



## Walking Disaster

*Jamie McGuire*

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**Walking Disaster** Jamie McGuire

*Can you love someone too much?*

Travis Maddox learned two things from his mother before she died: Love hard. Fight harder.

In *Walking Disaster*, the life of Travis is full of fast women, underground gambling, and violence. But just when he thinks he is invincible, Abby Abernathy brings him to his knees.

Every story has two sides. In *Beautiful Disaster*, Abby had her say. Now it's time to see the story through Travis's eyes.

## Walking Disaster Details

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Author : Jamie McGuire

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## From Reader Review Walking Disaster for online ebook

**Christy says**

**5 Stars <3**

??I'm going to start right off and say... If you loved Beautiful Disaster, you will love this! If you didn't love Beautiful Disaster (depending on the reason) you still may love this! Being in Travis's head was way better than Abby's :D

My Travis and Abby

*"You're not her type"*  
*? "I'm everyone's type!"*

*"It just sucks that I finally found the girl worth having and she's too good for me."*

It was great to see Travis's pov! Now, I have a lot of book boyfriends, I'll be the first to admit it. But Travis has been towards the top of the list since I read BD around a year ago! I just love him!!! He is still as lovable as ever, bad ass tattoo'd fighter with a good heart! <3

I know April 2nd can't come fast enough... but know this- you won't be disappointed!

*"You can't tell me what to do anymore, Travis! I don't belong to you!"*  
*? "Well I belong to you!"*

Full review to come after release date... but one of the best parts of this book- There is an epilogue! A good one that takes place years after BD ends!!! (view spoiler)

*\*\*Thanks to NetGalley for ARC as an exchange for a honest review\*\**

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**Allana Kephart says**

[image error]

**Akanksha♥ Søren? says**

**ME ^ when I got the Walking Disaster ARC**

~~~~~

**ME ^ while reading Walking Disaster**

~~~~~

**Writing my review, exams just got over :P**

*Thank you Netgalley for the ARC~*

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**WOW.. The UK cover is just BLOWN!!**

