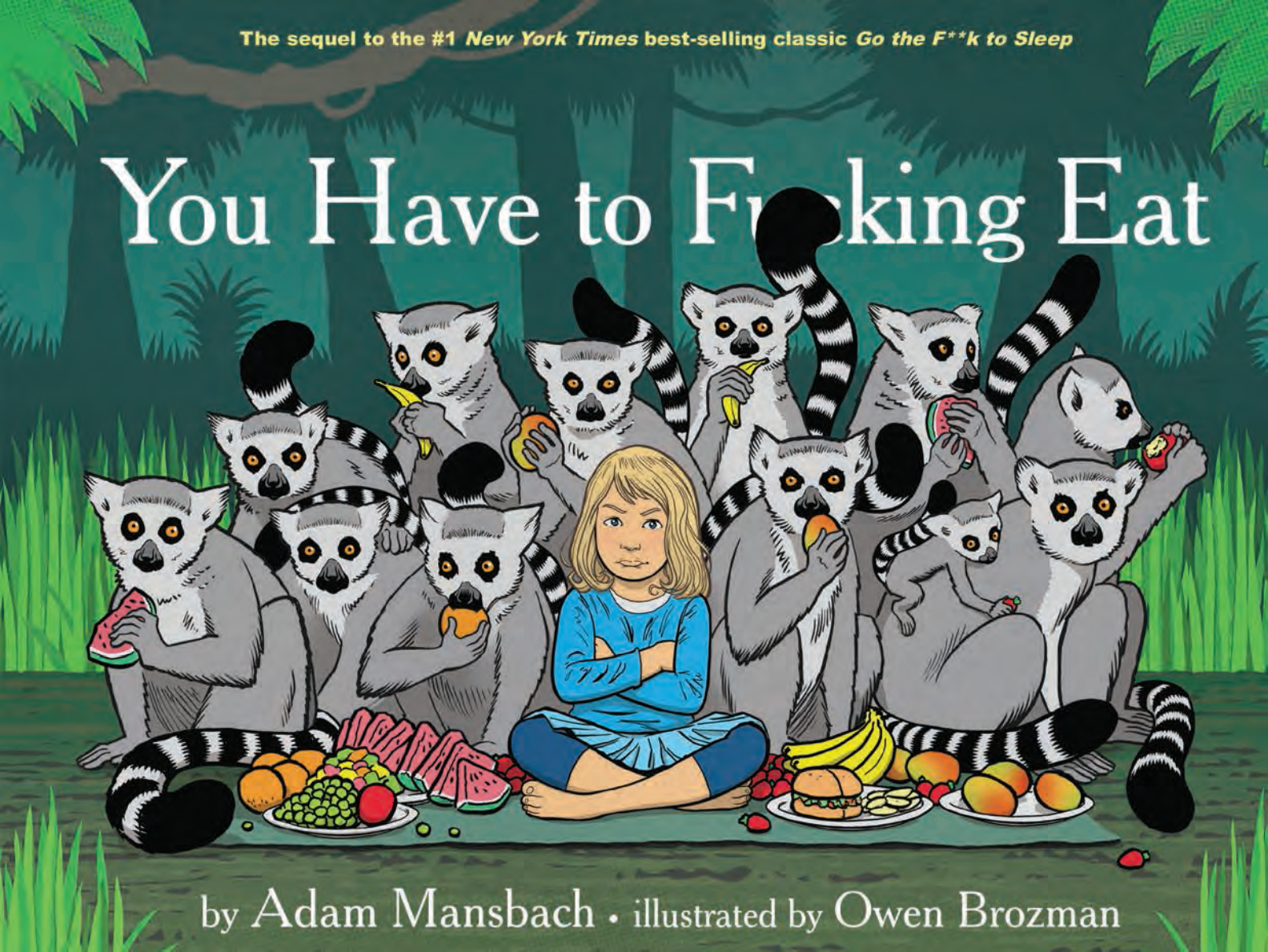
The sequel to the #1 *New York Times* best-selling classic *Go the F**k to Sleep*

