



CLAY COUNTY DISTRICT SCHOOLS

900 WALNUT STREET, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL 32043

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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

David S. Broskie

ERIN SKIPPER

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Mary Bolla, District 1

Beth Clark, District 2

Tina Bullock, District 3

Ashley Gilhousen, District 4

Ashley Gilhousen, District 5

MICHELE HANSON

R

Individual Request

Phone: _____

Physical Address _____

City: _____

School: _____

Check as applicable:

- I am the
- I represent
- I already
- I will review
- I wish to

It's not "book banning," it's called DISCRIMINATION!



STOP giving permission to children!

* MISERABLE RUBBISH

Request for Instructional Materials

BRUCE FRIEDMAN

[Redacted]

Zip: [Redacted]

Subject: VARIES

Is student _____

_____ week period

Type of Instructional Material:

- Novel
- Textbook
- Workbook
- Symbol
- Video (YouTube, DVD, etc.)
- Other: VARIES

Title: AT THE END OF EVERYTHING

Author: MARIEKE NIJKAMP

ISBN: 978-1-49267315-6

← REPEAT OFFENDER

NOTE: Requests may be returned if questions 1, 2, and 3 do not include a detailed response.

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? PROTECT CHILDREN!

1 COPY FLEMING HIGH, 1 COPY OAKLEAF HIGH

2. Does this material violate F.S. Chapter 847 regarding Obscenity? Circle one: YES/NO YES &

If YES, please explain in Question 3.

OTHER CONCERNS

3. What is objectionable about the material? Include specific pages, chapters, language, scenes, etc., in your response. Attach additional information, if necessary.

SEE ATTACHED!
* INCLUDES LINK TO TRANSLIFELINE.org - UNVETTED & DANGEROUS WITH AUTHOR'S NOTE RECOMMENDING MANY INAPPROPRIATE BOOKS

STABBINGS, SHOOTINGS, BOMBS, MURDER, BEATINGS
PLAGUE, SELLING METH IN H.S., GENDER & PLOUND CHAOS
TOUCHING A WAREHOUSE & KILLING OCCUPANTS, FEAR, VIRUS,
DEATH, "WHITE NATIONALISTS"

CHEERLY
CONTENT
INCLUDES

4. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? _____

_____ DAMAGED SOULS _____

5. For what age group would you recommend this material? _____

_____ NONE _____

6. Is there anything good in this material? _____

_____ NA _____

7. Would you care to recommend another instructional material in the same format, covering the same subject or content standards? If so, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN: _____

_____ NA _____

Printed name of Complainant: _____ BRUCE FRIEDMAN _____

Please do not forget to :

be returned.

Signature of Complainant: _____

Date: _____

Please submit the completed form to:

Clay County District Schools
Attn: Supervisor of Instructional
900 Walnut Street
Green Cove Springs, Florida 3204

STOP giving porn to children!
It's not "book banning."
It's called DISCERNMENT!



PORN!

To be completed by Instructional Resources Committee:

- Received in Instructional Resources
- Attachments were included
- The form was fully completed and accepted: YES/NO. If not, why: _____

Date Committee convened: _____

Committee: _____

Outcome: _____

Notification of Complainant: Date _____ by _____

Additional information: _____

STOP giving ~~porn~~ to children!
It's not "book banning."
It's called DISCERNMENT!



* MISERABLE RUBBISH

MARIEKE NIJKAMP

#1 New York Times bestselling author of
THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS

E. BEFORE I LET

REPEAT
OFFENDER

APPEAL PENDING

At the END of EVERYTHING

THE WORLD

NEVER WANTED THEM.

THEY

REFUSE TO BE FORGOTTEN.



STOP giving to children!

It's not "book banning."
It's called DISCRIMINATION!

* MISERABLE
RUBBISH

WHY GIVE THIS TO CHILDREN?

