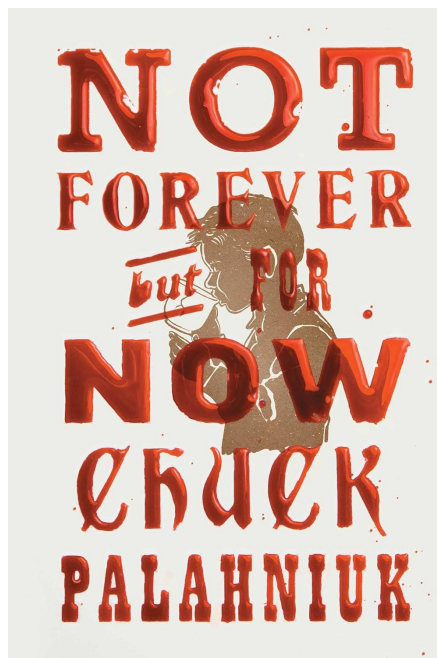


# Not Forever but For Now



## Book Summary

The book is a horror satire about a pair of sexually depraved brothers from a family of professional killers.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, animal cruelty, assassination/murder, body horror (implied), bullying, controversial cultural/gender commentary, deception, derogatory terms, deviant content, dissociative identity disorder, drugs, drugging, dubious consent, explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, fetishes (referenced), gore, incest, kinks (referenced), molestation, necrophilia, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, prostitution (referenced), self-harm, sex toys/sex dolls, rape/sexual assault, torture, violence, and voyeurism.

*Adult*

**By Chuck Palahniuk**

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**5** /5

**Deviant Content**

Page	Content
16	<p>OTTO IS ALWAYS SO CLEVER. He tells me so all the time. He's always writing letters and getting letters from interesting people. Otto says, "If you're Christopher Robin, then I'm Christopher Wren." All interesting sorts of people write to Otto. His pen pals are people who've pulled o home invasions and pistol-whipped whole families and disposed of them in shallow graves. They're hammer murderers, pitchfork killers. Of course they're all incarcerated in prisons or committed to asylums for the incurably insane, but they're ever so lonely, and Otto writes to them, and they write back. Oh, just reams and reams. Really interesting letters about how they've used a machete to take apart someone by the arms and legs and put a torso into a suitcase and then got pinched trying to check their bags through at Heathrow. Just fascinating things. Otto eggs them on, writing back that he's madly in love with them, and they write back with all the exciting ideas they have for when they get out. How they're going to take a guard hostage and shoot him with his own service weapon and dash across the countryside until they find Otto and do the worst they can imagine to him. Otto writes back that they should stop sending such sordid abuse, but his heart's not in it. He's only telling them no so they'll try harder. They write back with even naughtier ideas, and the letters fly until everyone is very stirred up. Otto writes, I really can't fathom that I'm in touch with the Buckinghamshire Hatchet Killer, and that you're really you... And the pen pals draw all sorts of pictures of the things they'd do to him with ropes and broom handles. He reads these aloud and we have a giggle.</p>
17	<p>Otto asked this nanny, the shriveled nanny, would she shave me all over, my whole body, to make me look more like a Page Three Girl? Otto takes pics and sends these to the criminals and convicts. All sorts of naughty poses, he puts me through, and these pics are a massive hit, and we get even more brilliant letters, and it's a lark to know that armies of stirred-up serial killers are having it o to our pictures and know our address. And we have a giggle over the fact that Mummy hasn't the slightest notion that we're a lodestone for every escaped homicidal lunatic, our house is, and any prison break could release hordes of escaped sex killers who'd descend on our little family in a heartbeat.</p>
22	<p>It's all in Darwin, he said. Otto told Daddy that any boy who truly wants to be destroyed must promise he'll do human toilet. And that he'll do rusty trombone and dirty Sanchez, whatever those things are. What matters is that a predator's very faint of heart so the prey must debase himself to put the predator at ease. Otto said, "No one is as needy as a predator." This is all from the National Geographic Society. Here, Otto said the strangest thing. He said, "All whores take to hell every man they've had inside them, they do." He said, "That's why Satan makes whores, Daddy."</p>
31	<p>A look gets on his face like when I found the nanny all tangled at the foot of the back stairs. The nanny who did it with her mouth, you know. When she looked up at me standing on the top step, her eyes looked, oh, horribly glassy like a doll's eyes, and she said, "Master Cecil, please help me." Her arms and legs were in a terrible state, all over blood with the shattered ends of her long bones stuck out every which way. But already Otto was kneeling next to nanny's head. Half of her was on her back and half on her front, that's how knackered her spine was. Otto li ed her head from the kitchen floor. Cradling her head in his arms, he said, "Poor, poor nanny.</p>
37	<p>OTTO HAD GOTTEN ME NAKED and posed me underneath the jaguar with my bare bottom smack against the jaguar's stuffed bits. Otto was taking snaps to send to his pen pals. To really stir up their incarcerated blood. As I struck my pose, Otto said, "You know Mummy doesn't love us, don't you?" He drew a bead on me with his little camera and said, "She only thinks she loves us. It's a lie she tells herself." According to Otto, Mummy knows that Otto and I are runty, skinny, sissy things, just useless to the Empire, but she tells herself we're not. "And to not know something all the time," he said, "well, that takes an awful toll on her. The poor old girl." He said she feels stuck with us. Otto fiddled with his little lens and said, "They already hate us." Us fussy, mewling man-babies, he meant. "So we must do things, awful things to earn their hatred." He told me to arch my back more, despite me still being so raw.</p>

