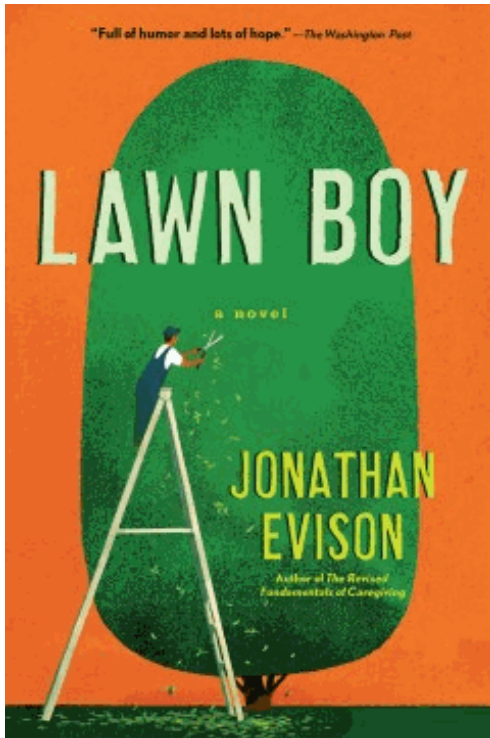


LAWN BOY



Adult

By Jonathan Evison

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including molestation; sexual nudity; racially charged commentary; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use.

CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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9	He just drank his beer calmly out of the brown bag and kept on driving in silence.
13	The novel is about corporate tyranny in the 1800's, about how powerful outside forces impose their wills on us and disenfranchise us and beat us to jelly, until we're seemingly powerless to fight them because they own the game. They are the landlords of the world. Sound familiar? Take away the sheep-herding poet, and The Octopus could've been written yesterday.
17	I'm gonna as Remy out. Nick says I need to "hurry up and hit that shit."
22	I guess I don't see the point of dating somebody just because. Sex doesn't seem like enough. ...He said I should "hit that shit," even if her face was "butter."
25	"...Speaking of fags: look at that homo by the window." ..."And lay off the fag stuff," I said. ..."Oh, are you a fag, too?" ..."...Fags are just people." "Yeah, people who stick shit up their butts." ...But there's one thing I'd never tell Nick in a million years, not that it really matters: in fourth grade, at a church youth-group meeting, out in the bushes behind the parsonage, I touched Doug Goble's dick, and he touched mine. In fact, there were even some mouths involved. It's not something I'd even think about all these years later, except that Goble is the hottest real-estate agent in Kitsap County.
29	I AM NOT A VIRGIN ...Don't get the idea I'm batting zero. I've just been in a bit of a slump since I lost my virginity six years ago. ...Gina always wore dark sweaters with big boobs inside. ..."I'll bet she's got those smooth silver-dollar nipples."
30	My thoughts were racing. My frustrated sexuality was on the cusp of relief. ...One we were in the cramped environs of the car, Gina was mostly business. "Relax," she said. Reaching over me, she groped around for the lever, reclining the passenger's seat. "How's that?" "Uh, good," I said, looking up at her in the dark. Placing her knee between my legs, she wrestled off her sweater and unbuttoned her blouse and pulled off her panties, and she climbed on top of me before I even had a chance to savor the moment. I'm not saying I wasn't grateful. To this day, I remain grateful to Gina Costerello and whatever whim, or combination of alcohol and restlessness, prompted her to unbutton my jeans and straddle me in the passenger's seat of that Malibu. And don't get the idea that it didn't feel good, either. It was a revelation, a delirious paroxysm like I'd never known, a welling of rapture from my heels to my temples. The experience literally emptied me. For ninety seconds after Gina climbed off me, roughly the time it took to get her clothes back on, I felt shucked like an oyster as I gathered my breath.
32	"And crack that window, so it doesn't smell like mushrooms in here." ...Then she squeezed my hand once and headed directly for the keg...
36	Both Chuck and Ronnie suffered very audibly from chronic back pain, migraine headaches, and a general, debilitating condition called "the fucking system."

