



## Taylor Public Library Advisory Board Agenda

September 26, 2023, 6:30 pm in the Library Meeting Room

1. Call to order and declare a quorum:

2. Citizen Communication:

The Library Advisory Board welcomes public comments on items not listed on the Agenda. However, the Library Advisory Board cannot respond until the item is posted on a future meeting agenda. Public comments are limited to 3 minutes.)

3. Minutes of the August 8, 2023 Library Advisory Board Meeting.

4. New Business:

Recommendation for benchmarking methodology related to reconsideration of materials requests.

5. Library Reports:

- Library Advisory Board presentation by Board Chair at City Council Meeting
- New staff and continued hiring.
- Upcoming Programming:
  - Job applications: Application Navigation for Job Seekers 10/5/2023 at 6 pm
  - Meditation with Mr. Jim: 10/3 at 6:00 pm & 10/17 at 6:00 pm
  - Chair Yoga 10/12 and 10/26 at 9:30 am in the Meeting Room
  - Job Interviewing Workshop 10/19 at 6:00 pm
  - Puzzle Swap on Saturday 10/7, from 1:00 pm to 3:00 pm
  - No Carve Pumpkin Contest, taking submission 10/9.
  - 2023 Annular Solar Eclipse 10/14: 10 am – 12 noon.
  - Sewing Saturday 10/21 from 1:30 pm to 3:30 pm: Scrappy Little Wallets.
  - Spooktacular Costume Contest: 10/31 at 6 pm, Heritage Square. The Library will close at 2:00 pm to set up the contest.

6. Old Business:

Set next meeting & adjourn. (Oct.10 at 6:30 pm in the Library Meeting Room)

The Board reserves the right to retire into executive session concerning any of the items listed on this Agenda, whenever it is considered necessary and legally justified under the Open Meetings Act including Section 551.071 (Consult with attorney);

The Library Board may vote/and or act upon each of the items listed in this agenda. I certify the notice of meeting was posted at the Taylor Public Library on the preceding Friday before 5:00 p.m. and remained posted for at least 72 continuous hours proceeding the scheduled time of said meeting.



## **Taylor Public Library Advisory Board Minutes August 8th, 2023 6:30 pm in Library Meeting Room**

In attendance: Karen Ellis, Sheon Corley, Sharon Naivar, Vickie Thornton, John Kaatz, Maria Newman, B.J. Burrow and City Attorney Mark Schroeder. Excused absence: Brandi Lujano

- 6:00 pm -- Doors open to citizens to sign up for Citizen Communication slots
- 6:25 pm -- Sheon Corley announces that the meeting will be starting in five minutes, last call for signing up for Citizen Communication
- 6:32 pm -- Sheon Corley calls meeting to order and quorum declared
- 6:36 pm -- Citizen's Communication. During Citizen's Communication, Police Officers have to escort a man causing disruption out of the meeting.
- 7:56 pm -- Citizen's Communication ends.
- 7:57 pm -- B.J. Burrow motions to accept previous Meeting Minutes. Sharon Naivar seconds. Motion passes.
- 7:58 pm -- Karen Ellis presents Library Reports, Monthly Reports, and Summer Reading Program recap
- 8:00 pm -- New Business
- 8:14 pm -- B.J. Burrow motions that the book "Gender Queer" stays in the Young Adult section. Motion fails.
- 8:15 pm -- B.J. Burrow motions that the book "Gender Queer" be moved to the Adult Section. Vickie Thornton Seconds. Motion passes
- 8:17 pm -- Meeting adjourned

