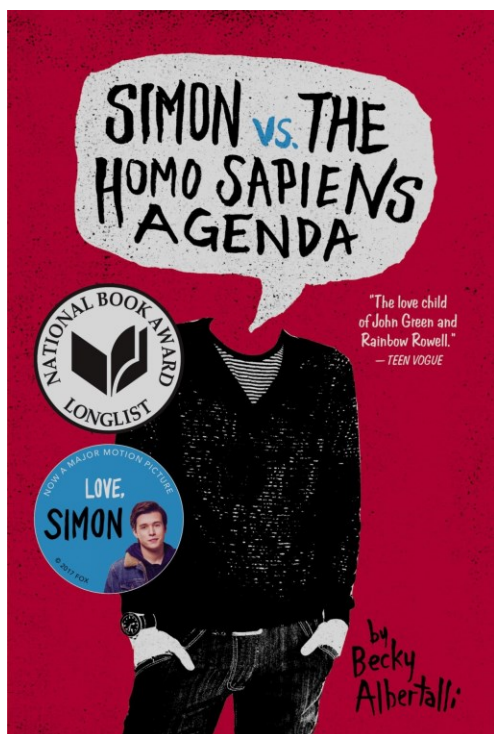


# SIMON VS. THE HOMO SAPIENS AGENDA



*Young Adult*

**By Becky Albertalli**

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**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

## Book Summary:

A seventeen-year-old young man meets another young man online where they discuss their undisclosed homosexuality.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; violence involving bullying; alternate sexualities; alcohol use by minors; references to homophobia; and controversial political, religious, and social commentary.

Page	Content
2	<p>“Anyway, I thought it might interest you that my brother is gay.”            ...“Anyway,” he says, “it’s pretty obvious that you don’t want people to know.”            I mean. I guess I don’t. Except the whole coming out thing doesn’t really scare me.</p>
8	<p>I actually haven’t been to Chick-fil-A for a while. My sister heard they donate money to screw over gay people, and I guess it started to feel weird eating there.</p>
10	<p>Of course, I have a strict policy of not falling for straight guys. At least, not confirmed straight guys.</p>
13	<p>I was supposed to go out there and find her, and I guess we were supposed to make out. In that closed-mouth middle school way.</p>
15	<p>So I guess this is the obvious question, but I’ll ask it anyway: If you knew you were gay, how did you end up having girlfriends?</p>
16	<p>I think the real reason I had girlfriends was because I didn’t one hundred percent believe I was gay.</p>
18	<p>The way he feels so hidden and so exposed about the fact that he’s gay.</p>
20	<p>I’m actually trying to prevent Nick from getting the girl he likes, so Martin Addison won’t tell the whole school I’m gay. Did I mention I’m gay?            ...Maybe it would be different if we lived in New York, but I don’t know how to be gay in Georgia.            ...At school, there are one or two guys who are out, and people definitely give them crap. Not like violent crap. But the word “fag” isn’t exactly uncommon. And I guess there are a few lesbian and bisexual girls, but I think it’s different for girls. Maybe it’s easier. If there’s one thing the Tumblr has taught me, it’s that a lot of guys consider it hot when a girl is a lesbian.</p>
22	<p>I get the impression that once he realized he was gay, he didn’t date girls, and it was as simple as that.</p>
23	<p>“I mean, it’s the fantasy suite,” I say. “They totally did it. I’m pretty sure the fantasy doesn’t involve talking.”            “But that doesn’t necessarily mean intercourse.”            ...It’s like, I get along well with girls. Kissing them is fine.            ...“Are you kidding me?” my dad says. “The gay one?”            “Daniel’s not gay,” Nora objects.            “Kid, he’s a one-man Pride Parade. An eternal flame.”</p>
31	<p>I haven’t heard anything about him being gay, but there’s this kind of vibe I get, maybe.</p>
42	<p>And there’s this throb of music and random bursts of laughter and people holding cans that aren’t Coke.            ...“So, what can I get you to drink?” Garrett asks. “We have beer and, um, vodka and rum.”            “Yeah, thanks, no,” says Leah. “I drove.”            “Oh, well, we have Cokes and juice and stuff.”            “I’ll have vodka with orange juice,” says Abby. Leah shakes her head.            “A screwdriver for Wonder Woman, coming right up. Eisner, Spier? Anything? Can I get you a beer?”            ...“Spier, a beer,” Garrett says, and then he laughs. I guess because it rhymes. He disappears to get us drinks, which my mom would probably say is really excellent hosting. Not that there’s any way in holy hell I’m telling my parents about the alcohol.</p>

