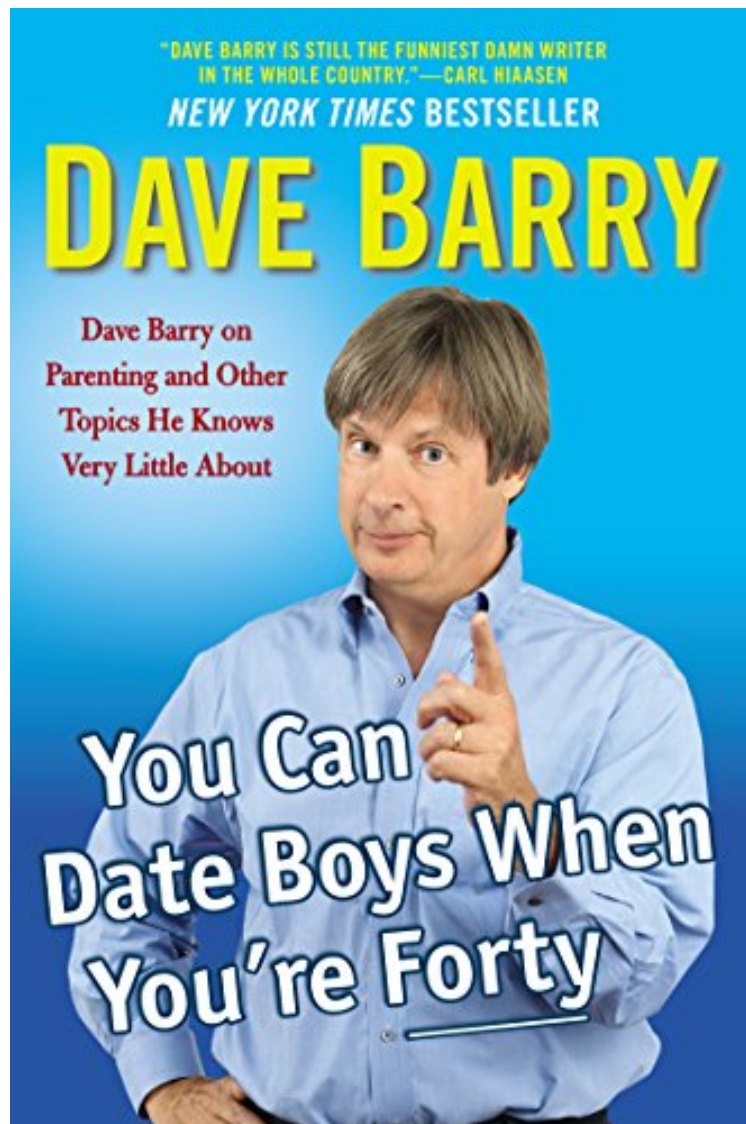


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You Can Date Boys When You're Forty: Dave Barry on Parenting and Other Topics He Knows Very Little About

Dave Barry

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Dave Barry : You Can Date Boys When You're Forty: Dave Barry on Parenting and Other Topics He Knows Very Little About before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised You Can Date Boys When You're Forty: Dave Barry on Parenting and Other Topics He Knows Very Little About:

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Dave Barry you already know you are going to get a side splittingly funny take on whatever subject he takes on, if you don't just hurry up and buy all his books and laugh yourself silly!! I got this book for a friend who had just had a daughter but even as the father of 2 boys I laughed myself silly at Daves take on daughters. One of my favourite people and authors of all time, he should be running America and all your problems would be solved!!! for a British take on humour writing try Ben Elton, especially his early works, brilliant people like this should be in positions of power!1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Laughter is mandatory. Trust me, you will laugh!By RavenBook Review Sunday, April 6, 2014You Can Date Boys When You're Forty by Dave BarryIn this latest collection of humorous essays, Dave Barry again proves why he is the funniest writer alive! I mean if you can read Dave's books and not almost collapse with laughter, I'm sorry, but you may be clinically dead.In the introduction Dave explains the title of the book. The best explanation is that he, Dave Barry, didn't pick the name on his own. (Note here to Mr. Barry: Sir, many of us, your fans, are stilling waiting on Moby Dave! Hint! Hint!)Join Dave as he expounds on life with a teen-aged daughter, (he's clueless!) what it means to be manly (remembering that most males are simply guys, a special kind of, well, stupid,) his thoughts on what women want, (that is, man doesn't have the information.)Move on to a semi-serious essay on death, (always remembering that Dave finds it hard to be serious,) how to talk with your wife, (Dave's way involves walking a dog,) lessons in grammar, (your kidding, right?)Dave then gives a lesson on air travel to frequent fliers, (your plane will never take off!) takes the reader to Jerusalem and the rest of Israel, a semi-serious piece (chasing WiFi, for example,) and Dave's Expert Tips on becoming a professional author (major in English and get lucky!)Any book of humor by Dave Barry is worth ten out of five any day. He is the King of Dry Humor!Quoth the Raven...1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The book is great. The questionnaire sucks!By Kirk S. H.Those were the worst group of selections I have ever seen offered in a questionnaire. Under mood how about funny, hilarious, hysterical? Why even ask about the plot? Would you have offered plot as a choice for a Gary Larkin cartoon collection? It just doesn't apply. I guess this is supposed to be a "One size fits all" questionnaire, designed to cover the entire spectrum of novels, but if you can't at least have someone read the book before designing the questions, don't even bother. It's a total injustice to Dave Barry and to the potential readers/buyers of the book. It's a truly funny book. If you're a fan, it's a "can't miss". If you're not a fan, try it and maybe you'll become one.

If there's one thing that New York Times bestselling author and Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist Dave Barry is an expert on, it's raising a daughter...which means he's not an expert on much considering the breadth of his knowledge on that subject fills only a single chapter of a book. However, what Dave Barry is good at is giving unsolicited advice on topics he's definitively not an expert on. In fact, he now has an entire book filled with guidance on things he knows nothing about, including: surviving in the wild, wooing women, cremation, maintaining a scintillating conversation, Justin Bieber, the U.S. Postal Service, enduring the TSA, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, and, most obviously, being a professional author. With trademark wit and unmatched insight into the insanity of everyday life, Dave Barry presents a series of hilarious, never-before-published essays on the trials and tribulations of living and laughing in the modern age.

.com P.J. O'Rourke and Dave Barry in Conversation In the first paragraph of the prologue to his new book, *The Baby Boom: How It Got That Way... And It Wasn't My Fault... And I'll Never Do It Again*, political humor writer P.J. O'Rourke declares in no uncertain terms that he is "full of crap." Similarly, in the introduction to his upcoming book, *You Can Date Boys When You're Forty*, humor columnist Dave Barry explains that his book, despite its subtitle "Parenting and Other Topics He Knows Very Little About," is not about parenting. It's easy to imagine that when these two bestselling authors and longtime pals get together, commiserative silliness ensues. But in this case, no imagination is necessary. We popped in on an email exchange between these two masters of existential trolling. Here's what happened: Dave Barry: P.J. — I loved *The Baby Boom* which manages to be both hilarious and insightful. What I want to know is: How did you remember all that stuff? Especially about the '60s. Didn't you take drugs? Of course not! Neither did I! Drugs are bad! But my memories of that era are very purple-hazy, whereas you seem to remember every detail of everything that happened. How did you do that? P.J. O'Rourke: I made it up. I'm a professional reporter. I'm PAID to make things up. Actually, I do remember a lot about the '60s. Probably because I still know a lot of the same people. And they're still yelling at me about things I did back then. Keeps memories fresh. Sort of like a wife. Just kidding, dear. Sort of like a first wife. And I loved *You Can Date Boys When You're Forty*. You admit you went to a Justin Bieber concert. Kind of pushing the envelope even for a confessional memoir. You're brave, dude, brave. DB: I did indeed go to a Justin Bieber concert, because my daughter really really really wanted to go because she LOVED Justin Bieber. It was terrifying. I was in Coral Gables, Florida, in 1992 when Hurricane Andrew passed over and nearly took off the roof of the home in which I was cowering. I understood then why the noise of a hurricane is always compared to a freight train. What it SHOULD be compared to is a Justin Bieber concert. Given the choice, I'd rather sit through Andrew again. PJO: When I pick my daughters up from school they, for some reason I can't imagine, don't want to listen to Rush Limbaugh, and so they tune the radio to what sounds to me like somebody donated 200 drum sets and an Auto-Tune to a juvenile delinquent corrections facility. But does this mean today's

music sucks? Yes. Read the full conversation on Omnivoracious.