18 List	Current Taylor Public Library	Round Rock Public Library	Cedar Park Public Library	Pflugerville Public Library	Wells Branch	Georgetown Public Library	Austin Public Library	Hutto Public Library	Leander Public Library
All Boys Aren't Blue, George Johnson	YA B92 Johnson Joh	Young Adult - Nonfiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA biography	Teen Space YA 603.76 JOH	Teen Biography — YA B JOHNSON	no holdings	Teen Area Y 21 JO	In processing, not on shelf yet.	Young Adult Biography: B JOHNSON
Let's Talk About It, Erika Moen	YA nonfiction: YA306.7 MOE	No Holdings	YA nonfiction	Teen Space — GN 306.7 MOEN	Teen Nonfiction — YA 306.7 MOE	1st Floor Teen Area — YGNF 306.7 MOEN	Teen Area GN Y MOEN	e-book only	no holdings
Flamer, Mike Curato	GN YAF CUR	Young Adult - Graphic Novels (2nd floor Teen Area)	Young Graphic Novel	Teen Space — YAGN CURA	Only ebook	1st Floor Teen Area — YGF CURA	Teen Area GN Y CURA	Young Adult Graphic Novel — YA CUR GN	Young Adult Graphic F - YA-GRAF CUR
The Poet X, Elizabeth Acevedo	YAF ACE (Fiction)	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	World Languages, Spanish	Teen Space — YA ACEV	Only ebook	1st Floor Teen Area — YF ACEV	Teen Area Y FIC ACEV	Young Adult Fiction — YA ACE	Young Adult Fiction - YA F ACE
A Court of Mist and Fury, Sarah J. Maas	YAF MAA (Fiction)	Adult Science Fiction & Fantasy (3rd floor)	Adult Fiction	Teen Space — YA MAAS COURT V.2	Teen Fiction — YA FIC MAA	2nd Floor — F MAAS	Fiction Books for Adults	Adult Fiction — AF MAA	Adult: Science Fiction & Fantasy: F MAA
Me and Earl and the Dying Girl, Jesse Andrews	YAF AND	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA ANDR	Only ebook	1st Floor Teen Area — YF ANDR	Teen Area GN Y FIC ANDR	Young Adult Fiction — YA AND	Young Adult Fiction - YA F AND
Beyond Magenta, Susan Kuklin	YA Nonfiction YA306.76 KUK	Young Adult - Nonfiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Nonfiction	Only as e-book	Teen Nonfiction — YA 306.76 KUK	1st Floor Teen Area — YNF 306.768 KUKL	Teen Area Y 306.768 KU	e-book only	Young Adult NF - YA 306.76 KUK
What if it's Us?, Becky Albertalli and Adam Silvera	YAF ALB (fiction)	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA ALBE	Teen Fiction — YA FIC ALB	1st Floor Teen Area — YF ALBE	Teen Area Y FIC ALBE	e-book only	Young Adult Fiction - YA F ALB
Light From Uncommon Stars, Ryka Aoki	SF AOK (Adult Fiction Area)	Adult Science Fiction & Fantasy (3rd floor)	Adult Fiction	Adult Fiction — AF AOKI	Adult Fiction — FIC AOK	2nd Floor — F AOKI	Fiction Books for Adults SCF AOKI	e-book only	Science Fic/Fantasy - SFF F AOK
Last Night at the Telegraph Club, Melinda Lo	Fiction Lo (Adult Fiction area)	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA LO	Teen Fiction — YA FIC LO	1st Floor Teen Area — YF LO	Teen Area Y FIC LO	Young Adult Fiction — YA LO	Young Adult Fiction - YA F LO
Kingdom of Ash, Sarah Maas	YAF MAA (Fiction)	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA MAAS	Teen Fiction — YA FIC MAA	1st Floor Teen Area — YF MAAS	New Books for Adults FIC MAAS	Young Adult Fiction — YA MAA	Science Fic/Fantasy - SFF F MAA
The First to Die at the End, Adam Silvera	YAF SIL (Fiction)	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA SILVERA,A THEY V.1	Teen Fiction — YA FIC SIL	1st Floor Teen Area — YF SILV	Teen Area Y FIC SILV	Young Adult Fiction — YA SIL	New Young Adult - YA F SIL
Like a Love Story, Abdi Nazemain	YAF NAZ	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	No Holdings	Only as e-book	Teen Fiction — YA FIC NAZ	1st Floor Teen Area — YF NAZE	Teen Area Y FIC NAZE	Young Adult Fiction — YA NAZ	no holdings
Forever, Judy Blume (1975)	YAF BLU	Adult Fiction (3rd floor)	YA Fiction	No holdings	no holdings	1st Floor Teen Area — YF BLUM	Teen Area Y FIC BLUM	no holdings	no holdings
DUFF, by Kody Kepfinger	No holding	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Only as e-book	Only ebook	1st Floor Teen Area — YF KEPL	Teen Area Y FIC KEPL	Young Adult Fiction — YA KEP	no holdings
Perks of Being a Wallflower, Stephen Chbosky	YAF CHB	Young Adult - Fiction (2nd floor Teen Area)	YA Fiction	Teen Space — YA CHBOSKYS	Teen Fiction — YA FIC CHB	1st Floor Teen Area — YF KEPL	Teen Area Y FIC CHBO	Young Adult Fiction — YA CHB	Young Adult Fiction - YA F CHB

In Adult Collections
No Holdings at Library
Ebook only
Young Adult Areas

Pornographic Books at Taylor Public Library

1. ***Gender Queer***, Maia Kobabe

Problems: In the children's section of the TPL; graphic pornographic depictions of sex between children.

