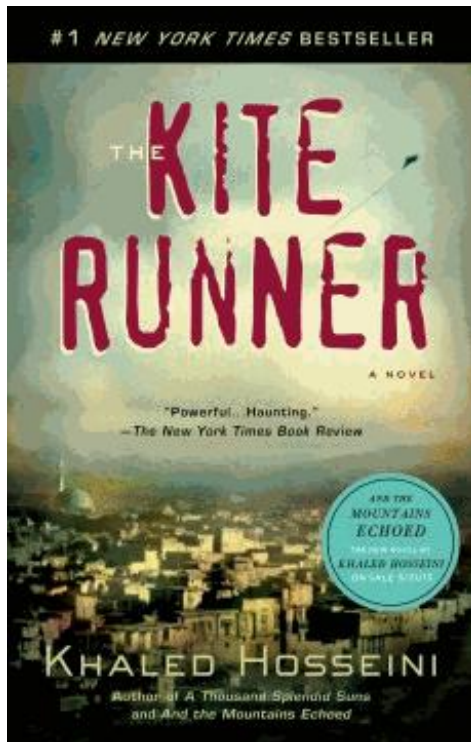


THE KITE RUNNER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; prostitution involving minors and adults; explicit violence; and mild profanity.

Adult

By Khaled Hosseini

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CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	<p>He handed the cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out.</p> <p>“I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there.” The soldiers laughed. One of them made a squealing sound. I told Hassan to keep walking. “What a tight little sugary cunt she had!” the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.</p>
75	<p>Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck.</p> <p>...“All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?” Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved.</p> <p>Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan’s hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan’s back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn’t struggle. Didn’t even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb.</p> <p>...I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef’s quick, rhythmic grunts</p>
77	<p>I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef’s quick, rhythmic grunts</p>
115	<p>Karim cleared his throat, dropped his head. Said the soldier wanted a half hour with the lady in the back of the truck.</p> <p>...“It’s his price for letting us pass.” Karim said. He couldn’t bring himself to look the husband in the eye. “But we’ve paid a fair price already. He’s getting paid good money,” the husband said. Karim and the Russian soldier spoke. “He says... he says every price has a tax.”</p>
116	<p>My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef’s buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.</p>
120	<p>Then he told Baba about Kamal. I caught only snippets of it: Should have never let him go alone... always so handsome, you know... four of them...</p>

Page	Content
	<p>tried to fight... God... took him...bleeding down there... his pants... doesn't talk anymore...just stares...</p>
255	<p>"There is a Talib official," he muttered. " He visits once every month or two. He brings cash with him, not a lot, but better than nothing as all." His shifty eyes fell on me, rolled away. " Usually he takes a girl. But not always." "And you allow this?" Farid said behind me. He was going around the table, closing in on Zaman. "What choice do I have?" Zaman shot back. He pushed himself away from the desk. "You're the director here," Farid said. "Your job is to watch over these children." "There's nothing I can do to stop it." "You're selling children!" Farid barked</p>

Profanity	Count
Fuck	2
Piss	3
Shit	2