

# Neobičan događaj sa psom u noć

Written by Mark Haddon

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NeobiÄ• an dogaÄ'aj sa psom u noÄ†i

# NeobiÄ• an dogaÄ'aj sa psom u noÄ†i

By Mark Haddon

## NeobiÄ• an DogaÄ'aj Sa Psom U NoÄ†i

Kristofer DÄ¼on Frensis Bun zna imena svih zemalja na svetu i njihovih glavnih gradova kao i sve proste brojeve do 7057. OdliÄ• no se slaÄ¼e sa Ä¼ivotinjama ali ne razume ljudske emocije. Ne trpi da ga dodiruju. I mrzi Ä¼utu boju.

## NeobiÄ• an DogaÄ'aj Sa Psom U NoÄži Pdf

Jedne noÄži komÄjina zatiÄ• e Kristofera pored svoje pudlice probodene vilama. PoÄito je proveo noÄž u pritvoru Kristofer odluÄ• uje da, uprkos upozorenjima oca i drugih suseda, otkrije ko je ubio psa. Tok svoje istrage i otkriÄža do kojih dolazi Kristofer beleÄži stvarajuÄži knjigu punu Ä• udnih ilustracija u kojoj je broj svakog poglavlja prost broj. Tako nastaje NeobiÄ• an dogaÄ'aj sa psom u noÄži.

The Prime Reasons Why I Enjoyed Mark Haddon's The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time:

2. Death broken down into its molecular importance.

3. Clouds, with chimneys and aerials impressed upon them, and their potential as alien space crafts.

5. Black Days and Yellow cars.

7. Red food coloring for Indian cuisine.

11. Christopher's reasons for loving The Hound of the Baskervilles and disdaining Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

13. White lies.

17. The patience of Siobhan

19. Fatherâ€™s frustration, and Father The Prime Reasons Why I Enjoyed Mark Haddon's The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time:

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11. Christopher's reasons for loving The Hound of the Baskervilles and disdaining Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

13. White lies.

17. The patience of Siobhan

19. Father's frustration, and Father's love.

23. I reasoned that....

29. Metaphors are lies and similes are not.

31. The intimacy of fanning out the fingers and pressing the hand of another.

37. Christopher punches a policeman and later decides he doesn't like policeman much after all.

41. My empathy for Father's pain.

43. Mystification through demystification.

47. Father admitting one of his crimes before he was caught.

53. Did I mention Christopher?

59. A Level Maths.

61. The London Underground as a scary, thrilling adventure.

67. Toby the rat.

71. Wellington forked.

73. The book has yet to be discovered by Oprah.

79. Behavioral Problems

83. Maps

89. Prime numbers = Prime chapters

97. That every day life, if seen from a certain perspective, can provide the conflict for a compelling novel.

...more

## Neobican Dogadjaj Sa Psom

Absolute garbage. Easily the worst book I've read in 2008, and certainly a contender for Worst Book I've Ever Read. This crap won the prestigious Whitbread Book of the Year honors, and while I have absolutely no idea what that entails, I firmly support both the eradication of this farcical award and the crucifixion of anyone on the selection committee that nominated this stinking smegma.

I'd seen this book prominently featured at many shops (mayhap Oprah was currently endorsing it as worthy fare). Absolute garbage. Easily the worst book I've read in 2008, and certainly a contender for Worst Book I've Ever Read. This crap won the prestigious Whitbread Book of the Year honors, and while I have absolutely no idea what that entails, I firmly support both the eradication of this farcical award and the crucifixion of anyone on the selection committee that nominated this stinking smegma.

I'd seen this book prominently featured at many shops (mayhap Oprah was currently endorsing it as worthy fare), so when I saw a copy at a resale shop for a few cents, I figured some poor sucker out there somehow managed to prove they know less about the value of a dollar than I do. This was both slick and sweet, even if the book blew, I could probably unload it on ebay and manage to actually make some money out of the deal. In that circumstance I'd place my first call home in 2008; my folks would be so proud to see my enterprising nature finally surface.

