



You Don't Sweat Much for a Fat Girl: Observations on Life from the Shallow End of the Pool

Celia Rivenbark

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From the bestselling, award-winning author of *You Can't Drink All Day If You Don't Start In The Morning*, comes another collection of hilarious observations that will resonate with women, mothers, and girlfriends everywhere

In her newest wickedly irreverent humor collection, Celia Rivenbark cracks up while getting her downward facing dog on, pines for a world in which every mom gets to behave like Betty Draper and wonders why everybody's so excited about the Science Fair when there aren't even any rides. In it you'll find essays on such topics as:

- Menopause Spurs Thoughts of Death and Turkey
- I Dreamed a Dream That My Lashes Were Long
- Twitter Woes: I've Got Plenty of Characters, Just No Character
- Movie To-Do List: Cook Like Julia, Adopt Really Big Kid
- Charlie Bit Your Finger? Good!
- And other thoughts on the virus that is YouTube
- And much more!

And much more! For any woman who longs for the good old days when Jane Fonda in legwarmers was the only one who saw you exercise, YOU DON'T SWEAT MUCH FOR A FAT GIRL is comfort food in book form.

You Don't Sweat Much for a Fat Girl: Observations on Life from the Shallow End of the Pool Details

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Author : Celia Rivenbark

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From Reader Review You Don't Sweat Much for a Fat Girl: Observations on Life from the Shallow End of the Pool for online ebook

Mariah Roze says

I got really bored reading this book.

Lori says

This is an ARC I received after the pub date. Nevertheless, here's my review.

Just a few pages in I had three uproarious laughs. I expected more hilarity, and I read and waited, read and waited, read and waited...never happened.

I really was expecting to like this book; I love humor...now I can't imagine why anyone would have published this garbage. (Hey, I'm nothing if not honest.)

Reading this book, I was reminded of a failure of a really bad stand-up comedienne: a lone, unfunny, can't-carry-it-off onstage person whose every "joke" is a bomb. Her attempts at tongue-in-cheek don't work either.

Aside from being boring and much too wordy, "You Don't Sweat Much for a Fat Girl" is like a year-old iPhone: Obsolete. Most of the topics are stale--a few *years* stale. We're all over and past Viagra; "Marley & Me"; the terrorist with explosives in his underwear; the Snuggie; how Burger King is loyal to its mascot...who happened to be dropped from any further campaigns months before this book came out....Everyone's done with her subjects; I have to wonder if this book was copyedited--at least--to make it relevant; edited--at *least*--to make it current...which is rare in this volume.

Rivenbark is coarse, rough, piggish, sarcastic, corny, prejudiced--and ***not*** in a funny kind of way; she's just plain not funny.

To no end, this middle-aged--and I don't mean that in a bad way, but to illustrate this ridiculous, Southern wannabe-comic who morphs from 50s cheese slang to gangsta to Ebonics. It doesn't work. Not in the least. This self-proclaimed "overweight," pure-white-bread woman comes up with such inappropriate gems as "What up with that?", "chirren," the cringe-inducing "I was flying on bidness...", and "True that." Worse, she tells us: "Baby got back." Eek: it's embarrassing; she misses the mark time and time again.

I nearly abandoned this book several times, but, as I mentioned, it's an ARC, and, well, I also just kept waiting for it--SOMEthing--to be funny.

I see she's got great reviews at Amazon...maybe the readers who enjoy her are people just like her, and with the same sense of humor, so can better identify? I mean, can all of her readers be hillbillies? Maybe so.

Really sorry for the slam, Rivenbark, and I'm glad you have readers who love you; but this city-bred girl doesn't. Good luck with your next book. And I mean that.

Ree says

This book may not be for everyone. It certainly isn't for the highfalutin. My good friend Donna in beautiful downtown Hammonton, NJ says the book reminds her of me. haha. Could she be referring to my smart*ss side. I should be so funny. The chapter where Midge writes Barbie a letter on Barbie's 50th birthday had me laughing out loud. This is the perfect book for sitting outside your double wide, in your lawn chair, with a cocktail in hand.

Traci says

I have been reading Celia Rivenbark since I first discovered her in our library. I'm not sure which book caught my eye first - a tie, probably, between "We're Just Like You, Only Prettier" and "Bless Your Heart, Tramp". Both had me laughing myself silly and thinking I had found a new Southern friend (of course, she doesn't know me from Adam, but I still think she'd at least stop and say "Heeeeeey!" to me if I said it first). The next few books were still cute, but were lacking something, something I just could never put my finger on.

I'm happy to say that Rivenbark is back in rare form with this book. I found myself laughing, snickering, and once or twice, downright chortling along with her humorous recollections of all sorts of things almost menopausal. Yep, CR has hit "the change" in her life - right at the same time that her darling daughter, Princess, is hitting puberty. She has great sympathy for her Duh hubby (as would I), but still, if he doesn't provide them both chocolate on a consistent basis, his life may quickly be forfeit.

