

Citizen's Request For Reconsideration of Material

To be submitted by all citizens requesting reexamination of library/instructional materials - print or non-print.

Author Sarah Maas Type of Material _____

Title A Court of MIST & Fury

Publisher (if known) Bloomsbury

Request initiated by Faith Casale

Telephone [REDACTED]

Address [REDACTED]

Citizen represents: Self Organization _____

1. To what material do you object? (Please be specific: cite pages, etc.)
See attached. Inappropriate sexual content

2. Why do you find this material objectionable?
Students are under 18 & considered CHILDREN. This is detailed sexual content.

3. Did you examine all the material? yes

4. Could you recommend this material for any age group? _____

5. Is there anything in the content of this material that you do like?

6. Are you aware of the judgment of this material by literary critics?

7. What do you believe is the theme of this material?



8. What would you like the school to do about this material?

- Withdraw it from all students.
- Do not assign it to my child.
- Use under teacher direction only (on reserve).
- Other action.

9. In its place, what material of equal literary quality would you recommend that would convey as valuable a picture and perspective of the subject treated?

Faith Casale
Signature of Citizen

9/26/22
Date



ADMINISTRATIVE REGULATION 105.4

HANDLING OF CHALLENGED MATERIAL

Guide for Material Review by the Special Review Committee

A letter from the Chairman of the Review Committee, including the findings and recommendations, shall be attached to this Guide and sent to the complainant and the Superintendent.

TYPE OF MATERIAL IN QUESTION: Textbook ___ Library Book X

A-V Material _____ Curriculum Program/System _____

Other (_____)

TITLE A Court of Mist and Fury

AUTHOR Sarah Maas PUBLISHER Bloomsbury

Questions 1 -11 are to be completed by appropriate School Official(s).

1. Please provide a brief descriptive synopsis of questioned material.

Feyre has undergone more trials than one human woman can carry in her heart. Though she's now been granted the powers and lifespan of the High Fae, she is haunted by her time Under the Mountain and the terrible deeds she performed to save the lives of Tamlin and his people.

2. Intended grade level of material 17+ At what grade level is material actually being used or taught locally? High School

3. Name of school(s) using (or intending to use) questionable. Central York High School

4. Name and title of person(s) responsible for selection of material.
Unknown _____

5. Who was involved in the review and selection of this material? Unknown. The book has existed in the library prior to the currently presiding librarian. _____

6. Were the teachers using this material given ample opportunity and time to review and evaluate entire material before approval or adoption for local classroom use?
(Yes or No) NA
If so, please list all teachers who review materials.



ADMINISTRATIVE REGULATION 105.4

HANDLING OF CHALLENGED MATERIAL

7. Content

- A. Is the basic purpose of this material academic or sociological? (Circle the appropriate designation.)- Neither. This is a fictional piece.
- B. What are the positive aspects of this material? (Please attach to this form: citations - page, paragraph, lines, and/or other references.)- Fantasy genre.
- C. What are the negative aspects of this material that are critical of (1) Individuals? (2) Ethnic, racial, or religious groups? (3) Institutions? (4) Cultural, social, political, and/or economic beliefs, practices, or traditions? (5) Our own American national heritage? (Please attach to this form citations - page, paragraph, lines and/or other references.)
- D. Academic skills
 - 1. How specifically does this material improve students' basic academic skills? (Please attach to this form a detailed explanation of how this material will improve students' skills.)
 - a. The reading of fantasy genre may meet the personal interest level of young readers as they grow in their independent reading.
 - 2. Is this particular material superior to other available material in teaching basic academic skills? (Yes or No) No

If so, according to what authorities? _____

If not, why was this material selected for use in this school district?

 This material as chosen a material for self-selected use in the library.

E. Violence

- 1. Please list instances where violence is included in the material. (Please attach to this form detailed citations - page, paragraph, line, and/or other references.)- NA
- 2. Is violence treated in the context of cause and consequence? (Yes or No) NA

If so, please specify page, paragraph, lines and/or other references to document that this is the case on the attached listing.



