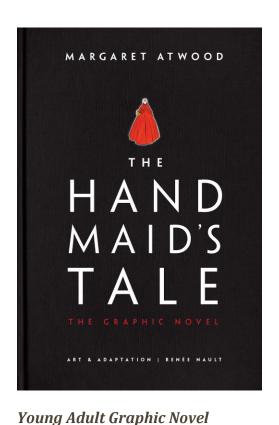


THE HANDMAID'S TALE: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL



Book Summary:

Young women are used by the totalitarian State for procreation and other menial jobs.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alcohol use; explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; mild profanity; explicit violence; and controversial gender ideologies.

By Margaret Atwood adapted by Renee Nault

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Page	Content
33	It doesn't matter if we look. We're supposed to look: this is what they are there for, hanging on the wall. Sometimes they'll be there for days, until there's a new batch, so as many people as possible will have the chance to see them.
	The illustration on this page depicts a group of six individuals hanging in the air by their necks, at various heights. The bodies are suspended above a sidewalk in front of a gray stone wall. All of the individuals are wearing long white coats. Four of them have signs on their chests with an illustration of a fetus in silhouette.
34	They were doctors, then. These men, we've been told, have committed atrocities, and must be made into examples. It's no excuse that what they did was legal at the time. What we are supposed to feel towards these bodies is hatred and scorn. What I feel towards them is blankness. What I feel is that I must not feel. What I feel is partly relief, because none of these men is Luke. "Ordinary is what you are used to. This may not seem ordinary to you now, but after a time it will. It will become ordinary." The illustration on the left of the page depicts a zoomed in view of two individuals with cloths over their heads, hanging by a noose around their necks. They have long white coats on and signs around their necks with illustrations of fetuses in silhouette.
	The illustration on the upper right of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a head with a cloth over its head and a noose around the neck. The cloth is stained with blood where the individual's mouth would be.
37	"Let's go for a beer.""Sure, you could do that. Or we could just go get drunk- I know which I'd pick"
41	The doctor will never see my face. He deals with a torso only. He isn't supposed to speak to me except when it's absolutely necessary. The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a woman, covered with a pink blanket. Her legs are resting on stirrups and there is a curtain in front of her face.
42	"Open up now honey.""I could help you." "What?" "Shh. I could help you. I've helped others." "Help me how?" "How do you think?" The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same woman as described
	above. A male doctor is pulling the pink blanket up. An illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a gloved hand grasping an exposed breast.





Page	Content
	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the woman described above from a bird's-eye view. Her breasts are exposed, and the pink blanket is pulled up to her pelvis. The doctor is standing between her thighs, leaning into her pelvis.
	"The door's locked. No one will come in. They'll never know it isn't his. Most of those old guys can't make it anymore. Or they're sterile." He's said a forbidden word. Sterile. There's no such thing as a sterile man anymore, not officially. There are only women who are fruitful and women who are barren, that's the law. "Lots of women do it. You want a baby, don't you?" "Yes."
	Give me children or else I die. There's more than one meaning to it. "You're soft. It's time. Today or tomorrow would do it, why waste it? It'll only take a minute, honey. I hate to see what they put you through." "It's too dangerous. No, I can't." The penalty is death.
	"Think about it. I've seen your chart. Third posting, isn't it? You don't have a lot of time left. But it's your life."
	An illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a gloved hand on the upper thigh of the woman described above.
	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the same woman described above, in the background, behind a zoomed in view of the doctor's mouth and torso. He is removing a glove from his left hand. The woman's buttocks are exposed with her feet still resting on the stirrups.
	There are three new bodies on the Wall. One is a priest, still wearing the black cassock. The two others have purple placards hung around their necks: Gender treachery. Their bodies still wear the Guardian uniforms. Caught together, they must have been.
	The illustration on the top of the page depicts two women wearing red gown, walking underneath three individuals hanging above them.
62	"I committed abortion. I was raped. I was fourteen. A group of men" "But whose fault was it?" The other women sitting at desks are saying, "HER FAULT, HER FAULT, HER FAULT." "Who led them on?"
	The other women sitting at desks are saying, "SHE DID, SHE DID, SHE DID."
74	They took her into the room that used to be the Science Lab. It was a room where none of us ever went willingly. Afterwards she could not walk for a week, her feet wouldn't fit into her shoes, they were too swollen.
	It was the feet they'd do, for a first offense. They used steel cables, frayed at the ends. After that the hands. They didn't care what they did to your feet and hands, even if it was permanent.



