

2022-06-20 9:19 PM (email from Pierre Barns to the Halton School District)

Dear Trustees,

The government gave authority for education governance to locally elected school boards. School trustees are elected to local school boards to act for the legislature and for their local community.

School trustees exist for the children, and their role is to guide, protect, defend, and advocate for them. Therefore, educational policies are developed on what is best for **the growth, protection, and development** of the whole child.

Trustees **partner** with the parents as they provide the children with the best possible teachers and educational opportunities. In doing so, they cannot usurp the role of the parents and family.

It seems that the process of guiding, protecting, defending, and advocating for our children is at serious risk.

Most authorities believe our schools are safe. Others are beginning to question that point of view.

Why? Look what's been happening in our schools. Safe zones, safe spaces, safe sex, safe puberty blockers, safe cross-sex hormone, safe "gender clinics", and now safe sexually explicit material in the school library. Our children are no longer safe! They are in **danger**.

Child Sexual Abuse by K-12 School Personnel in Canada <https://www.protectchildren.ca/en/resources-research/child-sexual-abuse-by-school-personnel-in-canada-report/>

As a parent and Canadian citizen, I am concerned about the safety and well-being of those children under your authority. I have reason to believe that children or youth have been or could be likely abused or neglected based on what I have seen and the information I have found on your library site. I believe that books and information found on your library site cause severe risks to the safety and well-being of our children under your authority and care. Children ages 5 years old and up to 17 years old at the schools cited below have been or are at risk of being exposed to these books containing sexual references, sexual activity, and sexual material. Some books also show children and adults engaged in or depicted as engaged in explicit sexual activity. The main characteristics of those books relate to sexual activity and expose children to individuals engaging in sexually explicit acts, including exposure to adult pornography, and encouraging children to masturbate or watch others masturbate.

These books have a sinister agenda. They are not guided by any universal standards of right and wrong. Their foul language lifts the boundaries most parents have set for their children and presents a malevolent dimension that must be curtailed and eliminated. They are used to desensitize children and make them easy prey for predators. Rather than guiding and protecting our children, keeping these books in the libraries offers up our defenseless children to the degradation of immoral authors and others of their ilk. In addition, it makes it easier for potential abusers to target our children.

On the one hand, in the name of political correctness, we claim to protect our children from racism and our inconvenient history, while on the other hand, in the name of diversity, we expose them to pornography and toxic sexual behavior. I understand that resources must be inclusive and suitable

based on diverse social considerations. Nevertheless, resources are to be age-appropriate and within the boundary of the rules of law.

According to the Canadian Center for Child Protection, non-contact sexual abuse is as follows:

- Encouraging a child to masturbate or watch others masturbate
- Secretly recording or observing a child in a private situation for a sexual purpose (voyeurism)
- Exposing a child to individuals engaging in sexually explicit acts (including exposure to adult pornography)
- Exposing a child to child sexual abuse material
- “Flashing” or exposing genitals to a child
- Communicating over technology to make it easier to commit a specific sexual offense against a child (luring a child)
- Taking a picture or recording a video of a child’s sexual organs for a sexual purpose

In good faith, I would advise the School Board to immediately remove those books from the library, contact the librarian, review those books with teachers and parents, and review material selection policies. Please advise on how and when the board will proceed.

I include the following information to help you better understand the abovementioned concern. Please do not hesitate to ask if you need more information regarding those books in your library system.

Kind Regards,

Pierre Barns

Canadian Trustees raising their concern about the contents of the book in school:

<https://www.facebook.com/LauraLynnTylerThompson/videos/814081779570576>

Here is a video of a Mother in the USA complaining to the school board about the book The Glass Castle:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MgRsqrMC4Lk>

The following are examples of non-contact and contact sexual abuse offenses. These are not meant to be exhaustive.

Non-Contact Sexual Abuse:

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An offender who is known to the child and/or family (is in a position of trust or is in the family's circle of trust) may:

- Establish trust with the adults around the child
- Manipulate the child by distorting their thinking and creating a dependency on the offender (grooming the child)
- Manipulate adults around the child to reduce any suspicion (grooming the adults)
- Find ways to spend ongoing time with the child to extend their access
- Misuse the child's trust and the trust of their family
- Normalize boundary crossing with the child
- Start making casual sexualized comments and/or jokes around the child

An offender who is a family member may:

- Use their authority/role in the family and private access to control the child
- Take advantage of the child's dependency on them for survival⁸
- Assert their authority and domination in the home⁹



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. This is called having an orgasm. Often, right after an orgasm, a small amount of fluid may come out of the vagina and out of the penis.

After a bit, a person's vagina becomes moist and slippery, and the clitoris becomes hard. After a bit, a person'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. This is usually when two people begin to feel excited about each other.

But in fact, there are different kinds of sexual intercourse — vaginal intercourse, oral intercourse, and anal intercourse.

Here are some screenshots of the book *It's Perfectly Normal* by Robie h. Harris and Michael Emberly are available at the following schools

<https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=179558&ti=0>

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When a person with a female body and a person with a male body are having vaginal intercourse, the erect penis goes into and inside the vagina, which stretches in a way that fits around the penis. The wetness from the vagina makes it easier for the penis to go into the vagina.

Vaginal intercourse is also called vaginal sex. As the two people move back and forth in rhythm, the movement of the penis inside the vagina soon feels very good. They may hug and kiss and touch each other



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they want a baby. Most often, people have sexual intercourse because it feels good. People have sexual intercourse well into old age.

When a couple has sexual intercourse and does not want to make a baby, there are healthy ways, called birth control, that can help keep them from making a baby or from passing on an infection to one another.

Sometimes, a couple does not plan ahead or decide whether or not to have sexual intercourse. Planning ahead is most often the most effective way to keep a pregnancy from happening.

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.

