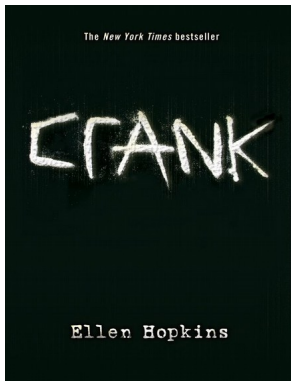




See what Francis Howell has in middle school libraries for children as young as 11

***** Warning - Content Advisory *****

August 25th, 2022 - These are books available in one or more of our middle schools this year. They contain graphic and obscene descriptions including sex, rape, self mutilation, drug use, and suicide. They should not be banned, but are certainly not appropriate for middle schools.



Crank by Ellen Hopkins

p. 341: Kisses segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body.

"Brendan, please stop."

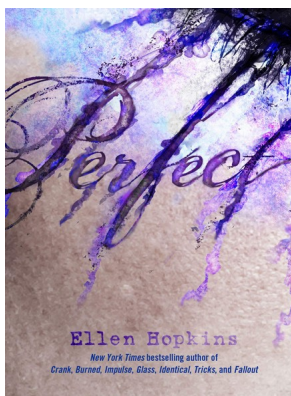
No. You promised, you damn little tease.

Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream." ... I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff.

You weren't lying, you bitch!

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish.

Give me a line, I'll give you an encore. He pulled away sticky and bloody.



Perfect by Ellen Hopkins

p 268: She closes her eyes, moans as I move into place right up against her sweet spot.

Pause at the resistance...

But just as I test the barrier, everything screaming yes, go, she opens her eyes. And out of her mouth comes a single word: No.

I heard her wrong I know I did, and even if I didn't, I know she means now, not no, so I go ahead and push. Hard. Oh. Oh. And her eyes pop wide and she screams, "Stop. I said no. Stop, goddamn it". And her little fists try to pound against my chest, which only feels good and I can't stop, even if I wanted to, and I so don't, so I won't.



Empire of Storms by Sarah J. Maas

p351: Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and kingdom and a world to look after. ...And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him.

<http://FrancisHowellFamilies.org/middlebooks>

Paid for by Francis Howell Families
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