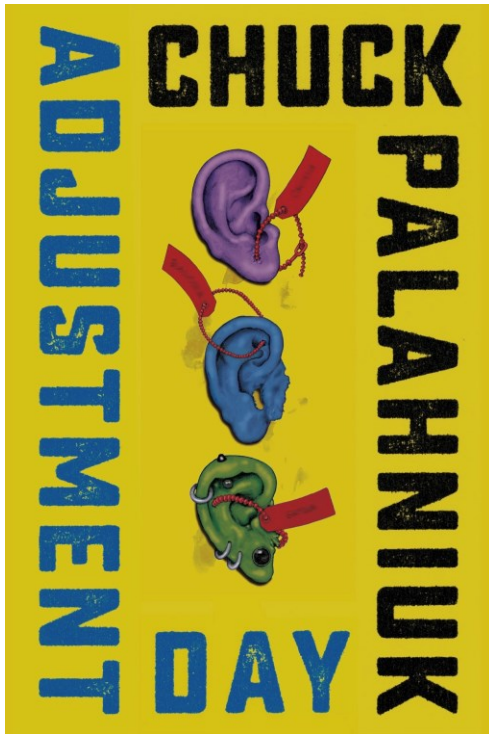


ADJUSTMENT DAY



Book Summary:

A revolution in the United States brings about the destructive nature of a Disunited States.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; explicit violence; profanity/derogatory terms; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; references to racism; alcohol and drug use; controversial religious, cultural, and historical commentary; references to suicide; and animal cruelty.

Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	This kid, his arms hang straight while he's hyperactive from the waist down, like he's in Riverdance, or like he's doing porn, the same way a porn star keeps that camera-side arm slack, pulled back, paralyzed, while his hips buck, like that one arm is attempting to flee the scene in understandable humiliation.
5	The time Walter did bath salts and tried to eat his hand, it was Nick who had to take him to Emergency. Or worse, when he tried to drill that hot Satanist.
6	Nick's fingers feel among the bedsheets until they come across something round. A ten milligram Flexeril by the size of it. By reflex he brings it to his mouth without looking and chews it without water. If this phone call is a drug deal, Nick frets he might get dragged into it.
7	Before anybody can answer or even raise a hand, he gets revved up about how ancient shepherds cropped the ears of their puppies. To prevent infections. To prevent wolves from taking hold during fights. Shepherds used the same scissors they sheared their sheep with. They grilled the snipped bits, cooked them up and fed them to the same dogs to make them fierce, no shit.
9	She was accustomed to college boys trailing her through the halls between classes, eye-raping her French vanilla curves, ear-raping her with their shouts of, "Let's mount Shasta!" These rambunctious douche bags shouting, "How'd you like to summit Shasta?" They'd pull at her dreads and shout, "Shasta, let me get below your tree line!" ...But when she looked it was a burner type whose breath smelled like a torched party bowl of cheap kush. He lunged at her, his tongue out and lips pursed, trying to steal a kiss.
11	Only the first-born male would inherit family assets. Female children expected little at the time. But extra male children craved status, power, recognition, and social position. It was this surge of young men who called themselves secundones—in English, "secondaries." It was these men who spilled into the New World with Christopher Columbus's second expedition and became the legions of conquistadores who enslaved and pillaged the innocent Maya and Aztecs.
12	As if in league with Brolly, Ms. Pettigrove, who taught Generalities of Gender, lectured that every conflict that culls the male populous increases the social value of men. In turn, this catalyzes a rebirth of the patriarchy. With fewer men to choose from, women go boy crazy and toe the line for anything wearing pants. It didn't take much brain power to realize why the male student body at the University of Oregon strutted about, brash and loud, but secretly terrified. ...In Miss Lanahan's class, Biology of Animal Dynamics, she showed them a video about animal rights filmed by PETA or somebody. It showed a poultry farm where super-cute, newly hatched chicks were checked for their gender. The baby hens were placed under warming lamps and given food and water. The baby roosters, they got dropped down a dark chute. They piled up in a Dumpster, so deep they formed a fluffy, seething mass, each chick struggling to stay alive. A forklift carried the Dumpster into a barren farm field and poured it out. There, the male chicks, alive and dead alike, were plowed under as organic fertilizer. The young men in the class had howled with laughter as the teeming, peeping flood of Easter cuties spilled from the Dumpster. The tiny yellow balls of fluff stumbled, terrified and cold, across the bare dirt. In a twinkling, giant tractor tires and thrashing farm machinery pulverized every adorable new life.