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37	<p>Otto told me to say, “Oh, Pooh, you silly old bear!” And I said the words just as Mummy walked into the library to return a Pearl S. Buck novel, and a sour look got on her face. Otto tried to explain that we were only playing Jungle Book, but Mummy turned on her heel and left in a hurry . As for me, I was still trying to extricate my naked self from under the stuffed jaguar. Otto followed her to the garden room. A maid was only then setting out our tea, and Otto tried to explain more, but Mummy cut him dead, saying, “I’ll hear no more of your truck.” So Otto slipped a pill into her tea and passed the cup to her, and she drank it down. Otto crossed his fingers that she might die, but her mood brightened immensely. As of late Mummy never rallies or comes into her right mind unless Otto slips a pill into her tea. After that, she’s so cheerful she might ask him for an injection. It’s a er an injection that a look gets on her face, a smile like Daddy’s ghost has just kissed her.</p>
42	<p>ON SOME BLEAK DAY, A soggy, soppo day that would’ve otherwise been lost to memory, a man arrives. Mummy is out of the house. A broken-down du er rings our bell and asks the footman if Otto is receiving callers. Straightaway Otto meets the man—a bounder from the internet roped in by Daddy some time in the past and ready to have it out . Beer and condoms at the ready, this nasty nonce, he’s practically slobbering to have a go. But Otto says his mother is about. The man and he will have to retire to some safe place. The nasty ru an says he has a car. And Otto asks, “Will you play What’s the Time Mr. Wolf?” Otto acts quite the coy, cutesy sort. He winks and giggles until the man agrees to drive to the strand, to the old hotel bang on the ocean. They two park and walk to the dunes. The ghost forest. Here, it’s a drizzly, drooping afternoon, with the sun scarcely shining through low clouds. Otto asks the du er, “Will you be my daddy and chase me through the Hundred Acre Wood?” He says, “And when you catch me, you can have a go.” You see, Otto is experimenting. A scientist, he is, like Richard Attenborough. And he dashes out , dodging between the half-buried trees. The trees bleached dri wood-white with broken bones for branches. All like Mummy said it would be. Where Daddy vanished. The old du er pants along in hot pursuit, he wants to have it o so bad. Otto sprints, each step throwing up a little spray of sand, and Otto always just out of the man’s reach. Otto’s the baby peccary running for its life, and the old du er is a greedy panther needing to make a kill. And Otto runs patterns around trees until half the time he’s chasing the du er, and then the du er turns until they almost run smack into one another, but Otto pivots fast, pivots and bolts in a new direction.</p>
46	<p>And here, a look gets on Otto’s face, like when I found him in the potting shed with a pruning hook in one hand and the garden boy bleeding profusely from his slit throat on the soiled army cot that served as their secret headquarters, and Otto had wiped the handle of the pruning hook on a tail of the garden boy’s shabby tunic and hung the hook back in its place and said, “Such an undistinguished boy. I should never have allowed him a go.” As the garden boy glug-glugged on the vast, endless torrent of his own blood, stupid garden boy, dirty garden boy, Otto said, “I never loved you.” And Otto had it o with the garden boy’s half-warm corpse. And if our house is haunted, it’s haunted by the sound of the chau eur’s skull popping, as well as the pop of nanny’s neck. Not to mention the ranks of pussy fingers preserved behind glass in the library. And here, Otto turns o the nature film and takes Grandfather’s hand and asks just what such an apprenticeship in the family firm would look like.</p>
57	<p>THIS MORNING THE POSTMAN BRINGS three delightful death threats from serial killers, lovely, long tales spun with white-hot branding irons and such. But Mummy’s also written. From Switzerland, she says she’s gone and married her massage therapist, a great brute out of Bavaria, who rips the towel from her naked flanks and pulls her ankles apart with Teutonic authority and fulfills her with his knobby hands. She can’t speak a word of Swabian German, nor can he any English, so they play charades that they’re in love. Grandfather, it goes without saying, is not in favor of the match.</p>
68	<p>Once the tutor is enraged, I open my trousers and linen just as Otto told me. And I demand that he put me over his knee and spank my bare bottom just as Pooh must sometimes bend Piglet over his lap and spank and spank at Piglet’s bare bottom until both animals explode in pent-up excitement.</p>

