



DangerRAMA

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Ladies and gentleworms, gargoyles and girls – do you have the mettle to step up and peer into the mouth of mayhem, incongruity, shock and perversion? A trio of taint-tingling tales await you between these covers. Your taint will tingle. On your taint. The taint is that area between your balls and asshole, in case you didn't know. Is it tingling yet? Good. Now let these three twisted novellas forever change your pathetic little life:

KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CASTLE – An inter-dimensional tale of hamburgers, hubris and science gone mad!

SOMNAMBULANT – Terrorists, movie stars, and blue whales converge in this story about a dude who's really just trying to get a good night's sleep.

ME & ME & ME & ME & ME & ME & ME – A computer malfunction sends a lone astronaut spiraling across the cosmos. Will he save mankind or just masturbate a lot?

DangerRAMA Details

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Author : Danger Slater

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From Reader Review *DangerRAMA* for online ebook

Douglas Hackle says

***It's difficult to discuss a book in any sort of meaningful fashion without being at least a little spoilery. So consider this your SPOILER ALERT, though I did attempt not to give too much away in the review.

Spoilery. Is that a word?***

DangerRAMA is a collection of three novellas, each with strong science fiction elements. These stories take issue with the Big Questions of existence and the human condition—What is the point of it all? Why are we here? Where are we going? What does it mean to be human, etc.? But the philosophizing is inseparably fused with Slater's signature bizarro-slapstick style of ingenious wordplay, outrageous humor, and on-target satire. This stuff reads like Kurt Vonnegut meets Douglas Adams meets Tom Robbins meets Carlton Mellick III. Something like that.

In the first novella, "Knights of the Whitecastle," Dr. Phineus Dracon is a pompous, bombastic, recently fired, middle school science teacher who succeeds in building a time machine so that he may escape the "boorishness and fuckwittery of our hapless modern culture." It's the classic archetypal tale of science gone wrong as a consequence of misdirected and excessive human ambition. Yes, you've seen this story before, folks. But when I say science goes wrong in "Knights of the Whitecastle," I mean it goes really (and hilariously) fucking wrong. Specifically, a malfunction in the time machine and a resulting breach in the space-time continuum create a new protean state of reality where all possibilities collide to form various incongruities, disparities, and anachronisms—things like dinosaurs engaging in freestyle rap wars (hip-hopsaurs), pigs growing from trees like bananas (pignanas), and park bench make-out/handjob sessions between Adolf Hitler and Abraham Lincoln, to name a few of these inanities. Think Michael Crichton's *Timeline* meets Dr. Seuss's *Wacky Wednesday* meets, oh, I don't know...Danger Slater smoking crack in a Burger King bathroom somewhere in New Jersey with, um, rapping dinosaurs??

In the second novella, "Somnambulant," we meet one Dylan Spotter, who, were it not for his chronic somnambulance, would be your average 30-year-old everyman. Problem is Dylan doesn't merely walk in his sleep. Nay, he does all sorts of things in his sleep—basically anything his sleeping self fancies. Thus Dylan frequently wakes up to find himself in unusual places and sometimes life-threatening situations caused by his more adventurous, capricious, and dangerous "sleepwalking" self. On one level, this novella is an absurd comedy-adventure story complete with a homosexual Will Smith, a Jonah-like escape from the GI tract of a whale, an art heist of Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, and a diabolical terrorist plot orchestrated by a three-headed Superterroist (well, actually four heads if you count the ... hey, wait—I don't want to give away too much here!) But there's more to "Somnambulant" than just the brilliantly zany story on the surface. This novella digs deep, exploring the idea of somnambulance as a metaphor for the complacency of modern life while our hero deals with issues of self-identity, the need to control reality, and the inherent (apparent?) disconnect between all humans.

