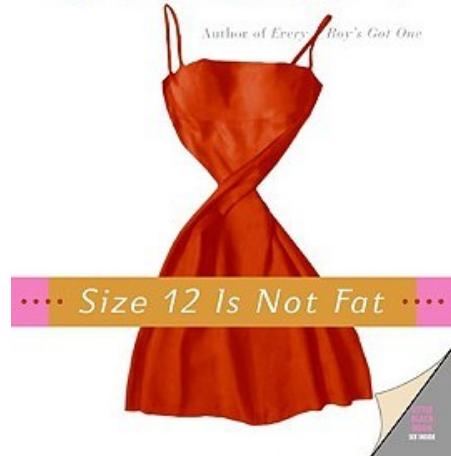


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Size 12 Is Not Fat

Meg Cabot

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Size 12 Is Not Fat

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Size 12 Is Not Fat Meg Cabot

The #1 New York Times bestselling author strikes gold once more with a new series featuring a pop star-turned-girl detective in a mystery that rocks.

Size 12 Is Not Fat Details

Date : Published December 27th 2005 by Turtleback Books

ISBN : 9781417729296

Author : Meg Cabot

Format : Hardcover 345 pages

Genre : Womens Fiction, Chick Lit, Mystery, Fiction, Romance, Contemporary

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Laure says

Sigh, I wish I could say better things about this book, but I feel I nearly wasted the few hours it took me to read it.

In a few words - the romance was extremely thin, not really any communication, fun/sexy dialogues or relationship with Mr Right.

And what about that silly murder inquiry? Implausible from the start.

I suppose the redeeming feature was to be the 'fun' and funny? situations and Heather's over the top and cute interior monologues. Well not for me. Actually Heather managed to get on my nerves quite a few times. I will not be reading number 2 in the series.

Marije says

Okay, let me summarize this book (style-spoiler, but I won't give away anything you couldn't guess after reading the back cover):

"I'm a size 12, which is, you know, the size of the average American woman. So I'm totally not fat or self-obsessed. I work in a dorm - I mean, residence hall. My boss is pretty and ambitious and thin, so she's a bitch. I used to be a teen-star but now I want to be a pre-med student even though I obviously have no clue what a medical profession would be like, only because the man I'm in love with likes smart women. I think the two girls who fell down the elevator shaft of de dorm - I mean, residence hall - are murdered because, you know, girls *don't* elevator surf. But mostly I think about Cooper (who is - Oh my god - hot and muscular) and obsess about what he thinks of me and also about my size which is not fat, which I have to tell the reader over and over. Totally not a marketing trick. But, um, you know, I have to find out who murdered these girls because the police won't listen to me. Well, okay, maybe they will, but still I have to risk my life to be saved by Cooper."

You know how revelling in annoyance can be a guilty pleasure? That is why I finished this book. It is really my own fault, because this book never pretended to be anything better than it is. It even has the words 'spunky girl detective!' on the cover! So, if that appeals to you, and you don't mind endless repetition of the same 'jokes': enjoy!

Shannon says

It held my attention to the point where I did want to find out who the killer was, but it was annoying as hell. My main issue was it felt like a YA novel (and it's not supposed to be).

-Pop culture references crammed into every possible space and most of the time completely irrelevant.

-Frequent phrases being thrown around. The title (Size 12 is Not Fat), the *constant* correction of 'dorm' to 'residence hall' (Heather Wells, the narrator, corrects herself AND everyone around her), and the fact she is

"too lazy" to shower so she always has to have a bath (IMO baths take way more time and effort than showers).

-The ending was weird. I liked that there was a twist, but I disliked where that twist ended up going. (I'd elaborate more but it leads to a major spoiler.)

-The hardcore crushing. It's not that crushes can't hit you hard in your mid-20s... it was just the way it was handled. **Every** time her crush says something to her, she bemoans the fact that he's not confessing his deep-seeded love for her (and it's pretty clear that he just considers her a friend).

It's not horrible, but it would have been a lot better had there been FAR less pop culture references, gotten rid of a lot of the crush dialogue, and about 100 pages shorter. I'll probably still read Meg Cabot, but not this series.

Krystal says

Meg Cabot has a fan base like no other, and it's really no wonder. All of her books are incredibly enjoyable so long as you're into chick lit and light reads.

