



Request for Reconsideration Form

Any Samuels Public Library cardholder has the right to request reconsideration of Library offerings. Initial requests will be sent to the Library Director. The Library Director will deliver a written response to the request. Appeals will be heard by the Library Board of Trustees.

Name: _____

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Do you represent yourself or an organization?

☒ Self

☐ Organization

Name of Organization: _____

Title of Item / Event / Display: _____

Author or Creator: _____

Format:

☒ Book/eBook

☐ Movie

☐ Audiobook/eAudio

☐ Periodical

☐ Online Resource

☐ Display

☐ Event

Please answer the following questions concisely and use additional paper if necessary (this section is continued on back of page).

1. What brought this resource to your attention?

I am researching books that indoctrinate children into the normalization of sexual perversity.

2. Have you examined the entire resource in full? If not, what sections did you review?

Yes



3. What concerns you about the resource? Please be specific in citing pages or passages if applicable.

see attached

4. Is there anything worthwhile in this material? Please explain.

No. The entire book consists of the protagonist spending the summer after his junior year of high school looking for prospects to have homosexual sex with.

5. Are there resource(s) you suggest to provide additional information and/or other viewpoints on this topic?

No.

6. What action are you requesting the Library to consider?

Remove this book from the collection.

Signature: *[Signature]*

Date: *4/19/2023*

Thank you for taking the time to fill out this form. After completing the questions on this form, please return the form to any staff member. The Library Director will respond in writing to your concerns within 15 business days of the receipt of this form.

Question 3:

This is a Young Adult homosexual propaganda and indoctrination book aimed at high-schoolers, with multiple homosexual characters and sex scenes, and absolutely no redeeming literary value. All of the main characters are into homosexual activities. The protagonist is a narcissistic, self-absorbed, high-school junior who has been diagnosed with depression, anxiety, and has suicidal thoughts. The sole purpose of this book seems to be to groom high-schoolers into the normalization of sexual perversity. Following are some of the passages from this book that are not appropriate for children:

Direct quote from page 22:

What else does he have? Oh, yeah, his ever-present, basketball shorts-clad bulge. I swear you don't even have to be a fan of penises to notice it. Anyone within a ten-foot radius can spot the flaccid monster inadvertently.

"Oh, look, it Tyler's penis," Fabiola says, "and he brought Tyler along."

Direct quote from page 36:

....as I replayed the sight of Tyler's ass inches away from my face....

Direct quote from page 37:

"Yeah, but what if someone starts talking to me about Jason Momoa or Oscar Isaac and I get a boner and they see it and-"

Direct quote from page 39:

She puts her hand on my shoulder and looks me deep in the eye. "But you have to stop being a pussy."

I snort. "You're right."

"I always am."

"But isn't saying it that way internalized misogyny? Even though a vagina does not a woman make?"

Direct quote from page 49:

When I'm with Manny, I'm a typical seventeen-year-old Mexican dude from East LA – I like girls and tacos. I like bottling up my emotions. I like imagining Manny pulling over so he can put his thick lips on every square inch of my skin...

Direct quote from page 56"

"Disappointing. He gave you a ride. You could at least return the fav – "
"I don't know if he's into me."

"Unlike Tyler."

"How do you know Tyler likes me?"

"Didn't he write in your yearbook that he wanted to 'loosen' you up, or something equally homoerotic?"

Direct quote from pages 58-59:

My mom calls it "playing with yourself," which is indisputably the worst name for it. I'd call it "jacking off" if I didn't associate that nomenclature with white guys who drink Monster and wear weed-embroidered socks. "Beating your meat" would be a front-runner if sexual euphemisms implying violence didn't make me uncomfortable. "Masturbating" is too standard. "Choking the chicken" and "spanking the monkey" are for middle-school kids.

I guess I don't call it anything. I just make a dry fist around my dick and go up and down until every muscle in my body tenses, then untenses, and I have to get up and dispose of the evidence.

.....

My fear is I'll never know what it's like to kiss a dude.

And I don't know why a kiss is such a big deal, but it is. I get the balloon sensation, and it won't go away until....up and down, down and up, rinse and repeat.

But I guess if I'm being completely honest, the balloon feeling doesn't always go away when I take care of the physical part. No matter how many times I....clear my head (*that one's not so bad*), I can't erase the longing Saleem elicits from me.

Direct quote from page 66:

"If you can't be with the first guy, then there's no shame in getting to know the other guys. I mean, if anything you get to learn stuff about yourself and what you want from other people."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who said anything about dating guys?"

We both laugh. "Right, well I'll just say it worked for me. When I first agreed to go out with Guillermo, I didn't think anything would come of it, but then....he surprised me. Sometimes people surprise you."