In the final novella of the collection, "ME & ME & ME & ME & ME & ME & ME," the people of an overcrowded, dying Earth send astronaut Abner Almond into space to deliver a quantum teleportation device to a distant inhabitable planet in order to save the human race by ushering in a new era of interstellar colonization. But a malfunction occurs along the way, communications are severed between Abner's one-man spaceship and mission control, and the ship veers far off course from its intended destination. Now this may sound like your traditional sci-fi fare here and a little on the serious side to boot, but ridiculous humor

gets injected early on in the story in the form of a televised interview between Abner and a douchebag news anchor named Chip Branson. However, the true Slaterian/Dangerian antics begin in earnest when Abner uses his ship's 'refabricator' to bring his severed finger back to life Frankenstein style. What follows is a love story between Abner and his reanimated finger, a power struggle between Abner and a monstrous version of his own brain, and a journey through time and space back to the Big Bang. "ME & ME" mixes screwball sci-fi with an exploration of serious existential, psychological, and cosmological themes, and is thus similar to "Somnambulant" in that respect.

In summary, five stars for *DangerRAMA*. My only criticism of the book--and it's a small nitpicky criticism at that--is that the phrases "Om Nom Gangnam Style!" and "D is for muthafuckin' Douglas!" are nowhere to be found in the text. But nobody's perfect, not even Danger Slater.

M.P. Johnson says

The Ultimate In Sci-Fi Bizarro

Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me, the final novella in this trio of novellas, is one of the best examples of science fiction bizarro. Space travel. Time travel. Regeneration. A love affair between a man and his sentient, rotting severed finger. A battle between a man and his own brain. Despite the fact that there is a lot of insane stuff going on in these pages, this story has heart. Ultimately, it's a tale of a man who has been forced into a lonely existence and how he manages to find love in the most desperate of situations. It's brilliant. The other novellas in the collection are solid as well. A must-have collection.

Chris Rhatigan says

Danger Slater's latest collection of three bizarro novellas is both wildly entertaining and intensely thoughtful.

My favorite of the bunch is "Knights of the White Castle." A mad scientist, recently fired from his job as a middle school science teacher, is taking a little breather from all that mad science to chow down some square burgers. But his detour ends up being apocalyptic when a gap is ripped in the space-time continuum (or something). I think Danger uses this as a vehicle to drop his characters into as much weird stuff as he can think of--including having Abraham Lincoln get to third base with Hitler and, of course, a defecating sky.

Each of these novellas involves a surreal journey in which the characters are forced to ponder the big questions in life: Is saving humans worth sacrificing humanity? Are we making conscious decisions or just following a track that someone else has set for us? If my hand becomes detached from my body and becomes personish, is sex with it/him still masturbation, gay, or something else?

Yeah, I could read this stuff all day.

Shawn Misener says

These three short novellas are nothing short of pure wackiness. Now, the bizarro writers have a thing going, and a good thing at that, but I'd hesitate to label this book bizarro, and instead posit a new genre: whacko

science fiction. Imagine if the writers for classic Looney Tunes took acid while reading Robert Sheckley on the toilet. In fact, the first novella, "Knights of the White Castle", finds its closest kin in Sheckley's "Dimension of Miracles." Anything that Slater can imagine happens, from dinosaurs engaged in a rap battle, to trees and buildings made of pork, to a woman growing to the size of a planet, which eventually becomes inhabited. Great stuff.

I recommend this collection highly if you want Tom Robbins to take it even farther, yet lay off the shamanistic philosophy, if you want PK Dick to just relax and have fun, or if you want Ignatious Reilly to build a time machine and watch it all go haywire.

There were even some rare tender moments, showing us that Slater indeed has a heart to go along with his rabid testicular brain. I even wished there were a few more moments of heart, because at times the absolute nuttiness of these works hide the fact that these are characters, and characters often have tender feelings and not just insane responses to insane scenarios. Maybe next time, Danger?

A fantastic book by a mega-talented writer whose Imagination takes a back seat to no one.