**So is the US one!!**

~~~~~

OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG

**Trent, Thomas, Taylor and Tyler get their own books AND.. \*ta ta ta ta\* Abby and Travis will have cameos in those books.. \*Squeeeeeeee\***

—  
Cover >> ♥\_♥

2nd April 2013, COME QUICK!!! I need me some fucking Travis!!! :D

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**I would always play, and I would always fight.**

**Hard.** - Travis♥

I have never sobbed so much just by reading a prologue! :(  
Prologue

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Cant wait for this book, so till then I am going to be reading 'Beautiful Disasters' over and over again until I know what content is what which page and which chapter.

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**Travis Is Coming bitchesssssssssssss!!!**

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Snippets!!

**One last teaser from Walking Disaster...**

*Shepley jogged around the front of the Charger, and then slid into the driver's seat. "I'm still taking the official position that this is a bad idea."*

*"Noted."*

*"Then where?"*

*"Steiner's."*

*"The jewelry store?"*

*"Yep."*

*"Why, Travis?" Shepley said, his voice more stern than before.*

*"You'll see."*

*He shook his head. "Are you trying to run her off?"*

*"It's going to happen, Shep. I just want to have it. For when the time is right."*

*"No time any time soon is right. I am so in love with America that it drives me crazy sometimes, but we're not old enough for that shit, yet, Travis. And ... what if she says no?"*

*My teeth clenched at the thought. "I won't ask her until I know she's ready."*

*Shepley's mouth pulled to the side. "Just when I think you can't get any more insane, you do something else to remind me that you are far beyond bat shit crazy."*

*"Wait until you see the rock I'm getting."*

*Shepley craned his neck slowly in my direction. "You've already been over there shopping, haven't you?" I smiled.*

**I.Want.Me.A.Travis.** \*sobs\*

**From Chapter 2**

*"What are you doing?" Shepley said. He stood in the middle of the room, a pair of sneakers in one hand, a dirty pair of underwear in the other.*

*"Uh, cleaning?" I said, shoving shot glasses into the dishwasher.*

*"I see that. But...why?"*

*I smiled, my back turned to Shepley. He was going to kick my ass. "I'm expecting company."*

*"So?"*

*"The pigeon."*

*"Huh?"*

*"Abby, Shep. I invited Abby."*

*"Dude, no. No! Don't fuck this up for me, man. Please don't."*

*I turned, crossing my arms across my chest. "I tried, Shep. I did. But, I don't know." I shrugged. "There's something about her. I couldn't help myself."*

Shepley's jaw worked under his skin, and then he stomped into his room, slamming the door behind him. I finished loading the dishwasher, and then circled the couch to make sure I hadn't missed any visible empty condom wrappers. That was never fun to explain.

The fact that I had bagged nearly every beautiful co-ed at Eastern was no secret, but I didn't see a reason to remind them when they came to my apartment. It was all about presentation.

Pigeon, though. It would take far more than a good presentation to bag her on my couch. At this point I was taking it one step at a time. If I focused on the end result, I could easily fuck it up. She noticed things. She was farther from naive than I was; light years away. This operation was nothing less than precarious. I was in my bedroom sorting dirty laundry when I heard the front door open. Shepley usually listened for America's car to pull in so he could greet her at the door.

Pussy.

Murmuring, and then the closing of Shepley's door was my signal. I walked into the front room, and there she sat: Glasses, her hair piled on top of her head, and what might have been pajamas. I wouldn't have been surprised if they'd been molding in the bottom of her laundry hamper.

It was so hard not to bust into laughter. Never once had a female come to my apartment dressed like that. My front door had seen jean skirts, dresses, even a see-through tube dress over a string bikini. A handful of times, spackled-on makeup and glitter lotion. Never pajamas.

Her appearance immediately answered why she'd so easily agreed to come over. She was going to try to nauseate me into leaving her alone. If she didn't look absolutely sexy like that, it might have worked, but her skin was impeccable, and the lack of makeup and the frames of her glasses just made her eye color stand out even more.

"It's about time you showed up," I said, falling onto my couch.

At first she seemed proud of her idea, but as we talked and I remained impervious, it was clear that she knew her plan had failed. The less she smiled, the more I had to stop myself from grinning ear to ear. She was so much fun. I just couldn't get over it.

Shepley and America joined us again. Abby was flustered, and I was damn near lightheaded. She went from doubting the fact that I could write a simple paper to questioning my penchant for fighting. I kind of liked talking to her about normal stuff, preferable to the awkward task of asking her to leave once I bagged her. She didn't understand me, and kind of wanted to, even though I seemed to piss her off.

"What are you...the Karate Kid? Where did you learn to fight?"

Shepley and America seemed to be embarrassed for Abby. I don't know why; I sure as hell didn't mind. Just because I didn't talk about my childhood much didn't mean I was ashamed.

"I had a dad with a drinking problem and a bad temper, and four older brothers that carried the asshole gene."

"Oh," she said simply. Her cheeks turned red, and at that moment, I felt a twinge in my chest. I wasn't sure what it was, but it bugged me. I immediately tried to make her feel better. "Don't be embarrassed, Pidge. Dad quit drinking. The brothers grew up."

"I'm not embarrassed." Her body language was opposite her words. I struggled to think of something to change the subject, and then mentioning her sexy, frumpy look came to mind. Her embarrassment was immediately replaced by irritation, something I was far more comfortable with.

America suggested watching TV, but the last thing I wanted to do was to be in a room with Abby, unable to talk to her. I stood. "You hungry, Pidge?"

"I already ate."

America's eyebrows pulled in. "No, you haven't. Oh...er...that's right. I forgot. You grabbed a...pizza? Before we left."

Abby was embarrassed again, but anger quickly covered it.

I opened the door, trying to keep my voice casual. I'd never been so eager to get a girl alone—especially to not have sex with her. "C'mon. You've gotta be hungry."

Her shoulders relaxed a bit. "Where are you going?"

"Wherever you want. We can hit a pizza place." I inwardly cringed. That might have been too eager.

She looked down at her sweat pants. "I'm not really dressed."

I grinned. She had no idea how beautiful she was. That made her even more appealing. "You look fine. Let's

go, I'm starvin'."

Once she was on the back of my Harley, I could finally think straight again. My thoughts were usually more relaxed on the bike. Abby's legs had my hips in a vice grip, but that was oddly relaxing, too. Almost a relief. The weird urge I felt around her was disorienting. I didn't like it, but then again, it reminded me that she was around, so it was as comforting as it was unsettling. I decided to get my shit together. Abby might be a pigeon, but she was just a fucking girl. No need to get my boxer briefs in a bunch.

Besides, there was something under the good girl facade. She hated me on sight because she'd been burned by someone like me before. No way was she a slut, though. Not even a reformed slut. I could spot them a mile away. My game face slowly melted away. I'd finally found a girl that was interesting enough to get to know, and a version of me had already hurt her.

I barely knew the girl, and the thought of some jackhole hurting Pidge infuriated me. Abby associating me with someone that would hurt her was even worse. I gunned the throttle as I pulled into the Pizza Shack. That ride wasn't long enough to sort out the clusterfuck in my head.

I wasn't even thinking about my speed, so when Abby jumped off my bike and started to yell, I couldn't help but laugh.

"I went the speed limit."

"Yeah, if we were on the Autobahn!" She ripped the wild bun down and then brushed her long hair with her fingers.

I couldn't stop staring while she re-wrapped the long, caramel strands, and then tied them back again. I imagined that was how she looked first thing in the morning, and then had to refer to the first ten minutes of Saving Private Ryan to keep my dick from getting hard. Blood. Screaming. Visible intestines. Grenades. Gunfire. More blood.

I held the door open. "I wouldn't let anything happen to you, Pigeon."

**She angrily stomped past me and into the restaurant, ignoring my gesture. It was a damn shame; she was the first girl that I had ever wanted to open the door for. I'd been looking forward to that moment, and she didn't even notice.** \*sobs\*

## Chapter 8

Shepley walked out of his bedroom pulling a T-shirt over his head. His eyebrows pushed together. "Did they just leave?"

"Yeah," I said absently, rinsing my cereal bowl and dumping Abby's leftover oatmeal in the sink. She'd barely touched it.

"Well, what the hell? Mare didn't even say goodbye."

"You knew she was going to class. Quit being a cry baby."

Shepley pointed to his chest. "I'm the cry baby? Do you remember last night?"

"Shut up."

"That's what I thought." He sat on the couch and slipped on his sneakers. "Did you ask Abby about her birthday?"

"She didn't say much, except that she's not into birthdays."

"So what are we doing?"

"Throwing her a party." Shepley nodded, waiting for me to explain. "I thought we'd surprise her. Invite some of our friends over and have America take her out for a while."

Shepley put on his white ball cap, pulling it down so low over his brows I couldn't see his eyes. "She can manage that. Anything else?"

"How do you feel about a puppy?"

Shepley laughed once. "It's not my birthday, bro."

I walked around the breakfast bar and leaned my hip against the stool. "I know, but she lives in the dorms. She can't have a puppy."

"Keep it here? Seriously? What are we going to do with a dog?"

"I found a Cairn Terrier online. It's perfect."

"A what?"

"Pidge is from Kansas. It's the same kind of dog Dorothy had in the Wizard of Oz."

Shepley's face was blank. "The Wizard of Oz."  
"What? I liked the scarecrow when I was a little kid, shut the fuck up."  
"It's going to crap every where, Travis. It'll bark and whine and ... I don't know."  
"So does America ... minus the crapping."  
Shepley wasn't amused.  
