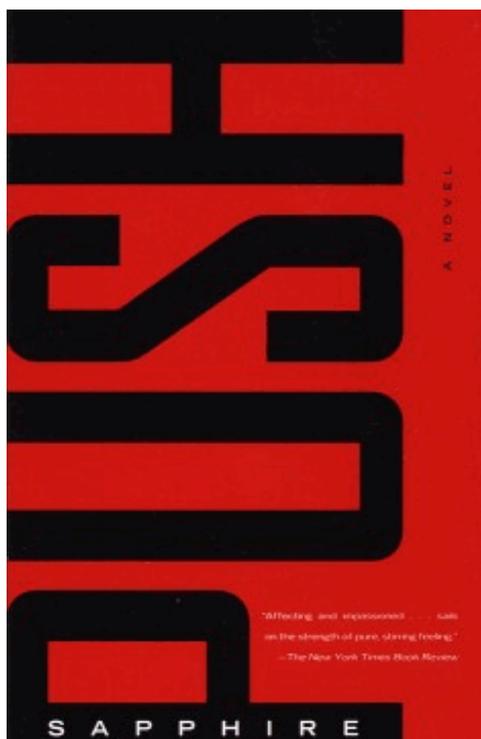


# PUSH



*Adult*

**By Sapphire**

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## Book Summary:

A heavily sexually abused teenager's life circumstances change when a new mentor teaches her to read.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book has explicit sexual activities including incest and molestation; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; controversial racial commentary; drug use; and violence including self-harm.

**5** /5

**Aberrant Content**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
16	I was left back when I was twelve because I had a baby for my fahver.
17	He is a skinny little white man about five feets four inches. A peckerwood as my mother would say.
18	He look like a bitch just got a train pult on her.
19	She staring at me, from behind her big wooden desk, she got her white bitch hands folded together on top her desk.
20	She look at me like I said I wanna suck a dog's dick or some shit.
21	<p>Mrs Lichenstein look at me like I got three arms or a bad odor out my pussy or something.</p> <p>...Come to my house! Nosy ass white bitch!</p> <p>...We don't be coming to your house in Weschesser or wherever the fuck you freaks live. Well I be damned, I done heard everything, white bitch wanna visit.</p>
22	<p>I don't know how many months pregnant I am. I don't wanna stand here 'n hear Mama call me slut. Holler 'n shout on me all day like she the last time. Slut! Nasty ass tramp!</p> <p>...I jus' standing there 'n pain hit me, then pain go sit down, then pain git up 'n hit me harder! 'N she standing there screaming at me, "Slut! Goddamn Slut! You fuckin' cow! I don't believe this, right under my nose. You been high tailing it round here." Pain hit me again, then she hit me. I'm on the floor groaning, "Mommy please, Mommy please, please Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! MOMMY!" Then she KICK me side of my face! "Whore! Whore!" she screamin'.</p>
25	I been knowing a man put his dick in you, gush white stuff in your booty you could get pregnant. I'm twelve now, I been knowing about that since I was five or six, maybe I always known about pussy and dick. I can't remember not knowing. No, I can't remember a time I did not know.
26	<p>"Father," she say. "What's your daddy's name?"</p> <p>"Carl Kenwood James, born in the Bronx."</p> <p>She say, She say, "What's the baby's father's name?"</p> <p>I say, "Carl Kenwood Jones, born in the same Bronx."</p>
27	<p>I was standing at this sink when the pain hit me, and she hit me.</p> <p>...Don't nobody ring our bell 'less it's crack addicts trying to get in the building. I hate crack addicts. They give the race a bad name.</p>
28	<p>"White bitch from school."</p> <p>...I was just going to school everyday till her honky ass snatch me out the hall, fuck with my mind, make me go off on her, suspend me from school jus' because I'm pregnant- you know, end up my education. Now her white ass out on Lenox Avenue talkin' 'bout she wanna talk to me about my education. Lord where is crack addicts when you need 'em.</p>
29	<p>And that's what white shit like Mrs Lichenstien comin' to visit result in.</p> <p>...I press LISTEN again, these crackers think you don't know nothin'.</p>
32	Daddy put his pee-pee smelling thing in my mouth, my pussy, but never hold me. I see me, first grade, pink dress dirty sperm stuffs on it. No one comb my hair.

