

**Identical by Ellen Hopkins**



**South Carolina Instructional Materials  
Uniform Parent Complaint Form**

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material (one per form):  
Identical by Ellen Hopkins

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High, Hilton Head, May River Hs

Location of Contested Material (library, classroom, etc...): Library, possibly classrooms,

Contested Material is (select one):  Printed  Audio/Visual  Online Resource DISCUS  
 Other (please describe): \_\_\_\_\_

I request that this Contested Material be (choose one of the following):

- Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
- Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: \_\_\_\_\_
- Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: \_\_\_\_\_

**Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material (attach additional pages as needed):**

Identical by Ellen Hopkins violates Regulation 43-170 because it contains incest, sex for drugs, touching breast, child touching fathers penis, master bation, Sodomasichism, oral sex, cutting, child pornography, vaginal intercourse.  
Please see below excerpts from the book.  
December 5/5

I, Elizabeth Szalai (insert your name), hereby certify that:

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: [Signature] Date: 12/13/24

**Page 19**

Except for the egg/sperm thing. Would he fall on his knees in front of me, if I were more like Mom and less like him? Would he come, begging, to me, too, let me stay, if he realized I want to love him the way Mom used to?

**Page 26**

He likes what I give him. I like what he gives me, too, and I'm mostly talking about the bud. I pick up my pace because right under his front seat I know there's a fat, stinky joint with my name on it.

...Of course, he expects compensation, and after smoking a big ol' doobie, I'm generally willing to cooperate.

Life has gotten better- or at least more bearable- since I was introduced to my good friend, marijuana. You couldn't have a more decent friend. I love everything about it.

I love the way it smells- good green bud, anyway, and that's the only kind Mick gets. I guess his brother knows a Humboldt grower. Okay, the pot smells a lot like skunk juice. But somehow, there's a difference. A good one.

I love the way the thick smoke tastes, curling across my tongue, snaking down my throat. I love holding it in. Coughing it out. I love head rushes, the creeping warmth that follows.

And I love the distant place it takes me to. Everything feels right there. Mellow. Easy. Stress-free. I even love the munchies, the perfect excuse for devouring a pint of Haagen-Dazs. Of course, afterward I have to go stick my finger down my throat. Don't dare get fat. Daddy would not like that.

**Page 28**

Mick and marijuana await me. I'm ready to pay Mick's going rate for the pot. (And I'm not talking money.) Some people would balk at the price tag.

You might think, because of the things I've seen Daddy do, I'd be disgusted by sex. No way. I like how it feels physically, yes. Kisses, hot and prickly as August. Hands, tan and rough against my soft white skin. And the last, extreme punctuation.

But getting off myself isn't the best part. I do everything in my power to make sure and that puts me indisputably in control. (He thinks otherwise, and I let him.) It's the only time I am in control. And I like how that feel most of all.

**Page 42**

He reached across the seat, grabbed hold of my arm. Pulled. When I resisted, he yanked harder. Hard enough to hurt. Hard enough to leave purple bruises.

Someone smart would have screamed. Someone sane would have waited for a stop sign, thrown themselves free. Someone whole would have said no.

Get the fuck over here and don't give me shit.

I did as instructed. Worse, I liked that he told me what to do. It meant he cared, really cared. Right? Whatever. "Did you score some bud?" I asked, more to change the subject than anything.

Under the seat. Twist one up, okay? We headed out Happy Canyon Road, only horses and cattle to mind our business. We could have gone home- no one there- but I was still too made for sex.

You know you want me. You'd take slimy seconds.

Gross. "Yeah, right. Like your pimply butt is such a turn-on." It isn't too pimply, and it's kind of a turn-on, but that was beside the point. His hand brushed my left nipple. You love it.

"Not while wondering who you're thinking about, Madison or me." I took a deep drag, held it. Took another without passing the joint, exhaling giant smoke puffs right in his face.

Bogart. Pass that fucking thing over here.

So I did, and once we were totally buzzed he pulled off onto a dirt ranch road, parked. No maid out here. Just birds and squirrels. Defenses lowered by excellent bud, I said okay to a quickie. Totally in control.