CONTENT WARNING

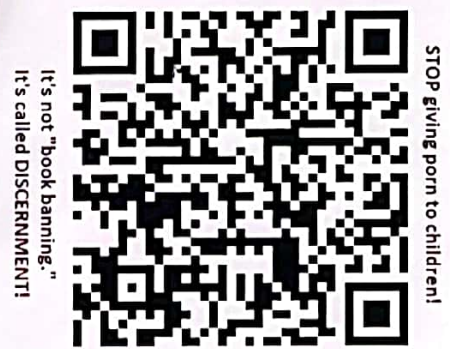
This book deals with ableism, abuse, death, illness and implied eugenics, imprisonment, and transphobia. In addition, it includes mentions of assault, blood, gunshots, racial profiling, and sexual violence.

OceanofPDF.com

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* MISERABLE
RUBBISH



PORN!

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PAGE NUMBERS
MAY VARY

STABBED GIRL

not by much. Her hazel eyes are lighter, but they mostly look red and tired now. We're not identical. Not quite. But she is still the other half of me.

I don't know how to exist without her.

"All I'm saying is, some days, I wish we could sleep in," she grumbles.

I roll my eyes and straighten her scratchy blazer. Our brains are wired differently, she once told me. She can't read well, but I can. I don't talk, but she does. And I *like* routine. It's reassuring. Every morning, I know when I get to eat. Every night, I have a roof over my head and a bed to sleep in. We may not be comfortable here, but it's better than before.

Across the hallway, Nia Miller stifles a yawn. Underneath her bangs, she gives me a tired grin and waves. She's my age, Black, with her hair tied back in a curly ponytail, and ink stains on her sleeves. She has a few crumpled pages stuffed in the pockets of her pants. I gesture at her to push the paper deeper so the guards won't see it, and she does.

"Thanks," she mouths.

I smile. I like Nia. She's always drawing, though I don't think anyone's ever seen the work. That's okay. She shouldn't have to share if she doesn't want to.

Leah nudges me. "Eyes down."

Warden Davis and two of the guards show up at our wing. The warden stalks past, a clipboard in hand, staring at every single one of us like he's looking for something. I glance at him through my lashes. He wears a dark suit and an angry frown, and he towers over us.

Josie Watson, the white girl in the room next to ours, doesn't seem fazed by his presence. She meets his gaze. She has chestnut hair cropped past her ears, and her eyes are cold. When she sees me looking, she doesn't smile or wave, and I quickly look away. She scares me. She stabbed another girl, and I wouldn't put it past her to do it again.

"What is he doing?" I sign at Leah, when the warden reaches the other side of the hallway and marks something down.

12 PAGE NUMBERS
MAY VARY

SELLING METH

A moment later, Grace's tray clatters on the floor when the guards grab her and pull her out of the line. Emerson stands forgotten, and they do the smartest thing they can—they fade into the background.

One of the guards who grabbed Grace shoves the line forward to get us all moving again, and I nearly get pushed off my feet. "Eyes forward!" he says. "You won't get any extra time to eat."

That's enough of a threat to get everyone focused on breakfast again, but I wish I could ignore the sounds of the struggle going on behind me. Grace's tray as it screeches across the floor. The guards' angry grunts when Grace struggles—and her muffled compliance once they've cuffed her. By the time Leah and I have gathered our breakfast, the guards have dragged Grace out of the cafeteria.

* * *

"She tried to help," I sign at Leah, once we've sat at our table. "She didn't do anything. She corrected them."

Leah stabs at her pancakes. "The guards don't like making mistakes. And they like it even less when someone points those mistakes out to them."

I take a bite of chewy cereal. I don't like the texture but being hungry is worse. "It makes no sense."

She shrugs. "I know."

"Are you like, psychic or something?" The voice comes from close behind me, and I swirl around.

Elias Thompson towers over me. He holds an empty tray, and he's munching on his apple core. He's pale, with hair so blond, it's almost white. He got arrested selling meth out of his high school's basement, and he's the type of person who walks around with mocking contempt for everything and everyone.

"Well?" He reaches over my shoulder and grabs my apple too.