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74	<p>Unknown is why nobody swims up to the surface for more air. Down there, reclining on the mossy bed: all those redheads and geishas and centerfolds are settled on their backs with their legs splayed open. Settled on their fronts with their plastic butts in the air. Underwater in-the-air with their miniskirts rucked up and rippling. Beauty queens who spiraled down, tumbling through the murk to land on their sides with each head turned just so to give a come-hither look over one latex shoulder. That's how the divers must find them. Lace negligees and feather boas floating around their breasts. Their long hair slow-motion floating in the cold, underwater breeze. What job could stop himself? What du er could settle for just one? Rapture of the deep. Another one always beckoning, a prettier one, the one he hasn't had.</p>
75	<p>Like Aesop's dog with the stolen bone. Who drops his bone in the water, you know? So it is with the secret lake. Anymore, our Sirens aren't alone. Haunting those waters are the randy spirits of weekend divers and Special Boat Service warriors still trying to get o in the a erlife. The only submerged sound, the rasping in and out of heavy breathing. According to Grandfather, that's what it's called when your blood oxygen runs too low: rapture of the deep. A feeling so giddy you forget you're su ocating. If any diver notices, it's too late. Still, nobody raises a stink because everyone dreams of taking his shot. Every man thinks he'll make it out alive. The nitrogen builds up in your blood to give you a dick that won't quit. An underwater wonderland of Bugatti Divos and Land Rover Defenders and Aston Martin Vulcans. Arrayed among them, Junoesque courtesans and pert coquettes and busty showstoppers. To kill a man, any man, Grandfather says, you only need to tell him the location of one of our secret lakes.</p>
89	<p>Otto runs as if on the pitch at Sandhurst and the goal is to tackle the best, most fresh baby peccary and have at its innocent, tender everything, and to spoil the baby for every job and hoodlum who'll have a go at it in the dismal future. When at long last Otto's hands find purchase, he throws the boy spinster, weeping tutor, wailing tutor, Otto flings him down on a burning Regency settee and o ers a choice. "Submit," Otto says, "or you'll be pinched by the coppers." Otto says, "Cecil and I will testify that you went bonkers, tore o your grotty clothing, and turned firebug." You see, this is the leverage Otto's been angling for. The courts always back wealthy, tiny boys against naked, da tutors. The boy spinster will be convicted, he will, and shipped straightaway to Australia where he'll be had at and gone over by myriad miscreants and criminals against nature, and when those sloppy jobs do him to death, the boy spinster won't go to heaven. Perish the thought. No, God doesn't associate with damaged goods. And yes, the silly thing will be damaged beyond all repair so he'll be dispatched to live forever in Hades where all deviants will have all eternity to play Winnie-the-Pooh on him. "Or," Otto o ers, "you can let me have a quick go." He says, "I won't tell the Jesuits. And I won't tell God. And we'll, the three of us, share the nursery and live happily ever a er." Here, Otto tosses the electric car key to me and commands me to start the Rolls and be ready to escape in an instant. Already the wail of a siren is coming across the nighttime moors. The blubbing tutor curls into a ball to cover his nakedness on the settee. Even as flames eat at the room around us. Even as Otto wets two fingers in his own mouth and spits into his palm and says, "God needn't ever know." And Otto pulls the boy spinster's ankles wide apart like in Lady-in-the-Lake. Otto leans forward to have a quick go. And what with the trembling, twee thing naked and blubbing—for real or for pretend—whatever the case, it's all too exciting for Otto to hold o , and even before I take leave Otto is bang—Bob's your uncle—done.</p>
100	<p>Once those are full up, there's Scotland. And wouldn't it tickle the Loch Ness Monster. For Nessie to find her realm tucked in with a bevy of lovely lads and lassies, that lovely loch made over into a bustling Playboy mansion for randy ghosts and the sexy toys that rich bastards want thrown out on some tip.</p>
124	<p>We make the journey to the sea in an ecstasy of thrilling, dangerous kisses and embraces. This crazed Digby, he takes the liberty of squeezing my tiny chest with his calloused mitts while slobbering sweet nothings in my ear. Bracing it feels, to be mouthed by a sex criminal, me a wee baby quoll ready to be torn limb from limb should the mood shi .</p>

