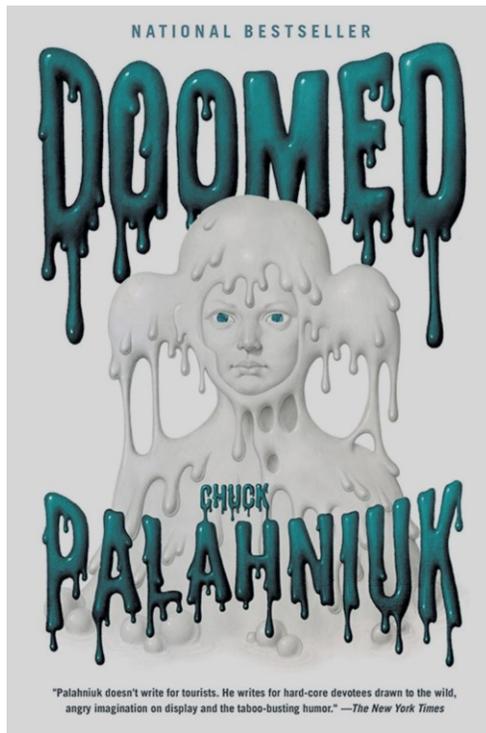


DOOMED



Book Summary:

A young, deceased girl remembers interactions with her family and others prior to her death.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including adults with minors; explicit sexual nudity; references to bestiality; profanity/derogatory terms; violence; references to suicide; drug abuse; controversial social and religious commentary.

Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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5	<p>The prophets of Sais warn that the beauty of this young woman is such that anyone seeing her will forget any pleasure beyond eating and sex.</p> <p>...And his voice within the car says, "It's time for all bad girls to go to bed."</p> <p>Wistful now, the young woman sighs. She licks her lips, and her smile falters. Half-coy, half-resigned, she says, "I guess I violated my curfew."</p> <p>"Being violated," says the man, "can feel wonderful."</p>
6	<p>Behind it, the storm lashes, but here the only sounds are the muffled ejaculations of a man crying out. The ancients describe the sound as a mewling, like rats and mice being crushed to death.</p> <p>Silence follows, and after that the rear window once more slides open. The chipped white fingernails reach out. Dangling from them is a latex skin, a smaller version of the girl's white pillowcase, a miniature sack hanging heavy. Its contents: something murky white. This latex sheath is smeared with the red-red lipstick. It's smeared with caramel and milk chocolate. Instead of dropping this into the gutter, still seated in the car's backseat, the girl brings her face to the open window. She places the latex sack against her lips and breathes it full of air. She inflates it and deftly knots the open end.</p>
19	<p>And, yes, in response to the lecherous comment posted just now by Hades Brainiac Leonard, the story line includes three scenes—yet another tip-off from Page Six—wherein my mom's world-renowned breasts are fully exposed as she swims, naked and blissful, encased in a slippery pod of friendly sperm whales.</p>
23	<p>It's the corpse of an inconsiderate stranger abandoned here, no doubt some Honduran hotel maid who elected to commit suicide in my nice bed, surrounded by my imported Steiff bears and limited-edition Gund giraffes, probably with a belly full of my mother's Xanax, decomposing her nasty Honduran bodily fluids into my hand-stitched Hästens mattress, ruining my sixteen-hundred-thread-count Porthault sheets.</p>
31	<p>On the not-infrequent occasion when sleep eluded me in Athens or Abu Dhabi or Akron, I took great pleasure in eavesdropping on my parents' carnal panting. Their coital groaning acted upon me as the sweetest lullaby. To my childhood ear those grunts and snorts were assurance of continued familial bliss. My parents' bestial ejaculations guaranteed that my home wouldn't crack up as had all those of my wealthy playmates.</p> <p>...Plainly put, no one wants to enter a room and witness a predead person pooing or vigorously engaged in performing the Hot Nasty.</p> <p>...The instant before I step through the enameled wood, a voice from within says, "Hurry, my love; we're desperately behind schedule. We should've been screwing hours ago...."</p> <p>...Hark, the comforting slurp-some din of my parents frantically taxing their aged pleasure centers.</p> <p>...Screened as I am, I can't see them, but I can detect my father's hoarse endearments. "Oh," he says, "slow down." My dad says, "I love what you're doing, baby, but wait." He says, "You're going to send me right over the edge...."</p>
34	<p>Not wearing my mother's canary yellow engagement ring, this groping hand is not my mother's hand.</p> <p>Attached to the spidery fingers is the snake arm, a skinny shoulder, a slender neck. A face cranes from the bed, and two eyes peer under the lower edge of the lamp shade, looking</p>

