

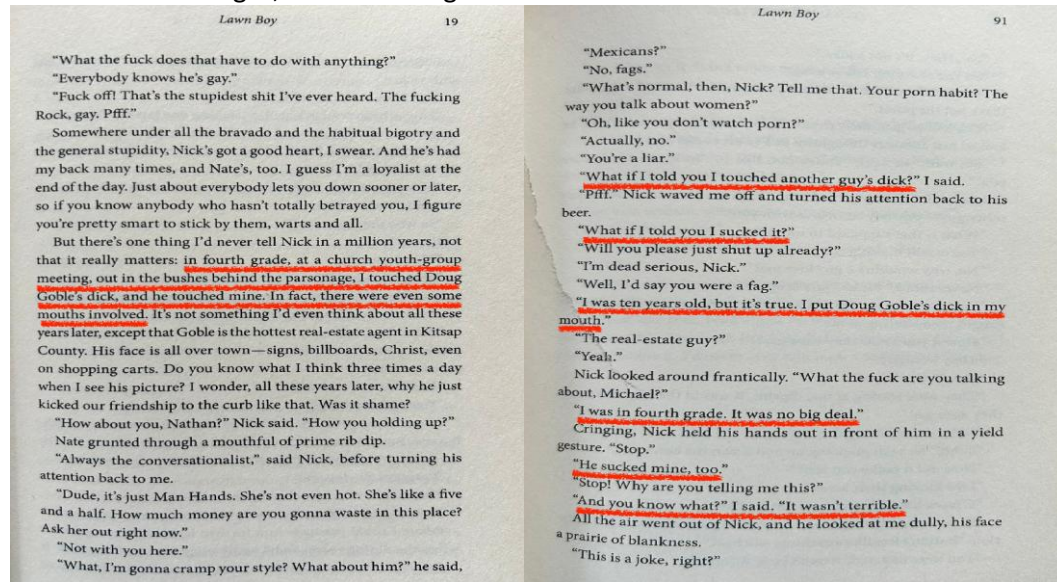
Book	School	Website
Blankets-Craig Thompson	Ocean Township High School (Sparta) Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Graphic sexual images, violence



Book	School	Website
Lawn Boy – Jonathan Evison	Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Erotic sexual Passages, children doing sexual acts with adults



Book	School	Website
Perks of Being a Wallflower	Neptune Township High School Ocean Township High School (Sparta) Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/14578/ https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Erotic sex passages, rape

Love always,
Charlie

October 14, 1991 Dear friend,

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. But then again, I think this would decrease productivity.

I'm only being cute here. I don't really mean it. I just wanted to make you smile. I meant the "wow" though.

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 know what she did? She laughed. Not a mean laugh, either. A really nice, warm laugh.

She said that she thought I was being cute. And she said it was okay that I had a dream about her. And I stopped crying. Sam then asked me if I thought she was pretty, and I told her I thought she was "lovely."

Sam then looked me right in the eye.

"You know you're too young for me, Charlie? You do know that?"

"Yes, I do."

"I don't want you to waste your time thinking about me that way."

"I won't. It was just a dream."

Sam then gave me a hug, and it was strange because my family doesn't hug a lot except my Aunt Helen. But after a few moments, I could smell Sam's perfume, and I could feel her body against me. And I stepped back.

"Sam, I'm thinking about you that way."

This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting.

"Can't mon, Dave."

"What?"

"The kid's in here."

"It's okay."

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

"Please. Dave. No."

But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was.

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

October 15, 1991 & October 28, 1991

Patrick has taught Charlie about masturbation, and Charlie's been doing it more and more.

Charlie tells the "friend" that he's trying to participate more in life, as Bill had advised him to do. He goes to the homecoming football game and sits with Patrick and Sam, who invite him to a party after the game. Charlie has a flashback to a big party that his brother had had at their house once, where he accidentally watched a girl get date-raped. Charlie hadn't realized that it was date-rape until just now, when he talked about it with Patrick and Sam. After the homecoming dance the next day, Charlie punctures the offender's tires, even though it's several years later.