Another kind of sexual intercourse happens when the sexual parts of two people who have female bodies touch or when the sexual parts of two people who have male bodies touch. This kind of touching can make the whole body feel good — feel sexy. Since male bodies have only sperm cells and no egg cells — and since female bodies have only egg



WHAT IS SEX? 9



to sexual intercourse—at any time and for any reason.

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

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Here are some screenshots of the book Sex is a Funny Word by Cory Silverberg available at the following Schools <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=41107&ti=0>



ERECTIONS

Most bodies get erections, but they only happen in certain parts of your body.

If your body has a penis, you might have noticed that sometimes it is soft and bendy, and sometimes it gets hard and doesn't bend. When it's hard and doesn't bend, that's an erection.

If your body has a clitoris, you might have noticed that sometimes it feels soft, and sometimes it feels a bit harder or firmer. When it's harder or firmer, that's an erection.

Erections can happen when we touch ourselves to feel good, but they also happen at other times: during the night when we are asleep, and first thing in the morning when we get up. Erections happen even if we're not doing anything at all. Babies will often get erections when they have to pee.

One way to think about erections is that they are just your body's way of exercising on its own.

ERECTIONS AREN'T JUST FOR BODIES. DID YOU KNOW THE WORD ERECT JUST MEANS TO MAKE SOMETHING STAND UP? WHEN A BUILDING IS BEING BUILT, THEY SAY THEY ARE ERECTING IT.

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You may have discovered that touching some parts of your body, especially the middle parts, can make you feel warm and tingly.

Grown-ups call this kind of touch masturbation.

Masturbation is when we touch ourselves, usually our middle parts, to get that warm and tingly feeling.

Most bodies have nipples.

Usually a body has two nipples. Some bodies have one, and others can have three or more.

Nipples come in lots of shapes and sizes and colors. As a body grows and changes, nipples grow and change too.

Some nipples are sensitive and some are not. Nipples can feel very good to touch, but if you pinch them it can hurt!

Between the cheeks, there is a hole or opening where poo (also called feces) comes out. This hole is called the anus.

Like other holes in the body, the anus is usually very sensitive, which means it can feel good to touch but can also hurt if we are rough with it.

Because the anus is where the outside of our body meets the inside, and because it is where poo comes out, we need to wash our hands after touching it.

Touching isn't just something we do with other people. We also touch ourselves.

We touch ourselves all the time, in all kinds of places, for all kinds of reasons.

Touching yourself is one way to learn about yourself, your body, and your feelings.

Sometimes the people looking see a big clitoris and think it's a penis. Sometimes they see a small penis and think it's a clitoris. Sometimes they aren't sure.

Clitoris

The clitoris is a middle part that is both inside and outside the body. The clitoris can be very sensitive, and touching it can feel warm and tingly.

Some clitorises are bigger than others. Some are easy to see and feel, and some are not.

Here are some screenshots of the book a Quick and Easy Guide to Queer and Trans Identities by Mady G & R and JR Zucherberg available at the following School

<https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=281758&ti=0>

BETWEEN THOSE ENDS OF THE SCALE ARE MANY OTHER TYPES OF SEXUALITY. THESE INCLUDE...

BISEXUALITY

ATTRACTION TO THE SAME GENDER AS WELL AS OTHER GENDERS.

ASEXUALITY

A LACK OF SEXUAL ATTRACTION.

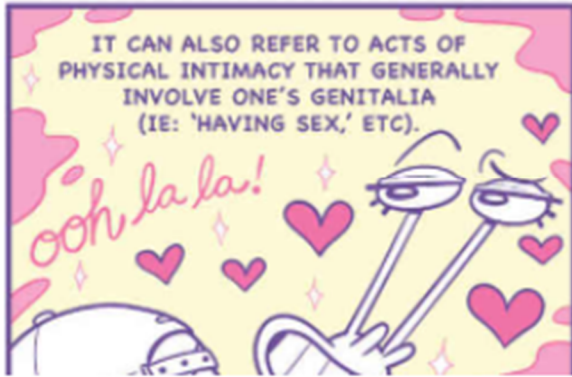
PANSEXUALITY

ATTRACTION TO PEOPLE REGARDLESS OF GENDER.

BECAUSE SEXUAL ORIENTATION/ATTRACTION IS DIFFERENT FROM GENDER IDENTITY!

A SPECTRUM, JUST LIKE COLORS. SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO DESCRIBE THIS AS A LINEAR SPECTRUM...

...BUT, IN REALITY, IT'S QUITE A BIT MORE BROAD...









Here are some screenshots of the book Rick available at the following School <https://hdsb.insigniaails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=278989&ti=0>

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Jeff was already in one of the beanbag chairs, controller in hand and screen paused. His face was peachy white, with a small white scar on his forehead and short brown hair that stuck up like loose spikes. He wore red basketball shorts and a black sleeveless T-shirt.

"This game is awesome. You can actually crack a bottle on a guy's head and the shards embed in his skull."

"Lemme see!" Rick dropped into the empty chair.

Jeff pressed a series of buttons, and a hulking character on the screen picked up a bottle that read XXX and cracked it over the skull of a skinny little guy drinking at the bar.

"Aww man!" Jeff groaned. "None of them stuck that time! Here, you take the other controller and I'll restart the game."

"Won't you have to do everything over?" asked Rick.

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When the bell rang, the room devolved into a whirl of chaos. Rick found himself right behind Melissa in the rush to the door, where the kid who had been next to Melissa in the yard waited, bouncing in place. From the front, her T-shirt read, *WARNING: RUNS WITH SCISSORS*.

"I missed you!" The kid practically pounced on Melissa.

"Kelly, homeroom was fifteen minutes long."

"A person could drown in fifteen minutes!"

And then they were gone, arm in arm, heading down the hallway and exclaiming over each other's schedules.