"I'll take it out and clean up after it. I'll keep it in my room. You won't even know it's here."  
"You can't keep it from barking."  
"Think about it. You gotta admit it'll win her over."  
Shepley smiled. "Is that what this is all about? You're trying to win over Abby?"  
My brows pulled together. "Quit it."  
His smile widened. "You can get the damn dog..."  
I grinned with victory.  
"...if you admit you have feelings for Abby."  
I frowned in defeat. "C'mon, man!"  
"Admit it," Shepley said, crossing his arms. What a tool. He was actually going to make me say it.  
I looked to the floor, and everywhere else except Shepley's smug ass smile. I fought it for a while, but the puppy was fucking brilliant. Abby would flip out (in a good way for once), and I could keep it at the apartment. She'd want to be there every day.  
"I like her," I said through my teeth.  
Shepley held his hand to his ear. "What? I couldn't quite hear you."  
"You're an asshole! Did you hear that?"  
Shepley crossed his arms. "Say it."  
"I like her, okay?"  
"Not good enough."  
"I have feelings for her. I care about her. A lot. I can't stand it when she's not around. Happy?"  
"For now," he said, grabbing his backpack off the floor.

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## Jude says

NO SPOILERS for anyone who hasn't read *Beautiful Disaster* yet, and if you are thinking of starting this series, even if they are both sort of the same, I do recommend you start with *Beautiful Disaster* first :)

My Review of *Beautiful Disaster* can be found here.

## This is a dysfunctional Romance.

And just like in my review of *Beautiful Disaster* , I will quote Deb Caletti

*"Love at first sight should send you running, if you know what's good for you. It's your dark pieces having instant recognition with their dark pieces. You're an idiot if you think it means you've met your soul mate."*  
-Stay by Deb Caletti.

This happens to so so many people, to many us and we do not even realize it. For example, someone who had an alcoholic parent and swears they will never be caught up with someone like that, only to grow up and marry and alcoholic – it happens.

## Let's think of *Twilight* for a moment.

I hate using *Twilight* for this example -Many people loved that story (me included). Why? It's not a healthy relationship, Edward is a manipulative and extremely old person, and that's reason enough for it being bad;

BUT still, many people loved it and it is a good love story. It shows that no matter how many obstacles you face love triumphs in the end.

### **Now, what does this have to do with *Walking Disaster* or Travis?**

Edward and Travis are complete opposites. Edward is this good and nice old school guy, he doesn't sleep around with a bunch of girls, he wants to protect Bella's virtue, he's beautiful and simply put: perfect. Travis, on the other hand, is completely tattooed (which is not a bad thing, but in the eyes of our society these days, it isn't exactly the best thing) he's messy, temperamental, sleeps around with many girls and most definitely wants to be with Abby. They're opposites, and the same goes with Bella and Abby, not much in common.

### **So... what was the point of this?**

The one thing both stories seem to have in common: Both argue that true love is the one thing that matters and that it exists. That even if you are a hundred freaking years old or you're a crazy mess that seems to be way beyond repair, or you have a troubled past or you're an awkward plain and boring mess; there is still someone out there to love you, you still get a shot at that happy ending – or never ending, in *Twilight's* case.

Abby and Travis are a *disaster*, both separately and together- and yes I know everyone keeps emphasizing this, and that it is the title, but it's the truth. This is what we all want, not exactly the disaster thing, but what I believe we all want, deep at heart, is to know that no matter how flawed we are or how hopeless and disastrous we can be, we can still find someone to love us. And sometimes that means that the other person will be just as much of a disaster or more, maybe if we're lucky that will not be the case. The one goal is to try and be better, try to become the best version of ourselves, be as good as we can be, become Beautiful.

### **This is why I think the stories are so popular.**

I don't think they are a good example to follow, or that their relationship is good. But it's a fun, intense, passionate, addictive and entertaining love story.

### **Now let's talk about Travis's Point of View.**

This book was a really interesting and refreshing experience for me. I have re-read books before, but never fully and completely, I usually skim the pages and focus on my favorite parts. I have also read sequels where the book is now told from the guy's point of view, but they usually are a continuation to the story, not the exact same one but with a different POV. *Walking Disaster* was really the same as *Beautiful Disaster*, but with Travis's thoughts and showing what he did or where he went when he wasn't with Abby, and it was great. I loved it, I also re-read *Beautiful Disaster* at the same time, so comparing them and looking at both their thoughts was fascinating, plus, it seems like Jamie McGuire already had in mind to make Travis's book when she originally wrote *Beautiful Disaster*, it just all connected perfectly, and not once did it feel forced. I don't really know if those were her intentions from the beginning, but it was all just done really well. Bonus points for that.

### **Oh and... I sort of ~~hated~~ really disliked Abby in this book?**

Travis's point of view was a little bit difficult to read. From *Beautiful Disaster* I knew Abby was really bitchy and stubborn and also very irrational at times, but it was easy to follow her, especially knowing that Travis would do anything for her. In *Walking Disaster* you can see how it all hurts Travis and I really, honestly could not help but wish that he would leave her alone because Abby was not good for *him*. And really neither was him for her. I basically wanted them to break up. I really *really* wanted them to break up.

But the ending had already been written before, so there wasn't much to be done there, I just got a little bit frustrated.

All in all it was a good book, and I definitely recommend it to anyone that enjoyed *Beautiful Disaster*, it

really helps you understand Travis and see this love story from a new perspective :)

\*\*\*\*\*

(This part was written when Walking Disaster had first been announced)

**\*Cover Update!\***

That cover!

This book!!!

Wait - 2013? **2013!!!!!!!!!!** what is wrong with you people!?!

I need this Right NOW!

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### **Stacia (the 2010 club) says**

The was time I head want really the I and seriously only couch angry one thing don't sigh bad can't he this who bribe dumb like thought get wasn't about this believe was how even had my this to that me pretty angry be Travis book a shown I made is pointless stake to was wasted effing that as portrayed my head attempt nothing being ridiculous time as new at started and happened when somehow raging on skimmed trying and you not to that the make time the hurts what more as stupid think second money the rehash bad kitchen pointless about half hell was epilogue boring noise horny it back.

Fin.

---

### **Ava says**

*This review contains **unmarked** spoilers.*

Can you despise a book but still enjoy reading it?

That's a question I've often asked myself while reading Jamie McGuire's two DISASTER books, because while I spend most of my time wanting to throw them off cliffs, they're also very readable and engrossing. It's not quite a train wreck that you can't look away from - more like staring at a naked man peeing in a plaza fountain.

Wait, that's not particularly enjoyable.

Actually, ignore that. I'm drunk. A little. Not really. Not at all. ~~I've just had a rough fucking week, okay?~~

McGuire isn't going to win any awards for her gorgeous writing style; that's for sure. It's really quite meh; on a scale of E.L. James to Laini Taylor. There's not a lot to say about it, besides being endlessly average.

WALKING DISASTER is angst. Really. The whole story is just a bunch of angst and slut-shaming and bagging vultures. Oh, I should probably explain. Travis calls every woman (except for Abby) who shows an interest in him a vulture, and instead of saying "we had sex" or "we banged" or even "we fucked", he goes for the charming "I bagged her". I mean, there's also the *I-murdered-her-and-stuck-her-in-a-body-bag* kind of bagged, but I really wouldn't put it past him.

If you want a short version of WALKING DISASTER, here it is: Travis wants to sleep with Abby. Abby says no. Abby sleeps in Travis's bed and does a bunch of questionable things that make Travis think they're more than friends, but no. Abby goes out with a guy named Parker sometimes. Travis beats the shit out of people. Angst. Angst. Angst. They get together. They break up. Travis bangs and throws out women like trash. Wash, rinse, repeat. Gangsters and Vegas and tattoos and really unrealistic fighting. Babies and a stupid ending.

The story of Travis and Abby is one of complete and utter chaos. At times, Abby could be a strong, likable female character who wouldn't take any shit from Travis. But more often, she submitted to Travis' controlling demands and partook in the slut-shaming of the very women she had often defended. I felt like McGuire couldn't get a grip on Abby; her personalities and actions were so different. I had a hard time believing it was all the same character. She's pretty much the definition of hot-and-cold.

If I ever had the chance to speak to Travis - to tell him only one sentence - it'd be kind of obvious, seeing as my hatred for him knows no bounds.

~~Okay, I know Petyr Baelish probably isn't the best person to tell someone to go fuck themselves, but give me a break.~~

Travis is literally one of the worst male characters I've ever encountered in all my years of reading. Actually, he's probably in the top five. I genuinely cannot understand how anyone could have an ounce of respect, admiration, or love for this violent, awful misogynist. He has no sense of self-control or humiliation, and someone needs to SIT HIM THE FUCK DOWN AND TELL HIM TO GET OFF HIS HIGH HORSE. He tore apart an entire bedroom, smashed furniture - just because Abby had left without telling him.

Travis is a fucking psychopath. A PSYCHOPATH, NOT A HIGH-FUNCTIONING SOCIOPATH.

He treats everyone - even the people he supposedly respects - horribly, and he's more of a mother to Abby than a boyfriend.

Abby, you can't wear that.

