Santa Rosa County School District

Citizen's Request Form for Re-Evaluation of Instructional Materials

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Initiated By:

Please Print **Olivia Porter**

Address: Telephone:

City: State: Zip Code:

Are you representing Yourself? **Yes**

Are you representing an Organization? **No**

If yes, name of Organization:

School where materials are used: **Navarre High; Pace High; Milton High**

Grade level used: **9-12**

Type of instructional material: **Book**

Title: **The Invisible Life of Addie Larue**

Author: **V.E. Schwab**

Publisher/Producer: **Tor**

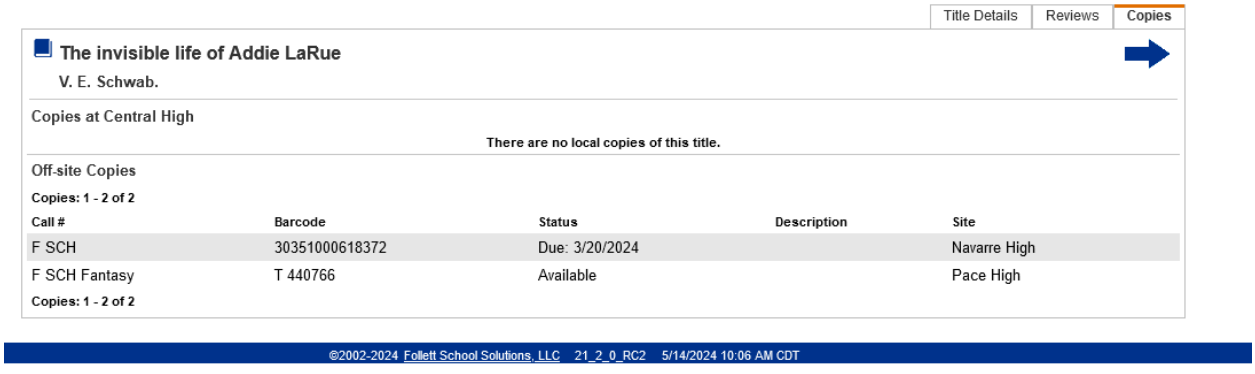
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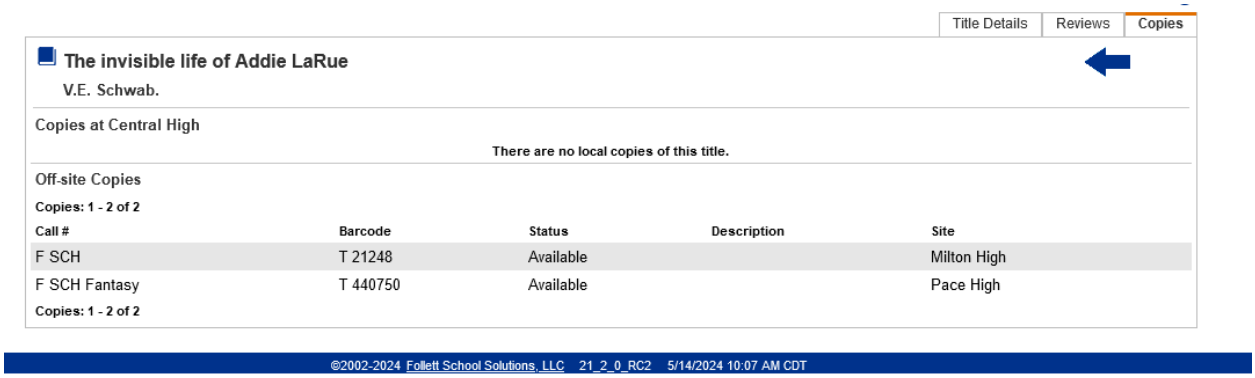
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0-7653-8756-5





Please respond to the following questions. If sufficient space is not available, please use back of this form or an additional sheet of paper.
1. Have you read, seen, viewed, and/or listened to this material in its entirety? **Yes**
2. What do you believe is the main idea of this material?
To expose minors to sexual situations involving 847 violations.
3. To what do you object? Please cite specific passages, pages, sequences, etc. **This book contains complete sex acts, culminating in orgasms and sex for money.**

