**NLS CATEGORIES OF LANGUAGE, VIOLENCE, AND SEX**

Some violence: To indicate that brutality is present but is not frequent

Example 1: From *American Jezebel: The Uncommon Life of Anne Hutchinson, the Woman Who Defied the Puritans* by Eve LaPlante, p. 237. This is the only passage of violence in the entire non-fiction book.

The Siwanoy warriors stampeded into the tiny settlement above Pelham Bay,

prepared to burn down every house. The Siwanoy chief, Wampage, who had sent

a warning, expected to find no settlers present. But at one house the men in animal

skins encountered several children, young men and women, and a woman past

middle age.

One Siwanoy indicated that the Hutchinsons should restrain the family’s dogs. Without apparent fear, one of the family tied up the dogs. As quickly as possible, the Siwanoy seized and scalped Francis Hutchinson, William Collins, several servants, the two Annes (mother and daughter) and the younger children—William, Katherine, Mary,

and Zuriel. As the story was later recounted in Boston, one of Hutchinson’s daughters,

“seeking to escape,” was caught “as she was getting over a hedge, and they drew her

back again by the hair of the head to the stump of a tree, and there cut off her head

with a hatchet.” …

The Siwanoy warriors dragged the settlers’ bodies into the house, followed by their

cattle. The men set fire to the dwelling, which burned to the ground. There were, it

seemed, no survivors, nor any burial or grave for the dead.”

Example 2: From *Rock with Wings* by Anne Hillerman, pp. 296-305. This is the only descriptively violent passage in a novel that features one “off-stage” murder and one “off-stage” attempted suicide.

In one quick move, Oster pushed Mr. Tso down on the bench and pulled a gun from

beneath his jacket. …

With surprising quickness, Oster grabbed her, kicked her feet out from under her, and pushed her hard into Mr. Tso. The old man grunted as she fell against him. … Mr. Tso’s lean body hit the porch hard, the kind of impact that could break fragile ribs.

Oster grabbed Bernie’s arms and twisted them against her back. … From the level of pain, it felt as if he’d dislocated her shoulder. …

He grabbed Bernie again, yanked her to standing, and pressed the gun to her back. She forced herself to stay calm.

“Stand him up, and we’ll go inside and get the papers.”

She heard Mr. Tso’s ragged breathing as she reached to support him. He moaned. …

Because of the pain in her shoulder, Bernie used her left arm to help Mr. Tso to his feet. He was shaking, and he did not put any weight on his right leg as they moved to the door. …

Oster slapped her, hard enough to snap her head against her neck and force her backward. Her skull hit wall as she sank into the couch, and she tasted blood from where her teeth had torn her cheek. …

Oster stepped back, and Bernie stood awkwardly, off balance because of the narrowness of her stance. She swung her good left arm toward his face, aiming for his nose with the heel of her hand and all the power she could summon. She made contact just as she felt the weight of the gun come down hard on her injured shoulder. She crashed to the floor chin first. Before she could reach his feet to trip him, Oster grabbed both her arms. He twisted hard as she struggled, sending another shot of hot, raw pain through her right side. He kicked her and stepped on her back putting his weight into it, as he bound her wrists so tightly it felt like wire cutting into her bones.

Bernie lay still, telling herself to ignore the pain and think. …

Bernie felt Oster remove his weight, and in the next split second he kicked her again, harder this time, connecting with her hip. She moaned automatically. …

She turned her head, ignoring the pain in her neck, but could see nothing. She heard the sound of skin on skin, a hard slap, and heard a dull thunk, possibly the back of Mr. Tso’s head hitting the wall. …

Mr. Tso said a few words in Navajo, something about regretting her suffering, before she heard Oster hit him again. Then he coughed, a harsh sound that made Bernie wince.

[At this point, Oster, realizing that Mr. Tso is not going to sign the papers handing over his property to Oster’s company, decides he will burn the house down over Mr. Tso and Bernie. He opens a propane jet and is about to light some papers, when a huge dog comes bounding through the door and attacks Oster. Oster flees, enabling Bernie to loosen her restraints and carry Mr. Tso to safety as the gas fills the house and the papers begin to burn.]

The explosion shook Bernie’s body as fire lit up the dark sky.

Violence: To indicate that brutal acts are described in detail

Example 1: From *The King’s Coat*, by Dewey Lambdin, pp. 141-143. This is one of several graphically descriptive battle scenes throughout the book and our hero’s first taste of battle at sea.

