



**SCC** Parents Association

# EXAMPLES

## OBSCENITIES IN MISSOURI **PUBLIC** GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS

# ROCKWOOD SCHOOL DISTRICT

ST. LOUIS COUNTY – MISSOURI

## "FUN HOME:" SUICIDE, SEXUALITY AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF PEOPLE HAVING SEX

"FUN HOME: A FAMILY TRAGICOMIC"

### **WARNING: Mature content**

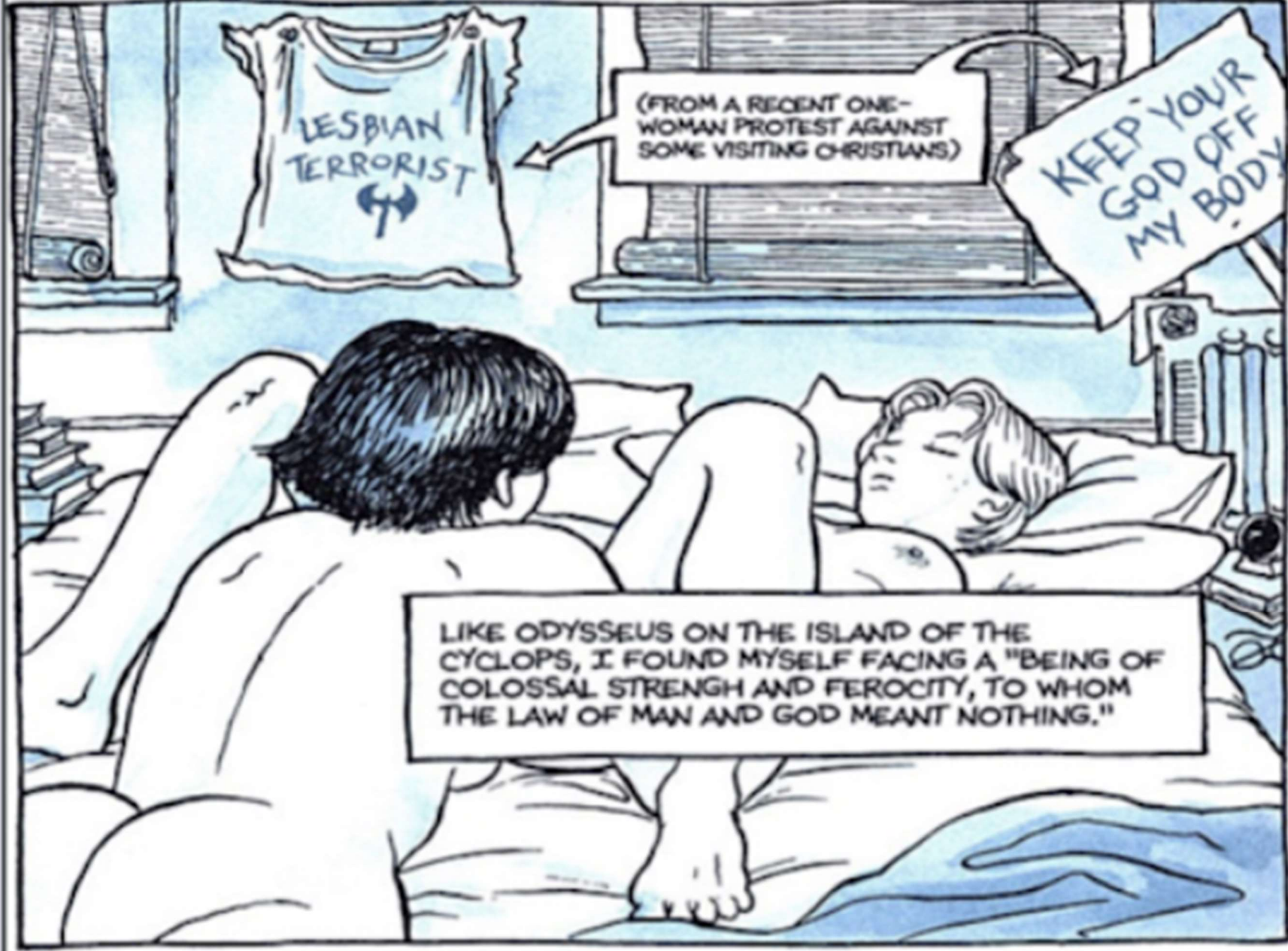
This book is a graphic novel, meaning, the story is told in drawn illustrations like a comic book.

