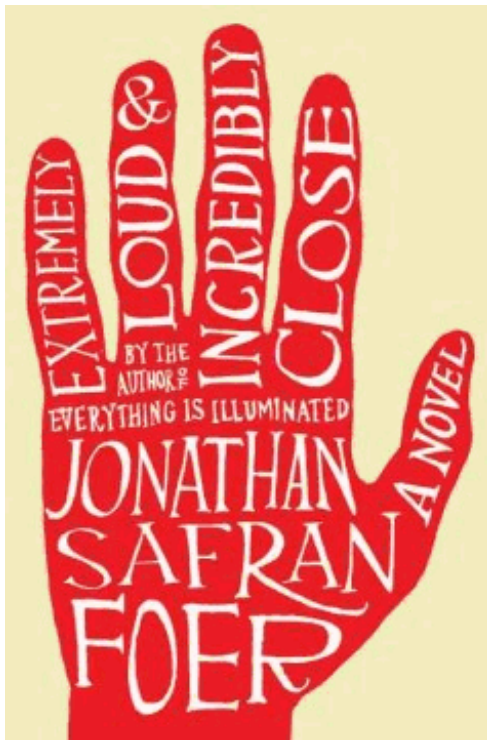


EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE



Book Summary:

A nine-year old boy learns about history, his local city, and the lives of those around him while searching for the owner of a key he found.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; derogatory term use; references to suicide and rape; violence; and controversial religious commentary

Adult

By Jonathan Safran Foer

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CONTENT WARNING

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3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
23	<p>“But if there isn’t a reason, then why does the universe exist at all?” “Because of sympathetic conditions.” “So then why am I your son?” “Because Mom and I made love, and one of my sperm fertilized one of her eggs.”</p> <p>...He said, “We exist because we exist.”</p> <p>...I understood what he meant, and I didn’t disagree with him, but I didn’t agree with him either. Just because you’re an atheist, that doesn’t mean you wouldn’t love for things to have reasons for why they are.</p>
25	<p>I didn’t have a cell phone yet, and when we were leaving school, Toothpaste told me he’d call to let me know whether I was going to watch him attempt skateboarding tricks in the park, or if we were going to go look at Playboy magazines in the drugstore with the aisles where no one can see what you’re looking at, which I didn’t feel like doing, but still.</p>
45	<p>“True or false: you are in love with Ron.” She put her hand with the ring on it in her hair and said, “Oskar, Ron is my friend.” I was going to ask her if she was humping her friend, and if she had said yes, I would have run away, and if she had said no, I would have asked if they heavy-petted each other, which I know about.</p>
53	<p>I printed out some of the pictures I found—a shark attacking a girl, someone walking on a tightrope between the Twin Towers, that actress getting a blowjob from her normal boyfriend, a soldier getting his head cut off in Iraq, the place on the wall where a famous stolen painting used to hang—and I put them in Stuff That Happened to Me, my scrapbook of everything that happened to me.</p>
55	<p>“You’re incredibly beautiful,” I told her, because she was fat, so I thought it would be an especially nice compliment, and also make her like me again, even though I was sexist.</p>
72	<p>The photograph on this page depicts an individual falling from a tall building.</p>
90	<p>It might not matter to you, but my brother was having an affair with my wife.</p>
91	<p>My uncle, your great-great-uncle, killed himself.</p>
93	<p>I came upon them kissing one afternoon in the field behind the shed behind our house. It made me so excited. I felt as if I were kissing someone.</p> <p>...Can I watch you kiss?</p> <p>Can you watch us kiss?</p> <p>You could tell me where you are going to kiss, and I could hide and watch.</p> <p>She laughed enough to migrate an entire flock of birds. That was how she said yes.</p> <p>Sometimes it was in the field behind the shed behind our house. Sometimes it was behind the brick wall in the schoolyard. It was always behind something.</p> <p>I wondered if she told him. I wondered if she could feel me watching them, if that made it more exciting for her.</p>
95	<p>I used to watch you kiss my sister.</p>
97	<p>I took off my clothes.</p> <p>I went onto the couch.</p> <p>He stared at me. It was the first time I had ever been naked in front of a man. I wondered if he knew that.</p> <p>He came over and moved my body like I was a doll. He put my hands behind my head. He bent my right leg a little.</p> <p>...I would undress.</p> <p>He would position me.</p> <p>He would sculpt me.</p>