Arthur Graham says

If you want to read a review that actually explains what this book is about, go read this one. Then again, if you don't have *time* for a goddamned dissertation on the matter, and you'd rather have ol' Arthur Graham here simply *tell* you whether or not you'll like this book, please feel free to utilize the perfectly unbiased, completely scientific ratings rubric below.

It's easy. Here's you saying "*I gave Danger Slater's last book, Love Me...*

...5 stars." (Sexual equivalent: I want you inside me, right now)

Go buy DangerRAMA this very instant. It has all the wacktardedness and *savoir-faire* that made you fall in love with *Love Me*, times nine and divided into three tight little packages.

...4 stars." (Sexual equivalent: Ass to mouth, why not)

You really dug the bizarro elements of *Love Me* (the crocoweilers, the talking moon, the Jesus-Christ-in-a-thong), but they got in the way of the story at points. Good news — DangerRAMA has even more bizarro to offer (hiphoposaurs, anthropomorphic fingers, Will-Smith-with-cock-hands) and not one but THREE separate novellas that are about as focused as they come.

...3 stars." (Sexual equivalent: One-night stand, no regrets)

You're clearly on the fence when it comes to Danger's writing. You "liked" *Love Me*, but some part of you stubbornly refused to "love" *Love Me*. In that case, you can think of DangerRAMA as *Love Me*'s younger, sexier brother/sister, and even if you don't ultimately love it (no demands or expectations this time, baby), you'll at least wanna screw it silly for a few hours before moving on to an even younger, sexier book.

...2 stars." (Sexual equivalent: Actually, I kinda regret blowing you)

I'm betting that you didn't like the loose structure of *Love Me*, let alone all the randomness and poo-poo. Well, you're in luck — Danger has returned with wine and roses, he's forgiven you for spurning him before, and he's down on his knees begging for another chance (go buy DangerRAMA now).

...I star." (Sexual equivalent: Ewww, don't touch me)

I'm sorry, but I can't help you. Still, you should probably go buy DangerRAMA.

...I never read Love Me -- please don't hate me!" (Sexual equivalent: Might be interested)

That's alright. Go read *Love Me* for a more straight-up bizarro, and read DangerRAMA for a bizarro that's still bizarro as fuck, but would probably appeal to a much broader audience as well.

So, there you have it. I'm gonna go re-read both *Love Me* and *DangerRAMA* now, and then I'm either gonna take the phone off the hook or I'm gonna take a cold shower. The rest I'll leave to your imagination...

More from Danger Slater:

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<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>

<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>

Donald Armfield says

Danger, Roy Robinson, Danger!

Do you like Sy-fi? Out of this world absurd literature? If you answer yes, then grab your time machines, and spaceships for the ride for life through the mind of the blues of bizarro Danger Slater.

The first of three novellas *Knights of White Caste* is a time machine goes wrong tale a laughable read but a little dull for me.

Now *Somnambulant* on the hand is crazy funny. A sleepy disorder of WTF moments. The "Will Smith" we all know makes an odd appearance, that will guarantee smack you in the face with laughter.

The last of the three *Me&.....* Is a man lost in space that gives "Finger Fucking" a whole new meaning. One small step for man. One huge laugh brought to you by Danger Rama.

karen says

did you ever wonder what a "danger slater" looks like??? it looks like this:

BIRTHDAY REVIEW - WOOHAAAA!!!!

there are three novellas in this book. what is a novella to you? is it a lazy novel?? is it a short story that won't shut the fuck up?? is it a way to pad your progress in your self-imposed goodreads annual reading challenge? this book is all of the above, and more!! (although publishing three in one volume didn't really give me too too much padding, but still - i am one step closer!)

there are three novellas in this book, and i loved two of them. which is not to say i didn't like the third one, but it did not make me laugh as much as the first two.

danger slater is a madman, in the "he writes weird shit that makes you laugh and is bizarro without being nonsensical" way and not the "he will make you put the lotion in the basket" way. NOTE: i do not have any proof about the lotion statement - he may very well also do that, but i can definitely vouch for the first part.

