

Download Ebook Practical Demonkeeping Christopher Moore Free Download Pdf

Practical Demonkeeping Practical Demonkeeping Practical Demonkeeping Coyote Blue Island Of The Sequined Love Nun Lamb The Stupidest Angel (v2.0) Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove Fool LP Secondhand Souls A Dirty Job You Suck Razzmatazz Bloodsucking Fiends Fluke The Stupidest Angel Shakespeare for Squirrels Sacre Bleu You Suck Island of the Sequined Love Nun Bite Me Noir Noir Fluke Lamb Special Gift Ed The City Dwellers The Serpent of Venice Lunatics Bloodsucking Fiends The Stupidest Angel with Bonus Material Secondhand Souls Yankee Greats The Griff Stupidest Angel the Coyote Blue Island of the Sequined Love Nun Secondhand Souls Stupidest Angel: A Heartwarmin The Stupidest Angel Human Communication Theory

For a limited time, devour a heartwarming tale of Christmas terror in Christopher Moore's *The Stupidest Angel*, for a special price. Also included is a sneak peek at his forthcoming novel, *Sacre Bleu*, A Comedy d'Art. In *The Stupidest Angel*, 'Twas the night (okay, more like the week) before Christmas, and all through the tiny community of Pine Cove, California, people are busy buying, wrapping, packing, and generally getting into the holiday spirit. But not everybody is feeling the joy. Little Joshua Barker is in desperate need of a holiday miracle. No, he's not on his deathbed; no, his dog hasn't run away from home. But Josh is sure that he saw Santa take a shovel to the head, and now the seven-year-old has only one prayer: Please, Santa, come back from the dead. But hold on! There's an angel waiting in the wings. (Wings, get it?) It's none other than the Archangel Raziel come to Earth seeking a small child with a wish that needs granting. Unfortunately, our angel's not sporting the brightest halo in the bunch, and before you can say "Kris Kringle," he's botched his sacred mission and sent the residents of Pine Cove headlong into Christmas chaos, culminating in the most hilarious and horrifying holiday party the town has ever seen. Move over, Charles Dickens -- it's Christopher Moore time. Just why do humpback whales sing? That's the question that has marine behavioral biologist Nate Quinn and his crew poking, charting, recording, and photographing very big, wet, gray marine mammals. Until the extraordinary day when a whale lifts its tail into the air to display a cryptic message spelled out in foot-high letters: Bite me. Trouble is, Nate's beginning to wonder if he hasn't spent just a little too much time in the sun. 'Cause no one else on his team saw a thing -- not his longtime partner, Clay Demodocus; not their saucy young research assistant; not even the spliff-puffing white-boy Rastaman Kona (né Preston Applebaum). But later, when a roll of film returns from the lab missing the crucial tail shot -- and his research facility is trashed -- Nate realizes something very fishy indeed is going on. By turns witty, irreverent, fascinating, puzzling, and surprising, *Fluke* is Christopher Moore at his outrageous best. Jody never asked to become a vampire. But when she wakes up under an alley Dumpster with a badly burned arm, an aching back, superhuman strength, and a distinctly Nosferatun thirst, she realizes the decision has been made for her. Making the transition from the nine-to-five grind to an eternity of nocturnal prowlings is going to take some doing, however, and that's where C. Thomas Flood fits in. A would-be Kerouac from Incontinence, Indiana, Tommy (to his friends) is bidding his time night-clerking and frozen-turkey bowling in a San Francisco Safeway. But all that changes when a beautiful undead redhead walks through the door...and proceeds to rock Tommy's life—and afterlife—in ways he never thought possible. *Yankee Greats* features 100 baseball cards of the greatest and most popular Yankees from the celebrated trading-card company Topps. Showcasing original cards for hall-of-fame players such as Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, and Yogi Berra, and current heroes like Derek Jeter, this unique package provides a fun and fresh approach to revisiting America's favorite pastime with one of baseball's most beloved teams. Since the Yankee's humble beginnings in 1903 as the New York Highlanders to today's star-studded team, the Bronx Bombers have won 27 World Championships—more titles than any other professional sports franchise in history. Yankee Greats will let Yankee and baseball fans alike revel in and reminisce over so many of the players that helped make baseball what it is today, and these legendary cards will bring back fond memories for both young and old collectors. The town psychiatrist has decided to switch everybody in Pine Cove, California, from their normal antidepressants to placebos, so naturally—well, to be accurate, artificially—business