



Confessions of a Video Vixen

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Part tell-all, part cautionary tale, this emotionally charged memoir from a former video vixen nicknamed 'Superhead' goes beyond the glamour of celebrity to reveal the inner workings of the hip-hop dancer industry—from the physical and emotional abuse that's rampant in the industry, and which marked her own life—to the excessive use of drugs, sex and bling.

Once the sought-after video girl, this sexy siren has helped multi-platinum artists, such as Jay-Z, R. Kelly and LL Cool J, sell millions of albums with her sensual dancing. In a word, Karrine was H-O-T. So hot that she made as much as \$2500 a day in videos and was selected by well-known film director F. Gary Gray to co-star in his film, *A Man Apart*, starring Vin Diesel. But the film and music video sets, swanky Hollywood and New York restaurants and trysts with the celebrities featured in the pages of *People* and *In Touch* magazines only touches the surface of Karrine Steffans' life.

Her journey is filled with physical abuse, rape, drug and alcohol abuse, homelessness and single motherhood—all by the age of 26. By sharing her story, Steffans hopes to shed light on an otherwise romanticised industry and help young women avoid the same pitfalls she encountered. If they're already in danger, she hopes to inspire them to find a way to dig themselves out of what she knows first-hand to be a cycle of hopelessness and despair.

Confessions of a Video Vixen Details

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From Reader Review Confessions of a Video Vixen for online ebook

Viollar says

Read this on a dare.

This is outside my usual reads but i must say it kept me intrigued. I couldn't put it down.

The book itself is horribly written - from the poor sentencing and paragraphing it was almost hard to believe the book was published this way, but i understand that the story was too juicy and scandalous to pass up.

Anyway i believe her - as naive as that sounds i believe everything that she wrote.

I wish the book ended with a note of change from her but i really think there will be no changing Karrine Steffans, i believe as long as she doesn't take responsibility for all the choices she has made without blaming her mother, her father and everyone else but herself - she will still continue to make the same mistakes all over.

Still as a woman the book made me relate to her as a fellow woman who has had it rough. I knew of her but i feel like i understand her and others like her more now. For me it wasnt a waste of time to read this book.

Roy says

Mindlessly entertaining if reading about a floozy sleeping her way to the top of the bottom amuses you.

Morgan says

Written with a shoddiness that defies the laws of imagination and gravity. I whipped through it in an hour and a half and promptly returned it to Barnes and Noble. Whatever she managed to learn along the way it certainly did not include grammar or storytelling. Makes you wonder why they didn't just get a ghost writer or at least hook her up with Neil Strauss. At least he could have made this morass of stupidity and degradation somewhat more readable. However, the saddest part of this whole book is that it will probably do more to encourage than discourage young girls with low self-esteem to follow her path. For "a cautionary tale", there isn't a whole lot of dissuasion going on. I mean - what preteen wallflower wouldn't want to party with P. Diddy or have Shaq pay their rent? And you get a book deal out of it too? All without any observable talent and no education? Cool!

Beck says

Her story might be more interesting if told by someone else. As it is, she's a pretty lousy writer (grammar/language wasn't as bad as I expected but narrative needed an editor in a BIG way), and I can't tell if it's the writing or the person that fails to compel me or evoke true understanding. Is she not a good or

interesting person, or is she just not capable of communicating what is good or interesting about her?

All told, I found this tale rather sad, as it should be, but almost more because of the shallow level of reflection/character than because of the actual abuses she endured and invited. She constantly seemed to fall in love/lust at first sight, which is unusual but largely unaddressed. In a Q&A at the end, she explains that her nonchalant attitude about sex comes from her island childhood, but in the book itself the most she ever does is refer to using sex as apology, manipulation, income source or fun. She never thinks to really claim her sexuality in a strong way and largely fails to distinguish sex in her weaker days from sex today. I focus on this so much because, let's face it, she may claim this book is her story and a cautionary tale and all, but she gives way too much of the wrong kinds of detail for it not to also be a celebrity tell-all. When she fails to adequately show that personal growth and self-reflection, the shallow accountings of her quick affairs seem more tell-all, less memoir, and certainly not cautionary tale....

