

SECTION 4
LIBRARY MATERIALS – SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIALS

Library Response: *There are books in the Library that could be considered sexually explicit in nature. One such book is "It's Perfectly Normal" by Robie H. Harris. This book is allegedly based on puberty and changing bodies while encompassing sex education. The Library has never placed sex education books on display. The second book referenced in the December meeting is "Lawn Boy" by Jonathan Evison. This book is an adult title and is only shelved in the adult section on the second floor. There happens to be another book by the same title contained in the Juvenile Fiction b Gary Paulsen, but this is a book about a 12-year-old boy who received a lawn mower from his grandparents. The third book referenced in the December meeting is "All Boys Aren't Blue" by George M. Johnson. This book is in the Young Adult Section. According to Library staff, the Library has never placed sex education books on display.*

GAWTP RESPONSE:

*There are books in the Library that **are** sexually explicit in nature, not "could be considered" as in the Library's response.* There is nothing 'alleged' about sexually explicit material in "it's Perfectly Normal." We have a copy, there are many reviews available, and it was specifically brought up in the December 8, 2021, Library Board Meeting. This book goes far, and graphically, beyond the Librarian's claim of mere 'puberty and changing bodies.'

The Library and its staff should NOT offer sexually explicit, graphic, and wrongful ideology to minors. Providing sexually graphic, explicit books to minors would be a criminal offense if an adult provided them to a child outside the library.

Moreover, the library policies currently state that purely pornographic material will not be purchased.

Section IV, 5.5

Purely pornographic works, as defined by local, state, and federal law, will not be purchased; however, serious fiction, poetry, drama and other nonfiction works will not be excluded simply because of coarse language or frankness of treatment.

Based on the several attachments included in this section it is abundantly clear that the Tyler Library is in violation of both legal and Tyler City Policies and formal notices to staff are warranted.

Additionally, mislabeling minors as 'Young Adults' subtly insinuates that children are nearing adulthood. **This is a common tactic used by those seeking to justify exposing 13-year-olds access to graphic, sexual pictures, and content.** The legal definition of 'minors' in Texas is people under the age of 18. Minors are not 'Young Adults,' they are children. 'Young Adults' are people in their 20s (i.e., people who are over the legal age of 18 yet are still considered to be young). **Just as minors cannot "consent" to sexual activity, they cannot "consent" to having their minds raped by obscene material.**

In the **December 8th** Library Board Meeting citizens and patrons voiced alarm and revulsion at the sexually explicit and graphic books in the library. In the **January 26th** Library Board Meeting, concerned citizens again reiterated their opinions that taxpayers in Tyler do not want their tax dollars spent giving children access to explicit books in our library.

Providing information like this to the impressionable, developing mind of a minor is called indoctrination and grooming. It impresses on children that that sex - any kind of sex – is normal behavior, hence the title 'It's Perfectly Normal.'

Regarding the Library's statement '*According to Library staff, the Library has never placed sex education books on display.*' GAWTP does not have evidence that this statement is true.

However, there are definitely sexually explicit, pornographic, and obscene books that have been prominently displayed in the library. For example, *All Boys Aren't Blue* was prominently displayed in the Teen section on July 22, 2021, for an unknown period of time.

Attachments:

1. **Picture of "All Boys Aren't Blue" Displayed in Teen Section**
2. **All Boys Aren't Blue Book Excerpts**
3. **Kirkus Review of "It's Perfectly Normal"**
4. **Summary of Speech to Library Board by Craig Licciardi, Dec 8, 2021**
5. **Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal"**
6. **"Out of Darkness" book review**
7. **"A Court of Mist and Fury" book review & extracts**

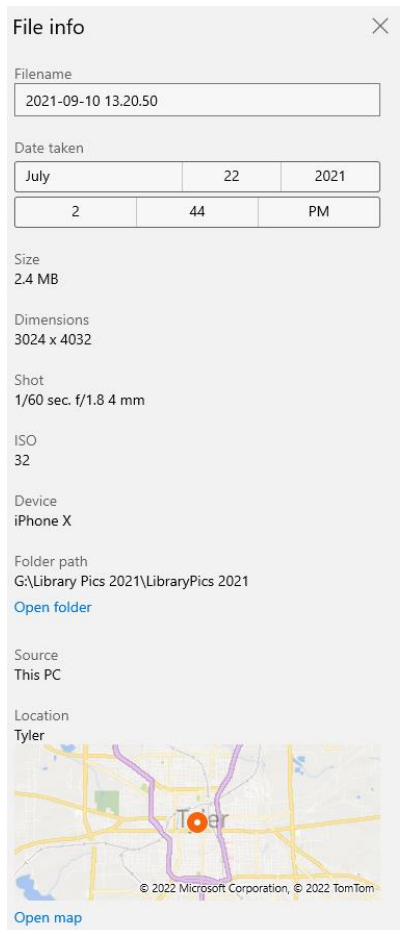
Requested Action:

1. Update the Collections Policy to ensure that taxpayer dollars are not spent on inappropriate obscene, pornographic materials that are **targeted toward minors**, regardless of where it is placed in the library.
2. Post lists of books being considered for purchase on the library's Facebook page and website at least 30 days prior to ordering for public comments.
3. Establish a process for pre- and/or post- book purchases and for book disputes to be regularly reported on in public city council forum for input on and resolution by our elected officials.
4. To reduce potential liability to the City of Tyler, conduct a full audit of the contents of the library to identify and remove inappropriate materials of a sexual nature in any area accessible to minors including the 'graphic novels' section on the second floor.

