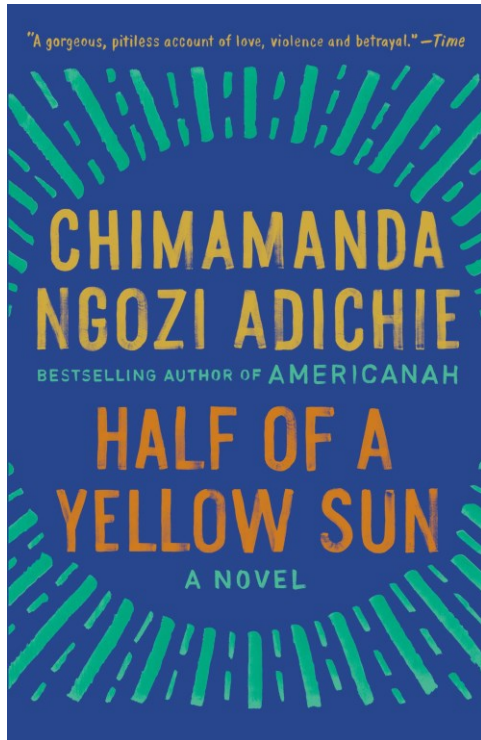


HALF OF A YELLOW SUN



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; violence; and controversial and inflammatory racial commentary.

Adult

By Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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10	<p>He often wondered wished that Anulika wasn't so flat-chested- he wondered what was taking her so long anyway, since she and Nnesinachi were about the same age- so that he could feel her breasts. Anulika would slap his hand away, of course, and perhaps even slap his face as well, but he would do it quickly- squeeze and run- and that way he at least have an idea and know what to expect when he finally touched Nnesinachi's.</p> <p>But he worried that he might never get to touch them,...</p> <p>...He feared, though, that one of the pot-bellied traders in the North would take one look at her, and the next thing he knew somebody would be palm wine to her father and he would never get to touch those breasts- were the images he saved for last on the many nights when he touched himself, slowly at first and then vigorously until a muffled moan escaped him. He always started with her face, the fullness of her cheeks and the ivory tone of her teeth, and then he imagined her arms around him, her body molded to his. Finally, he let her breasts form, sometimes they felt hard, tempting to bite into them, and other times they were so soft he was afraid his imaginary squeezing caused her pain.</p>
25	<p>"I am Nigerian because a white man created Nigeria and gave me that identity. I am black because the white man constructed black to be as different as possible from his white. But I was Igbo before the white man came."</p> <p>..."But you became aware that you were Igbo because of the white man. The pan-Igbo idea itself came only in the face of white domination. You must see that tribe as it is today is as colonial a product as nation and race."</p>
31	<p>Later, after dinner, he tiptoed to Master's bedroom and rested his ear on the door. She was moaning loudly, sounds that seemed so unlike her, so uncontrolled and stirring and throaty. He stood there for a long time, until the moans stopped, and then he went back to his room.</p>
32	<p>Porters surrounded the car and called out, "Sah? Madam? You get luggage?" but Olanna hardly heard them because he had pulled her to him.</p> <p>"I can't wait, nkem," he said, his lips pressed to hers. He tasted of marmalade. She wanted to tell him that she couldn't wait to move to Nsukka either, but he knew anyway, and his tongue was in her mouth, and she felt a new warmth between her legs.</p>
36	<p>"I'm Olanna," she said and later, she would tell him that there had been a crackling magic in the air and he would tell her that his desire at that moment was so intense that his groin ached.</p>
43	<p>She was almost asleep when Kainene knocked. "So will you be spreading your legs for that elephant in exchange for Daddy's contract?" Kainene asked.</p>
44	<p>"The benefit of being the ugly daughter is that nobody uses you as sex bait." "They're not using me as sex bait."</p>
49	<p>A fight broke out under the kuka tree, and Olanna heard a child scream at another in Igbo, "Your mother's pussy!"</p>
53	<p>That night, as Olanna lay on her uncle and aunt's bed, she watched Arize through the thin curtain that hung on a rope attached to nails on the wall. The rope was not taut, and the curtain sagged in the middle. She followed the up-down movement of Arize's breathing and imagined what growing up had been like for</p>