is booming at the local blues bar. Trouble is, those lonely slide-guitar notes have also attracted a colossal sea beast named Steve with, shall we say, a thing for explosive oil tanker trucks. Suddenly, morose Pine Cove turns libidinous and is hit by a mysterious crime wave, and a beleaguered constable has to fight off his own gonzo appetites to find out what's wrong and what, if anything, to do about it. In Christopher Moore's ingenious debut novel, we meet one of the most memorably mismatched pairs in the annals of literature. The good-looking one is one-hundred-year-old ex-seminarian and 'roads' scholar Travis O'Hearn. The green one is Catch, a demon with a nasty habit of eating most of the people he meets. Behind the fake Tudor façade of Pine Cove, California, Catch sees a four-star buffet. Travis, on the other hand, thinks he sees a way of ridding himself of his toothy travelling companion. The winos, neo-pagans, and deadbeat Lotharios of Pine Cove, meanwhile, have other ideas. And none of them is quite prepared when all hell breaks loose. “Readers new to the work of Christopher Moore will want to know two things immediately. First: Where has this guy been hiding? (Answer: In plain sight, since he has a cult following.)...[H]e writes laid back fables straight out of Margaritaville, on the cusp of humor and science fiction.”—Janet Maslin, *New York Times* Whale researcher Nathan Quinn has a problem. It's not a new problem; in fact, it's been around for nearly 20 million years. And Nate's spent most of his adult life working to solve it. You see, although everybody (well, almost everybody) knows that humpback whales sing (outside of human composition, the most complex songs on the planet) no one knows why. Nate, a Ph.D. in behavior biology, intends to discover the answer to this burning question—and soon. Every winter he and Clay Demolocus, his partner in the Maui Whale Research Foundation, ply the warm waters between the islands of Maui and Lanai, recording the eerily beautiful songs of the humpbacks and returning to their lab for electronic analysis. The trouble is, Nate's beginning to wonder if he hasn't spent just a little too much time in the sun. Either that, or he's losing his mind. Because today, as he was shooting an I.D. photo of a humpback tail fluke, Nate could've sworn he saw the words “Bite Me” scrawled across the whale's tail. . . Spiritus og sex fører piloten Tucker i ulykke. Han ender på Stillehavssøen Alualu hos et svindleragepar, men med hjælp fra en filippinsk transvestit og dennes talende flagermus ender alt lykkeligt. *New York Times* Bestseller! Shakespeare meets Dashiell Hammett in this wildly entertaining murder mystery from *New York Times* bestselling author Christopher Moore—an uproarious, hardboiled take on the Bard's most performed play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, featuring Pocket, the hero of *Fool and The Serpent of Venice*, along with his sidekick, Drool, and pet monkey, Jeff. Set adrift by his pirate crew, Pocket of Dog Snogging—last seen in *The Serpent of Venice*—washes up on the sun-bleached shores of Greece, where he hopes to dazzle the Duke with his comedic brilliance and become his trusted fool. But the island is in turmoil. Egeus, the Duke's minister, is furious that his daughter Hermia is determined to marry Demetrius, instead of Lysander, the man he has chosen for her. The Duke decrees that if, by the time of the wedding, Hermia still refuses to marry Lysander, she shall be executed . . . or consigned to a nunnery. Pocket, being Pocket, cannot help but point out that this decree is complete bollocks, and that the Duke is an egregious weasel for having even suggested it. Irritated by the fool's impudence, the Duke orders his death. With the Duke's guards in pursuit, Pocket makes a daring escape. He soon stumbles into the wooded realm of the fairy king Oberon, who, as luck would have it, IS short a fool. His jester Robin Goodfellow—the mischievous sprite better known as Puck—was found dead. Murdered. Oberon makes Pocket an offer he can't refuse: he will make Pocket his fool and have his death sentence lifted if Pocket finds out who killed Robin Goodfellow. But as anyone who is even vaguely aware of the Bard's most performed play ever will know, nearly every character has a motive for wanting the mischievous sprite dead. With too many suspects and too little time, Pocket must work his own kind of magic to find the truth, save his neck, and ensure that all ends well. A rollicking tale of love, magic, madness, and murder, *Shakespeare for Squirrels* is a *Midsummer Night's* noir—a wicked and brilliantly funny good time conjured by the singular imagination of Christopher Moore. Now in a special holiday edition, the hilariously deranged tale of Santa, fruitcakes, angels, and Kung fu. . . . “Christopher Moore writes novels that are not only hilarious, but fun to read as well. He is an author at the top of his craft.