Depicted as an autobiography and award winner. Adults have described it as a humorous take on a tragic childhood.

Students as young as 14 years old can check out this book.



VEERING TOWARD SCYLLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WASHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW SHORE.



IN TRUE HEROIC FASHION, I MOVED  
TOWARD THE THING I FEARED.



YET WHILE ODYSSEUS SCHEMED  
DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE POLYPHEMUS'S  
CAVE, I FOUND THAT I WAS QUITE  
CONTENT TO STAY HERE FOREVER.



...OTHERS AS PORNOGRAPHY. IN THE HARSH LIGHT OF MY DAWNING FEMINISM, EVERYTHING LOOKED DIFFERENT.



THIS ENTWINED POLITICAL AND SEXUAL AWAKENING WAS A WELCOME DISTRACTION.

THE NEWS FROM HOME WAS INCREASINGLY UNSETTLING.



SOON AFTER JOAN AND I HAD MOVED IN TOGETHER FOR THE SUMMER, I GOT MOM'S CALL ABOUT THE DIVORCE.



AND TWO WEEKS AFTER THAT, THE CALL ABOUT THE ACCIDENT.



HE APPEARED TO BE AN IDEAL HUSBAND AND FATHER, FOR EXAMPLE.



THE NOTION THAT MY SORDID PERSONAL LIFE HAD SOME SORT OF LARGER IMPORT WAS STRANGE, BUT SEDUCTIVE.

AND BY MIDTERM I HAD BEEN SEDUCED COMPLETELY.



JOAN WAS A POET AND A "MATRIARCHIST." I SPENT VERY LITTLE OF THE REMAINING SEMESTER OUTSIDE HER BED.



I LOST MY BEARINGS. THE DICTIONARY HAD BECOME EROTIC.



SOME OF OUR FAVORITE CHILDHOOD STORIES WERE REVEALED AS PROPAGANDA.





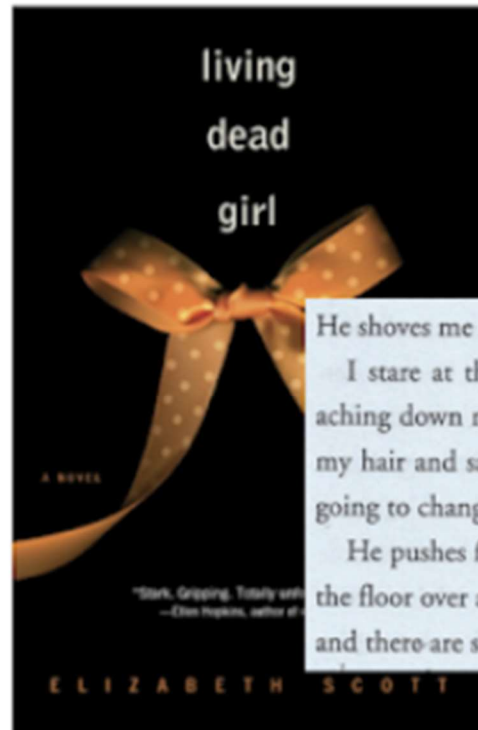
## "Living Dead Girl"

TONIGHT: THE DECISION ON THIS BOOK WILL BE ANNOUNCED. "IT FEATURES SADISTIC SEXUAL, PHYSICAL, AND EMOTIONAL TORTURE OF A CHILD ON NEARLY EVERY PAGE."

And, it will stay available to kids as young as 14 years old in Rockwood.

That's the recommendation from the book challenge committee that reviewed, "Living Dead Girl." It is on the agenda for tonight's school board meeting.

