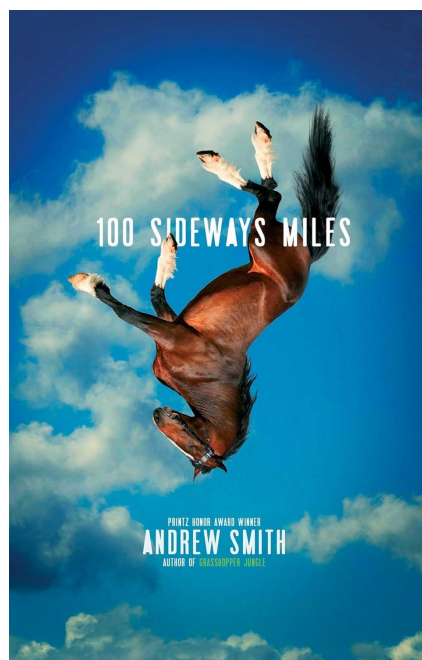


100 Sideways Miles



Book Summary

Follows a 17-year-old named Finn Easton, who is haunted by a bizarre accident from his childhood.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; anxiety, bullying, controversial religious commentary, death, depression, derogatory terms, drugs, grief, nudity, profanity, sexual activities, sexual discussions, rape (mentioned), smoking, statutory rape (student/teacher), and underage drinking,

Young Adult

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ISBN 9781442444959



3 /5

Youth Restricted

Page	Content
26	Cade Hernandez said, “What ounders look like when they fuck.” “Uh. Good one.” Cade had this game he played. Whenever I had my shirt off, he would make up some random comment about his artistic interpretation for the meaning of the scars on my back. He came up with something new every day. Like Coach Ritchey’s tooth, Cade’s titles for the emoticon marks on my back became a much-anticipated locker-room ritual at Burnt Mill Creek High School. Cade Hernandez’s impressions most often had something to do with sex. Today, it was ounders. “I don’t think ounders fuck,” I said. “If I was a ounder, I would fuck,” Cade said. “And it would look exactly like that.” “Uh. Of course it would, Win-Win,” I said.
49	What an idiot I was! Not only was I lying there practically naked in my own piss, but I was acting like a complete asshole to the most beautiful girl in the universe. And, worst of all, I had a very stiff hard-on.
56	He said, “Dude. Come downstairs with us and have some fun. But put some clothes on rst. I can see your balls.”
64	Cade and Monica sat away from us, drinking. Cade had his arm around Monica, and occasionally I could hear the wet sounds of their kissing. I didn’t really get their relationship at all. Cade was athletic, smart, energetic, and high maintenance; Monica was quiet, brooding, and dissatis ed. Monica’s wardrobe came in one color: black. And she only listened to bands like the Smiths and the Cure. As far as I could tell, Cade and Monica had only one thing in common. It was a miracle they were still conscious, too. And they fully intended to have Julia drive us to Blake Grunwald’s party, where they would certainly drink more alcohol. at’s what kids do.
73	“I’m not feeling so good,” Cade said. I wouldn’t have expected anything to the contrary. Cade Hernandez had nished off at least ten beers that night, and as soon as we got to Blake Grunwald’s ridiculously bad party, he started drinking gin, too. Cade’s skin, which was unblemished and usually glowed a radiant, healthy pink-peach, looked like slowly boiled pork fat. I had a feeling there was a simmering stew of atoms inside Cade Hernandez’s digestive tract that needed to be freed. And as it later turned out, I was correct. “I’m going to go nd somewhere to lay down,” Cade said. “Maybe we should just leave,” I offered. “I don’t think I should ride in Julia’s car, dude.” Cade stood up, wobbling like a tightrope walker in a hurricane. We had been sitting on a couch in Blake Grunwald’s parents’ living room —Cade, Monica, me, and Julia. e party was terrible. In the living room, about half of the baseball team were taking drunken turns at playing an NFL video game on Blake’s parents’ wide-screen television. A few girls were in there too, but most of them looked to be in junior high school, so between football plays the boys kept leering at Monica and Julia, and dgetting conspicuously with their penises. Most of the party took place outside, in Blake’s parents’ backyard, where scores of boys from Burnt Mill Creek gathered around gleaming kegs of beer, whooping and hollering over the dumbest and most inane masculine challenges, touching each other—which is something drunk boys at parties tend to do a bit too much—and smoking lots and lots of marijuana.
81	Inside the swirling calamity of our kiss, as we parted our lips and explored each other’s tongues, I turned completely inside out. I poured myself into Julia Bishop’s warm, delicious mouth. We sailed along, wrapped wholly and rmly together, ying twenty miles, twenty miles, twenty miles, twenty miles. And in that turning, unfolding, opening, I forgot everything about me. It was as if all the words anyone ever dreamed up migrated from my head, through my mouth, and into Julia Bishop, a ooding exodus of everything uncontained, all those nouns, articles, verbs, emptying me completely. Our kiss lasted only about one hundred sideways miles, but it was the best stretch of distance my fourteen-billion-year-old sexually in amed teenage atoms had ever covered. Julia slid her hand up inside my tank top. She rubbed my chest and pinched at my nipples. It was wild. I desperately wished to make everything else just stop, so Julia Bishop and I could stay there, wrapped up in each other forever—so we could let everything else on this world slide endlessly past us into the big black knackery of our universe.
85	Maybe it was our late bedtime, or perhaps the lingering aftereffects of my blanking out the day before, or the sleepless sweaty night I spent fantasizing about having sex with Julia Bishop, but something struck me as being eerily still and quiet that day. I

