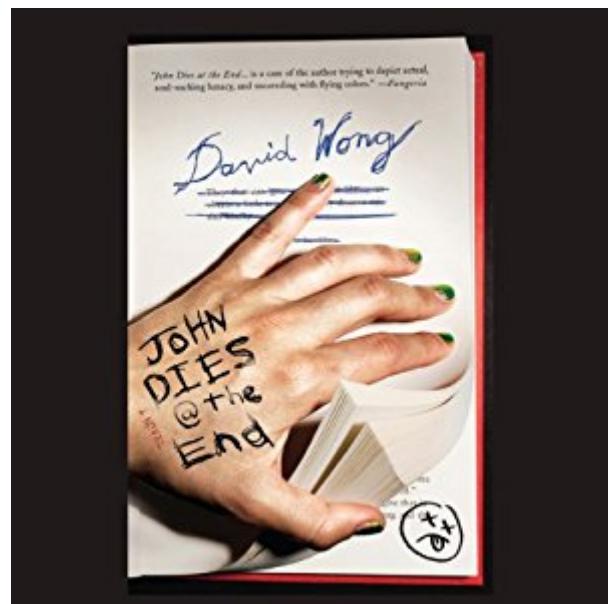


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John Dies At The End



Synopsis

STOP. You should not have touched this flyer with your bare hands. NO, don't put it down. It's too late. They're watching you. My name is David Wong. My best friend is John. Those names are fake. You might want to change yours. You may not want to know about the things you'll read on these pages, about the sauce, about Korrok, about the invasion, and the future. But it's too late. You touched the book. You're in the game. You're under the eye. The only defense is knowledge. You need to read this book, to the end. Even the part with the bratwurst. Why? You just have to trust me. The important thing is this: The drug is called Soy Sauce and it gives users a window into another dimension. John and I never had the chance to say no. You still do. I'm sorry to have involved you in this, I really am. But as you read about these terrible events and the very dark epoch the world is about to enter as a result, it is crucial you keep one thing in mind: None of this was my fault.

Book Information

Audible Audio Edition

Listening Length: 14 hours and 20 minutes

Program Type: Audiobook

Version: Unabridged

Publisher: Blackstone Audio, Inc.

Audible.com Release Date: March 9, 2011

Whispersync for Voice: Ready

Language: English

ASIN: B005BGOIG0

Best Sellers Rank: #61 in Books > Audible Audiobooks > Fiction & Literature > Horror #273 in Books > Literature & Fiction > Humor & Satire > Humorous #582 in Books > Literature & Fiction > Genre Fiction > Horror

Customer Reviews

If you blended the works of Lovecraft and Kevin Smith, then mixed that with about three parts pure awesome and left it to grow behind your fridge, you might get a vague sense of the genre David Wong bullseyes with this book. It's funny enough to appeal even to non-fans of the horror genre, yet scary enough to stay with you for a long time. It's the sort of book that can raise specters so horrible you tell yourself you couldn't ever have imagined them, yet it keeps your faith in humanity alive with the way Dave and John (especially John) seem to casually flip off a barrage of unspeakable evil. In a book that opens fighting meat-ghosts with '80s glam rock, you know you're in for something

special. It's all about the soy sauce, a mysterious substance that "chooses" its takers and imbues them permanently with an ability to pick up on the doings of other dimensions. In the short term it can provide an insight into spacetime so profound as to tell them just where to go to get a large sum of cash, or how a chicken lived its life before becoming an entree. It's also the key to an invasion from the beyond, but it doesn't end there. The evil wants in, at any cost, and it's not above even cheap schoolyard-style bullying to get its way. Luckily, Dave and John know just how to handle that. The bizarre thing about this book is that it is literally laugh-out-loud funny, but at the same time it's hide-under-the-bed scary. It is neither horror with comic relief nor comedy with a horror theme. It's both pure comedy and pure horror, two books coexisting in one, which should be impossible but somehow David Wong can pull it off. It kept me hooked right up to the end, for more reasons than just to find out how John dies.

If I were 16 again, this would be my favorite book. That sounds like such a douchey comment, like, oh, now I'm an adult and I read "serious" literature, by guys who are only referred to by their last names, and I have no time for horror drivel. Luckily, this isn't the case - I may be an adult, but I love all the horror drivel, good and bad, I can get my hands on. What I really mean is that, were I 16, I think I'd be a lot more likely to overlook the negatives of *John Dies At The End* in favor of all the good stuff. And there is a lot of good stuff. Above all, the book is insanely imaginative. So many fantastic monsters and creatures and creepy crawlies, so many fun worlds, and just when you think you've got it down, something comes along to completely surprise you. *John Dies At The End* is also funny - really, really funny. Laugh out loud funny. And the characters are simply fun to hang out with. Bill and Ted, Wayne and Garth, Dave and John. Anyone who doesn't enjoy spending a few hours with anyone on that list probably should stick to literature by guys who go by their last names. The problems are in the storytelling. The book began as an installment penny dreadful sort of web ebook, and unfortunately, this continued into the final version. It's REALLY meandering and, worse, dragging. The first story is fine, but by story 2, you're really grasping for any sort of narrative direction to the whole thing, and by story 3... If I were reading on a weekly basis, it'd be fine, but something just kills it in a 400+ page book. Find a plot, go somewhere, make us feel like you're not just making this up as you go along. For all the fun I was having, I really had to force myself not give up about halfway through, and that's ridiculous for all the positives the book offers. I don't know anything about the sequel, but I really really hope it's more structured than this, with, yet with all the reasons that made *John Dies* good. Because then my 16 year old self and me could agree we'd found a new horror classic.

Most everyone can identify with the narration of this book. It asks questions about the seemingly mundane and then provides you answers that delve into a creepy supernatural world. The situations are hilarious, the twists are unexpected, and the horror is perfect. All three combine to create a truly enjoyable tale about two unlikely heroes and their exploits in a supernatural infested hometown.

Pick it up, read it, and love it. You will not regret it...and the velvet Jesus will love you for it.

This book by up and coming horror/comedy writer David Wong is one of the scariest novels I've read in a very long time. It's not the sort of scary where you're actually scared while reading. Mostly you will be amused, entertained, and probably a bit surprised at parts. The real terror comes once you try to sleep the next night, and the night after, and the night after that and so forth. I haven't slept a full night in the years since I first read John Dies At The End and this is the reason the state took away my driver's license.

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