Page	Content
98	<p>He touched more of me.</p> <p>He moved me around more. He spent ten full minutes bending and unbending my knee. ...He touched my breasts, easing them apart. I think this will be good, he wrote.</p> <p>I wanted to know what will be good. How will it be good?</p> <p>He touched me all over. I can tell you these things because I am not ashamed of them, because I learned from them.</p> <p>...The positioning was the sculpting. He was sculpting me. He was trying to make me so he could fall in love with me.</p> <p>He spread my legs. His palms pressed gently at the insides of my thighs. My thighs pressed back. His palms pressed out.</p> <p>...The next week he held the backs of my legs, and the next week he was behind me. It was the first time I had ever made love. I wondered if he knew that. It felt like crying. I wondered, Why does anyone ever make love? I looked at the unfinished sculpture of my sister, and the unfinished girl looked back at me. Why does anyone ever make love?</p>
100	<p>"But you did do it, so . . . ?" I stood on the bed, pointed my fingers at the fake stars, and screamed: "I changed the course of human history!" "That's right." "I changed the universe!" "You did." "I'm God!" "You're an atheist."</p>
109	<p>There were neat photographs on the walls, including one where you could see an African-American woman's VJ, which made me feel self-conscious.</p>
117	<p>She said, "I'll try," and I could feel the breath of her words against my face. I asked her, "Could we kiss for a little bit?"</p> <p>"Excuse me?" she said, although, on the other hand, she didn't pull her head back. "It's just that I like you, and I think I can tell that you like me." She said, "I don't think that's a good idea." Disappointment #4. I asked why not. She said, "Because I'm forty-eight and you're twelve." "So?" "And I'm married."</p>
145	<p>The first time Anna and I made love was behind her father's shed, the previous owner had been a farmer, but Dresden started to overtake the surrounding villages and the farm was divided into nine plots of land, Anna's family owned the largest.</p>
146	<p>"Let's sit down," she said, we lowered ourselves to the ground, our backs against the shelves, we could hear them talking inside and smell the pipe smoke that seeped between the books, Anna started kissing me, "But what if they come out?" I whispered, she touched my ears, which meant their voices would keep us safe. She put her hands all over me, I didn't know what she was doing, I touched every part of her, what was I doing, did we understand something that we couldn't explain? Her father said, "You can stay for as long as you need. You can stay forever." She pulled her shirt over her head, I held her breasts in my hands, it was awkward and it was natural, she pulled my shirt over my head, in the moment I couldn't see, Mr. Goldberg laughed and said, "Forever," I heard him pacing in the small room, I put my hand under her skirt, between her legs, everything felt on the verge of bursting into flames, without any experience I knew what to do, it was exactly as it had been in my dreams, as if all the information had been coiled within me like a spring, everything that was happening had happened before and would happen again, "I don't recognize the world anymore," Anna's father said, Anna rolled onto her back, behind a wall of books through which voices and pipe smoke escaped, "I want to make love," Anna whispered, I knew exactly what to do, night was arriving, trains were departing, I lifted her skirt, Mr. Goldberg said, "I've never recognized it more," and I could hear him breathing on the other side of the books, if he had taken one from the shelf he would have seen</p>