[Link](https://twitter.com/roddreher/status/1454111653927079938) to images from the book (edited so as not to show genitalia):  
<https://twitter.com/roddreher/status/1454111653927079938>

2. ***All Boys Aren't Blue***, George Johnson

Problems: In the children's section of the TPL; prurient and pornographic depictions of sex.

Ch. 15 passage:

I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. . . . I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. . . . He asked me to turn over while he slipped a condom on himself. . . . This was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. . . . he got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I have ever felt in my life. . . . eventually I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.

3. ***Let's Talk About It***, Erika Moen

Problems: In the children's section of the TPL; pornographic depictions of sex, inconsistency with community standards on sexual activity

Excerpts: On page 18, the author informs minors that there are innumerable ways to lose one's virginity, involving many different body parts, and concludes, "Virginity just doesn't work anymore in today's world." A chapter on relationships (p 34-35) coaches children on swinging, open relationships, and friends-with-benefits arrangements, while a boy in a wheelchair declares that having a friend with benefits "can be fun!"

A pair of young feminists grouse on page 38 that men can have casual sex with no repercussions, but if the gals do so, they'll be judged harshly. "F\*ck the patriarchy!" one exclaims, while the boy in the wheelchair raises his right fist and declares, "Viva la revolución!" A chapter on gender (p 47) asserts that "male/female gender binary" is "an obsolete viewpoint," before concluding, "You and your gender can change as often as you want!" In a chapter on sexting, the authors claim that sexting is "thrilling, sexy, and fun, a way of saying, 'you turn me on, hot stuff,' or 'let's get turned on together.' It's a long-distance act of intimacy and trust."

In a chapter full of graphic images called "What are kinks, fantasies and porn?" the authors write, "A great place to research kinks and fetishes is on the internet." The authors, Erika Moen and Matthew Nolan, must know that children will encounter disturbing images and videos if they Google various "kinks and fetishes," but they apparently still think it's a good idea. Indeed, later

in the same chapter they conclude, “there’s nothing wrong with enjoying some porn, it’s a fun sugary treat.” The words “fun sugary treat” appear in pink boldface type.

**4. *Flamer*, Mike Curato**

Problems: in the children’s section of TPL; pornographic descriptions of sexual activity among children.

E.g.: in this video, a parent reads from the text. <https://youtu.be/fllbCJlrTIM>

**5. *The Poet X*, Elizabeth Acevedo**

Problems: shelved in the children’s section; pornographic descriptions of masturbation and sexual activity among children.

P. 85: “A boy’s face in my hands, but he’s nearly a man.

Memories of Mami’s words almost lash my fingers away but still I brush upward, against the grain and prickle and bristle of a light beard at his jaw. His cheekbones rise like a sun; the large canvas of a forehead.

A nose that takes space. ‘This is a face that apologize for itself.

The boy moves his body closer to mine and I can feel his hands drop down from my waist to my hips then brushing up toward these boobs I hate that I now push at him like an offering, his hands move so close, our faces move closer— and then my phone alarm rings, waking me up for school.

In my dreams his is a mouth that knows more than curses and prayer.

P. 130 “In bed at night my fingers search a heat I have no name for. Sliding into a center, finding a hidden core, or stem, or maybe the root. I’m learning to caress and breathe at the same time. How to be silent and feel something grow inside me. And when it all builds up, I sink into my mattress. I feel such release. Such a relief. I feel such a shame settle like a blanket covering me head to toe. To make myself feel this way is a dirty thing, right? Then why does it feel so good?”

P. 326 ‘We have to stop.

Because now we’re lying on the couch and he’s on top of me.

And his kisses feel so good, everything feels so good. But I also feel him pressed against me.

The part of him that’s hard.

That’s still an unanswered question I don’t have a response for.

And when his hand brushes my thigh and then moves up—

I know why island people cliff dive. Why they jump to feel free, to fly, and how they must panic for a moment when the ocean rushes toward them.

I Stop his hand. I pull my face from his kiss.

He is breathing hard. He is still kissing me hard. He is still bumping up against me.  
Hard.  
"We have to stop."

6. ***A Court of Mist and Fury***, Sarah J. Maas

Problems: marketed as sexy by an author long noted for writing adult fiction, yet this book is shelved in the children's section. It should be moved to Fiction.  
<https://www.cbsnews.com/news/virginia-barnes-and-noble-tommy-altman-tim-anderson-ban-gender-queer-court-of-mist-and-fury/>

7. ***Me and Earl and the Dying Girl***, Jesse Andrews

Problems: discussions of oral sex, vulgar language, and yet this is shelved in the children's section. It should be moved.  
<https://www.commonensemedia.org/book-reviews/me-and-earl-and-the-dying-girl/user-reviews/adult>

8. ***Beyond Magenta***, Susan Kuklin

Problems: sexually explicit language and yet shelved in the children's section. Should be moved.

