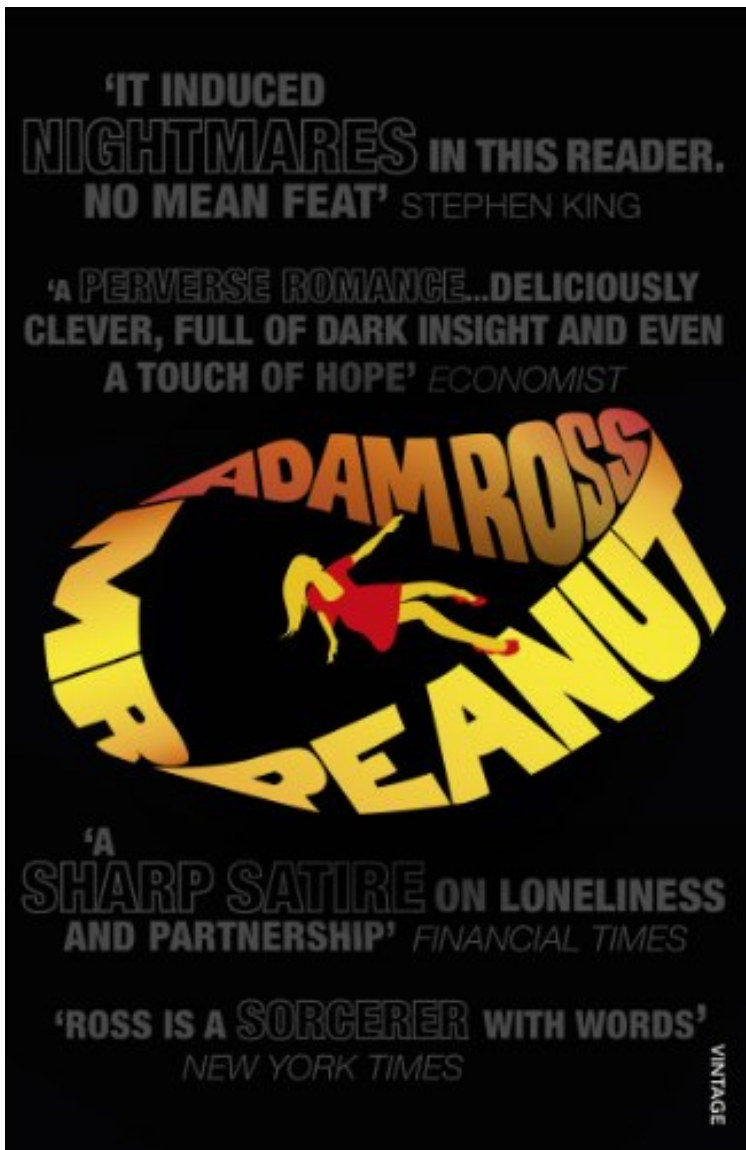


[Free download] File size: 77.Mb

Mr. Peanut



Par Adam Ross
**Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #454512 dans eBooksPubli le: 2010-06-10Sorti le: 2010-06-10Format: Ebook Kindle

[Free download] Mr. Peanut

Par Adam Ross : Mr. Peanut before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Mr. Peanut:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurDavid Pepin has loved his wife since the moment they met, and he can't imagine living without her - yet he obsessively contemplates her demise. Soon she's dead, and he's both deeply distraught and the prime suspect.The detectives investigating her death have their own conjugal difficulties. Ward Hastroll's wife is inexplicably, voluntarily bedridden. And Sam Sheppard has for decades been especially sensitive to the intricacies of marital guilt, for the most personal of reasons....When Pepin is linked to a hitman, the case begins to resemble the Escher drawings that inspire the computer games Pepin designs for a living. Mesmerizing, hugely poignant, astonishing in its reach, Mr. Peanut is a police procedural of the soul and a first novel of the highest order.ExtraitWHEN DAVID PEPIN FIRST DREAMED of killing his wife,

he didn't kill her himself. He dreamed convenient acts of God. At a picnic on the beach, a storm front moved in. David and Alice collected their chairs, blankets, and booze, and when the lightning flashed, David imagined his wife lit up, her skeleton distinctly visible as in a children's cartoon, Alice then collapsing into a smoking pile of ash. He watched her walk quickly across the sand, the tallest object in the wide-open space.