You Have to F*cking Eat



by Adam Mansbach • illustrated by Owen Brozman

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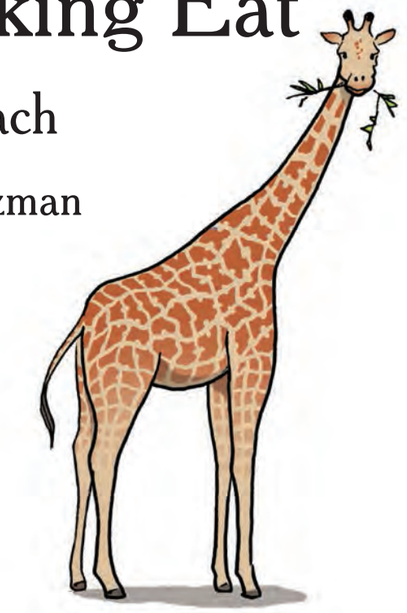
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Adam Mansbach is the author of the #1 international best seller *Go the Fuck to Sleep,* as well as the novels *Rage Is Back, Angry Black White Boy, The Dead Run,* and *The End of the Jews,* winner of the California Book Award. He has written for the *New Yorker,* the *New York Times, Esquire,* the *Believer*, and National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*. His daughter Vivien is six.

www.AdamMansbach.com

Owen Brozman has illustrated for *National Geographic, Time Out New York,* Scholastic, Ninja Tune, Definitive Jux, and numerous other clients. He and Mansbach's previous collaboration is the acclaimed graphic novel *Nature of the Beast,* and his work has been recognized by the Society of Illustrators of Los Angeles, *Creative Quarterly* journal, *3x3* magazine, and many more. He lives in Brooklyn, New York, with his wife and daughter, whose favorite food is bananas.

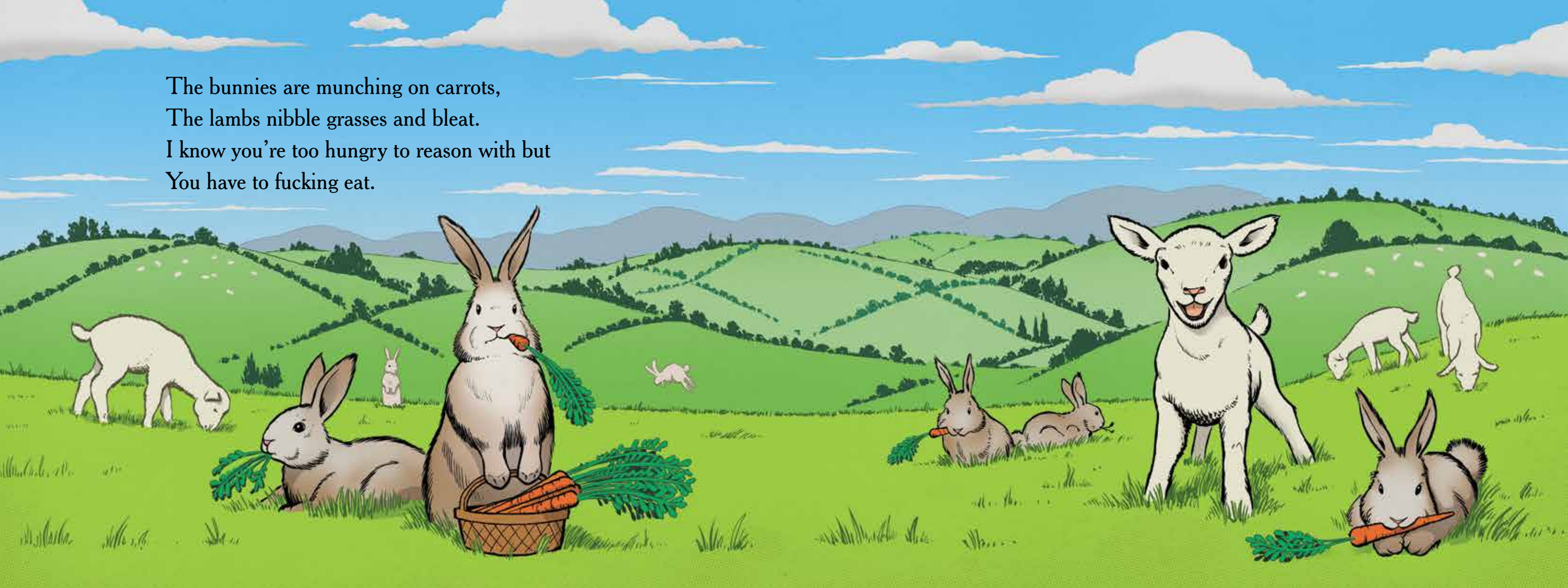
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For Vivien and Olivia


