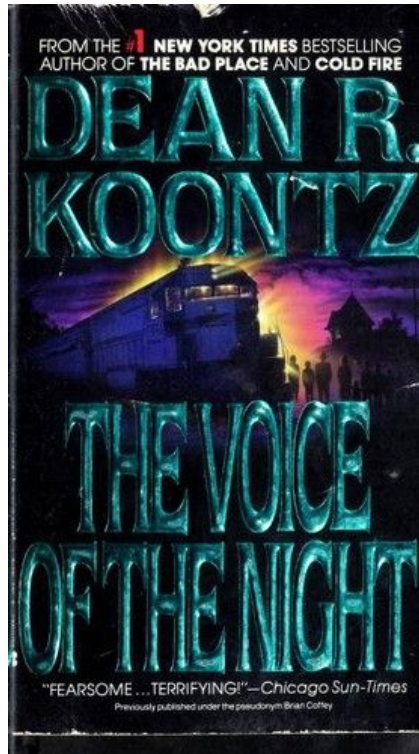


The Voice of the Night



Book Summary

A psychological thriller about a timid teenager who becomes entangled in the deadly games of his sociopathic new friend.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains: alcohol, animal cruelty, controversial racial commentary, gore, potentially patently offensive content,, potentially prurient interest content, profanity, sexual assault, smoking and violence.

Adult

By Dean Koontz

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Deviant Content

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17	<p>Still studying the progress of the ship on the sea, Roy said, “Killed bigger things, too.” “Bigger than mice?” “Sure.” “Like what?” “A cat.” “You killed a cat?” “That’s what I said, didn’t I?” “Why’d you do that?” “I was bored.” “That’s no reason.” “It was something to do.” “Jeez.” Roy turned away from the sea. “What a crock,” Colin said. Roy hunkered in front of Colin, locked eyes with him. “It was a popper, a really terrific popper.” “A popper? Fun? Why would killing a cat be fun?” “Why wouldn’t it be fun?” Roy asked. Colin was skeptical. “How’d you kill it?” “First I put it in a cage.” “What kind of cage?” “A big old birdcage, about three feet square.” “Where’d you get a thing like that?” “It was in our basement. A long time ago my mother owned a parrot. When it died she didn’t get a new bird, but she didn’t throw away the cage either.” “Was it your cat?” “Nah. Belonged to some people down the street.” “What was its name?” Roy shrugged. “If there’d really been a cat, you’d remember its name,” Colin said. “Fluffy. Its name was Fluffy.” “Sounds likely.” “It’s true. I put it in the cage and worked on it with my mother’s knitting needles.” “Worked on it?” “I poked at it through the bars. Christ, you should have heard it!</p>
18	<p>“That was one damned mad cat. It spat and screamed and tried to claw me.” “So you killed it with the knitting needles.” “Nah. The needles just made it angry.” “Can’t imagine why.” “Later I got a long, two-pronged meat fork from the kitchen and killed it with that.”</p>
45	<p>“Okay, okay,” Colin said. “Let’s not go through the whole argument again. Let’s pretend I swallowed your story—hook, line, and sinker. You killed a cat in a birdcage. So what next—a dog?” “If I wanted to kill a dog, would you help?” “Why would you want to?” “It might be a popper.” “Jeez.” “Would you help kill it?” “Where would you get the dog? You think the humane society gives them out to people who want to torture them?” “I’d just steal the first pooch I saw,” Roy said. “Someone’s pet?” “Sure.” “How would you kill it?” “Shoot it. Blow its head off.” “And the neighbors wouldn’t hear?” “We’d take it out in the hills first.” “You expect it to just pose and smile while we plug it?” “We’d tie it up and shoot it a dozen times.”</p>
52	<p>“They play what?” Colin asked. “Soft-core pom. Don’t you know what that is?” “No.” “You got a lot to learn, good buddy. Fortunately, you have a good teacher. Namely, me. It’s pornography. Dirty movies.” “Y-you mean we’re going to see people... doing it?” Roy grinned. His teeth and eyes caught the moonlight. “That’s what we’d see if this was hard-core,” Roy said. “But it’s only soft stuff.” “Oh,” Colin said. He didn’t have the slightest idea what Roy meant. “So all we get to see,” Roy explained, “is naked people pretending to do it.” “They’re... really naked?” “Sure.” “Not completely naked.” “Completely.” “Not the girls.” “Especially the girls,” Roy said. “Pay attention to the movie, dummy.” Colin looked at the screen, afraid of what he might see. The couple on the beach was kissing. Then the man stepped back, and the woman smiled, and she caressed herself, teasing him, and then she reached behind her back and unhooked the bikini top she was wearing and let it slide slowly down her arms, and suddenly her bare breasts bobbed into view, large and firm and upswept, jiggling deliciously, and the man touched them— “Yeah, get her. Get her good,” Roy said. —and the man stroked the breasts, squeezed them, and the woman closed her eyes and seemed to be sighing, and the man gently thumbed the swollen nipples.</p>
55	<p>“Say ‘tits’ for me.” “Tits,” Colin said thickly. “Say ‘knockers’ for me.” “Knockers.” “Say ‘boobs.’ ” “Boobs.” “Tell me you like her tits.” “I like her tits.” Roy let go. “Was that so difficult?” Colin gingerly massaged his arm. “Hey,” Roy said, “wouldn’t you like to wear her tits for earmuffs?” “You’re gross.” Roy laughed. “Thank you.” “I think you drew blood.” “Don’t be a baby. I just squeezed a little. Wow! Look at the screen!” The man had pulled off the bottom half of the girl’s bikini. He was caressing her bare buttocks, which were very white against her tan back and thighs, so white that they looked like the plump halves of a pale nut surrounded by soft brown shell. “I could eat ten pounds of that ass for breakfast,” Roy said. The man on the screen was naked, too. He stretched out on his back, and the girl straddled him. “They won’t show us the good part,” Roy said. “Not at the Fairmont. They won’t show her getting it.” The camera concentrated on her bouncing breasts and on her gorgeous face, which was contorted with feigned ecstasy. “Does that make you stiff?” Roy asked. “Huh?” “Does it give you a hard-on?” “You’re weird.” “You afraid of that word, too?”</p>