Rick wondered what it would be like to have a best friend you could throw your arm over the shoulder of without worrying that they might make fun of you. Jeff was great in a lot of ways, but their friendship wasn't like that. Nor was Jeff the kind of friend who wanted to hear that a person could, in fact, drown nearly four times in fifteen minutes, assuming a standard of four minutes from first struggle to death from lack of oxygen to the brain. When Rick corrected stuff like that, Jeff told him not to think so hard.

Rick didn't see Jeff again until lunch. In between, he had been to three different classes with three different teachers and been assigned four different seats to remember, including homeroom. His mind was swirling, and his backpack was heavy with textbooks. By then, the idea that George could be a girl seemed a bit less sensible, and the idea that it would freak Jeff out because he had talked about whether she was cute was a bit more appealing.

"Remember that girl in the blue skirt from this morning?"

"You mean the hot one?"

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Or lately, to stare at, if there was a girl he deemed pretty. This morning, it was a girl.

"Check out the hottie!" Jeff said in greeting. He tossed his head vaguely across the schoolyard.

"Which one?" Rick hated when Jeff called girls hotties. He made it sound like they were sexy pancakes.

"Right there." Jeff pointed. "In the blue skirt."

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knew that Rick knew what he meant, but Jeff continued anyway. "With her clothes off."

Rick gave what he hoped was enough of a laugh.

"You know," said Jeff, "I saw a lady walking around on the beach without her clothes this summer."

"You told me. You sure she wasn't just wearing a bathing suit the color of her skin?"

"No, dude, I told you! She was super naked. And hot too. Everyone was staring. Men, women, kids. Even the fish."

Rick gave another expected laugh, but before Jeff could tell him any more about the beach show, the school doors opened and a graceful but firm woman wearing a deep purple suit jacket stepped outside with a bullhorn. She pressed the whooping alarm button twice and the crowd of students turned to face her, their conversations trailing off into whispers.

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"Wait, is that you, G—?"

Melissa stopped him with a raised finger as well as her voice. "I don't use that name anymore. You can call me Melissa."

"Oh. Um, hi."

"Yeah, hi."

They sat there for a moment in the din of introductions, just seeing each other.

"You look good." Rick meant it. Not the way Jeff would, but more like she looked happy. Last year, her hair had been in her face and her eyes were almost always focused on the ground. Now her reddish-brown hair was brushed back and her eyes were looking right at Rick.

"Thanks."

Rick's brain felt like a vacuum, and the next words that came to his mind popped right out of his mouth. "So you're ..."

"I'm a girl. A transgender girl. I wanted to come to school as myself last year, but my mom said I should wait for a fresh start in middle school."

"That makes sense, I guess."

Melissa shrugged. "It would have been nice to stop hiding sooner."

"That makes sense too." Rick gave a small, awkward smile. He would have thought it would be weird to meet a transgender girl, but it wasn't, really. At least, not if the girl was Melissa. He continued, "So I guess I know what you're excited about this year."

Melissa laughed. "Nervous too, but mostly excited. What about you?"

"I dunno. The regular stuff, I guess. Changing classes sounds

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"I know just the place!" said the girl with the braid. "Has anyone heard of the Rainbow Spectrum? It's an after-school club for LGBTQIAP+ rights. I know about it because my sister helped start it a couple of years ago, when she was in eighth grade."

Rick wondered what a meeting for gay kids was like and what they did together. Did they talk about how to be gay? Or how they

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Rick was still thinking about the Rainbow Spectrum that evening. Sometimes Rick wondered whether he was gay because he had never had a crush on a girl. But he had never had a crush on a boy either, so how could he be gay? If Diane were there, he would have asked her what she thought. Diane was always happy to share her

happen without a chance to do anything about it. It was a sign for the Rainbow Spectrum. There were rainbows at the top and bottom of the poster, and big, bold letters that read *All Are Welcome*.

Jeff hit Rick on the shoulder to get his attention. "Whoa, Rick. Check this out. A buncha gay kids are meeting up! Gross!"

"You're the one who's gross," said Kelly, with her hand on her hip.

"Whatever." Jeff snorted. "Let's get out of here, Rick. I'm hungry."

"Yeah," said Kelly. "Get out of here and take your hate with you."

"And then that lesbo tried to tell me that I was harassing her!"

"Whoa, dude!" said maybe-Matt. "What did you call her?"

"And before you answer that," said maybe-Mark, "you oughta know my aunt's a lesbian."

"And she could kick your butt!" added maybe-Matt. "She does

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aikido. She's scary!"

"So now you guys are gonna go all gay on me too?" Jeff's voice grew uncomfortably high-pitched as he tried to yell without being so loud that the lunch staff noticed him. "I'll tell ya this: There was a kid in my class in fourth grade, and he was gay, and I punched him in the stomach."

"Yeah." Maybe-Mark snorted. "And we heard he threw up all over you."

"What?" Jeff's eyes bore down on Rick. "Did you tell them?"

"Chill out, dude," said maybe-Matt. "We heard it from this kid in our English class. Wish I had been there to see it. Sounds hilarious."

Jeff stood, picked up his tray, and said to Rick, "C'mon, let's go find another table."

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Rick's head shot up from where he had been staring at the ground, listening to all these kids who sounded like they already knew everything about themselves. It was Ronnie, from homeroom and the Cafeteria Ketchup Kerfuffle.

"I'm in sixth grade, and my pronouns are *he* and *his*. I'm a straight guy, as far as I can tell, but my moms are queer."

Rick had known Leila and Kelly would be there, and he wasn't surprised to see Melissa. But he hadn't expected Ronnie. It made him worry who else could be hidden behind some other kid. For a moment, he even wondered whether Jeff could be out in the hall, overhearing everything that was being said. Meanwhile, the circle continued around him.

