

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

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****The information provided as textual evidence and pictures may not be deleted or altered in any form or fashion. The address and phone number of the complainant must be blacked out before publishing on county website.**

Initiated By: Jennifer Tapley

Are you representing Yourself? Yes

Are you representing an Organization? **No**

If yes, name of Organization: **N/A**

School where materials are used: **Pace High School, Navarre High School,**

_Grade level used: **9-12**

Type of instructional material: **Book** Video DVD Software

Other – Please Specify:

Title: **Smoke**

Author: Ellen Hopkins

Publisher/Producer: **New York: Margaret K. McElderry Books**

Copyright Date: **2013**

Please respond to the following questions. If sufficient space is not available,

please use back of this form or an additional sheet of paper.

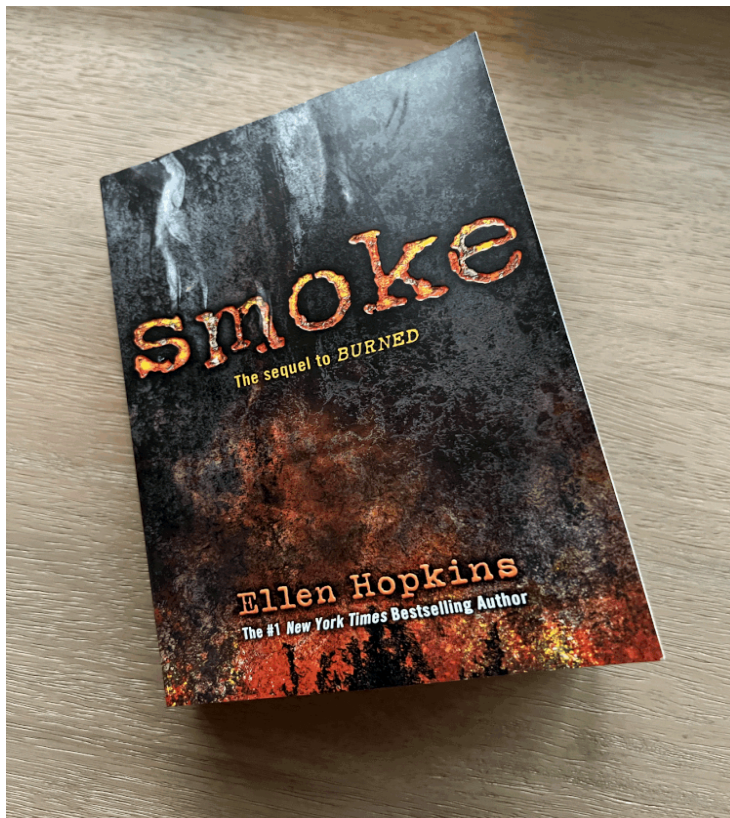
1. Have you read, seen, viewed, and/or listened to this material in its entirety? **Yes** No

2. What do you believe is the main idea of this material? **Poetry, Abuse, rape, murder, hiding from police, mother blaming child for her own rape and refuses to press charges**

3. To what do you object? Please cite specific passages, pages, sequences, etc.

This novel is a violation of 847.012 . While this would be traumatizing for any child to read and visualize, this book would inflict unimaginable pain on those who are victims of sexual assault. For these children, and especially for those who have not revealed their assault, their suffering will only be magnified, as normalizing such behavior will actually prevent reporting.

Sample passages:



Next Thing I Knew

I was on the floor with my arms
pinned over my head, and a hand
jammed between my legs. "Please,
Caleb. Stop. Don't do this."

Ah, c'mon, he said. Pretend that
you don't, but you know you want
this more than I do. All girls do.

Then I felt it, hard behind his jeans.
"No!" But it came out a harsh whisper.
I was petrified Dad would hear. Maybe
even more scared of that than of what

was happening to me—one wicked
thrust and Caleb drove himself inside
me. Something ripped. Something
cried. I thought he would tear me apart.

But I didn't dare scream, and he
pretended that made it okay. See?
You like it. I knew you would.

All I could do was go limp, tears
streaming and soaking my blouse,
until he shuddered his finish,
punctuated with a disgusting grunt.

And His Amen?

Jesus. Look at all the blood.

Then outside, heavy footsteps.
All the thrashing had brought
Dad looking. Caleb heard his
drunken stumbling. Jumped up.
Zipped up. Ran right by Dad,

whose reaction was Johnnie
Walker slow. Wha . . . ?

Then he saw me lying there,
skirt hiked up, fluids trickling
from between my legs. I tried
to tell him it wasn't my fault.
Caleb stole what he wanted.

But Dad wouldn't listen. You
came out here to meet him,
you goddamn whore. What did
you expect? Cookies and milk?
You're ruined now. What man
will ever want you? And then

he started to teach me a lesson
I won't forget until the day I die.

My First Vaginal Exam

Doesn't take long. The nurse gives
no comment. I have no clue what

she thinks, or what the swabs will
or won't prove, other than Dad never

visited there. His cruelty did not
take the form of incest, although

his deviant satisfaction in inflicting pain
might well have been substitute sexual

pleasure, or maybe even an aphrodisiac.
How many nights did we hide our heads

under our pillows, trying to dampen
the sound of his beating Mom into

submission, followed by the rhythmic
creaking of their bed, Mom's whimpers

of pain turning to moans of whatever?
Never again, Dad. Never again.

