

[Ebook pdf] The Devil Wears Prada: Loved the movie? Read the book!

The Devil Wears Prada: Loved the movie? Read the book!

Von Lauren Weisberger

**Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*

THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #105794 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2012-07-19Erscheinungsdatum: 2012-07-19File Name: B008B1BL5IAbmessungen: .66 Pfund | File size: 54.Mb

Von Lauren Weisberger : The Devil Wears Prada: Loved the movie? Read the book! before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Devil Wears Prada: Loved the movie? Read the book!:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen10 von 11 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Actually not that bad at all!Von WombatsbooksI must admit that I didn't even know that Miranda Priestley was considered to be the alter ego of Anna Wintour when I bought this book last year.Andrea's mishaps were funny in a

kind of "girl-don't-you-get-it" kind of way, but after some time Weisberger started reiterating herself with the things that happened to Andrea. It didn't really get boring, but you just knew that the next mishap was around the corner and you had a fairly good idea what it was going to be about. The characters to me mostly seemed stereotyped but in a way that fits to what people usually believe the fashion world to be. I do hope that not all of the people working in fashion industry are as bland, shallow, self-possessed and wacko-ish as most people portrayed in this book, though! I've read an interview with the author in which she says that she'd like to think that this book would even have been published, if she hadn't been Anna Wintour's assistant. Well, I am not quite sure about that, but at least it is an easy read for lazy afternoons;-)! 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Simply awful Von alexw This book is so bad that I don't know where to start. It is basically the story of an immature 23-year old, Andy, who wants to be a serious journalist and applies at a fashion magazine. For no reason I could fathom, she gets hired even though she is totally unsuitable, and big surprise finds out that fashion people are somewhat superficial, self-centered and mainly concerned with fashion. The end is cheesy and no surprise at all. It is badly written (in almost 400 pages, there isn't a single sentence, image or idea that could be described as original), utterly predictable, and not one of the characters made me even slightly care for them. Andy herself is inconsistent (complaining about the ridiculous importance fashion items are given, for instance, but a few pages later she is upset because somebody doesn't treat a Fendi bag with the necessary reverence) and totally lacks credibility. And as far as the devil of the title is concerned: the girls boss is rude, unorganised and expects the assistants to be on call for 24 hours not nice, surely, but if that is what constitutes a devil for Lauren Weisberger, she must have had a sheltered life indeed. Miranda, the boss, never comes to life but stays a two-dimensional prop of extremely mild bad-ness whose sole purpose is to bring Andy back to the fold, and ultimately she is just boring. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Nichts besonderes, aber sehr unterhaltsam Von Flgel Zum Buch: Wer dieses Buch lesen will, darf keine allzu groe Handlung erwarten. Das Hauptaugenmerk ist auf Andrea und ihren Job bei Runway gelegt. Ungefhr achzig Prozent des Buches waren schlicht und einfach ihre verschiedenen Arbeiten. Klingt langweilig, ist es aber nicht. Auch wenn es an manchen Stellen etwas suspekt oder verwirrend war alles doch ganz ansant zu lesen. Ich fand es interessant mitzuverfolgen wie sich Andrea in ihrer neuen Hlle schltgt und ob sie es wohl das ganze Jahr aushalten wird und was sie danach erwartet. Es gibt auch viele Zeitsprnge, in denen Andrea bestimmte Momente, Erlebnisse oder Konversationen erzht, die vorher passiert sind und zu der momentanen Szene passen. Diese Zeitsprnge haben mich sehr oft verwirrt, da ich gar nicht wusste wann das war, was genau das 'jetzt' war und vor allem wann die Erzhlung vorbei war. Der Rest der Handlung fand meistens im Apartment von Andrea, ihrer besten Freundin Lily oder ihrem Freund Alex statt. Dort haben sie sich meistens ber ihre Arbeit unterhalten. Andrea war als Protagonistin sehr realistisch und, bis auf einige Stellen, sympathisch. Im Laufe des Buches merkt man immer mehr wie der Job ihr Privatleben beeinflusst und als Leser habe ich mit ihr gelitten, weil sie absolut nichts dagegen tun kann wenn sie die Stelle behalten will. Sie sieht also nur hilflos zu wie ihre Beziehungen zu den Menschen, die sie am meisten liebt, zerbricht. Hier fand ich Lily und vor allem Alex zu hart. Es ist zwar verstndlich, dass sie sauer auf Andrea sind, weil sie kaum noch Zeit mit ihnen verbringt. Aber sie versuchen auch nicht, sich in ihre Lage zu versetzen um nachzuvollziehen wie anstrengend es ist unter so einem Boss zu arbeiten. Und ja, Miranda Priestly ist wirklich der Teufel in Person. An manchen Stellen blieb mir der Mund offen stehen und ich dachte nur "Das ist nicht ihr ernst, oder?". Allein der Gedanke, dass es in diesem Geschft tatschlich Leute gibt, die ihre Assistenten oder allgemein die Leute um sich so behandeln, ist mehr als erschreckend. FAZITO Obwohl ich dieses Genre normalerweise nicht lese, hat mich das Buch wunderbar unterhalten. Man darf nicht zu viel erwarten und sich einfach auf die Handlung einlassen. An vielen Stellen konnte mich das Buch zum Lachen bringen, oft fand ich es aber auch langatmig. An und fr sich war es interessant mal in die Fashionwelt abzutauchen und der Plot Twist am Ende hat mich wirklich berrascht. Zum Englisch: Am Anfang hatte ich Probleme mit dem Lesen, aber das legte sich nach einigen Kapiteln nachdem ich mich an den Schreibstil gewhnt hatte. Fr fortgeschrittene Englisch-Leser sollte das Englisch aber kein groes Problem darstellen.