9. ***What if it's Us?***, Becky Albertalli and Adam Silvera

Problems: explicit sex scene, vulgar language, and yet shelved in the children's section. Sexual activity involves children, according to the Wiki article about the book.

P 140. "He laughs, hands falling to my waist. And then we're kissing again, and it's the same startling closeness.

I slide my eyes shut.

And the whole world narrows. I don't know how else to describe it. It's

like I'm not on the street and I'm not in New York and it isn't July and none of it matters. Nothing exists but Ben's hands on my back and his lips on my lips and my fingertips and his cheekbones and my thundering heartbeat.

I never knew kissing had a rhythm. I never even thought of it, beyond lips mashed together. But I can feel it like a bass line, somehow steady and urgent at once. Ben pulls me even closer, not an inch between us, and this time I don't worry about boners, because if there are rules about that happening, he's definitely, definitely breaking them, too.

I kiss him even harder.

"Oh," he says faintly. And I have this limitless feeling, suddenly, like I'm capable of anything. I could stop time or lift a car or press my tongue between his lips.

"You're not bad at this," he says.

"I'm not?"

"I mean, we should definitely keep practicing. Always room for improvement." I feel him smile against my lips. I smile back. "Infinite do-overs."

"I like that," he says. "It sounds like us."

P 184 "He hooks his arm around my waist and kisses me softly on the forehead.

And something shifts. We don't log out of the game, but Ben slides the laptop back onto his pillow. Then—it's hard to explain, but he pulls me on top of him, and we're not exactly lying down, but we're not exactly upright either. He slides his hands beneath my shirt, and the warmth of his palms on my back makes me giddy. I thread my hands into his hair and kiss him without thinking, and The Sims' music and chatter fades into the background, not nearly as loud as the thud of Ben's heartbeat.

He draws back, breathing heavily. "Should we take this off?" He presses his thumb against one of my shirt buttons. He looks slightly terrified.

"Do you want me to?"

He nods quickly.

"Okay." I scoot a few inches sideways, so I'm slightly less on top of

him. My heart's beating so fast it's practically buzzing. "FYI, it's hard to unbutton buttons when your hands are shaking," I say, and even though it's not a joke, we both laugh. We're both breathless.

Ben grins up at me, his eyes landing first on my face, then my chest, then the wadded-up button-down in my lap. "Cute undershirt," he says, catching its hem with his fingers. He meets my eyes, and I nod. And the next thing I know, we're in our boxers, horizontal.

"This okay?" he says softly, and I nod into the crook of his neck. He traces his fingertips along my back and my shoulders, and then he kisses me fiercely. I can't get over how warm his skin feels against mine. I run my hands along his stomach, which makes him squirm.

"Should I not—"

"No, you're good." He exhales. We stare at each other, smiling.

"So," I say finally. "Do we want to try . . ."

His eyes widen. "Do you?"

"Maybe. Yeah."

"Okay. Yeah." He hugs me closer. And for a moment, we stay just like

that—chest to chest, cheek to cheek. And then, slowly, his fingers trail closer to my boxers, slipping under their waistband. “This still okay?”

Holy shit. I laugh breathlessly. “Yup.”

So this is actually happening. It’s happening. It’s happening, and my whole body knows it. His hand slides down another inch. I don’t think I’ll ever not be hard again. His eyes never leave mine. He looks nervous. And he holds me like I’m breakable.

Another inch, and my heart leaps into my throat. Because how is this real? How is this possibly real? How is this the same me that woke up this morning in a bunk bed?

“Still good?” Ben asks softly.

I nod, but I’m strangely close to tears. I’m just—I don’t know. How is this happening? And how does this work? No, seriously, how does this specifically work? Who puts what parts where and in what order and when does the condom go on, and what about lube? I know fucking nothing about lube. And here’s Ben, peering at me sweetly, with those eyes and those freckles, and I guess he probably knows the mechanics, and I should probably warn him how much I’m going to suck at this. Unless he’s already figured it out. God. He probably already thinks this is a mistake, and I’m a mistake, and sex is a mistake, and also what even is sex? It’s so WEIRD. What a weird thing to want to do. Or maybe I’m the one who’s—

“You okay?” Ben asks.

“I’m freaking out.”