Page	Content
98	And even though we'd kissed that first night outside Blake Grunwald's shitty party, I had been plagued by the thought that Julia Bishop had kissed me—and run her delicious and soothing hand up inside my shirt—only because she'd felt sorry for the poor epileptic kid who had never been kissed in all those miles of his life.
108	I was terrified it might have something to do with sex. I did not think I wanted to actually have sex, despite how frequently I thought I did want to have it. And Julia seemed so worldly to me, like the kind of girl who would think that sex was a perfectly reasonable gift to give a kid when he turned seventeen.
110	My brain became a twelve-billion-gallon ood of stupidity. I found myself staring dumbly at the spot on the floor where I'd blanked out and pissed myself the night Julia and I first truly met, while I kept fantasizing in terror what it would be like to climb through Julia Bishop's bedroom window at midnight, nervously strip myself naked, and have sex with her.
127	I was scared and embarrassed. I thought about taking off my clothes in front of Julia Bishop—how awkward that would be. I didn't want her to look at me naked, so, I thought, maybe we could do it in the dark. The problem was, I wanted to see her naked. How do the physics of this light/dark fantasy work themselves out for guys, I wondered.
146	It was the most perfect sensation I had ever felt—Julia Bishop's long, smooth legs tangled with mine while we kissed. I put my arms around her, and she held on to me.
148	<p>“Well, I did. You know how much a guy can make selling sperm? You can make, like, three hundred bucks a week. Dude. I have an endless supply. I could break that fucking bank. I'd never have to work a day in my life.” Cade Hernandez tilted his head back and guzzled beer. His eyes gleamed with pride and horniness. “But they told me I had to wait until I was eighteen. Dude, do you realize how much money's worth of sperm I'm going to be wasting between now and next April?” Cade Hernandez was an Aries. “I imagine less than you suspect, now that Monica Fassbinder is about six thousand miles away,” I theorized. Cade went on. “Shit. I can't stop it. Who can? I'm a fucking fountain of expensive sperm. But anyway, I didn't only have sex with Iris Boskovitch. You know who else I had sex with? Just try and guess.” I didn't need to say anything. When Cade Hernandez was in this particular form, I knew he was certainly going to answer his own question. So he did. Cade Hernandez said, “Mrs. Shoemaker.” Julia laughed—a gasping, startled kind of giggle. I said, “You had sex with our substitute teacher? What is wrong with you, Cade?” Like a lot of boys I knew, I often wished that some of Cade Hernandez's wrong magic would rub off on me. But Mrs. Shoemaker wasn't only a substitute teacher, the one who'd taken over for Mr. Nossik after his unfortunate aneurysm, she'd also been Monica Fassbinder's host mother. “Well,” Cade explained, “it wasn't at school or anything weird like that. Um. In fact, it was during summer vacation, so that makes her technically not a substitute.” “I guess you're off the hook, then,” I said. Cade said, “It happened on the day we drove Monica to the airport to go back to Germany. After we dropped her off. When we got home, Mr. Shoemaker volunteered to go out to get us hamburgers. Mr. Shoemaker is such a nice guy, isn't he? As soon as he left, Mrs. Shoemaker grabbed my hand and led me into her bedroom. She was looking at me weird the whole day. I kind of knew what she was thinking. You know how you can tell, it's</p>
149	<p>so obvious when someone's looking at you like they want to have sex with you?” I will admit it: I did not know what someone looked like when they wanted to have sex with you. I said, “Um. No, Cade. What does it look like?” And Cade said, “Look at me.” I looked at Cade Hernandez. He was staring into my eyes and had a very contented, almost half-smiling expression. It creeped me out, and I had to look away. “Uh,” I said. “It looks like that, dumbass. Anyway, I felt guilty about having sex with Mrs. Shoemaker. And the hamburgers were really good. I'm probably going to go to hell for that shit, aren't I?” Julia laughed. “No doubt you're going to hell, Cade.”</p>