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	<p>Second grade, third grade, fourth grade seem like one dark night.            ...I look at her but see Mama's shoe coming at the side of my head like a bullet, Carl's dick dangle dangle in my face and now the flat-face baby with eyes like Koreans.            ...About three months after baby born, I'm still twelve when all this happen, Mama slap me. HARD. Then she pick up cast-iron skillet, thank god it was no hot grease in it, and she hit me so hard on back I fall on floor. Then she kick me in ribs. Then she say, "Thank you Miz Claireece Precious Jones for fucking my husband you nasty little slut!" I feel like I'm gonna die, can't breathe, from where I have baby start to hurt.            "Fat cunt bucket slut! Nigger pig bitch! He done quit me! He done left me 'cause of you. What you tell them mutherfuckers at the damn hospital? I should KILL you!" she screaming at me.            I'm lying on the floor shaking, crying, scared she gonna kill me. "Get up Miss Hot-to-Trot," Mama say. "Git your Jezebel ass up and fix some dinner 'fore I give you something to cry about."</p>
35	<p>I feel Mama's hand between my legs, moving up my thigh. Her hand stop, she getting ready to pinch me if I move. I just lay still, keep my eyes close. I can tell Mama's other hand between her legs now 'cause the smell fill room. Mama can't fit into the bathtub no more. Go sleep, go sleep, go to sleep. I tell myself.            Maman's hand creepy spider, up my legs, in my pussy.            ...I'm twelve, no I was twelve, when that shit happened.            ...Mama jus' hit me wif fryin' pan?</p>
36	<p>One minute Mama's foot smashing into side of my head,...</p>
37	<p>This is my second baby for my daddy, it gonna be retarded too?            ...This time I know Mama know. Umm hmmm, she know. She bring him to me. I ain' crazy, that stinky hoe give me to him. Probably thas' what he require to fuck her, some of me. Got to where he jus' come in my room any ole time, not jus' night. He climb on me. Shut up! He say. He slap my ass, You wide as the Mississippi, don't tell me a little bit of dick hurt you heifer. Git usta it, he laff, you is usta it. I fall back on bed, he fall on top of me. Then I change stations, change bodies...            ..."I'm gonna marry you," he be saying. Hurry up, nigger, shut up! He mess up dream talkin' 'n gruntin'. First he mess up my life fucking me, then he mess up the fucking talkin'. I wanna scream, Oh shut up! Nigger, how you gonna marry me and you is my daddy. I'm your daughter, fucking me illegal. But I keep my mouf shut so's the fucking don't turn into a beating. I start to feel goo; stop being a video dancer and start coming. I try to go back to video but coming now, rocking under Carl now, my twat jumping juicy, it feel good. I feel shamed. "See, see," he slap my thigh like cowboys do horses on TV, then he squeeze my nipple, bit down on it. I come some more. "See, you LIKE it! You jus' like your mama- you die for it!" He pull his dick out, the white cum stuff pour out my hole wet up the sheets.</p>
44	<p>You know crackers eating roast turkey and champagne and shit.</p>
45	<p>...they are pritty people, girls with little titties like buttons and legs like long white straws. Do all white people look like pictures? No, 'cause the white people at school is fat and cruel like evil witches from fairy tales but they exist. Is it because</p>

