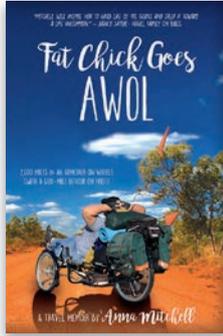




Reviews...



FAT CHICK GOES AWOL

Anna Mitchell

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Paperback, 332pp

www.fatchickgoesawol.com

www.facebook.com/fatchickgoesawol

REVIEW BY LYNDA WILSON

A rip-roaring true blue Aussie yarn about one girl's journey to do just what she pleases, irrespective of expectations or boundaries. And like any adventurer, she learns along the way and adapts accordingly.

This is a book that seems to be in no way related to building... however, the get-up-and-go attitude of the author, Anna Mitchell, is inspiring for any venture you plan to undertake, including becoming an owner builder. If nothing else, you'll have a damn good belly laugh!

I really can't do this book any more justice than to include the prologue written by Anna. So, how about you just read it anyway?

'Fat Chick Goes AWOL' was awarded a Bronze Medal for Best First Book in the 2017 Independent Publisher Book Awards.



A reformed systems accountant, Anna Mitchell now lives in a caravan in a paddock, in advance of building a Tiny House, exploring what can be done for free with upcycling of other people's rubbish. This includes filling her own – and other people's – fridge and pantry with free food from the dumpsters of Melbourne.

Prologue: In the beginning, there was a fat chick

Once upon a time in the far, far west of the land that time forgot, in a little apartment in the inner city, there lived a Fat Chick and her two fluffy cats.

Fat Chick spent all of her spare time lazing about in an armchair. It was a comfortable armchair, and she loved to laze about in it. It was just as well she loved that armchair, because the three-seater sofa was taken up by the two cats, and they showed no signs of ever giving it back.

One day as she lazed about, munching on her favourite junk foods and reading yet another adventure travel book, Fat Chick decided she too was going to have adventures. She was going to cycle, hike and paddle around the entire world.

Then she remembered The Rules.

THE RULES FOR FAT CHICKS:

FAT CHICKS DON'T CYCLE.

FAT CHICKS DON'T HIKE.

FAT CHICKS DON'T PADDLE.

She thought about The Rules.

She thought about The Rules some more.

She drank a litre of Coke, and thought about The Rules some more.

She ate a tub of ice cream, and thought about The Rules even more.

She slowly worked her way through all the junk food in the apartment, all the while thinking lo-o-o-ong and ha-a-a-ard about a-a-a-all those Rules.

Finally she tossed the empty bucket of fried chicken into the bin and said to the walls:

'F**k it, I'm gonna do it anyway.'

The two cats breathed a sigh of relief. They were the only things left in the house to eat.

You can download a sample of the book from the website. The book is available as paperback or e-book, through Anna Mitchell's website (Australian shipping only) or Amazon.