



I Hate Your Guts

By Jim Norton

Download now

Read Online →

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton

This *New York Times* bestselling author may hate your guts, but you'll be laughing too hard to care in this blisteringly funny collection.

What do Steve Martin, The Reverend Al Sharpton, and Dr. Phil have in common? Jim Norton hates their guts. In his deviant pseudo-memoir *Happy Endings*, Norton delivered his uncensored and controversial brand of humor on everything from his affinity for hookers to his romantic woes. Now, he unflinchingly spews his thoughts on everyone from the bully he despises from high school, to Hillary Clinton and Al Sharpton.

Offensive, brutally honest, and most important, sidesplittingly hilarious, *I Hate Your Guts* features 35 essays showcasing the candid, outrageous brand of dirty comedy that has earned him legions of devoted fans both on the radio and on the road.

↓ [Download I Hate Your Guts ...pdf](#)

📄 [Read Online I Hate Your Guts ...pdf](#)

I Hate Your Guts

By Jim Norton

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton

This *New York Times* bestselling author may hate your guts, but you'll be laughing too hard to care in this blisteringly funny collection.

What do Steve Martin, The Reverend Al Sharpton, and Dr. Phil have in common? Jim Norton hates their guts. In his deviant pseudo-memoir *Happy Endings*, Norton delivered his uncensored and controversial brand of humor on everything from his affinity for hookers to his romantic woes. Now, he unflinchingly spews his thoughts on everyone from the bully he despises from high school, to Hillary Clinton and Al Sharpton.

Offensive, brutally honest, and most important, sidesplittingly hilarious, *I Hate Your Guts* features 35 essays showcasing the candid, outrageous brand of dirty comedy that has earned him legions of devoted fans both on the radio and on the road.

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #514197 in Books
- Brand: Norton, Jim
- Published on: 2009-08-11
- Released on: 2009-08-11
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.25" h x .50" w x 5.31" l, .53 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 288 pages

 [Download I Hate Your Guts ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online I Hate Your Guts ...pdf](#)

Editorial Review

About the Author

Comedian Jim Norton is the third microphone on XM Radio's popular Opie and Anthony Show and New York Times bestselling author of Happy Endings. He recently starred in his own one-hour HBO comedy special *Monster Rain* and is the host of the new half-hour HBO comedy series, *Down and Dirty with Jim Norton*. He currently lives in New York City, where he is attempting to formulate a relationship with a woman that lasts for more than an hour.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Heather Mills:
I Am Woman, Hear Me Hop

I think Paul McCartney has lost his fucking mind. It's the only explanation I can come up with as to why he not only would marry a one-legged woman in her thirties, but also knock her up and then divorce her without a prenup. What a complete and utter idiot. This is the equivalent of putting an oscillating fan in front of a giant pussy and throwing \$1.5 billion into it. How good of a bang was she, for Pete's sake? When he licked her twat did it open up and sing "Band on the Run"? Or maybe it was the stump that got him; I hear he used to put a fedora on it and pretend it was Jack Ruby. Whatever it was, something about their sex took an otherwise brilliant man and turned his brain into mush (which supports my theory that she was also fucking George Harrison).

If a woman is good in bed, and I mean really good in bed (not just perfunctory moves like winking while she's giving head or queefing the national anthem), there is virtually no limit to what she can motivate a man to do. And I don't want to hear that he loved her; I've seen her interviewed, and she has the personality of the Queen's asshole. She absolutely sucks. But, she is undeniably sexy. There is something about that accent, combined with the rumors that she used to be a high-priced load receptacle, that makes her appealing.

The former secretary of arms dealer (wrong limb, Heather, wrong limb!) Adnan Khashoggi claimed that he paid thousands to sleep with her, and that she was "very athletic" in bed. (Maybe he liked his big Arab balls juggled by a gal who could dismount parallel bars and land with her brown eye directly on his nose.) If she really was an international hooker, it certainly explains why dumb Paul displayed financial Down syndrome. I'm sure Linda was a terrific gal, but there's no way she could've competed in the sack with a girl who fucked swarthy billionaires for a living.