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13	<p>These loudmouthed jocks and stoners and nerds, they were dead men walking. As soon as the declaration of war was ratified it was so long male Millennials, hello newly robust patriarchy.</p> <p>The boys who trailed the hallways behind Shasta, trying to snap her bra straps and peppering her with sexually suggestive invectives, they were all registered for military service. Most of them would be shipped off to be bullet-raped by enemy combatants.</p>
21	<p>For a time, American officials had kept the lid on this human powder keg by dosing the boys with Ritalin. After that, peace came in the form of endless online gaming and pornography—all covertly supplied by government contractors.</p>
24	<p>The whole time Frankie’s dad super-soakered the school walls, he yelled stuff like, “Eat it, cultural Marxism!” And, “Get fucked, vibrant ethnic diversity!”</p>
27	<p>The thing about Shasta is the taste of her mouth. In his experience a girl can be beautiful with all the tits in the world, long legs and a button nose, but a bad-tasting mouth makes her only as good as porn. Shasta, the inside of her mouth reminds him of high-fructose corn syrup, like soaking Maraschino cherries stewed with red #5 and gelatin until her tongue has the mouth-feel of a Hostess fruit pie flaking sugar like a baby snake shedding its sweet, dead, sweet skin. Until every French kiss is him deep-throating a semi-molten, sugar-coated snake, like a little garter snake or a garden variety brown boa. Like Walter’s mouth is locked overnight in a delicious combination reptile house and Danish pastry shop.</p>
28	<p>Sex is sex, but sex plus danger is great. The looming threat of being serial killed or getting jail time will bring down her juices faster than green M& M’s. The both of them a tangled knot, he’ll go at it until they’re half dead. They’ll christen every room.</p>
29	<p>Before here and now, she’s only known him as some baked chode. A hammered nobody who can only afford ditch weed shake full of seeds and stems.</p> <p>...After they make love on a bearskin rug and throw the goopy condom into a roaring fire in a stone fireplace under a crystal chandelier, after they drink stolen wine and she washes the glasses and puts everything back, then he’ll locate another safe.</p> <p>...As a sign of her newfound awe and respect, she starts referring to his junk as the Penis de Milo.</p>
30	<p>He’s neither a tit man nor a leg man so she’s his physical ideal, stretched out on a deckchair, sucking down Durban Poison until her skin burns the color of deep dish chili cheese Pepperoni Stix.</p> <p>...In a waterfront villa, they’ll be making love. In a canopy bed beside big windows that look out on the ocean under a full moon. Not a minute after they’ve taken each other to Heaven and back, the bedroom doors will burst open.</p> <p>...Keeping his hands in the air, his pecker still stuck out so hard it shines, still waving the filled condom like a little white flag, he’ll cross the room to an elegant antique French desk.</p>
33	<p>For this man, the act of fire setting is sexual in nature . . .”</p> <p>...The doctor continued, “For the pyrophiliac, the act of spraying liquid accelerant equates to expressing his sexual ejaculate in a symbolic degrading rape of the structure . . .”</p> <p>Collapsing fire and sex meant ratings gold, but Tweed worried that the doctor’s language was too highbrow.</p> <p>...“Self-isolating men. Right-wing adherents poisoned by the toxic masculinity of the so-</p>

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	<p>called Men Going Their Own Way movement. These are your culprits.” ...“That having men around is just too high a price to pay for sperm?” ...“For generations popular culture has been promoting the idea that all men will eventually attain high-status positions in society. Globally, today’s young males have been raised to feel entitled to power and admiration as a birthright.”</p>
41	<p>It was white except for under the arms and had the words “Parlor Pinko” printed on the front in red. It meant he was a fag, people said. The patch was Fentanyl. Other days he wore “Limousine Liberal” or “Champagne Socialist.” Every kid at the University of Oregon could recognize a Fentanyl patch or a Percocet seen from outer space.</p>
47	<p>It displayed every one of his marijuana-stained teeth. ...When Jamal and Keishaun looked at him with blank expressions, he bellowed, “If you two had read your Lewis Hyde and Victor Turner—instead of smoking bath salts and playing Pokémon Go—you’d know of what I speak!”</p>
52	<p>He yanked up the hem of the dead man’s T-shirt to expose an adhesive patch on the skin beneath. Peeling off the patch and slapping it onto the side of his own neck, he savored the instant rush of Fentanyl.</p>
54	<p>Walking the streets of New York City, he’d pulled up some porn on his phone. Just still images to peruse until his ’nads filled up. Just so the blood went down to his junk, and he was thinking with the fearless brains below his waist. A hard dick was never scared. Porn did to him what spinach did to Popeye or rage did to the Incredible Hulk. Putting him in a state where he could Where’s Waldo the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and never find God because the butts of all the angels are so infinitely fuckable. Porn made of Walter a ruthless wolf pack of one. On his phone he’d Googled: Ted Bundy Wayne Williams Dean Corll Richard Ramirez Angelo Buono David Berkowitz Toe the line. ...He can ship out to some combat zone and get bayonet-raped.</p>
56	<p>To date he’d believed in democracy and Manifest Destiny. He’d believed in capitalism and moral relativity and Social Marxism. If he could put his faith in them, he could believe in anything. Maybe believing in those ridiculous abstractions was an exercise in believing, period. ...The Walter that watching porn turned him into.</p>
58	<p>Thinking with his porn brains Walter had lurked the streets with his list, trench coat pockets bulging, on the lookout for one of several potential fathers. Beggars couldn’t be choosers. Some of his prospective mentors not even men, but lady stock brokers or real estate wheeler-dealers, just so long as they could school him in their money-making hoodoo. ...His aristocratic, patriarchal skin would look as pale and brittle-dry as old rolling papers. He’d give Walter the moldy stink eye, and Walter would counter by saying, “It might interest you to know I have a Glock 15,” boldly displaying the bulge in his coat pocket. That would capture the man’s attention. There and then Walter told him to hail a cab, and</p>