Abby, you can't do that.

Abby, you can't *be a fucking person and stand up for yourself*.

I was convinced that by the end of WALKING DISASTER, he would've went to the veterinarian and gotten Abby a microchip so he could always find her if she ran away. He reduced her to his pet.

By the way, since when does the FBI recruit unstable, uncontrollable, dangerous men?

~~Answer: since Will Graham but please just ignore that part he's my baby and he needs love and medical care and teddy bears~~

I'm talking about *Travis*. Travis begins working for the FBI. It's funny, I think, because in a lot of new adult books I read, the main characters end up successful from careers that are not suited for them at all. Kind of a "fuck it, let's make the male love interest into a gang-busting government worker!" for NO REASON AT ALL.

I don't think there is a single character in WALKING DISASTER that I enjoyed completely. Hell, the only person I didn't want to strangle was . . . oh, wait.

No one.

America, Abby's best friend, could be really smart at times (like when she slapped some common sense into Abby and told her to stay away from Travis) but she also shipped them and encouraged them to get back together, even after witnessing all the shit Travis had put Abby through. Her boyfriend, Shepley, Travis' cousin, is also annoying as hell. Even Parker, supposedly the 'nice guy' and Abby's boyfriend, was a disrespectful asshole at times. To be fair, I'd take Parker over Travis any day, but still.

I can count, with one hand, the amount of women who weren't 'sluts', 'whores', 'vultures', or 'skanks' by the definitions of every fucking person in this book. With the exception of Travis' mother in the beginning, and Kara, Abby's other roommate, every woman in WALKING DISASTER was sexualized. Not even Travis' bartender friend, who he had no desire to sleep with, was safe from his frat brother's attentions.

So, basically, this book was shit and if I write any more, I'm going to get incredibly frustrated and end up breaking someone's face. This whole book felt like it was McGuire's subtle-but-not-subtle-enough response to her critics, defending every negative thing we had to say.

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## Cynthia says

*edited 10/4*

*Looking back at my notes without the haze of rage, I see that my hatred for Travis blinded me to this book's number 1 issue.*

### **7. Copy - Paste - Publish**

Jamie McGuire plagiarised substantial chunks of Beautiful Disaster and marketed this as a new book. It's not just the dialogue but there are things on every single page that is almost a word for word copy of BD. I know this is the same story from a different point of view, so some repetition should be expected, but this is beyond ridiculous. The proof? Take a look at this little gem:

#### **Beautiful Disaster (Abby's POV):**

*Shepley put his hand on Travis' shoulder. "We've all had a lot to drink. ..."*

**Walking Disaster (Douchebag's POV):**

*Shepley put his hand on Travis's shoulder. "We've all had a lot to drink. ..."*

For reals? Are you friggin kidding me? I mean come on. Not only are Abby and Travis' thoughts *exactly* the same, **Travis fucking refers to himself as Travis**. It doesn't get anymore obvious than that. Either he became an even bigger asshole and started referring to himself in third person (not entirely unbelievable come to think of it) or Jamie McGuire didn't even bother to edit her blatant copy and pastes. I guess this just shows you how much effort she put into 'writing' this book. Honestly I'm baffled. Capitalism at it's finest.

*original review 3/4*

**DISASTROUS**

BD was a page-turner. Despite the obviously dysfunctional, abusive relationship and annoying characters, there was a very readable, unputdownable quality about it. As I was reading WD, I was hoping to get to know Travis, understand him and maybe like him. I thought McGuire would soften out his flaws and explain the reasons behind his actions... Nope. All his unlikeable qualities? She added a thousand and then threw gasoline on the fire.

*Walking Disaster* why do I NOT love thee? Let me count the ways..

**1. The Insta-love.**

At least with BD, there was a build up. In this one it was love at first sight and we didn't even get to see the first meeting. WTF?

**2. The Writing Cliches.**

e.g. Comparing Abby to crack. I couldn't get enough...I'm addicted...I need more... Yadayada. Lame.

**3. Abby.**

At least I could understand some her actions through her thought process in BD. In Travis' POV, her indecisiveness was infuriating. She has no redeeming qualities besides being pretty. She was just there, being controlled by Travis. Not a good heroine at all.

**4. Travis' Arrogance.**

He acts like God's gift to women. Granted, McGuire wrote his VERY fictional world that way. There's really not one girl besides Abby that couldn't resist a tattooed, chain smoking, alcoholic, violent manslut? Really?

**5. "Bagged"**

I couldn't tell you how much I hate this word. I would rather him use fucked, screwed, laid, humped...anything. Why was sex referred to as bagged... Every. Single. Time? And it was A LOT of times considering he did more 'bagging' than a friggin' Costco employee. God I seriously wanted to throw my screen at times. What really drove my dislike home was:

....in an attempt to break free of the flock of baggable females that usually crowded my desk

A flock of baggable females?...What in the world? Who the hell speaks/thinks like this? I am Travis' age and nobody I know uses the terms flock, baggable and females in the same sentence. He honestly speaks like an immature virgin with no sexual experience whatsoever.

Now the thing that made me want to punch Travis in the face...

## 6. His Misogyny

I'm a fan of Contemporary New Adult, therefore I've read the whole reformed player story a million times before. Usually the heros love sex and they love women. Just not sex with one woman. Travis is a whole different story. This guy *HATES* women. Actually not just hates women, he despises, loathes and abhors them. Yes despite having no standards and sleeping with everything that moves he is the most misogynist, sexist pig I've ever had the non-pleasure of reading about.

If you've had sex with him... you're a skank.

If you've had sex before the first month.... you're a slut.

If you even showed interest in a guy you're not dating... you're a vulture

Ugh don't even get me started on the repeated vulture metaphor. It's repulsive. That and the way he treats women. His attitude towards them directly corresponded to their sexual behaviour. To say he was bitchy and judgemental is an understatement. I just didn't get it.

So yes, as you can tell, I did not like this book. I will not be finishing this book. I will not be reading anything else by Jamie McGuire. The slut shaming in BD, I could deal with. The degradation of women in this book I could not.

**This read like a bad fan-fic. It felt lazy, designed to maximise profits for the author and her publishing company. It was not what should've been written by a NYT best-selling author.**

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## Karla Mae (Reads and Thoughts) says

### IT'S ALL WORTH THE WAIT!

All the waiting for the cover, blurb, excerpts, pre-order and arc openings. It's all so worth it.

Two years. I waited two long years for this book to finally come out! To say I was excited was an understatement. I was beyond excited! I was *peeing-in-my-pants-I-just-can't-wait-excited!* Why wouldn't I be excited? We could finally get inside the head of The Travis Maddox and he's the one I consider as my first ever book-boyfriend so squeal for the excitement and expectations.

Walking Disaster follows exactly the plot line of Beautiful Disaster but the new lines and dialogues and parts makes my reading experience seems like I was reading an entirely new book. If I haven't read the first book, Walking Disaster could be considered a stand-alone one.

The Prologue was pretty powerful. I guess this is the part that I loved the most. It's a great way to open up the story of Travis. Just from the Prologue you could immediately understand where he's coming from and as the story progress you get to see the meaning behind his actions. Reading this story in Travis head opens me up to understanding his anger management issues, possessiveness, fighting, his perception about love and relationships and his hot and cold feelings about Abby - which leads me into the conclusion that Travis Maddox is indeed a Softie - vulnerable and can feel things and could easily be hurt.

In beautiful Disaster I do hate some or most of Abby's decisions but there I tend and tried to understand her situations since her arguments are valid but I'm not entirely saying that I loved her there but she indeed does things that are likeable and not so likeable. Upon reading this I get to see the side that we see only glimpses on the first book – the parts where she inflicted great pain to Travis. I'm pro-Travis all the way so maybe I'm being biased but she hurt him in countless ways. I ache for every thing that this girl does and says that causes our guy to be miserable - the continuous push and pull on their relationship is too much. Mostly, I ache for those simple gestures that Travis does for her that seems nothing to her but very much a big thing for him.

Since Walking Disaster is the other side of the story – It's not only Travis that we get to see here because we also get to see more of Shepley - I honestly find myself enjoying his parts and his relationship with America! Oh and how he's secretly this hopelessly romantic guy. ;)

Oh and Parker - You guys should remember him. You would also get to know his TRUE story here.

The Maddox Family rules this book! I love their manly bond with each other - From their father to the sons. Hmm. I'm honestly looking forward in reading about Travis' brother's story. They quite picked up my interest after reading this one.

I gave Walking Disaster 5 star rating but that doesn't mean I don't have a bit of hesitations or comments or not so good thing about it such as:

Why Travis is head-over-heels in love with Abby? I know he finds his peace with her and stuff like that but I don't think the story justified as to why Abby really caught the heart of Travis. I only get to see her not so good side here.

Another thing, I continuously say that this is in Travis's POV right? Then why does it feel like I get to hear Abby here from time to time? I know the other side of the story is there but the voice of the story pretty much sounds like Abby (I feel like it since I do a review reading of Beautiful Disaster before reading this one)