Don't let the title of this one fool you. The idea that the title gave me and the actually content of the book didn't mesh at all. I wasn't disappointed by what I got, it was just different.

In my opinion, the plot lines of the Heather Wells Mystery books aren't all that riveting. But Meg Cabot knows exactly what she's doing with her characters. To me, the plot comes in second to the character development. I read the Heather Wells books because I love Heather Wells. Her mystery-solving doesn't really interest me at all, but SHE does. I keep coming back for more Heather Wells, and each time I just sort of giggle to myself over the plot, but by the end of each book I'm more in love with the characters than I have ever been before.

Kathi says

This book was one of the worst mysteries that I have ever read. I hate when mysteries make everyone else in the story so dumb that only the main character realizes that it was murder. Sorry, but any death in a residence hall is going to be given a full investigation, and if a second happens, it certainly won't be shrugged off.

I also found the main character, Heather to be whiny and very unsure of her self. While reading, I had to keep reminding myself that she was 28 since her action and thoughts seemed more to me like those of a much younger person.

The only thing I have to say good about it is that it was a quick read at least.

K. says

Trigger warnings: murder, some fat phobia.

3.5 stars.

I'd never read anything by Meg Cabot before, but I've been intrigued by this for a while now. And it was...pretty solid? I liked Heather as a character. I liked her investigating the crimes and interacting with Cooper and her being all "HEY, STOP CALLING ME FAT WHEN I'M THE SAME SIZE AS THE AVERAGE U.S. WOMAN". All of that was great.

That said, I could have done without all the insipid song lyrics at the start of each chapter. I could have done without every second character pointing out Heather's weight when, like, a size 12 honestly IS. NOT. FAT. (Yes, I know it's a US size 12 and not an Australian or UK size 12. Still not fat, yo.)

Am I interested enough to keep reading? Maybe. But, like, when I finish pretty much everything on my TBR.

Liisa says

If you're looking for a hardcore, edge-of-your-seat thriller, this *isn't* the book for you. However if you are looking for an entertaining read with a hint of mystery, I recommend "**Size 12 is Not Fat**" by *Meg Cabot*.

The downside to "**Size 12 is Not Fat**" is that it took considerable time to get into the story and I did guess the culprit very early on however the positives include very likeable characters and an amusing and entertaining read.

I liked it enough to decide to read the next in the series, "*Size 14 is Not Fat Either*".

Bark says

This is a cute chick-lit book with a side of mystery. Heather is a former pop singer who caught her fiance with another woman and whose mom ran off with her small fortune. She's now working as an assistant director at a residence hall at a college and is doing her best to leave her past behind her. I really enjoyed the fact that this girl isn't a whiner like so many chick lit princesses and is getting on with her life on her own terms. She's no longer a skinny young pop star and is living in a rented brownstone owned by her former fiance's gorgeous brother who dates size 2's and whom she has a hopeless crush on. When two female students die under mysterious circumstances in an elevator shaft, Heather is frustrated at the lack of the police action and takes matters into her own hands and starts snooping around putting her life in jeopardy as well.

This book is very much a fluff filled confection with a little side of mystery thrown in but the likable heroine makes it easy to turn the pages and I'll probably read the second book in the series if it falls into my hands.

Obsidian says

One of the commenters on my updates nailed it perfectly for why I really didn't care for this book. The

character of Heather is not likable really in this one for me. We find out that the main reason she decides to take the job she does is to go to school (for free) to get a degree to make her more appealing to a man. And she's trying to prove how smart and capable she is to get this same man to fall in love with her like she is with him (this is her ex's brother). We also don't find out much about her backstory and instead choose to focus on her crush on her ex's brother and her justifying everything that she eats by saying size 12 is not fat. I mean that line must have been said almost 100 times during the course of this book.

I now recall why I could not get through this book the first time my friend gave this to me as a gift. The book does not do a good job of developing secondary characters besides Cooper (her ex's brother and P.I.) and the why behind the murders was pretty awful. And I have to say that Heather drove me nuts because her investigation skills were hilariously bad.

Heather is an ex-teen singing sensation who is now broke living with Cooper (her ex's brother) and working as an assistant dorm director at a college in New York. We find out slowly (seriously) that Heather is broke because her mom ran off with her money, that her label dropped her when she insisted on singing her own songs, and that her ex fiancee who is currently part of a boy band or former boy band (I could not keep that one straight) is still trying to force a continuation of their relationship. Between this and the murder mystery aspect it was just too much for the first book in the series.