“Oh.” His eyes widen. “Okay.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“No! Arthur.” He kisses me gently and opens his arms. “It’s fine, okay?”

Come here.”

I tuck my head onto his shoulder, and he wraps his arms around me

Tightly.”

## 10. *Light From Uncommon Stars*, Ryka Aoki

Problems: Pornographic depictions of sex, objectification of women.

Shizuka Satomi made a deal with the devil: to escape damnation, she must entice seven other violin prodigies to trade their souls for success. She has already delivered six.

When Katrina Nguyen, a young transgender runaway, catches Shizuka's ear with her wild talent, Shizuka can almost feel the curse lifting. She's found her final candidate. But in a donut shop off a bustling highway in the San Gabriel Valley, Shizuka meets Lan Tran, retired starship captain,

I need more. Ellis's forearms bump against mine as she unknots her tie and yank it free. The drag of that fabric against her collar sends an unexpected shiver down my spine. Maybe any other day, or with any other woman, I would have been embarrassed.

But there's something about this night- or about Ellis herself- that makes me feel confident. Sexy. Invincible.

The rest of our clothes come off, and then we're moving, the backs of my legs hitting the edge of the mattress. Then we're on the bed, and Ellis is there, touching me.

I wonder if my skin feels hot against hers. I'm burning up inside. "

"Fuck," I gasp and Ellis laughs against my collarbones.

"Oh dear," she murmurs.

"Language, Felicity."

I love the way my name sounds on her voice: husky and low, gravelly in a way that makes me shiver.

...Ellis performs her work with slow, determined care with which I imagine she writes her books, leaving me breathless and blinking up at her she leans down to kiss me again.

"Not fair," I say- accuse, really- and Ellis smirks into the kiss, reaching for my wrist to slip my hand down the waistband of her underwear instead. She's flush-cheeked and breathless once she's finished, lifting her head to meet my gaze. This time when she kisses me, it's languorous and warm. Then she shifts to kiss my throat, my sternum...and lower.

...I don't even have the ability to speak.

When you read about sex in books, it's always described like a magical event, something sacred enacted through the profane: two souls joining on the metaphysical plane while two bodies entwine below. I had never understood that before now. But with Ellis it's different than it was with the girls I've been with before- even Alex.

...After, I'm left limp and feverish, staring at the ceiling as Ellis shifts back up the length of the bed to settle her body next to mine. She trails a finger along my cheek, toward the corner of my mouth.

"There," Ellis says, as if she's accomplished a task. She kisses the place her finger just touched.

## 12. *Last Night at the Telegraph Club*, Melinda Lo

Problems: pornographic depictions of sex. Sexual activity between children.

P 342 "She tugged the hem of Kath's blouse out from her skirt and slid her hands beneath it, and finally she felt the warm skin of her back, and the quiver of Kath's body as she touched her. Kath drew back briefly and reached for the buttons of Lily's blouse, asking, "Can I?" Lily helped her unbutton it, and then Kath put her hand on the bare skin of Lily's waist, and Lily closed her eyes. Kath's hand slid up over her ribs and cupped the curve of her breast, and her thumb trailed electrically over the outline of Lily's nipple through her bra. And then she pushed her leg between Lily's thighs, and Lily gasped at how it felt- the pressure and the movement there- and it was exactly what she wanted.

...And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath's hand and moved it to the cleft of her body.

Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered.

"Please," Lily said, overcome.

So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear. It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped.

"Am I in the right place?" Kath asked. "Yes," Lily whispered.

It all felt like the right place.

Kath's fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating- she'd never even really touched herself like this before- and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, but she couldn't really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath's neck until it was over.

There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily's thigh and whispered, "Can I- is this all right?"

"Yes," Lily said, and she leaned into Kath, holding her as she moved, feeling Kath's wetness slide against her leg.

It was extraordinary, Lily thought. There was nothing like this in the world. How different this was from when Lily was alone in her room. How different, and how much more: an overflowing amount of more. Kath kept rocking against her thigh, her breath ragged against Lily's cheek..."

13. ***Kingdom of Ash***, Sarah Maas

Problems: pornographic depiction of sex, shelved in the children's section.

P. 472:

With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.

She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.

But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.

"You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was.

Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.

...Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours."

Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck. She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her.

Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue. He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.

"Together, Aelin," he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.

Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.

And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.

His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.

For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other."

14. ***The First to Die at the End***, Adam Silvera

Problems: pornographic depiction of sex; shelved in the children's section

P. 331:

I flip Orion to the bed, and he fakes concern over the unlit candle but he's speechless when I lift off my shirt. His fingers trail down from my collarbone and through my pecs and trace my abs before unbuttoning my pants. It's much smoother than me wrestling with his skinny jeans that cling to his legs for dear life. But once we're both fully naked, we stare at each other with the biggest smiles.