The Epilogue - Honestly I'm gushing over it! I like it in a very good way but I'm pretty much skeptical about it in another. No matter how much I love the HEA on it I was left confused about that certain twist to it, I don't know its relevance or the importance of it. I was satisfied ye but I just can't quite figure out why the sudden opening of that epilogue. I understand the need to put that first part of the epilogue but it seems to be misplaced on the story – maybe it's a hint that there could be more for this? Even though the ending screamed the end already? I don't know. I just don't think that first part of the epilogue is much needed.

Travis Maddox is one of those characters that made its mark on me and would surely and always have a space in my heart - he's forever etched into it. I believe that it is possible to love Travis Maddox more after reading this one! Walking Disaster is like taking a step back into a world that you're oh so familiar with. You would surely, laugh, smile, swoon, ache but definitely enjoy every minute of it! I just love Travis Maddox!

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**adinda widya says**

[image error]

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ce??ice?α? ?υ?ε says

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is mee... kissa says

OooooooooooooooooohmyGod. I am *so* getting my hands on this as soon as it's out! Stuff everything else! Thank you Jamie MacGuire!  
... but please don't ruin this story for me. It's one I like very much.

—> A picture is worth a thousand words

Cover - Oh hello! That is a *big* arm! I'm liking the tattoos.

\*\*\*

**Teasers!!!!!!**

*Prologue:*

<http://issuu.com/atriabooks/docs/walk...>

*Snippet from Chapter 2: Backfire*

“What are you doing?” Shepley said. He stood in the middle of the room, a pair of sneakers in one hand, a dirty pair of underwear in the other.

“Uh, cleaning?” I said, shoving shot glasses into the dishwasher.

“I see that. But...why?”

I smiled, my back turned to Shepley. He was going to kick my ass. “I’m expecting company.”

“So?”

“The pigeon.”

“Huh?”

“Abby, Shep. I invited Abby.”

“Dude, no. No! Don’t fuck this up for me, man. Please don’t.”

I turned, crossing my arms across my chest. “I tried, Shep. I did. But, I don’t know.” I shrugged. “There’s something about her. I couldn’t help myself.”

Shepley’s jaw worked under his skin, and then he stomped into his room, slamming the door behind him. I finished loading the dishwasher, and then circled the couch to make sure I hadn’t missed any visible empty condom wrappers. That was never fun to explain.

The fact that I had bagged nearly every beautiful co-ed at Eastern was no secret, but I didn’t see a reason to remind them when they came to my apartment. It was all about presentation.

Pigeon, though. It would take far more than a good presentation to bag her on my couch. At this point I was taking it one step at a time. If I focused on the end result, I could easily fuck it up. She noticed things. She was farther from naive than I was; light years away. This operation was nothing less than precarious.

I was in my bedroom sorting dirty laundry when I heard the front door open. Shepley usually listened for America’s car to pull in so he could greet her at the door.

Pussy.

Murmuring, and then the closing of Shepley’s door was my signal. I walked into the front room, and there she sat: Glasses, her hair piled on top of her head, and what might have been pajamas. I wouldn’t have been surprised if they’d been molding in the bottom of her laundry hamper.

It was so hard not to bust into laughter. Never once had a female come to my apartment dressed like that. My front door had seen jean skirts, dresses, even a see-through tube dress over a string bikini. A handful of times, spackled-on makeup and glitter lotion. Never pajamas.

Her appearance immediately answered why she'd so easily agreed to come over. She was going to try to nauseate me into leaving her alone. If she didn't look absolutely sexy like that, it might have worked, but her skin was impeccable, and the lack of makeup and the frames of her glasses just made her eye color stand out even more.

"It's about time you showed up," I said, falling onto my couch.

At first she seemed proud of her idea, but as we talked and I remained impervious, it was clear that she knew her plan had failed. The less she smiled, the more I had to stop myself from grinning ear to ear. She was so much fun. I just couldn't get over it.

Shepley and America joined us again. Abby was flustered, and I was damn near lightheaded. She went from doubting the fact that I could write a simple paper to questioning my penchant for fighting. I kind of liked talking to her about normal stuff, preferable to the awkward task of asking her to leave once I bagged her. She didn't understand me, and kind of wanted to, even though I seemed to piss her off.

"What are you...the Karate Kid? Where did you learn to fight?"

Shepley and America seemed to be embarrassed for Abby. I don't know why; I sure as hell didn't mind. Just because I didn't talk about my childhood much didn't mean I was ashamed.

"I had a dad with a drinking problem and a bad temper, and four older brothers that carried the asshole gene."

"Oh," she said simply. Her cheeks turned red, and at that moment, I felt a twinge in my chest. I wasn't sure what it was, but it bugged me. I immediately tried to make her feel better. "Don't be embarrassed, Pidge. Dad quit drinking. The brothers grew up."

"I'm not embarrassed." Her body language was opposite her words. I struggled to think of something to change the subject, and then mentioning her sexy, frumpy look came to mind. Her embarrassment was immediately replaced by irritation, something I was far more comfortable with.

America suggested watching TV, but the last thing I wanted to do was to be in a room with Abby, unable to talk to her. I stood. "You hungry, Pidge?"

"I already ate."

America's eyebrows pulled in. "No, you haven't. Oh...er...that's right. I forgot. You grabbed a...pizza? Before we left."

Abby was embarrassed again, but anger quickly covered it.

I opened the door, trying to keep my voice casual. I'd never been so eager to get a girl alone—especially to not have sex with her. "C'mon. You've gotta be hungry."

Her shoulders relaxed a bit. "Where are you going?"

"Wherever you want. We can hit a pizza place." I inwardly cringed. That might have been too eager.

She looked down at her sweat pants. "I'm not really dressed."

I grinned. She had no idea how beautiful she was. That made her even more appealing. "You look fine. Let's go, I'm starvin'."

Once she was on the back of my Harley, I could finally think straight again. My thoughts were usually more relaxed on the bike. Abby's legs had my hips in a vice grip, but that was oddly relaxing, too. Almost a relief. The weird urge I felt around her was disorienting. I didn't like it, but then again, it reminded me that she was around, so it was as comforting as it was unsettling. I decided to get my shit together. Abby might be a pigeon, but she was just a fucking girl. No need to get my boxer briefs in a bunch.

Besides, there was something under the good girl facade. She hated me on sight because she'd been burned by someone like me before. No way was she a slut, though. Not even a reformed slut. I could spot them a mile away. My game face slowly melted away. I'd finally found a girl that was interesting enough to get to know, and a version of me had already hurt her.

I barely knew the girl, and the thought of some jackhole hurting Pidge infuriated me. Abby associating me with someone that would hurt her was even worse. I gunned the throttle as I pulled into the Pizza Shack.

That ride wasn't long enough to sort out the clusterfuck in my head.

I wasn't even thinking about my speed, so when Abby jumped off my bike and started to yell, I couldn't help

but laugh.

"I went the speed limit."

"Yeah, if we were on the Autobahn!" She ripped the wild bun down and then brushed her long hair with her fingers.

I couldn't stop staring while she re-wrapped the long, caramel strands, and then tied them back again. I imagined that was how she looked first thing in the morning, and then had to refer to the first ten minutes of Saving Private Ryan to keep my dick from getting hard. Blood. Screaming. Visible intestines. Grenades. Gunfire. More blood.

I held the door open. "I wouldn't let anything happen to you, Pigeon."

She angrily stomped past me and into the restaurant, ignoring my gesture. It was a damn shame; she was the first girl that I had ever wanted to open the door for. I'd been looking forward to that moment, and she didn't even notice.

### *Chapter 8 Teaser*

Shepley walked out of his bedroom pulling a T-shirt over his head. His eyebrows pushed together. "Did they just leave?"

"Yeah," I said absently, rinsing my cereal bowl and dumping Abby's leftover oatmeal in the sink. She'd barely touched it.

"Well, what the hell? Mare didn't even say goodbye."

"You knew she was going to class. Quit being a cry baby."

Shepley pointed to his chest. "I'm the cry baby? Do you remember last night?"

"Shut up."

"That's what I thought." He sat on the couch and slipped on his sneakers. "Did you ask Abby about her birthday?"

"She didn't say much, except that she's not into birthdays."

"So what are we doing?"

"Throwing her a party." Shepley nodded, waiting for me to explain. "I thought we'd surprise her. Invite some of our friends over and have America take her out for a while."

Shepley put on his white ball cap, pulling it down so low over his brows I couldn't see his eyes. "She can manage that. Anything else?"

"How do you feel about a puppy?"

Shepley laughed once. "It's not my birthday, bro."

I walked around the breakfast bar and leaned my hip against the stool. "I know, but she lives in the dorms. She can't have a puppy."

"Keep it here? Seriously? What are we going to do with a dog?"

"I found a Cairn Terrier online. It's perfect."

"A what?"

"Pidge is from Kansas. It's the same kind of dog Dorothy had in the Wizard of Oz."

Shepley's face was blank. "The Wizard of Oz."

"What? I liked the scarecrow when I was a little kid, shut the fuck up."

"It's going to crap every where, Travis. It'll bark and whine and ... I don't know."

"So does America ... minus the crapping."

Shepley wasn't amused.

"I'll take it out and clean up after it. I'll keep it in my room. You won't even know it's here."

"You can't keep it from barking."

"Think about it. You gotta admit it'll win her over."

Shepley smiled. "Is that what this is all about? You're trying to win over Abby?"

My brows pulled together. "Quit it."