The description above, about torture, is from the [Common Sense Media review](#) of the book:



Living dead girl

Details

Call #: F SCO Scott, Elizabeth.  
Sublocation: SUSPENSE  
Published 2008  
Interest Level: Young Adult

He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants. ...  
I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my lungs until he grabs my hair and says, "I know what I'm going to do. What's going to change." ...  
He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his hand. ...

# FRANCIS HOWELL SCHOOL DISTRICT

ST. CHARLES COUNTY – MISSOURI

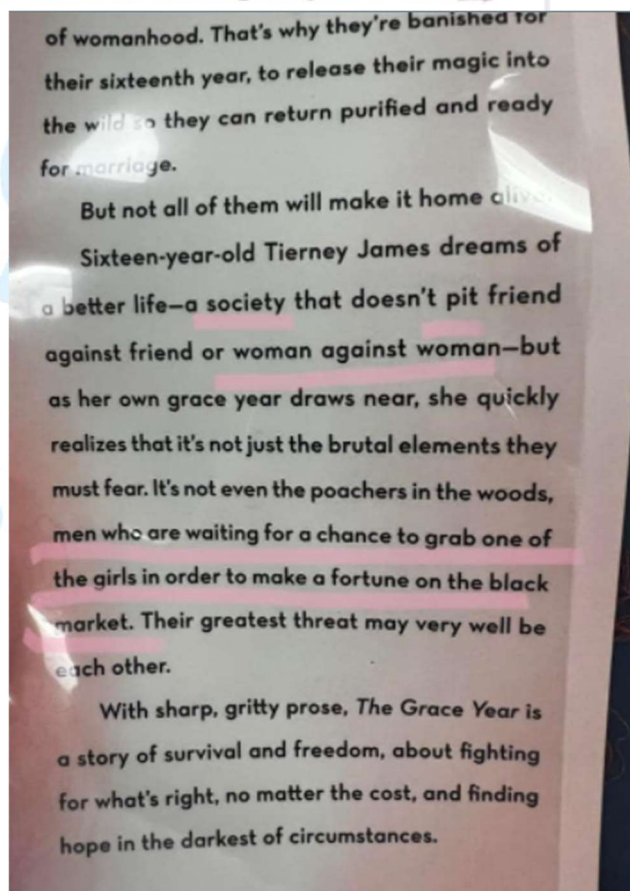
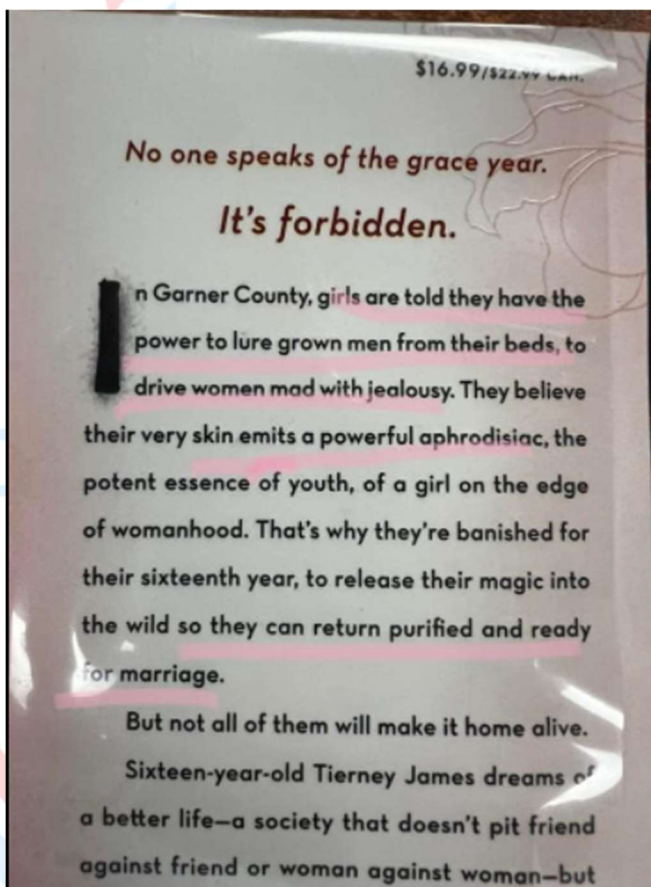
## “The Grace Year”

55m · 👤

Concerned Parents! 😬😬

A friend sent me this & another friend had this on Facebook. This is a book in a Francis Howell middle school & being recommended to the kids by the librarian. There's plenty of books in schools that are worse. Buuut why must a young lady read this?

