

Learner Resource 1 *Bridget Jones's Diary* – Helen Fielding

Monday 14th August

9st 5 (great, turned into lard mountain for interview, also have spot), alcohol units 0, cigarettes many, calories 1575 (but threw up so effectively 400, approx.)

Oh God. Terrified about interview. I have told Perpetua I am at the gynaecologist – I know I should have said dentist but opportunities to torture the nosiest woman in the world should not be allowed to slip through the net. I am almost ready and merely need to complete my make-up while practicing my opinions on Tony Blair's leadership. Oh my God, who's the Shadow Defence Secretary? Oh fuck, oh fuck. Is it someone with a beard? Shit: telephone. I can't believe it: terrifying telephonic teenager with patronizing South London sing-song going, 'Hel-lo, Bridget, Richard Finch's office here. Richard's in Blackpool this morning so he won't be able to make the meeting.' Rescheduled for Wednesday. Will have to pretend have recurring gynaecological condition. Might as well take rest of morning off anyway.