Section 4

Attachment 1

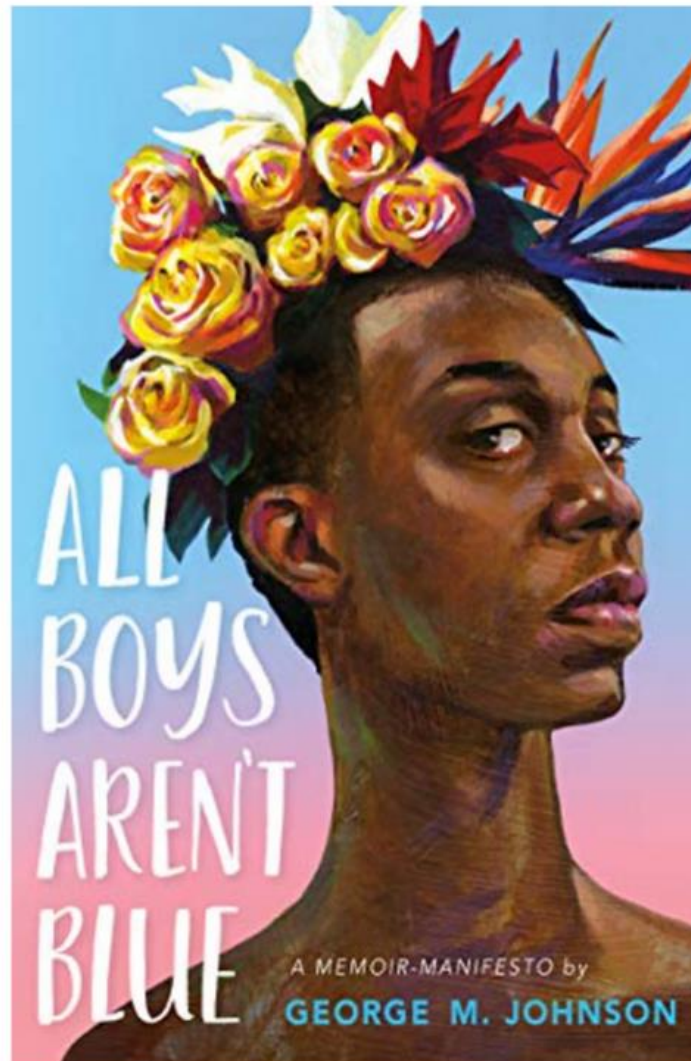
Picture of "*All Boys Aren't Blue*" Displayed in Teen Section



Section 4

Attachment 2

All Boys Aren't Blue Book Excerpts -1



Attachment 2, cont'd

All Boys Aren't Blue Book Excerpts - 2

I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan.

As we moved, I could tell he was excited—I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms. The years of suppressing my identity and not dating or kissing had all come down to this one magical night in an apartment on the outskirts of Richmond, Virginia. I didn't want to leave, and he didn't make me. I did.

Section 4

Attachment 2, cont'd

All Boys Aren't Blue Book Excerpts -3

completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him. There was moonlight coming through the shades of the dark room. Two Black boys under the glow of blue moonlight. How poetic, dare I say ironic?

Now, I was scared as hell. One, because I didn't know what I was doing and clearly, he did. Two, because it was still college, and my fear of word getting out that I was inexperienced or bad in bed would have been too big of a campus rumor. Let alone that I was having sex with men *and* a friend of someone in my chapter.

For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done.

Section 4

Attachment 2, cont'd

All Boys Aren't Blue Book Excerpts - 4

back in for more. As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this.

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.

There was so much excitement running through my body. This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that sex could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. His body felt great in my mouth.

I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got

Section 4 Attachment 3

Kirkus Review of "It's Perfectly Normal"

BY ROBIE H. HARRIS; ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL EMBERLEY · RELEASE DATE: MAY 18, 2021

A groundbreaking text gets updated.

Harris and Emberley's title has been a controversial staple of the sex-ed genre since its first edition in 1994. This iteration will look familiar in structure and language, and Emberley's spot illustrations throughout still show various bodies, often naked, sometimes engaging in discreetly covered sexual activity. In this outing, readers will find more information about the internet, an update on legal developments around abortion access, and more inclusive language around gender identity and sexuality. Of especial note are new illustrations highlighting same-sex relationships, both in and out of bed. As has been a feature since the beginning, a bee and a bird pipe up throughout; the bird is interested in everything about sexuality and puberty, and the bee expresses more discomfort and disinterest, mirroring how different readers might respond. While Harris continues to deliver accessible yet clinical messaging around the realities of puberty and the risks and rewards of sexual activity, this book falters significantly in its attempts to include intersex, trans, and nonbinary readers. It switches confusingly between "a pregnant person" and "pregnant women," acknowledges gender-neutral pronouns but resorts occasionally to "his or her," and labels bodies as "female" and "male" without referencing the limitations of or any reasoning behind that usage. The illustrations of human beings similarly fail to include any medically gender-transitioned bodies in an otherwise diverse array erroneously titled "All Kinds of Bodies."

Still a useful resource, but it doesn't meet the needs of many readers.
(index) (*Nonfiction. 10-14*)

Pub Date: May 18, 2021

ISBN: 978-1-5362-0720-0

Page Count: 128

Publisher: Candlewick

Review Posted Online: March 31, 2

[IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL | Kirkus Reviews](#)

Section 4

Attachment 4

Summary of Speech to Library Board by Craig Liccardi, Dec 8, 2021

Summary of Craig Liccardi Speech
Tyler Public Library Board Meeting
December 8, 2021

Craig Liccardi:

Craig opened by describing an incident from his childhood for which he was punished for bad behavior. It wasn't much more than mischievous behavior, but the point was that he knew better. However, he was just a child and decided to mimic something he saw another child doing. He noted that all children do dumb things simply because *they are kids*. They act things out that they see, they mimic others or are either bullied or shamed into doing things they shouldn't do.