Parents make sure you know what your babies are being subjected to....📖

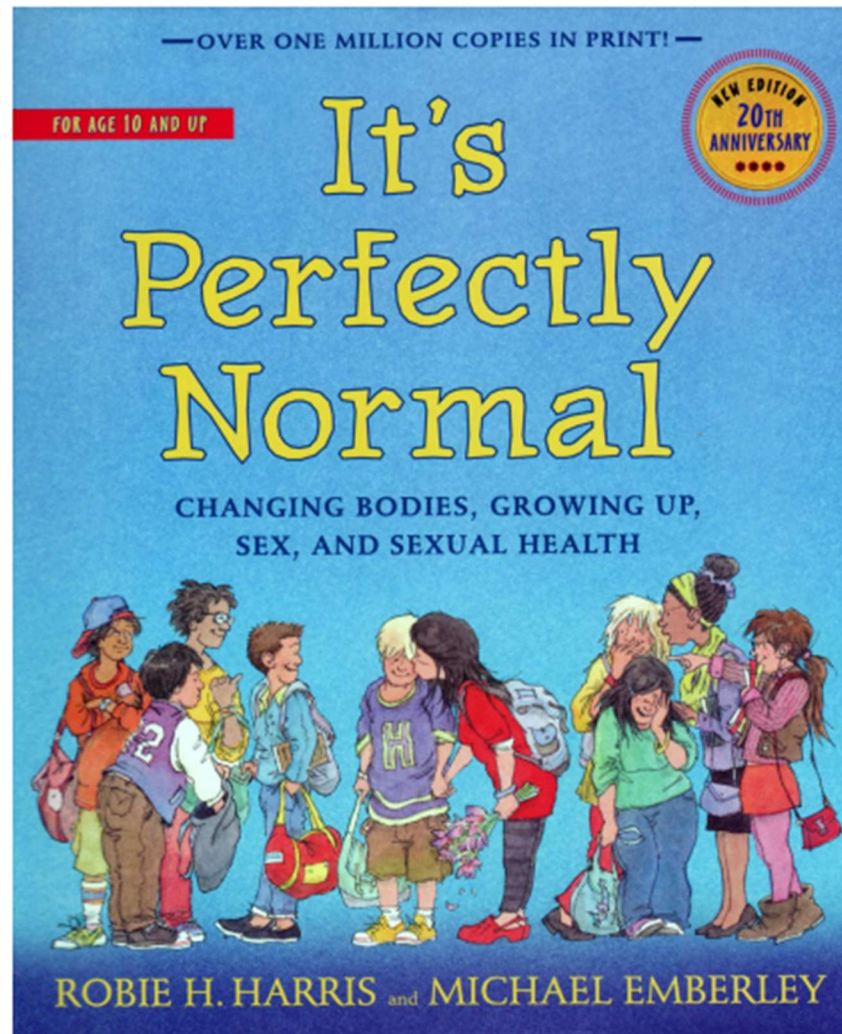