## **Page 62**

I'm frozen solid in place just like I was that night, the first time Daddy came. A night Kaeleigh can't (or won't) remember. But I do.

It was a year or so after the accident. Kaeleigh and I were nine, give or take. Mom had gone in for another round of surgery. She was already lost to us. Lost. Long gone.

...Daddy smelled of Wild Turkey. Each night, we knew, he drank more and more. That night, he had drunk just enough. Kaeleigh, girl.

His voice was a soft hiss. Are you awake? Talk to me. Daddy ish-is-sh-so lonely. I'd never heard him sound like that. Like a stranger. A drunk, slurring stranger.

Where was my daddy?

Kaeleigh, all sweetness, wanted to comfort Daddy, who drew her onto his lap. Stroked her hair. Kissed her gently on the forehead. Cheeks. Eyes. Finally, on her lips, but not nasty or mean or with tongue or anything but misplaced love. Love meant for Mom.

He just held her, kissed her. Breathed Wild Turkey all over her until they both fell asleep, woven together.

## **Page 64**

That one innocent joining was only the beginning, but neither realized it that night. And all I could do was linger in a dark corner, sharp jabs of envy tearing my eyes.

**Page 65**

I guess I could have offered descriptions o Daddy's "privates" (his word), the way he wears his scars.

...Instead, I stood by and watched father love turn to LUST.

**Page 66**

I fell asleep, thinking about Daddy kissing Kaeleigh, craving his kiss, understanding its significance.

**Page 80**

No doubt he'll be watching the sway of Kaeleigh's hips, craving her. And a drink. Not sure which one he craves more. But tonight he'll have to play the good (sober) husband and devoted father.

**Page 82**

I can't imagine her actually getting close enough to someone- anyone- to invite them into her bed, let alone her pants.

**Page 100**

Great place for a kegger, too. And that's our destination. Mick drives like a maniac, which would be all right except I really, really want to get high, and smoking dope and speeding don't exactly go hand in hand.

..."If you slow down a little, I'll roll a nice big joint. And after we smoke it, just maybe I'll mess around with your nice big joint too." Okay, so it isn't eloquent, but it works.

He slows to right around the speed limit as I fumble under the seat, searching for his stash. This slow enough for you?

...Finally, pay dirt. I reach into the baggie, extract a big bud.

**Page 101**

He reaches for my left boob.

**Page 103**

Needless to say I don't feel much like messing around with Mick's "nice big joint," not even after killing off the nice big joint wrapped in a rolling paper. Maybe after a beer or ten. And hey, lucky me, looks like the beer's flowing up here on Figueroa Mountain.

**Page 108**

He reaches across the short distance between us, pulls me right into him, kisses me with unexpected hunger. In the time it takes me to react to that, decide whether or not to invite more, he already has my top button unbuttoned. His hands want to go under the fabric, insist on it, in fact. I should say no. Need to say no. "W-wait," I try, but no little bit of me wants to stop and Ty intuitively all of that. He doesn't stop, and I don't try to make him. And it isn't long before I throw every ounce of caution to the nonexistent wind. With only a fleeting thought of Mick, I give in to this insane desire to know this not-quite-stranger in the most intimate way. And so, I sacrifice my inner child, give myself away.

### **Page 114**

Memory strikes suddenly chokes me. Strangles me. It was dark in my room. Very dark.

Someone had closed the curtain. I was small. Maybe nine. Mommy wasn't home. But Daddy was. He lurched through my door. That scared me. But why? He'd never hurt me before. Only touched me lovingly. Like any Daddy.  
...Don't be afraid, little flower. It's only me.