ADMINISTRATIVE REGULATION 105.4

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F. Profanity and Immoral Conduct

1. Please list instances where profanity and immoral conduct are included in the material.
(Please attach to this form detailed citations - page, paragraph, lines, and/or other references.)
Please see attached sheet.
2. Are profanity and immoral conduct treated in the context of cause and consequence?
(Yes or No)___No_____

If so, please cite examples in context on the attached listing to document that this is the case.

8. Teaching Methods and Outcomes

A. Could any content, exercise, questions or other aspect of the material in question be used to change attitudes, values, or religious or political beliefs of students? (Yes or No)___No___

B. Are psychological techniques such as personality or attitude profiles, questions or interviews in areas of social, emotional, mental, or personal problems used in connection with this questioned material? (Yes or No)___No___

9. What specific action does the school take to protect students from feeling odd, peculiar, or isolated from their peers when a parent or guardian refuses to allow a student to participate in programs using material they feel is objectionable?

___When a parent or guardian requests an alternate text, the classroom teacher provides a different learning material that still allows for the teaching of the lesson specific skills and are transferable to the alternative text._____



ADMINISTRATIVE REGULATION 105.4

HANDLING OF CHALLENGED MATERIAL

[Signature]
(Special Review Committee Member)

Librarian
Title

11/7/2022
Date

[Signature]
(Special Review Committee Member)

Teacher
Title

11/7/2022
Date

[Signature]
(Special Review Committee Member)

Teacher
Title

11/7/2022
Date

[Signature]
(Special Review Committee Member)

Principal
Title

11/7/2022
Date

[Signature]
(Special Review Committee Member)

Asst. Spt.
Title

11/7/2022
Date

(Special Review Committee Member)

Title

Date

(Superintendent)

Title

Date

CREATED 12/11; modified 8/2017 (moved under Policy 105)

if war comes, we'll face it. Together. I won't let them take me from you. And I won't let them take you from me, either."

Rhys looked up, his face gleaming with tears. He went still as I leaned in, kissing away one tear. Then the other. As he had once kissed away mine.

When my lips were wet and salty with them, I pulled back far enough to see his eyes. "You're mine," I breathed.

His body shuddered with what might have been a sob, but his lips found my own.

It was gentle—soft. The kiss he might have given me if we'd been granted time and peace to meet across our two separate worlds. To court each other. I slid my arms around his shoulders, opening my mouth to him, and his tongue slipped in, caressing my own. Mate—my mate.

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth.

The sound snapped whatever leash he'd had on himself, and Rhysand scooped me up in a smooth movement before laying me flat on the table—amongst and on top of all the paints.

He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped my legs around his back, hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion.

Rhys pulled back to survey me, my body naked from the waist up. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple.

I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button.

"Where this is going to end," he said.

He snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth finding my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel *more* of him. There was paint all over my hands, my arms, but I didn't care as I grabbed at his clothes. He shifted enough to let me remove them, weapons and leather thudding to the ground, revealing that beautiful tattooed body, the powerful muscles and wings now peeking above them.

My mate—my mate.

His mouth crashed into mine, his bare skin so warm against my own, and I gripped his face, smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, and great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands found my waist, and I bucked my hips off the table to help him remove my socks, my leggings.

Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into a gasp as he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, hooked my legs over his shoulders to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me.

Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow to no one and nothing—

But his mate. His equal.

The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire.

Want you played out on the table like my own personal feast.

He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me savagely.

And pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the table or grip the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off.

He worked and eased his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his tongue slipped where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he sucked me out, escaping ever so slightly—

I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still moving. "Rhys," I rasped.

Now. I wanted him now.

But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me to the table.

I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor.

He looked me over, naked, covered in paint, his own face and body smeared with it, and gave me a slow, satisfied male smile. "You're mine," he snarled, and hefted me up into his arms.

I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness.

Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me, wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together.

He didn't say anything as he came over me, wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield only for me.

And I wanted to touch him.

I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing.

Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch.

Play later, he ground out.

Indeed?

His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my legs around his back, careful of the wings.

Though I stopped eating as he nudged at my entrance. And paused.

Play later, I snarled into his mouth.

Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in.
And in. And in.

I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured.

I knew what he meant.

"You're mine," I breathed.

Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So torturously slow.

"You're mine," I gasped out.

Again, he pulled out, then thrust in.

"You're mine."

Again—faster, deeper this time.

I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an immovable ray of light.