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	<p>they white?            ...If he did he would know I was like a white girl, a real person, inside. He would not climb on me from forever and stick his dick in me 'n get me inside on fire, bleed, I bleed then he slap me.</p>
46	<p>What that child of yours need tittie for? She retarded. Mongoloid. Down Sinder.</p>
47	<p>I feel proud 'cept it's baby by my fahver and that make me not in picture again.</p>
48	<p>First thing I see when I wake up is picture of Farrakhan's face on the wall. I love him. He is against crack addicts and crackers. Crackers is the cause of everything bad.            ...So he fuck me, fuck me, beat me, have a chile with me.            ...Carll come over fuck us'es. Go from room to room, slap me on my ass when he through, holler WHEE WHEE!</p>
49	<p>I hate hear him talk more than I hate fuck. Sometimes fuck feel good.</p>
50	<p>I go splash some water on my ass, which mean I wash serious between my legs and underarm.            ...Second grad my cherry busted.            ...Thas when I start to pee on myself. I just sit there, it's like I paralyze of some shit. I don't move. I can't move.</p>
51	<p>Give race a bad name, lost in the hells of norf america crack addicts is.</p>
53	<p>My pee pee open hot stinky down my thighs ssssss splatter splatter.            ...Seven, he on me almost every night. First it's just in my mouth. Then it's more more. He is intercoursing me. Say I can take it. Look you don't even bleed, virgin girls bleed. You not virgin, I'm seven.</p>
55	<p>My muver do not like niggers wear they hair like that!</p>
68	<p>I see my daddy. I see TVs I hear rap music I want something to eat I want fuck feeling from Daddy I want to die I want to die.</p>
71	<p>She here when Mrs Lichenstein's white ass come here.</p>
72	<p>I think my mind a TV set smell like between my muver's legs.            ...I don't fucks boyz but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant.            ...I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, "Bif Mama your pussy is popping!" I hate myself when I feel good.</p>
73	<p>I jus' want to lay down, listen to radio, look at picture of Farrakhan, a real man, who don't fuck his daughter, fuck children.</p>
74	<p>I walk to my muver's room but it look different, she look different. I look like little baby almost. She is talkin' sweet to me like sometimes Daddy talks. I am choking between her legs A HUH A HUH. She is smelling big woman smell. She say suck it, lick me Precious. Her hand is like a mountain pushing my head down. I squeeze my eyes shut but choking don't stop, it get worse. Then I open my eyes and look. I look at little Precious and big Mama and feel hit feeling, feel like killing Mama.</p>
77	<p>I'm so busy getting beat, cooking, cleaning, pussy and asshole either hurting or popping.</p>

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	<p>...It such a small thing compare to your daddy climb on you, your muver kick you, slave you, feel you up.            ...Mama give me orders, Daddy porno talk me,...</p>
78	I don't tell them I had first baby on kitchen floor. Muver kicking me, pains whipping me.
79	I was comp'tant enough for her husband to fuck.
81	<p>N nf kkk            (North America America=KKK)</p>
84	<p>I push him out my pussy, but I didn't meet a boy 'n fall in love, sex up 'n have a baby.            I think I was rape.            I think what my fahver do is what Farrakhan said the white man did to the black woman. Oh it was terrible and he dood it in front of the black man;...            ...Farrakhan say during slavery times the white man just walk out to the slavery Harlem part where the niggers live separate from the mansions where the white people live and he take any black woman he want and if he feel like it he jus' gone and do the do on top of her even if her man there. This spozed to hurt the black man even more than it hurt the woman getting raped- for the black man to have to see this raping.            ...He is a rapist's baby. But that's OK, Miz Rain say we is a nation of raped children, that the black man in America today is the product of rape.</p>
85	<p>I love my baby but he ain' mine, he is but I didn't fuck for him. I was raped by my fahver.            ...(wish I had excuse me, fucks a boy like)            ...(other girls then I feel right that I have to quit school)</p>
89	But when it happen, when she git up off that couch 'n charge toward me like fifty niggers, I ran.
90	<p>"Nigger rape me. I not steal shit fat bitch your husband RAPE me RAPE ME!"            ...My pussy hurt.</p>
91	<p>Mistakes for niggers to rape.            ...Shit where nurse, yellow bitch.</p>
93	What I'm spozed to do; my pussy feel torn apart in pieces,...
97	<p>Ms Rain tell me I don't like homosexuals she guess I don't like her 'cause she one.            ...Ms Rain say homos not who rape me, not homos who let me sit up not learn for sixteen years, not homos who sell crack fuck Harlem.</p>
99	He say problem is not crack but the cracker! I go for that shit.
101	Carl fucks me.
102	<p>Since I was little her husband fuck me beat me. My daddy.            ...Carl come in the night, take food, what money they is, fuck bofe.            ...Man rape Celie turn out to be her daddy.</p>
103	<p>"He never fuck you," I say shock.            "Oh yea," she say. "But not like faggots, in the ass and all, so I know-"</p>