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	<p>directly at me as the fingers locate the switch and twist it. A face no older than that of a pretty high-schooler, in the new sixty-watt glare, it's not my mother's face.</p>
37	<p>Seeking forensic proof of my parents' lust for each other, as a predead child I would pillage the dirty laundry. The pong and sogginess of damp bed linens served as the physical evidence that my mom and dad were still in love, and these lustful stains documented their romance better than would any florid handwritten poetry. Their carnal discharges proved that all was stable. The squeak of bedsprings, the slap of skin against bare skin, these spoke a biological promise more lasting than wedding vows.</p> <p>In those revolting smears of bodily fluids was writ proof of our mutual happy ending.</p> <p>...“For the love of Madison,” gasps my father's voice, “are you trying to fuck me to death, Babette?”</p>
43	<p>Yes, Gentle Tweeter, I might be emotionally withheld and lacking in superfluous, superficial social bonds, but I am not unproud of the fact that I failed to self-stimulate my virginal hoo-hoo for the Peeping Tom anthropological kicks of some voyeuristic child psych consultants. It's monstrous, the idea that strangers watched me. Even my parents. Especially my parents.</p>
54	<p>As other parents labored to introduce their finicky offspring to raisin cassoulet or rutabaga goulash, mine were constantly admonishing me, “Maddy, sweetheart, if you don't drink your glass of Rohypnol you won't get any tiramisu for dessert.” Or, “You may be excused from the table after you finish every bite of that PCP.”</p> <p>As children the world over might sneak their spinach or broccoli to the family pet, I was always sneaking my codeine tablets to ours.</p> <p>...Even my angelfish, Albert Finney, had to be dried out because I was forever dropping Percodans into his aquarium.</p>
55	<p>To acquire it you can either buy ketamine for huge sums of cash via a covert network of third-world laboratories run by organized crime syndicates in Mexico and Indonesia, or you can just give Raphael, our gardener in Montecito, a hand job.</p> <p>Ketamine comes as a clear liquid, but you can spread it on a cookie sheet and bake it to a grainy powder. Ah, the memories ... how often did I walk into the kitchen of our house in Amsterdam, in Athens, in Antwerp, to find my mom wearing pearls and a flowered apron, sliding an aromatic tray of fresh-baked Special K out of the oven? To me the meth-lab reek of cat urine and battery acid evoke the same flood of comforting associations that my peers might find in warm Tollhouse cookies. Once you've chopped the grains to a fine white powder, simply sniff it as you would cocaine for a euphoric buzz that lasts roughly an hour.</p> <p>...In room 6314, as if to demonstrate all of the preceding, Mr. Crescent City leans over his cache of powdered K. One of his hands holds his braided pigtail to the side of his head lest it flop. His other hand squishes one nostril shut while the other nostril tracks the dusty trail. Like an upstate farmer plowing a dirt field, he completes one line and begins the next.</p>
61	<p>“Let me get this straight. So you toot a fat rail of K and drop into a K-hole. Your soul leaves your body for, let me guess, an hour?” Through my clenched teeth, I warn, “If you break wind again, I'll rip that mangy pigtail right off your scalp.”</p>
67	<p>Her eyes shine with genuine rapture as she says, “How was your butt-fucking, dick-sucking stay, Mr. City?”</p> <p>...Crescent returns the rapturous smile, saying, “Fucking great, fuck you, you cunt lapper.”</p> <p>...Crescent hands this revolting cash across the desk to the clerk, telling her, “Why don't you finger this up your backside?”</p>