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44	<p>“All right—screwdrivers for the ladies . . .,” Garrett says, handing one to each of them. ...“And a beer for—whatever the hell you’re supposed to be.”</p>
45	<p>There’s this burst of wild, drunk laughter.          ...Anyway, it really makes you worry about all the hype surrounding sex.          ...I can’t believe they’re drinking.          ...I feel kind of happy and hazy now, and beer doesn’t taste so bad after the first few sips.</p>
47	<p>“Simon, how much did you drink?” asks Leah. I’m twisting the ends of her hair. Leah’s hair is so pretty, and it smells exactly like French toast. Except that’s Abby. Leah smells like almonds.          “One beer.” One most excellent, most delicious beer.          “One beer. I can’t even begin to express how ridiculous you are.”          ...“Okay, well, I’m English and German, and Abby’s, you know . . .” Oh God, I don’t know anything about Africa, and I don’t know if that makes me racist.</p>
48	<p>Because there’s this invisible line, and on one side are people like Garrett and Abby and Nick and every musician ever. People who go to parties and drink and don’t get wasted off of one beer. People who have had sex and don’t think it’s a huge deal.          ...I’m reading a little between the lines here, but I actually don’t think Blue has ever kissed anyone.          ...“Spier?” asks Martin.          “Sorry, what?”          “Anything to drink?”          ...“But I figure Simon’s parents don’t need to see me drunk.”          “I don’t think they would care.”</p>
52	<p>But I’m gay. GAY. Gaaaaaaaayyyyy. God, I should really just tell her.</p>
54	<p>It’s a little bit crazy to think that I had a beer. I know it’s astonishingly lame to even think that about a single beer. Garrett and all the soccer guys probably think it’s crazy to stop at one. But they’re not me.</p>
55	<p>As far as I know, coming out isn’t something that straight kids generally worry about. That’s the thing people wouldn’t understand. This coming out thing. It’s not even about me being gay, because I know deep down that my family would be fine with it. We’re not religious. My parents are Democrats.</p>
58	<p>SUBJECT: Reese’s are better than sex</p>
60	<p>Reese’s are better than sex? Admittedly, I wouldn’t know, but I have to hope you’re wrong about that one. Maybe you should stop having heterosexual sex, Jacques.</p>
62	<p>I have to admit that I don’t TECHNICALLY know whether Reese’s are better than sex. Reese’s are really freaking incredible, don’t get me wrong. And I’m guessing they’re better than hetero sex, a.k.a. “intercourse” (per my mom).          Non-hetero sex, though? I imagine it may be a little better than Reese’s.</p>
63	<p>WEDNESDAY IS GENDER BENDER DAY, which basically amounts to southern straight people cross-dressing.          ...Mr. Wise has this warped, ratty couch in his classroom that smells a little like beer, and I’m pretty sure people sneak in here to have sex and rub their fluids all over it after school. It’s that kind of couch.</p>