There were nights, back home, when Addie dreamed of pleasure, when she conjured the stranger beside her in the dark, **felt his lips against her breasts, imagined her hand was his as it slipped between her legs**.
"My love," the stranger said, pressing her down into the bed, black curls tumbling into gem-green eyes.
"My love," she breathed as he entered her, her body parting around his solid strength. He pushed deeper, and she gasped, biting her hand to keep from sighing too loud. Her mother would say that a woman's pleasure was a mortal sin, but in those moments, Addie didn't care. In those moments, there was only the longing and the want and the stranger, whispering against her skin as the tension deepened, the heat building like a storm in the bowl of her hips, and then in her mind, **Adeline would pull his body down on hers, drawing him deeper and deeper until the storm broke, and thunder rolled through her.** But this is nothing like that.
There is no poetry to this unknown man's grunts, no melody or harmony, save **the steady noise of thrusting as he pushes himself against her**. No rolling pleasure, only pressure, and pain, **the tightness of one thing being**

forced inside another, and Addie looks up at the night sky so she won't have to look at his body moving, and she feels the darkness looking back.
Then they are in the woods again, and his mouth is on hers, blood bubbling up on her lips as he whispers.
"Done."
The man finishes with a final thrust, and slumps against her, leaden, and this cannot be it, this cannot be the life Addie traded everything for, this cannot be the future that erased her past **(p. 121-122)**

Her fingers fumble for the laces of his trousers, but his own hands move slower, undoing the laces of her tunic, sliding the cloth over her head, **unwrapping the muslin bound around her breasts.**
"So much easier than corsets," he murmurs, kissing the skin of her collar, and for the first time since those nights in her childhood bed back in Villon**, Addie feels the heat rising in her cheeks, across her skin, between her legs.**
He guides her back onto the pallet, **kisses trailing down her throat, the curve of her breasts, before he frees himself, and climbs onto the bed, and onto her. She parts around him, breath hitching at the first thrust, and Remy pulls back, just enough to catch her eye, to make sure she's okay, and when she nods, he drops his head to kiss her, and only then does he press on,**
press in, press deep.
Her back arches as that pressure gives way to pleasure, a deep and rolling heat. Their bodies press and move together, and she wishes she could erase those other men, those other nights, their stale breath and awkward bulk, the dull thrusts that ended in a sudden, abrupt spasm, before they pulled out, pulled away. To them, wet was wet, and warm was warm, and she was nothing but a vessel for their pleasure.
She cannot erase the memory of those other nights—so she decides to become a palimpsest, to let Remy write over the other lines.
This is how it should have been.
The name Remy whispers in her hair is not hers, but it doesn't matter. In this moment, she can be Anna. She can be anyone.
Remy's breath quickens as his tempo rises, as he presses deeper, and

Addie feels herself quicken, too, her body tightening around him, driven toward the edge by the rocking of his hips and the blond curls tumbling into her face. She coils tighter and tighter, and then she comes undone, and a few moments later, so does he.
Remy collapses down beside her. But he doesn't roll away. He reaches out, and sweeps a lock of hair from her cheek, and kisses her temple, and laughs, little more than a smile given sound, but it warms her all the way through. **(p. 202-203)**

PDF Version. Page numbers may vary.

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4. What do you feel would be the negative impact that might result from the use of this
material? **Violation of 847.012. Consequences for both the school district and the students**. **This book has several 847 violations including orgasmic sex acts.**
5. Have you read any expert reviews relating to this material? If so, please describe**. Irrelevant.**
6. Were students required to read or view the material? **N/A**
Was an alternative to the material provided at parent or
student request? **N/A**
What action would you prefer that the school take on this matter?
Follow the law
7. What other material of equal or better quality do you recommend that could be substituted? **Go back to the basics because obviously leaving this decision up to librarians is not working. Try the classics.**
8. Have you completed and attached the checklist form? **Yes**

Signature: **Olivia Porter** Date: **May 14, 2024**