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Mini Shopaholic: (Shopaholic Book 6)



Par Sophie Kinsella
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Par Sophie Kinsella : **Mini Shopaholic: (Shopaholic Book 6)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Mini Shopaholic: (Shopaholic Book 6):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurLike mother, like daughter...!Shopaholic Becky Brandon (ne Bloomwood)'s two-year-old is ... spirited. She knows what she wants, whether it's a grown-up Prada handbag or a toy pony (40% off, so a bargain, surely?) When yet another shopping trip turns to mayhem, Becky decides it's time to give Minnie her own pocket money. Is it a bad sign when Minnie goes instantly overdrawn?Minnie isn't the only one in financial crisis. As the Bank of London collapses, people are having to Cut Back. Everyone needs cheering up, so what better way to do it than to throw a fabulous surprise party? A thrifty party, of course. Except economising and keeping a secret have never been Becky's strong points ...Everybody loves Sophie Kinsella:"I almost cried with laughter" Daily Mail"Hilarious . . . you'll laugh and gasp on every page" Jenny

Colgan "Properly mood-altering . . . funny, fast and farcical. I loved it" Jojo Moyes "A superb tale. Five stars!" HeatExtrait CHAPTER ONE OK. Dont panic. Im in charge. I, Rebecca Brandon (ne Bloomwood), am the adult. Not my two-year-old daughter. Only Im not sure she realizes this. Minnie, darling, give me the pony. I try to sound calm and assured, like Nanny Sue off the telly. Poneeee. Minnie grips the toy pony more tightly. No pony. Mine! she cries hysterically. Miiiine poneee! Argh. Im holding about a million shopping bags, my face is sweating, and I could really do without this. It was all going so well. Id been round the whole shopping mall and bought all the last little things on my Christmas list. Minnie and I were heading toward Santas Grotto, and I only stopped for a moment to look at a dollhouse. Whereupon Minnie grabbed a toy pony off the display and refused to put it back. And now Im in the middle of Ponygate. A mother in J Brand skinny jeans with an impeccably dressed daughter walks past, giving me the Mummy Once-Over, and I flinch. Since I had Minnie, Ive learned that the Mummy Once-Over is even more savage than the Manhattan Once-Over. In the Mummy Once-Over, they dont just assess and price your clothes to the nearest penny in one sweeping glance. Oh no. They also take in your childs clothes, pram brand, nappy bag, snack choice, and whether your child is smiling, snotty, or screaming. Which I know is a lot to take in, in a one-second glance, but believe me, mothers are multitaskers. Minnie definitely scores top marks for her outfit. (Dress: one-off Danny Kovitz; coat: Rachel Riley; shoes: Baby Dior.) And Ive got her safely strapped into her toddler reins (Bill Amberg leather, really cool; they were in Vogue). But instead of smiling angelically like the little girl in the photo shoot, shes straining against them like a bull waiting to dash into the ring. Her eyebrows are knitted with fury, her cheeks are bright pink, and shes drawing breath to shriek again. Minnie. I let go of the reins and put my arms round her so that she feels safe and secure, just like it recommends in Nanny Sues book, Taming Your Tricky Toddler. I bought it the other day, to have a flick through. Just out of idle interest. I mean, its not that Im having problems with Minnie or anything. Its not that shes difficult. Or out of control and willful, like that stupid teacher at the toddler music group said. (What does she know? She cant even play the triangle properly.) The thing about Minnie is, shes . . . spirited. She has firm opinions about things. Like jeans (she wont wear them) or carrots (she wont eat them). And right now her firm opinion is that she should have a toy pony. Minnie, darling, I love you very much, I say in a gentle, crooning voice, and it would make me very happy if you gave me the pony. Thats right, give it to Mummy. Ive nearly done it. My fingers are closing around the ponys head . . . Ha. Skills. Ive got it. I cant help looking round to see if anyones observed my expert parenting. Miiiine! Minnie wrenches the pony out of my hand and makes a run for it across the shop floor. Shit. Minnie! Minnie! I yell. I grab my carrier bags and leg it furiously after Minnie, who has already disappeared into the Action Man section. God, I dont know why we bother training all these athletes for the Olympics. We should just field a team of toddlers. As I catch up with her, Im panting. I really have to start my postnatal exercises sometime. Give me the pony! I try to take it, but shes gripping it like a limpet. Mine poneee! Her dark eyes flash at me with a resolute glint. Sometimes I look at Minnie and shes so like her father it gives me a jolt. Speaking of which, where is Luke? We were supposed to be doing Christmas shopping together. As a family. But he disappeared an hour ago, muttering something about a call he had to make, and I havent seen him since. Hes probably sitting somewhere having a civilized cappuccino over the newspaper. Typical. Minnie, were not buying it, I say in my best firm manner. Youve got lots of toys already and you dont need a pony. A woman with straggly dark hair, gray eyes, and toddlers in a twin buggy shoots me an approving nod. I cant help giving her the Mummy Once-Over myself, and shes one of those mothers who wears Crocs over nubbly homemade socks. (Why would you do that? Why?) Its monstrous, isnt it? she says. Those ponies are forty pounds! My kids know better than to even ask, she