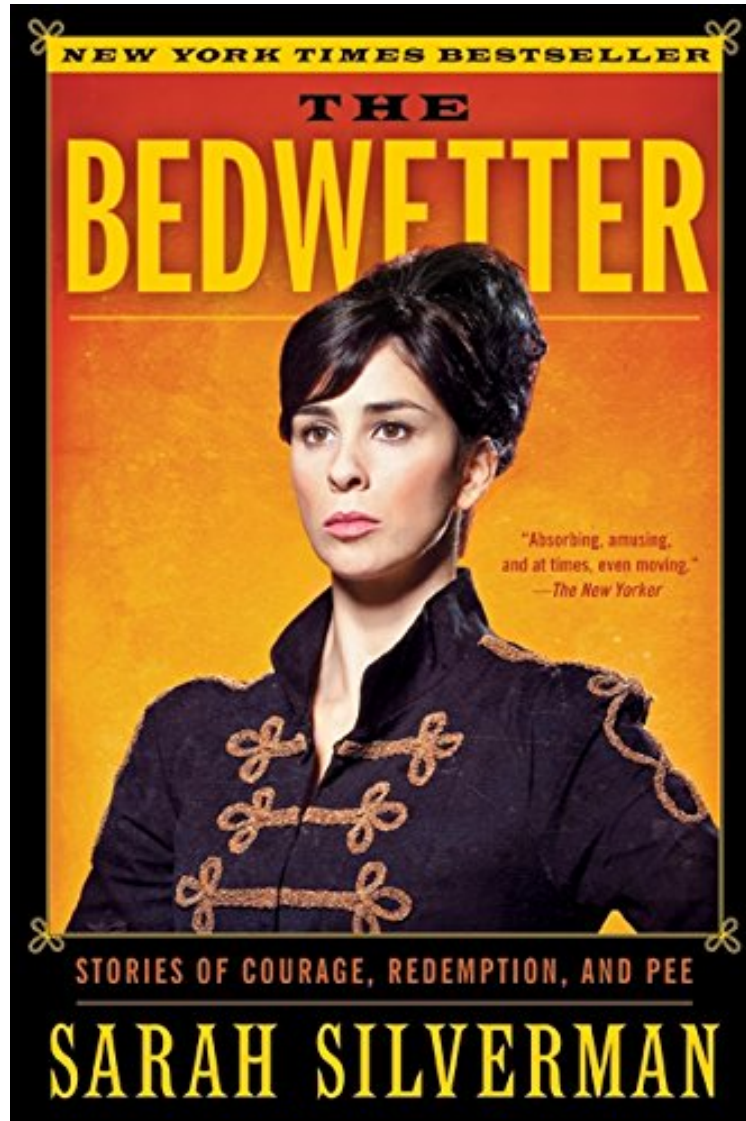


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The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee

Sarah Silverman

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#169151 in Books Sarah Silverman 2011-03-22 2011-03-22 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.00 x .67 x 6.001, .80 #File Name: 0061856452256 pages The Bedwetter Stories of Courage Redemption and Pee | File size: 63.Mb

Sarah Silverman : The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A tough read By Hematite I really had to force myself to finish this. There are some funny items in here, and I enjoy S. Silverman when I see her performances, but this book is a mess. In some chapters you are getting very in depth, detailed accounts of things and then there are years which breeze by. Pages dedicated to her dad's voicemails, but only passing references to Jimmy Kimmel. You get some painful

anecdotes about her early life which are a bit sad, but then peppered with unsentimental and self-deprecating humor. It leaves you unsure how to feel. The best part was the section about her early career in N.Y.. It gave some good insight into that environment and her contemporaries. But even that was weird, because you think that everything that needed to be said about that period had been said, but then she comes back chapters later to talk about her old roommate from that time. It really was like she wrote this over a period of about 2-years with months passing between chapters, and couldn't take the time to retrace what she had previously written. Sad to say that I was really excited about this book when I found it, but now I've had my fill of Sarah for a while. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. **Piss Your Pants Funny** By Robert Downs I nearly pissed my pants while reading the foreword (written in expert fashion by the author herself), and had that been the entire story, it would have rivaled any humor tale I'd ever picked up. But sadly, there was more to **THE BEDWETTER: STORIES OF COURAGE, REDEMPTION, AND PEE**, and it wasn't entirely filled with plastic sheets covered mania. While this is just a rough guess, I'd say the first half of the book was literary comedic genius. Filled with chuckles and flat-out bits of hysteria. And I was plowing through it like a horse that had been slapped on the behind one too many times. Unfortunately, the second half turned into what felt like more of a promotion for The Sarah Silverman Program (TSSP for short) and contemplative reflection on her time on Saturday Night Live, where she told us on more than one occasion how none of her stories were picked up during her one year stint on the show and gave us a bit of insight into how the writing process actually worked. Sure, it was interesting, but I'd hoped for more funny. A lot more of it. After the absolute promise of the first half. I mean, this is the woman who at six years of age told her grandmother to shove brownies up her ass. This held plenty of promise, but I felt a little cheated on what I'd actually been delivered. Similar to going to a restaurant and asking for Filet Mignon but receiving a Ribeye instead. Still, if you want a good read and the opportunity to laugh like a maniac, you may find yourself skipping along joyously with this one. Like me, though, you may end up a bit disappointed with the second half of the book. **Robert Downs** Author of *Falling Immortality: Casey Holden, Private Investigator* 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. **Surprisingly Heartfelt, Genuine and Thoughtful** By The Enthusiastic Reader I should first say that I'm actually not a big Sarah Silverman fan in general. I've never seen her show or movie, and have only seen random clips of her stand-up. So, I was not predisposed to like this book. That being said, I found it to be a more substantial and heartfelt read than the memoir-type books that have come out by other comediennees in the last couple years. What I liked most about this book was her personal background stories (her childhood struggle with depression, family relationships, attempts to find meaning at school and transition into comedy full time were very well written) and her analysis of her approach to comedy (found mainly in her response to a couple different jokes being over-reacted to). I found that I appreciated her approach to irony more after reading this than I did before. I also just thought that her writing was very clear and engaging. I didn't as much appreciate some of her rambling attempts at humor; I thought that the forward being written by her was slightly funny and creative, but the "middle-word" was a little tedious to read through. I also thought that the overall structure and flow could have used some work; it is chronological up to the middle, then starts going to different points of time, which is a little confusing. In the last year I've read all the big women comedienne books, and Silverman's was the most surprising to me in it's depth and honesty. I would recommend this book to anyone who wishes to get a behind the scenes look at one of the more unique comediennees out there!

