

Lucky

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts and rape inappropriate for minors.



“ 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

By Alice Sebold

Page 9

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, page, 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.

Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek.

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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?"

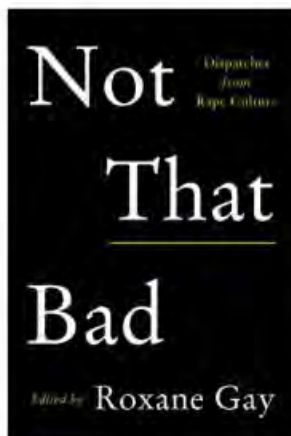
"No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before."

"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



NOT THAT BAD:

DISPATCHES FROM RAPE CULTURE



Adult

By Roxane Gay

ISBN: 978-0-06-241350-5



Book Summary:

This book discusses sexual assault and perceived sexual assault.

Summary of Concerns:

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.



Not For Minors
BookLinks Review Rating

In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, Not That Bad was found in the following schools. *

Valley High School	Iowa City High	Dubuque HS
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The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



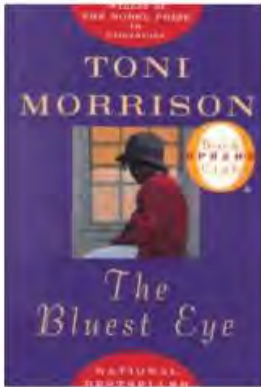
*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Page	Content
7	When I was twelve years old, I was gang-raped in the woods behind my neighborhood by a group of boys with the dangerous intentions of bad men. ...Allowing myself to believe that being gang-raped wasn't "that bad" allowed me to break down my trauma into something more manageable, into something I could carry with me instead of allowing the magnitude of it to destroy me.
8	If being gang-raped wasn't that bad, then it wasn't at all that bad being shoved or having my arm grabbed so hard it left five bruises in the form of fingerprints or being catcalled for having large breasts or having a hand shoved down my pants or being told I should be grateful for romantic attention because I wasn't good enough and on and on.
9	I don't know when this changed, when I began realizing that all the encounters people began realizing that all the encounters people have with sexual violence are, indeed, that bad. ...When I first came up with the idea for this anthology, I wanted to assemble a collection of essays about rape culture- some reportage, some personal essays, writing that engaged with the idea of rape culture, what it means to live in a world where the phrase "rape culture" exists.
10	There were hundreds and hundreds of stories from people all along the gender spectrum, giving voice to how they suffered, in one way or another, from sexual violence, or how they have been affected by intimate relationships with people who have experienced sexual violence.
11	That was years before you actually have sex and, even when you do, you are so afraid of getting pregnant accidentally that you don't let a man come inside you until after you're married.
12	IF RAPE CULTURE HAD A FLAG, IT WOULD BE ONE OF THOSE BOOB INSPECTOR T-shirts. If rape culture had its own cuisine, it would be all this shit you have to swallow. If rape culture had a downtown, it would smell like Axe body spray and that perfume they put on tampons to make your vagina smell like laundry detergent. If rape culture had an official language, it would be locker-room jokes and an awkward laugh track. Rape culture speaks in every tongue. If rape culture had a national sport, it would be...well...something with balls, for sure. YOU DRINK TOO MUCH AT THE PARTY BECAUSE IT'S COLLEGE and you're always drinking too much. The party is terribly generic with beer pong and a bass-heavy soundtrack. Everyone is drinking from foamy beer out of red Solo cups. ...Daniel knows you don't drink beer, so he has brought you a bottle of cheap vodka, which you drink mixed with even cheaper orange juice. ...A boy in the kitchen- a baseball player- takes his dick out to show everyone how big it is. It is, in fact, very big.
14	In it, the hero finds his petite, brunette English teacher alone in a church. He pulls out a 24k gold-plated gun with a pearl handle, holds it to her head, and rapes her, bending her over the back of a pew. When he's finished, he drives off in a convertible and leaves a bag of money at the police station to avoid arrest.

