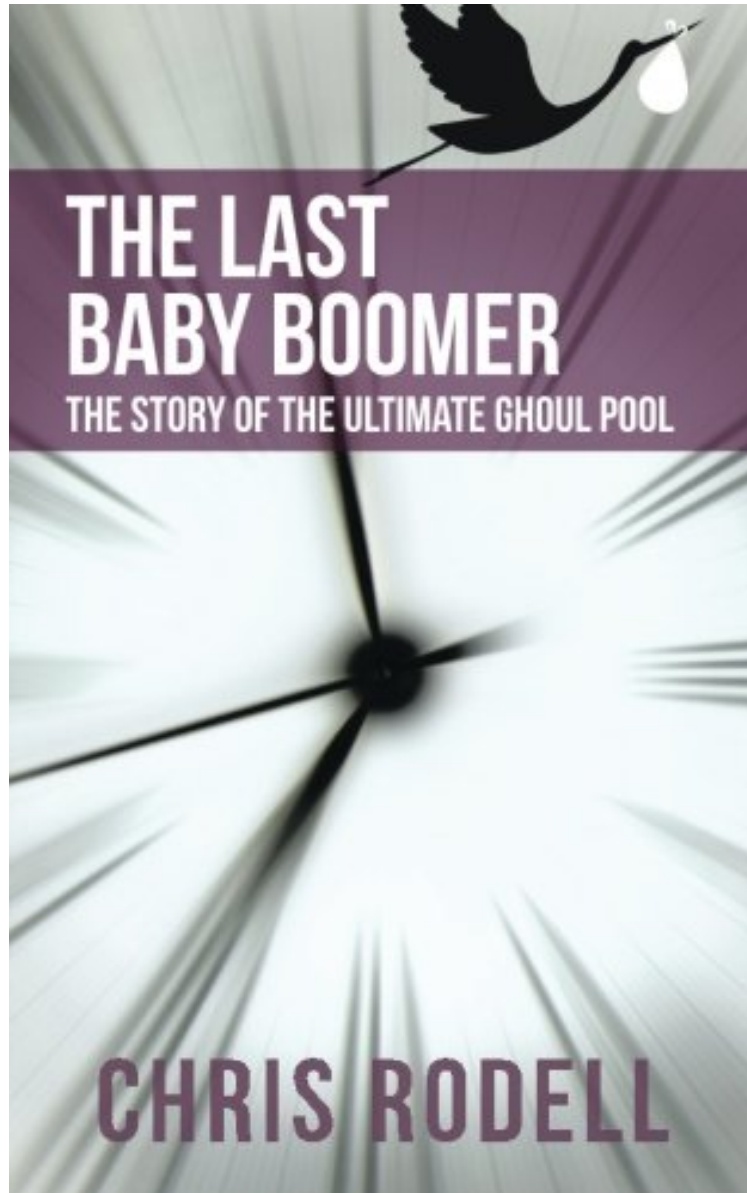


[Free pdf] The Last Baby Boomer: The Story of the Ultimate Ghoul Pool

The Last Baby Boomer: The Story of the Ultimate Ghoul Pool

Chris Rodell

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#3270659 in Books Chris Rodell 2015-12-23 2015-12-23 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .64 x 5.001, .62 #File Name: 1491785004256 pages The Last Baby Boomer The Story of the Ultimate Ghoul Pool | File size: 16.Mb

Chris Rodell : The Last Baby Boomer: The Story of the Ultimate Ghoul Pool before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Last Baby Boomer: The Story of the Ultimate Ghoul Pool:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Fun premise, funny writing By Cameron Morfit In this absurdist take