—Nicholas Sparks 'Twas the night before Christmas . . . and all through Pine Cove, Florida, the creatures were stirring in this wonderfully funny tale that gives the spirit of Christmas a whole new meaning. *New York Times* Bestseller “Smart and funny and all sorts of raunchy in the best way.” — *San Francisco Chronicle* Repeat *New York Times* bestselling author Christopher Moore returns to the mean streets of San Francisco in this outrageous follow-up to his madcap novel *Noir*. *San Francisco, 1947*. Bartender Sammy “Two Toes” Tiffin and the rest of the Cookie's Coffee Irregulars—a ragtag bunch of working mugs last seen in *Noir*—are on the hustle: they're trying to open a driving school; shanghai an abusive Swedish stevedore; get Mable, the local madam, and her girls to a Christmas party at the State Hospital without alerting the overzealous head of the S.F.P.D. vice squad; all while Sammy's girlfriend, Stilton (a.k.a. the Cheese), and her “Wendy the Welder” gal pals are using their wartime shipbuilding skills on a secret project that might be attracting the attention of some government Men in Black. And, oh yeah, someone is murdering the city's drag kings and club owner Jimmy Vasco is sure she's next on the list and wants Sammy to find the killer. Meanwhile, Eddie “Moo Shoes” Shu has been summoned by his Uncle Ho to help save his opium den from Squid Kid Tang, a vicious gangster who is determined to retrieve a priceless relic: an ancient statue of the powerful Rain Dragon that Ho stole from one of the fighting tongs forty years earlier. And if Eddie blows it, he just might call down the wrath of that powerful magical creature on all of Fog City. Strap yourselves in for a bit of the old razzmatazz, ladies and gentlemen. It's Christopher Moore time. “Christopher Moore is a very sick man, in the very best sense of that word.” —Carl Hiaasen A magnificent “Comedy d'Art” from the author of *Lamb*, *Fool*, and *Bite Me*, Moore's *Sacré Bleu* is part mystery, part history (sort of), part love story, and wholly hilarious as it follows a young baker-painter as he joins the dapper Henri Toulouse-Lautrec on a quest to unravel the mystery behind the supposed “suicide” of Vincent van Gogh. It is the color of the Virgin Mary's cloak, a dazzling pigment desired by artists, an exquisite hue infused with danger, adventure, and perhaps even the supernatural. It is . . . *Sacré Bleu* In July 1890, Vincent van Gogh went into a cornfield and shot himself. Or did he? Why would an artist at the height of his creative powers attempt to take his own life . . . and then walk a mile to a doctor's house for help? Who was the crooked little “color man” Vincent had claimed was stalking him across France? And why had the painter recently become deathly afraid of a certain shade of blue? These are just a few of the questions confronting Vincent's friends—baker-turned-painter Lucien Lessard and bon vivant Henri Toulouse-Lautrec—who vow to discover the truth about van Gogh's untimely death. Their quest will lead them on a surreal odyssey and brothel-crawl deep into the art world of late nineteenth-century Paris. Oh là là, quelle surprise, and zut alors! A delectable confection of intrigue, passion, and art history—with cancan girls, baguettes, and fine French cognac thrown in for good measure—*Sacré Bleu* is another masterpiece of wit and wonder from the one, the only, Christopher Moore. Hundreds of thousands of people around the world have read—and reread—Christopher Moore's irreverent, iconoclastic, and divinely funny tale of the early life of Jesus Christ as witnessed by his boyhood pal Levi bar Alphaeus (a.k.a. Biff). Now, in this special (check out the cool red ribbon marker, gilt-edged pages, and gold lettering) gift edition of Christopher Moore's bestselling *Lamb*, you, too, can find out what really happened between the manger and the Sermon on the Mount. And, in a new afterword written expressly for this edition, Christopher Moore addresses some of the most frequently asked questions he's received from readers since *Lamb*'s initial publication, about the book and himself. Fresh, funny, poignant, and wise, this special gift edition of *Lamb* is cause for rejoicing among readers everywhere. Little Joshua Barker is sure that he saw Santa take a shovel to the head, and now the seven-year-old prays for Santa to come back from the dead. There's an angel waiting in the wings, but he's botched his sacred mission and sent the residents of Pine Cove headlong into Christmas chaos. In *San Francisco*, the souls of the dead are mysteriously disappearing—and you know that can't be good—in *New York Times* bestselling author Christopher Moore's delightfully funny sequel to *A Dirty