Page	Content
35	He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me down. I landed flat on my back and he fell over me, pinning me down with his body.
36	I never even said, "You raped me." ...In Savannah the summer after the rape, I had sex with more different men in three months than in all the years before and all the years after combined. My unarticulated logic went like this: I f I give my body away, over and over, I can prove to myself that sex is my choice- even though, and this seems significant now, I always let the men choose me. Until I was nineteen years old, it never occurred to me that I could do the choosing.
37	Theirs was the first nationwide study of campus sexual assault ever, and the statistics rattled us all: Twenty-five percent of women in college have been the victims of rape or attempted rape. ...One in four female respondents had an experience that met the legal definition of rape or attempted rape and the average age when a rape incident occurred (either as perpetrator or victim) was 18 1/2 years old and [Women] were embarrassed about the details of the rape (leaving a bar with a man, taking drugs, etc.) and felt they would be blamed for what occurred, or they simply felt the men involved had too much social status for their stories to be believed and In short, many men fail to perceive what has just happened as rape.
38	So you're saying that if I go to a party in a really short skirt, and I'm flirting all over the place- if I get raped, it's not my fault? ...They wanted to have something to believe in, rules to follow, a formula, reasons other girls got raped and they didn't: short skirt equals rape; too much beer equals rape; unlocked door equals rape.
47	In so many ways, our contexts are different; but I am beginning to understand that my own white learned unresponsiveness to the shapes of their questions has something to do with the ongoing violence at the heart of this nation.
48	She advises us to turn away from the commonplace, "I was raped." ...The activist and poet, who wrote: "I am black and I am female and I am a mother and I am bisexual and I am a nationalist and I am an anitnationalist..." ..."The victim must learn to make language tell her own truth: He raped me." ..."I was raped," I whisper.
56	The Luckiest MILF in Brooklyn ..."C'mere MILF tits!" Sweet tits, hot tits, sugar tits. Oh, hi. Here I am. MILF tits. Still valid, I guess, still viable. MILF-y, but tits all the same. 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 to passerby. Do I want to smoke a joint in your car? ...You'd like to rub your dick all over my ass?
57	"C'mere MILF tits!" calls a man out a car window. "I wanna fuck you sideways!"
58	I'm supposed to be grateful because, even though I walk through the world with MILF tits and a sundress, I wasn't raped. And I've been raped, and this is much

Page	Content
	better. So, thank you. Today I stand outside the library, the luckiest MILF in Brooklyn.
59	I should have slowed down because I'm not that fine, I'm forty-two! I should be glad anyone finds me sexually viable.
60	If I would just be more amenable, more grateful, you're not hurting me you're complimenting me, smile and say thank you, stop, you're talking to me, you see me and I'm forty-two years old, you want to fuck me and I'm forty-two years old.
63	At lunchtime I'd go behind the cafeteria with one boy or another and let them fondle me in exchange for cigarettes, which I didn't smoke (yet) but stored away in a box my grandmother had bought me, but, let's face it, the attention was its own payment. By seventh grade, I learned to give blow jobs in exchange for wine coolers; the semen and the alcohol slid down my throat with such certainty I didn't know how to start saying no. By eighth grade I depended on the alcohol and by ninth grade, when I was kicked out of school for drugs, I had no doubt that the only thing I had to offer the world was my body, and the world pretty much confirmed that for a long time.
64	At forty-two (still got it!) (MILF tits!), the harassment has certainly, thankfully slowed, but it doesn't seem to want to go away altogether.
65	I wanna fuck your asshole. ...I'd like to put my cock between those titties. Ugly cunt, I'm talking to you!
66	The man who raped me is married to my aunt is the father of my cousin, who was, at one time, my closest friend in a family in which friends and love were rare. He is not the only man who raped me, but he is the only one who raped me and refused to leave because he was stitched into my life like an ugly scar from a wound healed wrong.
76	There had been a guy in his twenties who scanned my thirteen-year-old body, all Manhattan rooftop-tan and a tiny silver bikini, and said, "How old are you?" And I said "Old enough," and he laughed and said "You're some pretty little jailbait," and he never laid a finger on me. By that point, I had been hurt when men touched me.
77	A few days later, he started hooking up with one of my best friends. ...Sophomore year, I had been invited to a birthday party by the hottest guy in my homeroom, and the party had turned out to be five guys watching porn, and me, just me. I quickly downed four or five shots of vodka and thought Okay, let's cut to the chase, let's not let this be a group activity. So I took one boy's hand, the one who had invited me, and led him to the bathroom and fucked him so hard on the tile floor, no condom, and later his friends taunted me ("Whore!" "Slut!").
78	I had said, "Yes, give me more," moaned like in a porno.
81	"Wanna fuck?" I whispered to A. ..."Do you wanna fuck her?" "Hell yeah," said B. "Let's do this." ...He switched on the lights. I hadn't contemplated the literal meaning of the word fuck until he began unzipping his skater-boy jeans. "Fuck" meant his cock- short and thick, already hard- was going to be inside my body. It wouldn't be at all like the last time I'd fucked, which had been with my

THE BLUEST EYE



[Add a caption for your photo here.]

Summary of Concerns:

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

By Toni Morrison
ISBN: 9780307386588



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Bluest Eye was found in the following schools.*

This book is also a selection in curriculum in Johnston Iowa.

