								
One Last Stop by Casey McQuiston							X						X				X		

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Oryx and Crake by Margaret Atwood		X		X	X	X	X		X	X		X				X			
People Kill People by Ellen Hopkins	X	OUT	OUT		X				X		X		X	X					
Perfect by Ellen Hopkins	LOST			X	X		X		X	X	X				X				
Point of Retreat by Colleen Hoover					X					X			X						
Push by Sapphire	X	X			X	X		X	X			X				X			
Queen of Shadows by Sarah J Maas	X		X		X		X		X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X		
Rant by Chuck Palahniuk		X						X				X							
Red Hood by Elana Arnold	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X		X		X						
Red, White, and Royal Blue by Casey McQuiston	X	X			X		X		X		X		X				X		
Rumble by Ellen Hopkins	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X	X		X		X			
SEX: An Uncensored Introduction by Nikol Hasler		X																	
Shine by Lauren Myracle	X	X	X		X	X	X			X			X						
Skin by Donna Jo Napoli								X			X								
Skin and Bones by Sherry Shahan							X	X				X	X						
Smoke by Ellen Hopkins	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X		X			
Sold by Patricia McCormick	X	X		X	X		X	X	X	OUT	X	X	X		X	X			
A Stolen Life by Jaycee Dugard	X			X		X	X	X	X			X							
Storm and Fury: Harbringer Book 1 by Jennifer L. Armentrout							X												

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Strange Truth by Maggie Thrash																X			
Slammed by Colleen Hoover										OUT			X		X				
The Sun and Her Flowers by Rupi Kaur	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X					
This Book Is Gay by Juno Dawson									X										
This Is Kind of an Epic Love Story by Kacen Callender		X														X			
Tilt by Ellen Hopkins	X	X			X	X			X		X			X	X	X			
Traffic by Ellen Hopkins	X			X	X	X	X	X	X		X			X					
Triangles by Ellen Hopkins									X										
Tricks by Ellen Hopkins	X				X	LOST	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			
Tower of Dawn by Sarah J. Maas	X		X		X		X		X	X	X		X		X	X	X		
The V-Word by Amber Keyser	X																		
Verity by Colleen Hoover					X														
Water for Elephants by Sara Gruen	X	LOST	X	X	X		X	X	X	X		X	X		X	X			
What Girls Are Made Of by Elena K. Arnold	X	X			X	X		X	LOST	X	X	X	X						
Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West by Gregory Maguire		X		X			X	X		X	X	X					X		
The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle by Haruki Murakami							X												

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Without Merit by Colleen Hoover							X					X			X				
The You I've Never Known by Ellen Hopkins	X	X	X	X		X	X			X	X	X	X		X	X			

Quick Reference Chart - Which Books are in Each APS Middle School

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School
All Boys Aren't Blue by George Johnson			X												X												
America: A Novel by E.R. Frank															X												
Almost Perfect by Brian Katcher	X					X																					
The Art of Racing in the Rain by Garth Stein												X															
Assassination Classroom (series) by Yusei Matsui			X																X					X			
Beyond Magenta by Susan Kunklin	X		X			X						X		X	X		X	X	X			X					
The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison							X				X			X													
Burned by Ellen Hopkins										OUT				X					X				OUT				

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School
The Carnival at Bray by Jessie Ann Foley																	X				X						
A Court of Frost and Starlight by Sarah J. Maas																				X				X	X		
A Court of Mist and Fury by Sarah J. Maas										X														X	X		
A Court of Silver Flames by Sarah J. Maas																									X		
A Court of Thorns and Roses by Sarah J. Maas																									X		
A Court of Wings and Ruin by Sarah J. Maas																								X	X		
Crank by Ellen Hopkins					X					OUT					X												
Damsel by Elana Arnold															X		X										
The Duff: Designated Ugly Fat Friend by Kody Keplinger																	X							X			

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School
Empire of Storms by Sarah J. Maas													X	X			X								X		
Forever by Judy Blume				X									X		X	X			X								
The Freedom Writers Diary by The Freedom Writers with Erin Gruwell				X	X			X				X		X				X	X			X	X	X			X
Fun Home by Alison Bechdel				X Spanish																							
A Game of Thrones: The Graphic Novel Volume 1 by George R.R. Martin																										X	
Glass by Ellen Hopkins										X																	
The Haters by Jesse Andrews										X																	
Homegoing by Yaa Gyasi															X												
Identical by Ellen Hopkins								OUT		X				OUT													
Impulse by Ellen Hopkins										X				X					X				OUT				

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School	
The Infinite Moment of Us by Lauren Myracle											X												X					
Juliet Takes a Breath by Gabby Rivera																		X										
Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J. Maas														X											X			
The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini					X		X			X									X			X			X			
Last Night at the Telegraph Club by Malinda Lo			X			X		X				X											X			X		
Looking for Alaska by John Green	X	X		X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X
Lucky by Alice Sebold										X																		
The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold	X																		X		X	X	X					
Man O’ War by Cory McCarthy							X																				X	

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School
Nineteen Minutes by Jodi Picoult					X																	X					
Perfect by Ellen Hopkins								X		X												X	X				
The Perks of Being a Wallflower by Stephen Chbosky				X	X					OUT			X														
Push by Sapphire																							X				
Queen of Shadows by Sarah J Maas											X			X			X								X		
Sex Is a Funny World by Cory Silverberg, Fiona Smyth								X				X			X												
Shine by Lauren Myracle																			X							X	
Skin and Bones by Sherry Shahan																	X										
Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut							X				X	X				X											
Smoke by Ellen Hopkins														X									X				

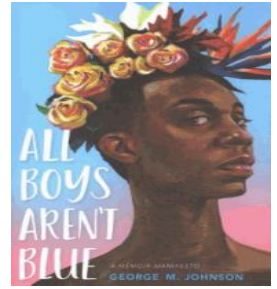
Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	Desert Ridge Middle School	Eisenhower Middle School	Ernie Pyle Middle School	Garfield Middle School	Grant Middle School	Harrison Middle School	Hayes Middle School	Hoover Middle School	Jackson Middle School	James Monroe Middle School	Jefferson Middle School	Jimmy Carter Middle School	John Adams Middle School	Kennedy Middle School	L.B. Johnson Middle School	Madison Middle School	McKinley Middle School	Polk Middle School	Roosevelt Middle School	Taft Middle School	Taylor Middle School	Tony Hillerman Middle School	Truman Middle School	Van Buren Middle School	Washington Middle School	Wilson Middle School
Sold by Patricia McCormick			X		X			X										X	X				X	X		X	
A Stolen Life by Jaycee Dugard							X																				
Storm and Fury: Harbringer Book 1 by Jennifer L. Armentrout																								X			
Tilt by Ellen Hopkins																							X				
Traffic by Ellen Hopkins							X																				
Tricks by Ellen Hopkins							X																				
Tower of Dawn by Sarah J. Maas													X														
What Girls Are Made Of by Elena K. Arnold										X																	
Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West by Gregory Maguire				X														X				X					
YOLO by Lauren Myracle																										X	

Explicit Books APS Middle Schools	Cleveland Middle School	
	Desert Ridge Middle School	
	Eisenhower Middle School	
	Ernie Pyle Middle School	
	Garfield Middle School	
	Grant Middle School	
	Harrison Middle School	
	Hayes Middle School	
	Hoover Middle School	
	Jackson Middle School	
	James Monroe Middle School	
	Jefferson Middle School	
	Jimmy Carter Middle School	
	John Adams Middle School	
	Kennedy Middle School	
	L.B. Johnson Middle School	
	Madison Middle School	
	McKinley Middle School	
	Polk Middle School	
	Roosevelt Middle School	
	Taft Middle School	
	Taylor Middle School	
	Tony Hillerman Middle School	
	Truman Middle School	
	Van Buren Middle School	x
	Washington Middle School	
	Wilson Middle School	

Quick Reference Chart - Which Books are in Each APS Elementary School

	Barcelona	Cochiti	Douglas MacArthur	John Baker	Kit Carson	Matheson	Sierra Vista	George I. Sanchez Collaborative
Explicit Books APS Elementary Schools/K8								
The Art of Racing In The Rain by Garth Stein	X			X		X	X	
Forever by Judy Blume		X	X					X
Sex Is a Funny World by Cory Silverberg, Fiona Smyth					X			
The Sun and Her Flowers by Rupi Kaur		X						

*All Boys Aren't Blue by George M. Johnson (4 RATING)



Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Cibola High School (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Del Norte High School only on Follet Audiobook
- Eldorado High School (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Highland HS only on Follet Audiobook
- La Cueva HS (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Manzano HS (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Rio Grande HS only on Follet Audiobook
- Sandia High School only on Follet Audiobook
- Valley High School (also on Follet Audiobook)
- Volcano Vista HS only on Follet Audiobook
- West Mesa HS (also on Follet Audiobook)
- **Eisenhower Middle School**
- **Kennedy Middle School**
- **Early College Academy/CEC (also on Follet Audiobook)**
- **Juvenile Detention Center only on Follet Audiobook**
- **New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High only on Follet Audiobook**
- **Nex+Gen only on Follet Audiobook**

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual nudity; sexual activities including sexual assault; alternate gender ideologies; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and controversial racial commentary.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 201:** "Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt." You giggled. "That's not my hand." "You're lying," I said. You then placed both hands on my hips, as we lay side by side. There was still something poking me. You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble." "You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?" I promised. You then grabbed my hand and made me touch it. It was the first time I had ever touched a penis that wasn't my own. I knew what was happening wasn't supposed to happen. Cousins weren't supposed to do these things with cousins. But my body didn't react that way. My body on the inside was doing something, too
- **Page 203:** I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity. We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by a good foot. You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you. The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to learn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed
- **Page 262:** I never daydreamed about sex with another boy. When I did think about sex, I was a girl having sex with a boy. I created an alter ego in my mind named Dominique that looked how I would look if I were a girl, and she would have sex with any of the boys I daydreamed about. That was the only thing that ever made sense to me, until I finally didn't. College opened my eyes to some things.

All Boys Aren't Blue

-by George M. Johnson

He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself... But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was . . . large... I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along... He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me... He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain... He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. -Page 271

You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you. The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well... After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me— back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background... Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor. You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing... You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes. Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me.

-Page 203

As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick... He quickly went to giving me head.... He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth."... He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star... His body felt great in my mouth. I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him... For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done. I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan...As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too,... I finally came and let out a loud moan—...I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

-Page 266

*All Your Perfects by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- Nex+Gen

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; violence including self-harm; and controversial religious commentary.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 49:** But here I am, about to have rebound sex with a complete stranger just hours after I caught my fiancé having an affair. If Ethan is capable of an affair, I am certainly capable of revenge sex with an extremely attractive guy.
- **Page 63:** My bare legs are dangling, feet pointing toward the floor. He doesn't immediately notice me, but once he does, I become his entire focus. I grip the counter between my legs, opening them just enough to let him in on my plans for the night. His eyes are locked on my hands as he pulls at his tie, sliding it from his collar, dropping it to the floor
- **Page 102:** I avoid his touch and his kiss because in the past, those things have always led to sex. And now that I dread sex so much, I dread the stuff that leads up to it, too. ...I like it when he puts his hands on me. When he kisses me. ...I finish washing the makeup from my face, but Graham's lips don't leave my shoulder. He traces a soft trail of kisses up my neck. Knowing that this kiss won't lead to sexhopedevastation makes me enjoy it more than if this were happening in our own bathroom at our own house
- **Page 128:** He alternates between kissing me and watching me, doing both things with an intensity I'm not sure I've ever experienced. He pauses his lips so that they hover just above mine, occasionally brushing them as we fight to remain silent. He keeps his eyes focused on mine while he moves inside of me. He's kissing me again when he starts to come. His tongue is deep inside my mouth and the only reason I know he's about to finish is because he holds his breath and stops moving for a few seconds. It's so subtle as he fights to remain as quiet as possible. The muscles in his back clench beneath my palms and he never once breaks eye contact when he finally does pull away from my lips

ALL YOUR

BY COLLEEN HOOVER

Perfects

His bed sits low to the floor, so his mouth is dangerously close to my panty line. I swallow when the hand he has wrapped around my leg begins to slide slowly up the back of my thigh... Graham begins to bunch my dress up in his hands, little by little, crawling it up my thighs. He slides his hands and the dress up to my waist, then presses his mouth to the top of my thigh.

I move my hands to his hair, gasping quietly as his lips move over my panties.

Holy shit.

I can feel the intense heat from his mouth as he kisses there. It's a soft kiss, right against the front of my panties, but it doesn't matter how soft it is. I feel it all the way to my core and it makes me shudder. I clench my fingers in his hair, pressing myself closer to his mouth. His hands are on my ass now, pulling me toward him.

The soft kisses begin to turn into firm kisses and before he even has the chance to pull down my panties, a tremor starts to rush through me, unexpected, sudden, explosive.

I pull away from him with a whimper, but he pulls me back to his mouth, kissing me there harder until I'm gripping his shoulders, needing his strength to continue standing. My whole body begins to shudder and I struggle to remain quiet and remain upright as the whole bedroom spins around me. My arms are shaking and my legs are weak as his kisses come to a stop. He slides his mouth against my thigh and looks up at me. It takes everything in me to hold eye contact with him as he pushes my dress up a little more and presses a kiss against the bare skin of my stomach. Graham grips me at the waist.

... I want to lower myself on top of him and put this condom to use....I lower myself onto his lap and straddle him, feeling just how serious his question was. I brush my lips across his. "I'm sure the expiration date is just a precaution." Graham grabs the back of my head and dips his tongue inside my mouth, kissing me with a groan. He slips his fingers in my bra and pulls out the condom, then stops kissing me long enough to tear it open with his teeth. He turns me pushing me onto his Star Wars comforter. I hook my thumb inside my panties and slide them off as he unzips his jeans. I'm lying back on the bed as he kneels onto the mattress and puts the condom on. I don't even get a good look at him before he lowers himself on top of me. He kisses me as he begins to slowly push himself into me. My whole body tenses and I moan.... He breathes against my neck and then thrusts against me.... He holds still once he's inside me, both of us doing our best to stay as quiet as we can. He begins to move, causing me to gasp, but he covers my mouth with his, kissing me deeply. He alternates between kissing me and watching me, doing both things with an intensity I'm not sure I've ever experienced. He pauses his lips so that they hover just above mine, occasionally brushing them as we fight to remain silent. He keeps his eyes focused on mine while he moves inside of me.

He's kissing me again when he starts to come. His tongue is deep inside my mouth and the only reason I know he's about to finish is because he holds his breath and stops moving for a few seconds.

-Page 128

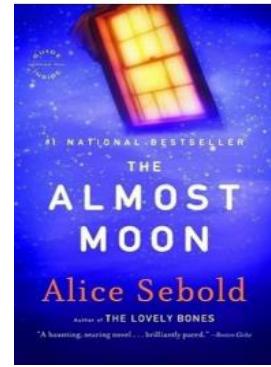
*The Almost Moon by Alice Sebold (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Rio Grande High School (also on DVD)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; self-harm involving suicide; reference to hate involving religion; alcohol use; and profanity



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 259:** I reached for his penis, hoping this time for the ejaculation that I could wipe off of my stomach and pretend was disappointing. After his initial pleasure, he stilled my hand. ...He parted my legs farther than was truly comfortable. He worked at me roughly, as if I were one of the action figures that had littered his floor as a child. I tried to help him along. I pulled my own string and spoke to him in phrases I'd heard myself say in the midst of actual passion dozens of times. I stared at the small tattooed dragon below his collarbone and mimicked my former self for him. Finally, just as the muscles on the insides of my thighs felt strained beyond recovery, the joints in my hips the dry ball bearings of a woman my mother's age, he came. He shuddered and fell on top of me with all his weight. My breath went out of me, and for a brief second I thought of the prostitute in Arthur Shawcross's car, how she had spent the next three days doing speedballs. ..."You're a good fuck too," he said bitterly
- **Page 220:** He peeled all the underlayers of T-shirts and thermal underwear off together and threw them on the bed, then walked into the bathroom to turn on the shower. I followed him inside the shower stall, fully clothed. "What are you doing, Helen?" he asked, but he was laughing. "Fuck me," I said.

The Almost Moon

By Alice Sebold

I wanted to fuck him. I closed my eyes and waited. A moment later, I could feel Hamish gingerly—too gingerly—place his body over me. ...“Hell,” he said. “I’m . . .” He glanced down his body instead of finishing the sentence. ...I felt his erection against me, the tops of my feet jostling the middle of his shins, his face to my right, his ear a seashell tunnel beside mine. ...I brought my right hand up and ran it along his side until I found the edge of his T-shirt, then slipped my hand up under it and onto his bare skin. He grunted beside me, an animal waiting to be touched. Sarah had had a crush on Hamish, growing up. “We can do anything,” I said. It was as if I’d turned a key. He raised his head. His eyes looked dreamy and distant in a way I’d never seen the eyes of my best friend’s son. “Sure, baby,” he whispered, and I tried not to hear the tone in his voice. A tone I was aware he adopted with the women I’d seen riding on the back of his motorcycle. ...His lips were pendulous, ridiculous, young. I reached my arm up and pulled his head down to kiss them. ...I would have wished it could be different than this, that I could have fucked my best friend’s son without having to be made aware of it. ...I tugged upward at Hamish’s shirt, and taking his weight away from me for a moment, he peeled it off over his head. ...I turned my eyes away from his face and unbuttoned my pants. As he rushed to help, he bumped his head on the inside of the passenger-side door. ...“Jesus,” Hamish said. He rubbed the back of his head and left my pants to fester around my ankles, the immediacy dangerously threatened once again. I bit my lip. I writhed. “Fuck me,” I said, and hoped that no one’s God was watching. ...With a final tug, he threw my pants onto the gravel drive. I winced when he ripped off my underpants. They were not high waisted or gauzy or old like handmade paper, but his stripping me cut too closely to what I’d just done to my mother. I propelled myself up and grabbed for Hamish’s penis, which had poked above the

waistband of his briefs. As soon as I had my hand on it, I tugged him forward and down. He moaned in pleasure as I spread my legs and wrapped myself around him. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!” he wailed. I lay there in disbelief. He had ejaculated on my stomach. My fingers, sticky and enraged, squeezed. “Ow,” he said, and placed a hand on my wrist. “Let go.”

-Page 67-69

I reached for his penis, hoping this time for the ejaculation that I could wipe off of my stomach and pretend was disappointing. After his initial pleasure, he stilled my hand. ...He parted my legs farther than was truly comfortable. He worked at me roughly, as if I were one of the action figures that had littered his floor as a child. I tried to help him along. I pulled my own string and spoke to him in phrases I’d heard myself say in the midst of actual passion dozens of times. I stared at the small tattooed dragon below his collarbone and mimicked my former self for him. Finally, just as the muscles on the insides of my thighs felt strained beyond recovery, the joints in my hips the dry ball bearings of a woman my mother’s age, he came. He shuddered and fell on top of me with all his weight. My breath went out of me, and for a brief second I thought of the prostitute in Arthur Shawcross’s car, how she had spent the next three days doing speedballs. ...“You’re a good fuck too,” he said bitterly.

-Page 259

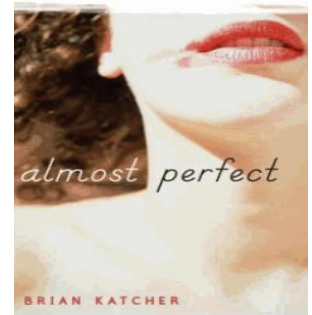
4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

***Almost Perfect by Brian Katcher (RATING 3)**

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- **Cleveland Middle School**
- **Grant Middle School**



Explicit Content Summary:

The book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; alternate genders ideologies; and profanity/derogatory terms.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 100:** Sage is a guy. A boy. A MAN!... And I'd fallen for it. Jesus, I'd fallen for it completely. I'd kissed a boy. French-kissed a boy! That made me a fag, didn't it? For a month, I'd fantasized about Sage. Her cute face, her muscular, athletic body. Now my mental image of her naked body filled me with horror. Big, hairy balls. An eight-inch cock. Flat, hairy chest and hairy back. And I had kissed her. No, not her. Him.
- **Page 198:** Sage had breasts. Now, from the age of about eleven, every straight guy cannot stop thinking about boobs. Dirty magazines, porno movies, swimsuit catalogs, women's health pamphlets ... We drool over whatever we can get our hands on. A lucky few get their hands on the real thing. Sage had the real thing... Her tits, however, were almost on display.
- **Page 224** - Before I was allowed to wear women's clothes fulltime, she'd buy me clothes and hide them in her closet. She'd help me with my makeup and tell me I was pretty. She was the only one who knew when I started on hormones.
- **Page 268** - "I can't tell my sister I was willingly kissing a guy. She'll think I'm queer." "A guy?" My eyes were adjusting to the darkness. I could see Sage standing there, arms folded. "Last night, when we were naked in bed together, I was all woman. But now that things are rough, I'm a guy again."
- **Page 290** - I tried to get out of the car, and the son of a bitch followed me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding on me. I kept begging him to stop, but he just smiled and said he was going to fuck me up the ass.
- **Page 315** - "For the past four years, I've had to watch my only son dress like some drag queen. He shares clothes with Tammi, he does her makeup. Fuck, Logan, he takes drugs that made him grow tits."

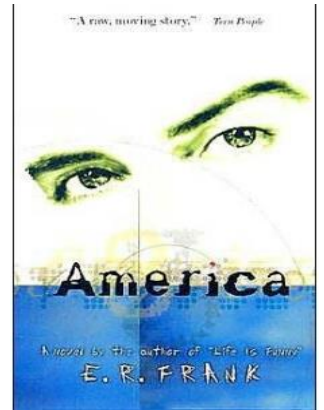
***America by E. R. Frank (RATING 3)**

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Del Norte High School
- Manzano High School
- **Kennedy Middle School**
- **New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High**

Explicit Content Summary:

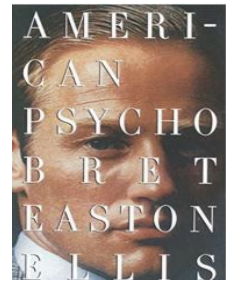
This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual assault of a minor; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; derogatory terms; violence; alcohol use involving a minor; alcohol abuse; illegal drug use; hate; references to suicide; controversial religious commentary; and alternate sexualities



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 44** - *"What do you think they're on?"... "All right. Cocaine, crack, heroin, marijuana, alcohol, and various pill, tab, and inhalant versions of stimulants, depressants, and hallucinogens."*
- **Page 100** - *"Now he makes me touch him. And other stuff. I tell him I don't want to, but he says you can't start a secret like we have and then stop it... He tells me he knows I like it..."*
- **Page 159** - *"She's probably sucking him off," Marshall says..."It makes my dick move around in my pants. I want to touch it, but my hands are full."*
- **Page 170** - *I've got this hard-on and dicks are flashing through my head. Man hands and a man mouth and a man's body is all over my brain and on my dick and everywhere and I don't want to touch myself because I'm some goddamn motherfucking freak... you can braid them together and make you up a rope the way those dudes do it in prison... I work on it fast and good, and figure out the slipknot and how to twist off this branch, and I'm thinking, I'll never see Mrs. Harper again and Liza will hate me worse than she ever hated anything before, but the fuck cares because I won't be around to care...*
- **Page 174** - *"Fuck you straight up the ass. "*
- **Page 196** - *"Where's your blunt?" I ask him... we're throwing, and the ball turns into a dick, and it's safe, and it's good, and he's smiling, and the dick gets bigger, and then it's not safe, but it's hot, but it's bad and not safe, but it's hot, and my dick is hard, and then he stops smiling, and the dick gets bigger, and then his face turns into Liza's... and she's got a dick, and it's hot, and I want to fuck her with the dick and all...*
- **Page 214** - *He's at the desk, checking out porn on-line... When I get there, he's grinning, and when he passes by me on the way back to porn, he grabs his dick.*

*American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis (5 RATING)



Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; extreme violence and gore; animal cruelty; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; inflammatory racial and religious commentary; and drug and alcohol use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 37:** "Yeah, a boy next door who according to you let a British corporate finance analyst intern sodomize him up the ass," I say ironically. "I said you were the voice of reason," Price says. "I didn't say you weren't a homosexual." ... "Yeah," I say, staring directly at Price. "Ask Meredith if I'm a homosexual. That is, if she'll take the time to pull my dick out of her mouth." "Meredith's a fag hag," Price explains, unfazed, "that's why I'm dumping her." ... "Anyway, so JFK and Pearl Bailey meet at this party and they go back to the Oval Office to have sex and so they fuck and then JFK goes to sleep and ..." Preston stops. "Oh gosh, now what happens ... Oh yeah, so Pearl Bailey says Mr. President I wanna fuck you again and so he says I'm going to sleep now and in ... thirty—no, wait ..." Preston pauses again, confused. "Now ... no, sixty minutes ... no ... okay, thirty minutes I'll wake up and we'll do it again but you've got to keep one hand on my cock and the other on my balls and she says okay but why do I have to keep one hand on your dick and one ... one hand on your balls ... and ..." ... "I'm listening," Van Patten says, irritated. "Go ahead. Finish it. One hand on my cock, one hand on my balls, go on."
- **Page 97:** Last night I rented a movie called Inside Lydia's Ass and while on two Halcion and in fact sipping a Diet Pepsi, I watched as Lydia—a totally tan bleached-blond hardbody with a perfect ass and great full tits—while on all fours gave head to this guy with a huge cock while another gorgeous blonde little hardbody with a perfectly trimmed blond pussy knelt behind Lydia and after eating her ass out and sucking on her cunt, started to push a long, greased silver vibrator into Lydia's ass and fucked her with it while she continued to eat her pussy and the guy with the huge cock came all over Lydia's face as she sucked his balls and then Lydia bucked to an authentic-looking, fairly strong orgasm and then the girl behind Lydia crawled around and licked the come from Lydia's face and then made Lydia suck on the vibrator.

AMERICAN PSYCHO

BY BRET EASTON ELLIS

After I shave Torri's pussy she lies on her back on Paul's fluton and spreads her legs while I finger her and suck it off, sometimes licking her asshole. Then Tiffany sucks my cock—her tongue is hot and wet and she keeps flicking it over the head, irritating me—while I call her a nasty whore, a bitch. Fucking one of them with a condom while the other sucks my balls, lapping at them,... Sometimes it's very quiet in the room except for the wet sounds my cock makes slipping in and out of one of the girls' vaginas. Tiffany and I take turns eating Torri's hairless cunt and asshole. The two of them come, yelling simultaneously, in a sixty-nine position. Once their cunts are wet enough I bring out a dildo and let the two of them play with it. Torri spreads her legs and fingers her own clit while Tiffany fucks her with the huge, greased dildo, Torri urging Tiffany to fuck her cunt harder with it, until finally, gasping, she comes. Again I make the two of them eat each other out but it starts failing to turn me on—...and though Torri knows what to do, how to eat pussy, it doesn't subdue me and I push her away from Tiffany's cunt and start licking and biting at the pink, soft, wet cuntness while Torri spreads her ass and sits on Tiffany's face while fingering her own clit. Tiffany hungrily tongues her pussy, wet and glistening, and Torri reaches down and squeezes Tiffany's big, firm tits. I'm biting hard, gnawing at Tiffany's cunt,...and finally she screams as my teeth rip into her flesh. Torri thinks Tiffany is coming and grinds her own cunt harder onto Tiffany's mouth, smothering her

screams, but when I look up at Torri, blood covering my face, meat and pubic hair hanging from my mouth, blood pumping from Tiffany's torn cunt onto the comforter,...I use Mace to blind both of them momentarily and then I knock them unconscious with the butt of the nail gun. Torri awakens to find herself tied up, bent over the side of the bed, on her back, her face covered with blood because I've cut her lips off with a pair of nail scissors....I want her to watch what I'm going to do to Torri and she's propped up...I start by skinning Torri a little, making incisions with a steak knife and ripping bits of flesh from her legs and stomach while she screams in vain,...I keep spraying Torri with Mace and then I try to cut off her fingers with nail scissors and finally I pour acid onto her belly and genitals,...I resort to stabbing her in the throat and eventually the blade of the knife breaks off in what's left of her neck, stuck on bone,... While Tiffany watches, finally I saw the entire head off—torrents of blood splash against the walls, even the ceiling—and holding the head up, like a prize, I take my cock, purple with stiffness, and lowering Torri's head to my lap I push it into her bloodied mouth and start fucking it, until I come, exploding into it. Afterwards I'm so hard I can even walk around the blood-soaked room carrying the head, which feels warm and weightless, on my dick....she sees the lit match I'm holding in my hand...and I lower it to her eyes, which she instinctively closes, singeing both eyelashes and brows, then I finally use a Bic lighter and

hold it up to both sockets, making sure they stay open with my fingers,...until the eyeballs burst. While she's still conscious I roll her over, and spreading her ass cheeks, I nail a dildo that I've tied to a board deep into her rectum, using the nail gun. ...I cut all the flesh off around her mouth and using the power drill with a detachable, massive head I widen that hole while she shakes, protesting,...her mouth open as wide as possible, a reddish-black tunnel of twisted tongue and loosened teeth, I force my hand down, deep into her throat, until it disappears up to my wrist—all the while her head shakes uncontrollably, but she can't bite down since the power drill ripped her teeth out of her gums—and grab at the veins lodged there like tubes and I loosen them with my fingers and when I've gotten a good grip on them violently yank them out through her open mouth, pulling until the neck caves in, disappears, the skin tightens and splits though there's little blood. Most of the neck's innards, including the jugular, hang out of her mouth and her whole body starts twitching, like a roach on its back, shaking spasmodically, her melted eyes running down her face mixing with the tears and Mace, and then quickly, not wanting to waste time, I turn off the lights and in the dark before she dies I rip open her stomach with my bare hands.

-Page 303-305

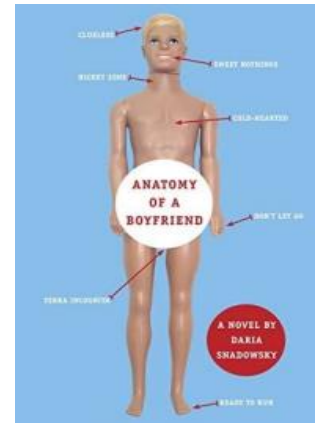
5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLook's Review Rating

*Anatomy of a Boyfriend by Daria Snadowsky (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities involving minors; sexual nudity; profanity; references to alcohol use by minors

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 112:** I lightly clutch Wes's penis with my right hand and start to stroke it lightly, up and down the length of it. Back in middle school, Amy and I would always sneak into her mom's office and pore over her sex encyclopedia. I wish I had a better recollection of what it said about manual stimulation. "Listen," I say softly, "I'm just sort of exploring. I have absolutely no idea what to do." "That's fine, this feels great," he says hurriedly, over his heavy breathing. I continue to stroke him, and it's cool how the skin can move up and down a little, like it's not really attached to whatever's underneath. I try to vary the speed and position of my hand, but Wes just continues to groan in the same, quiet way. After a few minutes of this exercise, I'm wondering why he hasn't ejaculated. Do you have to do something special to finish a hand job? I don't remember anything about grand finale techniques in the sex encyclopedia..... I feel a stiffening of his penis in my hands as the tip expels a thick, creamy liquid. Wes's legs tremble and his back arches as he groans loudly. I discover the warm, white goo cascading down my knuckles serves as a great lubricant, so I stroke even faster.
- **Page 155:** I just had sex. My vagina had a penis inside of it. ...It's going to feel so weird being sexually active, living in the same apartment with the two people who had to have sex to create me.

Anatomy of a Boyfriend

By Daria Snadowsky

Wes and I kiss passionately, almost desperately, as we undress each other. He removes everything but my underwear. ...Soon we're on the bed with me on top. Then I sit up, straddling his thighs. He lies perfectly still as I unbutton and unzip his shorts. I'm assuming he has underwear on, so I don't hesitate as I quickly draw his shorts down below his hips. ...I wasn't anticipating seeing his erect penis right away; it's protruding up through the flap in his boxers and resting against his lower belly. ...Even by the dim blue moonlight filtering in through the glass balcony doors, I can recognize the features of his penis from my anatomy books. The shaft, the head, the urethral opening—it's definitely all there. Only it looks so much more alive and urgent than any photograph could ever capture. ...Then I notice it bobbing up and down slightly with his heartbeat, as if it's waving me on. ...I don't feel ready to touch it just yet, so I start by easing my hands underneath his boxers and lightly rub the area surrounding it. His pubic hair is so long and coarse! ...Wes murmurs something unintelligible and closes his eyes. ...Soon I close my hands in on his balls, but I'm not sure what to do with them. I've seen enough slapstick about guys getting kicked in the nuts to know they're ultrasensitive, so I pet them in a tickly, feathery way. This is by far the most delicate part of Wes I've come across yet—the consistency makes me think of a baby bird, or squishy nectarine skin, scattered with hair. It's truly surreal to think I'm holding Wes's scrotum, his personal sperm generator. Now I'm on the bed to the side of his left hip, and I ease his shorts and boxers down to his knees.

...I lightly clutch Wes's penis with my right hand and start to stroke it lightly, up and down the length of it. ..."That's fine, this feels great," he says hurriedly, over his heavy breathing. I continue to stroke him, and it's cool how the skin can move up and down a little, like it's not really attached to whatever's underneath. I try to

vary the speed and position of my hand, but Wes just continues to groan in the same, quiet way. After a few minutes of this exercise, I'm wondering why he hasn't ejaculated. ...I guess Wes can tell I'm getting discouraged because he wraps his hands around mine and guides me through a few strokes. He says it responds well to pressure. ..."You know what feels good? When you touch the tip." "Oh, okay." I take him back in my hands. "And, um, don't forget about these," he says while pointing to his balls. ...Now my right hand is stroking his penis, and the other is caressing his testicles. ...I wonder if I'd ever be able to get my mouth around his penis if I tried. ...After five more minutes, still nothing. ..."Hey, could you lick your hands? Like, really salivate on them?" Wes has a desperate look in his eyes. ...I can't bring myself even to look at my sloppy hand as I move it back to his dick, but it seems to do the trick. "Okay, yeah, better, much better. Yeah," he moans. "Can you go faster?" I can barely feel my arms now, and my shoulders are sore, but I take deep breaths and keep going. ...Soon a few drops of something hot leak onto my fingers. Wes's breathing is getting heavier too, and suddenly he mutters breathlessly, "Tighter. Ah, Aah, Dom. Dom—" I feel a stiffening of his penis in my hands as the tip expels a thick, creamy liquid. Wes's legs tremble and his back arches as he groans loudly. I discover the warm, white goo cascading down my knuckles serves as a great lubricant, so I stroke even faster. "Dom... you can stop.... Stop now!" he almost shouts. "when it was happening?" "You mean when I came?" "Yeah. Then."

-Page 112

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

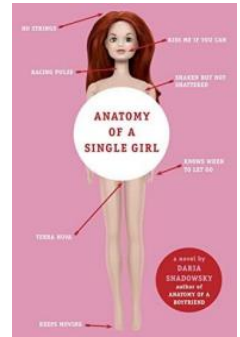
*Anatomy of a Single Girl by Daria Snadowsky (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado
- La Cueva High School (Status: LOST)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; and profanity.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 96:** In an effort to clear my head, I strip off my pajamas, lie down in the bathtub, spread my knees, turn on the water, and position my hips so the stream lands on just the right spot. Then I close my eyes and sift through my mental catalog of hot men like Matt and Mr. Chesnoff, before settling on Guy. Next I'm visualizing us back at Bantam Beach, except now we're not avoiding any bases, and all the while Guy's raving that I'm the only girl for him. Soon I'm grasping the sides of the tub as spasms ripple through me. But it's all over seconds later. And when I open my eyes to turn off the faucet, the first thing I see is the ugly image of my three-day unshaven legs spread-eagle under a calcified waterspout.
- **Page 127:** "Okay, but define 'sex.' Are you talking broadly speaking or standard P in V?" "Um ... both." "All right. Uh ..." He crosses his hands behind his head and thinks for a moment. "Regular sex: five. Oral: I don't know ... Maybe three or four more? And this is all spread out since tenth grade." "You player," I tease. "Actually, that's not as many as I would've guessed. I thought frat boys were all about getting as much ass as possible."
- **Page 155:** Because if sex feels awkward, it must look awkward, and as long as we're in the missionary position, I'm largely covered. But then it clicks how I like being concealed for the same reason I like having the room dark. As it turned out, keeping the lights on wasn't that embarrassing. And isn't one of the pros of having sex again to try new things? "Okay, Adam. You win this time." I sit up and command him, "On your back, stat!" Once he reclines, I hold up his penis with my fingers and straddle him before slowly descending on it. Then I just sit there for a moment, our torsos at right angles, taking in this new vantage point. I was certain I'd miss that safe feeling of having Guy's weight on me, but it's liberating not being pegged underneath him. Now the only part of me that's really being touched is my insides, and I can center all my attention on that without distraction. Guy gently pushes his pelvis upward, so I begin moving with him and then against him at varying speeds and directions. At first I don't care how it feels and just revel in my newfound freedom. It must look like I'm hula-hooping and riding a pogo stick simultaneously. But eventually I arch my back again to see if I can re-create that fiery sensation from before. I do. I keep on moving

ANATOMY OF A SINGLE GIRL

By Daria Snadowsky

Also, I'm preoccupied with thinking, I'm having sex again! ...Thankfully, the second time, I'm more into it and have hardly any pain. But as sensual as Guy is, the sex itself still feels awkward. I suppose thrusting is an inherently comical activity, no matter what the guy's experience level. ...First I lift my leg up over his shoulder, which supposedly does the trick for a lot of women, but I'm not flexible enough to pull this position off for long. Then next time we do it, Guy tries rubbing my clitoris with his fingers, though it's uncomfortable having his hand wedged between us, and we give up on that quickly too. ...But just then, Guy stops, sits back on his knees, and asks, "Dom, you know you can move and stuff, right?" "Move?" I lift my head off the pillow. "I move all the time." "Not just your arms and legs but, like, your hips. That's what the other girls did." "Oh. How'd they do it exactly?" "Well, everyone had their own thing." He wiggles his pelvis back and forth, side to side, and then around. "And they definitely liked it more." "All right," I say, my enthusiasm rekindled. "I'll try." Soon we're at it once again, and now I know why I didn't move before—because I couldn't, at least not easily. It takes work to maneuver with a heavy male midsection sandwiching you against a bed. At one point I do manage to arch my back so Guy's entering me at more of an angle toward my stomach, and immediately I get a kind of hot flash from deep within myself that I've never felt before. I can't take his weight for more than a couple seconds, though, before my back drops flat against the mattress. "Dammit," I mutter. "I was getting somewhere." Guy rolls off me and says, "Dom, I really think you should get on top." ...Because if sex feels awkward, it must look awkward, and as long as we're in the missionary position, I'm largely covered. ...I sit up and command him, "On your back, stat!" Once he reclines, I hold up his penis with my

fingers and straddle him before slowly descending on it. Then I just sit there for a moment, our torsos at right angles, taking in this new vantage point. I was certain I'd miss that safe feeling of having Guy's weight on me, but it's liberating not being pegged underneath him. Now the only part of me that's really being touched is my insides, and I can center all my attention on that without distraction. Guy gently pushes his pelvis upward, so I begin moving with him and then against him at varying speeds and directions. At first I don't care how it feels and just revel in my newfound freedom. It must look like I'm hula-hooping and riding a pogo stick simultaneously. But eventually I arch my back again to see if I can re-create that fiery sensation from before. I do. I keep on moving. I'm glad the other Betas are far away playing paintball, because when I climax, I couldn't have stayed silent if I'd tried to. The intensity's beyond anything I've ever experienced before with Guy or by myself. My skeleton feels like a tuning fork that's been struck. It actually kind of hurts, but it's in an exquisite way. ...The shriek I let rip certainly doesn't sound like I'm enjoying myself, and the groans I hear on the hospital wards could easily pass for orgasms. ...When Guy finishes, I'm too keyed up to lie down with him. ..."I came!" I yelp. "No shit, Sherlock. I could feel it." ...I scamper back to Guy and reach for another condom from his stash under the bed. "Let's do it again!" ..."Dom, this isn't something we can bargain over. But I assure you, we'll fuck the second I feel capable, okay?"

-Page 155-160

4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

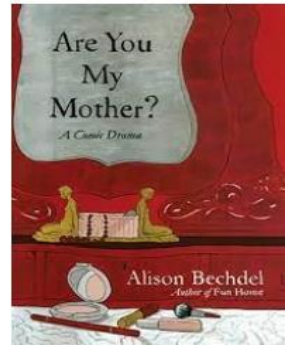
*Are You My Mother? by Alison Bechdel (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alternate sexualities; and controversial political and social commentary



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

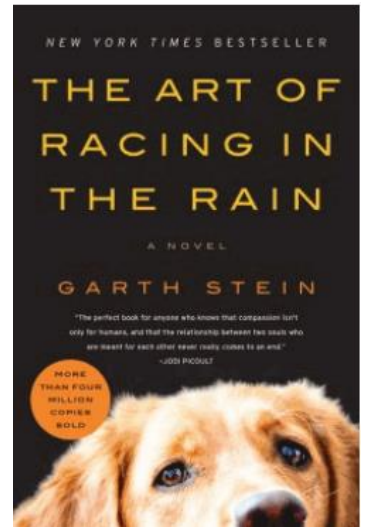
- **Page 114:** The illustration on the top left-side of the page depicts a woman's nude buttocks. The illustration on the top right-side of the page depicts a nude woman standing in a three-quarters view, looking at a hole in a wall. Another nude woman is sitting cross-legged on the bed. See Figure 2.
- **Page 170:** "The specter of this kind of male judgement, along with misnaming and thwarting of her needs by a culture controlled by males, has created problems for the woman writer: problems of contact with herself, problems of language and style, problems of energy and survival." "...your strong tongue and slender fingers reaching where I had been waiting years for you in my rose-wet cave..."
- **Page 188:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a clothed woman sitting with a sketchpad in her hand, drawing a representation of the nude woman lying on the bed in front of her with her buttocks exposed. The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts a woman with a shirt on, showing a piece of paper to another woman who is lying beside her with her right breast exposed. The illustration on the middle-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above, kissing. The nude woman's left breast is exposed. The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The fully clothed woman is lying on her back on the bed and the nude woman's leg is depicted straddling her
- **Page 225:** The illustration on the top-middle of the page depicts two nude women lying in bed from a bird's-eye-view, one atop the other, as they kiss. One of the women's buttocks is exposed. The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts the same individuals described above from a zoomed-in profile view. One of the women is laying with her head between the other woman's thighs and her hands gripping her buttocks. The other woman's pubic hair is shown. The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. They are kneeling on the bed, facing each other. One of the women is fully-clothed while, pulling the other woman's shirt off over her head. See Figure 4



**The Art of Racing in the Rain by Garth Stein (3 Rating)*

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- **Jefferson Middle School**
- **Barcelona Elementary School*****
- **John Baker Elementary School*****
- **Matheson Park Elementary School*****
- **Sierra Vista Elementary School*****



Explicit Content Summary:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and alcohol use

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- Page 17 - *They fell onto the bed and he mounted her and she said, "The field is fertile-beware!" And he said, "I embrace the fertility." And he plowed the field until it grasped the sheets in its fists, arched its back, and cried out with joy.*
- Page 52 - *Denny suddenly appeared naked in the bedroom and Eve was naked on the bed. It seemed so odd to me because they hadn't mounted or even played with each other in such a long time. But there they were. He positioned himself over her and she said to him, "The field is fertile."..."I embrace the fertility," he said. But their exchange seemed weak and unenthusiastic. She made noise, but she was pretending.*
- Page 72 - *The smell would have given me an erection if I'd still had testicles.*
- Page 106 - *She shrugged off her robe and stood naked, her large breasts with their brown nipples pointing at him, he was unconscious. Asleep. She reached down and slipped her small hands into the band of his sweatpants. She pulled his pants down to his knees.... "I'm married!" "It's not like it's having sex," she said. And she crawled onto the bed, reaching for him..."I thought you liked me," Annika said, her mood abruptly darkening. "I can't talk to a fifteen-year old nude woman. It's not legal. You shouldn't be here. I'll take you home." ...He wanted to console her, but whenever he moved closer, she dropped her hands, which were clutching the crumpled robe to her chest, and suddenly her massive breasts, heaving with grief, were exposed to him and he had to retreat. This happened several times... she dropped her hands, her breasts shot out at him, and he flew back. It's possible I was witnessing a living interpretation of an antique pornographic penny bank, similar to one I saw in a movie called The Stunt Man, which depicted a bear copulating with a girl on a swing.*
- Page 144 - *"Did you penetrate any of her orifices with your genitals or any other object?"*

*Assassination Classroom Series by Yusei Matsui (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy (series: 2;3;5;6;13;16;17;18;19;20;21)
- Eldorado High School (series: 2;3;6;7;8;10;11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)
- La Cueva High School (series 10; 11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)
- Rio Grande High School (series: 2;3;5;7;8;9;10;11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)
- West Mesa High School (series: 2;3;5;6;7;8;9;10;11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)
- **Eisenhower Middle School (series: 2;3;)**
- **Polk Middle School (series: 2;16;17;18;19;20;21)**
- **Truman Middle School (series: 2;3;5;7;8;9;10;11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)**
- **Nex+Gen (series: 2;3;5;6;7;8;9;10;11;13;14;15;16;17;18;19;20;21)**



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit violence; mild profanity; and sexual activities.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 116:** The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of the palm of a hand with several small blades sticking out of it. The alien teacher's right is depicted in the background as being severed and spraying blood. "WOW...YOU ARE FAST. AND THEY WEREN'T LYING WHEN THEY SAID THIS WOULD HURT YOU. EVEN TINY SLIVERS LIKE THIS."
- **Page 122:** The illustration on this page depicts several young individuals in a classroom with guns and knives in their hands or on their desks. The bottom of the page reads: THE HIGHLY MOTIVATED STUDENTS OF ASSASSINATION CLASSROOM. (IT'S AMAZING HOW WELL A BILLION CAN MOTIVATE KIDS--THAT AND A GOOD TEACHER.)
- **Page 182:** The illustration on the top of this page depicts a young woman in an upper thigh length dress with a small holster strapped to her left upper thigh. She is straddling a man's pelvis. The man is nude laying on his back on a soft mattress. The woman has a small handgun aimed at him. There is smoke coming out of the barrel of the gun. See Figure 4.
- **Back Cover:** PARENTAL ADVISORY ASSASSINATION CLASSROOM is rated T+ for Older Teen and is recommended for ages 16 and up. It contains realistic violence and suggestive situations. ratings.viz.com



*Beautiful by Amy Reed (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

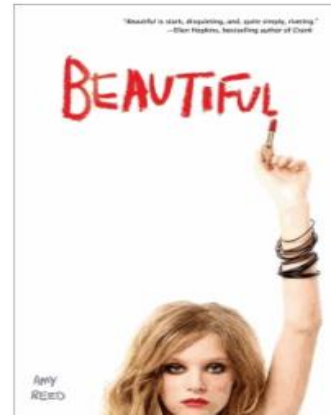
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School (Due: 09/18/2024)
- Volcano Vista High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug abuse by minors; alcohol use by minors; excessive/frequent profanity; and self-harm including anorexia

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page82:** "Yeah," I say. I am lying. It feels like nothing. I wish he would stop talking. I wish he would stop making me speak. It is hard to speak when I'm on the ceiling, in the corner. It makes me have to come back down, feel his weight on top of me, feel him hard inside me, punching my insides. I come down long enough to see what he wants to hear, then float away again. It is not difficult, this flying from place to place. It is like I was born knowing how to do it. "Oh, shit, I'm gonna come," he says, and I hear him and my ears bring me back to the bed just in time to feel him shutter, hear him grown. He holds his breath in the world pauses and I feel like I'm holding the whole thing up with my skinny arms and bent knees, my legs spread wide open, then everything lets go and he falls on top of me and I sink into the mattress until I am nothing. He lies like that for a while, like he's dead, and I think for a moment that he is. I would not be traumatized if he died on top of me, his shrinking, shriveling dick still inside of me. Anything could happen and it would not matter. ...I feel too naked. He rolls onto his side and faces me, puts his arm around me. He kisses my shoulder, my neck, my jaw, my ear, making annoying cooing noises as he does it. I want him to stop. I want to crush my cigarette on his eyelid. I would rather he keep fucking me for the rest of the night then lie here staring at me and tracing my ribs with his fingertips, acting like what happened meant something. ..."I love you," he says, and it sounds ridiculous. Everything about him is ridiculous: the messy hair, the forest of zits on his chin; the thin, pathetic attempt at a mustache; the white thigh; the penis laying against it, shriveled and small with the condom still on.
- **Page 99:** I have to kiss him now. I have to make him forget the voice that came out. I have to remind him that I am who he wants me to be, not someone who tells him "No." I pull him close. I bite his ear. I put my mouth on his. I put my hand on his crotch, squeeze gently, feel him hot and sweaty through baggy pants.



Beautiful

by Amy Reed

The walls are dripping because I am on acid. He is not yet on acid. The tab is still on his tongue, dissolving, tasting like spit wad. I'm thirteen and I'm on acid. He's fifteen and he will be on acid soon... Then his tongue goes in my mouth and this is nothing like a first kiss is supposed to be...and James's tongue is in my mouth and it taste like something dusty, small, darting around and hitting my teeth like it's looking for a way to get inside me, a trap door, searching for something hidden and unlocked. ...my teeth open and his tongue goes inside and I try to keep up but I have no idea what I'm doing and I'm scared because it's just me and him...The sound of a zipper unzipping... And I'm wearing a white cotton bra that is not a bad-girl bra. ...He says, "Is this a training bra?"...I shrug as well as I can shrug with his body on top of mine... His fingers are inside me and I am trying to make my mouth move... I hear pants unzipping, somewhere far away, and I don't know how long this is supposed to take but I hope it is fast because I want to go home. I want this feeling to stop. I want to give him what he wants and leave.