His smile widened. "You can get the damn dog..."

I grinned with victory.

"...if you admit you have feelings for Abby."

I frowned in defeat. "C'mon, man!"

“Admit it,” Shepley said, crossing his arms. What a tool. He was actually going to make me say it. I looked to the floor, and everywhere else except Shepley’s smug ass smile. I fought it for a while, but the puppy was fucking brilliant. Abby would flip out (in a good way for once), and I could keep it at the apartment. She’d want to be there every day.

“I like her,” I said through my teeth.

Shepley held his hand to his ear. “What? I couldn’t quite hear you.”

“You’re an asshole! Did you hear that?”

Shepley crossed his arms. “Say it.”

“I like her, okay?”

“Not good enough.”

“I have feelings for her. I care about her. A lot. I can’t stand it when she’s not around. Happy?”

“For now,” he said, grabbing his backpack off the floor.

=D I like!

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## BookHeroin says

[Don't forget to check out the Playlist at the end of this review](#)

Walking Disaster is Travis's POV From Beautiful Disaster by Jamie McGuire. So you need to read BD first!

Lets start by saying VAVAVOOM!!

That was absolutely extraordinary! If you know me you'll know how much i love books with boy POV, BUT Walking Disaster is **THE BEST**.

That prologue was something else! god it was simply devastatingly beautiful. The raw emotions were overwhelming, it was really heart breaking, since Travis was so young and not only him but i also felt so sad for his brothers and dad. Broke my heart. And the fact that he kept remembering what she said, but i think he misunderstood her. what he got was-->

*When the sad went away, I would always play, and I would always fight. Hard.*

*I tried to remember everything she told me. I tried to glue it to the inside of my head: Play. Visit Dad. Fight for what I love. That last thing bothered me. I loved Mommy, but I didn't know how to fight for her*

This is the same story as Beautiful Disaster but with new scenes. and new feelings. It allows you to be inside Travis Maddox's head. and wow! simply wow! if you hated Abby in BD you'll definitely hate even more in this one. she was a... wait for it >>**BITCH**<<

I have a lot of reasons to hate her, first she wasn't a great character, she didn't held that appeal of a good heroine! she's #^\$&

i can't even find words! and it doesn't have anything to do with Jamie poor ability to create outstanding

characters - just go read the Providence series O.O, with the exception of Walking Disaster of course!  
Second, she has Travis's attention! EVERYONE HATES HER!

I really believe that Travis deserves someone better than Abby. She was what he wanted but not what he needed in my opinion. She left him, over and over again!

what is wrong with you! she just kept leaving him! and act like an ignorant idiot! Travis is a sensitive guy! people might think he's an arrogant man whore! but no he's so much more than that. And when you read this story you'll see it that there is a lot more to him than beautiful disaster shows!  
i really think that Jamie is a poor writer, i mean okay she created BD which EVERYONE LOVED but... if you noticed that book was a little vague! now okay Walking disaster explained A LOT but still how could she know that she would be able to write from his POV , i really think that book should have been better, but nevertheless i gave it 5 stars because i loved the idea of it . In this one i had this whole new view to those characters. all of them. i liked Brazil. Hated Adam. And especially Parker! i was a little sad for him in BD but!! no! he.is. an.ass

The epilogue was jaw dropping! it was a combination between A **OMG. AWWW. WHAT. OH MY GOD. THAT IS ASDFGHJKL. I LOVE HIM. I THINK I LIKE ABBY A LITTLE. A WHAT?? . W.H.A.T**

It was amazing, satisfying for the end of an amazing journey. and after it i think i liked Abby. but just during the epilogue. other than that no.

I'm not gonna give any spoilers about what happen in the book, because they are suck, even when there are warnings , sometimes you can't help your self, but after you read it you end up hating your self!

But because a lot of you guys -who didn't read the book-has been asking for a new teaser and here it is.

(It's thanks giving morning! )

(view spoiler)

## My Travis

The best book Trailer i've seen about this book  
Walking Disaster by Jamie McGuire (Book Trailer)

WALKING DISASTER PLAYLIST

**Make sure to follow my reviews**

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**Aestas Book Blog says**

**My favorite bad boy is back!!!! ♥♥**

**From the heart wrenching and tear jerking prologue, to the romance, to the bad ass fights, and to the surprising, heart-racing epilogue, this book is a must-read for any fan of Beautiful Disaster!**

It's important to note though that this book should absolutely be read AFTER Beautiful Disaster. It is not a stand alone, but rather it completed the story of Beautiful Disaster allowing you to experience the full extent of Travis' all-consuming love for Abby.

There are extra scenes at the beginning and end that weren't mentioned at all in BD and a few scattered throughout the book but for the most part, it follows the story we already know and love but tells the other side. If you ever wondered what happened in between all the Travis scenes, this book fills in all those blanks.

There are a lot of scenes featuring either just Travis, or Travis and Shepley (with some brilliant dialogue), or Travis and his brothers/family. And even the scenes with him and Abby are different again because you're seeing and experiencing the story completely through his eyes.

Jamie McGuire truly did a wonderful job of getting us right into Travis' head.

I loved that she started right at the beginning. The prologue takes place when Travis is 3 and it really sets up his whole character. It gives the reason behind what made him into the man we have come to know and, I'm

not going to lie, I cried. Holy heart wrench!

***“One of these days you’re going to fall in love, son. Don’t settle for just anyone. Choose the girl that doesn’t come easy; the one you have to fight for, and then never stop fighting. Never.”***

I really, truly love Travis. With all my heart. And this book really cemented that love. For anyone who thought Travis was a little over-the-top crazy, I encourage you to read this book because it gives us insight into his thoughts and feelings that put a measure of reason and logic (or at the very least, understanding) behind his actions.

I loved watching Travis try to figure Abby out. She was just so different than every other girl he’d met and it was so cool watch him working through (and sometimes fight) his feelings for everything from just talking to her to convincing her to take part in the “bet”.

*“I stopped a ridiculous grin erupting across my face. “If you win, I’ll go without sex for a month.” She raised an eyebrow. “But if I win, you have to stay with me for a month.” ... One side of her mouth turned up... “Anything is worth watching you try abstinence for a change.” ... Her reply sent a rush of adrenaline through my veins... I felt like a king. No way this fucker was going to touch me.”*

I found myself constantly smiling and chuckling over his thoughts. I just loved his bad boy logic. It was hilarious at times, and at other times really made my heart clench.

*“It might sound hypocritical to the women who have passed through my apartment door, but if they carried themselves with respect, I would have given it to them.”*

Fair point, Travis!!

*“Abby’s gray eyes darkened and targeted me. “It’s not funny. Do you want the whole school to think I’m one of your sluts?”*

*My sluts? They weren’t mine. Hence them being sluts.*

*“It was kind of cool how she watched me as I talked. Almost like she was both hanging on to every word, and amazed that I knew how to read.”*

You really get to see the complete “Travis” picture with this book – you see his hope, his pain, his anger, and his desperate love for and need for acceptance by this one girl who has completely taken over his heart.

***“I wanted to tell her. Jesus, did I ever want to mouth the words, but I could barely admit it to myself, much less her. Deep down, I knew I was a piece of shit, and she deserved better, but that was also the one thing that stopped me. She was my opposite: innocent on the surface, and damaged deep within. There was something about her I needed in my life, and even though I wasn’t sure what it was, I couldn’t give into my bad habits and fuck it up.”***

The thing about Travis is that he’s not perfect. Boy, does he have flaws! But I think that is a huge part of why we all love him so much. There is something about an imperfect, flawed character trying so hard to be functional that just tugs each one of my heart strings. On one hand, yes, he undeniably has some temper issues but you see him go through a lot of growth over the course of the book, and at the same time, he’s also just a guy who just desperately, with all his heart, is truly, madly, deeply, head-over-heels in love with his girl and is trying his very best to be everything she deserves.

***“You need to walk away, Pidge. God knows I can’t walk away from you.”***

While there were a lot of new scenes in the book, there was also a big chunk in the middle that I found to have less new material and rather be extremely paralleled to BD. In an effort to not make this book to identical to BD, a lot of the dialogue was cut and there were parts of the book where, despite my love for Travis and Abby, the story always didn't convey that same epic feeling that BD did. But at the same time, it really worked for this story because otherwise, it would have been too similar. This is why I feel this book is really a companion novel to BD. It is for the hard core fans of Travis and Abby who already know their connection, are already in love with their characters, have experienced the story through Abby's eyes and just want MORE. Because in that respect, it most certainly delivers! How rare a treat is it to get an entire 'alternate POV' book?

Travis and Abby have this crazy, consuming functional/dysfunctional relationship that is just so addictive. The "I belong to you" scene gave me shivers. I think that might be one of the single best lines/scenes of any book EVER written. Absolutely heart-poundingly beautiful.

*"You can't tell me what to do anymore, Travis! I don't belong to you!"*

*Her words ignited a deep anger inside me. I stomped to the bed, planted my hands on the mattress on each side of her thighs, and leaned into her face.*

*"Well I belong to you!" I screamed. I put so much force behind my words, I could feel all my blood rush to my face. Abby met my glare, refusing to even flinch. I looked at her lips, panting. "I belong to you," I whispered.*

And the EPILOGUE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! oh my gosh!!! I don't want to say a SINGLE word about it because I don't want to spoil it at all for anyone but I'll just say that it takes place several years after where Beautiful Disaster left off and it had my heart RACING!!! I never saw that ending coming but omg it was PERFECT! I loved it. Freaking loved it!! The book is worth reading for the epilogue alone. It left Travis and Abby's story off in SUCH a wonderful place and at the same time, left me wanting to know more about the stories of the rest of the swoony Maddox brothers.

My heart is truly happy ♥

*"At the end of it all, I'm yours."*

4.5 stars

\*\*PS. I did not re-read Beautiful Disaster before reading this because I just didn't have the time but I have read BD several times and the story was very clear in my head. If you remember BD well then I don't think you have to re-read right before. But if you are fuzzy on any of its details, then definitely re-read first because Walking Disaster truly is the other half to BD and you come away with it knowing every side of Travis and Abby's story.

**My Casting for Travis:**

**For more of my reviews, visit [Aestas Book Blog](#)**

**And come join the [Aestas Book Blog Facebook Page](#)**

*I was provided an ARC in exchange for an honest review.*

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## Rose says

**Initial thoughts:** Some of you are probably thinking "Ye Gods, Rose, you said you weren't going to touch this one, so why did you read it?"

Several factors. Curiosity is not my best friend. It nags at me until I relent, even for books that I (sometimes, not often) say I will put them down and not have anything to do with them EVER again. But when opportunity presents itself - I swallow my qualms and break my own boundaries. You put a book in front of me, it's like putting a saltine cracker in front of one of my good friends from my undergrad uni days - you're asking me to pick it up.

I surfed NetGalley Friday morning, looking at some of my approvals (I think I upped a review that day as well). I saw "Walking Disaster" listed and went to look at the description. I did not know that NG had the first 250 grab. I didn't get a chance to look at the email until after the fact (and by then, it was over). But I saw the description, saw that it was "Read Now", and thought "Oh, do I dare? McGuire and I do not have a fond history as far reading her work is concerned, and I'm mindful of so many controversies surrounding this series, and I think Travis is an abusive jerk and..."

\*click\*

Yeah, it played out like that. So I was one of the first 250 people to get this galley, though on what end of that scale, I've no idea. Afterwards, I started to have regrets, but not just for the content of the book. I thought people would think I went into this to "hate read", but honestly it was more academic (okay, maybe a little bit for the snark and pending train wreck, but not primarily).

One of the things I wanted to do in this pre-review was write a fanfic-ish dialogue between characters that I would consider my "book boyfriends" trying to determine why Travis wouldn't make it into a formal "Order" of sorts. In the same breath, I wanted to use that to examine the intricacies of "book boyfriends" in a humored, constructive, and introspective way.

I had Samwise from Lord of the Rings, Darcy from "Pride and Prejudice", Daemon Black from the Lux series, Tamaki from Ouran High School Host Club, Edward Elric from Full Metal Alchemist, Aladdin from "Disney's Aladdin" (not really a book boyfriend, but throwing in an obligatory Disney prince seemed like a punchline I wanted to use, especially given the link with BD/WD to "Lady and the Tramp"), among other characters including an erotica hero. And I knew I could write in those voices because I know the characters very well and could hear them chattering in my head, complete with humor lines I think anyone would be able to appreciate, regardless if they've read the works they're from or not. Then I realized I'd probably get into trouble with that because of having to put a disclaimer, asking permissions from some of the creators of these characters, and then facing the utter mortification that people would not get what I was trying to do with it. Thinking it would be too long for the review space as well, I scrapped the idea. (I still have part of the draft of that on MS Word, but I don't know if I'll ever finish it.)

Instead, I'll keep with the academic nature of this review and give you a song that jumped in my mind the minute I finished this book. The song's called "Paralyzed" by Rock Kills Kid. If you can listen to the song, even if it's not your chosen genre, try it. Listen to the lyrics especially (or read them if you care to). Some of you may already know it because it was the ending theme to the 2008 horror movie "Prom Night".

Tell me seriously that the lyrics in that song don't have some tie to Travis Maddox when you think about him and his reckless actions - in a sensual way, in a destructive way, in a way that seems blind and repetitive and full of being stuck in the same emotional place. I think they do, though I think the subject of that song has more complex, insinuated issues than Travis had in the TWO BOOKS within which he's featured. McGuire really could've used this book to do so much introspection with Travis's character, but for anyone who's read BD - that wasn't likely to happen. BD was all about the trainwreck, the so-called whirlwind romance, the crushing on the tattooed, damaged hero and the girl who loves him, the in-fights, the shock factor, the drama. So now with "Walking Disaster", we're reading the same story, but from the hero's perspective. What do we learn?

I could answer "next to nothing", but that wouldn't be entirely accurate. We don't learn that much more about Travis's family than in the first book (except for the prologue), some scenes are rehashed, some scenes are new, some are expanded slightly. Instead I'll say that on Travis's part, from a mental perspective - Travis barely owns up to his mistakes. He is not a male mind I want to walk through in any capacity, and I'm a bonafide sapiosexual - I like walking through minds and digging into what people know. I value introspection and depth of character/one's person.

Travis still shames people for who or how often they engage their sexuality (slut or virgin), he makes no apology for ordering Abby around (he defends telling her what to wear), he engages in reckless behavior without real remorse for what he's done (except maybe a few times, one of which had a spark of which I could give McGuire credit for), and he's generally a jerk for all of the book.

We also learn that Jamie McGuire cannot separate herself from negative reviews surrounding her work, because the level of authorial intrusion in this book is worse than the first book, and it's more blatantly panning certain criticisms that were of the first work. My take on this: don't read reviews of your work, positive or negative if you cannot weigh the balance of them and learn to separate yourself and your work from them. Focus on the story that you're trying to tell. Even if it has its problems, there are still people who may recognize its problems and still find enjoyment in it to a certain degree, but for all intents and purposes, glorifying the problems further that you had previously, acknowledging them and then proceeding to DEFEND them, does no one any favors.

And it never helps to screw with your critics, because you might end up learning something from them.

### **Full review:**

"Walking Disaster" proved to be its title in more ways than one. And it's not just on the note of its tattooed "hero" with a penchant for violence. Travis "Mad Dog" Maddox could not be any further from a romantic hero in the healthiest sense of the term. He's careless, manipulative, misogynistic, angry, needy, violence glorified. I had to wonder on so many levels exactly why people were so drawn to him. Why people consider him to be a "book boyfriend" among other things.

You might recall I proposed this very same question in my reading of "Beautiful Disaster." I think that was a huge factor in my mind as I sat down to read this book, and I sincerely wanted to learn the reason, because even if I considered the former book one of the worst romances I'd read, I still wanted to truly see if Travis had any significant weight or dimensions to his respective character. I wondered if McGuire would delve into the kind of things that shaped Travis to be the person that he was in present terms, and to figure how he could treat some of the people he loves the way he did.

I think more are attached to the "image" rather than the actual projected realities that are often attached to "bad boy" characters. That can be problematic because in some details, people think the characters can get away with these things. That it's simply "fiction" and that supposedly has no bearings on the reality of what

people want in their relationships. But then I have to ask - if it's not what people really want, why are these tendencies portrayed as being desirable? Is that not contradicting?

People may consider a "bad boy" and think of a cocky swagger, a teasing smile, tattoos on a chiseled body, a washboard torso you can run your hands down, strong embraces (or overarching physical strength in general), but underneath those ideal physical and visual cues exists a damaged man, one at the end of his rope. While he may lash out at the wrongs the world has dealt him in ways that one may not always agree with, there exists some spark of kindness, some measure of redemption that lies beneath that hurt and he actively works towards that. Some of us, as readers, want to tease it like a stray thread from a tapestry and unravel it, hoping that it can reveal the person underneath. Someone good, strong, warm, careful yet assertive in his explorations, sweet, sexy, savvy, funny.

Travis Maddox isn't any of these things. Not from the portrayal that this book gives him, not by his actions, his thoughts, his overarching disrespect and disregard for anyone he loves or cares about including himself. The author also lacks ability to use any faculties in this retelling to truly delve and shape the character into anything that might invest into building the sort of character Maddox is. To be blunt, I couldn't help but feel this respective retelling was a lazy effort in its entirety because it really didn't bring that much more to the table than the previous book, and if anything made certain aspects either worse for wear, or taking a turn towards the absurd (the ENDING especially).