on the future the world waits for Marty McCrae, the last Baby Boomer, to expire. The stakes? Whoever happens to be in the room when he dies stands to make a whole lot of cash. It's a reality show run amok. And some of the lines are classic. I'm particularly fond of, "The nurses checked his breathing. They checked his pulse. And because a camera was out, they checked their makeup." Baby Boomer is pure Rodell, but I found myself thinking of Dave Barry and Carl Hiaasen, the only two guys who look like they're having as much fun writing as Rodell. If this is our future we're all in even worse shape than we thought, but at least we can laugh. Goodbye, Mr. McCrae. Fun knowin' ya. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Vonnegut for 2016 By Matt Stroud I really can't say enough good things about this book. The premise — that a contest has been initiated to see who stands next to Martin McCrae, the Last Baby Boomer, when he expires — is not unlike Billy Pilgrim's trips to Tralfamadore in *Slaughterhouse Five*: wonderfully weird and unexpected, and also infused with both satirical hilarity and some broader truths about an entire generation of often confused humans in the West. And the Vonnegut comparison is more than apt: Rodell is capable of switching from ribald joke telling to pithy pathos often from paragraph to paragraph. I literally laughed out loud and discovered tears welling up in my eyes at various points in the first 50 pages. It's really an incredible work of artistic humor writing. Can't recommend it enough. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Please read this then make your purchase. By Richard K. I enjoyed this book partly because it was a departure from my norm. It was truly different than I expected and went in a mostly fun light hearted direction. The best part for me was reading a book written by a personal acquaintance. It is therefore hard for me to be critical of his work and I will continue to read whatever Chris publishes.

In 2076, the sprawling Baby Boom generation is down to one last survivor, one-hundred-and-seventeen-year-old Martin McCrae. The distinction earns McCrae a suite at a New York City museum where contestants pay a small fee to spend fifteen minutes with him as part of an ultimate ghoulish pool. If they are in the room when he expires, they win a multi-million dollar jackpot. While silently praying he will die for them, contestants ask McCrae genial questions about the past, ultimately triggering recollections of rollicking times when McCrae waged war with boredom. As the ghoulish pool grinds on for five years, McCrae eventually lapses into a coma and the contestants begin to resent him for his unusual longevity. While conspiracy theorists speculate that McCrae has been dead for years, his wealthy friend revives him with an offer to secure eternal life. McCrae must now decide whether to surrender to the temptation or welcome a natural death. *The Last Baby Boomer* is a coming-of-really-old age satire of a dying epoch that shines a light on the illuminating fact that even though we all die, only one gets to die last.

From the Author Feature stories about the first or last baby boomers have been a media staple since horny World War II veterans and their lovesick wives began a 19-year reproduction binge in 1946. The procreative burst spawned a gargantuan generation some 76 million strong. These stories often detailed the consumer impact of this massive demographic as it stormed across American pop culture, health care and every other niche of the landscape. In fact, those stories routinely bored me. I was more interested in the men and women who were determined to be the flesh-and-blood embodiments of the first and last, women like Kathleen Casey-Kirschling, who was born at 12:01 on New Year's Day 1946. She's a retired South Jersey school teacher who has a boat she named "First Boomer." Or Carlos Barrientos III who was born in Hawaii on December 31, 1964 at 6:45 p.m. "I guess I'm the last," he said. "There maybe someone who came after me, but I haven't met them yet." These aren't pie charts or graphs. They're people. You can meet them, learn from them, draw from their experience. But I was always troubled by the stories that designated Barrientos or someone else as the "last" baby boomer. It'll be decades before we can narrow down the list to determine who will be the last baby boomer. Who will that be? And what will be done with him or her? Will they be celebrated or ignored? The actuarial tables say it's not a stretch to believe the last baby boomer will live to be 112 years old. I speculate people will be so sick of Baby Boomers by then they'll take the last one, stick him in a museum suite and charge \$25 to be with him for 15 minutes. If they're in the room when he dies, they win the jackpot. It has the potential to be the ultimate ghoulish pool. It seemed like a story ripe for lively satirical fiction. Because what if he doesn't die? What if he just keeps on living? What if it turns into ghoulish reality show that perfectly sums up the ethos of so much of what the Baby Boom generation has wrought? Those are the seeds of "The Last Baby Boomer." I thought I'd have some fun with it. I wanted to write a story that combines the exuberance of life with the fact that every life is freighted with hardship and despair. I wanted Marty McCrae to prove resilient individuals can overcome it all with cheerful buoyancy. I wanted a real character, like so many of the baby boomers I know. And I wanted him to be an exaggeration of my exaggerations, because he could be me. I was born February 15, 1963. My grandfather lived to be 97 and he was incredibly impatient with death. He'd buried all his friends, his body was breaking down, his once large life was closing in on him. And he resented the hell out of it. What will I be like if I through genetics and chance become the last baby boomer? Or what if it's you? You just never know. It could happen. Because everyone has to die. But only one of us gets to die last.