

Santa Rosa County School District Citizen's Request Form for Re-Evaluation of Instructional Materials

SR900717 RVSD 10/2020 Page 1

Initiated By:

Please Print **Vicki Baggett and Sharon White**

Address: **on file** 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**

Grade level used: **9-12**

Type of instructional material: **Book**

Title: **I'm Glad My Mom Died**

Author: **Jennette McCurdy**

Publisher/Producer: **Simon & Schuster**

Copyright Date: **2022**

ISB 978-1-982185-82-

N 4

Title Details					Reviews	Copies
 I'm glad my mom died / [Book] Jennette McCurdy.						
Copies at Central High						
There are no local copies of this title.						
Off-site Copies						
Copies: 1 - 1 of 1						
Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Site		
921 MCC	30351000018920	Available		Navarre High		
Copies: 1 - 1 of 1						

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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, hand jobs, fingering, swallowing cum and profanity. Just because the author has written this as a memoir, does not mean this is appropriate for minor children.**

PDF Version. Page numbers may vary.

And I'm staying at the Hampton Inn, room 223. And I'm sitting on the couch in 223, processing the fact that I just had my first kiss with him. And as much as I'm relieved to have my first kiss over with, I'm even more relieved to know that now I am sure about him. I'm sure I need to end this, whatever this is. I pull out my phone to text him, but just as I'm about to, **there's an odd pulse in my vagina. It feels warm. I reach my hand into my pants and pull it out. My fingers are wet.** This is gross. I need to shower. I'll text him after. (p. 136)

"You're too young for me. This is never gonna work." Joe starts to get up off the bed.

"Okay okay, I'll do it," I say, immediately disappointed in myself.

Joe lies back down and sprawls out lazily like he's already over the idea but might as well go forward with it since we're both here. **He unzips his pants and pulls out his penis.** I look at it for a long time.

"What am I supposed to do? I've never done this before."

"Yeah, it's not a turn-on when you say shit like that."

I've seen a certain shortness to Joe at times, but this feels different. I could justify his behavior as him being drunker than normal—since I've never had alcohol myself (other than that splash of The Creator's spiked coffee), this is hard for me to gauge, so I usually just guess how much he's had by how crooked he's walking or how slurred his words are. I could also justify his behavior as him being overwhelmed with grief from his breakup, but honestly, I don't even need to justify it as anything, because I'm so desperate to be with him. He's so much older than me and cooler than me, and I've never felt this way about anyone before, so I know we must have something special.

I dive forward. And then I start doing it. Licking it and sucking it and hoping that's what I'm supposed to be doing and hoping I'm doing it in a way that's pleasurable to him. But I have no idea. I've been an actor for a dozen years. I'm nothing without direction.

"I'm about to finish," Joe says with a gasp. It sounds like it's a good thing. I

don't know what's about to happen. "Speed it up a little."

"Thank you," I say. Direction!

And then suddenly, something that tastes like warm liquid plastic shoots into my mouth. I spit it out onto the bedspread.

"Something came out! OhmyGod, something just came out!"

"Yeah. It's cum." Joe looks at me with dull annoyance.

"What's cum?"

Joe turns on his side, facing away from me, and clutches a pillow tight to his chest. He takes a long breath.

"What have I done?" he asks. (p. 149) ---BTW: He's 32. She's 18.

But I also kind of want to keep going. Who cares about the rituals and

preparation? If anything, **I'm relieved to be getting my virginity over with.**

Fuck it. I say nothing. I squint my eyes to try and ground myself in some way

so I can see straight. Finally I do. **Liam's holding my hips as he pumps into me repeatedly.** A bead of sweat is trickling down his forehead. Gross.

Liam eventually pulls out. He cums. I don't. (p. 198)

Finally, after the longest three minutes of my life, Steven grabs me into a hug and we start making out. **He takes off my clothes and I take off his** and he takes a condom out of his pocket (of course he does) and pulls it on and wields his **condom-clad penis toward me and I am enthralled. We fuck three times on the couch** and afterward we start talking and everything feels back to normal. Easy. Comfortable. The awkwardness was just the sexual tension. Yay. (p. 228-229)

I lean over and start

kissing Steven. He kisses me back, tentatively at first, and then passionately. Got him. **Pretty soon my hand's on his dick. It's hard. Real hard.**

"Look how hard you are for me," I whisper in his ear.

"Jenny, stop," Steven says, his face flushed.

"You want me to stop?" I say in my best dirty-talking voice, which lands somewhere between curious toddler and whiney tween but still seems to work.

I'm amazed at what a little horniness will forgive. I start to pull my hand away.

"No... no. Don't stop." **Steven takes my hand and places it back on his dick. I unzip his pants, pull them off, and lean over to start giving Steven the blow job of a lifetime. I'm pulling out all the stops. I am living, I am giving, I am working it. There are blow jobs, and then there is this blow job. I'm sucking, I'm stroking, I'm whispering, I'm licking, I'm caressing, I'm giving it 150,000 percent. He cums in my mouth.**

I pop up, proud and expectant, sure that Steven is going to announce that it

will be impossible for him to not have sex with me. That he wants to, NEEDS to have it with me every second of every day. **I'm just about to swallow** with as much seduction as I can muster, when Steven starts to stroke his chin.

“Yeah, that didn’t feel right, Jenny. We can’t do that again. We really can’t do that again.”

There is such finality in Steven’s eyes that I know I’m getting nowhere near that dick for the foreseeable future. **The cum slides out of my mouth and down my chin. It dribbles onto my lap.** Dead in the eyes, I stare at him. What have I done? (p. 250)

Santa Rosa County School District Citizen’s Request Form for Re-Evaluation of Instructional Materials

SR900717 RVSD 10/2020 Page 2

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 and contains graphic behavior, including masturbation, oral sex, and intercourse in descriptions.**

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: **Vicki Baggett and Sharon White**

Date: **May 14, 2024**

