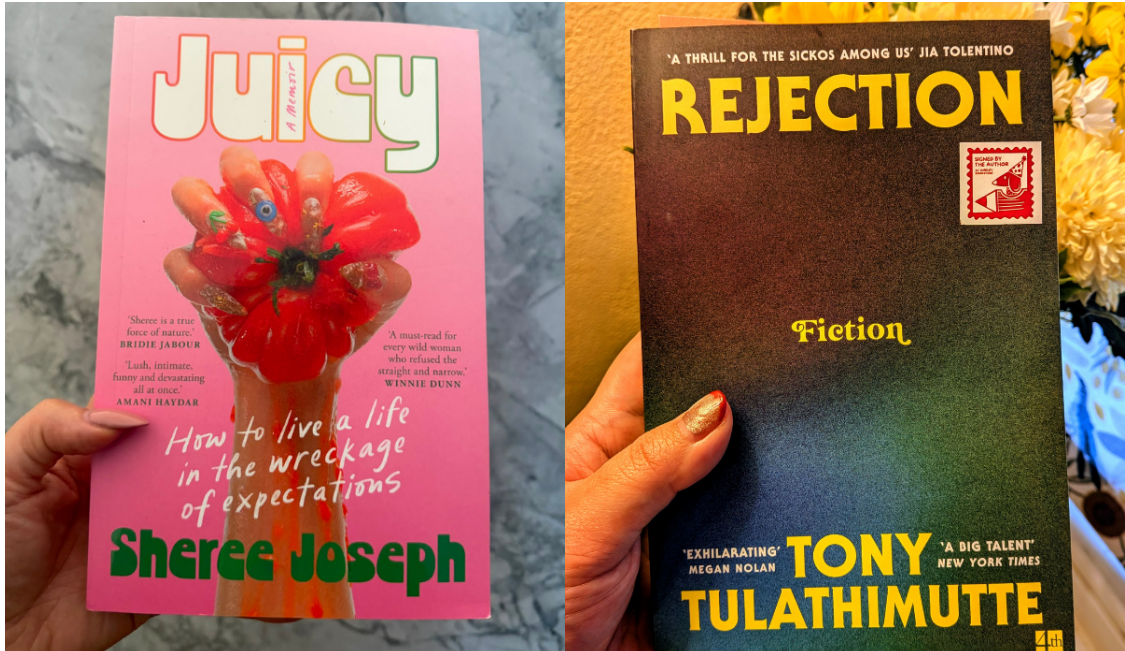


## Ette’s Friday Book Club: July Edition

By Ette Media • 31 Jul 2026  
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Ette Media’s Friday Book Club brings you one fiction and one non-fiction recommendation on the last Friday of each month, and in July we’re spotlighting a memoir about grief and fertility that lured Antoinette back to non-fiction and a blisteringly funny collection of short stories that has become the internet’s latest obsession.

Happy Friday, dear readers! Welcome back to Ette’s book club. In a time when we all have to be vigilant to avoid accidentally consuming AI slop, allow us to share two intimately thoughtful books that are very human, for very different reasons.

Antoinette shares an Australian memoir of self-discovery and healing after grief that is juicy for reasons you won’t expect.