I will not be selling this book, as my conscience won't let me dupe someone quite that badly. I will instead be using it as kindling for the next bonfire I start while camping. This would be fitting, seeing as I read it while camping over Memorial Day weekend, and I would have rightfully disposed of this in the fire at that time, except I wasn't completely finished suffering through it until the drive home. Also, I had nothing else to read. I can say that this book taught me one thing; I solemnly vow only to bring a book I enjoy while secluded from the outside world from this day forth. This is about the third time I've gone camping and brought some utter crap along, only to wish I had anything else, hell, I'd have started reading the damn bible if it meant forsaking "The Curious Incident."

Much less, during this ill-fated camping trip, the Midwest was being absolutely hammered with inclement weather of all sorts. TORNADOS were tearing the ass out of Iowa, both Wisconsin and Illinois were flooding to the point that if I actually had been reading the bible I'd have contemplated the construction of an ark, Michigan was being devastated by "ball-lightning" and thunderstorms aplenty, and Indiana, well, Indiana sucks no matter what the weather is, even if beset by an event similar to that legendary whack shit in Tunguska it could only serve to make the place slightly more interesting to inhabit.

Rather comically, the campground had a good number of "seasonal" campers (aka total hicks) that were just chilling in their trailers, sporting mullets and getting all stoked to some Kid Rock. While hail pummeled the area, t-storms unleashed an epic deluge, and tornados were spotted touching down

and killing people, the hicks took all this in perfect stride. "Git r done! Git on â€~ere!" they hooted merrily, apparently oblivious to the fact that their lives were potentially in jeopardy. In these conditions not a single one bothered to put on a shirt, seemed completely content to sit on their cooler and polish off their 12-pack of Coors, and didnâ€™t mind their inbred, unkempt kids running around barefoot and sopping wet, certain to die of pneumonia should god decide (for some unfathomable reason) not to reclaim their souls with his twister. The women, predominantly pregnant, were also unfazed, brazenly ignoring the reports of nearby boy scouts getting killed and also gleefully chugging Coors, which Iâ€™m sure will only assist in assuring that the next generation of scruffy bastards hailing from Elkâ€™s Ass, Illinois to be just as pitiful as their progenitors.

¶In order to blend in with the natives, I peeled off my top, kicked off my shoes, scratched my nuts generously before picking my nose, and continued drinking, acting as nonchalant as possible in 90 mph winds while getting pulverized with all forms of precipitation. For some reason I was still regarded with suspicion by the locals, and it wasnâ€™t until later that I realized that the clue that tipped them off that I wasnâ€™t one of their ilk was the act of reading. I wonder, when they embrace this uppity act of reading themselves will they begin noticing the surgeon generalâ€™s warnings that smoking and guzzling hooch shouldnâ€™t be the norm for the preppers in their clan? Thatâ€™s not really my problem, but I'll remain slightly concerned as these freaks only live about a hundred miles away.

¶As a bonus for anyone sticking it out this far in eager anticipation of something which might resemble rationale for why "The Curious Incident" sucked so bad (in my estimation), I shall now present it. I'd also like to note that the uncomfortable expectation of being leveled by a tornado is about five hundred times more enjoyable than this book.

Thus begins the part of the review that I'm assuming will prompt the parents of autistic people worldwide to recommend I go fuck myself, to which I'll just let them know right now that if I could, I wouldnâ€™t be dicking around on goodreads. If my simple-minded slander is going to bother you, go find something more worthwhile to do.

¶First, by page twenty-five I was just sick of the all the words in bold and all the diagrams and illustrations. Yes, I understand that the story is told from the point of view of an autistic kid, it would be damned hard not to grasp that, but was it really necessary? Is this supposed to be representative of how autistic people think? Who the hell knows, but I personally found it annoying.

¶

¶Secondly, I was also bothered by little Christopher rambling on and on about Super Good Days and Black Days and his favorite colors. I didnâ€™t like him rapping about his skills at Minesweeper and "doing maths" and his proficiency at "groaning". I will give the author kudos that the story was every bit as demanding as dealing with someone with autism, laying belly-down on the floor like a lowly reptile and groaning after seeing a brown paper bag. "Great, you donâ€™t like brown since shit happens to be brown-hued, letâ€™s move on...Seriously....No, seriously. Dude, I'm not kidding anymore, I get it, you're not telling me anything new here....Ok, last time, bro, you say it one more time I swear I'll kick you in the eye." If I can collectively congratulate society on one decision in the

past decade, it would have to be their refusal to allow me to teach "special education"™. True, I haven't applied for that unsavory post, but I'm sure anyone could realize that the result would be messier than providing a cage of chimps with ready-made shitballs.