### **Page 150**

Someone had closed the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared. I tried to tell her not to worry, but just then, Daddy burst through the door.  
I closed my eyes tight, made myself no more than a shadow. Something about him was different. I didn't want that something to find me.  
I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild Turkey. His peculiar potpourri.  
I love you so much, my little flower. Daddy needs something from my girl, my sweet rose. Will you give it to me?  
I wanted to be his little flower, would have given my Daddy anything. What did he want from Kaeleigh? She laid her head on his chest. "What?"  
I want you to see something, something that proves how much I love you. This is only for you, Kaeleigh girl.  
He lifted her gently, sat her down on the bed beside him. Then he opened the snaps on the fly of his flannel pajamas.  
It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite. See how much Daddy loves you? Show me you love me, too. Touch it. He closed her hand around it.  
I know it sounds bad, but I wanted to touch it too. I didn't know what it meant, only that it made Daddy happy. I wanted to make him happy too.  
That's right. That's right. His voice rocked in rhythm with his body. Oh, yes, my Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower...  
...when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept.  
Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded,

"Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?"  
...Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay?  
Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused. "Can I tell Mama our secret?"  
No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you?  
She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed, "I won't tell." Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.

### **Page 202**

I do know a few other people who might have some bud.  
...He gave me his number, for the next time you find your mouth watering for a red hot lollipop...

### **Page 210**

Drinking. Smoking. Feeling the creep of the poppy, all along my spine, skull to tailbone. I know the high is mostly hash, not so different from regular cannabis (though even tastier). But the opium topper provides a whole new set of rushes. Body rushes, like little shivers. Head rushes, like turning in circles, round and round, don't fall down.  
Shall we move the party into the bedroom? Ty reaches over, kisses me. Hard. Harder.  
...His teeth rake my bottom lip, move down over my chin, down my neck. Not too hard. Not really. But hard enough.  
Should I have warn garlic and a silver cross? I laugh out loud at the thought, and I realize how fucked up I am.  
...He picks me up, carries me into his bedroom, half throws me onto the bed. When he starts to undress me, I burst into a new fit of giggles. My jeans are so tight, he can't wiggle me out of them.  
"Want some help, my macho vampire?" I shed everything and he does too, but before we do another thing, he asks, How 'bout another bowl? Something to take you real, real low. He leers like a scary circus clown. Low as a girl can go. True to his word he drops me real, real low. I'm floating on a poppy sea. Naked. Mellow. But a sudden wind rouses the breaks and low tide builds to major swells. Ty kisses me, all fang, pure vampire.  
"Hey. Take it easy." But somehow my body responds to the pain. And Ty responds to that, clamping one hand around both my wrists, pulling them over my head and pinning me helpless. It is then I notice the nylon cord, one end tied tight to the headboard.  
Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games.

He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape-proof. I shake my head. "Don't." But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?" Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules. The proper response would be, "Please, sir." Say it. My heart yells, "No fucking way." But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir." He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way. Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me. Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand." I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules. This is a new game, and the sick thing is, I see quickly that I like it, might ask to play it again. The pain is fuzzy at the edges, blurring toward pleasure. Maybe it's the hash, the gentle arms of opium. And now new leather- human, Ty- falls softly over the heated welts, a soothing balm of sweatbeaded skin. But then heightened pain, forced inside me, stuffed inside me. Seared, branded, likely marked, a moan escapes me and Ty surges. After, knots loosened, a rub of cool eucalyptus oil persuades me I do want to play again. Soon.

### **Page 238**

Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous.

That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall.

As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine.

Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy. I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest.

Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might

smack her.

But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke. Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V.

It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful.

Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy.

At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.

### **Page 280**

Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly.

I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse. "Touch me. Please?"

He wants to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh... And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightning ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.

### **Page 319**

(Doing the dirty.)

Shot one: missionary, Daddy on top.

Shot two: doggie-style, Daddy on top.

Shot three: can't even say it, let alone dwell on the picture, but Daddy's on top.

(Always on top.)

### **Page 320**

Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex.

Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know?

Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever;

Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever;

Ty...

Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it.

Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawleer, assorted others).

I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life.

Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.

### **Page 336**

I'm kind of liking this blood thing. Fetish? Fixation? Not quite an obsession yet, but I can see it growing into that. Drip. Drip.