He went on to say **that people who have a vested interest in subverting our traditional Judeo-Christian Values understand this characteristic of children. They intentionally produce materials that undermine the values of our society.** He further noted that we live in Tyler, Texas - not San Francisco or New York City. Tyler is a conservative community, and he believes the library should reflect our values.

Craig handed out graphic, explicit pictures of a book that is currently in the children's section called *It's Perfectly Normal*. He described inappropriate pictures and talked about topics that were written in the book. He also discussed another book in the children's section, *Boys aren't Blue*, which explicitly describes a man and child having oral sex with each other.

He received loud applause when he said the dozens of books like this that are in the Tyler Public Library should be removed.

Section 4

Attachment 5

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 1

The graphics in this book speak for themselves. This book is located on the lower shelves of the children's section and is easily accessible for any small child wandering the aisles. This book is hardly an example of simple sex education. This book is **targeted for 10-year-olds** and teaches children how to masturbate, shows pictures of children masturbating, shows pictures of a young man with an erect penis, genitalia and multiple pictures of adults having intercourse.

Further, Chapter 5 presents pictures that represent homosexuality and bisexuality as normal and healthy behaviors, including pictures of adults engaging in sexual behavior and conveniently leaving out the very low percentage of people who actually engage in this behavior versus normal sex. Providing this and other sexually graphic, explicit books to minors would be a criminal offense if an adult provided this information to a child outside the library.

This book states - ***to the 10-year-olds it targets*** – that '...many young people choose to wait to have sexual intercourse until they feel they are old enough and responsible enough to make healthy decisions about sex.' **This insinuates that a child will know when they are mature and that they will 'know' when they are 'old enough' or 'responsible enough' to make the life altering decision about when to begin having intercourse.**

Section 4

Attachment 5, cont'd

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 2

Sexual Intercourse

The dictionary tells us one more thing about sex. It says, 4: *Sexual intercourse.*

Sex also means sexual intercourse. Some people call sexual intercourse "having sex."



Sexual intercourse happens when a female and a male feel very sexy and very attracted to each other. They want to be very close to each other in a sexual way, so close that the male's penis goes inside the female's vagina. And the vagina stretches open in a way that fits around the penis.

When this happens, it is possible for a female and a male —

once their reproductive organs have grown up—to make a baby.



But most people don't have sexual intercourse only when they want to make a baby. Most often, they have sexual intercourse because it feels good.

People have sexual intercourse well into old age.

People also call sexual intercourse "making love" or "lovemaking" because it's a way of expressing love. But sexual intercourse is only one way of expressing love.

Hugging, cuddling, holding hands, kissing, and touching are other ways of expressing love. So is just being with someone you like a lot and telling that person, "I love you."



Section 4

Attachment 5, cont'd

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 3

good both outside and inside. It feels kind of tingly, kind of warm and nice. It feels sexy.

The Opening to the Urethra

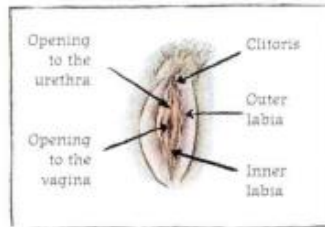
The opening to the urethra is quite small. The urethra is not one of the female's sex organs. It is a tube through which urine — liquid waste — leaves the body.

BODY FACT: Urine is liquid waste from the body, liquid left over from food and drink that is not used by the body. Urine is the only fluid that travels through a female's urethra.

The Opening to the Vagina

The vagina is a passageway between the uterus—a sex organ inside the female body—and the outside of the female body. The opening to the vagina is bigger than the opening to the urethra.

BODY FACT: A thin piece of skin, called the hymen, covers part of the opening to the vagina. While a girl is growing—or when she is very active while exercising or playing a sport, or sometimes when she first uses a tampon, or during the first time she has sexual intercourse—the hymen stretches and may tear a bit, and the opening becomes somewhat larger.



Vulva

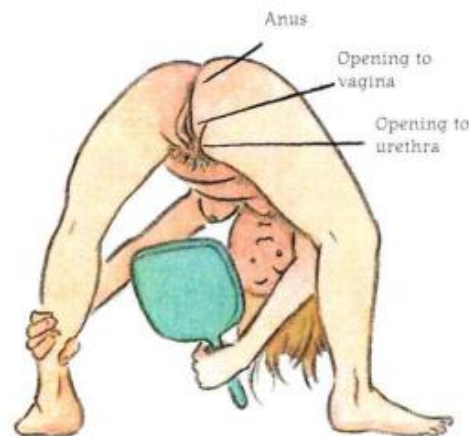


The Anus

The anus is a small opening through which feces — solid waste — leave a female's body.

BODY FACT: Solid waste is the solid material that is left over from food that is not used by the body. It leaves the female body in the same way that it leaves the male body. Solid waste is stored in the bowel before it leaves the body through the anus.

In all, from front to back, there are three openings between a female's legs: the opening to her urethra, the opening to her vagina, and her anus. If a girl or woman is curious about what these openings look like, she can hold a mirror between her legs and take a look.



Section 4

Attachment 5, cont'd

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 4

12

The Travels of the Sperm

Male Puberty

"Start making the male sex hormone testosterone!" is one of the messages a boy's brain sends out to his testicles during puberty. And the testicles do just that. They begin to produce testosterone, which causes the male body to grow and change in many new ways.

