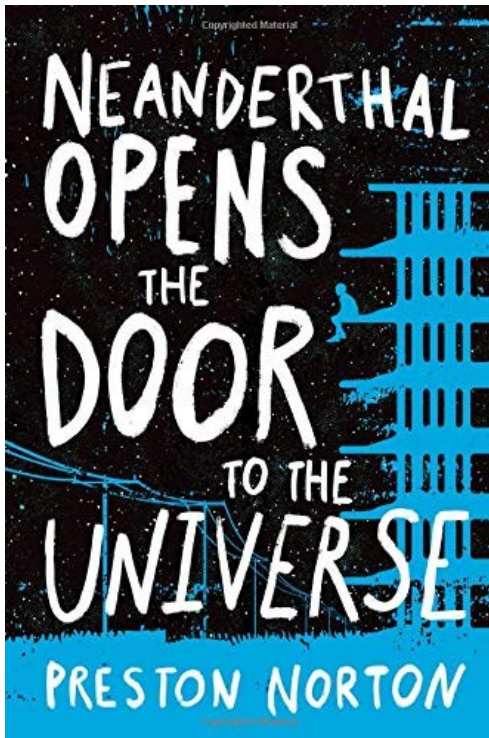


# NEANDERTHAL OPENS THE DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE



*Young Adult*

**By Preston Norton**

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## **Book Summary:**

Two teenage boys become unlikely friends who take action to change their school's culture and discover more about themselves as they do so.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity; derogatory terms; sexual activities; sexual nudity; controversial religious commentary; alternate sexualities; drug use and abuse; alcohol use; violence; suicide; and hate.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
15	My dad quit smoking ten years ago, but I had a theory that is was only so he could afford his drinking problem. And boy, did he drink.
17	"If you'd stop watching all those goddamn sci-fi movies and join the football team like I've told you a hundred thousand times, you wouldn't fight like a little queer." "I don't fight like a queer," I said- a little too defensively.
23	A land where men shaved with axes, head-butted bison, and chopped down trees with their humongous dicks.
25	It roared over the bridge, clearly on a one-way destination to Flathead Lake for a weekend filled with delinquent partying, hangovers, and sandy, vaguely unsanitary beach sex.
26	"...I'm sure one of these beautiful ladies would love to have wild caveman sex with you. Ride 'em dinosaur-style! Jurassic Park- style!" ..."You have dinosaur sex with him, Desmond."
28	Frankie and his gang of skeezy drug dealers were leaning against the chain-link fence, smoking some shit that was possibly legal, but only because it hadn't been officially canonized in the DEA's bible of Shit That Will Get Your Ass Thrown in Juvie for Possessing."
30	"I'll touch your boobs, Tegan," Jed offered. ..."Jed, keep your dirty, fat little claws away from my tits," said Tegan. ...Tegan was still showcasing her breasts for me like they were the next thing up for bid on the The Price Is Right. ..."Unless you wanna buy something or touch my sister's titties, you better keep moving," he said. ..."Woooooo!" said Tegan. "Shake that ass."
38	Then he lifted a little joint, pinned between his fingers, and stuck it in my face. "You see this?" Actually, I couldn't see it because he was holding it right in between my eyeballs. ..."This ain't no normal marijuana. We call this Stairway to Heaven. My cousin Zack is a chemical engineer. Graduated from Stanford. And he grows this shit in his basement. Do you know how much a chemical engineer makes?"
39	"Do you even smoke, Neanderthal?" Had I smoked? Yes. Shane got ahold of some joints every now and then, and we got roasted in Monolith. I could probably count the number of times on one hand. Okay. One finger. I got roasted once. Leave me alone. "Yeah, I smoke," I said. "So you gonna give me that free sample or what?" ...Tegan lifted the Magic Dragon she'd been Puffing all afternoon. ...Jed and Carlos both stared, slack-jawed, like they had stepped into a real-life porno.
40	She gently nudged the joint into my mouth. ...I thought smoking a joint would be low-key. Tegan might have smoked half the "high" out of it or something.
47	It's just hard to focus on the empty half of the hallway when the other half is involved in a fully clothed, sexless orgy.