-Page 25

He knows what it feels like to be on top of me, that I don't move, but I am small and thin and pliable, that my breasts are the perfect size for his hand. I am thinking, this is supposed to be special...I

wonder why I can hardly feel anything else, how I can know that it hurts but not even feel it, how I don't even have to be here, how I can drift away to somewhere else, float up to the ceiling and watch how ridiculous we look: him thrusting into me like his life depends on it; me lying there looking like I'm wood, something hard and unbendable, when really I'm nothing, when really I'm just skin wrapped around fog.

"Does it hurt?" He asks me.

"It's okay," I say. "Does it feel good?" he asks me.

"Yeah," I say. I am lying. It feels like nothing. I wish he would stop talking. I wish he would stop making me speak,...feel his weight on top of me, feel him hard inside me, punching my insides...."Oh, shit, I'm gonna come," he says, and I hear him and my ears bring me back to the bed just in time to feel him shutter, hear him grown. He holds his breath in the world pauses and I feel like I'm holding the whole thing up with my skinny arms and bent knees, my legs spread wide open, then everything lets go and he falls on top of me and I sink into the mattress until I am nothing... I would not be traumatized if he died on top of me, his shrinking, shriveling dick still inside of me.

-Page 82

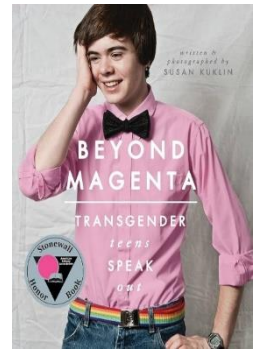
4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

***Beyond Magenta by Susan Kunklin (Rating 2)**

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- EdTech LSIM Library
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Cleveland Middle School
- Madison Middle School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- McKinley Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Eisenhower Middle School
- Grant Middle School
- Jefferson Middle School (Status: LOST)
- John Adams Middle School
- Kennedy Middle School
- Taylor Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including pedophilia; alternate sexualities; explicit alternate gender ideologies; profanity and derogatory terms; suicide commentary; hate; and alcohol use by minors

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 26** - *She prances around the train, singing: "I fucked a man up. Go get your pussy the fuck off the train."*
- **Page 47** - *While everyone else my age is saving up for a car or a house, I'm saving up to look possible. I'm saving up for a vagina.*
- **Page 74** - *When I had testosterone in my body, I was a very horny boy. Before I went on hormones, I was able to get an erection and maintain one. Whenever I saw a boy I liked in the hallway or in gym class—the locker room is the best place to get my eyes on flesh—I'd get it. I think that's why a lot of gay people like to have sex. They're both men, they both have a lot of testosterone.*
- **Page 83** - *All my trans friends with vaginas look beautiful. They got everything they wanted. It would be so great if I could get an operation, if I could get my vagina.*
- **Page 120** - *I started questioning my gender around my fourteenth birthday. And I probably started questioning the gender system around that time too. My first thought was that I was gender queer. Gender queer is not part of the gender binary, meaning somebody that's strictly a boy or strictly a girl.*
- **Page 141** - *Testosterone is definitely a sexy hormone. My sex drive went way up once I started taking it. Testosterone makes me go Kajooo! Kajooo! Kajooo! What's really weird and kind of bizarre is that my testosterone level fluctuates. A couple of days after the shot, the level is at the highest, and a couple of days before the shot it is at the lowest. My sex drive fluctuates too. Right after the shot I'm really horny, and before the shot I'm not good for anything.*
- **Page 142** - *Because I'm perceived as male, I get male privileges. It weirs me out a little bit. Male privilege means I don't have to prove myself for my opinion to have weight. People assume that I'm intelligent. People assume that I have something to say. I get a fair amount of respect. By being male, I'm automatically given some kind of validity that is weird.*

*Blankets by Craig Thompson (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

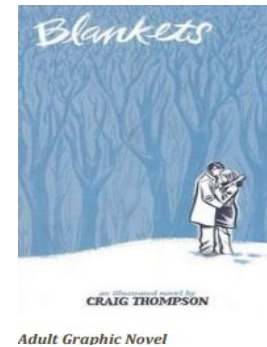
- Eldorado High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; molestation; nudity; controversial political commentary; and alcohol and drug use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 147:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude young man lying on his side with his legs bent. His left hand is on his groin. The text surrounding the image reads: You probably wouldn't believe me--if I told you this was the ONE and ONLY time I masturbated my senior year-- The illustration on the middle-right side of the page depicts the same man described above from a profile view. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts a piece of paper with a wet glob on it. See Figure 1
- **Page 291:** The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a young boy in the foreground looking back toward another little boy as he is walking with an older man into a dark room. The text above the boy in the foreground reads: But I'd been too weak to look out for my own little brother. The man is telling the other young boy, "Yup. It's your turn...but first we need to go to the other room." The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a man with the same clothing as the one described above, from the neck downward as he kneels in front of a young boy. The man is pulling the young boy's underpants down to his ankles. The young boy's nude buttocks is exposed. The text on this image reads: Since a child, I was always DISPLACED from my body. See Figure 2.
- **Page 292:** Older people were such foreign beasts--especially HIGH SCHOOLERS... The illustration on the middle-left side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a young child's nude buttocks being squeezed by two masculine hands. The text on this image reads: ...with their LUMBERING awkward FLESH, body odors and foul mouths, curdled ACNE, first sproutings of facial hair. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts a young boy looking downward toward a man's groin. The man's belt buckle is undone, and his shirt is pulled up. His left hand is holding something below his stomach outside of the frame. He is smiling down at the young boy who is blushing with several lines radiating out from his head. See Figure 3.





*The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison (4 RATING)

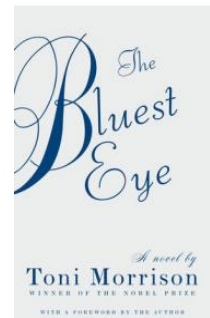
Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School (also on eBook)
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School (also in Spanish)
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- NextGen

- Cibola High School
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School

- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista (status: out) (on CD)

- Harrison Middle School
- James Monroe Middle School
- John Adams Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains profanity and derogatory terms; sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation; alcohol use; inflammatory racial and religious commentary and references.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 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.
- **Page 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.

*Boy Toy by Barry Lyga (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

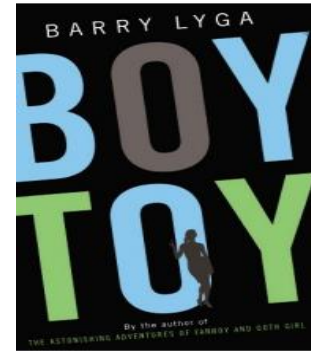
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities including a minor with an adult; sexual nudity; and excessive/frequent profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

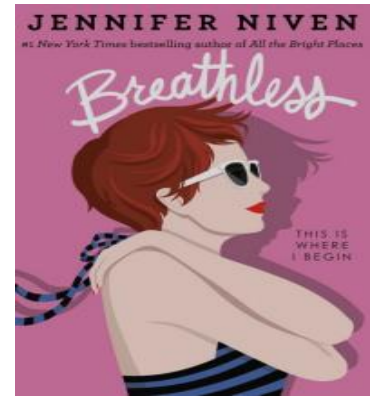
- **Page 7:** She wiggled on my lap. I wasn't worried about the chair. I couldn't let this continue. I struggled to move her off me, our bodies chafing against each other. Her butt slipped and ground against my pelvis in a way that was almost pleasant, almost painful. ...Like so many girls, she emphasized the positive, though, with tight jeans and skirts designed to show off the legs and ass toned over months of beating the throw to first. Up top, she favored the loose blouses and shirts that hinted that maybe, maybe, something was starting to sprout under there.
- **Page 90:** She leans in closer and kisses me on the lips. It's not like last time. Her lips are dry, naked, firmer than before. I fight the warring urges in my body; I want to grab her and pull her closer, but that would scare the living shit out of her, so I also want to break away and run like hell. It's been like this with every girl. I flicker, seeing Eve before me, and my reflexes rear up, telling me what to do, what needs to be done, what she needs, what I need, what she insists be done. My hands tremble and the tremble reminds me I'm wearing a glove, and that somehow brings me back to the real world as Rachel pulls back. "It's better if you open your mouth," she says. "Yeah. I know." "I know you do."
- **Page 187:** AS ALWAYS, ZIK WAS MY FONT OF KNOWLEDGE for all things sexual. He eavesdropped on his brother and father all the time, got to watch Kevin Smith movies on cable at home, and had that nigh-endless supply of fresh nudie magazines to consult. ...I didn't specifically tell him anything about Eve and me, just sort of made some calculated, seemingly random musings, and learned that I had been the recipient of my first "hand job," which sounded exactly like what it had been.



*Breathless by Jennifer Niven (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Del Norte High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; controversial and social commentary; alternate sexualities; references to suicide; profanity; and alcohol use by minors.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 9:** I stop eating because, sex-obsessed as I am, the idea that you could place a price on virginity is, to put it mildly, insane. I say, “This whole concept is so antiquated. As if all that matters is penis-plus-vagina sex. Something like twenty percent of Americans identify as something other than completely straight, so why are we still so focused on a woman’s first time with a man? And why is a girl’s virginity such a big deal anyway? People don’t get excited about a straight guy having sex. It’s all high fives and ‘Now you’re a man.’ They don’t sit around wringing their hands and searching the internet for replacement parts.” ...“And another thing. Have you ever thought about the way people talk about virginity? As if it’s owned by other people? Someone ‘takes it,’ and suddenly it becomes theirs. Like it’s something we give away, something that doesn’t belong to us. She lost it. She gave it up. Popping her cherry. Taking her virginity. Deflowering—” ...Alannis Gyalene Catalina Vega-Torres has been having sex since ninth grade.
- **Page 11:** Shane’s hands are snaking their way down, and the thinking, responsible part of me— the one that’s saving herself for a boy named Wyatt Jones—mentally pulls back into the hay, just enough to separate from him, even as the physical part of me keeps right on going. I try to lose myself in him again, but the only thing I can feel is a million straw pencils digging into my back and the fireworks fizzling to an end so that all that’s left is the after-haze and a distant burning smell. Suddenly there’s something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can’t slide it in. “Claude...” His voice is blurred, like he’s out of focus, and my name sounds like Clod, which I hate. I feel momentarily bad because I was never going to have sex with him. It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg.... But you can’t explain things like almostness to a guy like Shane, so I maneuver my lower half away from him, and that’s when he groans and explodes. All over my inner thigh. And this is where I freak out a little, because I swear I can feel some of it dripping into me, and I roll over fast, pushing him away.

BREATHLESS

By Jennifer Niven

Shane is kissing me, and his hands are everywhere—Oh yeah, I think, there. That's good. ...even as I'm helping him unzip his jeans. And then we're kissing again, harder and harder until I half expect him to inhale my tongue and my mouth and my entire face, and in the moment I want him to because of the way my body is pressing into his, wanting to feel more. ...Shane has his tongue in my ear, but I can still hear the music outside. ...Being hot is not what I'm known for, so I kiss him a while longer. ...Then he gives my underwear a tug, chasing the thoughts away. ...Shane's hands are snaking their way down, ...Suddenly there's something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can't slide it in. ...It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg. ...Shane is staring at me and his eyes are rolling and his breath is coming faster and faster, and he's humping my leg like a dog. ...so I maneuver my lower half away from him, and that's when he groans and explodes. All over my inner thigh. And this is where I freak out a little, because I swear I can feel some of it dripping into me,...

-Page 11

He touches my face, and then his hand wanders south. ...I climb on top of him so that I'm straddling his lap, and I can feel him through his shorts as we kiss harder and harder. ...and his lips are on mine, and the only thing that exists is his mouth and his skin and the fine, tight muscles of his back under my hands. ...I pull his shirt off, kiss his neck, his shoulder, his chest.

He groans a little and then he's pulling off my dress, the red-and-white one I bought last July 4. I'm braless, in underwear, and he's still in his shorts. I reach for these next, and when I can't get them off him, he helps, and he's not wearing underwear at all, so he's completely naked, and now I can really look at him...Instead I let him kiss my breasts, and while I've technically gone this far with a boy, right now it feels so much further. Next my panties come off, all at once, both legs at the same time, and he's looking at my body, ...I let him look at me, but not for long, because I'm kissing him, and his hands are in what's left of my hair, and then he's rolling on his side and fishing around in the pocket of his shorts for something. He's getting a condom. ...I kiss the dimples on either side of his mouth, and then he's kissing my throat, and just when I think my body might explode like a firework, it happens. ...Now he's opening the condom packet. Now he's putting the condom on. ...Now you can feel him. Now he's putting the condom in. ...Now you can feel him—all of him. And there's the surprise again. Not pain, necessarily, but the surprise of my body registering something entirely new. I actually suck in air. ...Before he can ask what the hell that was or change his mind about ever wanting to have sex with me, I kiss him. I wonder if I'm bleeding all over his couch, if my mythical hymen has actually broken. ...Now he's moving on top of you. And you are moving with him even though you don't know how. ...But then, suddenly, we're done. Which means he's done.

-Page 179

*Burned by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (Status: Out)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- Juvenile Detention Center
- Jackson Middle School (status: out)
- John Adams Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School (status: out)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; suicidal ideation; and violence including child abuse.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 378:** “Okay, we did it. Ethan and I made love. Twice. The first time it kind of hurt, and maybe I had too much beer to really understand what a big step it was. Huge. ...The second time it was better, even if I didn’t feel so hot. (My first hangover—ugh!) Ethan is so gentle, so caring. Derek would have attacked, done the deed, and disappeared. I’m so glad it was Ethan. There were a couple of bad moments—I’ll be sore for days.”
- **Page 125:** “I wanted to be with him all the time, wanted the taste of his lips on mine, his roaming fingers on my hungry skin. His fire to thaw my ice. But, though I was very much in lust with him, I knew from the start we were nothing like “forever.”

*Call Me By Your Name by Andre Aciman (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (Status: LOST)
- La Cueva High School
- **New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High**

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alcohol and drug use; profanity; alternate sexualities; sexual nudity; and sexual activities.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 26:** Let your hand travel wherever it wishes, take my suit off, take me, I won't make a noise, won't tell a soul, I'm hard and you know it, and if you won't, I'll take that hand of yours and slip it into my suit now and let you put as many fingers as you want inside me. ...When I looked at my crotch, to my complete dismay I saw it was damp. Had he seen it? Surely he must have.
- **Page 53:** I wanted to come in his suit, and leave the evidence for him to find there. Which was when a crazier notion possessed me. I undid his bed, took off his suit, and cuddled it between his sheets, naked. Let him find me—I'll deal with it, one way or another. I recognized the feel of the bed. My bed. But the smell of him was all around me, wholesome and forgiving, like the strange scent which had suddenly come over my entire body when an elderly man who happened to be standing right next to me in a temple on Yom Kippur placed his tallis over my head till I had all but disappeared and was now united with a nation that is forever dispersed but which, from time to time, comes together again when one being and another wrap themselves under the same piece of cloth. I put his pillow over my face, kissed it savagely, and, wrapping my legs around it, told it what I lacked the courage to tell everyone else in the world. Then I told him wh



Call Me BY YOUR NAME

BY ANDRE ACIMAN

I saw one of them enter my room and reach for the fruit, and with the fruit in hand, come to my bed and bring it to my hard cock. I know you're not sleeping, they'd say, and gently press the soft, overripe peach on my cock till I'd pierced the fruit along the crease that reminded me so much of Oliver's ass. The idea seized me and would not let go.

I got up and reached for one of the peaches, opened it halfway with my thumbs, pushed the pit out on my desk, and gently brought the fuzzy, blush-colored peach to my groin, and then began to press into it till the parted fruit slid down my cock. ...The fruit was leaking all over my cock. If Oliver walked in on me now, I'd let him suck me as he had this morning. If Marzia came, I'd let her help me finish the job. The peach was soft and firm, and when I finally succeeded in tearing it apart with my cock, I saw that its reddened core reminded me not just of an anus but of a vagina, so that holding each half in either hand firmly against my cock, I began to rub myself, thinking of no one and of everyone, including the poor peach, which had no idea what was being done to it except that it had to play along and probably in the end took some pleasure in the act as well, till I thought I heard it say to me, Fuck me, Elio, fuck me harder, and after a moment, Harder, I said! while I scanned my mind for images from Ovid—wasn't there a character who had turned into a peach and, if there wasn't, couldn't I make one up on the spot, say, an ill-fated young man and young girl who in their peachy beauty had spurned an envious deity who had turned them into a peach tree, and only now, after three thousand years, were being given what had been so unjustly taken away from them, as they murmured, I'll die when you're done, and you mustn't be done, must never be done? The story so aroused me that practically without warning the orgasm was almost upon me. I sensed I could just stop then and there or, with one more stroke, I could come, which I finally did, carefully, aiming the spurt into the reddened core of the open peach as if in a ritual of insemination.

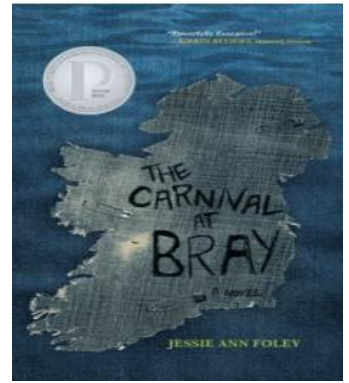
What a crazy thing this was. I let myself hang back, holding the fruit in both hands, grateful that I hadn't gotten the sheet dirty with either juice or come. The bruised and damaged peach, like a rape victim, lay on its side on my desk, shamed, loyal, aching, and confused, struggling not to spill what I'd left inside. It reminded me that I had probably looked no different on his bed last night after he'd come inside me the first time....He grabbed it and kissed it, then lifted the sheet and seemed surprised to find me naked. He immediately brought his lips to where they'd promised to return this morning. He loved the sticky taste..."Is this what I think it is?" He brought the half peach to bed, making certain not to spill its contents as he took his clothes off. "No, you're not sick—I wish everyone were as sick as you. Want to see sick?" What was he up to? I hesitated to say yes. He dipped a finger into the core of the peach and brought it to his mouth. "Please don't." This was more than I could bear. "I never could stand my own. But this is yours. Please explain." "It makes me feel terrible." He simply shrugged my comment away. "Look, you don't have to do this..." ...I watched him put the peach in his mouth and slowly begin to eat it, staring at me so intensely that I thought even lovemaking didn't go so far. "If you just want to spit it out, it's okay, it's really okay, I promise I won't be offended," I said to break the silence more than as a last plea. He shook his head. I could tell he was tasting it at that very instant. Something that was mine was in his mouth, more his than mine now.

-Page 144

*The Carnival At Bray by Jesse Ann Foley (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Madison Middle School
- Taft Middle School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alcohol use involving minors; profanity; sexual activities; sexual assault involving minors; and sexual nudity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 78:** "Hurting myself is the only thing that makes me feel better," Samantha had said. Now, with Paul's fingers twisting inside of her, his teeth on the thin skin of her breasts, she finally understood what Samantha had meant. He pulled his hand from between her legs and she heard the dull clinking of his belt buckle, the sharp exhale of a zipper being undone. "Put your mouth on it," he whispered into her neck, his forearm a heavy pressure on her shoulders, and she crouched on the wet ground, her naked spine facing seaward, the puddles soaking into the knees of her jeans. He put his hands on the back of her head and pushed her closer to his thighs so she was nearly choking on it, and then his whole body stiffened and he moaned in just the way she'd heard her mother and Colm moaning through the thin walls of their bedroom. To stop herself from vomiting, she spit it out on the wet ground.
- **Page 193:** He kissed her so hard that her back scraped up against the cold, ancient stone, as if the past was pushing back at her, as the past does. ...His eyes hovered over her collarbone and he was peeling off her wet black dress. She was totally and completely unafraid. She tugged at his sweatshirt and pulled it over his head. This wasn't something he was doing to her, or even something they were doing together. They were making something, or beginning something, or finishing something. Her bra fell away to the linoleum floor, his pants were kicked to the other end of the bed, and the rain shook the shutters. He moved on top of her and their lives became this moment, contained in the sheets, something that no one else would ever know, a secret to keep forever, the feeling of him inside of her

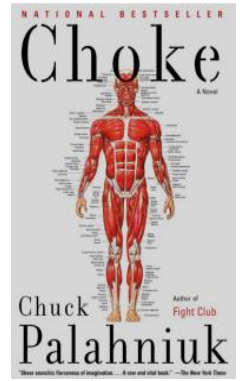
*Choke by Chuck Palahniuk (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Volcano Vista High School (Status: OUT)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities including bestiality; obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use; self-harm; controversial social commentary; and references to abortion



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 10:** In the 1950s a leading vacuum cleaner tried a little design improvement. It added a spinning propeller, a razor-sharp blade mounted a few inches inside the end of the vacuum hose. Inrushing air would spin the blade, and the blade would chop up any lint or string or pet hair that might clog the hose. At least that was the plan. What happened is a lot of these men raced to the hospital emergency room with their dicks mangled. ...That old urban legend about the surprise party for the pretty housewife, how all her friends and family hid in one room, and when they burst out and yelled "Happy birthday" they found her stretched out on the sofa with the family dog licking peanut butter from between her legs ...
- **Page 18:** For a sex addict, your tits, your dick, your clit or tongue or asshole is a shot of heroin, always there, always ready to use. ...Nico bears down hard, bucking my dog against the front wall of her insides, using two wet fingers on herself. ...Her big flower-print breasts. ...The juice coming off her is scalding hot.
- **Page 73:** What's even weirder, I tell him, is I'm figuring how I can turn my new popularity into a fast broom closet ram session with this tall nurse, maybe get her to throat my dog. A nurse thinks you're a caring nurturing guy who's patient with hopeless old people, and you're halfway to boning her. ...So no matter who I'm boning, I have to think about big infected animals, big roadkill raccoons all swollen up with gas and getting hit by fast trucks on the highway on a blistering day in the sun. ..."It's just that my internal addict is so strong," Denny says, "that I'm afraid to not be locked up. My life needs to be about more than just not jerking off." Other women, I say, no matter who, you can imagine them getting rammed. You know, straddling the driver's seat in some car, her G-spot, the back of her urethral sponge, getting hammered on by your fat hot slider. Or you can see her bent over the edge of a hot tub getting plugged.

CHOKER

By Chuck Palahniuk

I throw her on the bed. I put a knife to her throat. Then I rape her. ...So I'm hiding in the closet, naked with all her dry cleaning sticking to me, the pantyhose over my head, wearing sunglasses and holding the dullest knife I could find, waiting. ... With my knife hand, I grab the front edge of her lacy bathrobe and try to tug it off her shoulder. ...My dog's nosing higher and higher, and her warm slick butt crack's gumming me, and she says, "I need you to be a faceless attacker." ...That Monday night in her bedroom, pressed into me naked, she says, "I want you to hit me." She says, "But not too hard and not too soft. Just hit me hard enough so I come." ...She's grinding her butt against me, and she's got a kick-ass tanned little bod except her face is pale and waxy with too much moisturizer. In the mirrored closet door, I can see her front with my face peeking over her shoulder. Her hair and sweat pools in the crack where my chest and her back press together. ...She says, "How about if you just slap my ass." And I say, how about if she just shuts up and lets me rape her my way. ...Since she's just out of the shower, her bush is soft and full, not matted down the way it is when you first take off a woman's underwear. My free hand creeps around to between her legs, and she feels fake, rubbery and plastic. ... "A good rapist will plan his crime meticulously. He ritualizes every little detail. This should be almost like a religious ceremony." ...I ask if I get to shoot my wad. ...She goes to the dresser and comes back with a pink plastic vibrator. ...She says, "Just one time, I'd like to have an abusive relationship. Just once!" She says, "You can masturbate while you rape me. But only on the towel and only if you don't slop any on me." ... "When it's time," she says, "you can put your orgasm right here." ...Gwen sighs and sticks the vibrator in my face. "Use me!" she says.

"Degrade me, you stupid idiot! Demean me, you jerk-off! Debase me!" ...Gwen brings her knees up and they drop off to each side the way a book drops open, and I kneel on the edge of the towel and work the buzzing tip just inside the soft plastic edges of her. I work my dog with my other hand. ...She's laid back with her eyes closed and her legs spread. ...Plus the vibrator is slippery and hard to hang on to. ...Gwen opens one eye just a sliver, squinting down at my flogging the dog, and says, "Me first!" I'm wrestling my dog. I'm snaking Gwen. I'm snaking Gwen. This feels less like I'm a rapist than I'm a plumber. ...She says to play with her nipples with my other hand. ...And Gwen says, "Don't you dare," and she licks two fingers. She pins her eyes on mine and works her wet fingers between her legs, racing me. ...The second before you trigger, that feeling when your asshole starts to clench, that's when I turn toward the little spot on the towel Gwen said. Feeling stupid and paper-trained, my white soldiers start to toss, and maybe by accident they misjudge the trajectory and toss across her pink bedspread. ...Arc after arc sprays out, in hot cramping gobs of all sizes, all over the spread and the pillow shams, and the pink silk bed skirt. ...Spunk graffiti. ...Gwen's collapsed on the towel panting with her eyes closed, the vibrator humming inside her. Her eyes rolled back in her head, she's gushing between her fingers and whispering, "I beat you ..." ...She whispers, "You son of a bitch, I beat you ..." ...White soldier gobs are hanging all over the bed, the drapes, the wallpaper, and Gwen's still lying there, breathing hard, the vibrator angled halfway out of her. A second later, it slips free and flops around on the floor like a fleshy wet fish.

-Page 169

5

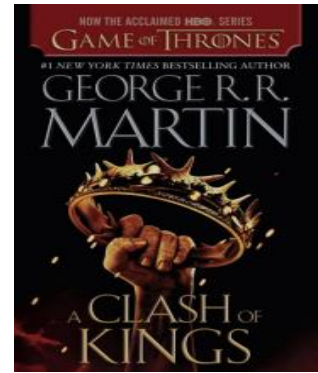
Absurd Content
BookLookz Review Rating

*A Clash Of Kings by George R.R. Martin (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Rio Grande High School (Status: LOST)
- Valley High School

- Juvenile
Detention
Center
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; gore; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 68:** Bending, Shae took her gown by the hem, drew it over her head, and tossed it aside. She did not believe in smallclothes. "You'll never be able to rest," she said as she stood before him, pink and nude and lovely, one hand braced on her hip. "You'll think of me every time you go to bed. Then you'll get hard and you'll have no one to help you and you'll never be able to sleep unless you"—she grinned that wicked grin Tyrion liked so well—"is that why they call it the Tower of the Hand, m'lord?" "Be quiet and kiss me," he commanded. He could taste the wine on her lips, and feel her small firm breasts pressed against him as her fingers moved to the lacings of his breeches. "My lion," she whispered when he broke off the kiss to undress. "My sweet lord, my giant of Lannister." Tyrion pushed her toward the bed. When he entered her, she screamed loud enough to wake Baelor the Blessed in his tomb, and her nails left gouges in his back. He'd never had a pain he liked half so well. ...Will you never learn, dwarf? She's a whore, damn you, it's your coin she loves, not your cock. Remember Tysha? Yet when his fingers trailed lightly over one nipple, it stiffened at the touch, and he could see the mark on her breast where he'd bitten her in his passion.
- **Page 169:** The girl's eyes grew wide, and not because he had bared her breasts. ...Theon's finger circled one heavy teat, spiraling in toward the fat brown nipple. ...He took her nipple in his mouth, and bit it until she gasped. "You can put it in me again, if it please you," she whispered in his ear as he sucked. When he raised his head from her breast, the skin was dark red where his mouth had marked her. "It would please me to teach you something new. Unlace me and pleasure me with your mouth." "With my mouth?" His thumb brushed lightly over her full lips. "It's what those lips were made for, sweetling. If you were my salt wife, you'd do as I command." She was timid at first, but learned quickly for such a stupid girl, which pleased him. Her mouth was as wet and sweet as her cunt, and this way he did not have to listen to her mindless prattle. Once I would have kept her as a salt wife in truth, he thought to himself as he slid his fingers through her tangled hair. ...His climax came on him sudden as a storm, and he filled the girl's mouth with his seed. Startled, she tried to pull away, but Theon held her tight by the hair. Afterward, she crawled up beside him. "Did I please milord?" "Well enough," he told her. "It tasted salty," she murmured. "Like the sea?" She nodded. "I have always loved the sea, milord." "As I have," he said, rolling her nipple idly between his fingers

A CLASH OF KINGS

By George R.R. martin

Shae had kicked off her blankets and sheets as she slept. She lay nude atop the featherbed, the soft curves of her young body limned in the faint glow from the hearth. Tyrion stood in the door and drank in the sight of her. Younger than Marci, sweeter than Dancy, more beautiful than Alayaya, she's all I need and more. How could a whore look so clean and sweet and innocent, he wondered? He had not intended to disturb her, but the sight of her was enough to make him hard. He let his garments fall to the floor, then crawled onto the bed and gently pushed her legs apart and kissed her between the thighs. Shae murmured in her sleep. He kissed her again, and licked at her secret sweetness, on and on until his beard and her cunt were both soaked. When she gave a soft moan and shuddered, he climbed up and thrust himself inside her and exploded almost at once. Her eyes were open. She smiled and stroked his head and whispered, "I just had the sweetest dream, m'lord." Tyrion nipped at her small hard nipple and nestled his head on her shoulder. He did not pull out of her; would that he

never had to pull out of her. "This is no dream," he promised her.

-Page 453

In one room, a beautiful woman sprawled naked on the floor while four little men crawled over her. They had rattish pointed faces and tiny pink hands, like the servitor who had brought her the glass of shade. One was pumping between her thighs. Another savaged her breasts, worrying at the nipples with his wet red mouth, tearing and chewing.

-Page 700

4/5

Not For Minors
BookLook's Review Rating

*Collateral: a novel by Ellen Hopkins (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

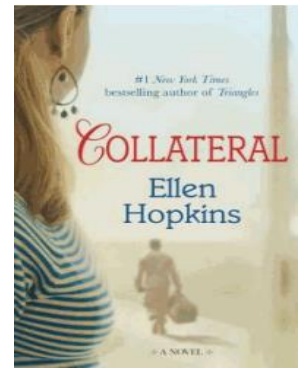
- Albuquerque High School
- Del Norte High School
- La Cueva High School
- Sandia High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use and abuse; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 77:** All Resistance Weakened All barriers lowered, when we got back to the apartment, Darian and Spence were hot and heavy through the door. They didn't waste a second, went straight back to her bedroom. Which left Cole and me alone in the front room. ...I slid my arms up around his neck, invitation heavy in the kiss I gave him. He lifted me as if I were weightless. Our lips never disconnected as he carried me to my room, eased me onto my bed. It was romantic. Sexy. And even sexier when he stopped, too, off his shirt. Marines have to be fit. But Cole was a whole different level of fit- every muscle chiseled and skin smooth as suede. I started to unbutton my blouse. No Let me. Please? I love how he asked permission, all the while taking complete control. I also loved how he didn't hurry. Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch. And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my California girl. The "My" Took me over the top. In that moment, I wanted to be his, and so gave him things I'd always resisted. BD (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow. I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn." He was down to boxers by then. BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little. It was intense, and all I wanted in those moments was to make him feel like the most important man in the world. ...SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED When he finally slipped inside me. If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable. As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection. A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sexsqueals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something. But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me. I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again. He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together. When our bodies were quite finished, still we stayed joined until we had no choice but to slip apart. Then Cole turned me on one side, urged me into the bowl of his body, held me there. Exceptional, he whispered into my hair. Extraordinary.



COLLATERAL

by Ellen Hopkins

Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch. And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my California girl...BD (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. *I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow.* I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn." ...BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. *I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little.* ...SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED When he finally slipped inside me. *If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable.* As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He slipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as *he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection.* A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sex-squeals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something. But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady oooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me. *I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again.* He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together.

-Page 77

He reached out. Touched my breasts with hands much too gentle for their size. Then they slid around my back, coaxed me forward, and his lips circled my right areola, sucked it like a baby might. Hungry. He sat me on his lap, his incredible erection straining against his pants, pushing his zipper into the thin strip of cloth covering my crotch. "Cole, I exhaled. "God, baby, I need you." ...*I kissed his eyes, his mouth, his neck, down his chest to granite hard penis, urged it into my mouth.* I am no expert, but did all I could to bring him all the way off. He came very close, but stopped short. No. I jerked off this morning, twice in fact, thinking about you and what we'd do.

-Page 152

He rips himself out of his pants, lifts my shirt, yanks off the bikini bottoms. His hands lace into my hair, hold my head against the pillow. He is inside me before he says, Don't you ever leave me like that again. Do you understand? He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips. I lift my own, wrap my legs around him, open myself to accept his metered plunging.

-Page 200

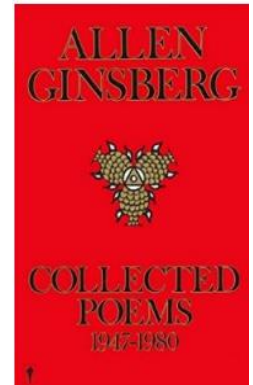
His mouth roamed my body freely, and every time his tongue made me squirm, he gripped harder. His kisses were laced with lust. ...*He plunged his face between my legs, driving into me with tongue and teeth and fingers until I begged him to stop.* No. It was a growl. *Give me your cream.* I had no choice, he made me come, but then I pleaded for, "More. Fuck me." ...*Suddenly, he was inside of me, driving into me with animal ferocity.* Wilderness, personified. There was lust there, yes. And more.... ...In one gigantic shudder, it was all released, right there in me.

-Page 397

*Collected Poems 1947-1980 by Allen Ginsberg (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Rio Grande High School
- Cibola High School
- Highland High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; controversial and inflammatory political commentary; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 128:** ...who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy, who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love, who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may, ...who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of consciousness...
- **Page 271:** come in the ass of my beloved, I lie back with my cock in the air to be kissedI prostrate my sphincter with my eyes tin the pillow, my legs are thrown up over your shoulder, I feel your buttocks with my hand a cock throbs I lie still my mouth in my assI kiss the hidden mouth, I have a third eye. I paint the pupils on my palm, and an eyelash that winks-
- **Page 432:** wantem to come in and lay my head down and shove it in and make me Come like I'm coming now, Come like I'm coming now, Come like I'm coming nowAhh-white drops fall,...
- **Page 637:** Lie down on your bellies I'll fuck your soft bun. Come heroic half naked young studs That drive automobiles through vaginal blood

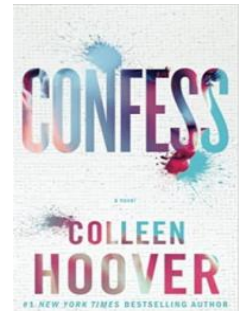
*Confess by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Juvenile Detention Center
- Nex+Gen

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; alternate sexualities; violence including attempted sexual assault; molestation; alcohol use; drug abuse; and controversial religious commentary.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 238:** “Say it,” he whispers, looking down at me. “I want to hear you tell me I deserve you.” I slide my hands up his arms, along the curves of his shoulders, up the sides of his neck, and into his hair. I look him directly in the eyes. “You deserve me, Owen.” He drops his forehead to the side of my head and grabs my leg, lifting it, locking it around his waist. “And you deserve me, Auburn.” He pushes into me, and I’m not sure which is louder- his groan or my sudden outburst of “Oh my God.” He buries himself deep inside me and holds still. He looks down at me breathlessly and smiles. “I can’t tell if you said that because this feels incredibly good to you or if you’re making fun of my initials again.”
- **Page 275:** Trey presses his cheek to mine, and I watch as Owen's eyes follow the path of Trey's hand. He trails it down my throat, between my breasts, and over my stomach. By the time his hand settles between my legs, I can taste the bile in my throat. I squeeze my eyes shut, because the look in Owen's eyes proves there's no way he's going to stand here and allow Trey to do this.

*A Court of Frost and Starlight by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Roosevelt Middle School
- Truman Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and violence

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 47:** Rhys sat, folding his wings behind him before reaching to pull me into his lap, but I dodged his hands and kept a healthy distance away. "Eat the food first." "Then I'll eat you after," he countered, grinning wickedly, but tore into the food.
- **Page 201:** He took his time. Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height. Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?" ... "Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless. He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then." ... My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle. But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me. So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me. "Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite." I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him. And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped. I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin. "About the way you taste." Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me. Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard. A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left. I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more. "But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue." My nails cut into his broad shoulders. "How even if we a thousand years together, I will never tire of this." Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me.
- **Page 173:** My lips curved as I sent him an image. A memory. Of me on the kitchen table just a few feet away. Of him kneeling before me. My legs wrapped around his head. Cruel, wicked thing

A COURT OF Frost and Starlight

BY SARAH J. MAAS

Another kiss, this one to the hollow of my throat as his hands slipped around my back and began to undo the hidden buttons of my dress...I arched my neck to given him better access, and he obliged, his tongue flicking over the spot he'd just kissed. "My plan," he went on, the dress sliding from me to pool on the rug, "involved this cabin, and a wall." ...My stomach tightened int anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy...Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was. "Do you want to begin at the wall, or finish there?" His words were guttural, barely recognizable, and the gleam in his eyes turned into something predatory..."Or shall it be the wall the entire time?"...Rhys didn't wait for my answer before kneeling before me, his wings draping over the rug. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. The pressed a kiss lower. Lower. My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder. Just as I found myself somehow leaning against the wall near the doorway, as if he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me. He took his time. **Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered**, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height. Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?" ... "Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless. He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then." ... My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle. But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me. So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me. "Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite." I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him. And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped. I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin.

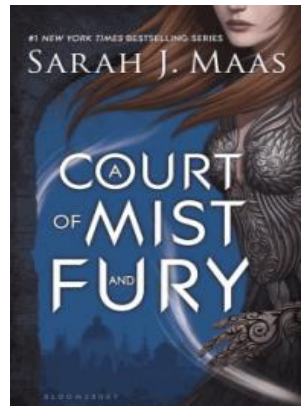
"About the way you taste." Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me. Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard. A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left. I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more. "But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue." ...Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me. Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand. He lowered his mouth to my breast and nipped- nipped, and then licked away the hurt that sent pleasure zinging through my blood. "How you let me do such naughty, terrible things to you." His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster. Rhys only chuckled softly, cruelly, as he withheld that all-out, unhinged joining I craved. I opened my eyes long enough to peer down, to where I could see him joined with me, moving so achingly slowly in and out of me. "Do you like watching?" he breathed. "Watching me move in you?" ...and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust. He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre. ...Look at how perfectly we fit. My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him...Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power... Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist... He gave me everything I wanted: the unleashed pounding of him inside my body- the unrelenting thrust and filling and slap of skin on skin, the slam of our bodies against wood. ...his body still moving in my own.....Rhys spilled into me with a roar...

-Page 201

*A Court of Mist and Fury by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Early College Academy/CEC
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School (Status: OUT)
- Rio Grande High School (in Spanish too)
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Jackson Middle School
- Truman Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 216:** ...thinking about sex, about anything but the Weaver of the Wood.
- **Page 318:** "If I fucked him for it, what would you do?" ... "You are always free to do what you want, with whomever you want. So if you want to ride him, go ahead."
- **Page 401:** "If you want an Illyrian male's attention, you'd be better off grabbing him by the balls. We're trained to protect our wings at all costs. Some males attack first, ask questions later, if their wings are touched without invitation." "And during sex?" The question blurted out. ... "During sex, an Illyrian male can find completion just by having someone touch his wings in the right spot." My blood thrummed. Dangerous territory; more lethal than the drop below. "Have you found that to be true?" His eyes stripped me bare. "I've never allowed anyone to see or touch my wings during sex. It makes you vulnerable in a way that I'm not...comfortable with." ... "Why?" he asked warily. I shrugged, fighting the upward tugging of my lips, "Because I bet you could get into so interesting positions with those wings."
- **Page 471:** couldn't breathe hard enough, fast enough, as Rhys withdrew his fingers, pulling back so I could meet his stare. He said, "I wanted to do that when I felt how drenched you were at the Court of Nightmares. I wanted to have you right there in the middle of everyone. But mostly I just wanted to do this." His eyes held mine as he brought those fingers to his mouth and sucked on them. On the taste of me.
- **Page 471:** was going to eat him alive. I slid a hand up to his chest to pin him down, but he gripped my wrist. "When you lick me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you lick me, Feyre," he said, pressing nipping kisses to my jaw, my neck, "I'm going to let myself roar loud enough to bring down a mountain. I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you, he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, "I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast."

A Court of MIST AND FURY



by Sarah J. Maas

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth....He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion. ...But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple...He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said, snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him...he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table....The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire. I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast. He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely. A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly—I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving.... But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor. ...I wanted the wall- I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and

set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My

mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me....Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch. ...Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. ...I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. ...Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow. ...Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. ...With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. ...I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end....Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt.

-Page 530

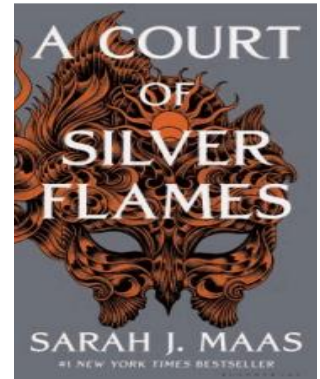
4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLook's Review Rating

*A Court of Silver Flames by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School (In Spanish too)
- Vally High School
- West Mesa High School (Status: OUT)
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; and graphic violence..

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 12:** She ransacked her wine-soaked memory as she returned to the bedroom, dodging piles of books and lumps of clothing, recalling heated glances at the tavern, the wet, hot meeting of their mouths, the sweat coating her as she rode him until pleasure and drink sent her into blessed oblivion, but not his name
- **Page 102:** He had no idea how it had happened: how he'd gone from mocking Nesta to taunting her with his own bedroom habits. Then imagining her hand wrapped around him, pumping him, until he was a heartbeat away from exploding out of his chair and leaping into the skies. He knew Az had been well aware of the shift in his scent. How his skin had become too tight at the way she said his name, his cock an insistent ache rubbing against the buttons of his pants. ...The thought of that one hand led him back to her hand, squeezing him rough and hard, just the way he liked it—
- **Page 256:** Nesta had made herself focus during the lesson, but as soon as she'd left them in the training ring, filthy thoughts had poured in, leaving her half-distracted while she'd walked to the library. The thought of Cassian pumping into her mouth while Azriel pounded into her from behind, the two of them working her in tandem

A Court of SILVER FLAMES

by Sarah J. Maas

They only made it as far as his desk against the wall before she'd grabbed him right as he'd pushed her down onto the wooden surface and stripped off her pants.

Bent over the desk, her bottom half entirely exposed, Nesta ground her aching nipples into the wood surface, savoring the brutal crush. Her jacket, her shirt, her boots all stayed on. In fact, her pants were only pushed down to her ankles, restricting her movement further. Leaving her utterly at his mercy.

And his cock at last sank deep into her, the two of them groaned. He stood behind her, on hand braced on the desk, the other clenching her hip as he pulled out nearly to the tip, then pushed back in slowly. Nesta writhed.

"I could fuck you for days," he said against her sweaty neck. She moaned into a pile of papers. "I'm fucking soaked with you," he growled, and the hand at her hip slid around to tease the apex of her thighs.

He pounded into her at a steady, deep pace. The liquid slide of his cock into her sounded obscenely through his otherwise silent bedroom. His balls brushed against her, tickling her with each powerful thrust.

"Harder." She wanted him imprinted on her very bones.

"Fuck," he exploded on a breath, and pulled back from where he'd braced himself. "Hold on to the desk," he ordered, and Nesta stretched to grip the edges just as his hands landed on her hips. His thighs pushed into her own, spreading her further as wide as she could go and he gave no warning before his hands tightened and he unleashed himself.

Exquisite, punishing thrusts slammed so deep he hit her innermost wall, and her eyes rolled back into her head at the sheer bliss of it. He became savage, unrelenting. She might have been sobbing at the pleasure, the sheer size of him, so large there would never be any getting used to it. Every unrelenting push had her inching against the desk, the wood and papers teasing her breasts, and she nearly wept at that, too.

Cassian's fingers dug into her hips so hard Nesta knew she'd bruise, loved that she'd bruise. He shifted his stance, and his cock plunged even deeper, rubbing against that spot, and the sounds that came from her weren't human or Fae, but something far more primal.

"Fuck, yes," he snarled at her abandon. "That's it, Nesta." He accentuated each word with a savage thrust. "Do I feel good to you?" She whimpered her confirmation, then managed to say, "I like it when you ride me hard. Every time I move and my body is sore..." She had to fight for words. For control. "I think of you. Of your cock." "Good. I want my cock to be the only thing you think about." His pace faltered as he licked the column of her neck. She could hear the taunting smile in his words as he whispered, "Because your pretty little cunt is the only thing I think about."

At the words, his foul language, her toes curled. But she wouldn't let him win this one, not when this had somehow become a competition for who could make the other come first, so she whispered, "I love being so covered in your seed that it leaks out of me for ages afterward, I love feeling it slide down my thighs and knowing you left your mark in me."

"Fuck," he blew out, his pounding wild now, so unchecked only her hold on the desk kept her feet on the ground.

Cassian came with a roar, and at the first pulse of his cock spurting deep into her, she climaxed, screaming loud enough that he clamped a hand over her mouth. She bit down on his fingers, and he kept moving in her spilling himself over and over. Until his seed was again running down her thighs, until he slid his fingers through a stream of it and brought it up to that spot at the apex of her sex. "You have no idea what you just started," he whispered in her ear, smearing his wetness there, rubbing into her sensitive flesh with idle circles.

Nesta didn't reply as his fingers flicked against her, and she came again.

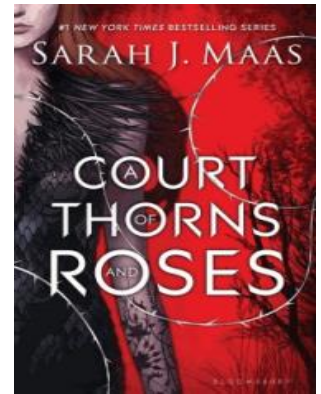
-Page 516



*A Court of Thorns and Roses by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Early College Academy/CEC
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School (Status: OUT)
- Manzano High School (Status: OUT)
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School (Status: OUT)
- Valley High School (Status: OUT)
- West Mesa High School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains graphic violence; explicit sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities; and mild profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 197:** His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot, a moan slipped past my lips. ...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs. Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere
- **Page 239:** "She has the most delicious thoughts about you, Tamlin" he said. "She's wondered about the feeling of your fingers on her thighs- between them, too." He chuckled. Even as he said my most private thoughts, even as I burned with outrage and shame, I trembled at the grip still on my mind. Rhysand turned to the High Lord. "I'm curious: Why did she wonder if it would feel good to have you bite her breast the way you bit her neck?"
- **Page 245:** "Give me everything," I breathed. He lunged, a beast freed of its tether. We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside m in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him. We moved together, unending and wild and burning, an when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me

A Court of Thorns and Roses

By Sarah J. Maas

His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot, a moan slipped past my lips. ...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs. Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere.

-Page 197

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves. He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below. His kissing was slower this time- gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath.

...With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and **his kisses deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me,** and breathed his name onto his skin. He paused again- his fingers retracting- but I grabbed him, pulling him further on top of me. I wanted him now- I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. "Don't stop," I gasped out. "I-" he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. "If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all." I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my

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

The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord's power focused solely on me- and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in it's lessened state. But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him he wouldn't balk. "Give me everything," I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether. We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. **His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me,** stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside m in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him. We moved together, unending and wild and burning, an when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

-Page 245

4/5

Not For Minors
BookLook's Review Rating

*A Court of Wings and Ruin by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (status: OUT)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School (Status: OUT)
- West Mesa High School

- Truman Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities; mild profanity; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 138:** I let my towel drop to the carpet. Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart raging beneath my palm. “Ready for ravishing.” My words didn’t come out with the swagger I’d intended. Not when Rhys’s answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. “I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities.” He lifted a finger, and my breath came hard and fast as he idly circled one of my breasts, then the other. In ever-tightening rings. “I could start here,” he murmured. I clenched my thighs together. He noted the movement, that dark smile growing. And just before his finger reached the tip of my breast, just before he gave me what I was about to beg for, his finger slid upward—to my chest, my neck, my chin. Right to my mouth. He traced the shape of my lips, a whisper of touch. “Or I could start here,” he breathed, slipping the tip of his finger into my mouth. I couldn’t help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger. But Rhys withdrew his finger with a soft groan, making a downward path.
- **Page 138:** He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, “Or ...” I couldn’t think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. “Or?” I managed to breathe. His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched—we both watched—his broad finger venture down. “Or I could start here,” he said, the words guttural and raw. I didn’t care—not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. “Here would be nice,” he observed, his breathing uneven. “Or maybe even here,” he finished, and plunged that finger inside me.
- **Page 198:** I rolled my eyes, even as I tried to shut out the image of Rhysand laying me on my stomach, then kissing his way down my spine. Lower. Tried to shut out the feeling of his strong hands gripping my hips and lifting them up, up, until he lay beneath them and feasted on me, until I was quietly begging him and he rose behind me and I had to bite my pillow to keep from waking the whole house with my moaning.
- **Page 218:** A feline smile. He held my stare as his tongue brushed his bottom lip. My breasts tightened beneath my shirt, and his gaze dropped—watching. “I would have thought,” he mused, “that our bout this morning would be enough to tide you over until tonight.” His hand slid between my legs, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me, and my cheeks heated in its wake. “Apparently, I didn’t do a good enough job sating you, if you’re so easily riled after a few hours.” “Prick,” I breathed, but the word was ragged. His thumb pressed down harder, circling roughly. Rhys leaned in again, kissing my neck—that place right under my ear—and said against my skin, “Let’s see what names you call me when my head is between your legs, Feyre darling.”