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56	<p>"I'm not afraid of any words." "So say it." "jeez." "Say it." "Hard-on." "You got one?" Colin was almost sick with embarrassment. "You got a hard-on, good buddy?" "Yeah." "Know what it's called?" "Marvin." Roy laughed. "That's funny. Real quick. I like that." The other boy's approval was a palliative. Colin's fear subsided just a bit. "Do you really know what it's called?" Roy asked. "A penis." "That's as bad as 'breast.'" Colin said nothing. "Say 'cock' for me." Colin said it. "Very good," Roy said. "Excellent. Before this movie's over, you'll know all the words, and you'll feel comfortable with them, just like I d. Stick with me, kid, and I'll bring you up right. Hey, look! Look what he's doing to her now! Look, Colin! What a popper! Look!" Colin felt as if he were on a skateboard, rocketing down along, steep hill, totally out of control. But he looked.</p>
74	<p>"Maybe not at first." "Not in a million years." "She'll just need some persuading." "Persuading?" "You and me together should be able to handle her." Colin gaped at him. "You willing to try?" Roy asked. "Are you talking about—rape?" "What if I am?" "You want to wind up in prison?" "She's hot stuff. She's worth taking the chance." "Nobody's worth going to prison for." "This is just like that story about the cat," Colin said. "You wouldn't ever kill a cat, and you wouldn't rape anyone, either." "If I knew I could get away with it, I'd sure as hell get me a piece or two of that Sarah, and you'd better believe it, good buddy." "I don't." "Two of us working together could get away with it. Easy. Real easy. Will you at least think about it for a couple of days?" "Give up, Roy. I know you're putting me on." "I'm serious."</p>
79	<p>—She's your own mother! But she's built. —Close the door. Maybe she'll roll over. —You don't want to see. Like hell I don't. Roll over! —Close the door. I want to see her breasts. —This is disgusting. Her tits. —Jeez. I'd sure like to touch them. —Are you crazy? Sneak in and touch 'em without waking her. —You're turning into a pervert. A regular goddamned pervert. You ought to be ashamed. Blushing, he quietly closed the door. His hands were cold and damp with sweat. He went downstairs and ate breakfast: two cookies and a glass of orange</p>
106	<p>"How'd you like to get in her pants?" " You and me can handle her. We'll push inside, knock her down. I'll put a knife at her throat." " Then we'll strip her, tie her to the bed, and use her." " Oh, of course, when we're finished with her, we'll have to kill her</p>
108	<p>Sooner or later, I'll find the right setup. I'll find someone for us to kill. You better believe it.</p>
209	<p>Roy looked her over with growing interest. Colin saw the boy's eyes lingering on the curve of her smooth , sleek calves, then her knees, then her taut thighs. For a minute Roy didn't seem capable of lifting his gaze from those slender, shapely legs. Then he finally looked up at her ruined blouse, at the swell of breasts that were partly visible through the torn material. He looked at the ropes, at the gag in her mouth, and at her wide, frightened eyes. He saw that she was genuinely afraid, and her fear pleased him. He smiled and turned to Colin. "You did it." Colin knew the trick had worked. Roy couldn't conceive of Colin and Heather setting a trap all by themselves, without adults to back them up. As soon as Roy had seen that they were alone in the mansion, that there were no reinforcements waiting in another room, he had been convinced. The Colin he knew was too much of a coward to try anything like that. But the Colin he knew no longer existed. The new Colin was a stranger to him. "You really, really did it," Roy said. "Didn't I tell you?" "Is that blood on her head?" "I had to hit her pretty hard. She was unconscious for a while," Colin said. "Jesus." "Now do you believe me?" "You really want to fuck her?" Roy asked. "Yeah." "Then kill her?" "Yeah." Heather protested through her gag, but her voice was weak and unintelligible. "How will we kill her?" Roy asked. "You have your penknife with you?" "Yeah." "Well," Colin said, "I've got mine, too." "You mean—stab her?" "Just like you did the cat." "With penknives, it'll take a long time." "The longer the better—right?" Roy grinned. "Right." "So are we friends again?" "I guess we are." "Blood brothers?" "Well ... all right. Sure. You've made up for what you did." "You'll stop trying to kill me?" "I'd never hurt a blood brother." "You tried to hurt me before."</p>

