



*The*  
**Color  
Purple**

NOW A TONY  
AWARD-WINNING  
BROADWAY  
MUSICAL

**Alice Walker**

*You better not never tell nobody but God. It'd kill your mammy.*

Dear God,

I am fourteen years old. ~~I am~~ I have always been a good girl. Maybe you can give me a sign letting me know what is happening to me.

Last spring after little Lucious come I heard them fussing. He was pulling on her arm. She say It too soon, Fonso, I ain't well. Finally he leave her alone. A week go by, he pulling on her arm again. She say Naw, I ain't gonna. Can't you see I'm already half dead, an all of these children.

She went to visit her sister doctor over Macon. Left me to see after the others. He never had a kine word to say to me. Just say You gonna do what your mammy wouldn't. First he put his thing up gainst my hip and sort of wiggle it around. Then he grab hold my titties. Then he push his thing inside my pussy. When that hurt, I cry. He start to choke me, saying You better shut up and git used to it.

But I don't never git used to it. And now I feels sick every time I be the one to cook. My mama she fuss at me an look at me. She happy, cause he good to her now. But too sick to last long.

Dear God,

My mama dead. She die screaming and cussing. She scream at me. She cuss at me. I'm big. I can't move fast enough. By time I git back from the well, the water be warm. By time I git the tray ready the food be cold. By time I git all the children ready for school it be dinner time. He don't say nothing. He set there by the bed holding her hand an cryin, talking bout don't leave me, don't go.

She ast me bout the first one Whose it is? I say God's. I don't know no other man or what else to say. When I start to hurt and then my stomach start moving and then that little baby come out my pussy chewing on it fist you could have knock me over with a feather.

Don't nobody come see us.

She got sicker an sicker.

Finally she ast Where it is?

I say God took it.

He took it. He took it while I was sleeping. Kilt it out there in the woods. Kill this one too, if he can.

Dear God,

He act like he can't stand me no more. Say I'm evil an always up to no good. He took my other little baby, a boy this time. But I don't think he kilt it. I think he sold it to a man an his wife over Monticello. I got breasts full of milk running down myself. He say Why don't you look decent? Put on something. But what I'm sposed to put on? I don't have nothing.

I keep hoping he fine somebody to marry. I see him looking at my little sister. She scared. But I say I'll take care of you. With God help.

NOW A TONY AWARD–WINNING BROADWAY MUSICAL

*The Color Purple* is the story of two sisters—one a missionary to Africa and the other a child wife living in the South—who remain loyal to one another across time, distance, and silence. Beautifully imagined and deeply compassionate, this classic of American literature is rich with passion, pain, inspiration, and an indomitable love of life.

“Intense emotional impact . . . Indelibly affecting . . . Alice Walker is a lavishly gifted writer.” —*The New York Times Book Review*

“Places Walker in the company of Faulkner.” —*The Nation*

“Superb . . . A work to stand beside literature of any time and place.”  
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

“*The Color Purple* is an American novel of permanent importance.”  
—*Newsweek*

“Marvelous characters . . . A story of revelation . . . One of the great books of our time.” —*Essence*

WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE  
AND THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

© Vachelle



Bestselling novelist Alice Walker is also the author of three collections of short stories, three collections of essays, six volumes of poetry and several children's books. Her books have been translated into more than two dozen languages. Born in Eatonton, Georgia, Walker now lives in northern California.

Cover illustration © Peter Sylvada  
Cover concept and typography by Spotco

A Harvest Book  
Harcourt, Inc.

www.HarcourtBooks.com

1106

\$14.00 / Higher in Canada

ISBN 0-15-602835-2



9 780156 028356