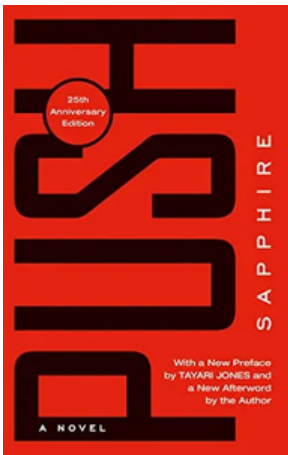




What is a R.E.M.O.V.E. REPORT?

The R.E.M.O.V.E. Report is a book report designed to equip parents and community members with clear, detailed evidence of explicit and pervasively vulgar content found in books within school libraries. This report provides excerpts that illustrate sexually inappropriate passages, showing why the books are educationally unsuitable for minor children.



PUSH also titled “Precious”

Author, SAPPHIRE

Misleading Book Descriptions: (Source Amazon)

What They Want You to Think This Book Is About:

A new 25th anniversary edition of the instant classic that inspired the major motion picture and Sundance Film Festival winner Precious: Based on the Novel 'PUSH' by Sapphire, whose power and ferocity influenced a generation of writers.

“Affecting and impassioned . . . sails on the strength of pure, stirring feeling.”—The New York Times Book Review

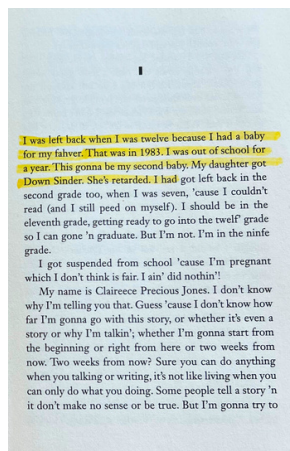
Precious Jones, an illiterate sixteen-year-old, has up until now been invisible to the father who rapes her and the mother who batters her and to the authorities who dismiss her as just one more of Harlem's casualties. But when Precious, pregnant with a second child by her father, meets a determined and radical teacher, we follow her on a journey of education and enlightenment as she learns not only how to write about her life, but how to make it truly her own for the first time.

This Book Was Found In:

DATE	SCHOOL	COPIES	NOTES

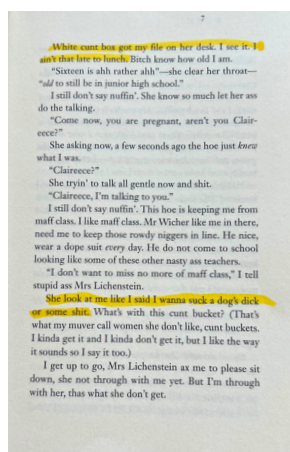


PUSH also titled "Precious" - Author, SAPPHIRE



Page 3:

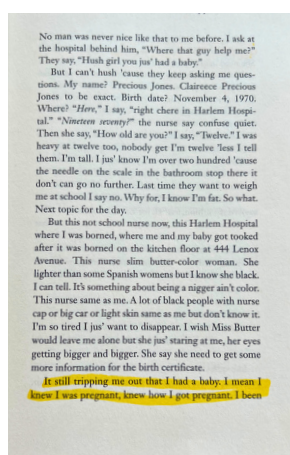
I was left back when I was twelve because I had a baby for my fahver.



Page 7:

White cunt box got my file on her desk. I see it. I ain't that late to lunch.

...She look at me like I said I wanna suck a dog's dick or some shit.



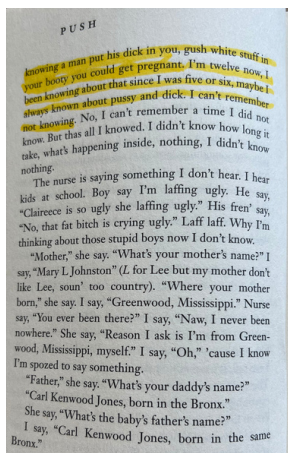
Page 11:

It still tripping me out that I had a baby. I mean I knew I was pregnant, knew how I got pregnant. I been...