Kurzbeschreibung Welcome to Runway magazine - and the office of Miranda Priestly When Andrea first sets foot in the plush Manhattan offices of Runway she knows nothing. She's never heard of the world's most fashionable magazine, or its feared editor, Miranda Priestly. A year later, Andy knows altogether too much: That it's a sacking offence to wear anything lower than a three-inch heel to work. That you can charge cars, manicures, anything at all to the Runway account, but you must never, ever, leave your desk, or let Miranda's coffee get cold. And that at 3 am, when your boyfriend's dumping you and your best friend's just been arrested, if Miranda phones, you jump. But most of all Andy knows this is her big break, and it's going to be worth it in the end. Isn't it?. de It's a killer title: The Devil Wears Prada. And it's killer material: author Lauren Weisberger did a stint as assistant to Anna Wintour, the all-powerful editor of Vogue magazine. Now she's written a book, and this is its theme: narrator Andrea Sachs goes to work for Miranda Priestly, the all-powerful editor of Runway magazine. It turns out Miranda is quite the bossyboots. That's pretty much the extent of the novel, but it's plenty. Miranda's behaviour is so insanely over-the-top that it's a gas

to see what she'll do next, and to try to guess which incidents were culled from the real-life antics of the woman who's been called Anna "Nuclear" Wintour. For instance, when Miranda goes to Paris for the collections, Andrea receives a call back at the New York office (where, incidentally, she's not allowed to leave her desk to eat or go to the bathroom, lest her boss should call). Miranda bellows over the line: "I am standing in the pouring rain on the rue de Rivoli and my driver has vanished. Vanished! Find him immediately!" This kind of thing is delicious fun to read about, though not as well written as its obvious antecedent, *The Nanny Diaries*. And therein lies the essential problem of the book. Andrea's goal in life is to work for *The New Yorker*--she's only sticking it out with Miranda for a job recommendation. But author Weisberger is such an inept, ungrammatical writer, you're positively rooting for her fictional alter ego not to get anywhere near *The New Yorker*. Still, Weisberger has certainly one-upped *Me Times Three* author Alix Witchel, whose magazine-world novel never gave us the inside dope that was the book's whole *raison d'être*. For the most part, *The Devil Wears Prada* focuses on the outrageous Miranda Priestly, and she's an irresistible spectacle. -- Claire Dederer, .com.co.uk

It's a killer title: *The Devil Wears Prada*. And it's killer material: author Lauren Weisberger did a stint as assistant to Anna Wintour, the all-powerful editor of *Vogue* magazine. Now she's written a book, and this is its theme: narrator Andrea Sachs goes to work for Miranda Priestly, the all-powerful editor of *Runway* magazine. It turns out Miranda is quite the bossyboots. That's pretty much the extent of the novel, but it's plenty. Miranda's behaviour is so insanely over-the-top that it's a gas to see what she'll do next, and to try to guess which incidents were culled from the real-life antics of the woman who's been called Anna "Nuclear" Wintour. For instance, when Miranda goes to Paris for the collections, Andrea receives a call back at the New York office (where, incidentally, she's not allowed to leave her desk to eat or go to the bathroom, lest her boss should call). Miranda bellows over the line: "I am standing in the pouring rain on the rue de Rivoli and my driver has vanished. Vanished! Find him immediately!" This kind of thing is delicious fun to read about, though not as well written as its obvious antecedent, *The Nanny Diaries*. And therein lies the essential problem of the book. Andrea's goal in life is to work for *The New Yorker*--she's only sticking it out with Miranda for a job recommendation. But author Weisberger is such an inept, ungrammatical writer, you're positively rooting for her fictional alter ego not to get anywhere near *The New Yorker*. Still, Weisberger has certainly one-upped *Me Times Three* author Alix Witchel, whose magazine-world novel never gave us the inside dope that was the book's whole *raison d'être*. For the most part, *The Devil Wears Prada* focuses on the outrageous Miranda Priestly, and she's an irresistible spectacle. --Claire Dederer, .com