



South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material (one per form): Last night at the Telegraph Club by Malinda Lo

School Where Contested Material is Located: Please see below

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

Contested Material is (select one): [X] Printed [] Audio/Visual [] Online Resource [] Other (please describe):

I request that this Contested Material be (choose one of the following): [X] 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 and masterbation. Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers. Available at the following schools: Beaufort High School, Bluffton High School, Hilton Head Island High School, May River High School. January 2/5

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: [Handwritten Signature] Date: 1/17/25

Last Night at the Telegraph Club

by Malinda Lo

Available at the following schools:

Beaufort High School
Bluffton High School
Hilton Head Island High School
May River High School

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities.

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(Violates Regulation with touching of breast.)

Maxine pushed Patrice back against the velvet cushions, lowering her mouth to the girl's creamy skin. "You're like me, Patrice. Stop fighting the possibility." Patrice whimpered as Maxine pressed her lips to her neck.

"Max, what are you doing?" Patrice gasped. "This is shameful."

"You know what I'm doing," Maxine whispered. She unbuttoned Patrice's blouse and slid the fabric over Patrice's shoulder, stroking her breasts. Patrice let out a sigh of pure pleasure.

"Kiss me now," Patrice whispered.

Maxine obeyed, and the sensation of Patrice's mouth against hers was a delight far beyond shame.

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(Violates Regulation with masturbation.)

She went to bed imagining Maxine's hand on the buttons of Patrice's blouse, unbuttoning it.

She slid her own hand beneath the placket of her nightgown; she felt her own warm skin beneath her fingertips. In the quiet darkness of her bedroom she felt the faint but insistent beating of her heart, and she felt its quickening. She imagined the blouse sliding off Patrice's shoulders, the pale swell of her breasts. Lily's whole body went hot. She felt the need to cross her legs against the hungry ache at the center of her body. She imagined them kissing the way Marlon Brando had kissed Mary Murphy in *The Wild One*, which she and Shirley had snuck into last February. ("Don't be such a square," Shirley had said when Lily had worried about getting caught.) But now, in Lily's imagination, Marlon Brando became Max, crushing Patrice bonelessly in her arms. And then their lips pressed together, and Lily tugged up the hem of her nightgown and pressed her fingers between her thighs, and pressed, and pressed.

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(Violates the Regulation with cupping of breast, stroking of nipple, and description of masturbating another person.)

She brushed her nose against Kath's neck, and she wanted to bottle up the fragrance of her. She felt Kath's pulse beneath her lips, and Kath's hand cupping the back of her head, and at last, Kath's mouth touching hers.

It was still a shock to feel it: the connection between their bodies, as if it had risen from the marrow of her bones, thick and charged and sweet. Before, she had been afraid of being discovered and afraid of discovering herself, but the more they kissed, the less afraid she felt, until her fear was subsumed beneath much more powerful feelings.

She wanted to touch Kath's skin. She tugged the hem of Kath's blouse out from her skirt and slid her hands beneath it, and finally she felt the warm skin of her back, and the quiver of Kath's body as she touched her. Kath drew back briefly and reached for the buttons of Lily's blouse, asking, "Can I?" Lily helped her unbutton it, and then Kath put her hand on the bare skin of Lily's waist, and Lily closed her eyes. Kath's hand slid up over her ribs and cupped the curve of her breast, and her thumb trailed electrically over the outline of Lily's nipple through her bra. And then she pushed her leg between Lily's thighs, and Lily gasped at how it felt—the pressure and the movement there—and it was exactly what she wanted. She was astonished by the way this worked between them so instinctively, as if they had been made to do this together.

But Lily felt as if there were no time. She couldn't entirely forget that they only had an hour together. A desire for something more was rising inside her as Kath moved against her, their skirts riding up as their bodies rubbed together. It felt urgent, as if they were counting down the seconds till a bomb would explode. There was no time; they had to do this right now.

And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath's hand and moved it to the cleft of her body.

Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered.

"Please," Lily said, overcome.

So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear.

It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped.

"Am I in the right place?" Kath asked.

"Yes," Lily whispered.

It all felt like the right place. Kath's fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating—she'd never even really touched herself like this before—and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, but she couldn't really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath's neck until it was over.

There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily's thigh and whispered, "Can I—is this all right?"

"Yes," Lily said, and she leaned into Kath, holding her as she moved, feeling Kath's wetness slide against her leg.

...How different this was from when Lily was alone in her room. How different, and how much more: an overflowing amount of more. Kath kept rocking against her thigh, her breath ragged against Lily's cheek, and Lily stroked her hand over Kath's hair tenderly, feeling impossibly close to her. How precious she was, and how miraculous.