*Crank by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cuevas High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School (Status: out)
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- NextGen
- Garfield Middle School
- Jackson Middle School (status: out)
- Kennedy Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; profanity; and drug abuse

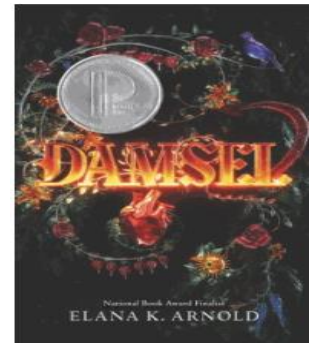
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 96:** Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you. Sweetest coercion. Let me eat you up. Skin to skin, belly to shoulder. Sweet as puddin'. It was body rush after body rush, intensity building. Touch me there. Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition. See how much I need you? Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door. No! Don't stop now! ...I've got to have all of you. t was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.
- **Page 114:** Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground. No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.
- **Page 163:** Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice Unhurried hands lifted my shirt Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch I was ready to do it oh, so ready. Right that very instant.

*Damsel by Elana Arnold (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School (Status: LOST)
- West Mesa High School
- Kennedy Middle School
- Madison Middle School
- LCE Multicultural Library
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; and sexual nudity; and infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 107:** She raised herself up onto her elbows, and would have sat fully erect but for Emory's insistent hand on her shoulder, pinning her there, and then his insistent mouth slashing down across her own. His mouth was hot and wet and open and tasted of the evening's wine and meat. Underneath the weight of him- his mouth, first, and then his chest across hers, pressing Ama back into the mattress- Ama felt breathless and trapped, as if she had been submerged underwater. ...The rest of her became part of the landscape of the room- her lips, pressed into Emory's teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest, pulling apart the ribbons of her chemise, spreading open the cloth, and finding her bare skin beneath. His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled. But when Emory tugged up at the hem of Ama's shift, bunching the fabric at her waist and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened, Sorrow growled once more. ...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone. Emory cleared his throat, lifted himself from the bed, and arranged his yard, which stood in his trousers, hard and demanding.
- **Page 161:** She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body.
- **Page 284:** "We are but three days from our wedding, Ama," Emory murmured. "I am your secret-keeper, and soon to be your husband. Surely you would not deny me a taste of your sweetness, now, this day, after the favors I have given you?" He didn't wait for an answer, and still he did not free Ama's hands. Holding them both in one of his, he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama's fingers to the shaft of him. A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama's fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama's hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama's fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama's hands, still encased in Emory's. A moment passed, during which the only sounds were Emory's labored gasps and the intermittent squeaking of carriage wheels. When Emory's breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama's hands, which were still wrapped around the king's yard, now softening and shrinking. Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him.

Damsel

by Elana K. Arnold

She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body. - page 161

...her lips, pressed into Emory's teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest... His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled.

...and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened... ...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.

- page 107

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- page 284



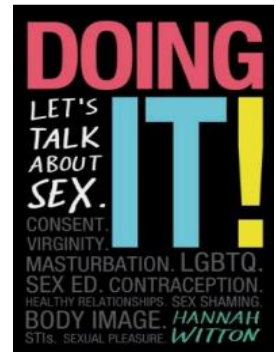
*Doing It! By Hannah Witton (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexualities; and alternate gender ideologies; alcohol use; mild profanity; and abortion commentary.



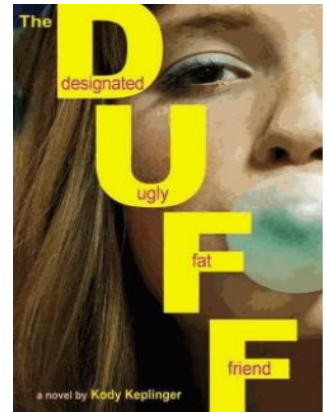
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 39: ALTERNATIVES TO MONOGAMY** It's important to remember that just because a relationship isn't monogamous (exclusive), that doesn't mean it's not healthy. A lot of people are in open (nonexclusive) relationships or are polyamorous (have more than one partner), but this is not the same as cheating. ...In society, monogamy is the norm, but other types of relationships are just as valid if that's what works for the people involved. I've always wondered if I'd be able to have an open relationship, and, although the idea sounds cool, I don't know if it's be able to hack it in reality. You do you, I say, and don't judge others for their choices. ...S. F. on Polyamory ...I loved each of my partners very much, but I was constantly struggling with the fact that I wanted to be with other people as well. I knew polyamory, to varying extents, existed—being in more casual relationships, being in an open relationship, being able to see multiple people at the same time—and after way too long worrying over what it would mean for me and what others would think of me if I were to label myself that way, I decided to try it. Since then, I have dated maybe twenty-five people. ...I happen to be pansexual as well as polyamorous, meaning I am attracted to people of all genders, but this doesn't have to be the case. I know people of a whole variety of sexualities who are polyamorous. I also sometimes see more than one person as a unit. I've dated a few couples and even a trio of people, but some polyamorous people prefer to only see partners one-on-one. This is all still under the umbrella of polyamory, which just means to knowingly and consensually engage in relationships with multiple people and have your partners do the same.
- **Page 54:** My tips for having non-painful sex: lube go slow lots of foreplay relax, breathe, and have fun remember you can stop at any point be in a position where you are in control i.e. on top

**The Duff: Designated Ugly Fat Friend* by Kody Keplinger

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Rio Grande High School (Status: LOST)
- Sandia High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Madison Middle School
- Truman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary: (4/5 Rating)

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol abuse; alternate sexualities; and controversial social commentary

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 131** - *"Suddenly, I felt Wesley's breath hit the back of my neck. He'd gotten up from the floor and slid up behind me without me realizing it. His arms slid around my waist from behind, his fingers undoing the button of my jeans before I could stop him."*
- **Page 167** - *We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me.*

"No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this."

I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees, one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination.

I'd heard Vicky and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it...

My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,...oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and- "Oh, shit."

The Duff

By Kody Keplinger

His lips were moving down my neck, sending an electric current up my spine. "Oh," he growled playfully. "I do." I laughed as he shoved me to the floor, one of his hands perfectly catching the space above my left hip where I was most ticklish. ...Suddenly, I felt Wesley's breath hit the back of my neck. He'd gotten up from the floor and slid up behind me without me realizing it. His arms slid around my waist from behind, his fingers undoing the button of my jeans before I could stop him. ...I couldn't focus on a word Casey was saying as Wesley's hand slid beneath the waistband of my pants, his fingers moving lower and lower. I couldn't say a word. I couldn't tell him to stop or show any reaction at all. If I did, Casey would know I wasn't alone. But, God, I could feel my whole body turning into a ball of fire. Wesley was laughing against my neck, knowing he was driving me crazy. ...I bit my lip to keep from gasping as Wesley's fingers slipped to places that made my knees shake. I could feel the smirk on his lips as they moved to my ear. Asshole. He was trying to torture me. I couldn't handle it much longer. ...Wesley bit my earlobe and pushed my jeans even lower with his free hand as the other continued to make me shiver. "Casey, I have to go." "What? B, I—" I snapped the phone shut and dropped it on the floor. I pushed Wesley's arms away from me and spun around to face him. Sure enough, he was grinning. "You son of a—" "Hey," he said, raising his hands in surrender. "You said not to say anything. You didn't say I couldn't—"

-Pages 130-132

Before I knew what was happening, Wesley had grabbed me by the hips and was pushing me into my bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind us,

spun me around, and slammed me against the wall, where he began kissing me so hard that I thought my head might pop off. ...I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back. He tightened his grip on my waist and shoved my jeans down as low as they would go without unbuttoning. Then he slid his hands under the elastic band of my underwear and rubbed his fingers along my hot, tingling skin.

-Page 165

We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley still managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. ... "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this." I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees, one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I'd heard Vikki and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. ...It was kind of weird at first, but then it wasn't anymore. ...My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,... oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and— "Oh, shit." Wesley jumped away from me.

-Page 167

4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooker Review Rating

*Empire of Storms by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School (also in Spanish)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Jimmy Carter Middle School
- John Adams Middle School
- Madison Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Next+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; violence; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 23:** “Tempting as it might be,” Rowan said, nipping her ear in a way that made it hard to think, “I need to be on my way in an hour.” To scout the land ahead for any threats. Featherlight kisses brushed over her jaw, her cheek. “And what I said still holds. I’m not taking you against a tree the first time.” “It wouldn’t be against a tree—it’d be in a pool.” A dark laugh against her now-burning skin. It was an effort to keep from taking one of his hands and guiding it up to her breasts, to beg him to touch, take, taste. “You know, I’m starting to think you’re a sadist.” “Trust me, I don’t find it easy, either.” He tugged her a bit harder against him, letting her feel the evidence pushing with impressive demand against her backside. She nearly groaned at that, too. Then Rowan pulled away, and she frowned at the loss of his warmth, at the loss of those hands and that body and that mouth.
- **Page 378:** No, he’d been too busy contemplating what sounds might come from that full mouth if he slowly, gently, taught her the art of the bedroom. The attack, Lorcan supposed, was Hellas’s way of telling him to keep his cock in his pants and mind out of the gutter.
- **Page 661:** “Take off your shirt.” Aelin hesitated—realizing where this was going. Why Cairn’s belt carried a whip. “Take off your shirt.” Aelin tugged her shirt out of her pants and slung it over her head, tossing it in the sand beside her. Then she removed the flexible cloth around her breasts. “Varik, Heiron.” Two Fae males came forward. Aelin didn’t fight as they each gripped her by an arm and hauled her up. Spread her arms wide. The sea air kissed her breasts, her navel.

EMPIRE OF STORMS

BY SARAH J. MAAS

She didn't give him the chance to explain as she traced her tongue over the seam of his lips, as her fingers unlatched the buckle of his worn sword belt... And just to see what he'd do, she palmed him through his pants. Rowan barked a curse... A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his lips nestling against hers. She gasped a bit at the touch, gasped a bit more as his knuckle grazed the heavy, aching underside of her breast. As he leaned down to kiss the other. His teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her... His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder. Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up.... She might have panicked, might have been mortified, had he not lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. "You're magnificent," he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth. The hardness of him pushed against her, and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs... She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head- not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him....But Rowan gripped her wrist, drawing her hand away. She opened her mouth in protest, wanting to touch more, to taste more. "Let me," Rowan growled onto the sea-slick skin between her breasts....

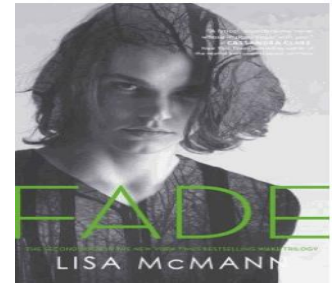
"Do your worst, Prince." Rowan's smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him....Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip. Aelin couldn't take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs.... She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire.... Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and kingdom and a world to look after. When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them.... He leaned in, claiming her mouth as he began to move, and they let go entirely.... And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him. Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan's as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass. Rowan's own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water.... On and on, he spilled himself in her....

-Page 349

**Fade* by Lisa McMann

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy (Status: LOST)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School



Explicit Content Summary (3/5 Rating):

- This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities including rape; profanity; and illegal drug use

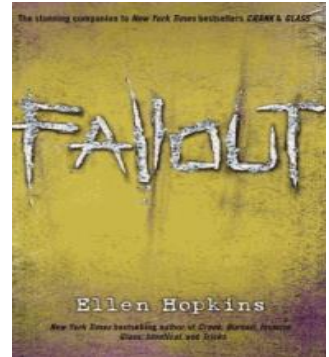
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 13** - *Cabel squints, "Fucking teachers, fucking students? Is that a slam on Fieldridge teachers and students, or is it, you know, literal?"*
- **Page 69** - *Mr. Durbin pats her on the shoulder. "Nicely done, Janie." She grins. Takes off her safety glasses. And his hand is still on her shoulder. Caressing it now. Janie's stomach churns. Oh god, she thinks. She wants to get away. He's smiling proudly at her. His hand slides down her back just a little, so lightly she can hardly feel it, and then to the small of her back.*
- **Page 101** - *She reaches between her breasts and unhooks her bra... "I want you to touch me," she says, taking his hand and guiding it. "Okay?" "Oh god." She pulls a newly purchased condom from her pocket. Sets the package on the skin of her belly. Reaches for his jeans. Cabel, momentarily rendered speechless, helpless, and thoughtless except for wanting her, sighs in shudders as he touches her skin, her breasts, her thighs, and then, as the light fades from the window, they are kissing as if their lives depend on their shared breath, and urgently making love for the first time, with their eyes and bodies, like it's the only chance they'll ever have.*
- **Page 184** - *On the way to Mr. Durbin's bedroom, Janie waves at Coach Crater. "Hey," she says, turning back to Mr. Durbin. "Wasn't Stacey here? Before?" "She's still here, Janie." His words are deliberate, like he's concentrating. "She's fucking Chris in the other bedroom, so we can fuck in here."*
- **Page 186** - *Coach Crater goes inside and comes back with a joint. "How's this, Buffy?"*
- **Page 187** - *And then Coach Crater comes out too. Mr. Wang is kissing her neck, and Coach is telling her how hot she is and feeling her up, and he says something about bench pressing.*
- **Page 200** - *"... he raped Stacey before Baker and Cobb got there. They found his DNA. She asked for the morning-after pill. She doesn't remember anything that happened last night." Cabel's hands grip the steering wheel. His knuckles are white. Janie's quiet. "Fuck," she says.*
- **Page 231** - *"Still no memory of any of it, huh? Yeah, that's the way it is with those date-rape drugs. That's also why so many rapes go unnoticed or unreported. The memory loss allows sickos, like Durbin and his ilk, to get away with that shit time after time..."*

*Fallout by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cuevas High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities, sexual nudity, profanity, drug abuse and alcohol use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 7:** It started with a court-ordered summer visit to Kristina's druggie dad. ...Mom says he wandered in late to my baptism, dragging Kristina along, both of them wearing the stench of monster sweat. ...They'd been up all night, catching a monstrous buzz. It wasn't the first time they'd partied together. That was in Albuquerque, where dear old Gramps lives, and where Kristina met the guy who popped her just-say-no-to-drugs cherry."
- **Page 25:** "sheets on her bed are black satin. Slick beneath desire- dampened skin. Her hair is like a sunburst against the onyx-colored pillowcase. Its perfume spices the air with ginger and some exotic bloom. The scent fuels my hunger for her body. I want to own it, merge with it, become part of her. Hurry, she urges. But the tease is almost the best part of the game, so I bring her close and closer with my hands and mouth and finally I am inside her. I can't get enough, so we go and go until the only thing left is to finish. And still I want more."

*Fight Club by Chuck Palahniuk (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy (status: out)
- Del Norte High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School (Status: OUT)
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; references to aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; references to abortion and suicide; alcohol use; and profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 29:** What else a projectionist shouldn't do: Tyler makes slides out of the best single frames from a movie. The first full frontal movie anyone can remember had the naked actress Angie Dickinson. ...By the time a print of this movie had shipped from the West Coast theaters to the East Coast theaters, the nude scene was gone. One projectionist took a frame. Another projectionist took a frame. Everybody wanted to make a naked slide of Angie Dickinson. Porno got into theaters and these projectionists, some guys they built collections that got epic. ...You're a projectionist and you're tired and angry, but mostly you're bored so you start by taking a single frame of pornography collected by some other projectionist that you find stashed away in the booth, and you splice this frame of a lunging red penis or a yawning wet vagina close-up into another feature movie. This is one of those pet adventures, when the dog and cat are left behind by a traveling family and must find their way home. In reel three, just after the dog and cat, who have human voices and talk to each other, have eaten out of a garbage can, there's the flash of an erection. ...A single frame in a movie is on the screen for one-sixtieth of a second. Divide a second into sixty equal parts. That's how long the erection is.
- **Page 56:** All night long, I dreamed I was humping Marla Singer
- **Page 103:** Kneeling next to Marla's bed with my hands still cold from outside, feeling Marla's cold skin a little at a time, rubbing a little of Marla between my fingers every inch, Marla says those warts that are God's French ticklers give women cervical cancer. So I was sitting on the paper belt in an examining room at the medical school while a medical student sprays a canister of liquid nitrogen on my dick and eight medical students watched.



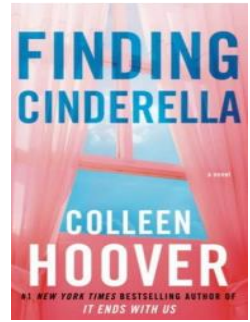
*Finding Cinderella by Colleen Hoover (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Nex+Gen

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities and profanity.



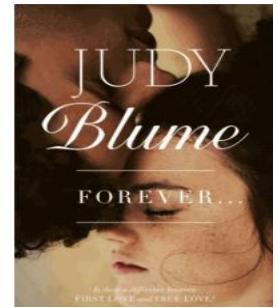
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 14:** I'm on my knees now, quietly gathering our clothes. After I slip my shirt over my head, I pull her up and help her with her own shirt. I stand up and pull on my jeans, then help her to her feet. I rest my chin on top of her head and pull her against me, recognizing the perfect fit
- **Page 44:** "I've had sex with six different people." "At once?" I say. She shoves my arm. "Stop. I'm trying to be honest with you here. I'm only eighteen and I lost my virginity when I was sixteen. Plus, I haven't had sex in about a year, so if you add it up, that's six people in just a little over fifteen months. That's like whole new person every two and a half months. Only sluts do that." "Why have you not had sex in over a year?" ... "Why have you not had sex in over a year?" I say again. "You didn't like any of the boys you met in Italy?"

*Forever by Judy Blume (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Ernie Pyle Middle School
- Jimmy Carter Middle School
- Kennedy Middle School
- L.B. Johnson Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Cochiti Elementary School
- Douglas MacArthur Elementary School
- George I. Sanchez Collaborative Community School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexually explicit excerpts involving minors

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 77:** "Katherine...I'd like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She's a very good friend of mine." "Does every penis have a name?" "I can only speak for my own." In books penises are always described as hot and throbbing but Ralph felt like ordinary skin. Just his shape was different- that and the fact that he wasn't smooth, exactly- as if there a lot going on under the skin. I don't know why I'd been so nervous about touching Michael. Once I got over being scared I let my hands go everywhere. I wanted to feel every part of him. While I was experimenting, I asked, "Is this alright?" And Michael whispered, "Everything's right." When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn't let go of Ralph.
- **Page 105:** This time I try to relax and think of nothing- nothing but how my body felt- and then Ralph was pushing against me and I whispered, "Are you in...are we doing it?" "Not yet," Michael said, pushing harder. "I don't want to hurt you." "Don't worry...just do it!" "I'm trying, Kath...but it's very tight in there." "What should I do?" "Can you spread your legs some more...and maybe raise them a little?" "Like this?" "That's better...much better." I could feel him halfway inside me and then Michael whispered, "Kath...." "What?" "I think I'm going to come again." I felt a big thrust, followed by a quick sharp pain that made me suck in my breath. "Oh...oh," Michael cried, but I didn't come. I wasn't even close, "I'm sorry," he said, "I couldn't hold off."
- **Page 139:** "But you said..." He didn't let me finish. Instead, he kneeled with me and as we kissed Ralph grew bigger and hard. I undressed myself, while Michael watched. Ralph stuck straight out, as if he was watching too. We mad love on the bathroom rug, but just when I was getting really excited, Michael came. I wondered what it would ever work out right between us. "I'm sorry," he said. "I just couldn't wait...it's been a few weeks." "That's okay." We got into bed and fell asleep for an hour and when we woke up Ralph was hard again. This time Michael made it last much longer and I got so carried away I grabbed his backside with both hands, trying to push him deeper and deeper into me- and I spread my legs as far apart as I could- and I raised my hips off the bed and I moved with him, again and again and again- and at last, I came. I came right before Michael and as I did I made noises, just like my mother. Michael did too. While he was still on top of me, catching his breath, I started laughing. "I came..." I told him. "I actually came too." "I know," he said, "I felt it...is that what's so funny?"

Forever...

BY JUDY BLUME

I straddled him, helping Ralph find the right angle, and when he was inside me I moved slowly- up, down and around- up, down and around- until I couldn't control myself anymore. "Oh God...oh, Michael...now...now" And then I came. I came before he did. But I kept moving until he groaned and as he finished I came again, not caring about anything- anything but how good it felt -Page 174

His hair down there is almost the color as on his head, but curlier. Mine is very dark, much darker than on my head. "Hello Ralph..." I said, kneeling in front of Michael. Ralph was small and soft and just hung there. ...as we kissed Ralph grew bigger and hard. I undressed myself, while Michael watched. Ralph stuck straight out, as if he was watching too. We had love on the bathroom rug, but just when I was getting really excited, Michael came.

... when we woke up Ralph was hard again. This time Michael made it last much longer and I got so carried away I grabbed his backside with both hands, trying to push him deeper and deeper into me- and I spread my legs as far apart as I could- and I raised my hips off the bed- and I moved with him, again and again and again- and at last, I came. I came right before Michael and as I did I made noises, just like my mother. Michael did too.

-Page 139

He rolled over on top of me and we moved together again and again and it felt so good I didn't ever want to stop- until I came. ...He led my hand to his penis. "Katherine...I'd like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She's a very good friend of mine." ... When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn't let go of Ralph.

-Page 77

4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

*Forever For A Year by B.T. Gottfred (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Manzano High School
- Volcano Vista High School (Status: LOST)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alternate sexualities; profanity; suicide commentary; violence; sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and controversial racial commentary.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 162:** And then he kissed me while I was talking and his lips were opened this time and so were my lips and so it wasn't like they were just pressing into each other, but instead our mouths were wet and they slid across each other, and over each other's lips, and then our mouths closed and then opened again and kissed again, and now I could feel his tongue, so I pressed my tongue against his, and gosh, this was so intense, I felt like our mouths were eating each other but it was exciting and I wanted to eat him more and him to eat me, and my head got light and I grabbed on to his shoulders so I wouldn't fall, which pulled us tighter together, and he put his right arm around my back and pulled me even closer than that. And we kept kissing, our mouths rolling into and over each other, and our tongues touching, and I could feel saliva going down my chin but I didn't care, I just wanted to keep him near me
- **Page 177:** ...it made me feel like watching pornography would alter my brain and I would be corrupted forever. But seeing that twelve-year-old in the documentary, and feeling like such a little girl, I knew I had to grow up and watch porn even if it totally messed me up. So I did. ...Gosh, what you can see in movies and music videos and even commercials was kind of sexier anyway, it's just these people were naked and having real sex, except they looked fake, and I don't know, they acted so silly. They just banged and almost never kissed. The shapes, and all the penises and vaginas were definitely super weird and I had to look away and I got this sick feeling... ...but I only watched porn one other time with Peggy over the summer and we both laughed but then got uncomfortable and turned it off. "When we were kissing," I decided to tell Kendra, "his penis got a hard-on and pressed against my leg."
- **Page 221:** HE WAS THRUSTING FASTER AND FASTER, AND I STARTED TO get a little scared, like he couldn't control it and I couldn't control him and I almost let go but then I was-worried about letting go, so I just held on and didn't do anything but grip it tighter and tighter as he moved faster and faster until . . . He grunted really loud and then, gush. Oh my GOSH. It went into his underwear, but also on my hand. It was hot and really gross. So gross. But don't think it's gross, Carolina. But it was, and he stopped thrusting and his whole body was shaking, like he was sick, so I reached my free arm around and pulled him close. To steady him. He was scared too. Which I liked. Then he stopped kissing me and then he said, "I'm sorry." "Why . . ." was he sorry? But I couldn't finish the sentence. "I . just . . . are you okay?" "Yes, I mean, yes . . . are you okay? Did I do a good job?" Oh, please, let me have done a good job! "You did, oh my God, Carolina, it felt better than anything I have ever felt in my life."

Forever for a year

By B.T. Gottfred

Then we took off our shirts. And she reached down my pants. Which felt incredible, like always, but...I don't know. I wanted a new kind of incredible too. I said, "Can I take off your bra?"... Then we kissed with even more crazy passion than usual and eventually she touched me and I came. She put her bra back on, but we left our shirts off,... But only after I asked if she'd take her bra off again. When we woke up, I was excited again. So I kissed her and she kissed me. And then she grabbed me, but then I said, "Can I touch you?" "I want to make you have an orgasm."... "I know," she said, then she grabbed my hand and pushed it toward the top of her jeans. And I reached down and felt her pubic hair and she gasped. "I promise," I said, and then I unzipped her jeans and slid them off. She was naked except for her underwear. Then she undid my jeans and pulled them off. I had to help at the end because I'm taller. So I was naked except for my underwear too. I looked at her whole body, up and down, and caressed it with my right hand... She reached again behind and both our hands undid the bra together. Then she slid it off and there she was, Carolina, and her naked boobs. They were small. She was right. They didn't look anything like what I saw on the internet... "Can I touch them?" ... "You've touched them before." ... "Yes, but never without your bra." ... "Yes, silly, you can touch them."

So I did. And then I kissed her. And then I pulled her against my chest and I loved the feel of her cool nipples against mine... "This feels so good," I said when we took a break from making out. The we kissed with even more crazy passion than usual and eventually she touched me and I came.

-Page 236

Trevor was naked and I could feel him, his penis, the tip, I could feel it on my, you know, and it kept rubbing against me and it felt so good. So tingling. ... I kept scrunching my butt lower so that I would be closer to him, so that he would know he could do it... We weren't wearing a condom. Oh my gosh. We didn't have a condom. But it was okay. You can't get pregnant on your first time. Obviously you can... I wanted to have sex... "I..." I started, but then I could feel my penis slip inside so I couldn't talk. More than just the tip. It was more than just more than the tip. It was like my whole body went inside her and she was this huge warm lake and I was swimming... Like this is exactly where my penis should be... I mean, I was having sex with her.

-Page 306

4/5

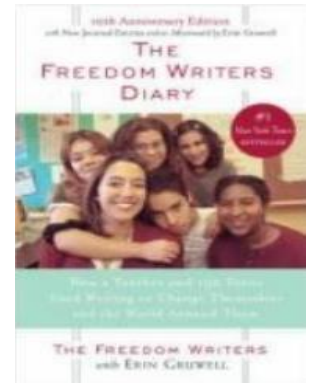
Not For Minors
BookScribe Review Rating

*The Freedom Writers Diary by Erin Gruwell (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (available in DVD)
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (available in DVD)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School (Available in DVD)
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School only in DVD
- Manzano High School (also on DVD)
- Rio Grande High School (also on DVD)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School only on DVD
- Volcano Vista High School (also on DVD)
- West Mesa High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Eisenhower Middle School
- Garfield Middle School

- Hayes Middle School
- Jefferson Middle School
- John Adams Middle School
- McKinley Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School
- Truman Middle School only on DVD
- Wilson Middle School (also on DVD)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; profanity and derogatory terms; violence including child abuse and molestation; hate including racist commentary; alcohol and drug abuse..

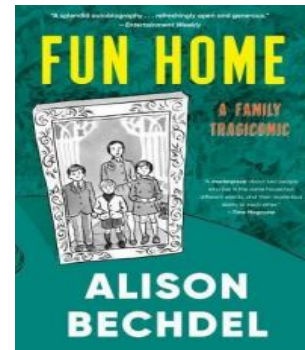
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 127:** "Hmm? What is that? Who's touching me?" Whatever it was. I didn't like it...it was Uncle Joe. What was he doing to me? Whatever it was, I wanted him to stop. I opened my mouth to tell him to stop, but the words wouldn't come. It was as if a ton of bricks had fallen on me, knocking the air from my lungs, making me unable to speak. I felt his body right next to mine and his breathing got stronger and stronger. He was touching me in places I didn't know could make me feel so dirty. I didn't move a muscle. I made my body as hard as a rock, as he slowly slid his hand up my shirt caressing my back and the side of my breasts. He kept on trying to make me lie on my back, but he was unsuccessful. He got closer and closer. I could actually feel his skin touching mine. The feel of his sweat and his lips on my skin made me want to cry. A gigantic lump formed in my throat and to this day, nothing makes it go away. Uncle Joe wasn't being rough with me, which made it hard for me to decide whether or not what he was doing to me was wrong. It tore me up inside to think he would actually do me any harm. I was only a little girl, but I knew what he was doing was wrong. But why? Uncle Joe is the most righteous person I've ever met...After Uncle Joe invaded me, he got up for a drink of water.
- **Page 13:** I opened my backpack, took the gun out, and put it in my waist, then I slowly walked to the back and waited for the door to open. ..."Fuck them niggas..." ...Usually, I would have run, but this time I had a gun. I knew they were getting closer, so I turned around, reached for my gun, took it out, and pointed the gun at his head. ...I put the gun back in my waist, and went home. No big deal, just another day in the 'hood.

*Fun Home by Alison Bechdel (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Highland High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Ernie Pyle Middle School (In Spanish)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; profanity; alcohol use; suicide commentary; controversial religious commentary; sexual activities; and sexual nudity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 44:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a dead man, naked on a table with his chest cavity splayed open and his penis in full view. The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same man described above in a zoomed in view of his torso and pubic region. See Figure 1.
- **Page 81:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women is laying on her back on the bed with her knees hitched over the other woman's shoulders laying on her stomach between the other woman's thighs. The text above the image reads: ...others as pornography. In the harsh light of my dawning of feminism, everything looked different. The woman lying between the other woman's thighs is reading, "...The walls were wet and sticky, and peach juice was dripping from the ceiling. James opened his mouth and caught some of it on his tongue." The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above from an elevated viewpoint. The text above the image reads: This entwined political and sexual awakening was a welcome distraction. The woman is reading, "...it tasted delicious." See Figure 3.
- **Page 109:** And budding is the only possible word to describe the painful, itchy beginnings of my breasts, at twelve. ...It's true I had not wanted to grow breasts, but it never occurred to me that they would hurt. The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of pre-pubescent breasts. The image contains the labels: "Swollen" and "tender". ...Nor had I expected them to be so oddly cartilaginous. Accidental impact was excruciating
- **Page 214:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts two nude women. One of the women is lying on her back on a bed, while the other woman is lying on her stomach with her head between the other woman's thighs. There is a shirt hanging on the wall behind them which reads "Lesbian Terrorist." There is also a sign which reads "Keep your God off my body." The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in, profile view of the same individuals described above. The woman whose head is between the other woman's thighs, is looking at the pubic hair of the other woman. The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women has her mouth on the other woman's vulva with her eyes closed. Her hands are gripping the woman's hips. See Figure 4.

VEERING TOWARD SCYLLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WASHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW SHORE.



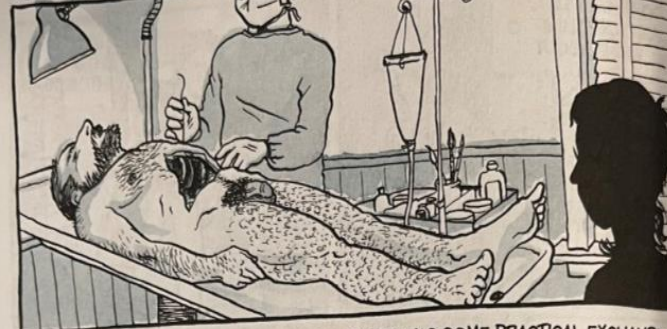
IN TRUE HEROIC FASHION, I MOVED TOWARD THE THING I FEARED.



YET WHILE ODYSSEUS SCHEMED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE POLYPHEMUS'S CAVE, I FOUND THAT I WAS QUITE CONTENT TO STAY HERE FOREVER.



THE MAN ON THE PREP TABLE WAS BEARDED AND FLESHY, JARRINGLY UNLIKE DAD'S USUAL TRAFFIC OF DESICCATED OLD PEOPLE.



THE STRANGE PILE OF HIS GENITALS WAS SHOCKING, BUT WHAT REALLY GOT MY ATTENTION WAS HIS CHEST, SPLIT OPEN TO A DARK RED CAVE.



THERE WAS SOME PRACTICAL EXCHANGE WITH MY FATHER DURING WHICH I STUDIOUSLY BETRAYED NO EMOTION.



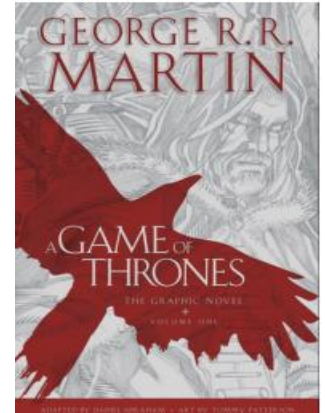
HAND ME THOSE SCISSORS OVER BY THE SINK.

*A Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin (4 RATING)

Volume 1. Graphic Novel

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School
- Washington Middle School

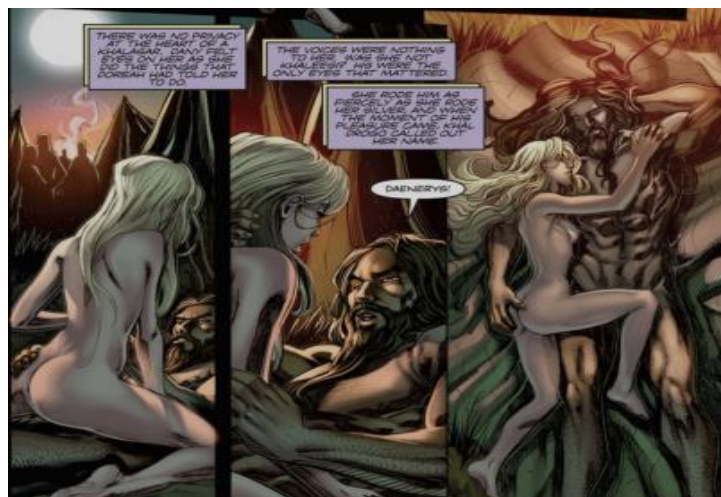


Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit/graphic sexual activities including incest; sexual nudity; violence and gore; alcohol use; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 86:** The illustration on the middle-left side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a nude woman's torso with her right breast exposed. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a nude man kneeling next to a nude woman sitting on the ground. The woman's breasts are exposed.
- **Page 163:** The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts several couples in various sexual positions, nude. On the left-side of the image, a nude woman is shown sitting on a nude man's lap with her back to the man. Her breasts are exposed. On the right-side of the image, a nude woman is shown kneeling on the floor with her head between a man's legs. The man's hand is holding the woman's head in place. In the background a nude man is standing behind a nude woman with his pelvis pressed into buttocks.
- **Page 175:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude woman leaning forward in a bath while another woman washes her back. The nude woman's breasts and genitals are not shown. The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts a nude woman being wrapped in a towel by two other fully clothed women. The nude woman's pubic area and breasts are exposed. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts the same woman in a profile view with her breasts exposed. She is holding a golden egg and a man is standing in the entrance of the tent.

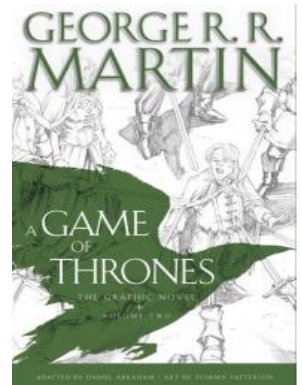


*A Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin (3 RATING)

A Graphic Novel Volume 2

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit violence; gore; nudity; inexplicit sexual activities; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 174:** The illustration on the top-middle of the page depicts a zoomed-in view of a baby nursing at a woman's bared breast. Her nipple is exposed. The illustration on the top-right side of the page depicts a zoomed-out view of the woman and baby. The woman's nipple remains shown
- **Page 139:** The illustration on the left-middle of the page depicts a woman with her left breast bared as boy is placing his mouth near the nipple.
- **Page 46:** The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts a nude young man covered in blood, kneeling beneath a bull. The bull is suspended upside-down with blood pouring out of its nose onto the young man below. Two men are standing in the background observing the act.

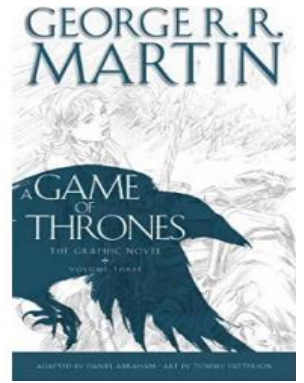


*A Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin (3 RATING)

A Graphic Novel Volume 3

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains excessive/frequent violence; gore; nudity; and mild/infrequent profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 85:** The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts a nude pregnant woman standing in a pool of water. Her breasts and nipples are exposed. Several people are standing behind her, watching.
- **Page 73:** The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts a nude man from a profile view. His right leg is stepping forward as his upper body bends forward toward a statue.
- **Page 50:** "HE MADE MY BROTHER TELL THE TRUTH. SHE WAS A WHORE, AND JAIME HAD ARRANGED THE WHOLE THING, OUTLAWS AND ALL. HE THOUGHT IT WAS TIME I HAD A WOMAN. HE PAID DOUBLE FOR A MAIDEN." The illustration on this middle-left side of the page depicts the same nude woman described above. She is sitting up holding her eyes. Her breasts and nipples are exposed. An older man is standing over the bed looking at the man who had his head on her abdomen.



*Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin (4 RATING)

A Graphic Novel Volume 4

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

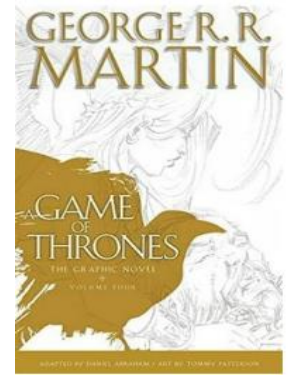
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; references to sexual assault; nudity; violence; gore; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 151:** The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts a nude man and woman lying together on the ground. The man is lying on his back. The woman is lying on her side with her left leg over his left leg and pelvis
- **Page 68:** The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The woman is nude, lying on her side, her buttocks is exposed. The man is lying back on the bed. A blanket is covering his pelvis. The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. They are sitting up on the bed. The woman's breasts and nipples are exposed. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The woman is shown in a three-quarters posterior view. She is straddling the man's pelvis. Her buttocks and right breast are exposed. See Figure 2.
- **Page 66:** The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a nude man lying back on his elbow on a bed. A clothed woman is walking towards him. The man is saying, "BUT I'LL WANT ME THAN WHAT'S BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, THOUGH I'LL WANT THAT TOO."
- **Page 35:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a man from the buttocks-upward from a posterior view. His buttocks is exposed. His pelvis is angled toward a woman's pelvis as he holds her legs apart. There are three other men shown in front of the man. The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a zoomed-out view of the scene described above in the background. A man is shown with his buttocks exposed pressing into a woman's spread legs. There are five other men surrounding the two individuals. "THEY HAD A PLAGUE LAST YEAR, AND THE BROTHELS ARE PAYING DOUBLE FOR YOUNG GIRLS, AND TRIPLE FOR BOYS UNDER TEN-"

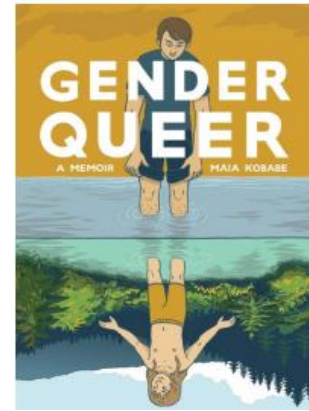




*Gender Queer by Maia Kobabe (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Valley High School
- Early College Academy/CEC



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 167:** The illustration at the top of the page depicts a woman kneeling with a penis in her mouth from a top-view. The text next to the image reads: This is the visual I'd been picturing... The illustration on the middle of the page is a woman standing with a shirt on. Her pants are unbuttoned and she is wearing a strap-on penis over her underwear. There is another woman, topless, kneeling with the strap-on penis in her mouth. The text in the image reads: But I can't feel anything. This was MUCH HOTTER when it was only in my imagination. See Figure
- **Page 166:** ...WE'VE MADE OUT, WE'VE HAD SEX, WE'VE MOVED ON TO SEXTING AT WORK. "I got a new strap-on harness today." "I can't wait to put it in you it will fit my favorite dildo perfectly." "You are going to look SO HOT." "I can't wait to have your cock in my mouth- I'm going to give you the blow job of your life...then I want you inside me." "HOLY SHIT" "This is the most turned on I've ever been in my life. I am DYING."
- **Page 135:** ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170). I didn't know then that there was a word for the oddly gratifying motion of rocking back and forth in my chair as I drew at my desk. I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMISHING RETURNS. An elaborate fantasy based on Plato's Symposium. The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts a naked man and boy with erect penises. The boy has his hand on the back of kneeling man's head as the man reaches for the other boy's penis. The text under this image reads: THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL. See Figure 2

I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.



THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.



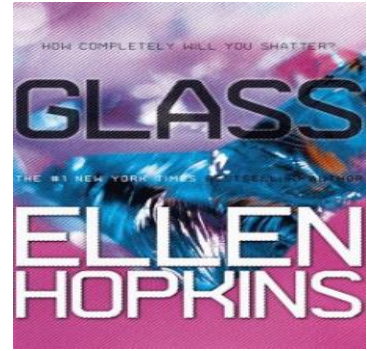
But I can't feel anything. This was MUCH HOTTER when it was only in my imagination.



*Glass by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- New Future/eCademy/Freedom High
- Jackson Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains inexplicit sexual activities; profanity; suicidal ideation; and drug abuse.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 89:** I start to leave. Reconsider, knowing I'll want to stop for a small pick-me-up along the long road home. "Oh, hey. Can you spare a piece of tinfoil and maybe a straw? I've got zip for paraphernalia. Let's make you a pipe, Trey tells me. How about a light bulb, Robyn? She obliges, and in a matter of minutes, Trey turns it into a smoking device.
- **Pag 267:** Oh my god, the anticipation is making me totally insane! Every nerve in my body buzzes, highvoltage want. I want to get high. I want to be kissed. (How long it has been!) I want to give myself away. I want to be stunned by passion so intense it knocks me right off my feet, down to my knees, where I know I'll surrender to this luscious insanity.
- **Page 324:** We indulge in a taste of the monster, losing our clothes before we're finished. Then I'm back in his arms and he's doing those things to me again, those things I've only read about before making love with Trey. They're real. He takes his time, shows me new ways to make him feel good too. Fueled by ice, it all takes a very long while, but finally we both ascend about as high as two people can. Despite the glass, we float in a sea of exhaustion.

*Grl2grl by Julie Anne Peters

Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School (Status: LOST)
- Rio Grande High School

Explicit Content Summary (3/5 Rating):

his book contains alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; profanity; violence including sexual assault; and controversial religious commentary



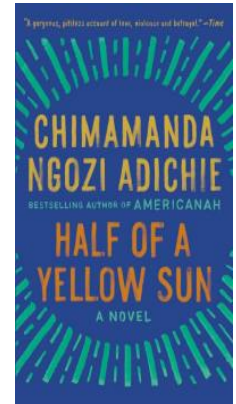
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 29** - *Kissing me, steering me into a restroom for a couple of minutes alone together before class. Her hands sliding up the front of my shirt. Not caring about getting caught, or being known....I was gay, yeah. A lesbian, no question.*
- **Page 51** - *He's my father....Cupping his hand around the back of my head, He kisses me. On the lips. The pressure on my head increases. It shifts. Pushing me down. To His lap; to my knees. I know what's coming. I shut myself off.... He scoots forward. He unzips his pants... "This is what daddies and their little girls do." It was "Baby, I love you so much. You please me so much." I wanted to please Him. I had to. He was my father. I knew if I told He'd be mad. ...It went on for years. Every night. At first I cried and he'd say, "Shut up. That didn't hurt. If you want me to hurt you, I will. Get on your knees."*
- **Page 62** - *"When you meet a girl, Do you want to, like-" "Fuck her?"*
- **Page 66** - *"I was four when my cousin, Kevin, said, "You want to see my penis?" and I said, "Yeah," and he let me touch it. It felt squishy at first, then hard in my hand. I wanted one. Every day after that, I wanted one. My own penis. Mine. The day I got it was the happiest day of my life. I could stop stuffing socks in my briefs. With my penis I could pack. Bind and pack... I'd been binding, wrapping myself since I was twelve. Since my boobs showed through my T-shirts. Sports bras worked for a while, then my boobs got too big and I started wrapping. The best wrap was Ace Bandage. It bound real tight. I could really smash my boobs flat in stretchy wrap. Even in a sleeveless shirt, you could barely tell I was a ze. A s/he. My packer was a strap-on... My packer was a part of me. It made me. The shaft was big in size, six inches.*
- **Page 72** - *Soon as I could, I was starting testosterone. It'd lower my voice and turn my fuzz into real facial hair. I couldn't wait for the day I could afford T.*

*Half Of A Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Adichie (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School
- West Mesa High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; violence; and controversial and inflammatory racial commentary.

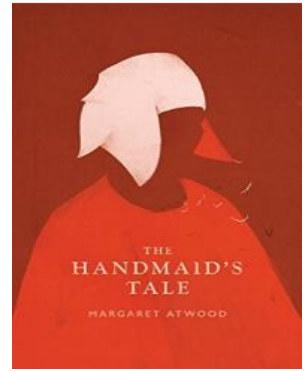
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 369:** He felt angry that she had gone through what she had, and he felt angry with himself because the story had involved imagining her naked and had aroused him. He thought, in the following days, about him and Eberechi in bed, how different it would be from her experience with the colonel. He would treat her with the respect she deserved and do only what she liked, only what she wanted him to do. He would show her the positions he had seen in Master's Concise Couples Handbook in Nsukka. The slender book had been squashed into a dusty corner of the study shelf, and the first time Ugwu saw it while he was cleaning, he looked through it hurriedly, sweeping past the pencil-sketched diagrams that somehow became more exciting because they were unreal. Later, he realized that Master probably didn't remember that the book existed so he took it to the Boys' Quarters to study over a few nights. He had thought about trying some of the positions out with Chinyere but never did: there was something about the methodical silence of her night visits that made any novelty impossible. He wished so much that he had brought the book from Nsukka. He wanted to remember some finer details, what the woman had done with her hands in the sideways-from-behind position, for example. He searched in Master's bedroom and felt foolish because he knew there was no way the Concise Couples Handbook would be there
- **Page 308:** His defenselessness moved her. She knelt down before him and unbuttoned his shirt to suck the soft-firm flesh of his belly. She felt his intake of breath when she touched his trousers zipper. In her mouth, he was swollen stiff. The faint ache in her lower jaw, the pressure his widespread hands on her head, excited her, and afterward she said, "Goodness, Ugwu must have seen us." He led her to the bedroom. They undressed silently and showered together, pressing against each other in the narrow bathroom and then clinging together in bed, their bodies still wet and their movements slow. She marveled at the comforting compactness of his weight on top of her. His breath smelled of brandy and she wanted to tell him how it was almost like old times again, but she didn't because she was sure he felt the same way and she did not want to ruin the silence that united them.

*The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High only on Audio CD
- Cibola High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School (also on Audio CD)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains profanity; violence; sexual activities; self-harm including suicide.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 118:** Aunt Lydia didn't show these kinds of movies. Sometimes the movie she showed would be an old porno film, from the seventies or eighties. Women kneeling, sucking penises or guns, women tied up or chained or with dog collars around their necks, women hanging from trees, or upsidedown, naked, with their legs held apart, women being raped, beaten up, killed. Once we had to watch a woman being slowly cut into pieces, her fingers and breasts snipped off with garden shears, her stomach slit open and her intestines pulled out..
- **Page 95:** Kissing is forbidden between us. This makes it bearable. One detaches oneself. One describes. He comes at last, with a stifled groan as of relief. Serena Joy, who has been holding her breath, expels it. The Commander, who has been propping himself on his elbows, away from our combined bodies, doesn't permit himself to sink down into us. He rests a moment, withdraws, recedes, rezippers. He nods, then turns and leaves the room, closing the door with exaggerated care behind him, as if both of us are his ailing mother. ...I untangle myself from her body, stand up; the juice of the Commander runs down my legs. Before I turn away I see her straighten her blue skirt, clench her legs together; she continues lying on the bed, gazing up at the canopy above her, stiff and straight as an effigy

*The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood (4 RATING)

The Graphic Novel

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy only in Spanish
- Cibola High School
- Del Norte High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School (Status: LOST)
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

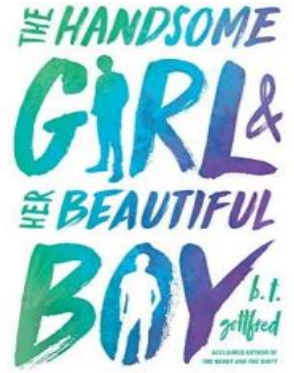
- Contains alcohol use; explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; mild profanity; explicit violence; and controversial gender ideologies.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 151:** The illustration on this page depicts a woman's arm reaching upward toward a decorative ceiling fixture. There is a smaller illustration within that illustration, depicting a woman's legs and gown suspended in the air.
- **Page 79:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed in view of the same man and woman in red, as described above. The man's nude buttocks is exposed and the woman's legs are spread and lifted up by his pelvis. The illustration on the left of the page depicts a zoomed out view of the same individuals described above. The man is shown with his buttocks exposed and his pants down around his ankles. One of the woman in red's legs is depicted on the outside of the man's pelvis. The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts the woman in red laying with her torso curled upward she is looking down toward her pelvis with her nude legs bent in the air. A woman in a blue gown with a blue veil is sitting behind the woman in red. See Figure 3.g
- **Page 77:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed out view of a canopy bed with three people on it. There is a woman in blue sitting behind a woman in red whom is laying on her back. A man, naked from the waist downward, is laying between her thighs, pressing into her pelvis. The illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a zoomed in, profile view of the mid-section of the man and the woman in red, described above. See Figure 1.



