



Sloughing Off the Rot

Lance Carbuncle

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John the Revelator awakens in a cave with no memory of his prior life. Guided along El Camino de la Muerte by a demented madman and a philosophical giant, John sets out on a quest to fill in his blank slate and slough off the rot of his soul. Part dark comedy road trip, part spiritual quest, and part horror story, Sloughing Off the Rot is literary alchemy about John's transformation from repugnant wretch to reluctant hero.

Sloughing Off the Rot Details

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Author : Lance Carbuncle

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From Reader Review Sloughing Off the Rot for online ebook

Joshua Hair says

This was a...unique novel. I had thought of not reviewing it at all, but I won it in a Goodreads Giveaway so I figured I owed at least that. Although I had never read anything by Mr. Carbuncle, one of his older books was on my list to buy. I'm not sure, however, if it will stay on there after finishing this.

The story itself was interesting enough, but the characters themselves all seemed quite hateful and off-kilter. For instance, one of the main character's first encounters in the book has him get in a wrestling match with a mysterious guitar player who bites part of his ear off and then sends him up a mountain to talk to a God-like entity with a foul mouth.

I'm used to reading some novels that are really out there, but they generally find a way to seem more genuine and somehow more realistic despite still being about mind-controlling ants, a giant bear-man terrorizing a village, etc. In my opinion, Mr. Carbuncle simply did not manage that in *Sloughing Off the Rot*. The characters were all just a bit too out there and never really seemed real to me.

Unfortunately, I wasn't impressed overall. Perhaps this just isn't my style of novel and there are others out there who would appreciate his work much more, but for me this was a first and probably last attempt at reading Lance Carbuncle.

Ashley says

I was lucky enough to receive a copy of this from the author, Lance Carbuncle, and I am so glad I did!

Few books can make me laugh out loud within the first page, as I have a pretty strange/dark sense of humor, but when *Sloughing Off The Rot* accomplished that, I knew I was going to enjoy myself!

If I wasn't won over at that point, which I was (and strangely am almost every time a novel/film is introducing the story with some strange version of sperm, Ichi The Killer anyone?) I would have been won over by the Arthur Brown reference a few pages later.

At 50 pages in I was in love. Lance manages to capture the dark/morbid humor that I crave, the awesome and obscure cultural references that I appreciate and the surrealism that I love!

This is definitely a book that fits into my favorites, which is to say, I wouldn't expect just anyone to enjoy it, and it's weird in the most delightful way possible.

My best summation of what the book feels like....Say Chuck Palahniuk and Haruki Murakami made love while on a Hunter S. Thompson-esque road trip, taking LSD while listening to "Over The Rainbow" and the works of Divine after having just binge watched John Waters movies, while picketers are lined up at random intervals screaming about God, the Bible and the meaning of life....The resulting love child would be this novel. And what a beautiful, truly unique thing it is!

Rodney says

This is one hell of a fantasy adventure tale with plenty of beautifully crude humor, sex, and mind-altering substances. On the flip side, it is also intelligent. There are philosophical elements, soul searching and the quest for answers to life's big questions. The combination of all of these elements worked very well together. I was grabbed immediately by the humor and weirdness, but happy to stay for the richness and originality of what followed.

John dreams of a voice commanding him to walk 500 miles and to now refer to himself as John the Revelator. He awakes in a cave with no idea where he is or who he used to be. He is instructed to "polish the rod with aromatic balms and oils," the first of many scenes involving the unusual use of bodily fluids. His journey then begins. Leaving the cave, he hears an out of tune guitar being played by a man named Santiago. Santiago speaks in riddles, odd sayings and song lyrics. This is very irritating to John, who very quickly tires of the man, but needs him as a guide. They are off to a rough start from the beginning. Santiago is one my all time favorite characters and the narrator in the audiobook does a great job portraying him.

John and Santiago must follow El Camino de la Muerte or the "Red Brick Road" until reaching the villain Android Lovethorn. John must then force Lovethorn to send him back to his previous life, which will not be an easy task. The voice of the burning bush feeds John bits and pieces of information about the person he used to be and why he must redeem himself in this other world along the way.