Page	Content	
	"Remember, for our purposes your feet and hands are not essential."	
	The illustration on the middle, left of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a woman with bruising around her eyes and reddened areas on her face. She is being held up on either side by soldiers.	
75	I am still praying but I'm seeing is Moira's feet, the way they looked after they'd brought her back. Her feet didn't look like feet at all. They looked like drowned feet, swollen and boneless, except for the colour. They looked like lungs.	
77	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed out view of a canopy bed with three people on it. There is a woman in blue sitting behind a woman in red whom is laying on her back. A man, naked from the waist downward, is laying between her thighs, pressing into her pelvis.	
	The illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a zoomed in, profile view of the mid-section of the man and the woman in red, described above. See Figure 1.	
78	The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same individuals described above from a zoomed out view. A woman in blue, with a blue veil over her head, is holding the woman in red's hands behind her head. See Figure 2.	
	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a zoomed in view of the same man and woman in red, as described above. The man's nude buttocks is exposed and the woman's legs are spread and lifted up by his pelvis. The illustration on the left of the page depicts a zoomed out view of the same individuals described above. The man is shown with his buttocks exposed and his pants down around his ankles. One of the woman in red's legs is depicted on the outside of the man's pelvis. The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts the woman in red laying with her torso curled upward she is looking down toward her pelvis with her nude legs bent in the air. A woman in a blue gown with a blue veil is sitting behind the woman in red. See Figure 3.	
85	The illustrations on the bottom of the page depict a man and a woman kissing. One illustration is a zoomed in view and the other is a zoomed out view of the couple.	
91	We didn't know what would happen to the babies that didn't get passed, that were declared Unbabies. But we knew they were put somewhere, quickly, away. "Some did it to themselves, had themselves tied shut with catgut or scarred with chemicals. How could they have done such a thing?" What will Ofwarren give birth to? A baby? Or an Unbaby, with a pinhead or a snout like a dog's, or two bodies, or a hole in its heart or no arms, or webbed hands and feet?	



Page	Content
	Consider the alternatives. You see what things used to be like? That's what they thought of women, then. There is more than one kind of freedom. Freedom to and freedom from. In the days of anarchy it was freedom to. Now you are being given freedom from. Don't underrate it.
	The illustration on the top of the page depicts several women in red, facing forward. There is a movie projector beside them. The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a girl laying on her back with her legs spread and her skirt pushed up. She has a fearful expression on her face. There is a man seated behind her head, holding her hands behind her head. There is another man laying between her thighs. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts several women being assaulted. There is a nude woman with a shaved head bending her upper body toward the floor to drink from a water bowl on the floor. She has a collar around her neck with a chain link leash being pulled. There is a man's shoes and pants standing in front of the water bowl. Another woman's torso is shown with her dress pulled up above her hip bones. A knife is being held to torso just under her left breast. Another hand is holding her left hip down. Another illustration shows a zoomed in view of a topless woman from mid-breast, upward, from a three-quarters view. Her head is upturned with her eyes closed. A gun is placed in her mouth with a finger on the trigger. Another woman is illustrated laying on her side with her hands tied behind her back and tape over her mouth. Her eyes are wide with fear and her skirt is pulled up, exposing the lower portion of her buttocks. There is a nother woman laying on her back, topless. She has panties and stockings on. There is a pool of blood underneath her torso. See Figure 4.
125	The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a woman in red laying on her back on a bed with her legs spread. A man is laying between her thighs, pressing into her pelvis. The man is nude from the waist, downward. A woman in a blue gown and blue veil, is sitting behind the other woman's head. She is holding the other woman's hands behind her head.
127	Nothing on the Wall today, they don't leave the bodies hanging as long in summer as they do in winter, because of the flies and the smell. Somehow the Wall is even more foreboding when it's empty like this. When there's someone hanging on it at least you know the worst. But vacant, it is also potential, like a storm approaching. When I can see the bodies, the actual bodies, when I can guess from the sizes and shapes that none of them is Luke, I can believe also that he is still alive.
139	They blamed it on the Islamic fanatics, at the time.
140	"Did you see? They've shut down the Pornomarts? We've been fighting to get those shit holes banned for ages."



Page	Content		
141	"Hear about the Pornomarts? Gone. The Feels on Wheels vans and Bun-dle Buggies too."		
149	"What happened to her?" "Did you know her somehow?" "Somehow." "She hanged herself. That's why we had the light fixture removed. In your room"		
151	The illustration on this page depicts a woman's arm reaching upward toward a decorative ceiling fixture. There is a smaller illustration within that illustration, depicting a woman's legs and gown suspended in the air.		
159	"We know you're seeing him alone. Your commander. What does he want? Kinky sex?" "In a way." "You'd be surprised how many of them do."		
162	"They won't send you to the Infirmary, so don't even think about it. They won't mess around with trying to cure you. They won't even bother to ship you to the Colonies. You go too far away and they just take you up to the Chemistry Lab and shoot you. Then they burn you up with the garbage, like an Unwoman. So forget it."		
	"I'm not talking about sex. That was part of it, the sex was too easy. Anyone could just buy it. There was nothing to work for, nothing to fight for."		
168	The illustration on this page depicts several magazines in the background. Two of the magazines have women in bikinis. Another magazine depicts a nude woman in profile view with her breast partially exposed.		
170	An illustration on this page depicts a nude woman from a profile view whom is curled up against the decorative ceiling fixture.		
185	"If anyone asks you, say you're an evening rental."		
187	The illustration on this page depicts several woman in seductive poses with men. There is a woman dancing on a table. She has tassels on her breasts, panties and stockings on.		
188	"You can't cheat Nature. Nature demands variety, for men. It stands to reason, it's part of the procreation strategy. It's Nature's plan."		
193	"What'd you do wrong? Laugh at his dick?"		
196	This bunch doesn't like dead bodies lying around, they're afraid of a plague or something. So the women there do the burning.		
	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts two individuals laying a body down on a pathway next to several other bodies. In the foreground of the image, there is a large mound of bodies lying on top of each other.		
202	"Tomorrow, isn't it? The Ceremony. I thought we could jump the gun."		
	The illustration on the middle of the page depicts an older man lying on his side on a bed, shirtless. A woman is sitting on the side of the bed with her back to the man who has a hand on her upper thigh.		