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135	<p>THE TUTOR STAGGERS BACK EVERY morning brimming with cash from having it o with potted tossers, toughs and roughs who've given him a go in a dustbin for a quid. Tweaking his twenty nipples and having it o in his rectal eye sockets. The rubber thing's a great favorite among the hooligans who've only ever been to Amsterdam to have a bit of the rough. To enter the nursery is to walk into a mass grave. Houseflies continue to reproduce on some hidden decay. Slain athletes are layered with dead lingerie models, all tangled in the anonymity of their nakedness. With somewhere in this morass the naked tutor, pale and still as death a er a nighttime of carnal carousing. He's shed his rubber hide from the prior night. This sexual carapace is worse for the wear. Pulled. Tweaked. Violated and impregnated in countless plastic locations. It's cast aside, ready to be butchered and remade as the next abhorrent fantasy. A jumble of fake flesh shi s to reveal the least robust arm. The only sallow thigh twitches, and a snore rattles forth from a face carved and sunken with exhaustion. No more a chaste bookworm, our classics scholar, he mutters in his sleep, "Είμαι ο βασιλιάς της σαύρας."</p>
154	<p>Otto pulls the car alongside and matches the beast's pace. He puts down his window and says, "Mate? You fancy a beer?" His boots clomping along, not breaking stride, the yob says, "Fuck o ." Otto waves an unopened bottle out the window. "Here," he says. "Take it." The yob looks over and says, "How am I the fuck to open it?" Here in the dim of the car, Otto pops the cap of the beer. To make that hissing sound. The sound of a soul escaping. But instead, he hands out the beer he's mixed pills in. "Here," he says, "it's open." All this shows a masterful feat of driving: Otto managing to stay alongside the walking yob, while opening the decoy beer, and handing over the doctored beer. The yob takes the bottle without thanks and tips it back, still walking. He takes a breath between swallows and says, "I'm not getting in any posh car with a couple queers, if that's what you have in mind." He pulls another long swallow on the bottle. Still striding along, shoulders bunched against the rain, he shakes the bottle as if hearing how much is le . He drains it. "Now you can sod o ," he says, and pitches the bottle, smash, against the side of our nice car. He turns on his heel and starts down a side alley. Otto doesn't follow, but only cruises forward, picking up speed. He o ers me the decoy beer, and I take it. The satellite nav on the dashboard shows this street curves around, eventually to bring us to the far end of the alley down which the yob disappeared. We'll head him o . We're like cheetahs, we are, waiting for our prey to tire out. "We'll get a taste for it," says Otto, meaning we'll get the hang of being predators. We won't always be aging pre-male bunny types who sit and wait for some not-choosey old dingo to give us a go. Otto means to have it o in the yob's every hollow. To turn the beast faceup and have it o , then facedown, then to repeat the process. Then maybe to cart the yob home to the nursery where the tutor can glue some extra parts on him. And finally to leave him sprawled in some market square,</p> <p>Steroid yob that he is, his scalp and the back of his thick neck are all over pimples. Nothing like having a go with some big steroid yob and biting his nipple in the dark and having the nipple explode in your mouth because it's more to reality a pimple.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	3
Bastard	3
Breast / Tit	9
Dick	2
Fag / Faggot	1
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.	4
Penis	1
Piss	10
Pussy	11
Shit / Bullshit etc.	2
Whore	5
Slut	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	4
Hell	9