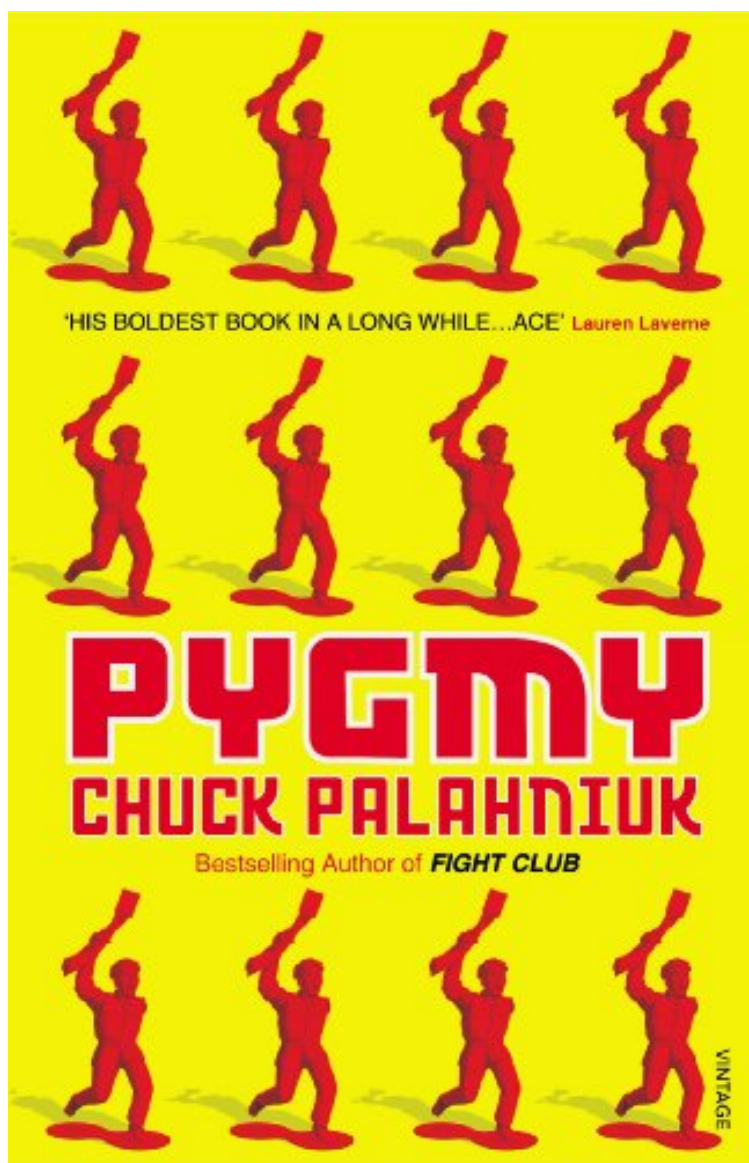


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Pygmy



Par Chuck Palahniuk
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Description :

Présentation de l'éditeur Agent Number 67, nicknamed Pygmy for his diminutive size, arrives in the United States from his totalitarian homeland. An 'exchange student' he is welcomed with open arms by his Midwestern host family. Simpsons-spinoffs, they introduce him into the rituals of postmodern American life, which he views with utter contempt. Along with his fellow operatives, he is planning something big, something truly, truly awful, to bring this big dumb country's fat inhabitants to their knees. Extrait Dispatch First Begins here first account of operative me, agent number 67, on arrival Midwestern American airport greater ?? area. Flight ??. Date ??. Priority mission top success to complete. Code name: Operation Havoc. Fellow operatives already pass immigrant control, exit through secure doors