*The Handsome Girl & Her Beautiful Boy by B.T. Gottfred (4 RATING)



Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; explicit/frequent profanity; sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; controversial social, political, and religious commentary.

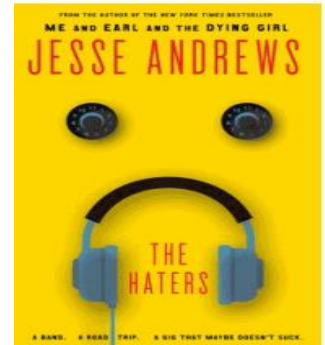
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 270:** On the drive to CrossFit, nothing feels that weird. Yeah, I'm seventeen, I live in a motel room, and I have sex with a boy who looks hot in my lipstick. ...I want to be that girl who Glen booty-calls. Be that girl who has sex with Bill where we never speak before or during or after. Where it never even crosses my mind that I could have an orgasm with a guy. I want to be that girl who silently pines for Cam to twirl me. For me to squeal at the sight of him instead of getting wet when a boy squeals for me. ...Like sexually excited. I'm fucking throbbing. I suddenly feeling like I'm a drug addict. Like Art is my drug again. But this time it feels like I need to stop seeing him or I'll overdose and die.
- **Page 286:** And I get an erection before I can even tell my penis not to. I never masturbate. You're thinking, Don't lie, every teenage boy masturbates. ...But I start masturbating to the photos because won't Zee be suspicious if I have a hard-on? Maybe, I don't know! Maybe I just masturbate because it feels really good to touch myself and look at Jayden's photographs. ...And seeing her name on my phone makes me think of her, which makes me think of her on top of me, so I close my eyes and, ugh, orgasm to the memory of a girl an hour after I kissed my first boy.
- **Pag 313:** oes. ...At the next stoplight, he turns my head toward his and kisses me and, oh my god, he's devouring me like Zee does. Sucking my lips between his teeth, tongue deep into my mouth...

*The Haters by Jesse Andrews (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Jackson Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual commentary; and excessive/frequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 206:** Then she reached over and grabbed my dick. I mean, she couldn't really get a handle on it, because it was in my pants and stuff. She more or less just grabbed a random handful of my crotch, and gave it a little squeeze, and let go, and the world as I knew it basically exploded.
- **Page 265:** She guided me onto my back and pulled on the bottom of my briefs and I pushed them over my knees and feet and I was completely naked and not hard at all. She straddled me and pulled her top off and her breasts flopped out and I heard them more than saw them. She reached behind herself and kind of carefully took my not hard dick into one and pretty soon I couldn't really think about anything else and pretty soon after that I was hard and she took her hand away and I heard her opening some little crinkly package and I felt her put the cool plasticky middle of the condom snugly on the front of my dick like she was shrink wrapping it and I felt her fingernails through the plastic like the legs of a crab fingernailing their way down my dick and she rose up a little and adjusted her panties and breathed harder and opened her mouth and her breath was like vegan fritters and farm animals and her eyes were dark and I saw them very clearly somehow and her hair was stiff with chlorine and itched like straw on my face. The moment she put me inside her I came. I mean the exact moment. FUCK, I said, and I curled up around her like a snail, and kept coming about a hundred times, and I said fuckfuckfuckfuck, until she said sssshhhhhh, and pushed me back down onto my back and just lay on top of me, and that was how it happened.

*Haunted by Chuck Palahniuk (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Manzano High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities involving minors; explicit sexual battery; graphic violence including gore; cannibalism; profanity and derogatory terms; sexual nudity; abortion references; drug and alcohol use; self-harm including anorexia and self-mutilation; and alternate gender ideologies.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 12:** A friend of mine, when he was thirteen years old he heard about “pegging.” This is when a guy gets banged up the butt with a dildo. Stimulate the prostate gland hard enough, and the rumor is you can have explosive hands-free orgasms. At that age, this friend's a little sex maniac. He's always jonesing for a better way to get his rocks off. He goes out to buy a carrot and some petroleum jelly. To conduct a little private research. Then he pictures how it's going to look at the supermarket checkstand, the lonely carrot and petroleum jelly rolling down the conveyor belt toward the grocery-store cashier. All the shoppers waiting in line, watching. Everyone seeing the big evening he has planned. ...Like he's going home to stick a carrot cake up his butt. At home, he whittles the carrot into a blunt tool. He slathers it with grease and grinds his ass down on it. Then—nothing. No orgasm. Nothing happens except it hurts. Then this kid, his mom yells it's suppertime. She says to come down, right now. He works the carrot out and stashes the slippery, filthy thing in the dirty clothes under his bed. After dinner, he goes to find the carrot and it's gone. All his dirty clothes, while he ate dinner, his mom grabbed them all to do laundry. No way could she not find the carrot, carefully shaped with a paring knife from her kitchen, still shiny with lube and stinky.
- **Page 37:** She goes to stand next to him, putting her gloved hands on his shoulders from behind, and Angelique says, “Let Mommy show you how much she still loves her baby . . .” She steers Lenny to sit on the mattress. Then to lie back. She slips the yellowed sock off each of his feet. “Come on, baby,” she says. Taking off her gloves, she says, “You know I give great foot . . .” Then Angelique does what you've never seen before. She gets down on her knees. She opens her mouth, her lips stretched wide and thin, and runs her tongue along the bottom of Lenny's sole. Angelique cups her lips around Lenny's heel, and Lenny starts to moan. ...After Lenny moaned and thrashed. After Angelique mouthed his foot until the one long moment Lenny sat up on the mattresses, clutching his chest in both hands and gaping his open mouth at her still sucking his heel.
- **Page 47:** “For the Talent portion of my program,” she says, “I'll show you how to unswallow.” A bellyful of peach ice cream, a Halloween bag of miniature candy bars, six frosted doughnuts, two double cheeseburgers. The usual stuff. And sometimes, sperm
- **Page 142:** ...They got most of the oral coverage shot before 10: 22: 19: 02. Then they did a lot of genital footage until 25: 44: 15: 17. They shot some perianal and then perivaginal footage until 31: 25: 21: 09. And they finished off with the anal stuff at 46: 34: 07: 15. Since these movies always end the same way, the story about getting there, the journey to the big orgasm, is what's most important. The orgasm, just a formality. Stock footage.

Haunted

By Chuck Palahniuk

...I called it Pearl Diving. This meant whacking off underwater.... With one deep breath, I'd kick my way to the bottom and slip off my swim trunks. ...Just from jacking off, I had huge lung capacity. ...After I'd finally pump out my stuff, my sperm, it would hang there in big, fat, milky gobs. After that was more diving, to catch it all. To collect it and wipe each handful in a towel. That's why it was called Pearl Diving. ...The best part of Pearl Diving was the inlet port for the swimming-pool filter and the circulation pump. The best part was getting naked and sitting on it. As the French would say: Who doesn't like getting their butt sucked? ...The steady suck of the pool inlet hole is lapping at me, and I'm grinding my skinny white ass around on that feeling. One minute, I've got enough air, and my dick's in my hand. ...My hand brings me right to getting off, and I stop. I swim up to catch another big breath. I dive down and settle on the bottom. ...This must be why girls want to sit on your face. The suction is like taking a dump that never ends. My dick hard and getting my butt eaten out, I do not need air. ...And then I let it happen. The big white gobs start spouting. The pearls.

-Page 16

...“Let's see your tits . . .” ...One of his pink hands slaps the woman away. ...Thumbing the nipple, she says, “Everybody. You've got to feel this...” ...Another hand reaches into the open blouse and grabs the second breast, rolling it.... ...And someone still groping a titty says, “Not yet.” ...And somebody else says, “Let's see your pussy.” And “Miranda” says: No. ...A little pushing, and “Miranda” is up on the table. ...his skirt slides down his skinny ass. ...Somebody rolls the pantyhose down, off his ass. ...Nobody's surprised at how “Miranda's” labia look. The skin too frilly. The wet-flower look a

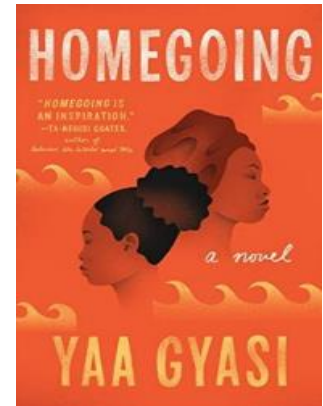
stylist works hard to get in Playboy or Hustler. ...The pubic hair trimmed and waxed down to a thin stripe. ... Another member of the group says we should see how deep it goes. Whatever he is, “Miranda” is crying. ...He's almost naked with his stretched pantyhose webbed between his ankles, his feet still in gold-elegant high-heeled sandals. ...His firm, round breasts shiver with each sob. ...Somebody tells “Miranda” to shut up. Shut up and turn over. Somebody takes him by an ankle. Someone takes the other ankle, and they twist his legs until he lets out a little shriek and turns over. Now on his back, his feet are still pulled wide apart, each gold sandal gripped by a different set of hands. ...Someone gets a little flashlight out of her tote bag... ...Somebody is digging with her fingers. Someone holds the flashlight, pushing it forward. The group asks, did he expect a gang of man-hating bulldykes getting together for some hot girl-on-girl rug munching? The flashlight, the little halogen lightbulb must be hot, because he's squealing, squirming so hard it takes all of them to hold him down. To hold his legs apart and force him open for a look. ...“Miranda” thrashing on the table, the group leans over him.... ...And someone pinches one by the nipple, tweaking it and saying, “Shake 'em, sexy mama.” ...Someone else says, “We just want to see where you put your balls, bitch.” ...The two women digging between his legs, they stop. ...The one holding the little flashlight says, “Hold him still,” and she leans in, forcing the flashlight deeper. She asks him, “Is this what you wanted to happen?” “Miranda,” spread-eagled on the table, he sobs, trying to bring his knees together. To roll to one side and curl into a ball. “Miranda” is sobbing, saying: No. Saying: Please stop. Saying: It hurts.

-Page 262 - 264

*Homegoing by Yaa Gyasi (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School
- Manzano High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Kennedy Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual assault; and nudity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 41:** When she heard the soft moaning, the quickened breath, she turned to face the wall of the hut. Once, just once, she had watched them where they lay, the darkness helping to cover her curiosity. Her father was hovering over her mother's body, mobbing softly at first, and then with more force. She couldn't see much, but it was the sounds that had interested her. The sounds her parents made together, sounds that walked a thin line between pleasure and pain. Esi both wanted and was afraid to want. So she never watched again.
- **Page 143:** Soon her lips were meeting lips. They were not the lips she remembered from their childhood, the ones that were thin and always dry because he refused to oil them. They were thicker, a trap for her own lips, her own tongue. ...Soon they were lying down in the shadow of the cave. Abena took off her wrapper and heard Ohene Nyarko suck in his breath, removing his own. At first they just stared at each other, taking their bodies in, comparing them with what they'd know before. ...He reached for her, and she flinched, remembering the last time he had touched her. How she had lain on the floor of her parent's hut, staring up at the straw roof and wondering if there was more to it than that, the pain of it so outweighing the pleasure that she could not understand why it happened in huts across her village, the Asante, the world. ...Now Ohene Nyarko pinned her arms down to the hard red clay. She bit his arm and he growled, letting go, until she hugged him back toward her. He moved like the knew the scenes that were playing inside her head. And she let him inside her. And she let herself forget everything but him. ...When they had finished, when they were sweaty and spent and catching their breath, Abena laid her head against his chest, that panting pillow, his heart drumming into her ear.

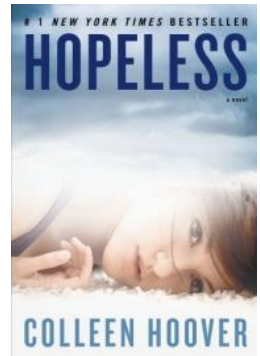
*Hopeless by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School (Status: OUT)
- Nex+Gen

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; profanity; alcohol use; violence; suicide commentary; child molestation and sexual assault; controversial religious commentary; and alternate sexualities..



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 10:** or a while she suspected I might be gay. After a very brief and awkward "theorytesting" kiss between us when we were sixteen, we both concluded that wasn't the case. It's not that I don't enjoy making out with guys. I do enjoy it- otherwise, I wouldn't do it. I just don't enjoy it for the same reasons as other girls. ...Grayson's hands have ventured further than I've allowed them to in the past and I quickly become aware of the fact that he has unbuttoned my jeans and his fingers are working their way around the cotton edge of my panties
- **Page 140:** He groans again and presses his forehead to mine. His arm gives way beneath him and he drops his weight on me, pressing himself against me. Everywhere. All of him. We moan simultaneously once our bodies find that perfect connection, and suddenly it's game on. I'm tearing off his shirt and he's on his knees, helping me pull it over his head. After it's completely off, I wrap my legs around his waist and lock him against me, because there could be nothing more detrimental than if he were to pull away right no
- **Page 232:** We're skin to skin now for the first time, so close that air couldn't even pass between us, yet it still feels like we aren't near close enough. He reaches across the mattress and his hand fumbles over the nightstand. He removes a condom from the drawer, then lays it down on the bed, lowering himself on top of me again. The hardness and weight of him forces my legs farther apart. I wince when I realize the anticipation in my stomach is suddenly turning into dread.

He groans and separates me from the shower wall, then walks out of the bathroom to the bed with me still wrapped around him. He's not being gentle at all with the way he rips off the last two items of clothing between us and ravishes my mouth with his,...

...The moment his eyes fall back to mine, he pushes himself into me without hesitation. I gasp from the sudden force of him, shocked by the intense pleasure that takes over the momentary flash of pain. I wrap my arms around him and move with him as he grips my leg tighter, then covers my mouth with his. ...I stare him straight in the eyes as I lift up slightly, then slowly lower myself back down on top of him. He groans heavily, then closes his eyes and leans his head back, letting it fall against the mattress behind him.

...When I lower myself back onto him, his head sways slightly from the intensity of the sensation and a moan escapes my throat, but he keeps his tortured eyes locked firmly on mine. I'm no longer in need of his guidance, and my body becomes a rhythmic reflection of his.

...He drops his head back, consumed by the shudders that are taking over his release.

-page 350

opeless

By Colleen Hoover

His hand slides up my thigh and he slips his hand between my hip and my panties, then begins to slide them down.

...He slides my panties down my thighs, forcing me to unlock my legs and let him take them off completely. My bra is quick to follow and once all of my clothes have been removed, he scoots his legs off the bed and halfway stands up, leaning over me. I've still got hold of his face and we're still frantically kissing while he removes his pants, then climbs back onto the bed with me, lowering himself on top of me.

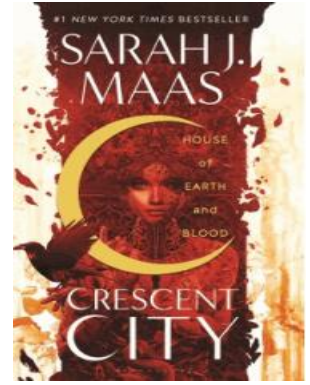
-page 232



*House of Earth and Blood by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School
- **Juvenile Detention Center**



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene/explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity; frequent/excessive profanity; graphic violence; alcohol and drug use

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 218:** “Unfortunately, I don’t think the size differences between you and Athalar would work in the bedroom. You’re barely big enough to wrap your arms around his dick.” ...“I’m not the one who’s bingeing a show that’s basically porn with a plot. What’s it called again? Fangs and Bangs?” ...“It’s not called that and you know it! And it’s artistic. They make love. They don’t ...” She choked. “Fuck?” Bryce suggested dryly. ...Bryce said, “I doubt Hunt Athalar is the making love type.” ...Just to torture her a bit more, Bryce added, “He’s the type to bend you over a desk and—”
- **Page 288:** “One,” he told her, yanking over a chair and turning it backward for him to straddle. “The last thing I want to do is fuck you, so we can take the whole Sex, Mating, and Baby option off the table. Two, I don’t have friends, so there sure as fuck will be no couples-retreat lifestyle anytime soon. Three, if we’re complaining about people who are clothing-optional ...” He finished the croissant and gave her a pointed look. “I’m not the one who parades around this apartment in a bra and underwear every morning while getting dressed.”
- **Page 305:** “Which one? There was the one drooling on the Traskian carpet, the one with his tongue rolled out on the floor, or the one who was staring at your ass like it was going to talk to him?” ...“They must keep you all starved for sex in these barracks if the presence of one female sends them into such a tizzy. So—do you know his name? The one who wanted to have a chat with my ass.”

HOUSE OF EARTH AND BLOOD

by Sarah J. Maas

She couldn't stop it—the image that blazed over her senses: Hunt putting those big hands on her waist and hoisting her onto the counter currently pressing into her spine, shoving her T-shirt over her midriff—his T-shirt, actually—and spreading her legs wide. Fucking her with his tongue, then his cock, until she was sobbing in pleasure, screaming with it, she didn't care just so long as he was touching her, inside her—

-Page 508

His tongue danced with her own. She whimpered, and he let out a dark laugh as his hand wandered under the back of her dress, down the length of her spine, his calluses scraping. She arched into the touch, and he tore his mouth away.

...She slid her hand down his front. To his pants—the hard, considerable length straining against them.

...She palmed his cock, eliciting a hiss from him...

"Thank fuck," he breathed against her neck, and she laughed....Tongues and teeth and breath, his hands artfully unhooking her bra under her dress. She wound up straddling his lap, wound up grinding herself over that beautiful, perfect hardness in his lap. Wound up with her dress peeled down to her waist, her bra gone, and then Hunt's mouth and teeth were around her breast, suckling and biting and kissing, and nothing, nothing, nothing had ever felt this good, this right. Bryce didn't care that she was moaning loud enough for every demon in the Pit to hear. Not as Hunt switched to her other breast, sucking her nipple deep into his mouth. She drove her hips down on his, release already a rising wave in her.

"Fuck, Bryce," he murmured against her breast. She only dove her hand beneath the waist of his pants. His hand wrapped around her wrist, though. Halted her millimeters from what she'd wanted in her hands, her mouth, her body for weeks...."Not yet," he growled, dragging his tongue along the underside of her breast. Content to feast on her. "Not until I've had my turn."....And any objections died as he slipped a hand up her dress, running it over her thigh. Higher. His mouth found her neck again as a finger explored the lacy front of her underwear. He hissed again as he found it utterly soaked, the lace doing nothing to hide the proof of just how badly she wanted this, wanted him. He ran his finger down the length of her—and back up again. Then that finger landed on that spot at the apex of her thighs. His thumb gently pressed on it over the fabric, drawing a moan deep from her throat. She felt him smile against her neck. His thumb slowly circled, every sweep a torturous blessing.

He just tugged aside her underwear and put his fingers directly on her. She moaned again, and Hunt stroked her, two fingers dragging up and down with teeth-grinding lightness. He licked up the side of her throat, fingers playing mercilessly with her. He whispered against her skin, "Do you taste as good as you feel, Bryce?" "Please find out immediately," she managed to gasp.

His laugh rumbled through her, but his fingers didn't halt their leisurely exploration. "Not yet, Quinlan." One of his fingers found her entrance and lingered, circling. "Do it," she said. *If she didn't feel him inside her—his fingers or his cock, anything—she might start begging.*

"So bossy," Hunt purred against her neck, then claimed her mouth again. And as his lips settled over hers, nipping and taunting, he slid that finger deep into her. Both of them groaned. "Fuck, Bryce," he said again. "Fuck." Her eyes nearly rolled back into her head at the feeling of that finger. She rocked her hips, desperate to drive him deeper, and he obliged her, pulling out his finger nearly all the way, adding a second, and plunging both back into her. She bucked, her nails digging into his chest....*She buried her face in his neck, biting and licking, starving for any taste of him while he pumped his hand into her again.*

Hunt breathed into her ear, "I am going to fuck you until you can't remember your gods-damned name..." "I have plans for this beautiful ass, Bryce. Filthy, filthy plans. She moaned again, and his fingers stroked into her, over and over. "Come for me, sweetheart," he purred against her breast, his tongue flicking over her nipple just as one of his fingers curled inside her, hitting that gods-damned spot....Hunt's name on her lips, she tipped her head back and let go, riding his hand with abandon, driving them both into the couch cushions. He groaned, and she swallowed the sound with an openmouthed kiss as every nerve in her body exploded into glorious starlight.

-Page 590



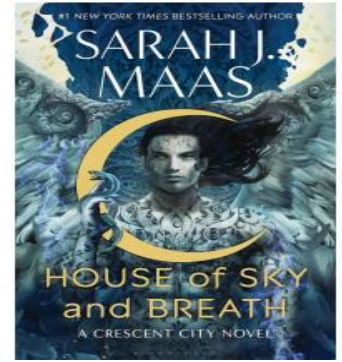
*House of Sky and Breath by Sarah J Maas (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Valley High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; explicit violence; and alcohol use.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 200:** "This," she murmured, and rose onto her toes to kiss him. Hunt met her halfway, unable to contain his groan as he hauled her against him, lips finding hers at the same moment their bodies touched. He could have sworn the fucking world spun out from under him at the taste of her. His head filled with fire and lightning and storms, and all he could think of was her mouth, her warm, luscious body, the aching of his cock pressing against his pants—pressing against her as her arms twined around his neck. ...Hunt twisted, pinning her against the wall, and her mouth opened wider on a gasp. He swept his tongue in, tasting the honeyed spice that was pure Bryce. She wrapped a leg around his waist, and Hunt took the invitation, hefting her thigh higher, pressing himself against her until they were both writhing. Anyone might walk by the alley and see them. Lunchtime workers were streaming past. ...Bryce asked, panting hard, "What's wrong?" "We, ah..." Words had become foreign. All thought had gone between his legs. Between her legs
- **Page 232:** Bryce only slid him down her throat again, her free hand digging into the muscles of his thigh in silent permission. In her mouth—that was where she wanted him. The thought alone unleashed him. Hunt couldn't stop himself as he raked his hands into her hair, fingers digging into her scalp, and rode her mouth. She met him thrust for thrust, moaning deep in her throat so that it echoed through him— And then her hand slipped down to his balls, squeezing hard as her teeth grazed along his shaft— Hunt shattered, biting down on his lip so hard the coppery tang of blood coated his tongue, bucking up into her, spilling down her throat. Bryce swallowed as he came, the walls of her mouth fluttering against him, and he was going to fucking die from this, from her, from the pleasure she was wringing from him—

HOUSE OF SKY AND BREATH

by Sarah J. Maas

Bryce had read the list of commandments one night after they'd fucked in the shower, and had been so wound up that Hunt had gone down on her to take the edge off. He'd taken this time tasting her, savoring each lick of her delicious, enticing sex. Even fucking her at night and before work, he couldn't get enough. Would find himself in the middle of the day aching for her. They'd already fucked twice in her office, right on her desk, her dress bunched at her waist, his pants barely unbuckled as he pounded into her.
-page 628

He dipped his head, kissing her neck, breathing in the subtle scent of her. His cock instantly hardened. Fuck yes. This scent, this female...Her hand began stroking up his spine again. His balls tightened with each trailing caress. Then her mouth was on his pec, flaming lips grazing over the swirling tattoo there. The pierced nipple on his left pec. Her tongue flicked at the hoop, and his brain went haywire as he realized he was naked, or had somehow willed his clothes gone, because that was his bare skin she was touching, kissing..."I'm not even sure we can have sex like this." "I don't see why not." Her fingers skated down to the top of his ass, taunting. Ruhn's cock throbbed. "Only one way to find out," he managed to say...Ruhn hoisted her up, and she wrapped her legs around his middle, his cock dangerously close to where it wanted to be. But he carried her to the fainting couch, gently laying her down before climbing atop her. "Let me see your face," he breathed, sliding a hand between her legs. "Never," she said, and Ruhn didn't care, not as **his fingers slicked through her soaked sex. Utterly ready for him.**

He spread her knees and knelt between them. Dragged his tongue up her center— He bucked, like his cock had a mind of its own, like it needed to be in her, or it was going to fucking erupt right there— Ruhn fisted himself, pumping slowly as he licked her again...

He slipped a finger into her, finding her mind-meltingly tight....

"Please," she said, and he hissed as her fingers wrapped around his cock and guided him to her entrance.

...The pressure of her around his cock was too much, too gloriously intense—"I can go slow." He couldn't. He really couldn't, but for her, he'd try. She laughed softly. "Please don't." He withdrew nearly to the tip and pushed back in with a smooth, steady thrust. He nearly leapt out of his skin at the rippling pleasure. Her hands dug into his shoulders, and Day said, "You feel better than I even dreamed." Ruhn angled her hips so he could drive deeper still, and she reached up above her to clutch at the rolled arm of the chaise. "Ruhn," she moaned again, a warning that she was close- and echoed it with a flex of her delicate inner muscles. The squeeze had him grabbing her hands in his and slamming home. **"Come for me," he breathed against her mouth, as he reached between them to rub the bud of her clit in a taunting circle.** Day cried out, and **those inner muscles fluttered and clenched around his cock, milking him**— Release barreled through him, and Ruhn didn't hold back as he pounded into her, wringing the pleasure from both of them. They kept moving, one orgasm rolling into the next, and he had no fucking idea how it was even possible, but he was still hard, still going, and he needed more and more and more of her- He erupted again, hauling her with him.

-Page 724



*How Beautiful the Ordinary by Michael Cart (4 RATING)

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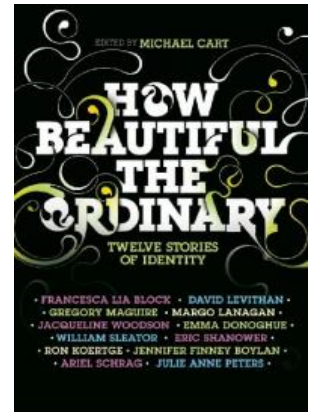
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High

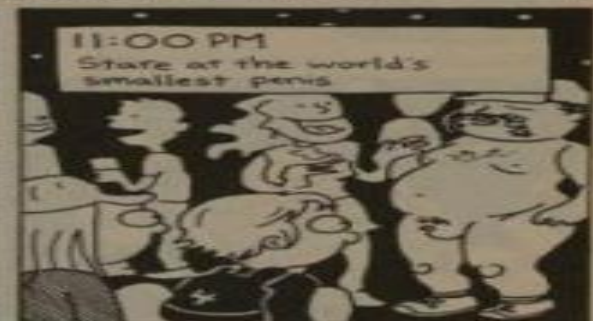
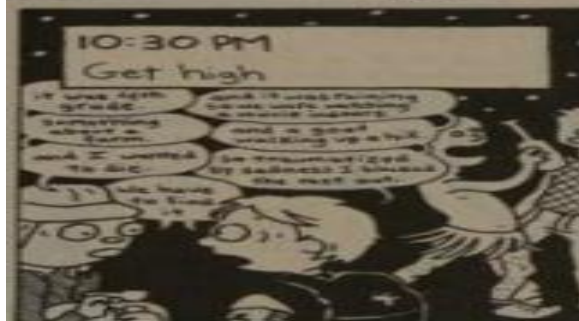
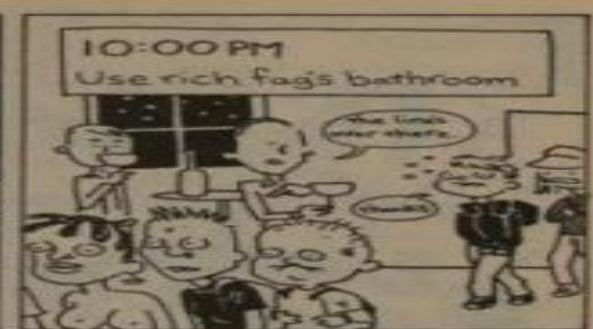
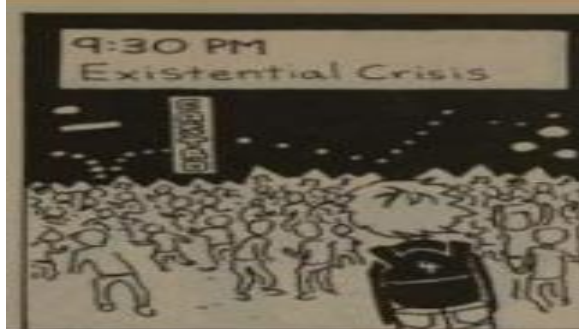
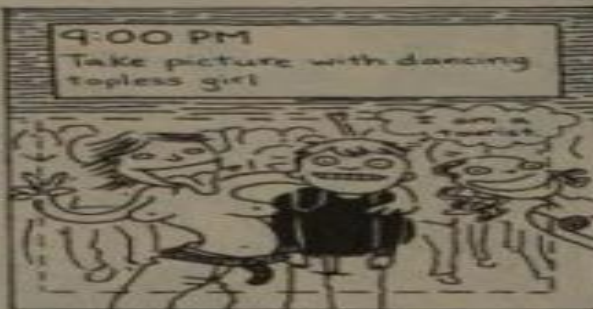
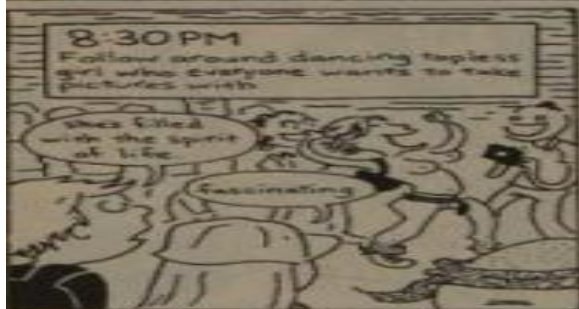
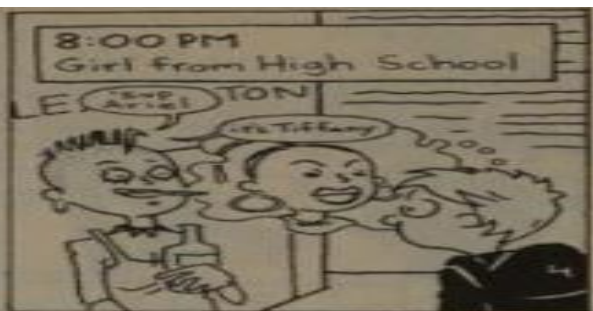
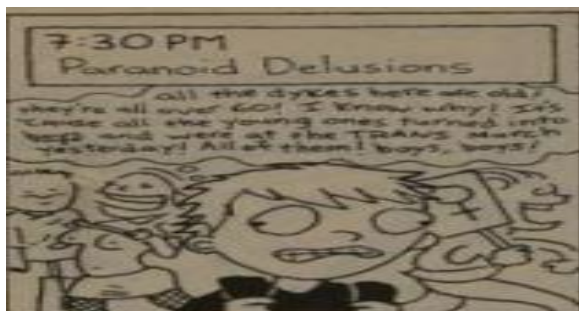
Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; mild profanity; alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 189:** I roll over on top of her and kiss her hard. I want to extend the experience, but I can't. The tip of my tongue plays with her nipples and she whimpers. I kiss down her belly. I tease the hair between her legs until she raises her hips and opens her legs. It's starting. The first feel on my tongue is ... gooey. The smell is strong. Not gross, the way I feared. It smells natural. I want to stay and taste her more, but ... "Hurry." I drive my face hard into her. I take her in my mouth. I'm on the verge, and then I can't. My eyes squeeze tight. Everything squeezes. Come on. I suck her into me and hold on. Hold. Breathe, I think. Don't think. Feel. She's tensing up or something. I let her go and she falls away. I spread her lips down there and lick her up and down. Around, inside. Yes. Like that. My tongue, my lips, my mouth on her. Don't stop. Rhythm. Steady rhythm. Keep going. Keep going. How long should I - She arches. "God, oh God." She screams.
- **Page 151:** The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts a nervous-looking young man with his hands on his thighs, walking. There are two men drinking from wine glasses pointing toward a group of people in the foreground. One of the individuals in the foreground, is a topless woman with her breasts exposed. The text on the top of the image reads: 10:00 PM Use rich fag's bathroom 10:30 PM Get high The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts a group of people. Two young men look toward the background where a nude man is standing next to a fully clothed woman. The man's cartoonish penis is depicted. The text at the top of this image reads: 11:00 PM Stare at the world's smallest penis See Figure 3
- **Page 310:** We are facing each other, sitting on the floor in the locked rehearsal room. I am in briefs, my legs locked about his waist; he is cool and clothed. I touch his knees, running my hands in his loose shorts, meaning comfort, but he misreads me as merely horny, and flinches. I freeze.

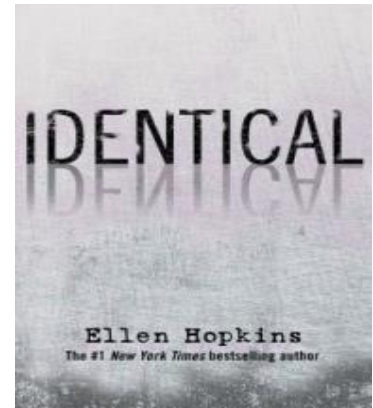




*Identical by Ellen Hopkins (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School (Status: out)
- La Cuevas High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School (also available on sound recording. call number: DAB F HOP)
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Future/eCademy/Freedom High
- Hayes Middle School (status: out)
- Jackson Middle School
- John Adams Middle School (status: out)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and child molestation; violence including self-harm and suicidal ideations; profanity and derogatory terms; and drug and alcohol abuse

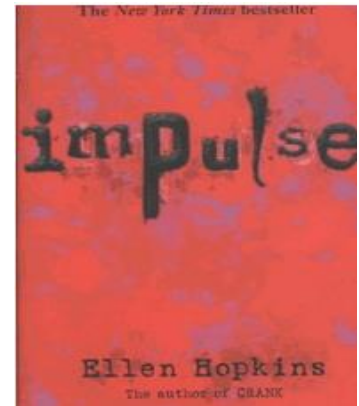
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 19:** Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?
- **Page 114:** Memory strikes suddenly chokes me. Strangles me. It was dark in my room. Very dark. Someone had closed the curtain. I was small. Maybe nine. Mommy wasn't home. But Daddy was. He lurched through my door. That scared me. But why? He'd never hurt me before. Only touched me lovingly. Like any Daddy. ...Don't be afraid, little flower. It's only me
- **Page 184:** I guess I'm pretty good at sex, but I don't think because the world needs more (even better) sex.

*Impulse by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (status: OUT)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- Jackson Middle School
- John Adams Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School (status: out)



Explicit Content Summary:

- This book contains violence, sexual nudity, sexual activities, profanity, and illegal drug use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 59:** "I've almost got her right where I want her--on her knees, my hands caught in her silky blond hair as she whispers, I want you, Conner."
- **Page 64:** "Learned when to shut my mouth, when to scream; how to glom on to the guys with power, tap into it and suck real hard, suck them inside out."
- **Page 218:** "And here I don't have to use paper clips or pop-tops. My trusty razor blade is in its cubby, calling out to me. Just a little slice, for old time's sake. I Go into the Bedroom Close the door, remove my steel lover from its place of honor on the closet shelf. I touch its stainless tip to my index finger. Sharp! Without pressure, it draws a crimson bead. Peel back my sleeve---- the one that covers the barbed-wire scar, affectionately place the blade beneath my left thumb. This is the best rush of all--the moment right before the cut. It's my decision now, I'm in charge. And just as I think I'll give in to temptation, reopen the old wound,"
- **Page 194:** "One pair of feet quickly lifts, and as I watch, it comes to me the shoes look awfully large to belong to a girl. That, and the soles are facing out, heels up. ...Quick! You're squashing me. Dahlia's voice. Just a minute. I'm not finished. Paul's. Well, hurry up. We're gonna get busted. ...Paul was manning Dahlia. Ugh. I make a quick escape before he does finish."

*I Never by Laura Hopper (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

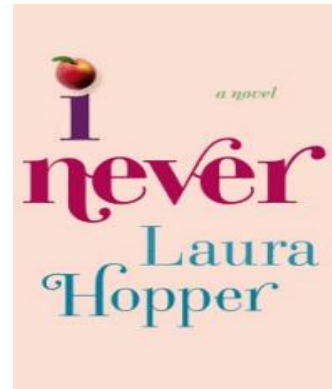
- Albuquerque High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 91:** He grabs me even tighter and rolls us over again so that he's lying on me, his legs between mine. I open my eyes for an instant and see the stars emerging in the darkening evening sky. I feel his whole body pushing against me. I can tell how much he wants me. I wonder if I should pull back, call it a night, but it's almost impossible to stop something that feels so good. A faint and familiar clicking noise can be heard in the distance. I don't pay much attention, because right now there's only one thing on my mind, and that thing is on top of me, kissing me passionately and pressing his hips into me. The clicking seems to be getting closer, harder to ignore. Before I realize where the sound is coming from, Luke and I are being sprayed with freezing-cold water. "The sprinklers!" I yell. "Who cares?" Luke asks, apparently perfectly happy to stay right where he is. "You're crazy," I say, laughing, gently pushing him off me. I run across the field through the storm of spraying water. He grabs my shirt and runs after me.
- **Page 138:** "Lean back," he says. I lean back so my head is at the foot of the lounge. He leans over me and reaches his hands into my shorts, easing them off my body. I'm so glad I happen to have cute underwear on today. ...Once my shorts have been discarded, Luke lowers himself onto me. His face on my face, his chest on my chest, his hips on my hips. Even with the cool breeze, I feel myself getting hotter and sweatier. He is rubbing against me, pressing himself with a seasoned rhythm. I feel like I'm going to explode. My legs separate slightly and he fits snugly between them. I can feel the warmth beneath our underwear. Is it coming from me or from him? Or is it the fusion of our body parts? I picture us like those commercials for pain relievers where there is a red throbbing epicenter under a crude drawing of a unisex form, and arrows shoot outward depicting the pain spreading through the body. Only in our case, there is this intense heat arising from between our legs and spreading outward from there.
- **Page 170:** "Yes," I say, turning up volume slightly. With both hands, he slides my lacy black underwear down my legs. As if he knows it wouldn't be fair for only one of us to be naked, he takes his own underwear off immediately. There we are, totally naked. Am I supposed to look at his penis? Touch it? I glance at it fleetingly and find that it looks exactly how it's supposed to look. I look back up at him and catch his stare



*Infandous by Elana Arnold (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

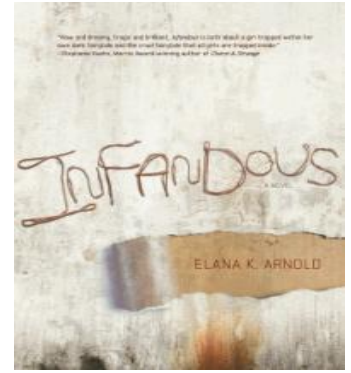
- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains profanity, explicit sexual activities involving minors with adults; and alcohol use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

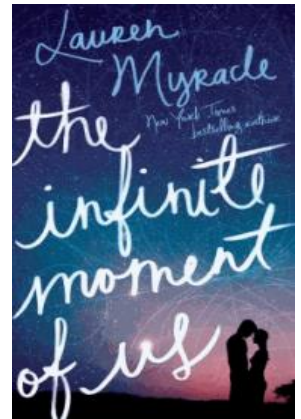
- **Page 73:** This is something Marissa likes to do: kiss me in front of an audience. ...Marissa wants this from me, for whatever reason, and she is my friend, my sister, so I give it to her. ...I feast on Marissa's mouth, feeling her lips soften and spread as my teeth press against them, and I fill her with my tongue. I sense them- the others- the audience- but it's not for them that I perform. ...My hands go up and down the sides of her body. My leg finds its way between her thighs. I press up against her, and in a motion that doesn't feel intentional, she pushes back, grinding into my leg
- **Page 148:** ...and with both of them naked- my mom's age is more apparent than it's ever been. Her breasts are softer than mine and heavier, and the tips of her nipples are stretched a little. I did that. The triangle of her pubic hair is a shade darker than the tendrils that drape across her shoulders... ...I still have no idea what the fuck is happening
- **Page 147:** There's my mother on the futon, her copper hair spilled foreard over her shoulders, long enough to cover her breasts but splitting around her right nipple. Jordan is on his feet in front of her, holding a brown throw pillow in front of his crotch, and there's someone else- another woman, someone I've never met before.



*The Infinite Moment of Us by Lauren Myracle (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School
- James Monroe Middle School (Due: 12/03/2024)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 130:** "Mmm," she said, and she arched her back. In some ways they'd moved fast physically, which Charlie was 100 percent fine with, although there were certain things they hadn't done that he wished they would. ...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example. ...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips. ..."God, you drive me crazy," he said. He kissed her neck. Ran his hand over the curve of her breast, and then down along her side. Down farther, pulling her close. She was wearing a skirt today, and he found the hem and slipped his hand underneath. Her thigh, her ass. Silk panties with soft lace around the edges. He ran his finger below the lace, and Wren made a small sound. Wren tried to be quiet when they were together like this. ...His cock strained against his jeans. He pulled back slightly and used his forearm to push her legs apart. He slid his hand beneath her panties again and found the spot he was looking for- heat and wetness and skin softer than any sild or lace and slipped two fingers inside her "Oh," Wren said. She was breathing hard. Charlie drew away from her kiss, but kept on with his fingers, watching her. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were parted. She lifted her hips
- **Page 205:** And in the front. Erect and long beneath his boxers. His dick. Tessa had taught her to call it that, dick and not penis, because penis was a silly word. And this, the solid length of Charlie's dick, of Charlie... She'd wanted to touch him there many times, but she'd been scared. She was still scared. Her heart pounded, and she hooked her thumbs beneath the band at the top of his boxers- but no. They wouldn't...they were stuck, caught by the tip of his dick. She bit her lip and used her fingers to pull the waistband up and over him. She tugged them to his knees and didn't know what to do next. But okay. Wow. She bent and took him in her mouth before she realized what she was doing. And then...
- **Page 241:** He slid his hands to her lower back and then to her perfect ass, pulling her closer. ...She looked slightly shocked, and then pleased. She winked and swished off, and his dick, which had begun to soften, grew stiff again. It was mind-blowing how easily, and often, she aroused him

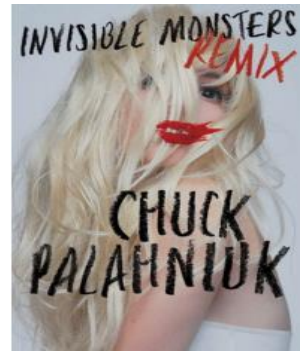
*Invisible Monsters Remix by Chuck Palahniuk (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Del Norte High School
- Manzano High School (not the remix)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities; references to sexual assault involving a minor; sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; profanity; graphic violence; and drug abuse.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 21:** Most times, Brandy is reading some plastic surgeon's glossy hard-sell brochure about vaginas complete with color pictures showing the picture-perfect way a urethra should be aligned to ensure a downward stream of urine. Other pictures show how a top-quality clitoris should be hooded. These are five-figure, ten-and twenty-thousand-dollar vaginas, better than the real thing, and most days Brandy will pass the pictures around. ...I was shaking Percodans out of their brown bottle and into my purse pocket for Percodans. Brandy Alexander, she was digging around under the bathroom sink for a clean emery board when she found this paperback book.
- **Page 43:** I want Seth's belt around my neck. I want Seth's fingers in my mouth and his hands pulling my knees apart and then his wet fingers prying me open. ...I want to be rubbed so raw by the stubble around Seth's mouth that it will hurt when I pee.
- **Page 98:** Me, I'm sitting here with a glossy pile of brochures from surgeons showing sexual reassignment surgeries. Transitional transgender operations. Sex changes. The color pictures show pretty much the same shot of different-quality vaginas. Camera shots focused straight into the dark vaginal introitus. Fingers with red nail polish cupped against each thigh to spread the labia. The urethral meatus soft and pink. The pubic hair clipped down to stubble on some. The vaginal depth given as six inches, eight inches, two inches. Unresected corpus spongiosum mounding around the urethral opening on some. The clitoris hooded, the frenulum of the clitoris, the tiny folds of skin under the hood that join the clitoris to the labia. ...Picture-perfect, state-of-the-art vaginas lengthened using sections of colon, selfcleaning and lubricated with its own mucosa. Sensate clitorises made by cropping and rerouting bits of the glans penis. The Cadillac of vaginoplasty. Some of these Cadillacs turn out so successful the flood of colon mucosa means wearing a maxipad every day. Some are old-style vaginas where you had to stretch and dilate them every day with a plastic mold. All these brochures are souvenirs of Brandy's near future. After we saw Mr. Parker sitting on Ellis, I helped the drug-induced dead body Brandy might as well be back upstairs and took her out of her clothes again. She coughed them back up when I tried to slip any more Darvons down her throat, so I settled her back on the bathroom floor, and when I folded her suit jacket over my arm there was something cardboard tucked in the inside pocket
- **Page 252:** "I'm getting my guiche pierced," she'd say. "It's that little ridge of skin running between your asshole and the bottom of your vagina."

INVISIBLE MONSTERS REMIX

By Chuck Palahniuk

Evie's shouting about how she done found her butt-sucking fag-assed new husband face-downed enjoying butt sex with everybody's old boyfriend in the butler's pantry. ...I remember all his porno magazines, and all the details of anal, oral, rimming, fisting, felching. You could put yourself in the hospital trying to self-suck.

Go figure, but Texans seem to be a lot more comfortable around disastrous house fires than they are around anal sex. I remember my folks. Scat and water sports. Sado and masochism. ...You hear loud spanking from the butler's pantry. The painful kind where you spit on your hand first. Brandy, the socially inappropriate thing she is, Brandy starts laughing. "This is going to be messy good fun," Brandy tells me out the side of her Plumbago mouth. "I put a handful of Bilax bowel evacuant in Ellis's last drink." ... With everybody looking up the stairs at Evie wearing nothing but wire and ashes, sweat and soot smeared all over her luscious hourglass transgender bod, we all watch Evelyn Cottrell in her big incorporated moment, and Evie screams, "You!" ... "Sure, yes, I slept with your boyfriend, but who hasn't?" Evie says, with the gun and everything. ...You hear that butt-slapping sound from the butler's pantry. ... "Oh, God, yes, Jesus Christ," Ellis yells. "Oh, God, I'm coming!" ... "Yes!" Ellis yells from the pantry. "Yes, do it, big guy! Give it to me! Shoot it!" Evie squints down the barrel. "Now!" Ellis is yelling. "Shoot it right in my mouth!" Brandy smiles.

-Page 138-141

Shane was excited by leather sex, you know, bondage and discipline, sado-and masochism." ...She says, "Your father suggested black triangles, but that would mean Shane was a lesbian. It looks like the female pubic hair. The black triangle does." ...My father says, "Then I wanted a green border, but it turns out that would mean Shane was a male prostitute." My mom says, "We almost chose a red border, but that would mean fisting. Brown would mean either scat or rimming, we couldn't figure which." "Yellow," my father says, "means watersports." "A lighter shade of blue," Mom says, "would mean just regular oral sex." "Regular white," my father says, "would mean anal. White could also mean Shane was excited by men wearing underwear." He says, "I can't remember which." ...Between the yams and the stuffing, Dad looks down at his plate and says, "Do you know about rimming?" ... "And fisting?" my mom asks. I say, I know. I don't mention Manus and his vocational porno magazines. ...To my father she says, "Do you know what felching is?" ...All this sick horrible sex talk over Thanksgiving dinner, I can't take this. ... "Felching ..." I lower my voice. I'm calm now. "Felching is when a man fucks you up the butt without a rubber. He shoots his load, and then plants his mouth on your anus and sucks out his own warm sperm, plus whatever lubricant and feces are present. That's felching. It may or may not," I add, "include kissing you to pass the sperm and fecal matter into your mouth."

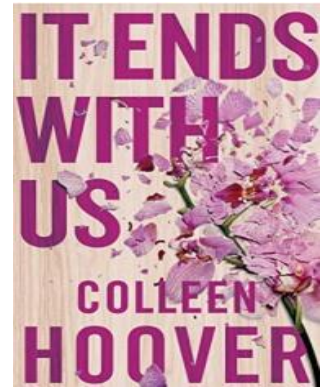
-Page 243-244

My mom leans over to scoop yams onto my plate, and says, "Your father wanted a black border, but black on a field of blue would mean

*It Ends With Us by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (Status: OUT)
- Del Norte High School (Status: OUT)
- Eldorado High School (Status: OUT)
- Valley High School
- Juvenile Detention Center



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene explicit sexual activities; profanity; alcohol and drug use; suicidal ideation; violence; and profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 71:** "Please have sex with me." He's looking up at me with puppy dog eyes and a pathetic, hopeful grin. "I want you so, so bad and I swear, once you have sex with me you'll never hear from me again. I promise." There's something about a neurosurgeon literally on his knees begging for sex that does me in. ... "If you give me a little while to shower first, I might feel sexy enough to have sex with you."
- **Page 102:** What's even better, is when I do decide to have sex with Ryle, we can have it over here all the time and not have to worry about being quiet. ...I'm not about to wait around to be beckoned by a guy I'm not even having sex with. But I don't know why I assume that reading about the first guy I had sex with will somehow get my mind off the guy I'm not having sex with.
- **Page 173:** The stethoscope disappears again and his arm curls around my waist. His hand slides down my stomach and settles between my legs. I can no longer keep up with his rhythm. I can barely even stay on my knees. He's somehow holding me up with one hand and destroying me in the best possible way with his other hand. Right when I start to tremble, he pulls me upright until my back meets his chest. He's still inside me, but now he's focused on my heart again as he moves his stethoscope around to the front of my chest. I let out a moan and he presses his lips to my ear. "Shh. No noises." I have no idea how I make it through the next thirty seconds without making another sound. One of his arms is wrapped around me with the stethoscope pressed to my chest. His other arm is tight against my stomach as his hand continues its magic between my legs. He's still somehow deep inside me and I'm trying to move against him, but he's rock solid as the tremors begin to rush through me

It Ends With Us

By Colleen Hoover

One of his hands moves to the back of my bra and he unfastens it with ease...He pulls my shirt and bra over my head. I begin to push myself off of him so I can pull off my jenns, but he pulls me back onto his lap....He lowers his mouth to my chest and my eyes fall shut when I feel his tongue slide across my breast.