I especially loved "Twitter Woes" (as I am completely incapable of holding myself to 140 characters - it's why I have a blog!) and "You Know You Want It: Snuggie's Embrace Will Melt You". No, I do not nor have I ever owned a Snuggie, nor do I want to. But I am one of those Yankees who is constantly amazed by the natives' reaction to cold/winter weather. I have never lived anywhere that closes school due to a threat of snow; in my old home state, it took several inches - nay, feet - before we were allowed the comfort of lounging at home. The words "snow day" were always said with much hope when I was growing up, but except for the infamous Blizzard of '78, we were rarely sitting at home due to the white stuff. We've lived here in North Carolina for almost 10 years now, and we still giggle at people complaining about the "cold". Of course, the longer we're here, the closer we get to being those people; something about living here in the South must thin the blood. Well, that and my duh-hubby's blood pressure meds...

If you need yourself a good laugh, go find a copy of this book. It's just chockful of good stuff, and hey, if that doesn't float your boat, how can you not love the lady on the cover? Doesn't she just look like she's having the time of her life?

Chris says

I won this in a Goodreads First Reads Giveaway.

It took me a while to warm up to the book. I'd give it only 2-1/2 stars if I could, but rounded up. There was more snark than humor. I'm not sure if the stories were better as I went along, or I became used to the author's writing style, but I liked it better by the end. The stories were heavy in current event references which led me to wonder whether book format was the best publishing choice.

Diana S says

This book was suppose to be a laugh-out-loud book. Well, I'm still waiting
I think I giggled once the whole book. :(It was full of complaining, put-downs and a lot of B-notching.
Where's the humor in that!
I give it one star for the cover, which is the only thing I liked about this book. Its a down-right shame!.

Tracy Towley says

I had a lot of issues with ***You Don't Sweat Much for a Fat Girl*** (which I received at no cost from the publisher via the Goodreads First Reads program). First, Mrs. Rivenbark doesn't appear to be terribly bright. At one point she goes on about how she became anemic, which she apparently thinks means that she has hardly any blood. Some of her ignorant statements made me cringe but some of them she was clearly just proud of. For example:

“I got news for the *New Yorker*: I don't even *get* half those black-and-white cartoons you're so proud of.”

Congratulations. I'm not sure you should be bragging about that, though.

She's also a huge fan of racially profiling Muslims at the airport. At one point she defended her stance with some kind of dog/tiger metaphor, which didn't make much sense.

“Hey I know that the overwhelming majority of Muslims in this world are kind, decent folk who only want to work hard, worship peacefully and raise happy, healthy families. Everybody knows that. But look at it this way: you're walking down the street and you see a tiger on one side and a dog on the other. OK, it can be Mickey Rourke's Chihuahua for the sake of illustration. Which side do you want to walk on? I'll give you a hint: It ain't the tiger's.”

Yes, I would certainly rather pass a dog on the street than a tiger. But what the hell do tigers have to do with Muslims?

She further explains her enlightened stance thusly:

“But what of the trampling of individual rights, you ask? Hey, like Gandhi or somebody said, you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. And if those eggs happen to be stamped U.S. CONSTITUTION, well, that was written way before air travel so it's not all that relevant.”

In general, I just didn't find her jokes to be funny. She calls her husband 'Duh-Hubby' and her daughter "The Princess." She thinks a t-shirt that says: "Ask Me About My Explosive Diarrhea" is super hilarious. There were a ton of pop culture references and a lot of her trying to use slang that just felt kind of gross considering she's, well, not a teenager. I'm a fan of snarky commentary but this went well beyond the point of being snarky and was just mean, plus not funny - which is a really bad combination.

Overall, I was extremely disappointed in this book and would not recommend it to anyone.

Sam Lovelace says

When a book makes me feel as if I am talking over margaritas behind closed doors with one of my funniest smartassed girlfriends and I have to pace myself to be sure I don't finish it TOO quickly, it deserves some little gold stars. I first discovered Celia Rivenbark when a friend gave me a copy of "We're Just Like You, Only Prettier..." and said "This reminded me of you. You will LOVE it." Come to think of it, he was probably insulting me (kinda' like that friend who "jokingly" gave me the 'Bitch' socks for Xmas after saying "I hope this doesn't make you mad!" Hmph. Bless her heart, she was a Yankee...) Lucky for me I loved them both, Celia's book and the socks (not the meanies who gave them to me. Pf! the Bitch socks are my lucky socks now).

Celia's books make me feel like our club finally has a representative. Sharp, funny, honest, brutal, beautiful - just like the members of the club - her essays on everyday things will make you laugh at yourself, at the world and of course at Celia. She is irreverant, cusses like a polite sailor and tells it like it damned well is. This fresh batch of observations from her is just another course in a fine grandma meal. This book rocks Bitch socks, Enjoy!