She even stopped to observe the piling clouds. "Some storm," she said. He tempted fate by hubris. In his mind he declared: I, David Pepin, am wiser and more knowing than God, and I, David Pepin, know that God shall not, at this very moment, on this very beach, Jones Beach, strike my wife down. God did not. David knew more. And in their van, when the rain came so densely it seemed they were in a car wash, he boasted of his godliness to Alice, asked rhetorically if a penis this large and this erect (thus exposed) could be anything but divine, and he made love to his wife angrily and passionately right in the front seat, hidden by the heavy weather. He dreamed unconsciously and he dreamed sporadically. His fantasies simply welled up.

If she called from work, he asked, "Did something happen?" If she was late coming home, he began to worry too soon. He began to dream according to her schedule. "Taking the train today?" David asked in the morning. "Taking the train," Alice said. It was a block west to Lexington where she'd pick up the subway down to 42nd Street. At Grand Central, she'd take Metro-North thirty minutes to Hawthorne, where she taught emotionally disturbed and occasionally dangerous children. Anything could happen between here and there. On the edge of the platform, two boys were roughhousing. The train came barreling into the station.

An accidental push. Alice, spun round, did a crazy backstroke before she fell. And it was over. David winced. The things that went through his mind! From their window, he watched Alice walk up the street. A helicopter passed overhead. On Lexington, at the building under construction, a single girder was winched into the sky. And David imagined this was the last time he would ever see his wife—that this was the last image he'd have of her—and he felt the sadness well up and had the smallest taste of his loss, like the wish when you're young that your parents would die. There could be no violence. It was a strange ethics attending his fantasy. He dreamed the crane tumbling, the helicopter spiraling out of control, but he edited out all the terror and pain. There was Alice, underneath the wreckage, killed instantly or sometimes David was there, by her side, inserted just before the fatal moment. He held her hand, they exchanged last words, and he eased her into death. "David," Alice said, "I love you." "Alice," David said, "I love you too." Her eyes glassed over. There could be no violence. But occasionally David became a Walter Mitty of murder. He dreamed his own agency. He did it. He shot Alice, he bludgeoned her, he suffocated her with a pillow. But these fantasies were truncated; they flashed in his mind, then he cut them off before the terminal moment because he never surprised her in time. He saw her recognize him as he came round the corner with knife, bat, or gun, felt her hand grip the arm that held the pillow over her face—and it was all too terrible to contemplate. "Whale!" he

screamed at her, because she was enormous. "Goddamn blue whale!" (She'd struggled mightily with depression but was now back on meds.) When they argued, they were ferocious. They'd been married to each other for thirteen years and still went for jugulars and balls. "Genius," she said. That drove him nuts. He was a lead designer and president of Spellbound, a small, extremely successful video game company. People in the industry called him a genius all the time, but during moments of doubt David confessed to her that the games they produced were inane at best, mind-killing—to his and to the kids who played them—at worst. "I wish you were dead!" David screamed. "I wish you were dead too!" But this was a relief. The desire was mutual. He wasn't alone. Later, after the quiet time, he apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't talk to you like that." "I'm sorry," Alice said. "I hate fighting with you." They held each other in the living room. It was evening now and there were no lights on in the apartment. For hours they'd been sitting separately in the dark. His love for his wife was renewed. How could he think the things he'd thought? They took a shower together; it was one of their favorite things to do. He put his arms against the walls and she lathered his back, cleaned the cheeks of his ass and behind his ears. When she shaved his face, she unknowingly mimicked his expression. Afterward, she ran a bath. "You know who I was thinking about today?" David said. Things between them still felt delicate, bruised, and he wanted to make conversation. "Who?" "Dr. Otto." She glanced at him and smiled sadly. Whether it was the associations his name conjured up or how long ago it was that they'd sat in his class—it was where they'd first met—he couldn't be sure. At the moment, David was sitting on the edge of the tub, Alice's ankle in hand. He had soaped down her calf and was shaving it carefully. Hair grew in different directions in different spots. "Have you spoken to him?" "Not for years. I read in the quarterly that his wife passed away." "I'm sorry to hear that." "I'm sure he's had a hard time." "And who hasn't?" Alice said. She completely filled up the bath. Her triceps swelled out separately, like a pair of dolphin fins; her breasts floated like twin islands. And she had the most beautiful face, the longest, finest