In all, this book was very easy for me to love. The characters and the surroundings they encounter are oddly unique. Their often vulgar names and characteristics are sure to stick with me for a long time. One last thought, if there really are beings called blumpkins I think I would go for a one night stand or two if anyone knows where to get one.

Wart Hill says

I feel like if you gave Douglas Adams and Stephen King the Sauce from John Dies at the End and asked them to co-write their own version of the Wizard of Oz, you would get the disturbing, irreverent spiritual journey that is Sloughing off the Rot.

I received this book free in exchange for an honest review.

I'm not even sure I know where to start with this.

John the Revelator wakes up in a cave with no idea where he is. He starts down El Camino de La Muerte, a red brick road that leads across a strange desert land. On his journey he meets a colorful cast of characters that range from disturbing to creepy to voices of reason.

And as he goes he learns that he is only the best of himself, separated from the rest to grow in goodness so that he will be a better person when he returns to his dying body. He must, in essence, slough off the rot of the life he cannot remember.

But as the journey progresses, John grows to like himself, the world, and the people he has met and is no longer sure he wants to go back.

Equal parts intriguing, disturbing, irreverent, and spiritual, Sloughing off the Rot was quite the journey and I

am glad Lance Carbuncle invited me to take it.

4/5 stars.

Bill says

Wtf did I just listen to? This was one crazy ass ride down the El Camino de la Muerte. There were some truly gross out and laugh out loud moments for sure.

I would be lying if I said that this one didn't lose me a couple of times while listening to it in the car, but I seemed able to recover and get back on board with little difficulty...for the most part. There was a whole lot of bizarro going on here. Possibly too much. I don't even know if that is possible, but it felt like it.

The basic premise here was good and the story itself was written very well. Mr. Carbuncle definitely has skills. If I was more versed in the genre it may have clicked more for me, it just seemed to get a wee repetitive in theme in a few parts and may have been better served (for me) in a shorter format.

I will definitely keep an eye out for more from this author.

**I received a review copy of the audiobook from the author in exchange for an honest review and this was it.*

Robert Beveridge says

Lance Carbuncle, *Sloughing Off the Rot* (Vicious Galoot Books, 2012)

When I was about thirty pages into *Sloughing Off the Rot*, Lance Carbuncle's third and (conditionally) best-so-far novel, he and I (we've known each other since he emailed me out of the blue asking me to review *Smashed, Squashed, Splattered, Chewed, Chunked, and Spewed* six long years ago now) had a brief conversation about whether his work fits in the bizarro category. Lance doesn't think so. In general, I agree, though when one of the first people you thank on your acknowledgements page is bizarro icon Andersen Prunty, you've gotta figure that the influence is rubbing off at least a bit. But—and this is a very odd thing to say about a book that takes place entirely in a dreamlike alternate universe, to be sure—Carbuncle's work has always seemed a little more rooted in reality than most of the bizarro stuff I've read. In this case, “rooted in reality” includes a number of gratuitous musical references and a very strong Biblical parallel, both things which pretty much guarantee this book is bound to offend pretty much everyone you know—and if that's not more than enough reason to read it, for the love of carrot sticks, what is?

Plot: a guy named John, who adopts the name John the Revelator after a conversation with a burning bush (see where this is going?), loses consciousness one night in the real world and wakes up in a cave, dressed like Jesus in any number of cast-of-thousands Hollywood Biblical epics (including having linens that seemingly cannot be stained). After said burning-bush conversation and meeting up with a slightly (okay, more than slightly) crazy sidekick named Santiago, John starts off on a journey to redeem himself of the sins he committed in the real world. John, you see, is not a nice guy. At all. But, rather like Douglas Quail in Philip K. Dick's *Total Recall*, John discovers that his actual personality is, well, a pretty nice guy, and he

wants to help people. HELLO, DIVINE PLAN! But how to reconcile these two halves of John's personality? For that, he learns, he must confront the Boss Monster in this world—the right reverend Androind Lovethorn, whom John must convince to send him back to the real world of his (Lovethorn's) own free will...