Valley HS	IKM Manning	West Liberty HS	Keokuk Senior	CR Washington HS
Ankeny HS	Spirit Lake HS	Fairfield	Oskaloosa HS	Dubuque HS
Carroll	Iowa City High	Urbandale	Eldora	Waukee Northwest
Cedar Falls	Iowa City West	Cardinal Eldon Batavia	BCLUW HS	North Tama Secondary
Linn Mar	Carlisle	Mt Pleasant HS	BGM Jr/Sr	
North Tama	Waukee High School	East Buchanan HS/MS	Thomas Jefferson – Council Bluffs	

The following pages are a sample of the content, to see the full report, scan the QR Code.



*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Dear Families -

In the upcoming weeks, we will begin a new Unit, ***The Social Construct Unit***.

During the course of our instruction, we will be using a collection of books that can be used to teach the standards, as well as provide specific skill related work in the areas of reading & writing. Our books are part of our Board approved English Language Arts curriculum. Our books are used within the Advanced Placement coursework, which is a college-level course; therefore, the text complexity and themes of the book are geared for college-level students.

As part of the unit, students will be able to choose from a variety of books to read. Our goal in offering these choices is to provide students with options that align to our intended instruction from the Iowa Core, while also allowing for book selections that align with interests and skill level.

For this unit/unit of study, students will choose to read one or more of the options below:

- ***The Happiness Myth*** by Jennifer Hecht
- ***A Passage to India*** by E.M. Forster
- ***Jane Eyre*** by Charlotte Bronte
- ***The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down*** by Ann Fadiman
- ***Their Eyes Were Watching God*** by Zora Neale Hurston
- ***Bloods*** by Brian Stoker
- ***The Bluest Eye*** by Toni Morrison
- ***Cry, the Beloved Country*** by Alan Paton
- ***Methland*** by Nick Reding
- ***The Sound and the Fury*** by William Faulkner

As a point of reference, parents may want to find out more information about their student's book choice. The following are some websites that can be used to find out more information about the books on this list. While not an exhaustive list of websites containing information about books, each of the sites below contains information to support families as they preview materials. All of these websites have a free version providing information about books, but some are "for profit" and require a subscription to unlock all of its features. The free versions of subscription based sites, coupled with the other sites provided, assist families in making informed decisions. The websites represented are either used within the district, provided by our AEA partners, or were recommended as good sites from library professionals within the state.

- **[Booklist Online](#)**: is a website that compliments the Booklist magazine. Reviews on this website are written by members of the American Library Association. There is both a free and paid subscription option on this website, with the paid subscription (\$169.00/year). With the free subscription, you receive a basic book review.
- **[Common Sense Media Org](#)**: Common Sense Media is an organization that reviews and provides ratings for media and technology with the goal of providing information

Quotes: The Bluest Eye, teacher selected reading material.

The tenderness welled up in him, and he sank to his knees, his eyes on the foot of his daughter. Crawling on all fours toward her, he raised his hand and caught the foot in an upward stroke. 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 rigidity 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. (162-163)

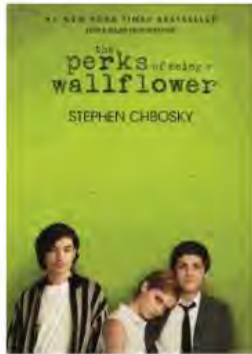
Soaphead Church is a self-declared “Reader, Advisor, and Interpreter of Dreams” who Pecola asks to give her blue eyes. He is also a pedophile. This has made a lot of people who have challenged *The Bluest Eye* uncomfortable, so we felt him to be worth mentioning here. *He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh. Body odor, breath odor, overwhelmed him. The sight of dried matter in the corner of the eye, decayed or missing teeth, ear wax, blackheads, moles, blisters, skin crusts – all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of – disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive – children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness. He was what one might call a very clean old man. (166-167)*

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

Page	Content
	<p>"Daddy beat him up."</p> <p>..."He...picked at me."</p> <p>"Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?"</p> <p>"Sort of."</p> <p>"He showed his privates at you?"</p> <p>"Noooo. He touched me."</p> <p>"Where?"</p> <p>"Here and there." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns, scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress.</p> <p>"Really? How did it feel?"</p> <p>..."It didn't feel like anything."</p> <p>"But it wasn't supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?"</p> <p>She sighed. "First he said how pretty is was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."</p>
96	<p>"You could drink whiskey."</p> <p>"Where would I get whiskey?"</p> <p>..."Pecola," I said. "Her father's always drunk. She can get us some."</p> <p>"You think so?"</p> <p>"Sure. Cholly's always drunk..."</p>
100	Black people were not allowed in the park, and so it filled our dreams.
111	No better than whites for meanness.
113	Nasty white folks is about the nastiest things they is.
117	I hurt just like them white women. Just 'cause I wasn't hooping and hollering before didn't mean I wasn't feeling pain. What'd they think? That just 'cause I knowed how to have a baby with no fuss that my behind wasn't pulling and aching like theirs?
120	<p>Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because I don't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That</p>