One of the most important things testosterone does is instruct the testicles to begin to make sperm—something the testicles have never done before.



Sperm are male sex cells. Unlike girls, boys do not start making sex cells until they reach puberty. Starting at puberty, however, the testicles make a phenomenal number of sperm—about one hundred million to three hundred million sperm per day. That's anywhere from about

one thousand to three thousand sperm every second.

The scrotum protects the testicles by keeping them at the right temperature to make sperm, not too cold and not too hot, just a few degrees below the body's temperature. If it is too cold, the scrotum pulls up the testicles closer to the body to keep them warm enough to make sperm. When a man or boy is swimming in cold water, he can often feel his scrotum tighten as it pulls up his testicles. If it is too hot, the scrotum hangs down loosely, away from the body, again keeping the testicles at just the right temperature to make sperm.

After sperm are produced, the sperm from the right testicle travel through the right epididymis, and the sperm from the left testicle travel through the left epididymis. As they travel, the sperm grow up enough to be able to fertilize—to unite with—a female's egg.

Sperm travel through the vas deferens and pass by the seminal vesicles. As sperm pass by, they mix with fluid from the seminal

vesicles and the prostate gland.

The mixture of sperm and fluid is now called semen. Semen is sticky, cloudy, and whitish. Chemicals in it keep the sperm healthy as they travel into the urethra, through it, and out the tip of the penis.

Sperm leave the male body when a male ejaculates semen. *To ejaculate means to suddenly release or to let go.* When a male ejaculates, his penis is usually erect.



Here's what happens inside a male's body when he has an erection: When his penis is not erect, blood trickles in and out of

Section 4

Attachment 5, cont'd

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 5

16

Perfectly Normal Masturbation

During puberty, when the sex hormones cause boys' and girls' sex organs to become more active, many kids begin to have even more pleasurable and excited feelings about their own bodies—and they may also be more attracted to and interested in other people's bodies.

These feelings are often called sexual feelings or "feeling sexy." Even though they are hard to describe, they are normal feelings. They happen at different times and in different ways for different kids.

Boys and girls, teenagers, and grown-ups too, experience sexy feelings when they masturbate. Masturbation is touching or rubbing any of your body's sex organs for pleasure—because it feels good. One everyday term for masturbating is "playing with yourself."



Some people think that masturbation is wrong or harmful. And some religions call masturbation a sin. But masturbating cannot hurt you. And it does not result in pregnancy or in getting or passing on infections that are spread by sexual contact. Many people masturbate. Many don't.

Whether you masturbate or not is your choice. Masturbating is perfectly normal.

When people masturbate, they usually rub their sex organs with their hands or with something soft, like a pillow. A girl often rubs her clitoris; a boy often rubs his penis. Both the clitoris and the penis are sensitive to touch.



Section 4

Attachment 5, cont'd

Illustrations from "It's Perfectly Normal" - 6



Sexual intercourse usually begins with two people touching, caressing, kissing, and hugging each other.

After a bit, the female's vagina becomes moist and slippery, her clitoris becomes hard, and the male's penis becomes erect, stiff, and larger. Sometimes a bit of clear fluid that may contain a few sperm comes out of the tip of the penis and makes it wet. The female and male begin to feel excited about each other.

It is now possible for the male's erect penis to go inside the female's vagina, which

stretches in a way that fits around the penis. The moisture from the vagina makes it easier for the penis to go in.

This kind of sexual intercourse is called "vaginal intercourse." It is also called "vaginal sex."

female and male may hug and kiss and touch each other even more as all of this is going on and feel more and more excited.

When these feelings come to a climax, semen is ejaculated from the penis and spurts into the vagina, and the muscles in the vagina and uterus tighten and finally relax. A small amount of fluid may come out of the vagina. This is called "having an orgasm."

A female and male may have orgasms at different times. And sometimes one person has an orgasm and the other doesn't. After an orgasm, most people feel relaxed, content, and sometimes even sleepy.



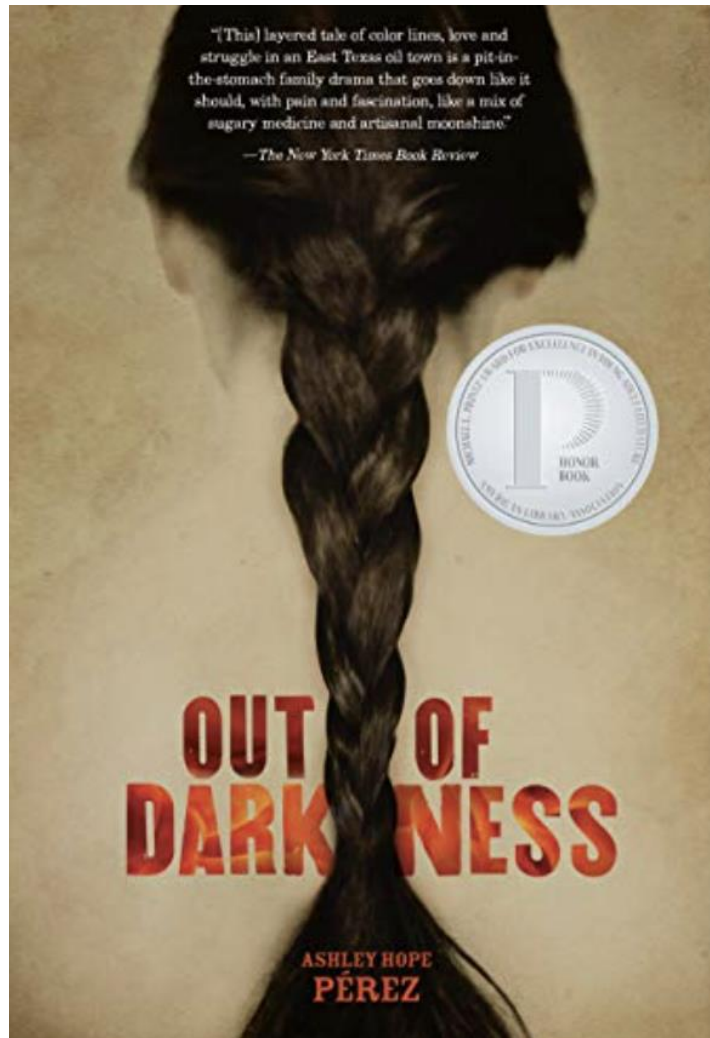
As the male and female move back and forth in rhythm, the movement of the penis inside the vagina soon feels very good. The