Epilogue: Aug 23, 1992

Two months later, Charlie writes another letter to his "friend." His parents found Charlie on the couch, naked and catatonic, and brought him to the mental hospital, where Charlie has been for the past two months. Charlie had realized that his Aunt Helen had been molesting him every Saturday when they watched television together, and this realization caused him to snap. Charlie's family comes together to support him, and distant relatives write letters and send flowers. All of his friends come to visit, too. Charlie writes that he forgives Aunt Helen because he recognizes how emotionally traumatized she was. Charlie was released yesterday, he writes, and he's come to appreciate all the small things in life, like eating french fries with his mom. He and Patrick and Sam go driving in the tunnel like old times, and Charlie stands up in the tunnel, lets the wind rush over his face, and feels "infinite." Charlie decides that he's going to try to "participate" in his life and so the letter-writing ends.

Charlie how he felt when she and Craig broke up, and Charlie says that that's when he realized how much he loved Sam, because all he wanted was for her to be happy. Sam tells Charlie to take charge and participate in his own life. They start kissing and making out, and Charlie loves it, but when Sam starts to go further, Charlie abruptly pulls away. He's not sure what's wrong, but he's having a deep emotional reaction that he can't really process. Sam takes him to the couch to lie down. For the first time in the whole book, Charlie remembers Aunt Helen molesting him as a child.

In the morning, Sam leaves for college, and Charlie drives himself home. He realizes he'd been repressing memories of Aunt Helen molesting him, and he starts to understand why his psychiatrist had been probing him so much about his childhood. When Charlie gets home, he sees TV shows, even though the TV isn't on, and he feels like he's falling apart. He thanks his "friend" for being such a good listener, and he says goodbye.

Book	School	Website
Let's Talk About it – Erika Moan	Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Images of masturbation, butt plugs, encourages porn, encourages kids to send naked pictures



LET'S TALK ABOUT IT

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Encourages Kids to watch porn

But here's a heads-up: pornography is a performance. It's not a blueprint on how to have sex in real life, just like an action movie isn't a guide on how to drive a car.

Watching porn uncritically can leave you with unrealistic expectations about what to do in the bedroom, so do yourself a favor and consume it with a hefty pinch of salt. At the same time, remember that the people you see on camera are real humans beings who deserve your respect.

Ha, sometimes I worry I watch too much porn, you know?

Yeahhh, I know that worry! But there's nothing wrong with enjoying some porn; it's a fun sugar treat! Though if the amount of porn you're watching feels like it's impacting your life, then it's probably time to pull back and give it some thought.

Keep Explicit Content from minors in school

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The Teen's Guide to Sex, Relationships, and Being a Human

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Keep Explicit Content From Minors in School

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The Teen's Guide to Sex, Relationships, and Being a Human

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT



CHAOSANDCONTROL.SUBSTACK.COM

Do you want your children learning there is a right way to "consume" porn?

This book is not safe nor educational for children in school.

The online world is also chockablock full of pornography: professionals and amateurs alike sharing their sexy adventures online.

When consumed right, porn can help you discover new aspects of your sexuality, and help you safely explore kinks and fantasies.

Book	School	Website
Gender Queer - Maia Kobabe	Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Images of sexual acts



ABOUT THIS STUFF WITH MY SISTER:



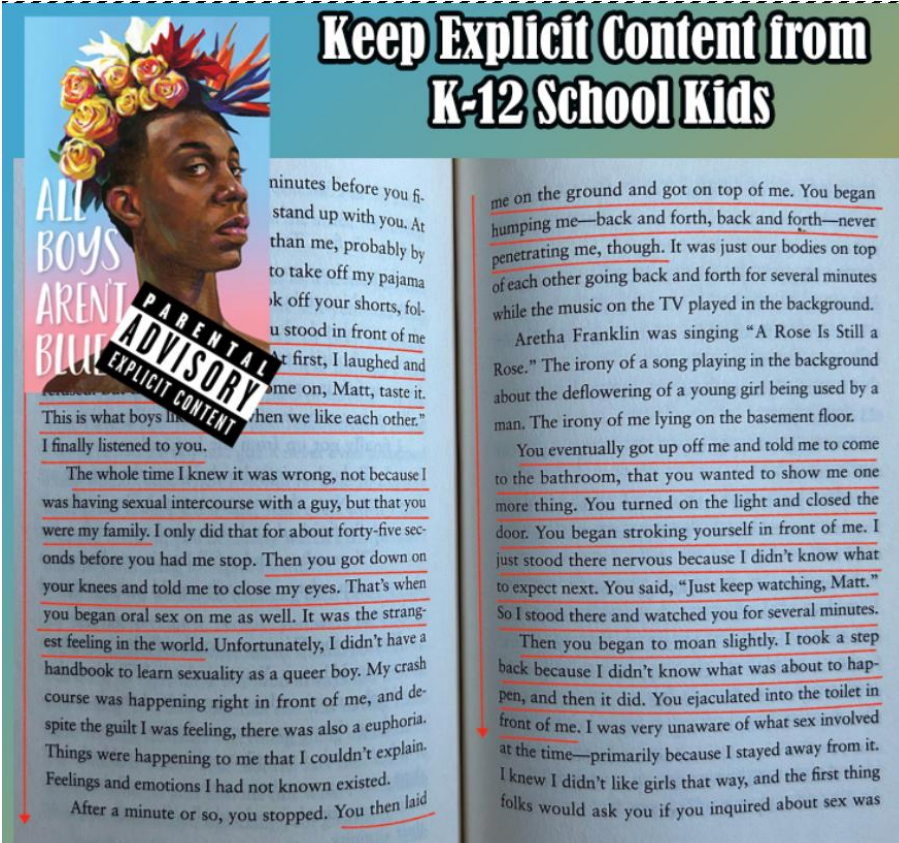
Book	School	Website
Fun Home – Alison Bechdel	Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Images of sexual acts



Book	School	Website
All Boys Aren't Blue – George M. Johnson	Ocean Township School District (Sparta) Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Incest and erotic sexual writing



Keep Explicit Content from K-12 School Kids

minutes before you fi-
stand up with you. At
than me, probably by
to take off my pajama
k off your shorts, fol-
u stood in front of me
t first, I laughed and
me on, Matt, taste it.
This is what boys like
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 sec-
onds 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 strang-
est 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 de-
spite the guilt I was feeling, there was also a euphoria.
Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain.
Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.
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 turned on the light and closed the
door. 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 hap-
pen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in
front of me. I was very unaware of what sex involved
at the time—primarily because I stayed away from it.
I knew I didn't like girls that way, and the first thing
folks would ask you if you inquired about sex was

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laughed at first but then told him that I had never been
the bottom. He looked at me and said, “Well, that’s
about to change tonight.”

I was extremely nervous. There is a fear, as with
most things that you are doing for the first time. But
this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine some-
one inside me. And he was . . . large. But, I was gonna
try.

I had previously topped someone who clearly en-
joyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I
ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't.
As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about
anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least
played up as such on the cameras.

Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stom-
ach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into
me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my
life. He then added more lube and tried again, which
felt better but not by much. He began his stroking mo-
tion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.
I can't even describe it.

back in for more. As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this.

He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. 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." I didn't want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie.

There was so much excitement running through my body. This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that sex could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. 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

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—I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms. The years of suppressing my identity and not dating or kissing had all come down to this one magical night in an apartment on the outskirts of Richmond, Virginia. I

to be the casual hookup thing or if I was ready to now
seek something more.

