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The Assholes are coming to get you, Barbara . . . From Wonderland Award Winner Kevin L. Donihe, comes a hilarious tribute to Night of the Living Dead A plague of assholes is infecting the countryside. Normal everyday people are transforming into jerks, snobs, dicks, and douchebags. And they all have only one purpose: to make your life a living hell. Today is the worst day of Barbara's life. The assholes are everywhere. They're picking fights, causing accidents, and even killing people. But she must remain calm. If you raise your temper to an asshole you'll become one of them. After losing her brother to the asshole onslaught, Barbara flees for her life. She finds safety in a desolate farmhouse with six other survivors. Cut off from the world and surrounded by a sea of assholes, they must figure out a way to last through the night. But more and more of those annoying bastards are gathering outside, preparing for the coming of something much worse. . .

Night of the Assholes Details

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Author : Kevin L. Donihe

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From Reader Review Night of the Assholes for online ebook

Kirsten Alene says

Night of the A**holes might be the first book of the a**hole apocalypse. The characters in this book are threatened not by the undead, but by a**holes. How you become an a**hole: being an a**hole to an a**hole. The only way to kill an a**hole: skewering an a**hole in the a**hole. It's a parody of Night of the Living Dead (awesome), it's written by Kevin L. Donihe (more awesome) and it features an invasion of a**holes (unimaginably awesome). This book has everything you could ever want, a**hole

Mykle says

This is a book for people who have seen Night Of The Living Dead. Last time I checked, that was everyone on earth but me.

Yup, yet another shameful facet of my colossal cultural illiteracy. I don't have anything against zombies -- although I do feel better when they're not around -- and I'm sure I'll see the movie someday. I don't hate movies either, I just don't put as much time into movie watching as ... everyone else on earth.

But enough about me! Let's talk about you! You've seen NOTLD, right? You probably understand all these references to hiding inside clocks and endlessly nailing wood over doors and smoking dope with strange men. I bet they will make this book awesome for you! Please read it and review it for me, and in your review describe the connection for those of us on planet Ignoramus.

Thing is, I thought the whole assholes-instead-of-zombies idea was comic geeeeeeenius. Yes, there's a lot of comic mileage gotten out of it. And while Kevin Donihe probably desires to be taken more seriously, I love his sense of humor. But as the book progresses it gets severely shackled to the concept of Assholes Replace Zombies In Close Retelling Of Famous Horror Film Well Known To Everyone On Earth Except Mykle Hansen.

What's maybe more interesting from a literary point of view is that it's told very internally, from the mind and heart of Barbara instead of from a camera POV. And maybe what Kevin is trying to do here is make fun of some things about the movie that really don't hold water if you have characters that actually think. So many movies have that problem. But then again i could be totally wrong about this because I NEVER SAW THE MOVIE aaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrr

So I am exactly the wrong person to review this book. I recuse myself. Please don't read this. Or this. No really, stop reading now! You're not doing yourself any favors, or Kevin Donihe netiher. Hey, I said go away! Don't make me make you all uncomfortable. Go! Go read someone else's review. There are no stars here anyway! No stars for books by my friends, that's the rule. Sorry, Super Mario.

But when I do finally watch NOTLD, I'll come back here and try to clean up this mess.

David Barbee says

You're probably thinking: more zombies? C'mon! But *Night of the Assholes* is far more disturbing than any mere zombie story. Kevin Donihe takes a surreal perspective to Romero's genre, as well as tons of gore and an emotional punch that takes the horror to another level. In this world, people are transforming into various types of assholes. They can be all sorts of things, from football players to frat boys. But they're all obnoxious, rude, selfish, and aggressive. The asshole plague spreads fast because whenever a normal human loses their temper with an asshole, they become one themselves. The assholes are bent on chaos, are nearly indestructible, and there's no escape from them.

The main character is Barbara. She sees her brother, who is a peaceful Buddhist, confronted by an asshole and transformed into a rugby hooligan. Barbara has anger issues, and if a Buddhist can become an asshole, what hope does she have? She goes on the run from the asshole horde, and finds sanctuary in an old house, where she meets other survivors. In true Romero style, they are trapped, supplies are limited, the horde is growing, and it's only a matter of time before they break in and get you. Trapped inside are six people, and the house itself is just as strange as the asshole outbreak.