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	<p>Arize and her brothers, Odinchezo and Ekene, seeing their parents through the curtain, hearing the sounds that might suggest an eerie pain to a child as their father's hips moved and their mother's arms clutched him. She had never heard her own parents making love, never even seen any indication that they did. But she had always been separated from them by hallways that got longer and more thickly carpeted as they moved from house to house.</p>
61	<p>"That's the smell of villagers. I used to smell like that until I left Abba to go to secondary school. But you wouldn't know about things like that." His tone was gently teasing. But his hands were not gentle. They were unbuttoning her blouse, freeing her breast from a bra cup. She was not sure how much time had passed, but she was tangled in bed with Odenigbo, warm and naked, when Ugwu knocked to say they had visitors.</p> <p>"Can't they leave?" she murmured.</p> <p>"Come, nkem," Odenigbo said. "I can't wait for them to meet you."</p> <p>"Let's stay here just a little longer." She ran her hand over the curly hair on his chest, but he kissed her and got up to look for his underwear.</p>
62	<p>After Ugwu served drinks, Olanna watched Odenigbo raise his glass to his lips and all she could think of was how those lips had fastened around her nipple only minutes ago. She surreptitiously moved so that her inner arm brushed against her breast and closed her eyes at the needles of delicious pain. Sometimes Odenigbo bit too hard. She wanted the guests to leave.</p>
63	<p>"My father's brother fought in Burma and came back filled with one burning question: How come nobody told him before that the white man was not immortal?"</p>
67	<p>The uppity African stood out in Richard's mind: An African was walking a dog and an Englishman asked, "What are you doing with that monkey?" and the African answered, "It's a dog, not a monkey"—as if the Englishman had been talking to him!</p>
78	<p>He had not been unfaithful to her, of course, but fidelity could not just be about sex. His laughing with Kainene, telling Kainene about Aunt Elizabeth, watching Kainene smoke, surely had to be infidelities; they felt so. His quickened heartbeat when Kainene kissed him goodbye was an infidelity. Her hand clasped in his on the table was an infidelity. And so the day Kainene did not give him the usual goodbye kiss and instead pressed her mouth to his, lips parted, he was surprised. He had not permitted himself to hope for too much. Perhaps it was why an erection eluded him: the gelding mix of surprise and desire. They undressed quickly. His naked body was pressed to hers and yet he was limp. He explored the angles of her collarbones and her hips, all the time willing his body and his mind to work better together, willing his desire to bypass his anxiety. But he did not become hard. He could feel the flaccid weight between his legs.</p> <p>She sat up in bed and lit a cigarette.</p>
80	<p>He could not bring himself to act. Days passed before she finally asked if he wanted to inside, and he felt like an understudy who hoped the actor would not show up and then, when the actor finally did fail to come, became crippled by the awkwardness, not quite as ready as he had thought he was for the stage lights. She led the way inside. When he began to pull her dress up above her thighs, she</p>