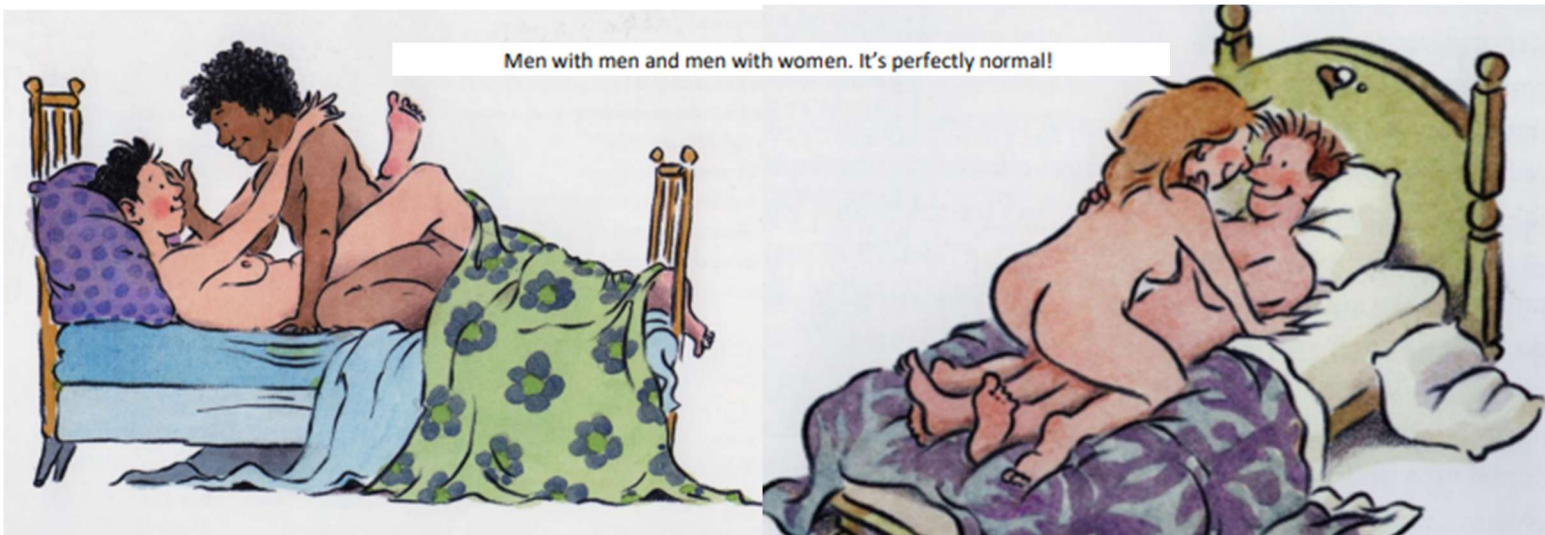
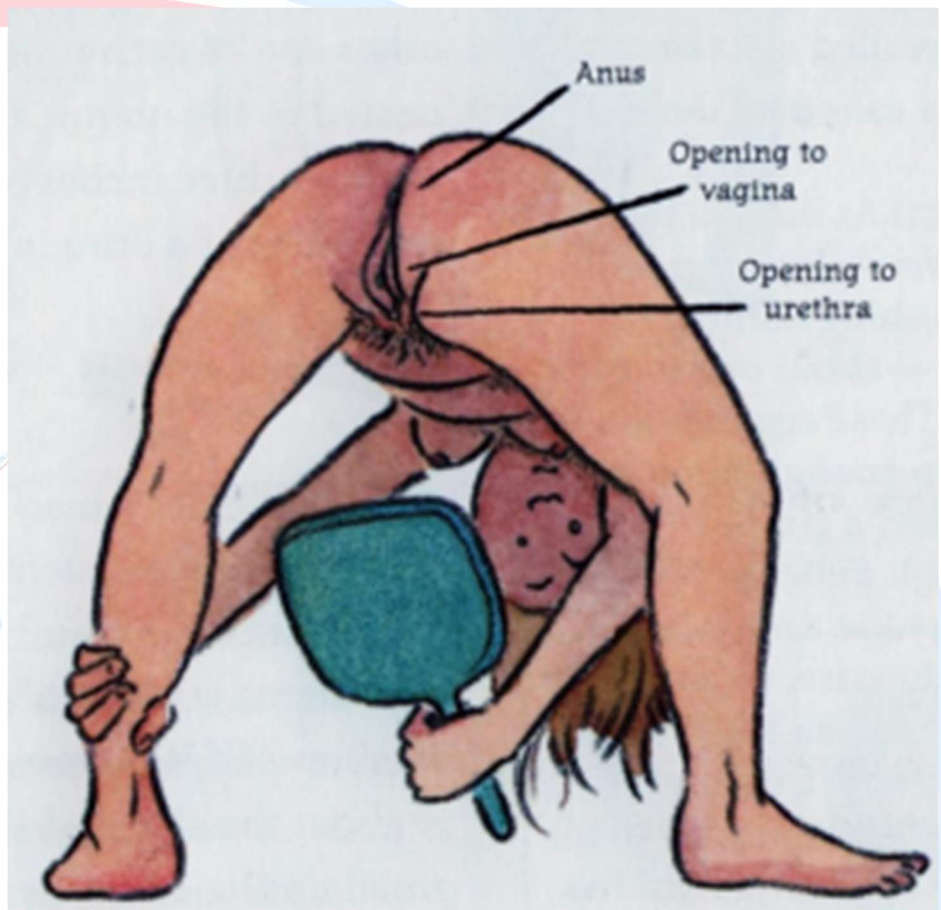