Page	Content
	<p>everything. But the books protected us. I was in her for only a second before I burst into flames, she whimpered, Mr. Goldberg stomped his foot and let out a cry like a wounded animal, I asked her if she was upset, she shook her head no, I fell onto her, resting my cheek against her chest, and I saw your mother's face in the second-floor window, "Then why are you crying?" I asked, exhausted and experienced, "War!" Mr. Goldberg said, angry and defeated, his voice trembling: "We go on killing each other to no purpose! It is war waged by humanity against humanity, and it will only end when there's no one left to fight!" She said, "It hurt."</p>
167	<p>ME. I knew him, Horatio; a jerk of infinite stupidity, a most excellent masturbator in the second-floor boys' bathroom—I have proof. Also, he's dyslexic.</p>
204	<p>We made love in nothing places and turned the lights off. It felt like crying. We could not look at each other. It always had to be from behind. Like that first time. And I knew that he wasn't thinking of me. He squeezed my sides so hard, and pushed so hard. Like he was trying to push through me to somewhere else. Why does anyone ever make love?</p>
213	<p>That night we held each other in bed. He kissed me all over.</p>
221	<p>He said, "Hey, Oskar, would you rather have a handjob or a blowjob from Emma Watson?" I told him I didn't know who Emma Watson was. Matt Colber said, "Hermione, retard." I said, "Who's Hermione? And I'm not mentally retarded." Dave Mallon said, "In Harry Potter, fag boy." Steve Wicker said, "She has sweet tits now." Jake Riley said, "Handjob or blowjob?" I said, "I've never even met her." I know a lot about birds and bees, but I don't know very much about the birds and the bees. Everything I do know I had to teach myself on the Internet, because I don't have anyone to ask. For example, I know that you give someone a blowjob by putting your penis in their mouth. I also know that dick is penis, and that cock is penis, too. And monster cock, obviously. I know that VJs get wet when a woman is having sex, although I don't know what they get wet with. I know that VJ is cunt, and also ass. I know what dildos are, I think, but I don't know what cum is, exactly. I know that anal sex is humping in the anus, but I wish I didn't. Jimmy Snyder pushed my shoulder and said, "Say your mom's a whore." I said, "Your mom's a whore." He said, "Say your mom's a whore." I said, "Your mom's a whore." "Say 'My' 'mom' 'is a whore.'" "Your mom is a whore."</p>
234	<p>"Heavy petting." "Heavy petting?" "It's when a man rubs a woman's VJ with his fingers. Right?"</p>
249	<p>I took the future home from my pocket and gave it to her, I kissed her, I kissed her stomach, that was the last time I ever saw her. ...I later learned that he survived the bombing and then killed himself.</p>
283	<p>Ray Black was in prison, so we weren't able to talk to him. I did some research on the Internet and found out that he was in prison because he murdered two kids after he raped them.</p>
291	<p>"Lovers who kiss up here may find their lips crackling with electric sparks." Mr. Black said, "That's my favorite part." She said, "Mine, too."</p>
312	<p>I put the key in my pocket, "Only the guest room!" she called from our bedroom, the room in which</p>

Page	Content
322	<p>I looked at the clay, she said, "I love that you are telling me the truth," and she took my hand from her shoulder and pressed it between her legs, she didn't turn her head to the side, she didn't close her eyes, she stared at our hands between her legs, I felt like I was killing something, she undid my belt and unzipped my pants, she reached her hand under my underpants, "I'm nervous," I said, by smiling, "It's OK," she said, "I'm sorry," I said, by smiling, "It's OK," she said, she closed the door behind her, then opened it and asked, "Did you ever make a sculpture of me in your head?"</p> <p>...We tried again, we took off each other's clothes with the slowness of people who know how easy it is to be proven wrong, she lay face-down on the bed, her waist was irritated from pants that hadn't fit her in years, her thighs were scarred, I kneaded them with YES and NO, she said, "Don't look at anything else," I spread her legs, she inhaled, I could stare into the most private part of her and she couldn't see me looking, I slid my hand under her, she bent her knees, I closed my eyes, she said, "Lie on top of me," there was nowhere to write that I was nervous, she said, "Lie on top of me." I was afraid I'd crush her, she said, "All of you on all of me," I let myself sink into her, she said, "That's what I've wanted," why couldn't I have left it like that, why did I have to write anything else, I should have broken my fingers, I took a pen from the bedside table and wrote "Can I see him?" on my arm.</p>
331	<p>...that night was the first time your mother and I made love since I returned, and the last time we ever made love, it didn't feel like the last time, I'd kissed Anna for the last time, seen my parents for the last time,...</p> <p>...I didn't know if it was sad, all the parents that would never meet, all the miscarriages, I closed my eyes, she said, "A few days before the bombing, my father took me out to the shed. He gave me a sip of whiskey and let me try his pipe. It made me feel so adult, so special. He asked me what I knew about sex. I coughed and coughed. He laughed and laughed and became serious. He asked if I knew how to pack a suitcase, and if I knew never to accept the first offer, and if could start a fire if I had to. I loved my father very much. I loved him very, very much. But I never found a way to tell him."</p> <p>...I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out of the room, my eyes were closed and I kissed her, her lips were my mother's lips, and Anna's lips, and your lips, I didn't know how to be with her and be with her. "It makes us worry so much," she said, unbuttoning her shirt, I unbuttoned mine, she took off her pants, I took off mine, "We worry so much," I touched her and touched everyone, "It's all we do," we made love for the last time, I was with her and with everyone, when she got up to go to the bathroom there was blood on the sheets, I went back to the guest room to sleep, there are so many things you'll never know.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	1
Cock	2
Cunt	1
Dick	1
Fag/Faggot	1
Fuck	3
Shit	2
Tit	1