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	<p>pushed him away calmly, as if she knew his frenzy was simply armor for his fear. She hung her dress over the chair. He was so terrified of failing her again that seeing himself erect made him deliriously grateful, so grateful that he was only just inside her before he felt that involuntary tremble that he could not stop. They lay there, he on top of her, for a while, and then he rolled off. He wanted to tell her that this had never happened to him before. His sex life with Susan was satisfactory, through perfunctory.</p> <p>“I’m so sorry,” he said.</p>
82	<p>She was mostly inscrutable, watching, drinking, smoking. He ached to know what she was thinking. He felt similar physical pain when he desired her, and he would dream about being inside her, thrusting as deep as he could, to try and discover something that he knew he never would.</p>
83	<p>Still, he put off telling Susan for another week, until the evening they returned from a party where she had drunk too many glasses of wine.</p> <p>“Would you like a nightcap, darling?” she asked.</p>
85	<p>“May I have a cigarette?” she asked. The silky sheet outlined the angular thinness of her naked body.</p>
87	<p>They don’t seem to realize how much of a joke socialism really is.”</p> <p>...He got up and felt shy when she glanced at his naked body. Perhaps she was expressionless only to hide her disgust. He pulled on his underwear and buttoned his shirt hurriedly.</p>
93	<p>“By the way, would you know of any herbs for men? For men who have problems with ... with being with a woman?”</p>
101	<p>“Oh,” Major Udodi said, his eyes narrowing. He poured some whisky into a glass, drank it in one gulp, and said something in Igbo to which Kainene replied, in cold clear English, “My choice of lovers is none of your business, Udodi.”</p> <p>...“I magonu, you know, what I am saying is that our women who follow white men are a certain type, a poor family and the kind of bodies that white men like.” He stopped and continued, in a mocking mimicry of an English accent, “Fantastically desirable bottoms.” He laughed. “The white men will poke and poke and poke the women in the dark but they will never marry them. How can! They will never even take them out to a good place in public. But the women will continue to disgrace themselves and struggle for the men so they will get chicken-feed money and nonsense tea in a fancy tin.</p>
107	<p>He had sucked all the bones, and he imagined that the taste of Olanna’s mouth was in his as he started to wash the dishes. The first time he sucked her bones, weeks ago, it was after he saw her and Master kissing in the living room on a Saturday morning, their open mouths pressed together. The thought of her saliva in Master’s mouth had both repelled and excited him. It still did. It was the same way he felt about her moaning at night; he did not like to hear her and yet he often went to their door to press his ear against the cold wood and listen. Just as he examined the underwear she hung in the bathroom—black slips, slippery bras, white pants.</p>
118	<p>“He thinks he knows everything just because he lives with a white man. Onye nzuzu! Stupid man!”</p>

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124	"I know how hard my son worked to get where he is. All that is not to be wasted on a loose woman."
136	"Good. Because we have work to do." She closed her eyes because he was straddling her now and as he moved, languorously at first and then forcefully, he whispered, "We will have a brilliant child, nkem, a brilliant child," and she said, Yes, yes. Afterward, she felt happy knowing that some of the sweat on her body was his and some of the sweat on his body was hers. Each time, after he slipped out of her, she pressed her legs together, crossed them at her ankles, and took deep breaths, as if the movement of her lungs would urge conception on. But they did not conceive a child, she knew. The student thought that something might be wrong with her body wrapped itself around her, dampened her.
140	"Didn't he say that Africans are not ready to rule themselves in Rhodesia? If the British tell him to call himself a castrated monkey, he will." ..."We are living in a time of great white evil. They are dehumanizing blacks in South Africa and Rhodesia, they fermented what happened in the Congo, they won't let American blacks vote, they won't let the Australian aborigines vote, but the worst of all is what they are doing here. This defense pact is worse than apartheid and segregation, but we don't realize it. They are controlling us from behind drawn curtains. It is very dangerous!"
151	She walked over to get a bag in the rafters and Ugwu noticed, again, the new suspicious roundness to her body: the breasts that filled her blouse, the buttocks that rolled with each step. Onyeka must have touched her. Ugwu could not bear to think of the man's ugly body thrusting into his sister's.
153	"Has Onyeka touched you?" "Of course Onyeka has touched me." Ugwu slowed his pace. He knew she must have slept with Onyeka and yet he did not like her confirming it. When Chinyere, Dr. Okeke's housegirl, first started to sneak across the hedge to his Boys' Quarters for hasty thrusts in the dark, he had told Anulika about it during a visit home and they had discussed it.
161	The light was off, and in the thin stream that came from the security bulb outside he saw the cone-shaped rise of her breasts as she pulled her blouse off, untied the wrapper around her waist, and lay on her back. There was something moist about the darkness, about their bodies close together, and he imagined that she was Nnesinachi and that the taut legs encircling him were Nnesinachi's. She was silent at first and then, hips thrashing, her hands tight around his back, she called out the same thing she said every time. It sounded like a name—Abonyi, Abonyi—but he wasn't sure. Perhaps she imagined that he was someone else too, someone back in her village. She got up and left as silently as she came. When he saw her the next day across the hedge, hanging out clothes on the line, she said "Ugwu" and nothing else; she did not smile.
175	He went to the liquor cabinet and poured a whisky for Madu and a gin for himself.
195	With the British gone, there would be good things for everyone: "white" salaries long denied Nigerians, promotions, top jobs.

