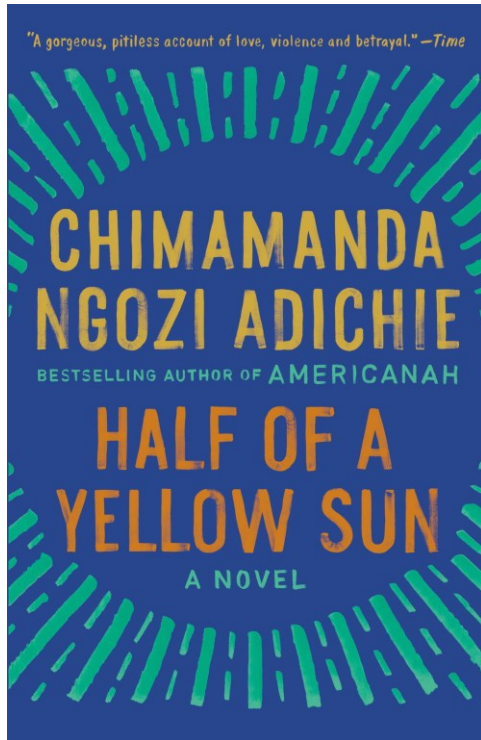


# HALF OF A YELLOW SUN



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and sexual nudity.

*Adult*

**By Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
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>
31	<p>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>
62	<p>...Olanna watched Odenigbo raise his glass to his lips and all she could think 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.</p>
79	<p>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. She sat up 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 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>
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</p>

Page	Content
	dream about being inside her, thrusting as deep as he could, to try and discover something that he knew he never would.
136	<p>"Good. Because we have work to do."</p> <p>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 movements of her lungs would urge conception on. But they did not conceive a child, she knew. The sudden thought that something might be wrong with her body wrapped itself around her, dampened her.</p>
161	<p>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 he 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.</p>
222	<p>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.</p>
278	<p>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.</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>

Page	Content
	<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>
296	<p>"Will you make sure always to use a rubber? One must be careful, even with the most educated of these people."          ..."I had an affair with John Black," she said.          ..."You seemed surprised."          "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 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-blanching time in the tropics than they were genuine expressions of passion.</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, bika." 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.          "High-Tech, enough! Discharge and retire!"          High-Tech groaned before he collapsed on top of her. A soldier pulled him off and was fumbling at his own trousers when some said, "No! Target Destroyer is next!"          Ugwu backed away from the door.          "Ujo abiala o! Target Destroyer is afraid!"          Ugwu shrugged and moved forward. "Who is afraid?" he said disdainfully. "I just like to eat before others, that is all."          "The food is still fresh!"          "Target Destroyer, aren't you a man? I bukwa nwoke?"          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>