Page	Content
149	<p>“Or you are going to get an infection inside your urethra that will spread like a slow-burning re into your testicles, and then your penis is going to fall off,” I added. Cade thought for a while and said, “ at would be way worse than going to hell.” I had to agree. It would be worse than going to hell. “Well, I hope you had the good sense to use a condom,” I said. Cade took another drink. “I did. Uh. But they were expired. Remember those ones I had in my glove box that day at the driving range? When you asked if you could borrow some condoms from me and then you saw they were a couple months out of date? Well, it was one of those I had in my wallet that day with Mrs. Shoemaker. Well, two of them, actually. We did it twice before Mr. Shoe came back with the hamburgers.” Cade Hernandez was obviously not a good student in health class. Here was the trifecta of condom errors: glove compartment, wallet, expired. e whole married-woman thing was a matter for ethics, which they do not teach teenage boys at Burnt Mill Creek High School.</p>
171	<p>So when the incomers stimulated all those Wernicke’s areas, people heard all sorts of nutty things and assumed it was the actual Voice of God delivering absurd orders that eventually got recorded as unarguable law in holy books like the Bible—things like: Don’t wear clothes made from more than one kind of fabric, and If a man has sex with a woman during her period, they must be quarantined from the people until you burn a turtledove or a pigeon, and If you are wounded in the testicles, your penis should be cut off. at last one was terrifying to me.</p>
182	<p>Cade peered over the top of the Berlin Wall. Unblinking. Staring at the heterochromatic alien boy in the bed next to him, craning his neck to see my naked back. “If I wake up in the middle of the night and you’re chewing on my thigh, I’m going to be pissed.” “Don’t fuck with me, Cade.” I turned on my light. “ ere’s a hell of a lot of sex in this book.” “I know. I’ve read it. You’re only halfway through. Just wait.” “It’s kind of creepy—thinking about your dad thinking about sex.” “ en don’t think about it.” “You got to wonder about a guy who thinks up a story about angels who eat people after they have sex with them, and then puts his own kid in the book.” “It’s not me, dumbshit. It’s just a story. Fiction.” Cade said, “But I never knew your dad thinks up shit like this. He is seriously fucked up.” I sighed. “Everyone says that to me. It’s just a book, okay. He’s a writer; he makes shit up. People take it way too serious. ere’ve even been some wackos who said they wanted to kill him for writing that book.” “I thought about killing the fucker who wrote our calculus book.” I nodded. “Yeah. So did I.” “ at asshole probably never thinks about sex.” “Calculus is as effective a deterrent to sex as castration.” Cade nodded thoughtfully. “You got an A in it. Virgin.” “Uh. So did you, Cade.” Cade took another drink and shrugged. “Still, if I was all into the Bible and going to church and shit, I’d probably be pissed off at your dad too. He’s got balls to fuck around with making fun of angels and God and shit. People go to war over that shit.”</p>
229	<p>At Burnt Mill Creek High School, the people in charge were constantly on some kind of pointless mission to get us kids to quit doing shit. All schools everywhere are like that, I think. Quit Chewing Gum opped in ninth grade. Quit Using Cell Phones was dead before it started. And, now, during the second semester of our junior year, the quit mission involved “fuck.” Not doing it, saying it. It was destined to fail. More than a century of public education that aimed its pedagogical crosshairs at getting teenagers to quit having sex, quit drinking, quit driving so fast, quit taking drugs, never had the slightest behavior-altering effect on kids. Not that I did any of those things. Well, some of them. Now we were caught up in the Burnt Mill Creek High School mission to make us quit saying “fuck,” which is more or less a comma—a punctuation mark—to most teenagers when they speak. e teachers and administrators at Burnt Mill Creek High School might just as well have focused their energies on getting tectonic plates to quit making so many fucking earthquakes.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms		Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.		18
Bitch		9
Breast / Tit		1
Dick		3
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.		122
Penis		13
Piss		30
Shit / Bullshit etc.		77
Sacriligious & other offensive language usage		Count
Damn		2
God / God damn etc.		11
Hell		16