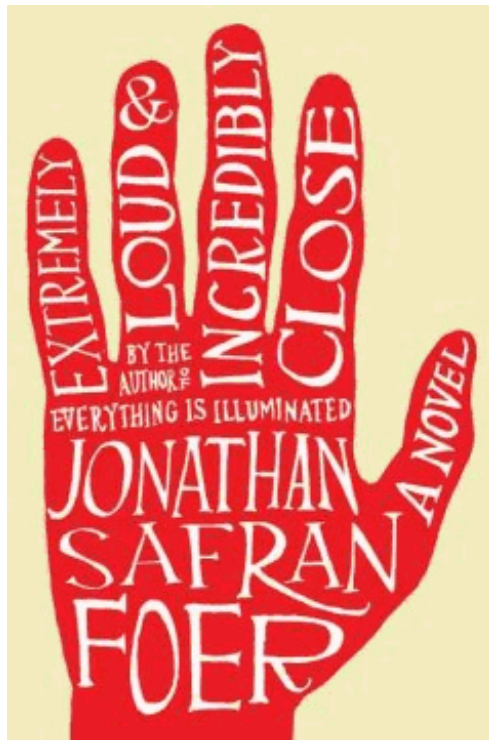


# EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities.

*Adult*

**By Jonathan Safran Foer**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
42	...that actress getting a blowjob from her normal boyfriend
84	He spread my legs. His palms pressed gently at the insides of my thighs. My thighs pressed back. His palms pressed out. Birds were singing in the other room. We were looking for an acceptable compromise. The next week he held the back of my legs and the next week he was behind me...it was the first time I ever made love. I wonder if he knew that. I felt like crying. I wondered why does any ever make love?
127	I didn't know what she was doing. I touched every part of her, what was I doing, do we understand something 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 breast 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 the small room. I put my hand under her skirt, between her legs. Everything felt on the verge of bursting into flames.
145	ME. I knew him, Horatio, a jerk of infinite stupidity. A most excellent masturbator on the second-floor boyss' bathroom- I have proof. Also, he's dyslexic. JIMMY SNYDER (can't think of anything to say). Me. Where be your gibes now, your gambles, your songs? JIMMY SNYDER. What are you talking about? ME. (raises hand to scoreboard) Succotash, my cocker spaniel, your fudging crevasse-hole dipshiiitake!
158	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 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."

Page	Content
177	I would have done anything for him. Maybe that was my sickness. We made love in nothing places and turned the lights off. I 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.
275	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".