Steady. Slow. Drip-drip. Quicker yet. Drip-drip-drip. Drip-drip-drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

I'd probably just let myself drip, but I did promise to show up at work and help out with the Halloween decorations.

### **Page 393**

Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her.

I could tell she was afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did.

His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh!

I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.

### **Page 415**

"This should cover what I smoked. Please take me home now."

Don't want your money. His zipper opens, and what escapes is eager. Then he pushes my head down. Haven't you missed me?

I could just do it. Get it over with. Pretend it never happened. But I don't think so. It has to be my idea or not at all.

"No, Mick. Goddammit, I said no!"

But he's all over me and I may not have a choice. He outweighs me by a hundred pounds and he's got me pinned against the door. His fingers, clumsy, work at my own zipper. I try to push him off.

What's wrong? You know you want to.

"No. I really don't." But I can't stop his mouth from covering mine, leaving a wet trail of sobber all over my face.

One hand tugs my shirt over my head, the other is inside my bra, twisting, pinching. I could just get it over with.

See? Your nipples don't lie. You like it.

He's too worked up to manage tight jeans, so he leans up over me, demanding I

do him with my mouth. I could bite.

But he'd probably kick my ass and finish his business anyway. I've never seen this side of Mick.

Or maybe I have and ignored it. I can barely breathe, and the teeth of his zipper are biting into my chin.

Atta girl. You can't say no to...

Daddy. Daddy? Kaeleigh would just give in. The thought of her wide-eyed surrender gives me a sudden idea. But I have to play things right. First I go limp, pretend to acquiesce. I even give him a taste of what he wants.

"Stop for a minute. You're hurting me."

He hesitates, looks down into my eyes, which have teared up quite nicely. He draws back ever so slightly.

I did down, beyond fear, fine Raeanne again. "If we're going to do this, you don't get to have all the fun. And can we pretty please take another hit first?"

### **Page 459**

I am your little girl. I am not your girlfriend. I am not your whore. I am not my fucking mother! But he is on top of me and my shout is silenced. He is inside of me and my scream stays there too. He is finished.

And I don't cry out, but I do cry a bucket of silent tears. He slithers away and at last, I quietly sob no no no no no.

### **Page 507**

I found your father, on a swing with a young girl, about his age. They were naked, playing with each other. Miranda was directing them, and her boyfriend was taking pictures.

...Your father gained his manhood, if you could call it that, at the age of ten. His photographs appeared in magazines, for the pleasure of pedophiles.

### **Page 517**

How far will you go with me? He kisses my mouth. My throat. Will you let me draw blood?

He bites my neck, and a moan escapes my mouth, unbidden. How high will you let me take you?

For once, I want to relinquish control. For once, I want to completely let go. "You decide."

His grin is pure evil. That's my girl. He yanks my blouse over my head, spills me from my bra.

He kisses, bites. I'm already lost, but hungry for more. He pulls me to my feet, hands all over me...

**Page 530**

I told her, "Where Daddy touched me." She looked and her face grew red.

**Page 542**

Turns out the electrolyte imbalance is real, the result of not only puking from Oxy withdrawal, but also the binge-and-purge cycle that my alter and I seem to have shared.

..."You eat. I'll throw it up. You'd be a regular oinker if not for me."

..."...And I need to get high."

...Drug abuse. Alcohol. Bulimia...

"Don't forget that lovely bit about shaving until you slice yourself open."

And that's the easy stuff. Promiscuity.

...And the granddaddy of all- fucking Daddy.

"More accurately, letting Daddy fuck you and keeping it to yourself."

Even if I tell her every bit of it, there's no guarantee she can fix me. Suicide sounds better and better.

"Yeah, but you'd have to get it right. Or maybe, just leave that to me."

**Page 555**

I was drunk but not too drunk to take in what was going on.

Your mother was gone, and your father was washing you. Only the way he was washing you was all wrong. He was touching you in a sexual way. Kaeleigh. I confronted him, but he just laughed in my face.

<b>Profanity</b>	<b>Count</b>
Ass	12
Bitch	9
Faggot	1
Fuck	36
Piss	8
Prick	1
Shit	17