Job*. Something really strange is happening in the City by the Bay. People are dying, but their souls are not being collected. Someone—or something—is stealing them and no one knows where they are going, or why, but it has something to do with that big orange bridge. Death Merchant Charlie Asher is just as flummoxed as everyone else. He's trapped in the body of a fourteen-inch-tall “meat puppet” waiting for his Buddhist nun girlfriend, Audrey, to find him a suitable new body to play host. To get to the bottom of this abomination, a motley crew of heroes will band together: the seven-foot-tall death merchant Minty Fresh; retired policeman turned bookseller Alphonse Rivera; the Emperor of *San Francisco* and his dogs, Bummer and Lazarus; and Lily, the former Goth girl. Now if only they can get little Sophie to stop babbling about the coming battle for the very soul of humankind . . . Charlie Asher is a pretty normal guy with a normal life, married to a bright and pretty woman who actually loves him for his normalcy. They're even about to have their first child. Yes, Charlie's doing okay—until people start dropping dead around him, and everywhere he goes a dark presence whispers to him from under the streets. Charlie Asher, it seems, has been recruited for a new position: as Death. It's a dirty job. But, hey! Somebody's gotta do it. Philip Horkman is a happy man, the owner of a pet store called *The Wine Shop*, and on Sundays a referee for a local kids' soccer league. Jeffrey Peckerman is the proud and loving father of a star athlete in the girls' ten-and-under soccer league, and he's not exactly happy with the ref. The two of them are about to collide in a swiftly escalating series of events that will send them running for their lives, pursued by the police, soldiers, subversives, bears, revolutionaries, pirates, and a black ops team that does not exist. Where all that takes them you can't even begin to guess, but the literary journey there is a masterpiece of inspiration, chaos, and unadulterated, well, lunacy. And they might even learn a lesson or two along the way. Madcap, zany noir set on the mean streets of post-World War II *San Francisco*. Sammy “Two Toes” Tiffin is the bartender in a scruffy gin joint, with street connections that make him the go-to guy for just about everything. When one of his schemes goes south and his lady vanishes, Sammy follows a tortuous trail from Chinatown to Telegraph Hill to a hidden forest enclave in a desperate search to find his girl. Meanwhile, a suspicious flying object has been spotted by the Pacific Coast near Mount Ranier, followed by a mysterious plane crash in Roswell, New Mexico ... but the real weirdness is happening in the City by the Bay. A man of infinite jest, Pocket has been Lear's cherished fool for years, from the time the king's grown daughters—selfish, scheming Goneril, sadistic (but erotic-fantasy-grade-hot) Regan, and sweet, loyal Cordelia—were mere girls. So naturally Pocket is at his brainless, elderly liege's side when Lear—at the insidious urging of Edmund, the bastard (in every way imaginable) son of the Earl of Gloucester—demands that his kids swear their undying love and devotion before a collection of assembled guests. Of course Goneril and Regan are only too happy to brownnose Dad. But Cordelia believes that her father's request is kind of . . . well . . . stupid, and her blunt honesty ends up costing her her rightful share of the kingdom and earns her a banishment to boot. Well, now the bangers and mash have really hit the fan. The whole damn country's about to go to hell in a handbasket because of a stubborn old fart's wounded pride. And the only person who can possibly make things right . . . is Pocket, a small and slight clown with a biting sense of humor. He's already managed to sidestep catastrophe (and the vengeful blades of many an offended nobleman) on numerous occasions, using his razor-sharp mind, rapier wit . . . and the equally well-honed daggers he keeps conveniently hidden behind his back. Now he's going to have to do some very fancy maneuvering—cast some spells, incite a few assassinations, start a war or two (the usual stuff)—to get Cordelia back into Daddy Lear's good graces, to derail the fiendish power plays of Cordelia's twisted sisters, to rescue his gigantic, gigantically dim, and always randy friend and apprentice fool, Drool, from repeated beatings . . . and to shag every lusciously shaggable wench who's amenable to shagging along the way. Pocket may be a fool . . . but he's definitely not an idiot. In *San Francisco*, the souls of the dead are mysteriously disappearing—and you know that can't be good—in *New York Times* bestselling author Christopher Moore's delightfully funny sequel to *A Dirty Job*. Something really strange is happening in the City by the Bay. People are dying, but their souls are not being collected. Someone—or something—is stealing them and no one knows where they are going, or why, but it has something to do with that big orange bridge. 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But when she wakes up under an alley Dumpster with a badly burned arm, an aching neck, superhuman strength, and a distinctly Nosferatun thirst, she realizes the decision has been made for her. Making the transition from the nine-to-five grind to an eternity of nocturnal prowlings is going to take some doing, however, and that's where C. Thomas Flood fits in. A would-be Kerouac from Incontinence, Indiana, Tommy (to his friends) is bidding his time night-clerking and frozen turkey bowling in a San Francisco Safeway. But all that changes when a beautiful, undead redhead walks through the door and proceeds to rock Tommy's life and afterlife in ways he never imagined possible. From Christopher Moore, author of *Fluke*, comes a quirky, irreverent novel of love, myth, metaphysics, outlaw biking, angst, and outrageous redemption. As a boy growing up in Montana, he was Samson Hunts Alone -- until a deadly misunderstanding with the law forced him to flee the Crow reservation at age fifteen. Today he is Samuel Hunter, a successful Santa Barbara insurance salesman with a Mercedes, a condo, and a hollow, invented life. Then one day, shortly after his thirty-fifth birthday, destiny offers him the dangerous gift of love -- in the exquisite form of Calliope Kincaid -- and a curse in the unheralded appearance of an ancient Indian god by the name of Coyote. Coyote, the trickster, has arrived to transform tranquility into chaos, to reawaken the mystical storyteller within Sam ... and to seriously screw up his existence in the process. Waking up after a fantastic night only to discover that his girlfriend is a vampire and has transformed him into one, C. Thomas Flood adapts to his new powers while dealing with a dangerous faction of bloodsuckers trying to kill off all other vampires. Everyone knows about the immaculate conception and the crucifixion. But what happened to Jesus between the manger and the Sermon on the Mount? In this hilarious and bold novel, the acclaimed Christopher Moore shares the greatest story never told: the life of Christ as seen by his boyhood pal, Biff. Just what was Jesus doing during the many years that have gone unrecorded in the Bible? Biff was there at his side, and now after two thousand years, he shares those good, bad, ugly, and miraculous times. Screamingly funny, audaciously fresh, *Lamb* rivals the best of Tom Robbins and Carl Hiaasen, and is sure to please this gifted writer's fans and win him legions more. Although it is not a new label or title, human communication theory is as old as the human race in terms of its presence in the daily affairs of men and women. People have always looked for reasons underlying their communicative successes and failures—reasons that could then be used to guide their future communicative efforts. 'Twas the night (okay, more like the week) before Christmas, and all through the tiny community of Pine Cove, California, people are busy buying, wrapping, packing, and generally getting into the holiday spirit. But not everybody is feeling the joy. Little Joshua Barker is in desperate need of a holiday miracle. No, he's not on his deathbed; no, his dog hasn't run away from home. But Josh is sure that he saw Santa take a shovel to the head, and now the seven-year-old has only one prayer: Please, Santa, come back from the dead. But hold on! There's an angel waiting in the wings. (Wings, get it?) It's none other than the Archangel Raziel come to Earth seeking a small child with a wish that needs granting. Unfortunately, our angel's not sporting the brightest halo in the bunch, and before you can say "Kris Kringle," he's botched his sacred mission and sent the residents of Pine Cove headlong into Christmas chaos, culminating in the most hilarious and horrifying holiday party the town has ever seen. Move over, Charles Dickens -- it's Christopher Moore time. In Christopher Moore's ingenious debut novel, we meet one of