With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. "You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings.

My friend through many dangers.

My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul.

My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds.

I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you."

Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end. We were a song that had been sung from the very first ember of light in the world.

Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt. Outside, the mountains trembled, the remaining snow rushing from them in a cascade of blinding white, only to be swallowed up by the waiting night below. Silence fell, interrupted only by our parting breaths.

I took his paint-smeared face between my own colorful hands and made him look at me.

His eyes were radiant like the stars I'd painted once, long ago.

And I smiled at Rhys as I let that mating bond shine clear and luminous between us.



I don't know how long we lay there, lazily touching each other, as if we might indeed have all the time in the world.

"I think I fell in love with you," Rhys murmured, stroking a finger down my arm, "the moment I realized you were cleaving those bones to make a trap for the Middengard Wurm. Or maybe the moment you flipped me off for mocking you. It reminded me so much of Cassian. For the first time in decades, I wanted to *laugh*."

"You fell in love with me," I said flatly, "because I reminded you of your friend?"

He flicked my nose. "I fell in love with you, smartass, because you were one of us—because you weren't afraid of me, and you decided to end your spectacular victory by throwing that piece of bone at Amarantha like a javelin. I felt Cassian's spirit beside me in that moment, and could have sworn I heard him say, *'If you don't marry her, you stupid prick, I will.'*"

I huffed a laugh, sliding my paint-covered hand over his tattooed chest. Paint—right.

We were both covered in it. So was the bed.

Rhys followed my eyes and gave me a grin that was positively wicked. "How convenient that the bathtub is large enough for two."

My blood heated, and I rose from the bed only to have him move faster—scooping me up in his arms. He was splattered with paint, his hair crusted with it, and his poor, beautiful wings. Those were my handprints on them. Naked, he carried me into the bath, where the water was already running, the magic of this cabin acting on our behalf.

He strode down the steps into the water, his hiss of pleasure a brush of air against my ear. And I might have moaned a little myself when the hot water hit me as he sat us both down in the tub.

A basket of soaps and oils appeared along the stone rim, and I pushed him to sink further beneath the surface. The steam wafted between us, and Illyria picked up a bar of that pine tar-smelling soap and handed it to me. She passed a washrag. "Someone, it seems, got my wings dirty."

My face heated, but my gut tightened. Illyrian males and their wings—so sensitive.

I motioned my finger to motion him to turn around. He obeyed, spreading those magnificent wings enough for me to find the paint spots. So carefully, so carefully, I soaped up the washcloth and began scrubbing red and blue and purple away.

The candlelight danced over his countless, faint scars—nearly invisible, but tender bits of membrane. He shuddered with each pass, his hand on the lip of the tub. I peeked over his shoulder to see the extent of his sensitivity, and said, "At least the rumors about wing-sensitivity and the size of other parts were right."

His body tensed as he choked out a laugh. "Such a dirty, dirty rumor."

"I thought of all the places I wanted to put that mouth and blushed

"I was falling in love with you for a while," I said, the words tumbling over the trickle of water as I washed his beautiful wings.

"You were afraid. Or came close to knowing and was so scared of knowing that you didn't want to look closer. I was a coward."

"I had very good reasons to avoid it."

"I know. Maybe—thanks to Tamlin, yes. But it had nothing to do with you. *Nothing* to do with you. I was never afraid of the

idea of falling with you. Even if every assassin in the world was after me for it. *You* are worth it."

Illyria smiled a bit. And he said hoarsely, "Thank you."

I scowled, and he laughed, hands sliding to grip my waist and tug me to him. He sat down on the built-in bench of the tub, and I straddled him, idly stroking his muscled arms.

"Tomorrow," Rhys said, features becoming grave. "We're leaving tomorrow for your family's estate. The queens sent word. They return in three days."

I started. "You're telling me this *now*?"

"I got sidetracked," he said, his eyes twinkling.

And the light in those eyes, the quiet joy . . . They knocked the breath from me. A future—we would have a future together. *I* would have a future. A *life*.

His smile faded into something awed, something . . . reverent, and I reached out to cup his face in my hands—

To find my skin glowing.

Faintly, as if some inner light shone beneath my skin, leaking out into the world. Warm and white light, like the sun—like a star. Those wonder-filled eyes met mine, and Rhys ran a finger down my arm. "Well, at least now I can gloat that I literally make my mate glow with happiness."