"I'm Leila. I'm in sixth grade and use *she* and *her*, and I don't really know yet, but I've been doing a lot of reading and thinking, and I might be bisexual."

Then it was Melissa's turn. Rick wondered if she would tell everyone. He decided that he wouldn't if it were him.

"Hi. My name is Melissa, and I use *she* and *her*. I'm in sixth

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Roughly two thousand decision changes later, in last period, Rick was sure he wasn't going. How could he go if he didn't even know why he felt like going? What would he say? Was it enough to say that he'd never felt about a girl the way his best friend did? Was it enough to not know? Rick had already put on his jacket and was in the stairwell between the first and second floors when he saw a Spectrum sign that said *Because you have questions*.

And that's how Rick ended up turning around, climbing back up the flight, and walking toward the classroom with the brightly colored Rainbow Spectrum sign hanging from the doorknob. Closer. Closer. The door was open, but he couldn't see how many kids were inside. He wasn't sure whether it would be worse if it was empty, with just Kelly, Leila from science class, and the faculty adviser staring at him, or full of gay kids and lesbian kids and bisexual kids and transgender kids.

I'm in eighth grade, and I'm bisexual. My preferred pronouns are *she* and *her*. And I'm here because I think LGBTQIAP+ rights are really important."

"Thank you, Zoe. To be clear, you don't need to tell us your sexual orientation if you don't want to," said Mr. Sydney.

"Oh, but I want to!" said Zoe. "How is someone supposed to ask me out if they don't know I might be interested?"

The two kids wearing the spring musical T-shirts went next—Xavier, who shared that he had been coming to the group since he'd started sixth grade two years ago, and Yaya, who announced that he was "supergaaaaaay" with a wave of his hand.

"I'm Ellie, lesbian, eighth grade. *She*, please," said the girl with the cupcake hat.

A soft-spoken kid with dark hair and bright red glasses said, "Hi, I'm Mika. And I guess I use *she* and *her*, but I never really thought about it before."

Then it was the kid who had rushed past Rick in the hallway's turn. "Hey, everybody. I'm Green."

"Like the color?" asked Ellie.

"Yep!" Green said with a wide smile. "You've heard of people with red hair being called Red? Well, I'm Green."

"Cool," said Ellie, with a toss of her purple-tipped hair.

"Yeah, so I'm Green, and I'm in sixth grade and enby." Green saw some puzzled looks from around the room and clarified, "*Enby* from NB, or nonbinary."

Mr. Sydney addressed the class. "Nonbinary refers to people who do not identify as either male or female. Do I have that right,

"Good afternoon, everyone, and welcome to the Rainbow Spectrum. My name is Mr. Sydney, and I'll be your group adviser this semester. As some of the seventh and eighth graders know, Ms. Abrams, who usually runs this group, is on leave this semester. I'm happy to report that she had the baby three weeks ago." He waited for the wave of whoops, whispers, and awwwws to pass. "And that she, her wife, and little Max are all doing wonderfully. Ms. Abrams will be coming back to school in January.

"In the meantime, I am elated, enthralled, and exhilarated to be here. When I was a kid, groups like this were barely starting up at a lot of colleges, much less in middle schools. I can already tell this is going to be an exciting year. Before we do anything else, let's do a go-round, where we all introduce ourselves. In addition to sharing your name, grade, and preferred pronouns, I welcome you to tell us briefly what brought you here today. It's not required, but it would be nice to hear some of your thoughts. Zoe, I believe you were active in the group last year. Will you start us off?"

Zoe was the girl with the patched-up jean jacket. "Hi, I'm Zoe,

grade, I'm Kelly's BFF, and my connection to the community is that I'm a transgender girl."

"Aw, yeah!" said Green. Melissa gave Green a thumbs-up.

"And it's not a secret, but it's also my information to share. So I'm happy for all of you to know, but please don't tell people outside of this room."

"So, uh," asked Mika, "what was your name before?"

"That"—Melissa paused—"is nonov."

"Nonov?"

"Yeah. Nonov your business!"

Melissa shared a high five with Kelly. A few kids chuckled, and the theater kids laughed out loud.

"Good one, Melissa!" said Mika. "Sorry I asked."

Kelly went next. "Hi. I'm Kelly Arden. I'm straight, but I'm a proud ally."

"Not to be harsh," said Zoe, "but ally isn't really an identity to be proud of. And you're new, but we talked about this last year, and we don't use that word as a noun here anymore. Allying is something you do, not someone you are."

"Then what's the A for in LGBTQIAP+?" asked Kelly.

"Asexual," said Zoe. A few kids nodded, but others looked confused. "Asexuality is when you don't have any interest in, like, ever doing the deed with anyone."

The word *asexual* buzzed in Rick's head like a fly looking for a place to land as introductions continued around the room. His stomach felt tingly. Not nervous, exactly, but not calm either. More like drinking soda too fast and having the bubbles dance around inside his body. Rick's turn was only two kids away, and then one.

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“And then I learned the words *asexual* and *aromantic*.”

“Ahhhh.” Grandpa Ray nodded slowly. “Sounds like what you’re describing.”

“That’s what I thought. I’m not sure which one I am yet, though.”

“And that’s okay.” Grandpa Ray gave a sharp nod of approval.

“I’m glad you told me, and I hope you’ll keep sharing as you know more. And, Rick?”

“Yeah?”

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“It’s a thing we learned at Baptiste,” Xavier explained to the sixth graders who hadn’t gone there. The seventh and eighth graders from other schools had seen it before, and some of them had even started to join in when they noticed kids doing it.

“Yeah, well, it works,” said Zoe. “No one at Baptiste ever got pushed or shoved or yelled at because anyone thought they were gay. We even had a **trans** kid come out in third grade. I’ll bet there are more now.”

