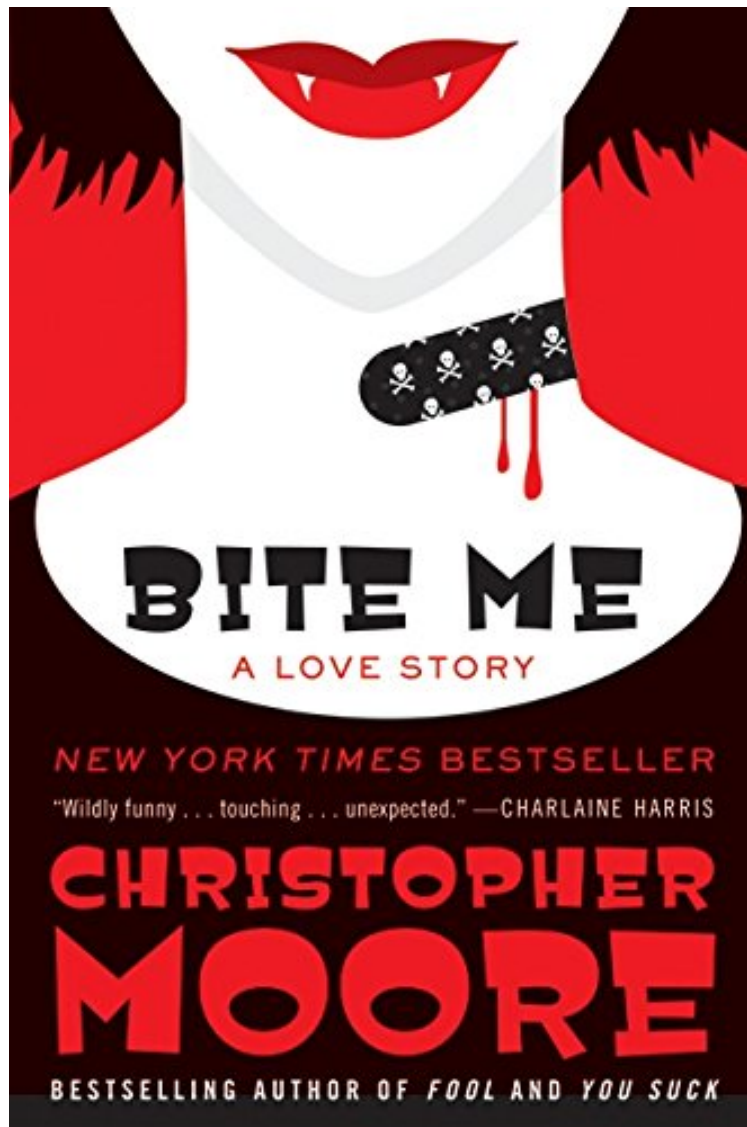


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Bite Me: A Love Story (Bloodsucking Fiends)

Christopher Moore

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Christopher Moore : Bite Me: A Love Story (Bloodsucking Fiends) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bite Me: A Love Story (Bloodsucking Fiends):

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. 'Kayso, if you like, like giant shaved vampyre cats named Chet (rather than pina coladas), nerdslices, you may like this one. By Randle Brashear' Kayso, this thing starts out in first person, and it's like, valley girl patois from the protagonist, Abigail Normal, Emergency Backup Mistress of the Greater Bay Area Night. So, I was all, "WTF? This thing's written in Valley Girl? I dunno if I can do 300 pages of