"Best day ever," I say.

"Best motherfucking day ever," Orion says.

Then we move as if the world could end in the next minute. He passes me a condom, and I slide it on and slowly move inside him, and it feels so good that I can't believe I'm only going to be able to experience this once.

15. ***Like a Love Story***, Abdi Nazemain

Problems: pornographic depiction of sex; shelved in the children's section. Sexual activity between children.

P. 319: "I grab Saadi by the collar of this blue Lacoste polo and I pull him close to me, and I make out with him, It's furious. Our tongues explore each other. Then his hands are all over me, up the shiny fabric of the purple dress I designed for this party, on my thighs. His breath is heavy, and his hips are thrusting urgently. I feel what I never felt when Reza and I kissed, an erection, Saadi is so hard. He sits up and takes his polo off. His body is thick and his chest has black hair on it. I put my hands on his chest. My fingernails are painted purple too, and they look kind of great against his skin. He puts his hands on my face with a tenderness that surprises me.

...He pulls me into a kiss. I explore his mouth with my tongue, feel every crevice of his body with my hands. The coarseness of his skin, the fuzz of his hair. ..."Take my dress off," I say, shocked by the commanding tone of my voice. He yanks at the back of my dress. ..."Carefully," I warn. ..."It's beautiful," he says as he carefully peels it off me. "So are you." ...He looks at me, taking my body in. I guide him on top of me, feel his hardness. He wants to have sex, but I tell him I'm not ready. ..."Maybe next time." ..."Next time?" I ask. ...He thrusts against me until he's done, and then he collapses, his head on my breast.

P 338: "Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else, He thrusts faster and faster , until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me. ..."Wow," he says. "Guess I won't be wearing these pants tonight."

...I notice the goeey stain on his black jeans, and the wetness on my worn blue jeans. "Oh," I said. "I didn't know that you..." I leap off the bed and go to the bathroom, I squeeze some shampoo from a tiny bottle onto a washcloth, get it all wet, and rub the wetness off my pants. I wash my hands, perhaps too aggressively. I look at myself in the mirror. I tell myself I am okay, that nothing risky happened..."You okay in there?" Art asks. "You do realize having two pairs of jeans and two pairs of underwear between us is, like, as safe as abstinence, right?" ..."I know," I say. And then, closing the door, I add, "I'm going to shower before we meet everyone downstairs." ...I turn on the shower, take off my clothes, and get inside. As I touch myself, I imagine Art thrusting on top of me, screaming my name. I close my eyes and let the hot water wash all evidence of my passion away.

P 385: ""Okay," I say. A wave of excitement passes through me at the thought of us naked together. ...He starts first. He peels his tight ripped jeans off in the blink of an eye, and then his tank top. And finally, with a smile, his underwear. He waves his underwear around in the air and tosses it at me. I duck and laugh. ..."Your turn," he says. ..."Yean," I say, ever part of me

thrumming with anticipation. ...I can feel my arms shaking as I slowly take off my black jeans and my T-shirt. I pause before taking my underwear off. I search his eyes for the reassurance I need. "Art," I whisper. I want to tell him I'm scared, I like feeling it on my tongue. "Art." And then again more decisively, "Art. ...We lie naked next to each other, and we kiss for what feels like either a split second or an eternity. It's a kiss that stops time. There is no past or further, just this moment, just this kiss. ...Time starts again when he removes his lips from mine and kisses the back of my ears, my neck, my shoulders, my chest. He works his way down. "I want to kiss every part of you," he says. And he does. When he takes me inside his mouth, it's almost over.