...His other hand slowly begins to find its way between my legs and then inside my panties and then inside of me.

He pulls my hips back to meet him and then I can feel him freeing himself from his scrubs. He grips my hip with one hand while shoving my panties aside with the other. Then he pushes forward until he's all the way inside of me. ...His hand slides down my stomach and settles between my legs. I can no longer keep up with his rhythm. I can barely even stay on my knees. He's somehow holding me up with one hand and destroying me in the best possible way with his other hand. Right when I start to tremble, he pulls me upright until my back meets his chest. He's still inside me, but now he's focused on my heart again as he moves his stethoscope around to the front of my chest. I let out a moan and he presses his lips to my ear. "Shh. No noises." I have no idea how I make it through the next thirty seconds without making another sound....His other arm is tight against my stomach as his hand continues its magic between my legs. He's still somehow deep inside

me and I'm trying to move against him, but he's rock solid as the tremors begin to rush through me. My legs are shaking and my hands are at my sides, gripping the tops of his thighs as it takes every ounce of my strength not to scream out his name...He pulls out of me and flips me onto my back and then his mouth is on mine and he's inside me again. My body is too weak to move and I can't even open my eyes and watch him. He thrusts against me several times and then holds still, groaning into my mouth. He drops on top of me, tense, yet shaking.

-Page 173

Then I prop my leg over the back of it, letting my skirt slide down my thighs and pool at my waist. Kyle drags his eyes up my body, grinning as he makes his way over to me. He drops to his knees on the couch and slowly crawls up my body....He presses himself between my legs and I let my head fall back as he kisses down my neck.

...He's pressed against me, bulging against his scrubs. I move my hands and shove his scrubs down far enough so that he can slide inside of me. He continues kissing my neck as he takes me right there on the couch.

-Page 227



*It Starts With Us by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

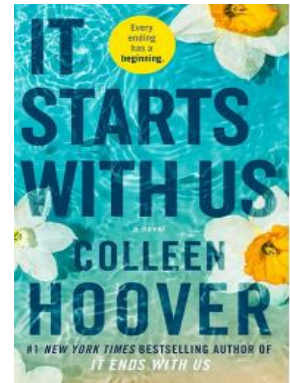
- Albuquerque High School
- Rio Grande High School (Status: OUT)
- Valley High School
- **Juvenile Detention Center**

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; nudity; profanity; and violence including assault.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 194:** Atlas laughs, and then I feel him move closer. He kisses the corner of my mouth and says, “I don’t have to leave yet.” When he says that, his index finger slips beneath the hem of my panties, right below my belly button. He drags it back and forth, waiting for a reaction. I lift my hips, hoping that’s enough of a conversation. Every part of my body feels like it’s on fire when he slips two more fingers into my underwear. Then, when his entire hand makes the move, I’m a goner. I release a trembling breath and grip the sheet at my sides, arching my back and my hips up and against his hand. He brings his mouth to mine, but he doesn’t kiss me. He remains close to my lips, using the movement of my hips and the sounds of my moans to guide him toward the finish. He’s extremely intuitive. It doesn’t take me long at all before I’m tensing around his hand, pulling his neck down so that I can kiss him through the end of it. When it’s over, he slides his hand out of my panties but then cups me there, leaving his hand over me while I recover. My chest is heaving as I try to catch my breath. Atlas is breathing heavily, too, but I need a minute to recover before I can do anything about it. “Lily.” Atlas kisses me gently on the cheek. “I think you...” He pauses, so I open my eyes and look at him. He shifts his eyes to my breasts, and then back at my face.
- **Page 195:** Our kiss turns feverish as I start to unbutton his shirt. Nothing else is said. We just frantically remove every piece of clothing left between us, and we don’t even bother moving to the bedroom. We barely pause the kissing when he reaches for his wallet and pulls out a condom and puts it on. And then, as if it’s the most natural thing in the world, Atlas kisses me while he pushes into me, and I feel every bit as loved as I did the first time this happened between us. There are so many feelings that come out in this moment, I’m not sure I’ve ever experienced anything so chaotically beautiful when we’re finally connected. He sighs against my neck, like the same feelings are running through him. He starts to move in and out, slowly, kissing me gently the whole time. But several minutes later, the kisses are frantic and we’re both sweaty, and I am so completely and wholly in the moment, nothing else matters to me other than the fact that we’re together again, and it’s right. Everything about this is so right



It Starts With Me

By Colleen Hoover

He pulls me into the shower with him, and I gasp from the rush of it all. He catches my gasp in his mouth as he grips my thighs, pulling my wet-blue-jean-covered legs around him. My back meets the shower wall, taking some of my weight off Atlas so that he can free up a hand. He uses that free hand to unbutton my shirt. I use both of mine to help him. We stop kissing long enough for him to lower me to my feet so that he can slip the shirt down my arms. The shirt plops against the shower floor with a small splash just as Atlas's fingers meet the button on my jeans. His mouth is hungry and back on mine as he slides his hands between my hips and my panties, tugging my clothes down one difficult inch at a time. He grips the waistband on the sides of my jeans and lowers himself down my body as he works to slide them off me. Once they're around my ankles, I help him by kicking them off, then he places his hands on the backs of my calves and slowly works his way back up me. When he's fully standing again, his fingers gather behind my back at the clasp of my bra. My stomach clenches as he begins to unfasten it. His mouth finds mine again, but this kiss is gentle and slow, like the removal of this last piece of clothing deserves to be savored. I feel his hands slide to my shoulders, and then he tucks his fingers beneath the straps and slips them down my arms. My bra begins to fall away from me, and Atlas pulls away from my mouth long enough to admire me. His hand curves over my hip, and then slides over my ass, squeezing me. I wrap my arms around his neck and slide my lips across his jaw, settling my mouth over his ear. "Then what?" I watch as chills break out over his arms. He groans, and then lifts me higher up the wall until we're aligned at the

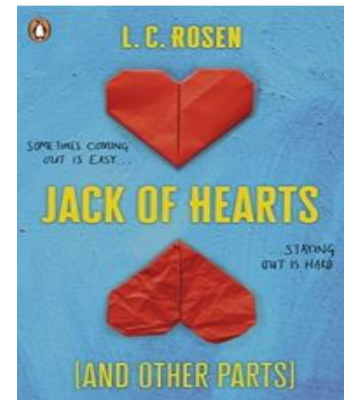
waist. I roll my hips into him, wanting to feel him hard against me, and he meets my movement with a quick thrust, forcing me to gasp. It's obvious we both want this, but he still looks at me for permission before he takes me right here in the shower. We've had the proper conversations about my being on birth control, and both of us having been tested, so I just nod and whisper a desperate "Yes." I grip his shoulders tighter in an attempt to take more weight off his arms so that he can position himself to push into me. He uses his left arm to hold me up and his right hand to grip himself, and then he rolls his hips forward and up until I feel the pressure of him inside of me. He sighs into my neck at the same time I release all the breath in my chest. It comes out like a moan, and that sound encourages Atlas to get that noise out of me again. My legs are tight around his waist, but he thrusts against me hard enough for them to unlock at the ankles. I start to slip down him, but he hoists me back up and repositions himself until I'm filled with him all over again. I release another moan, and he rolls into me a second time, and a third time, and it may not be as graceful against a water-soaked shower wall as it is in a bed, but I can't get enough of the unruly side of him. He gives me that unruly side of him for several minutes before we're both too weak and breathless to continue this without the support of a bed. He doesn't say anything after he pulls out of me and lowers me to my feet. He just turns off the water and then grabs a towel.

-Page 251-254

*Jack of Hearts by L.C. Rosen (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; controversial social commentary; excessive/frequent profanity; and alcohol and drug use by minors..

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 336:** “Okay,” I say. “Now you kiss him.” Peter grins and leans forward to kiss Charlie. I pull off my shirt. “And you two,” Peter says. Charlie presses his mouth against mine, and I can feel his tongue licking my lip. His arm pulls me closer into him. Peter starts kissing my neck from behind me. I let out a soft gasp and a laugh of pleasure. Not because I’m about to have my first threesome. Well, not just because. But because, though I know sex isn’t everything, it’s still a lot of fun, and not being able to have sex, not being able to do what I want (consensually) with who I want... that would take away me. And right now, in the moment that our pants come off and our bodies press together, and we moan and kiss and fuck—in that moment, I get to be me.
- **Page 315:** . Then he said he was going to paddle me. I said “yellow” to that—the spanking was fun, but bringing a paddle into it sounded too intense. But yellow means slow down, not stop, so he went back to spanking me, to which I said “green,” and then he fucked me. But then he put his hands around my neck. I said “red” to that real quick—choking is scary and we’d never talked about what to do if I couldn’t say “red”—and he immediately stopped, and untied me. He apologized and said he should have checked beforehand if that was something I was into. I told him it was okay, and we relaxed for a bit, then went back to fucking, and then we even cuddled, and it was great sex. He never called me or anything—I think I was too tame for him—but I always felt in control. Dominated, used, a sex toy, but still able to stop everything if it went beyond what I wanted. You want to be the dom, not the sub, and that’s okay. You just need to find yourself a sub. Talk about what you want to do beforehand—with hard limits—work out a system for stopping or slowing down, lay ground rules about what you’re into and if you can leave marks (and what kind of marks, and how long they last) and all that. Then have fun. And don’t worry about it being un-feminist. You are two women exploring your desires and both of you are consenting. That’s pretty fucking feminist. So go find a sub (which, admittedly, might be hard in high school, but ask around, you never know) and have some good, kinky fun.

JACK OF HEARTS (AND OTHER PARTS)

By L.C. Rosen

My first time getting it in the butt was kind of weird. ...I was a freshman, and it was winter break, right before everyone left on vacation—a big holiday blowout party. ...His parents were home, and my mom was home, so he got us a room at a hotel nearby. ...Now, before this, I'd sucked my share of dicks and had gotten plenty of blowjobs, handjobs, every kind of job, but the only buttsex I'd had was with this junior who was in love with my cock and he'd just hopped aboard. And he'd taken control then. Total bossy bottom. I'd pretty much just laid back and enjoyed. So, as far as I knew, anal was pretty easy—like porn easy. ...Anyway, so this senior (I'm not naming names) and I are having fun, kissing and sucking and 69ing and what have you, and then he says to me, "I want to fuck that pretty little ass of yours." And I was like, "I don't know, I've never done that before." And he smirked and said, "Sure, right." And I said, "No, really." "Well, I paid for the hotel room," he said, "so let's use it. I'll take it easy on you." But it was pretty clear he didn't believe I was an anal virgin. So he bends me over the bed and drizzles some lube on my ass. I made him wear a condom, of course. And he starts pushing it in. And WOW, that hurts. I tell him to stop, it hurts, and he says he'll go slower. I say okay because he's already in, and I'm thinking, I'm gay, so this is something I have to learn how to do, right? So he slows down and pushes in, and eventually it starts to feel good—like, really good. He's hitting the right spot, nerve endings are all aglow. Eventually he finishes and pulls out, and the condom, of course, is covered in shit. ...He makes me take the crap-covered condom off him and flush it, and then he showers alone. When he gets out of the shower he frowns at me and goes, "You're still here?" ...'Cause if you gotta go while he's inside you, it's going to come out gross. When you're ready to get fucked, use lots of lube. A finger first. Go slow. Make sure he's still focused on keeping you turned on, too. It helps if you start out riding him, facing forward—then you have more control over how deep he goes, and you can still communicate what you need. Once he's in you, tell him to just stay there for a while so you can get used to it, then when you give the okay, he can slowly start

fucking you. If you don't like it, tell him to stop. If you decide to switch holes, use a fresh condom. And be prepared—sometimes shit just happens. But if you take it slow, it can be really great.

-Page 24

I remember I once gave a blowjob to this guy who had a bunk bed. ...So he's kind of sitting up, but the ceiling is low, so he's also curved over, and I have my face in his lap, but the bed is against a wall, too, so I have to bend my knees, but I'm a little too tall so my knees are pushing into the wall, my feet are on the ceiling, his head keeps banging the ceiling, and I'm trying to bob my head up and down... ...We ended up throwing a blanket on the floor and 69ing, which worked so much better and we were able to enjoy ourselves. ...Some are very specific—"I love having my neck licked while you take me from behind"—but some are much more vague, like, "I like you." ...And now, since you've made it through talking and erections, finally, some blowjob tips: (1) Use your lungs to suck, not your lips to pull. You're not trying to yank the dick off with your mouth, you're trying to make it feel good. (2) Use your tongue. Lots of different ways. Ask him what works as you're trying them. (3) Use your hands—stroke the shaft if it's too big to swallow, or grip his balls, or touch his taint, or finger his ass. Don't forget you have hands. (4) Each dick is different, and sometimes the same dick is different day to day. So always try new things—suck the head, lick the shaft, or vice versa. Listen for his moans and breathing, juggle what parts of your mouth you're using and what parts of him you're using them on.

-Page 79

5 / 5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

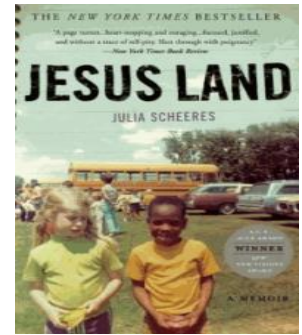
*Jesus Land: A Memoir by Julia Scheeres (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Highland High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities including incest; underage alcohol abuse; and profanity



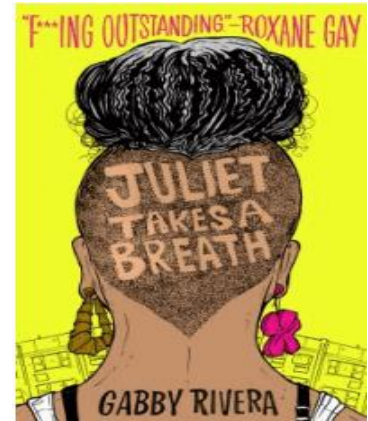
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 112:** I open my eyes, and in a boozy blur, see his penis jutting from his shorts. He grabs it by the root. "Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it. I've heard of girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst. "Like a lollipop," he's begging now, breathing hard. He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention. I close my eyes and stick out my tongue and it touches the side of it. "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water. Scott collapses onto his back on the mattress and I spit the slime onto my parents' white bedspread and roll onto my back beside him
- **Page 131:** ... "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse." ...and inhale deeply, letting my legs fall flat on the bed. I know from the groaning noises he makes that he's inside me, and I try to feel something, to stay focused on the moment- this is Scott, my boyfriend- but it's numb there. I wonder if I'll ever be normal. ...Scott's eyes are closed as he moves inside me. ...It's over quickly. "Did you like it?" Scott asks as he pulls off the condom. White liquid bulges at the tip of it. Sperm. "It was fine," I say, wrapping the sheet around me. "Want to do it again?" he asks. I glance down at his penis, now deflated and pitiful, and he laughs.
- **Page 318:** It is of Scott, stripped naked and walking toward me as I lie in my bed at home, his stiff penis wagging back and forth like a chiding finger. ...I close my eyes again, and Scott kneels between my legs, then lowers himself into me. His hot tongue swishes into my mouth and I grab his butt and pull him deeper. His curved brown shoulders dip and rise in the slanted lamp light, his eager skin bumps mine. His salt taste and beef bullion smell, they envelope me. His heat and his desire, they comfort me. I shall not want. A spark flares in me and swells into a flame, and I sweat and sway and whisper, "Yes, Jesus."
- **Page 75:** Jerome thrust a mildewed picture of a woman with blond hair over my book. She was naked, gagged, and tied to a chair. Straps were wound tightly around the base of her breasts, making them stick out like fleshy missiles, and her blue eyes were wide with pain or fear. ... "She looks like you," Jerome said. "Except you don't have these yet." He touched the woman's strangled breasts and then my flat chest. ...As I reached for it, I noticed his penis spilling from the slit of his pajama pants like a rotten banana. ...We played like that, him with his dick hanging out, me averting my eyes, until the television show ended and it was time to go to bed. But it kept happening. I'd be peeling potatoes or practicing piano and he'd walk by with his penis poking out. I didn't understand why he did it, and pretended not to notice. A few days after my twelfth birthday, he tried to kiss me. ... "You're not really my sister," he said when I stood up. At thirteen, he was already a good six inches taller than me, and a whole lot stronger. He grabbed my shoulders and tried to smash his mouth onto mine, but I averted my face and his chapped lips grazed my forehead instead.

*Juliet Takes a Breath by Gabby Rivera (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy (also in Spanish)
- Albuquerque High School (also in Spanish)
- Cibola High School only in Spanish
- Del Norte High School only in Spanish
- Highland High School (also in Spanish)
- La Cueva High School only in Spanish
- Manzano High School only in Spanish
- Rio Grande High School (also in Spanish)
- West Mesa High School (also in Spanish)
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High only in Spanish
- Early College Academy only in Spanish
- McKinley Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; alcohol and drug use; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; controversial and inflammatory racial commentary; controversial historical, racial, and social commentary; discussion of self-harm involving cutting

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 61:** he flipped open the jar's lid to reveal a small mountain of bright green bud. This was not your typical dry-ass bag of regs littered with seeds and stems that you got from so-and-so's cousin up the block. No, this was manna from the weed gods. ...Harlowe removed a glass pipe from the velvet pouch. It was clear along the mouth and turned blood orange the farther it got to the bowl. "These are my trees and my Saturn-ruled smoking pipe," Harlowe said, voice melodic and calm. "Juliet, whenever you want to partake, feel free. Use as much as you want, whenever you want. All I ask is that you use my instruments with care and return them to a safe place. Saturn doesn't always want to be kept in the cupboard. She will let you know her desired resting place." ...It was nice to not be in some white boy's dorm room trying to clear a five-foot bong while listening to Dave Matthews with everyone chanting, "Toke! Toke! Toke!" The three of us took hits off of Saturn. Phen blew out a slow spiral of smoke..
- **Page 95:** Squeezed in between them, my D-cup breasts filled the space in front of me and pushed farther out than Maxine's or Harlowe's chest. I was both uncomfortable and so proud; I've always loved my breasts. I've loved them for the way they defied gravity: full, brown, perfect. They held court over my soft belly, another part of me that I was always aware of, another section of thickness that announced itself by daring to exist.
- **Page 279:** "Can I kiss you, Juliet?" I nodded. Kira leaned over me and kissed me. Her lips never left mine. What kind of kisses were these? Kira and I swapped secrets and bottom-lip bites until the stars fell into formation in the sky. ...Her hands found their way under my bra, into my pants, and her lips kissed all the bare parts of my flesh. ...I didn't stop her when she touched between my thighs, past my pink boy shorts. ...I bit her neck to keep the sounds between us. ...We counted the constellations and smoked the last joint.

*Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J Maas (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School (Status: OUT)
- Rio Grande High School (in Spanish also)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- John Adams Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains violence; mild profanity; and explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity.

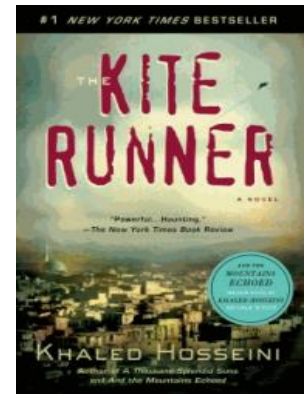
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 349:** She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him. But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked. "You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed. Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours." Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck. She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her. Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.
- **Page 570:** Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers. No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly. They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.

*The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Follet e book
- Albuquerque High School (also on sound recording; graphic novel; Spanish; and DVD)
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (also in Spanish)
- Cibola High School (also on electronic resource and DVD)
- Del Norte High School (also in Spanish)
- Eldorado High School (also in Arabic; Spanish; graphic novel)
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School (on DVD also; graphic novel)
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School (also on sound recording; Spanish; and DVD)
- West Mesa High School (also on DVD; graphic novel; and in Spanish)
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Nex+Gen
- LCE Multicultural Library (also in Spanish)
- Garfield Middle School
- Harrison Middle School
- Jackson Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual assault of a minor; prostitution involving minors and adults; and mild/infrequent profanity

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 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.
- **Page 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.
- **Page 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.

From the graphic novel: This book contains inexplicit sexual assault; graphic violence; inexplicit child molestation; hate including racism; mild/infrequent profanity; and alcohol use

Rating: 3/5, minor restricted.



The Kite Runner

BY KHALED HOSSEINI

Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck.

...“Fine,” Assef snapped. “All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?”

Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved.

Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan's hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan's back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand. He unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn't struggle. Didn't even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb.

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

-Page 66

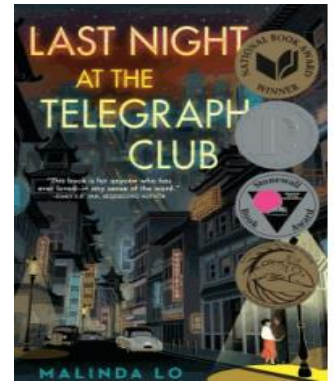
4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLocks Review Rating

*Last Night At The Telegraph Club by Malinda Lo (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- Eisenhower Middle School
- Grant Middle School
- Hayes Middle School (Due 01/03/2025)
- Jefferson Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School
- Washington Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; and derogatory term

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 42:** She went to bed imagining Maxine's hand on the buttons of Patrice's blouse, unbuttoning it. She slid her own hand beneath the placket of her nightgown; she felt her own warm skin beneath her fingertips. In the quiet darkness of her bedroom she felt the faint but insistent beating of her heart, and she felt its quickening. She imagined the blouse sliding off Patrice's shoulders, the pale swell of her breasts. Lily's whole body went hot. She felt the need to cross her legs against the hungry ache at the center of her body. She imagined them kissing the way Marlon Brando had kissed Mary Murphy in *The Wild One*, which she and Shirley had snuck into last February. ("Don't be such a square," Shirley had said when Lily had worried about getting caught.) But now, in Lily's imagination, Marlon Brando became Max, crushing Patrice bonelessly in her arms. And then their lips pressed together, and Lily tugged up the hem of her nightgown and pressed her fingers between her thighs, and pressed, and pressed.
- **Page 264:** The feel of Kath's hands sliding around her body silenced her laughter. She stopped breathing, and Kath's mouth touched hers, feeling its way in the dark. Her lips were cool and dry at first, but quickly, so quickly, they bloomed into warmth and softness. Her body was close against hers, the shape of her like a shock, her breasts and her hips and her hip bones against her, her hands pulling her closer, closer. Lily had not known, had never imagined, how a first kiss could turn so swiftly into a second, and a third, and then a continual opening and pressing and touching, the tip of her tongue against Kath's, the warmth of her mouth and the way that warmth reached all the way through her body and raised an indescribable ache between her legs. She had to push herself closer to Kath; that was the only thought in her mind. She put her hands on Kath and slid them beneath her jacket and clutched her back, and there was an awkward fumbling as they moved in the dark alleyway together, seeking something to press against, until the wall of the building was at Lily's back and she could pull Kath into her
- **Page 286:** But Lily felt as if there were no time. She couldn't entirely forget that they only had an hour together. A desire for something more was rising inside her as Kath moved against her, their skirts riding up as their bodies rubbed together. It felt urgent, as if they were counting down the seconds till a bomb would explode. There was no time; they had to do this right now. And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath's hand and moved it to the cleft of her body. Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered. "Please," Lily said, overcome. So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear. It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped. "Am I in the right place?" Kath asked. "Yes," Lily whispered. It all felt like the right place. Kath's fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating—she'd never even really touched herself like this before—and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.

LAST NIGHT AT THE TELEGRAPH CLUB

By Malinda Lo

She brushed her nose against Kath's neck, and she wanted to bottle up the fragrance of her. She felt Kath's pulse beneath her lips, and Kath's hand cupping the back of her head, and at last, Kath's mouth touching hers. It was still a shock to feel it: the connection between their bodies, as if it had risen from the marrow of her bones, thick and charged and sweet. Before, she had been afraid of being discovered and afraid of discovering herself, but the more they kissed, the less afraid she felt, until her fear was subsumed beneath much more powerful feelings.

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

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

Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered. "Please," Lily said, overcome.

So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear. It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped.

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

"Yes," Lily whispered.

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

"I'm sorry," she gasped, but she couldn't really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath's neck until it was over. There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily's thigh and whispered, "Can I—is this all right?"

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

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

-Page 286

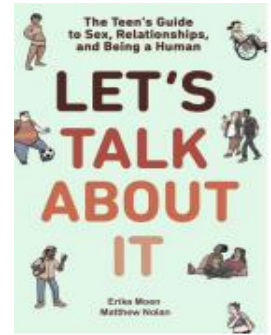


Not For Minors
BookLoops Review Rating

*Let's Talk About It by Erika Moen + Matthew Nolan (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual illustrations and commentary; obscene sexual nudity; profanity; and alternate gender ideologies

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 159:** "Aw, don't worry. I think about some pretty freaky stuff too! How about I tell you some of the wild things I think up when I'm getting off if you tell me yours?" The illustration on the bottom left of the page depicts a nude woman sitting on a bed. Her right breast is exposed. She says, "I don't know why it got me off!" The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting on a bed. Their upper bodies are exposed. The man is hugging the woman from her right side, leaving her left breast exposed. "Aw, don't worry. I think about some pretty freaky stuff too! How about I tell you some of the wild things I think up when I'm getting off if you tell me yours?" The illustration on the bottom left of the page depicts a woman sitting on a bed, nude. Her right breast is exposed. She says, "I don't know why it got me off!" The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting in bed with their upper bodies exposed. The man is hugging the woman from her right side, leaving her left breast exposed.
- **Page 157:** The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude male and female on a bed under the covers with their upper bodies exposed. The woman is laying on top of the man. Her arms are extended and her hands are pressing into the bed, elevating her above him. They are talking to each other. The man says, "Oh, WOW!" The woman says, "Yeah, that was SUPER fun. Thank youuu."
- **Page 164:** The illustration on this page depicts a young woman sitting in front of a computer. The quotations depicted as coming out of the computer screen read: "HELL-O NURSE!" and "Ooh yeah, that's the good stuff." The text beside the computer reads: A great place to research fantasies and kinks safely is on the internet! There are tons of people and communities out there who share your interests and have all kinds of advice. The illustration on the left middle of the page depicts a female in a bra and panties. The image below her, is a close-up view of a flaccid cartoon penis and scrotum. The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts two nude people bent over. One of the people is pressed against the other's buttocks with their left arm extended out toward the other person's left shoulder. There are two icons and slide bar depicted inferring a video is being played. Text surrounding the images reads: When consumed right, porn can help you discover new aspects of your sexuality, and help you safely explore kinks and fantasies. ...Do your research! Look up interviews with your fave porn performers, go to the sites they recommend, and pay for your porn. See Figure 4.



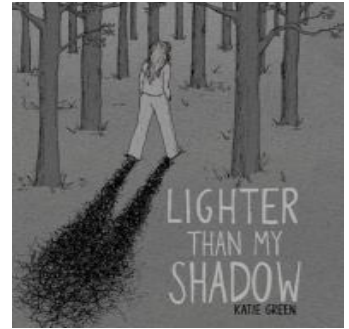
*Lighter Than My Shadow by Katie Green (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Manzano High School

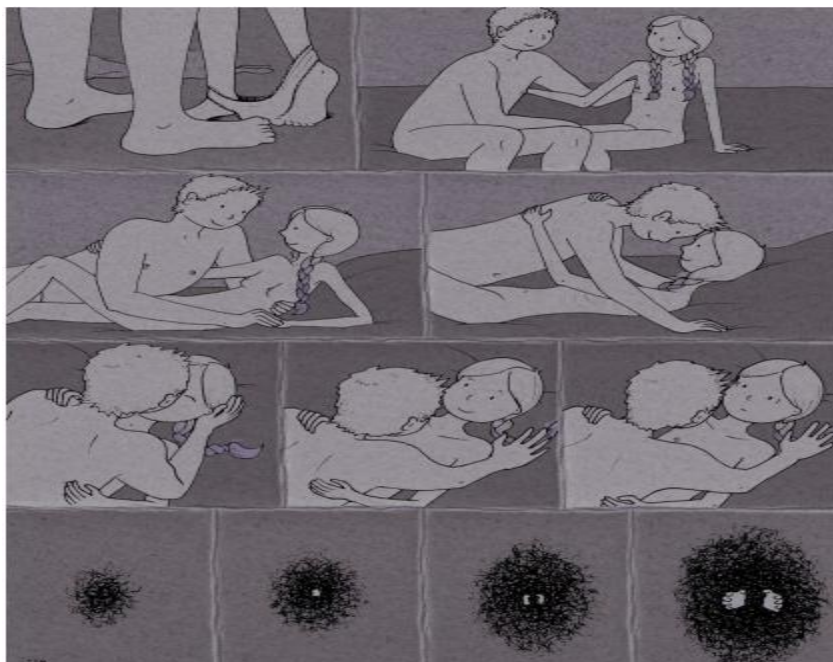
Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains frequent obscene sexual activities including sexual assault; nudity; mild/infrequent profanity; self-harm involving anorexia, cutting, and suicidal ideations.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

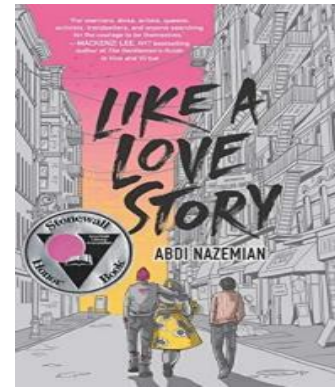
- **Page 467:** The illustration on the top-left side of the page depicts a woman in a posterior view taking a shower. Her buttocks is exposed. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts a nude young woman lying back on a bed. She is moving her right hand toward her pubic area.
- **Page 468;** The illustrations on the top of the page depict the same young woman described above with her arm toward her pubic area. The illustration on the middle-left side of the page depicts the same young woman lying nude underneath a nude man. The illustration on the middle-right side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The woman's breasts and nipples are exposed. The illustration on the bottom-left side of the page depicts the same two individuals described above. The man is lying beside the woman, pinching her right nipple. The illustration on the bottom-right side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The man is lying beside the woman. His left hand is angled toward her pubic area. Her breasts and nipples are exposed.
- **Page 442:** The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a nude woman with an enlarged abdomen. She is cutting her left outer thigh off with a butcher knife. Her breasts are exposed.



*Like A Love Story by Abdi Nazemian (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Follett eBook***
- Juvenile Detention Center



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 338:** Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else. He thrusts faster and faster, until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me. ..."Wow," he says. "Guess I won't be wearing these pants tonight." ...I notice the gooey stain on his black jeans, and the wetness on my won blue jeans. "Oh," I said. "I didn't know that you..." I leap off the bed and go to the bathroom, I squeeze some shampoo from a tiny bottle onto a washcloth, get it all wet, and the rub the wetness off my pants. I wash my hands, perhaps too aggressively. I look at myself in the mirror. I tell myself I am okay, that nothing risky happened. ..."You okay in there?" Art asks. "You do realize having two pairs of jeans and two pairs of underwear between us is, like, as safe as abstinence, right?" ..."I know," I say. And then, closing the door, I add, "I'm going to shower before we meet everyone downstairs." ...I turn on the shower, take off my clothes, and get inside. As I touch myself, I imagine Art thrusting on top of me, screaming my name. I close my eyes and let the hot water wash all evidence of my passion away.
- **Page 337:** here did you get a porno magazine?" I ask. ...Art laughs. He squeezes my thigh. "Oh Reza. My innocent Reza. The first time I read a porn, I was twelve. I found my dad's stash of Penthouse and Playboy magazines in the back of his closet. Playboy was pretty much useless to me. But Penthouse has these sex stories in them, and they were very hot because there were men in them." I find myself getting hard, and he moves his hands to my crotch, "Just covering up the evidence," he says with a smile. ..."Maybe you could...read those stories to me someday. You can't get AIDS from story time." ...He laughs, "Any day you want." He squeezes my erection.

*The Little Black Book For Girlz by St. Stephen's Community House (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 76:** The head of the penis is a sensitive part for men. A guy will be sensitive in other areas as well, but this varies from guy to guy. ...You cannot get pregnant, but it is possible to get some STIs if you swallow cum. ...Some people find anal sex pleasurable and erotic. Some people don't. Because the anus doesn't have natural lubricants like the vagina, using lube is a good idea. Like vaginal intercourse, if you're tense, it's going to hurt. ...It may feel better if the penis goes in a little bit at a time rather than going in really quick. ...Q. Are there different types of orgasms? A. Yes, there are different types of orgasms. Some are quick, while some can be longer. Some are very intense, while some are gentler. Women can have what you call multiple orgasms; that's when you can have one after another after another. An orgasm from oral sex may feel different from a vaginal sex orgasm, which may feel different from an orgasm achieved with a vibrator. A woman can have one on her own through masturbation or with a partner.
- **Page 102:** You slide the condom over the penis before you have sex and it catches all the cum when he ejaculates. A diaphragm (sic) is a shallow cup made of rubber, shaped like a dome. You have to be fitted by a doctor and it can be reused for up to a year. ...You need to be refitted if you have an abortion, get pregnant, or gain or lose weight of 4.5 kg (10 lbs) or more. The diaphragm (sic) can be used while you are on your period. You put it in with spermicidal jelly and bonk away. Six hours after the bonking is done, you remove it.

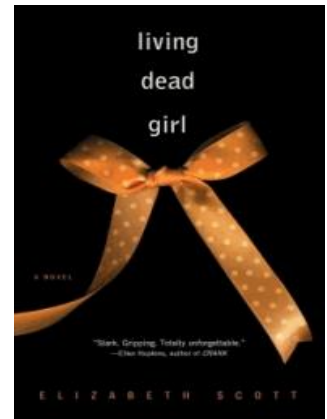




*Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; sexual nudity; violence including child abuse; suicidal ideation; drug use; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 97:** I would give anything to go back and take that food, slap that stupid once upon a time girl and shove what she was too dumb to want down my throat, eat and eat until I grew thick, fleshy everywhere with rolls protecting me from everyone's eyes. From Ray's eyes. "So, uh, do you want to ... ?" He rubs his leg, and then tries to take my hand again. I let him this time, hold still while he rubs it across the front of his jeans. He is so tentative, so unsure.
- **Page 148:** We are close to the park. Ray has finished his chicken and cleaned his hands and pressed my face down into his lap again, then changed his mind and moved me around, folding me into what he wanted, my head pushing into the door as he pushes into me, grunt (him) thunk (me). "You. Remember. Who. You. Belong. To," he says. "You. Remember. Whose. Girl. You. Are." I nod and he pushes my hair out from where it has gotten trapped under me, caught by him and how he's moved me. "There," he says. "That must feel better." It does, of course it does, not feeling bits of my hair strain, snap. My head goes thunk again, once, twice, and then he sighs. Flexes his fingers on my shoulder, red pain silent scream inside me. Tears on my face, I cannot help it, and he licks them off one by one, sucking every last thing he can from me.
- **Page 61:** He sleeps with one arm thrown across me after, and I lie stinging sharp all over, a wet sticky puddle under me. Soon there will be a little girl here, a real one with tiny arms and legs for Ray to push into. I want him to take her tomorrow. I want that little girl here now, where I am. I want her to be Ray's love, to bear it.

Living Dead Girl

By Elizabeth Scott

You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open. Waiting. "Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing. "Good girl, Alice." Afterward, he will give you the water and a container of yogurt. He will sit with one hand curled around your knee. You will watch TV together. He will tell you how lucky you are.

-Page 4

I can't breathe, but that's not why he lets the pressure up. He lets go a little so I can nod. Because he knows I will. I am not strong; I cannot stop him or even slow him down. I can only wait until he gets so tired of me that he lets me die and moves on. "She would punish me," he says. "Hold me down and show me how all we think of is sin. How We are-all sin." He spits the last word out, like he can

taste it, and then touches my hair, slides his fists under my shirt and twists the sullen rise of my right breast, the little lump that's there. "Would you be that kind of mother?" "No."

Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn't want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is.

-Page 46-47

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

(me).

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

I nod and he pushes my hair out from where it has gotten trapped under me, caught by him and how he's moved me. "There," he says. "That must feel better."

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

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

-Page 148

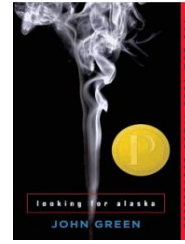
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/5

Not For Minors
BookLookz Review Rating

*Looking for Alaska by John Green (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (also on eBook)
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (also on eBook)
- Del Norte High School (also on eBook)
- Eldorado High School (also on eBook)
- Highland High School (also on eBook)
- La Cueva High School (also on eBook)
- Manzano High School (also on eBook)
- Volcano Vista (on eBook only)
- West Mesa High School (also on eBook)
- Early College Academy/CEC (also on eBook)
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Future/eCademy/Freedom High
- NextGen (also on eBook)
- Unified ARTS Resource Library
- Cleveland Middle School on eBook
- Desert Ridge Middle School (also on eBook)
- Ernie Pyle Middle School (also on eBook)
- Garfield Middle School (also on eBook)
- Harrison Middle School (also on eBook)
- Hayes Middle School (also on eBook)
- Hoover Middle School on eBook
- Jackson Middle School (also on eBook)
- James Monroe MS (also on eBook)
- Rio Grande HS (also on eBook & CD)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School (also on eBook)
- Jefferson Middle School on eBook
- Jimmy Carter Middle School (also on eBook)
- John Adams Middle School (also on eBook)
- Kennedy Middle School (also on eBook)
- L.B. Johnson Middle School (also on eBook)
- Madison Middle School (also on eBook)
- McKinley Middle School on eBook
- Polk Middle School (also on eBook)
- Roosevelt Middle School
- Taft Middle School (also on eBook)
- Taylor Middle School on eBook
- Tony Hillerman MS (also on eBook)
- Truman Middle School (status: out. Available on eBook)
- Washington Middle School (also on eBook)
- Wilson Middle School (also on eBook)



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual nudity and sexual activities; moderate profanity use; alcohol use; and gender ideologies.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 129:** She jumped onto him and wrapped her legs around him (God forbid anyone ever does that to me, I thought. I'll fall over). I'd heard Alaska talk about kissing, but I'd never seen her kiss until then: As he held her by her waist, she leaned forward, her pouty lips parted, her head just slightly tilted, and enveloped his mouth with such passion that I felt I should look away but couldn't.
- **Page 139:** Her hand above my knee, the palm flat and soft against my jeans and her index finger making slow, lazy circles that crept toward the inside of my thigh, and with one layer between us, God I wanted her. ...And I steeled myself to say them as I stared up at the starriest night, convinced myself that she felt it, too, that her hand so alive and vivid against my leg was more than playful, and fuck Lara and fuck Jake because I do.
- **Page 145:** "...Sex is pretty fun...." ... "You're hopeless. Wanna go porn hunting?" "Huh?" "We can't love our neighbors till we know how crooked their hearts are. Don't you like porn?" she asked, smiling. "Um," I answered. The truth was that I hadn't seen much porn, but the idea of looking at porn with Alaska had a certain appeal
- **Page 290:** "Is this what you told Lara in the TV room? Because, see, Pudge, they only call it a blow job."

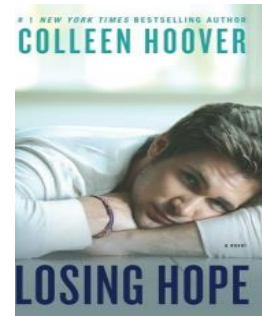
*Losing Hope by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Valley High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; profanity; self-harm including suicide; alcohol use; and controversial religious commentary.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 161:** I ease myself back down on top of her until we recapture our rhythm. She feels so incredible pressed against me, I don't know that I'll ever be the same again. ...I kiss her everywhere my lips have already touched her tonight, picking up pace with the timing of her gasps and moans. When I feel her body tensing around mine I pull away from her neck and look down at her. She digs her nails deeper into my skin, then tilts her head back and closes her eyes. ...Her eyebrow crease together and she loses all rhythm to her breathing pattern. She's fighting to breathe now as her body begins to tremble beneath me, all the while keeping our gaze locked together. All I can do is hold my breath and watch the most incredible thing I've ever seen unfold beneath me. When the loudest of her moans has escaped her lips, she can no longer keep her eyes open. ...When she's finally calm, I move my lips down to her neck and kiss it like I wish I could be kissing her mouth right now.
- **Page 297:** ...As soon as I begin to tremble and moan beneath her, my head falls against the mattress and she allows me to close my eyes this time. She continues to move on top of me until I'm completely and utterly still. ...My lips connect with hers and I kiss her, pushing her off me and onto the floor beneath me. I slide my hand between us and flatten my palm against her stomach, then slowly lower my hand until I find the exact spot that makes my favorite sound escape her mouth. I drink in every single moan and breath that passes her lips.

Losing Hope

by Colleen Hoover

*"Tell me it's okay to ,
 want to be inside you
 right now..."*

She throws her arms around my neck and grasps my hair, pulling my mouth back to hers, showing me that she needs this just as much as I do. I groan and pull her away from the shower wall, then walk her out the bathroom and into the bedroom. I drop her down onto the bed then grab her panties and pull them down her legs. I crash against her mouth and pull off my boxers, which are now soaking wet. All I can think about is how much I need to be inside her right now. I pull apart from her long enough to get a condom on, then I grab her hips and pull her to the edge of the bed. I lift her leg to my side and slide my other arm underneath her shoulder. I grip her leg and her shoulder and keep my eyes trained on hers, then push into her.

The second I'm inside her, it doesn't feel like enough. I press my lips to hers and try to search for whatever it is that's missing from the moment.

*I move in and out of her, /
 more and more frantic A
 with each thrust,* trying desperately to reach a feeling that I don't even know exists. She relaxes her body against mine, following my movements, allowing me to be in control.

...I keep my gaze locked with hers and I pull her to me, then lift her up as I stand. I'm still inside her and she's wrapped around me, so I turn my back to the bed and slide down to the floor. I lean forward and kiss her bottom lip softly, then her whole mouth.

I bring a hand to her cheek and drop the other to her hip. I begin to move beneath her, slowly guiding her with my hand, wanting her to just take control.

...She laces our hands together and places them over our hearts. She strokes her thumb against my hand and lifts up slightly, then slowly glides back down me again. The

glides back down me again. The incredible sensation that rushes through my body causes my head to collapse against the mattress behind me. I groan, unable to keep my eyes open. "Open your eyes," she whispers, still moving against me. "I want you to watch me." ... "Don't look away again," she says, lifting herself up. When she slides back onto my lap, I can barely keep my head up. Especially when that moan escapes her lips and she squeezes my hands even harder. ...As soon as I begin to tremble and moan beneath her, my head falls against the mattress and she allows me to close my eyes this time. She continues to move on top of me until I'm completely and utterly still. ...My lips connect with hers and I kiss her, pushing her off me and onto the floor beneath me. I slide my hand between us and flatten my palm against her stomach, then slowly lower my hand until I find the exact spot that makes my favorite sound escape her mouth. I drink in every single moan and breath that passes her lips.

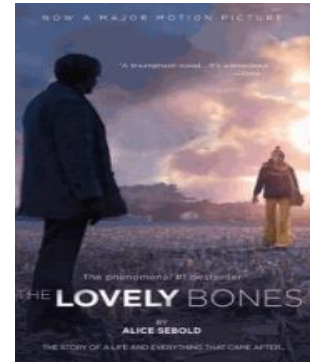
-Page 297



*The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School (Status: lost)
- La Cueva High School (Status: Lost)
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Nex+Gen
- Cleveland Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Taft Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains mild profanity; alternate sexualities; sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; violence; alcohol use; and suicide commentary.

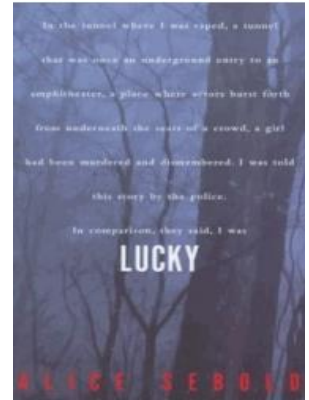
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 13:** "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
- **Page 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

*Lucky by Alice Sebold (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Jackson Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene excerpts involving sexual assault/battery; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and drug use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 5:** "Give me a blow job," he said. He was standing now. I was on the ground, trying to search among the filth for my clothes. He kicked me and I curled into a ball. "I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand. "I don't know how," I said. "What do you mean you don't know how?" "I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin." "Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said. "Like a straw?" I said. "Yeah, like a straw." I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard. "Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?"
- **Page 99:** If they found you, I could take those solid red balls and slice them separately off, as everyone watched. I have already planned what I would do for a pleasurable kill, a slow, soft, ending. First, I would kick hard and straight with a boot, into you, stare while you shot quick and loose, contents a blood pink hue. Next, I would slice out your tongue, You couldn't curse, or scream. Only a face of pain would speak for you, your thick ignorance through. Thirdly, Should I hack away those sweet cow eyes with the glass blades you made me lie down on? Or should I shoot, with a gun, close into the knee; where they say the cap shatters immediately? I picture you now, your fingers rubbing sleep from those live blind eyes, while I rise restlessly. I need the blood of your hide on my hands. I want to kill you with goots and guns and glass. I want to fuck you with knives. Come to me, Come to me, Come die and lie, beside me



BY ALICE SEBOLD

He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind. He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said. "Spread them." I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold. "Keep them there," he said. He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue. -page 9

He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now. It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it. -page 6

He kicked me and I curled into a ball. "I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand. ... "I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin." "Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said. "Like a straw?" I said. "Yeah, like a straw." I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard. "Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?" "No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before." "Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin. -page 11

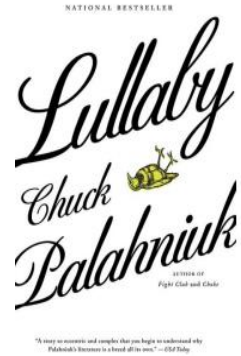
*Lullaby by Chuck Palahniuk (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; references to aberrant sexual activities including necrophilia; sexual nudity; and profanity.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 95:** He puts the pants in my arms, and he's standing here, hands on his hips, dick-and-balls naked. ...His dick tapers to a dribbling pink stalactite of wrinkled foreskin. A silver ring pierces the tip. **Page 252:** "I'm getting my guiche pierced," she'd say. "It's that little ridge of skin running between your asshole and the bottom of your vagina."
- **Page 46:** A desk clerk confirms that they used the television remote control to order a pornographic movie. ..."Embolism, if you ask me," Nash says. "You eat a girl out and you blow some air inside her, or if you fuck her too hard, either way you can force air into her bloodstream and the bubble goes right to her heart." ...He says, "Newlyweds like they were, I figure he fucks her to death, and then has himself a heart attack. Five bucks says they open her and find air in her heart."
- **Page 235:** He licks the chili smeared around his lips and says, "I saw your wife's death certificate." He smiles and says, "Signs of postmortem sexual intercourse?" ... "Don't tell me," he leans across the table and says. "Don't tell me it wasn't just about the best sex you've ever had." ...And I say, it was different. She was my wife. "Your wife or not," Nash says, "dead means dead. It's still necrophilia."

Lullaby

BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK

"Embolism, if you ask me," Nash says.
"You eat a girl out and you blow some air inside her, or if you fuck her too hard, either way you can force air into her bloodstream and the bubble goes right to her heart."

-Page 46

The police report doesn't say how warm my wife, Gina, felt when I woke up that morning. How soft and warm she felt under the covers. How when I turned next to her, she rolled onto her back, her hair fanned out on her pillow. Her head was tipped a little toward one shoulder. Her morning skin smelled warm, the way sunlight looks bouncing up off a white tablecloth in a nice restaurant near the beach on your honeymoon.

Sun came through the blue curtains, making her skin blue. Her lips blue. Her eyelashes were lying across each cheek. Her mouth was a loose smile.

Still half asleep, I cupped my hand behind her neck and tilted her face back and kissed her.

...Still kissing her warm, relaxed mouth, I pulled her nightgown up around her waist.

Her legs seemed to roll apart, and my hand found her loose and wet inside.

Under the covers, my eyes closed, I worked my tongue inside. With my wet fingers, I peeled back the smooth pink edges of her and licked deeper. The tide of air going in and out of me. At the top of each breath, I drove my mouth up into her.

For once, Katrin had slept the whole night and wasn't crying.

My mouth climbed to Gina's belly button. It climbed to her breasts. With one wet finger in her mouth, my other fingers flick across her nipples. My mouth cups over her other breast and my tongue touches the nipple inside.

Gina's head rolled to one side, and I licked the back of her ear. My hips pressing her legs apart, I put myself inside.

The loose smile on her face, the way her mouth came open at the last moment and her head sunk deep into the pillow, she was so quiet. It was the best it had been since before Katrin was born.