valley girl." And OMG, 'Bite' is another sequel (of which I was pathetically unaware). So, I started out totally confused as a result of not having absorbed vital info from *You Suck*. Hello? Kayso, I persevered in spite of all that nerdslice engeekenment, and thank Buddha, the first person valley girl narrative is generously interspersed by entire chapters and passages written in third person when Abby's not around ... and sometimes when she is. I'm getting used to Moore's writing, I guess. 'Kayso, like, here is the Good News: 'Bite' is my most enjoyable read yet from this guy. Being gagged with a spoon I was not. True dat, my mind muffin got, like, *infected* somehow and now I am tragically doomed to an indeterminate fuguelike interlude of thinking and speaking this Dorkese. Hey, Star Trek had me speaking Klingon. The characters really make this one. The emperor of San Francisco and Protector of Alcatraz, Sausalito and Treasure Island is back. (There really was an 'emperor' of the Golden Door. And it was a guy upon whom our emperor is closely based.) Chet the vampire cat; the ninja sword old man savior; white rastadude Kekona; the Animals; the vampyres; off-kilter cop odd couple Rivera and gaybear Cavuto, these all do their thing and (mostly) all end up living happily ever after. Chet is one effed up mess in particular. But he's cool, if you like shaved vampyre cat-turning-into-human who discovers size does matter after humping a number of other vampyre cats to death. R.I.P., Tenderloin District bums and ho's. GTG, 18rs.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Grand Finale By cathairetic In this third book of the Bloodsucking Fiends trilogy, San Francisco is home to hoards of vampire cats that are eating all the homeless people, prostitutes and other denizens of the night. Vampire cats?! Oh, yeah! Just more hilarity from the crazed mind of author Christopher Moore. The book reads as a blog of the vampires' minion, Allison, aka Countess Abby Normal. I don't know what dialect of English she uses but it perfectly meshes with her goth image... sort of a text message teenage argot, and very, very funny. Abby desires to be undead with all her heart and gets her wish by injecting herself with vampire rat's (now it's vampire rats???) blood and then convincing her sister to kill her. It works, but unfortunately she now has a tail. Abby needs to rescue her Dark Lord Tommy so he can help her find his maker, Jody, who disappeared after being accidentally released from her bronze statue prison. The cops and the Animals from the night shift at the Marina Safeway are working with the Emperor of San Francisco and his "men" to find a way to eradicate the plague of bloodsucking cats with a little help from a Chinese grandma who knows where to get an old herbal remedy that will kill the kitties dead. It seems that the ancient Chinese knew all about vampire cats before Europe lived through the Dark Ages. Meanwhile three ancient and dangerous vampires show up with a mandate to get rid of the vampire cats and any human who knows about their existence... and that would be... all the characters in the the book! There's a whole lot of running, climbing, turning to mist, getting naked, hiding in filthy deserted basements, whacko science experiments, sword-slashing, blood-spattering fun. You'll want to keep reading right to the end. Get yourself some caffeine and prepare to make a night of it... and try not to wake up anyone when you laugh out loud at all the undead shenanigans. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. This is the sort of thing you'll like if you like this sort of thing. By Ray Muller The author is a certified nutcase and I mean that in the best possible way. Since I read *Lamb* about two months ago I've read almost everything else he's written. I think there are two books I don't have yet.

"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."

"Moore's most hysterical 'love story' to date." (Booklist) "I can't emphasize enough how funny *BITE ME* is." (Bookreporter.com) "Moore's twisted take on the undead comes as a welcome respite from the recent spate of TV, film and book offerings to bombard us." (Edmonton Journal on *BITE ME*) "Moore carved a niche in the horror-comedy genre, and anyone with a fiendish sense of humor will love his writing." (Florida Times-Union on *BITE ME*) "Moore proves he has few rivals on the humour-opus front with this high-larious romp that just might have driven the final nail into old Nosferatu's coffin." (Ottawa Citizen on *BITE ME*) From the Back Cover The city of San Francisco is being stalked by a huge shaved vampyre cat named Chet, and only I, Abby Normal, and my manga-haired love monkey stand between the ravenous monster and a bloody massacre of the general public. Whoa. And this is a love story? Yup. 'Cept there's no whining. But there is everybody's favorite undead couple, Tommy and Jody, who've just escaped from imprisonment in a bronze statue. And now that they're out they've joined forces with Abby, her boyfriend Steve, the frozen-turkey-bowling Safeway crew, the Emperor of San Francisco and his trusty dogs Lazarus and Bummer, gay Goth guy Jared, and SF's finest Cavuto and Rivera to hunt big cat and save the city. Really. About the Author Christopher Moore is the author of fourteen previous novels, including *Lamb*, *The Stupidest Angel*, *Fool*, *Sacré Bleu*, *A Dirty Job*, and *The Serpent of Venice*.