Re-reading what I just wrote, it strikes me that one of this book's biggest problems really isn't the sex per se. It's what I said first: the instant feelings of "love" (often in overlapping time frames), the surprise the boys wouldn't feel the same way or would disrespect her, etc. There's nothing necessarily wrong with sleeping with these hot and/or powerful celebs, but there's something kind of sad/pathetic/pathological about expecting them to love you for it. She really didn't get that at the time, which makes her naive to a point that I personally could hardly relate. Even now, she never seems to question whether she loved these boys, only whether they felt anything back. It just all comes across as very...shallow, off, fake, something I can't quite describe. It's like she is a psychologist's case study, but almost none of the analysis has been done for us. So what might've been a powerful story is instead a bit of a dud.

Anne says

It was my weakness for celebrity gossip that led me to pick up this book, and the book delivered plenty of gossip. For that, it was a fun diversion. But for all the drama and action Steffans describes, the writing is humorless and unexciting. I'm not at all convinced she has actually learned the lessons she claims to want to teach the rap video-girl wannabes that pick up her book. Not to sound stodgy, but she spends the whole book glorifying the people in her world that perpetrated some pretty disgusting objectification and took advantage of her left and right. I can't help but be impressed with all she's done before the ripe age of 30, but that's about all I can give her.

Sarah says

Damn she a HO

Kristen says

I made a brand new bookshelf, *Trash*, just for this book specifically. Hands-down this is the worst "book" in existence and I include such self-published treasures as BIRTH CONTROL IS SINFUL IN THE CHRISTIAN MARRIAGES and also ROBBING GOD OF PRIESTHOOD CHILDREN!!in that statement.

The "author", best known as *that chick who sued Bill Maher for palimony*,¹ recounts in detail all the famous

rappers and sports figures she's fellated. . . and that's the *entire* book. So if you want to hear a detailed account of how her child's father Kool G Rap (who remembers him? Anyone? C'mon, I'm not that old?!?!) "*forced*" her to perform oral sex on him until her nose bled on numerous occasions, then my friend, this is the book for you!

ETA: It was Kool G Rap *not* Big Daddy Kane . . . Oops.

Malcolm Jamal says

I borrowed this book from a friend because I did not want to assist Karrine in her pursuit for riches from immoral acts. But I was interested in hearing what all the talk was about. Well, I'll tell you one thing...fathers...stay close to your daughters and show them all the love you can show them because if not you might have a daughter or daughters like Karrine....searching her whole life to be accepted and love by men to replace the love she needed from her dad!! That was the message loud and clear to me. I did not enjoy the book...it had me shaking my head throughout the read...I was like how many times can a person fall in love??? I was sad for her most of the time but as I read I realize that she commanded MOST of the problems she had due to bad judgement calls and wanting to satisfy her desires (money or sex)...the drugs and booze didn't help. I felt bad for her son and how he must feel about his mother right now...I don't think she has changed much as I look at the other books she has pushed out to solitify her as a "superhead" or the ultimate bad girl in the entertainment industry...it was a sad read. She talked about alot of men in this book and I'm sure you can multiply that shit by 10 to get the true numbers...shit I bet she don't even know...she was so high or drunk !! I don't think this story will deter young girls from taking this path...she wouldve had to die in this story to really get her message across effectively...so much for the meassge!! The message is being a ho is good..it worked for me and here I wrote a book about it...wanna hear it...here it go!!!! In this story there was no message to stop what she was doing in any way mostly because as she said she enjoyed it all the way to the end...come on ...Bobby Brown...she was scrapping the barre!!

My point is this book was her chance to cash in on ALL the bad decisions she has made in her life -- her goal was to be rich and popular by any means necessary and she did that!! She still continues to cash in...just as many other misguided youths will try with less effective results...this book was still a blatant pursuit for the road to the riches...pun intended!! I will not read another Karrine book because she will just string you along with lies about who she has been with which seems to be as many men and women as "wilt chamberlan"!!!! I hope it was worth it!!! I guess thats what they call call turning shit to sugar!!!! The book was not a good read and she shouldve had someone else narrate it...she was not effective in getting the so-called message across!! If you like soap operas and you like gossip then this is for you...if you looking for a feel good story...pass on this one!!

Out!