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210	<p>Roy looked down at Heather again and licked his lips. He put one hand on his crotch and rubbed himself through his jeans. "We're going to have fun," Roy said, "and this little bitch is just the start of it. You'll see, Colin. You understand now. You understand how it's us against them. We're going to have a barrel of laughs.</p> <p>It'll be a real popper." Conscious of the tape recorder, his heart exploding as Roy took a step toward Heather, Colin said, "If you want, some night we'll go back out to the junkyard and push that old truck down on the tracks, in front of a train." "Nah," Roy said. "We can't do that any more. Not now that you've told your old lady about it.</p> <p>We'll figure something else." He took another step toward Heather. "Come on. Let's get that gag out of her mouth.</p> <p>I have something else I'm aching to put between her pretty lips." Colin reached behind his back and pulled the pistol from his belt. "Don't touch her." Roy didn't even look at him. He moved toward Heather. Colin shouted:</p> <p>"I'll blow your head off, you son-of-a-bitch!" Roy was stunned. At first he didn't comprehend, but then he saw Heather shrugging off the ropes that bound her wrists, and he realized that he had been tricked after all. The blood left his face, and he was white with rage. "All of this was recorded," Colin said. "I've got it on tape. Now I'll be able to make someone believe me." Roy started toward him. "Don't move!" Colin said, jabbing the pistol at him.</p> <p>Roy stopped.</p>
212	<p>Colin was lying on something hard and sharp-edged, and, as dizzy as he was, he needed a moment to realize that it was the pistol beneath him. He pulled it from under him and rose to his knees and fumbled with the safeties as Roy started toward him again and as sparks of pain flashed behind his eyes.</p> <p>Roy laughed with vicious delight. "You think I'm scared of an unloaded gun? Jesus, you're a wimp! I'm going to kick your head apart, you stupid little creep. Then I'm going to fuck your stupid girlfriend till she bleeds."</p> <p>"You're a filthy, rotten bastard!" Colin said, burning with rage, more furious than he'd ever imagined he could be. He staggered to his feet. "You stop. Stop right where you are. The safety catches were on. Now they're off. You hear me? The gun's loaded. And I'll use it. I swear to God, I'll blow your guts all over the wall!"</p> <p>Roy laughed again. "Colin Jacobs, the big tough killer." He kept coming, grinning, confident.</p> <p>Colin cursed him and pulled the trigger. The shot was deafening in the shuttered room.</p>

Profanity & Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass, Asshole, Assholes, Smart-Ass	8
Bitch, Son-of-a-Bitch	11
Damn, Damned, Goddamn, Damnit	38
Fuck, Fuckin, Fucking	9
Hell	33
Piss	1
Shit, Bullshit	10
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn, Damned, Goddamn, Damnit	38
oh my God	2
God	5
Hell	33
Jesus	8
Christ's Sake	1