The sunrise is golden and lovely,
The birds chirp and twitter and tweet,
You woke me and asked for some breakfast,
So why the fuck won't you eat?

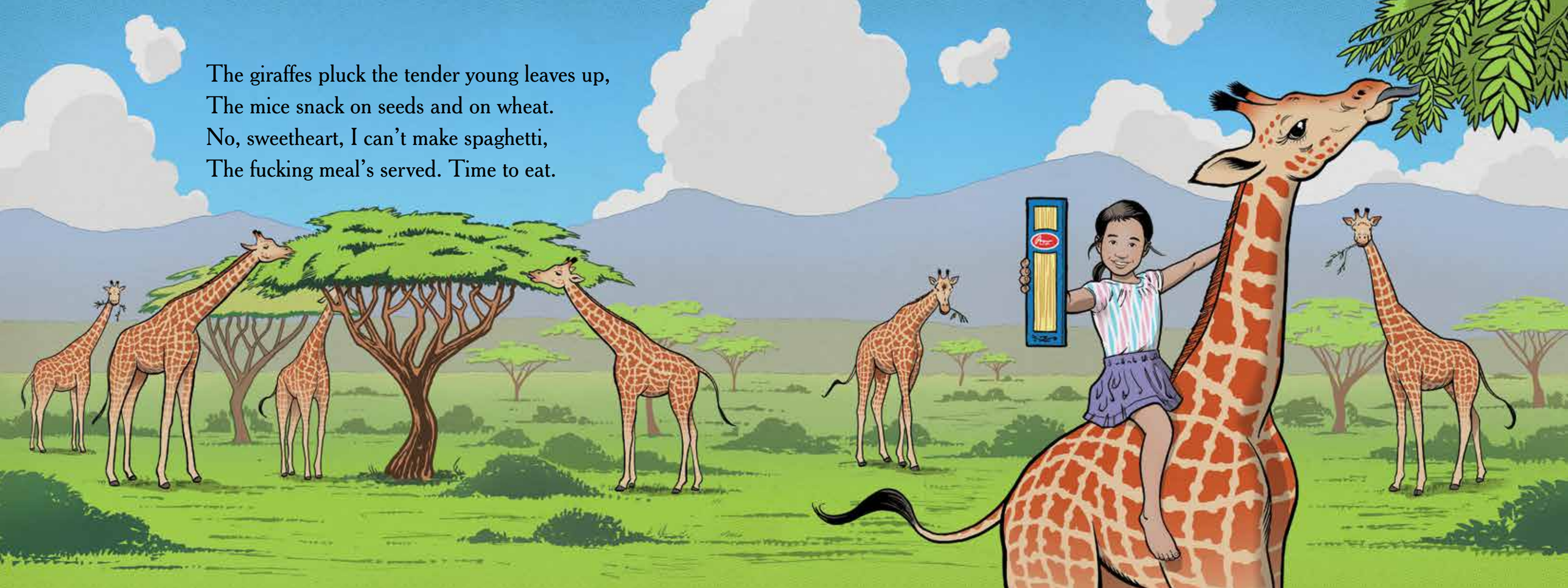
The bunnies are munching on carrots,
The lambs nibble grasses and bleat.
I know you're too hungry to reason with but
You have to fucking eat.

