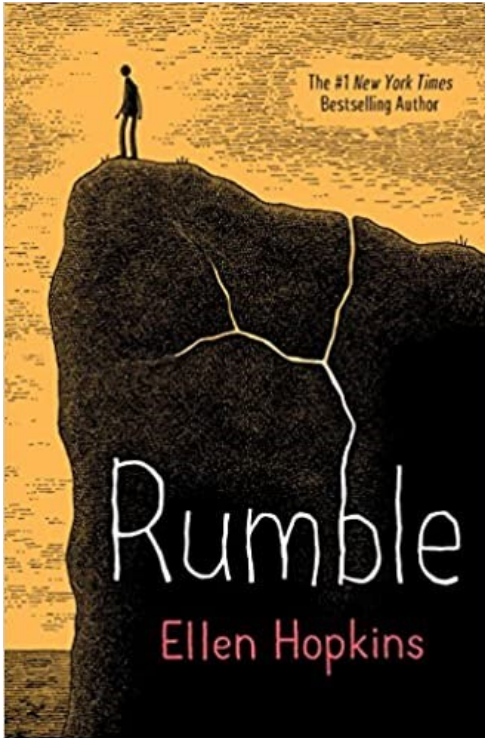


RUMBLE



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A teenage boy's entire life and belief-system is turned upside-down after his younger brother commits suicide.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; profanity; suicide; and controversial religious commentary.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
21	More than once, I thought about taking a dead-of-night slow cruise through certain neighborhoods, drawing a long bead on designated silhouettes shadowing their bedroom windows. One squeeze of my Glock's trigger, and BLAM! Eye-for-an-eye justice, just like their Good Book calls for.
39	At first, she is stiff, aware we have an audience, but she softens quickly, slipping the tip of her spearmint tongue between my lips. My own tongue lifts in eager greeting. And now the two dance like a snake charmer and cobra- a quick, sinuous pirouetting.
40	Hayden smiles and I kiss my way up her neck to whisper in her ear, "You're pretty hot for a Christian girl. Sure you won't come to the party? We could do something biblical. Build an ark, or sacrifice a lamb."
49	Let's look at religious genocide. We could in theory go all the way back to Noah, of ark fame, whose God was so angry at human sin that he chose to wipe out every living thing except for Noah's family, and two of each species on earth. Nice creator you've got there. The Old Testament is, in fact, rife with Jehovah-driven genocide. But since it's fiction anyway, let's move on.
53	And neither was your screwing Dad latex-free and getting pregnant with moi, so why the fuck do you keep blaming me for ruining your life?
63	Don't think he cares much about the gin, in or out. Mom glances sideways at me. Where you goin? No her first drink, or maybe she did, in fact, use it to chase a Xanax.
65	I can't believe she's so positive I'm boinking Hayden. ...I avoid mixing downers (like Mom) with uppers (like Hayden). What's the point of dropping low right before working yourself up?
67	Nothing! One word and it's obvious he's lit. I borrowed a couple of my sister's diet pills. Lainie's coming tonight and I wanna be sure I can, you know...no problem. ..."...And second, do you have regular dick problems?" ...My dick's A-OK thanks. Adipex just keeps it up longer.
68	I'll start with a beer.
69	Since he earns his keg cash selling dope, no one's too worried about kicking in, but I like to pay my way.
70	Marshall is tongue-to-tongue with Lainie Brogan. Guess she was swayed by the promise of an everlasting boner.
80	Don't you want to have sex with her?
81	"Why in the hell is everyone suddenly so interested in my sex life? Mom's positive I'm getting some, you're sure I'm not. And Marshall thinks I need pharmaceuticals to masturbate."
82	Three times they had sex, that was all...
86	I watch her walk to her door, appreciate the arc of her hips, their metered swing. I could change my mind, follow her in. Instead, I'll go home and play. Alone.
87	Postgame on Friday nights, he regularly goes out with his buddies and gets wasted.

