



The Devil Wears Prada

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A delightfully dishy novel about the all-time most impossible boss in the history of impossible bosses.

Andrea Sachs, a small-town girl fresh out of college, lands the job “a million girls would die for.” Hired as the assistant to Miranda Priestly, the high-profile, fabulously successful editor of "Runway "magazine, Andrea finds herself in an office that shouts "Prada! Armani! Versace!" at every turn, a world populated by impossibly thin, heart-wrenchingly stylish women and beautiful men clad in fine-ribbed turtlenecks and tight leather pants that show off their lifelong dedication to the gym. With breathtaking ease, Miranda can turn each and every one of these hip sophisticates into a scared, whimpering child.

THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA gives a rich and hilarious new meaning to complaints about “The Boss from Hell.” Narrated in Andrea’s smart, refreshingly disarming voice, it traces a deep, dark, devilish view of life at the top only hinted at in gossip columns and over Cosmopolitans at the trendiest cocktail parties. From sending the latest, not-yet-in-stores Harry Potter to Miranda’s children in Paris by private jet, to locating an unnamed antique store where Miranda had at some point admired a vintage dresser, to serving lattes to Miranda at precisely the piping hot temperature she prefers, Andrea is sorely tested each and every day—and often late into the night with orders barked over the phone. She puts up with it all by keeping her eyes on the prize: a recommendation from Miranda that will get Andrea a top job at any magazine of her choosing. As things escalate from the merely unacceptable to the downright outrageous, however, Andrea begins to realize that the job a million girls would die for may just kill her. And even if she survives, she has to decide whether or not the job is worth the price of her soul.

The Devil Wears Prada Details

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From Reader Review The Devil Wears Prada for online ebook

Samantha says

God have mercy, I finally finished this horrific book! Honestly, it wasn't so bad, just tedious and repetitive. I picked it because (a) the movie was coming out and (b) I recognized the title as a popular book, albeit a couple years ago. The premise to the book is that a young woman takes a Junior Assistant position at a high-fashion magazine and the She-Devil who runs the show. The movie had the same premise, but that's practically where the similarities end.

Andrea Sachs takes the job, even though her dream job is an Editor position for the New Yorker Magazine, with the promise of getting said dream job much easier after devoting a year of her life to Miranda Priestly (the She-Devil). One year is all it'll take to bypass several years of grovelling, or so she is led to believe. But the year is spent instead in the most belittling, degrading and de-humanizing environment that, frankly, pissed me off more than the main character.

If you've seen the movie, don't think you know the book. Meryl Streep is overly demanding, despicable, and down-right evil to snarky, quirky Anne Hathaway. Eventually Anne's character loses her fashion victim status and transforms into one of her dreaded Clackers. She reaches a point where she understands Meryl's character -- even *sympathizes* but makes a break when enough's enough.

Andrea, instead, distances herself from the fashionistas, makes futile spiteful jabs at Miranda and Co. at every chance, and still loses herself. She doesn't become the trendy girl (not until she's far from the scene) but does lose her identity by placing the needs of a neurotic insomniac before herself, her friends, and her family. The book delves into her relationships on a completely different level (actually the movie doesn't even touch them). Let's do a short list of comparisons, shall we?

The book

Andrea has a steady boyfriend Ales, and lives with her best friend from childhood, Lily
Takes the job because it's the only magazine in New York that offered an interview
Puts her personal life on hold to be the beck-and-call girl for a Bitch
Meets a hot writer who is totally jonesing for her and offers her several opportunities to, *ahem* improve her social standing
She kinda ignores her failing love life and her best friend's alcohol addiction until it's too late to reverse either
Goes to Paris with Miranda because the Sr. Assistant gets Mono
When in Paris she gets the call that her best friend's drinking caused a terrible accident and she must come home

Finally has her fill and tells Miranda off, then gets fired
Kinda blah ending in which she gets freelance work and gets to waltz back into the *Runway* office for a potential writing assignment

The movie

Andrea lives with her boyfriend, and has a small group of friends, one of which happens to be a black girl we could assume is Lily
Takes the job because it was available
Puts her personal life on hold to be the beck-and-call girl for a Bitch
Meets a hot writer who keeps popping up in her life when she desperately needs help and a little pick me up, flirt-wise
Her boyfriend eventually gets fed up and sorta calls for a 'break'
Goes to Paris with Miranda because the Sr. Assistant gets hit by a car and is then fired (by Andrea) because her mind is too addled when sick at an event to immediately recall a guest's name
Discovers a plot to overthrow Miranda (after she recently viewed a vulnerable side) and does her best to warn her, only to learn Miranda knew all along and didn't need her help. This is when she decides she's had enough and literally walks off the job
Happy ending ensues with her getting a crap job and, unknowingly is seen by Miranda, who approves of her own fashion sense