Lulu says

Just finished reading this book, and it was certainly very interesting, especially for the high "wow" factor of all the names that she lists in some detail. BUT, I have noticed that Karrine never fully takes responsibility for her own actions. She blames her mother, her father, the men that didn't come through for her....everyone but herself, really. I found some unsavory comments that she made about Tyra Banks after their tiff on Tyra's show and yet again it proves the type of person she is: I'm no gushing Tyra fan myself, but there was no call

for her to broadcast Tyra's real or alleged dalliances for the world. If Karrine decided that she wanted to write a book as a cautionary tale to young women and girls, then she should do it selflessly, fully aware that she would not be placed on a pedestal for this act.

The book is inconsistent in several places. First of all, according to Karrine, her father had a son who moved in with him after she had been living with him for a brief while. Later when things got bad for her she states that her father had a strict rule that none of his children were allowed to move back in once they had moved out...why was her half-brother an exception then?

The biggest discrepancy that I found really hard to swallow was relating to her relationship with Kool G Rap. She states initially that she was 'wed' to him under her alias Yizette Santiago with a fake age, ID, etc, ergo, the marriage was not actually binding (supposedly unbeknownst to Kool G). But later on she goes into detail about how her credit was ruined as a result of Kool G misusing her accounts during their time together. How would he have been able to do that if he didn't even have access to her real name????

As a cautionary tale, I'm afraid this book fails woefully. Karrine spends so much time glorifying the lifestyle as an excuse for her continuing to be in it, that she completely misses the point of why she even wrote it. She describes one overdose experience, hardly enough to dissuade a hardheaded youth. By naming names, she glamourizes her experiences, making her contacts of more interest than her actual tale.

As a tell-all dish, it's spot on. I wish that Karrine would simply get off her newly discovered high horse and just admit that she set out to write and capitalize on her contacts in the 'industry'. It's okay...no one's perfect.

Jeff says

It's a book that is more of a work of gossip. Karine Steffans writes a tell all to warn girls of how easy it is to be corrupted and to have self confidence to make something of yourself and tries to discourage them from doing things she did but then gloats about how rewarding some of the experiences were and what they have gotten her and how successful it made her because of it and she makes it seem like it is ok.

I know it is her memoir but she writes melodramatically almost like she is a college student trying to show off her intelligence to a professor she over does it using big words way too much for this kind of book and stories.

I don't fault her for telling her life story and feel sorry for the abuse she has suffered but if she wants to send a message there could have sermonized a little more plus certain things she thinks are romantic seem more to be her being taken advantage of more or just wrong Like the Jay-Z story or the Irv gotti story. She also seems to sensualize some of her stories but then they just end abruptly yet she can tell you exact details of materialistic things like what suit a person wore or what kind of car a person drove plus the interior of the car.

it's a wildly uneven book. It's like the equivalent of reading a trashy novel. She gives her philosophy of life which feels like dime store wisdom.

I'm not against confidence but she seems to have an air of entitlement that she really thinks of herself as famous instead of infamous. She is like a reality show star sure you know who she is but she can be easily forgotten as a person who was famous for a bit but she hasn't really earned a career.

kisha says

Im not going to lie, Im am so ashamed that I was dying to read this book. Not because I am a fan of Karrine Steffans because I didnt even know who the hell she was when I was told about the book. Embarrassingly enough, I wanted some inside celeb juice. So I read this book (using the word book loosely) to see what it was about. I must first say that if you do not have the creative ability to consider yourself a writer, you shouldnt write. If you dont read books often (im only assumming based of her style of writing) you shouldnt write. She definitely should have had a ghost writer.

It was awful. All she did was brag about all the celebs she slept with, and how they wives were at home knowing they were with her. I can only imagine the lives she ruined. The broken families.

She starts off talking about her childhood and in my opinion it was away of victimizing herself and making excuses. It was sort of like, my childhood sucked and my mommy dont love me so this is why im a groupie sex slave. When in reality the only ones that have gained my sympathy is not Karrine or the celebs, but their wives who had to not only relive it but have it publicized and be humiliated because she's a washed up groupie who needed to find another way to make money, via this book.

The fact that she calls herself a "model" is outrageous. She has got to be kidding me.

It was horribly written. It was written as if she was sitting on the stoop, in the hood after the club telling her girls a story about this big time celeb she just smashed.

I dont believe in writting bullying pointless reviews, but dear God she made this so easy for me.