..."Wait, slowdown," I beg him. And then, when he does, I just repeat, "Wow. Wow. Wow." I must sound like an idiot, but I don't care. I don't feel like an idiot. I feel like me. ...I pull him back up when I can't take any more, and I do the same to him. I kiss and lick every inch of skin on his body, tasting the expanse of him, drawing him into me. The moment my lips leave his neck, I miss it already. Then when they leave his chest, I miss that. I want all of him, all at once, all the time. ..."I love you," I whisper, my breath heavy. ..."Me too," he says, laying me on my back and finding his way on top of me. ...I turn to the bedside table and grab a condom. I give it to him with a smile and a nod. "Wow," he says. "Wow, I didn't think..." ..."What?" I ask, mischievous. "You thought I'd remain like a virgin forever?" ...He beams. A hand on my cheek, he says softly, "Quien es est nino? Who's that boy?" ...I realize I'm a new person now, the person I've been waiting to be. I feel it's only right to quote Madonna back to him, so I kiss him once more, then whisper, "I'm a young boy with eyes like the desert that dream of you, my true blue." ...His smile radiates love. "True blue," he repeats. ...He tries to open the condom wrapper but fumbles with it. He tries his teeth. I grab it from him and tear it open. I try to put it on him, doing my best to block out why the condom is necessary, trying to forget all those images of death and disease. My hands shake as I place the condom on him. "I think you're putting it on upside down," he says, laughing. ...He smiles. I smile. We have a layer of protection between us now. He squeezes some lube onto him, then onto me. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me, or deeper into me, because he's in me now. We thrust and grunt and sweat until we almost fall off the bed. ..."I need to catch my breath," he says. Then, with a smile, he adds, "I think this is the first team sport I like."

**16. Forever, Judy Blume**

Problems: pornographic depictions of sex; shelved in the children's area. Sexual activity between children.

P. 77: "After we kissed for a while he took off his pajama top, then said, "Let's take yours off too...it's in the way." I slipped my nightgown over my head and dropped it to the floor. Then there were just my bikini pants and Michael's bottoms between us. We kissed again.

Feeling him against me that way made me so excited I couldn't lie still. He rolled over on top of me and we moved together again and again and it felt so good I didn't ever want to stop- until I came. After a minute I reached for Michael's hand. "Show me what to do," I said. "Do whatever you want." "Help me, Michael...I feel so stupid." "Don't," he said, wiggling out of his pajama

bottoms. He led my hand to his penis. "Katherine...I'd like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She's a very good friend of mine." "Does every penis have a name?" "I can only speak for my own." In books penises are always described as hot and throbbing but Ralph felt like ordinary skin. Just his shape was different- that and the fact that he wasn't smooth, exactly- as if there a lot going on under the skin. I don't know why I'd been so nervous about touching Michael. Once I got over being scared I let my hands go everywhere. I wanted to feel every part of him. While I was experimenting, I asked, "Is this alright?" And Michael whispered, "Everything's right." When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn't let go of Ralph."

P. 101: "Do belly buttons have a taste?" I asked. "Yours does...it's delicious...like the rest of you." He unbuckled my jeans, then his own. "Michael...I'm not sure...please..." "Shush...don't say anything." "But Michael..." "Like always, Kath...that's all..." We both left on our underpants but after a minute Michael was easing mine down and then his fingers began exploring me. I let my hands wander across his stomach and down his legs and finally I began to stroke Ralph. "Oh, - yes...yes...." I said, as Michael made me come. And he came too."

P. 103: "Okay...okay..." he stood up. "I've got a rubber in my wallet...if I can just find it." He looked around for his pants, found them on the floor next to the bed, then had to put on the light to find the rubber. When he did he held it up. "Satisfied?" he asked, turning the light off again. "I will be when you put it on." He kneeled beside me and rolled on the rubber. "Anything else?" "Don't be funny now...please..." "I won't...I won't..." he said and we kissed. Then he was on top of me and I felt Ralph, hard, against my thigh. Just when I thought, Oh God...we're really and truly going to do it, Michael groaned and said, "Oh no...no...I'm sorry...I'm so sorry..." "What's wrong?" "I came...I don't know what to say. I came before I even got in. I ruined it...I ruined everything."

P. 105: "This time I try to relax and think of nothing- nothing but how my body felt- and then Ralph was pushing against me and I whispered, "Are you in...are we doing it?" "Not yet," Michael said, pushing harder. "I don't want to hurt you." "Don't worry...just do it!" "I'm trying, Kath...but it's very tight in there." "What should I do?" "Can you spread your legs some more...and maybe raise them a little?" "Like this?" "That's better...much better." I could feel him halfway inside me and then Michael whispered, "Kath...." "What?"

"I think I'm going to come again." I felt a big thrust, followed by a quick sharp pain that made me suck in my breath. "Oh...oh," Michael cried, but I didn't come. I wasn't even close, "I'm sorry," he said, "I couldn't hold off."

