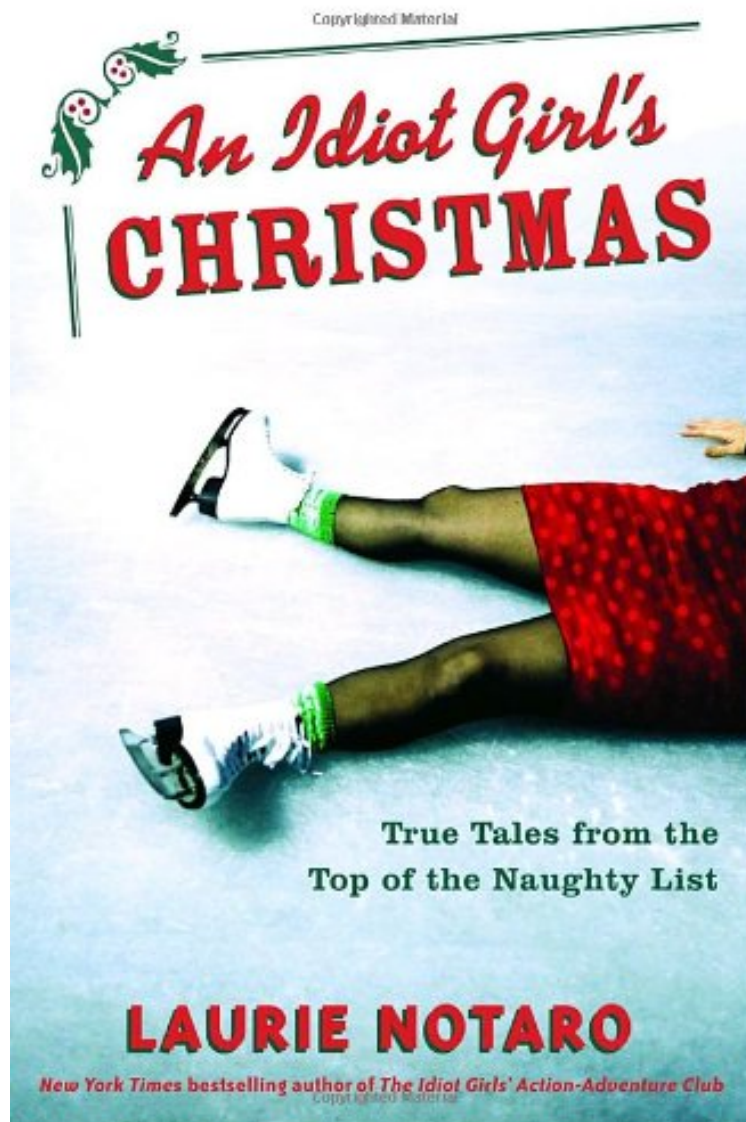


(Download) An Idiot Girl's Christmas: True Tales from the Top of the Naughty List

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Laurie Notaro

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Laurie Notaro : An Idiot Girl's Christmas: True Tales from the Top of the Naughty List before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised An Idiot Girl's Christmas: True Tales from the Top of the Naughty List:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. She is Funny!By ATLGuyFirst of her books I've read, and she's hilarious! It was a fun read and I look forward to checking out some of her other books. Definitely a few LOL

moments as I read this. It's worth it and perfect for this time of year. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Holiday Humour! By Yolanda S. Bean Looking for a light-hearted, funny and fast read fit for the holiday season (or any time you want a laugh, really)? This book definitely fits the bill! It's simply a super fun read. I really just had a good time! In this collection of essays, my personal favorite was "Deck The Mall" - I think I laughed the loudest throughout the whole thing! Notaro has a great sense of humour and a fun delivery style that takes you along on her shockingly comical experiences. They are a perfect break to a day! 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Funny By Sydney Miller I've never heard of Laurie Notaro before I picked up this book, but I seriously enjoyed it. It isn't very long but the humor reverberates enough to keep you entertained the whole way through.