Page	Content
90	Is it love that makes sex good, or would any emotion, equally weighted, create the same kind of passion?
91	That's assuming Their sex was passionate, and why would that thought even cross my mind?
102	Even if you can swallow the idea of God, the concept of Imago Dei defies comprehension. ...Therefore, there is no God. Simple logic.
104	I drank some beer, smoked a little weed.
107	I'm holding Ede in my hands, and it makes me glad there is no God to take this garden away from me.
115	I move my hand to the left, whisper trace the outward curve of her breast.
124	Instead, I microwave half-assed beef broccoli, chase it with a couple of Dad's beers. He won't miss them, and the carbonated buzz sounds inviting. Guess I'm burrowing into my own alcohol-infused sanctuary. Alone.
130	Mom will be at church while Dad fights his hangover with beer, or maybe vodka.
162	I read about a California town where suicide-by-train was almost like a party game for a while. Four kids, separate occasions, jumped right in front of moving commuters. Ask me, that's a seriously messed-up way to go out. Then again, so is a rope around the neck.
164	I never really thought about what it meant to be gay, other than it was something shameful, something I sure as hell wouldn't ever want to be. So when Luke first started talking about his sexuality, I thought he was putting me on.
165	They'd follow him down the hall, calling him "fag" or "dick licker." They'd offer their own dicks for him to lick. Hetero-freaks. ...You'd think churchy people would be embarrassed to download porn, then Photoshop someone's face into the pics- that someone being Luke.
179	But my parents seem to believe therapy is only useful when you're young and not quite over your brother's suicide.
187	Here these pretty little girls were wanting to make out, and what he told me was, It doesn't feel right. I mean, shouldn't it make me horny?
192	Dad didn't indulge in the weed, but hit the champagne bottles hard, followed that up with harder stuff. Mom watched, uncomfortable, while the younger crowd wandered into the trees to do what buzzed kids do- get more buzzed, and hopefully, get lucky. What is it about weddings that exacerbates the horny in people?
198	Could the way into a girl's inner chamber in fact be licking her ear?
204	I mean, if I'm so amazing and beautiful and all, why don't you ever try to have sex with me?
206	"...sanctimonious prick teas." I grab her hand, yank it into my crotch. "You want to feel my boner? It won't take much. Just wiggle your fingers a little. Jesus Christ, Hayden, I am so not gay! Do you have any idea how many times I've left you and had to go home and jerk off?" As if to prove it, my dick jumps to attention. "There. See? Let's have sex right now! Unzip me. This will be fun."

Page	Content
208	Having no one to rape and nothing to pillage but myself, I step into the hot water stream, lather up with Mom's fancy rosemary bath gel, and when I close my eyes, it is Hayden I imagine ramming into, take extreme pleasure in her pain.
209	Since I already brushed my teeth and won't be chasing the pills with beer, I pop three with water, turn off the lights, burrow in beneath my thick, heavy quilt, wait for the plunge into paradise.
211	Or maul her boobs?
220	I pour two bourbons and Coke, hers as strong as mine. Maybe even stronger.
222	"Need a refill? I kind of think I might." She hands me her glass, follows me into the kitchen, and watches me pour two more, slightly weaker than the last.
223	<p>I boost her up, and she wraps her legs around my waist, and this time we kiss I can feel a rush of heat at the V of her jeans, right above my belly button. I don't think I've ever been quite this hard, and it didn't take pills or porn to accomplish it, let alone a guy's physique. Gay? Don't think so, Mr. All-Knowing Pseudo Minister. I'll show you gay.</p> <p>Alexa and I Kiss Again</p> <p>Then she moves her mouth to my neck, and her anxious sucking at the pulse beneath my ear leaves zero doubt.</p> <p>...I can't help but feel grateful for that pitiful excuse as I carry Alexa down the hall toward my bedroom, no second-guessing, full speed ahead. But now I stop, put her down, back against the door, pin her there, hands above her head, palms to palms. "I want you more than I've wanted anything in my life right now. But I can't promise this means anything more."</p> <p>...her skin lifts the heady scent of her musky perfume mixed with white-hot feminine lust. I'd take her right here, but I needed to hear her confess.</p> <p>...I can think of no proper rejoinder, other than to open the door, pick her up and carry her to my bed, lay her carefully on top of the quilt. She starts to get undressed, and I move to turn off the light. No leave it on. I want to see you, want you to see me.</p> <p>I've Only Been With</p> <p>Two other girls, one older (and my instructor), one younger. (I was the one who schooled her.) Neither cared about pleasing me, only about my bringing them to orgasm. Both had body image problems and insisted we play in the dark. This is something new.</p> <p>I watch Alexa unsheathe a near-perfect body. Where Hayden is all soft curves, Lex maintains the taut angles of the distance runner she is. The whole time she keeps those spectacular eyes on me. Finally she says, Well? Don't just stand there. She doesn't have to invite twice. I'm naked. We're skin against skin. I'm in her mouth. My tongue's in her. I'll finish too soon. She won't let me. We tarry. Accelerate. Move into slow motion, lights on, eyes open, and for the first time, I experience a woman's ascension and ultimate, ecstatic release, punctuated by a heart-shattering, I love you!</p>
230	But now I remember what we shared last night, and the slip of her hot silk against my skin brings me full-on erect in three seconds flat.