adds, shooting a glance at her two boys, who are slumped silently, thumbs in mouths. Once you give in to them, thats the beginning of the end. Ive got mine well trained. Show-off. Absolutely, I say in dignified tones. I couldnt agree more. Some parents would just buy their kid that pony for a quiet life. No discipline. Its disgusting. Terrible, I agree, and make a surreptitious swipe for the pony, which Minnie adeptly dodges. Damn. The biggest mistake is giving in to them. The woman is regarding Minnie with a pebblelike gaze. Thats what starts the rot. Well, I never give in to my daughter, I say briskly. Youre not getting the pony, Minnie, and thats final. Poneeee! Minnies wails turn to heartrending sobs. She is such a drama queen. (She gets it from my mum.) Good luck, then. The woman moves off. Happy Christmas. Minnie, stop! I hiss furiously as soon as shes disappeared. Youre embarrassing both of us! What do you want a stupid pony for, anyway? Poneeee! Shes cuddling the pony to her as though its her long-lost faithful pet that was sold at market five hundred miles away and has just stumbled back to the farm, footsore and whickering for her. Its only a silly toy, I say impatiently. Whats so special about it, anyway? And for the first time I look properly

at the pony. Wow. Actually . . . it is pretty fab. Its made of painted white wood with glittery stars all over and the sweetest hand-painted face. And it has little red trundly wheels. You really dont need a pony, Minnie, I say but with slightly less conviction than before. Ive just noticed the saddle. Is that genuine leather? And it has a proper bridle with buckles and the mane is made of real horsehair. And it comes with a grooming set! For forty quid this isnt bad value at all. I push one of the little red wheels, and it spins round perfectly. Now that I think about it, Minnie doesnt have a toy pony. Its quite an obvious gap in her toy cupboard. I mean, not that Im going to give in. It winds up too, comes a voice behind me, and I turn to see an elderly sales assistant approaching us. Theres a key in the base. Look! She winds the key, and both Minnie and I watch, mesmerized, as the pony starts rising and falling in a carousel motion while tinkly music plays. Oh my God, I love this pony. Its on special Christmas offer at forty pounds, the assistant adds. Normally this would retail for seventy. Theyre handmade in Sweden. Nearly fifty percent off. I knew it was good value. Didnt I say it was good value? You like it, dont you, dear? The assistant smiles at Minnie, who beams back, her stropiness vanished. In fact, I dont want to boast, but she looks pretty adorable with her red coat and dark pigtailed and dimpled cheeks. So, would you like to buy one? I . . . um . . . I clear my throat. Come on, Becky. Say no. Be a good parent. Walk away. My hand steals out and strokes the mane again. But its so gorgeous. Look at its dear little face. And a pony isnt like some stupid craze, is it? Youd never get tired of a pony. Its a classic. Its, like, the Chanel jacket of toys. And its Christmas. And its on special offer. And, who knows, Minnie might turn out to have a gift for riding, it suddenly occurs to me. A toy pony might be just the spur she needs. I have a sudden vision of her at age twenty, wearing a red jacket, standing by a gorgeous horse at the Olympics, saying to the TV cameras, It all began one Christmas, when I received the gift that changed my life. . . . My mind is going round and round like a computer processing DNA results, trying to find a match. There has to be a way in which I can simultaneously: 1) Not give in to Minnies tantrum; 2) be a good parent; and 3) buy the pony. I need some clever blue-sky solution like Luke is always paying business consultants scads of money to come up with . . . And then the answer comes to me. A totally genius idea which I cant believe Ive never had before. I haul out my phone and text Luke: Luke! Have just had a really good thought. I think Minnie should get pocket money. Immediately a reply pings back: Wtf? Why? So she can buy things, of course! I start to type. Then I think again. I delete the text and carefully type instead: Children need to learn about finance from early age. Read it in article. Empowers them and gives responsibility. A moment later Luke texts: Cant we just buy her the FT? Shut up. I type: Well say two pounds a week shall we? R u mad? Comes zipping back: 10p a week is plenty. I stare at the phone indignantly. 10p? Hes such an old skinflint. Whats she supposed to buy with that? And well never afford the pony on 10p a week. 50p a week. I type firmly. Is national average. (Hell never check.) Where r u anyway? Nearly time for Father Christmas!! OK whatever. Ill be there comes the reply. Result! As I put away my phone, Im doing a quick mental calculation: Fifty pence a week for two years makes 52. Easy enough. God, why on earth have I never thought of pocket money before? Its perfect! Its going to add a whole new dimension to our shopping trips. I turn to Minnie, feeling rather proud of myself. Now, listen, darling, I announce. Im not going to buy this pony for you, because Ive already said no. But as a special treat, you can buy it for yourself out of your own pocket money. Isnt that exciting? Minnie eyes me uncertainly. Ill take that as a yes. As youve never spent any of your pocket money, youve got two years worth, which is plenty. You see how great saving is? I add brightly. You see how fun it is? As we walk to the checkout, I feel totally smug. Talk about responsible parenting. Im introducing my child to the principles of financial planning at an early age. I could be a