the most memorably mismatched pairs in the annals of literature. The good-looking one is one-hundred-year-old ex-seminarian and "roads" scholar Travis O'Hearn. The green one is Catch, a demon with a nasty habit of eating most of the people he meets. Behind the fake Tudor façade of Pine Cove, California, Catch sees a four-star buffet. Travis, on the other hand, thinks he sees a way of ridding himself of his toothy traveling companion. The winos, neo-pagans, and deadbeat Lotharios of Pine Cove, meanwhile, have other ideas. And none of them is quite prepared when all hell breaks loose. Take a wonderfully crazed excursion into the demented heart of a tropical paradise—a world of cargo cults, cannibals, mad scientists, ninjas, and talking fruit bats. Our bumbling hero is Tucker Case, a hopeless geek trapped in a cool guy's body, who makes a living as a pilot for the Mary Jean Cosmetics Corporation. But when he demolishes his boss's pink plane during a drunken airborne liaison, Tuck must run for his life from Mary Jean's goons. Now there's only one employment opportunity left for him: piloting shady secret missions for an unscrupulous medical missionary and a sexy blond high priestess on the remotest of Micronesian hells. Here is a brazen, ingenious, irreverent, and wickedly funny novel from a modern master of the outrageous. Outrageously funny New York Times bestselling author Christopher Moore and award-winning screenwriter-director Ian Corson team up for a wacky and entertaining graphic tale of alien invasion and a motley crew of Earthlings trying to stay alive and, oh, yeah, save humankind. The mayhem begins when an ancient alien beacon is unwittingly activated, summoning behemoth spaceships from the far reaches of the galaxy. Hovering in Earth's atmosphere, they release a biblical stream of pods that transform into minivan-size, people-eating, flying lizardy things that look like mythological griffins. Destroying communications, emergency, and military infrastructure, they systematically kill everyone on the planet. Well, almost everyone. A pesky trio of New Yorkers isn't about to roll out the red carpet—or roll over and die—for these unwelcome intergalactic marauders. Unlikely heroes Mo, a snarky, Gothic game-goddess; Steve, a skateboard-punk schrag whore; and Curt, the obligatory buff commando expert in weaponry (and a genius with cosmetics), are going to take it to the aliens—and Florida is where the fight is. Armed with M-16s, a BFG (big f**king gun), and a surplus of guts, they'll battle their way from the Big Apple to Orlando, where a downed spacecraft is the most awesome new attraction. And in the Sunshine State another pair of courageous (and pretty damn lucky) humans who have outwitted the toothy Überlizards await: Liz, a babelicious killer whale trainer at Ocean World, and Oscar, a chain-smoking middle-aged professional squirrel (seriously—he's paid to wear that squirrel costume). Once united, the intrepid warriors will attempt to infiltrate the alien spacecraft, defeat the spacer invaders, and save (what's left) of the world—and, if Steve plays his cards right, begin the fun of repopulating Earth all over again. A novel of a 21st century dystopia where urbanization has reached its limits. Take a wonderfully crazed excursion into the demented heart of a tropical paradise - a world of cargo cults, cannibals, mad scientists, ninjas, and talking fruit bats. Our bumbling hero is Tucker Case, a hopeless geek trapped in a cool guy's body, who makes a living as a pilot for the Mary Jean Cosmetics Corporation. But when he demolishes his boss's pink plane during a drunken airborne liaison, Tuck must run for his life from Mary Jean's goons. Now there's only one employment opportunity left for him: piloting shady secret missions for an unscrupulous medical missionary and a sexy blond high priestess on the remotest of Micronesian hells. Here is a brazen, ingenious, irreverent, and wickedly funny novel from a modern master of the outrageous. 'Twas the night (okay, more like the week) before Christmas, and all through the tiny community of Pine Cove, California, people are busy buying, wrapping, packing, and generally getting into the holiday spirit. But not everybody is feeling the joy. Little Joshua Barker is in desperate need of a holiday miracle. No, he's not on his deathbed; no, his dog hasn't run away from home. But Josh is sure that he saw Santa take a shovel to the head, and now the seven-year-old has only one prayer: Please, Santa, come back from the dead. But hold on! There's an angel waiting in the wings. (Wings, get it?) It's none other than the Archangel Raziel come to Earth seeking a small child with a wish that needs granting. Unfortunately, our angel's not sporting the brightest halo in the bunch, and before you can say "Kris Kringle," he's botched his sacred mission and sent the residents of Pine Cove headlong into Christmas chaos, culminating in the most hilarious and horrifying holiday party the town has ever seen. Move over, Charles Dickens -- it's Christopher Moore time. A young man named Travis O'Hearn, granted immortality by Catch, a lovable demon, struggles to rid himself of this man-eating gremlin who promises to make eternity hellish for him, in a supernatural comic romp through a California tourist town "Christopher Moore is a very sick man, in the very best sense of the word." —Carl Hiaasen The undead rise again in Bite Me, the third book in New York Times bestselling author Christopher Moore's wonderfully twisted vampire saga. Joining