

Chapter 1 : Victor Gischler - Wikipedia

"Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse is funny, mordant, crazed, riveting, sardonic -- and despite all that, it's got a plot. Bravo for Victor Gischler." -- Hugo and Nebula.

Bill said, "Goats too. I could go back to the cave. Think about what a cowboy is, what he represents. The new order rolling across the prairie, right? Even when he was slaughtering buffalo and red Indians, he still left civilization in his wake, towns and railroads and all that. I guess maybe I thought we needed cowboys again. Cowboys are supposed to drift, ride off into the sunset. Whatever helps a guy cope. Buffalo Bill was an un-lost non-refugee. It tasted like barfy booze. Outside the wind howled. Inside the fire crackled and snapped. Mortimer leaned into the rope, trudged in the shin-deep snow, one foot in front of the other, every step an effort of titanic proportions. He had not been this hungover in. Abruptly, Mortimer dropped the rope, dashed to the side of the road and went to his knees. The puke was acidic, made his eyes water. He hurled three times in quick succession, splattering the snow. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve. Landmarks began to look familiar. A flood of memories. Mortimer found himself hurrying. He wanted to see his town, his old office, his old house. The gas station and convenience store at the bottom of the hill was a charred husk, blackened and hollow. Toilet paper, Slim Jims, ice cream, unleaded. In an odd way, Mortimer was relieved. They have one here. An arrow painted underneath pointed toward downtown. Mortimer squinted at the sign. I have six Armageddon dollars. His old house had waited nine years. It could wait a little longer. Before the Fall there had been a bank and a post office, various stores. Now, as Mortimer and Buffalo Bill pulled the sled toward the old armory, vague faces watched them from dirty windows. There was an eerie caution in their expressions. Mortimer asked Bill if they should be worried. I think they have a militia here. The idea made Mortimer feel nervous instead of safer. The armory had been transformed. Mortimer raised an eyebrow. This had been a place for high school dances, city league basketball and town hall meetings. What was it now? They walked inside, Bill leading the way, excited like a little kid going to a birthday party. Mortimer did not recognize the interior of the armory. Tables and chairs were scattered throughout it, a hodgepodge mismatch of booths and other furniture clearly looted from various restaurants and pubs. At the far end of the auditorium, a long pine bar; behind the bar and slightly elevated, a stage. What looked like two enormous birdcages flanked the stage on either side. Strings of unlit Christmas tree lights crisscrossed the ceiling, hanging low. As he approached the bar, Mortimer noticed a dozen men at a pair of picnic tables along the far wall. They wore dirty clothes and spooned a thick, brown stew into their scruffy faces. Next to the picnic tables was a line of stationary bicycles, a cumbersome wad of wires and cables leading from the bicycles to a metal box. He was fat and bald, a large tattoo of a black spider in the middle of his forehead. You have the house special microbrew?

Chapter 2 : NPR Choice page

His fifth novel Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse was published in Gischler's debut novel Gun Monkeys was nominated for the Edgar Award, and his novel Shotgun Opera was an Anthony Award finalist. His work has been translated into Italian, French, Spanish and Japanese.

