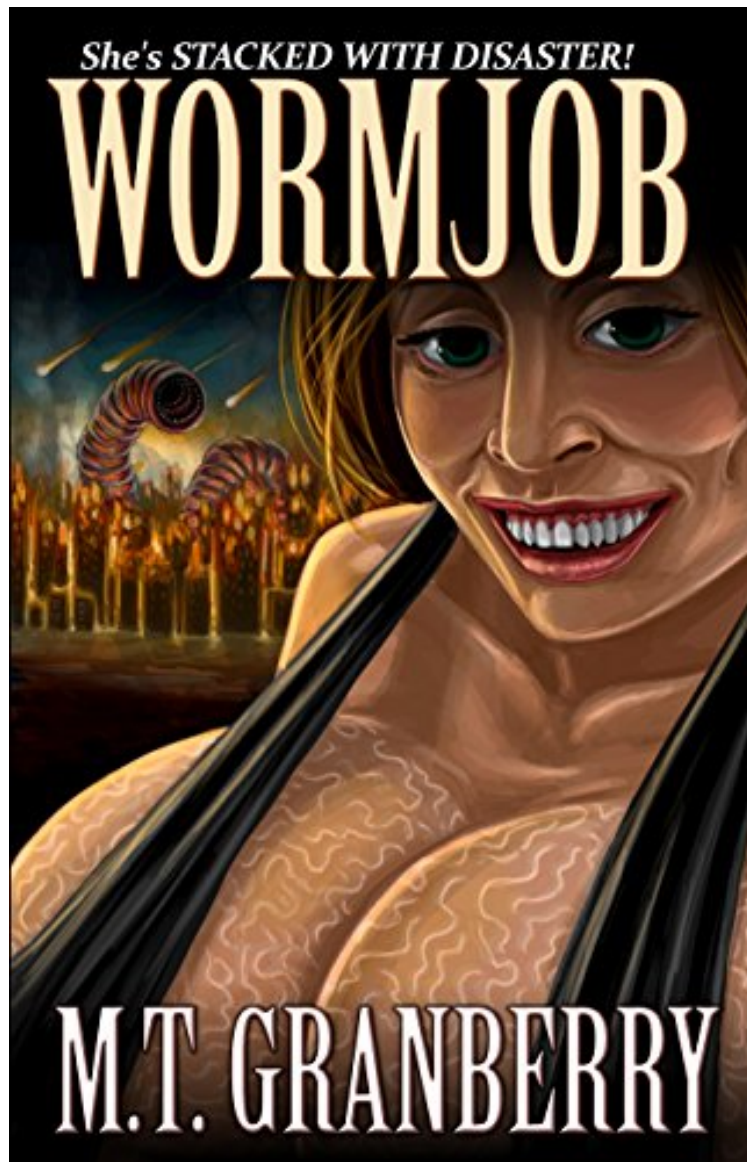


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Wormjob

M.T. Granberry

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M.T. Granberry : Wormjob before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Wormjob:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Weird and funny...and a little grossBy gEmWorm-filled boobs. Seriously.If that sounds stupid to you, you may want to skip this. If you're into bizarro...and worms...and boobs...then you'll most definitely get a kick out of this. Imagine a jesus worm bursting out of a pulsating mammary gland and you've got the tl;dr for Wormjob.2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. From "The Horror Fiction

Review"By ChristineI'd been planning to pick this book up at Bizarro Con from the moment I saw it, and did so as soon as I had the chance. This was before I heard the author's excellent performance – not a reading, but an evangelical sensation! – and even before I'd tried out half a glass of the special-brew cider in its honor (half a glass only because I am a total lightweight and wimp). Well, and after those added experiences, I was all the more eager to plunge into this tale of squirming canyonesque cleavage! How could you not? Look at that cover; is that the tackiest or what? This is some pure, unabashed, crazy sleazy fun right here! And let me tell you, folks, it more than exceeded my expectations! Those cups did not stop at merely runneth over ... those cups weren't even cups for long, but became soup tureens, then punchbowls that runneth over ... from gazongas to megazongas of doom. Filled with live worms. Forget those stupid must-increase-my-bust exercise girls did in middle school when I was young. Forget implants of saline or silicon. Worms are the way to go, injectable colonies of them that feed on fat as they make mountains out of molehills. (side note: fat-eating worms? as with Wrath James White's Voracious, I gotta admit there'd be a degree of temptation ...) Shari, flat-shamed for as long as she can remember, is only too eager to undergo the treatment. Soon, she has all she ever wanted, and more. What she earns as a stripper now can easily cover the custom-made clothes and other required adjustments to her life. She even meets a new guy, for whose sake she'll tinker with her worm-control medication to make all his dreams come true. Bad idea. Worse idea because, unbeknownst to Shari, one of the worms in her heaving, swelling engorged endowments is not like the others. One worm is different. Angry. Hungry. And growing. Before long, Shari is lopsided to say the least. Her wormy bosom is on a rampage, and when she seeks help at the fancy clinic where it all started, she and her vengeful passenger discover that they do all kinds of other procedures there at AUGMENTA BIOLOGICALS. A definite hoot about infinite hooters, this may not be one to leave sitting out if you're expecting normal respectable company over. It's also quite the cautionary tale ... few of us may ever be satisfied with our looks, but, sometimes you really can go too far. And the point when you need a cart to trundle your own chest along, that's probably a little too far. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Gross Wormy Nonsense (Which Is, Of Course, The Best Kind Of Nonsense) By MP Johnson If this was just a book about a woman using symbiotic worms to expand her breasts, it would still be crazy and awesome. But Granberry takes this basic concept in a surprising direction with the addition of a worm creation myth that initially seems to be thrown in as an afterthought but ultimately leads to an ending that is so mind-blowing and unexpected as to make this a total gross-out bizarro classic.

WHO'S THE BOOB NOW? When lonely, understacked Shari decides to "Woman Up" - using the latest in parasitic breast-ballooning technology - her new stripper gig brings all the attention she craved. But deep inside her gigantic left boob, another loner desperately dreams of escape. One worm against the multitudes, filled with rage and unstoppable will big enough to change the entire fucking world. Mad science meets mad lack of self-esteem in this epic Bizarro fable, where the bigger the nipples, the bigger the ripples in the cosmic hell-o-sphere. "Half-Mellick, half-Goldfarb, and all its own thing, WORMJOB sticks its squirmy teet straight in your mind's eye and squeezes, milking your brain with hideous laughs and wonder." - John Skipp

About the Author Little is known of the reclusive Matthew Thomas Granberry. He speaks both fluent stick figure language and rough sketch, and is Chief Pamphleteer to the Black Circkus, with which he has been known to travel. He has written and performed in a number of absurdist comedy sketches for a lesbian-helmed late night variety show in his community, and a two act play which saw an invigoratingly brief run in front of a handful of people, many of whom later detected unfamiliar organs in their bodies. This anomaly prompted the writing of numerous books which you may or may not encounter in your lifetime.