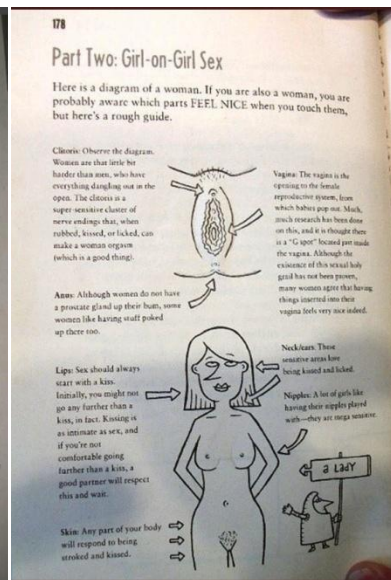
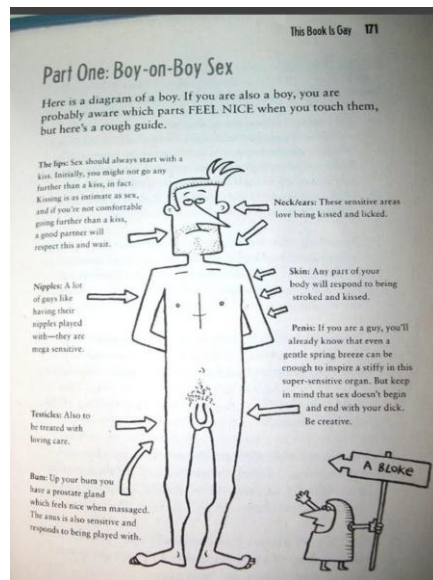
That next semester, I entered my senior year of college. I was promoted to be the fraternity president, becoming one of the more well-known students on campus. It was a great start to what would be a great year. By that time, I was using a dating app online called Black Gay Chat.

One night, I got a message from another boy who went to school with me. He said that he had always had a crush on me and wanted to meet up. It was the night before I headed to Jersey for my birthday, so I agreed to meet up with him as an early birthday present to myself. I got to his apartment and we both began drinking while watching TV. This lasted all of ten minutes before we started kissing and undressing each other.

He then stood up and grabbed me by the hands and led me into his bedroom. We took each other's clothes off, fast but deliberate. After, he told me to lie down on the bed. He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself.

Book	School	Website
This Book is Gay – Juno Dawson	Ocean Township School District (Sparta)	https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0

Graphic sexual images, descriptions of sex acts, advice on using apps to find sex with strangers.



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.

THIS BOOK IS GAY 183

2. Blowies: 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.

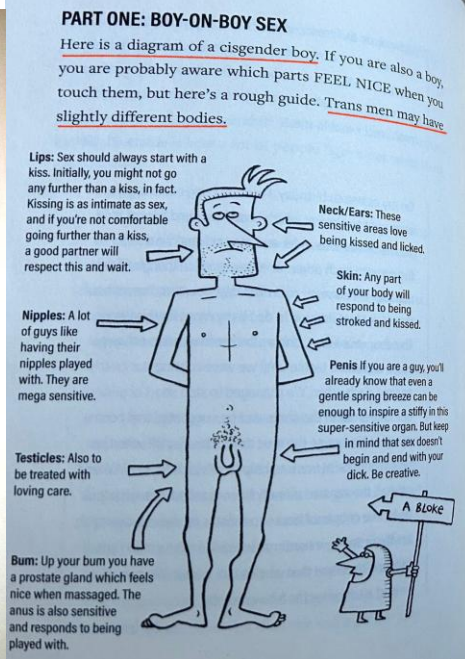
As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways. The term "blow job" is massively misleading, as you won't actually be blowing on his penis—it's more about sucking (although I stress you're not trying to suck his kidneys out through his urethra). It's more 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. Get away from the volcano before it erupts. In fact, be aware that many sexually transmitted infections (STIs) are often spread through oral sex.

3. Bumming: It is a universal truth that many men like sticking their willies inside things. I suspect it must be biological. 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. Why? As mentioned before, the prostate gland (located just up your bum) feels amazing when massaged. Lots of men, gay or straight, like how this feels. Anal sex ISN'T a "gay thing."

THIS BOOK IS GAY 173



Doing the Sex

Two cisgender men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways.

