

# INVISIBLE MONSTERS REMIX

By Chuck Palahniuk

Evie's shouting about how she done found her butt-sucking fag-assed new husband face-downed enjoying butt sex with everybody's old boyfriend in the butler's pantry. ...I remember all his porno magazines, and all the details of anal, oral, rimming, fisting, felching. You could put yourself in the hospital trying to self-suck.

Go figure, but Texans seem to be a lot more comfortable around disastrous house fires than they are around anal sex. I remember my folks. Scat and water sports. Sado and masochism. ...You hear loud spanking from the butler's pantry. The painful kind where you spit on your hand first. Brandy, the socially inappropriate thing she is, Brandy starts laughing. "This is going to be messy good fun," Brandy tells me out the side of her Plumbago mouth. "I put a handful of Bilax bowel evacuant in Ellis's last drink." ... With everybody looking up the stairs at Evie wearing nothing but wire and ashes, sweat and soot smeared all over her luscious hourglass transgender bod, we all watch Evelyn Cottrell in her big incorporated moment, and Evie screams, "You!" ... "Sure, yes, I slept with your boyfriend, but who hasn't?" Evie says, with the gun and everything. ... You hear that butt-slapping sound from the butler's pantry. ... "Oh, God, yes, Jesus Christ," Ellis yells. "Oh, God, I'm coming!" ... "Yes!" Ellis yells from the pantry. "Yes, do it, big guy! Give it to me! Shoot it!" Evie squints down the barrel. "Now!" Ellis is yelling. "Shoot it right in my mouth!" Brandy smiles.

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Shane was excited by leather sex, you know, bondage and discipline, sado-and masochism." ...She says, "Your father suggested black triangles, but that would mean Shane was a lesbian. It looks like the female pubic hair. The black triangle does." ...My father says, "Then I wanted a green border, but it turns out that would mean Shane was a male prostitute." My mom says, "We almost chose a red border, but that would mean fisting. Brown would mean either scat or rimming, we couldn't figure which." "Yellow," my father says, "means watersports." "A lighter shade of blue," Mom says, "would mean just regular oral sex." "Regular white," my father says, "would mean anal. White could also mean Shane was excited by men wearing underwear." He says, "I can't remember which." ...Between the yams and the stuffing, Dad looks down at his plate and says, "Do you know about rimming?" ... "And fisting?" my mom asks. I say, I know. I don't mention Manus and his vocational porno magazines. ...To my father she says, "Do you know what felching is?" ...All this sick horrible sex talk over Thanksgiving dinner, I can't take this. ... "Felching . . ." I lower my voice. I'm calm now. "Felching is when a man fucks you up the butt without a rubber. He shoots his load, and then plants his mouth on your anus and sucks out his own warm sperm, plus whatever lubricant and feces are present. That's felching. It may or may not," I add, "include kissing you to pass the sperm and fecal matter into your mouth."

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My mom leans over to scoop yams onto my plate, and says, "Your father wanted a black border, but black on a field of blue would mean

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