



SUBMITTED OCTOBER 16, 2023

Request for School Board Reconsideration of Library Media Materials

Author: **Ellen Hopkins**

Title: **Identical**

Publisher (if known):

Request initiated by: **October 16, 2023**

Telephone: Address:

City:

Zip:

1. **To what in the book/material do you object: (Please be specific; cite pages, frames of films, dialogues, etc.)?**

“There's Daddy who comes home every day, dives straight into a tall amber bottle, falls into a stonewalled well of silence, a place where he can tread the suffocating loneliness. “

“Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?”

“He likes what I give him. I like what he gives me, too, and I'm mostly talking about the bud. I pick up my pace because right under his front seat I know there's a fat, stinky joint with my name on it. ...Of course, he expects compensation, and after smoking a big ol' doobie, I'm generally willing to cooperate. Life has gotten better- or at least more bearable- since I was introduced to my good friend.”

“You might think, because of the things I've seen Daddy do, I'd be disgusted by sex. No way. I like how it feels physically, yes. Kisses, hot and prickly as August. Hands, tan and rough against my soft white skin. And the last, extreme punctuation. But getting off myself isn't the best part. I do everything in my power to make sure and that puts me indisputably in control. (He thinks otherwise, and I let him.)”

“Then I kissed him. Hard. Wet. Sharp stabs of tongue. My fingers drifted in between his thighs, finding exactly what they expected.”

“I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do. It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone. ...Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl.”

“His voice was a soft hiss. Are you awake? Talk to me. Daddy ish-is-sh-so lonely. I'd never heard him sound like that. Like a stranger. A drunk, slurring stranger. Where was my daddy? Kaeleigh, all sweetness,

wanted to comfort Daddy, who drew her onto his lap. Stroked her hair. Kissed her gently on the forehead. Cheeks. Eyes. Finally, on her lips, but not nasty or mean or with tongue or anything but misplaced love. Love meant for Mom. He just held her, kissed her. Breathed Wild Turkey all over her until they both fell asleep, woven together.”

“That one innocent joining was only the beginning, but neither realized it that night. And all I could do was linger in a dark corner, sharp jabs of envy tearing my eyes.”

“I guess I could have offered descriptions of Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars. ...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.”

“I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.”

“No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.”

“I can't imagine her actually getting close enough to someone- anyone- to invite them into her bed, let alone her pants.”

“Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex. Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know? Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty... Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawler, assorted others). I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life. Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.”

“Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her. I could tell she was afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did. His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh! I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.”

“I'm kind of liking this blood thing. Fetish? Fixation? Not quite an obsession yet, but I can see it growing into that. Drip. Drip. Steady. Slow. Drip-drip. Quicker yet. Drip-drip-drip. Drip-drip-drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. I'd probably just let myself drip, but I did promise to show up at work and help out with the Halloween decorations.”

2. Where did you first learn of this item?

On the Florida State list of books removed from Florida County School Districts.

3. Have you read the book in its entirety? NO – Florida Statutes explains why these should be removed.

Per Florida Statute:
847.0123 (b)

Any book, pamphlet, magazine, printed matter however reproduced, or sound recording that contains any matter defined in s. 847.001, explicit and detailed verbal descriptions or narrative accounts of sexual excitement, or sexual conduct and that is harmful to minors.

847.001 (6)

“Harmful to minors” means any reproduction, imitation, characterization, description, exhibition, presentation, or representation, of whatever kind or form, depicting nudity, sexual conduct, or sexual excitement when it:

- (a) Predominantly appeals to a prurient, shameful, or morbid interest;
- (b) Is patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is suitable material or conduct for minors; and
- (c) Taken as a whole, is without serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value for minors.

1006.34

4. Any instructional material containing pornography or otherwise prohibited by s. **847.012** may not be used or made available within any public school.

In HB 1069 line item 313 it states:

Parents shall have the right to read passages from any material that is subject to an objection. If the school board denies a parent the right to read passages due to content that meets the requirements the school district shall discontinue the use of the material.

The informational passages posted here from inside the book address these three points that they are NOT:

- *Free of Pornography and material prohibited under s. 847.012, F.S.*
- *Suited to student needs and their ability to comprehend the material presented.*
- *Appropriate for the grade level and age group for which the materials are used and made available.*

4. Is there any additional information you would like us to consider in our evaluation?

This book is about drugs, drinking, sex, incest, experimentations with satanic components (blood)

According to: <https://floridareprofreedom.org/compsexed/>

"Currently, however, comprehensive sex education is far from the norm in Florida public schools as the State does not require it. Generally, abstinence-only material is used in Florida classrooms, with the core focus being on not having sex outside heterosexual marriage and no inclusion of material on birth control or safer sex. "

"According to Advocates for Youth, public opinion polls consistently show that more than 80 percent of Americans support teaching comprehensive sex education in high schools and in middle or junior high schools."

"Young People Need Sexual Health Education

Over 1 million young people ages 15-19 live in Florida."

"Many become sexually active as teens. It is important to provide information to protect their health and their futures before they need it."