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 of getting himself off. Learning how to find a partner's personal style can take ages, but it can be very rewarding when you do.

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. This is fine, and certainly not something you have to apologize for.

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 (trademark pending).

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Book	School	Website
The Bluest Eye – Toni Morrison	Neptune Township High School Ocean Township High School (Sparta) Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/14578/ https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Rape, incest, violence. Below is the rape of a 11 year old girl from the point of view of her father while raping her.



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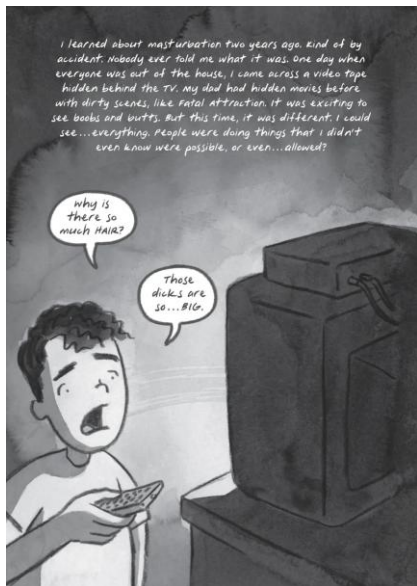
“He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline’s easy laughter had been. The confused 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.”

Book	School	Website
Flamer – Mike Curato	Neptune MIDDLE school	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/29776/search/all?q=flamer&ists=0&activeMenu=HOME



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Book	School	Website
The Kite Runner – Khaled Hosseini	Neptune Township High School Ocean Township High School (Sparta) Monmouth Regional High School, Tinton Falls Rumson-Fair Haven Regional High School District	https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/14578/ https://oths.opalsinfo.net/bin/home#0 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/72700 https://search.follettsoftware.com/metasearch/ui/3071

Violence and Rape <https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-kite-runner/themes/violence-and-rape>

The narrative returns to the alley. **Assef** and the others have pinned **Hassan** to the ground and removed his pants. **Wali** and Kamal say what Assef wants to do is sinful, but Assef says Hassan is only a Hazara, so it won't matter. The two other boys still refuse, but they agree to hold Hassan down. Assef raises Hassan's hips in the air and takes off his own pants. **Amir** catches a glimpse of Hassan's face, and it looks resigned to its fate, like a sacrificial lamb. Fifteen minutes later **Amir** sees **Hassan** walking slowly past, and Amir pretends he has been looking for him. He can't help checking the blue **kite** for rips. Hassan is crying and blood falls from between his legs, staining the snow, but he doesn't say anything. He gives Amir the kite, and Amir wonders if Hassan knows what he saw. Both boys walk back and pretend nothing has happened.

Assef calls the guards and tells them not to come in, no matter they might hear, and that if **Amir** leaves the room alive they are to let him pass. He wants **Sohrab** to stay and watch, however. Then Assef puts on his old brass knuckles. After that the narrative becomes disjointed, as Amir remembers little that follows – first the scene jumps forward to a doctor leaning over Amir's body. Amir then describes the fight in flashes of swallowing teeth and blood, Assef throwing him against a wall and striking him, and **Sohrab** screaming. Then Amir starts laughing, as he suddenly feels at peace for the first time since his betrayal of **Hassan** back in 1975. He is finally getting the punishment he deserves, and he feels healed, not broken. Assef is enraged by Amir's laughter, but just before he beats Amir to death Sohrab stops him, his slingshot loaded with a part of the table and pointed at Assef's eye. **Sohrab** cries and asks **Assef** to stop hurting **Amir**, and Assef warns him to put down the slingshot or terrible things will happen to him. Then Assef lunges at Sohrab, and Sohrab fires the slingshot into Assef's left eye. Assef screams and rolls around on the floor, his eye bleeding, and Sohrab and Amir run past the guards and out of the house. **Farid** is shocked at Amir's state, but he helps carry him to the car, and they drive off with a sobbing Sohrab.