Every time a couple has vaginal intercourse it can result in a baby — unless the female is already pregnant.

Section 4

Attachment 6

"Out of Darkness" book review - 1



"Out Of Darkness"

By Ashley Hope Perez
Published by Carolrhoda Lab
Publication Date: September 2, 2015

Section 4

Attachment 6

"Out of Darkness" book review - 2

Word Counts

- nigger 23
- cunt 1
- dirty Mexican 3
- cornhole 1
- titties 1
- f*ck 2
- d*ck 2
- p*ssy 4
- a*s 1
- b*tch 1
- b*stard 5
- sex 1
- pregnant 4
- rape 2
- drunk 3
- beer 6
- shit 8
- damn 29
- Jesus 4 (in vain)
- God 13 (in vain)

Title Summary

New London, Texas, 1937. Naomi Vargas and Wash Fuller know about the lines in East Texas as well as anyone. They know the signs that mark them. They know the people who enforce them. But sometimes the attraction between two people is so powerful, it breaks through even the most entrenched color lines. And the consequences can be explosive.

Ashley Hope Pérez takes the facts of the 1937 New London school explosion, the worst school disaster in American history, as a backdrop for a riveting novel about segregation, love, family, and the forces that destroy people.

Main Character

Naomi, Beto, Henry

Section 4

Attachment 6

"Out of Darkness" book review - 3

Passage #1 from Out of Darkness

Chapter # or name

Pg 380-381

The rape scene (p. 380-381)

Beto tied Wash to the tree with shaking fingers. He was sobbing now. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" Henry said when Beto finished. He crossed to the tree and tested the knots one by one before turning his back to Wash. "Look at me, son," he said to Beto. "Now I'm going to show you another side of what it means to be a man. What do you do with a field you own? You plow it." He walked over to Naomi. "Lie down," he told her. "Don't do this, Henry." Naomi's lip trembled as she spoke. "Down," Henry ordered. She dropped to her knees. The clouds cleared then, and tears shone on her face. Beto wanted to run to her, but he couldn't move. **"Lie back. Open your legs. Stop crying.** Don't try to tell me this is the first time you've done this," Henry said. "Henry," she protested, "I haven't-I've never-" "You've lied enough already," he said. Then **he pushed her back until her head was on the ground.** "Beto, you come here. Watch. But don't try anything. I've got the gun right here." Beto looked long enough to see the revolver his father held near his sister's face. The shotgun lay on the far side of Naomi, out of reach.

Passage #2 from Out of Darkness

Chapter #

Pg 389

Graphic violence describing parts of a head being blown off and sticking to a tree trunk (p. 389)

"trigger, felt the gun lifting to his shoulder. "See? It's easy," Henry said. His Adam's apple bobbed against the skin of his neck. "I taught you this, son. Just fire." And it was easy Henry fell backward. A good part of his head was on the trunk of the tree behind where he had been standing. Beto had been aiming for Henry's heart, but he missed. He looked around at what had been his family. a Beto did not notice Jim Fuller's arrival. Did not register his presence until he pulled the shotgun away and tossed it in the direction of Henry's body. Jim crouched down beside Wash and Naomi and checked for a pulse. Beto vomited, took a step toward the bodies, then vomited again. He was still dry-heaving into the leaves, choking on his own sobs, when Jim turned around. Wash's father was dry-eyed and calm.

"Come with me, son," he said, taking Beto by the shoulders.

Section 4

Attachment 6

"Out of Darkness" book review - 4

Passage #3 from Out of Darkness

Chapter #

Pg 68

The graphic child molestation description on page 68 is literally CHILD pornography "Henry was staring right at her. He grinned. "You thought you fooled me, but I fooled you," he said. "I knew you were awake." He closed the door behind him and locked it. He had put locks on all the bedroom doors the week before. When Estella asked him why, he said simply, "It's how a house should be." She hadn't protested. Henry came to the side of her bed and pulled back the covers. Naomi sat up quickly and scrambled backward. "Shh," he said. He took one of her hands in his and squeezed it. "Come on over here." He pulled her to her feet, close to him. **He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening.** She had never seen one before except on a baby. This was different. **He lifted her hand to his mouth and licked it. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness. His hand moved hers.** His left hand gripped her shoulder, pressing her head tight against the hard, flat plane of his stomach. **She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her.** In the distance, she heard the train pass. **A moment later, the thing leaped. Henry's whole body shuddered, and a hot mess lay across her palm and between her fingers. Henry wiped himself quickly** with a handkerchief. Then, never letting go of her shoulder, he urged her toward the door. "Come on," he said once it was open. He walked her to the bathroom and then guided her hand to the sink. "There," he said, rinsing her hand and patting it dry. "All better." He walked back to his room like he had merely gone to get a glass of water. In the morning, when her mother asked her what was wrong, Naomi smiled a bright, false smile and said that it was nothing. Henry, sitting across from her at the table, raised his eyebrows at her over the top of his coffee cup and smiled. "She's a good girl, ain't she?" he said. **He winked at her** as if he were promising to keep her secret rather than commanding her to keep his.