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	<p>they'd both climbed inside. Walter had told the cabbie an address in Queens, a spot several blocks from where he'd stashed his rental car. The two of them had rode there in shared silence, Walter's bulge pressed into the man's kidneys, him Walter's ticket to a life where he wouldn't have to cram all of his living into Saturday nights. To steel his resolve Walter had surfed more porn. He'd pulled out a pack of skunkweed resin-infused chewing gum and offered the driver a stick. The cabbie had taken it, not really sure what it was.</p>
59	<p>That's when he'd needed to pull out his phone but didn't want his new old man to see him getting his porn refill. ...Walt had pulled up the photos of Shasta on his phone. Held the screen for his new old man to see. Scrolling through the photos of Shasta smiling and Shasta asleep and Shasta ignoring him, Walter had said, "This is my motive."</p>
60	<p>Through the closed trunk lid, Walter had said he was sorry about what went on, about the Holocaust and all, but this wasn't going to be like that. Walter wasn't prejudiced since he'd made a diorama about the Final Solution in middle school. It had been his rebuttal to hateful online Holocaust deniers, complete with incense smoke rising ominously from the Lego building-block chimneys. Sandalwood incense because it was all his Wal-Mart carried. ...Only then did Walter risk another porn refill. All along he hadn't known anything. Hadn't yet seen the whole picture.</p>
62	<p>Everything about the afternoon had felt the way he'd imagined shooting a porn movie would feel.</p>
70	<p>For years she'd kept his father at bay, telling the nurses, telling Terrence that his father was a bigoted, race-baiting psycho obsessed with micro-aggressioning the transgendered and rape-culturing tipsy coeds.</p>
71	<p>The black thug conducts gang violence and the homosexual indulges in promiscuity because both acts demonstrate political identity. Remove the outside observer and you eliminate the impetus for the behavior.</p>
83	<p>His son shouted, "If you mean the war, I'm joining up. Dr. Steiger-DeSoto says it's my duty as a pan-gendered individual to show the world that courage knows no gender!"</p>
85	<p>He wanted to read to her from the Talbott book, the passage that went: The last thing a black man wants to be is another fake white man. The last thing a homosexual wants to be is another imitation heterosexual. The last thing a white man wants to be is another phony paragon.</p>
89	<p>As the assembled men ate, Esteban read aloud from the Talbott book: It's living among heterosexuals that makes the homosexual feel abnormal. Only among whites do blacks feel inadequate. And only among homosexuals and blacks do whites feel threatened and guilty. No group should be blighted by the intellectual expectations and the moral yardstick of another. ...No, in actuality when Bing's former pimp spoke, he was all the time, "These dicks ain't going to suck themselves, bitch!"</p>
90	<p>When inner cities had rotted down to the charred skeletons of their once-elegant housing stock, he said, it was queer bodies that had brought back those crime-ridden neighborhoods. Queer homesteaders had no children to risk in the failed school systems. Strong queer backs and bright queer minds had nothing except their own lives to risk! Those intrepid pioneers had settled the harsh wilderness of decayed Savannah and the</p>

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	<p>derelict wastelands of Baltimore and Detroit. Those queer settlers had arrested the death spiral of each local tax base. With queer resolve they'd tamed the lawless urban frontier. With queer sweat equity they'd boosted the land values.</p> <p>...“When nobody else dared,” he called out, “it was queer courage that nailed the roofs back on those houses! It was queer determination that repaired the dry rot and made the ghetto into a safe investment for white bankers.”</p> <p>...“For better or worse—” he jabbed a plastic fork forward for emphasis “—queer bodies have always been the advance guard in emerging politics, too!”</p> <p>Citing recent scholarly writings as proof, he described how Malcolm X had gone on the down low, servicing the wealthy white men he'd later return to rob. “But do we celebrate the subversive queer energy of the man?” he demanded. “That hero who sought to subvert power by any means possible?”</p>
94	<p>“But identity politics,” Dawson continued, “has reduced the homosexual to nothing but his sexual preference. It has reduced the black to only his skin. And each has become a caricature of his former dignified self.”</p> <p>Men like Dawson and Charlie had not left their drill presses and lathes in order to rescue the gays and blacks. Their lines had formed to battle the same corrupt identity politics that were now forcing the white races into one monstrous stereotype.</p>
101	<p>Nobody had messed with the cans of spray whipped cream so he worked each nozzle to huff the nitrous off the top.</p>
102	<p>Just this teeny bit fucked up, he'd started to feel safe again.</p> <p>Anyway, it was around time for the marijuana dispensaries to open up. That would do until First Methodist at lunchtime, the Narcotics Anonymous meeting, the primo place to score.</p>
108	<p>All his life Charlie had been told that he and his kind were the evil patriarchal oppressors, the haters who'd colonized the globe and enslaved the gentle savages of Rousseau's paradise. Thank you, academics. Charlie could wear that. The worse-than-Hitler label. Today he'd give people the proof they were right.</p>
111	<p>This would eat up the miles until Talbott Reynolds would yell, “Enough!” From the depths of the trunk, he'd yell, “I hope you love the taste of fat, white Nazi dick . . . !”</p>
112	<p>Back before this book was a book . . . on the ride back to Portland, Oregon . . . Talbott Reynolds had been locked in the car's trunk, always going, “You'd better get used to being some passed-around prison bitch getting your shithole sold for cigarettes!”</p> <p>...Saying, “You're going to learn all the subtle flavor differences between Nazi dick and black dick and Mestizo.”</p>
114	<p>For fortitude, Walt had surfed porn on his phone. His favorite videos, the clips that featured only dead people fucking and giving blowjobs. Alive when they were filmed, but dead now. The fact that they could still excite him even from beyond the grave was the most proof of a human soul he'd ever found. Those carnal saints, their ancestral beauty had made it okay to slice up somebody who remained only flesh and blood.</p>
116	<p>After sex with a prostitute he kills himself rather than face his mother's disapproval.</p> <p>...From the first time she enters the story Fitzgerald describes her as a suicide. Soon after, the new money Jay Gatsby is shot to death in his swimming pool.</p>
134	<p>What happened next was less sex than it was a political act.</p> <p>...He slowly rolled himself out of the beanbag chair and made his way across the carpet.</p>