"And Guillermo is your boyfriend?"

"Yup."

Direct quote from page 71:

We stop in front of a clothing store, so Fabiola can stare at something she'll never buy. It's a low-cut blue dress in a window display that I can tell she'd say she "doesn't have the tits for."

Direct quote from page 73:

"Which one of your prospects do you like the best?" Fabiola asks.

My first thought is Saleem, but he's not a prospect. "I don't know know," I say when the abuela shuffling past us is out of earshot. "They're all hot, but they make me feel good in different ways."

"That's not gonna get complicated."

I smirk.

"Thank God I've only got two things on my mind, and they belong to the same person," Fabiola says.

"Molly's thighs?"

"Molly's thighs."

Direct quote from page 79:

I grab a Sharpie from the coffee table and start circling all three of the diverse, pants-tightening boys who've been flustering me everywhere they show up.

Direct quote from page 81:

I think about my two biggest fears. What if Tyler isn't into me, and I end up outing myself to one of the most well-known guys in school? The second is what if he *is* into me and what if as soon as he pulls his Dodger Dog dick out of his shorts, a hole opens up in the sky and it starts raining fire?

Direct quote from page 87:

Tyler finishes it instead, puts the roach down on the table in front of us, and spreads out on the couch on his side. His head goes where Fabiola had been sitting, and he rests his legs on me. In this position I can't see his most noticeable asset, which makes me realize I haven't seen it since we got here. Did he tape it down because he was having company?

Direct quote from page 88:

"Whatever feels good is good."

We're quiet for a bit, unmoving. And then, I don't know why – okay, that's a total lie, I definitely know why – I start to rub his legs. Nothing obscene, only shins and calf, you know how bros do.

Direct quote from page 92:

I open the door and look around inside, finding Tyler and Fabiola tangle up together on the bed. They're both asleep and fully clothed, but Fabiola has her hand down Tyler's shorts.

Direct quote from page 107:

It helps to focus on yet another fragile part of my masculinity: my dick. I'm no Tyler Montana. Quique Jr. doesn't stretch out for all the world to see. He just peeks out, like he doesn't know if it's safe outside yet. Now, he's not always like that, he can....take up space, when he wants to. But sometimes it takes a lot to coax him out of his cage. He needs to feel a firm but gentle touch. He needs patience, time, understanding. He needs to hear soft words and the right music. So before I leave, I sort of tuck him out of sight so he can rest until he's needed, which, if I'm being optimistic, will be at some point this summer.

Direct quote from page 128:

"Hey, Ziggy, do you wanna sit on my lap and let me open eye kiss you until I die?"

Direct quote from page 134:

I don't know who starts it (probably Ziggy because he ends up on top of me), but all of a sudden we're kissing.

.....Ziggy keeps his mouth pressed hard against mine and his eyes shut tight.

But it's not all bad, obviously. I like how much bigger he is. Especially when it comes to his hands. He's got one on my face and the other on my throat, and it's vaguely threatening, but I'm not *not* into it. I start poring over his long torso with my fingers.....

"I wanna take my shirt off."

"Oh, okay."

He climbs off me, and I remove it. A new confidence takes over, and I don't care what I look like in comparison. I want my skin on his skin.

I climb on top of him, and we start kissing again. Suddenly, there's a new, urgent intensity to what I'm doing, so I shove my tongue into his mouth.

Direct quote from 140-141:

"Yeah...Wait, so how far did you guys go?"

"So we kissed for a while, and then I stopped to take my shirt off- "

"Yaaa-"

"-and then I climbed on top of him-"

"_aaa-"

"-and started, like, grinding against him-"

"-aaas-"

"-and sticking my tongue in his mouth-"

Direct quote from pages 158-159:

I try to picture exactly how they'd react.

Me: "Mom, Dad, I'm into guys. I'm not gay, but man, am I into men."

My mom: "Is Saleem your boyfriend?"

My dad: "So you take it up the ass?"

Direct quote from page 181:

"So...A lot's happened since the last time I saw you, and I kinda haven't processed it all."

"Ah, okay, I see. You want in-person sage counsel from a fellow sodomite."

Direct quote from page 198:

I had an....interesting dream last night. It was, uh, stimulating. Physically.

And it had nothing to do with Saleem, which is good. Sex dreams without the guy you're trying to get over, who you had a charged moment with the night before, are good.

Although, I'm not completely sure you can call it a sex dream. For one, I don't know if it was a person in the dream (and not, that doesn't mean it was an animal, gross). It was an...entity. A body made of, like, clouds or something. And I didn't have sex with it...exactly. I remember kissing the being and things feeling really intense and then....emission. Nocturnal. The leading cause of laundry loads consisting of exactly one article of clothing.