Reading accusations that Heather used to be a whore actually made me want to meet up with her to try to work a little something out. I'd love to pinch and squeeze my hog through my khakis while haggling prices with her: "All right, you drive a hard bargain, but here's what I'll do. You get five hundred if you leave the leg on, or a dollar fifty if you insist on taking it off...minus the cost of fumigating the room. You get another hundred if you let me stick it in your ass, a hundred and fifty if you're bent over wearing a flamingo outfit. And just to show you that I'm not a hard-hearted man, that it's not all dollars and cents, you get fifty more if I accidentally cum in your hair, and an extra fiver if you hop around the room screaming, 'I'm a cunt!' while holding the fake leg against your forehead like a rhinoceros." Negotiations like that would have undoubtedly been good-natured and fun, while sending her the message that my finances would be doled out generously, but not up for grabs. Apparently McCartney was old-school, and not comfortable tossing her a few hundred just to lick his balls while he jerked off in the Bentley.

Heather told *Vanity Fair* that she offered to sign a prenup so that he would know she loved him for him, and that Sir Lovestruck turned her down (thereby justifying my opening line in the first paragraph). This is the most blatant case of reverse psychology I have ever read, and to fall for it one would have to be completely retarded or completely enthralled by a vagina that's a quarter-century younger than oneself. So for any woman who really doesn't want to sign a prenup, don't fight it -- suggest it! Bring it up aggressively and the pussy-whipped *dope* you are engaged to will shake his fist and shout, "Stop with all of this prenuptial agreement malarkey, I won't hear of it!"

In the same article she admitted that their favorite thing to do was stay home, where she would cook a meal and he would dance around the room like Fred Astaire. She claimed that watching him like that made her want to eat him up. My heart sunk when I read that. You poor doddering, knighted idiot: Did you really think she would peek out into the living room and dampen her panties watching an old man sashay around like Fred Astaire? She probably loved seeing you dance like that because it implied senility, thereby making it easier to bilk you out of everything.

In the end, I heard she got almost forty-nine million dollars for four years' work, which was over two hundred million less than she asked for. (I've heard so many different figures. Except for the one she should have gotten, which is a fat fucking goose egg.) Not bad. If life was fair, she would have left that marriage with a *Beatles Anthology* and a bag of pristine left shoes. So much for liking him just for him, huh? Greedy cunt.

The more I've read about their marriage, the more I despise her. I think she took a very well-oiled pussy and used it to rake a great artist over the coals. I have no idea if her allegations of him abusing her are true, although if they're not, they should be. At the risk of sound sexist, when you marry a gentleman who has more than a billion in the bank, an occasional fist to the jaw should not only be taken in stride, it should be expected and welcomed with a smile. Don't be such a tattletale for Christ's sake. Perhaps I'm exposing myself here, but when I read some of her allegations, I cheered loudly for Sir Paul the Batterer. Looking around online, these are a few of the allegations I found against him:

- Heather actually had the audacity to complain that Paul wanted her to make dinner every night. Churlish twat -- she should have hummed a Fred Astaire song and tongued his taint while he ate rice pudding out of her shitty prosthetic. Her whole job in that situation was to keep the breadwinner happy.
- That he pushed her violently when she was pregnant. He probably did the math and realized what another kid would cost him, so he figured a miscarriage would be the equivalent of an eighteen-year tax deferment. Violently shoving a woman when she's pregnant is a bad move, as it is nearly impossible to justify legally. In cases where a linebacker-esque shoulder to the midsection is called for, try the "old whoops-a-daisy" instead. The "old whoops-a-daisy" is achieved when one sticks one's foot out at the top of the stairs, causing the knocked-up gold digger in question to take a Three Stooges tumble down the stairs. While watching the tumble, said gentleman must retract his guilty foot while remarking, "Whoops-a-daisy!" loud enough to be overheard.
- Paul asked her not to breast-feed because he claimed that "they were his breasts" and that he "didn't want a mouth full of breast milk." Bravo! No man in his right mind wants to invest almost a billion dollars in a pair of tits that are going to resemble leaky saddlebags in a year. You're already minus half a leg, now you want to dump your tits down the chute as well? Maybe you should also have your pussy sewn shut, and Sir Paul could just lay you on your side and dry hump your armpits every now and again.
- Paul drank a lot and used drugs, despite promising not to. How could this phony bitch claim to be surprised or outraged? Did she actually think "Yellow Submarine" was about four 1960s

junkies taking a homoerotic, underwater boat ride? Or that "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" was written in honor of a flying, bedazzled hosebag? Wake up, stupid. He was at the forefront of the biggest drug culture in history; consider yourself lucky he didn't force you to use that plastic appendage to mule prescription drugs or Ecstasy.