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39	I learned that sometimes it's better to give in to the thing itself than to fight it. Which is to say, my masterpiece ended up being a merman with an erection. I guess you could say that the erection was already there, and I just freed it.
54	<p>"You see where they're puttin' a Mexican market across the street?"</p> <p>"So?"</p> <p>"Who do you think's gonna shop at it?"</p> <p>"Uh...Mexican? People who like Mexican food?"</p> <p>"Bingo."</p> <p>"So, why do you give a shit?"</p> <p>"Because this place is starting to look like Tijuana."</p> <p>"You ever been to Tijuana?"</p> <p>"Fuck no. Why would I go to Tijuana? Hey, look at that fag over by the jukebox," he said.</p> <p>"That's Ron Strobeck's little brother. He's a youth pastor."</p> <p>"He's a total homo."</p> <p>..."Yeah, more pussy."</p> <p>"I'm being serious, Nick."</p> <p>"So am I. I'd like to be getting considerably more pussy than I'm currently getting."</p> <p>"What about a steady girlfriend, then?"</p> <p>"Fuck that noise. Then I'd never get laid."</p> <p>"See? You sound like a total misogynist when you say stuff like that."</p> <p>"Fuck you, I don't see you getting laid."</p> <p>"This isn't about getting laid, Nick..."</p>
62	Once, when Mom was home with Nate, I ran into Freddy at the Masi shop, where I was buying a tallboy, and he invited me up to his studio apartment behind the fire station to smoke pot.
66	Freddy plucked his bass on the sofa, smoking a joint. You could see one of his nuts poking out the leg of his jeans shorts, along with the inside pocket liner.
68	It didn't help that his wife and his whole family were counting on old Jurgis to bring home the bacon. Poor Jurgis couldn't get a break. It was one indignity after another, and they were all more or less familiar. Poverty. Injustice. The Man. Hell, take away all the funny names and it could've been my life.
71	<p>"...You lay down bass riffs to old pornos..."</p> <p>...If it's not some asshole stealing my lawn mower, it's my own mother renting out my shed to a man who dispenses wisdom with one nut hanging out.</p>
75	A lot of the book is about issues. Wealth inequality. Race.
94	<p>"What about you? Why are you always bashing people? Mexicans, fags, lesbians, I don't get why they offend you so much. What did a Mexican or a fag ever do to you?"</p> <p>..."Duh, Michael. Look around. They're taking all our jobs. They don't pay taxes."</p> <p>"Fags don't pay taxes?"</p> <p>..."No, fags."</p> <p>"What's normal, then, Nick? Tell me that. Your porn habit? The way you talk about women?"</p> <p>"Oh, like you don't watch porn?"</p>

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	<p>"Actually, no." "You're a liar." "What if I told you I touched another guy's dick?" I said. "Pfff." Nick waved me off and turned his attention back to his beer. "What if I told you I sucked it?" "Will you please just shut up already?" "I'm dead serious, Nick." "Well, I'd say you were a fag." "I was ten years old, but it's true. I put Doug Goble's dick in my mouth." "The real-estate guy?" "Yeah." Nick looked around frantically. "What the fuck are you talking about, Michael?" "I was in fourth grade. It was no big deal." Cringing, Nick held his hands out in front of him in a yield gesture. "Stop." "He sucked mine, too." "Stop! Why are you telling me this?" "And you know what?" I said. "It wasn't terrible." ..."So you're saying you're a fag?" "I doubt that. It's been twelve years since I touched a dick. But that's not the point."</p>
95	<p>"You're wrong, ass-wipe, I happen to know gay guys like me. I've caught them staring at me." "How'd you know they were gay?" "They were gay." "How'd you know?" "They were staring at me, dipshit. It was in the city. Of course, they were gay." "Okay, so assuming they were gay-" I said. ..."How'd it make you feel?" "Like kicking their asses." ..." ...There's no way in hell you're gonna make a fag out of me..."</p>
106	<p>"Funny, the whole time, I kinda figured you were gay," he said. "Why would I be gay?"</p>
114	<p>Maybe a wood carving of two bears fucking.</p>
119	<p>My status as head of household had been usurped by a man who recorded homemade soundtracks to 1980s porn.</p>
121	<p>He took a slug of the whiskey and passed it to me.</p>
122	<p>"...Fuck, I hat Arians...."</p>
122	<p>"I'm a jerk, too, if you hadn't noticed. But, dude, did you seriously put a guy's dick in your mouth?" I passed the bottle back. "I was in fourth grade."</p>
124	<p>"Do you want to see my dick?" "The fuck!" ...I dusted myself off and grabbed the whiskey from Nick and took a pull, then he grabbed it back and did the same, without wiping the rim of the bottle.</p>

