

In between, men come. They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open. Then they disappear. I cannot tell which of the things they do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.

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Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. His teeth dig into my lower lip. Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might. He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move. ...I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast...He unbuckles his belt...The fish-lips man removes my dress....Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me.

*With a sudden thrust
I am torn in two.*

"Oh, yes," he says, panting.
"Habib is good in bed."

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"Sold" by Patricia McCormick