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222	This time, he would finally hold Nnesinachi naked and pliant in his arms. His Uncle Eze's hut was a good place to take her, or perhaps even the quiet grove by the stream, as long as little children did not bother them. He hoped she would not be silent like Chinyere; he hoped she would make the same sounds he heard from Olanna when he pressed his ear to the bedroom door.
227	"Are you sure you are not an agent of the Nigerian government? It is you white people who allowed Gowon to kill innocent women and children."
249	Special Julius brought a bottle of whisky, and the guests sang and shouted drunkenly about the might of Biafra, the stupidity of the Nigerians, the foolishness of those newscasters on BBC radio. ...Ugwu knew the young woman. He had first noticed her because of how perfectly rounded her buttocks were, how they rolled rhythmically, from side to side, as she walked. ...Ugwu watched her go back indoors and wondered how she had felt about being offered to a stranger and what had happened after she was pushed into his room and who was to blame more, her parents or the officer. He didn't want to think too much about blame, though, because it would remind him of Master and Olanna during those weeks before Baby's birth, weeks he preferred to forget.
278	It was only days ago, but even the memory of Olanna's fat was hazy: he had fallen asleep afterward, on her living room floor, and woken up with a dry headache and a keenly uncomfortable sense of his own nudity. She was sitting on the sofa, dressed and silent. He felt awkward, not sure whether they were supposed to talk about what had happened. Finally he turned to leave without saying a word because he did not want what he imagined to be regret on her face to turn into dislike. He had not been chosen; it would have been any many. He had sensed this even while holding her naked, but it had not marred the pleasure he found in her curvy body, her moving with him, her taking as much as she gave. He had never been so firm, never lasted so long as he had with her.
282	"I am not asking you to go back to his house. I said you will go back to Nsukka. Do you not have your own flat and your own job? Odenigbo has done what all men do and has inserted his penis in the first hole he could find when you were away. Does that mean somebody died?" ..."He is very careful now, since he realized that I am no longer afraid. I have told him that if he brings disgrace to me in any way, I will cut off that snake between his legs."
285	She resented, too, the romantic attention of other men. The single men took to stopping by her flat, the married ones to bumping into her outside her department. Their courting upset her because it—and they—assumed that her relationship with Odenigbo was permanently over. "I am not interested," she told them, and even as she said it, she hoped that it would not get back to Odenigbo because she did not want him to think she was pining.
286	"That civilized white folk wore nice dresses and hats and gathered to watch a white man hang a black man from a tree."
289	"You said it happened just once. Just once and she got pregnant? Just once?" She wished she had not raised her voice. But it was so implausible, so theatrically