TORCHED WAREHOUSE... REVENGE

Oh.

I pull back from Leah and glance at the boy in our room. "Why is he here?" I sign.

She narrows her eyes but doesn't turn around. "G are you here?"

"Hunter wants to see you."

"In the middle of the night?"

"The guards are gone. He wants to get out."

And with that, Leah stills. It's not the same experience, but I recognize it all the same. Too many feelings, too many thoughts all mashed up against out deeply and closes her eyes, and for once, I can't

"Out out?" she asks, quietly.

"Hunter doesn't want to leave you on your own here.

He doesn't think we'll make it, most likely. He doesn't think I'll make it.

But we can't.

I push myself up in sitting position, my knees up to my chest and the blanket up to my chin, and nudge Leah. She glances up at me, and I can see a spark in her eyes. A dangerous glint I've seen before. "We can't," I sign. "We'll get in trouble."

It was the very first thing they told us. The doors inside remain open. The doors to the outside remain closed. That doesn't change because the guards aren't here.

"Don't you want to see the world again?" Leah asks softly.

"I don't want to get in trouble."

"If there's no one here, no one can find out," she says. It reminds me a little too much of the conversation we had right before we torched the warehouse. Don't you want revenge? she'd asked me.

Someone was there. Someone did find out. Someone nearly died.



* MISERABLE
RUBBISH

* SET FIRE.. BUILDING.. PEOPLE IN IT.

before, and never lose sight of each other.”

“Live on the streets again?”

“Not for long. I’ll find a job. I’ll provide for us.”

I have no clue what that would look like. After our granddad died and we had nowhere to go, we’d hole up in empty buildings and dream together. Of a small apartment with a dozen cats. I could do administrative work and Leah could find a waitressing job, and at the end of the day, it would be the two of us together, and we’d be happy.

* I don’t think anyone will hire two girls who set fire to a building with people in it.

I don’t know what the world holds.

But I reach for Leah’s hand, and we cling to each other, and I don’t tell her how afraid I am. Hope is structured. We have a ^{REHAB FACILITY} roof over our head and food to eat every day. Our teacher doesn’t shout at Leah when she can’t keep up with reading, doesn’t shout at me when I don’t speak up in class. It may be cruel, but the world is cruel too.

We sit until Hunter comes to fetch us. He sees us holding hands and smiles at Leah. “You’re good to her,” he says.

She frowns a little. “We’re good to each other.”

He smirks. “Of course. We’ll have to keep moving.”

Once he turns his back, I make a disgusted sound, deep in my throat, and sign viciously, “I hate him.”

“Hush, you.” Leah smacks at my hands, but

Even in the little while since we sat down I
It’s well past midnight. Well past any sort of
when we follow the dirt road out of here. O
Hope. Another owl hoots in the distance, and
like a rat or a possum.

I kick at some fallen leaves. “Do you think too?” Tonight, tomorrow, whenever. If for s



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BASHED HEAD, STOLEN FOOD, BROKE NOSE
FOOD SEX ASSAULT

and I don't know how much we have left now. I'm running lists of the dead and the dying. I'm the person Isaiah comes to when the internet is gone again or when all he can find is news reports about rising death tolls and civil unrest and overflowing hospitals and mass graves.

We have to track Josie down. We need the food because we have enough to get by but not for long. We need to make sure nothing like this happens again. We need to make sure everyone survives.

Sofia kneels in the grass and runs her fingers over the dirt. She picks up something and smashes it between her forefinger and thumb.

I scan the countryside and try to figure out where Josie is. Toward the hills or the woods? Somewhere she can't see the weather? Sofia and I will have to check our traps too, anyway.

"Are you certain you want to do this?" Sofia looks at me with an unreadable expression on her face.

I let my rage burn hotter and brighter. "Yes, I'm sure."

"We could let her have this," she suggests. "It's only a few loaves of bread, and in the end, it isn't going to make a difference."