chestnut-colored hair, and fabulous hazel-colored eyes. But she'd grown huge, and David didn't pity her, though he knew it was difficult for her to carry the weight. At her maximum this year she'd reached 288 pounds. She'd bought a digital scale (doctor's orders) that flashed bright red numbers. She'd weigh herself in the morning as soon as she woke up, her hair hanging over her face as she stared between her feet. "I wish I were dead," Alice said. And he wished her thin for her own happiness, but for himself he wished she remained fat. He loved the giganticness of her, loved to hold on to her mountain of ass. If he made love to her from behind, he imagined himself an X-rated Gulliver among the Brobdingnags. It was the difference in proportion that turned him on. Closing his eyes, he exaggerated her size, made himself extra small, David holding on, his arms outstretched, smashing into her rear for life, life, life. She was not his wife but a giant she-creature, an overlarge sex pet: his to screw, groom, and maintain. After they made love, she lay facedown on the bed, palms turned up toward the ceiling, eyes glazed open and body motionless (the weight had not deformed her, only intensified her curves, widened her like the Venus of Willendorf), Alice shot dead by David's potent love. There were no children. In the end, it had been her choice. "I was talking with Marnie the other day," Alice said. David, working in his study, minimized the screen. "And?" "She's pregnant." Alice waited. David waited too. He put his elbow on the desk and rested his chin in his hand. "And they just found out that their second child is going to be a girl," Alice said. "And?" "They only have a two-bedroom apartment." "Go on." "And the son, he can't share a bedroom with the daughter. But they can't afford a bigger place." "So?" "So they're going to have to move out of the city." David took off his glasses, gently placed them on the table, then got up, walked to their bedroom, and leaned on the jamb. "Can you imagine?" Alice said. She was focused on the TV; *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was on AE. They looked at each other, smiled knowingly, then she turned back to the screen. She was deep into her second sleeve of low-fat Ritz crackers, halfway through her second bottle of wine. Crumbs lay across her chest and stomach like snow. At the edge of her lips were two upturned, grape-colored tusks. David walked over and hugged her. When he squeezed, the crumbs on her shirt crunched. "I'm glad it's only us," David said. "Oh, David," she whispered, and pulled him to her. "Sometimes I don't know why you love me." "It didn't help everything, but it helped. There was nothing left unaccounted for in David's mind. He kept a running tab of his beneficent deeds, his good husbandry. Yet what occurred to him after he'd made her happy was: Why can't I always be this good? Why can't I be here with her completely now? It was because of the book, he realized as he sat down at his desk again and brought it up on-screen. The book preoccupied him, gnawed at him. This book, unfinished, was always there. He'd started it just over a year ago, as an idea for a video game, but it had grown into something more. It was his top secret and he worked on it like a double agent, when she was out, when she was doing the dishes or surfing the Web-marriage's half-blind times. David kept the manuscript in a large box under the desk in his study. The writing had been a process of fitful stops and starts, of bursts and binges, of terrible dead ends. He was stuck now, stuck badly, but he refused to give up. The structure was complex, perhaps overly so, but the story was impossible to tell straight. Stymied, he had to step away from it for long periods at a time. He ignored it for weeks and weeks on end. He often worried there was nothing there; then he came around, sure that there was. And after Alice fell asleep, he sometimes wandered back to his study and took it out of the box to have a look. There's something about hard copy that a screen could... *Revue de presse* The most riveting look at the dark side of marriage since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*...fascinating. It induced nightmares, at least in this reader. No mean feat. (Stephen King) Adam Ross has crafted a diabolically intricate novel, one that presents all the pleasures and challenges of a well-wrought Sudoku puzzle. There's a whiff of alchemy to the book; you can't quite believe that its many pieces fit together so snugly. Yet they do. Once you've finished, you run your eye back and forth and up and down, and every way you look it adds up. Mr. Peanut is smart, funny, gripping and - in its ultimate unravelling - sneakily sad. (Scott Smith)