and to embrace own other host family people. Operative Tibor, agent 23; operative Magda, agent 36; operative Ling, agent 19. All violate United States secure port of entry having success. Each now embedded among middle-income corrupt American family, all other homes, other schools and neighbors of same city. By not after next today, strategy web of operatives to be established. Passport man, officer nothing behind bullet glass, open and reading passport book of operative me, matching to paper facts of visa, man down look upon this agent, say, "You're a long ways from home, son." Man, ancient penned animal dying of too tall, pooled heavy blood hanging in leg veins. Trapped all day, then could be next walk to toilet, pow-pow, clot knock out brain. Passport man say, "So, you're an exchange student?" Man say, "How old are you, my boy?" On fingers of operative me, am to count one, two until thirteen. "So you're thirteen?" say passport man. Behind glass, say, "Awful small for your age, aren't you?" Operative me say, One-three. Hold fingers straight and say repeat, Thirteen. Iron fist of operative me, could be, flash fire explode, pow-bang. Burst bullet glass. Striking Cobra Quick Kill maneuver so collapse passport man windpipe. Render instant quick dead. Tongue of operative me lick, licking, touching back tooth on bottom, molar where planted inside forms cyanide hollow, touching not biting. Not yet. Tooth wet smooth against lick of tongue. Swallow spit, say counting one, two, counting on fingers of hand until six. Tell passport man, to be exchange student with host family six month. Passport man strike paper of book with ink, marked good to enter nation. Slide passport book returned to this agent. Man say, "Welcome to the greatest country on earth." Press button and doors allow way inside United States, accessing target family to harvest. Only one step with foot, operative me to defile security of degenerate American snake nest. Den of evil. Hive of corruption. Host family of operative me waiting, host arms elbow bent to flutter host fingers in attention of this agent. Host family shouting, arms above with wiggling finger. For official record, host father present as vast breathing cow, blowing out putrid stink diet heavy with dead slaughterhouse flesh, bellowing stench of Viagra breath during cow father reach to clasp hand of operative me. From tissue compress rate of father fist, bone-to-cow ratio, host father contain 31.2 percent body fat. Wearing is anchored spring apparatus gripping chest blouse pocket of father, one laminated name badge swinging there, giving name "Donald Cedar," from orange dot code, security level nine. Swipe magnetic strip. American industry typical biological exposure indicate strip, as stripe gray along bottom edge of badge, strip showing no recent exposure. Operative me, am agitating vast fist of cow father, while free hand of this agent reach to acquire security badge. Next now, host cow father say, "Whoa, there, little fella." Say, "No touchy," and father touching badge, tapping laminate card flat against own cow-stinking chest, say, "Top secret." In talk breath of Viagra, reek of Propecia and mint chew gum. Operative me ready. Could be simple two pointed elbows to father's chest, one-two, kam-pow, Flying Eagle maneuver, and three days, by after next today, will father be vomiting both lungs, turned inside out with massive blood, dead. Fast as easy, young child able do. Host mother dig pointed elbow into rib cage of host father, say, "Listen to you, Mister Big Shot." Host mother present as blinking chicken, chin of face bony sharp as beak, chin tucking and swivel to turn, never still, chicken mother say, "Look at you!" Face exploded in silent screaming of wide-open lips and teeth, pointy tongue, eyebrows jumped into chicken forehead. Bony claws of chicken mother, gripping each this agent hands, mother lifts to spread arms too high on top this agent head. Spreading operative me so open, exposed, host mother say, "Look how skinny!" Looped around one bony chicken claw, keys of automobile rattle and swinging. American-type model require 17.1 minute merely so feed gasoline tank full. Keys of host family residence structure. Other automobile keys, crushed between bony chicken claw and hand of operative me. Fingers of this agent close around keys, attempt slip steal begin off from claw. Next now, host mother say, "We need to put some meat on those bones." Host mother claws keys shut inside mother talon. Sweat sweating from pores of mother, a cooking stew smell heavy mixed with cafe iced mocha vanilla combined Zoloft mixed Xanax. Stenched with supplement estrogen. Reek of lanolin out face wrinkle with folic acid pills too many. From tissue flex index of hand, tendon resistance and dermal friction, guessing chicken mother to be 6.3 percent body fat. Blood pressure 182/120. Resting pulse rate 93. Age 42.3 years. Inside six year, easy subject brain stroke dead. Mother and father, host family name "Cedar." Around operative me, make arms. Grope hug. Next then, introduced two host sibling. Host sister push bundle of paper so collide with abdomen of operative me, paper red and constricted with false gold color of synthetic binding tied so make elaborate flowering knot on top. Printed on paper, in English gold letters say, "Happy Birthday." "It's a T-shirt," say host brother, say, "Show some manners." Host brother only pig dog, cradled on both hands, apparatus of black plastic with pig dog dancing thumbs making buttons beep. Black plastic issue noise many tiny explosion. Machine gun report. Host pig dog brother say, "You're not sharing my room, you little turd." On pig dog breath, the stink of Ritalin. The