because while i *want* to be a person who loves the bizarro-lit, so frequently i am reminded that i am just not. i am not easily offended or grossed out, but i'm so bored when i am assaulted with shock value imagery if there is no reason for it other than that adolescent impulse to *try* to offend. i'm an old lady - i have seen a lot of shit - you're not going to shock me with your stories about corpsefucking or splatter-violence. make it mean something or move on.

and danger slater manages to make his shit mean something. and, yes, it does feature rapping dinosaurs and decapitations and people turning into animals and giant nude peeing statues and amputations and will smith with penises in place of his hands and time travel and other trademarked elements of bizarro lit, but the only truly offensive thing is the rudeness and condescension of a character towards a woman working at white castle. i abhor rudeness.

if you were wondering, AND YOU WERE, my favorite novella was *somnambulant* because it used the fractured-narrative/confused narrator style so perfectly and all the little ducks lined up at the end which impressed me and it was funny and surreal but still managed to have a message. really good stuff there.

knights of the white castle was definitely the funniest, though. it was a great way to open the collection. a really fun romp with both dinosaurs *and* dragons.

the one i was not crazy about was *me & me & me & me & me & me & me & me*. and not just because that was a pain to type out. the synopsis is amusing: *A computer malfunction sends a lone astronaut spiraling across the cosmos. Will he save mankind or just masturbate a lot?* but it was the most sci-fi-y of the stories, and it just wasn't my thing.

but two out of three is a pretty impressive win, and to answer the PM i got after i rated this about whether it was an "honest" 4 stars, yes. yes, it certainly was.

David says

Luckily for us, there are some pretty f*&\$ed up things bubbling around in Danger Slater's mind. Even better for us, he gets them all down on the page in these three novellas. I think he actually hits the mark with these better than he did in "Love Me," and I thought he did a pretty good job in that book. He manages to always keep the story humorous, imaginative, and intensely interesting. Seriously, this is some fun stuff.

Shamus McCarty says

Man, this is a hard one to review. Mostly because I read it about a month ago, but also because it's three books in one. Not three short stories, three books that could be published as standalone novellas. At least in the world of Bizarro Fiction they could be. Bizarro books tend to be on the shorter side.

Danger is an incredibly witty guy. I found myself chuckling through the whole read. But that's not what makes this a great book. As he's throwing these clever little jokes at you left and right, he's also mixing in some beautiful poetry. Lines like:

"She yawns and settles even deeper into the sheets. I'm agape, overwhelmed, hypnotized by the contours of her body. Her cheekbones, her breasts, her elbows, her hips. Like a mountain range her body shapes the landscape of the bed. I imagine myself a miniature man, lost in her topography. Navigating her valleys. Traversing her hills. Exploring her caverns."

And then he'll totally switch it up on you and slap you with some:

"All the lights have been dimmed or broken and the entire room is bathed in the red glow of The Pod's emergency light system. Like fire. Or blood. Like how a fetus must feel in its mother's belly."

The book is FULL of this stuff. I mean Jesus Christ that's how he describes a room with a red light in it.

And if that's not enough, Danger actually tells some really touching, and engaging stories. I found myself caring about the characters, getting mad at the villains...

Anyways, I'll stop here before everybody starts thinking I'm gay for Danger.

Read it. 5 effing stars.

Kris Lugosi says

Every human should read this book. Or anything that ever once was human. Or any sentient amputated body part....

Slater has written three novellas that touch on what it means to be human in a universe so vast our existence is but a minuscule part of the plan yet integral to the big picture without being integral at all. Each story will make you think and question the existence and the why and how we came to be and all that we can be. All incredibly written and executed. Each book is like a modern bizarro chapter from the book Being and Nothingness by Jean-Paul Sartre. A light read with a heavy delivery Danger Slater has a lot to say and again, every human should read this book.

KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CASTLE: Add one part inter-dimensional travel, with three parts pompous mad scientist what ensues is a hilarious journey into the past present future...and metamorphosis of the human

race. When a crazy old coot of a scientist discovers time travel he and the rest of the patrons of a close by White Castle are visited by a Knight in shining armor and it is up to them to keep things aligned.