IT'S LAURIE NOTARO'S HOLIDAY HANDBOOK. PREPARE TO LAUGH YOUR TINSEL OFF. It's the most wonderful—and most dreadful—season of the year, when boxes of truffles attack your thighs, drunken holiday revelers stay long past their welcome, and your grandmother has conniptions at the department store over the price of hand lotion. Welcome to Laurie Notaro's Christmastime. In ten brand-new stories and three previously published favorites, Notaro shares the sidesplitting daily disasters of the holidays, like finding herself on emergency feminine product recon at midnight on Christmas Eve; surrendering to the inevitable Horrible Gift Parade by simply asking for holiday dish towels and giant white underpants from Sears; battling the morons in line at the Seventh Circle of Hell, otherwise known as the do-it-yourself craft store; and trying to live down her reputation as the Most Unfun Christmas Party Guest Ever, due to an unfortunate misunderstanding involving a fake overdose and emergency paramedics. So whether you find yourself at the Dull and Smart Party or the Raucous and Stupid Party this holiday season, you'll always know where to find Laurie—just follow the chocolate trail over to the cheese platter. She'll be the one dialing the cops.

.com Like her other titles, Laurie Notaro's *An Idiot Girl's Christmas* is a bon bon of a book—one that is so honestly observed that, if you are at work, you will find yourself sneaking in time to read it at your desk in the middle of the day, snorting with laughter. There are few writers who can nail the particular humiliation of, say, buying a box of tampons in a crowded store while a small cadre of punks makes unfortunate jokes behind you. Or who can let loose the funny fury of wrong-headed Christmas gifts, such as her mother's peculiar affinity for food-scented candles: Always on my list is a scrumptious delicacy from my mother's favorite Wax Candle Baked Goods store. I don't know where my mother found a wax store that specializes in baked-goods and pastry candles, but she did. Good job Mom!...It's the perfect diet food, because biting into one is like biting into Jennifer Lopez's double-decker ass at Madam Tussaud's, kind of like sinking your teeth into a thick, dense bar of Irish Spring—without the flavor. With some new and some best-of material (the venerable Jingle Bell piece about a Barney-obsessed neighbor is here), this volume covers many a family holiday at the Notaro household, with an amusing assortment of ill-adjusted siblings, in-laws, and that grand dame of dysfunction and buzz kill, Notaro's mother. Or at least the ever-so-lightly fictionalized version of Notaro's mother, who plays the foil to Notaro's perpetually underfunded, tortured, and sweetly Machiavellian self. The palpable and universal mother-daughter tension in their relationship is best mined in the chapter, "Oh Holy Night," or "The Year I Ruined Christmas," in which the n'er do well's daughter purse is lost, found, and returned home with a tire track across it and without Notaro herself: "I was dead?" I asked my mother eagerly, trying hard to fight the urge to jump up and down in glee. "Oh my God. I can't believe it. This is fantastic. Did you cry?" "Well, almost," my mother confessed. "But then again there was the relief of getting the second use out of your prom dress." In the end, wit and clever revenge on dull party guests trump the rich, thin, and conventionally pretty girls every time. Notaro's *Idiot Girl's Christmas* is a holiday worth celebrating. --Megan Halverson From Publishers Weekly

Humorist Notaro (*Autobiography of a Fat Bride; We Thought You'd be Prettier*) takes on the standard fare of holiday horrors in this slim volume of essays, rejuvenating well-worn territory with gonzo humor and a few touches of sentiment. Notaro proffers up an ironic gift list ("Of course, I would enjoy more than anything getting some really cheap bath crystals, so I could use them when I take a shower since I don't have a bathtub") and skewers the horrors of December shopping ("a woman who had gone to high school with Mary Todd Lincoln moved up to the counter"), but also recounts some peculiar, Notaro family-specific stories, like the year the author (sort of) died and was resurrected on Christmas Eve, or the year the family ate raisin-resembling maggots with Christmas dinner. Understated emotion (tempered with sarcasm) is Notaro's secret strength, whether remembering her late grandfather's Christmas Eve walks, or taking her Nana shopping: "She's like a toddler but one who won't respond to the store PA system calling her name unless the speaker is approximately two inches from her left, good ear." Fans of David Sedaris's *Holidays on Ice* will find this worth a look. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

About the Author Laurie Notaro loves Christmas, despite the fact that last year she was the unfortunate recipient a jar of previously owned bath salts and an XXL sweater with a snowman on it. She does not adhere to the saying "It's the thought that counts" when the thought is "If I clean it off and put a bow on it, she won't know I used this," but she does think it's funny to call out on the Holy Night, "Ho ho ho and a bottle of rum!" because it makes her mother mad. This is her fifth book.