It's a classic quest/redemption tale, made even more classic by the strong Biblical parallels I mentioned before, which include Carbuncle's writing style, which consciously echoes the Old Testament in a number of places. Rather than making this like the unreadable dreck that is the Old Testament, it lends the book a certain gravitas that it might not otherwise have, as long as injecting it with an extra layer of humor if you happened to grow up subjected to the strictures of Mother Church. There are some bits that I found, shall we say, unsettling (going into them in any detail would be a bit of a spoiler, but let's say I found the blumpkins and niksiks to be... objectifying...), but your mileage may vary, and even if it doesn't, I would not in any way say the ultimately minor problems I had with the book should stop you from going and grabbing a copy posthaste. If you are not yet familiar with the wonderfully wacky world of Lance Carbuncle, this is as good a place to start as any—but you can grab any of his three (so far) novels and you will find yourself with a helluva good time on your hands. *** ½

Angela says

Lance Carbuncle is demented and disgusting in all the right ways. Sloughing Off the Rot is a soul-searching journey through a porno set in a festering and diseased version of Oz. Guaranteed, this is not a journey you've taken before. Don't forget to wash your hands when you're done, because this book is as filthy as it is bizarre.

Lori says

Read 11/13/12 - 11/19/12

3 Stars - Recommended to readers with strong stomachs and a sense of humor

Pgs: 125 (eBook)

Self Published - Release Date Unknown

In his third self published novel, Lance Carbuncle takes us inside the head of a comatose man and leads us down the red brick road to redemption.

Our protagonist, John, awakens in a cave with no memory - he has no clue who he is, how he got there, or why this is happening to him. With a voice in his head and a demented madman by his side, he sets out on a dream-like quest to cleanse his soul. Along the way, he picks up Alf the Sacred Burro (long time Carbuncle fans will remember this filthy, lovable little guy), a philosophical giant, and a group of colorful desert indians - all of whom play a special role in John's unusual spiritual journey.

While it's not a story for the weak of heart or soft of stomach, Sloughing Off the Rot does have quite the cheeky sense of humor. Pop Culture references are hidden like Easter Eggs in this incredibly raunchy, slightly pornographic, bizarro mashup of the Bible and the Wizard of Oz. John's quest comes complete with its own red brick road, burning bushes, sleepy field of poppies, and new-wave zombies who will either eat you or gang-bang you. The strange, dreaming landscape is reminiscent of what we're taught to think of as purgatory - that in-between place where you work off your sins to prove you are worthy of living the good

life in heaven.

In Carbuncle's hands, though, the inherent good in people is tested in the most hellish and nightmarish ways. A near-complete departure from his previous books, he plays around with salvation and forgiveness and the ability to overcome one's own festering wounds. He toys with man's willingness to persevere. He decorates the path to redemption with some of the most foul and disgusting things I've ever read.

Clocking in at a short 125 pages, I found myself wishing that Lance taken more time to expand on the story - there were times where it felt as though it wasn't as polished as it could have been, where some moments flew by at lightening speed while others seemed to plod along unnecessarily. However, the overall dream-like/ nightmarish setting made it easy for me to forgive those. When we dream, things are not always as clear and linear as we would like them to be, right?

Kirk says

I beta read this book before it hit shelves. I am just now going through and realizing how uninvolved I became with Goodreads for a while there. Anyway, here's what I put up on Amazon when I read this bitch back in the day:

Carbuncle's writing has always infused the grotesque underbelly of our world with an inherent beauty only a careful eye can perceive, and while *Sloughing Off the Rot* continues this trend, giving us more of what we've come to know and love in his previous works, Carbuncle turns over a new leaf in his latest, a tale of self-discovery rich with metaphor in the vein of Frank L. Baum & Lewis Carroll . . . then he bursts that vein, infecting the reader with his own unique brand of fantasy. This is not to be missed!

Marvin says

A warning to those who laughed their way through Lance Carbuncle's first two bawdy romps. You will laugh through *Sloughing Off the Rot* too but it will be the kind of uncomfortable laughter that comes from handling donkey bezoars; a object you will be quite familiar with once you finished this bizarre masterpiece.