Night of the Assholes begins with Barbara's brother quoting Buddhist philosophy. By the end, Donihe has ripped all of that away to show a world dominated by the worst kinds of people. Love proves to be the only weapon that can fight the assholes. It gives the story a romantic feel that's honest, but still asks how far that can get you. The horror of this book is old-fashioned human nature: a world of insufferable and shallow Neanderthals. How does one survive that without being sucked into the abyss and becoming just another douche? The answer is terrifying in true Donihe style. *Night of the Assholes* is sort of a zombie book, but one that gets right to the heart of what makes the shambling hordes so scary. There are tons of them, few of us, and in the end we're all dead anyway.

William M. says

This book definitely has a fun concept and the bizarro universe is the perfect place for it to run wild. I don't want to be a party pooper here, because clearly people really enjoyed the book, and to a degree, I did as well. I just didn't love it. I found a lot of repetition and random weirdness that didn't seem to serve the story except to try and outdo the oddity that came before it. Many characters were annoying and quite a few scenes overstayed their welcome. The dialogue, also, was kind of blah. I also didn't understand the confusing grandfather clock gimmick. However, there were some things I did enjoy -- the transformations, the role reversals, and the more intense action towards the finale, but ultimately, I wasn't into the humor. For this type of material, I find Carlton Mellick more original with his ideas, dialogue, and style. "Night" is a mixed bag for me. Perhaps I was just expecting something else when I bought it.

Jason says

Night of the Assholes only confirmed something I all ready knew: the world is full of assholes.

Myself included.

It also confirmed that assholery is contagious. If you're an asshole to an asshole in *Night of the Assholes*, then you become an asshole yourself. I believe that in real life it is the other way around, but this formula works very well for *Night of the assholes*.

This book reminded me of our own race and how every one of us would probably be like the assholes in this book if we always acted out all the angry, lusty, greedy, inconsiderate thoughts and emotions every time we had them. Sometimes we do, but we also have what I like to call "the editor" in our heads. It makes us choose our battles, the appropriate times to make a pass on the opposite sex, where to defecate, etc. These assholes, however, do whatever it is that enters their minds.

I have met and known assholes who didn't seem to have an internal editor at all, which made this book feel somehow triumphant.

There are a lot of funny parts to this book, and the characters were a lot of fun to follow. The entire book was a fun read, in fact, and I felt that it worked really well as a parody of *Night of the Living Dead*.

A good, solid read. I highly recommend it.

Eric Hendrixson says

The basic premise of this book is that the world is overrun by assholes. They are football hooligans, douchebags, cheerleaders, security guards, bitchy old women, rednecks, frat boys, date rapists, perverts (but I repeat myself), and just regular crazy fucks with road rage. In itself, this is not a profound idea. Writing a book about zombies is not especially clever either; everybody's doing it these days. What makes this book brilliant is taking this common daily expression "I'm surrounded by assholes" (okay, maybe I just say it every day) and turning it into a zombie book that simultaneously embraces and subverts the zombie genre and becomes a cautionary tale about etiquette.

In this story, the only way to become an asshole is to be rude to an asshole. The assholes seem to know this, so they are as provocative as possible. Because this story parallels the classic movie *Night of the Living Dead*, the protagonists wind up in a farmhouse miles from anything, trapped and surrounded by assholes who rudely invade the house and do their best to provoke the main characters into being rude back. It's a clever idea, but does the writing carry through?

Yes. While reading this book, I felt the sense of agoraphobia the protagonists were feeling. I kept looking at my windows. It was like that first time you watched a horror movie in the dark and knew there was some kind of monster just outside your line of sight. I was sure that the moment I walked out of my apartment I would be surrounded by assholes.

For someone with an INTP Meyers Briggs profile, this might smack of nonfiction. For everyone else, this is THE horror novel.

Madeleine says

I've spent most of my life in New Jersey, so I've probably encountered every type of asshole at least twice. Yeah, yeah, you all think you know something about something thanks to the intellectual wasteland of "The Jersey Shore" but that's just scratching the surface. (I mean, I assume. I've never watched the show because I don't feel like explaining to the emergency-room staff that I've punched out my television. Again.) Those are what we sneeringly call "Bennies," the overprivileged, overgrown children who storm the state's shore towns every summer to ooze their particular breed of slimeball all over a state that reached its capacity for flagrant douchebaggery back in the '80s. That's just one flavor of asshole we offer, and they're only available seasonally. Try venturing inland and bearing witness to our impressive array of disgruntled Philly rejects and self-entitled soccer moms who can't *believe* that a stranger had the audacity to not find it, like, utterly charming when their undisciplined rugrats turn a grocery store into a playground.