XII In his dream, Mortimer smelled coffee. His eyes flicked open. He rolled over, heaved, launched a stream of acidic puke over the side of the queen-size bed. He lay back, sank into the pillow. He tried to focus. Gnomes with miniature sledgehammers were trying to pound his eyes out of their sockets from the inside. He felt like unholy shit. Perhaps if he puked again. The smell of puke made him puke a third time. Beyond the sour smell of vomit, Mortimer could have sworn he still smelled coffee. Bill burst into his room, holding a ceramic mug. Christ, what happened in here? Mortimer summoned the energy to say, "Go away. You paid enough for it. You got some coffee too. Three hundred bucks a pound. Mortimer had been so very drunk. Coffey came back and said he knew where your wife-" "Anne! You know where my wife is? He remembered a blur of women, half expected to see one in his bed. But you drank so much. Bill lifted the mug again. You want it or not? Every molecule in his body came alive. His bones hummed with electricity, the caffeine flowing the pathways of his body, a latent memory in his veins moaning ecstasy, seeming to say, Oh, yes. The very few passengers who could afford the fare disembarked, looking sore-limbed and happy as hell to be off the train. The only two people who could afford the fare south were Mortimer and Bill. They stood in the snow next to their gear, hands in pockets, stomping to keep their feet warm. Mortimer swayed in the biting wind, only the caffeine in his veins keeping him upright. His finger stump ached with the cold. Silas Jones found them, puffing and red faced. Thank goodness I caught you. Reading the numbers made him nauseous. Mortimer had spent over two thousand dollars. His newfound wealth would evaporate in a week if he kept spending at this pace. He mentally vowed not to let that happen. I always make sure the train goes out on time. I also want to make sure my boys get aboard. All held rifles and looked ready to use them. You mean guys are going to hand-pump that thing and pull three flatcars and all that cargo? Here come the pumpers now. The eight men designated to operate the specially modified handcar were brutes, hulking, shirtless men with rippling muscles. The smallest was just over six feet tall, three hundred and fifty pounds. He fished an inoculation gun out of the bag and zapped each muscleman in the arm. The musclemen flexed, their faces turning red, grunting and posing, a light sheen of sweat on their muscles. It looked like a really angry Chippendales show. Better climb on," Coffey said. He jumped up and held out a hand for Mortimer. He broke out in a sweat from the minor exertion, the wind sending a chill to the marrow of his bones. He sat on the flatcar, looked back at Coffey, who stood waving. The train was inching forward, almost imperceptibly slow at first. The pumpers heaved and grunted and leaned into the hand pump, their muscles bulging, faces turning red. Belatedly, Mortimer returned the wave, the Spring City train station shrinking behind them. The grunts and groans from the hand pumpers finding a rhythm, the meaty machine, a new-world locomotive narcotic-fueled and lubricated with sweat. Others seemed obscenely new, bright fiberglass bodies sitting on the rotted remains of tires. Where did you want to go today? The store for milk, Sunday church, take the kids to Disney World? It had all been so close, so possible. The world had grown smaller and smaller until it exploded into bigness again, distances stretching, horizons meaning something. The Muscle Express had picked up speed, the cold wind stinging his eyes. Bill squinted, tried to judge. Not more than that. Better than hoofing it. Four brutes pumping, four others resting. No more unleaded for cars, no more diesel for locomotives. He wondered how many Armageddon dollars it would be worth if he salvaged a steam engine. Somebody had bolted four movie theater seats at the back of the middle flatcar. Bill and Mortimer occupied two of them, Mortimer slouched low, trying to ignore his stomach. The cowboy thumbed shells into the lever-action rifle. A slender figure appeared atop the crates in front of them, looked down on the two passengers in the theater seats. Mortimer held up a hand, shaded his eyes to get a look. Mortimer looked down, closed his eyes. It took too much energy to hold his head up. Athletically thin, hard body like a track star. She wore black leather pants and a matching leather jacket too light for the cold, a white turtleneck

underneath. A nickel-plated revolver sprung from her waistband. Her hair was a burgundy red, cut close on the sides and spiked on top. A black patch covered her left eye, and a thin white scar leaked from under the patch and ran straight down to the edge of her angular jawline. Her one eye was bright and blue as an arctic lake. She had the palest skin Mortimer had ever seen on someone still alive. If you vomit, stick your head over the side. It was too fucking cold. He climbed down to the backpacks, went through the gear until he found the down-filled sleeping bag. He curled up on the floor of the flatcar, the clattering ride rocking him to sleep. Somehow the train floated. Pirates rowed toward them in Viking longships, oars dipping into water, prows beating against the wake left by the train. They fired a cannon. The train shuddered, waves coming over the side. I said get your ass up right fucking now! Tyler Kane had a tight grip on his jacket, jerking him away. Mortimer sat up, found he was clutching the Uzi to his chest. But it was a simple weapon. He worked the lever action, fired into the buildings along the railroad tracks. It looked like Evansville. Men on the roof and at windows fired at the train. Mortimer caught a glimpse of a red armband. They were going too slow. Targets like the sharpshooter game at a carnival. They landed between two crates, crouched behind the cargo while she took something from her jacket pocket.

