



Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries

By Helen Fielding

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Before motherhood, before marriage, Bridget with biological clock ticking very, very loudly, finds herself unexpectedly pregnant at the eleventh hour: a joyful pregnancy which is dominated, however, by a crucial but terribly awkward question – who is the father? Mark Darcy: honourable, decent, notable human rights lawyer? Or Daniel Cleaver: charming, witty, notable fuckwit?

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In this gloriously funny, touching story of baby-deadline panic, maternal bliss, and social, professional, technological, culinary and childbirth chaos, Bridget Jones – global phenomenon and the world's favorite Singleton – is back with a bump.

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Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries By Helen Fielding Bibliography

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Editorial Review

Review

Winner of the 2017 Bollinger Everyman Wodehouse Prize for Comic Fiction

“[H]ilarious fourth installment [to] the drama that is the life of Bridget Jones. . . . In true Bridget Jones style, Fielding leaves the reader laughing on nearly every page . . . and dying to finally know: Who is the father of Bridget’s baby?” —*emissourian.com*

“‘What would the Dalai Lama do?’ Bridget asks herself. . . . One hopes the Dalai Lama gets his hands on this book as soon as possible. If he can’t clear up the morality questions, he’ll at least get a good laugh.”
—*Kirkus Reviews*

“Daniel . . . has the best lines. . . . Again and again he comes up with smutty one-liners that steal the show and make you wish [Hugh] Grant could have been in the film, entertaining as it was without him. . . . Fielding also nails the pretentious absurdity of the London literary scene. . . . Nor does she skimp on some home truths about single women in their thirties being brainwashed into thinking they have to play so hard-to-get, that they don’t in fact get until it’s too late. **I was expecting a lame retread of the film but I couldn’t have been more wrong, I realised, as I turned the pages, crying with laughter. Bridget Jones is as relevant and funny today as she has always been.**” —*Evening Standard*

“The newest of the Bridget Jones chronicles is, like all of Helen Fielding’s novels, well-paced and well-crafted, as symmetrical and solidly constructed as an Oreo.” —**Molly Young**, *The New York Times*

“Pages devoured: 216. Embarrassing laugh-out-loud moments on public transport: numerous. Overall thoughts on latest Bridget Jones book: V.v.v. gd. . . . Helen Fielding reminds us once again that she’s the Queen of encapsulating the female experience in all its messy, funny and emotional glory with her fourth Bridget Jones book. . . . This is the Bridget we were all clamouring to see: in a chaotic conundrum over who the father of her baby is—Mark or Daniel. . . . Daniel gets some of the funniest lines, and there’s a couple of poignant reprises of Bridget and Mark’s most memorable lines. **It’s short, pacy and perfect.**” —*Bridport and Lyme Regis News (UK) (9/10)*

“[I]t’s funny! . . . I was feeling down when I started the book, sobbing over my own failures. . . . And then [after starting to read it] **the world doesn’t seem quite so bad because Bridge is still in it.** She’s still hopeless but optimistic. . . . **[I]t’s all strangely comforting. . . . [A]s sweet as a Flake, and far less messy.**”
—*Daily Mail*

PRAISE FOR BRIDGET JONES: MAD ABOUT THE BOY

“Sharp and humorous . . . Snappily written, observationally astute . . . Genuinely moving.” —*New York Times Book Review*

“Bridget’s back! And as irrepressible as ever . . . Sweet, clever and funny. Yay Bridget!” —*People (five stars)*

“Tender and comic.” —*The New Yorker*

“Feels like visiting with your funniest friend.” —*Entertainment Weekly*

“Sweet and satisfying.” —*USA Today*

About the Author

HELEN FIELDING is the author of *Bridget Jones's Diary*, *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason*, and *Bridget Jones: Mad About the Boy*, and was part of the screenwriting team on the associated movies. *Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries* is her sixth novel. She has two children and lives in London and Los Angeles.

