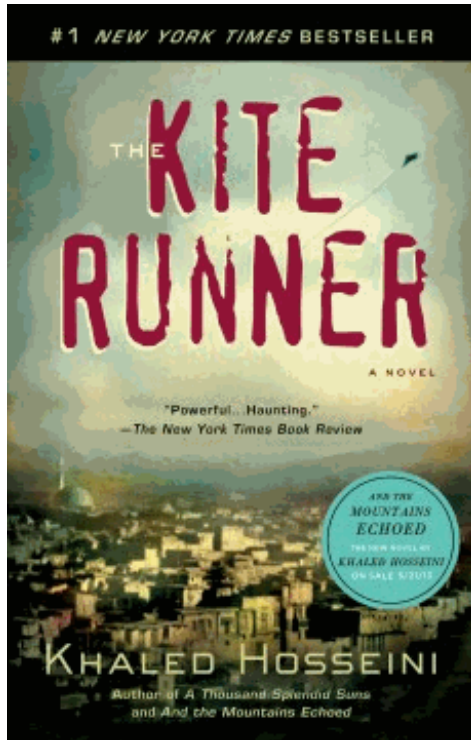


THE KITE RUNNER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual assault of a minor; prostitution involving minors and adults; and mild/infrequent profanity.

Adult

By Khaled Hosseini

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CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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6	<p>He handed his cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out. "I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there." ..."What a tight little sugary cunt she had!" the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.</p>
66	<p>Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck. ..."Fine," Assef snapped. "All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?" Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved. Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan's hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan's back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand. He unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn't struggle. Didn't even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb. ...I STOPPED WATCHING, turned away from the alley. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef's quick, rhythmic grunts.</p>
69	<p>And that was as close as Hassan and I ever came to discussing what had happened in the alley. I thought he might burst into tears, but, to my relief, he didn't, and I pretended I hadn't heard the crack in his voice. Just like I pretended I hadn't seen the dark stain in the seat of his pants. Or those tiny drops that fell from between his legs and stained the snow black.</p>
100	<p>Karim cleared his throat, dropped his head. Said the soldier wanted a half hour with the lady in the back of the truck. The young woman pulled the shawl down over her face. Burst into tears. The toddler sitting in her husband's lap started crying too. ..."It's his price for letting us pass," Karim said. ..."But we've paid a fair price already. He's getting paid good money," the husband said. Karim and the Russian soldier spoke. "He says... he says every price has a tax."</p>
101	<p>My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me, peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef's buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.</p>
161	<p>The general, ever the Pashtun, never made any queries—doing so meant alluding to a sexual act between his daughter and a man, even if the man in question had been married to her for over four years.</p>
162	<p>After months of sitting in waiting rooms reading magazines like Good Housekeeping and Reader's Digest, after endless paper gowns and cold, sterile exam rooms lit by fluorescent lights, the repeated humiliation of discussing every</p>

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	detail of our sex life with a total stranger, the injections and probes and specimen collections, we went back to Dr. Rosen and his trains.
224	<p>“There is a Talib official,” he muttered. “He visits once every month or two. He brings cash with him, not a lot, but better than nothing at all.” His shifty eyes fell on me, rolled away. “Usually he’ll take a girl. But not always.”</p> <p>“And you allow this?” Farid said behind me. He was going around the table, closing in on Zaman.</p> <p>“What choice do I have?” Zaman shot back. He pushed himself away from the desk.</p> <p>“You’re the director here,” Farid said. “Your job is watch over these children.”</p> <p>“There’s nothing I can do to stop it.”</p> <p>“You’re selling children!” Farid barked.</p>
233	<p>A scrawny boy in a tweed jacket grabbed my elbow and spoke into my ear. Asked me if I wanted to buy some “sexy pictures.”</p> <p>“Very sexy, Agha,” he said, his alert eyes darting side to side—reminding me of a girl who, a few years earlier, had tried to sell me crack in the Tenderloin district in San Francisco. The kid peeled one side of his jacket open and gave me a fleeting glance of his sexy pictures: postcards of Hindi movies showing doe-eyed sultry actresses, fully dressed, in the arms of their leading men. “So sexy,” he repeated.</p>
245	<p>The Talib spun the boy around so he faced me. He locked his arms around Sohrab’s belly, rested his chin on the boy’s shoulder. Sohrab looked down at his feet, but kept stealing shy, furtive glances at me. The man’s hand slid up and down the boy’s belly. Up and down, slowly, gently.</p>
288	<p>“He was sexually abused,” I said, thinking of the bells around Sohrab’s ankles, the mascara on his eyes.</p>
303	<p>When I wake up, maybe I will discover that everything I saw in the hotel bathroom was part of a dream: the water drops dripping from the faucet and landing with a plink into the bloody bathwater; the left arm dangling over the side of the tub, the blood-soaked razor sitting on the toilet tank—the same razor I had shaved with the day before—and his eyes, still half open but lightless. That more than anything. I want to forget the eyes.</p>
306	<p>Sohrab’s bed was next to the window, the lower half lit by the late-morning sunlight streaming through the rectangular panes. A uniformed security guard was standing at the window, munching on cooked watermelon seeds—Sohrab was under twenty-four-hours-a-day suicide watch.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Cunt	1
Fag	1
Fuck	4
Goddamn	12
Piss	6
Prick	1
Shit	3