□ Lastly, this autistic kid is walking around with a knife throughout the book and ceaselessly contemplating shanking strangers with it. This (honestly) just absolutely offends me. I'll make a fair trade; if I can't drive drunk, autistic people shouldn't be allowed possession of a knife (or anything more lethal than a wiffle-ball bat). I'm not about to start segregating the results of stupid people liable to make a stupid decision ruining someone else's livelihood into degrees of malicious intent.

□ Anyway, little Christopher is writing a "mystery" story at the behest of his teacher, and the recent murder of his neighbor's dog, Wellington, seems like a good enigma to solve. This whole mystery is solved quickly and rather lamely within the story, which is fittingly moronic considering the whole work. From there, Christopher goes on a quest to find his mother, whom he believed deceased, which is absolute crap. This kid's presence begins to screw up her life, her new lover's life, and eventually sprawls out to ruin his father's life, and yes, my life too. It even managed to ruin my girlfriend's life, as I took my frustrations out by grudge-fucking her to a Helmet album on the rocky and inundated soil of the campsite. In the end, his parents make the haughty decision to try making this kid's life fulfilling once again. Christ. A happy ending to this drek was genuinely soul-destroying.

□ I'd have preferred something darker; an historical account of an autistic person prior to the recent mollycoddling. It seems like all I hear about these days are autistic kids, and I wonder why history isn't choc full of anecdotal tales of their presence, where did they all come from? I can only speculate that prior to 1850, once a child displayed the symptoms of autism they were unceremoniously dragged to the nearest river and drowned, or smothered with hay. A story like that would be solid.

Imagine this, caveman Thok is hella hungry, and there's Oog, banging his head on the wall groaning, per usual. Thok comes home with one-slain-gazelle-a-week for the tribe, and Oog's only contribution is a lot of noise and gibberish, and an appreciable skill of identifying prime numbers, which haven't been conceptualized and aren't worth much of a damn. But, today, Oog still has a hunk of some unlucky critter's hindquarters left over from their recent feast, just laying there looking to be devoured. Pick your own ending of this tragic tale: A) Thok steals the meat and Oog continues groaning, even louder and more gratingly now that he's hungry. B) Thok finds the nearest sizable stone and bludgeons Oog to death, resulting in an immediately full belly for the hearty hunter and about 85 edible pounds of meat for future consumption should the herd they are stalking decide to take to the hills. C) Thok befriends Oog, begins teaching him the tribe's language, and Oog eventually ascends to the position of Grand Pooba of the clan, inventing the wheel, harnessing the power of fire, and pushing the frontiers of rocketry to levels still unachieved through his mathematical genius (usually accompanied by groaning).

□ Anyone reading this should be subjected to someone groaning in close proximity until they stop. Then

they can tell me how cool that shit is.

...more

This review has been hidden because it contains spoilers. To view it, [click here](#).

This book I read in a day. I was in a Chapters bookstore in Toronto (that's like Barnes and Noble to the Americans in the crowd) and anyway I was just browsing around, trying to kill time. When suddenly I saw this nice display of red books with an upturned dog on the cover. Attracted as always to bright colours and odd shapes, I picked it up. It's only about 250 pages or so. I read the back cover and was intrigued. I flipped through the pages and noticed that it had over One Million chapters. I This book I read in a day. I was in a Chapters bookstore in Toronto (that's like Barnes and Noble to the Americans in the crowd) and anyway I was just browsing around, trying to kill time. When suddenly I saw this nice display of red books with an upturned dog on the cover. Attracted as always to bright colours and odd shapes, I picked it up. It's only about 250 pages or so. I read the back cover and was intrigued. I flipped through the pages and noticed that it had over One Million chapters. I was doubly intrigued.

So I walked over to the far wall of the bookstore to sit and begin to read a few pages. I always do this to ensure that I don't waste what little money I have on a book possessing nothing more than a flashy cover. (I do the same at the cinema - if I don't like the first 20 minutes, I get a refund. Restaurants, too: if I don't like the first ten bites, I walk out on the bill).

