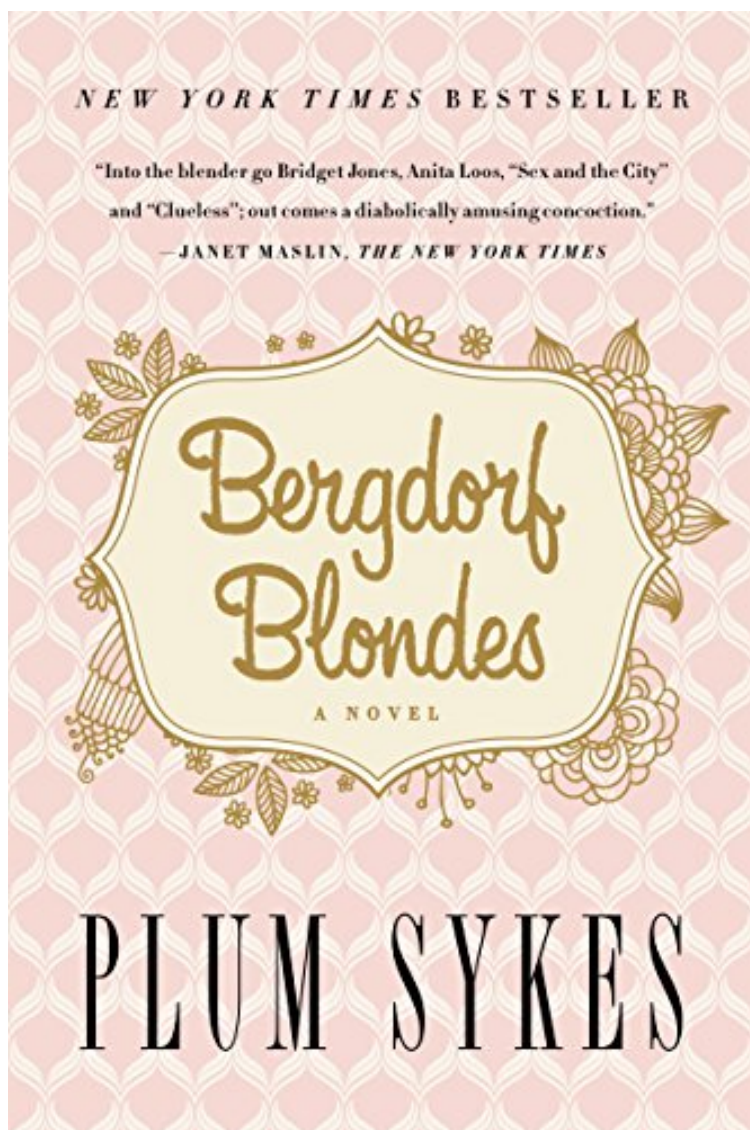


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Bergdorf Blondes



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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurFor readers who adore Candace Bushnell, Tinsely Mortimer, and Lauren Weisberger comes New York Times bestselling author Plum Sykess sly and amusing satirenow back in print for its 10th anniversary in a gorgeous, eye-catching package, with a new foreword by the author.Bergdorf Blondes are a thing, you know, a New York craze. Absolutely everyone wants to be one, but its trs difficult. You wouldnt believe the dedication it takes to be a gorgeous, flaxen haired, dermatologically perfect New York girl with a life thats fabulous beyond belief. Honestly, it requires a level of commitment comparable to, say, learning Hebrew or quitting cigarettes.But first, a little bit about moi. The gossips call me a champagne bubble of a girl. Im fluent in French, intermittently. I gave up England for Princeton to my mothers horror. By day, I write articles for a fashion magazine. By night, Im on the prowl for the ultimate accessory a Bergdorf

Blonde must have: an impossibly rich man with a very large diamond ring. And of course, I'm fabulous. From Publishers Weekly They're ravenous. They're ruthless. They live in a strictly hierarchical, alpha-dog, eat-or-be-eaten world. No, it's not a rerun of Wild America; it's the world of dressed-to-the-nines Park Avenue heiresses, aka Bergdorf Blondes, botoxed to within an inch of their barely-into-the-third-decade lives. Our unnamed London-born heroine is New York's favorite "champagne-bubble-about-town" and just as effervescent and exhilarating as a fine bottle of Dom Perignon. Blissfully self-interested and flush with the cheeriness that comes from being, well, flush, Miss Disposable Income 2004 sashays her way through New York society in search of the perfect P.H. (Potential Husband)-"Have you any idea how awesome your skin looks if you are engaged?"-and the perfect butt-shaping pair of Chloe jeans. Despair occasionally strikes when her latest prince turns into yet another toad, but it's nothing an invitation to an uber-exclusive Hermes sale and a gallon or so of Bellinis can't fix. She's got the crme de la crme along with her for the ride, including her best friend, the fabulously wealthy heiress Julie Bergdorf, who is tres supportive of her nervous breakdown=You'll be able to dine out on how crazy you went in Paris for months-and a posse of chattering, Harry Winston-bedecked clones with whom to limo around New York. Tacky? Absolutely. But it's impossible not to be massively entertained by a woman who refers euphemistically to oral sex as "going to Rio" in memory of the first man who suggested she get a Brazilian bikini wax, considers vodka a food group and who holds up glamour as the first of the commandments. This is a savvy and viciously funny trip into a glittery, glitzy world we sure wouldn't want to live in-but by which we're more than happy to be vicariously consumed for the length of a book. Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From AudioFile Thank heavens for Sonya Walger; her superb narration is the only reason to give this insipid novel a listen. She applies distinctive American and British accents to a group of self-absorbed heiresses whose days are filled with such pressing matters as designer clothing sales, skin treatments, and touch-ups of their blonde hair, apparently accompanied by full lobotomies. Walger moves seamlessly into the French and Italian accents used by the equally shallow men they encounter. Unlike many narrators who give no heed to authors' directions, Walger convincingly cries, moans, and sobs right along with the characters, never mind that they're emoting over the lack of such essentials as private jets and crater-sized engagement rings. J.J.B. AudioFile 2004, Portland, Maine-- Copyright AudioFile, Portland, Maine