-Page 177

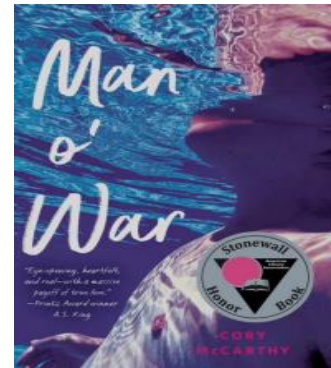
4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLookz Review Rating

*Man O' War by Cory McCarthy (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- West Mesa High School
- Harrison Middle School
- Wilson Middle School
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; profanity/derogatory terms; references to hate involving homophobia and racism; controversial social and historical commentary; and alcohol use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 197:** Indy sat behind me on the dark, cold bus. Their hands moved under my hoodie in the back, massaging. I wasn't wearing my binder, having been too tired to strap it on, and I could feel their fingers on skin that was usually kept away from everyone, even Indy, even in our more riotous explorations of each other. They lowered their face to my shoulder and kissed the back of my neck.
- **Page 188:** My hands brushed every inch of her, palms open on her nipples that were so sensitive her sounds grew wild and her knees clamped on my hips. We switched positions, and I sank between her legs. Indy tossed herself backward on the bed, and I tugged away her unders, kissed her wide-open until her body rippled and arched, and she nearly pulled my hair out. She came just like she changed her clothes: unabashed and unbound. Intimidating and proud. Afterward, she reached for me with the same kind of hunger that had driven me here in the first place, only I was having trouble breathing. Relaxing. Feeling. Her hands went after my belt, and I couldn't help begging my dysphoria, Not now. Please don't do this to me right now. My three-pound binder was holding in a million pounds of flesh. ...I tackled her, flipping us with my weight, lifting my hips to kick off my pants. My skin loved the warm angles of her body. Indy's neck and arms, her shaking legs. We pressed into each other at the same moment, and when I found her eyes wide, searching out mine, I didn't know what was wrong. I nearly asked, nearly stopped us. But there was nothing wrong with Indy staring into me while touching me so tenderly I wanted to cry. ...Intrusive thoughts rose from my depths. Joss calling my orgasms too masculine. Taylor scolding me to come like a woman, to surrender to it or some shit. I'd long since pretended to finish before I had. ...We kissed madly, came so many times. Our bodies shook into pieces, each one was more satisfying than smashing dinnerware on cement. We stayed in that bed for days, literal years following the countdown of midnight.
- **Page 325:** It's okay if you do not understand the difference between gender, assigned sex, and sexual orientation. Blurring these lines has been the prized weapon of sexism, cissexism, and homophobia for centuries. The patriarchy and capitalism need you to tell other people who they are . . . so don't. Gen Z often embraces this PANTS metaphor: Assigned sex is about what's in your pants. Categories include female, intersex spectrum, male. Gender is how you feel about what's in your pants. Categories include transgender, nonbinary spectrum, cisgender, agender, two-spirit, man o' war, etc. Sexual orientation is about who you want in your pants and/ or how often. Categories include homo, pan, demi, bi, and hetero sexualities, as well as hyper, ace spectrum, and allo sexualities.

Man O' War

By Cory McCarthy

My body heated, hummed. I held back, lips parting from hers soon but not fast. ...I opened my mouth to comment, and she shook her head, pressing me down onto her bed, her knees straddling my lap. She kissed me this time, and it was long and hard, and soul-deep. ...Euphoria. And that's why dysphoria was so aptly named. They were similar experiences, endless light, the other? Absolute nothingness. Indigo Waits made me feel euphoric. Like catching the wind, sailing. Our kissing lapsed into a kind of madness, and I tried to reel it back in before we turned irrevocably naked. "Should we stop?" I asked, eyes searching for hers until I found them and looked away. ... "Do you want to stop, or do you think we should because yielding is deemed socially respectful decorum?" ...I blinked hard, unable to see past the hormones that left me extra aware of my hands and Indy's extraordinary ass. "The second one." ...Indy was still straddling my lap, and I held the tops of her hips, thoughts whirlpooling. "I can wait, but if you're waiting for me, I'm ready." "Right now?" I'd worked myself up to kiss Indy. Now she was asking for a lot more. I could do this; I certainly wanted to. I squeezed her legs, fingers edging toward the feverish center of her body. Indy threw her head back and groaned, and I was nearly undone. I looped off her baggy pajama top, revealing those round shoulders, hard nipples, and the excruciatingly soft skin of her chest. Her kisses moved to my neck, and I lost my shirt, my binder pulled as tightly as possible, limiting each breath. Nuzzling the nook between her shoulder and neck, I asked, "Chest? Yes or no?" "Yes, please." My hands brushed every inch of her, palms open on her nipples that were so sensitive her sounds grew wild and her knees

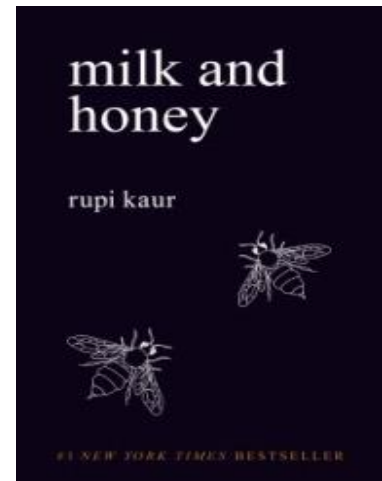
clamped on my hips. We switched positions, and I sank between her legs. Indy tossed herself backward on the bed, and I tugged away her unders, kissed her wide-open until her body rippled and arched, and she nearly pulled my hair out. She came just like she changed her clothes: unabashed and unbound. Intimidating and proud. Afterward, she reached for me with the same kind of hunger that had driven me here in the first place, only I was having trouble breathing. Relaxing. Feeling. Her hands went after my belt, and I couldn't help begging my dysphoria, Not now. Please don't do this to me right now. My three-pound binder was holding in a million pounds of flesh. ...I tackled her, flipping us with my weight, lifting my hips to kick off my pants. My skin loved the warm angles of her body. Indy's neck and arms, her shaking legs. We pressed into each other at the same moment, and when I found her eyes wide, searching out mine, I didn't know what was wrong. I nearly asked, nearly stopped us. But there was nothing wrong with Indy staring into me while touching me so tenderly I wanted to cry. ...Intrusive thoughts rose from my depths. Joss calling my orgasms too masculine. Taylor scolding me to come like a woman, to surrender to it or some shit. I'd long since pretended to finish before I had. ...We kissed madly, came so many times. Our bodies shook into pieces, each one was more satisfying than smashing dinnerware on cement. We stayed in that bed for days, literal years following the countdown of midnight.

-Page 188-191

*Milk and Honey by Rupi Kaur (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (also on sound recording)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- West Mesa High School
- Nex+Gen
- Early Collage Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains illustrations depicting non-sexual nudity; sexual activities including sexual assault.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 20:** you plough into me with two fingers and I am mostly shocked. It feels like rubber against an open wound. I do not like it. You begin pushing faster and faster. But I feel nothing. You search my face for a reaction so I begin acting like the naked women in the videos you watch when you think no one's looking. I imitate their moans. Hollow and hungry. You ask if it feels good and I say yes so quickly it sounds rehearsed, but the acting. You do not notice.
- **Page 8:** The illustration on this page depicts a naked woman sitting with her legs open with the words "you have been taught your legs are a pit stop for men that need a place to rest a vacant body empty enough for guests but no one ever comes and is willing to stay". The words are written over the pubic region of the illustration. See Figure 1.
- **Page 40:** instead. Lie me down. Lay me open like a map. And with your finger trace the places you still want to **** out of me. Kiss me like I am the center point of gravity and you are falling into me like my soul is the focal point of yours. And when your mouth is kissing not my mouth but other places. My legs will split apart out of habit. And that's when. I pull you in. welcome you. Home

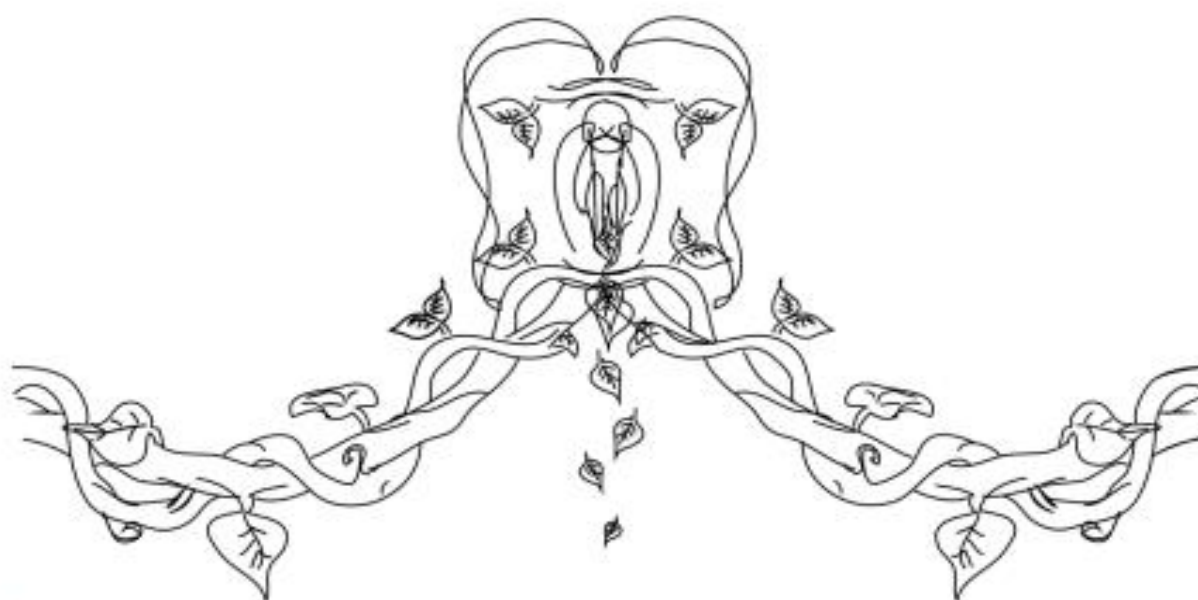


Figure 1

*The Nerdy and The Dirty by B.T. Gottfred (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

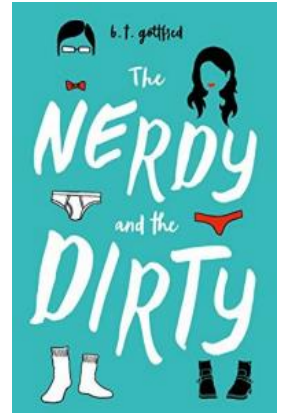
- Albuquerque High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity; controversial religious commentary; violence; drug use; suicide commentary.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

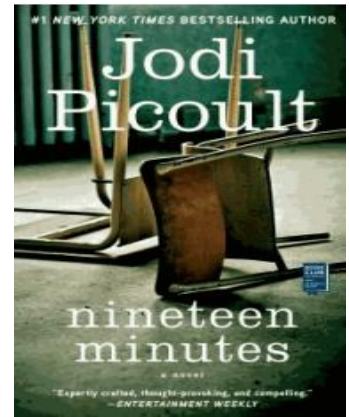
- **Page 17:** ...tell him that I masturbate every day and that I think Catholicism is bullshit and all the other real stuff I think and feel.
- **Page 65:** ...I'm moaning, I don't even know I'm moaning, IF I KNEW I WAS MOANING, I WOULD HAVE STOPPED. But I don't know, and my body is lifting off the bed, not really, but sort of, and this orgasm is going to be the best orgasm of my life and am I crying? I don't even know, but my body is humming, yes, humming, crying, moaning, humming, and body shaking and MOANING and.... ...My body finishes, my moans stop, all joy stops.
- **Page 214:** "Scoot up a little and I'll help," she said. As I did, she reached around and grabbed my penis, guided it inside her. I'm not sure I had ever thought about how it would feel. I guess I thought it would be like masturbating but masturbating inside a girl's vagina. But it didn't feel anything like that. I didn't really concentrate on what my penis was feeling at all. So I asked, "How does it feel for you?" "Very good. How does it feel for you?" "It feels...very good...obviously...but I'm mostly feeling..." ...Then she said, "Are you close to coming?" "I think so." "Can you wait a bit longer?" "I think so." "I want to come at the same time..."
- **Page 215:** "I'll need my fingers to help...Is that okay?" "Of course! Why wouldn't that be okay?" "Other boys might think..." "I'm not other boys, Penelope." She reached between our bodies, and I could see her body respond to her touch and I just had to say, "That is very , very, sexy...very sexy..." "I love that you think it's sexy..." "It might be too sexy because it's going to make me..." "I know...two more seconds...I'm close..." "I can't..." "One more second...." she said, and grabbed the back of my head and we locked our eyes together and...



*Nineteen Minutes by Jodi Picoult (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- Garfield Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- 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.

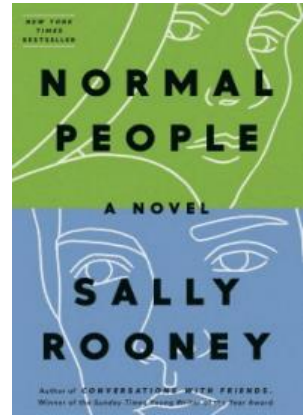
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 223:** ...She heard the rip of a foil condom packet—How long had he been carrying that around? Then he tore at his jeans and hiked up her skirt, as if he still expected her to change her mind. Josie felt Matt pulling aside the elastic of her underwear, the burn of his finger pushing inside her. This was nothing like the times before, when his touch had left a track like a comet over her skin; when she found herself aching after she told him she wanted to stop. Matt shifted his weight and came down on top of her again, only this time there was more burning, more pressure. “Ow,” she whimpered, and Matt hesitated. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said. She turned her head away. “Just do it,” Josie said, and Matt pushed his hips flush against hers. It was the kind of pain that—even though she was expecting it—made her cry out. Matt mistook that for passion. “I know, baby,” he groaned. She could feel his heartbeat, but from the inside, and then he started to move faster, bucking against her like a fish released from a hook onto a dock. Josie wanted to ask Matt whether it had hurt the first time he had done it, too. She wondered if it always would hurt. Maybe pain was the price everyone paid for love. She turned her face into Matt’s shoulder and tried to understand why, even with him still inside of her, she felt empty.
- **Page 313:** "He pinned her hands over her head and ground his hips against hers. She could feel his erection, hot against her stomach. It wasn't the way it normally was, but Josie had to admit that it was exciting. She couldn't remember ever feeling so heavy, as if her heart were beating between her legs. She clawed at matt's back to bring him closer. "Yeah," he groaned, and he pushed her thighs apart. And then suddenly Matt was inside her, pumping so hard that she scooted backward on the carpet, burning the backs of her legs. "Wait," Josie said, trying to roll away beneath him, but he clamped his hand over her mouth and drove harder and harder until Josie felt him come. Semen, stick and hot, pooled on the carpet beneath her

*Normal People: A Novel by Sally Rooney (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Valley High School (Status: LOST)
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sadomasochism; profanity; and alcohol use.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 22:** When he touched her that night she was so wet, and she rolled her eyes back into her head and said: God, yes. And she was allowed to say it, no one would know, He was afraid he would come then just from touching her like that.
- **Page 100:** He likes to get very deep inside her, slowly, until her breathing is loud and hard and she clutches at the pillowcase with one hand. Her body feels so small then and so open. Like this? He says, and she's nodding her head and maybe punching her hand on the pillow, making little gasps whenever he moves
- **Page 135:** She got the top button undone and he told her that he was really drunk, and maybe they should stop. She put her hand inside the waistband of his underwear and said it was okay, she didn't mind. He thought he would probably black out then, but he found he couldn't. He wished he could have. He heard Paula saying: You're so hard. That was an especially insane thing for her to say, because he actually wasn't.
- **Page 143:** Early in their relationship, without any apparent forethought, she told him she was "a submissive." She was surprised even fearing herself say it: maybe she did it to shock him. What do you mean? He asked. Feeling worldly, she replied: You know, I like guys to hurt me. After that he started to tie her up and beat her with various objects... when it happens her brain simply goes empty, like a room with the light turned off, and she shudders into orgasm without any perceptible joy

***Not That Bad: Dispatches from Rape Culture** Edited by Roxane Gay
Found in the Following APS Library Catalogs:

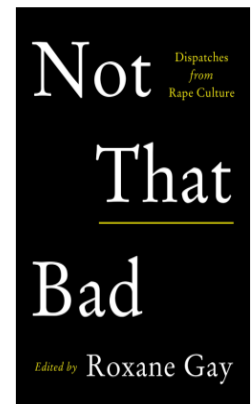
- Valley High School

Explicit Content Summary (4/5 Rating)

- This book contains sexual activities; violence including sexual assault and molestation; profanity; alcohol and drug use; self-harm including anorexia and bulimia; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; controversial social/cultural commentary.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 27** - *I remember his hands always on my body, and even before he pulled the mirror and the razor blade out of the center drawer, I was thinking, This isn't good. Kurt reached into the pocket of his coat and pulled out a paper packet- druggie origami- tapping two snowy piles onto the glass.*
- **Page 56** - *Sweet tits, hot tits, sugar tits... I've been a D-cup since seventh grade, so my breasts have been up for public conversation almost as long as I can remember along with the rest of me, especially my ass, the way I walk, and how viable a fuck I am ...You'd like to rub your dick all over my ass?*
- **Page 65** - *I wanna fuck your asshole. ...I'd like to put my cock between those titties. Ugly cunt...*
- **Page 257** - *Daddy had an idea: he asked me to lie down on the bed for a few shots in my bra and panties. ..."Everything will be okay, Tracey," he said. "Just relax." He laid me down gently and, one hand holding his camera, the other moved the crotch of my brand-new blue-and-white polka-dot panties to one side.*
- **Page 293** - *When I was fifteen... I found myself alone in a car with a football player I'd had a crush on for a while. He kissed me; I was thrilled. He started unbuttoning my shirt; I wasn't thrilled. He was strong and he held me down but he didn't have time to force himself inside me because he was a teenage boy and had no sexual stamina: he sprayed my jeans, his arm across my throat, smashing my head against the car window as he humped my leg. I twisted away from him as far as I could get, my feet braced against the steering wheel, but he pinned my arms so I couldn't open the door.*
- **Page 304** - *He lay down on the futon mattress on my parquet floor and I focused on my mouth's task, the act that once gave me pleasure and did then, too, despite whatever else I felt. I marveled at the thick, almost egg-white quality of his ejaculate that tasted oddly pleasant...*
- **Page 321** - *Did the man masturbate or just expose himself? If he masturbated, did you see cum? Did he say something cryptic while he masturbated? ...You are safe from men in sweatpants each with one hand around his penis... You are also safe from the man who ordered a "pussy burger" from you at your high school job.*
- **Page 338** - *I woke up one night to him hard and upon me from behind, jabbing my vagina, my heart, my threshold- and I said, "What the-?" semiasleep, "WHAT THE-?" and he said, "Don't be mad" as warm semen trickled down my inner thighs, coating and staining them.*



*One Last Stop by Casey McQuiston (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

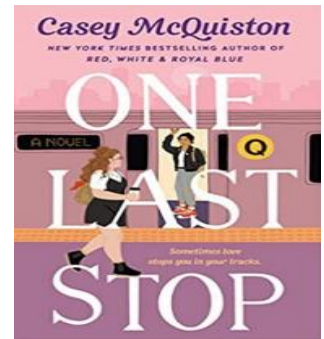
- La Cueva High School
- West Mesa High School
- Nex+Gen

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; excessive/frequent profanity; alternate sexualities; alcohol and drug use; and alternate gender ideologies.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 221:** “I wanna go down on you,” Jane murmurs. “Is that cool?” August’s eyes snap open. “Wha-what the fuck kind of question is that?” Jane’s head drops back with a bark of laughter, eyes shut and lips swollen, the line of her throat obscene and gorgeous. “I need a yes or no.” “Yes, okay, Jesus.” “They call me Jane, actually,” Jane says, and August rolls her eyes as Jane sinks down to one knee. “That’s the worst line I’ve ever heard,” August says, fighting to keep her breath steady as Jane tugs on the top of one of her thigh highs with her teeth. The elastic snaps back, and Jane grins against the inside of August’s thigh at the little yelp it earns her. “Did that shit really work on girls in the ‘70s?” “It seems,” Jane says, kissing her way up, and August knows her hand is shaking when she pushes it into the hair at the crown of Jane’s head, but she’ll be goddamned if she’ll act like it, “to be working just fine now.” “I don’t know.” Jane’s fingers catch on the waistband of August’s underwear. August stares across the car at a Brooklinen ad, of all ridiculous things, because if she confronts the reality of Jane kneeling between her legs and tugging her underwear down her thighs, she’s going to have a full-scale mental collapse. “Don’t get too cocky.” “You might wanna use the door,” Jane says, “for balance.” “Why?” “Because in a minute you’re not gonna be able to feel your legs,” Jane says, and when August finally looks down at her, mouth open in shock, she’s smiling innocently. She pushes the hem of August’s skirt up and says, “Hold this for me, yeah? I’m busy.” “Absolutely fuck you.” August laughs, and she does as she’s asked. Truthfully: Jane has never once made a promise she couldn’t back up. August turns her head to the side, trying to ground herself to the sturdiness of the door against her back, the way her shirt bunches up between her shoulder blades when she shivers, how her breath clouds the glass in a steady, too-fast rhythm. Through the glass, the city is shining—the bridges and buildings, the carousel on the edge of the water, the pinpricks of boats in the distance, and she’s trying to take stock of it all, of how it feels to have someone so impossibly close to her for the first time. She can’t believe she gets to have all this, this view and this girl on her knees
- **Page 225:** She looks up at August, a strand of dark hair falling across her eyes, mouth busy, and August knows she’d tell it herself in five words: girl, tongue, subway, saw God. August never knew—she never worked it out in her head, exactly, what would qualify as sex with someone who has the same type of body as hers, no matter how much she wanted it, pictured it with one hand beneath the sheets. ...But this, this—Jane’s mouth on her, wet fingers, every hum and hitch of Jane’s breath getting her off as much as a touch, the give and take of how good it feels to make someone else feel good—is sex. It’s sex, and August is drowning in it. She wants more. She wants to fill her lungs up. “Jane,” she says, and it comes out weak from the back of her throat. Her knuckles are white in Jane’s hair, so she makes herself relax them, drags her fingers down to Jane’s sharp cheekbone. “Jane.” “Hm?” “Fuck, I—come back,” she grinds out. “Up here. Please.” When August pulls her into another kiss, she can taste herself on Jane’s tongue, and that, more than anything, the fierce wave of possessiveness it pulls over her, is what has her fumbling at the fastenings of Jane’s jeans.



One Last Stop

BY CASEY MCQUISTON

Somehow the buttons of August's shirt are undone, and she can't think about anything but wanting more, wanting skin on skin. ...Still, she slides her fingertips under the waistband of Jane's jeans, catches the hem of her T-shirt, and she waits half a second for Jane to stop kissing her and nod before she's untucking and pushing it up, ... she's dropping a kiss on Jane's sternum, and she's pressing her open mouth to the swell just above the cup of her bra, ...

... "Look at you," she says, dragging her thumbs out from the center of August's stomach to her hips, skimming over the waistband of her skirt. She leans in and tucks her face under August's collar, bites her shoulder, presses a kiss there, ...

... Jane's hands are spanning her waist, brushing the delicate lace edges of her bra, and her mouth is trailing lower, ... then she's pushing the lace out of the way. There are hands, and mouths, and fingertips, and tongues, and a sound coming out of August somewhere

between a hiss and a sigh, and there's Jane's breath hot on her skin. ... The hand on August's thigh is inching up her skirt, fabric gathering at Jane's wrist. When Jane leans into August's ear, the cotton of Jane's bra is against her, the insistent heat of her body, the unbearable slide of skin against hers. "I wanna go down on you," Jane murmurs. ... "That's the worst line I've ever heard," August says, fighting to keep her breath steady as Jane tugs on the top of one of her thigh highs with her teeth. ... Jane's fingers catch on the waistband of August's underwear. ... the reality of Jane kneeling between her legs and tugging her underwear down her thighs, ... She pushes the hem of August's skirt up ... August turns her head to the side, trying to ground herself to the sturdiness of the door against her back, the way her shirt bunches up between her shoulder blades when she shivers, how her breath clouds the glass in a steady, too-fast rhythm. ... She looks up at August, a

strand of dark hair falling across her eyes, mouth busy, ... But this, this— Jane's mouth on her, wet fingers, every hum and hitch of Jane's breath getting her off as much as a touch, the give and take of how good it feels to make someone else feel good—is sex. ... When August pulls her into another kiss, she can taste herself on Jane's tongue, and that, more than anything, the fierce wave of possessiveness it pulls over her, is what has her fumbling at the fastenings of Jane's jeans. ... The fucking divine construction of Jane's fingers when they press into her, ... It's over in a gasp, ... an open-mouthed kiss that's more a hot exchange of breath than anything else, teeth and skin, a low swear. Jane slumps forward, ...

-Pages 221-227

*Oryx and Crake by Margaret Atwood (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains alcohol use and abuse; drug use; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; suicide; violence; inflammatory religious commentary; and inexplicit beastiality.

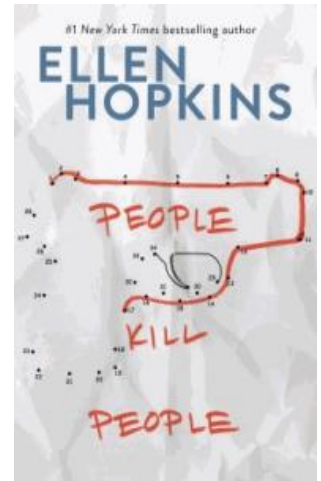
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 11:** And the temporary oblivion of sex. "Don't even think about it," he tells himself. Sex is like drink, it's bad to start brooding about it too early in the day. ... A woman's voice says caressingly in his ear, Nice buns! It isn't Oryx, it's some other woman. ...Oh, nice abs! comes the whisper, interrupting him. Honey, just lie back. Who is it? Some tart he once bought. Revision, professional sex-skills expert. A trapeze artist, rubber spine, spangles glued onto her like the scales of a fish. ...Pretty soon he'll be seeing beautiful demons, beckoning to him, licking their lips, with red-hot nipples and flickering pink tongues. ...Creatures with the heads and breasts of women and the talons of eagles will swoop down.
- **Page 314:** Crakes sexual needs were direct and simple, according to Oryx; not intriguing, like sex with Jimmy. Not fun, just work- although she respected Crake, she really did, because he was a brilliant genius. ...They were in Jimmy's bedroom, lying on the bed together with the digital TV on, hooked into his computer, some copulation Web site with an animal component, a couple of well-trained German shepherds and a double-jointed ultra-shaved albino tattooed all over with lizards. The sound was off, it was just the pictures: erotic wallpaper. ...Then she let him lick her fingers for her. He ran his tongue around the small ovals of her nails. This was the closest she could get to him without becoming food: she was in him, or part of her was in part of him. Sex was the other way around: while that was going on, he was in her. I'll make you mine, lovers said in old books. They never said, I'll make you me
- **Page 307:** Enter Oryx as a young girl on a kiddie-porn site, flowers in her hair, whipped cream on her chin; or, Enter Oryx as a teenage news item, sprung from a pervert Is garage; or, Enter Oryx, stark naked and pedagogical in the Crakers ' inner sanctum; or, Enter Oryx, towel around her hair, emerging from the shower; or, Enter Oryx, in a pewter grey silk pantsuit and demure half-high heels, carrying a briefcase, the image of a professional Compound globewise saleswoman? ...Jimmy hadn't spotted Oryx right away, though he must have seen her that first afternoon when he was peering through the one-way mirror. Like the Crakers she had no clothes on, and like the Crakers she was beautiful, so from a distance she didn't stand out. She wore her long dark hair without ornament, her back was turned, she was surrounded by a group of other people; just part of the scene.

*People Kill People by Ellen Hopkins (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (Status: out)
- Cibola High School (status: out)
- Eldorado High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School
- Early College Academy/CEC



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; sexual nudity; drug use; profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary.

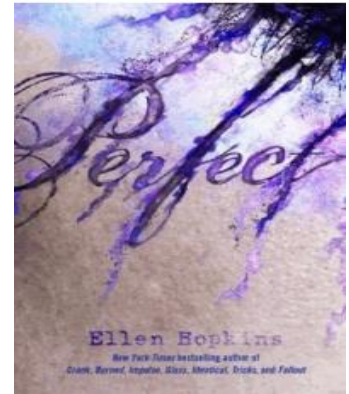
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 101:** You underline the promise with a longer, deeper kiss, one to make him believe his effort to take you out tonight will be justly rewarded at its end. That's so much fun that you go a little farther, dipping your tongue lightly into his ear before dropping your lips to his neck, where you lock them in place and suck gently at first, then a little harder. Hard enough to raise a telltale bruise. "Stop already." He steers your hand into his lap, where it's happy to admire the impressive bulge behind his button fly. "I won't be able to walk, let alone dance. Jesus, what you do to me!" "Hey. Jesus didn't do that. I did, and don't you forget it." Hedging his bets, he invites, "Want to do more?" The offer is tempting. Parking-lot sex might be a kick, with or without people walking by. ...They say the only way to keep married sex interesting is experimentation. You'll have to play researcher soon.
- **Page 229:** The drowsy husk of her voice is sexy as hell and coupled with the heat of her skin, she is a total turn-on. And, for probably the millionth time, you think how incredibly lucky you are that she's all yours. "So I can get laid before work?" ... "Yeah. Like, sex lessons. You keep getting better and better." ... "No lessons. Just lots of practice." ... "We have done it a time or five hundred, huh?" "At least." She runs her hand down the length of your torso, and you might take that as an invitation to be accepted, but the alarm blares
- **Page 308:** You were a high school sophomore, and you'd gone to a post-football-game party. The guy who was supposed to take you home- you couldn't rightfully call him your boyfriend, more like an acquaintance with a car- wasn't ready to call it a night. Despite your protest, he drove to a construction site, of course deserted at the time. "Take me home, please" you tried. "Sure. After we have some fun." "Look, I don't give sex away, and you've got nothing I need." "I've got this." He unzipped his pants, freeing his erection, then pushed you down on the seat, forcing himself between your legs. You were wearing a skirt, putting nothing between him and you but thin panties.

*Perfect by Ellen Hopkins (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (status: lost)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- Hayes Middle School
- Jackson Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault; drug and alcohol abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary; self-harm including anorexia and suicide.

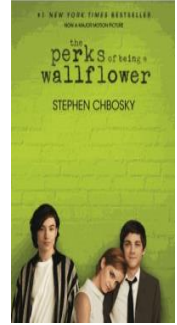
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 155:** "Beautiful." I lift up on my knees, turn to face him, kiss him as if this might be our last kiss- intention clear in the race of my heart and the way my tongue tangos over his. He pulls back. Wait. Are you sure? In answer, I squirm free of my sweater. Now, that's beautiful. His lips move over me, wet and rough and punctuated by sharp nips of teeth. He lays me back across the seat and his thumb runs along the waistband of my jeans. Danger scent envelopes me. You are ready, aren't you? He fumbles at my waistband and I hurry the unbuttoning, desire a steady thrumming, like rain upon tin. Strangely, I'm not afraid. Sean is a hot salt rub, friction against my skin, and it all feels good. Right. I reach for his belt, want to touch what's below his belly button. Except...it isn't how it should be. Sean rolls away. Goddamn it. No!"
- **Page 170:** "And not the hottest internet porn. Okay, probably not the best thing for me to be looking at in my spare time, but I figured anything could encourage this piece of dead wood attached to my groin, that would be it. So far, no good. No giant boobs, not girl-on-girl action, not even the vilest three-way romp I've ever been not-quite-disgusted to view. The damn thing just lays there, like a bored housewife."

*The Perks of Being A Wallflower by Stephen Chbosky (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (status: out in English, also in Spanish and DVD)
- Cibola High School
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School (also in Spanish)
- Valley High School (also on DVD)
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School (also in Spanish)
- Early College Academy/CEC
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- NextGen
- Ernie Pyle Middle School (also in Spanish)
- Garfield Middle School
- Jackson Middle School (status: out)
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School (status: out)
- Rio Grande High School (also in Spanish and DVD)
- Sandia High School
- Jimmy Carter Middle School
- L.B. Johnson Middle School
- Madison Middle School
- McKinley Middle School (status: out)
- Polk Middle School (also in Spanish)
- Roosevelt Middle School
- Taylor Middle School
- Truman Middle School (also in Spanish)
- Washington Middle School (also in Spanish)
- Wilson Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including assault and battery; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol and drug use

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 21:** I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I had never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission. ...Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow! I thought that in those movies and television shows when they talk about having a coffee break that they should have a masturbation break. ...I told Sam that I dreamt that she and I were naked on the sofa, and I started crying because I felt bad, and do you what she did? She laughed
- **Page 44:** When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick's room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don't want to go into detail about it because it's pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that's pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really really stoned
- **Pag 126:** And then she leaned down and started kissing my neck and ears. Then my cheeks. Then my lips. And everything kind of melted away. She took my hand and slid it up her sweater, and I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Or what breasts felt like. Or later, what they looked like. Or how difficult bras are. After we had done everything you can do from the stomach up, I lay on the floor, and Mary Elizabeth put her head on my chest.
- **Page 202:** So, I kissed her. And she kissed me back. And we lay down on the floor and kept kissing. And it was soft. And we made quiet noises. And kept silent. And still. We went over to the bed and lay down on all the things that weren't put in suitcases. And we touched each other from the waist up over our clothes. And then under our clothes. And then without clothes. And it was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. She took my hand and slid it under her pants. And I touched her. And I just couldn't believe it. ...Until she moved her hand under my pants, and she touched me.

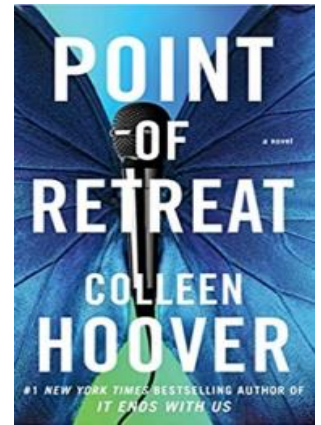
*Point of Retreat by Colleen Hoover (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School
- Sandia High School
- West Mesa High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; profanity; and alcohol use.



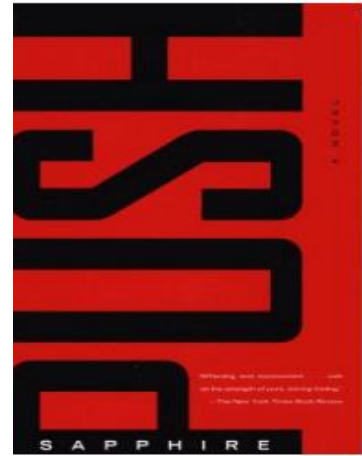
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 95:** 'I'll just say what's on my mind, okay? Sex. Sex, sex, sex. I'm having sex tonight. Making love. Butterflying. Whatever you want to call it, we'll be doing it. And I can't freaking wait
- **Page 152:** ather than honor her request for space, I lean in to her even farther and part her lips with mine. Her pressure against my chest weakens as her stubbornness finally dissolves and she lets me kiss her. I place my hand on the back of her head and slowly move my lips in rhythm with hers. Our kiss is different this time. Rather than pushing it to the point of retreat, like we've been doing, we continue to slowly kiss, pausing every few seconds to look at each other. It's almost as if neither of us believes this is happening. I feel like this kiss is my last chance to remove any doubt from her mind, so I pour into it every single emotion I have. ...I take a step forward, and she takes a step back, until we end up against the dryer. ...She moves her hands to my neck, sending chills down my entire body. Slow and steady and loses out as we simultaneously pick up the pace. When she runs her hands through my hair, it sends me over the edge. I grab her by the waist and lift her up until she's seated on the dryer. Out of every single kiss we've ever shared, this is by far the best. I place my hands on the outside of her thighs and pull her to the edge of the dryer, and she wraps her legs around me. Just as my lips meet the spot directly below her ear, she gasps and shoves against my chest

*Push by Sapphire (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Tony Hillerman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities including incest and molestation; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary; drug use; and violence including self-harm.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 117:** My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON'T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again. His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie..
- **Page 145:** A girl gave her father's dick in her mouth know things the other girls don't know but it's not what you want to know. ...Bombs with hair and titties and dresses. ..."It started when I was, oh, about four or five years old with him fondling me" (feeling her up). "By the time I was twelve he was having intercourse with me three or four times a week." ...Carl, the way his knees on either side of my neck. ...My hand is going up through the smell of Mama, my hand is pushing Daddy's dick out my face. "I was raped by my father. And beat." No one is talking except me. "Mama push my head down in her..." I can't talk no more.
- **Page 173:** I would go with men to bars, drink, go home with them, hope I get to stay the night- that they don't tell me go after they come. After I do this with, oh, is it five or fifty or a hundred guys, I start dissolve. ...But after the I don't know how many mens I start to break into little pieces and the men look funny, like worms is growing out of their skins, worms that turn to little penises, till I am sick with the walking dicks of Harlem. Everywhere is a hand rubbing, a dick going psst psst come here come here.

Push

By Sapphire

My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON'T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again. His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie.

-PAGE 127

I don't fucks boyz but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant. ...I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, "Bif Mama your pussy is popping!" I hate myself when I feel good.

-PAGE 72

"Carl got my tittie in hi mouf. Nuffin' wron wif that, it's natural. But I think thas the day IT start. I don't never remember noting before that. I hot. He sucking my tittie. My eyes closed. I know he getting hard I can see wifout my eyes, I love him so much."

..."So he on me. Then he reach over to Precious! Start wif his finger between her legs. I say Car what you doing! He say shut your big ass up! This is good for her. Then he git off me, take off her Pampers and try to stick his thing in Precious. You what trip me out is it almost can go in Precious! I think she some kinda freak baby then. I say stop Carl stop! I want him on me! I never wanted him to hurt her. I didn't want him doing anything to her. I wanted my man for myself. Sex me up, not my chile. So you cain't blame all that shit happen to Precious on me. I love Carl, I love him. He her daddy, but he was my man!"

-PAGE 152

5
/5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

*Queen of Shadows by Sarah J Maas (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School (In Spanish too)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School (also in Spanish)
- James Monroe Middle School
- John Adams Middle School
- Madison Middle School
- Van Buren Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains inexplicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 258:** He wasn't like other men—not even close. There was so little she could do to jar him, taunt him. A naked body was a naked body. Especially hers. ...She rolled over. "You mean to tell me the females in Doranelle don't have scandalous nightclothes? Or anywhere else in the world?" ... "My encounters with other females usually didn't involve parading around in nightclothes." "And what clothes did they involve?" "Usually, none at all.
- **Page 400:** They were both really damn lucky that she currently couldn't shift into her Fae form and smell what was pounding through his blood. It had been hard enough to conceal it from her until now. Aedion's knowing looks told him enough about what her cousin had detected. He'd seen her naked before—a few times. And gods, yes, there had been moments when he'd considered it, but he'd mastered himself. He'd learned to keep those useless thoughts on a short, short leash. Like that time she'd moaned at the breeze he sent her way on Beltane—the arch of her neck, the parting of that mouth of hers, the sound that came out of her— She was now lying on her side, her back to him. "About last night," he said through his teeth. "It's fine. It was a mistake." Look at me. Turn over and look at me. But she remained with her back to him, the moonlight caressing the silk bunched over the dip of her waist, the slope of her hip
- **Page 525:** But he got out of bed, risking all of one step, drinking down the sight of the long, bare legs; the curve of her breasts, peaked despite the balmy summer night; the bob of her throat as she swallowed.
- **Page 611:** Rowan burst out laughing. She glared at him again as she sat up, the movement agonizing, exhausting. She was naked save for the clean undergarments someone had stuffed her into, but she supposed she was decent enough. He'd seen every part of her, anyway.

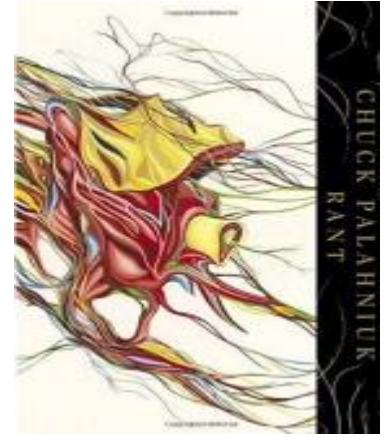
*Rant by Chuck Palahniuk (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Manzano High School
- Volcano Vista High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; incest; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use; excessive/frequent profanity; and alternate sexualities.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 25:** It's Miss Harvey, he can tell, on account of the red shape. "Makes a 'pussy print,'" Rant says, one finger drawing around the outside of the red stain. "A hundred times more personal than your fingerprint." The stain, he says, looks exactly like a kiss of her down-below parts. You didn't have to ask how Rant knowed the shape of Miss Harvey's parts. Same as animal tracks in the snow or sand, he could hand-draw you the kiss of a wide-ranging variety of local pussy. Native-born or just passing through. Just seeing how far a rubber was rolled down, Rant could reckon what dick it come off.
- **Page 46:** After every sit-down piss, Mr. Casey would dangle his dick, trying to get out the last stray drop.
- **Page 92:** Echo Lawrence: Here's a single girl's secret—the reason you eat dinner with a man on a first date is so you know how he's going to fuck you. A slob who gobbles down the meal, never looks at a bite, you know not to crawl into bed with that guy.
- **Page 104:** Silas Hendersen: Without him, the Erection Revolution kind of lost steam. Gone limp. Left us just dumb kids with vegetables stuffed down our shorts and rubber bands wrapped around our wieners. ...Rubber bands was a bigger mistake. Nothing hurts more than snipping a rubber band, snarled and tangled, all mangled up in your short hairs

He used to wedge his face between my legs and slip his tongue into me. He'd come up on his elbows, smacking his lips, his chin dripping....He'd lick his lips and roll his eyes....Rant would snort and gobble, then come up with his eyes shining....
From just the smell and taste of me, he'd nail my whole day: tea, whole-wheat toast without butter, plain yogurt, blueberries, a tempeh sandwich, one avocado, a glass of orange juice, and a beet salad. ...I called him "the Pussy Psychic."

-Page 88

Most guys are keeping score with every lap of their tongue. Every time they come up for air, they're clocking your pleasure. And, lick for lick, you know this had better balance out with the pleasure you give them back. So, lick after lick, you never can relax and get off, not when you know that meter is always running. Every lick an investment in getting licked back. Even guys who hate bookkeeping and doing their taxes, guys who could only shrug if you asked their savings-account or credit-card balance, they'll compute the exact number of laps their tongue's done around your snatch. And the payback they have coming. The sexual equivalent of clock watchers or bean counters.

That's every guy—except Rant Casey. He'd stick his tongue into you and years could pass. ...One time, face planted between my legs, Rant surfaced for air, picked a pubic hair off his tongue, and said, "What happened today? Something bad happened..."
I told him to forget it.
He licked me and rolled his eyes, licked again, and said, "A parking ticket? No, something worse..." Rant licked me again, only slower, dragging his tongue through me from back to front, his breath hot, and he looked up, staring, until I looked down at him. Met his green eyes. ...Like, he could find out anything with his nose, and from the taste of you.
...And between orgasms, I started to cry.

-Page 89

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I didn't want to, but when he worked my zipper down and slipped his cold thumb inside all those panties, inside me, I peed. All hot, creeping through my jeans and underwear. The hot wicking up the yarn of my sweater. The rest of me, ice cold.

In the dirt, in my Christmas sweater, with this man crushing the air out of me, calling me "the mother of the future," I couldn't picture how this'd get any worse. I remember him turning his hand in front of my face, his fingers wet and steaming in the cold, and me saying, "I'm sorry." I said, "We're safe."
His wet fingers inside me, I kept calling him "mister."

-Page 280

Worse than Basin Carlyle fouling you, nailing you too hard, down there with a dodgeball in phys ed. ...That punching, pushing, shoving inside, it hurts. Gritty and grinding with dirty water, the ice, melted under me. That thin part of ice, turned to mud puddled under me. I machine.

...the man moved on top of me, faster, until he stopped, and every muscle and joint of him turned hard as stone, froze. Then all of him went loose, relaxed, but he didn't let go. His fingers kept a hold of me. ... The man pulled up his pants, his thing still steaming with pee and blood. Still dripping sperms. He pulled up the zipper and looked his head around. Looking down at me, he said, "Stay until I'm gone."

-Page 281- 282

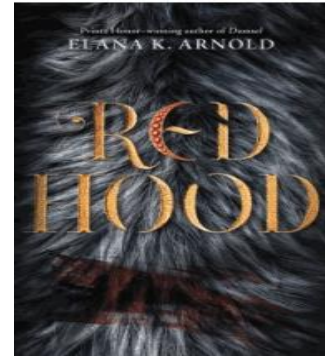
4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

*Red Hood by Elana Arnold (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School (Due 01/16/2025)
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 104:** You work on loosening the buttons of his blue-and-green plaid flannel, and though he do it more efficiently himself, he waits and watches. Then the last button is free, and you push the shirt off his shoulders. There's a white T-shirt underneath, tucked in, and, with a sudden rush of urgency, you pull it roughly from the waistband of his pants, up and over his head. He lifts his arms willingly, and you see the dark curls of his armpit hair, which seems like maybe the most intimate thing you have ever seen. He is hard, you see the shape of him through the thick denim of his jeans. You reach out, you put your hand there. You squeeze and look up into James's eyes. They shine down at you, and you read them well- desire, pleasure, love. Hand still wrapped around his erection, you lean up to kiss him.
- **Page 10:** Do you shiver from anticipation, for the moment when- at last, at last- his mouth finds his way to the center of you? At last, at last, he's found his way there, a hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them, and he's not teasing you, not now, not anymore, he's earnest in his desire to bring you desire, and yes, you think, as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart, as you come undone beneath his hands, it is important to be earnest if this is what earnestness brings. Yes, the smell of him, the sight of him, the feel of him, all of it familiar, but not this- the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure rising, oh, that is not familiar, that is new, brand-new. You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive, and it bursts like a shaken-up can of soda, it tickles and it burns and it ripples from your center outward, in pulses of sensation so intense you are pinned by them, and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails, hitting the damp cold glass and streaking away the steam, and your eyes open as the pleasure ebbs, and just then the clouds outside part, revealing the full white moon, unblinking, staring down at you from a black velvet sky. James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he's crouched between your thighs, and he smiles, and you see his face in the moonbeam that pours through the strip of window you've wiped clean, and at first you don't know what you're seeing, you don't know what to make of the redness on his chin.

RED HOOD

By Elana K. Arnold

...his kisses, tracing a path down your neck, his hands pulling low the sweetheart neckline of your dress, his nose brushing your right nipple, and then, a moment later, his lips capturing it, his tongue circling, circling, his teeth skimming and biting, not hard, enough to make your legs begin to quiver.

And then he pushes up the tulle and satin of your skirt, rustling like wrapping paper coming undone, and his hands reach and find the lace panties you bought just especially for this occasion, and slowly, so slowly, he pulls them down your thighs, and you lift your hips to help him slide them free...high heels abandoned in the front seat, so there is nothing to stop your panties from coming all the way off.

...How much you want him to put his mouth on you, there, right there, at the crux of you. Your head rolls with desire, frustration, as he moves his kisses from your right thigh to your left as his fingers run up and down your legs, all the way down to your toes but never up all the way to your aching center. At last, at last, he's found his way there, a

hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them, and he's not teasing you, not now, not anymore, he's earnest in his desire to bring you desire, and yes, you think, as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart, as you come undone beneath his hands, it is important to be earnest if this is what earnestness brings....the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure..You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive, and it bursts like a shaken-up can of soda, it tickles and it burns and it ripples from your center outward, in pulses of sensation so intense you are pinned by them, and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails, hitting the damp cold glass and streaking away the steam, and your eyes open as the pleasure ebbs,... James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he's crouched between your thighs, and he smiles,...

-PAGE 9

...the tight black curls of his pubic hair surrounding his erection. It's wet-tipped and urgent, and you stroke it with your fingers...find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina. It feels thick there, sort of scary, and there is a moment when you wonder how on earth it will fit inside, but James doesn't rush you, and you lower yourself onto him, his hands gentle on your hips, not trying to tell you what to do. His eyes are closed, his head is back, and you look at him through the soft curtain of your hair as you sink all the way down, as you feel a tear deep inside you, painful but not terrible, as you feel yourself full of him, of James. And then you move, careful and slow, your hands on his chest, his on your hips, your thighs, and it's not long before his face tightens up, he makes a low groan, and he shivers beneath you. You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften.

-PAGE 105

*Red, White, & Royal Blue by Casey McQuiston (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains excessive/frequent profanity; obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and alternate sexualities.

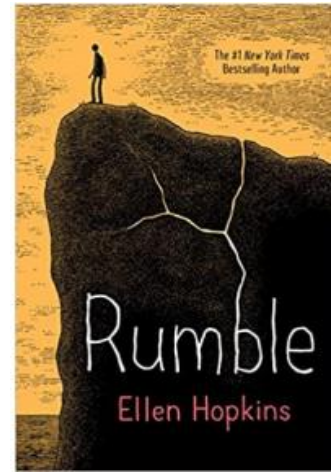
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 163:** Without any further ceremony, he drops to his knees and starts undoing Henry's belt, tugging at the fastenings of his pants. "Oh, God," Henry repeats, this time with feeling. ...It's fast and dirty and Henry is swearing up a storm, which is still disarmingly sexy, but this time it's punctuated by the occasional word of praise, and somehow that's even hotter. Alex isn't prepared for the way "that's good" sounds in Henry's rounded Buckingham vowels, or for how luxury leather feels when it strokes approvingly down his cheek, a gloved thumb brushing the corner of his mouth. As soon as Henry's finished, he's got Alex on the bench and is putting his kneepads to use. "I'm still fucking mad at you," Alex says, destroyed, slumped forward with his forehead resting on Henry's shoulder..
- **Page 233:** ...ghosting featherlight fingertips over his collarbone, his ankles, the insides of his knees, the small bones of the backs of his hands, the dip of the lower lip. He touches and touches until he brings Henry to another brink with only his fingertips, only his breath on the inside of his thighs, the promise of Alex's mouth where he'd pressed his fingers before. ...When they come back down, Henry practically passes out on his chest without another word, fucked-out and boneless
- **Page 289:** He feels before he registers being shoved backward into a wall, and Henry's mouth is on his, desperate and wild. The faint taste of blood blooms on his tongue, and he smiles as he opens up to it, pushes it into Henry's mouth, tugs at his hair with both hands. Henry groans, and Alex feels it in his spine. They grapple along the wall until Henry physically picks him up off the floor and staggers backward, toward the bed. Alex bounces when his back hits the mattress, and Henry stands over him for several breaths, staring. Alex would give anything to know what's going through that fucking head of his. ...But he doesn't want to go home without having this. "C'mere." He fucks Henry slow and deep, and if it's the last time, they go down shivering and gasping and epic, all wet mouths and wet eyelashes, and Alex is a cliché on an ivory bedspread, and he hates himself but he's so in love.