If I had read the book then saw the movie, I think I would have been pissed off at the screenwriters. As it was, I did the opposite, but am still pissed. I thought the book sucked large portions of ass. There was quite a bit that was humorous, I'll grant you and the author that much, but it was *so* repetitive when describing her tasks (which I guess was the point) that I simply felt beat down. Gotta give that to her: she did know how to make her readers relate to her misery.

Did I like the book? No.

Would I read another by her? Not likely.

Would I recommend the book to others? Not a chance. Go rent the movie and at least laugh at it all.

Alaina Meserole says

Reading crime #5000 for the month of January.

I saw the movie first.
I loved the movie.
This is the first time I have read this book.
I didn't like the book.

Before I begin I should say some nice words. While reading this book, I kept picturing the actors/actresses from the movie. It was like re-watching the movie again but in my head. I'd rather watch the movie - it was less painful.

The Devil Wears Prada was not a perfect book. It really wasn't. It was beyond terrible. It had so many flaws that I don't really want to talk about them. HA! just kidding - here come the flaws people!

Step one: When reading *The Devil Wears Prada* I suggest you have a bottle of wine somewhere near you. If you are of drinking age, open the god damn bottle and pour yourself an "Alaina Pour."

For example:

Step two: Take a huge sip when any character annoys you.

For example, Andrea/Andy annoyed me every time she talked. I just couldn't like her. Not even wine could make me like her. This whole not liking her made me so sad because I liked her character a hell of a lot more in the movie but that's probably due to the amazing Anne Hathaway.

Step three: Skim through the boring parts. HA - just kidding! Don't do that. Suffer instead. Enjoy Andy whining throughout the entire book. The entire time I was reading this book, I was whining about her whining and how I would rather participate in a star wars movie marathon.

SPOILER: I don't like any of the Star Wars movies. I didn't see the one that came out in December 2017 with my family and I'm pretty sure I slept during the movie before that. IN THE MOVIE THEATER. I have no regrets - best nap of my life!

PS. Sorry to all the Star Wars lovers. I tried to get into them but yeah.. I can't. More for you?

Anyways, I'm kind of sad that I read it but I'm also happy at the same time because I still haven't DNF'd a book and I got one more book off of my TBR list.

Step four: If you see this book.. walk away. NO - RUN FOR YOUR LIFE AND DON'T LOOK BACK EVER.

Jennifer says

This is one of the only books I have ever read in my entire life where the film actually improved my perception. It took me about three years to read this, and the only reason I ever finished it was because everyone else seemed to think it was so great, I thought I must be missing something.

I am generally bothered by books and films wherein the main character is offered an incredible opportunity, but because they are worried they are sacrificing themselves, they toss it out the window. (I am willing to add the film "What a Girl Wants" to this general category). I had no sympathy for the lead character in this novel... if she had true sense of self, she could keep her job while not becoming her boss.

While I realize that these stories are supposed to be inspirational tales of right triumphing, I always feel vaguely disgusted when I finish them-- to a great extent, they remind me of what we are told at the beginning of law school. If you go into your first year with good morals, an awareness of right and wrong, and a need to help people, you can come out of law school and make a difference, despite the grueling courses and backstabbing classmates. If, however, you are scum, law school will refine your techniques.

If the heroine in Prada was truly strong, she would not have had to sell her soul, she could have kept the job and realised it was just that... A JOB.

Just plain disappointing. Do yourself a favour... if you feel you **MUST** muddle through this, rent the movie. Streep plays a truly inspired bitch.

Megan says

i was reading this book at the same time i was working in a very similar environment as andy, the main character. i laughed and cried with her because i could relate to her character so much. miranda liked her perrier placed everyday on a certain side of her desk. my old boss, mehmet, liked his evian room temperature from the bakery across the street. miranda would dump her coat and bags on andy every morning. mehmet would hold out his arms for me to put his YSL coat on and bow his head down for me to put his burberry rain hat on top before he would scurry out of his office trailing his louis vuitton luggage behind him on his way to paris. and we were both told a million girls would kill for this job!

Lori says

Should've skipped the reread.