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111	Rita been on street selling pussy since she was twelve. ...Then Rhonda's brother raping her since she was a chile, her mother fine out and put Rhonda, not brother, out.
112	...not homos who rape me, not homos who let me be ignerent. ...A boy come out my pussy.
118	I kno sex so much. I kno bout sex a lot a lot what it be like to hav a fren, thas a guy I mean. ...she mi techer Don want her kno if I rite about SEX if I have sex wif a kute coot boy thas my own age I will_.
120	Bafhouse where faggits meet nekkid fuck each other.
122	Maybe pass nigger wif needle in his arm noddin the wind. Drops of blood drip down. Maybe pass sex sicko wif peniss out, flashlite eyes shine sperms on you. ...Boyz don go Only faggit boyz.
124	I cannot see how I am the same as a white faggit or crack addict.
126	All I want before is Daddy get the fuck off me! But now I think about that, you know, that being fucking a cute boy.
127	My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON"T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again. His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie.
128	Then my body take me over again, like shocks after earthquake, shiver me, I come again. My body not mine, I hate it coming. Afterward I go bafroom. I smear shit on my face. ...Get Daddy's razor out cabinet. Cut cut cut arm wrist, not trying to die, trying to plug myself back in. ...A girl wif little titties...
130	I would be tight pussy girl no stretch marks and torn pussy from babies's head bust me open.
131	Counselor ask me one time is it the kids or is it I get raped to have 'em. Bofe; 'cause even if I got raped, who want a baby at twelve!
132	Tired of this honky askin' me questions. ...If she was to walk in on me now I turn around and slap her cracker ass down. Problem not crack but the CRACKER! Farrakhn say.
133	I already know what I'm gonna recover, the smell of Mama's pussy in my face.
134	However, (oh oh, when white bitch start with however!)
136	"...She has a history of sexual abuse and is HIV positive."
137	I knew white bitch had something up her sleeve.

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139	And what kinda shit is it for someone like Precious to have to quit school before she get her G.E.D. to work at some live-in job for old crackers and shit.
142	I just don't always want to be crying like white bitch on TV movies. Since I ain' no white bitch. ...I am not white bitch. ...
143	Precious what never go to summer camp; hear kids talk about going to camp where crackers is. ...He was addict (I didn't know crackers was addicts).
145	A girl gave her father's dick in her mouth know things the other girls don't know but it's not what you want to know. ...Bombs with hair and titties and dresses. ..."It started when I was, oh, about four or five years old with him fondling me" (feeling her up). "By the time I was twelve he was having intercourse with me three or four times a week." ...Carl, the way his knees on either side of my neck. ...My hand is going up through the smell of Mama, my hand is pushing Daddy's dick out my face. "I was raped by my father. And beat." No one is talking except me. "Mama push my head down in her..." I can't talk no more.
147	Listen to girl rape by brother, listen to old woman rape by her father; don't remember till he die when she is 65 years old. ...Girls like Jermaine is, I am a proud lesbian. ...What kinda world this babies raped. A father break a girl's arm. Sweet talk you suck his dick. ...One thing we got in common, no the thing, is we was rape.
150	he put his balls in my face. ...her fingers pick apart my pussy.
152	"...I still got milk in my bresses but not for her but from Carl sucking. I give him tittie, Precious bottle..." ..."I bottle her, tittie him. Bottle more better for kidz. Sanitary. But I never get dried up 'cause Carl always on me. It's like that you know. Chile, man- a woman got bofe. What you gonna do? So we in bed. I put her on one side of me on pillow, Carl on the other side me." Ms Weiss look like she done stopped breathing. "Carl got my tittie in hi mouf. Nuffin' wron wif that, it's natural. But I think thas the day IT start. I don't never remember noting before that. I hot. He sucking my tittie. My eyes closed. I know he getting hard I can see wifout my eyes, I love him so much." Umm hmm, I was raised by a psycho maniac fool. "He climb on me, you know. You unnderstand?" No, tell us some more stupid bitch. "So he on me. Then he reach over to Precious! Start wif his finger between her legs. I say Car what you doing! He say shut your big ass up! This is good for her. Then he git off me, take off her Pampers and try to stick his thing in Precious. You what trip me out is it almost can go in Precious! I think she some kinda freak baby