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	<p>Ashanti didn't stop him. Not even when Gavyn knelt between his legs and found the man already erect. Gavyn undid the belt, the top button, and pulled down the zipper carefully, stealthily, as if his plan was simply to steal the man's pants.</p> <p>Gavyn smirked. Ashanti's face had gone slack, his breathing shallow. His eyes met Gavyn's even as the high school freshman squeezed a fist around the erection that was like a third person in the room and slid back the foreskin to reveal its leaky purple mushroom. Gavyn closed his mouth around it and didn't flinch when the first jet of raw egg white, that hot syrup of sour cream, salt, and onions hit the back of his throat. Another surge splashed up into his sinuses and bubbled out his nostril.</p> <p>He was no longer a virgin, at least not his throat. This felt less like a sexual act than like someone with a bad sinus infection had sneezed in his mouth.</p> <p>...Brown moles spotted his scrotum in profusion and wiry gray pubic hair exploded from around the base of his limp penis. His untucked dress shirt stretched to cover his round belly, and from this low angle the loose skin of his neck was gathered into a single fold that looked like a shaved vagina just above the knot of his tie.</p> <p>As unappealing as the man looked, he was still Gavyn's first, and Gavyn knew he would always remember this moment.</p> <p>...Ashanti, apparently, had put the rapist in therapist.</p>
136	<p>The social order was in chaos with no gasoline, and electricity browning out, people robbing people of their food, and whispers of people eating cats and dogs, and even people eating people. But Nick knew the magic bullet to make all this ape-shit disaster movie agony instantly A-Okay was a fat baggie of hydrocodone. Given a year's supply of Vicodin he needn't sweat finding food or a place to shit. He could ride out the misery. The talky kid, him and all the tweakers, were dispersing.</p>
137	<p>Jamal nodded at the dog. "Bouncer and I are boarding a plane in a few days, headed for a new life." He meant in Blacktopia, the nation partitioned exclusively for anyone with a preponderance of sub-Saharan DNA. He said, "It's been an interesting experiment, but it's over."</p> <p>He was referring to black people and white people living together, the whole united states thing, Nick figured.</p> <p>..."Talbot says it's okay to kill yourself with drugs. But he says there's no greater high to be gotten than killing your oppressors."</p>
138	<p>To score a mountain of Oxy or hydro and get so fluffed the state of the world wouldn't matter. To catch the talky kid before he sold his stash to someone else.</p>
139	<p>For hundreds of pages Jamal kept reading, expecting the revolution, and in the end it's just a dead baby dumped into a creek and some old dying old man getting to suck on some young girl's titty. The author, John Steinbeck, had been a pussy, too afraid to make anything happen. He'd abandoned his characters to suffer.</p> <p>As had God.</p> <p>Only a white man had the inflated self-worth to write that book, and only a white man would have the secret pride to read it.</p> <p>...For the white man, his guilt was his biggest badge of accomplishment. Only whites killed the planet with global warming so only whites could save it.</p> <p>...It was the white racket: Creating problems so they could rescue everybody.</p> <p>It's only the white man who clings to his guilt. Guilt for Adam's fall. Guilt for Christ's</p>

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	sacrifice and for black African slavery. It was clear to Jamal that for whites their guilt constituted a uniquely white form of boasting. Their breast beating was a humblebrag always saying: We did this! We thwarted God in the Garden! We killed his son! We white people will do with other races and natural resources as we see fit!
140	Like looking over, and there next to the filth-streaked toilet bowl, stuck to the crap-dappled, sperm-sprinkled concrete floor, there's an almost-pristine-looking 800 milligram Oxycontin. ...All that needs doing is to bend over and pry that pill off the floor. Only that one, quick, nasty job. Just pop that pill in your mouth and swallow it and everything will be all right. Better than all right, everything will be perfect. Like a perfection you can't even imagine.
144	Women with movie-star faces and porn-movie bodies, they sat in the outer rooms and assessed one another, and the agent escorted each, woman by woman, to the receiving hall where Charlie more or less held court.
149	In-group crimes may only be dealt with within the same group. Gays decimate their own kind in huge numbers with disease. Blacks annihilate blacks in violent crimes. Whites would appear to be less a danger to fellow whites until we consider World War II, World War I, the American Civil War, the One Hundred Years War, etc. Therefore, the crimes of each group must be judged only by members within that group.
153	All down two sides of the house he wrote swastikas as tall as he could reach. He sprayed the words "Kill Queers" and "Niggers Suck." The whole job took less than a can of paint.
156	Shaking his head dismissively, Talbott muttered, "Palahniuk. All of his work is about castration. Castration or abortion."
159	No man is an adult while his parents are alive. Until they die he is merely a performance to either please or punish them. For too long the whites have acted as the finger-wagging parents of blacks. For even longer heterosexuals have acted as the shaming parents of homosexuals.
167	And Delicious, who without question should not have worn buttermilk-yellow crepe muslin, not if she'd suspected it would rain, donning a skintight dress without a coat or wrap. No amount of elastic and underwire could improve upon the eye-popping curves of her body so she did without. Halfway from where she'd parked, the skies had opened up, every drop painting the pale fabric to her until the dress hid no more of her mocha skin than would a layer of melted butter. Every lesbian eye snuck peeks at her. At the swelling breasts that seemed to lunge up, up, and away from Delicious Bastille's chest. The nipples, two obvious purple bull's-eyes beneath her clinging bodice. Strangers eye-raped the taut muscles of her tawny thighs, the savory cleft of her ample buttocks, all so clearly delineated through her rain-soaked skirt. ...Here she sat, naked for all intents and purposes, picking half-heartedly at her salad. ...She shut out the buzzing dining room filled with gays and lesbians. Except here, they weren't gays and lesbians. In the complete absence of heterosexuals, the people seated at the tables around her amounted to mere men and women.
168	The post-relocation name she went by was Ginger Prestige, and she was the latest of many blind dates arranged for Delicious by the women in the aerospace corporation. None of her coworkers seemed able to tolerate an unmarried female in their ranks, so they were forever throwing Delicious together with single women named Calyx or