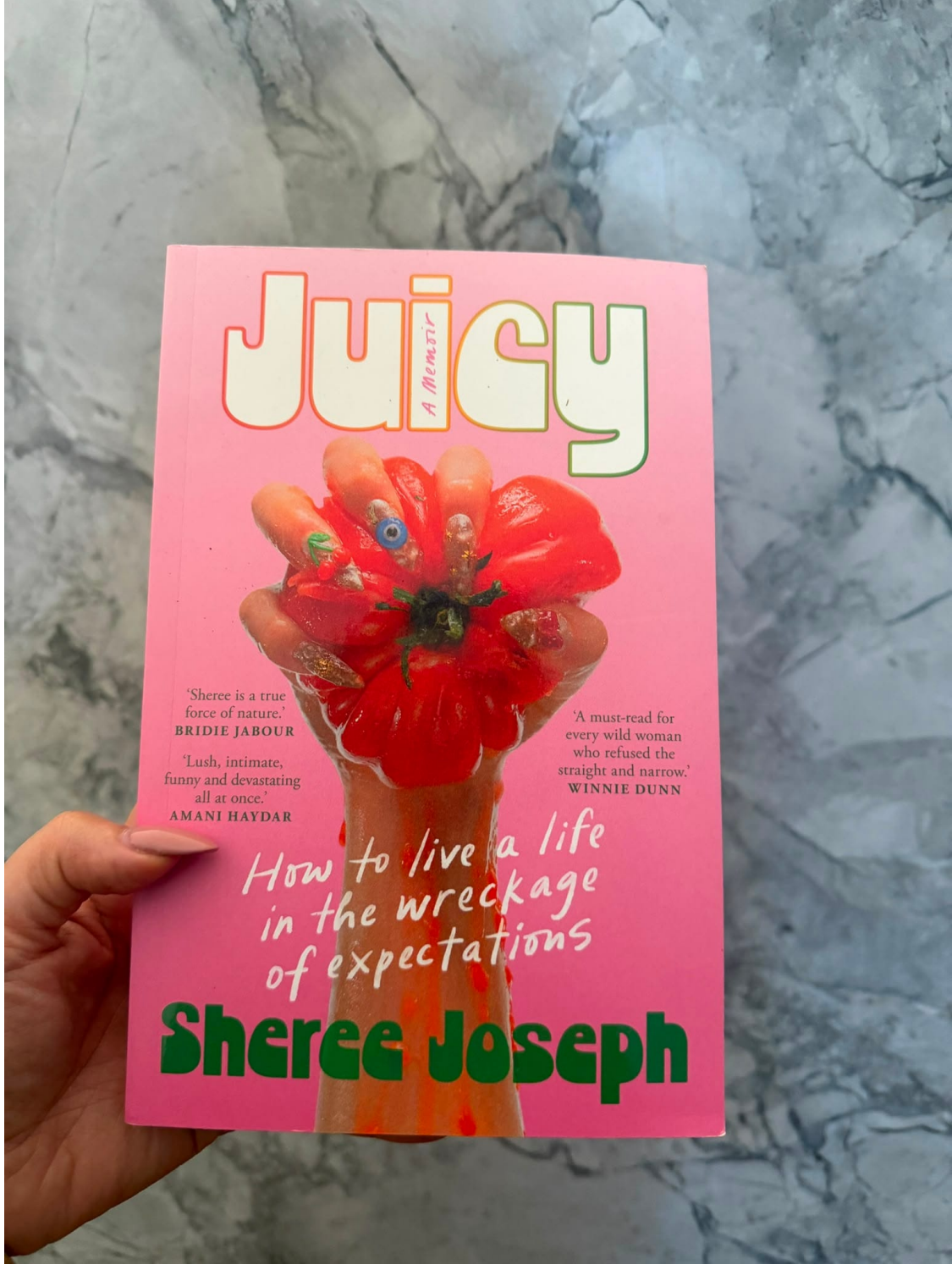
And introducing social media editor Anja de Rozario, who is filling in for Soaliha Iqbal, with yet another take on Tony Tulathimutte’s latest novel-in-stories.

Let’s get into it.

### NONFICTION: [Juicy](#) by [Sheree Joseph](#)

*Recommended by Antoinette Lattouf*

Choosing a non-fiction book to recommend was difficult this month, not that the genre is lacking in excellent offerings but rather that my brain cells and/or emotional wellbeing have largely avoided fact-led writing in my leisure time — because frankly, most facts are dire, and yet, I’ve built a career trading in and examining them. This means that what little downtime I have, I try to find joy in absurdly implausible fiction with low cognitive loads that dominate airport shelves. Judge all you like.



*Juicy* by Sheree Joseph lured Antoinette back to non-fiction.

Of late, I only read non-fiction when I have to, and so I present to you a memoir by an author whose book I was asked to help launch. I couldn’t exactly rock up only having read Liane Moriarty’s devourable 787th book (I think that’s what she’s up to). So, of course, I did the prep, and quickly lost myself in this fragile yet at times flamboyant tale of a woman in her 30s struggling with relationships, loss and fertility — and feeling she’s unable to meet anyone’s expectation of womanhood.