Chapter 3 : Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse (Victor Gischler) » Page 3 » Read Online Free Book

Just as Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse was a "raucous thrill ride" (Publishers Weekly) and a playful stab at the post-apocalypse story, Vampire a Go-Go is a satirical take on the modern horror story "providing more laughs and unforgettable characters.

Cover design by Charles Brock. Thanks to all of you generous types, we hit our goal FAST. Because good things come in trilogies, right! But when the clubs are overrun by violent mobs, civilization takes a giant step backwards. Now, the people with the guns and the food hold up behind walls and fences. But soon the warlords of this new dark age long for luxuries of the past. Sure they can brew up some bathtub gin for their martinis, but just where the heck do you get a jar of olives? Did you ever wake up in the morning and think "I would kill for a cup of coffee"? Well, in this post-apocalyptic world, those words are meant literally, and a person could get rich providing luxury items to those who can afford it. Check out these very generous reviews for the original Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse: Eccentric seriocomic sf in the tradition of Kurt Vonnegut and Douglas Adams, this postapocalyptic adventure is recommended for most mature sf readers. This is a living, breathing world where the worst things you can imagine could happen, do. The scariest part is how plausible it is. Go find out for yourself. More folks every day are hopping aboard the Kindle and Nook bandwagons. Pdf file is also an option. You guys are sharp! Normally I would just go write a novel and try to sell it. But sequels are a slightly different animal. But Go-Go turned out to be the little novel that could, and it slowly -- but steadily -- found its audience. Kickstarter and eBook publishing allows me to skip the middle man and go directly to YOU the readers. Of course, mostly, I just want to get copies of the book into the hands of readers, so the rewards at the lower levels the most popular are typical for this kind of project. The funding goal for this project is smackers. But if we go past that, then I will "unlock" a new funding goal. Ultimately you will vote with your dollars on whether or not this book will be written. Whatever the result, I want to thank all my readers. You guys are tops. Questions about this project? This is just your way of saying, "Good Luck!

Chapter 4 : : RevolutionSF - Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse : Review

Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse begins nine years later, when he emerges into a bizarre landscape filled with hollow reminders of an America that no longer exists. The highways are lined with abandoned automobiles; electricity is generated by indentured servants pedaling stationary bicycles.

Chapter 5 : Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse (Victor Gischler) » Page 5 » Read Online Free Book

Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse NPR coverage of Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse by Victor Gischler. News, author interviews, critics' picks and more. Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse. Books.

Chapter 6 : GO-GO GIRLS OF THE APOCALYPSE II: THE LUXURY WARS - A NOVEL by Victor Gischler

Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse by Victor Gischler Mortimer Tate was a recently divorced insurance salesman when he holed up in a cave on top of a mountain in Tennessee and rode out the end of the world.

Chapter 7 : Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse by Victor Gischler

Gischler's Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse is all of these things and gasoline "lots of gasoline" oh, and strippers and cannibals lots of strippers and cannibals metaphorically juggling.

Chapter 8 : Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse - IMDb

DOWNLOAD PDF GO-GO GIRLS OF THE APOCALYPSE

Crime novelist Gischler (Shotgun Opera, , etc.) takes his first stab at science fiction with this goofy but engaging tale of life after the end of the calendrierdelascience.com years after the apocalypse, former insurance salesman Mortimer Tate emerges from his cabin in the Tennessee mountains to rejoin the world and finds it a chaotic, dangerous place.

Chapter 9 : Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse read online free by Victor Gischler

Victor Gischler is raising funds for GO-GO GIRLS OF THE APOCALYPSE II: THE LUXURY WARS - A NOVEL on Kickstarter! An eBook sequel to the cult hit Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse published by Simon & Schuster in