To survive in the self-proclaimed armpit of America, I've had to do as the assholes do and adopt a few of their tactics. The difference? I generally try to reserve my powers for solely defensive use, rather than construct my entire personality on a foundation of bitchiness -- of course, lesser days *have* seen my temper flare up without provocation. For the most part, though, being raised by assholes (do *you* have a better name for the kind of people who punish their children for the unimaginable transgression of wasting a quarter on a stranger's expired parking meter?) and pursuing a short-lived career in print journalism have taught me that the best weapon in the war against assholes is plastering on a big, unwavering smile and killin' 'em all with a sickeningly sweet kindness that just won't quit.

The few "normal" people swimming against the surging tide of assholes in "Night of the Assholes" cling to the same arsenal of impregnable politeness, and also any umbrella, pole, stick or anally penetrating weaponry within grabbing range. Because when the assholes spill from the local mall to congregate around the farmhouse in which a small cluster of survivors seek refuge, one cannot simply exchange barbs or blows with the masses of asses: To sink to their level is to become one of them. You can grin and bear it, or you can stake an asshole *in* the asshole and know that you did your part to make the world a better place. You know, if it mattered.

Is this starting to sound like a variation on the zombie theme? It probably should, as the book openly takes its inspiration from George A. Romero's "Night of the Living Dead." For people like me -- those weirdos who've had zombie-apocalypse survival strategies and go-bags at the ready for years -- the shuffling undead just aren't that scary anymore. A zombie somehow circumvented the booby traps littering my property? That's nice. Get out of my living room or prepare for a bullet to the forehead and a blade to the neck (thanks for the Nazi sword that not even eBay would consider touching, Uncle Walt). But a legion of assholes? You're not just one among a dwindling herd of brains to them: You're a target, and it's personal. They'll taunt you, pry the layers of boards off your windows, stuff a hot dog down your throat 'til you've choked, or charge your shelter with a fleet of molester vans just to hack away at the civility you're desperately trying to maintain for the sake of your humanity. Or, y'know, they'll just as soon kill you in the most demeaning way possible and rejoice that their laughter is the last thing you'll hear as your life seeps away. Because that's how assholes roll. At least zombies are limited in both methods of attack and motivation. Assholes dedicate their entire being to ruining yours and will keep plotting until they've won.

And, oh my *God*, are the assholes ever on parade in this book. If the barrage of high-octane jerks in the first 30 pages don't make you hate humanity even more than you usually do during your rush-hour commute home, then you're a better person than I am: The onslaught of persistent telemarketers, pushy salespeople, loudmouth racists, deliberately terrible drivers, stereotypically catty cheerleaders, ineffective mall-security

stooges, and the holier-than-thou faux religious zealots had me seething with barely contained rage. Those kinds of people are insufferable on their own and in small doses. But *en masse*? I can't imagine reacting with anything less than full-on stabby rage. For the few times I had to put this book down in order to distance myself from the growing need to tell everyone to eat me raw and like it, I couldn't leave it alone for more than a few minutes. The story is compelling -- how, or WILL, the non-assholes free themselves? -- and the characters are so fully realized that you just have to root for them. Or root for them to meet with the kind of gruesome death you didn't know you could wish on another person, living or imaginary.

This is my introduction to Donihe's works, and it's my second helping of the bizarro genre: Reading "Night of the Assholes" made me want more of both. Immediately. The story would be campy and artificial in a lesser writer's hands but Donihe deftly navigates his reader through the seemingly hopeless tale he's spun. And the writing is really, really good! I can't emphasize that enough. I am one of those people who gets hyper-involved in a story and can't help putting myself in the characters' shoes, but the way I started getting too irritated at some of the displays of assholery featured in this book was on another level entirely -- and that's a testament to the talent that crafted the story, to make a reader feel what the characters are feeling. Barbara, the protagonist, struggles with anger issues all through the story, and I wished many, many times that she'd just admit defeat already and beat the bejeezus out of someone -- asshole transformation be damned -- because that's what I wanted to do and I needed some catharsis: Luckily, when the assholes get staked, it is satisfying in ways that should probably shame me.

In the end, I like to think that the moral of this story is exactly what my planned defense plea has always been: It's not enough to placidly tolerate the world's assholes; you must kill them to fix the problem. And anything that can justify well-meaning but extreme measures is okay with me. It just helps that it's a mighty good read, too.

Jan says

As a big Zombie-fan and a enthusiast about the movie Night of the Living Dead I had to read this book.

If you have seen Night of the Living Dead you'll love this book, if you haven't get a copy of that flick. Kevin L. Donihe said that it's not a 1 to 1 transfer of the movie into this book so don't be surprised if it starts more like Day of the Living Dead but you'll get to the house were the movie takes place. I had fun reading it especially when parts of the movie were taken and transformed into something very awkward and the most giggles I had with the apperance of the world biggest asshole that was ever seen on this planet...A.H..

Very funny with "new" zombies (assholes):D

Sarah says

This gem of Bizarro fiction is, of course, a parody of Romero's "Night of the Living Dead." Since I love Romero and love Bizarro, this novella gives me a really big happy. Instead of zombies, people are transforming into "jerks" (which is a benign euphemism for what they really are). The main characters, Barbara and Todd, must contend with hordes of snotty cheerleaders, drunken soccer fans and *egads* frat boys. The only way that these "jerks" can be killed is both disgusting and hilarious. This story shows exactly

how close we are to letting our "inner jerk" out.

Jenn says

Being a zombie lover, I thought this parody of Night of the Living Dead sounded like the book for me. I was partly right. There were moments that were hilarious and had me quoting lines to anyone sitting near me. But there were others that had me scratching my head and wondering what the hell was going on. Overall, it was interesting and funny, but I probably won't read it again.

Ross Lockhart says

In an era when the peak of mainstream literary weirdness has been the addition of zombies to classic (and not-so-classic) texts (i.e. Pride and Prejudice and Zombies, Pat the Zombie, Fifty Shades of Grey and Zombies, etc.), Kevin L. Donihe bucks the trend by taking the essential zombie text, George A. Romero's Night of the Living Dead, and *removing* the zombies, turning the threat instead to assholes. Yes, you heard me right, assholes--drunken soccer hooligans, Rohipnol-slipping jocks, catty cheerleaders, mean-spirited mall cops, flatulent old ladies, neo-Nazis, and so on--have overrun the earth in Donihe's Night of the Assholes, cornering a small cadre of survivors in a remote farm house (with a remarkable supply of lumber for boarding up windows). And the most terrifying part? You can't fight assholes, or you risk becoming an asshole yourself. Absurdist and hilarious, Night of the Assholes is ultimately a cathartic novel for anyone who has ever felt that they were surrounded by assholes. Recommended. You're either going to love this book, or... well, you know what you are.

Teresa says

While I found this book a wee bit slow at the beginning, I quickly became so enraptured by the damn thing, I ended up staying up 'til 6 a.m. to finish. I haven't gotten that into a book for quite some time, and it was nice. This book is my life, really. Assholes, assholes, EVERYWHERE! Its an epidemic, and its NOT funny, but Donihe busts out his mad satirical skills on this one, and makes the asshole apocalypse somewhat tolerable. Its super funny, and not very long. In other words, its a good way to kill a few hours. However, you can scratch the surface a little deeper and take some social commentary with you. Your choice. But ya gotta read it to make that choice! So hop to, already!

Steve Lowe says

If this were to actually happen, a plague of assholes overrunning the world (a la Night of the Living Dead), I would be their king, or at least a Lt. Colonel. I'd have some kind of rank.

In this story, assholes are everywhere. If you're an asshole to an asshole, then you become an asshole as well. The only way to stop an asshole is to ram a pole up said asshole's asshole. But aim carefully, for if you miss the asshole's asshole, then you will become an asshole.

This book is a parody of George Romero's zombie classic, but this is not the kind of parody that would feature Leslie Nielsen in the film adaption. Beyond the humorous premise and outstanding cover art, there is little humor to be found in this story, which wonders if, in the face of a worldwide epidemic of douchebaggery, is it possible to remain civil? If the entire world was overrun by assholes, would there be any chance for kindness to survive?

Tough to answer, but I know one thing - I wouldn't last five minutes in that world. In fact, I fear I have already turned. So you better *Like* this review right now, or I'll come to your tiny little shithole apartment and superglue your locks shut and dump sugar in the gas tanks of your '94 Hyundai Excel. What are you waiting for, nimrod? **CLICK THAT FUCKING LIKE BUTTON RIGHT NOW!!!!**

(oh god... four exclamation points... I really am an asshole... please help me...)

Ivy H says

A horror parody/spoof that's perfect for the Halloween season.

Well, this was **batshit crazy and funny as hell**! It's also a parody novel with a very important underlying message. This novel is a bizarro, horror fiction parody of George Romero's *Night of The Living Dead*. In Romero's story, normal people try to escape from hordes of zombies, but in this story it's an asshole apocalypse that's the real threat. The heroine is Barbara and she's recently been seeing a shrink for help with her anger management issues. The story begins when Barbara and her brother Johnny (who is also a Hare Rama Hare Krishna follower) are driving to the mall. They soon start to encounter hordes of people who act like rude jerks:

Damn, what an asshole, Barbara thought as the black sedan veered into her lane and nearly scraped paint off the side of her car. The other driver held down his horn, like it was somehow her fault. It seemed to Barbara there were more assholes in the world now than when she was a kid, or even when she was in college.