Passage #4 from Out of Darkness

Chapter #

Pg 33

The gang rape planning (p. 33) full of sexually explicit slang:

"the girls had to admit that, prettier than any girl in school. Elliott Grovener whistled. Dot Miller hissed back, "Go on, catch yourself a disease." a Some of us could be jealous, and the greenest of all was Miranda Gibbler. None of us liked Miranda; all of us pretended to. She was ugly and had spite enough to poison the whole town. But what mattered was her daddy's money. "A Mexican is a Mexican is a Mexican," she said, plenty loud for the rest of us to hear. The girls among us

Section 4

Attachment 6

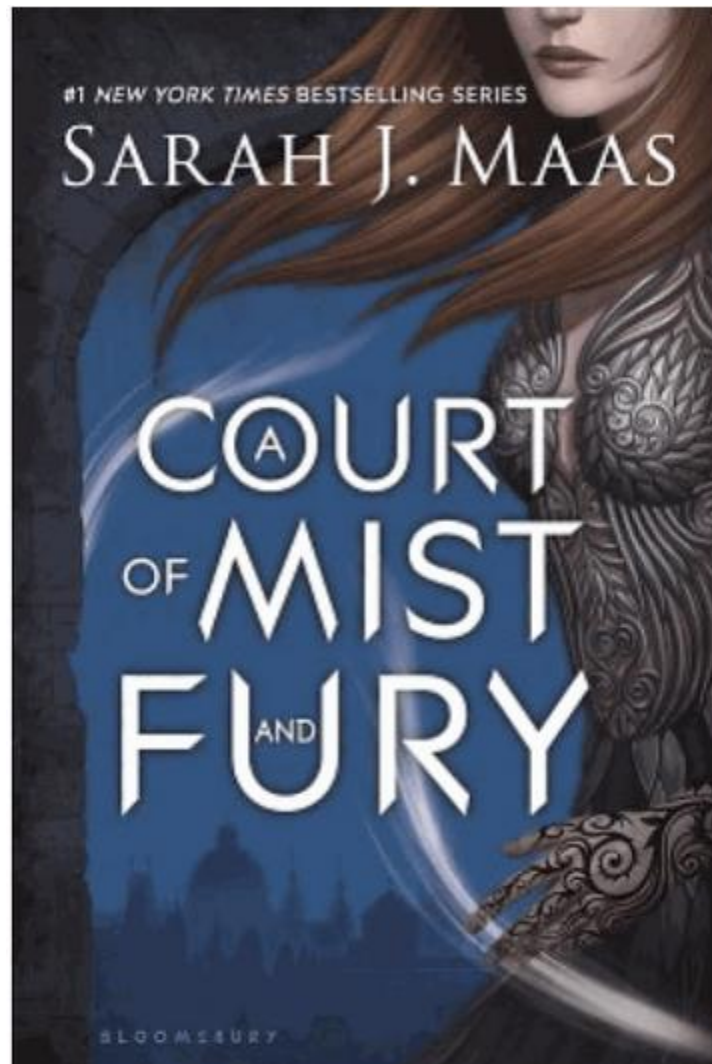
"Out of Darkness" book review - 5

followed Miranda's lead and began to tally flaws. Clothes from five years ago, a braid long out of style. Patch on the back hem of her dress. And also: how come her name is Smith when Smith isn't Mexican? Look at her, making eyes at Fred Carter, not wasting any time. The boys among us had no trouble getting past the plain clothes and laying down plans. Take her out back, we boys figured, then: **hand on the titties; put it in her coin box; put it in her cornhole; grab a hold of that braid; rub that calico.** The nicer boys among us thought, buy her ice cream first; dance with her once or twice? "Looking for the cigar factory?" Miranda said when the Mexican girl her way to the one empty seat at the front of the room. Miranda raised her eyebrows at Vanessa and Gladys and Betty Lee. They laughed. Some of us joined in. Most of us couldn't see the Mexican girl's face from where we sat. Still we wondered, could Mexicans blush? walked past on"

Section 4

Attachment 7

“A Court of Mist and Fury” book review & extracts - 1



“Court of Mist and Fury”

By Sarah J. Maas
Published by XXXXXXXXXX
Publication Date: XXXXXXXX, 20XX

Section 4

Attachment 7

"A Court of Mist and Fury" book review & extracts - 2

Word Counts

12 f*ck
17 a*s
2 b*tch
40 b*stard
18 sh*t (shitty, bullshit)
2 God (in vain)
41 damn
12 sex (sexy)
2 pregnant
15 whore
5 dominance
37 breast
7 nipple
20 naked
13 pissed
2 virginity
7 drunk
45 wine
4 climax
3 cock

Title Summary

Feyre survived Amarantha's clutches to return to the Spring Court - but at a steep cost. Though she now has the powers of the High Fae, her heart remains human, and it can't forget the terrible deeds she performed to save Tamlin's people. Nor has Feyre forgotten her bargain with Rhysand, High Lord of the feared Night Court.

As Feyre navigates its dark web of politics, passion, and dazzling power, a greater evil looms - and she might be key to stopping it. But only if she can harness her harrowing gifts, heal her fractured soul, and decide how she wishes to shape her future - and the future of a world cleaved in two.

