



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

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material (*one per form*):
Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott

School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High School May River High School

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

Contested Material is (*select one*): ☒ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **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*):

This book contains explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically touching of breast, masturbation, forced oral sex of a minor, etc.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

January 3/5

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: _____ **Date:** 1/17/25

This form is produced by the South Carolina Department of Education in compliance with Regulation 43-170 and may not be altered by any other party. It is effective beginning August 1, 2024 until further notice.

Living Dead Girl

by Elizabeth Scott

Available at the following schools:

Beaufort High School

May River High School

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and battery.

Page 4

(Violates Regulation with brief description of intercourse. This is a minor who is being held captive.)

You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open.

Waiting. "Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing.

"Good girl, Alice." Afterward, he will give you the water and a container of yogurt. He will sit with one hand curled around your knee. You will watch TV together. He will tell you how lucky you are.

Page 10

(Although this may not explicitly violate the Regulation, it is disturbing to think of a minor having this done and at the insistence of her male abuser.)

"Skipping," I say, stripping off my clothes, down to one of Ray's old T-shirts. Smell of him all around me, always.

..."Ready," I say, lying down, and the woman motions for me to spread my legs.

"You want it all gone?"

I nod.

She is supposed to ask how old I am, and maybe other things. Something. There is a sign out front that says minors must have a parent or guardian present to sign off on all services, and this isn't a desperate, dying store that needs customers.

...She starts to wax. My eyes burn and then water as she rips hair away, stripping my flesh.

It is good for women to look like little girls now, to have no hair between their legs.

Page 26

(Violates Regulation with forced oral sex.)

"I know, silly girl. My girl," he says, and stands up, unbuckles his belt. Opens his pants.

"Come over here. Give me a kiss hello."

I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder.

"Alice, my baby," he says, kissing my cheek.
Then he shoves me to my knees.
When he's finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away.
...He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap during the sitcom he hates.

Page 28

(Violates Regulation with insinuation of where he is groping.)

"No breakfast, remember?" he says, sitting down next to me on the bed, one paternal hand on my forehead while the other gropes below. He keeps it up until he starts to sweat, little beads of moisture gathering at his temples, and then gets up.

Page 47

(Violates Regulation with touching of breast, describes molestation of young boy and forced vaginal sex.)

"You're-too tall, though," he says, frowning, and pushes my hands off his feet, dragging me up toward him. Hands on my throat. "Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish." "I don't want to leave," I tell him, cracking out the words as the world goes fuzzy around the edges. "I want to stay with you.

... I can't breathe, but that's not why he lets the pressure up. He lets go a little so I can nod.

Because he knows I will. I am not strong; I cannot stop him or even slow him down. I can only wait until he gets so tired of me that he lets me die and moves on. "She would punish me," he says. "Hold me down and show me how all we think of is sin. How We are-all sin."

He spits the last word out, like he can taste it, and then touches my hair, slides his fists under my shirt and twists the sullen rise of my right breast, the little lump that's there.

"Would you be that kind of mother?"

"No."

Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn't want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is.

Page 48

(Violates Regulation with descriptions of forced intercourse but what is most disturbing is the insinuation that the captive girl is getting too old so he's going to force her to have a child, a girl, so he can continue his abuse with her.)

"You know you're supposed to listen when I talk." He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants.

I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my

lungs until he grabs my hair and says, "I know what I'm going to do. What's going to change."

He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his hand.

...Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food), and feel my heart cramp.

It will be over soon, finally, but the thing about hearts is that they always want to keep beating.

They want to keep beating, and when Ray's finished he says, "I like that. A family. You'd be a good mother, wouldn't you? Let me watch out for a little girl of our own? Let me take care of her? Help me teach her everything she needs to know?"

Page 61

(Violates the Regulation with the insinuation of a man having intercourse with a tiny baby.)

He sleeps with one arm thrown across me after, and I lie stinging sharp all over, a wet sticky puddle under me. Soon there will be a little girl here, a real one with tiny arms and legs for Ray to push into.

I want him to take her tomorrow. I want that little girl here now, where I am. I want her to be Ray's love, to bear it.

Page 67

(Violates the Regulation with character giving oral sex twice.)

The whistling boy came up to me by the bathroom and asked if I wanted company. He had bright red pimples, angry oozing sores, all over his face, and when I said yes he blinked and turned like he was going to run away until I dropped to my knees in front of him.

I did it because he was so surprised-looking and because his skin was so angry-looking and because I saw he saw my eyes and thought about running. I did it because he was nothing.

I did it because I wished Ray had used the knife instead of tying me to a chair.

Ray saw my mouth when I came back and knew. I couldn't sit down for a week afterward, and my back, from my shoulders to about my knees, was purple black, then yellow green, for ages. Both my little fingers have crooked knuckles now, and ache before it rains.

...I do not take the pills Jake offers, I know nothing can take away the world. I just push him down into his seat and open his zipper.

"The backseat's wider," he says, but I shake my head and when he tries to threaten, his hands grabbing my hair, I dig my fingers into them, right into his skin, until he moves them away.

When I'm done, I sit up and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand.

Page 73

(Violates the Regulation with the insinuation of holding down a small infant for the captor to rape.)

He is breathing faster now and pulls me toward him, a yank on my ankles drawing my ragdoll body in, lower half pushed against him.

"You'll hold her," he says, and everything own is easily pushed down, away, clothes falling off me like water.

"You'll hold her and I'll love her."

He grins at me. "You'll like that, won't you?"

I nod because he wants me to. I nod because I will. She will get his love and I will hold her down to take it all because then there will be none for me.

I cannot save myself, and I do not want to save her.

Page 102

(Violates Regulation with pinching and grabbing of breast.)

He pinches the stub of my left breast hard, then grabs the right and hauls me in, face changing, smile shifting into his real one, all gums and teeth. Ready to tear.

Page 148

(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of raping a minor.)

We are close to the park. Ray has finished his chicken and cleaned his hands and pressed my face down into his lap again, then changed his mind and moved me around, folding me into what he wanted, my head pushing into the door as he pushes into me, grunt (him) thunk (me).

"You. Remember. Who. You. Belong. To," he says. "You. Remember. Whose. Girl. You. Are."

I nod and he pushes my hair out from where it has gotten trapped under me, caught by him and how he's moved me.

"There," he says. "That must feel better."

It does, of course it does, not feeling bits of my hair strain, snap. My head goes thunk again, once, twice, and then he sighs. Flexes his fingers on my shoulder, red pain silent scream inside me.

Tears on my face, I cannot help it, and he licks them off one by one, sucking every last thing he can from me.