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49	Was I still high? How long did it take for marijuana to wear off?
50	I just kept staring, waiting for this delayed marijuana hallucination to disappear.
51	Marijuana my ass. That joint was laced with mushrooms.
53	Now obviously I wasn't religious to begin with. But when Shane died, God did too. And if God wasn't dead, I hated his guts, and I wanted to punch him in his Great Omnipotent Face.
56	Despite being openly gay, I'd never seen him with another guy.
58	"Whatever. We all know you just want a place to hit on dudes. As the Babylonians say: Keep it in your pants, bro."
59	"The Bible teaches you to hate gay people," Shane had stated once- so matter-of-factly, you'd have thought he'd read it out of a textbook or a dictionary. "So why the hell would you believe that shit?"
78	Or he'd grind Noah's bones to make his masturbation lubricant.
81	"You should go kill yourself like your dumb-ass brother." ...You should go kill yourself like your dumb-ass brother.
82	I marched up to some chump on the baseball team with his aluminum bat sticking out of his bag. I took the bat. Babe Ruth tried to protest, but I palmed his face like a basketball. You should go kill yourself like your dumb-ass brother. I marched back to Niko, dragging the bat against the asphalt. Aaron was still crumpled on the floor, clutching his gut. But he was looking at me. His eyes were huge, absorbing the vastness of my hate. ...I ignored Aaron. I reached Niko, still on the ground, his face a bloody mess. But his one halfway-open eye saw me. He saw my hate. It caused the bat to tremble as I raised it over my head. Niko swallowed. But no words came out. You should go kill yourself like your dumb-ass brother. And then, suddenly, Niko's bloody face became Shane's bloody face. Then penetration wound beneath his shattered jaw. The top of his skull blown open.
88	"Most people don't try to be racist. It's preprogrammed in our culture..."
109	"I mean, I'm pretty sure she's, like, lesbian, or bisexual or something." "Okay, for starters, being lesbian and bisexual are completely different. If she's lesbian, she wouldn't have a crush on you. If she's bisexual, you're fair game, buddy! If she's one of the two, I'd put my money on the latter. Because she totally wants you."
112	Hey, Tegan. Remember that offer to let me touch your boobs if I let you touch mine? Maybe both of those things will happen if you go on a date with me.
113	"I don't want your weed." ..."Not much," I said, which was a total lie because my dick was at twelve o'clock and harder than advanced Calculus.
118	Why the hell are they selling drugs?
125	She smelled like spring and summer and autumn and winter having a seasonal orgy on my olfactory receptors.

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130	"...Like, don't take this the wrong way, but I'm a little bit horny right now."
130	bitch
132	"...She's with her brother and their two drug-dealing friends!..."
135	"...Although Carlos only talks about that shit when he's torched. When he's not high, I think he's a Protestant."
140	"Is it okay to have sex with your cousin if she's, like, really, really, really hot?"
141	Jack met Aaron's gaze with an earnestness that he probably only reserved for anime porn.
150	My thoughts inevitably drifted to Shane- that he killed himself and that he must have killed himself for a reason.
151	She even had an older cousin who was going to supply the booze. ..."And then we accidentally had sex." ..."We did it two more times before the birthday party," said Aaron. ..."The thing you have to understand about my and Heather's relationship was that it wasn't romantic. It was purely sexual..."
153	"Hell if I know. Either she was so drunk that she didn't process what she saw- which is a definite possibility, one that I might have wrecked our relationship over- or she did see us, and just...I dunno...switched off the part of her brain that deals with cheating bastards and backstabbing best friends."
156	"Better question: What does that even mean? A better way of what? Pushing pot?"
158	So was the bottle he was carrying- what appeared to be vodka- which was massive enough to make all of Mother Russia nod their ushanka-wearing heads in respect. ..."That's like a half gallon of Smirnoff."
183	"...God is the problem, because you didn't see him, because he isn't real!" "Is that what this is about? You want to have a pissing contest over the existence of God?"
184	"...I mean, I did walk into the room while you were fucking her!"
199	Before Hal, I had sex thirteen times, with thirteen different girls. I think. I only remember four of their names. Don't even ask me how many girls I've made out with. Ther might not be a number that big in the English language. I love sex. If we make out and it doesn't lead to sex, I love masturbating. I don't even care how socially frowned upon that is. It's just so dam convenient! A hand that knows exactly how you want it? Sign me up!
200	We haven't had sex yet, and frankly, having sex with her kind of scares me, which probably sounds weird, but if you knew her, you'd understand.
201	We thought maybe getting high would make things better, so we started buying marijuana. But being high doesn't stop you from hating yourself. It only makes you forget for a little while. Maybe I needed something stronger? I did a favor for this local dealer, and in exchange, he hooked me up with some cocaine. That was right about the time I heard about this cokehead, Birdy, who will do anything for her next hit. She works at Guns n' More. I told her that maybe I'd be able to get her some for the right price.