This is a book written by a Child Developmental Psychologist - I think that's the right term... - anyway, a doctor who works with mentally or physically challenged youngsters. The novel itself is a first person tale written by a high-functioning, mentally challenged boy in England who wakes up one morning to find his neighbor's dog dead on his lawn. The boy's teacher suggests he should write about the incident, which he eagerly sets out to do. So we have his first "novel", "The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time". He plays Inspector and tries to solve the mystery as Sherlock Holmes would do...

Of course, if he's going to write a book, that means he can take control. He hates the way other books have chapter numbers that increase sequentially (1,2,3). He prefers prime numbers and will number his chapters in sequential primes - hence, by the end of the book, you're reading chapter 123,314,124 or whatever (I ain't no math guy ;)

Now then, he also writes about other things in his life and through his perspective you get some tear-jerking moments of true, unobstructed humanity: the way his parents broke up because of his state, how he has all these dreams about being someone great and going to a top college, even though you know that his situation will never really allow it.

Anyway. I read this book cover to cover sitting on the floor of that Chapters bookstore. By the end of it I was absolutely bawling my eyes out. Never cried so much in my life. In fact, as I type this and think back on that story, I'm dripping on my keyboard (and I'm at my office!). However - these are tears of joy. The boy does it. He can do anything. It's the most uplifting book I've ever read.

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I highly recommend this book to anyone who feels anything deep down inside. ...more

## Neobican Dogadjaj Sastav

pooÆf ÊŽÉ¹Ç• Êœ Ê†ou puÉ• ÊŽÊŽÉ"Ä±É¯É¯Ä±Æf ÊŽÉ¹Ç• Êœ sÄ± Êžooq sÄ±É¥Ê†

if you want to read an excellent book about autism in a young person, read marcelo in the real world. this book is like hilary swank - you can tell it is trying really hard to win all the awards but it has no heart inside. and yet everyone eats it up. COME ON!!

no one likes gimmicks.

come to my blog!

### Coping With Conscience

My 34 year old daughter is severely autistic, and has been since she was seven. No one knows why and the condition has never varied in its intensity. So she is stuck in time. She knows this and vaguely resents it somewhat but gets on with things as best she can.

Each case of autism is probably unique. My daughter has no facility with numbers or memory but she does with space. As far as I can tell any enclosed space appears to her as a kind of filing system which she can decipher almost instantly. When she was twelve I brought her into a cavernous Virgin megastore to get a particular CD. She had never been in the place before, but after standing in the doorway for three or four seconds, she walked immediately to the correct aisle and bin and picked out the desired CD without any hesitation.

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I have a theory, probably rubbish, that autistic people perceive the world as it actually is or, more precisely, within strictly limited categories that might be called "natural"™, somewhat in the vein of Kantian transcendentals - space, time, numbers, etc. Most, like my daughter and Christopher, the protagonist of *The Curious Incident*, have no facility with purely linguistic manipulation - metaphor, lying, irony, jokes, complex allusion, actually fiction of any sort. The world is not just literal, it exists in a way that ensures words are always subservient to things and without imagination that it could be any other way.

In my experience autistic people tend to become upset when non-autistic people attempt to reverse the priority by making things subservient to words. This makes the autistic person confused, anxious, and often angry. They appear resentful that such liberties can be taken with what is so obviously reality. In effect, the autistic life is devoted to truth as what is actually "there", stripped of all emotional, figurative, and cultural content.

This makes autistic people often difficult to live with. They insist and they persist about things which appear trivial to others. They nag and needle until they obtain recognition. In those areas that interest them, they are capable of splitting the finest hairs to avoid abandoning their perceptions of the world. They may on occasion conform in order to gain a point but they never really give in. They are stalwart in being, simply, themselves. Adaptation occurs elsewhere, not in them.

It is, therefore, probably impossible for non-autistic people to live without tension among autistic people. The latter are maddening in the solidity of their selves. They are, in a sense, elemental, for all we know formed in the intense energy of a star in some distant galaxy. Fortunately, the fact that most of us cannot understand their elemental force is not something that worries them very much. Their emotional reactions may be intense but these attenuate rapidly, leaving little damaging residue.