Page	Content
233	It's the Best Shower I've ever participated in, and it's definitely all about the participation. We wash each other's everything, which leads to the need for even more washing. ..."Just so you know, this is by far the most sex I've ever had in any one twelve-hour period." She laughs. Ditto.
242	Easier Having sex with a person you don't care about.
275	The sex was amazing.
302	I Shower Off The strange potpourri clinging to my skin- gunpowder and oil, Mexican food and beer.
316	"...Did you know that a few of these people right here in this room were among those whose unmerciful bullying drove my little brother to suicide?"
317	Suicide is the ultimate weakness of the mind, he argues. Homosexual behavior is weakness of the flesh; and a sin in the eyes of God. ..."So how can it be a sin to be born gay?"
321	Whatever. Thinking about BJs is as good as giving them.
327	Doug: He's a dick licker, dude.
328	Finally, I give up trying to sleep without pharmaceutical aid and wander down the hall to the bathroom, where Martha's sweet little helpers await. I swallow two, head back to bed.
330	He flashed his dick at me, asked if I'd suck it good. Who's the queer? Right?
333	Lie motionless for a minute or two, trying to make sense of the hangover rocking. Part pharm. Part guilt.
336	"We'd better go before he pulls it out and whacks off right here."
342	She closes her eyes, but instead of moving my lips to hers, I open the top button of her soft flannel shirt and kiss down the V to where the necklace hangs. She trembles and I pause.
345	Half-disgusted, half-envious, I head to the shower, already hard from what I just witnessed, coupled with my earlier encounter with Hayden. But the scent of the soap and the smooth lick of lather remind me of only one person. Alexa.
359	I said homosexuals were abominations in the eyes of God.
366	Maybe I can beat Dad, hit the booze cupboard before he can try to stop me.
367	I Arrive Home First Pilfer a tumbler of Jack. ...I go take a piss, hope I don't have to do it again when Dad is grunting over that woman. Lori. ...In my room, I exchange my good clothes for comfortable flannels, down a couple of Martha's little helpers, suck in Jack Daniels as I turn on some tunes.
370	One More Pill Could only help, right? Down it goes with a hot gulp of whiskey.

Page	Content
372	Wonder which instinct is stronger- survival of the fittest, or the hunger for sex. ...There's a little Jack left in the glass on my nightstand. I hold my nose, drink it down, hair of the dog, to ease me into sleep and turn off the jackhammering in my skull.
392	"...So, go home and chill. Have a big glass of NyQuil or something..."j
408	Because if love sans sex could eclipse me so completely, then annihilate me when it's taken away, imagine the sheer power of love coupled with passion, raw exchanges of energy.
426	At least he isn't bitching about me drinking his beer.
435	Plenty of sex in the Bible.
448	However, his assertion that dialogues about masturbation or rape somehow equate to pornography makes me worry a little about arouses a man.
451	I never told anyone about him being depressed or taking Mom's pills.
453	It's a Two Pills to Sleep Kind of night.
465	I Reach Across The seat, pull her to me, and before my lips can even find hers, she offers her tongue. I suck it into my mouth, and the slippery dance begins. Her lips taste of berry gloss, too subtle to be seen, but delicious to savor. Her dark hair is a silky cape down the length of her back, and when I thread my fingers through it, the luscious perfume of her shampoo envelops me. We kiss without pause for a very long time, and when she pulls back to take in air, I kiss down her neck, back up her jawline to her ear. My tongue explores there, lobe and creases, and an earnest moan escapes her lips, and I am instantly erect. This could go further, could easily go all the way, and while I would immensely enjoy that, I'm kind of glad there's a steering wheel in the way. "I want you," I rasp.
466	"...I think I could, and I don't want that to happen because we have great sex..."
470	He lights up, takes a big drag, and I watch his exhale disappear into the mist.
472	Alexa and I take the sofa, and I pull her into my lap, tip her cheek against the hollow of my chest. "Thank you," I whisper into her ear. For what? "Just everything." We kiss,... ...I can feel the flush of Alexa's own heat where the V of her jeans straddles my thighs. She works at the buttons of my shirt, kisses the skin she exposes with lips wet from my own, down my chest and over my belly. "You'd better stop, or I won't be able to." Instead, she drops to the floor on her knees, opens the zipper of my fly with delicate fingers. I start to protest, but she pushes back. Let me. I want to. If there's paradise, this must be it- the slow, sure slide of tongue and mouth, the urgent coax of spit-slicked hands, the gentle brush of silken hair, all lifting me up, up. Faster. Stronger. Higher. No way to stop, I give myself up to pulse upon pulse of pleasure. And I almost say...

Page	Content
473	He takes one look at my still open shirt, the guilt implicit in our body language, not to mention my satisfied expression. Oh. Please excuse the interruption, you lucky sonofabitch. Carry on. He grabs a brew, returns to Lainie, and Alexa curls up next to me on the couch.
481	"You didn't trade tobacco for weed, by any chance, did you?"
482	But I will say sometimes the place smells pretty darn green, if you catch my drift.
511	Guilt, or an extended roll in the hay?
529	He's Wearing a Vest And strapped to it are what appear to be explosives. On his hip is a holstered gun. He smiles, his eyes fill with crazy, and suddenly I can't breathe. Hey, Junior. Didn't you know I'm a dee-mo-lition expert? Goddamn army taught me a thing or two. Goin' blow this place to kingdom come, and I'm goin' along for the ride. Ain't nothing left to hang on for anymore.
530	No more lawyers. No more money. No one can help me now, so I'm going out with a bang. Ha-ha. Bang, get it? My only regret is your uncle isn't catching this freight train with us. Us? Holy shit. He means to take me with him! I start backing up slowly, but when I see his hand move again toward his pocket, I turn and run and
536	My sweetest Alexa, hot and luscious in my bed. I'm crazy with need for her. Kissing her face, her neck, down over her belly, close to that special spot between those beautiful legs, and almost there when "Back in Black" interrupts us.

Profanity	Count
Ass	16
Bitch	17
Dick	14
Fag	3
Fuck	30
Piss	23
Prick	4
Pussy	8
Shit	35