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	...Her voice trilling like a bird, the clerk calls after him, "Have a nice day, you butt-sucking turd."
68	At the curb, a uniformed chauffeur holds open the door of a gleaming Town Car and asks, "To the airport, Mr. Jizz Guzzler?" The chauffeur is, as the desk clerk mentioned, of African descent. They shake hands amiably. Settling himself in the backseat, Crescent says, "Yes, the domestic terminal, please, my porch-monkey friend."
70	Yes, I expired on my birthday in an erotic-asphyxiation scenario that shames me to revisit here.
71	"When I die, I'm asking for a dick bigger than your car!" someone spits.
75	"Dear Diary," I'd write, "Mother must never know, but today I sipped the most divine absinthe using a dried monkey dingus as a drinking straw...."
76	I merely guessed as much because, apropos of nothing, during breakfast conversation my mother mentioned that sucking on monkey ding-dings was an excellent high-risk practice for contracting HIV.
77	However, now that I was exposed as an eleven-year-old sexual sociopath they would always be forced to read it. ..."Dear Diary," I'd write, "today I sucked mind-altering lungfuls of Maui Wowie through a bong filled with bubbling, lukewarm elephant semen...."
78	"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. ..."Dear Diary, what a hangover!" I wrote. "Please remind me to never mainline stale hyena urine with a dirty needle ever again! I was awake all night, standing over my sleeping parents with a Wusthof butcher knife in one hand. Had either of them stirred I'm certain I would've hacked them both to bloody ribbons...." ...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.
80	My dad was a pale, naked dropout from MIT with long greasy dreadlocks, who'd shaved off his pubic hair to look more like the Buddha. ...They fell into a puddle and did the Hot Nasty. His wiener got mud in her woo-woo and she got a UTI, and they got married.
114	As I sat in the toilet stall of a long-ago upstate public restroom, my worst fear was not of being grabbed and manhandled by some drooling Mr. Pervy McPervert. ...The lustful gaze of drooling oafs would also ravage helpless, captive me as they greedily fingered their reproductive organs through the ragged holes worn in their peasant britches.
116	Human sexuality is by no means limited to genital reproductive functions. I'm safe in saying The Erotic covers a broad spectrum of behaviors which create and manage and eventually resolve accumulated tension. Even as I loosed my pent-up wee-wee, that gushing pleasure was my model for how an orgasm might someday feel. My mother had openly discussed

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	orgasms with me, as had my father, but my knowledge of sexual matters remained piecemeal and theoretical.
118	<p>What piqued my professional curiosity was how his toes ought to have been pointing forward. They were not. Both tips of his boots were pointed toward me, facing the metal wall that separated us.</p> <p>The flimsy sheet metal bowed and groaned as if some leviathan pressed against it from the opposite side.</p> <p>Alarmed, I slowly sat upright. There, the real horror awaited me.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>...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. This apparent psychopath ... this sexual deviant ... he was attempting to menace me with a longish lump of dog poopie.</p> <p>...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 booboo 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.</p>
125	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.
135	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.
139	The shape at the heart of my book was my papadaddy's dead wiener.
141	<p>I bounced my pink bunny slippers and tried to resolve the toilet wiener flasher with the Papadaddy who'd taught me how to paint a birdhouse yellow. My memory tried to keep the poopie finger a poopie finger, but keeping a lie alive in my head was wearing me out.</p> <p>...My papadaddy was a restroom lurker.</p>
145	<p>It irked me to let their theories stay so totally wrong, but there was no pressing reason my nana had to be a widow and know she'd outlived a sex pervert.</p> <p>...Just by being a dead body with no wallet or blood, his wiener half torn off, that made my grandpa the innocent injured party.</p>
146	<p>Other babies will drink vodka and gobble down illicit drugs.</p> <p>...In lieu of flowers or sympathy cards, my mother sent my nana and me lavish gift baskets of Xanax.</p>

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147	Whereas the Beagle book depicted a narrative of death after death, endless adaptation and failure—all history literally glued together with sperm and blood—the Bible book promised a happy life everlasting.
148	Feigning emotional distress, I pretended to collapse against him, and his sturdy farm urchin’s arms caught my fall. In our clinch, Festus’s prepubescent hands seized me bodily; only the Bible book lay between the full contact of our sensitive groin areas.
153	Between wiener juice and lung blood, I’d say that chambray shirt was a goner. ...And instead of declaring to my nana that her grandbaby was a liar and that her husband was an inverted sexual pervert and that her own movie-star daughter didn’t like her very much, instead I told her she made the best peanut-butter cheesecake in the whole wide world.
155	And did I mention that I’d secretly laced all of our Halloween treats with my ample, unused supply of funeral Xanax? Well, waste not ... I’d reasoned.
160	I did not, Gentle Tweeter, inquire about the ultimate fate of my ejaculate-spoiled chambray shirt.
163	On that, my final night in my nana’s house, I yearned to cleave my eleven-year-old self unto him, but subverted the carnal impulse by offering, “Popcorn ball?” As added enticement I whispered, “They’re loaded with Xanax.” He looked confused, so I added, “It’s a drug, not an Old Testament king.” Gravely said I, “Do not operate farm machinery while under the influence of this popcorn ball.” ...Taking great lusty bites of sweet Xanax, he lingered a moment to ask about my summer.
183	Until now you’ve largely conceived of your earthly body as a human-shaped utensil you use for having sex.
189	Hands grab my arms and yank them away from my chest, cruelly baring my hairy, muscular prepubescent breasts, and I shout, “Madison Spencer didn’t tell you the truth! She’s lying!” Woozy now, with hardly sufficient blood to blush modestly over my bared titties, my naked nipples peaking in the frigid LAX air-conditioning, I squeal, “Everyone, please, stop saying the F-word!”
191	The carpet’s stench of Ozium was in direct ratio to the number of bachelorettes who’d retched up Long Island iced teas and semen in the backseats, and to make matters worse this particular car had a faulty battery or bladder or alternator or whatnot that wouldn’t hold a charge. And to skip ahead, my mom and dad and I found ourselves standing on the shoulder of some Third World turnpike while a team of automotive paramedics arrived in some towing company ambulance and attempted to give the limo’s heart a shock using two scary-looking nipple clamps.
197	“Dear Diary,” I wrote, “what I once felt for musky moose pee-pees I find was merely a fascination. What initially drew me to a leopard’s velvety hoo-hoo was not love....”
198	To them, what followed was worse than the image of me suckling at any panther woo-woo or grizzly bear nipple.
210	She cupped her hands over her own flawless breasts.
213	The actual birthing involved staffing a sterile, tiled room with an entire documentary film crew, all the grips and gaffers and sound engineers, the cameramen and assistant directors and makeup artists. I’ve seen the result: My mother blissed out on an intravenous Demerol drip, spread-eagled on a kind of vinyl dais with special leg rests. A stylist is powdering down