Ultimately, perhaps, autistic people are the conscience of the world. And conscience is always troublesome, not because it threatens to judge but because it reveals. ...more

## Neobican Dogadjaj Sastav Iz Srpskog

This is the most disassociating book I've ever read. Try to read it all in one sitting -- it will totally fuck with your head and make you forget how to be normal.

Here's what I liked about this book:

1. I found Christopher, with all his many quirks, to be sweet and rather endearing.
2. I thought it was a creative idea to write a book from the point of view of a boy with Asperger syndrome. This is difficult to pull off, but the author does it well.
3. I enjoyed Christopher's musings about life and the way in which he sees it.
4. I love making lists.

Here's what I didn't like about this book:

1. It wasn't really a mystery and I found some of it to be a bit predic Here's what I liked about this book:
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  3. I enjoyed Christopher's musings about life and the way in which he sees it.
  4. I love making lists.

Here's what I didn't like about this book:

1. It wasn't really a mystery and I found some of it to be a bit predictable (I guessed who killed Wellington long before it was revealed).
2. The first half is better than the second half.
3. As much as I love making lists (see above), the list thing got the slightest bit annoying after awhile.

Overall, a poignant story about a young, brave autistic boy trying to make sense of and find his place in this very complicated world. Worth the read.

...more

## Neobican Doziviljaj Sastav

### Overview

First person tale of Christopher, a fifteen-year-old with Asperger's Syndrome or high-functioning autism, and a talent for maths, who writes a book (this one - sort of - very post modern) about his investigations of the murder of a neighbour's dog. He loves Sherlock Holmes and is amazingly observant of tiny details, but his lack of insight into other people's emotional lives hampers his investigation.

Nevertheless, he has to overcome some of his deepest habits and fears, and he also unco Overview  
First person tale of Christopher, a fifteen-year-old with Asperger's Syndrome or high-functioning autism, and a talent for maths, who writes a book (this one - sort of - very post modern) about his investigations of the murder of a neighbour's dog. He loves Sherlock Holmes and is amazingly observant of tiny details, but his lack of insight into other people's emotional lives hampers his investigation. Nevertheless, he has to overcome some of his deepest habits and fears, and he also uncovers some unexpected secrets.

It is primarily a YA book, but there is more than enough to it to make it a worthwhile adult read as well.

### Prime Chapters and Structural Quirks

The structure of the book (chapter numbers are all primes; inclusion of maths puzzles and diagrams) and narrative style (attention to detail, excessive logic, avoidance of metaphor) reflect Christopher's mindset and way of viewing life. It is peppered with snippets of maths and explanations of his condition: how it affects him, and what coping strategies he adopts. The effect is plausibly stilted and occasionally breathless, which is reminiscent of people I know who are on the autistic spectrum and tallies with my limited reading about the condition. (Note that neither autism nor Asperger's is mentioned by name in the book, although in my first edition, neurologist Oliver Sacks does mention it in a quote on the front cover.)

### Honest but Unreliable Narrator?

Christopher's condition makes him very literal - something he is aware of. He can analyse a joke, but still not "get" it. Truth is paramount, so he hates situations where he can't tell the truth (e.g. for politeness) and indeed the fact that "everything you tell is a white lie" because you can never give a fully comprehensive answer to anything. He also hates metaphors (even "the word metaphor is a metaphor", meaning "carrying something from one place to another"), but he doesn't mind similes because they are not untrue. Christopher's feelings about metaphors are highly pertinent to a very different book, China Mieville's wonderful "Embassytown" (<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>), which is about how minds shape language and how language shapes minds, and focuses on the relationship between similes, truth and lies.

Many novels are about uncovering what is true, but Christopher's quest takes the idea to a deeper level, and even though we know this narrator is almost pathologically truthful, his condition means his observations sometimes miss the real truth of a situation.

There is plenty of humour, and it usually arises from Christopher's naive misunderstandings of situations and the conflict between his lack of embarrassment and desire to be unnoticed by unfamiliar people.

### Logic and Truth

Christopher loves maths because it is safe, straightforward and has a definite answer, unlike life. He's also good at explaining some aspects, ending an explanation of calculating primes with "Prime numbers are what is left when you have taken all the patterns away".