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	<p>implausible, that he would sleep with a woman once in a drunken state and get her pregnant.</p> <p>"It was just once," he said. "Just once."</p> <p>..."Mama planned this from the beginning. I see now how she made sure I was dead drunk before sending Amala to me. I feel as if I've been dropped into something I don't entirely understand."</p>
290	<p>"You think he's spending his day crying like you are? When that bastard left me in Montgomery, I tried to kill myself and you know what he was doing? He had gone off and was playing in a band in Louisiana!"</p>
291	<p>She felt suddenly hungry, bitingly hungry; her insides had been emptied out by her tears. She did not let her leftover jollof rice warm properly but ate it all from the pot, drank two cold bottles of beer, and still did not feel sated.</p>
292	<p>"You really must write about the horrible things the British did in Kenya," Olanna said. "Didn't they cut off testicles?"</p> <p>Richard murmured something and looked away, as if the word testicles had made him shy. Olanna smiled and watched him. "Didn't they?"</p> <p>"Yes."</p>
293	<p>But she knew he would not leave and that when she stretched out on the bristly carpet he would lie next to her. She kissed his lips. He pulled her forcefully close, and then, just as quickly, he let go and moved his face away. She could hear his rapid breathing. She unbuckled his trousers and moved back to pull them down and laughed because they got stuck at his shoes. She took her dress off. He was on top of her, and the carpet pricked her naked back and she felt his mouth limply enclose her nipple. It was nothing like Odenigbo's bites and sucks, nothing like those shocks of pleasure. Richard did not run his tongue over her in that flicking way that made her forget everything; rather, when he kissed her belly, she was aware that he was kissing her belly.</p> <p>Everything changed when he was inside her. She raised her hips, moving with him, watching his thrusts, and it was as if she was throwing shackles off her wrists, extracting pins from her skin, freeing herself with the loud, loud cries that burst out of her mouth. Afterward, she felt filled with a sense of well-being, with something close to grace.</p>
294	<p>He had sensed this even while holding her naked, but it had not marred the pleasure he found in her curvy body, her moving with him, her taking as much as she gave. He had never been so firm, never lasted so long as he had with her. Now, though, he was bereft. His admiration had thrived on her being unattainable, a worship from afar, but now that he had tasted the wine on her tongue, pressed himself so close against her that he too smelled of coconuts, he felt a strange loss. He had lost his fantasy. But what he worried most about losing was Kainene.</p>
296	<p>"Will you make sure always to use a rubber? One must be careful, even with the most educated of these people."</p> <p>..."I had an affair with John Black," she said.</p> <p>..."You seemed surprised."</p> <p>"I'm not," he said, although he was. Not because she had an affair but because it was with John, who was married to her good friend Caroline. But this was</p>

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	<p>expatriate life. All they did, as far as he was concerned, was have sex with one another's wives and husbands, illicit couplings that were more a way of passing heat-blanced time in the tropics than they were genuine expressions of passion.</p>
300	<p>"Pepper can remove pregnancy," she said. "What?" "If you eat plenty of hot peppers, they will remove pregnancy." She was huddled in the mud like a pathetic animal, chewing slowly, tears streaming down her face. "Peppers cannot do that," Ugwu said. Yet he hoped that she was right, that peppers would indeed abort the pregnancy and his life would return to what it was before: Olanna and Master securely together. "If you eat enough, they can," she insisted, and reached out to pluck another one. ...He wanted to ask why she had gone along with it if she did not want the baby. She had gone to Master's room herself, after all, and she must have known about Mama's plan. But he did not ask; he did not want her friendship. He turned and went back inside.</p>
305	<p>She was lying down while he sat next to her on his bed—she thought of the bedroom itself now as his rather than theirs—and it was the second time they had slept together since she left. ...It may have been his smug tone or the flagrant way he continued to sidestep responsibility and blame his mother that made Olanna say, "I slept with Richard." ..."Do you have feelings for the man?" he asked. "No," she said.</p>
308	<p>His defenselessness moved her. She knelt down before him and unbuttoned his shirt to suck the soft-firm flesh of his belly. She felt his intake of breath when she touched his trousers zipper. In her mouth, he was swollen stiff. The faint ache in her lower jaw, the pressure his widespread hands on her head, excited her, and afterward she said, "Goodness, Ugwu must have seen us." He led her to the bedroom. They undressed silently and showered together, pressing against each other in the narrow bathroom and then clinging together in bed, their bodies still wet and their movements slow. She marveled at the comforting compactness of his weight on top of her. His breath smelled of brandy and she wanted to tell him how it was almost like old times again, but she didn't because she was sure he felt the same way and she did not want to ruin the silence that united them.</p>
317	<p>Ugwu thinks all this happened because your mother went to a dibia and his medicine charmed you into sleeping with Amala."</p>
318	<p>"You fucked Richard." Olanna stood up. "You're the good one." Kainene's voice was controlled. "The good one shouldn't fuck her sister's lover." ..."I should have told you, Kainene," she said. "It meant nothing." "Of course it meant nothing. It was just fucking my lover, after all." "I didn't mean it like that." Olanna felt the tears in her eyes. "Kainene, I'm so sorry." "Why did you do it?" Kainene sounded frighteningly calm. "You're the good one and the favorite and the beauty and the Africanist revolutionary who doesn't like white men, and you simply did not need to fuck him. So why did you?"</p>