*Rumble by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; profanity; suicide; and controversial religious commentary.

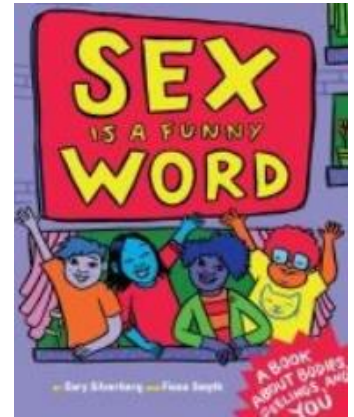
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 21:** More than once, I thought about taking a dead-of-night slow cruise through certain neighborhoods, drawing a long bead on designated silhouettes shadowing their bedroom windows. One squeeze of my Glock's trigger, and BLAM! Eye-for-an-eye justice, just like their Good Book calls for
- **Page 67:** Nothing! One word and it's obvious he's lit. I borrowed a couple of my sister's diet pills. Lainie's coming tonight and I wanna be sure I can, you know...no problem. ..."...And second, do you have regular dick problems?" ...My dick's A-OK thanks. Adipex just keeps it up longer.
- **Page 165:** They'd follow him down the hall, calling him "fag" or "dick lick." They'd offer their own dicks for him to lick. Hetero-freaks. ...You'd think churchy people would be embarrassed to download porn, then Photoshop someone's face into the pics- that someone being Luke.

*Sex Is A Funny Word by Cory Silverberg and Fiona Smyth (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Hayes Middle School
- Jefferson Middle School
- Kennedy Middle School
- Kit Carson Elementary School (Status: Out For Repairs)

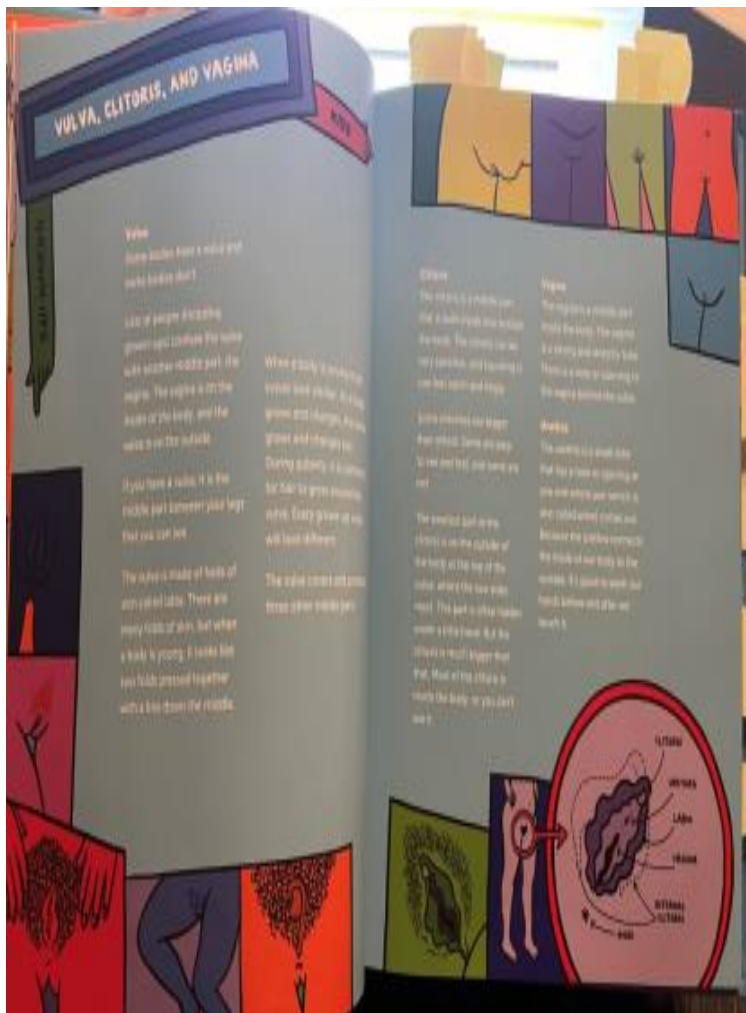


Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains graphic illustrations involving sexual nudity; sexual activities; sexuality and alternate gender ideologies.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 83:** As we grown into being a kid and then an adult, we get to figure out who we are and what words fit best. ...For most of us, words like boy and girl, or man and woman, feel okay, and they fit. For some of us, they don't.
- **Page 106: TOUCHING YOURSELF** The top left illustration on this page, depicts a woman emersed in water in a bathtub with both of her arms resting on the edges of the tub. The image on the top right of the page depicts the same woman with her left arm in the water angled toward where her pubic region would be. She has a large smile on her face. The illustration on the bottom left of the page, depicts the same woman with her left arm still under the water and there is an exclamation mark above her head. The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts the same woman with blush marks on her cheeks and squiggles around her body along with radiating lines coming out of her body.
- **Page 68:** The illustrations on this page are depictions with implications of a male and a female masturbating. The male is lying in bed with his arms under the covers. There are several white lines radiating out from where his pubic region would be. He has a large smile on his face. A female is outside sitting against a tree with her hand between her legs. She has a large smile on her face and there are several white lines radiating out from her pubic region. There is another girl at the bottom of the page whom is standing up dancing. Her right leg is linked behind her left leg seemingly creating a rubbing effect in her groin area. She too has large smile on her face and there are several white lines radiating out from her body



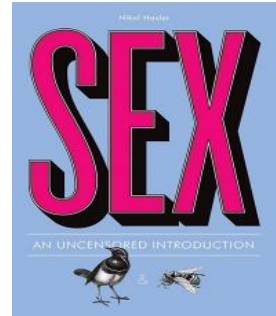
*Sex: An Uncensored Introduction by Nikol Hasler (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; excerpts and illustrations involving sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; discussions of self-harm including anorexia and bulimia; mild profanity and derogatory terms; and discussion involving abortion.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 16:** Some guys like to think of penises in terms of “growers” or “showers” (the first type is small when flaccid, but gets much bigger when hard; the second type is big when flaccid and grows comparatively less when hard). The illustrations on this page depicts several penises. The set of penises on the top are labeled "GROWER." A flaccid penis is shown on the left side with an arrow pointing toward to an erect penis on the right side. The set of penises on the bottom are labeled "SHOWER." There is a flaccid penis on the right side with an arrow pointing to an erect penis on the left side.
- **Page 34:** EXUAL REASSIGNMENT SURGERY If you are thinking about gender reassignment surgery, you’ll want to speak to a professional qualified to answer all of your questions. You’ll also want to speak with a qualified and trustworthy therapist who specializes in transgender patients. ...Here are the basics of how a sex change unfolds. If a female becomes a male, the first surgery is usually to remove the breasts, and the chest comes to look like a male chest. The doctor will then prescribe testosterone to start to enlarge the clitoris, making it look more like a small penis. From there, if genital surgery is desired, the doctor will use the tissue of the enlarged clitoris to form a penis. This surgery is far from perfect, and the new penis will not look exactly like a biological penis, but science is working on this, and it’s expected that the procedure will improve in coming years. For a male who is becoming female, the patient will start taking hormones to help create breasts and may also get breast implants. To create a vagina, the doctor uses the skin of the penis to form the labia and vaginal walls.
- **Page 50:** Q. Am I masturbating too much? A. That depends. Have you masturbated four times since you started this chapter? Well, even if the answer is yes, it’s not necessarily a problem. As long as masturbating isn’t getting in the way of your daily responsibilities, you’re fine. And if you make it one of your daily responsibilities, that’s fine, too.

until you're sufficiently hard to put the condom on.)

4. Gently roll the condom down to the base of your penis, taking time to appreciate how cool it is that you have such a thing protruding from your body.
5. It might be necessary to change the condom while you're still having sex, so make sure you own more than one. If you get soft during, or if you're lasting a long time, the condom might shift or get dry, making it more likely to break.
6. After sex, remove the condom while you are still erect. Don't just lay there basking in happiness — stuff can leak out of the condom as your penis shrinks back to its usual size. Grab that tip again, squeezing it so that you trap the fluid inside. Use your other hand to hold the ring and slide it off.



6. Don't flush the condom down the toilet — it's bad for plumbing and the environment. Instead, wrap it in toilet paper and chuck it in the garbage. Never use a condom twice. Apart from that being just plain gross, condoms are only effective the first go-round.

WHAT DO I DO IF IT BREAKS OR COMES OFF?

Condoms do sometimes break or come off. It's not a frequent occurrence, but it's possible. (This is a good reason to have a backup form of birth control! See more about this in the next chapter.) If it breaks, stop having sex right away. Check the area (meaning the vagina or anus) for any bits and pieces of the broken condom. Remove the condom and throw it out.

Sometimes the condom does a much more irritating thing: It comes off inside. (This is why it is good to check the ring on the base of your penis from time to time and make sure it hasn't slipped.) If it does come off inside, do the right thing and help your partner. Have them lay down



Q. I am a girl, and I have recently started getting little black hairs on my nipples. Help! Why is this happening to me and how can I make it stop?

A. You may not want to hear this, but ... you can't make it stop. That is just the way it is. Your hormones are changing and sometimes that means getting nipple hair. It's way more common than you think. Plucking it can irritate the hair follicles around the nipple, so if it really bothers you, just trim it with scissors or go to a dermatologist who can advise you on other forms of hair removal for that area.

Q. I am really flat-chested. All of my friends are wearing bras, but I don't really need one. Is it OK to just not wear a bra? Can people tell?

A. Bras are not necessary for the healthy development of breasts. Bras are cool because they offer support for people who want to keep their breasts close to their bodies; can create different looks with padding and underwires; and prevent your nips from making a scene. But if you don't want to deal with one, don't wear one. If you are worried about people noticing your braless ways, try to wear heavy fabrics, as your nipples are more likely to pop out through thinner ones. And keep a few bras around — or even just fitted tanks — in case you want to wear a thin fabric one day or something with big open sleeves. Sports bras are also great for when you play sports or are physically active.

Sex:

An Uncensored Introduction

By Nikol Hasler

As soon as you get your hand down there, you may notice that your girlfriend is wet...The clitoris lives underneath. It likes to be rubbed gently. Every girl is different, and some respond to an up-and-down motion, others left-to-right, and some like a circular motion, others in only one direction. ...Some girls are more sensitive than others, and rubbing your fingers between her labia may drive her wild, or make her just go "Meh." At the bottom of the labia is the entrance to the vagina itself. If your girlfriend is ready for it and wants you to, insert your finger here. It's best to start with one finger. With your palm facing up, raise your middle finger and gently rub against the opening. If it feels like she's ready for you to penetrate her—and you can always ask if you're not sure—start inserting your finger slowly, then gently pulling in and out. ...If the opening is wider, she may enjoy two fingers, but don't go adding fingers before she's ready—that's no fun for anyone.

...HAND JOBS

This is when you stimulate your boyfriend's penis with your hand. When you first touch a penis, it'll feel like a hard rod of flesh, but just because it seems solid doesn't mean you should treat it like an iron bar. ...If the guy has a foreskin, it will move back and forth allowing you to give him a hand job without worrying about the friction. If the guy doesn't have a foreskin, you'll find that his penis may need lubrication to allow the motion. Some people choose to spit on or lick their hand before attempting to give a hand job, others use lubes that are light and water-based, like K-Y. Lotion works as long as it is mild, unscented, and kept

away from the tip of the penis, (you don't want to get it into the urethra). You could also use a guy's pre-cum as lubrication.

While it seems that the options for performing a hand job are restricted to up and down, it doesn't have to be as simple as that. For one thing, the most sensitive part of the penis is the head, so you should give that part some extra attention. Try alternating between a harder and softer grip, using different hands (or both), or gently playing with his balls with one hand while stroking the penis with the other. There is a whole world of possibilities!

-Page 73

Put a dollop of lubricant on a finger and (gently!) slide a finger into the other person's butt. ...After the person feels relaxed enough with one finger, try two, and if that goes well, put a third finger under the other two. Three fingers is about the width of the average penis, so if you can slide your fingers back and forth easily enough, chances are your partner is ready for the real thing. ...While it is possible to have anal in the missionary position (lying down, facing each other), it's easier to start anal sex with the person about to be penetrated lying on their front or on all fours with their back arched, and butt in the air. ...Guys have something inside of their butts called a prostate gland, which, when stimulated with a finger, toy, or penis, feels good and can even lead to orgasm.

-Page 90

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/5

Not For Minors
Book/Book Review Rating

*Shine by Lauren Myracle (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Sandia High School
- West Mesa High School
- Polk Middle School
- Washington Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains profanity and derogatory terms; alternate sexualities; pedophilia; sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 279:** By that point, Tommy had unbuttoned my shorts and yanked them down around my thighs, along with my panties. I was gripping them, trying to get them back up, but he was stronger. He no longer had his hand down my tank top, but instead his right arm stretched along the back of the sofa, bearing his weight while his left arm rode the length of my belly, straight as a rod until the sharp flex of his wrist. With Aunt Tildy standing frozen behind him in the doorway, he got one finger up inside me. I whimpered. He kept at it, the heel of his palm driving into my pelvic bone, until he got in two more. Then he moaned. That sick bastard moaned, and Aunt Tildy snapped out of her trance. ... "I gotta go," I said through my tears and snot. I squirmed, but that just made it worse. It hurt. I could feel his fingernails, which I knew to be grimy with oil, and I squeezed shut my eyes, wanting to make everything disappear. There was a bang outside, explosively loud, and Tommy jerked away. He jumped to his feet and said, "Fuck," as panicked as I'd ever heard him. He straightened his jeans as best he could over the bulge of his crotch, but already he was striding for the door and out of the house..
- **Page 156:** He liked girls, and the younger the better. Every winter he came into town for the Christmas pageant, because seeing little kids in angel robes gave him a boner. In the summer, he'd show up at the lake where younger kids went swimming- not Suicide Rock,... ...His thing made a teepee out of his swim trunks, right there in front of God and every living soul. Once he asked Gwennie if she wanted him to teach her to float on her back. I was ten. She was nine. We'd both known how to float on our backs for years

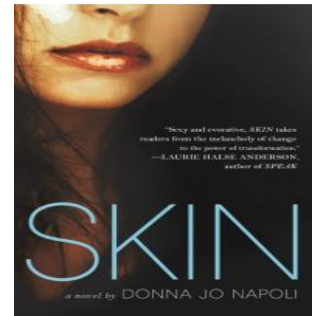
*Skin by Donna Jo Napoli (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Manzano High School
- Valley High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; suicide commentary.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 216:** He pulls me down beside him on the floor of the gazebo and stretches out on his back. "Straddle my face." "What?" "Just do it. One knee on either side of my head. Just do it." "Facing which way?" He laughs. "Facing the top of my head." I straddle him and he pushes my knees out, till I'm low enough. He kisses the inside of one thigh, then the other. So soft it's like the best dream. Then his tongue flicks. Zap, like an electric shock. I jerk upward, rigid and more alive than I've ever been. He pulls me down again and holds me tight. And I implode, I explode, I fly apart, my head is twirling and I'm moving so fast, on and on and on, till it finally ebbs. And ends. I slip my hand over his mouth to make him stop, and I collapse beside him. He kisses my hand. Then my lips. "You're a wonder." "I had an orgasm," I say between pants. "I came. I really came." "Yeah." He laughs. "I could tell." ... "I never came before." "I wouldn't have known it."
- **Page 206:** This morning I finished reading a sex novel. It's my third. And two other novels with sex in them are under my pillow. I borrowed them from Devin. The way things progress in them is predictable. As though there's an order to sex- first you do X, then Y, then Z. I wanted to know
- **Page 264:** "I slept with two people. And one of them was on the pill. And I didn't ask the other one." ... "She'd had a lot of experience." He looks at me. "A lot." "You've had a lot of experience." "Me?" "Two people, and you're only sixteen." "Yeah. Yeah, compared to you, I've had a lot of experience." ... "I was fourteen at the time..." ... "Fourteen." Ninth grade. Lord. "How old was she?" "Come on, Sep. I won't identify her. She wanted to have fun. And she enjoyed teaching me things. And I enjoyed learning."

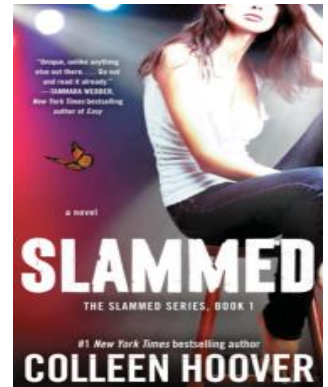
*Slammed by Colleen Hoover (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Sandia High School (Status: OUT)
- West Mesa High School
- **Juvenile Detention Center**

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; nudity; moderate profanity; and alcohol use.



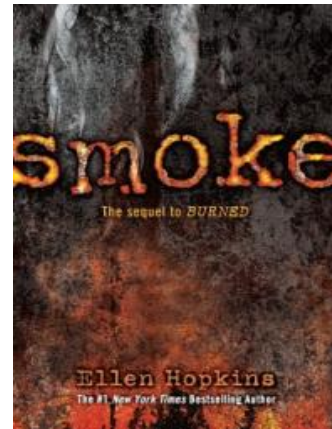
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 227:** I've never had sex. I came really close once but chickened out at the last minute. ...By the time we had been together for about six months, we had discussed it plenty, so I decided I was ready to have sex with him. I had a midnight curfew that night, so he rented a hotel room, and we told my mother we were going to the movie together. When we got to the hotel, my hands were shaking. I knew I had changed my mind, but was too scared to tell him. He had put so much effort into everything. He even brought his own sheets and blankets from home so it would feel more intimate. We had been kissing for a while on the bed when he took off my shirt. His hands were making their way to my pants when I started crying.
- **Page 57:** I laugh, then walk to the car and lean through his window, expecting another peck. Instead, he slips his hand behind my neck and gently pulls me toward him, our lips opening when they meet. Neither of us holds back this time. I reach through the window and run my fingers through the back of his hair s we continue kissing. It takes all I have not to swing open the car door and crawl into his lap.

*Smoke by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- John Adams Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and violence including domestic violence and child abuse.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 33:** Then he saw me lying there, skirt hiked up, fluids trickling from between my legs. I tried to tell him it wasn't my fault. Caleb stole what he wanted. But Dad wouldn't listen. You came out here to meet him, you goddamn whore. What did you expect? Cookies and milk? You're ruined now. What man will ever want you.
- **Page 59:** His cruelty did not take the form of incest, although his deviant satisfaction in inflicting pain might well have been substitute sexual pleasure, or maybe even an aphrodisiac. How many nights did we hide our heads under our pillows, trying to dampen the sound of his beating Mom into submission, followed by the rhythmic creaking of their bed, Mom's whimpers of pain turning to moans of whatever?
- **Page 103:** When the doctor said, The Vaginal bruising indicates rape, Mom acted horrified.
- **Page 325:** We're kissing. Kissing. I like it a lot, and I'm growing warm in places not talked about except in sex education. But they don't tell you how just kissing can make you want to do those things, even though you know you can't- you're not ready yet. And they don't tell you what to do when you say no but he keeps saying it's okay, that he only wants to make you feel good, but you find out real fast he doesn't care about you at all, only about himself. ...and I see my little sister, only thirteen years old, flirting back with the monster who would do the same thing to her, and I yell, "Leave her alone, pervert!"

*Sold by Patricia McCormick (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy (on audio book too)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School (status: out)
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Future/eCademy/Freedom High
- Eisenhower Middle School
- Garfield Middle School



- Valley High School
- Hayes Middle School
- McKinley Middle School
- Polk Middle School
- Tony Hillerman Middle School
- Truman Middle School
- Washington Middle School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit aberrant sexual activities including rape of a minor; prostitution; and explicit violence

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 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 they 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.
- **Page 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
- **Page 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."
- **Page 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.

So

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 they 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.

-page 123

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. His 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 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. ...I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast...He unbuckles his belt...The fish-lips man removes my dress....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."

-page 102

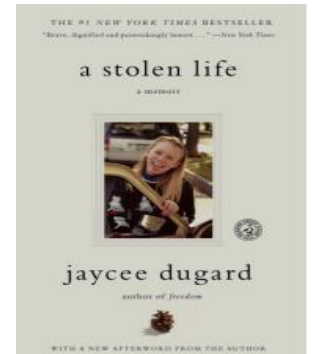
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"Sold" by Patricia McCormick

*A Stolen Life: A Memoir by Jaycee Dugard (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Del Norte High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- **Harrison Middle School**



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains aberrant sexual activities involving child molestation, rape, and references to bestiality; sexual nudity; violence; drug abuse; references to animal cruelty; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 61:** Like sometimes I wouldn't put in as much effort as I could here and there. I wouldn't jack him off as fast as I could, forgetting (on purpose) to put lipstick on, and fake sleeping whenever he was engrossed in the TV. ...I really hated and despised it when he would leave me tied up in a certain position by those eye hooks that screw into the wall. He would screw them into the wall and then lift my legs with straps in different positions. One night he had been working on the position, trying to get it right for hours and realized he needed to go pick up Nancy from the nightshift where she worked a convalescent home. He said he was just going to leave me tied up because it was the perfect position. He was gone for a while. My legs were in such an awkward position, I got leg cramps and the straps hurt my ankles. I was relieved when he got back, I wanted to get it over with so I could be done and go to bed.
- **Page 38:** He says to take off my towel and lay back on the pallet. He takes off the cuffs and relocks them in front of me instead of behind my back. He then sits down next to me and explains what he is going to do. He stands back up and takes off all his clothes. I do not want him to do that. I start to cry. He takes my handcuffed hands and holds them over my head. I feel so helpless and vulnerable. I feel so alone. He lies on top of me. He is so heavy. I can't stop crying. He said he'd be quick and it would be better if I didn't struggle because then he wouldn't have to get aggressive. I don't understand any of this. He forces my legs open and inserts the hard thing between his legs in me. It feels like I am being stretched apart. I feel like it's going to come out of my belly. I am so small and he is so big. Why is he doing this? Is this normal? I try to scoot away. I try to close my legs. He just takes hold of my legs and shoves them further apart. He is too heavy and strong for me. He keeps my hands above my head. I try to think of anything but what is happening to me. Look anywhere except his face. I can feel the tears on my cheeks. He is making strange noises and grunting and sweating all over me. I can't breathe he is so heavy. All of a sudden he makes a giant grunt and puts even more of his weight on me as he collapses. I cannot do anything. I cannot move. He finally moves and asks if I'm okay. He says it would be easier on me if I didn't resist or struggle so much next time. He says it wouldn't hurt as much. I think to myself, If you didn't do it in the first place then it wouldn't hurt at all. But I am too frightened by his act to say a thing in objection to him. In my mind I am screaming NO I AM NOT OKAY . . . GET OFF OF ME! Why are you doing this? What does it mean? He said it was all over now and he gets up and says he's going to go get something to clean me up. I am bleeding "down there." I am so scared. Am I dying? Why am I bleeding? He says it's okay—he just "popped my cherry."

A Stolen Life

By Jaycee Lee Dugard

He says to take off my towel and lay back on the pallet. ...I start to cry. He takes my handcuffed hands and holds them over my head. ...He lies on top of me. He is so heavy. I can't stop crying. He said he'd be quick and it would be better if I didn't struggle because then he wouldn't have to get aggressive. ...He forces my legs open and inserts the hard thing between his legs in me. It feels like I am being stretched apart. I feel like it's going to come out of my belly. I am so small and he is so big. ...I try to scoot away. I try to close my legs. He just takes hold of my legs and shoves them further apart. He is too heavy and strong for me. He keeps my hands above my head. I try to think of anything but what is happening to me. Look anywhere except his face. I can feel the tears on my cheeks. He is making strange noises and grunting and sweating all over me. I can't breathe he is so heavy. All of a sudden he makes a giant grunt and puts even more of his weight on me as he collapses. I cannot do anything. I cannot move. ...He said it was all over now and he gets up and says he's going to go get something to clean me up. I am bleeding "down there." ...He says it's okay—he just "popped my cherry."

-Page 38-39

He says the crank allows him to focus on one thing for a long time. He says first he's going to get me dressed the way he wants and then depending on his mood, the rest will consist of me masturbating him, sucking his penis, me in whatever position he desires, and dancing over him while he masturbates. He says for me to start by getting cleaned up with the bucket of water in the corner. He wants me to shave my vagina because he doesn't like hair because it gives him a rash. ...The night seems endless and I am very tired. He has the lights on. All of them. It makes the room so hot. I have to touch his penis and stroke it up and down; he calls this "jacking off." Sometimes he wants me to suck on it, too. I hate it so much; it tastes disgusting. I am afraid the white stuff which he said is called cum will get in my mouth. I think this is really gross. He says the speed helps him to prolong the sex so he won't cum for a while. ...This goes on and on for a while with him looking at these books he has. They look like photo albums, but they have kids from magazines cut out in different positions with penises taped on from other magazines. He looks at them and talks dirty to them, using words that are bad,... ...He says he's

looking for anything with a little girl with shorts on. ...He looks at the time and he says it's time to have sex. He tells me to lie down on my back. Part of me is relieved to get it over with. I was dreading it but want to go to sleep. I'm so tired. He gets on top of me and tells me he's going to talk really dirty to me and for me not to be scared. ...He just needs to release the "monkey on his back." I can't help but cry, but they are silent tears. He fucks me as hard as he can it seems like. He uses that word a lot. My head is being pushed in between the couch and the pullout bed. I feel like I can't breathe. He is calling me a fucking whore and a cunt and other things. ...It hurts more when I try to struggle, so I try not to get away from him, but it's hard not to want to push away from his sweaty disgusting body. ...I feel his release in me and finally it is over.

-Pages 56-58

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/5

Aberrant Content
BookLook's Review Rating

*Storm and Fury by Jennifer L. Armentrout (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

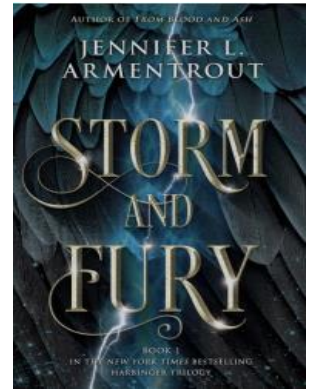
- La Cueva High School
- Truman Middle School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 194:** His body shifted and settled between my legs, lining our bodies up in a very interesting place. His lean torso and legs pressed against mine in a way that made me think of other things—things that didn't involve fighting, but did include less clothing. ...Zayne didn't move off me, and I thought he would've by now, but he was still above me, those pupils continuing to stretch. His full lips parted. I... I wanted him. I'd never really felt desire before, but it was burning me up from the inside. Want. Need. This was what had been missing when I'd kissed someone before. This was what yearning really felt like, and as I lifted my head off the mat, bringing our mouths so close that I could taste his breath on my lips, I thought I might drown in it. Zayne didn't pull away. ...I kissed him. It wasn't much of a kiss at first, just a brushing of my lips against his, and when he didn't move, I pressed harder, feeling a shivery rush at the touch of our mouths all the way to the tips of my toes. I touched his lips with the tip of my tongue, licking him. His hands tightened around my wrists and then loosened. A stuttered heartbeat later, his hands moved, sliding down my arms, the rough calluses along his palms causing my breath to catch. And then I wasn't the only one doing the kissing. Zayne pressed down, his warm lips moving against mine for the briefest, hottest second, and then he was gone.
- **Page 316:** Well, the messy, half-fallen topknot was all me, but the glassy eyes, parted lips and flushed skin looked nothing like me. Another fine shiver danced its way over my skin as heat pooled low in my core. Zayne wasn't even in the bathroom with me anymore, but I could still feel his hands on the skin of my back, along my sides to where just the tips of his fingers had grazed the sides of my breasts. ...What I was feeling was just my body reacting to the touch of someone I was attracted to, and I was attracted to Zayne, but that was all, just a... a carnal attraction, one that I was positive wasn't two-sided. ...My breath hitched. That would complicate things, wouldn't it? My body didn't care about that at all, though. Neither did that primal part of my brain that was suddenly flashing images to accompany the memory of his bare hands, slippery and smooth against my skin, and those images were as clear as reality. ...His gaze met mine in the mirror. "I thought you'd be dressed," he said. "I..." I really had no idea what to say as I turned to him, figuring the towel was more discreet than my bare back. "I, um, I'm still wet." Those pale eyes flared with wintry heat as his gaze dipped. "Really?" he said, and I swore it sounded like a purr against my skin. My face burned as I realized what I'd said and how that could be perceived.



Storm and Fury: Harbinger Book 1

Jennifer L. Armentrout

Somehow we made it into the bedroom and then he was laying me on the bed and he was coming over me, his body large and warm as he braced himself above me. ...And this time, when Zayne kissed me, he sipped from my lips, drank from my moans, as he ran his thumb over my cheek, tracing the bone. ...Lust pricked my skin as he moved his fingertips down my throat, over my shoulder. ...He dropped his hand to my hip and tugged me down, along the bed. Then he rose above me, using one arm to support his weight. Using one thigh, he parted mine and then lowered himself. Hard lines pressed against soft ones, and when he moved against me in a slow, undulating grind, I gasped and stiffened at the bolt of pleasure it sent through me. ... He chuckled against my mouth as he rocked his hips again. ...“Yes,” I whispered, spreading my legs, cradling his body. ...His remaining hand slid up the flare of my hip, up my stomach. He stopped just below my breasts, his thumb brushing over the swell. ...He let his hand stray higher, nearly reaching the peak of my breast. ...“I would like to see you, touch you... taste you.” ...He lifted up my shirt and I rose on shaky elbows as he pulled it off over my head and then my shorts went next. ...I lay back down, left only in thin undies, knowing that with his Warden eyes, he could see everything, and I fought the urge to cover my chest. ...Then he lowered his head, flicking his tongue over a particularly sensitive part, causing me to moan and clutch his shoulders. ...He pressed down, moving his hand and then his tongue to my other breast. ...My laugh ended in a gasp as Zayne rolled me over him and sat up, my knees sliding on either side of his hips as he pulled me onto his lap. I gasped as the softest part of me pressed down on the hardest part of him. He still had his pajama bottoms on and I was still in my undies, but I could feel every inch of him. ...He tugged my mouth to his and kissed me

as I clenched his shoulders, allowing myself to settle into him. ...My lower body started moving in tiny circles, and good God, I thought I could feel his pulse through the cotton of his pants. I couldn't remember ever feeling like this, definitely not with Clay and not when I touched myself. ...My body arched into his, aching for him in such a way that it almost frightened me, but I did trust him. ...And when his mouth tugged on my breast and his tongue rasped over my skin, I stopped thinking. It was all about feeling and the raw, exquisite sensations shooting down to my core, warming and dampening me. My hips rocked against him, and when he whispered in my ear, his voice was thick, smoky. I was panting against his mouth, my fingers trembling as they slipped over his skin and wrapped around the band of his bottoms. He was grabbing them, too, shoving the fabric down as he rose just enough to get the material to his thighs, and then there was nothing between us. ... His hand clasped my hip, urging me to move, to take what I wanted, but I didn't need urging. My body moved against his and he moved against me. The heat of his body, the friction and the dampness, and the way he nipped at my mouth—it was all too much and not enough. Tension between my legs built quickly, stealing my breath, shocking me. The coil tightened deep inside me, and our movements became almost frantic. His growl of approval seared my skin, igniting the fire, and I came in a blinding rush, muscles tightening and loosening all at once. ...Zayne's quickly followed, the hoarse, soul-deep shout smothering my cries as the release shook us, and then his mouth was on mine and he kissed me, and he kept kissing me as if he wished to not simply taste me, but devour my very being, and I... I wanted to be devoured.

-Pages 376-82

*Strange Truth by Maggie Thrash (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- [New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High](#)

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual assault; sexual nudity; voyeurism; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use by minors; suicide.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

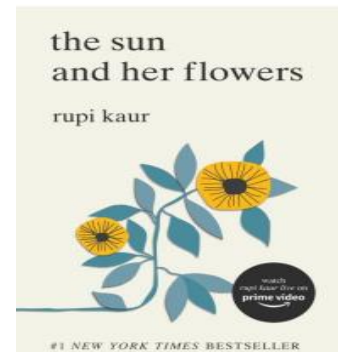
- **Page 287:** Corny said a quick prayer before slurping up the gelatinous pink goo. The first time Corny ever got drunk, she'd felt so awful the next morning at church that she'd promised Jesus she'd never do it again. And she'd only done it three times since then, so that wasn't so bad. There were girls at Winship who got trashed every weekend, like Chrissie White, who had the worst drunk eyes of anyone. And besides, this was a special occasion. It was a beautiful, festive night, the boys had won the game, there was a keg, and Brittany and Angie's stepmom had made pink Jell-O shots for the girls. Jell-O shots were Corny's absolute weakness. They were the most magical substance in the world- pink and sweet and you couldn't even tell there was vodka in them at all! Corny's philosophy was that it was healthy to sin once in a while, because afterward when you repented, you felt closer to Jesus than ever before. And the buzz of holy forgiveness lasted for days, unlike being drunk, which only lasted a few hours. ...But tonight everyone was so excited and the night air felt so heavenly, and boys already had girls sitting on their laps, and girls were downing Jell-O shots and giggling and twirling their hair. Corny couldn't wait for Winn to get there so she could sit on his lap and twirl her hair too.
- **Page 310:** "He has insomnia. Hypnotism is actually a very effective technique-" "No," Virginia interrupted. "She's hypnotizing him to hook up with her. To have sex with her." She could barely bring herself to say the actual words: "She's raping him."



*The Sun and Her Flowers by Rupi Kaur (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School (also available in Spanish)
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School (also available in Spanish)
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School (also available in Spanish)
- Sandia High School
- Valley high School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School (also available in Spanish)
- **Early College Academy/CEC**
- **Cochiti Elementary School*****



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual assault; sexual nudity; and abortion commentary.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 40:** do you still touch yourself to thoughts of me do you still imagine my naked naked tiny tiny body pressed into yours do you still imagine the curve of my spine and how you wanted to rip it out of me cause the way it dipped into my perfectly rounded bottom drove you crazy baby sugar baby sweet baby ever since we left how many times did you pretend it was my hand stroking you how many times did you search for me in your fantasies and end up crying instead of coming don't you lie to me
- **Page 72:** While I undress my lower half I slide my pants and underwear off lie down on the spa bed and wait when she returns she positions my legs like an open butterfly soles of feet together knees pointing in opposite directions first the disinfectant wipe then the cold jelly how is school and what are you studying she asks turns the laser on places the head of the machine on my pubic bone and just like that it begins the hair follicles around my clitoris begin burning with each zap I wince shivering with pain
- **Page 168:** there is no place I end and you begin when your body is in my body we are one person -sex

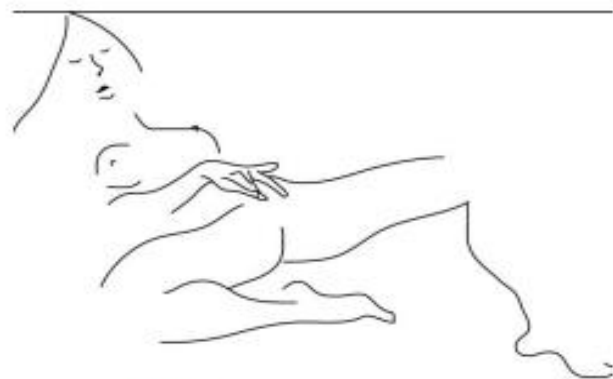


Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 2

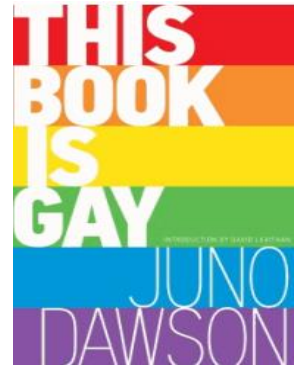
*This Book Is Gay by Juno Dawson (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains excerpts and illustrations depicting explicit nudity and sexual activities.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 29:** “Advertisers would like us to believe that being female somehow feels different to being a male, but we will never really know. Culture tells our parents how to dress us as kids, and it becomes ingrained. It sometimes seems bonkers to me to think that a dude would have to be ‘trans’ to put on a skirt or some heels. Who bloody says that they are ‘female attire’? Sadly, as most of the world is blind to how small-minded this is, that’s the way the cookie crumbles. For now. As we said in the last chapter, although the studies of gender and sexuality are closely linked, they are largely unrelated: A person will choose separate identities for both. For instance, I presently identify as a gay man. Tomorrow, I could identify more as a female but still like me, thus making me a straight trans female. Do you see?”
- **Page 156:** How sex apps work: 1. Upload a tiny pic of yourself to the app. 2. The app works out your location. 3. The app tells you who the nearest homosexuals are. 4. You then chat to them. 5. Because they are near, it is easy to meet up with them. ...if you’re looking for the ubiquitous “fun” (the words “sex,” “shag,” and the Fword, ironically, are banned on most sex apps), be upfront about it and then no one’s feelings are going to get hurt.
- **Page 173:** Doing the Sex Two men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways. 1. Handies: Perhaps the most important skill you will master as a gay or bi man is the timeless classic, the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way getting himself off. ...Something they don’t teach you in school is that, in order to be able to cum at all, you or your partner may need to finish off with a handie. A lot of people find it hard to cum through other types of sex. ...A GOOD HANDIE is all about the wrist action. Rub the head of his cock back and forth with your hand. Try different speeds and pressures until he responds positively. A BAD HANDIE is grasping a penis and shaking it like a ketchup bottle. Finally, my misunderstanding about rubbing two peens together wasn’t far off the mark- rubbing them together in one hand feels awesome- MEGA COMBOHANDIE ...2. Blowis: Oral sex is popping another dude’s peen in your mouth, or, indeed, popping yours in his. There is only one hard and fast rule when it comes to blow jobs- WATCH THE TEETH. Lips and tongue, yes; teeth, NO. As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways. The term “blow job” is massively misleading, as you won’t actually be blowing on his penis- it’s more about sucking (although I stress you’re not trying to suck his kidneys out through his urethra). It’s more about sliding your mouth up and down the shaft of his cock. Letting a guy cum in your mouth is a safe sex no-no. 3. Bumming: It is a universal truth that many men like sticking their willies inside things. ...Well, in the absence of a vagina, gay and bi men make excellent use of the back door. Wanna know a secret? Straight people have anal sex all the time too. Another one? Straight men like stuff up their bums just as much as gay ones.

Part One: Boy-on-Boy Sex

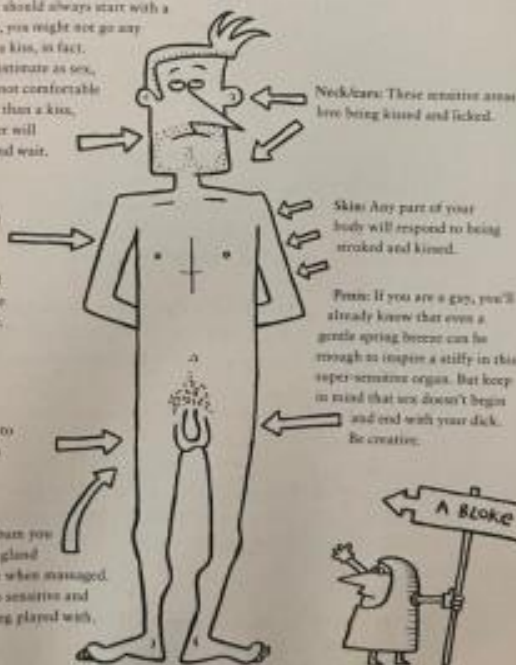
Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware which parts **FEEL NICE** when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.

The Lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait.

Nipples: A lot of guys like having their nipples played with—they are mega sensitive.

Testicles: Also to be treated with loving care.

Bum: Up your butt you have a prostate gland which feels nice when massaged. The anus is also sensitive and responds to being played with.



Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked.

Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed.

Penis: If you are a guy, you'll already know that even a gentle spring breeze can be enough to inspire a stiffy in this super-sensitive organ. But keep in mind that sex doesn't begin and end with your dick. Be creative.

Part Two: Girl-on-Girl Sex

Here is a diagram of a woman. If you are also a woman, you are probably aware which parts **FEEL NICE** when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.

Clitoris: Observe the diagram. Women are that little bit harder than men, who have everything dangling out in the open. The clitoris is a super-sensitive cluster of nerve endings that, when rubbed, kissed, or licked, can make a woman orgasm (which is a good thing).

Anus: Although women do not have a prostate gland up their butt, some women like having stuff poked up there too.

Lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait.

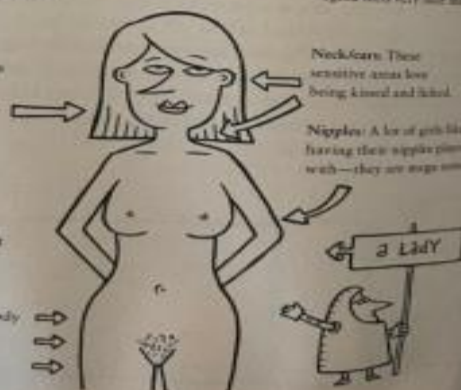
Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed.



Vagina: The vagina is the opening to the female reproductive system, from which babies pop out. Weird, much research has been done on this, and it is thought that it is a "G spot" located just inside the vagina. Although the existence of this sexual hole-grail has not been proven, many women agree that having things inserted into their vagina feels very nice indeed.

Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked.

Nipples: A lot of girls like having their nipples played with—they are mega sensitive.



This Book is GAY

by Juno Dawson

Gay men have slightly longer and thicker winkies. Excellent. The amygdala of gay men is more responsive to porn than those of straight men. So we have bigger dicks and we're hornier. Jus' sayin'.

-page 41

Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware of which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide. The lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait. Nipples: A lot of guys like having their nipples played with- they are mega sensitive. Testicles: Also to be treated with loving care. Bum: Up you bum you have a prostate gland which feels nice when massaged. The anus is also sensitive and responds to being played with. Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked. Skin : Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed. Penis: If you are a guy, you'll already know that even a gentle breeze can be enough to inspire a stiffy in this super-sensitive organ. But keep in mind that sex doesn't begin and end with your dick. Be creative."

- page 171

Two men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways. 1. Handies:...the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way getting himself off. ...Something they don't teach you in school is that, in order to be able to cum at all, you or your partner may need to finish off with a handie. A lot of people find it hard to cum through other types of sex. ... A GOOD HANDIE is all about the wrist action. Rub the head of his cock back and forth with your hand. Try different speeds and pressures until he responds positively....Finally, my misunderstanding about rubbing two peens together wasn't far off the mark- rubbing them together in one hand feels awesome.... 2. Blowies: Oral sex is popping another dude's peen in your mouth, or, indeed, popping yours in his.... As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways.... it's more about sucking...It's more about sliding your mouth up and down the shaft of his cock.

-page 173

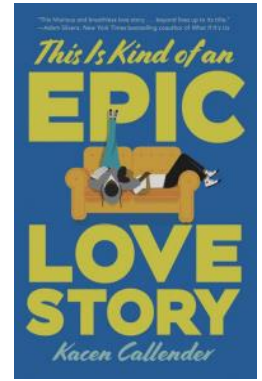
*This Is Kind Of An Epic Love Story by Kacen Callender (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alternate sexualities; and alcohol use by minors.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 92:** I look at my wall, where the drawing still hangs beside a movie poster of The Godfather. She was the first friend I'd had since Ollie, and I didn't want to lose her—but at night, in the dark with no one to judge me but myself, I messed up the sheets in Flo's honor. Though I guess she wouldn't feel too honored to know that. Especially when she told me she wanted to have sex at least a hundred times. Why would I jerk off thinking about her, when I could actually be having sex with her? Was I too scared I'd somehow ruin our relationship? I wasn't sure how things were going to be different after we had sex—wasn't sure if she was going to stop loving me, or if I'd start to love her too much. ...Sex. With Flo. The thought gets stuck in my head like some song on repeat. I try to focus on writing, because that's what I want to do with my life: be a professional screenwriter, not a professional masturbator. ...I feel guilty as all hell—and speaking of hell, I'm pretty sure there's a level reserved for ex-boyfriends jerking off to girls who said they want to be friends. I'm getting pretty into it when there's a knock on my door. I almost fall off my bed and yell that I'm coming. e Content (automatically wincing at the pun), and with my one good hand struggle to pull up my pants and smooth out my sheets and pump out a good amount of Purell that I keep on my desk for these special occasions. ...Can Ollie tell I was just jerking off?
- **Page 23:** And he pushes me back to the bed, tugs up my T-shirt, lays kisses all over my skin, kisses that have me catching my breath, until he's got both my pants and my boxers down, and my hands are in his hair, and I don't want him to stop—but he pulls away and starts to pull his own shirt off. He looks more nervous about it now too, and he sits in front of me for a second, until he kisses me. This kiss is slower. I'm on my back again, his leg pressing in between my legs, his mouth on my neck, my chest, my stomach—my skin's burning up. He sits up, breathing hard. "Are you okay if I'm on top?" It's a scary thought, but I'm pretty sure I want him to be. I nod and we're still kissing—he pauses and reaches for his nightstand, opens up a drawer, and pulls out a tube of lube. For some reason, the lube is what makes me more embarrassed about any of this. He kisses me again, blocking my view, so I can't really see what he's doing, can only feel his hand slippery and warm, pressing into me, literally inside of me, and it really effing hurts— "Are you okay?" he asks. He's watching my face closely, intently. I almost want to say no— it hurts, and I'm freaking out. But a part of me doesn't want him to stop either. I nod. "Yeah. I'm okay." He buries his face into my neck, his finger moving around, and I can tell he's trying to be gentle—and the more he moves it around, the more I get used to it, the more it starts to feel good. His mouth is by my ear, breathing against it. He asks if it's okay if he—and he can't really say it out loud, but I know what he means. I nod. Ollie pulls away, seems to swipe a condom out of midair and rolls it on. A wave of nerves washes over me. He pushes in slowly, and the pain grates. I almost try to push him away. He pulls back to look at my face. "Does it feel good?" I try my best to smile and nod so that it doesn't look like I'm grimacing. He watches me. "It doesn't feel good at all, does it?" I hesitate, then shake my head, and we're laughing a little together, but I put my hands on his back so he knows I want him to stay. "You can keep going. Maybe it'll start to feel good."

THIS IS KIND OF AN EPIC LOVE STORY

By Kacen Callender

He kisses the corner of my mouth, and suddenly the laptop is shoved out of the way and he's on top of me, kissing my neck, his hands on my pants—when I sit up. He's breathing hard. "Are you okay?" I nod, but I'm nodding too fast. "Don't worry," he says. "I know what to do." And he pushes me back to the bed, tugs up my T-shirt, lays kisses all over my skin, kisses that have me catching my breath, until he's got both my pants and my boxers down, and my hands are in his hair, and I don't want him to stop—but he pulls away and starts to pull his own shirt off. He looks more nervous about it now too, and he sits in front of me for a second, until he kisses me. This kiss is slower. I'm on my back again, his leg pressing in between my legs, his mouth on my neck, my chest, my stomach—my skin's burning up. He sits up, breathing hard. "Are you okay if I'm on top?" It's a scary thought, but I'm pretty sure I want him to be. I nod and we're still kissing—he pauses and reaches for his nightstand, opens up a drawer, and pulls out a tube of lube. For some reason, the lube is what makes me more embarrassed about any of this. He kisses me again, blocking my view, so I can't really see what he's doing, can only feel his hand slippery and warm, pressing into me, literally inside of me, and it really effing hurts—"Are you okay?" he asks. He's watching my face closely, intently. I almost want to say no—it hurts, and I'm freaking out. But a part of me doesn't want him to stop either. I nod. "Yeah. I'm okay." He buries his face into my neck, his finger moving around, and I can tell he's trying to be gentle—and the more he moves it around,

the more I get used to it, the more it starts to feel good. His mouth is by my ear, breathing against it. He asks if it's okay if he—and he can't really say it out loud, but I know what he means. I nod. Ollie pulls away, seems to swipe a condom out of midair and rolls it on. A wave of nerves washes over me. He pushes in slowly, and the pain grates. I almost try to push him away. He pulls back to look at my face. "Does it feel good?" I try my best to smile and nod so that it doesn't look like I'm grimacing. He watches me. "It doesn't feel good at all, does it?" I hesitate, then shake my head, and we're laughing a little together, but I put my hands on his back so he knows I want him to stay. "You can keep going. Maybe it'll start to feel good. Just—you know, move slow." He keeps going slow, but it never really feels good, though I guess it doesn't hurt as much by the end. We both end up on our backs, just breathing heavy, Ollie's cheeks and chest red. I'm so completely sore that pain springs up my back whenever I move, so I just stay exactly where I am.