Carol says

I read this a few years ago, and still remember what a rollicking good ride it was. I was mesmerized by the horror. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion. In a good way, that is. I'm sure there's a good way to watch a train wreck if we think about it long enough.

In the interest of full disclosure, I spent several years in what we shall charitably call the fashion industry. So young, insecure, underpaid, working for creative tyrants, living on coffee and celery, and not being able to afford the clothes one must wear (and loves) whilst working 12 - 14 hour shifts are familiar memories from my younger days. So is fear of boss after boss after boss. Abject fear. if there was ever a time in your life when you worked in high-end retail or designer fashions, this one's for you.

I likely will never read another Weisberger novel. I generally eschew chick lit and whiny protagonists. But *The Devil Wears Prada* was a 5-star read for me.

Jack says

Not bad, I suppose—especially interesting when compared to the film adaptation, which I'd seen first.

The movie was no great shakes, really, although the cast did a solid job with what they'd been given. Still, I sought out the book because I felt that, as with most film adaptations, a lot of depth had probably been jettisoned, and rightly so, in the translation to the screen. After all, a novel can tackle a lot more than two hours of screen time can.

Imagine my surprise to find that the movie had *more* depth than the novel did. One of the most charming and fully-realized characters (relatively speaking, here) in the movie was nothing more than a throwaway gay joke in the book. And whereas there's growth and change among most of the major players in the movie, the novel pays only lip service to "your characters must change by the end of the book," and then only to the protagonist, whose "change" is telegraphed from page 1. The boss, the "devil" of the title, remains exactly the same from beginning to end—possibly intentionally, but I thought the Hollywood treatment of her, though formulaic, was more satisfying.

These things would have cheesed me off more if I hadn't discovered that the whole thing was written by a 22-year-old, because lord knows I never could have written something as impressive as this at that age, so I'm willing to cut a great deal of slack. And the truth is, it *is* an enjoyable read on a page-to-page basis, even if the whole book isn't altogether satisfying. Empty calories.

Miranda Reads says

The movie was *too* good.

Huuuuuuuge **gulf between the book and the film**. I kept thinking: maybe the beginning was just slow? Maybe the middle needed a bit more time?

Despite all my deep breaths and meditation, I could not stand this book. The main character (Andrea) is **so wholly irredeemable** that she ruins the book. Sure, she sacrifices her a few years for Miranda (*ha! name buddies*) Priestly but Andrea **whines her way through every little task** and I lost all sympathy within the first chapter.

Her **derision** towards anyone who takes their fashion job seriously and her **dismissal** of everyone who isn't Miranda Priestley really struck a nerve. You can tell a lot about a person by how they treat their peers. The

way she berated the other girls and acted so above them (often showing this by **eating the calorie-laden soup** in front of them) just struck my last nerve.

And yes, Miranda is *supposed* to be the bad character but **I liked her so much more than Andrea**. Miranda's only real fault is her high expectations. Which she clearly spells out for every assistant who applies for her job. Yes, those expectations include **enough work for two people...BUT** all the girls who apply continuously assure her that they can take on the workload.

The absolute worst part? **The rapey love triangle that almost was:**

There's the saintly boyfriend who put up with Andrea's neglect and obsession with this job. They're practically **set to get married** after she finishes with Miranda Priestly. Yet, Andrea constantly pulls away from him and ignores him for no other reason than 'her career is stressful.' I was so mad that **she was deliberately screwing up** a good thing.

Enter the Hot Rich Writer Guy who just *may* be interested in her writing (but more likely just wants to **screw her**). There was one scene at a party, which Andrea was called in to "babysit" the couple's child...which really was HotGuy calling in a favor and forcing her on a date as his "babysitter" for the night.

So this Sleezeball traps her into a conversation on her way out - blocking her way out. He's drunk, belligerent and keeps insisting she *wants him*:

He was leaning up against the frame with a smugly satisfied expression. "So little Andi, did I show you a good time tonight? "

He slurred just a little bit and it seemed nothing short of adorable at that moment.

"It was alright, I suppose..."

"Just alright? Sounds to me like you wish I would've taken you upstairs little Andi. All in good time my friend, all in good time "

The way the scene was playing, **I was 80% sure we were headed to a rape scene**. The whole chapter gave off an ominous vibe and I honestly thought that was going to be her getting raped or at least assaulted by drunk HotGuy. He's inebriated, he manipulated the entire evening to force her hand...despite her telling him repeatedly that she has boyfriend. She repeatedly says that he's used to getting exactly what he wants...**was it really that far of a leap?**

What killed me was despite all that, she finds him charming? **Are. You. Kidding. Me.** Andrea this is not flirting. Girl. **This is a honking huge red flag.**

Run.