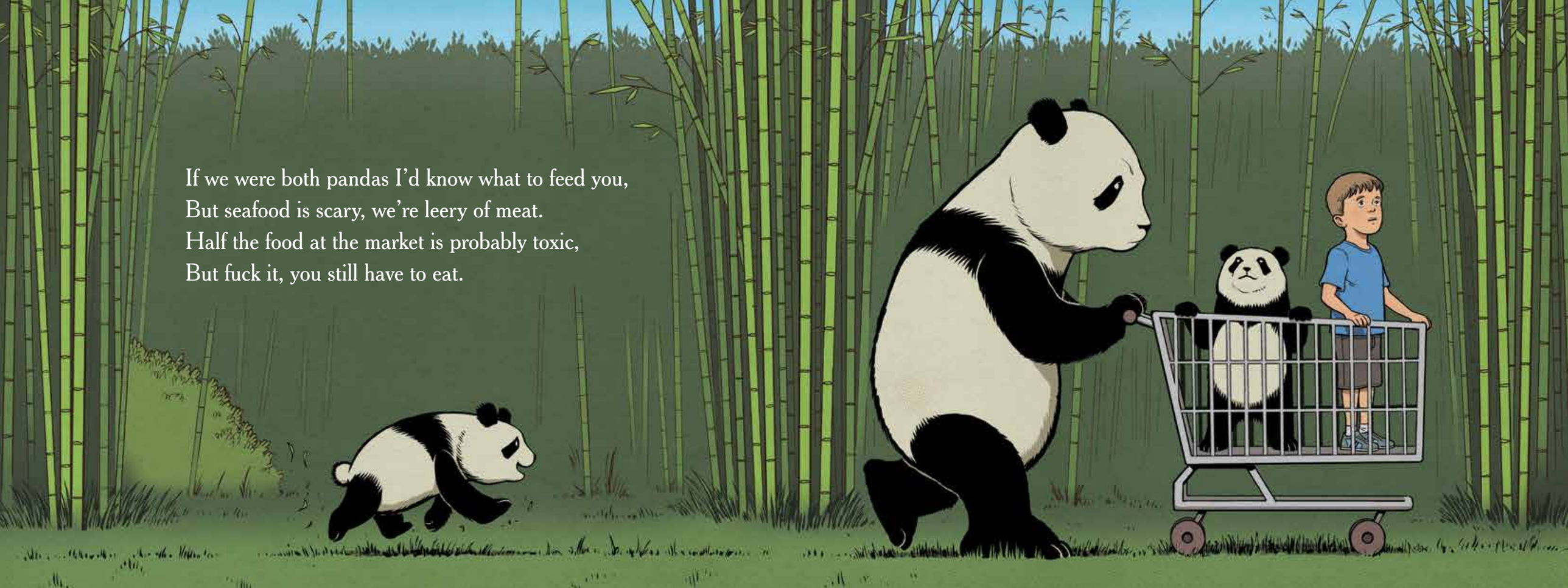


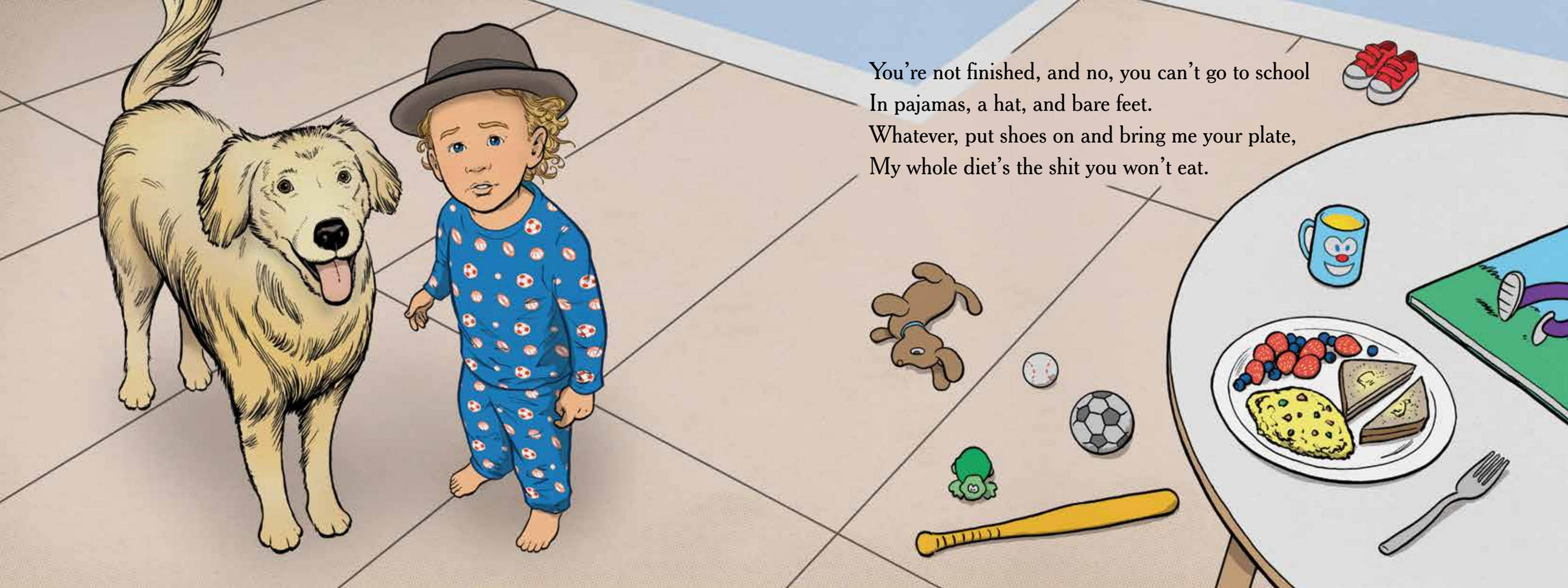


Your cute little tummy is rumbling
And pancakes are your favorite treat.
I'm kind of surprised that you suddenly hate them.
That's bullshit. Stop lying and eat.




The giraffes pluck the tender young leaves up,
The mice snack on seeds and on wheat.
No, sweetheart, I can't make spaghetti,
The fucking meal's served. Time to eat.

