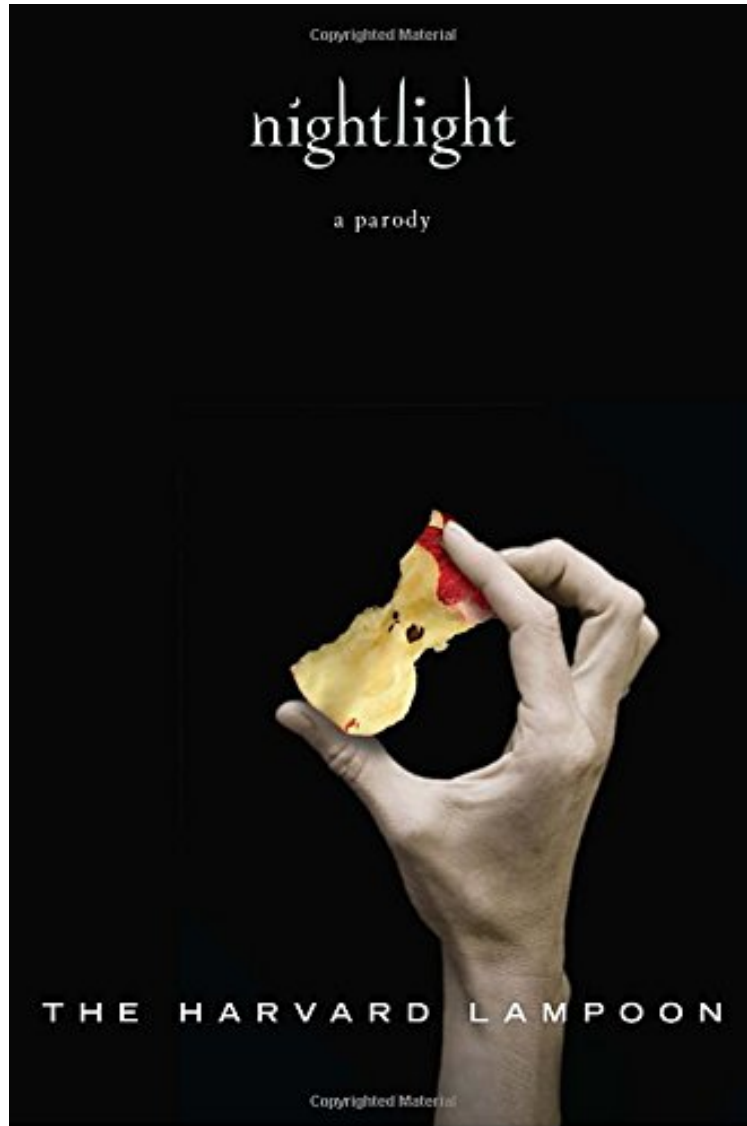


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Nightlight: A Parody

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#615857 in Books Harvard Lampoon 2009-11-03 2009-11-03 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.92 x .51 x 5.20l, #File Name: 0307476103154 pages | File size: 48.Mb

The Harvard Lampoon : Nightlight: A Parody before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nightlight: A Parody:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Funny Twilight Parody By Frances Coleman I bought this because of the great price (.99+SH media mail) so I couldn't go wrong. Plus I have been interested in reading this story for a hot minute now anyways. I received it pretty quick (for MM it was really fast actually) the book itself was in good, used, shape, just as described. Thank you Yankee Clipper Books. The story itself was a cute parody of the first Twilight story. Not gory, sexual, graphic, etc. Just pokin fun at Bella and Edward and the gang. I am a dipped and dyed Twi-

Hard, but I have a sense of humor so these parodies do not insult me or make me cry. I take them for what they are, as I do a story about vampires that are vegetarians ;) If you like (or don't) Twilight and wanna read a short fast paced parody check this bad boy out. I have read funnier ones but this held it's own in that genre. I'll be reviewing it on my blog soon.. Come by and say hi Books and Beyond[...]

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. It's not great, but it isn't half bad either

By Kate Taylor

It's not great, but it isn't half bad either. I don't know, maybe it's just me, but I felt that some of the jokes fell flat and that it was just a messy, boring, overly complicated, and worse, not even that funny, just wreck. I mean, occasionally some jokes are good, but everything just is ugh. Then at the end, you are introduced to a brand new character who isn't making fun of anyone. Anh, 3 stars was generous. Personally, it felt like they were more trying to tell a knock off story than actually make fun of Twilight.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Funny!