You guys already know the story, so I won't give a recap of events. Rather, I'll speak on what little new information this novel offers. In the prologue, Travis speaks upon the death of his mother as being the aspect that spurred him to "keep fighting" in the scheme of his life. I think many would say it's a difficult thing to lose a parent so young, and with a prolonged illness. Especially in the measure of having to say goodbye (I had to say goodbye to a grandmother who had complications from a massive stroke in a similar way). But the problem I had with McGuire's prologue was that there were many details missing as well as contradictory for the count. There's no indication of the illness Travis's mother suffered, how long she suffered, how old Travis was when he lost her (though it was implied that he was very young), and further - I did not understand the measure of fighting in the context of his mother's final words to Travis. I could understand - you know, a mother in desperation telling her son to live and experience all the things that this life has to offer, but the "fighting" bit never did make sense, especially with the overarching novel to consider.

I believe that is the only true explanation as to why Travis turns out to be an "angry" person, but even then, it's not substantiated because we never get an idea of what Travis's life was like with his mother, why he revered her so much, and how that played into his relationship with Abby. Fast forward several years later, Travis is a man who acts like a damaged boy, and while there could be potential to explore in detail what makes Travis regress and lash/act out in the way he does, McGuire never truly does it.

It's further confirmed by the fact that Travis justifies his mistreatment and stances in many forms. His voice comes across as bitter for much of the narrative. He hates on Shep and America's relationship because they're happy and doesn't hesitate to call Shep a "pussy". He hates on Parker because of his wealth and propensity to pick up the damaged girls that Travis leaves behind (which really isn't given any kind of specificity in this work). He hates on America for her weight and tendency to follow Shep around like a puppy, only "without the poop." (His words, not mine.)

And it's interesting that the most frequent subject of Travis's controlling, patronizing ways often ends up being the professed love of his life, Abby. "Hair like a porn-star" Abby who embodies this picture perfect image of a pigeon/dove in his mind. Something of an image of purity (though he criticizes Abby for being a virgin, which apparently he thinks is unheard of for a college age woman. He also shames her not so subtly for knowing where to find condoms.)

In a more mature narrative, you might find that there are dimensions that might try to address how a person

like Travis would exert his crudeness in the false belief that it conveys love, but WD is not any measure close to that. It plays upon the drama, the conflict for the sake of conflict, without any true resonating factors or details. Travis is desired in light of his negative traits, and while WD could've used the space to expand from BD, where it was a problem, it managed to make the entire measure worse.

I think part of this was McGuire's inability to separate her narrative from her critics and properly expand details. The authorial intrusion in the previous novel had more to do with pushing along the story narrative and glorified elements that were problematic for the sake of drama, often bending characters into positions where desire, which would normally not be a part of the equation, suddenly was. Yet in this form of the story, Travis actually defends many of the actions he takes against the surrounding people in his life. He calls out "sluts" for what they wear or how they deserve to be treated after one night stands, thinks virginity among any college student is unheard of, and even berates Abby for what she's wearing and has the audacity to say "Call it sexist, but it's true."

**A sexist comment is a sexist comment.** No matter the darned package it's wrapped in. It's a backhanded insult to try to justify it that way. And there have been many critics who have called McGuire's narrative on these problematic elements, including the fact that Travis seems like a psychotic character, and there were a few references in this narrative that sounded eerily close to justifying his behavior in that way - from his own voice.

Travis has issues that would be intolerable if he were an actual living, breathing person. There was one moment in the narrative when Travis has a one-night stand in a drunken stupor that he completely blanks out on and is full of utter remorse, especially when he has this disconnect in the grocery store when he's trying to buy things for Abby in apology. But when you think about it, that's not a true measure of guilt as much as it is a gesture to KEEP HER THERE. To control her, to possess her. He even buys a wedding ring thinking that they will be together eventually after the biggest screw-up in their relationship to date. His rampage after the Vegas trip was just as disturbing as the first book, only we see a little more of the depression that he goes through in Abby's absence. I'm still weary of saying that was a worthy portrayal, but at least it was somewhat addressed.

The biggest telltale sign that McGuire was flipping off her critics, and also a sign of further contention for the problematic elements in this work - the epilogue, which takes place 11 years after they're married. I didn't expect to be laughing as hard as I did when I read the ending because it's not only so far from the plane of belief, I was also trying to offset horror at the implied notations behind this particular set of scenes. I do not know how anyone can take those resulting measures seriously. Travis, with his respective issues, would never be an FBI agent - his anger is too far along the scale for that, even with an 11 year window to change within. The fact that their children would be predispositioned to enacting violence at school, defending their mother from crude commentary, and one of the children beating up another girl for having a crush on her brother is just sad to me, because it automatically negates any growth that Travis might've had for his supposed former disposition to violence. And also on the note of a secret that Travis keeps from Abby for years that she suddenly forgives in a matter of moments, especially considering the weight/gravity of that notation on her personal safety/well-being, well, let's just say that I highly doubt anyone would be so quick to suddenly forgive that in the measure of screwing anyone who thought their marriage wouldn't last or saying in so many terms "It's okay, because I love you."

Rubbish.

I think in putting this book down, I'm done with reading any future works of Jamie McGuire. For reals this time. Because her storylines are far too removed from the measure of anything realistic, desirable, or worthwhile that I could personally find in this. I will say that on the measure of having "book boyfriends" - I think we'll all have different tastes in what we find attractive in people, and that's something worth respecting. Some of us are turned on by different things - personalities, interests, physical features, emotional

bonds, things of that nature. For me, Travis would never be a person I follow in his purported image because his thoughts, actions, rationalizations and sense of person are truly disturbing to me, and so far removed from reality and placed in the sake of drama that I could not support that, nor could I tolerate it in this respective narrative.

Overall score: 0.5/5

Note: I received this as an ARC from NetGalley, from the publisher Atria Books.

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## **Kristen says**

### **4 STARS WITH A HUGE CAVEAT! Plus HELPFUL ADVICE when reading this book.**

5 Mega stars for TRAVIS

3 Stars for content and execution

Equals 4 overall stars

I'm so glad Crista and I decided to do a buddy read of *Walking Disaster* for the blog Swept Away By Romance. My anticipation and expectations for this book were off the charts and frankly, a little...or perhaps a lot...unrealistic. It was a great relief to have her as a sounding board as we both discovered together that the realities of this book were not what we had expected.

I'm **NOT** saying *Walking Disaster* is a bad book. Quite the contrary, as I thoroughly **LOVED** being in Travis's head, gaining a better understand of his character, and finding him sexier and more swoon-worthy than ever! I'm simply saying that **Walking Disaster is STRICTLY a companion book to Beautiful Disaster. IT CAN NOT STAND ON ITS OWN!** *Walking Disaster* enhances *Beautiful Disaster*'s love story, nothing more.

I know that many readers will love this book no matter what. That said, the story is somewhat disjointed and for the general reader to fully appreciate and get the most from this book, I recommend the following:

- **YOU MUST READ BEAUTIFUL DISASTER FIRST. THAT IS IMPERATIVE!!!**
- **If you've already read Beautiful Disaster, I suggest you read it again before starting this book.**
- **When you become annoyed with Abby...and you will...re-read her point-of-view from Beautiful Disaster, as Travis is reacting solely to her dialogue. *I can not stress this enough!!* Abby is a remarkable heroine and one of my all-time favorite characters, but sadly comes across as mostly bitchy and shrewish with very little character presence in this story.**

Once I recognized *Walking Disaster* for what it is—a captivating *companion* to *Beautiful Disaster*—I had a BLAST reading this book. Crista and I had lots of fun discussing and swooning over Travis and his bigger-than-life character. The epilogue was nothing short of spectacular, and it, alone, makes this book worth reading.

And now...I'm off to re-read *Beautiful Disaster*—one of my all-time favorite books—with a whole new perspective on this all consuming and addictive love story.

Here's the link to Crista's review.

**Song note: *The Fighter*, by Gym Class Heroes, is one of the songs featured on Jamie McGuire's Walking Disasters playlist. I can't listen to this song without thinking of Travis. For me it's his theme song!**

[http://youtu.be/8TzCLpgbJ\\_g](http://youtu.be/8TzCLpgbJ_g)

\*ARC issued to Swept Away By Romance courtesy of Atria Books via NetGalley in exchange for an honest review\*

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