Luis Damian Robles says

At the Arlight cinema in Sherman Oaks, there once was a slacker at Guest Services who kept a copy of *The Vixen Diaries* behind the front desk. He smuggled it there from the theatre's own Gift Shop, which sold all kinds of Hollywood-related tripe, and wrapped it in a work binder as a child might hide a comic in a textbook. Whenever business was slow and nobody was around, he would be steadily reading it. He thought that he was pretty slick and he would even wink at me as if to say: "Our little secret." One day, I was doing IT maintenance--cleaning the computer next to him-- when one of the managers crept up from behind us and finally caught him in the act. The book was open on the counter and the slacker had a goofy, remote smile on his face, his eyes had drifted off in daydreams, no doubt he was engrossed in a lurid episode, chopping it up with Karrine. Without warning, the manager shut the book on him--SLAM!--not just to startle him but to reveal the cover for all to see: a provocative-looking Karrine Steffans, full-blown, legs gaping. The slacker was stunned. The jig was up. To my delight, he stammered some feeble gibberish. The manager didn't say a word, he just stared back and forth at the cover and the culprit's anxious face, with curious eyes, searching for an excuse or an explanation. What the guy said next--the way he said it--makes me laugh to this day:

"I ... There's ... It's. NOT. Pornography." He would excuse his loafing by denying that he was a pervert.

I have no excuse. I was in the middle of reading *The Innocents Abroad* when my hold for these "Confessions" came through the Library so I picked it up downtown and read it shamelessly over the next week. Saint Augustine or Rousseau, Karrine "Superhead" Steffans is not, but I didn't request this book for its

moralising. I had promised myself based on an impression. A few weeks ago, I ended up at a strange party. It was a dream. The house was large and spacious but it was packed with people and poorly lit. The halls were musty from couples making out in them. I peeked inside a few rooms while searching for an open window to stand beside. One of the rooms had Superhead's porno with Mr. Marcus playing on an LCD in the background as if it were part of the decorations. It made quite an impression on all the bystanders and passing guests. The guys were awe-struck, hypnotized, some of them seemed to be memorizing, while the girls gaped at Steffans with hostile insecurity, as if they were witnessing a powerful machine that would make them obsolete, and poor Mr. Marcus, such consternation as I've never seen on a porno stud before; he had met his match. She was a fascinating creature in that moment. I wondered where her talents came from. And so I resolved to read her book.

Take the story of a bicycle, what matters are the *ridahs* [sic]. The object itself is devoid of personality; she puts on coats of paint, streamers, breast implants. Steffans is a simple agent of unchecked and irrational desire. Probably ghostwritten, the book is a whimsical series of flight-crash-and-burn with hip-hop celebrities thrown in to lend the wrecks importance. She makes the same mistakes time and again so that it's impossible to identify with her unless you're equally oblivious to life's consequences. She opens the book with a bathroom-floor-breakdown à la Elizabeth Wurtzel. She allows every man she comes across to use her in exchange for money, gifts, vacations. She becomes a date rape victim, a punching bag, a steak chef, a lap dog, a rump-shaker. She sleeps with every man in the book, except her father, to wit: Kool G Rap (her common-law husband, who forced her to blow him for hours on end under Miyagi-esque tutelage), Ice-T, Ja Rule, Vin Diesel, Shaquille O'Neal, Ray J, Usher, Mystikal, Jay-Z (no sex but she blows him in a cold mechanical fashion), Dr. Dre, Puff Daddy, Irv Gotti, Xzibit, Fred Durst (including an exposition on his eating habits), DMX, Bobby Brown, and Papa (surprise, it's Method Man, the internet has eliminated much suspense, wonder, etc.). She manages to suck the last vestige of meaning from the word "love" as she applies it incessantly to every celebrity she sexually encounters. Forget the nonsense about this being an inspirational or cautionary tale. It's bragging and gossip told with peculiar bravado. The celebs are often announced with the silliest hype. Steffans would open the door and who would be standing there but I quote "NBA superstar, world champion, Olympic gold-medalist Shaquille O'Neal." If that isn't self-promotion by association, I don't know what is! Even more distasteful is her plaintive chapter-long namedrop of the late Merlin Santana, whom I omitted from the above list out of respect: R.I.P. "Romeo" from The Steve Harvey Show. And yet there is no chapter devoted to her rehabilitation from drugs, if indeed she is off them, and for all the praising of her son as her saviour, he only gets a few words here and there, as she constantly abandons him for months with babysitters and uses him as an excuse to prostitute herself when her showbiz pimps refuse to let her freeload. No mention of her stint in adult films either. In her strange worldview, it might be bad publicity.

The only interesting feature of this book is the private/sexual profiles of the stars mentioned above. I'm talking quirky behaviours and situational anecdotes, not techniques or girths, because the narrative is surprisingly romantic rather than descriptive or detailed. There's a lot of melting, filling, stroking, floating, etc., going on, a surplus of feeling without insight, but such can be found in any run-of-the-mill romance novel. It has its moments. For example, Ice-T is a main character in the book. I remembered reading Ice-T's prologue to Iceberg Slim's **Pimp** so I was curious about his own pimp lifestyle. It turns out that he is a most gracious, philosophical pimp. Ice-T was the force that brought Steffans to the West Coast, he opened up avenues for her exposure, as long as she put out and he was interested. When they would hold hands in public, she was only allowed to grasp his pinky finger; a symbolic gesture, meaning she could only ever possess a small part of him. He fixed her up with her first jobs in the hip hop industry, which made her the celebrated whore she is today, so when he finally cut her loose, what did he require in return? A white Cadillac, paid upon success. That's pimp!

Last thing, concerning Ja Rule. I understand the attraction of fame and money. No doubt, Ja has plowed through his share of beautiful women because he is rich and famous. Some might even be crazy enough to love him as an artist. But that doesn't change the fact that he looks like a 14 year old boy and sounds like a rusty old man. His music is not terrible but he's something of a ridiculous caricature. Now, I believe Fabio is a ridiculous caricature as well, but I understand why he is idolized by lonely women who haunt the romance aisles at Target. Fabio is fantastic looking because he appears in fantasies as a blonde beefcake. The imagination of these lonely women can fill the mental void of his classic beauty with the slightest insistence, but Ja Rule has no redeeming physical qualities to compare, his puniness is more sobering than inspirational. I thought there was no way Steffans could explain her attraction to the wealthy runt without sounding like a shallow gold-digger. Boy was I wrong! In a burst of delusion, she pretends that Ja is Tyson Beckford or somebody and actually praises his looks. When she first saw Ja Rule on TV and swooned over his *sexiness*, I couldn't believe it. When she glossed on his 'Pain Is Love' tattoo *en coitus*, she finally lost me. Indeed, I almost lost my dinner. I knew then that this was not reality, that she was hopeless, that she could never make things right.

Greta says

Wow, what can I say....What a sad story, but not just about what happened to the writer, but also her inability to truly understand the consequences of her own choices and actions and how much that fact plays a big part in many of the things that happened to her. Throughout the book she places blame for her circumstances on almost everyone that she comes in contact with in life. She starts out blaming her mother and from then on anyone that does not let her get her way is the blame for where she ends up. For example, when her father's family responsibilities grow almost over night, Karrine cannot stand the pressure of added responsibility on her in the new family structure, so what does she do? She runs away from what she described as a beautiful home basically into the streets at the age of 16. As a young wife and mother, she eventually just drops her baby off with his dad so that she can chase pipe dreams and another man. She then accuses her ex husband of not raising the baby properly because he's giving the kid sugared drinks. With that she takes the baby back with her and pretty much leaves him at the mercy of babysitters, while she spends long nights and days again chasing a dream. The book is basically a tell-all and the writer drops the names of the many celebrities that she has encountered. I just hope that when this young lady reads the pages of her own book that she will be able to take a look in the mirror one day and own up to the choices she has made.

Robin says

I went into this book genuinely, seriously wanting to love Superhead. I expected a memoir by a woman owning her sexuality, shaking haters off, all of that good stuff. No dice. This woman hates herself, hates other women, and feels sooo sorry for herself, even though the only people she should feel sorry for are the people in her life.

Choice parts of the book:

-the first sex scene with Ja Rule is incredibly hilarious, because Superhead/Karrine Steffans is a terrible writer. Every time she has sex with someone she talks about their bodies/lips "pressing together" or "sealing together." This was probably the most descriptive sex scene in the book. I feel bad for Ja Rule. Nobody wants to have their sex life on display like that!