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204	"Well, I just think it's funny since you're obviously a Mary Poppins little queer."
205	"You know, I have a friend who's gay-" I said. ..."Guess that's the one downside to him eating a bullet."
208	"Kiss my ass." On another occasion, Fitzgerald expressed anxiety over the size of his dick. Hemingway escorted him to the men's room, observed it thoroughly, and assured him it was normal.
212	1. Add Mr. Spinelli's half gallon of Smirnoff vodka. 2. Drink vodka-ade ...It amazed me how much I hated my drunk dad, and how much he inspired me to want to drink all of my problems away.
218	She pulled out a Ziploc bag of pot. ...Tegan raised it high over her head and grinned. "Who's ready to get roasted?" Part of me was relieved that we were merely breaking the law (rather than breaking my man-cherry). The other part of me was so hard, I could've sunk the Titanic just by turning sideways.
219	...while Tegan rolled a single joint for us to share. ...Tegan tacked the bottom of the joint and licked the length of it. "Yeah, man," she said. "We can do whatever you want." And then she grabbed a pen off the nightstand and packed the pot in. Apparently she meant whatever you want after we were ripped to the tits. "I mean, aside from smoking pot." Tegan blinked as "smoking pot" registered as the activity for which I was seeking an alternative. ..."I've only smoked it twice," I confessed.
220	I still had the Leaning Tower of Pisa in my pants, so anything involving standing up was out of the question. I shifted forward in an effort to hide the incriminating evidence. ..."...I tend to smoke when I'm having a bad day." ...I saw her eye the freshly rolled joint, lying indiscriminately on the nightstand. ..."...I'll give you the Bernadette Robertson starter pack: she's a hard-core heroin junkie.
221	"She asked if Frankie has any heroin." ..."...Just straight to the heroin." ..."Have heroin, I mean. He's got this rich-ass customer in Hedena Valley West Central. Makes a run every couple of weeks. But that's more of a side thing. He doesn't advertise it-"
222	"She tried to make it seem like this could be our thing: me hooking her up with Frankie's heroin. Said we could shoot up together. That's her idea of mother-daughter bonding."
233	"Oh my God," she said. "Is that blood?" It was, indeed, blood. Decomposed. Forever etched in the concrete. There were two splotches: (1) on the wall where Shane stuck a gun in his mouth and blew his brains out of his skull, and (2) on the floor where his cerebral leftovers formed a pool- a red halo around his head. Two black holes unspooled on adjacent planes. Like an interstellar passage between dimensions.

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238	That was right about the time I heard about this cokehead, Birdy, who will do anything for her next hit. She works at Guns n' More.
240	What happens next could best be described as an acid trip.
244	"A rock-hard dick," I said. ..."Ejaculating with all sorts of dick moves," I said.
253	"Unh! Unh! Unh! Suck it, bitch! Unh! Oh yeah! OH YEAH!" "Whoa, calm your loins, man. Can you fight without sounding like you're getting a BJ?"
257	"Wreck my car, and I'll wreck your dick," said Aaron. Fine by me. I was so sexually aroused by Aaron's car, my dick was probably indestructible. ..."Do you know where to find some heroin? 'Cause if you can, that's probably where she's at."
263	"Just cut to the chase. You're here because I stole Frankie's heroin, because I was gonna give it all to my mom, and- who knows- maybe I was gonna shoot up with her, too."
275	"Long story short: I stole Frankie's heroin, I was gonna give it to my junkie mom, and maybe I was even gonna shoot up with her. Then I changed my mind..."
276	"...Now, I don't know what the marijuana situation is- Frankie, Jed, and Carlos will prolly keep dealing that shit until recreational use is legalized, they get a seller's permit for medical, or they're busted- but at least they're done with the dangerous stuff."
281	...but this is Gay-STRAIGHT Alliance, so even if you don't identify with the LGBTQ+ crowd, please come to show your support, to increase your understanding, and to stand up for love and tolerance.
282	Because the JTs proceeded to march the halls, waving homemade signs that said things like HOMOSEXUALITY IS A MENTAL ILLNESS AND NO TOLERANCE FOR EVIL.
284	By the end of sixth period, Robin's locker was plastered in female porn.
285	"Don't take this the wrong way," she said, "but I don't believe in God." ..."Are you bisexual?"
290	"If Tegan bank-robbed your virginity last night," said Aaron, "you really don't need to lather me in the details."
292	The video opened to the setup of a porno. Okay, technically it was a desktop webcam view of Esther Poulson's bedroom. Zeke Gallagher was guest-starring, wearing nothing but gym shorts- spread-eagled, back exposed, wrists tied to the sturdy curtain rod of Esther's bedroom window. Esther, meanwhile, was holding an honest-to-god tasseled whip. "Why are you being punished?" said Esther. "I...I keep having impure thoughts," said Zeke. Eshter whipped Zeke's back. He yelped- although there seemed to be a fine line between pain and excitement. "No. Way," said Aaron. Esther lifted the tasseled whip to her nose and smelled it like a bouquet. "Mmm. Just impure thoughts?"