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One

The Multifaceted Portent

Saturday 24 June Noon. London: my flat. Oh God. Oh God. Am beyond late and hung-over and everything is absolutely terrib— Oooh, goody! Telephone!

“Oh, hello, darling, guess what?”—my mother. “We’ve just been at Mavis Enderbury’s Brunch Time Karaoke and guess what? Julie Enderbury’s just had her . . .”

You could practically hear the screeching of tires: like she was about to say the word “fat” to a morbidly obese person.

“Just had her what?” I muttered, frantically putting the remains of a slice of goats cheese log in my mouth followed by half a protein bar to ease the hangover, whilst trying to pull some sort of vaguely christening-friendly outfit from the mess all over the bed.

“Nothing, darling!” she trilled.

“What has Julie Enderbury just had?” I retched. “Her boobs made even more gigantic? A lithe young Brazilian?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing, darling. She just had her third, but what I was really ringing to say was . . .”

Grrr! Why does my mother always DO this? It’s bad enough anyway careering towards baby deadline without . . .

“Why are you avoiding the subject of Julie Enderbury’s third?” I rasped, jabbing wildly at the TV remotes for some sort of escape, only to ping up an advert showing an anorexic teenage model with a baby playing with a toilet roll.

“Oh, I’m not, darling,” Mum replied airily. “Anyway, look at this Angelina Jolly. She adopted that Chinese baby . . .”

“I think you’ll find Maddox was Cambodian, Mother,” I said, coldly. Honestly, the way she talks about celebrities you’d think she’d just had an intimate conversation with Angelina Jolie at Mavis Enderbury’s Brunch Time Karaoke.

“The point is, Angelina adopted this little baby and then she got Brad, and had all these other babies.”

“I don’t think that’s why Angelina ‘got’ Brad Pitt, Mother. Having a baby is not the be all and end all of a woman’s life,” I said, struggling into an absurd floaty peach dress, which I last wore at Magda’s wedding.

“That’s the spirit, darling. And some people have marvelous lives without them! Look at Wynn and Ashley Green! They went down the Nile thirty-four times! Mind you, they were a couple, so . . .”

“Actually, Mum, for once in my life, I’m very happy. I’m successful, I have a new car with satnav and I’m freeeee . . .” I gushed, glancing out of the window to see— bizarrely—a group of pregnant women walking along the road below the flat, fondling their bumps.

“Hmmm. Anyway, darling. You’ll never guess what?”

“What?”

There were three more pregnant women walking along behind the first lot now. It was starting to get weird.

“She’s accepted! The Queen! She’s doing a Royal Visit on March twenty-third to celebrate the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the Ethelred Stone.”

“What? Who? Ethelred?”

A veritable throng of pregnant women was now walking along the street below.

“You know? That thing in the village by the fire hydrant where Mavis got her car clamped. It’s Anglo-Saxon,” Mum autowittered on. “Anyway, aren’t you supposed to be at the christening today? Elaine told me Mar—”

“Mum. Something very strange is happening,” I said eerily. “Gotogobye.”

Grrr! Why does everyone try to make you feel stupid about not having babies. I mean, pretty much everybody feels an element of ambivalence about the whole thing, including my mother. She’s always saying, “Sometimes I wish I’d never HAD children, darling.” And anyway, it’s not that easy to pull off in the modern world, as men are an increasingly unevolved primitive species, and the last thing you want is . . . Gaah! Doorbell.

12.30 p.m. Was Shazzer—finally! Buzzed her in, then darted, freaked-out, back to the window, whilst she clopped across the room to the fridge, dressed in a wildly christening-inappropriate little black dress and Jimmy Choos.

“Bridge, come the fuck ON. We’re beyond late! Why are you hiding under the window dressed like a fairy?”

“It’s an omen,” I gabbled. “God is punishing me for being a selfish career woman and thwarting nature with contraceptive devices.”

“What are you the fuck on about?” she said cheerfully, opening the fridge. “Have you got any wine?”

