

# 《Mini Shopaholic 小小购》

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### 内容概要

Becky Brandon thinks that having a daughter is a dream come true: a shopping friend for life! But two-year-old Minnie has a quite different approach to shopping. The toddler creates havoc everywhere she goes, from Harrods to her own christening. Her favorite word is “ Mine! ” and she ’ s even trying to get into eBay! On top of everything else, Becky and Luke are still living with her parents (the deal on house #4 has fallen through), when suddenly there ’ s a huge nationwide financial crisis. With people having to cut back, Becky decides to throw a surprise party for Luke to cheer everyone up. But when costs start to spiral out of control, she must decide whether to accept help from an unexpected source—and therefore run the risk of hurting the person she loves. Will Becky be able to pull off the celebration of the year? Will she and Luke ever find a home of their own? Will Minnie ever learn to behave? And . . . most important . . . will Becky ’ s secret wishes ever come true?

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### 作者简介

Sophie Kinsella is the author of the bestselling Shopaholic series as well as *The Undomestic Goddess*, *Can You Keep a Secret?* and *Remember Me?* She lives in England.

### 章节摘录

CHAPTER ONE#160;OK. Don't panic. I'm in charge. I, Rebecca Brandon (née Bloomwood), am the adult. Not my two-year-old daughter. Only I'm 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. I'm holding about a million shopping bags, my face is sweating, and I could really do without this. It was all going so well. I'd been round the whole shopping mall and bought all the last little things on my Christmas list. Minnie and I were heading toward Santa's 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 I'm 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, I've learned that the Mummy Once-Over is even more savage than the Manhattan Once-Over. In the Mummy Once-Over, they don't just assess and price your clothes to the nearest penny in one sweeping glance. Oh no. They also take in your child's 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 I've 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, she's straining against them like a bull waiting to dash into the ring. Her eyebrows are knitted with fury, her cheeks are bright pink, and she's 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 Sue's book, *Taming Your Tricky Toddler*. I bought it the other day, to have a flick through. Just out of idle interest. I mean, it's not that I'm having problems with Minnie or anything. It's not that she's difficult. Or "out of control and willful," like that stupid teacher at the toddler music group said. (What does she know? She can't even play the triangle properly.) The thing about Minnie is, she's . . . spirited. She has firm opinions about things. Like jeans (she won't wear them) or carrots (she won't 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. That's right, give it to Mummy." I've nearly done it. My fingers are closing around the pony's head . . . Ha. Skills. I've got it. I can't help looking round to see if anyone's 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 don't 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, I'm panting. I really have to start my postnatal exercises sometime. "Give me the pony!" I try to take it, but she's gripping it like a limpet. "Mine poneee!" Her dark eyes flash at me with a resolute glint. Sometimes I look at Minnie and she's 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 haven't seen him since. He's probably sitting somewhere having a civilized cappuccino over the newspaper. Typical. "Minnie, we're not buying it," I say in my best firm manner. "You've got lots of toys already and you don't need a pony." A woman with straggly dark hair, gray eyes, and toddlers in a twin buggy shoots me an approving nod. I can't help giving her the Mummy Once-Over myself, and she's one of those mothers who wears Crocs over nubbly homemade socks. (Why would you do that? Why?) "It's monstrous, isn't 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, that's the beginning of the end. I've got mine well

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trained. "Show-off. Absolutely," I say in dignified tones. "I couldn't agree more." "Some parents would just buy their kid that pony for a quiet life. No discipline. It's 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. "That's what starts the rot." "Well, I never give in to my daughter," I say briskly. "You're not getting the pony, Minnie, and that's final." "Poneeee!" Minnie's 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 she's disappeared. "You're embarrassing both of us! What do you want a stupid pony for, anyway?" "Poneeee!" She's cuddling the pony to her as though it's 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. "It's only a silly toy," I say impatiently. "What's so special about it, anyway?" And for the first time I look properly at the pony. Wow. Actually . . . it is pretty fab. It's 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 don't need a pony, Minnie," I say—but with slightly less conviction than before. I've 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 isn't bad value at all. I push one of the little red wheels, and it spins round perfectly. Now that I think about it, Minnie doesn't have a toy pony. It's quite an obvious gap in her toy cupboard. I mean, not that I'm going to give in. "It winds up too," comes a voice behind me, and I turn to see an elderly sales assistant approaching us. "There's 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. "It's on special Christmas offer at forty pounds," the assistant adds. "Normally this would retail for seventy. They're handmade in Sweden. Nearly fifty percent off. I knew it was good value. Didn't I say it was good value?" "You like it, don't you, dear?" The assistant smiles at Minnie, who beams back, her stropiness vanished. In fact, I don't 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 it's so gorgeous. Look at its dear little face. And a pony isn't like some stupid craze, is it? You'd never get tired of a pony. It's a classic. It's, like, the Chanel jacket of toys. And it's Christmas. And it's 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 Minnie's 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 can't believe I've 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: Can't we just buy her the FT? Shut up. I type: We'll 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? He...

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### 媒体关注与评论

&ldquo;[A] madcap adventure.&rdquo;&mdash;People&ldquo;Frothy fun . . . Faster than a swiping Visa, more powerful than a two-for-one coupon, able to buy complete wardrobes in a single sprint through the mall&mdash;it&rsquo;s Shopaholic!&rdquo;&mdash;The Washington Post&ldquo;Exceptional comedic timing . . . laugh-out-loud funny . . . Mini Shopaholic is a light escape from real life.&rdquo;&mdash;The Roanoke Times  
&#160; &ldquo;A page-turner . . . Kinsella at her most hilarious best.&rdquo;&mdash;Fort Worth Star-Telegram  
&#160; &ldquo;Screamingly funny.&rdquo;&mdash;USA Today

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### 精彩短评

- 1、Sophie Kinsella的购物狂系列丛书适合女性读者，语言轻松、描写生动，这本也不例外，赞！
- 2、书本感觉挺不错的，也浅显易懂。封面太可爱了！
- 3、用来学习英语 情节很可爱
- 4、想要提高自己的英文能力，想说买本这个书看看，增加单词量，不知是否有效果哈。
- 5、很好的一本消遣的小书
- 6、据说Sophie这一系列的都挺好的，我看了其中两本，觉得挺好的，非常搞笑
- 7、已经买了这个系列的7本了，好像还差一本，不过没货。很喜欢，很适合用来学英语，不会很难。
- 8、很好看~the plot is awesome~
- 9、很喜欢《购物狂》这个系列的小说，印刷很不错，就是纸张的颜色灰灰的，而不是白色的
- 10、刚收到书吓了一跳，在亚马逊买这么多次是第一次收到盗版盗这么严重的，如果是盗版可以标明，愿意买盗版的就买不愿意买的就不要欺骗消费者买，这样质量和纸质的盗版最多10块钱吧
- 11、比较好懂，对于锻炼英文有帮助
- 12、It is so interesting to see how the world makes sense in a shopaholic's eyes!
- 13、看着比较轻松
- 14、语言活泼，封面配色看了很舒服，书也比较轻，非常适合休闲阅读~
- 15、shopaholic系列的都非常容易读，闲着无聊的时候坐着很快就能读完
- 16、纸张应该是环保的再生纸，各方面质量都不错，满意！
- 17、这本书不错，受益匪浅
- 18、非常好看，质量也好

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