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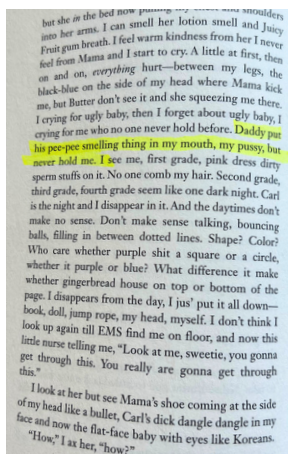


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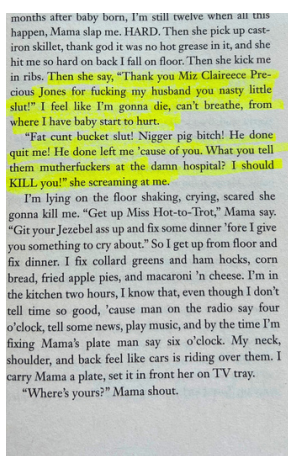
Page 12:

...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.



Page 18:

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.



Page 19:

"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.

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So back to the kitchen, git her pies, pile my own plate higher than the first time, know if I don't she just gonna make me go back again. I sit her pies down on the tray. Try not to look at her. Try to watch the white people on TV running on the beach sand. Try not to see grease running down Mama's chin, try not to see her grab whole ham hock wif her hand, try not to see myself doing the same thing. Eating. First 'cause she make me, beat me if I don't, then eating hoping pain in my neck back go away. I keep eating till the pain, the gray TV light, and Mama is a blur, and I just fall back on the couch so full it like I'm dyin' and I go to sleep, like I always do, almost. Almost, go to sleep, it's the pain in my shoulder keep me from totally cooking out this time. 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 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 bathtub no more. Go sleep, go sleep, go to sleep, I tell myself. Mama's hand, creepy spider, up my legs, in my pussy. God please! Thank you god I say as I fall asleep.

I'm twelve, no I was twelve, when that shit happen. I'm sixteen now. For past couple of weeks or so, ever since white bitch Lichenstein kick me outta school shit, 1983 and 1987, twelve years old and sixteen years old, first baby and this one coming, all been getting mixed up in

Page 21:

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 happen.

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than Nikes? No, next shifts I get be Nikes! Green leather jacket, keys. I is going, got my hand on the doorknob.

"Where you going?" Mama holler from her room.

Why ain' her fat ass sleep? I don't say nuffin'. Fuck her!

"You hear me talking to you?" I start undoing locks on the front door. It's four o' 'em. "Precious! Fuck you bitch. Ize gone. The staircase so skinny both sides of me touch some part of building when I'm going down the stairs. Maybe after I have baby I lose some weight. Maybe I get my own place.

When I step out in morning Lenox is jumping with cars, gypsy cabs, and buses. Delivery trucks is parked in front the supermarket and the McDonald's on corner of 132nd. Men, women, and kids waiting at bus stop to go to school and downtown to work. Wonder where they go to work? Where I gonna go to work, how I'm gonna get out HER house? I hate her. Come to 126th Street, across the street Sylvia's. I ain't got no money. African vendors out on street wif they stuff—leather purses and African clothes and earrings from cow-shells, stuff like that.

I'm walking slow slow now. No one say nuffin' to me now my belly big. No "Yo Big Mama" 'n "all dat meat and no potatoes" shit. I'm safe. Yeah, safe from dese fools on the street but am I safe from Carl Kenwood Jones? This is my second baby for my daddy, it gonna be retarded too?

Page 23:

This is my second baby for my daddy, it gonna be retarded too?