*Juicy: How to Live a Life in the Wreckage of Expectations* was written by Sheree Joseph and is her debut book. Although we know of each other (both working in media/arts, and both our ancestors hail from a teeny-tiny mountainous village in northern Lebanon), we aren’t friends, and I knew very little about her life. My first reaction when I was told Sheree Joseph had written a memoir was: Wow, *she looks great for 75*.

*The launch of Sheree Joseph’s debut book.*

This is because I tend to think memoirs should only be written towards the end of one’s life. But nope — Sheree is in her 30s, and I now appreciate and understand why she wrote this very vulnerable and often cheeky memoir, which I devoured over a long weekend.

That was a rather verbose, judgy preamble to what was a very engaging read and examination of Joseph’s life and aspirations in her 30s, which get derailed (or at least detoured) by deaths, grief, loss and fertility issues.

After a long-term relationship takes way too long to conclude, Sheree is plagued by what to do with her life — newly single, with limited finances, a job she just endures, and desperate to get as far from the work-from-home imposed during lockdowns as possible. Sheree chooses to run away from the weight of expectations at home, chasing the northern hemisphere’s sunshine and falling into the arms of some instantly romantic but inherently dishonest men.

She travels to Europe and the Middle East, living freely — sometimes recklessly — and almost always plagued by what a woman her age “should” be doing with their life.

As more women choose to live alone, or a life without children, others have little say in either matter. This book will appeal to many in both camps, but it also managed to get the non-fiction-avoidant to devour the contours and peaks of a life so vastly different to mine.

The intimate writing is paired with a universality of fork-in-the-road scenarios that have you finger-lick-turning-desperate to figure out where this journey leads.

And the magic is — it’s anywhere the reader wants to go. This book also served as a reminder that memoirs can gently steer you back to non-fiction.

### FICTION: [Rejection](#) by [Tony Tulathimutte](#)

*Recommended by Anja de Rozario*

Have you ever heard of a “lolcow”?

It’s Gen Z slang for an internet personality who is “milked for laughs”. Christened so for their cringe, their controversy, and most of all, for their lack of self-awareness.

I picked up my copy at Amplify, a social enterprise bookstore that spotlights books by BIPOC authors. Well worth a visit for our Melbourne bookworms.

Lolcows don’t know they’re lolcows. They’re often neurodivergent and socially isolated, leading to chronic oversharing or taking the comment section way too seriously. Never really cancelled, even if several have insane political views. The milk is too valuable.

Now, consider the lolcows of real life. The weird guy who may orbit your friendship group, or the coworker who once crashed out on such a nuclear level, they live in our “remember when?” conversations rent-free.

I think the reason Tony Tulathimutte’s novel ‘Rejection’ has become so insanely popular is that many of us are afraid, not-so-deep-down, of becoming lolcows.

As someone who usually sticks to the finest romantic smut Kindle has to offer, in a bid to escape the news cycle and almost equally disappointing dating scene, I happily broke my streak for Rejection: A collection of short stories based on a cast of unpredictably related characters. The book is outrageously funny.

A young man “dragging his virginity like a body bag” and wondering why he can’t get laid (he’s a feminist!), a woman whose inability to de-centre men destroys her group chat, a shy porn addict trying to navigate his first relationship (maybe skip this one if you have delicate — or any — sensibilities), an “Am I the asshole?” post that made me want to eat my fist, and a mysterious fifth character who haunts the internet.

Each provides a different reason for you to yell, “WTF are you doing? Stop! No!”

I had to microdose this book due to my limited tolerance for second-hand embarrassment; however, Tulathimutte’s disgustingly beautiful prose made it worth it, so worth it. As did the empathy he extended to each of his characters (Maybe not the AITA, fuck that guy).

Tulathimutte’s keen understanding of humans and how we deal with rejection from the pack means you cannot help but have heart-wrenching sympathy for at least one character.

I won’t tell you which one was mine.

Until next month, we hope you enjoy these reads.

Team Ette



Comment