

Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie



South Carolina Instructional Materials Uniform Parent Complaint Form

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai
Title & Author of Contested Material (one per form): Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie
School Where Contested Material is Located: Battens Creek High School
Location of Contested Material (library, classroom, etc.): Library, possibly classrooms,
Contested Material is (select one): ☐ Printed ☐ Audio/Visual ☐ Online Resource Discs
☐ Other (please describe): _____

I request that this Contested Material be (choose one of the following):

- ☒ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____
☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material (attach additional pages as needed):

Half of a Yellow Sun is in violation of Regulation 43-170 because it contains kissing of breast, masturbation, and vaginal intercourse. Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 4/5

I, Elizabeth Szalai (insert your name), hereby certify that:

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____

Date: 12/14/24

Page 10

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.

But he worried that he might never get to touch them,...

...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.

Page 32

Porters surrounded the car and called out, "Sah? Madam? You get luggage?" but Olanna hardly heard them because he had pulled her to him.

"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.

Page 36

"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.

Page 43

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.

Page 44

"The benefit of being the ugly daughter is that nobody uses you as sex bait."

"They're not using me as sex bait."

Page 49

A fight broke out under the kuka tree, and Olanna heard a child scream at another in Igbo, “Your mother’s pussy!”

Page 61

“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.

“Can’t they leave?” she murmured.

“Come, nkem, ” Odenigbo said. “I can’t wait for them to meet you.”

“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.

Page 62

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.

Page 78

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. She sat up in bed and lit a cigarette.

Page 80

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. "I'm so sorry," he said.

Page 82

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.

Page 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.

Page 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.

Page 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.

Page 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 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.

Page 293

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.

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.

Page 308

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.

Page 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."

Page 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.

Page 358

"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."

Page 446

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."

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.

Page 457

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.

"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 somebody 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 selfloathing 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.

Page 463

"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."

..."Niggers are never choosy about what they eat," the redhead muttered.

Page 499

“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!”

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