pollution stench of model airplane adhesive and frequent masturbations. Underneath . . . reek of secret blood, latex rubber, and fear sweat. Pig dog face not look up, but blotted one cheek with vast purple bruised. Estimate old 14.5 years. Twitching chicken mother, wagging one finger made straight, host mother say, "Now, don't let's be racist_._." Easy fast could be, feet of operative me hitting pig dog, pow-pow, Flying Giant Stork Death Kick, collapse inside of pig dog zygomatic arch, driving bone back direct to spear brain, jab-boom, dead before make next stink breath. For host mother, soon plan dim mak, fatal touch to acupuncture meridian, leave painless instant now dead as mook Joong dummy. For official record, only host sister look rewarding opponent. Host sister, stealth cat. Cat of night, silent but eyeing all happen. Cat sister press red paper bundle on fingers of operative me, host sister say, "I hope it fits." Fingers of operative me cradle package, slick feel of red paper. Pull at fake gold of flowering knot, careful no to tear paper, no to break binding. This agent deconstruct package careful as were delay-ignite Turkish T-155 Panter howitzer shell bomb. Inside, folded black fabric printed white with in letters English writing. Unfold fabric so reveal tunic, wrote across front with "Property of Jesus" on top above shape like fish, like primitive outline caveman fish. Pig dog eyes looking down at apparatus, twitching thumbs pushing beeps, busy and fast, host brother say, "It's a T-shirt, 'tard." Say, "Put it on." Fellow mission operatives, neighboring amid arrival for collect luggage, target host families throw arms around, say, "Group hug." Agent Sasha. Agent Vigor. Accept to grip thread of silver floating bladder, English worded "Welcome to Jesus." Other floating bladder worded "Smile!" Other package covered of paper. Other agents buried in heavy layer American arms. Every American try secret to be sniffing operatives, scrub with small snake eyes for soil or foreign disease germ. Host families with fellow operatives trailing more distant, strolling more distant until disappear out airport doors to where already automobile wait. Horn honking at edge of outside street. All automobile the big of house. Begins here phase one: Operation Havoc. Arms of operative me wrestle black fabric over head, pull fabric down over shoulders, over waist until black hang to knees, past knees. Edge of little sleeve hang to elbow. Word of "Jesus" flap over crotch. Collar big around to circle neck and one shoulder of this agent. Breathing cow father say, "You'll grow into it." Say, stinking fluoride breath, "Here," and hand over fabric rag glued to hang off end of wood stick. American flag little as napkin. White, red, and blue. Fingers of operative me pinch wood stick like stem of stinking weed. Wave stripe flag to fan away reek of host family air. Butter fat stench. Chemical hair soap stink. Such filthy reek American cash money. Hand of vast cow father, hand rise, all finger made straight as for pledge. Lips host father say, "We're not just a family." Say shout, "We're a team!" Same now, host mother flex both leg limbs so able leap, smite own palm against open hand of father, making loud sound of slap hands. Say shout host chicken mother, "Team Cedar!" Begins here delicious tang of host family, thin American blood already salt on hot tongue of operative me. Already is decadent host family flesh tear by operative teeth. Drool of operative me, flooding hunger within mouth making to swallow. Tongue to lick lips of operative me. Drown cyanide molar. Could be crunch of host bones sweet between teeth of this agent. Stomach to growl. Quick them to be screaming out blood, mouth trumpet yawning blood, quick dead. Ultimate vengeance. Label tag inside collar of Jesus tunic, print "Made in China." Label tag along weed stem of A...Revue de presse Palahniuks novels have always been driven by black humor. . . . His minimalist, verb-heavy style propels the narratives through the many bizarre, occasionally shocking events. . . . A full portrait of an unforgettable character. Pygmy is yet another unique direction for an author who continues to challenge and intrigue readers. The Boston Globe Palahniuk is brilliant. The Washington Post Book World A cunning mix of advertising copy, leftist sloganeering and teen slang. . . . Pygmy is a dish for those who like their satire well done. And without apology. San Francisco Chronicle Palahniuks twisted imagination is still in full bloom. The Seattle Times [A] hilarious cover-to-cover read. The Baltimore City Paper Inventive, hilarious, moving and deeply disturbing. Playboy A rip-roaringly exciting piece of writing, a truly graphic novel. . . . It has moments of poetry within. The Telegraph (London) Chuck Palahniuk is William S. Burroughs and David Foster Wallace rolled into one. San Diego Union-Tribune Violent, outrageous, and darkly hilarious. National Post Palahniuk is brilliant at juxtaposing Pygmy's insane background with the madness of contemporary Western society. The Washington Post Book World Give Pygmy to your kid. He'll think you're rad. Esquire A poignant commentary on culture clash with a sinister and violent twist. It's what one might expect if movie-violence king Quentin Tarantino had written Borat. The London Free Press Palahniuk . . . knows all about escalating action to a thrilling finale. More impressively, he starts to make us feel for Pygmy, and introduces a more human side to this previously impenetrable character. . . . Pretty funny. The Independent (London) A jarring and evocative narrative culminating in something both cruel and humane. . . . Culture clash with a Palahniuk

twist. Bookreporter Think Faulkner writing as a demented Chinese Pinko-Commie youth with a deadly killing stroke and a near constant erection. . . . The apocalypse of the American Dream has never been so entertaining. Death + Taxes magazine