“I remember that kid,” said Xavier. “We were in fifth grade then. That means he must be in, like, sixth grade by now.”

Green cleared their throat and gave a little wave.

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gray knit vest over a bright pink collared shirt. “Welcome to the Rainbow Spectrum. I’m excited to see so many returning faces, plus some new ones.”

He clapped his hands together and held them tight as he spoke. “I’ve been doing a lot of research, and I want to apologize for my ignorance last week. The singular *they* has a rich history in English, and as I learned on one blog, it is more important to be respectful than to be right. I was caught up in the rules of grammar instead of the function of language. Thank you for educating me, and I hope that you’ll keep letting me know when I need to catch up to speed. And I’m going to do my best so that you won’t have to.”

Rick couldn’t remember ever having heard a teacher apologize about not knowing something before. From the looks of pleasant surprise around the room, neither had anyone else.

Green cleared their throat again, louder this time. “Yup, that was me. And yeah, there were a couple of trans kids when I left. I was the only enby, though.”

Sam raised their hand slowly.

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“I’m not worried,” said Rick. “Have you ever heard of being asexual? Or aromantic?”

“I can take a guess what it means. But you’re too young to be something like that.”

“I’m almost twelve.”

“Everyone has their own path.”

“And right now, my path is that I’m not interested in anyone.”

“That might change.”

“It might. It also might not. Either way, it feels good to have a name for what I’m feeling. Or, um, not feeling.”

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The most common acronym these days to represent this range is LGBTQIAP+ (Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Queer Intersex Asexual Pansexual and more). The plus sign acknowledges that our understanding of sexuality is growing, and that many people use other language to describe themselves. I’ve also used the term QUILTBAG+ (Queer Unsure Intersex Lesbian Transgender Bisexual Asexual Gay and more) in this book, as coined by feminist artist Sadie Lee in 2006. I appreciate how easy it is to say, as well as the quilt imagery. We are a community of disparate people who come together to create something beautiful, and the reference to the AIDS Quilt is worth noting. However, I don’t think QUILTBAG+ is perfect—I wish it included pansexuality, and some people don’t like the *-bag* ending. I hope that I have done justice to the real-life process of developing language in the way I represent the Rainbow Spectrum’s conversations. And I look forward to what comes next as we continue to refine language to meet our needs.

If you’ve been thinking about your own gender and/or sexuality, you can research online for terms that might help you put a name to how you’re feeling. And if you don’t know how you’re feeling, there’s language for that too—questioning and

Here are some screenshots of the book *The Hate U Give Me* available at the following School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=112089&ti=0>

“Whatever, Starr. This isn’t about me. This is about you and your sex-driven boyfriend.”

“He’s not sex-driven,” I say.

“Then what do you call it?”

“He was horny at that moment.”

“Same thing!”

“I ain’t scared of that nigga!” Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to hear. “You scared of him?”

“Nah, but I know how the game work.”

“I’m too old for games! You oughta be too!”

“Yes,” I say, for the hundredth time. “You’re violent, Hails.”

“When it comes to my friends, possibly. Seriously though, why would he even? God, boys and their fucking sex drive.”

I snort. “Is that why you and Luke haven’t gotten together?”

She lightly elbows me. “Shut up.”

I laugh. “Why won’t you admit you like him?”

“What makes you think I like him?”

“Really, Hailey?”

People say misery loves company, but I think it’s like that with anger too. I’m not the only one pissed—everyone around me is. They didn’t have to be sitting in the passenger’s seat when it happened. My anger is theirs, and theirs is mine.

A car stereo loudly plays a record-scratching sound, then Ice Cube says, “*Fuck the police, coming straight from the underground. A young nigga got it bad ’cause I’m brown.*”

You’d think it was a concert the way people react, rapping along and jumping to the beat. DeVante and Seven yell out the lyrics. Chris nods along and mumbles the words. He goes silent every time Cube says “nigga.” As he should.

THE BLACK WIDOWS

To anyone passing, they were just a pair of black high-tops that dangled by their laces on the utility line over Carcel Avenue. But to those who could decipher the code of the streets, the shoes told that crack **cocaine** was sold only a few feet away.

Khalil hated those damn shoes. They always seemed to come back, no matter how many drug busts the police made. As long as there was a demand, someone would eventually supply. He hated how, even with the wear and tear from Mother Nature, those shoes still looked better than the hand-me-downs on his feet.

"Your shoes may not be new baby, but at least you don't have to look over your shoulder every second, not knowing if the police or death coming for you," his grandmama once said to raise his spirits. But it was a temporary fix as the reminder of his reality hung above him when he walked home from his job as a grocery bagger.

Those shoes had done plenty. They stole his mother and replaced her with a shell enslaved to **cocaine**. They were the reason his little brother was afraid to walk to school any more. And those damn shoes were slowly sucking the life out of the neighborhood he called home.

People say misery loves company, but I think it's like that with anger too. I'm not the only one pissed—everyone around me is. They didn't have to be sitting in the passenger's seat when it happened. My anger is theirs, and theirs is mine.

A car stereo loudly plays a record-scratching sound, then Ice Cube says, "*Fuck the police, coming straight from the underground. A young **nigga** got it bad 'cause I'm brown.*"

You'd think it was a concert the way people react, rapping along and jumping to the beat. DeVante and Seven yell out the lyrics. Chris nods along and mumbles the words. He goes silent every time Cube says "**nigga**." As he should.

"Whatever, Starr. This isn't about me. This is about you and your **sex**-driven boyfriend."

"He's not **sex**-driven," I say.

"Then what do you call it?"

"He was horny at that moment."

"Same thing!"

"I ain't scared of that **nigga**!" Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to hear. "You scared of him?"

"Nah, but I know how the game work."

"I'm too old for games! You oughta be too!"

