

## Clay County District Schools Request for Reconsideration or Review of Instructional Materials

This form must be completed by any individual to request reconsideration, view, or challenge the use of a specific Instructional Material. The completed form must be returned to the School Principal.

Name of individual requesting review [Becky Murphy, Principal Ridgeview High School](#)

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Check as applicable:

I represent a special interest group named \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\* I already have a copy of the material I will review the material on-site

Type of Instructional Material:

Textbook [Novel](#) Audio visual (tape, DVD, etc.)

Workbook Symbol Other: \_\_\_\_\_

School [Ridgeview High School](#) Grade Level [9th-12th](#) Subject [Memoir of Becoming Oneself](#)

Title [All Boys Aren't Blue: A Memoir-Manifesto](#)

Author, Editor, or Director [George M. Johnson](#)

1. What is your interest or reason for this request? [The book was brought to my attention for the graphic sexual depictions in the novel. After first reading excerpts from the book, I purchased the novel to read in its entirety. I believe the descriptive nature of the sexual activity in the book does go against the wording of the current State Statutes, specifically 1006.28 section D which refers to 847.012 #5 and 847.001 \(definitions\).](#)

2. To which specific pages or scenes do you object? (Include language and attach an additional sheet if necessary.) [Chapter 15 - Losing My Virginity Twice and Chapter 11 - Boys Will Be Boys - please see attachments on next page for the exact language from the text. Based on the current wording of the State Statutes \(1006.28 section D which refers to 847.012 #5 and 847.001 definitions\), I believe these passages meet the intent of the language for material prohibited.](#)

3. What do you believe might be the result of a student using this material? [I believe that based on the graphic nature of the sexual descriptions in the novel and based on the current Florida State Statutes, the book does not qualify as appropriate material for schools.](#)

4. For what age group would you recommend this material? [I would recommend the book for mature audiences.](#)

5. Is there anything good in this material? [The book in itself is a coming of age story for a black homosexual male. The objection to the memoir is that based on State Statutes, the explicit sexual descriptions are not appropriate for minors in a public school library.](#)

6. If you can recommend another instructional material in the same format covering the same subject or Information, please list the title, author, publisher, and ISBN#:

[Black Flamingo by Dean Atta, 978444948608](#)

Signature of Complainant Date Signature of School Principal Date  
*Procedures are documented in the Procedures Manual for Instructional Resources.*

## Chapter 15 - Image 1

Eventually, he came up for air and said, "You're a really good kisser." I was shocked, seeing as it was my first time, but I was also too excited to care and went 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.

## Chapter 15 - Image 2

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 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.

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.

## Chapter 15 - Image 3

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, however, get up to make a phone call to one of my line brothers. I left him a voicemail saying that I had finally had sex.

I then went back into his bedroom and climbed under the sheets. We both lay naked in each other's arms that night. For him, I was just a conquest of a cute frat boy on campus. For me, I was finally on my journey of sexual exploration and couldn't wait to do it again.

He and I had sex a second time two weeks later, before school let out for the summer. He went home, and I stayed in Richmond. That entire summer, however, I didn't do it again. I had several sexual encounters that involved mutual masturbation and kissing and fooling around, but I just couldn't bring myself to have penetrative sex again.

I was hesitant because I still had a lot of questions. As much as I enjoyed being on top, I wasn't sure if I always wanted to be the dominant person in the bedroom. I was still a novice at sex, and even more at gay culture and sexual positions. I wasn't sure if because I



## Chapter 15 - Image 4

I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't. As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least played up as such on the cameras.

Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.

I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. But it was painful for sure. In those few minutes though, I can say that he was gentle. His aim wasn't to hurt me, and my aim was for him to be pleased, too. He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. I was in a state of shock. I just wanted to get back home.

That next morning, me and my line brothers were planning to travel to Jersey for my birthday and I had to drive. But, I was in pain. I told them what I had done and before getting on the road, they picked up some Tylenol for me and explained, "It will take some time to get used to it." They were proud, though. I had earned another gay badge of honor like it was the Boy Scouts or something.

I was in pain for nearly three weeks following that encounter and too afraid to go to the doctor for help because I would have had to tell them I had been having anal sex. So, like most other trauma in my life, I sucked it up and dealt with the pain until my body healed. I didn't have sex for several months following that encounter.

But after a while, I got the courage to try it again, but this time I went into it much more prepared. With each time, I learned more about my body and the power to say, "No, that hurts." Sex should be

## Chapter 11 - Image 1

You then told me to get up and be very quiet—that we were going to go downstairs for a few minutes. I was nervous, and you could tell. You kept saying, “Matt, it’s fine. Trust me. You know I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you.” Up until this point, you *hadn’t* done anything to hurt me and were, in fact, one of my closer cousins. I adored you. I knew you would fight anyone who tried to cross me. You were well known for your fighting prowess because people would often call you gay, too, despite dating girls all your life.

I finally got up from the bed and you soon followed. We both quietly headed down the steps to my basement. Now, the basement wasn’t like a cellar. It was a fully finished and renovated area with a big screen TV, couches, and a full bar. It was known as the rec room, where my family would host parties and gatherings.

You put the TV on, not too loudly but enough so that we could hear it. You turned it to BET, where they would play music videos from midnight to six a.m. It was about three a.m. when we both sat down on the couch to watch. I was silent, still nervous. I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity.

We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by about a good foot. You told me to take off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, “Taste it.” At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, “Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what boys like us do when we like each other.” I finally listened to you.

The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That’s

## Chapter 11 - Image 2

when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to learn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also a euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.

After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me—back and forth, back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background.

Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor.

You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing. You turned on the light and closed the door. You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes.

Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me. I was very unaware of what sex involved at the time—primarily because I stayed away from it. I knew I didn't like girls that way, and the first thing folks would ask you if you inquired about sex was whether "you were fucking or not." And I wasn't. We also had the bare minimum of sex education in school, so I was unaware of a lot of things.