The writing got old quick. Heather's constant comments about being a size 12 is not fat was headache inducing after a while. That and her describing Cooper, his leather jacket, what someone else looked like and her thinking if they were either too thin or her size. Apparently size 10s don't exist in this world or size 8s either. You are either a size 0, too skinny, or 12.

The flow of the book was terrible. We either have Heather investigating (quotes) obsessing about Cooper, obsessing about her ex, obsessing about her size, or trying to hide from her past in this one.

The setting of New York actually worked in this one very well. I got a good sense of where Heather lived and the dorm.

The ending was a bit of a mess actually. The reveal behind who dun it was all kinds of gross, and honestly I was thinking it may be this person due to process of elimination anyway.

I read this for the Twelve Tasks of the Festive Season: Task the Fourth: The Gift Card.

Lianne says

I thought this was pretty typical chick lit, albeit of the mystery variety. It was light, entertaining and didn't require much thinking, which is why I chose it, so no complaints there. I was, however, annoyed by the heroine, Heather Wells, on more than one occasion. Although she saved the day at the end (of course), I found her to be often whiny and passive about everything but solving the mystery. The writing style bothered me sometimes, too - the "size 12 is NOT fat" tagline was used over and over again, and the "dorm, I mean residence hall" line made me want to tear my hair out by the end. I'm on the fence about reading the next one in the series. We'll see!

Elizabeth says

I read the first two chapters and realised this was a book that would constantly hit me over the head with the pitiful woes of a 28 year-old woman who peaked early and is desperately trying to persuade herself into thinking she's okay with that.

(I guess the title should have been warning enough. You don't have to convince *me* that a size 12 isn't fat, Heather [Meg] - maybe check in with yourself.)

Sara (sarawithoutanH) says

Okay, so I don't think everyone would enjoy this book. It's the epitome of chick lit. I like to think of it as Veronica Mars meets Bridget Jones. Our main character is very chatty and the writing style is conversational. The jokes are very repetitive and the mystery is easy to figure out but I had a fun time reading this. I'm sure I enjoyed this mostly because it's a book I read in high school and it made me feel very nostalgic.

Chelsea (chelseadolling reads) says

Yet another re-read! I'm a re-reading machine this month. Also, Meg Cabot is love Meg Cabot is life. I would read her grocery lists and love them.

Rachel Reads Ravenously says

A cute mystery book about a former pop star who becomes the assistant resident advisor to a -dormitory excuse me, residence hall. When her residents turn up dead in bizarre elevator accidents, she takes it upon herself to investigate when the police don't.

Has the Meg Cabot flair we all loved. Great beach read. Got a 3 because it was cute and I liked it but I didn't love it/wouldn't reread it.

Definitely want to see more of Cooper in the other books.

Marianne says

This book deserved 2.5 stars really. I liked it ok, but not much more than that. The character was cute but a lot of the writing was very simple. I got really tired of the author using the same expressions all the time ("haven't I seen you before?" and "I know because I read it in a People magazine") I got so tired of them that I almost stopped reading. The storyline is cute and there is a little romance thrown in so it was a great read after a heavier memoir.

Total fluff but a fun read nonetheless.

Rebecca McNutt says

The music industry is *really* ruthless if this book is anything to go by, if they judge people for being overweight rather than the quality of their singing. Oh, humanity. -_-

Anyway, this book is alright, probably not a book that I would personally read again but I liked the main character's resilience and determination, and the descriptive setting.

Leila says

I decided I wanted to see how Meg Cabot writes for adults, since I like the Princess Diaries so much. And, honestly, what red-blooded American woman wouldn't be drawn in by the title of this book? Size 12 is indeed NOT FAT. So there.

The mystery side of the story is compelling--and a little hard to figure out, I must admit. Heather's love for Cooper is sort of over-the-top (given she just broke up with his brother four months ago!)--and icky. But I enjoyed Heather's spunkiness, and am willing to forgive some of the repetitiveness of certain points: yes, I know you like DoveBars. And Mochas. And think Cooper is hot. And you love your dog. Gotcha.

I have recommended this book to many people, though, so I must have gotten something out of it.