...I heard what happened to her li'l homie.
That's **fucked** up."

Five

Page 61

"Sounds like my parents," says Britt. "Took us to **fucking** Harry Potter World for the third year in a...

Five

Page 61

Holy shit. Who the **fuck** complains about going to Harry Potter World? Or...

Five

Page 63

...I'm more like a Taylor Swift song. (No shade, I **fuck**s with Tay-Tay, but she doesn't serve like...

Five

Page 63

...m willing to forget what he did. That's scary as **fuck** too. Someone I've only been with for a year...

Five

Page 65

Fuckity fuck, fuck, ...

Five

Page 65

...**fuck**. I'm crumbling. "Chris . . ."

Five

Page 67

...though, why would he even? God, boys and their **fucking** sex drive."

Six

Page 79

Shit. Your **fuck**ing big mouth.

...him out of it, I know it, but I abandoned him. **Fuck** the friends' side. I shouldn't even be at his...

Eight

Page 104

But **fuck** the crush, he was one of the best friends I ever...

Nine

Page 125

...just hearing that for the first time. "What the **fuck**'s that got to do with anything?"

Ten

Page 132

...still giving hate, and everybody's still getting **fucked**?"

Ten

Page 132

..., that's about right. And we won't stop getting **fucked** till it changes. That's the key. It's gotta...

Eleven

Page 141

...Starr from Garden Heights shows up. "What the **fuck** that got to do with it?"

Eleven

Page 142

...all of my Williamson Starr rules with zero **fuck**s to give.

Eleven

Page 151

He pounds the desk. "**Fuck!**"

Eleven

Page 151

"I ain't scared of them! **Fuck** the police!"

Twenty-Three

Page 301

...breaths. "Like Starr said, they don't give a **fuck** about us, so we don't give a **fuck**. Burn this bitch down."

Twenty-Three

Page 302

...a hell of a lot of times. Nah, I don't give a **fuck** about neither one of them bitches."

Twenty-Three

Page 303

"**Fucking** breadcrumbs." DeVante still can't get over it...

Twenty-Three

Page 304

"**Fuck**," Chris mutters. "That's what my mom calls it."

Twenty-Four

Page 307

His baby basically says "**fuck** it" and stops.

Twenty-Four

Page 308

...his hands and rests them on top of his dreads. **Fuck, fuck, fuck**. We gotta leave it."

Twenty-Four

Page 313

You know what? **Fuck** it.

Twenty-Four

Page 315

"**Fuck!**" Goon hisses. "Hold on, Vante."

"Dammit, Starr! Do you wanna take a **fuck**ing picture or not?"

Seventeen

Page 232

I feel the tears coming. **Fuck**. I'm sick of this. "We were real close back then..."

Twenty-One

Page 278

"You're **fuck**ing right I'm ashamed of you!"

Twenty-One

Page 278

...me," he mocks. "Hell no, I didn't. And why the **fuck** should I?"

Twenty-One

Page 279

...turned my son against me. Can't wait till King **fuck** y'all up for letting that girl snitch on him on...

Twenty-One

Page 279

...one thing to hear gossip that somebody plans to "**fuck** you up," but it's a whole different thing to...

Twenty-Two

Page 286

"Who gives a **fuck**?"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

...everything I was supposed to do, and it wasn't **fuck**ing good enough. Khalil's death wasn't horrible...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

... He had friends. He had dreams. None

of it **fuck**ing mattered. He was just a thug who deserved to...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

...first. Suddenly he punches the steering wheel. "**Fuck!**"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

"**Fuck!**" Seven croaks. He covers his eyes and rocks...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

.... He covers his eyes and rocks back and forth. "**Fuck, fuck, fuck!**"

Twenty-Three

Page 295

Seven hastily wipes his face. "**Fuck** this. Starr, whatever you wanna do, I'm down...

Twenty-Three

Page 295

They gave me the hate, and now I wanna **fuck** everybody, even if I'm not sure how.

Twenty-Three

Page 296

.... "I did everything right, and it didn't make a **fuck**ing difference. I've gotten death threats, cops...

Twenty-Three

Page 296

...? Justice Khalil won't get? They don't give a **fuck** about us, so fine. I no longer give a **fuck**."

Twenty-Three

Page 298

Page 192

"Thank you!" Hailey says. "She's been in **bitch** mode for weeks but wants to blame me."

Twenty

Page 261

"**Bitch**—" I take a deep breath. Way too many people are...

Twenty

Page 262

"**Bitch!**" she shrieks. She goes straight for my hair...

Twenty

Page 262

Before he can finish "**bitch**," a blur of dreadlocks charges at us and pushes...

Twenty-Three

Page 300

"Hell yeah!" says DeVante. "Burn that **bitch** down!"

Twenty-Three

Page 301

...about us, so we don't give a fuck. Burn this **bitch** down."

Twenty-Three

Page 302

..., I don't give a fuck about neither one of them **bitches**."

Twenty-Five

Page 322

"You son of a **bitch!**" Daddy marches toward King, and King's boys...

Nine

Page 112

The tallest one steps to Seven. "Nigga, you Kinging?"

Ten

Page 128

..."—I deepen my voice—"Why don't they shoot that nigga Voldemort?"

Ten

Page 129

...people," says Daddy. "Like he took the word nigga and gave it a whole new meaning—Never Ignorant..."

Eleven

Page 147

"I ain't scared of that nigga!" Mr. Lewis says real loud, for everybody to...

Twenty

Page 265

"Our?" says the GD at the table. "Nigga, you said you moving."

Twenty-Three

Page 299

..., coming straight from the underground. A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown."

Twenty-Three

Page 299

...the words. He goes silent every time Cube says "nigga." As he should.

Twenty-Three

Page 301

"Niggas tired of taking shit," DeVante says, between...

