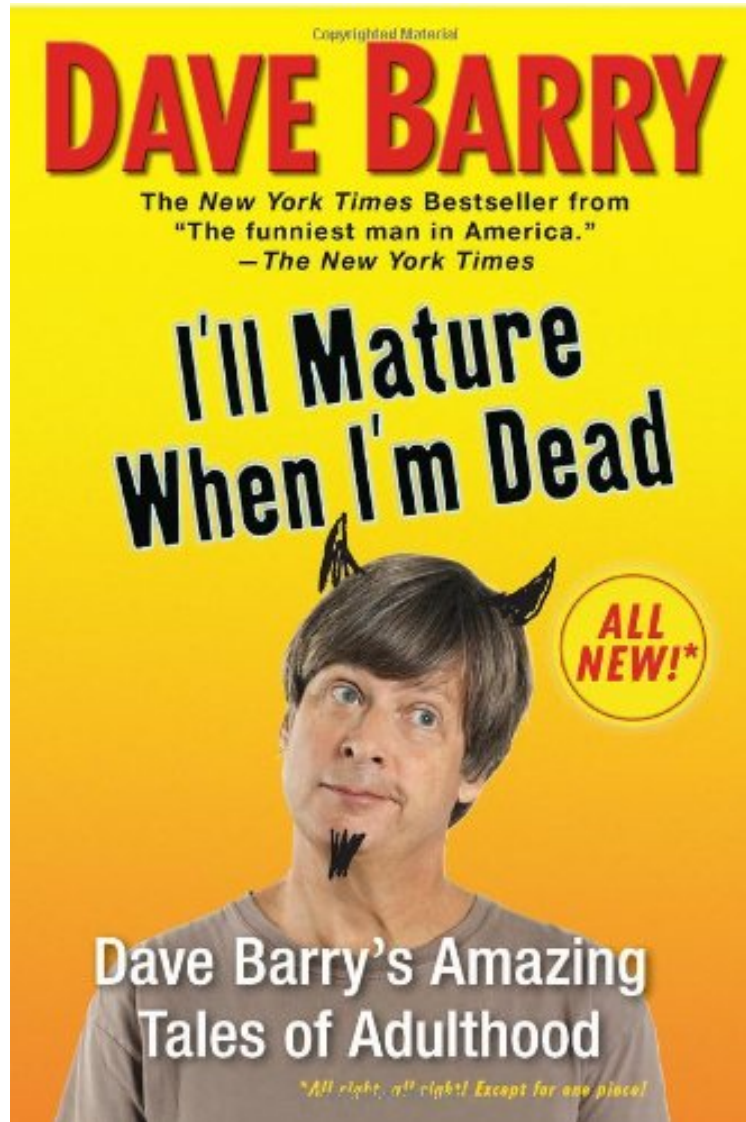


(Read now) I'll Mature When I'm Dead: Dave Barry's Amazing Tales of Adulthood

## I'll Mature When I'm Dead: Dave Barry's Amazing Tales of Adulthood

Dave Barry

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**Dave Barry : I'll Mature When I'm Dead: Dave Barry's Amazing Tales of Adulthood** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised I'll Mature When I'm Dead: Dave Barry's Amazing Tales of Adulthood:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Great book when you can read only one chapter at ...By JackFunniest book I've read in a LONG time. I had to stop reading it in public--I mean, streaming tears and spleen-

rupturing guffaws. Great book when you can read only one chapter at a time, as they are pretty much stand-alone. People actually came up to me and asked what I was reading...too funny. My wife came in and asked "WHAT is so hysterical?!" The "Vampire novel" was amusing as well, but you have had to have seen the "Twilight" series to get it. Well worth the time--I'll keep it handy for those "ugh" days. Especially the dog story...1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. hysterically funnyBy PeterI have bought this more than once as a gift. It is hysterically funny, as Dave Barry talks about the ups and downs of middle age, and not wanting to admit that we are getting older. Really a lighthearted, good laugh. I made the mistake of reading it on an airplane, and laughed myself silly when I should have been quiet. So...don't take it on a plane, but do enjoy it at home! It is easy to read a chapter, and put it down, since each chapter stands alone as a funny anecdote or idea.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The New York Times is rightBy Virginia music loverHere's an excerpt from the NYT review: "I'll Mature When I'm Dead" isn't a quickie: there are 18 humor pieces here, and all but the one about the colonoscopy are new. Second, this isn't a book to take on vacation; it is a vacation. Simply consider that the entire "Twilight" series seems to have been written for the express purpose of giving Mr. Barry the chance to make fun of lousy writing."This is perfect beach reading, or just plain "I need to laugh" reading. Dave is one of the few humor writers who has a thinking dimension to his humor. He slyly pokes fun at favorite topics, such as government ineptitude, bad Hollywood scriptwriting, etc. His parody of a television script is one of the best things I've read in years. Small sample -- the President is replying to a question in the White House Situation Room. "I'll let the FBI Director, played by a fading movie star such as William Hurt or Gene Hackman, answer that." And he has a devastating critique of the English major-run newspaper business which is closer to the mark than anything I've read. Oddly, I just finished a book of Mencken's writings that had a similar critique, only newspapers were successful then. Highly recommended.

