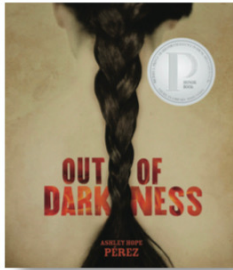


**PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

**SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT AVAILABLE AT TEXAS  
INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICTS**



**BOOK REVIEW:**  
*Out of Darkness*  
by Ashley Hope Perez

*"For the boys, pu\*s\*y or the idea of pu\*s\*y or the idea of the idea of pu\*s\*y. 'A Mexican is a Mexican is a Mexican,' she said, plenty loud for the rest of us to hear. The girls among us 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."*

*"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.... She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her."*

*"His hands opened her thighs, and then he was touching her with his mouth, kissing warmth, wetness. she might have been ashamed, but she wasn't. She was alive, tremblingly alive."*

**PROFANITY COUNT**  
(and other sensitive words)

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

**RED FLAGS**

- Sexual Content (Child Rape, Masturbation, Pornography)
- Bigotry, Racism
- Extreme Violence
- Language
- Drugs, Drinking, Smoking

**CONCLUSION**

*Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools.*

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.

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.

The graphic child molestation description on page 68 is literally CHILD pornography, and violates 76-5b-201: "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.

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 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"