Eshusdaughter says

I had high hopes for this book. Maybe that's the problem. If I'd gone in expecting it to suck, I'd have been mildly pleased that it wasn't a complete waste of paper. Instead I went in expecting the kick-butt characters, fast pace and intriguing story that have characterized several of Cabot's other series. Sadly the first Heather Wells mystery falls far short on all three.

Heather is a 28-year-old washed-up teen pop-star who used to fill malls with screaming pre-teens and now is assistant director at a college dorm. Girls start ending up dead in Heather's dorm and she just knows it's murder and won't rest until she finds the killer.

There are so many bad things about this book. Let's revert to bullet form so they go faster, shall we?

*Heather comes across as closer to 18 than 28; her speech, mannerisms, inner-thoughts and overall character scream teenager, not adult.

*There are some continuity issues here. She was a popular star at 15. She keeps going on about how all she ever was is a teen-pop star. She's called a one-hit wonder at one point in the book. And yet, according to her age she'd have had a 13-year music career and just gave it up a couple months prior to the novel's start. Erm. Okay. And in that time she released several records. Things just don't jive at all.

*Total pre-occupation with food. OMG. Does anyone obsess over food that much? There's something about food and snacks on almost every page! The worst is when Heather is in a situation where she knows she's about to die any second and suddenly she's thinking how good a can of pringles sounds. WTF?

*The whole size-12-is-not-fat thing, yeah that's a running sentence throughout the book. It comes up almost as much as the food thing. It would have been better as a single line and a running, subtle theme.

*The villian does the whole cliched villian soliloquy thing. And, worse, starts telling blonde jokes. Seriously. Villian is about to bash in a head and is telling a blonde joke. It's very, very left field, trust me.

*The pace is slow and jerky at times.

*Heather's inner monologue makes her seem like a complete airhead. Oh and her total and complete obsession with her male roomate? Don't need to be bashed over the head with that twenty billion times, thanks. I was going to scream if I had to read about Heather wanting to rip Cooper's clothes off with her teeth again.

*Heather's career and life goals are totally based on wanting Cooper to fall in love with her. She has no aspirations, beyond her music, that are totally her own. Worse that is a theme in this book repeated by other characters. Geeze, welcome to the 21st century - women can have a life outside of guys! It's just disgusting how sycophantic Heather and one of the other main character's are. Ugh!

This rant could go on, but I'll stop here. I will NOT be reading the second book.

Summer says

I thought *Size 12 Is Not Fat* was pretty cute. It had lot of the usual humor you expect from a Meg Cabot book. *Size 12* is about former teen pop star, Heather Wells, several years after her fame has gone away. Years ago her mother ran off with her money and her agent to another country. On top of that she found her fellow pop star boyfriend cheating on her. Since then she's had to find her own way in the world since her life as a teen star is over. She's decided to make something of her life and by chance gets a job working as an assistant for a residence hall at a college. When suddenly several girls are found dead in the elevator shaft, everyone thinks it was just a tragic case of elevator surfing. But Heather knows that girls do not elevator surf and takes up upon herself to find out what's really going on.

I expected *Size 12* to just be some fun, light fluff and that's exactly what it was. It's part chick-lit part light mystery. The only real complaint I had about it was when the big confrontation with the murderer happened it was like 3-4 pages of the killer having their big monologue about why they did it and why they now have to kill Heather that I thought was kinda ridiculous. But it's just a minor complaint, and definitely look forward to the next in the series.

Lynn Aoude says

I'm not even going to dignify this book by a rating. It was one of the worst books I've ever read and I couldn't even finish it. Heather's character is a complete "airhead blonde". She tries to play at being detective. But oh boy!! I felt the need to strangle her throughout the whole portion of the book that I've actually managed to read. Her character is so one dimensional that it's bordering on pathetic. And oh my God!!! What's with all the ramblings. I found myself skimming through passages and passages that are only expressing her thoughts just so I don't shoot myself. Aside from that, on the romantic side, even though she's in her late twenties, she acts like a fifteen year old with a first crush what with all her obsession with Cooper, her ex-fiance's brother. As for the plot, needless to say that it's not the most original or the most exciting story out there.

Recommendation : DO NOT PICK UP THIS BOOK UNLESS YOU'RE DESPERATE FOR SOME READING MATERIAL AND YOU'VE EXHAUSTED ALL OTHER OPTIONS