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	<p>Esteem. ...She'd been alone too long, trying to remain faithful. The fantasy said less about Ginger's sexiness than it did about how long Delicious had abstained from sex.</p>
169	<p>Delicious had been celibate for five months. Twenty soul-crushing, lonely weeks had gone by since she'd entered this strange nation. She began fork-raping her salad greens in search of an artichoke heart. Lifting her eyes to request a glass of orange juice, another boring glass of orange juice when what she craved was a vodka martini, a vodka martini with three garlic-stuffed olives and a certain blond man's massive, rock-hard erection bringing her to a toe-curling climax . . . when she glanced up for a waiter she saw the blond man.</p>
173	<p>While his more-vibrant schoolmates cut capers and bandied about enticements to attain sexual ecstasy, boy Charlie had pored over the book, retaining its basic premise: Two clerks are bestowed a fortune and leave their normal lives in order to discover greater satisfaction in a more ennobling passion.</p>
176	<p>They'd joked about seeking each other late at night in grimy unisex public toilets. Kisses stolen in filthy back alleys. ...They might even share custody, handing off the child in gritty, grimy adult bookstores when they met for trysts in some unspeakably wretched, sticky-floored pornography arcades where their fellow secretive heterosexuals went to consummate their frowned-upon passions.</p>
178	<p>The menu offered Nazi penne pasta, a Klan burger, a Hitler veggie taco salad. ...For too long white men had been sublimating their natural impulses through science, so from here on those energies must be channeled in their natural direction. White men needed to back off from the Industrial Revolution or the Information Age or whatever this was. Whites needed to kick back, drink beer, have some outdoor fun, and make nothing but healthy babies. "Generation Sex" was the motto.</p>
181	<p>He looked both ways in the passage outside the cubicle, then quickly stepped inside, pulling the door closed and locking it. His arms were instantly around her. His mouth on hers. Delicious felt his fingers inching the damp skirt up her thighs. His lips nuzzled the side of her neck. His erection prodded at her through his chinos. ...She could only hope that bulked-up, hot-blooded brother wasn't tapping her husband's bony white boy's backdoor. She told herself to chill. She told herself it was harder for a brother being gay. A sister could flirt and be coy, but a dawg was expected, especially a gay dawg, to be dicking or getting dicked on a more-or-less nonstop basis. Still, as Gentry's lips roved over her breasts, she had to ask. "Brian?" His name before was Brian. She asked, "Is that dawg been up in you?" His mouth still exploring her, his fingers pawing the dress down her shoulder and exposing her, Gentry mumbled something. He held up his hand and waved it with his fingers spread. ...But did he have to hook up with the first big he-monster? Or was Gaysia like a men's prison, where you needed to be one inmate's bitch or you'd be punked by everyone? ...Gentry had dropped to his knees and was working his way up inside her dress instead of down. What looked like a pregnancy was Gentry's big white blockhead stretching her skirt at the belly. His hot breath gargled something into her sex. Delicious asked, "What?" She wanted answers, but their time was limited, and she didn't want him to stop.</p>

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	<p>A knock came at the door. Gentry's tongue stopped its running around between her legs. ...Gentry started to laugh. With his mouth cupped over Delicious, he was laughing air into her. He was going to give her pussy farts. She made a fist and rapped on his head with her knuckles to stop. To the nosy redhead, she went nuclear. She hissed, "Don't be racist." It was the worst accusation you could level in Gaysia.</p> <p>...His head still stretching the hell out of her damp skirt, Gentry said, "Jarvis isn't that way."</p> <p>The muscled-up gym rat making the big show of pushing her skinny husband's legs apart and humiliating him as a down-right bitch right here in public, according to Gentry, the brother was heterosexual.</p> <p>...It was a lot to explain with his face shoved into her snatch, but he sounded sincere. The big display of sexually humiliating Gentry was an act.</p> <p>...Gentry was getting to his feet. He was gently but insistently turning her around and lifting the back of her skirt. He took himself out.</p> <p>The public cat fights and sexual hazing, this wasn't how actual gays behaved in Gaysia.</p> <p>...But now Gentry put himself inside her from behind so she stepped her feet as wide as the little cubical allowed. She leaned over the toilet and pushed her ass back against his thrust.</p>
188	<p>According to Talbott, whites had practiced for Adjustment Day with school and workplace shootings. Gays had wasted gays with AIDS.</p>
189	<p>The opioid-addled, NASCAR rubes . . . the grill-grinning, thuggish blacks . . . the sex-crazed queers . . . they'd rehearsed for Adjustment Day on soft targets in their own communities, and no one suspected anything would manifest beyond these in-group killings. And the practice taught blacks to shoot better. It taught the queers how to smile their way handsomely into anyone's trust. And it schooled the whites about the patterns of flight that a mass of terrified people under fire will take.</p> <p>As Talbott explained events, they weren't a fluke. Adjustment Day had come a day closer with every drive-by shooting, every viral transmission, every letter carrier going postal. Once those groups had fully shed their humanity, it was only inevitable they decimate their shared oppressors.</p> <p>...It felt as if the white race had lost its way. It no longer had blacks and queers to feel superior to so a key source of its pride was gone. Whites had been like a wealthy family who performed an ongoing pageant of morality and ingenuity to impress a household of idiot and degenerate servants. In the absence of queers and blacks, Charlie and his fellow whites had lost their motivation to live superior lives. Without underlings to dazzle, the white ethno state seemed to be floundering.</p> <p>...The white race was like a father who'd survived his children. He had no one around to harangue or impress. No weak, flawed version of himself to lecture or rescue. Like a god who'd watched his last creation die. In the new, neat, orderly world of the white ethno state, what did the future hold?</p>
190	<p>Moments like this made Adjustment Day feel like a giant step backward. Following the risky social experiments of the last three hundred years, white people could only return to a world of knights and aristocrats.</p>
191	<p>He studied her ivory arms and the pear-shaped swell of each innocent breast.</p> <p>...Her muteness added to her appeal, and Charlie felt his sex excite at the idea of having her soon.</p>