Inge says

2.5 stars

I'm going to be quite honest here: I saw the movie before I read the book. Several times, in fact. The movie came out in 2006, when I wasn't a reader yet. *The Devil Wears Prada* is one of those movies that they play on TV quite regularly, and is one of those movies that I almost always watch when it is. Because it's a really great and entertaining movie – Anne Hathaway's, Meryl Streep's, Stanley Tucci's and Emily Blunt's performances are absolutely top notch. So when I saw the book in the library, I thought, "Why the hell not?" and brought it home with me.

I think everyone knows the story by now – Andrea Sachs, who knows absolutely nothing about fashion, is thrown into a world where anything bigger than a size zero is frowned upon, carbs are the devil, and you should never wear that top with those shoes, or you'll get lynched. Then there's Miranda Priestly, head of *Runway* magazine, and also the most exigent person on the planet. The new Harry Potter book that's not in store yet? Get it, now. Also, make a reservation at that one place I went to last month. And get my lunch. The only reason Andrea puts up with it, is because working as Miranda's assistant for a year opens many doors. Only slowly but surely, she's turning into a Clacker herself, and finds her personal life tumbling down in front of her very eyes.

While the book was enjoyable, I didn't like it as much as the movie. First of all, there are several subplots that differ from the movie that I didn't appreciate, like the fact that Andrea has an alcoholic best friend who's also a total slut. I know that slut-shaming is wrong and that I shouldn't be judging, but when you can't remember having slept with the guy who is *currently smoking crack in bed next to you*, you need to re-evaluate your life choices. Just saying.

There was also the case of Nigel. Thank God that they gave that role to Stanley Tucci, because he turned it into something fantastic. But book Nigel is a major homo who wears cat suits and HE TALKS IN CAPITALS ALL THE TIME WHICH IS REALLY ANNOYING AND GIRL THOSE SHOES ARE SO LAST SEASON. I think you get the idea – annoying, shoot him, please.

While I read the book quite quickly, I still found it too long. This material works perfectly for a movie, but in a book, I really don't want to read about the main character getting coffee every day. That gets old very quickly. Nevertheless, I really liked the storyline in general, and it had some funny bits. While it's an enjoyable story, you do need to take this with a massive grain of salt, because it deals with very sensitive topics like women starving themselves just to look good in the eyes of the fashion world. If you can handle that, then I see no reason why you should not enjoy this book. It's just that, when you compare it to the movie, it's a little underwhelming.

Darth J says

3.5 stars

In Defense of Miranda Priestly

The premise of this novel as most know it is *OMG, my boss is a total dragon lady!!!*, but I think that is both an unfair assumption and oversimplification. Little background is given of the title character other than she grew up in a lower class family, changed her name, and worked her way up the corporate ladder to her current position as editor-in-chief. The audience isn't given much more than that to round out her character, though Meryl Streep gives her depth in the movie adaptation—which isn't saying much since Streep could star in the biography of a paper bag and still win an Oscar. #Queen

Instead, we see ~~Anna Wintour~~ Miranda Priestly through the doe eyes of Andrea “Andy” Sachs, who doesn't realize that perhaps *she* is the real antagonist of the novel. Through her own confession she has no clue about the company nor her potential boss when she takes on the role of Miranda's 2nd assistant, nor does she seem to really care. While her coworkers at *Runway* are said to be vapid and stuck up, they have a much better work ethic than the lazy Andy who complains about every part of her job (except all the perks, of which there are plenty). She is ungrateful for the experience and the contacts she gains while doing Miranda's errands, instead she focuses on moaning about having to actually earn her dues. I see her as an unreliable narrator since nearly all of her commentary comes from the place of entitlement.

Priestly is cast as the villain because she is difficult and demands efficiency, though one could argue that this book wouldn't be given nearly the mileage or popularity if the accusations hurled against her were by a male main character instead of speshul snowflake Andy. There is a trope in modern culture that women in leadership positions have to fight double standards for acting the same way as their male counterparts, and this is never touched upon in the novel. Can Miranda be cold and condescending at times? Yes, however it is important to understand how much she has accomplished, her worth to the magazine and the fashion world, and the respect she has garnered in the industry. She wouldn't have gotten where she was if she didn't have talent and gumption.

