

“Dear Diary,” I’d write, “today I sucked mind-altering lungfuls of Maui Wowie through a bong filled with bubbling, lukewarm elephant semen....”

-Page 77

“Dear Diary,” I’d write, “today I ingested LSD and gave loving hand jobs to a herd of wildebeests....” ...However, secret repressed snob that I truly was, while my mom and dad imagined me in sticky twosomes and threesomes with donkeys and capuchin monkeys, I was in fact nestled in some dirty laundry hamper, reading historical romances by Clare Darcy. ...“...I should’ve quit while I was just a garden-variety animal-sex-and-drug addict, but, no, I had to escalate my status to potential knife-wielding psycho.... Small wonder that it was shortly after that particular diary entry that my folks sent my eleven-year-old sexually incorrigible self packing to tedious upstate.

-Page 78

Both tips of his boots were pointed toward me, facing the metal wall that separated us. The flimsy sheet metal bowed and groaned as if some leviathan pressed against it from the opposite side. Alarmed, I slowly sat upright. ...What appeared to be a stubby boneless finger now protruded through the snarling mouth hole in the stall partition. This short, thick cylinder was mottled brown, fading from a red-brown at the blunt terminus to a soiled beige where it disappeared through the wall. Infinite tiny wrinkles carpeted the finger’s spongy surface, and several short, curling hairs clung to it. The finger gave off a sour, not-healthy odor. ...Squinting, I leaned so near the finger that I could feel its animal heat. I peered from so close up that my breath stirred the short, curled hairs. I sniffed at it tentatively. As my brain whispered that the “finger” was not an actual finger, I was shocked by the true nature of this encounter. The scent was unmistakable.

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BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK

This apparent psychopath ... this sexual deviant ... he was attempting to menace me with a longish lump of dog poopie. ...It was the downward angle of my nana’s cigarette when she was subject to a serious emotional depression; however, as I watched, the mood of the drooping poo finger began to improve. Like some horrid, soft-focus miracle it began to inflate. The hideous mud boo-boo rose until it jutted straight out from its rough hole in the metal wall. Its ruddy color shifted from red-brown to pink as its angle slanted upward. Before I could blink my eyes it was pointed at the ceiling. By now it had swollen so large, and it thrust up at such a steep incline, that I doubted my assailant could easily retract his hostile doo-doo probe.

-Page 118

Soon my deranged attacker would emerge from the men’s restroom behind me, perhaps not deterred by our struggle, perhaps only enraged and bent on the single purpose of seizing me and rending me limb from limb and completing a frenzied sexual act upon my lifeless, beheaded torso within full view of a million speeding upstate motorists.

-Page 125

This imaginary version made me the serial killer, but even being some Jeffrey Dahmer tasted better than being some idiot kid who’d mistakenly bled her grandpa to death by carelessly slicing his amorous wiener against daggers of sharp metal.

-Page 135

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