Kevin L. Donihe. *Night of the Assholes* (Kindle Locations 7-9). Eraserhead Press. Kindle Edition.

Barbara stifles her anger because she doesn't want to give into it.

This Barbara, trying to control her anger when confronted with assholish drivers on the road:

Her brother, however, eventually succumbs when another Hare Krishna guy insults him. Johnny then morphs into an English football hooligan right in front Barbara's eyes. In this novel, normal people are turned into assholes only when they allow assholes to make them angry.

Barbara realizes that if she's nice and polite to an asshole then she won't turn into one of them.

Unfortunately, most people around her don't have the same patience with the assholes who antagonize them, so everyone starts fighting and turning into assholes !

All sorts of crazy, nightmarish shit starts to happen as Barbara runs for her life:

She ends up at an old farmhouse that's similar to the one in Romero's zombie film. She's joined there by an African-American guy called Todd. He's the male protagonist in the story.

This is Todd:

Todd is the one who tells Barbara that the only way to kill an asshole is to stake it in the ass with a wooden pole ! It's so silly and mind boggling at the same time. Lol.

I'm not going to go into the details of what actually happens, in the storyline, because it will spoil all the fun for readers of this type of novel. However, what I find more significant is the actual underlying message behind this parody novel: **assholes are everywhere and most of us possess assholish traits but if we are aware of these flaws within us, then we're not the real assholes. The real assholes are people who are so caught up in their assholery that they're oblivious to how annoyingly F up they can be and they also love to impose their assholery on others.** There's a huge difference between an asshole and just being someone who possesses assholish traits. There's also a distinction between harmless assholes and dangerous assholes. Harmless assholes are people who know they're assholes but they don't try to impose themselves, their belief systems, personal prejudices, habits or their ideology upon others. That's like me and my dog Harold Mongrelpup. Lol. We know we possess annoying assholish traits and can be assholes at times but we just mind our own business and avoid pushing ourselves into other people's faces or telling them what to do or how to live. A dangerous asshole is a person who is so caught up with his/her own egotistical sense of self importance that he/she thinks his/her ideas and beliefs are superior to everybody else's. That's why there's also a big difference between someone who's merely vain, in a harmless superficial manner (like myself and Harold M), and a narcissist with a superiority complex a mile wide.

There are a lot of such oblivious assholes around and these people make it their life's work to coerce others into thinking the way they do. Sometimes, as seen in the novel, they can fool the normal folks by trying to hide their egotistical assholery with passive aggressive, condescending behaviour. Dangerous assholes are also bitter human beings who have lost track of what it means to be happy in life. That's why they spend all

their time trying to spread their bitterness, but if others deflect that bitterness with happiness, then the assholes lose their power. The best way to avoid turning into a dangerous asshole is to maintain your dignity and calm even when an asshole is annoying you.

I really enjoyed this book and laughed a lot at all the wacky shit that kept happening to the MC's. This is the kind of novel that's fun to read when you want to have a grand old laugh while musing on the psyche of human assholery...

But please don't think I'm peer pressuring you into reading this book, because that would be an extremely assholish thing for me to do. Lol.

Garrett Cook says

Ever watch The Jersey Shore? Did it make you feel like boarding up your windows? Did it make you cry a little for the future? Maybe I'm just paranoid. Maybe it's okay for us to live in a world of anger, incivility and raging ids. Kevin Donihe doesn't think so. Zombies can be scary, sure, but there's something really scary in the person who's mean at you for no reason, the person who's contentious about everything and the person who just won't let you be. Compared to these critters, zombies are a cakewalk. This book deals with what would happen if all of society became this uncivil, if there were no place to turn to escape from one's irritants. The protagonist is going through anger management and it seems like the world is testing her by turning every person she meets into a mean spirited piece of human garbage. And she has seen that by sinking to their level, people turn into them, joining the rampaging hordes of the uncivil. Donihe makes a satirical, but deadly serious inquiry into what we can do as people start to lower their standards of behavior, education, rhetoric and humanity. Is there any way to resist the growing tide of random cruelty and unbridled ignorance? Read this book and think about it, think about the irritating people in your day to day life, think about how you treat others and how you would like to be treated and think about what you can do to make the future a little more civil. Moral fiction that's laughout loud funny. We don't see much of that.