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	then. I say stop Carl stop! I want him on me! I never wanted him to hurt her. I didn't want him doing anything to her. I wanted my man for myself. Sex me up, not my chile. So you cain't blame all that shit happen to Precious on me. I love Carl, I love him. He her daddy, but he was my man!"
163	Put a, whore bitch I know what you're doing with these guys while I'm out working my ass off. I ever catch I kill you whore, hear me I kill you. Then he grab me. Hold out my arm next to his, see SEE. Look he says you are WHITE. You are not no nigger morena puta WHORE.
165	And he pull gun from his pants. Shoot Mami- bang bang bang. Her brains fly out her head her mouth open blood blood blood everywhere. It look like one olive is hanging out her head like a man off a cliff. She never speak nothing. Fall out chair. Go gurgle sound. More blood fall out her mouth. Her dress. Hair. The carpet is red.
166	What life? Foster care, rape, drugs, prostitution, HIV, jail, rehab. ...Tell us more tell us more more MORE about being a dope addict and a whore! Put a tecata puta tecata.
169	He wait until I am sleep. I awake Kimberton standing over me on top the bed nakedas the day he born. Thing like a donkey's. I don't want it.
170	"Kimberton is...is molesting with me at night." I don't know how to say it. I can't say rape. That's not what brothers do to sisters. ..."He come over my side of the room at night and intercourse me."
172	Kimberton, he is dentist. Was a dentist. Maybe he is. Maybe he beat the case- he get charged by young girl's parents of trying to stick his finger (and who knows what else) up her pussy while he spozed to be fixing teeth!
173	I would go with men to bars, drink, go home with them, hope I get to stay the night- that they don't tell me go after they come. After I do this with, oh, is it five or fifty or a hundred guys, I start dissolve. ...But after the I don't know how many mens I start to break into little pieces and the men look funny, like worms is growing out of their skins, worms that turn to little penises, till I am sick with the walking dicks of Harlem. Everywhere is a hand rubbing, a dick going psst psst come here come here.
176	The security guards get me while my thumbs is closing down on his white devil's throat. ...Everything is red, I go end this cracker's days! ...He not so back, but he nasty. He want me to wash his penis and carry on.
178	Always my first thought of him is before he rape me then the memory roll in like fog. ...Rage hot fill me. Kimberton's eyes glowing like radioactive in my mind, his fly eyes, his hands pushing me down on the bed, years.
179	This man fuck his sister and say so what.
180	"You wanted it as much as I did!" he say.
182	How can a river be wrong a river that engorges my clitoris and fills me?
184	I'm still 7: a boy holds me down under the stairwell that smells like urine (pee I woulda said

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	<p>at seven) tries to push his dick into me.            I am 8:            When I put my tongue in Mary-Mae's mouth for the first time (under the same steps)            9:            my fingers            10:            my tongue but this time I put it in her where he tried to put it in me            13:            I am pressed close to her against the wall in her room we will fall on the still pink in some places chenille bedspread. My fingers A trains howling thru her dark tunnel we will- DADDY! DADDY! Come LOOK what Mary-Mae and Jermaine is doing!</p>
185	<p>...but it is Mary-Mae's father who catches me one night to me what a MAN is. What a woman is when I get up from my new knowledge. One of my front teeth is gone. The doctor will tell my mother damage is done. I won't tell her by who. ...BEFORE any all that I had slid my fingers up the sweet stink of another child and knelt down to lick her thighs.</p>
186	<p>A wake up, go to sleep, jack off, shouting ass Christian. It makes me sick. JESUS this, JESUS that, fuck that shit            ...And his arm flew out like a jack-in-th-box and snatched the Bible from her and threw it in her face HARD. Hitting her in the eye. A blood red spot grew and spread across her eye for seven days.</p>
188	<p>I'm 17:            when she walks in on me and Mary-Mae fucking.            ...The smell of us sweet, stinky, swollen with sex contracts and dies in the air.</p>
189	<p>I am left on a thin mat near the door listening to him masturbate.</p>
190	<p>I'm 19: by then. What can I say except I fought back. And when it's six men that means you put your fist up and try to hit at least one of 'em 'fore they kill you. I'm with Rita. On that some things don't need to be written about. For example, how it sounds when a fist with two hundred pounds behind it connects solidly with your eye. Or the way concrete does not yield to lip cheek nostril when they met. And a razor, the closest thing it feels like is extreme cold. Cold so cold it's hot. A laser separating.</p>
199	<p>A gay white supremacist said, "If there is to be a triage with these precious medicines (antivirals like AZT), they should go to white gay males who have contributed so much to society, and not to the blacks who don't even know what has hit them." When Andrew Sullivan said these words, he unequivocally upheld the racist belief that white gay males were worth more than Black people, and that if Black people were suffering disproportionately from AIDS, it was their own fault (i.e., because "they didn't know what hit them").</p>
200	<p>There has hardly been a disease that has not hit Black people harder than it has white people.</p>
202	<p>"How can a seventeen-year-old with a baby be considered a family?" conservatives opined from public podiums. What they meant is, How could state</p>