His apparent deviations from logic are justified with ingenious logic. For example, having favourite and hated colours reduces choice and thus stress, counteracting the effect of his inability to filter or prioritise: he notices (and remembers) every detail of everything, and can rewind it at will, whereas other people's brains are filled with imaginary stuff. He is a little like his hero Sherlock Holmes, who is quoted saying "The world is full of obvious things which nobody by any chance observes". Similarly, defining a good or bad day on the basis of how many red or yellow cars is no more illogical than an office-bound person's mood being dictated by the weather.

All of this means animals are a better bet than humans: "I like dogs. You always know what a dog is thinking - it has four moods. Happy, sad, cross and concentrating. Also, dogs are faithful and they do not tell lies because they cannot talk". People are more of a mystery: when having a conversation, people look at him to understand what he's thinking, but Christopher can't do likewise. For him "it's like being in a room with a one-way mirror in a spy film". Love is even more unfathomable: "Loving someone is helping them when they get into trouble, and looking after them, and telling them the truth, and Father [does lots of things for me]... which means that he loves me".

### Comparisons

I reread this during a rather stressful journey, including the passages when Christopher is making a stressful journey. It helped me empathise with him - to the extent that it exacerbated my own stress!

It's worth comparing this with Iris Murdoch's *The Word Child*

(<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>), whose main character has tacit Asperger's tendencies, and *The Housekeeper and the Professor* (<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>), which is also about finding number patterns in everyday life, and involves a protagonist whose brain does not work like other people's. ...more

I'm not sure what I was expecting but it wasn't this book. I couldn't decide to give 3 or 4 stars so I'm going with 3 because I liked it and 3 is my mid point ðŸ˜Š

I loved the lay-out of the book and the little pictures. I must admit the maths went right over my head!!!

I love that Christopher went on a hunt for the evil killer. I wanted that killer to be forked too!!!

Overall, it's a good quick read. I finished before bed last night.

Happy Reading!

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## Jedan Neobican Dogadjaj Sastav

2nd Read | October 2018

Ok wow it's been 5 years since I read this and I wanted to reread desperately! I also heard it was actually problematic with the autism rep and at the time of reading I...had no idea of anything about autism...orrrrr that I was actually autistic myself. The things YOU FIND OUT LATER. \\_(ã f,,)\_/ So hello, dear reread, time to be critical.

I still love it! I don't think the autism rep is perfect, but I don't think it's terrible either?! I know it's all pitched as asperger's synd 2nd Read | October 2018

Ok wow it's been 5 years since I read this and I wanted to reread desperately! I also heard it was actually problematic with the autism rep and at the time of reading I...had no idea of anything about autism...orrrrr that I was actually autistic myself. The things YOU FIND OUT LATER. Ā\\_(ã f,,)\_Ā So hello, dear reread, time to be critical.

I still love it! I don't think the autism rep is perfect, but I don't think it's terrible either?! I know it's all pitched as asperger's syndrome (which isn't a diagnosis anymore) but Christopher actually reads as someone who is a low-functioning autistic. (I don't like saying "low vs high" functioning, but just using that term for sake of being clear.) It's actually important to not just talk about the autistics who "pass" in society. The sensory overload scenes were intensely right, and it talked about some of the lesser discussed symptoms of autism. For instance, (I forget the technical term) but struggling to realise people don't think/see what you do. It did go light on the stimming, but it was there!

My biggest issues with the rep were: (1) the inconsistencies with his skills, (2) that Christopher is, again, the typical white/straight/sort-of-savant-mathematical autism stereotype đŸ~', and (3) that it pretty clearly leaned towards the "oh autistic people don't have empathy" which is WRONG. We just show it differently.

But I love that it didn't end up with Christopher getting "better" or stopping doing anything autistic. THANK YOU. He is still Christopher and autistic by the end...but it's working on fixing his family situation.

(And like it frikkin' sucked how Christopher looked down on the other disabled kids in his class.)

I also sort of found the math parts + the wild detours to talk in intricate detail about a road sign really annoying. IDK. Maybe just me? It fit with Christopher I guess, but I also felt it was just a stereotypical way of viewing autism.