Page	Content
	The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the individuals described above. The man is pulling down the left strap of her top while she lays on her back next to him.
203	"I thought might enjoy it for a change." The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same woman described above in a zoomed in view of her buttocks and legs. A man's hand is on her upper thigh.
	Still it's amazing how easily it comes back to mind, this corny and falsely gay sexual banter.
	The last two illustrations on this page depict a man and a woman kissing each other.
210	The illustrations on this page depict a man and a woman nude, hugging in bed. They are blanketed from the waist downward.
	The illustrations on this page depict a woman having a cloth placed over her head and a noose placed around her neck. She is hanged as other women are forced to bear witness.
216	The illustration on the top of the page depicts two pairs of red feet and one pair of blue feet, dangling in the air.
217	"This man has been convicted of rape.""I might add that this crime involved two of you and took place at gunpoint. It was also brutal. I will not offend your ears with any details, except to say that one woman was pregnant and the baby died."
	The illustration on the top of the page depicts a woman in a red gown kicking a man in the shoulder. There is blood spurting from his mouth. The illustration on the middle left of the page depicts a woman in a red gown with her right foot pulled back, aimed toward a man who is lying on the ground with his face into the ground and his back to her. There is a stream of blood coming from his head. The illustration on the lower left of the page depicts the same man described above, with his face upward. There is blood streaming down the bridge of his nose, left eye, and nostrils. There is a woman's left foot above his face in a stomping motion. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a woman with her hands like talons as she is bent toward the man who is lying, facedown ground with blood pooling around his upper body. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts several women in red gowns covering the man. His blood streaming beyond their circle. See Figure 5.
	The second illustration on this page depicts three women hanging in front of a gray stone wall with nooses around their necks. Two women are walking past them as they hang above them.
226	They know where my child is! I can't bear to think what they might do. Or Luke, or my mother, or Moria Dear God, don't make me choose. I'll say anything they like. I'll confess to any crime; I'll end up hanging from a hook on the wall.





Page	Content	
	The illustration at the top of the page depicts a woman's feet dangling from above as two other women talk and look up at her.	
	The bottom illustration depicts a woman with a fearful look on her face. Next to her are three women dangling by a wall. Below those women, there are four hooks mounted in a wall with blood staining the wall red.	
232	The illustrations on this page depict a woman hanging from a ceiling by a noose from different views.	
233	Get it over, she says. I'm tired of this melodrama, I'm tired of keeping silent. There's no one you can protect, your life has value to no one. I want it finished.	
	Illustrations on this page depict a woman hanging by a noose from a ceiling, from two different views.	

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Dick	1
Fuck	1
Shit	2





Figure 1





Figure 2





Figure 3





Figure 4



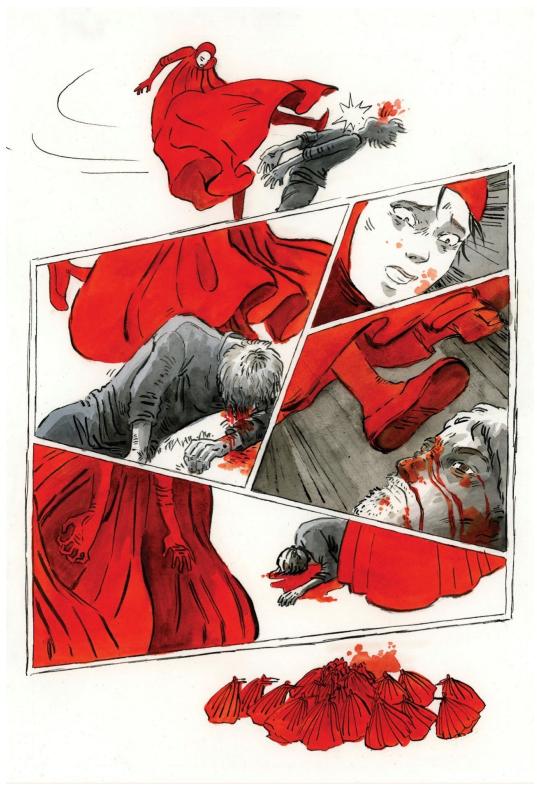


Figure 5