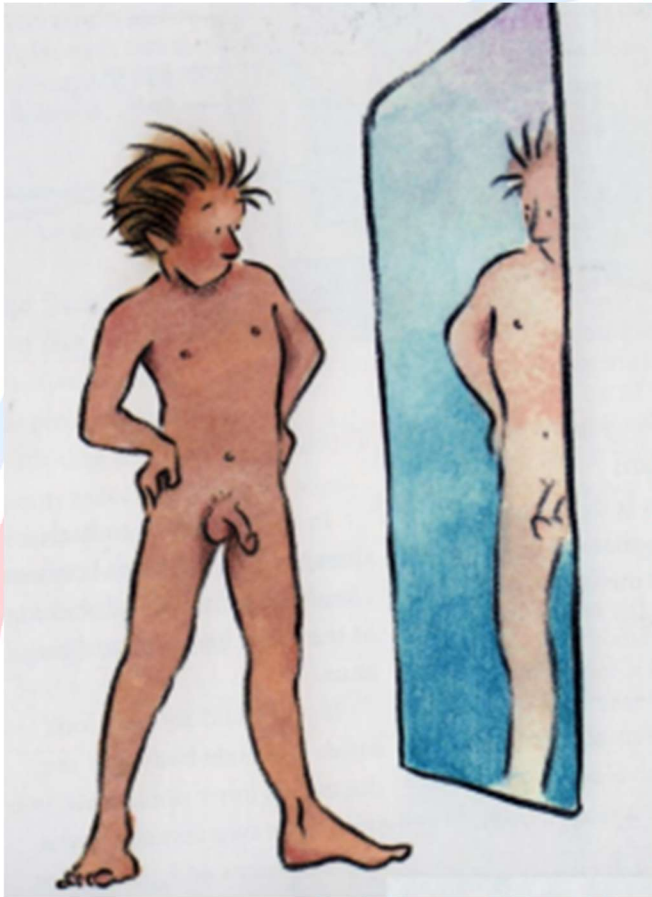
# ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

ST. CHARLES COUNTY & ST. LOUIS COUNTY

## “It’s Perfectly Normal”

Just a few of the cartoonish images in this 98 page book for ages 10 and older endorsed by Cecile Richards, Planned Parenthood

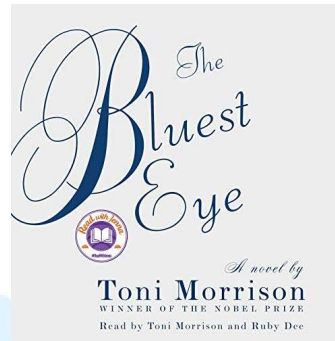




Masturbation is a form of safe sex, right?



## “The Bluest Eye”



Pages 84-85: “He must enter her surreptitiously, lifting the hem of her nightgown only to her navel. He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, to avoid hurting her breasts...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.”

Pages 130-131: “Then he will lean his head down and bite my t\*\* . . . I want him to put his hand between my legs, I want him to open them for me. . . I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me...He would die rather than take his thing out of me. Of me. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind...”

Pages 148-149: “With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear. ‘I said get on wid it. An’make it good, n\*\*\*\*\* , Come on c\*\*\*. Faster. You ain’t doing nothing for her.’ He almost wished he could do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much.”

Pages 162-163: “A bolt of desire ran down his genitals...and softening the lips of his anus. . . . He wanted to f\*\*\* 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 his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made. 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.”

Page 174: “He further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable . . . His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness.” And later, this same pedophile notes, “I work only through the Lord. He sometimes uses me to help people.”

Page 181: “The little girls are the only things I’ll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little t\*\*\* and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly?—If I’d been hurting them, would they have come back? . . . they’d eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party.”

## “Lawn Boy”



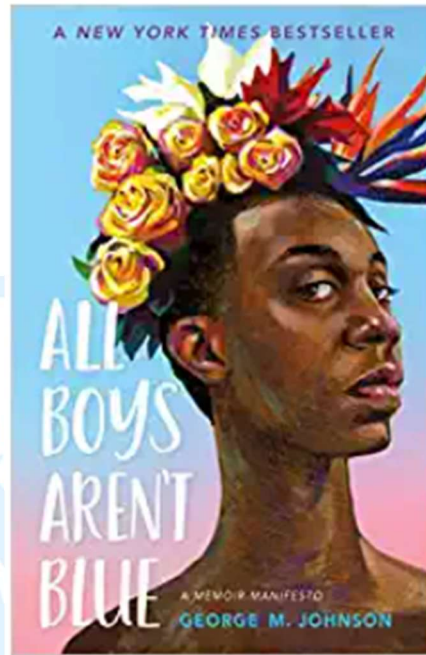
Page 19: “Not that it really matters, in fourth grade at a church youth group meeting out in the bushes, I touched Doug Goebbels dick, and he touched mine. In fact, there was even some mouths involved.”

Page 91: “What if I told you I touched another guy’s dick? What if I told you I sucked it? I was ten years old, but it’s true. I put Doug Goebbels dick in my mouth. I was in fourth grade; it was no bid deal. He sucked mine too. And you know what, it wasn’t terrible.”

Page 174: “He talked about all the times at the church but never mentioned our penises, or the fact that he never said ten words to me after our little foray in the bushes. Not a single reference to holding or tugging or sucking dicks. All I could think about while he was chatting me up, was his little salamander between my fourth-grade fingers, rapidly engorging with blood.”

Page 230: “Why won’t you admit we sucked each other’s dicks? We shared a Hershey’s bar, then you showed me your dick. The next thing I know it’s in my mouth. We sucked each other’s dicks and you’re pretending it didn’t happen.”

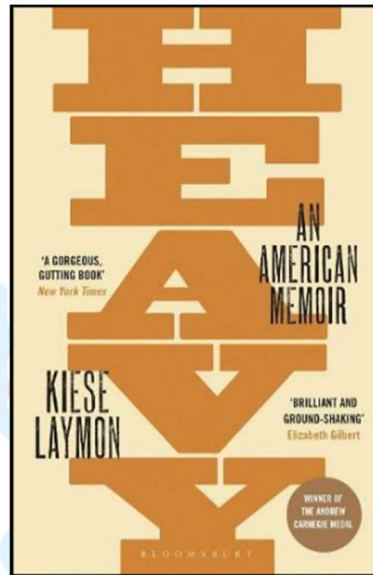
## “All Boys Aren’t Blue”



Page 266: “He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began, and he said, “Watch your teeth.” I didn’t want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn’t know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie.”



## “Heavy”



*(The below excerpt details an interaction between a 12-year-old boy and his 15-year-old babysitter)*

“Renata pulled up her skirt, unhooked her bra and filled my mouth with her left breast. She used her right hand to pinch my nostrils until I could only breathe out of the corners of my mouth. I held my mouth open as wide as I could, hoping not to cut Renata’s breast with my crooked front teeth. I remember praying to God the Tang overpowered the pork chop, rice and gravy smell on my breath. I didn’t think Renata would want to stay my girlfriend if I made on of her nipples smell like pork chops, rice and gravy. Choking on Renata’s breasts made me feel lighter than I’d ever felt. After a few minutes, Renata grabbed my penis and kept saying, “Keep it straight, Kie. Can you keep it straight?”