SOMNAMBULANT: Imagine waking up and not knowing where you are. Not just once....but a lot. Dylan is afflicted with this rare sleep disorder and it finds him in rather life threatening situations he can not recall getting himself into while in his somnambulant state. The story is told through different time periods of Dylan's life where his sleep affliction has had the most impact on him and wraps around with a final statement, "The best we can do is let the little monster dream."

ME&ME&ME&ME&ME&ME&ME&ME: This was my favorite story in the whole book. One human conditioned to solitary confinement is sent into space to save man kind. When something goes wrong the astronaut spirals into space with nothing more than his thoughts and his severed finger.....The author does a great job of showing Abner's strength to hold onto his sanity when spending years in solitary confinement and the existentialist ideas that form are eloquently stated.

I loved this book. Everything about it. I have read the short story of Danger Slater entitled 'The Apple of My iPhone' and it was one of my favorites. After reading this collection of his, Slater is quickly becoming one of my favorite bizarro authors!

Matthew Vaughn says

Like I've said about a lot of authors I've reviewed, Danger Slater is a name I knew but hadn't read anything by him. I came across a post of his mentioning he had some copies of his book Danger Rama and that he was willing to give them out for reviews. I get a lot of books in E files to review, and there's nothing wrong with that, but it was pretty awesome to get a physical copy complete with a personalized signature.

Danger Rama is three separate novellas in one book. Like most books I read I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I like to just jump in blind be surprised, and usually it's a pleasant experience. This time was no different. Starting out with The Knights of White Castle it's immediately noticeable that Danger Slater is a funny guy. From the ghetto talking chick behind the counter to the high school kid's that come in to eat White Castles, Slater has a good grasp of realistic dialogue. This is a story about a fired middle school science professor that builds a time machine and things do not work out as expected. Funny thing is the entire time I was reading this I kept picturing the professor as Dr. Doofenshmirtz from Phineas and Ferb.

The second story, Somonbulant, is my favorite of the three. The main character Dylan keeps waking up to find himself in wild and crazy situations. He is a sleep walker, and while he's asleep he lives out a life that is extreme and completely unlike his awake self. We are with a confused Dylan every time he wakes and tries to understand what is happening to him. It's written in a way that we get pieces of a puzzle every time he wakes up until it all comes together. This one has some pretty interesting takes on some real life personalities.

The final story, Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me, is a cool sci-fi story about a guy named Abner moving along through space, completely alone. Abner was sent out in search of a new planet to inhabit since earth is pretty much toast. After a malfunction breaks his communications with earth, Abner is left with just his thoughts and his vacuum. But fear not, cause after that it gets weird, but also deep.

All three of these stories have elements of science fiction. But with characters like rapping dinosaurs and a

humanized finger they are definitely Bizarro. Danger Slater is an author to keep an eye on, with as impressive as this book is his future works should be pretty awesome.

Nefariousbig says

OH MY GOD! LOOK WHAT I GOT IN THE MAIL TODAY!!!!

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU! This is the BEST present I've received since the Perfect Pancake Maker in 2005!

Sincerely, your #4 fan!
f

There is no safe-word for Danger Slater. Danger **IS** the safe-word. He will bathe you in bathos, soap you up with the sublime, and dry you off with the dramatic. He is funny as hell, and he writes with thoughtful purpose. He will shock you with his depth and he will surprise you with his sincerity. These stories are so completely entertaining Mr. Slater doesn't even need to show you his penis. (view spoiler)

The stories in *Dangerama* are a blend of sci-fi time warp adventure, with explosive somnambulant gay-Will-Smith action, and far out finger fucking philosophy. The first two stories are fun and action packed and they will take you on adventures, will blow you away, and will bring you safely back to your comfy little reality. The third story starts off so slowly I almost didn't give it a chance. I'm glad I did because it is definitely my favorite, and it wraps the threads of the three stories up nice and neat, and it leaves you feeling safe.

KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CASTLE

Dr. Phineus Dracon is hungry. Of course he is. He's been working on perfecting a polydimensional time-travel musheen. And, great genius requires great fuel.

"I don't see anything humorous about randomly running into one of your former middle school teachers eating a ludicrous amount of White Castle hamburgers at one in the morning on a Tuesday."

"Well you know what I think? I think YOUR DAD CAN GO DROWN HIMSELF IN A SWIMMING POOL FULL OF DICKS!"

Eartha appears to be growing exponentially now [...]. The others are looking to me for some sort of scientific explanation. All I can come up with is that she's somehow *fatassifying*, which I'm almost certain isn't a real thing.

"The boy you gave straight Cs to is now the king! The King of Hamburg!"
"The Burger King!" Sir Jonas sneers.

“Lance, have you lost your mind?” Miss Sally screams.

“Perhaps,” the Burger King goes, “being omnipotent tends to do that to a person.”

“Did he juss call that fool the ‘Burger King’?”

“Holy Shit! Homeboy can breathe FIRE!”

“Alas, Good King, how my hunger grows! “

“I assume you want the usual? ... Fetch me 47 Hamburgers and a side of French guys.”

SOMNAMBULANT

“No good conversation begins with the words, “I’m not who you think I am...”

“Mr. Smith, the way you ‘came out’[...]hiring skywriters to spell out **I <3 PENIS** You’re like the Mahatma Gandhi of gaylords.”

“I’m tellin’ you Tommy, it was like the Fountain at St. Peter’s Square in my drawers that night. Except with cum. I knew right then that Dylan and I were destined to be together. Forever.”

“What’s going on is we are away running from cops because you are one crazy-ass fucker of mothers”

I [...] am greeted by the jaundiced and tortured face of an asexual piece of human macaroni, forever immortalized in his infamous and everlasting final moment of terror. The sanguine sky reflected like hellfire upon orange waters. Alone on the planks of a dilapidated bridge, the man figure wails.

“We stole *The Scream*????”

“This is news to you?”

“We are now Ultimate American Ass-Kicking Machine of Doom!”

“Kimsama Bin-Jungsein.”

The massive penis monster slowly snakes toward me, twisting deftly down the aisle like a herpetetic ball of python. Osama, Kim, and Saddam are all laughing like the trio of comic book villains they are – BWAHAHAHAHAHA!! – as Moa thee Dong gnashes his purple peehole and lunges at me like a rattlesnake about to strike. DO NOT view this spoiler unless you want to see a penis.(view spoiler)

Me&Me&Me&Me&Me

I’m not fucking this vacuum cleaner out of any sort of physical or psychological attraction to it. That’d be weird. [...] I’m sure a fair number of you have still tried to bang some random hole in some random appliance. I’m sure that as long as holes in things have existed, people out there have been trying to have sex with them.

“Hey, don’t beat yourself up. It’s all good, brother. Just think of it this way: if you were a nine-year-old, six-foot-tall finger composed entirely out of your own DNA as well, then we’d practically be twinsies!”

“Is this really happening?” I ask, my voice wavering a bit with both trepidation and excitement. Finger just smiles as he slips my unsheathed penis into one of this rotten wound holes.

I place my hand on Finger’s chest and another on my own. “It’s our hearts that make us human. Everything else is just...a coat of paint.”

“Brain is gonna figure out what to do and how to get us the hell outta here. [...] Ain’t ya, Brain?”

“Aren’t you,” Brain corrects him. “Your grammar is atrocious.”

“Gimme a break, dude – I’m a giant finger.”

The hands want what Brain wants, what Finger wants, what I want – what is so quintessentially human yet so hard to define – a chance to dream. A chance to hope.

DANGER

Because sometimes, Danger is the safest word you can think of.

