

'Helen Fielding is one of the funniest
writers in Britain and Bridget Jones is
a creation of comic genius'

NICK HORNBY



BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY

HELEN FIELDING

HEALTH WARNING: Adopting Bridget's lifestyle could seriously damage your health.

HELEN FIELDING

Bridget Jones's Diary

a novel

PICADOR



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Bridget Jones's Diary

Helen Fielding was born in Yorkshire. She worked for many years in London as a newspaper and TV journalist, travelling as wildly and as often as possible to Africa, India and Central America. She has written four novels: *Cause Celeb* (1994), *Bridget Jones's Diary* (1996) and *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason* (2000) and *Olivia Joules and the Overactive Imagination* (2003). She co-wrote the screenplays for the movie of *Bridget Jones's Diary* and the forthcoming sequel based on *The Edge of Reason*. She now works full-time as a novelist and screenwriter and lives in London and Los Angeles.

Also by Helen Fielding

Cause Celeb

**Bridget Jones:
The Edge of Reason**

**Olivia Joules and the
Overactive Imagination**

To my mum, Nellie, for not being like Bridget's

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New Year's Resolutions

I WILL NOT

Drink more than fourteen alcohol units a week.

Smoke.

Waste money on: pasta-makers, ice-cream machines or other culinary devices which will never use; books by unreadable literary authors to put impressively on shelves; exotic underwear, since pointless as have no boyfriend.

Behave sluttishly around the house, but instead imagine others are watching.

Spend more than earn.

Allow in-tray to rage out of control.

Fall for any of following: alcoholics, workaholics, commitment phobics, people with girlfriends or wives, misogynists, megalomaniacs, chauvinists, emotional fuckwits or freeloaders, perverts.

Get annoyed with Mum, Una Alconbury or Perpetua.

Get upset over men, but instead be poised and cool ice-queen.

Have crushes on men, but instead form relationships based on mature assessment of character.

Bitch about anyone behind their backs, but be positive about everyone.

Obsess about Daniel Cleaver as pathetic to have a crush on boss in manner of Miss Money Penny or similar.

Sulk about having no boyfriend, but develop inner poise and authority and sense of self as woman of substance, complete *without* boyfriend, as best way to obtain boyfriend.

I WILL

Stop smoking.

Drink no more than fourteen alcohol units a week.

Reduce circumference of thighs by 3 inches (i.e. 1½ inches each), using anti-cellulite diet.

Purge flat of all extraneous matter.

Give all clothes which have not worn for two years or more to homeless.

Improve career and find new job with potential.

Save up money in form of savings. Poss start pension also.

Be more confident.

Be more assertive.

Make better use of time.

Not go out every night but stay in and read books and listen to classical music.

Give proportion of earnings to charity.

Be kinder and help others more.

Eat more pulses.

Get up straight away when wake up in mornings.

Go to gym three times a week not merely to buy sandwich.

Put photographs in photograph albums.

Make up compilation 'mood' tapes so can have tapes ready with all favourite romantic/dancing/rousing/feminist etc. tracks assembled instead of turning into drink-sodden DJ-style person with tapes scattered all over floor.

Form functional relationship with responsible adult.

Learn to programme video.

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JANUARY

An Exceptionally Bad Start

Sunday 1 January

9st 3 (but post-Christmas), alcohol units 14 (but effectively covers 2 days as 4 hours of party was on New Year's Day), cigarettes 22, calories 5424.

Food consumed today:

- 2 pkts Emmenthal cheese slices
- 14 cold new potatoes
- 2 Bloody Marys (count as food as contain Worcester sauce and tomatoes)
- $\frac{1}{3}$ Ciabatta loaf with Brie
- coriander leaves – $\frac{1}{2}$ packet
- 12 Milk Tray (best to get rid of all Christmas confectionery in one go and make fresh start tomorrow)
- 13 cocktail sticks securing cheese and pineapple
- Portion Una Alconbury's turkey curry, peas and bananas
- Portion Una Alconbury's Raspberry Surprise made with Bourbon biscuits, tinned raspberries, eight gallons of whipped cream, decorated with glacé cherries and angelica.

Noon. London: my flat. Ugh. The last thing on earth I feel physically, emotionally or mentally equipped to do is drive

to Una and Geoffrey Alconbury's New Year's Day Turkey Curry Buffet in Grafton Underwood. Geoffrey and Una Alconbury are my parents' best friends and, as Uncle Geoffrey never tires of reminding me, have known me since I was running round the lawn with no clothes on. My mother rang up at 8.30 in the morning last August Bank Holiday and forced me to promise to go. She approached it via a cunningly circuitous route.

'Oh, hello, darling. I was just ringing to see what you wanted for Christmas.'

'Christmas?'

'Would you like a surprise, darling?'

'No!' I bellowed. 'Sorry. I mean ...'

'I wondered if you'd like a set of wheels for your suitcase.'

'But I haven't got a suitcase.'

'Why don't I get you a little suitcase *with wheels attached*. You know, like air hostesses have.'

'I've already got a bag.'

'Oh, darling, you can't go around with that tatty green canvas thing. You look like some sort of Mary Poppins person who's fallen on hard times. Just a little compact case with a pull-out handle. It's amazing how much you can get in. Do you want it in navy on red or red on navy?'

'Mum. It's eight thirty in the morning. It's summer. It's very hot. I don't want an air-hostess bag.'

'Julie Enderby's got one. She says she never uses anything else.'

'Who's Julie Enderby?'

'You know *Julie*, darling! Mavis Enderby's daughter. Julie! The one that's got that super-doooper job at Arthur Andersen ...'