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193	<p>Charlie knew what the problem was. You see, the white race had learned to sublimate its sexual impulses. It had learned to delay gratification and to invent electric lights and mammograms and botany instead of just jerking off to porn or poling every skank who needed it. The result was that white people, mostly white men, in all honesty, had created technology and gotten the kudos of a perfect civilization where stuff worked. Trouble came when other races didn't sublimate like they ought to, they just kept on railing every piece of snatch, AIDS or not, herpes or not, and kept cranking out the babies. You see, the white men had traded babies for the patent on everything good and the royalties, which were considerable, except the white man had neglected the big race. The population race. That's how Charlie saw the situation. Seeing how the white man was so busy not fucking that he had energy leftover to invent solar energy.</p> <p>...If they could just take a break from anodizing everything and maybe just nail some pussy, then civilization would have a chance. Not that white women were much help. No, they were only just getting their feet wet with inventing X-rays and eBay, and they obviously did not savor the idea of giving up public accolades and putting their legs in the air.</p>
199	<p>A hundred years past midnight, Delicious and her husband lingered in each other's arms after a conjugal visit in a bus station toilet stall.</p> <p>...He gazed down a moment too long, studying the muck on the toilet stall floor. He asked, "Is that a Percocet?"</p> <p>Delicious wanted to ask if he and Jarvis fucked. Men would fuck mud</p>
200	<p>But with the advent of Blacktopia at last the sisters who'd acted the parts of based crackheads and morbidly obese welfare cheats, going so far as to glue white women's hair to their own heads in a mockery of white beauty standards that the self-centered white buffoons took to be a compliment, these regal black sisters could finally cast off their Falstaffian roles and take their rightful place as unstoppable healers and knowers of great cosmic truths.</p>
201	<p>Sheltered in this paradise of color, the blacks retook the destiny that had been withheld from them under white rule. For the first time in recorded history, black efforts would benefit only blacks and not line the coffers of an enemy. And the cities known as Atlanta and Birmingham and Miami, white cities all, they were laid waste to, and the majestic blacks, their muscular backs gleaming with clean sweat, they sang into existence glorious temples to honor their predecessors, and these edifices excited the skyline with shapes too astounding for whites to envision, and within these mammoth villas the brothers and the sisters lived in perfect accord with all animals, in impeccable harmony with nature and the spirit world.</p>
209	<p>These enterprising females had lifted their skirts and faced the ocean with girl parts fully bared.</p> <p>Cross culturally, from Europe to Indonesia and South America, the ancient world had believed that exposed pussies would always frighten away evil. Up until the eighteenth century, above the doorways and gateways of castles and churches, masons had carved images of women squatting to reveal themselves. Neither Satan nor any evil could endure the sight of the female sex organs, it was said.</p> <p>...The boys varsity lacrosse team had, on one occasion, encircled her in an otherwise deserted hallway. Playfully, the aggressive teens had endeavored to mouth her breasts through her sweater, and to goose her with their mechanical pencils. Rather than pity</p>