Once more Lt. Harm was interrupted as the lower gundeck exploded. Heavy balls slammed into the ship’s side at nearly 1,200 feet per second, and Lewrie could hear the shrieking of their massive oaken scantlings as they bulged and splintered. The cutter that was dangling before their gun ports was demolished, and a cloud of splinters raved through the open ports, striking down men. One ball struck a gun and upended it, hurling it free of sidetackles, breeching ropes and train tackles and sending it slewing to the larboard side. Another loaded gun was hit right on the muzzle, which set off its charge, and it burst asunder with a great roar! A little powder monkey standing terrified by the hatch to the orlop had his cartridge case explode in his arms, and was flung away like a broken doll, his clothes burned off and his arms missing.

There were screams of pain and surprise as though a pack of women were being ravaged. There were howls of agony as oak and iron splitters ripped into flesh, and guns turned on their servers and crushed them like sausages.

Lewrie had been blown off his feet by the explosion of the powder cartridge, and lay on the deck, still buffeted by the noise and the harsh thump of each cannon ball striking deep into *Ariadne*’s hull. He saw and heard throaty gobbling and sobbing all about him as men clawed at their hurts and burns. In a split second, the ordered world of the lower gun deck had become a colored illustration from a very original sort of hell. He got to his feet, unsure what to do or where to go, but certain he wanted to go anywhere else, fast. A hand touched him on the shoulder and he jumped with a yelp of fear. He turned to see who it was.

Lt. Harm had been struck in the face by a large splinter. Half his face, the side nearest Lewrie, had been shaved off to the bone. One eye was gone, and in its place was a splinter nearly a foot long and nearly as big around as Lewrie’s wrist. Harm’s mouth opened and closed a couple of times like a dying fish before he toppled forward like a marionette with the strings cut. He fell on top of Snow, the quartergunner, whose entrails were spread out in a stinking mess on the deck. Just beyond him, Lewrie could see a sidetackle man lying beneath the overturned gun, and still screaming at the ruin of his legs.

“Oh,” Lewrie managed to say, gulping in fright. The fear that seized him made him dizzy, turned his limbs to jelly and took him far from the unbelievable sights and smells of the deck. He tried to take a step but felt like he was walking on pillows, and fell to his knees.

That’s an eye, he decided, regarding the strange object before his face. He threw up his lunch on it. Overhead, but no business of his, he could hear the upper deck twelve- pounders banging away raggedly, and the roar of the trucks as they recoiled. It sounded as if *Ariadne* was being turned into a pile of wood chips.

A second broadside from the Spanish ship slammed into them. More screams, more singing of flying debris, and a muffled explosion somewhere. He got back to his feet, clinging to a post.

Lt. Roth came skidding down the hatchway with his hat missing and the white facings of his uniform and breeches stained grey with powder smoke. “Harm! Lewrie,

where’s—“

And then someone jerked Lt. Roth’s string, or so it seemed, for he left his feet and *flew* across the width of the gun deck to slam into the larboard side where he left a bloody splash, cut in half by shot.

Some strong language: To indicate that profanity is present but is mild or infrequent.

Example 1: From *The Great Detective: The Amazing Rise and Immortal Life of Sherlock Holmes* by Zach Dundas. Chap. 10, pp. 246-247. This is the only instance of strong language in the entire book. The creators of the new series, *Sherlock*, discuss their thought-process.

I didn’t want a Samuel L. Jackson Sherlock Holmes. I didn’t want Holmes running around

calling people, “motherfucker.”

In fact, not to give too much away, but when we bring in our Moriarity, *he* gets to say the immortal line, “No shit, Sherlock.”

Strong language: To indicate that profanity is used fairly freely.

Example 1: From *The King’s Coat* by Dewey Lambdin. Prologue, pp.9-31. The first book in this series not only uses profanity most freely, but even comes up with interesting renditions not commonly seen in print. Our hero curses like a seaman. The prologue alone contains 31 examples of profanity, obscenities, and offensive language.

catch-fart (p. 11); you little bastard (p.12); Goddam you (p.19); you little bastard (p.19); what the hell (p.19); what in hell (p.20); God’s Balls (p.20); the old fart’s (p.20); you miserable ass (p.22); brainless whore (p.23); butt-fucking Molly (p.23); you little bastard (p.24); your prick (p.24); old bastard (p.24); absolutely shitless (p.25); damn what you want (p.24); damned right (p.24); bare arse (p.25); old bastard had dropped to hell (p.26); a dilberry off his fundament (p.26); a bawd could leave her bastard (p.26); old fart’s (p.27); bloody Christ (p.27); were damned few (p.28); piss on your thanks (p.28); born a low bastard (p.28); my bastard (p.29); go to hell (p.29); you call *me* a bastard? (p.29); damn ‘em all to hell (p.29); well and truly fucked (p.29); rot in hell (p. 30); give a fuck (p.30)

Example 2: