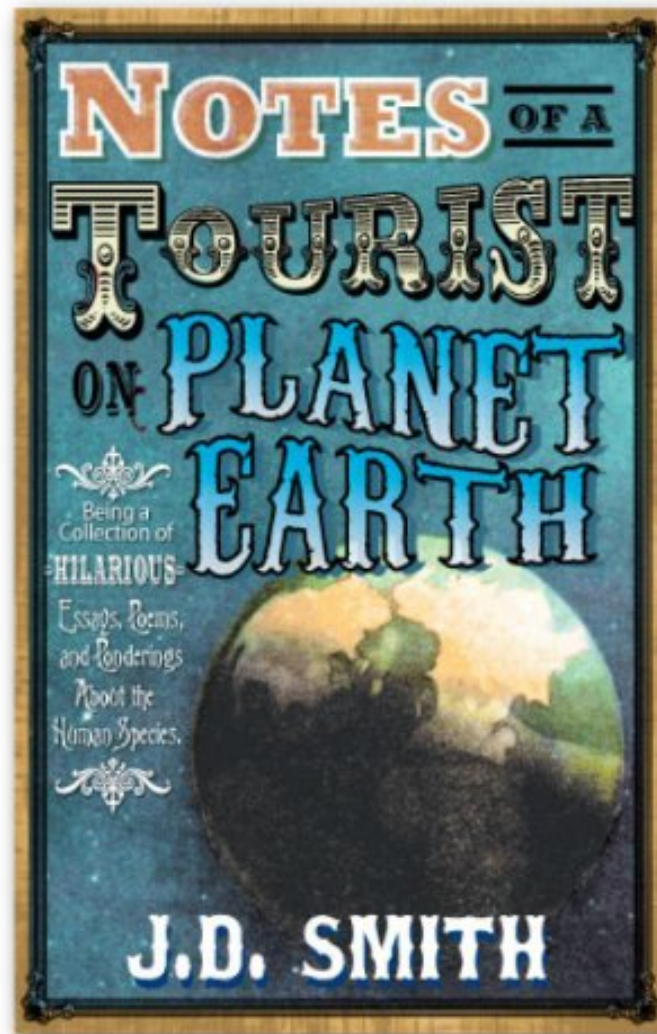


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## Notes of a Tourist on Planet Earth: Being a Collection of Hilarious Essays, Poems and Ponderings About the Human Species

*J.D. Smith*

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**J.D. Smith : Notes of a Tourist on Planet Earth: Being a Collection of Hilarious Essays, Poems and Ponderings About the Human Species** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Notes of a Tourist on Planet Earth: Being a Collection of Hilarious Essays, Poems and Ponderings About the Human Species:

2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Hilarious!By The Last of the Duke Street KingsThere's nothing like a book that has me near cracking up on my ride in to work in the morning! the book is an excellent collection of short essays, poems and random lists. I always wondered who were the "Least Feared Gunfighters of the Old West"...2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. It's a farce--I freaking love itBy Ionia FromentI nearly died laughing over this book. It might be silly and obviously was intended to be, but when you need a day away from life to examine why things are the way they are and what you can do about it, you have two choices. Pick up a self help book that will attempt to explain it all and take a good nap half the way through, or pick up this book and boil over with laughter every couple of minutes to where you forget what you were upset about in the first place. "The Sleepless Dog Manifesto" is hands down my favorite part of this book. I think I will now have to pick up a paperback version of this book and keep it with me for those "off days." This is a hilarious and ironic look at life on this little planet that made my day.I am certain this book will not be for everyone, but I loved it. There are multiple small sections you can read a little at a time or all at once in a longer sitting. The book is overall pretty short, but it gave me the mental vacation I was looking for and now I am curious about what else this author has to offer. I definitely recommend this book. Loved it!3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you...'By Grady HarpJD Smith is a mesmerizing humorist. While many writers have shared their own brands of what they have found to be entertainingly funny in this life we are living, Smith one-ups them by writing so well that the reader at first believes that such finely constructed poems and essays and brief off the cuff thoughts should eventually reveal a hidden meaning. And probably that make Smith giggle even more effusively.Smith takes on arenas of thought and circumstances and arranges them into categories: Manners and Mores (including Failed Women's Perfumes and Failed Men's Fragrances); History, Science and Politics (such as Things that Sound like Religious Ceremonies but Aren't, and Body parts that Zombies Like to Eat Almost as Much as Brains); Song and Verse (My Hoodie, My Fetishist Things), Stories Told to me, The Animal Section (Plant Hybrids that May Result from Genetic Engineering); Dinner and a Smoke (Rejected Menu Item Proposals for Disney World); The Marketing Department (All-Time Worst Slogans for Novelty Briefs, A Fan Letter to the Michelin Man); and Arts and Culture (Board Games that Never Made It to the market, Responses to Popular Song Lyrics of Recent Decades).Tease these sundry thought items around in your brain and then read this book by JD Smith and appreciate how very clever, witty and wildly eccentric his mind works. There are few books on the market as outrageously funny as this one. Grady Harp, July 13