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	<p>them as imminent cannon fodder, Charm had readily applied the teachings of antiquity. As they'd danced around her, Charm had simply lifted the front of her skimpy cheerleader skirt. Unmasked by underclothes, it had been fully exposed: Her vulva. Weaned on the tame hairless vaginas of pornography, the young men had recoiled in terror. As a charging army of hairy vaginas had spooked the winged stallion Pegasus, Charm's hirsute sexual center had shocked those would-be suitors. As their jeering had fallen silent, she'd clenched her buttocks, thrusting her sex at them like a deadly saber. Panicked, they'd toppled backward. They'd scrambled to their feet and fled, but even as they'd raced in retreat Charm had kept her skirt raised and charged them with her thrusting strawberry blonde pubic hair, so much like the ruff around the devouring mouth of a ferocious African lion. As if to add to this impression she emitted snarls and roars as if the pussy itself had suddenly found its own savage voice.</p> <p>Shasta had witnessed the rout take place. The playful flirting followed by the assault from the unbridled vagina. She'd watched Charm chase the lacrosse boys as far as the faculty parking</p>
224	<p>Talbott had warned him. The whites would blame the blacks. The gays would blame the straights. The blacks would blame the whites. And everyone would blame the Jews. ...He'd imagined the smell of Shasta's terror as she stood kissing him in a house he secretly owned. Before</p>
232	<p>To whites the most enviable quality of blacks was their capacity for happiness. They exhibited a graceful determination and good nature that whites could only covet. Over centuries of persecution blacks had evolved an enviable spirit and inner delight. To ruin that joy, whites created the grievance industry and poisoned black happiness by replacing it with rage and hatred. By sowing insecurity, whites have destroyed the greatest power blacks once enjoyed. By teaching blacks to take offense, whites have succeeded in cursing blacks with a misery far greater than any white unhappiness.</p> <p>...Leaning closer to the creature he added, conspiratorially, "If I'd said prayers half as many times as I've been online looking for porn, I'd be saved. No doubt about it."</p>
234	<p>Felix gave Delicious a smirk. "Don't you look hot," he said, his eyes taking in her smooth legs, her feet wedged in high heels, her hemline high and her neckline low. He smiled his approval at her new weave and the smudge of glitter in her cleavage. "Date night?" He nodded at the empty wine bottle in one of her hands, the empty glass in her other, her long manicured fingernails.</p> <p>..."Don't you have a circle jerk to attend?"</p> <p>"Nope." He shook his head. "We had a big sperm drive at school today."</p> <p>...She relaxed in the warm air and allowed her hips to roll, pushing her skirt higher the wider she stepped. Bystanders, mannish types wolf whistled their praise.</p>
235	<p>Pre-Adjustment Day skin magazines, dog-eared, wilting in wire racks, depicted healthy all-male and all-female sex acts. The covers bore titles like Sapphic Clam Diggers and Greek Butt Pirates. No one wanted these vintage wank mags from some bygone disco era.</p> <p>...Secreted behind the magazine racks, hidden in back of the dusty glass cases displaying pink dildos and VHS tapes, there a curtained doorway opened onto a dim corridor.</p> <p>...This place, the tawdry underbelly of Gaysia, here people indulged their illegal appetites.</p> <p>...Men and women, black seeking white, white seeking black, all heterosexuals, all illegal, they lined the dingy hallway, some exposing themselves in the hope of enticing a sex partner.</p>

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	<p>...Splintering doors opened onto closet-sized cubicles in which same-sex adult films flickered on streaked video screens. Delicious chose a door bearing the number ten in Day-Glo paint. Used condoms littered the floor. Condoms or worse stuck her heels to the floor, tugging to pull the shoes from her bare feet. A plastic chair, layered with corruption, stood in one corner, and she considered sitting before remembering she wore nothing under her skirt to protect her.</p> <p>...The video screen glowed with two astonishingly attractive men, one black, one white, copulating romantically beside a luxurious swimming pool outside of a regal mansion. In Gaysia race mingling was permitted. But gender mixing was not.</p> <p>...In the dark corridor stood a stooped figure. Not the handsome stranger who'd accosted her earlier, this man was familiar. She grabbed him around one thin, pale wrist and dragged him into the cubicle. Once they were both inside she shut the door and blocked it by wedging the filthy chair beneath the knob. Every surface she touched felt either sticky or greasy, and she wiped her hands on her skirt. Even then her mouth was seeking out the man's. Her hips were grinding into his. His hands were roving over her, sliding up her legs to discover her wet readiness.</p> <p>Without prompting, her knees buckled and she squatted low. Her hands fought to yank his slacks down his slim hips, and her lips sought the opening in his boxer shorts. Her lush mouth didn't give a thought to repercussions before they were committing one of the most heinous crimes known in Gaysia.</p> <p>The result should've been immediate, but his manhood failed to respond. She worked it with her hand so she could ask, "Gentry, baby?"</p> <p>Her husband groaned softly. "I can't."</p> <p>Delicious spat on her hand and kept at it. "What's up, baby?"</p> <p>High above her, Gentry's face was shadowed and indistinct. "We had an extra sperm drive at work today."</p> <p>He was referring to the collection of viable sperm from all male citizens of Gaysia. It was voluntary, but not. Not really. Upstanding citizens were expected to donate massive amounts of semen toward the effort to reproduce children, the vast majority of which would be exported in order to obtain the homosexuals being retained in Caucasia and Blacktopia. The physical demands of these sperm drives had all but eradicated recreational male sex. And those men who couldn't meet their quota or whose seed was subpar, they were compelled to donate money toward the fund for ransoming new citizens.</p> <p>...Her Gentry had done his duty thrice today. He was spent.</p> <p>...Squatting there, she worked Gentry with both her hands and her mouth, but to no avail. No matter how badly she wanted to get pregnant, to bear his child, that wasn't going to happen tonight.</p> <p>...Frantically weeping, she allowed her falling tears to wet her smooth palms, and Delicious redoubled her hopeless effort to arouse her beloved's flaccid member.</p>
245	<p>By the look of her stringy arms she couldn't fight off much. He could ravish her just for the effort of pushing her to the ground.</p> <p>...Dawson flagged the waitress and asked for the check, all the while telling himself that as soon as the sun set he wasn't going to rape this half-dead woman. Nope. Positively not, no way was he raping her and strangling her skinny neck and cutting off her ear to sell so he could buy his old lady that treadle sewing machine she'd been mooning after for better than a year.</p>