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78	<p>I guess you have to obsess about something before you know about sex.            ...I also like to imagine you now fantasizing about sex.</p>
80	<p>HE LIKES TO IMAGINE ME fantasizing about sex.            That's something I probably shouldn't have read right before bed. I lie here in the pitch-darkness, reading that particular line on my phone again and again. I'm jittery and awake and completely in knots, all from an email. And I'm hard. So, that's kind of strange.            ...He likes to imagine me fantasizing about sex!            I thought I was the only one who had those kinds of thoughts about us.            I wonder what it would be like to meet him in person, after all this time. Would we even have to speak? Would we go straight into making out? I think I can picture it. He's in my bedroom, and we're totally alone. He sits beside me on the bed and turns to look at me with his blue-green eyes. Cal Price's eyes. And then his hands cup my face, and all of a sudden, he's kissing me.            My hands cup my face. Well. My left hand cups my face. My right hand is occupied.            I picture it. He kisses me, and it's nothing like Rachel or Anna or Carys. I can't even. It's not even in the same stratosphere. There's this electric tingly feeling radiating through my whole body and my brain has gone fuzzy and I actually think I can hear my heartbeat.            I have to be so, so quiet. Nora's on the other side of the wall.            His tongue is in my mouth. His hands slide up under my shirt, and he trails his fingers across my chest. I'm so close. It's almost unbearable. God. Blue.            My whole body turns to jelly.</p>
104	<p>And the thing is, I'm actually considering doubling down on the awkward factor and turning this mess into a coming out thing. Maybe I should capitalize that: Coming Out Thing.</p>
106	<p>I'm not even Jewish, technically, because Judaism is matrilineal, and my mom's Episcopalian.            ...What about you? Have you thought about the Coming Out Thing?            It gets complicated when you bring religion into the equation. Technically, Jews and Episcopalians are supposed to be gay-friendly, but it's hard to really know how that applies to your own parents. Like, you read about these gay kids with really churchy Catholic parents, and the parents end up doing PFLAG and Pride Parades and everything. And then you hear about parents who are totally fine with homosexuality, but can't handle it when their own kid comes out. You just never know.</p>
111	<p>I'm just going to talk about your sexual orientation now like it's my business, Simon.</p>
113	<p>In theory, I could be out getting drunk.</p>
116	<p>So, you know how you hear stories about people coming out to their parents, and the parents say they already knew somehow? Yeah, my dad isn't going to say that. I'm officially certain that he has no idea I'm gay, because you will not believe what book he picked out to give me.</p>
117	<p>I can't even wrap my mind around the politics of coming out to divorced parents.</p>
123	<p>You can't not have a crush on Jenny Lewis. I'm twenty years younger than her and unquestionably gay, but yeah. I'd make out with her.            ...Blue is coming out to his mom tonight—at least that's the plan.</p>
124	<p>"So. The thing is, I'm gay."</p>
126	<p>She seemed mostly concerned that I understand the importance of Practicing Safe Sex Every Time, Including Oral.</p>