I laughed, and the glow flared a little brighter. He leaned in, kissing me softly, and I melted for him, wrapping my arms around his neck. He was rock-hard against me, pushing against where I sat poised right above him. All it would take would be one smooth motion and he'd be inside me—

But Rhys stood from the water, both of us dripping wet, and I hooked my legs around him as he walked us back into the bedroom. The sheets had been changed by the domestic magic of the house, and they were soft and smooth against my naked body as he set me down and stared at me.

It was shining bright and pure as a star. "Day Court?"

"Don't care," he said roughly, and removed the glamour from my eyes.

It was a small magic, he'd once told me, to keep the damper on who he was, what his power looked like.

As the full majesty of him was unleashed, he filled the room, the world, my soul, with glittering ebony power. Stars and wind and shadows; peace and dreams and the honed edge of nightmares. Darkness rippled from him like tendrils of steam as he reached out a hand and laid it flat against the glowing skin of my stomach.

That hand of night splayed, the light leaking through the wafting shadows, and I hoisted myself up on my elbows to kiss him.

Smoke and mist and dew.

I moaned at the taste of him, and he opened his mouth for me, letting me brush my tongue against his, scrape it against his teeth. Everything he was had been laid before me—one final question.

I wanted it all.

I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the flash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, "Illyrian baby," and ran my hands down his muscled abdomen—farther. He stopped objecting.

He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again.

He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him.

Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting.

Cocky bastard.

So I leaned down and put my mouth on him.

He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shh," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.

His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him, grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood.

Surprised he waited the full minute before inter-

Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did.

One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke.

I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets.

Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, eternity exploding around me at that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him.

"Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and kissed the length of my spine.

I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I climaxed with his name on my lips.

Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again, his lips on my neck, on my ear.

I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him.

He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him.

There was a glimmer in the darkness—a flash of lingering pain, a memory. And I understood why he wanted me like this, wanted to end it like this with me astride him.

It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly.

Our mouths met, I slid onto him, the fit so much deeper, and I murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and he rode him gently. Later—there would be other times to go fast. But right now . . . I wouldn't think of why this position

was one he wanted to end in, to have me banish the stained dark with the light.

But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow.

So I sat up, hands braced on his broad chest, and unleashed that light in me, letting it drive out the darkness of what had been done to him, my mate, my friend.

Rhys barked my name, thrusting his hips up. Stars wheeled as he slammed deep.

I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own vision fractured as release barreled into me again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he spilled himself in me.

When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us.

He tugged on my wet hair. "We'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light."

"I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough."

"Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're pissed. And since I have every intention of making you as happy as a person can be... I have a feeling we'll need to learn to control that wondrous glow."

"Always thinking, always calculating."

Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you."

"I remember mention of a wall."

His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall."

"Hard enough to make the pictures fall off."

Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth."

I obliged him.



It was wrong to compare, because I knew probably every High Lord



November 7, 2022

Dear Dr. Aiken,

The purpose of this communication is to inform you of the decision of the Selection Review Committee established under Board Policy 105.1 pertaining to the request for removal of a text from the Central York High School Library. Under this policy, the committee is responsible to inform you in writing within five days of our decision pertaining to instructional material that has been challenged.

In regard to the matter submitted for the library text *A Court of Mist and Fury* by Sarah Maas, it is the decision of this committee that this text be removed from Central York High School Library. Through the evaluation of the text, and specifically the material outlined in the challenge, it is the opinion of this committee that this text lacks quality literary structure and standards, as well as, contains sexual content that does not meet the standard of developmental appropriateness for independent reading material available in our library. This decision has been rendered through the discussion of the committee comprised of administrators, classroom teachers, and a librarian. In addition to dialogue, the committee researched outside reviews, of which some, also recommended the content of this text be consumed by readers aged outside of the high school level.

At this time, the committee recommends the removal of this text from the Central York High School Library, and make it no longer available for student check-out. If you have additional questions regarding this decision, please feel free to contact me.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'K. Youcheff'. The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style and is positioned below the text 'Respectfully submitted,'.

Kevin Youcheff, Ed.D.
Assistant Superintendent