According to the CDC 2019 Youth Risk Behavior Survey, among 12th graders in Florida:

- **52% report having had sexual intercourse**
- **17% have had 4 or more sexual partners (11% females, 21% males)**
- **44% did not use a condom the last time they had sex**
- **13% of females have been raped, 15% experienced sexual violence & 8% sexual dating violence**

Don't be a part in these statistics. These people advocate for this, and big money is put behind pushing this through the publishers and authors to write it. We know it happens and it cannot be stopped but do not play a hand in giving out the instructions for it. No Pornography and sexual abstinence is the LAW.

Florida Statute [1003.46](#) in health education states:

- (b) Teach abstinence from sexual activity outside of marriage as the expected standard for all school-age students while teaching the benefits of monogamous heterosexual marriage.
- (c) Emphasize that abstinence from sexual activity is a certain way to avoid out-of-wedlock pregnancy, sexually transmitted diseases, including acquired immune deficiency syndrome, and other associated health problems.
- (d) Teach that each student has the power to control personal behavior and encourage students to base actions on reasoning, self-esteem, and respect for others.

5. What would you like the final outcome to be for this library media item or items?

1. Remove from all Manatee School District Media Centers?

Remove from: Bayshore High – Braden River High – Lakewood Ranch High – Manatee High – Horizons

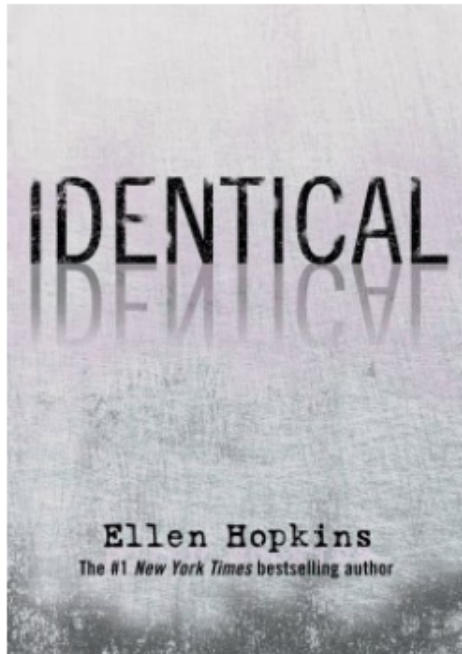
2. Remove from certain grade levels? If yes, enter grade levels: **No Copies**

3. Allow in Manatee School District Media Centers with a Parent Consent Requirement? **No Copies**

Click here to see the rest of the passages inside this book:

<http://booklooks.org/data/files/Book%20Looks%20Reports/1/Identical.pdf>

IDENTICAL



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-4169-5005-9

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and child molestation; violence including self-harm and suicidal ideations; profanity and derogatory terms; and drug and alcohol abuse.

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	There's Daddy who comes home every day, dives straight into a tall amber bottle, falls into a stonewalled well of silence, a place where he can tread the suffocating loneliness.
19	Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?
26	<p>He likes what I give him. I like what he gives me, too, and I'm mostly talking about the bud. I pick up my pace because right under his front seat I know there's a fat, stinky joint with my name on it.</p> <p>...Of course, he expects compensation, and after smoking a big ol' doobie, I'm generally willing to cooperate.</p> <p>Life has gotten better- or at least more bearable- since I was introduced to my good friend, marijuana. You couldn't have a more decent friend. I love everything about it.</p> <p>I love the way it smells- good green bud, anyway, and that's the only kind Mick gets. I guess his brother knows a Humboldt grower. Okay, the pot smells a lot like skunk juice. But somehow, there's a difference. A good one.</p> <p>I love the way the thick smoke tastes, curling across my tongue, snaking down my throat. I love holding it in. Coughing it out. I love head rushes, the creeping warmth that follows.</p> <p>And I love the distant place it takes me to. Everything feels right there. Mellow. Easy. Stress-free. I even love the munchies, the perfect excuse for devouring a pint of Haagen-Dazs. Of course, afterward I have to go stick my finger down my throat. Don't dare get fat. Daddy would not like that.</p>
28	<p>Mick and marijuana await me. I'm ready to pay Mick's going rate for the pot. (And I'm not talking money.) Some people would balk at the price tag.</p> <p>You might think, because of the things I've seen Daddy do, I'd be disgusted by sex. No way. I like how it feels physically, yes. Kisses, hot and prickly as August. Hands, tan and rough against my soft white skin. And the last, extreme punctuation.</p> <p>But getting off myself isn't the best part. I do everything in my power to make sure and that puts me indisputably in control. (He thinks otherwise, and I let him.) It's the only time I am in control. And I like how that feel most of all.</p>
41	Then I kissed him. Hard. Wet. Sharp stabs of tongue. My fingers drifted in between his thighs, finding exactly what they expected. Madison gave a little gasp. "Oh," I said. "Sorry, didn't mean to offend you." I laughed. Mick joined me, then said. That's my cue. See ya, Mad.
42	<p>He reached across the seat, grabbed hold of my arm. Pulled. When I resisted, he yanked harder. Hard enough to hurt. Hard enough to leave purple bruises.</p> <p>Someone smart would have screamed. Someone sane would have waited for a stop sign, thrown themselves free. Someone whole would have said no.</p> <p>Get the fuck over here and don't give me shit.</p> <p>I did as instructed. Worse, I liked that he told me what to do. It meant he cared, really cared. Right? Whatever. "Did you score some bud?" I asked, more to change the subject than anything.</p> <p>Under the seat. Twist one up, okay? We headed out Happy Canyon Road, only horses and cattle to mind our business. We could have gone home- no one there-</p>

Page	Content
	<p>but I was still too made for sex. You know you want me. You'd take slimy seconds. Gross. "Yeah, right. Like your pimply butt is such a turn-on." It isn't too pimply, and it's kind of a turn-on, but that was beside the point. His hand brushed my left nipple. You love it. "Not while wondering who you're thinking about, Madison or me." I took a deep drag, held it. Took another without passing the joint, exhaling giant smoke puffs right in his face. Bogart. Pass that fucking thing over here. So I did, and once we were totally buzzed he pulled off onto a dirt ranch road, parked. No maid out here. Just birds and squirrels. Defenses lowered by excellent bud, I said okay to a quickie. Totally in control.</p>
57	<p>The bitter perfume of bourbon smacks me as I stumble in. It makes me thirsty. It's late, but never too late for one last shot. I tiptoe past Daddy's snoring, ease the Wild Turkey from the table. Can't really blame him for choosing redemption in a bottle. Two bottles, actually. One holds 750 ml of amber liquid. The other is small enough to fit in a pocket. Daddy has been sentenced to pain abatement a la OxyContin. The accident was eight years ago and his doctor keeps refilling, like he doesn't know about Daddy's dance with the devil. Like I care Truth is, I borrow a little Oxy every now and then too. Not often, though. It's expensive. Daddy would miss it, even if his dimwit doctor didn't. I have to admit it's tempting. It makes me feel like how you feel when you fall in a dream. Only you don't wake up. You just keep falling deeper and deeper into the darkest recesses of sleep. Especially when you help it out with a nip or two of Wild Turkey. Of course, I have to be very careful not to do it when Daddy's not trapped in the snare of sleep too. Wouldn't do to be lying there unaware if he came crawling to me. No, I'd want to be totally ready. But it won't be tonight. Fifth of whiskey beneath my arm, I slip noiselessly into the kitchen, pour two fingers, replace the bottle. Then I slither into Daddy's bathroom, help myself to a small green pill. Just one. Just enough for a free fall totally without a parachute.</p>
60	<p>I chance a sip of Turkey. Have to wet my tongue before letting the Oxy dissolve. Slowly. Nasty. Another sip. Jet fuel, hot and acrid against my taste buds. Another time, another place, I'd let myself cough. Not now. Not here. ...I lie flat, give myself up to the Oxy/Turkey merry-go-round. Eyes closed, I star the tumble. Round. Round. Down. Down. Outside, the wind rouses suddenly.</p>
62	<p>I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do. It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone. ...Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl.</p>

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65	<p>I guess I could have offered descriptions o Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars.</p> <p>...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.</p>
66	<p>I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.</p>
80	<p>No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.</p>
82	<p>I can't imagine her actually getting close enough to someone- anyone- to invite them into her bed, let alone her pants.</p>
90	<p>I eat when I'm sad. I eat when I'm lonely. I eat when I hurt so much inside, it's either eat or find an easy way to die. The only time I can't eat to total contentment is when Daddy's around. No daughter or mine will wear double-digit clothes, he said once, and meant it.</p>
91	<p>What she doesn't look like is a girl, all narrow hips, straight waist, and teacup breasts. And if I have my way, I won't either.</p>
96	<p>We empty our glasses. Mom opens another bottle, pour for us both. I'm getting drunk with my mother, and neither of us can think of a thing to say.</p>
97	<p>In the living room, the TV is on, but Daddy has drunk himself into oblivion.</p>
98	<p>Out, where I should be. Where any self-respecting sixteen-year-old should be on Friday night. Out, getting drunk with friends or, better yet, a really fine guy, instead of tying one on at home with my marble-hearted mother, no less.</p>
99	<p>Sneaking out, getting drunk, getting high. What better way to spend Friday night? Especially after too many hours stuck at home listening to Mom's political bullshit.</p> <p>...I plan to do a lot in the way of self-medication. Funny term for getting screwed up to the point of passing out. I need to be that messed up to get to sleep at all tonight. I'm totally wound.</p>
100	<p>Great place for a kegger, too. And that's our destination. Mick drives like a maniac, which would be all right except I really, really want to get high, and smoking dope and speeding don't exactly go hand in hand.</p> <p>..."If you slow down a little, I'll roll a nice big joint. And after we smoke it, just maybe I'll mess around with your nice big joint too." Okay, so it isn't eloquent, but</p>