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260	As Talbott phrased it, less useful members of society could self-select to leave, through accidental overdose or suicide.
261	He swung the pack off his back and dug out a bag of pills. He placed two Xanax in his mouth and tasted the sweetness as they dissolved under his tongue.
265	To hear Felix tell it, he and Bing had been peacefully smoking dope in the alley around midnight.
268	<p>But not a year before they'd been drummers in rock bands. They'd been dope-smoking fire walkers and hairless pole dancers.</p> <p>...It read like pornography.</p> <p>What his new old man had dictated to him amounted to a pornography of power. Walter had known the formula. The biggest bestsellers in history had been targeted at children and young adults.</p>
269	It amounted to a pornography of being right. No orgasm would be as satisfying as proving everyone else wrong. No sexual content could compete with the rush men got from winning.
274	As Talbott saw it, race and sexual preference had to become the last bastion for community. As all the grand uniting narratives floundered . . . when all the tenuous, external circumstances failed us, we'd be forced to form our ranks based on our most basic elements: skin color and sexual desire.
275	<p>Thus beauty became pornography so it could be consumed. Status was measured by levels and quality of consumption. Of people's time. Of their energies. Cannibalism couldn't be far behind.</p> <p>...Suicide Is the Ultimate Act of Consumption. And by extension: Civilization Is Consuming Itself.</p> <p>...Citizens of the white Diaspora were consuming themselves with drugs. Blacks with violence. Homosexuals with disease.</p>
276	<p>Undeterred, Shasta approached him once more, and she lightly fingered his merkin. The tension in his body relented. She dropped to her knees. Deftly stripping aside his scabbard and unlacing his Venetian breeches, her hands discovered his flaccid pride and commenced their kneading.</p> <p>With a jarring wince, Charlie cried, "Ouch!"</p> <p>Shasta's fingers continued. More gently.</p> <p>"Watch it," he protested, his voice weaker, faint, carried away by the pleasure of her touch.</p> <p>Shasta's mouth joined forces with her hands in their wifely duties. The nausea stirred in her belly. Despite her voluminous organza skirts the stone floor hurt her kneecaps. His head lolling, Charlie whined, "I felt something."</p> <p>Her mouth paused in its task so she might draw a breath. "No duh, I'd hope so." She quelled the bitchiness in her voice. "I am honoring your highness."</p> <p>He moaned.</p> <p>...Muttering, slurring his words, delirious with sensation, her husband went on to announce that Gaysia had declared war against both Caucasia and Blacktopia.</p> <p>The news caught Shasta off guard and she gagged an instant. Her gorge rose, threatening to scald the royal manhood with bilious digestive acids. A fine going-away gift that would make. Only with great effort was she able to choke down both.</p>

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278	It would hit on the same points: Malcolm X being a bisexual hustler, James Baldwin, the feminist movement and their own Night of the Long Knives where they'd ousted their founding lesbian contingent in order to make the movement more appealing to soccer moms.
280	The question elicited a scattered outburst of applause except Gavyn wasn't trying to dump all over this Esteban, who was the kind of good looking where if he smiled at you you'd have to smile back, except you didn't know what he was like as a person except for how hot, except this brought Charm to mind and the last time they played the game of Mine/ Yours where they'd point out random people as potential sex partners and shout "Mine" or "Yours" like the game Slug Bug where you tried to slam your opponent by surprise, except the last time they were in Laurelhurst Park Gavyn pointed out the skag king pushing a shopping cart loaded with prescriptions, Nick his name was, with the crystal-meth cheekbones and sun-bleached hair and Gavyn yelled "Yours" except then Charm pointed out a guy the doppelganger for the cute one of the Thompson Twins with the rattail haircut with the henna and the skin the color of powder except without the baggy 1980s gear, except then Gavyn got confused, except when he realized Charm was playing by different rules. It's because she actually wanted the best for him, except she didn't realize he'd been trying to slam her and it's because she really, actually did have the hots for that crystal-meth Nick guy.
281	Except Gavyn was not thrilled by the prospect of watching peas have sex, not while his prime hot porn-ready eighteen-year-old body was picking trash. ...Gavyn went to the reception area, and there was a girl with so many tattoos he had to wonder if her boyfriends lay in bed after sex and read her body like the back of a box of cereal.
287	Delicious told herself, Those also serve who only sit and wait with their legs in the air, and choked back a hysterical giggle.
302	"Young blacks are shooting each other in record numbers. Gays are killing each other with disease." He'd labored for the next breath. "Whites are wiping themselves out with opiates."
304	Shasta turned vamp. Beguiling, she did beg, "Mate with me, milord." She did make her eyes half closed at Charlie. She did part her crimson lips slightly as if she were drunken with a harlot's mad desire. ...She did blush heavily and entreat Charlie to retire with her, making much of how his being away had spurred in her loins a powerful longing. Retreating to their private apartments, she did snatch at his lacings. Recklessly casting aside his pearl-studded codpiece. And with slippery machinations of mouth and hand did she struggle to excite him. To date he'd mated with her in every corner of the palace, and he was obviously exhausted. He did toss back handfuls of Viagra to no avail. His kingly scepter and orbs continued to feel spongy and unresponsive. They hung limp and heavy and curiously numb. Yet so sensitive were their surfaces that even his most pliant codpiece caused him discomfort. The condition was the result of overuse, the royal physician had assured him. ...Despite his protests, his queen was once more besieging him. Despite surely being by now blessed with advanced belly child, to judge from changes in her bosom and the absence of her menses, despite being so encumbered Shasta did clutch at his Naugahyde pantalets. She did rip her own bodice and boldly expose herself. Her voluptuous body

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	<p>bare, his favored wife maneuvered to straddle him and by brute strength force upon him her perfumed charms.</p> <p>Alas were the royal scepter and orbs immune to her sensual grabbing. Akin to a deceased boa was his. Pale and boneless as a length of sausage casing did it appear, yet Shasta proceeded to tug at it with carnal fury.</p> <p>Charlie bore her efforts with husbandly good humor, for they bore scant pain. So arduous were her exertions, he reasoned, that she'd soon exhaust herself.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	7
Dick	8
Fag	1
Fuck	10
Nigger	1
Piss	5
Pussy	5
Queer	46
Shit	27
Tit	3