

READY PLAYER ONE



Adult

Book Summary:

A sci-fi story about a futuristic world-wide MMORPG and one young man's quest to solve its creator's final puzzle while fighting the corporate entity trying to stop

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities: violence; profanity/derogatory term; alternate sexualities; references to drug use; controversial racial, social, and religious commentary.

By Ernest Cline

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She had two full-time OASIS jobs, one as a telemarketer, the other as an escort in an online brothel. She used to make me wear earplugs at night so I wouldn't hear her in the next room, talking dirty to tricks in other time zones. But the earplugs didn't work very well, so I would watch old movies instead, with the volume turned way up.
"What happens when you die? Well, we're not completely sure. But the evidence seems to suggest that nothing happens. You're just dead, your brain stops working, and then you're not around to ask annoying questions anymore. Those stories you heard? About going to a wonderful place called 'heaven' where there is no more pain or death and you live forever in a state of perpetual happiness? Also total bullshit. Just like all that God stuff. There's no evidence of a heaven and there never was. We made that up too. Wishful thinking. So now you have to live the rest of your life knowing you're going to die someday and disappear forever. "Sorry." She was depressed all the time, and taking drugs seemed to be the only thing she truly enjoyed. Of course, they were what eventually killed her. When I was eleven years old, she shot a bad batch of something into her arm and died on our ratty fold-out sofa bed while listening to music on an old mp3 player I'd repaired and given to her the previous Christmas.
She was much easier to deal with when she was high.
Students weren't allowed to use their avatar names while they were at school. This was to prevent teachers from having to say ridiculous things like "Pimp_Grease, please pay attention!" or "BigWang69, would you stand up and give us your book report?"
"Yo, Z! What are you up to? Jerking off to Ladyhawke?"
Art3mis: No time for love, Dr. Jones. My cyber-porn addiction eats up most of my free time. And searching for the Jade Key takes up the rest. That's what I should be doing right now, in fact.
One night, she took me to see the Rocky Horror Picture Show in a huge stadium-sized movie theater on the planet Transsexual, where they held the most highly attended and longest-running weekly screening of the movie in the OASIS.
I looked like Plastic Man, if he were tripping out of his mind on LSD.
You could also purchase an ACHD (anatomically correct haptic doll), if you wanted to have more "intimate" encounters inside the OASIS. ACHDs came in male, female, and dual-sex models, and were available with a wide array of options. Realistic latex skin. Servomotor-driven endoskeletons. Simulated musculature. And all of the attendant appendages and orifices one would imagine. Driven by loneliness, curiosity, and raging teen hormones, I'd purchased a midrange ACHD, the Shaptic ÜberBetty, a few weeks after Art3mis stopped speaking to me. After spending several highly unproductive days inside a stand-alone brothel simulation called the Pleasuredome, I'd gotten rid of the doll, out of a combination of shame and self-preservation. I'd wasted thousands of credits, missed a whole week of work, and was on the verge of completely abandoning my quest for the egg when I confronted the grim realization that virtual sex, no matter how realistic, was really nothing but glorified, computer-assisted masturbation. At the end of the day, I was still a virgin, all alone in a dark room, humping a lubed-up robot. So I got rid of the ACHD and went back to spanking the monkey the old-fashioned way. I felt no shame about masturbating. Thanks to Anorak's Almanac, I now thought of it as a





Page	Content
	normal bodily function, as necessary and natural as sleeping or eating. AA 241: 87—I would argue that masturbation is the human animal's most important adaptation. The very cornerstone of our technological civilization. Our hands evolved to grip tools, all right—including our own. You see, thinkers, inventors, and scientists are usually geeks, and geeks have a harder time getting laid than anyone. Without the built-in sexual release valve provided by masturbation, it's doubtful that early humans would have ever mastered the secrets of fire or discovered the wheel. And you can bet that Galileo, Newton, and Einstein never would have made their discoveries if they hadn't first been able to clear their heads by slapping the salami (or "knocking a few protons off the old hydrogen atom"). The same goes for Marie Curie. Before she discovered radium, you can be certain she first discovered the little man in the canoe.
202	Nonstop foot fetish videos broadcast out of Eastern Europe. Amateur porn featuring deviant soccer moms in Minnesota.
287	Celebrity sex tapes.
320	In Marie's opinion, the OASIS was the best thing that had ever happened to both women and people of color. From the very start, Marie had used a white male avatar to conduct all of her online business, because of the marked difference it made in how she was treated and the opportunities she was given. When Aech first logged into the OASIS, she followed her mother's advice and created a Caucasian male avatar. "H" had been her mother's nickname for her since she was a baby, so she'd decided to use it as the name of her online persona. A few years later, when she started attending school online, her mother lied about her daughter's race and gender on the application. Aech was required to provide a photo for her school profile, so she'd submitted a photorealistic rendering of her male avatar's face, which she'd modeled after her own features. That was the day Aech had finally come out to her mother about her sexuality. At first, her mother refused to believe she was gay.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	39
Bitch	6
Cock	10
Dick	1
Fag	1
Goddamn	5
Prick	2
Pussy	2
Shit	40