Jon says

The latest from Danger Slater is a trio of novellas, each a solid bizarro effort, but each a bit different in genre. This basically means there's something for everyone here, especially if you're a fan of sick and twisted writing that combines strong storytelling genius with walking penises and homosexual Will Smiths. Each of the three novellas would have stood on its own, and could have been published individually at the same price, if you cranked up the font and margins and filled the back of the book with 32 pages of ads, which is what would have happened with other publishers. So it's nice that Rooster Republic is essentially giving you three times the entertainment value, packed in at the same price.

Okay, so the first novella, "Knights of the White Castle" has a hint of science fiction in the form of a crazy scientist screwing around with time travel, but it has a strong fantasy bent, which happens when a many-holed hamburger joint zaps back to the medieval era. I have to admit that I'm not a big fan of fantasy, and most tales of dragons and knights bore me, but he keeps it hilarious as he drags you down this rabbit hole of trying to figure out what the hell is going on.

The second novella is probably my favorite, "Somnambulant." Here he plays with conventional storytelling narrative with a strong nonlinear plot having to do with a guy who can't sleep. But it's a little more complicated than that, and weaves together this crazy tale having to do with painting theft, the aforementioned gay Will Smith, suicide bombing, a sort of The Gods Must Be Crazy subplot, and that lack of sleep. It takes a bit to figure out how the pieces of the plot go together, but they do, and the payoff is big. It's hard to walk through the whole thing without major spoilers, but like I said, this was my favorite of the book.

The final piece, "Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me" has a much stronger science fiction bent, the classic tale of sending an explorer into deep space and having things go amuck, the basic setup of dozens of classic Twilight Zone plots. This story starts with a strong theme about the destruction of this planet by

our culture of excess, and the alienation and lack of identity with a person who is purposely given the burden of not reversing the damage or fixing things, but simply offshoring the whole mess to another virgin planet to keep the party going there. But this Rod Serling is on a heavy dose of peyote, and goes into a sordid tale of a cloning machine gone wrong. It's an interesting end to the book (and I wonder if the order was juggled at the last minute, based on the cover art) but it's a good choice to wrap up the trio.

The writing here is imaginative and straight-up bizarro, a good melding of very complete and rewarding plot mixed with absurd elements and grotesque mashings of culture and abnormality. It's all very solid writing, and also edited well, which is a rarity in the bizarro world, but both the author and Rooster Republic put out a good product here. The cover art is also pretty amazing here - very colorful and pro looking, and I like how all three novellas are depicted with a slight hint to classic pulp scifi covers. I haven't read any of Danger's other stuff, but this book made me want to dig into his previous work.

My only criticism is the nom de plume of "Danger" which is used to conceal that the author's given first name is Urkel. I understand the confusion that would result between him and Steve Urkel, but I think the work is strong enough that he can probably go back to using his actual birth name.

I did not get this book free for review. I probably could have, but I chose to buy it. You should too.

Rodney says

Like "Love Me", I thought that this was excellent. All three stories were top notch. I cannot pick a favorite because all of them qualify. Slater's style is one that I really enjoy. In describing the stories, there are so many words I could use: funny, thought-provoking, meaningful, twisted, classic, clever. Yet, somehow this is not really accomplishing what I want it to. I think I will just stop here, and leave it as a great book that you should read.

Melanie Catchpole says

3 pretty great stories, one book. Fantastic!

I did favour the first two more than the last, only because it made me think more. And I try to avoid thinking as nothing good comes from that.

Knights of the white castle, I thought was pretty funny and weird, a good combo. Arse's in the sky shitting on everything, rapping dinosaurs, Old Macdonald and 'dicks dicks dick dick dicks'. This story has everything.

Somnambulant, I thought this story was pretty clever. The Will Smith stuff was funny and liked how they connected towards the end.

Me&Me...Like I said it tried to make me think about life too much. It was still a good story. I am surprised he didn't 'clone' his penis at somepoint though... I mean that's one of the first things i'd have tried... wouldn't you? ... hmm just me?