With more than a million copies sold of her beloved Throne of Glass series, Sarah J. Maas' masterful storytelling brings this second book in her seductive and action-packed series to new heights.

Section 4

Attachment 7

"A Court of Mist and Fury" book review & extracts - 3

Main Character

Feyre

Sub Characters

Tamlin, Rhys

Passage #1 from Court of Mist and Fury

Chapter

Pg 21

He emerged from the bathing room, slinging off his tunic and shirt, and I propped myself on my elbows to watch as he paused at the edge of the bed. My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that **unfastened his pants**. Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he **removed his pants**, along with his undergarments, **revealing the proud, thick length of him**. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then --- Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already **naked** body, and he hissed. His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him. He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach. His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me. I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—**one going to cup horny rear**, the other sliding between us. This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies. His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as **he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching**. 'Feyre, he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any lanthe had offered up to the Cauldron on that dark solstice morning. His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger. I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. **His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered**. My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly. He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my **breast**, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my **nipple** before I was clawing at his back, before **I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them**. This—I needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. **He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple**. I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke. For a moment,

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I was nothing, no one. Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as **he pulled out a few inches**, the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and **then slammed back into me. Again and again. I broke and broke against him as he moved**, as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength. For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room. I frowned as he withdrew at last—but he didn't go far. He stretched out on his side, head propped on a fist, and traced idle circles on my stomach, along my **breasts**. "I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured. "It's fine," I breathed. "I understand. Not a lie, but not quite true. His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "You are—you're everything to me," he said thickly. "I need ... I need you to be all right. To know they can't get to you—can't hurt you anymore." I know." Those fingers drifted lower. I swallowed hard and said again, "I know." I brushed his hair back from his face. "But what about you? Who gets to keep you safe?" His mouth tightened. With his powers returned, he didn't need anyone to protect him, shield him. I could almost see invisible hackles raising—not at me, but at the thought of what he 'd been mere months ago: prone to Amarantha's whims, his power barely a trickle compared to the cascade now coursing through him. He took a steadying breath, and leaned to kiss my heart, right between my **breasts**. It was answer enough. "Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command. "What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, **sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth**. Hmm?" he said, and the **rumble against my nipple made me writhe**. Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title? He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" Before I could answer, he **nipped at my breast**, then licked over the small hurt— **licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs**. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers— I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady. His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the **wetness between my thighs, both from me and him**. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. **He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth**, and— What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?" The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... **He kissed the inside of my thigh**. "High Lords only take wives. Consorts. There has never been a High Lady. But Lucien's mother --- She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the spring court. They will address you as they address her. They will respect you as they respect her." He lowered his gaze back to what was

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inches away from his mouth. "So Lucien's --- I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, and lowered his mouth to me. At the first stroke of his tongue, I stopped arguing.

Passage #2 from Court of Mist and Fury

Chapter

Pg 184

I tumbled into a- sleep so -heavy. my dreams were an undertow dragged me down, down, down until I couldn't escape them. I lay **naked** and prone on a familiar red marble floor while slid a knife along my bare ribs, the steel scraping softly against my skin. "Lying, traitorous human," she purred, "with your filthy, lying heart." The knife scratched, a cool caress. I struggled to get up, but my body wouldn't work. She **pressed a kiss** to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me." She curved the knife over my **breast**, angling it toward my peaked **nipple**, as if she could see the heart beating beneath. I started sobbing. "Don't waste your tears. Someone far away was roaring my name; begging for me. "I'm going to make eternity a hell for you," she promised, the tip of the dagger piercing the sensitive flesh beneath my **breast**, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed—

Passage #3 from Court of Mist and Fury

Chapter

Pg 472

But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you. He **slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving clean under my shirt**. Skin to skin, the calluses of **his hands made me groan as they scraped the top of my breast and circled around my peaked nipple**. "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my other breast. "You have no idea how much I love these." I groaned as he caressed a knuckle against my **nipple**, and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. He was hard as granite behind me, and I ground against him, eliciting a soft, wicked hiss from him. "Stop that," he snarled onto my skin. "You'll ruin my fun." I would do no such thing. I began twisting, reaching for him, needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for my hand to even slide in. "I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it. "Just— let me touch you." **He palmed my breast** for emphasis. It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach. I can't breathe when I look at you. Let me touch you. Because I was jealous, and pissed off She's mine. I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he 'd given me. Rhys slid his finger along the band of my pants again, a cat playing with its dinner. Again. Again. Please," I managed to say. He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. His hand at last trailed **beneath my pants**. The first brush of him against