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	<p>“No,” said Zeke. “I masturbated to your family vacation pictures. You were wearing a red swimsuit with white polka dots.”</p> <p>“How many times did you masturbate to those pictures?”</p> <p>“Nineteen. Nineteen times.”</p> <p>“Christ on a Triscuit!” I said.</p> <p>“Nineteen times.” Esther shook her head, tsk-tsking. She whipped him again.</p> <p>“Ohhhhh,” said Zeke. “Ohhhhhhhhhhh.”</p> <p>There wasn’t an inch of his body that wasn’t totally enjoying this.</p> <p>“Tell me what you want,” said Esther.</p> <p>“I want your body,” said Zeke.</p> <p>Esther whipped him again. Zeke howled so loud, I felt embarrassed for everyone in the neighborhood.</p> <p>“Well, you can’t have it,” she said. “My body is a temple.”</p> <p>Again with the whip.</p> <p>“AHHHHHHHHHHH.”</p> <p>“Judas Priest!” said Mr. Gibson from his far corner of the computer lab. “What the heck are you boys watching?”</p> <p>...So, just to recap, HAL gave us a Puritan-style dominatrix-BDSM pseudo-porno starring Esther Poulson and Zeke Gllagher.</p>
293	Unless "any" was a raging boner.
296	"You goddamn queer!"
299	"When I don't smoke pot, I smoke cigarettes," said Tegan. "Except I quit smoking when I was fourteen..."
300	I was suddenly staring down a scowling army of upper-class white kids with a Sunday School complex.
301	"So..." I said, finally- when I was sufficiently convinced that the JTs wouldn't mob us and subject our pagan asses to death by pressing, Salem with-style.
327	<p>Another montage- this time Aaron is smacking the ass of ever girl he passes in the hallway.</p> <p>Aaron: I feel like consent only applies to people who aren't irresistible.</p>
329	<p>Aaron is clearly drunk at somebody's pool party, standing on top of a small rock waterfall, wearing a Sexy Nun costume. (Seriously, it was mostly a headdress, a bling-ish cross necklace, and lingerie.) It was censored around his crotch- probably because it was too little fabric and too much nether region.</p> <p>...Aaron takes a long drag of something that definitely isn't tobacco.</p>
374	TEGAN: Just kidding. About the drugs, I mean. Drugs are for pugs. But sex is good!
388	<p>We haven't had sex yet, and frankly, having sex with her kind of scares me, which probably sounds weird, but if you knew her, you'd understand.</p> <p>...Shane was gay. Or maybe bisexual. And he lived in a cesspool of homophobia.</p>
390	"Long story short: Noah and my big brother, Shane, were...uh...in love apparently,..."
391	"Jack just told me that Noah might be planning to commit suicide."
402	<p>She can probably beat me up. (And just thinking about that turns me on.)</p> <p>What is love anyway? A mere construct of ideals perpetuated by social norms and</p>

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	mass media to ensure societal order? A formality for sex, but really nothing more than a mammalian drive, sugarcoated in fairy tales and lies of a happily ever after to appease the pathos? Like, is love even real?

Profanity	Count
Ass	116
Bitch	20
Cock	2
Dick	13
Fuck	62
Piss	9
Pussy	1
Queer	5
Shit	178