By C.V. Hunt

So I've newly discovered parody books. Everyone that knows me, knows that I have a very strange and deranged sense of humor. I laugh about things that most people say, "That's just wrong." I am who I am, and there isn't much I can do about it. I did get bit by the twilight bug (no pun intended) a while back. I can appreciate the attempt to reinvent the vampire the way Myers did. But I can just as easily find humor in the entire over-the-top theatrics of the story also, and that is what made nightlight great. When I was asked if this book was any good, my plain response was: "If you haven't read the Twilight series, you're not doing to understand 60% of the jokes." If you have a sense of humor over pop culture, and don't mind a short read, I would suggest checking it out for nothing more than a few good laughs.

About three things I was absolutely certain. First, Edwart was most likely my soul mate, maybe. Second, there was a vampire part of him which I assumed was wildly out of his control that wanted me dead. And third, I unconditionally, irrevocably, impenetrably, heterogeneously, gynecologically, and disreputably wished he had kissed me. And thus Belle Goose falls in love with the mysterious and sparkly Edwart Mullen in the Harvard Lampoons hilarious send-up of Twilight. Pale and klutzy, Belle arrives in Switchblade, Oregon looking for adventure, or at least an undead classmate. She soon discovers Edwart, a super-hot computer nerd with zero interest in girls. After witnessing a number of strange events Edwart leaves his tater tots untouched at lunch! Edwart saves her from a flying snowball! Belle has a dramatic revelation: Edwart is a vampire. But how can she convince Edwart to bite her and transform her into his eternal bride, especially when he seems to find girls so repulsive? Complete with romance, danger, insufficient parental guardianship, creepy stalker-like behavior, and a vampire prom, Nightlight is the uproarious tale of a vampire-obsessed girl, looking for love in all the wrong places.

"Bloody funny. . . . A pitch-perfect spoof. . . . This comedic takedown . . . captures the hysteria of teenage longing and first love with just the appropriate amount of satire and quick wit." -The Observer's Very Short List "Worth every pseudo-bloodsucking, angst-ridden page." -Entertainment Weekly "Mocks All Things Vampire." -The Wall Street Journal

About the Author

The first volume of the Harvard Lampoon appeared in February, 1876. Written by seven undergraduates and modeled on Punch, the British humor magazine, the debut issue took the Harvard campus by storm. United States President Ulysses S. Grant was advised not to read the magazine, as he would be too much "in stitches" to run the government.

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It was then that I saw him. He was sitting at a table all by himself, not even eating. He had an entire tray of baked potatoes in front of him and still, he did not touch a single one. How could a human have his pick of baked potatoes and resist them all? Even odder, he hadn't noticed me, Belle Goose, future Academy Award winner.

A computer sat before him on the table. He stared intently at the screen, narrowing his eyes into slits and concentrating those slits on the screen as if the only thing that mattered to him was physically dominating that screen. He was muscular, like a man who could pin you up against the wall as easily as a poster, yet lean, like a man who would rather cradle you in his arms. He had reddish, blonde-brown hair that was groomed heterosexually. He looked older than the other boys in the room maybe not as old as God or my father, but certainly a viable replacement. Imagine if you took every woman's idea of a hot guy and averaged it out into one man. This was that man.

"What is that?" I asked, knowing that whatever it was it wasn't avian.

"That's Edwart Mullen," Lucy said.

Edwart. I had never met a boy named Edwart before. Actually, I had never met any human named Edwart before. It was a funny sounding name. Much funnier than Edward.

As we sat there, gazing at him for what seemed like hours but couldn't have been more than the entire lunch period, his eyes suddenly flicked toward me, slithering over my face and boring into my heart like fangs. Then in a flash they went back to glowering at that screen.

"He moved here two years ago from Alaska," she said. So not only was he pale like me, but he was also an outsider from a state that begins with an "A." I felt a surge of empathy. I had never felt a connection like this before.

"That boy's not worth your time," she said wrongly. "Edwart doesn't date." I smirked inwardly and snorted outwardly. So, I would be his first girlfriend.