The Casket Is Closed

With great ceremony. Now it will
be wheeled to the chapel where
our church brethren, plus a few of Dad's
coworkers, are seated. The family trails

the coffin. Everyone stands as we pass.
And more than a few stare at me. I wish

I was strong enough to toss defiance
back at them. Especially one—Caleb

McCain. His father is a church elder,
one who will give a short eulogy,

but I can't believe Caleb has the guts
to stand there, smiling at me. "You

did this to me!" I want to shout. "You
did this to *him*." But I am a coward.

There's even proof. The swabs came
back positive for semen, negative

for Dad's blood type. Caleb's would
match. But all that proves is we had sex.

I gulp in air, notch down my voice.
"I can't believe you got away with it."

He pulls himself up very tall and his smile
vanishes. *Got away with what, bitch?*

"You know what!" My voice has risen
again. I force it lower. "You raped me."

*That's a lie. You know you wanted to.
You invited me out to that shed and*

basically attacked me. Attacked
him? By sliding my arms up around

his neck and parting my lips just a little,
asking for his kiss? My cheeks burn and

my eyes feel like someone pricked them
with needles. "All I wanted was a kiss,

Caleb. And if you ever say anything
different, I'll . . . I'll . . ."

You'll what? Kill me? He pushes me
and I slip backward, falling hard on my butt.

He Stalks Off

And other people w
me as if I'm a pile
something else th

I collect m
to stand c
Let me he

and I look up to
trying to trick m
Stromberg, my t

and he pulls m
but it kind of g
in my throat. N

You ok
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his voice is, c
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I flash back to that night: He comes to me,
tells me how pretty I am, how he can't help
but want to kiss me. I'm scared because
I've never kissed anyone before, but not scared
enough to say no. We're kissing. Kissing.
I like it a lot, and I'm growing warm in places

not talked about except in sex education.
But they don't tell you how just kissing can
make you want to do those things, even though
you know you can't—you're not ready yet.
And they don't tell you what to do when
you say no but he keeps saying it's okay,

that he only wants to make you feel good,
but you find out real fast he doesn't care
about you at all, only about himself. And
then . . . and then . . . it's pain and disgust
and that's all before what happens when
your father finds you. . . . I pull back into

the moment, the turkey and dressing and
mashed potatoes, and I see my little sister,
only thirteen years old, flirting back with
the monster who would do the same thing
to her, and I yell, "Leave her alone, pervert!"
And just as the table reacts, the doorbell rings.

Kirkus Reviews:

Two sisters wrestle with guilt and fear after one kills the father who battered them.

Readers last saw 17-year-old Pattyn at the cliffhanger ending of *Burned* (2006), immediately after her beloved boyfriend and their unborn baby were killed in a car wreck. Stunned with grief and fury, and with nothing left to lose, Pattyn vowed to shoot her long-abusive father, whom she blamed for the accident. This much-desired sequel begins two weeks later—and Dad's dead. Escaping town, Pattyn meets a warm, welcoming family of mostly undocumented farm laborers. They find her a ranch job, where she hides from law enforcement. Meanwhile, 15-year-old Jackie is stuck at home, narrating her own half of the story. Through free-verse poems thick with the weight of trauma, the shooting's details emerge. A schoolmate raped Jackie; blaming Jackie, Dad broke her ribs and loosened her teeth; Pattyn's gun stopped Dad forever. Now Pattyn faces "blood-caked nightmares," while Jackie fights a mother and two LDS church leaders who insist she forget her rape. Waiting for the past to "tackle [them] from behind," both girls struggle toward fragile new connections and inner strength. The lives of undocumented Americans, a renegade hate movement and a wild horse wary of trust are all organic to the plot.

A strong, painful and tender piece about wresting hope from the depths of despair. (author's note) (*Verse fiction*. 13-17)

Common Sense Media:

Smoke feels like a bit of a kitchen sink novel, with all sorts of plot lines mixed in. Beyond the basic story, Pattyn faces off against a racist group of "Sovereign citizens [who] don't believe in / taxes / licenses / authority / government," and Jackie falls in love with a boy with two moms, who's witnessed a different kind of terrible abuse at their school. Hopkins fans will be at home with the fast-moving verse format (including clever poems that run parallel to each other on the page and can be read together or separately). Also, although readers will find plenty to think about in this gritty sequel -- including an important message about the importance of speaking up against bullies, even when it puts you at risk -- they may be put off by all the plotting, as well as by an ending that wraps up much too conveniently.

6. Were students required to read or view the material? Yes No

Was an alternative to the material provided at parent or student request? Yes No **(Not applicable)**

What action would you prefer that the school take on this matter?

Follow the law and remove this book based on 847.012. This is not age appropriate.

7. What other material of equal or better quality do you recommend that could be substituted? **N/A**,

8. Have you completed and attached the checklist form? **Yes** No

Signature **Jennifer Tapley** Date **August 15, 2023**