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132	Smoking gets her through that second shift. It relaxes her when the pressure is mounting.
135	It was my old compatriot Tino, obviously drunk.
141	I had a pretty good buzz by then, between the wine and the beer.
142	"You can crash on my couch" and then ordered another pitcher or a couple of Jagerbombs... ...Nick: "Hit that shit."
170	He acted like we ran into each other all the time, and it had nothing to do with dicks. He talked about old times at church but never mentioned our penises or the fact that he never said ten words to me after our little foray in the bushes. ...made not a single reference to holding or tugging or sucking dicks. And yet I was convinced he was flirting with me.
171	All I could think about while he was chatting me up over the rim of his cappuccino was his little salamander between my fourth-grade fingers, rapidly engorging with blood. Was he expecting me to do it again? ...Why would Doug Goble buy me coffee after all these years if it didn't have something to do with touching penises? ...All I knew was that a lift would save me two bucks in bus fare, but it wasn't worth sucking Goble's dick, or even touching it.
181	He bought me coffee and now beer. Plus he gave me a hundred bucks. I'm no dummy. Now I had to touch his dick.
183	"...But what's a dog gonna do, lick peanut butter off my dick?"
188	Remy finally made the move, and were soon kissing. She tasted of lip balm and anchovies, and her tongue was much more active this time, slithering around in my mouth like a live goldfish. I didn't really know what to do with my hands, until Remy placed them around her waist. We were conjoined for a good five minutes, her hands patrolling my denim-clad butt cheeks without ever straying toward my crotch.
189	She gave me a little peck on the lips and touched my cheek. "You know, we don't have to have sex." "We don't?" She smiled mischievously, squeezing my butt and pulling herself into me. "Not right away."
204	They didn't have Jager, so I ordered a beer and a shot of whiskey. They didn't have Old Crow or Wild Turkey or even Jack Daniel's, so I ordered some shit called Bushmills.
223	"Why won't you admit we sucked each other's dicks?"
224	"...You lured me behind the parsonage. We talked about girls. We shared a Hershey's bar. Then you showed me your dick." ..."The next thing I know, it's in my mouth." ..."I can't believe you, Goble! Dude, you're insane. We sucked each other's dicks, and you're pretending it didn't happen."
252	...clutching his cell phone in the same hand that once clutched my penis...

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259	...maybe he'd do well to keep his nuts in his pants and quit smoking so much Blueberry Kush...
262	"Because you're not Rocindo or Ernesto or Che. Because you're Mike, man, you're white- whiter than me, anyway. The clients, they low-ball me every time, ese. They think they can pay less for a Mexican. That's just how it is. If you wanna get in touch with your inner Mexican, cut your salary in half."
263	"Yeah, ese, but you white. They pay you more. It gonna even out quick."
272	I intended on kissing him as long as he'd let me, no matter how faggy that was.
278	"Freddy, what if I told you I was gay?"
287	And as much as it grosses me out, you sucking dick and the rest of it, I gotta admit you're pretty fucking brave. It takes guts to be a fag- I couldn't do it." "...Sucking dick is dumb- dicks are dirty, dude, Really dirty. Mine sure is." ..."Ugh. Can we not talk about my dick?" ..."Promise me you won't get a sex change, Michael." "I'm gay, Nick, not transgender."

Profanity	Count
Ass	20
Bitch	1
Cock	1
Cunt	1
Dick	18
Fag/Faggot	10
Fuck	97
Piss	4
Prick	2
Pussy	2
Shit	60