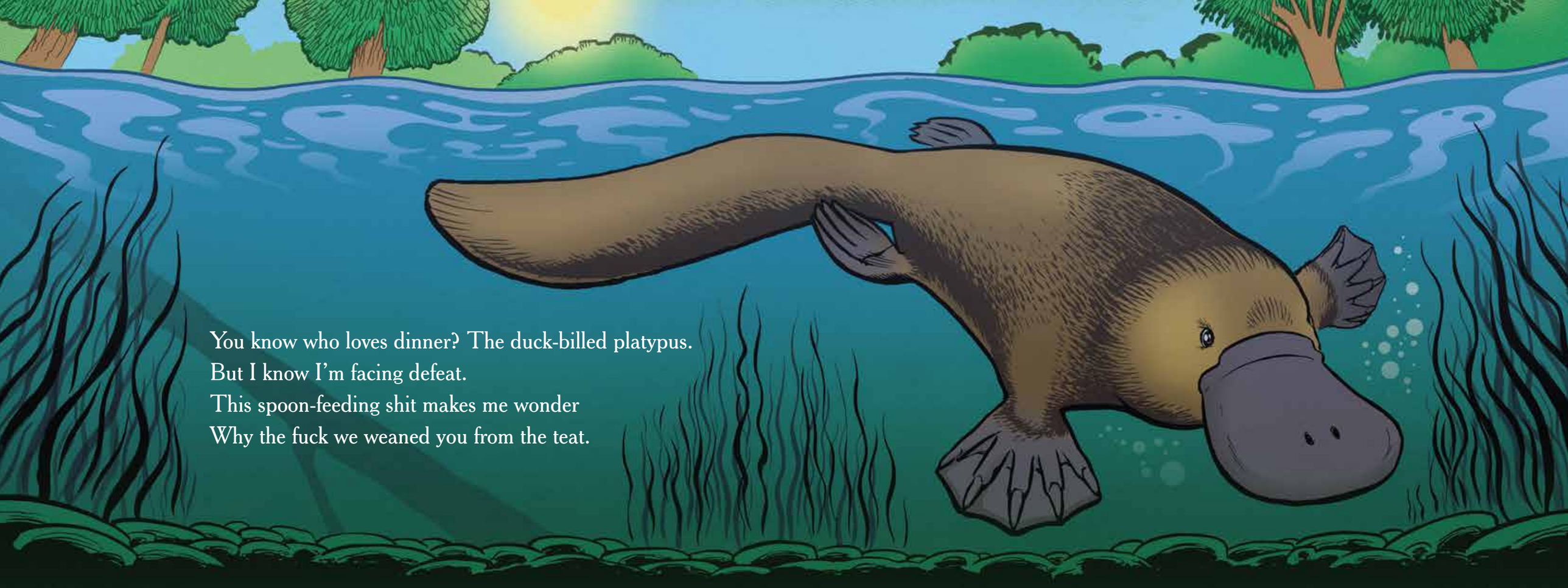

If we were both pandas I'd know what to feed you,
But seafood is scary, we're leery of meat.
Half the food at the market is probably toxic,
But fuck it, you still have to eat.



You're not finished, and no, you can't go to school
In pajamas, a hat, and bare feet.
Whatever, put shoes on and bring me your plate,
My whole diet's the shit you won't eat.


The sloth and the lemur, the chipmunk and cheetah,
The slow and the sleek and the fleet
Share one thing, my love: they make less of a mess
Than you fucking do when they eat.


How was school, hon? Whoa, your lunch box is full.
How are you not passed out in the street?
How is it you're smart? How the hell are you growing
When you basically don't fucking eat?


You know who loves dinner? The duck-billed platypus.
But I know I'm facing defeat.
This spoon-feeding shit makes me wonder
Why the fuck we weaned you from the teat.



I hope you know it's super-special
To go to a restau— Hey, back in your seat.
You shitting me? This whole menu's crap to you
But a roll on the floor—*that* you'll eat?


Yum, this looks great. Five big bites, my darling.
Fine. Three, but don't try to cheat.
A lot of kids don't get asparagus,
Show some fucking respect for them. Eat.

Oh, now you're hungry? Tough shit, kitchen's closed.
Have some warm milk. For me a scotch, neat.
Pancakes? Yeah, right. It's bedtime, child,
It's too goddamn late now to eat.




Okay. One pancake and that's it,
You're exhausting and I'm fucking beat.
And tomorrow we've got to rise early as roosters
To fight more about what to eat.


I'm pretty sure that you're malnourished
And scurvied. My failure's complete.
But on the bright side, maybe this is the night
You'll go the fuck to sleep.



The End

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From the author of the international best seller ***Go the F**k to Sleep*** comes a book about the *other* great parental frustration: getting your little angel to eat something that even vaguely resembles a normal meal. Profane, loving, and deeply cathartic, ***You Have to F**king Eat*** breaks the code of child-rearing silence, giving moms and dads new, old, grand- and expectant a much-needed chance to laugh about a universal problem. You probably shouldn't read it to your children.

Critical praise for ***Go the F**k to Sleep:***

"A new bible for weary parents." ***—New York Times***

"The mother of all children's books." ***—Today Show***

"Nothing has driven home a certain truth about my generation, which is approaching the apex of its childbearing years, quite like this deranged book." ***—New Yorker***

"An anthem for profane parents." ***—Time***

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