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	<p>and federal governments, we the people, justify giving aid (a welfare check) to people like my students—people who had babies out of "wedlock"; people who needed to be punished, not rewarded; people who needed to be married, or at home with their parents, or at one of the boarding schools that the Republican Party talked about building as a very concrete way of containerizing the teenage mothers and any other young women seeking public assistance to establish a household outside of the conservatives' idea of where a young woman should be, which was at her parents' house or at her husband's house. The idea that poverty, which by some counts at the time affected two-thirds of African Americans, was caused by a runaway, errant female sexuality that bred irresponsibly was a miscreant notion disseminated by Daniel Patrick Moynihan and others, promulgated by Gingrich and the like, and accepted by Bill Clinton. The idea that there was an almost ironclad caste system based on race, ingrained in the very fiber of the nation's being, and that that caste system upheld, and was upheld by, the rampant destruction of Black families through the imprisonment of Black men, was somehow beyond their comprehension. To my thinking, it was just inconvenient, because accepting that Black poverty is the result of racism would have meant attacking individual and institutional racism.</p>
204	<p>And declared that Black poverty did not stem from the consistent and brutal deprivation of access to education, health care, and business opportunities by a white power structure that worked systemically, institutionally, and personally to deprive Black people of the fruits of American society (all the while, and most especially, not acknowledging that those fruits were derived from the very people deprived of those fruits).</p>
206	<p>My students and I knew that their poverty was the result of race, class, and gender system skewed against them. They were poor and uneducated by design, from de facto segregated school systems to gender discrimination and violence. The system was not just stacked against them; it was falling down upon them and crushing them.</p>
207	<p>And oftentimes not for the money but in exchange for their check, their so-called handout from the government, which was tainted with overtones of charity instead of an acknowledgement of a racist system kept in place by the subjugation and exploitation of poor people and people of color.</p>
211	<p>High-income white nuclear families demanded the low-paid labor provided by "nigger" and Hispanic nannies and maids- not too different from the way whites during slavery and the years following the abolition of slavery furiously demanded the mother-nurture and female energy of the Black family, first for nonpaid labor and then for low-paid domestic work, labor that enabled white families to rise and helped keep "niggers" in their place. Between the murder, harassment, and imprisonment of Black men and the derailment of Black women into service, the lower-class status of some Black people was often effectively sealed.</p>
222	<p>There were questions raised about whether PUSH could be taught and, more important, how, given the content and the context of African American literature classes in a white and male-dominated environment.</p>
224	<p>Now there are people who look like Precious in Hollywood. In fact, they were always there, but as I mentioned earlier, for the most part they played roles,</p>

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	sometimes with great dignity and talent and humor, of women forced into enabling, through their labor, an oppressive caste system that elevates white women, white men, and their offspring. The servants they played on-screen were desexualized subservient second-class citizens trapped in low-wage work that allowed the whites who employed them to rise.
229	I write about black women because it's the world I know. "Fade to White" mentions that incest is not confined to one group of people. I agree, but I argue that it does have a different place in African-American culture than it has in white American culture. During slavery many black women were impregnated by their masters, who were often also their fathers. The white male was literally the master-father of the plantation.
230	He (the [slave] master) had sex with whom he wanted to: black women, children, AND men. This was the "family" structure most slaves were exposed to. Black men were not allowed to act out the role of father. They themselves were raped like women, in addition to being turned into stud-like breeders. We as a race have yet to deal with the fact that black men were raped like "bitches" during slavery; nor have we dealt with the impact that that has had on the generations of us that came out of slavery. ...Printing those sentences in my letter to the editor would have taken the dialogue to another level, addressing not just how the Black male writer felt he looked to white people in a screen depiction of what he saw as a pathological portrayal of Black manhood, but also the incarnation of the American institution of slavery, which rooted itself in the belief of the supremacy of the so-called white race and the subhuman status of Black people. And it is this belief that we, and the world, suffer from and struggle with to this day.
235	I write this afterword in a time of an undeclared and much-denied war upon my people, the people of PUSH, the people of mass graves and the rainbow of Black-yellow-beige-red-brown-disenfranchised-and-uninsured, the people upon whom the weight of this rabid, racist, and very uncivil civilization called America has fallen. I write this afterword as a war cry, a double-edged ax against our annihilation and erasure.

Profanity	Count
Ass	31
Bitch	47
Cracker	11
Cunt	3
Dick	9
Faggot	5
Fuck	83
Nigger	22
Piss	2
Pussy	18
Put a	4
Shit	79