Back cover copy, Notes of a Tourist on Planet EarthSome questions haunt humanity on a daily basis, or at the very least make it scratch its collectivehead. Why shouldn't one wear black? Who is the emitting the most greenhouse gases? Whathybrids could result from genetic engineering, and what kind of secret life does ethanol have?How can one sound halfway intelligent at an art gallery or survive a poetry open mic? Mostimportantly of all, who do you have to please to get a table at that restaurant everybody's talkingit?In NOTES OF A TOURIST ON PLANET EARTH, seasoned traveler and award-winning writerJ.D. Smith answers these questions and more, many more, in stories, lists, poems and essays,along with pieces that no category could hope to contain without undergoing elective surgery.Based on research in world capitals, the bars of eight time zones and a distressing number ofdegree programs, this collection combines wit and erudition in ways that will make Woody Allenand Roy Blount, Jr. hear footsteps-and have Rachael Ray taking a long, hard look at herself.

About the AuthorJ.D. Smith has published three collections of poetry, one collection of essays and one children's book. His work has appeared in Alimentum, The Bark, Gastronomica, the environmental ezine Grist and the Los Angeles Times. His one-act play "Dig, produced in London by CurvingRoad in 2010, was adapted for film in 2011. Under no circumstances does he want to direct. Smith divides his time between work and home in Washington, DC, where he studies the cheeses of the world and tries not to pronate too much.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.The Mimes That summer I punched outevery mime in my path. Abounding then, like buffaloon pre-railroad plains,like the passenger pigeonsof a former sky,mimes leaned into the airat every corner, white-facedlyshadowed pedestrians in every park.All I had to do was swing. Struck, they did not cry outBut only gazed in wide horror,mouths unspoken O'sthat called for my fists' return. Some tried to run-they met a stiff wind that did not touch me.Some raised their hands like white flags,and I issued my terms: Here's your invisible bench, motherfucker.Bitch, try climbing these stairs.Try looking like a sorry bastardwho's been smashed like a bug,a newcomer to the world of hurt.They complied, and silently spat out teeth. Each time I struck a blowfor the populace at large.If the police did not assist me,they did not stand in my way.Newspapers would not condemn or report.Squirrels presiding on high branchesdid not chatter or scold:I spoke for nature itself. The calluses on my knuckles thinned and softened.For days on end I would not see a mime.The last tried half-heartedlyto climb a ladder into the air,but one punch in the solar plexusdropped him like a plumb line.when he rose-after a time-and fledhis steps audibly slapped the ground. The streets now host singers,musicians and jugglers, sword-swallowers on stiltswho act like no one but themselves.The victory is total, unquestioned,yet all day, every day,my fists stay clenched,unfulfilled. Board Games

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