his farcical gems Bloodsucking Fiends and You Suck, Moore's latest in continuing story of young, urban, nosferatu style love, is no Twilight—but rather a tsunami of the irresistible outrageousness that has earned him the appellation, "Stephen King with a whoopee cushion and a double-espresso imagination" from the Atlanta Journal-Constitution and inspired Denver's Rocky Mountain News to declare him, "the 21st century's best satirist." Venice, a long time ago. Three prominent Venetians await their most loathsome and foul dinner guest, the erstwhile envoy from the Queen of Britain: the rascal-Fool Pocket. This trio of cunning plotters—the merchant, Antonio; the senator, Montessor Brabantio; and the naval officer, Iago—have lured Pocket to a dark dungeon, promising an evening of sprits and debauchery with a rare Amontillado sherry and Brabantio's beautiful daughter, Portia. But their invitation is, of course, bogus. The wine is drugged. The girl isn't even in the city limits. Desperate to rid themselves once and for all of the man who has consistently foiled their grand quest for power and wealth, they have lured him to his death. (How can such a small man, be such a huge obstacle?). But this Fool is no fool . . . and he's got more than a few tricks (and hand gestures) up his sleeve. Greed, revenge, deception, lust, and a giant (but lovable) sea monster combine to create another hilarious and bawdy tale from modern comic genius, Christopher Moore. Little Joshua Barker is sure that he saw Santa take a shovel to the head, and now the seven-year-old prays for Santa to come back from the dead. There's an angel waiting in the wings, but he's botched his sacred mission and sent the residents of Pine Cove headlong into Christmas chaos. Being undead sucks. Literally. Just ask C. Thomas Flood. Waking up after a fantastic night unlike anything he's ever experienced, he discovers that his girlfriend, Jody, is a vampire. And surprise! Now he's one, too. For some couples, the whole biting-and-blood thing would have been a deal breaker. But Tommy and Jody are in love, and they vow to work through their issues. But word has it that the vampire who initially nibbled on Jody wasn't supposed to be recruiting. Even worse, Tommy's erstwhile turkey-bowling pals are out to get him, at the urging of a blue-dyed Las Vegas call girl named (duh) Blue. And that really sucks. From master of subversive humor Christopher Moore comes a quirky, irreverent novel of love, myth, metaphysics, outlaw biking, angst, and outrageous redemption. As a boy, he was Samson Hunts Alone—until a deadly misunderstanding with the law forced him to flee the Crow reservation at age fifteen. Today he is Samuel Hunter, a successful Santa Barbara insurance salesman with a Mercedes, a condo, and a hollow, invented life. Then one day, destiny offers him the dangerous gift of love—in the exquisite form of Calliope Kincaid—and a curse in the unheralded appearance of an ancient god by the name of Coyote. Coyote, the trickster, has arrived to reawaken the mystical storyteller within Sam...and to seriously screw up his existence in the process. INSTANT NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER! The absurdly outrageous, sarcastically satiric, and always entertaining New York Times bestselling author Christopher Moore returns in finest madcap form with this zany noir set on the mean streets of post-World War II San Francisco, and featuring a diverse cast of characters, including a hapless bartender; his Chinese sidekick; a doll with sharp angles and dangerous curves; a tight-lipped Air Force general; a wisecracking waif; Petey, a black mamba; and many more. San Francisco. Summer, 1947. A dame walks into a saloon . . . It's not every afternoon that an enigmatic, comely blonde named Stilton (like the cheese) walks into the scruffy gin joint where Sammy "Two Toes" Tiffin tends bar. It's love at first sight, but before Sammy can make his move, an Air Force general named Remy arrives with some urgent business. 'Cause when you need something done, Sammy is the guy to go to; he's got the connections on the street. Meanwhile, a suspicious flying object has been spotted up the Pacific coast in Washington State near Mount Rainer, followed by a mysterious plane crash in a distant patch of desert in New Mexico that goes by the name Roswell. But the real weirdness is happening on the streets of the City by the Bay. When one of Sammy's schemes goes south and the Cheese mysteriously vanishes, Sammy is forced to contend with his own dark secrets—and more than a few strange goings on—if he wants to find his girl. Think Raymond Chandler meets Damon Runyon with more than a dash of Bugs Bunny and the Looney Tunes All Stars. It's all very, very Noir. It's all very, very Christopher Moore.

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