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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 right on top of me. Then I change stations, change bodies, I be dancing in videos! In movies! I be breaking, fly, jus' a dancing! Umm hmmm heating up the stage at the Apollo for Doug E. Fresh or Al B. Shure. They love me! Say I'm one of the best dancers ain' no doubt of or about that!

"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 good; 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.

Page 24:

...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...

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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. It why my father ack like he do. He has forgot he is the Original Man! So he fuck me, fuck me, beat me, have a shile by me. When he see I'm pregnant the first time he disappear. I think for years, for a long time I know that much.

After my baby and me come out of the hospital my muver take us down to welfare; say I is mother but just a chile and she taking care of bofe us'es. So really all she did was add my baby to her budget. She already on the 'fare wit' me so she just add my daughter. I could be on the 'fare for myself now, I think. I'm old enuff. I'm 16. But I'm not sure I know how to be on my own. I have to say sometimes I hate my muver. She don't love me. I wonder how she could love Little Mongo (thas my daughter). Mongo sound Spanish don't it? Yeah, thas why I chose it, but what it is is short for Mongoloid Down Sinder, which is what she is; sometimes what I feel is. I feel so stupid sometimes. So ugly, worth nuffin'. I

Page 34:

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.

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could just sit here wif my muver everyday wif the shades drawn, watching TV, eat, watch TV, eat. Carl come over fuck us'es. Go from room to room, slap me on my ass when he through, holler WHEEE WHEEE! Call me name Butter Ball Big Mama Two Tons of Fun. I hate hear him talk more than I hate fuck. Sometimes fuck feel good. That confuse me, everything get swimming for me, floating like for days sometimes. I just sit in back classroom, somebody say something I shout on 'em, hit 'em, rest of the time I mine my bizness. I was on my way to graduate from I.S. 146 'n then fuckface Miz Lichenstein mess shit up. I . . . , in my inside world, I am so pretty, like a advertisement girl on commercial, 'n someone ride up here in car, someone look like the son of that guy that got kilt when he was president a long time ago or Tom Cruise—or anybody like that pull up here in a car and I be riding like on TV chile—JeeZUS! It's 8 a.m. o'clock! I know I woked up at 6 a.m., lord where the time go! I got to get dress for school. I got to be at school by 9 a.m. Today is first day. I been tessed. I been incommed eligible. I got Medicaid card and proof of address. All that shit. I is ready. Ready for school. School something (this *nuthin'*!). School gonna help me get out dis house. I gotta throw some water on my ass and git up. What I'm gonna wear what I'm gonna wear? One thing I do got is clothes, thanks to my muver's charge at Lane Bryant 'n man sell hot shit. Come to building go from door to

Page 35:

...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!

Same thing in me when I try to hit Mrs Lichenstein 'n when I grabbed the knife in the dishwasher—only deeper. I think my mind a TV set smell like between my muver's legs. I stupid. I ain' got no education even tho' I not miss days of school. I talks funny. The air floats like water wif pictures around me sometime. Sometimes I can't breathe. I'm a good girl. I don't fuck boys but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant. She take my money. Money for Little Mongo should be mine. A Day at the Beach Shore A Day A Day ABC Alphabetical order CD ABCD. I grab my notebook. I look at my muver.

"I go to welfare tomorrow—Tuesday, Wednesday I go to school. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I go to school."

I look Mama. This baby feel like a watermelon between my bones getting bigger and my ankles feelin' tight 'cause they swoled. I sigh. This gonna end, even if it end by me stop breathing. That what I want sometime. Sometime I hurt so bad I want to not wake up, want breathing to stop in my sleep. Have me *don't* wake up. Other times I start to go a huh a huh ahuh ahuh A HUH A HUH and I grab my chess 'cause I can't breathe, then I WANT breathin' bad.

I try to forget I got baby in me. I hated bornin the first one. No fun. Hurt. Now again. I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I

Page 57:

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.

where I am, where the sound is coming from. I know I will choke to death I don't find myself. 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. But I don't, instead I call little Precious and say, Come to Mama but I means me. Come to me little Precious. Little Precious look at me, smile, and start to sing: ABCDEFG . . .