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	the shine on her meticulously waxed pubis, and—voilà—the ooze-colored bulb of my newborn noggin pops out.
215	Instead, I carried Tigerstripe everywhere in the crook of my elbow, lecturing in a stage whisper, always within earshot of my folks, “My mommy and daddy might be drug-hungry sex zombies, but I’ll never allow them to hurt you.”
247	“I’ve tripped on enough LSD to recognize a hallucination.” She smiles as slowly and beautifully as any tropical sunrise.
261	Continuing to keyboard, I explain that my parents are little more than their physical appetites, their recreational drugs and casual sex.
267	I’m embarrassed to watch, but it’s too late to escape. Mere moments before, Mr. Ketamine fled the room. As for me, what I observe seems more intimate than sex. Tears spring to my father’s eyes and he moans in agony. “My Camille, my Cammy, how could you end your life?”
268	His mouth thrusts forward to meet hers, and they kiss. They kiss the same way I gobble down peanut-butter cheesecake. They suck each other’s faces the way my nana smoked her first cigarette in the morning.
270	Depicted in this most sickening medium, they see me, and the shared passion of the moment brings their beaming, beatific countenances to the brink of a second passionate lip-lock. Their mouths tremble toward touching one another. Their faces yearn forward.
273	We’re standing here looking at Papadaddy’s skin-banana slime spouted all down the front of my nice shirt, and he’s in paradise?
277	As a virgo intacta, I have solid proof to the contrary, but there’s no way to submit such evidence for Festus’s inspection. Meaning: If I even try to show him my maidenhead, the gesture is going to look somewhat slutty.
284	Lifting his tiny arms into the air and flailing his hands, preacher-style, my upstate boyfriend rants, “It is God’s will that all women abstain from voting and birth control and driving automobiles!” While my pint-size Aryan poster child rattles off the rest of God’s demands—no more blacks marrying whites ... no men marrying men, ever ... absolute mandatory circumcision for all members of both genders ... veils, lots of veils and burqas—I turn to Mr. K and make my introductions.
286	Leaning closer to my blue confidant, I whisper, “And please tell them that I did not suck on any spider monkey ding-dings or do the Hot Thing with any water buffalo, okay?”
295	“Madison Spencer says the only true path to salvation lies in sucking donkey dicks!”
303	To all Boorist eyes we must appear as a depraved naked pervert, a poorly complexioned, libidinous skeleton, grappling to molest a nude lass.
325	Reaching a blue ghost hand into a pocket of her ghost robe, she extracts a jumbo-size bottle of ghost Xanax and pitches it into the blazing distance. With this sacrifice she shrieks, “So long, gender and racial wage inequality! Good riddance, postcolonial environmental degradation!”
327	Nor do I hanker to enforce God’s pronouncements banning birth control and gay marriage.

Profanity/Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	2
Cock	2
Cunt	3
Dick	7
Fag/Faggot	2
Fuck	28
Kike	2
Nigger	2
Piss	3
Pussy	1
Queer	1
Shit	13
Tit	2