Carbuncle's new travesty is quite different than anything he wrote before. While the wicked humor is there, as well as the scatological word feast and the multitudes of cultural references from rock lyrics to literary and religious sources, the author has risen to a weird psychedelic form of seriousness; a tale that is a sort of *The Wizard of Oz* as told by Carlos Castaneda. It is an intense spiritual journey down a red brick road as John the Revelator, a man who wakes up in a cave with no sense of who he is and why he is there, travels through a purgatorial wilderness loaded with creatures like zombie-like Lunkheads and sexually irresistible Blumpkins. John is aided by a group of guides that feels an awful like a id, ego and superego set-up, not to mention the bezoar-puking Alf the Sacred Burro. All of this madness is steered by Carbuncle's manic over-the-top style that isn't afraid to offend and always entertains. Lance Carbuncle has already been proven to be one of the most original writers around. *Sloughing off the Slough* merely broadens and cements his already infamous reputation.

Benoit Lelièvre says

Bizarro novels are so full of nice surprise. I was not expecting anything in particular from that novel and I was treated to an intoxicated potion that oozed fumes of Dante, Cormac McCarthy, Henri Michaux, Antonin Artaud and several others maniacal geniuses. *SLOUGHING OFF THE ROT* is an epic poem, a Western and a horror novel with religious undertones all wrapped up in the twisted, yet oddly life-affirming journey of a man through pure chaos. I thought it giving it 5 stars, but the onslaught of imaginatively gory situations became a little jarring past midpoint, but it was a refreshing experience nonetheless.

David Katzman says

I read Lance's pre-release manuscript. He writes what he wants and doesn't give a shit what anyone thinks. I stand by my blurb, as follows:

Carbuncle is a writer who gets you in the gut. He writes with a raw energy that tells it like it is, warts and all. In *Sloughing Off the Rot*, Carbuncle has conjured a fascinating vision, an epic, Biblical quest for identity and meaning. His books are obsessed with our physical, bodily nature, but here he's managed to fuse the physical with the spiritual, seeking out answers to the big questions. His journey is worth taking.

Lance says

Another masterful and shocking story. Lance Carbuncle is a genius. Lance Carbuncle could write about rubber band ligation of hemorrhoids and it would put all other written works to shame. Lance Carbuncle could train monkeys in the deadly art of Krav Maga. Lance Carbuncle is the King of All Authors. I want to ride him, rim him, and give him a reach around with both hands, all at the same time. I love this brilliant man.

Deneen says

Have you ever wondered where the red brick road in the Wizard of Oz leads? In *Sloughing Off the Rot* Lance Carbuncle plops you down on the red brick road and gives you a push in the direction of complete insanity. There are no good witches or flying monkeys in this story. Instead, Lance Carbuncle provides a hallucinatory tale of redemption drenched in gore and perversity. Amidst the massacres of brain-worm addled monsters and the characters' lust for sexual release with creatures called blumpkins (and niksiks, blumpkins' completely repulsive relatives), *Sloughing Off the Rot* has, at its stinky core, a message of salvation and the nurturing of the inherent goodness in each of us. As with his other books, Lance Carbuncle slaps his reader in the jaw with a deranged, sometimes vulgar and almost obscene, tale that still captures the reader's imagination and makes one root for the main character. Perhaps his best book to date, *Sloughing Off the Rot* is a scary, funny, philosophical tale that is a huge departure from his other books. And though the subject matter is different, there can be no mistake that *Sloughing Off the Rot* is a Lance Carbuncle book. His style comes through loud and clear.

11811 (Eleven) says

I won a copy of this book through Goodreads giveaway and appreciate the opportunity to review it. I was intrigued by the premise and I do like the occasional bizarro but this one didn't do it for me. It was too random and chaotic for me to follow. Judging from the some of the higher ratings for this book, I can only draw a liquor comparison: Some people like brandy, I like scotch. This book was a quality brandy that my underdeveloped palate could not appreciate. It wasn't my thing but it could be yours.