Wednesday morning Jo Ann back. She not like G.E.D. I guess. Say she need a little brush up before she go to G.E.D. Miz Rain don't say nuffin' 'till she hear the brush up stuff, then Miz Rain say, "Are you in the right class Jo Ann? This is a class to learn reading and writing, this is not a brush up for G.E.D." Jo Ann look hate at Miz Rain. I like Miz Rain. I see what she doing. I think, Jo Ann tryin' to act like she ain' one of us. Miz Rain tryin' to git her to 'cept herself for where she at. She ain' no G.E.D. girl, leas' not yet.

Miz Rain call roll: Jermaine Hicks, Rhonda Johnson, Precious Jones, Consuelo Montenegro, Jo Ann Rogers, Rita Romero. Everybody here. Miz Rain ax, "Who

Page 59:

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.

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PUSH also titled "Precious" - Author, SAPPHIRE

that's how it feels. But I'm probably the only one get it from they daddy. Counselor, Ms Weiss, say she try to find out as much about Daddy for me as she can.

How much I want to know? And for what? I tell counselor I can't talk about Daddy now. My clit swell up. I think Daddy Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach, but hot tight in my cunt 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! He slap 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.

I wait for him get off me. Lay there stare at wall till wall is a movie. *Wizard of Oz*. I can make that one play anytime. Michael Jackson, scarecrow. 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 bathroom. I smear shit on my face. Feel good. Don't know why but it do. I never tell nobody about that before. But I would do that. If I go to insect support group what will I hear from other girls. I hate my fingernails till they look like disease, pull

Page 111:

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.

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so young and feel so old. So young like I don't know nuffin', so old like I know everything. A girl have her father's dick in her mouth know things the other girls don't know but it's not what you want to know.

It's all kinda girls here! They sitting in circle faces like clocks, no bombs. Bombs with hair and titties and dresses. After I sit here five minutes I know I am a bomb too. Only sitting here doing whatever they gonna do will keep me from blowing up. Thank you Rita for git me here on time.

"Hello." She look like a movie star! Slim, long hair, eyes like stars, red lips. "My name is Irene. I am an incest survivor."

My mouth fall open. Someone like that.

"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."

Everything is floating around me now. Like geeses from the lake. I see the wings beating beating hear geeses. It's more birds than geeses. Where so many birds come from. I see flying. Feel flying. Am flying. Far up, but my body down in circle. Precious is bird.

Someone is holding my hand. It's Rita. She is massage my hand. I come back from being a bird to hear beautiful girl crying. Smell Mama. Carl, the way his knees on either side of my neck.

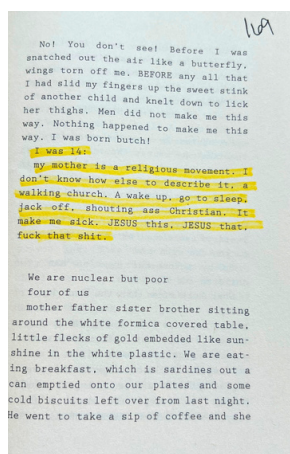
Girl say, "Thank you for letting me share." She say, "This is a Tuesday night business meeting. To share

Page 129:

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.

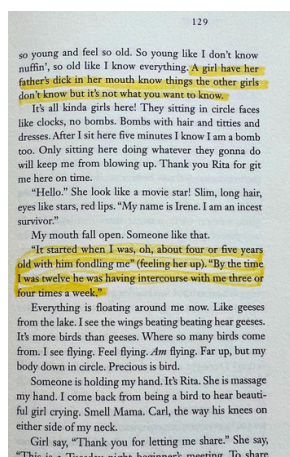


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Page 169:

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.



Page 129:

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.

Page 4:

He is a skinny little white man about five feet four inches. A peckerwood as my mother would say.