Leah says

Each chapter is an essay, for lack of a better word. It's very scatterbrained, though. She starts on one topic and ends up on another. For instance, she starts one chapter on Susan Boyle and ends up talking about not being able to open a Cover Girl Simply Ageless compact. Each story is "cute" on its own, but together it doesn't mesh well.

She includes crude unnecessary language. She calls a child " a little shit." It's not like she's being mean wanting to call names. It's just replacing the word "child" or "boy" or "girl" or "her" or "him." The book isn't riddled with dirty words, but the ones used are very unnecessary. They're not there to create anything. Sometimes curse words are used to create atmosphere or show personality. The words here don't do any of that. In essence, they're meaningless.

Humor? A little. She does take potshots at Republicans and conservatives. She's southern and religious (well, she attends church), but she's also liberal. She makes no bones about it. If you don't agree with her thinking much of the stuff is not going to be funny or humorous.

The book reads as a collection of blog posts though the author claims she doesn't have the ability to write a blog and has a hard time coming up with just 140 characters to Tweet.

Rivenbark is a pure pill, not a joy to read. I find myself wanting to cuss her out on almost every other page. I didn't know this was going to be political, but she lets it fly that she hates Republicans and thinks we're bat-shit insane (and see, that curse word has a purpose). We get it. She's in love with Obama and hates W. She thinks all Republicans are loony-toons and anyone who likes them is loony-toons, too. This isn't a political book, satire or non. She's not a political writer. She needs to leave this junk out. She's got plenty to write about without putting in the "I love Obama/hate Republicans" junk. It's not funny. It's stale, old, been done before, and frankly insulting to potential readers.

I love good snark, but this isn't it.

I received the book for free through Goodreads First Reads.

Beth says

Originally published at BethsBookReviews.com

This was only marginally amusing, at best, and I'm being very generous. I'm not sure if it's because I'm from New England and really resent the author's use of the term "Yankee" or what, but I really found this more than a bit offensive.

The only, only good thing about the entire book was the information about a study scientists did on cats to see how they spent their time (watching TV, playing, sleeping, looking out the window, etc.).

I strongly recommend giving this one a pass.

Sharon says

This is the fourth of Celia Rivenbark's books that I have read; suffice it to say that I'm a fan.

Rivenbark takes no prisoners with her witty essays on topics ranging from Twitter to elementary school science fairs and the cultures associated with them. She pokes fun at Southern culture, sexual addiction and politics as well. Some of the essays are laugh-out-loud funny, some of them are snarky and some of them are thought-provoking. Many of them are all three. She even takes on her family, with adventures featuring Duh-Hubby and Princess-Daughter. (And yes, she shares family secret recipes. Really.)

If you like columnists in the vein of Dave Barry, Rivenbark's work is for you.

(Review based on uncorrected advance proof.)

Kathleen says

I received this book through the Goodreads first reads. So far, I hate it. And I don't use the word hate lightly. It is awful. I'm not sure if I'm going to finish and I will certainly not recommend this book to anyone.

Update: I did not finish it. I just couldn't bring myself to waste anymore time reading this horrible book. I may recycle this book so no one else is subjected to it.

Laima says

I won this book from Goodreads as a First Reads giveaway

YOU DONT SWEAT MUCH for a fat girl- Observations on Life from the SHALLOW END of the POOL
by Celia Rivenbark.

This book is absolutely hilarious! Celia Rivenbark (and I always want to say Riverbank) is the South's answer to Erma Bombeck. In this collection of 28 short stories, Celia's views on life are filled with "her trademark style of southern snark and sass".

If you need a laugh and want to read some smart ass humour this is the book for you. I even caught myself laughing out loud at some chapters. For example, her tirade of "movie-going malfeasance" listing an assortment of crimes committed at the theater. "For starters, there were the latecomers. These tardy assholes like to come in and ask you to scoot down so they can take an aisle seat. What they don't understand is that dues have been paid for that aisle seat. Until you've suffered through seventeen minutes of movie trivia (Sandra Bullock was born in Arlington, Virginia!) all I've got to say is talk to the imitation butter-soaked hand. Another violation? Using your coats and assorted shit-wear like crime scene tape, to rope off a bunch of seats just so your trifling friends will have somewhere to sit when they stumble in late."

I rate this book 4 stars.

Luann Ritsema says

I read 20 pages and it was 19.5 pages too many. Not funny, poorly written. I didn't expect much and got even less. Don't bother.

Tamara says

I was excited to return home and find this Giveaway prize on my front porch. I was not familiar with Celia's work, but as I began reading, I felt like I had met an dear friend. Her humor was spot on and had me actually laughing out loud more than once (a bit tough to explain to a spouse trying to sleep late at night.) This book now has prime bookshelf real-estate beside my collection of works by other humorous female writers and is a go-to when my day is a bit rough around the edges and I need a smile.