Chapter 3

Page 391

The beat starts—"Niggas in Paris" by Jay-Z and Kanye.

Here are some screenshots of the book *The Glass Castle* available at the following School <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=236653&ti=0> and <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=22862&ti=0>

Chapter 3

Page 27

...the curse words Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

Chapter 5

Page 32

"You scaly castrating banshee bitch!"

Chapter 5

Page 36

...this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex Walls."

Chapter 9

Page 48

...must have seen it. Was it a big old hairy sonofabitch with the damnedest-looking teeth and claws?"

Chapter 11

Page 54

"You crazy bitch!" Dad hollered. "Get your goddamn ass back in..."

Chapter 24

Page 115

...he said he was going to kill that lowlife sonofabitch. He and Brian and I went out on a serious...

Chapter 28

Page 134

..., where the goddamn hell are you, you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

Chapter 33

Page 158

...around and glared at me. "Why, you little bitch!" she said.

Chapter 60

Page 272

...honey, but I don't want you catching this sonofabitch of a bug."

Chapter 32

Page 154

...told him where I was headed, he frowned. "That's Niggerville," he said. "What you going there for?"

Chapter 32

Page 154

"So, how was Niggerville?" she asked.

Chapter 32

Page 154

Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

"niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

Page 155

Erma was always going on about "the niggers."

"So, how was Niggerville?" she asked.

Chapter 32

Page 154

Erma was always going on about "the niggers." Her and Grandpa's house was on Court Street...

Chapter 32

Page 155

...into town, talking and laughing. "Goddamn niggers," Erma always muttered. "The reason I have..."

Chapter 32

Page 155

...is because I do not want to see or be seen by a nigger." Mom and Dad had always forbidden us to use...

Chapter 32

Page 155

...this up and people are going to think you're a nigger lover," she said.

Chapter 3

Page 27

...Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

Chapter 5

Page 31

...were after us. Dad called them henchmen, bloodsuckers, and the gestapo. Sometimes he would make...

Chapter 5

Page 32

"You no-good two-bit pud-sucking bastard!"

Chapter 12

Page 61

...compartment. We were afraid we were going to get sucked out, and we all shrank back against the...

Chapter 14

Page 67

...Never play the slots," Dad told us. "They're for suckers who rely on luck." Dad knew all about...

Chapter 25

Page 118

Dad stewed for a while, sucking on a beer, and then he told us all to get in...

Chapter 36

Page 173

Chapter 5

Page 36

...done, but this one was harebrained even for a crazy sonofabitch like Rex Walls."

Chapter 11

Page 54

...said one got caught in her hair once and went crazy clawing at her scalp. But I loved those ugly...

Chapter 11

Page 54

"You crazy bitch!" Dad hollered. "Get your goddamn ass back..."

Chapter 11

Page 56

Mom and Dad weren't exactly crazy about Blythe. Too civilized, they said, and...

Chapter 15

Page 71

...garnets and granite and obsidian and Mexican crazy lace, and more and more turquoise. Dad made...

Chapter 22

Page 103

...punishments for breaking the rules. It drove Mom crazy, and it was the reason she never set rules for...

Chapter 25

Page 121

Chapter 11

Page 54

...Mom called Dad a Mr. Know-It-All Smarty-Pants **who re** fused to believe that she was special. Dad said...

Chapter 11

Page 55

...drove, hollering at Mom, calling her a "stupid **whore**" and a "stinking cunt" and ordering her to get...

Chapter 14

Page 67

...the slots," Dad told us. "They're for suckers **who re** ly on luck." Dad knew all about statistics, and...

Chapter 28

Page 134

...., you stinking bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that **whore** hiding?"

Chapter 33

Page 158

...have to defend herself against some lying little **whore**'s accusations.

Chapter 36

Page 171

...either died in a mine cave-in or run off with a **whore**, depending on whom you listened to—and their mom...

Chapter 36

Page 172

.... The mother, Ginnie Sue Pastor, was the town **whore**. Ginnie Sue Pastor was thirty-three years old...

Chapter 36

Page 172

.... But Ginnie Sue Pastor didn't look like a **whore**. She was a blowsy woman with dyed yellow hair...

Chapter 36

Page 173

...and her father all know Ginnie Sue Pastor was a **whore**? What did they think of it? I didn't plan on...

Chapter 36

Page 175

...to Ginnie Sue, I'd even forgotten she was a **whore**. One thing about whoring: It put a chicken on...

Chapter 3

Page 27

...Dad used, like "Dumb-ass sonofabitch!" and "**Cocksucker!**"

Chapter 3

Page 27

...and call out the curse words Dad used, like "**Dumb-ass** sonofabitch!" and "Cocksucker!"

...youngest, crawled along the living room floor, **sucking** on a fat dill pickle. Ginnie Sue Pastor sat...

Chapter 36

Page 174

...crying, and Ginnie Sue picked him up and let him **suck** some mayonnaise off her finger. "You did good on..."

Chapter 39

Page 183

...t interested in work for hire, in saluting and **sucking** up and brownnosing and taking orders. "You'll..."

Chapter 55

Page 251

...had bloomed, and the fragrance of honeysuckle drifted down the hillside and into the house...

'Half Broke Horses' Teaser

Page 301

...our joints could scarcely move, and the mud kept **sucking** at our shoes, but we got to dry land as the...

Chapter 11

Page 55

...at Mom, calling her a "stupid whore" and a "**stinking** cunt" and ordering her to get back into the car...

Chapter 28

Page 134

...Rose Mary, where the goddamn hell are you, you **stinking** bitch?" he yelled. "Where is that whore hiding?"

Chapter 28

Page 134

...of a woman," Dad said. Mom told him he was a **stinking** rotten drunk. "Yeah, but you love this old drunk..."