“Didn’t you see? The street is full of pregnant women. It’s a multifaceted portent. Soon cows will be falling

from the sky, horses born with eight legs and . . .”

Shazzer wandered over to the window and glanced out, pert bum tightly encased in the little black dress.

“There’s nobody down there except one vaguely hot boy with a beard. Though actually not hot. Well, not very. Maybe without the beard.”

I leapt up to the window and stared down at the empty street in confusion. “They’re gone. Gone. But where?”

“OK, calm, calm, lovely calm, calm,” said Shazzer, with the air of an American cop talking to her eighth guntoting lunatic that day. I blinked at her, like a rabbit caught in headlights, then bolted out of the door and down the stairs, hearing her clattering behind me.

Hah! I thought, once out in the street. There were TWO MORE of the pregnant women, hurrying along in the same direction.

“Who are you?” I boldly confronted them. “What is the meaning of you? Where are you bound?”

The women pointed to a sign outside the closed-down vegan cafe. It said pop-up pregnancy yoga.

Heard Shazzer snort behind me.

“Right, excellent, jolly good,” I said to the women. “Have a lovely, lovely, afternoon.”

“Bridget,” said Shaz, “you are so insane.” Then we both collapsed in slightly hysterical giggles on the doorstep.

1.04 p.m. My car. London. “It’s fine, we’ll be early,” said Shazzer.

It was four minutes after we were supposed to be at the pre-christening drinks at Chislewood House and we were in solid traffic on the Cromwell Road. But in my new car, which you can tell to take you to places and make phone calls and everything.

“Call Magda,” I said smoothly to the car.

“You said, Courmayeur,” replied the car.

“No, not Courmayeur, fuckwit,” yelled Shazzer.

“Diverting to Flintwick,” said the car.

“No! You stupid trollop,” yelled Shazzer.

“Diverting to Studely Wallop.”

“Don’t shout at my car.”

“What, you’re sticking the fuck up for your car now?”

“Put your knickers, on. Put them ON.” Magda’s voice suddenly boomed out from the car. “You are NOT coming to a christening without knickers.”

“We are wearing knickers!” I said indignantly.

“Speak for yourself,” murmured Shaz.

“Bridget! Where are you? You’re the godmother. Mummy will smack, she will smack, she will smack.”

“It’s fine! We’re speeding through the countryside! We’ll be there any minute!” I said, glancing giddily at Shazzer.

“Oh good, well hurry up we need drinkies first to fortify us. Actually, there’s something I wanted to tell you.”

“What?” I said, relieved that Magda wasn’t completely furious. It was all turning into a jolly day out.

“Um, it’s about the other godparent.”

“Yees?”

“Look, I’m really sorry. We’ve had so many kids we’ve completely run out of any remotely solvent males. Jeremy asked him without telling me.”

“Asked who?”

There was a pause with screaming in the background. Then a single word cut me like a French cook’s knife through goats cheese.

“Mark.”

“You are joking,” said Shazzer.

Silence.

“No, seriously, you are joking, Magda?” said Shazzer. “What the fuck, fuck are you fucking doing, you masochistic maniac? You are not making her stand at the fucking font with Mark Darcy, in front of a fucking smug married/smug motherfucking . . .”

“Constance! Put it back. BACK IN THE TOILET! Sorry, got to go!”

The phone cut out.

“Stop the car,” said Shaz. “We’re not going. Turn round.” “Take the next. Legal. U-turn,” said the car. “Just because Magda is so desperate to hang on to Jeremy she’s had an ‘accidental’ late baby and therefore run out of godparents, there’s no reason to have you playing mummies and daddies at the altar with your anally retentive ex.”

“But I have to go. It’s my duty. I’m the godmother. People go to Afghanistan.”

“Bridget, this is not Afghanistan, it’s a ridiculous, tired, social clusterfuck. Pull over.”

I tried to pull over, but everyone started hysterically honking. Eventually I found a petrol station attached to Sainsbury’s Homebase.