If there's an unlikeable character here, it's unappreciative Andy who doesn't like that she has to live outside the bubble she grew up in. While she keeps being reminded that hers is a job that “a million girls would die for” and that working for Miranda for a year would save her 3-5 years of experience elsewhere, she decides to blow up at her boss in the 11th hour. While the author was probably looking for the audience to cheer at the childish outburst of “Fuck you, Miranda. *Fuck you.*” (p. 342) and the resulting flouncing from Paris, I found this tantrum to be déclassé and further proof of Andy's wanton unprofessionalism.

Rebecca McNutt says

The Devil Wears Prada (I have yet to see the film adaptation), is a quite bizarre yet creative and comedic book that anyone who has ever worked a lousy job will be able to relate to.

Erica says

this book blows. it's poorly written, the author uses the same words over and over, characters just do things at

random and don't seem to have identifiable personalities of their own. if i was still in 5th grade and decided to write a book about working at a fashion magazine when i'm all grown up, this is what it would be like. i hate that the girl who wrote this is probably a millionaire. i'd like to hit her with a rock. as far as i can figure, it gets one star because she bothered to type it instead of giving it to us in the original crayon on big white pieces of paper format.

Belinda says

The only reason I waste words on this piece of trash is that it holds the distinction of being THE WORST BOOK I EVER READ. The title was held previously (for a good 15 years previously) by "The Bridges of Madison County," and it took some DOING to surpass that awfulness.

I could write for three days about how much I hated this book. I still can't believe I finished it, and the only explanation I have is that it was kind of like not being able to look away from a trainwreck. Actually, "trainwreck" is a compliment to this thing. It assumes that it was, at some point, on track.

Not so. Bleah.

Casey says

This book was terrible, and I'm someone who enjoys chick lit. The Devil Wears Prada is a roman-a-clef by Lauren Weisberger, a mediocre writer who takes herself too seriously. The plot is just a series of bad decisions made by the novel's unlikeable protagonist Andy Sachs, who thinks the best way to become a writer for the New Yorker is by becoming an assistant at a Vogue style magazine for a year. Andy spends most of the novel whining about her mundane entry-level job and stealing designer clothes from the sample room. As the story unfolds, it becomes apparent that the author has a worrying lack of knowledge about fashion, publishing, and human behavior in general.

Sure, it's a quick read, but there are better things you could do with your time. Like staring at the wall, or counting the dots on the ceiling.

Michelle says

A woman came up to me while I was reading this book and said, "Oh, how is that book? I've been meaning to read it." I answered, "Um, well, it's kind of fun." She raised her eyebrows at me. "I see." I added, "I wouldn't pay full price for it. I got it on sale for, like, a dollar." She nodded as she began to walk away, "Okay, I know what you're saying."

I can explain more if you still feel like reading this book. Honestly, I won't stop you from reading The Devil Wears Prada, I just don't suggest you push off absolutely everything else in order to do it. There are many, many more worthy books.

The main character, Andrea/Andy, is just really not likeable. I wish she was. I kept trying to see her point of view. But she really bothered me. She had a great opportunity to get into the publishing business, fashion

business, or whatever else. She just had to hold out for a year. Fine, she's getting four or five hours of sleep a night. I really don't care. Fine, her boss is ridiculous. But Andrea defiantly sighs at her to show her how she feels, which really, just makes her a big baby. I didn't like a lot of the people I worked for, but if you're a hardworker, you're not going to huff and puff to prove your point that all of this is beneath you. You're going to suck it up and do it. Andrea acts like the super expensive, fashionable clothes that everybody wears are ridiculous, and yes, she sells what she has at the end, but she also puts down Franco Sarto shoes and Ann Taylor (or was it Express?), which made Andy pretty hard to relate to since most people reading the book are probably wearing those things. She doesn't treat her best friend well the entire time, which okay, sometimes these things get left behind when you're busy, but come on, she was an alcoholic. Pull it together, Andy, and be a friend. And when she tells off Miranda at the end, God, I really think the author was going for that whole, Yeah, sock it to her, Andy! thing, but that's really not how I felt. I wanted to tell Andy to grow up. Wouldn't a decent person and adult have said, "Look, Miranda, my friend has been in an accident. I'm sorry if you want me to stay, but I have to go." Which, okay, that's not the best ending either, but really, don't bring up the whole friend in an accident thing, and then have Andy blow up and quit because she couldn't get Miranda's two kids some passports. (Yes, I understand that in the back of her head Andy was probably upset about her friend, but that really didn't come out at all.) There's a lot more to complain about, but really, do I have to say anything else?

Weak.