- He forced her to postpone a crucial operation because it interfered with his Amsterdam vacation plans. Good for him. This makes me want to marry a woman who needs a crucial operation, just so I can tell her to toughen the fuck up while I window-shop for Dutch prostitutes (even more effective if you've possibly married a British one).
- And my personal favorite: he objected to her using a bedpan. According to Heather, the bedpan saved her the trouble of crawling to the toilet at night. She couldn't understand why he objected. Gee, I don't know, maybe because he wrote "Yesterday"? Maybe that kind of entitles him to live out his life not waking up with a shit and piss medley staring at him eye level from a pan on the nightstand. And I think "crawling" to the bathroom is just a bit melodramatic: How about you leave a crutch by the bed, drama queen? I didn't realize that without the G.I. Joe leg you were reduced to crawling, yet with it you feel comfortable enough to dance on national television (or more accurately, fall on national television). I'm surprised that when your tailbone hit the floor some of Paul's money didn't shoot out of your cunt. And that really was the only reason to watch you on that shitty show; I wanted to see the bad leg fall off or the good one break.

One of the greatest things I've ever read revolved around this idiot and her stupid dancing phase. Heather and her *Dancing with the Stars* partner were on a very delayed flight from L.A. to London and all of the passengers were bored and cranky. The captain made an apologetic announcement and said he had a nice surprise for the passengers to make up for their nightmare trip. After some flapping and commotion behind the first-class curtain, it ripped open and this absolute asshole and her partner *did a tango down the fucking aisle*. Doesn't that just make you want to shit on a plate and eat it? A tango. And then the best part: they finish their dance with a flourish and...NOTHING! No applause, no accolades, no nothing. Just her in summery white pants and the sound of jet engines. I would have killed to have been there, as I feel a well-placed "Booooo" would have galvanized the other passengers into a mutiny.

How completely out of touch she must be not to realize that every person on that plane thinks she's dogshit personified and would have felt more entertained if Muhammad Atta had popped out from behind the curtain. And having the captain make an ...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Marie Gambino:

The book *I Hate Your Guts* will bring that you the new experience of reading a new book. The author style to explain the idea is very unique. If you try to find new book to learn, this book very ideal to you. The book *I Hate Your Guts* is much recommended to you you just read. You can also get the e-book from official web site, so you can quicker to read the book.

Kim Duncan:

The reserve untitled *I Hate Your Guts* is the guide that recommended to you you just read. You can see the quality of the book content that will be shown to anyone. The language that author use to explained their way

of doing something is easily to understand. The writer was did a lot of exploration when write the book, so the information that they share to you is absolutely accurate. You also might get the e-book of I Hate Your Guts from the publisher to make you considerably more enjoy free time.

Jerry Raminez:

People live in this new day time of lifestyle always attempt to and must have the extra time or they will get great deal of stress from both way of life and work. So , once we ask do people have free time, we will say absolutely without a doubt. People is human not a robot. Then we question again, what kind of activity are you experiencing when the spare time coming to you of course your answer will probably unlimited right. Then ever try this one, reading guides. It can be your alternative inside spending your spare time, often the book you have read is definitely I Hate Your Guts.

Jesus Allgood:

You can obtain this I Hate Your Guts by browse the bookstore or Mall. Merely viewing or reviewing it could possibly to be your solve challenge if you get difficulties to your knowledge. Kinds of this guide are various. Not only through written or printed but also can you enjoy this book by simply e-book. In the modern era similar to now, you just looking from your mobile phone and searching what your problem. Right now, choose your own personal ways to get more information about your e-book. It is most important to arrange you to ultimately make your knowledge are still update. Let's try to choose right ways for you.

**Download and Read Online I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton
#LTFM7KWPBSX**

Read I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton for online ebook

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton books to read online.

Online I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton ebook PDF download

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton Doc

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton Mobipocket

I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton EPub

LTFM7KWPBSX: I Hate Your Guts By Jim Norton