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130	I'm this close to making out with my laptop screen. Blue Blue Blue Blue Blue Blue. Seriously, I feel like I'm about to combust.
135	Who thinks about sex, and thinks about it with me.
144	I was positive my mom had told my dad I was gay, which would just be—I don't know.q
145	And then there's the dad having sex factor, which is always horrifying (and he bought YOU a book by freaking Casanova?). ...Which is totally the straight person equivalent of coming out. As a side note, don't you think everyone should have to come out? Why is straight the default? Everyone should have to declare one way or another, and it should be this big awkward thing whether you're straight, gay, bi, or whatever.
146	I don't know—something about poop and Casanova and the phrase “knocked up” in reference to my dad.
147	It is definitely annoying that straight (and white, for that matter) is the default, and that the only people who have to think about their identity are the ones who don't fit that mold. Straight people really should have to come out, and the more awkward it is, the better. Awkwardness should be a requirement. I guess this is sort of our version of the Homosexual Agenda?
158	Dear all dudes of Creekwood, With this missive, I hereby declare that I am supremely gay and open for business. Interested parties may contact me directly to discuss arrangements for anal buttsex. Or blue-jobs. But don't give me blue balls. Ladies need not apply.
163	“Let me guess. You're gay. You got someone pregnant. You're pregnant.” ...“Really, though. I'm gay.” ...And then Alice says, “Wow, bub. Good for you.” And my dad says, “Gay, huh?”
167	“I mean, if you have the guts to tell them you're gay, I should . . .” “You should have the guts to come out as straight.”
170	No updates on Little Fetus, but suffice it to say that I'm more than a little nauseated now that I've had the pleasure of reading the word “sexcapades” in reference to my parents.
175	As if Nick and I can't be in a room together without it turning into frenzied wild sex.
178	“I am gay. That part's true.”
187	No one has slid any homophobic notes into the slats of my locker, which is good. No one's etched the word “fag” into my locker yet either, which is even better. I'm almost ready to believe that things have gotten a little better at Creekwood.
190	The first guy's sign says, “How u doin' Simon?” And the guy in the skirt's sign says, “WHAT WHAT—IN THA BUTT!” The guys are grinding and some other people peek through the doorway laughing. This one girl laughs so hard she's clutching her stomach, and someone says, “Stop, y'all! Oh my God, y'all are so bad.” But she's laughing, too.
204	Meet me by your locker. I'm ready. Something like that. But it turns out to be an impressively realistic, manga-style drawing of our French teacher performing fellatio on a baguette. Speaking of things that remind me of Blue.

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222	<p>Because Martin's not gay. But then again, someone thinks he is. Though I probably shouldn't take anything on the authority of some anonymous asshole who called me a fag.</p>
224	<p>If Martin's actually gay, why bring Abby into it at all?</p>
227	<p>"Is this like a gay bar?" I ask. Abby and Nick both grin. "Okay," I say, "but how are we getting in?" I'm five seven, Nick can't grow facial hair, and Abby's wearing a wristful of friendship bracelets. There's no freaking way we pass for twenty-one. "It's a restaurant," says Abby. "We're getting dinner."</p>
229	<p>He's definitely drunk. "I'm Peter," he says, and I think: Peter Peter pumpkin eater. "Don't move," he says. "I'm buying you a drink." He puts a hand on my elbow, and then turns to the bar, and all of a sudden I'm holding an honest-to-God martini glass full of something green. "Like apples," says Peter. I take a sip, and it's not awful. ...But then Peter's hand is on my arm again, and he hands me a shot glass filled with something bright orange, like that cold medicine. Like liquid Triaminic. But I'm only half done with my apple drink, so I sort of chug it, and hand the empty glass back to him. And then he clinks his shot of Triaminic against mine and makes it disappear. I sip mine, and it tastes like orange soda, and Peter laughs and tugs at my fingertips. "Simon," he says. "Have you ever taken a shot before?" I shake my head. "Aww, okay. Tilt your head back, and just . . ." He demonstrates on his empty shot glass. "Okay?" ...I take the shot in two gulps, and I manage not to spit anything. ...So he buys us each another Triaminic shot, and then he takes me by the hand and leads me to a big round table in the corner of the room. ...But Peter keeps looking back and forth between us and giggling, and someone sits on someone else's lap to clear a chair for me, and someone passes me a beer. I mean, drinks are just everywhere.</p>
235	<p>"Simon. I just watched you pick up a random guy in a gay bar. You're wearing eyeliner. And you're completely wasted."</p>
237	<p>"I'm gay," I say, and I giggle. ..."You're drunk." He looks a little stunned. ..."Well, I don't know why we should, Simon. You show up at ten thirty, obviously drunk, and you don't seem to think that's a problem, so—" ...Which is so unusual that it makes me nervous, but it also makes me a little fearless, and so I say, "Do you like it better when I lie about things? It probably sucks for you now that you can't make fun of gay people anymore. I bet Mom won't let you, right?" ..."That awkward moment when you realize you've been making gay jokes in front of your gay kid for the last seventeen years."</p>
250	<p>"Oh my God, you were all about the boob," my dad says. "I can't believe you turned out to be gay."</p>