Page 8:

Mrs Lichenstein look at me like I got three arms or a bad odor out my pussy or something. ...Come to my house! Nosy ass white bitch! ...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.

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Page 9:

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! ...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'.

Page 14:

I was standing at this sink when the pain hit me, and she hit me. ...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.

Page 36:

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.

Page 15:

"White bitch from school." ...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.

Page 39:

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.

Page 53:

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.

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Page 57:

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.

Page 58:

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.

Page 59:

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.

Page 62:

I'm so busy getting beat, cooking, cleaning, pussy and asshole either hurting or popping.

...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,...

Page 64:

I was comp'tant enough for her husband to fuck.



Page 68:

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.

Page 69:

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)

Page 74:

"Nigger rape me. I not steal shit fat bitch your husband RAPE me RAPE ME!" ... My pussy hurt.

Page 85:

*Carl fucks me.
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.*

Page 86:

"He never fuck you," I say shock. "Oh yea," she say. "But not like faggots, in the ass and all, so I know-"

Page 94:

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.

Page 102:

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_.

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Page 104:

Bafhouse where faggits meet nekkid fuck each other.

Page 105:

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.

Page 109:

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.

Page 112:

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 baftroom. 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...

Page 114:

I would be tight pussy girl no stretch marks and torn pussy from babies's head bust me open.

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!

Page 130:

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.

Page 133:

he put his balls in my face. ...her fingers pick apart my pussy.



Page 135 - 136:

"...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 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!"

Page 149:

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.

Page 152:

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.

Page 153:

"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."



Page 155:

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!

Page 156:

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.

Page 161:

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.

Page 163:

"You wanted it as much as I did!" he say.

Page 165:

How can a river be wrong a river that engorges my clitoris and fills me?

Page 167:

I'm still 7: a boy holds me down under the stairwell that smells like urine (pee I woulda said 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!

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Page 168:

...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.

Page 168:

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.

Page 168:

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.

Page 188:

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).

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PUSH also titled "Precious" - Author, SAPPHIRE

NEXT STEPS:

Before challenging a book for removal, it's crucial to download and read our **REMOVE Porn in Schools Toolkit**. This guide walks you through the proper steps to identify pervasively vulgar books in your local school district and take effective action to challenge and remove them.



Once you've reviewed the toolkit, use the tracking form below to document each step of the process for each book you challenge, including communications, follow-ups, and outcomes.

Book REMOVAL Tracker

School Name:

Step 1: Report the Book

☐ Submitted a formal complaint to the school **Date:**

☐ Received acknowledgment of complaint **Date:**

Step 2: School Response

☐ Received a response from the school **Date:**

Outcome:

Step 3: Escalation (If Needed)

☐ Contacted the school board **Date:**

☐ Presented case at a school board meeting **Date:**

Communication Log:

DATE	PERSON CONTACTED	POSITION/VOTED	NOTES

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TAKE BACK THE CLASSROOM

FRONTLINE FMAILIES

At Take Back the Classroom, we believe minor children must be protected from pornographic content in our public schools. To empower parents and community members, we have created a powerful online, searchable database that exposes more than 400 pornographic books found in school libraries across 13,000 districts in the U.S.

This comprehensive tool shines a light on the widespread issue, awakening communities to the depth of the problem—and this is just the beginning.

We don't just provide knowledge; we offer free resources and actionable steps to help parents identify, remove, and prevent inappropriate content at the local level—just as we've successfully done across the nation.

***Those who push
porn on our
children are always
on the wrong side
of history.***

Karen England

President of Take Back The Classroom

Our database gives parents and concerned citizens the tools to advocate for their children's safety in schools.

Your support is essential in expanding and maintaining this critical resource. Join us in protecting the next generation by contributing to Take Back the Classroom today. Together, we can make a lasting impact and ensure our kids have a safe educational environment.



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