“Bridge.” Shazzer looked at me and brushed a bit of hair away from my face. For a moment I thought maybe she was a lesbian.

I mean, young people apparently don’t see themselves as either gay or straight now, they just ARE: and also women are so much easier to relate to than men. But then I like having sex with men, and I’ve never . . .

“Bridget!” said Shazzer sternly. “You’ve gone into a trance again. You spend your whole time doing what everyone else wants. Get what you need. Get some sex. If you’re hell-bent on going to this fucked-up nightmare, get some sex AT THE NIGHTMARE. That’s exactly what I’m going to do, not at the nightmare, but in my flat, and if you’re determined to put yourself in a COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE situation to please everyone else I’m going to get in a cab. I, for one, am going to spend the afternoon christening my toy boy.”

But Magda is my friend and has always been kind. So I drove to the christening having a pity party about what might have been, all alone apart from my new car, which was fortunately feeling quite chatty.

Five Years Before

I still can’t believe what happened. I didn’t mean to do anything wrong. I was just trying to be nice. Shazzer is right. I must go back and do more reading: e.g., *Why Men Love Bitches*.

Mark and I had our engagement party in Claridge’s Ballroom. I’d rather have had it somewhere a bit more bohemian, with fairy lights, baskets instead of lampshades, sofas outside that are meant to be inside, etc. But Claridge’s is the sort of place Mark thinks is right for engagements, and that’s the point in relationships, you have to adapt. And Mark, who cannot sing, sang. He had rewritten the words to “My Funny Valentine.”

My funny valentine, sweet funny valentine,
You’ve set my frozen heart to “thaw,”
Though your talk is hardly erudite,
Of calories and cellulite,
With each flaw I endure I love you more.
You’re obsessed about your weight. Pathologically late.
Permanently in a state of disarray.
But don’t start reading Proust and Poe.
OK ’s *OK* and so’s *Hello*.
All I want’s your warmth and honesty.
Don’t change at all, just marry me.

He couldn’t really sing, but he’s normally so buttoned up that everyone was quite emotional and Mark lost all control and kissed me on the lips at a public occasion. I honestly thought I’d never be so happy again in my entire life.

Later, indeed, things went rather dramatically downhill.

Resolutions

If anything ever almost works out again I will not have anything to do with either of the following:

- a) Karaoke
- b) Daniel Cleaver (my ex-boyfriend, Mark Darcy's arch rival, old friend from Cambridge, and also the person who broke up Mark's first marriage by being on Mark's kitchen table, having sex with Mark's first wife at the moment when Mark came home from work)

I was just stumbling down from one of the tables, after my rendition of "I Will Always Love You," when I noticed Daniel Cleaver looking at me with a haunted, tragic expression.

The thing about Daniel is that he is very manipulative and sexually incontinent, and unfaithful and does tell a lot of lies, and can be very unkind, and obviously Mark hates him because of everything that happened in the past, but I do still think there is something really lovely about him.

"Jones," said Daniel. "Help me? I am tortured by regret. You're the only living creature who could possibly, ever have saved me and now you are marrying another. I find myself disintegrating, almost as if falling to pieces. Just a few kind words alone, Jones, please?"

"Yessuvcourse, Dansyul, coss," I slurred, confusedly. "I juss wan' everyone to be as happy assme." In hindsight, I may have been the teensiest bit drunk.

Daniel was taking my arm and steering me in some sort of direction.

"I am tortured, Jones. I am tormented."

"No. Lisssten. I really, really sink that . . . happiness is sooooo . . ."

"Come in here, Jones, please. I really need to talk, alone . . ." said Daniel, leading me unsteadily into a side room. "Is my life now doomed, forever, truthfully?"

"No!" I said. "Snow! Daniel! Yous WILL be happy! Defsnut."

"Hold me, Jones," he said. "I fear I will never . . ."

"Lissen. Happiness IS happy because . . ." I said, as we overbalanced and crashed onto the floor.

