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When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time to Go Home

Erma Bombeck

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Erma Bombeck : When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time to Go Home before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time to Go Home:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I love Erma BombeckBy Donna HayatakaI love Erma Bombeck.I always have, ever since I was nine years old. I'm seventeen now and on a shopping spree, I was so happy to see her books on ! If you've never read Erma's work before, you should! Her stories are light hearted, earnest, and never fail to bring humor to the most mundane of situations.I like to read her books at night since I always have problems sleeping. Reading her work makes me relaxed. There's never anything bad in it, though she is honest about the trials of motherhood. I think everyone should read Erma's work, she was a light to the world.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. ERMA BOMBECK IS STILL LIVINGBy Teresa DennisI've always loved reading Erma Bombeck, even as I child. Now as an adult, her humor is much appreciated.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Funny, Heartwarming, and Full of great stories!By SnigletMomThis book is so funny! I do not have any kids but I still can relate to all of this. I was in a big family with 3 brothers and 2 sisters and believe me this woman knows how teenage kids act. I also loved the chapters where Erma and her husband went to Europe, Africa, and other countries. The way she describes the other people in the group tours in absolutely hilarious. I laughed so hard I dropped the book and almost got a stomach ache. Bless you Erma I bet you keep all of heaven laughing. I wish you where still with us.

The popular humorist offers tips and truisms on travel, discussing oddly named food, Asian bus drivers in Germany, plumbing around the world, and more.

From Publishers Weekly With her infallible mix of outspoken humor and compassion, the internationally bestselling author of *I Want to Grow Hair, I Want to Grow Up, I Want to Go to Boise* deflates the bloated claims of travel as pure pleasure. It's bad enough with the kids who order the costliest dish on the menu and eat only the pickle. With her husband, Bombeck finds risky adventures from primitive New Guinea to supposedly civilized countries. The couple endures carping companions on a tour bus in Rome: "They felt the tour was tilted in favor of Catholic churches." Other trials involve the vagaries of renting cars, tipping and, always, finding a working toilet, as problematic in Houston's vaunted Space Center as in the backward places of the world. After scoring direct hits on the funny bone, Bombeck moves readers with stories about elderly and handicapped people who enjoy traveling in their different ways. A blind young boy describing what he "saw" with his other senses while descending the Grand Canyon is one of many persons the author makes unforgettable. 750,000 first printing; \$400,000 ad/promo; first serial to *Woman's Day*; first serial to *Woman's Day*; Literary Guild and Doubleday Book Club selections. Copyright 1991 Reed Business Information, Inc.

From Kirkus sBombeck hits the bull's-eye with this wry meditation on the art of surviving one's long-dreamed-of and hard-earned exotic vacations. Huddled in a lumpy bed in Papua New Guinea, listening to a tribal war play itself out in the street outside her hotel room, Bombeck reflects on the privileges earned by a life of hard work, prudent financial management, and a taste for adventure. Over the years, not only have she and her husband (as well as, at the worst of times, her three reluctant adolescent kids) been blessed with the chance to drag 50-pound suitcases from airport terminal to taxi queue to hotel lobby to hotel room and back again (or else, when the luggage is lost in transit, to spend two weeks in Tahiti in three-piece suits), but they have splurged on bus tours that allotted 15 minutes to view the Book of Kells in Ireland and an hour and a half to tour a sweater factory; on a private car whose driver spoke English like an Italian Henry Kissinger with a lip full of Novocain; on a villa in which the staff spoke only Spanish and the guests were reduced to rubbing their tummies at the cook and saying, "Yummy, yummy!"; and on a glamorous cruise through the fjords of Norway, where Bombeck and spouse ate 17 meals a day and outgrew their clothes, only to find half the crew camped out in the exercise room. Worldly wisdom gained by years of experience with Turkish bathrooms, Montezuma's revenge, and transporting native spears home on American airlines has impressed on Bombeck the basic commonality of all cultures and has inspired her to suggest that instead of stockpiling nuclear weapons we should aim our vacation slides at one another. Classic Bombeck, in which she does away with any notion of an empty-nest syndrome. (Literary Guild Dual Selection for August.) -- Copyright ©1991, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.

About the Author Erma Bombeck, one of the most popular newspaper columnists in the United States and the author of numerous bestselling books, died in San Francisco on Monday, April 22, 1996 from complications following a kidney transplant earlier in the month. Bombeck had been ill for some time. In 1992, after she underwent a mastectomy, her kidneys failed and she began dialysis at her home in Arizona. She suffered from polycystic kidney disease, a hereditary complaint. Even with her illness, Bombeck continued her weekly schedule of housework, her source for the hilarious columns and books for which she was widely loved. "My type of humor is almost pure identification," she once told *The New York Times*. "A housewife reads my columns and says, 'But that's happened to me! I know just what she's talking about!'" "If I didn't do my own housework, then I have no business writing about it. I spend 90 percent of my time living scripts and 10 percent writing them." Erma Bombeck's books include *Motherhood: The Second Oldest Profession*, which spent an entire year in the Number One spot on *The New York Times* bestseller list; *Family: The Ties That Bind...and Gag!*; *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, What Am I Doing in the Pits?*; *I Want to Grow Hair, I Want to Grow Up, I Want to Go to Boise*; *When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time to Go Home*, which was a *New York Times* bestseller and the sixth biggest selling nonfiction book of 1991; and *A Marriage Made in Heaven...Or Too Tired for an Affair*. There are over twenty million copies of Erma shelved, and her thrice-weekly syndicated columns reached an estimated thirty million readers every week. Bombeck was a regular on ABC-TV's *Good Morning America* for eleven years. She holds fifteen honorary doctorates, has been named to the list of the 25 Most Influential Women in America by the *World Almanac* since 1979, and was appointed by President Jimmy Carter to the President's Advisory Committee for Women when it was formed in 1978. She is survived by her husband, William Bombeck, her mother, Erma Harris, and her three children.