-Pages 236-238

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLook's Review Rating

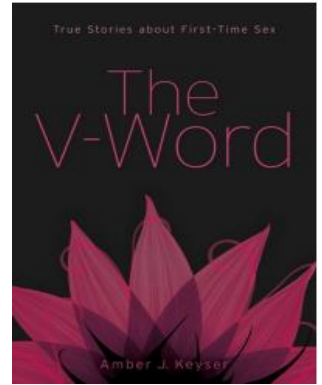
*The V-Word by Amber J. Keyser (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; references to child molestation and sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol use; references to drug use; controversial religious commentary; alternate sexualities; and alternate gender ideologies.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 13:** His touch sent sizzling waves coursing over my body. This was nothing like when I masturbated. ...I slid down under the covers, my cheek against his taut belly. And there was his penis. Hard inside but shockingly soft and smooth on the surface. I put my lips on the velvety end of his penis and took him in my mouth. After a while—who knows how much time passed—we changed places. And his mouth was hot and wet on the slit of my vulva. ...His aim was terrible, and though I was aroused, my prepubescent body was also tight and unaccommodating.
- **Page 21:** A blowjob. Sucking dick. Head.
- **Page 29:** One night, when we were making out, we kissed more intensely than usual, for nearly an hour. We shifted together on my bed, and her knee softly found the warmth between my legs. I pressed against her, enjoying the new contact. She gripped my breasts and found my rising nipples. I moaned and moved against her, like a rhythmic tide with increasing rapidity. It arrived before I knew it was happening—my orgasm. I came for the first time with another person, with someone who cared about me. ...The moment of my orgasm, the feel of her fingertips finding my nipples, the firm heat of her knee against the part of me where I felt pleasure the most. ...She started slow with her palms along my torso. My skin there shook with hope and fear, unused to the presence of another person. She asked me if I was ready, and I nodded. She touched me where I had only ever touched myself. She touched me differently, gently drawing her fingers from the wetness of my vagina to the swelling near my clitoris. ...I touched her with my hands too. She felt like me: warm at first, and then, as I slowly moved my fingers, she turned slick, damp. I traced circles near the top of her vulva where I thought her clitoris might be, the way I liked to touch myself. She moaned. It was the first time I had ever made someone moan. ...So I kissed her and I smiled while I did. I learned what it was to kiss someone and find her mouth cold from the way she had been gasping with desire. She smiled against my smiling mouth.

THE V-WORD:

TRUE STORIES ABOUT FIRST-TIME SEX

By Amber J. Keyser

My head is between my girlfriend's legs and I'm finally having sex. Here's my tongue. Here's my girlfriend's vagina. Here's my tongue on my girlfriend's vagina and here I am having my first sexual experience. ...Courtney's pubic hair starts tickling the tip of my nose, which is about to make me sneeze. Fuck! That would suck! So I push my face further into her folds. Pressing my nose and mouth more into her, I can now feel her pubes on my tongue. ...I don't know if it's my saliva or some sort of wet coming from Courtney's vagina, but I feel a liquid starting to spread across my lips and trickle down my chin. Then she moans. I must be doing something right. With her feet on the floor and her knees bent over my shoulders, I loop my arms around her legs and hold on tight. My hands grab onto that soft area between the top of her thighs and the insides of them. ...I squeeze my arms around her legs like they're a harness slapped down on me for a roller coaster ride. ...My tongue separates the lips of her vagina and I find her clit with the tip of my tongue. At least I think it's her clit. It's this hard little ball thing. I press on it, and Courtney's legs start to quiver. I'm not quite sure what to do with my chin, so I push it closer to her, dig my chin a bit further past the fringe of her lips. She likes this. She moves her hips, riding my face like the horses she loves. Her hips are bucking. ...I explore. I unwrap my right arm from her thigh and stick two fingers inside of her. Wet, warm—could be called swamp-like—but only a swamp found in heaven! ...My fingers have found their place in the world. ...I push my fingers further in, add a third, pump away. From her increasingly loud moans and heaving breathing, I know she feels good. The further in I go, the more it feels like I'm touching a

part of myself, my identity revealed. Every second in her vagina, I am more and more a lesbian. ...I slightly-salty wet seeps out of her as she grabs onto my hair and squeezes my head with her legs like I'm one of Suzanne Sommers's ThighMasters. I'm having a harder time hearing her moans now. The sound is all muffled because now, with her legs squishing my ears into her inner-thigh flesh, I feel like I have ear muffs on for this muff-diving adventure. But even with muffled hearing, I can still hear some epic moans. And then she pushes her wet vag further into my face, gyrating. Well, this is the best activity, ever, though my jaw's starting to get a little sore and I'm losing some tongue strength. She's wearing me out. But with my tongue on her clit and her body squirming about, all I can think of now is I'm a lesbian! ...There's another big moan and some more hard hip thrashing and more of that thigh-squeezing and then soon her hands let go of my hair and my mouth lets go of her sex as she breathes heavily, her breath heaving her chest up and down. Up and down. I sit up and wipe her salty liquid taste from my chin. ...“Mmm. Dessert.” I imagine my chin is glistening like the fingers that were inside of her are glistening. Sparkling, even.

-Pages 103-105

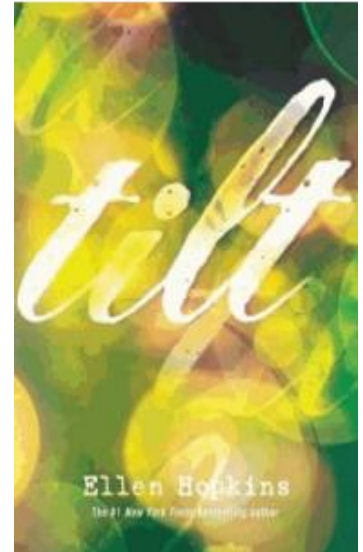
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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

*Tilt by Ellen Hopkins (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Early College Academy/CEC
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Tony Hillerman Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. The book also contains sexual assault, underage drinking, illegal drug abuse, and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 4:** One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please." Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive? just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did. And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all.
- **Page 11:** Can't wait to get her all alone, pull her nakedness into me, silk skin slick against my own, eliciting the proper reaction. She smells like summer wildflowers, as if they were woven into her hair and crushed by the weight of our love. Tastes like strawberry pie, thick drizzles of whipped cream melting down over luscious ripe fruit. I could lick her all day.
- **Page 55:** But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather's prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn't ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn't ask for it.
- **Page 549:** I lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment.



T

Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents' room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay?

...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He's ready. Wants inside me. But "Not yet. Where's the condom?" I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull out. Don't worry. Don't worry? We didn't use one last time. It was right after my last period.

...And I have to have you right now...Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good.

-Page 71

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

-Page 401

I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. ...I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone—the source of the building throb....Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it....Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide....If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.

-Page 431



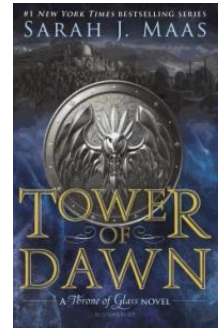
L T

"Tilt" by Ellen Hopkins

*Tower of Dawn by Sarah J Maas (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Cibola High School
- Eldorado High School
- La Cueva High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- West Mesa High School (in Spanish too)
- John Adams Middle School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- Sandia High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High (in Spanish too)
- Nex+Gen



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; mild profanity; and explicit violence.

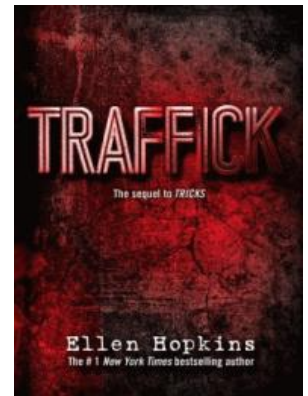
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 455:** And it was only when Yrene settled her hand on his chest, not to push him away but to feel the raging, thunderous heartbeat beneath, that Chaol lowered his head and kissed her. He was standing. He was walking. And he was kissing her. Yrene could barely breathe, barely keep inside her skin, as Chaol's mouth settled over hers. It was like waking up or being born or falling out of the sky. It was an answer and a song, and she could not think or feel fast enough. Her hands curled into his shirt, fingers wrapping around fistfuls of fabric, tugging him closer. His lips caressed hers in patient, unhurried movements, as if tracing the feel of her. And when his teeth grazed her lower lip ... She opened her mouth to him. He swept in, pressing her farther into the wall. She barely felt the molding digging into her spine, the sleekness of the wallpaper against her back as his tongue slid into her mouth. Yrene moaned, not caring who heard, who might be listening. They could all go to hell for all she cared. She was burning, glowing— Chaol laid a hand against her jaw, angling her face to better claim her mouth. She arched, silently begging him to take— She knew he hadn't meant what he said, knew it had been himself he'd been raging at. She'd goaded him into that fight, and even if it had hurt ... She'd known the moment he stood, when her heart had stopped dead, that he hadn't meant it. That he would have crawled. This man, this noble and selfless and remarkable man ... Yrene dragged her hands around his shoulders, fingers slipping into his silken brown hair. More, more, more— But his kiss was thorough. As if he wanted to learn every taste, every angle of her. She brushed her tongue against his, and his growl had her toes curling in her slippers— She felt the tremor go through him before she registered what it was. The strain. Still he kissed her, seemed intent to do so, even if it brought him crashing to the floor. Small steps. Small measures. Yrene broke away, putting a hand on his chest when he made to claim her mouth again
- **Page 461:** The color on her face, he realized with no small amount of male satisfaction, was from far more than the heat. And when they'd eventually left, walking slowly into the cool shadows of the halls, Yrene had tugged him into a curtained-off alcove and kissed him. Leaning against a supply shelf for support, his hands had roved all over her, the generous curves and small waist, tangling into her long, heavy hair. She'd kissed and kissed him, breathless and panting, and then licked—actually licked the sweat from his neck. Chaol had groaned so loudly that it was no surprise a servant appeared a heartbeat later, ripping the curtain away, as if to chide two workers for shirking their duties.
- **Page 513:** Chaol held Yrene's stare as he stilled, letting her adjust. Letting himself adjust to the sensation that the entire axis of the world had shifted. Looking into those eyes of hers, swimming with brightness, he wondered if she felt it, too. But Yrene kissed him again, in answer and silent demand. And as Chaol began to move in her, he realized that here, amongst the dunes and stars...

*Traffic by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Del Norte High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Valley High School
- Early College Academy/CEC



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including child prostitution and molestation; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use by minors; alternative gender ideologies; and alternate sexualities

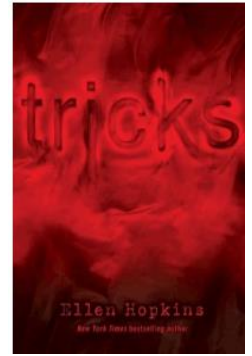
Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 30:** How he touched me. She said I was a liar. A puta. ...I don't add the part about my own mother pimping me out. Miranda nods. It happens to many of us. Men are coyotes. I was eleven the first time. Twelve when Ricardo traded me for his debt. I found that out later. But that day, I believed it was Mama's punishment. "But when can I go home?" I asked. Papacito tell me never, I'm his now. "Do exactly as I say," he said, "and Belinda, too, or I will hurt you so bad you'll wish were dead. But if you are a very good girl, I will be your boyfriend..." ...But not so scared then as later that night, when Papacito come to my bedroom. "Such a pretty little girl," he said. "Now I will make you my woman." I knew what he meant and tried to say no. He slapped my face so hard I thought my head would snap off! Then he grabbed my neck and squeezed. I couldn't breathe. I begged him to stop but he choked me until I almost blacked out. I wore the marks from his fingers for many days. I had no fight left then, and he threw me on the bed, made me his wife for real. When he finished, he sent five friends to break me in better. After that, what did it matter? What came next, she says, is he pimped her online or sent her out to work truck stops, demanding a minimum \$800 per night. He kept every penny.
- **Page 41:** A few people offered cocaine. At first I refused, but David indulged and finally convinced me to try it. Oh, but you should. It makes every bad thing better, and everything good the experience of a lifetime. Especially sex. ...One snort of what David said was damn fine coke, I shed worry like rainwater. Two, conversing came easier. Three, and the world righted itself. ...I can't say exactly when because I was way too buys mellowing the coke buzz with bourbon and, conversely, fighting the alcohol sluggishness with yet another line. It's a great combination, once I've since enjoyed fairly regularly, though David doesn't keep a stash here at the house. Most of it comes with his guests. ...I knew he was angling for sex, of course. David doesn't try to hide his attraction to pretty young men. When he discovered I was still a teen, though technically legal, he was intrigued immediately. ...Without the cocaine stoking my mouth, I would never have told him as much as I did.
- **Page 45:** I Wanted The Sex To Convince Him To let me move in, so I offered anything he wanted. Compared to Carl, who was all about the kink, David's requests weren't extraordinary. The thing is, he can have whatever he wants with any of the cute dancers in his stable who might be looking to advance his career. But David doesn't want easy sex, he wants affection. ...I doubt it's possible for someone my age to fall in love with a man old enough to be his grandfather, no matter how good that person is to him. I want to experience real love again, wrapped around sex and infusing lust with meaning

*Tricks by Ellen Hopkins (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New
- Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Harrison Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. It includes child rape and abuse; illegal drug abuse; graphic violence; underage alcohol, and adult and child prostitution

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 206:** "You've done coke before, right? No? Oh, baby, you're gonna love it. You're totally gonna fly. Don't worry. He grins like a leprechaun. You're safe flying with me. Mostly anyway. I Watch Lucas Suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze. I inhale gently, one line up the right nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention. I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched. Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body. Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive. Never felt so in love. I glance at the clock. Not even one. We have plenty of time. But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?" I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall, like a groom clutching his bride. The thought makes me blush, and I have no clue why. I rest my head against his chest for the entire ten-second journey. Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don't think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back. "I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready. And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts. And then, it's just over. Still Buzzed And yet also drained, we lie together for a while. I don't know if it was good for Lucas or not. I want to ask, but I don't want to ask because if I do and he says no, it will leave a scar. I don't even know if it was good for me, because I'm not sure what "good sex" is. Your first time probably isn't so good, right?"

His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge....He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever.He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him... I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting... -page 299-302

Tricks by Ellen Hopkins

Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom?... "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull. "Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me... I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, trying not to choke on his thrusts against my throat....Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest...Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is.His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach....Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft,

and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me....Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do....An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers. through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain... Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me....But I do. And when I do, it's over the top. -Page 483

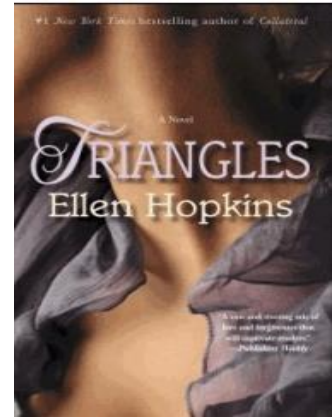
*Triangles by Ellen Hopkins (5 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Rio Grande High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexually obscene sexual activities including sadomasochism; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol abuse; drug use; controversial religious commentary; and alternate sexualities



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 3:** Once upon a time, I might have slid a leg up over Jace, reveled in the way he stirred, hot and hard before the rest of him surfaced from dreams.
- **Page 8:** Did I ever tell you that sweaty women turn me on? "Thus, your addiction to beach volleyball?" I go over for a morning kiss, sex is the farthest thing from my mind. Jace. However, is totally in the mood, as advertised by the twitch of his hard-on. Come on. We haven't had a morning go in a while, and I don't have to be in the office until nine. He coaxes me toward the unmade bed. Pretty please? I start to protest, to say something about having to change the sheets, but it's simpler just to give in for the ten whole minutes it will take to make him a satisfied man. And me a dutiful wife. He leans me, stomach against the rumpled spread, over the bed, tugs down my shorts. I close my eyes as he slips two fingers inside me. See now? You're ready for me. Strangely, I am, and when he pushes more than his fingers inside, the sex is comfortable. Easy. No work at all. It doesn't even take ten minutes until I feel the familiar tightening of his thighs. Jace comes. I don't. He punctuates his final thrust with a soft Oomph. Pulls away, sticky, starts again for the shower
- **Page 40** His fingers snake into my hair, pull my face into his and when his mouth covers mine, rum and mint flavor his tongue. The kiss I return is not gentle, and when his body rocks against mine, he is hard against the throb growing faster, faster, between my legs. He is strong. My heart pounds as he wraps my right leg around his hip, lifts. Beneath my short denim skirt, he finds nothing but skin and hot, wet pulsing. His fingers start there, work their way inside. My body screams for orgasm, but not like that. "Fuck me, " I beg. His eyes, feral, meet mine. He smiles, props me up on his knee. Unzips his fine silk trousers, brings the swollen knob of his cock just outside my thrumming slit. Stops. "Say please."

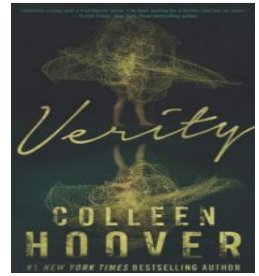
*Verity by Colleen Hoover (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Eldorado High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities; profanity; violence including child abuse and attempted abortion.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 63:** My only goal that night was to get drunk on free booze and find a rich investor to fuck. I was already halfway there, having downed three Moscow Mules. And judging by the look of Jeremy Crawford, I was going to leave that party an overachiever. ...It was a fuckable dress. The kind of dress a man can easily bypass when he wants between your legs. ...But when men look at dresses, they aren't admiring the way it hugs the hips or the cinch at the waist or the fancy tie up the back. They're sizing up how easy it will be to remove. Will he be able to slip his hand up her thigh when they're seated next to each other at a table? Will he be able to fuck her in a car without the awkward mess of zippers and Spanx? Will he be able to fuck her in the bathroom without having to remove her clothes completely?
- **Page 72:** He fed me before he fucked me. ...The restaurant was mostly empty, so we were in a quiet corner booth, far enough away that no one noticed when Jeremy's hand slid up my thigh and disappeared between my legs. No one heard me when I moaned. No one cared when he pulled his hand away and whispered that he wasn't going to give me an orgasm in a Steak 'n Shake. I wouldn't have minded. "Take me to your bed, then," I said. ...I was on his bed, lying on my back, watching him undress, when I realized I was about to make love for the first time. I'd had sex before, but never with more than just my body. ...It was amazing how different sex felt when a person used more than their body.
- **Page 86:** I congratulated him with a blowjob. It was the first time I swallowed. That's how happy I was to see him. I acted like a lady after I swallowed, smiling up at him. He was still standing by the front door, fully clothed, other than the jeans that were now down to his knees. I stood up and kissed him on the cheek and said, "Be right back." ...When I let him come in my mouth, I had no idea how much there would be. How long I would have to continue swallowing. Keeping my composure was tough while his dick was in my throat, drowning me.

I knew from experience that Jeremy couldn't get the truth out of me if I had his dick in my mouth. I crawled down him, and by the time I was positioned over him, my mouth ready to work, he was already hard. I took as much of him as I could take. I loved it when he moaned. ...I let him slide out of my mouth. "How many women have sucked your dick?" ... "That many?" I teased. I climbed up his body and straddled him. I liked it when he jerked beneath me and gripped my thighs. ...He raised his hands to my breasts and cupped them. Squeezed them. He was getting that look on his face that was my cue I was about to be fucked. Hard. "That's probably a good estimate," he whispered, pulling me to him. He brought his lips close to mine and stuck a hand between us, rubbing me. "How many guys have licked your pussy?" ...He was moments from climax when one of the girls started crying. ...I could feel him growing softer inside me, so I pulled the plug out of the back of the monitor. ...He didn't seem comfortable with that, but once my mouth was back on his dick, he accepted it. ...I could feel him ready to come, so I pretended I was gagging. I don't know why, but that always set him off, thinking I was choking on his cock. Men. He groaned and I forced him farther down my throat with another gurgling sound, and then it was over. I swallowed, wiped my mouth, and then stood up.

- Page 185

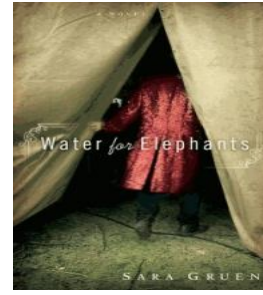
VERITY

by Colleen Hoover

His lips circle my left nipple, briefly, then brush across my mouth as he hovers over me. "I'll pull out." ...He whispers, "Alright," against my lips as he begins to push into me. ...I squeeze my eyes shut as he tries to fit his entire length inside me. It hurts for a few seconds, but when he starts to move, the pain is replaced by a pleasurable fullness that makes me moan. ...He cups my breast while he kisses me. After about a minute of this position, he pulls out of me and rolls me flat onto my stomach. He enters me from behind, lowering his mouth to my ear as he pulls out. "I'm going to take you in every position I've imagined us in." ...With that, he places a palm against my stomach and pulls me onto my knees, pressing my back against his chest without slipping out of me. ...I let him take me however he wants me. And he does, for over half an hour. Every time he seems close to release, he pulls out of me and kisses me until he takes me again, kisses me, repositions me, takes me, kisses me, repositions me. ...His palms are sliding up my stomach, to my breasts. He cups my breasts in his hands and then he begins to slowly part me with his tongue. I let my head fall back and I moan so loud, I have to cover my own mouth. He seems to like the noise because he does the exact same thing with his tongue again, and the ecstasy that surges through me propels me forward until I'm gripping the headboard. ...When Jeremy's fingers slide down my stomach and accompany his mouth, I have nowhere for my screams to go. With the position he has me in, I'm compelled to lean forward and stifle the sounds of my climax. ...After I come, I pull away from the headboard and open my eyes, seeing the fresh marks I've left behind. Just as I run my thumb over them to wipe away my saliva, Jeremy pushes me onto my back and I'm suddenly beneath him again. He doesn't even need to enter me to reach his climax. He presses himself against my stomach and I feel the warmth spilling onto my skin as his mouth finds mine.

-Page 238

*Water For Elephants by Sara Gruen (4 RATING)



Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy (Status: LOST)
- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Del Norte High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School (also in Spanish)
- Cibola High School
- Sandia High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Juvenile Detention Center

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; animal cruelty; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol use and abuse; references to prejudice; and reference to suicide.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 135:** “Where am I?” I croak. I cough and try to clear my parched throat. “Clown Alley,” says Kinko, fingering some paint jars on a dresser. I lift an arm to cover my eyes and notice it is clad in silk. A red silk dressing gown, to be exact. A red silk dressing gown that is wide open. I look down and discover that someone has shaved my genitals. I snatch the edges of the gown together, wondering if Kinko saw. Dear God, what did I do last night? I have no idea. Nothing but scraps of memory, and— Oh God. I threw up on a woman. I struggle to my feet, tying the dressing gown. I wipe my forehead, which feels unusually slick. My hand comes away white. “What the—?” I say, staring at my hand. Kinko turns and hands me a mirror. I take it with great trepidation. When I raise it to my face, a clown looks back at me. I POKE MY HEAD out of the tent, look left and right, and then streak across to the stock car. I am followed by guffaws and catcalls. “Whooooeee, look at that hot mama!” “Hey, Fred—check out the new cooch girl!” “Say, honey—got plans tonight?” I dive into the goat room and slam the door, leaning against it. I breathe heavily, listening until the laughter outside dies down. I grab a rag and wipe my face again. I rubbed it raw before I left Clown Alley, but somehow I still don’t believe it’s clean. I don’t think any part of me will ever be clean again. And the worst part is that I don’t even know what I did. I have only snippets, and as horrifying as those are it’s even more horrifying not knowing what happened in between. It suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea whether I’m still a virgin. I reach inside the dressing gown and scratch my stubbly balls
- **Page 133:** “Where am I?” I croak. I cough and try to clear my parched throat. “Clown Alley,” says Kinko, fingering some paint jars on a dresser. I lift an arm to cover my eyes and notice it is clad in silk. A red silk dressing gown, to be exact. A red silk dressing gown that is wide open. I look down and discover that someone has shaved my genitals. I snatch the edges of the gown together, wondering if Kinko saw. Dear God, what did I do last night? I have no idea. Nothing but scraps of memory, and— Oh God. I threw up on a woman. I struggle to my feet, tying the dressing gown. I wipe my forehead, which feels unusually slick. My hand comes away white. “What the—?” I say, staring at my hand. Kinko turns and hands me a mirror. I take it with great trepidation. When I raise it to my face, a clown looks back at me. I POKE MY HEAD out of the tent, look left and right, and then streak across to the stock car. I am followed by guffaws and catcalls. “Whooooeee, look at that hot mama!” “Hey, Fred—check out the new cooch girl!” “Say, honey—got plans tonight?” I dive into the goat room and slam the door, leaning against it. I breathe heavily, listening until the laughter outside dies down. I grab a rag and wipe my face again. I rubbed it raw before I left Clown Alley, but somehow I still don’t believe it’s clean. I don’t think any part of me will ever be clean again. And the worst part is that I don’t even know what I did. I have only snippets, and as horrifying as those are it’s even more horrifying not knowing what happened in between. It suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea whether I’m still a virgin. I reach inside the dressing gown and scratch my stubbly balls..

Water for Elephants

By Sara Gruen

Kinko is sitting on the edge of his cot, an eight-pager in one hand and his penis in the other. He stops midstroke, its slick purple head extending beyond his fist. ... "Get out!" Kinko screams as the bottle explodes against the doorframe behind me. He leaps up, causing his erection to bounce wildly.

-Page 97

It's multiple women. "Hi, honey," says Barbara, reaching out and stroking my face. ... "So young. Oh, he's cute as a button, isn't he, Nell?" ... "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me, Jacob—you ever been with a woman?" ... Her hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. ... "You think his hair is red down there, too?" she says, cupping me in her palm. Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be. Oh God. Oh God. I'm touching a breast. ... I'm pondering this change of

position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my fingers against hot, moist silk. I catch my breath. ... She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys. Oh shit. I may come right now. "Hmmm?" she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places it back on my knee, and then gives my crotch an experimental squeeze. "Mmmmm," she says, her eyes half-closed. "He's ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age." The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the door of the stock car. ... She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I'm interested—there is no question about that. ... Someone's yanking on my pants. ... Oh God. She's touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It's limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be

stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified. The other woman—now there's only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?—lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis. I gasp. The women giggle, but it's a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response. Oh God, oh God, she's sucking it. Sucking it, for God's sake.

-Pages 133-134

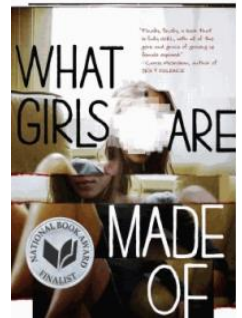
4/5

Not For Minors
Bookends Review Rating

*What Girls Are Made Of by Elana K. Arnold (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Albuquerque High School
- Eldorado High School
- Highland High School
- Manzano High School
- Rio Grande High School (Status: LOST)
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Jackson Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual nudity and sexual activities; controversial religious commentary; and profanity.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 34:** Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground. My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn't care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can't be sewn back together. But I don't say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together. He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it. It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?" "Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still. "Fuck," he says, collapsing against me..
- **Page 35:** Soft now, his penis shrinks inside me and then slips out. When I get up to go to the bathroom, a runny path of semen, like egg whites, trails down my leg. I am horrified. It feels like I've just peed myself. I don't know what I expected. I guess I thought it would just sort of absorb inside me, or really, I guess I never thought about what would happen at all. The other times when we didn't use a condom, Seth would pull out and come on my stomach or- those two times- on my back. And then he'd use his T-shirt or a sock to wipe me off. But this time, as I walked to the bathroom connected to my room, the sticky wetness drips down my thigh, a couple of drops falling silently to the carpet.
- **Page 57:** I pull him off the trail behind some tree, and I push him against a tall rock and before I can worry if someone will come by and see us I go down on my knees like the guy on the bridge, except instead of tightening a harness I'm unfastening his pants. I pull him out of his underwear and he's soft in my hand. I don't look up at his face before I open my mouth and pull him into it, and I pull and I suck until he grows hard and he makes sounds that mean he likes it, and I keep going and going and when he says, "I'm going to come," I don't pull away. The jet of him is warm and salty and tastes like thickened sweat. He breathes hard and his hands are tight fists at his eyes.
- **Page 58:** Yet I, least of all souls Take him in my hand Eat Him and drink Him, And do with Him what I will! ...She was talking about worshipping Jesus, but come on. She was talking about sex, right? Sex with Jesus? That was what she wanted- to give Jesus head. And I totally understand it.

WHAT *Girls* ARE MADE OF

BY ELANA K. ARNOLD

Instead I flick the vibrator's switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I'm overcome and lost in it. When the crest of it passes, I don't turn off the vibrator, I don't take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I've come and how many ways I've lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before...

Page 68

Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground. My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard... and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together. He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it. It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?" "Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still. "Fuck," he says, collapsing against me.

Page 67

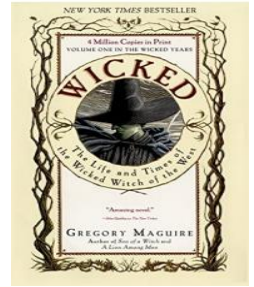
...and don't restart the vibrator until it's muffled underneath the blankets. ...I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it's apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it....My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently....It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth's tongue. It's remembering Seth's tongue that pushes me into the first orgasm, the sweet way he'd press it just there, right where I'm holding the rubber tip of the vibrator, the anxious, ineffective, hopeful lapping of his tongue. And I squeeze my eyes shut and my hips buck up against the vibrator, and my neck gets tight and my toes are stuck in a weird curled spasm, and I can't tell and don't care which way is up and which way is down.... I'm hearing the buzz of the tool in my hand, and every part of me vibrates in a way that makes me forget my name, and I don't care I don't care I don't care, just as long as this feeling persists...I'm lost in the vibration of my coming...and my legs spread into butterfly pose then and fold up like wings. that pleasure.

Page 67

*Wicked by Gregory Maguire (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Del Norte High School
- La Cueva High School
- Manzano High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School (Due: 01/31/2025)
- Volcano Vista High School
- Nex+Gen
- Taylor Middle School
- Ernie Pyle Middle School
- McKinley Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; profanity; nudity; mild profanity; and alcohol use..

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 34:** Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground. My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn't care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can't be sewn back together. But I don't say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together. He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it. It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?" "Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still. "Fuck," he says, collapsing against me.
- **Page 165:** There were shackles, and a tray of scented oils and emollients, and a chest whose contents were still in the shadow. The dwarf bound black blindfolds around the heads of the scholars. The Tiger was pacing on all fours and growling softly, tossing his head back and forth in distress or excitement. Tibbett-for it was he, though nearly out of consciousness- was made to lie on his back on the floor of the stage. The Tiger strode over him and stood still while the dwarf and his assistants lifted Tibbett and tied his wrists together, around the Tiger's chest, and his ankles around the tiger's pelvis, so Tibbett hung beneath the Tiger's belly, like a trussed pig, his face lost in the Tiger's chest hair. The woman was set on a sloping stool, almost like a huge tilting bowl, and the dwarf tucked something aromatic and runny up in the shadowy regions. Then the dwarf pointed to Tibbett, who was beginning to twist and moan into the Tiger's chest. "Let X be the Unknown God," said the dwarf, poking Tibbett in the ribs. The dwarf then slapped the tiger on his flank with a riding crop, and the Tiger strained forward, positioning his head between the woman's legs. "Let Y be the Dragon of Time in its cave," said the dwarf, hitting the Tiger again. As he laced the woman into the half-shell, stroking her nipples with a glowing salve, he handed her a riding crop with which she could lash at the Tiger's flanks and face. "And let Z be the Kumbic Witch, and let us see if she exists tonight..." The crowd drew nearer, almost participants themselves, and the musky sense of adventure made them tear at their own buttons and nibble their own lips, leaning in, in, in. "Such are the variables in our equation," said the dwarf as the room darkened even further. "So now, let the true, clandestine study of knowledge begin."
- **Page 196:** Coming back, Fiyero looked at the form of his lover, more pearly than green tonight. He had brought her a traditional Vinkus fringed silk scarf-roses on a black background- and he had tied it around her waist, and from there on it was a costume for lovemaking. Tonight in sleeping she had nudged it up, and he admired the curve of her flank,

the tender fragility of her knee, the bony ankle. There was a smell of perfume still in the air, and the resiny, animal smell, and the smell of the mystical sea, and the sweet cloaking smell of her hair all riled up by sex. He sat by the side of the bed and looked at her. Her pubic hair grew, almost more purple than black, in small spangled curls, a different pattern than Sarima's. There was an odd shadow near the groin- for a sleepy moment he wondered if some of his blue diamonds had, in the heat of sex, been steamed onto her own skin- or was it a scar?

- **Page 206:** She turned, "Oil my breasts, will you?" "I'm no that stupidly male. Elphaba." "Yes you are"- she laughed, but lovingly- "come on." ...She dropped her shyness like a nightgown, and in the liquid glare of sunlight on old boards she held up her hands- as if, in the terror of the upcoming skirmish, she had at last understood that she was beautiful. In her way. ...He took some coconut oil and warmed it between his palms, and slid his hands like leathery velvet animals on her small, responding breasts. The nipples stood, the color flushed. He was already fully dressed, but recklessly he pressed himself against her mildly resisting form. One hand slid down her back; she arched against him, moaning. But perhaps, this time, not from need? Still his hand moved down onto her buttocks, felt between her cheeks, beyond, felt the place one muscle pulled in crookedly, endearingly, felt the very faintest etching of hair beginning its crosshatch shadows, its swirl toward vortex. He worked his intelligent hand, reading the signs of her resistance. ..."What is your object?" he breathed, kissing her, loosening his trousers again, as if this were the first time, his tongue tracing the twisting funnel of her ear. ...She cupped more oil in her hand and as they slid and fell into the light, she made him bright and anguished with oil, took him deeper in than ever before

Wicked

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST

by Gregory Maguire

The dragon rested again but draped a wing over another archway, which lit up the puppet husband, wandering out in the night. Along came a puppet widow, with sprigged hair and high color, dragging along a protesting, flinty-toothed daughter. The widow kissed the puppet husband, and pulled off his leather trousers. He was equipped with two full sets of male goods, one in the front and another hanging off the base of his spine. The widow positioned her daughter on the abbreviated prong in the front, and herself took advantage of the more menacing arrangement in the rear. The three puppets bucked and rocked, emitting squeals of glee. When the puppet widow and her daughter were through, they dismounted and kissed the adulterous puppet husband.

-Page 12

He was sitting on a stool, and around him in the stall sat, almost preternaturally near, a man in a black masque, and Asp he hadn't

noticed before, the Tiger whose breath ran hot and menty on his neck, a beautiful schoolgirl, or was that the bride on her honeymoon?...Anyway, they leaned together toward the central dais, an altar of veils and sacrifices. Boq loosened his collar and then his belt, felt the gingery appetite between heart and stomach and the resulting stiffening apparatus below that...The dwarf, in a darker hood now, appeared on the stage. He could see from his vantage point into all the stalls but the revelers in separate stalls couldn't see one another...He encouraged from one stall the figure of a woman, from another man (was it Tibbett?), and from the stall where Boq sat he gestured to the Tiger. Boq felt only faintly sorry not to be chosen himself as he watched the dwarf pass a smoking vial beneath the nostrils of the three acolytes, and help them to remove their clothes...The Tiger was pacing on all fours and growling softly, tossing his head back and forth in distress or excitement. Tibbett-for it was he, though nearly out of consciousness- was made to lie on his back on the floor of the stage. The Tiger strode over him and stood still while the dwarf and his

assistants lifted Tibbett and tied his wrists together, around the Tiger's chest, and his ankles around the tiger's pelvis, so Tibbett hung beneath the Tiger's belly, like a trussed pig, his face lost in the Tiger's chest hair. The woman was set on a sloping stool, almost like a huge tilting bowl, and the dwarf tucked something aromatic and runny up in the shadowy regions. Then the dwarf pointed to Tibbett, who was beginning to twist and moan into the Tiger's chest...The dwarf then slapped the tiger on his flank with a riding crop, and the Tiger strained forward, positioning his head between the woman's legs... As he laced the woman into the half-shell, stroking her nipples with a glowing salve, he handed her a riding crop with which she could lash at the Tiger's flanks and face...The crowd drew nearer, almost participants themselves, and the musky sense of adventure made them tear at their own buttons and nibble their own lips, leaning in, in, in.

-Page 165



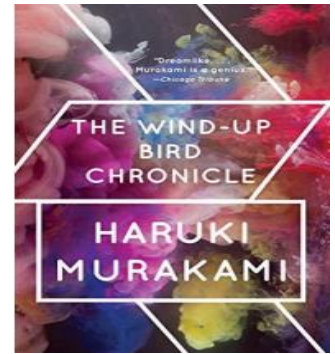
*The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle b Haruki Murakami (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- La Cueva High School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; self-harm; suicide; extreme/excessive violence; abortion commentary; and mild profanity.



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 368:** Finally, she stopped caressing my mark. She then stood up, came around behind me, and, instead of her fingertips, used her tongue. Just as May Kasahara had done in the garden last summer, she licked my mark. The way she did it, however, was far more mature than the way May Kasahara had done it. Her tongue moved and clung to my flesh with far greater skill. With varying pressure, changing angles, and different movements, it tasted and sucked and stimulated my mark. I felt a hot, moist throbbing below the waist. I didn't want to have an erection. To do so would have been all too meaningless. But I couldn't stop myself
- **Page 292:** Creta Kano was stark naked. Facing toward my side of the bed, she lay there asleep, with nothing on, not even a cover, revealing two well-shaped breasts, two small pink nipples, and, below a perfectly flat stomach, a black triangle of pubic hair, looking like a shaded area in a drawing. Her skin was very white, with a newly minted glow. At a loss to explain her presence here, I nevertheless went on staring at her beautiful body.
- **Page 234:** I knew that it was unrealistic for us to have a child, but I didn't want Kumiko to have an abortion, either. When I said this to her, she replied, "We've been through all this. If I have a baby now, that's the end of working for me, and you'll have to find a better-paying job to support me and the baby. We won't have money for anything extra. We won't be able to do anything we want to do. From now on, the realistic possibilities for us will be narrowed down to nothing. Is that OK with you?" ...I don't know what's right. I've just got this feeling that I don't want you to have an abortion.

THE WIND-UP BIRD

CHRONICLE

By Haruki Murakami

As I watched, she shed her clothes as easily as opening a pea pod and stood before me naked, without warning or explanation...Then she came up to me, opened my fly, and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, took out my penis. *Lowering her eyes, with their false lashes, she enclosed my penis with her mouth. Her mouth was far larger than I had imagined. Inside, I immediately came erect.* When she moved her tongue, the curled ends of her hair trembled as in a gentle breeze, caressing my thighs. All I could see was her hair and her false eyelashes. I sat on the bed, and she went down on her knees, her face buried in my crotch. "Stop it," I said....Creta Kano took her mouth from my penis and said, "Don't worry. We have plenty of time for this, at least." *She ran the tip of her tongue over my penis.* I didn't want to come, but there was no way of stopping it. I felt as if it were being sucked out of me. Her lips and tongue held on to me like slippery life forms. I came.

-PAGE 103

And again, as before, she unzipped my fly, took out my penis, and put it in her mouth...I felt myself growing big and hard inside her mouth...Her tongue was long and soft and seemed to wrap itself around me. Just as I was about to come, she suddenly moved away and began slowly to undress me...She sat on the bed, took my hand, and brought it under her dress. She was not wearing panties. My hand felt the warmth of her vagina. It was deep, warm, and very wet. My fingers were all but sucked inside...Then Creta Kano mounted me and used her hand to slip me inside her. Once she had me deep inside, she began a slow rotation of her hips. As she moved, the edges of the pale-blue dress caressed my

naked stomach and thighs. With the skirts of the dress spread out around her, Creta Kano, riding atop me, looked like a soft, gigantic mushroom that had silently poked its face up through the dead leaves on the ground and opened under the sheltering wings of night. Her vagina felt warm and at the same time cold. It tried to envelop me, to draw me in, and at the same time to press me out. My erection grew larger and harder...With her eyes closed and her chin lifted slightly, Creta Kano rocked quietly forward and back as if she were dreaming...All of a sudden, I noticed that the room had gone dark...There was only the faint silhouette of Creta Kano's blue dress rocking on top of me...It was the voice of the woman on the telephone. The mysterious woman on the phone was now mounted atop me and joining her body with mine...I opened my eyes wide and tried to see the face of the woman mounted on top of me, but the room was too dark. The woman said nothing more. Instead, she began to move her hips in an even more erotically stimulating way. Her soft flesh, itself almost an independent organism, enveloped my erection with a gentle pulling motion.

...But I couldn't think anymore. There was only one thing I could do: I came.

-PAGE 189

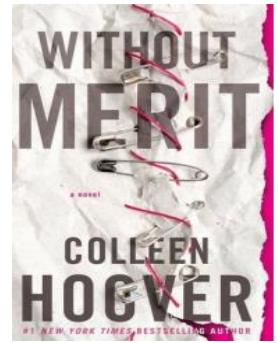
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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

*Without Merit by Colleen Hoover (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- La Cueva High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- **Juvenile Detention Center**



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; self-harm including attempted suicide; alcohol use; controversial religious commentary; and alternate sexualities.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 130:** How- in the span of fifteen minutes- did he end up having sex with a girl he doesn't even know in the office of a hotel? ...I couldn't care less who Luck has sex with. ...I'm angrier about the fact that I wouldn't even know the first thing about having sex, much less a quickie with a guy I've never met before. Sex seems like such a monumental thing. It should take months to lead up to, and he accomplishes it in fifteen minutes.
- **Page 178:** I close my eyes and completely melt into him. I melt into his chest, his arms, his mouth. When his tongue finds mine I all but give up on trying to reciprocate. My mind isn't connecting with my limbs. It's like they're being controlled by some other force. My hands slide through his hair and his hands move to my waist, and then to my lower back. And it's nothing like the first time we kissed. ...His mouth is like a cacophony of flavors right now, each fighting to over power the other. ...He doesn't take his mouth off mine as he climbs on top of me, both of us equally as desperate to take in as much of each other as we can. It feels so surreal, I want to smile, but it's all so serious, I want to cry. My emotions are everywhere. Just like his hands. Sliding down my thigh, roaming around my leg, grasping the back of my knee and pulling my leg up and around him. The position he just put us in makes us both gasp for air. He breaks the kiss, but moves his mouth to my neck. "Merit," he says between kisses. I could listen to him breathe out my name like that for eternity. "Merit," he says again, kissing up my jaw. "What is it?" I shake my head, wanting him to stop questioning it. Don't stop. Just go. Green light all the way. He somehow mistakes my green light for a yellow light, because he pauses.
- **Page 194:** Why would he? You open your legs to him any time he wants it. ...Granted, it was my idea to lose my virginity to him. Not like it would have made a difference to him since he's had sex over three hundred times! But now that I know he's making his way through ALL the Voss siblings, I feel even cheaper than I felt after what I'm sure would have been the worst sexual experience in history...had he been able to go through with it. Maybe he couldn't finish with me because he prefers dick. Utah's dick, at least. Oh! Did no one know Utah was gay?

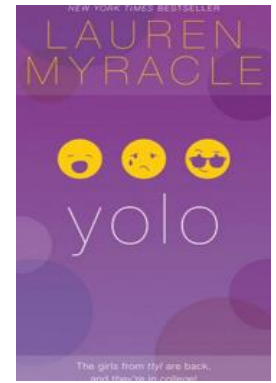
*YOLO by Lauren Myracle (4 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Washington Middle School

Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; references to underage alcohol use and drug abuse; and profanity



Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 58:** so I lay there thinking, “um, ok, aren’t you going to take advantage of this?” zoegirl: but he didn’t. so I did. SnowAngel: naughty Zoe! I don’t think that’s bad. I think it’s GREAT! ...zoegirl: I climbed on top of him and started kissing him in a way that said very clearly, “here I am, ready to have sex! don’t you want to?” ...zoegirl: eventually he got into it too, and it was all good—or so I thought. ...zoegirl: I was still on top, and he was . . . AGH. zoegirl: he was, um. he had his mouth on my . . . zoegirl: he was kissing, or actually more like sucking, my . . . zoegirl: do I have to say it? aren’t you going to jump in? SnowAngel: he was enjoying yr beautiful boobies? zoegirl: that’s not the way I would have put it, but yeah. SnowAngel: what’s wrong with that? yay for enjoying your beautiful boobies! ...zoegirl: we were having sex, and he was INSIDE me, and he was doing what you said to my boobsSnowAngel: you kept having sex?!.
- **Page 22:** mad maddie: as far as sex goes, that makes me laugh that you think we’re “better” at it than Zo and Doug. SnowAngel: you’re saying you’re not? mad maddie: no, I’m pretty sure we are. we weren’t at first, tho. we had to practice for the whole summer. SnowAngel: Zoe and Doug have had more time to practice than that, and I don’t get the impression that Zoe thinks it’s a laugh a minute. or an orgasm a minute. mad maddie: dude. an orgasm a minute? you. would. die. SnowAngel: that’s why they call it seven minutes in heaven! HA! omg, I’m so brilliant. SnowAngel: except, wait. wld seven orgasms send you to heaven? THAT heaven? ...mad maddie: I do. but I also know that Zoe’s working on it. SnowAngel: “working on it”? SnowAngel: shld sex be work? mad maddie: sex shouldn’t have “shoulds” and “shouldn’ts.” this is something for Zo and Doug to figure out on their own. SnowAngel: OH, PLEASE SnowAngel: so yr not going to give them hands-on lessons?

YOLO

By Lauren Myracle

SnowAngel: tonight I'm wearing skinny jeans and my vintage vest with tassels, which sounds horrid in concept but is, in reality, extremely awesome and makes my boobs look fantastico.

...He's good in bed and he LOVES oral—and I'm not talking about you going down on him. I'm talking him going down on you."

...SnowAngel: erggh! no taking in! not boy/girl OR girl/ boy.

SnowAngel: have u . . . er . . . taken in Ian?

...mad maddie: Angela, of course I've given Ian blow jobs. it's no big deal, except that eventually yr jaw starts to hurt.

...mad maddie: well, der! the tip's the most sensitive part! licky like a lolly and give yr jaw a break!

-Page 37

...zoegirl: I climbed on top of him and started kissing him in a way that said very clearly, "here I am, ready to have sex! don't you want to?"

...zoegirl: eventually he got into it too, and it was all good—or so I thought.

...zoegirl: I was still on top, and he was . . . AGH.

zoegirl: he was, um. he had his mouth on my . . .

zoegirl: he was kissing, or actually more like sucking, my . . .

zoegirl: do I have to say it? aren't you going to jump in?

SnowAngel: he was enjoying yr beautiful boobies?

zoegirl: that's not the way I would have put it, but yeah.

SnowAngel: what's wrong with that? yay for enjoying your beautiful boobies!

...zoegirl: we were having sex, and he was INSIDE me, and he was doing what you said to my boobs . . .

...SnowAngel: you kept having sex?!

-Page 58

mad maddie: I sent Ian a text about scarfing down Flamin' Hot Cheetos and guzzling a Coke, but autocorrect decided I was guzzling a cock.

...SnowAngel: bet Ian loved that. bet it made him wish you were there to guzzle HIS cock.

mad maddie: Angela? to guzzle means "to drink greedily." (thank u, dictionary app)

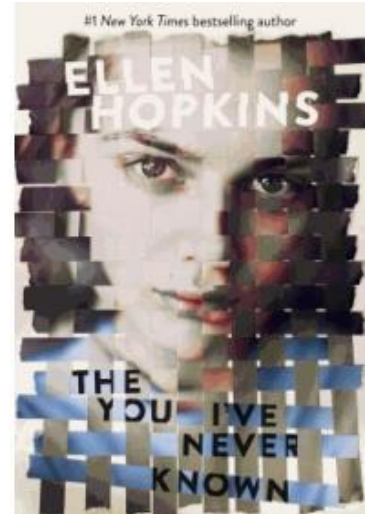
SnowAngel: ok, then nuzzle! it's a good idea to NUZZLE a cock, isn't it?

-Page 91

*The You I've Never Known by Ellen Hopkins (3 RATING)

Found in the Following APS School Library Catalogs:

- Albuquerque High School
- Atrisco Heritage Academy
- Cibola High School
- Del Norte High School
- Highland High School
- La Cueva High School
- Sandia High School
- Valley High School
- Volcano Vista High School
- West Mesa High School
- Juvenile Detention Center
- New Futures/eCademy/Freedom High
- Van Buren Middle School



Explicit Content Summary:

- Contains controversial racial and sexual commentary; alternate sexualities; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; sexual activities; and violence.

Some Examples of Explicit Passages:

- **Page 159:** It only crossed my mind once to wonder if having sex could hurt the baby inside me. ...So yesterday I turned seventeen. It started off as expected, with little recognition from my hum incubator
- **Page 235:** There's no such thing as "bi." That means they'll fuck anything. They're...(depending on who's talking) straight or gay, and going through a phase or in total denial. They're full of shit. They're mentally ill
- **Page 270:** Just as I think my heart will pound out of my chest, the tip of her tongue traces the outline of my mouth before her lips kiss the excited pulse beneath my right ear, then move to the matching throb under the left. When she kisses down my neck, to the small cleft between my breasts, my instinct is to protest
- **Page 272:** Driven by instinct fueled by solid lust we are skin to skin tongue to tongue and tongue to skin She kisses in circles the arc of my neck the curve of my breasts the smaller circumference of my nipples. She licks in lines tracking contours down my right side back up my left and, finally, straight from chin to belly button. She touches tentatively in lines and circles show me what you like gaining momentum building intensity She nudges me closer and closer right up against the brink and, no way to hold back, pushes me over the cliff. It's one hell of a trip
- **Page 319:** Okay, I've got several problems, and this one might actually not be an issue at all, though I think it has to be. I like sex. ...But I like sex. I like it with Monica. I like it with Gabe, though the two experiences were not the same. At the moment I'm not interested in liking it with anyone else. But if I like sex