The New York Times bestseller from "the funniest man in America" (New York Times). Not everyone has to be dragged kicking and screaming through adulthood. Let Pulitzer Prize-winning humorist and nationally unrecognized voice of maturity Dave Barry make the journey a little easier—and a lot funnier—with his hilarious takes on parenting, changing self-image, the battle of the sexes, technology, health care, celebrityhood—and even vampires!

.com Jen Lancaster and Dave Barry: Author One-on-One Jen Lancaster is a former vice president at an investor relations firm and a New York Times bestselling author. Her books include *My Fair Lazy*, *Pretty in Plaid*, and *Bitter is the New Black*. She replaced Dave Barry as writer for *Humor Hotel*, a nationally syndicated humor column. Read on to see Jen Lancaster's questions for Dave Barry, or turn the tables to see what he asked her. Jen: The Pulitzer Prize looks a lot like those gold-colored one-dollar Sacagawea coins. Do you still have yours or did you accidentally use it in a parking meter? Dave: I actually lost my Pulitzer Prize for several years. I put it in a safe place, then I forgot where that was. My wife eventually found it and put it in an even safer place. But your question disturbs me, because it's NOT a coin: It looks more like a middle-school diploma. So now I'm wondering: Is it really a Pulitzer Prize? Maybe I was the victim of an elaborate practical joke wherein Columbia University gave me a middle-school diploma and just TOLD me it was a Pulitzer. That would make sense, because (a) nobody ever really believes I won a Pulitzer, and (b) in university circles Columbia is known as a big prankster. Jen: Does it indeed take a village? Dave: I actually grew up in a village, specifically the village of Armonk, New York. Everybody in Armonk knew everybody else back then, which meant that if, as a high-school student, you (and here I am using "you" in the sense of "I") experimented a tad (and here I am using "a tad" in the sense of "way") too heavily with adult beverages one night in the fall of 1964 and passed out on a lawn that—of all the lawns you could have picked in Armonk—was the lawn belonging to Chief of Police Hergenhan, you would not be arrested; instead, Chief Hergenhan, upon discovering you drooling facedown into his crabgrass at 1:30 a.m., would call your dad to come get you, because he knew your dad, and he also knew that you would spend approximately the next two weeks retching, which was punishment enough. So I would say yes. Jen: If X = Agent Jack Bauer and Y = shooting someone in the thigh, how many perimeters need to be set up to bring Edgar back to life? Dave: It depends on how long it takes Chloe to get a visual on the satellite and upload the schematics. Jen: Children seem to be more delicate than when we were kids. Do you advocate encasing them in Lucite until their eighteenth birthday? Dave: These kids today don't know how easy they have it, with their iPhones and their iPads and their atmosphere consisting of 21 percent oxygen and 78 percent nitrogen and 1 percent various other gases. When I was a youngster we didn't have ANYTHING. We didn't even have HAIR. We sat around naked in the cold, sucking on rocks for nourishment. But you never heard us complain, and by God we licked the Great Depression and won World War II. No, wait, that was our parents' generation. But we faced challenges of our own. Junior year abroad, for example. That was no picnic. So you don't even want to KNOW what I think. Jen: Shirts or skins? Dave: You always want to be on the skins team, because that way you're guarding a guy on the shirts team, which means if you touch him you're touching his shirt, which is an okay way to touch another guy (for very a brief period). If you're on the shirts team, you have to guard a guy on the skins team, which means you might come into contact with his actual skin, which is wrong on several levels, not the least of which is that he will be oozing perspiration slime, like a giant eel with b.o. This is the main reason why guys turn to golf. Jen: Will men use GPS or do they consider this the modern-

day equivalent of stopping to ask for directions at the gas station—which is to say, an affront to their masculinity?

Dave: It's acceptable to use a GPS because it is an incomprehensibly complex electronic device and therefore manly. But it is NOT acceptable to use the same GPS for long periods of time. Every six months or so you must buy a newer model with more features that you don't need and a larger screen. Screen size is the important thing. Your goal is to eventually have a GPS with a screen so large that you can't see out your windshield; when you drive you're just looking at this humongous GPS screen. But you are still wondering, deep inside, when they're going to come out with a bigger one.

Jen: Bret Michaels's fans still throw their panties onstage when he performs. What do Rock Bottom Remainders groupies toss? Dave: We have had panties thrown at us. But they were labeled "MAXIMUM OCCUPANCY 30 PEOPLE." (Photo of Jen Lancaster © Jeremy Lawson) (Photo of Dave Barry © Raul Ribiera/Miami Herald)