"Jones," he growled, hornily. "Just let me have one last look at your giant mummy pants I so love. To make Daddy happy? Before my life disintegrates into ashes?"

The door burst open and I looked up in horror to see Mark's face, just as Daniel was lifting up my skirt. There was a flash of pain in Mark's brown eyes, and then total, cold, emotional shutdown.

It was the one thing Mark couldn't forgive. Mark and I left the party together, as if nothing was wrong. For weeks we struggled on, pretending to everyone else that things were OK and trying and failing to pretend to

each other.

As you may know, I have a degree in English Language and Literature from Bangor University, and it made me think of a line from one of D. H. Lawrence's marvelous works:

*Something in her proud, honourable soul had crystallized out,
hard as rock, against him.*

Something in Mark's proud, honourable soul had crystallized out against me. "What the fuck is wrong with him? It was a meaningless moment compared to a whole lifetime. He knows what Daniel's like," said the friends. But for Mark, it went very deep in a way I couldn't understand and he couldn't explain. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. Eventually, he told me he couldn't carry on. I still had my flat. He apologized for the inconvenience, heartbreak, etc. He orchestrated the spread of the news that the engagement was broken amongst our friends and family in a typically dignified way and shortly afterwards left for a job in Northern California.

The friends were brilliant, ranting, "He's completely anally retentive, fucked up by public school and will never commit to anyone." Six months later, he married Natasha the uptight stick insect lawyer woman who was with Mark the first time I saw him in a suit—at a book party for *Kafka's Motorbike*, where she was going on and on to Salman Rushdie about "hierarchies of culture," and the only thing I could think of to say was, "Do you know where the toilets are?"

I never heard back from Daniel. "FUCK Daniel. He's a sexually incontinent emotional fuckwitted commitmentphobe who'll never commit to anyone," ranted Shazzer. Seven months later, Daniel married an Eastern European model/princess and was occasionally to be seen gracing the pages of *Hello*, leaning over the parapet of a castle with mountains in the background, looking slightly embarrassed.

And so, there I was, five years later, crawling along the M4, horrifyingly late, to see Mark again for the first time since it all ended.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

James Reveles:

This Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries book is not really ordinary book, you have it then the world is in your hands. The benefit you have by reading this book will be information inside this publication incredible fresh, you will get information which is getting deeper an individual read a lot of information you will get. This specific Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries without we realize teach the one who reading through it become critical in thinking and analyzing. Don't become worry Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries can bring once you are and not make your handbag space or bookshelves' become full because you can have it within your lovely laptop even mobile phone. This Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries having great arrangement in word as well as layout, so you will not feel uninterested in reading.

Douglas Johnson:

A lot of people always spent all their free time to vacation or maybe go to the outside with them household or their friend. Did you know? Many a lot of people spent they will free time just watching TV, or even playing video games all day long. If you wish to try to find a new activity honestly, that is look different you can read any book. It is really fun for you personally. If you enjoy the book that you just read you can spent the whole day to reading a guide. The book Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries it is rather good to read. There are a lot of people who recommended this book. These folks were enjoying reading this book. If you did not have enough space to create this book you can buy the particular e-book. You can m0ore simply to read this book from your smart phone. The price is not to fund but this book has high quality.

Daniel White:

Is it an individual who having spare time then spend it whole day by simply watching television programs or just laying on the bed? Do you need something totally new? This Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries can be the answer, oh how comes? It's a book you know. You are therefore out of date, spending your time by reading in this new era is common not a geek activity. So what these guides have than the others?

Margaret Pace:

Don't be worry should you be afraid that this book can filled the space in your house, you may have it in e-book way, more simple and reachable. This particular Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries can give you a lot of good friends because by you considering this one book you have thing that they don't and make you more like an interesting person. This specific book can be one of one step for you to get success. This book offer you information that might be your friend doesn't recognize, by knowing more than various other make you to be great folks. So , why hesitate? We need to have Bridget Jones's Baby: The Diaries.

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