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me dragged a groan from deep in my throat. He snarled in satisfaction at the **wetness he found waiting for him** and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but never quite— His other hand gently squeezed my **breast** at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I **buked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked**— I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "**Like that?**" A moan was my only reply. More more more. His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his fingers poised there like he had all the time in the world. **Bastard.** "Please," I said again, and ground my **ass** against him for emphasis. He hissed at the contact and slid a finger inside me. He swore. Feyre----- But I'd already started to move on him, and he swore again in a long exhale. His lips pressed into my neck, kissing up, up toward my ear. **I let out a moan so loud it drowned out the rain as he slid in a second finger, filling me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe.** "**That's it,**" he murmured, his lips tracing my ear. I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could, and found him staring at me, at the **hand down the front of my pants**, watching me move on him. He was still staring at me when I captured his mouth with my own, biting on his lower lip. Rhys groaned, plunging his fingers in deeper. Harder. I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd been as I yielded fully to him, opening my mouth. His tongue swept in, moving in a way that I knew exactly what he'd do if he got between my legs. His fingers plunged in and out, slow and hard, and my very existence narrowed to the feel of them, to the tightness in me ratcheting up with every deep stroke, every echoing thrust of his tongue in my mouth. You have no idea how much 1—" He cut himself off, and groaned again. Feyre. The sound of my name on his lips was my undoing. **Release barreled down my spine**, and I cried out, only to have his lips cover mine, as if he could devour the sound. His tongue flicked the roof of my mouth while I shuddered around him, clenching tight. He swore again, breathing hard, **fingers stroking me through the last throes of it, until I was limp and trembling in his arms.** I couldn't breathe hard enough, fast enough, as Rhys withdrew his fingers, pulling back so I could meet his stare. He said, "I wanted to do that when I felt how drenched you were at the Court of Nightmares. I wanted to have you right there in the middle of everyone. But mostly I just wanted to do this." His eyes held mine as he brought those fingers to his mouth and **sucked on them.** On the taste of me. I was going to eat him alive. I slid a hand up to his chest to pin him down, but he gripped my wrist. "When you lick me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you lick me, Feyre," he said, pressing nipping kisses to my jaw, my neck, "I'm going to let myself roar loud enough to bring down a mountain. I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you, he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, **"I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast."** I whimpered. **I've had a long, long time to think about how and where I want you,**" Rhys said onto the skin of my neck, **his fingers sliding under the band of my pants**, but stopping just beneath. Their home for the evening. I have no intention of doing it all in one night. Or in a room where **I can't even fuck you against the wall.**

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Passage #4 from Court of Mist and Fury

Chapter

Pg 530

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth. The sound snapped whatever leash he'd had on himself, and Rhysand scooped me up in a smooth movement before laying me flat on the table—amongst and on top of all the paints. He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped my legs around his back, hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my **breasts**. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion. Rhys pulled back to survey me, **my body naked from the waist up**. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his **mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple**. I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that **hand and traced a circle around my breast**, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said. I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, **his mouth my other breast**. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him. There was paint all over my hands, my arms, but I didn't care as I grabbed at his clothes. He shifted enough to **let me remove them**, weapons and leather thudding to the ground, **revealing that beautiful tattooed body**, the powerful muscles and wings now peeking above them. My mate—my mate. His mouth crashed into mine, his bare skin so warm against my own, and I gripped his face, smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, until great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands found my waist, and I bucked my hips off the table to help him remove my socks, my leggings. Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into a gasp as he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, hooked my legs over his shoulders to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me. Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow for no one and nothing But his mate. His equal. The first lick of Rhysand 's tongue set me on fire. I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast. He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely. A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, **pumping inside me as he as he sucked**, his teeth scraping ever so slightly--- **I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me**, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving. "Rhys," I rasped. Now. I wanted him now. But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor. He looked me over, naked, covered in paint, his own face and body smeared with it, and give me a slow, satisfied male smile. "You're mine, he

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sarled, and hefted me up into his arms. I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. **Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free.** My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I **wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me,** wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together. **He didn't say anything as he came over me,** wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield only for me. And I wanted to touch him. I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, **and I watched his cock twitch.** Play later," he ground out. Indeed. His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my legs around his back, careful of the wings. Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. "Play later," I snarled into his mouth. Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in. And in. And in. I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. **He stilled inside me,** letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured. I knew what he meant. You're mine," I breathed. **Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow.** "You're mine," I gasped out. Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimmable ray of light. With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. "You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings. My friend through many dangers. My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul. My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds. I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. **Every inch of me burned and tightened,** and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." **Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure** until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end. We were a song that had been sung from the very first ember of light in the world. Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt. Outside, the mountains trembled, the remaining snow rushing from them in a cascade of glittering white, only to be swallowed up by the waiting night below. Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths.

Passage #5 from Court of Mist and Fury

Chapter

Pg 538

I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the Hash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, "Illyrian baby," and ran my hands down his muscled abdomen—farther. He stopped objecting. He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed,

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cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again. He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him. Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting. **Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him.** He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, **even as I took him deeper into my mouth.** His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue Over him' grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood. Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me. Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did. One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, **his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading me as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke.** I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets. Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, eternity exploding around me in that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him. Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and kissed the length of my spine. I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I climaxed with his name on my lips. Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and **I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again,** his lips on my neck, on my ear. I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him. **He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him.** There was a glimmer in the darkness—a flash of lingering pain, a scar. And I understood why he wanted me like this, wanted to end it like this, with me astride him. It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly. As our mouths met, I slid onto him, the fit so much deeper, and he murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and again, and rode him gently. Later— there would be other times to go hard and fast. But right now ... I wouldn't think of why this position was one he wanted to end in, to have me banish the stained dark with the light. But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow. So I sat up, hands braced on his broad chest, and unleashed that light in me, letting it drive out the darkness of what had been done to him, my mate, my friend. Rhys barked my name, thrusting his hips up. Stars wheeled as he slammed deep. I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own vision fractured as release barreled into me again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he spilled himself in me. When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us. He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'Il have to find a way to put a damper on that light. I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough. Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're pissed. And since I have every intention of making you as happy as a person can be have a feeling we 'Il need to learn

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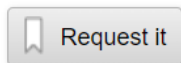
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to control that wondrous glow. Always thinking; always calculating. Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you. I remember mention of a wall. His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, **I'll fuck you against the wall.**" Hard enough to make the pictures fall off. Rhys barked a laugh. "**Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth.**" **I obliged him.**

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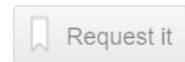


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