-When Diddy gets really high and paranoid and warns Xzibit about Superhead, "she'll have you on video with your fingers in your booty."

-When she leaves her infant son in his car seat on the ground in her abusive ex-husband's parking lot and moves to LA; all of this takes place right after the husband beat her so badly that she bled all over the baby. She doesn't even turn around in the driver's seat to make sure her husband picks the kid up off the ground. Of course, Superhead still thinks she's the greatest mom on earth.

-all of the times that she 'falls in love' right after meeting a celebrity, then starts crying because she's so in love and it's so sudden and raw and intense and blah blah blah (OH MY GOD THIS BOOK IS SO TERRIBLE).

Besides being a terribly written, eye-rolling disaster of a book, Confessions Of A Video Vixen really could have used an editor. Seriously, who edited this? It's riddled with split infinitives; her grammar is terrible. She uses the passive voice way too often. All of the events are oddly dated, like, "On February 16, 2000, I slept with so-and-so." I felt like I was reading a low-budget blog.

Jesus, this book is terrible. TERRIBLE. I expected it to be trashy, but it's literally so trashy that I'm desperate to get it out of my house as quickly as possible. Don't bother reading it, just call me and I'll tell you all the juiciest parts. I have zero respect for you, Superhead. Just own it, lady! Be like, "yeah, I slept with a bunch of celebrities and look at where I am today for it." Don't try to act like you have any talent or charisma or that you had a real relationship with any of these men. It was a long list of business transactions! Now, be about your paper and be done with it!

Debbie says

No..No..and No... I honestly feel embarrassed to even admit that I attempted this book. Let me explain why I did. It was a free audiobook. When things are free, passed along, given as a gift or loaned we're more prone to try things we may not normally try. Things that we are not familiar with. Things that are not normally in our wheelhouse, so to speak. How many times have we all been in the grocery store and been offered that free sample of some tidbit that you normally wouldn't think twice about putting into your cart, let alone into your greedy mouth for a taste. How many times have we all been offered a loan on some item suggested by a friend and even though we had no intention whatsoever in life of ever having such an item in your life.. at the prospect of the loan, you take them up on that offer. Why not? How many times have we all been given that gift? You know the gift that you want to immediately regift in the givers face because you would never buy yourself said item, you'd never buy anyone else said item and all items of this caliber should be incinerated by blowtorch and then dunked in a dirty gas station commode. But alas, we take the free sample and are forced to chew a full pack of gum to try to extract the gamey lingering aftertaste. We take the stupid gift and plaster on the fake smile slash grimace and try to act grateful. And we take the loaned item and while we use it wonder, "Why the heck did I bother with this thing. I don't need this." What does all of this have to do with a book about a woman who says one of her nick names is "Super Head" you ask? If after my little preamble you still need to ask, you may be in danger of being as dumb as this book.

This book reads like it was written by an elementary school student who is writing a fanciful report. The writing style or the lack there of, is so juvenile I really have no idea how this thing was published. Or maybe I do. And it's a shame that sex and money rule the world in such a way that garbage like this is published. It was only above the Dick and Jane primary school readers by a small percentage. That's just the writing. I

haven't even begun to dig in on the content. Let's do that now. Shall we? The content: I didn't get far before I just couldn't take this book at all. So I don't know all the deep content and don't care to know it. There is some mention of her hard up bringing. Trust me, I wanted to feel sad for her. I wanted to go along with the direction we were being lead towards. This woman had a bad childhood so this explains who she became as an adult. But that's everyone's story honey. We all were influenced by our childhood but when do we stop preaching that sob story and take responsibility for our conscious adult actions. I'm over people who use that excuse in real life so maybe this is why I had no sympathy for her sob. Or maybe it was the bad writing and the narcissistic undertone that kept me from caring at all about this woman's story. She said in the beginning that she did this for girls. I pray dear God in heaven that there are no girls reading this assault on literature and that they read something better, even a fashion magazine.

I'm tired of talking about this, although I did entertain myself.

No stars! No soup for you, Vixen! Nope don't recommend it. Thumbs down. All that is free is not good and just because you can read and write does not you an author make. I quit.