I love wet dreams, though. All of the orgasming, none of the shame-feeling.

Direct quote from pages 212-213:

"Can I see it, Tyler?"

A puzzled look appears on his face, and he half laughs in surprise.

"What?"

No backtracking now.

"Can I see it?"

"See what?" I look down at his towel and then back up at him. "Oh. Do you really want to?"

I nod.

"Okay then."

He stands up and turns to face me. And then with one fluid motion, he unwraps the towel, and it hits the ground.

Now, I'm not going to say I'm unimpressed; I'm just going to say it's what I expected. All these years of basketball shorts viewings mean there was little left to the imagination. The only thing that's news to me is the color. I know Tyler's white, but wow.

"Do you want to touch it?"

I look up. He's serious.

"Can I?"

"Yeah, he says. "Some guys only wanna see."

I raise my eyebrows. "Which guys?"

He smiles and shrugs. "Some guys on the team."

I laugh. "Wow. I didn't know you guys got down like that."

"We don't. Mostly. Like I said, they mostly just wanna see it. They're curious.

"Oh."

"But you're not, right?"

"At this point, no. I'm more than curious."

"Then go ahead."

I stand. There's exactly an arm's length between us. I want to kiss him, but I feel like this isn't what this is about. This is different from what happened between me and Ziggy. I reach out and wrap my hand around it.

It's soft. Unlike me, he probably uses lotion every time he clears his head. I'm proud to say it's thinner than what I'm used to handling, which is good because the length spilling out both ends of my fist is considerably more than I'm used to.

Without thinking, I start stroking. It's only natural when you've been...clearing your head for years and have a dick in your hand, even if it's not yours. Tyler lets out a small grunt.

"Is that okay?" I ask.

"Yeah, dude."

I continue.

After a minute, Tyler pulls away and walks over to his bed. I follow. He spreads out on it with his hands behind his head, and I lie next to him. We don't make eye contact; his eyes are cast downward. I think about kissing him, but his body language says, *Get back to it*. So I do.

He comes a minute or so later. I get hard watching him. I've seen videos like this before, and I'm not a fan. Solos never get me off. But in person it's hot. I like the noise he makes. He was mostly silent throughout, but at the end he can't help but moan. I think my favorite part, though, is the fact that his arm shoots out and grabs my shoulder.

Direct quote from page 219:

I'm envious of guys who are taller than me, guys with bigger dicks, guys with better asses, guys who are hairless, guys who are hairier.

Direct quote from pages 239-240:

"It reminds me of Adam Levine's." I'm just saying the only thing in my brain that isn't *I want you in my mouth*.

.....And now I'm at a full mast, almost impossible to hide.

Manny's right in from of me now. I hadn't notices him coming closer. I look up and our eyes meet. He's either going to kill me or kiss me. The least I can do is try to get him to execute the latter before the former.

I put the tequila bottle on the nightstand and reach for his belt. God, I love guys who wear belts. I'm about to get it off when his hands close around mine and stop me. I look up.

He shakes his head.

Oh, shit. I misread. I'm stupid. Fuck. Is he gonna deck me?

Instead of hitting me, he gently releases my hands and kneels in front of me, not letting go of my eyes for a second. Then he reaches for my zipper. Oh, God, this is happening. I help him lower my pants and underwear until they're around my ankles. Then he puts his mouth on me.

It's evident within the first two seconds that not only has he done this before, he's a fucking pro. This can't be real. How is this happening? How am I this lucky?

I stay on that train of thought for about five seconds. Then I start thinking about how this can all go wrong. *Is Manny going to run away like Ziggy?* That doesn't seem a possibility given his enthusiasm. *Am I going to feel shitty afterward like I did with Tyler?* Well, I guess that's always a possibility. I mean-

Manny snakes his hand up my shirt and starts rubbing my left pec (not that I have pecs per se, but you know what I mean) and I'm surprised by how good it feels. He's into this. He's into me. This isn't what happened with Tyler.

I relax a bit and close my eyes for a second, really letting myself enjoy it. That's when another boy pops into my head: Saleem. And I know I should immediately banish his face, let go of his gaze with my mind's eye, but the image of him with the physical sensation -

"Manny, I'm about to - I'm gonna - I -"

He doesn't take his mouth off me, and then . . . it's over. My first time. Right? I'm assuming if the act has the word "sex" in it, then it is indeed sex.

Manny rises up, planting his palms on my thighs. Then he leans in and kisses me. He's already swallowed, but I can still taste something I've never tasted before.