Chapter 37

Page 177

...Wallses should all leave Welch because we were **stinking** it up so bad.

Here are some screenshots of the book Fun Home by Alison Bechdel available at the following Schools <https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=242641&ti=0>

IT WAS JUST A SLIGHT, BROWNISH SECRETION. IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T REQUIRE ONE OF THE MAMMOTH NAPKINS, OR THE PORNOGRAPHIC BELT. A WAD OF TOILET PAPER SUFFICED.



IT WENT AWAY AFTER A FEW DAYS AND PASSED UNMENTIONED IN MY DIARY. I RETURNED TO SCHOOL.

ABOUT THAT TIME, ON A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MY BEST FRIEND BETH'S FATHER AND A LETTER FROM DAD FOLLOWED.



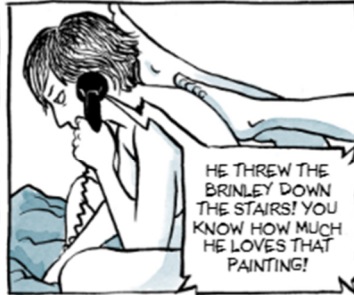
IN AN ELOQUENT UNCONSCIOUS GESTURE, I HAD LEFT FLYING FOR HIM TO RETURN TO THE LIBRARY--MIRRORING HIS OWN TROJAN HORSE GIFT OF COLETTE.

...OTHERS AS PORNOGRAPHY. IN THE HARSH LIGHT OF MY DAWNING FEMINISM, EVERYTHING LOOKED DIFFERENT.



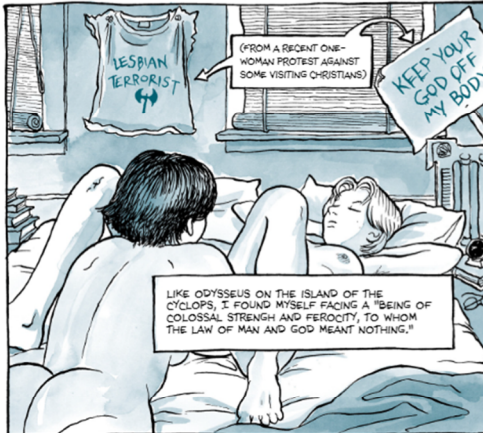
THIS ENTWINED POLITICAL AND SEXUAL AWAKENING WAS A WELCOME DISTRACTION.

THE NEWS FROM HOME WAS INCREASINGLY UNSETTLING.



VEERING TOWARD SCYLLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WASHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW SHORE.

JOAN WAS NOT JUST A VISIONARY POET AND ACTIVIST, BUT A BONA FIDE CYCLOPS.



IN TRUE HEROIC FASHION, I MOVED TOWARD THE THING I FEARED.

YET WHILE ODYSSEUS SCHEMED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE POLYPHEMUS'S CAVE, I FOUND THAT I WAS QUITE CONTENT TO STAY HERE FOREVER.



THE NOTION THAT MY SORDID PERSONAL LIFE HAD SOME SORT OF LARGER IMPORT WAS STRANGE, BUT SEDUCTIVE. AND BY MIDTERM I HAD BEEN SEDUCED COMPLETELY.

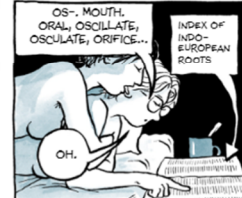


JOAN WAS A POET AND A "MATRIARCHIST." I SPENT VERY LITTLE OF THE REMAINING SEMESTER OUTSIDE HER BED.



I LOST MY BEARINGS. THE DICTIONARY HAD BECOME EROTIC.

SOME OF OUR FAVORITE CHILDHOOD STORIES WERE REVEALED AS PROPAGANDA...



SHE'D LOST ONE EYE IN A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT VIVIDLY REMINISCENT OF THE WAY ODYSSEUS BLINDED POLYPHEMUS.





I WENT TO A MEETING OF SOMETHING CALLED THE "GAY UNION," WHICH I OBSERVED IN PETRIFIED SILENCE.

BUT MY MERE PRESENCE, I FELT, HAD AMOUNTED TO A PUBLIC DECLARATION. I LEFT EXHILARATED.



ONCE WE WERE AT THE BULLPEN, MY BROTHERS DISCOVERED THE CALENDAR.

I FELT AS IF I'D BEEN STRIPPED NAKED MYSELF, INEXPLICABLY ASHAMED, LIKE ADAM AND EVE.



THE SHOVEL WASN'T RUNNING, BUT THE OPERATOR LET US INTO THE CAB.

Here are some screenshots of the book *All Boys aren't Blue* a memoir-manifesto by George M Johnson available at the following School

<https://hdsb.insignails.com/LibraryMS/ItemDetail?l=All&i=286022&ti=0>

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 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.

2022-06-21 6:30 AM (reply from Amy Collard)

Gord

I am concerned. This individual has included links to publications and videos which may actually contain illegal content.

I'm not sure how to investigate the content of the email safely. Would you please advise us whether or not this person ought to be reported to police? Is there some action we should take?

Sincerely,

Amy Collard (she/her)
Halton District School Board Trustee
Burlington, Ward 5

2022-07-03 4:22 PM (reply from Pierre Barns)

Dear Amy,

I have CC the Halton Chief of Police to this email. Chief Tanner is the longest active serving Chief of Police in Canada, In January 2012, he was appointed by the Governor General of Canada as an Officer of the Order of Merit of the Police Forces.

I really hope he will take the time to go through this email and the emails attached and reply to your concerns regarding the illegal contents of the books made available to children at the Halton School District.

In between, I would advise the School Board to immediately remove those books from the library. For more information about those books, please see the emails attached.

Here is my phone number 236-458-7269 If the police or the school board wish to contact me.

Kind Regards,

Pierre Barns