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275	<p>Because all of a sudden, I'm leaning over the gear stick, and my hands are on his shoulders, and I'm trying to keep breathing. All I can see are Bram's lips. Which fall gently open the moment I lean in to kiss him.</p> <p>And I can't even describe it. It's stillness and pressure and rhythm and breathing. We can't figure out our noses at first, but then we do, and then I realize my eyes are still open. So I shut them. And his fingertips graze the nape of my neck, in constant quiet motion.</p> <p>...And then he leans in to kiss me again, sweet and feather-soft. And it's almost too perfect.</p>
277	<p>"So what's our next move? Do we keep it classy? Or do we blast everyone's newsfeeds with kissing selfies?"</p> <p>"Probably the selfies," he says. "But just a couple dozen a day."</p> <p>..."Well, and every Monday for our first kiss."</p>
278	<p>Bram and I have English and algebra together, which basically amounts to two hours of staring longingly at his mouth and five hours of longingly imagining his mouth.</p>
279	<p>His hands fall to my waist, and he pulls me in closer. He's only a few inches taller than me, and he smells like Dove soap, and for someone whose kissing career began yesterday, he has seriously magical lips. Soft and sweet and lingering. He kisses like Elliott Smith sings.</p> <p>...Frank Ocean being gay.</p> <p>"Oh, and guess who was apparently bisexual," Bram says.</p> <p>"Who?"</p> <p>"Casanova."</p> <p>"Freaking Casanova?"</p> <p>..."You're telling me," I say, kissing his fist, "that your dad told you Casanova was bisexual."</p> <p>"It was his response to me coming out."</p> <p>"Your dad is amazing."</p>
288	<p>My parents and I marched in the Pride Parade this year, and he wasn't even there, and when I told him about it, he said, "Um, okay, cool," like maybe it was a bit much.</p>
298	<p>I'm riding back with Bram. It's too public to hold hands. This being Georgia.</p>
301	<p>"Huh," he says, nodding. And then I lean over and kiss him softly on the neck, just below his jaw. He turns to me and swallows.</p> <p>...He smiles. "Hi."</p> <p>And then I kiss him for real, and he kisses me back, and his hands fist my hair. And we're kissing like it's breathing. My stomach flutters wildly. And somehow we end up horizontal, his hands curved up around my back.</p> <p>"I like this," I say, and my voice comes out breathless. "We should do this. Every day."</p> <p>"Okay."</p> <p>..."Really, really. Why would I want to watch other people kissing," I say, "when I could be kissing you?"</p> <p>Which I guess he can't argue with, because he pulls me in closer and kisses me urgently. And suddenly, I'm hard, and I know he is, too. It's thrilling and strange and completely terrifying.</p> <p>...Specifically, her Every Time Including Oral rule. Because it only now occurs to me that the rule might apply to me. At some point. Eventually.</p> <p>I kiss him briefly on the lips.</p> <p>...Then I kiss him again quickly, and we both stand up and stretch. And then we each spend some time in the bathroom.</p>

Page	Content
309	Edgardo Menvielle, Cathy Tuerk, Shannon Wyss, and the many other clinicians and volunteers who change lives daily through the CNMC Gender and Sexuality program. Thanks for all that you do, and thanks for welcoming me with open arms. . . . and to the extraordinary LGBT and gender-nonconforming children and teens in my life (and your extraordinary families): you blow me away with your wisdom, humor, creativity, and courage. You probably already guessed this, but I wrote this book for you.
312	But I like basically everything except what we have to read in English class (a.k.a. old white guy shiterature).

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	41
Bitch	9
Dick	3
Faggot/Fag	3
Fuck	83
Goddamn	10
Piss	17
Shit	42