"How was that, papi?", he asks.

What he just said and the way he said it are almost enough to get me hard again.

"That was . . ." I start laughing. "I can't even describe it." He smiles. "Do you, do you, um, want me to -"

"Nah," he says, interrupting. "Let it be what it be."

"Okay."

I'm glad he doesn't see the need for reciprocity. I wouldn't be able to live up to his expertise.

Direct quote from page 255:

I ended up telling Fabiola about Manny as she drove me home. She screamed after almost every sentence.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I'm going to beat off to that tonight."

"Ew, please don't say it like that."

"Why, 'cause I'm a girl?"

"No, because I hate that expression."

"Whatever. I'm doing it, and there's nothing you can do to stop me."

"What about Molly?"

"You think I'm not allowed to fantasize because I have a girlfriend?"

"You, um-she's your girlfriend not?"

Her eyes flitted to me for a split second.

"Oh, yeah. We, uh, had the talk. So yeah."

"Cool. Congrats."

"Thanks." She cleared her throat. "Anywayyyy, how big's your dick again? I want my fantasy to be accurate."

Pages 259-277:

Enrique signs up for an online app for homosexuals looking to hook up for anonymous sex. He arranges a meeting with a stranger, and the stranger turns out to be his high-school English teacher. Enrique continually tries to get his teacher to do something sexual, but the teacher turns him down since he is only 17.

Direct quote from pages 308-311:

And I'm pretty sure we're going to kiss this time because his face is so close to mine.

"Jogged?"

"Yeah. I was hype."

"To see me?"

"Yeah."

Okay, I'm doing it.

I mash my face against his. It's sloppy and gross, mostly tongue. Ziggy would hate it, but Tyler seems into it. This is a victory, more intimate than seeing or touching his dick.

Speaking of, I hadn't noticed until now, but his lengthy member is out at the moment. I realize it as he uses one of his hands to put my hand on it and the other to firmly grasp the back of my neck. Kinda hot.

I start stroking him as we make out, and his grip on my neck tightens, trying to get my head to his crotch.

.....

"Is this how things are gonna go? Every time you want your dick played with, you're gonna hit me up?"

.....

"Come on dude. Did you really think we were gonna be boyfriends and that we'd hold hands at school and go to prom together?"

.....

"Why didn't you"--I cough--"at least offer to ...uh...return the favor?"

"Everything you do, I gotta reciprocate?"

.....

"The first time we--dude, can you put your dick away?" I just realized it's been out this whole time.

.....

I expect him to leave, but instead he turns to me and opens his mouth. Is he going to apologize? Take everything back? Ask to start over? I might say yes. If he begs.

"Are you sure you don't wanna suck my dick? You got me hard and--"

Direct quote from page 319:

I think I've always been subconsciously aware that in the future, when I'm older, when it comes time for me to take relationships more seriously, to maybe start a family, I'll probably seek out women. Because that'll be easier. On my family and on myself. I guess I'm focused on guys at this point in my life because I know any relationship that begins now or in the next few years most likely won't be permanent. *(My comment: So Enrique is using guys for uncommitted sex now, and then when he wants to start a family he will use a woman. What a narcissist self-absorbed jerk.)*

Direct quote from page 333:

"Can you put some on my back?" he asks, holding out a bottle of sunscreen.

"Sure", I say, taking it.

This is probably a really good sign that he's fine with my revelation. In order to keep things that way, I apply the sunscreen as nonchalantly as possible. The smell of it (coconut) and the warmth of his skin make that a Herculean task. I'm trying my absolute hardest not to tear a hole in the netting of my swim trunks.

Direct quote from page 357:

"I, um, I need to come."

"What do you mean, 'need to'?"

"It'll be...neater in a controlled setting. I.e., not in my shorts."

I clear my throat. "I can help with that."

.....

"I'm going to... *relieve* myself in the bathroom."

He gets up stiffly, exits his room, and walks down the hall. After I hear the bathroom door close, I start thinking about what he's doing in there, and I can't help myself. I grab a couple of tissues from his desk.

Direct quote from page 365-366:

"That reminds me," she says, "was my theory about him correct?"

"Which one?"

She mimics holding a baguette between her legs. (Not actually a baguette.)

"Oh. Well, I haven't seen it."

"So? I know you can feel it when you two are dry-humping like teenagers."

"We are teenagers."

"Whatever. Tell me."

I don't say anything. I just smile.

"You fucker! It's huge isn't it? I bet he's a grower, one of those magic growers with a dick that keeps on unraveling, like a magician pulling a never-ending scarf out of his sleeve. Is he?"

I remain silent, but this time it's not because Fabiola guessed wrong.