From the outrageously filthy and oddly innocent comedienne and star of the powerful 2015 film *I Smile Back* Sarah Silverman comes a memoir her first book that is at once shockingly personal, surprisingly poignant, and still pee-in-your-pants funny. If you like Sarah's television show *The Sarah Silverman Program*, or memoirs such as *Chelsea Handlers* *Are You There Vodka?* *Its Me Chelsea* and *Artie Langes Too Fat to Fish*, you'll love *The Bedwetter*.

.com Exclusive: **A Letter from Sarah Silverman** Dear Reader: My name is Sarah Silverman. I was once primarily known for saying the word "poop" and getting paid above market rates for it. But those days are over, because I am now going to be known for having written a book. Why did I write a book, you might wonder? Because it just seemed like the right time to be getting into the publishing industry. I'm kidding. Publishing is rotting like an abandoned possum carcass on the shoulder of I-95. I know that for a fact, because shortly after my book deal was announced, I kept hearing people lament the imminent demise of literature. These days there is only one reason to write a book: to be taken seriously. And that is exactly what is about to happen to me. I'm an author now! Like Ernest Hemingway and Fyodor Dostoevsky! When I was asked to provide text for an author page, I decided to approach it in a scholarly manner, because that's what authors do. I looked to other author pages for inspiration, and I learned so much. For example, while Hemingway and Dostoevsky do not have their own author pages on .com, Paris Hilton does. And so does former teenage porn star and multi-tasking fellatrix, Traci Lords. Hemingway and Dostoevsky might be wondering, quite literally, "Whom do I have to blow to get my own author page?" If someone had a cruel sense of humor, they might respond to Hemingway, "How about your head off? Oh wait you already DID that!" But such a remark would be in bad taste, and as a serious author, I'm above all that. I also learned that Paris' dog, Tinkerbelle Hilton, has her own book too. I read a few pages and found the prose to be overwrought, but you can imagine that,

being a dog, she'd be coming from a place of needing to prove something. By the way, here's a quote from a review of Paris' book that I found on her .com author page: "Heiress, socialite, model, actress, singer and media darling Hilton loves her life, knows how to get what she wants and matter-of-factly explains how anyone can be a glamorous, fun-loving, tiara-wearing heiress just like her [Paris] advice to 'channel your own inner heiress, create your own image, and project an extreme sense of confidence' is an empowering message for young women." This was profoundly inspiring to me. It made me realize: if young women can read Hilton's book and become heiresses, they can likewise read my book and become anxiety-ridden bedwetters. And amidst this generation of disposability that favors the digital over the physical, shopping online rather than in stores (oops, this is awkward!), and reading from LCD screens rather than from print on paper, it's nice to know that I will have left a permanent stain by which future generations shall know of my existence. So read *The Bedwetter*, if not for me, then for the children.

From Publishers WeeklyStarred . Demonstrating that her penchant for swearing began at an early age, comedian Silverman begins her hilarious memoir by describing how, at age three, she gleefully responded to her grandmother's offer of brownies with shove 'em up your ass. Growing up in New Hampshire (where cows are well done and Jews are rare), Silverman naturally gravitated toward performing and moved to New York, where she attended and eventually dropped out of New York University to pursue a standup comedy career. Mixing show business moments (she wrote for Saturday Night Live for one season, but none of her sketches made it past dress rehearsal) with stories of her childhood and adolescence (punctuated by a persistent bedwetting problem), Silverman never shies away from poking fun at her own expense. Though she's best known for sexually explicit jokes, Silverman is able to address more serious subjects in the book without losing her edge, particularly her teenage struggle with depression and that her often abrasive public persona allowed her to say what I didn't mean, even preach the opposite of what I believed.... It was a funny way of being sincere. 8-page color insert. (May) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

From BooklistComedian Sarah Silverman is an acquired taste. If you like orgasms, farts, and excrement, she is delicious. In her memoir, Silverman takes readers on a tour of the underground tunnel that is her mind, and believe me, it is as full of muck as the sewers of Paris. Only funnier. She comes by all this filth naturally. By the time she was three, her father had taught her every swearword known to man, and she quickly learned that spouting them on any occasion was adorable. (Also, yelling out statements like I love tampons in the grocery store was pretty cute, too.) But Silverman is not just writing this book to gross out her readers (though, honestly, that and the money is probably the main motivation). She is also writing to tell what its like to be an outsider: a Jewish girl growing up in New Hampshire; a woman comedian in a notoriously male profession; and a bed wetter of epic proportions. On the latter topic, she layers her outing with jokes and pathos, but its the e-mails between her and her editor that show the truth of the old adage that comedy is tragedy plus time. She wants the subtitle of this to be *Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee*. He insists on pee-pee. Like so much of this book, its an absurdist's delight. --Ilene Cooper