guru on TV myself! Super Beckys Guide to Fiscally Responsible Parenting. I could wear different boots in each episode. Wagon. Im jolted out of my daydream to see that Minnie has dropped the pony and is now clutching a pink plastic monstrosity. Where did she get that? Its Winnies Wagon, from that cartoon show. Wagon? She raises her eyes hopefully. What? Were not getting the wagon, darling, I say patiently. You wanted the pony. The lovely pony, remember? Minnie surveys the pony with total indifference. Wagon. Pony! I grab the pony off the floor. This is so frustrating. How can she be so fickle? She definitely gets that trait from Mum. Wagon! Pony! I cry, more loudly than I meant to, and brandish the pony at her. I want the pony! Suddenly I get a prickly-neck feeling. I look round to see the woman with the toddler boys, standing a few yards away, staring at me with her pebblelike eyes. I mean . . . I hastily lower the pony, my cheeks burning. Yes, you may buy the pony out of your pocket money. Basic financial planning, I add briskly to the pebble-eyed woman. What we learned today is that you have to save up before you can buy things, didnt we, darling? Minnies spent all her pocket money on the pony, and it was a very good choice! Ive found the other pony! The assistant suddenly appears again, breathless and carrying a dusty box. I knew we had one left in

the stockroom; they were originally a pair, you see . . .Theres another pony?I cant help gasping as she draws it out. Its midnight blue with a raven mane, speckled with stars, and with golden wheels. Its absolutely stunning. It complements the other one perfectly. Oh God, we have to have them both. We have to.Rather annoyingly, the pebble-eyed woman is still standing there with her buggy, watching us.Shame youve spent all your pocket money, isnt it? she says to Minnie with one of those tight, unfriendly smiles which proves she never has any fun or sex. You can always tell that about people, I find.Yes, isnt it? I say politely. Thats a problem. So well have to think of a solution. I think hard for a moment, then turn to Minnie.Darling, heres your second important lesson in financial planning. Sometimes, when we see an amazing one-off bargain, we can make an exception to the saving-up rule. Its called seizing the opportunity.Youre just going to buy it? says the pebble-eyed woman in tones of disbelief.What business is it of hers? God, I hate other mothers. They always have to butt in. The minute you have a child, its as if youve turned into a box on an Internet site that says, Please add all your rude and offensive comments here.Of course Im not going to buy it, I say, a little stonily. Shell have to get it out of her own pocket money. Darling. I crouch down to get Minnies attention. If you pay for the other pony out of your pocket money at fifty pence a week, itll take about . . . sixty more weeks. Youll have to have an advance. Like an overdraft.? I enunciate clearly. So youll basically have spent all your pocket money till youre three. All right?Minnie looks a bit bewildered. But then, I expect I looked a bit bewildered when I took out my first overdraft. It goes with the territory.All sorted. I beam at the assistant and hand over my Visa card. Well take both ponies, thank you. You see, darling? I add to Minnie. The lesson weve learned today is: Never give up on something you really want. However impossible things seem, theres always a way.I cant help feeling proud of myself, imparting this nugget of wisdom. Thats what parentings all about. Teaching your child the ways of the world.You know, I once found the most amazing opportunity, I add, as I punch in my PIN. It was a pair of Dolce and Gabbana boots at ninety percent off! Only, my credit card was up to my limit. But did I give up? No! Of course I didnt!Minnie is listening as avidly as if Im recounting The Three Bears.I went round my flat and searched in all my pockets and bags, and I collected up all my little coinsand guess what? I pause for effect. I had enough money! I could get the boots! Hooray!Minnie claps her hands, and to my delight, the toddler boys start cheering raucously.Do you want to hear another story? I beam at them. Do you want to hear about the sample sale in Milan? I was walking along the street one day, when I saw this mysterious sign. I open my eyes wide. And what do you think it said?Ridiculous. The pebble-eyed woman turns her buggy with an abrupt gesture. Come on, its time to go home.Story! wails one of the boys.Were not hearing the story, she snaps. Youre insane, she adds over her shoulder as she strides off. No wonder your childs so spoiled. What are those little shoes of hers, then, Gucci?Spoiled?Blood zings to my face and I stare at her in speechless shock. Where did that come from? Minnie is not spoiled!And Gucci doesnt even make shoes like that.Shes not spoiled! I manage at last.But the woman has already disappeared behind the Postman Pat display. Well, Im certainly not going to run after her and yell, At least my child doesnt just loll in the buggy sucking its thumb all day, and by the way have you ever thought about wiping your childrens noses?Because that wouldnt be a good example to Minnie.Come on, Minnie. I try to compose myself. Lets go and see Father Christmas. Then well feel better.Revue de presse"High-octane, laugh-a-minute entertainment." (WOMAN HOME)"A great read." (NOW magazine)"Kinsella fans will appreciate its charm and humour." (CLOSER, Sept 2010)"This fun, frothy tale sees Becky back to her endearing best." (BELLA, Aug 10)"Chick-lit gold, with limited-edition, as-featured-in-Vogue, Baby Dior pompoms on!" (Essentials magazine, Oct 10)