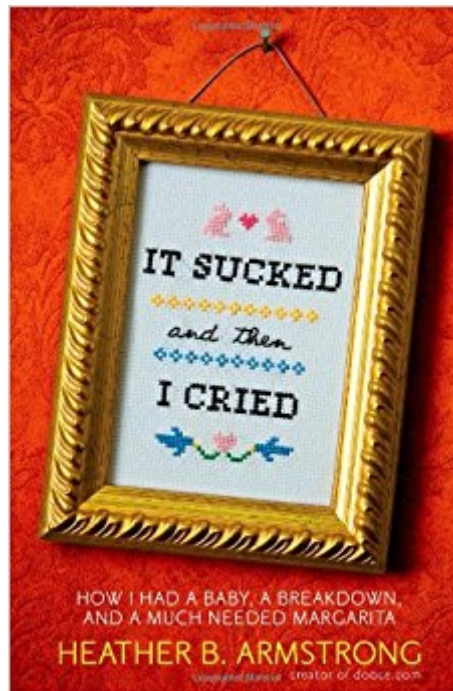


The book was found

It Sucked And Then I Cried: How I Had A Baby, A Breakdown, And A Much Needed Margarita



Synopsis

To the dedicated millions who can't get enough of Heather's unique style and hilarious stories on her hugely popular blog, there's little she doesn't share about her daily life as a recovering Mormon, wife of a charming geek, lover of awful television, and stay-at-home mom to five-year-old Leta, newborn Marlo, and two willful dogs..Now, Heather shares, with biting wit and unrelenting honesty, all the other minor details of pregnancy and motherhood that no one cares to mention—like anxiety, constipation, and postpartum depression. There are lonely days, sleepless nights, and endless screaming. There's the boredom that comes with caring for someone whose primary means of communication is through her bowels. And there's the heart-swelling joy and utterly irresistible and totally redeemable fresh baby smell that makes it all worthwhile..It Sucked and Then I Cried is a brave cautionary tale about crossing over that invisible line to the other side (the parenting side), where everything changes, and it can get pretty unpleasant. But more importantly, it's a celebration of a love so big it threatens to make your heart explode. . --This text refers to the Paperback edition.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

I'm a huge fan of Dooce but I couldn't finish this book. Between the CONSTANT RANDOM CAPITAL LETTERS and the fact that it was basically her blog, just updated to be in past tense, this book was overall a disappointment. I was really hoping for something more from Dooce. I know she does the capital letters thing on her blog but I had hoped she could do her humour and keep her

voice without resorting to typical blog format. Basically, if you're a newcomer to Dooce and missed all the drama surrounding Leta's birth, this book might interest you. But if you don't want to pay for it, just go peek through Dooce's archives - it's all right there.

Heather Armstrong, proprietor of Dooce.com is a funny and fantastic writer, but this fell really flat for me and left me truly, truly disappointed (even though she loves Morrissey). And although I knew many of her blog entries would be included in the book (duh, they would have to), she doesn't really delve into anything particular to give a NEW reader true insight; almost like she skimmed over crucial elements of depression, PPD, her real past with said depression. I think she rushed to have it published. If you don't read her blog, this would still be a funny, sweet book, but I really wanted to learn more about her-not just a reiteration of the blog.

I must preface this by saying that I am a huge Dooce fan. I have been following Heather for years, and feel like I know her family personally. The book is well written, however feels very uneven. In one breath she's talking about lack of sleep leading to generally melting down, and in the next she's out shopping, visiting family, and writing Leta her monthly "I love you" letters. (Which btw - I also do for my daughter...) I find Heather an amazing writer - quirky, smart, caustic... But this was either poorly organized, or badly edited. I guess I expected more. In my opinion, the best part of the book was when she talked about Jon and how he helped her through her depressions. They obviously have a strong marriage - and that was the one part of the book that didn't feel even slightly embellished. Honest, raw, and loving.

I am a big fan of [...], and was especially fascinated by her blog's account of postpartum depression (even though I've never had a baby), but the book bored me and left me bereft of compassion for her suffering. I kept thinking, "Good lord, woman, your baby's missing sock is neither interesting nor urgent. Get a sense of perspective and an editor."

I'm not a reader of Dooce.com, so I can't comment on whether this is regurgitated blog material, but I have to say, I found this an enjoyable, honest and quick read. I'll admit I hadn't heard of Heather Armstrong until a few weeks ago and while I am suspicious of blog to book deals, I was pleasantly surprised by how enjoyable I found the book. I am not a parent, so it may be strange for me to read this, but a few of my friends have become parents in the last year (I'm 27, so the baby makin' has commenced among my group of buddies). I really found it refreshing that she doesn't try to paint

pregnancy and motherhood as sunshine and rainbows and preach about how her child is just the best thing to ever happen in the history of the world, because in reality, over a stolen sip of wine, my friends are a lot more like Heather than they are those people on the Baby Shows that populate TLC. The writing itself is not bad. If it's easy to read, then I'm A-ok with it! There are some authors (blog to book authors) like Jen Lancaster who I find just too darn quippy, and others (stephanie klein) whose style is really disjointed. She tends to jump back and forth in time and place (not very gracefully) and her books actually do read like blog posts, culled together at times. But I didn't find that at all with this book. It might be thanks to an incredible editor and if that's the case then Heather has lucked out and if not, more power to her. Overall I enjoyed the book. She speaks about her emotions and a time in her life where very serious and exciting and devastating things are happening, and she still seems approachable, relatable and not like she is taking herself so seriously. There's no self aggrandizing and no "i just feel soooooo much, look at my pain! relate to my pain!" in there. I'd recommend.

I gotta say, if you've ever read her blog, which I have, this is more like a compilation book. I guess I was hoping for some newer material or else something a bit more inspiring than "creatively rearranged" blog entries. Darn.

So, let me start by saying that I am a [...] reader and generally find Heather Armstrong's writing entertaining and thought provoking. That said, I think this book has sold as well as it has due to the power of marketing and not for the power of its content. In a nutshell: meandering, incoherent, and grammatically stumble drunk. 95% of what's in the book can be found for on her website's archives *FOR FREE*. The grammatical "style" makes this book increasingly unreadable as it goes on. An example: THE WRITER SEEMS TO THINK THAT CAPITALIZING EVERYTHING EARLY AND OFTEN IS SOMEHOW NOT A JUVENILE AND HYSTERICAL MEANS OF EMPHASIS. It becomes a worn out, jangling trick pony early into the book and just gets sadder and sadder. Mainly, I think I was surprised at how incoherently written and edited this piece of swill turned out to be. The story stumbles around, often wandering very far afield of the point of each chapter. In some cases, the central thought of the chapter wanders off in the first paragraph and is never really seen again. Critical story moments are generally grazed over with all the attention to detail of an ADHD toddler that found the secret Snickers stash. Save your money and go look at [...], you'll get basically the meat of this whole book for none of the money without the insult of being tricked into buying it. And by meat, I mean, a Boca Burger.

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