"But what if she comes back?" I demand. "It isn't just about the bread. It's about the food that got destroyed. It's about the fact that she nearly suffocated Logan. She broke Emerson's arm and bashed their head in."

She took our food and the one person brave enough to care for our dead. She might as well have taken everything.

It's about Josie attacking people I'm meant to protect.

847 / If I think about it too hard, the fire that burns inside me is the same I felt when I pulled Ian off that girl in school. I saw her struggling. I realized he held one hand over her mouth and had the other pushed down her pants. I saw that she was hurting. And I hit him until my fists were sore. I kept punching and kept punching. I broke his nose. And his arm. My anger is a

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PORN!

Emerson's story is, unfortunately, that of too many young trans and nonbinary people. If you're a trans, nonbinary, or questioning reader and you're in need of support, please consider reaching out to the **Trans Lifeline**, a trans-led organization that connects trans people to the community, support, and resources they need to survive and thrive.

United States (877) 565-8860

Canada (877) 330-6366

translifeline.org

OceanofPDF.com

LINKS
TO
MISINFORMATION

W/ ANTI-POLICE
SENTIMENT

MAKING THIS WEBSITE
AVAILABLE TO STUDENTS
IS AN ENDORSEMENT

HAVE YOU VETTED EVERY LINK ON
THIS WEBSITE = NO!

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* MISERABLE
RUBBISH

SOCIAL JUSTICE AGENDA CRT, SEL

Author's Note

The fictional Hope Juvenile Treatment Center is set near the equally fictional town of Sam's Throne. The details and makeup of the Hope Center, however, are as real and representative as I could make them. That includes the overwhelming racial inequalities in the juvenile justice system, the lack of support for disabled youth, and—though exaggerated for the purposes of this story—the way people in the justice system are often left forgotten in the wake of a pandemic. Mass incarceration is a human rights disaster, and criminal reform is sorely needed. — *

In spite of those overwhelming racial inequalities, I chose to make all three of the main characters in this book white. I did so because I do not want to take away space from a writer of color. And because I don't believe the experience of teens of color in the U.S. criminal justice system is my story to tell.

So instead, I'd love to point you to other spectacular books. If you wish to continue reading about teens interacting with the criminal justice system, these YA titles are a fantastic place to start: — NO! = AWFUL BOOKS!

- *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers - INFORMAL CHALLENGE DISMISSED 8/1/22
NEW CHALLENGE PENDING
- *Dear Martin* and *Dear Justyce* by Nic Stone - APPEAL PENDING
- *Allegedly* by Tiffany D. Jackson - PENDING
- *This Is My America* by Kim Johnson - INFORMAL CHALLENGE DISMISSED 8/1/22
NEW PENDING
- *Punching the Air* by Ibi Zoboi and Yusef Salaam (based on a true story) - APPEAL PENDING

If you would like to know more about the history of mass incarceration, Michelle Alexander's *The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of*

↑ NOT FOUND IN CCSD

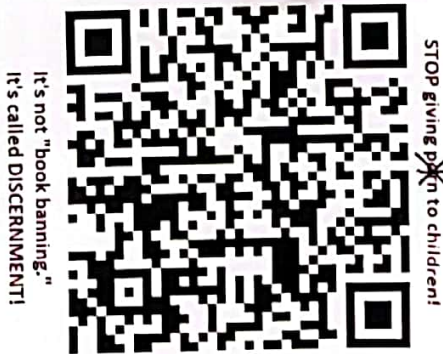
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Colorblindness is a necessary read.

In addition to the titles above, if you wish to keep educating yourself, I would also recommend:

- *Just Mercy: A True Story of the Fight for Justice* by Bryan Stevenson
← THIS ONE IS OKAY - I READ IT
- *Teen Incarceration: From Cell Bars to Ankle Bracelets* by Patrick Jones
- CHALLENGE TBD
- *Free Cyntoia: My Search for Redemption in the American Prison System* by Cyntoia Brown-Long
- NOT IN CCSD

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* MISERABLE
RUBBISH



PORN!

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