

I had very low expectations for this book. I read the synopsis and thought "oh bugger - this sounds like Chick-Lit" (endearingly and more appropriately named "Sh!t Lit" by yours truly). And in a way, it was. But saying Big Little Lies is Chick-Lit is as much of a mistake as saying the movie Mean Girls (a comedy masterpiece) is a "film for girls".

The book was an absolute joy - not in terms of the content though. No, the content is daaaaaaark. And the scariest thing is that the dark plots of the novel aren't monsters Stephen King's Cujo or Pennywise the Clown - the horror in this book is the people themselves. The people and their situations. The three leading ladies all face difficulty in their own way (possibly Madeline less than Celeste and Jane) and the issues they face are those of the real world: domestic violence, bullying, the threat of technology and even the minefield of temperamental adolescence. The ladies are all flawed, all wonderful and i adored reading about their (vastly complicated) lives. The book is very much like an Australian version of the wonderful tv show 'Desperate Housewives' (again, of which i am a fan!). Spouses cheat, kids misbehave and we cheer and ask for more - humanity is a race of voyeurs! I adored the book, even the ending. But i can completely understand if someone does not. The ending wraps up each individual plot well....but possibly too neatly for some people. Not me. The best novels are grounded in reality and even in real life, the "baddies" don't always win. Sometimes there IS justice. **** out of *****.