ANYWAY. I still loved Christopher and his anxiety was palpable on page. His family is hella messed up and seeing it from his unreliable perspective was cleverly done, but also heartbreaking. The ending

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seemed a bit of a random land in a pile of sludge though?? It felt so anticlimatic?! But I read this all in one evening and I LOVE reading books fast. It's a good book, Brent.

(Although I admit I'm lowering it to 4 stars from 5. Shhh.)

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1st Read | July 2013

Despite the title being a regular mouthful (try saying THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME five times fast), this is a seriously good book. It doesn't tell a story – it brings YOU into the story. That's what I look for in a book.

Christopher Boone is a mathematical and scientific genius. He also has Asperger's Syndrome, which can turn complicated mathematics into simple games, but also turn simple things (like colours, or being touched) into complicated horrors. What I loved about this book was: Christopher. (Kind of obvious, I guess, but bear with me.) We don't just read Christopher's world: we SEE it. I take my hat off to the author, because it's not easy to write a book like this, PLUS make the reader empathize with everyone, PLUS write an unforgettable story, PLUS kill a dog, PLUS solve a mystery, PLUS leave it with such an unfinished ending that I am sitting here writing a review and gnashing my teeth from the combination of sheer awesomeness and feelings of unsatisfactory sadness. (Yes, that was a 69-word sentence. You're welcome.)

I couldn't put this book down. Literally! I read it in a few hours flat. As the story unraveled, I felt sad and happy and worried and sad (yes, unfeeling reviewer that I am, I DO have feelings. Proof is here). Don't be fooled. The mystery of who-killed-the-neighbour's-dog is only a fraction of the story. And the book ends in tears and – but no spoilers.

The style fits Christopher's voice to perfection. Depending on his feelings, the sentences range in length, the narrative becomes clear or lumpy, and the chapters change degrees of intensity. Every couple of chapter, the topic seems to run off – on some spree of mathematical genius. Yes, I confess to being lost on those chapters. I confess that a lot of the extra facts and random notes about the scientific thoughts of space didn't capture me personally. But it added to the story! It fit. It worked. It was fabulous. And anyone who gets me saying math is amazing and deserves an award.

I also like the fact it was set in England. Just sayin'.

The book breaks writing rules. Being a writer myself, I appreciate the rules of – show, don't tell – and – don't use passive words like ~was~. This book (excuse me for not writing out the title again) breaks a LOT of rules. Most of it is plain narrative. The writing gets passive because of that. Do I mind? No. If you're going to break the rules, do it perfectly, and I'll have no qualms.

THE CURIOUS (you get the idea) broke all the rules and. i. love. it. for. that.

It's blunt. It's gritty. It's painful. Several times I wanted to bawl into pages (but I didn't, because I wouldn't want to wreck the book). It touched my bookish soul. Now I know who killed the dog. Do you want to know? ...more

The concept is interesting: narrating the novel through the POV of an autistic boy. The chapters are cleverly numbered by prime numbers, which ties in with the novel. It has interesting illustrations and diagrams to look at. However, I would not recommend this because it disappointed me and I couldn't, in good conscience, tell anyone to read a book I was disappointed in.

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I guess my disappointment lies in the fact that not only did my book club tout this as a mystery novel but also many of the literary reviews I read as well. What I was expecting was an exciting roller coaster ride mystery about an autistic boy trying to find the killer of his neighbor's dog and, as he slowly sleuths out the killer, finds himself embroiled in dangerous life threatening situations. Kind of like Tarrt's The Little Friend told from an autistic POV.

However, The Curious Incident... is not a mystery in any way, shape or form and because of this, the autistic POV begins to wear thin by the second half of the novel remaining sometimes fascinating yet sometimes tedious. Instead, you get a novel that starts off as a promising murder mystery. At the first half of the novel, the mystery is solved. Or rather we're unceremoniously told who is the murderer of the dog. From that point, the second half of the novel hugely focuses on Christopher attempting to travel to London by himself. A difficult task considering Christopher is autistic, hates crowds and can't stand to be touched by people. I won't tell who the murderer is or why Christopher takes off to London, as these are the only two real surprises of the novel. I will say overall this was a huge disappointment to me. I thought I was getting an exciting murder mystery and instead I got a highly readable family melodrama. Perhaps if this was not pushed as a murder mystery I would have enjoyed it much more.

An interesting read but I wouldn't recommend it.

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