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	Olanna was breathing slowly. "I don't know, Kainene, it wasn't something I planned. I am so sorry. It was unforgivable."
320	Richard wanted to cane Harrison. It had always appalled him, the thought that some colonial Englishmen flogged elderly black servants. Now, though, he felt like doing just as they had done. He longed to make Harrison lie down on his belly and flog, flog, flog him until the man learned to keep his mouth shut.
326	The Soviet Union sent technicians and planes to Nigeria, thrilled at the chance to influence Africa without offending America or Britain. And from their white-supremacist positions, South Africa and Rhodesia gloated at further proof that black-run governments were doomed to failure. Communist China denounced the Anglo-American-Soviet imperialism but did little else to support Biafra. The French sold Biafra some arms but did not give the recognition that Biafra most needed. And many Black African countries feared that an independent Biafra would trigger other secessions and so supported Nigeria.
330	"Tufiakwa! We have been waiting since dawn! Is it because we don't talk through our nose like white people?"
331	Mrs. Muokelu was in front of her classroom fiddling with the bell. The thick black hair on her arms and legs, the fuzz on her upper lip, the curled strands on her chin, and the squat muscular limbs often made Olanna wonder if perhaps Mrs. Muokelu would have been better off being born a man.
334	His kiss before he left was quick, not the usual lingering press of lips, and that too she held against him.
340	"She was smoking in that picture you showed me. Like a common prostitute." ..."I am not saying she is a prostitute," Mrs. Muokelu said hastily. "I am only saying that it is not good that she smokes because women who smoke are prostitutes."
349	"That his brother is a criminal. They say he gave army exemption passes to all his male relatives, everyone in his umunna. And you need to hear what he does with those young-young girls that crawl around looking for sugar daddies. They say he takes up to five of them into his bedroom at the same time. Tufia! It is people like him who must be executed when the state of Biafra is fully established."
354	She liked the way he said that, in a free Biafra, and she stood up and squashed her lips against his. "Yes, but we can have a wartime party." "We hardly have enough for ourselves." "We have more than enough for ourselves." Her lips were still against his and her words suddenly took on a different meaning and she moved back and pulled her dress over her head in one fluid gesture. She unbuckled his trousers. She did not let him take them off. She turned her back and leaned on the wall and guided him into her, excited by his surprise, by his firm hands on her hips. She knew she should lower her voice because of Ugwu and Baby in the next room and yet she had no control over her own moans, over the raw primal pleasure she felt in wave after wave that ended with both of them leaning against the wall, gasping and giggling.