P. 139: "But you said..." He didn't let me finish. Instead, he kneeled with me and as we kissed. Ralph grew bigger and hard. I undressed myself, while Michael watched. Ralph stuck straight

out, as if he was watching too. We had love on the bathroom rug, but just when I was getting really excited, Michael came. I wondered what it would ever work out right between us.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I just couldn't wait...it's been a few weeks." "That's okay." We got into bed and fell asleep for an hour and when we woke up Ralph was hard again. This time Michael made it last much longer and I got so carried away I grabbed his backside with both hands, trying to push him deeper and deeper into me- and I spread my legs as far apart as I could- and I raised my hips off the bed- and I moved with him, again and again and again- and at last, I came. I came right before Michael and as I did I made noises, just like my mother. Michael did too. While he was still on top of me, catching his breath, I started laughing. "I came..." I told him. "I actually came too." "I know," he said, "I felt it...is that what's so funny?"

P. 174: "I kissed his ears, running my tongue around the edges. I used my hands on his body while I worked my way down, kissing his neck, his chest, his belly. "You're aggressive tonight..." I hadn't thought about that until he said it. I was surprised myself. "Do you mind?" "I like it." I lay on top of him, feeling Ralph against my stomach. "Can we try it this way?" I whispered. "Any way you want," he said. I straddled him, helping Ralph find the right angle, and when he was inside me I moved slowly- up, down and around- up, down and around- until I couldn't control myself anymore. "Oh God...oh, Michael...now...now" And then I came. I came before he did. But I kept moving until he groaned and as he finished I came again, not caring about anything- anything but how good it felt.

**17. *DUFF*, by Kody Keplinger**

Problems: pornographic depictions of sex; shelved in the children's section. Sexual activity involving children.

P. 167: "We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. "No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this." I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees., one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I'd heard Vicky and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it. ...My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,...oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and- "Oh, shit."

**18. *Perks of Being a Wallflower*, Stephen Chbosky**

Problems: Description of a sexual assault witnessed by a child, pornographic depictions of sex, shelved in the children's section. Sexual activity among children.

P. 30: "This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's

shirt, and she started protesting. "C'mon, Dave." "What?" "The kid's in here." "It's okay." And the boy kept working up the girl's shirt, and as much as she said no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn't know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. "Please. Dave. No." But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was. After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl's head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis in her mouth, and I don't think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying "no." Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.

P. 202: "So, I kissed her. And she kissed me back. And we lay down on the floor and kept kissing. And it was soft. And we made quiet noises. And kept silent. And still. We went over to the bed and lay down on all the things that weren't put in suitcases. And we touched each other from the waist up over our clothes. And then under our clothes. And then without clothes. And it was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. She took my hand and slid it under her pants. And I touched her. And I just couldn't believe it....Until she moved her hand under my pants, and she touched me."

# Taylor Public Library

## August 2023

August Circulation	7,662
New Cards in August	108
Renewals	128
Total Cards issued in August	236
TexShare Cards issued in August	5
Total number of Library card holders	13,756
New books & other new materials	400
Number of Items on Loan at end of month	3,330
Interlibrary Loan items borrowed for TPL patrons	15
Interlibrary Loan items lent to other libraries	12
Volunteer Hours	0
People in the Library	3,449
Archives Research	1 hour
Total Computer Usage	660
Wireless Usage	622
Reference Questions	499
Web Page count	795
Revenue	\$570.30
Hours Open	235

**Library Holdings:** Titles: 57,302 Volumes: 59,000

**Throughout the Month:** Karen worked with Nicole Oman and IT Voice to inventory all computer and related equipment still held by the library.

Karen spent the majority of her time cataloging materials during the absence of the Technology Librarian. Likewise, with Library Assistant Norma Kramer's departure, more time was spent covering the Circulation Desk.

The Technology Librarian and Library Assistant position were posted on the City's Employment Opportunities page, resulting in a large number of applicants for the Library Assistant position, but much less for the Technology Librarian.

Library Intern, Alexis Maldonado, was promoted to Library Aide. New Library Aide Julissa Lira was hired, with the hope of promoting Ms. Lira to the Youth Services Librarian, as she has a master's degree in library science and had previously done programming for the Elgin Public Library.

### August Activities & Notes:

Meeting of the Library Advisory Board related to requests to remove books from the collection. Attendance for the meeting was 127 people, including numerous Citizen's Communication related to the book Gender Queer.

**Other In Person Programs:** Library related programs included 4 Hooks and Needles programs with 40 adults total attendance; 1 Sewing Saturday program with 4 adults; Friends of the Library meeting with 8 adults.

**Meeting Room Statistic:** City of Taylor use of the meeting room included an Airport Meeting (10 adults); HR Testing (9 adults); Main Street Tax Credit Meeting (35 adults). Paid use included the film crew (21 adults); Kirk Cameron Book Reading (805+adults, 25 children); Texas A&M School of Nursing Health Fair (100 adults); Medicare Class: (7 adults).

**Conference Room Statistics:** none.