Page	Content
	<p>..."I said, get on wid it. An' make it good, nigger, make it good."</p> <p>...The flashlight man lifted his gun down from his shoulder, and Cholly heard the clop of metal. He dropped back to his knees. Darlene had her head averted, her eyes staring out of the lamplight into the surrounding darkness and looking almost unconcerned, as though they had no part in the drama taking place around them. With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee heeeeee."</p> <p>Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee heeee."</p> <p>"Come on, coon. Faster. You ain't doing nothing for her."</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee heeee."</p> <p>Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws.</p> <p>"Hee hee hee hee heeee."</p> <p>..."Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet."</p> <p>"Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby."</p> <p>...Cholly raised himself and in silence buttoned his trousers. Darlene did not move. Cholly wanted to strangle her, but instead he touched her leg with his foot. "We got to get, girl. Come on!"</p> <p>She reached for her underwear with her eyes closed, and could not find them. The two of them patted about in the moonlight for the panties. When she found them, she put them on with the movements of an old woman.</p>
140	It had occurred to him that Darlene might be pregnant.
149	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>

THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER



Young Adult

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including assault and battery; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol and drug use.

By Stephen Chbosky

ISBN: 978-1-4516-9620-2

978-1-4391-2243-3



In searching a sampling of schools across Iowa, The Perks of Being a Wallflower was found in the following schools. *

Valley Southwoods	Linn Marr	Dallas Center Grimes
Valley HS	IKM Manning	Iowa City High
Ankeny HS	Spirit Lake HS	Iowa City West
Carroll	Earlham	Indianola High School
Winterset	Pleasant Valley HS - Bettendorf	Davis County High School
Fairfield HS	Cardinal Eldon	Mt Pleasant High School
Keokuk Sr HS	Oskaloosa Sr	North Mahaska Jr Sr (New Sharon)
AGWSR Wellsburg High School	Janesville High School	BGM Jr/Sr
North Tama Secondary	Williamsburg High School	Waukee High School
East Buchanan HS/MS	Dubuque HS	CR Washington
Waukee Northwest	Waverly High School	West Liberty HS
Thomas Jefferson Council Bluffs		

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*List of schools searched can be found in the appendix.

Page	Content
2	I just need to know that someone out there listens and understands and doesn't try to sleep with people even if they could have. I need to know that these people exist.
4	That's maybe why he felt all alone and killed himself.
6	But over the summer she had her braces taken off, and she got a little taller and prettier and grew new breasts.
12	And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked. He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper. "Get out. You pervert."
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.
30	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. "C'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

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	<p>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.</p> <p>..."Did they know you were in there?"</p> <p>"Yes. They asked if they could use the room."</p> <p>"Why didn't you stop them?"</p> <p>"I didn't know what they were doing."</p> <p>"You pervert,"...</p>
33	Sam told me as we were hanging up our coats that Bob was "baked like a fucking cake."
44	<p>When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick's room.</p> <p>They had sex for the first time that night.</p> <p>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.</p>
45	He was also crying pretty bad, and he decided if anyone asked him, he would say his eyes were red from smoking pot.
49	According to my sister, Sam used to be a "blow queen." I hope you know what that means because I really can't think about Sam and describe it to you.
56	They usually start when my mom's dad (my grandfather) finishes his third drink. It is around this time that he starts to talk a lot. My grandfather usually just complains about black people moving into the old neighborhood, and then my sister gets upset at him, and then my grandfather tells her that she doesn't know what she's talking about because she lives in the suburbs.
66	<p>And I wasn't shy because we were trying to act like grown-ups, and we drank brandy. And I was warm. I'm still a little warm, but I have to tell you this.</p> <p>...That's when Patrick put on the second side of the tape I made for him and poured everyone another glass of brandy. I guess we all looked a little silly drinking it, but we didn't feel silly.</p>
70	She told me about the first time she was kissed. She told me that it was with one of her dad's friends. She was seven.
72	<p>And he caught his sister making out on the back porch</p> <p>...That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that was the thing to do</p> <p>And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" because that's what it was really all about</p> <p>And he gave himself an A</p> <p>and a slash on each damned wrist</p> <p>And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he could reach the kitchen.</p>
81	<p>I agreed, but then my brother started saying how my sister was just a "bitchy dyke."</p> <p>...I am probably the only one in the family with a friend who is gay.</p>
94	Everyone else is either asleep or having sex.