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358	<p>“They are even looting toilet seats! Toilet seats! A man who escaped from Udi told me. And they choose the best houses and force people’s wives and daughters to spread their legs for them and cook for them.”</p>
360	<p>Ugwu remembered his fastidious peering at glasses in Nsukka, his thin legs always crossed, disagreeing with Master. After the car drove down the street very slowly, as if the driver knew how many people were watching, Eberechi walked across. She was wearing that tight skirt that molded her buttocks to a perfect roundness. ...He had never had a conversation this long with her before and had never seen her so close up. It was difficult to keep his eyes from moving down to that magnificent flare of buttocks.</p>
369	<p>He felt angry that she had gone through what she had, and he felt angry with himself because the story had involved imagining her naked and had aroused him. He thought, in the following days, about him and Eberechi in bed, how different it would be from her experience with the colonel. He would treat her with the respect she deserved and do only what she liked, only what she wanted him to do. He would show her the positions he had seen in Master’s Concise Couples Handbook in Nsukka. The slender book had been squashed into a dusty corner of the study shelf, and the first time Ugwu saw it while he was cleaning, he looked through it hurriedly, sweeping past the pencil-sketches diagrams that somehow became more exciting because they were unreal. Later, he realized that Master probably didn’t remember that the book existed so he took it to the Boys’ Quarters to study over a few nights. He had thought about trying some of the positions out with Chinyere but never did: there was something about the methodical silence of her night visits that made any novelty impossible. He wished so much that he had brought the book from Nsukka. He wanted to remember some finer details, what the woman had done with her hands in the sideways-from-behind position, for example. He searched in Master’s bedroom and felt foolish because he knew there was no way the Concise Couples Handbook would be there.</p>
371	<p>He not only wanted to squeeze her naked buttocks, he also wanted to wake up next to her and know he would sleep next to her every day, wanted to talk to her and listen to her laughter. She was nothing like Chinyere, a fond convenience, but rather like a real Nnesinachi, one he had come to care for because of what she said and did, and not what he imagined she would say and do.</p>
416	<p>“You might as well find a sturdy tree and a rope, Odenigbo, because that’s an easier way to commit suicide,” she said.</p>
446	<p>Eberechi visited often, and her smile, a brush of her hand, or her pinching his neck became exquisite joys. The afternoon he first kissed her, Baby was asleep. They were inside, sitting on the bench and playing Biafran whot and she had just said “Check up!” and placed down her last card when he leaned closer and tasted the tart dirt behind her ear. Then he kissed her neck, her jaw, her lips; under the pressure of his tongue, she opened her mouth and the gushing warmth of it overwhelmed him. His hand moved to her chest and enclosed her small breast. She pushed it away. He lowered it to her belly and kissed her mouth again before quickly slipping his hand under her skirt. “Just let me see,” he said, before she could stop him. “Just see.”</p>

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	<p>She stood up. She did not hold him back as he raised her skirt and pulled down the cotton underwear with a small tear at the waistband and looked at the large rounded lobes of her buttocks. He pulled the underwear back up and let go of her skirt. He loved her. He wanted to tell her that he loved her.</p>
455	<p>He floated through the following days as they played Biafran whot and drank gin and waited for the next operation.</p>
457	<p>When he finally went back inside, he stopped at the door. The bar girl was lying on her back on the floor, her wrapper bunched up at her waist, her shoulders held down by a soldier, her legs wide, wide ajar. She was sobbing, "Please, please, biko." Her blouse was still on. Between her legs, High-Tech was moving. His thrusts were jerky, his small buttocks darker-colored than his legs. The soldiers were cheering.</p> <p>"High-Tech, enough! Discharge and retire!"</p> <p>High-Tech groaned before he collapsed on top of her. A soldier pulled him off and was fumbling at his own trousers when somebody said, "No! Target Destroyer is next!"</p> <p>Ugwu backed away from the door.</p> <p>"Ujo abiala o! Target Destroyer is afraid!"</p> <p>Ugwu shrugged and moved forward. "Who is afraid?" he said disdainfully. "I just like to eat before others, that is all."</p> <p>"The food is still fresh!"</p> <p>"Target Destroyer, aren't you a man? I bukwa nwoke?"</p> <p>On the floor, the girl was still. Ugwu pulled his trousers down, surprised at the swiftness of his erection. She was dry and tense when he entered her. He did not look at her face, or at the man pinning her down, or at anything at all as he moved quickly and felt his own climax, the rush of fluids to the tips of himself: a self-loathing release. He zipped up his trousers while some soldiers clapped. Finally he looked at the girl. She stared back at him with a calm hate.</p>
463	<p>"I hear there's a lot of free sex here. But the girls have some kind of sexually transmitted disease? The Bonny disease? You guys have to be careful so you don't take anything back home."</p> <p>..."Niggers are never choosy about what they eat," the redhead muttered.</p>
499	<p>"How could you stay here and let him spread the legs of starving girls? How will you account for this to your God? You both are leaving now, right now. I will take this to Ojukwu myself if I have to!"</p>
503	<p>"Perhaps you should first account for the failure of the black man to curb the white man's mission," Kainene said.</p> <p>"Who brought racism into the world?" Odenigbo asked.</p> <p>"I don't see your point," Kainene said.</p> <p>"The white man brought racism into the world. He used it as a basis of conquest. It is always easier to conquer a more humane people."</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Fuck	10
Nigger	1
Piss	3
Pussy	1
Shit	14