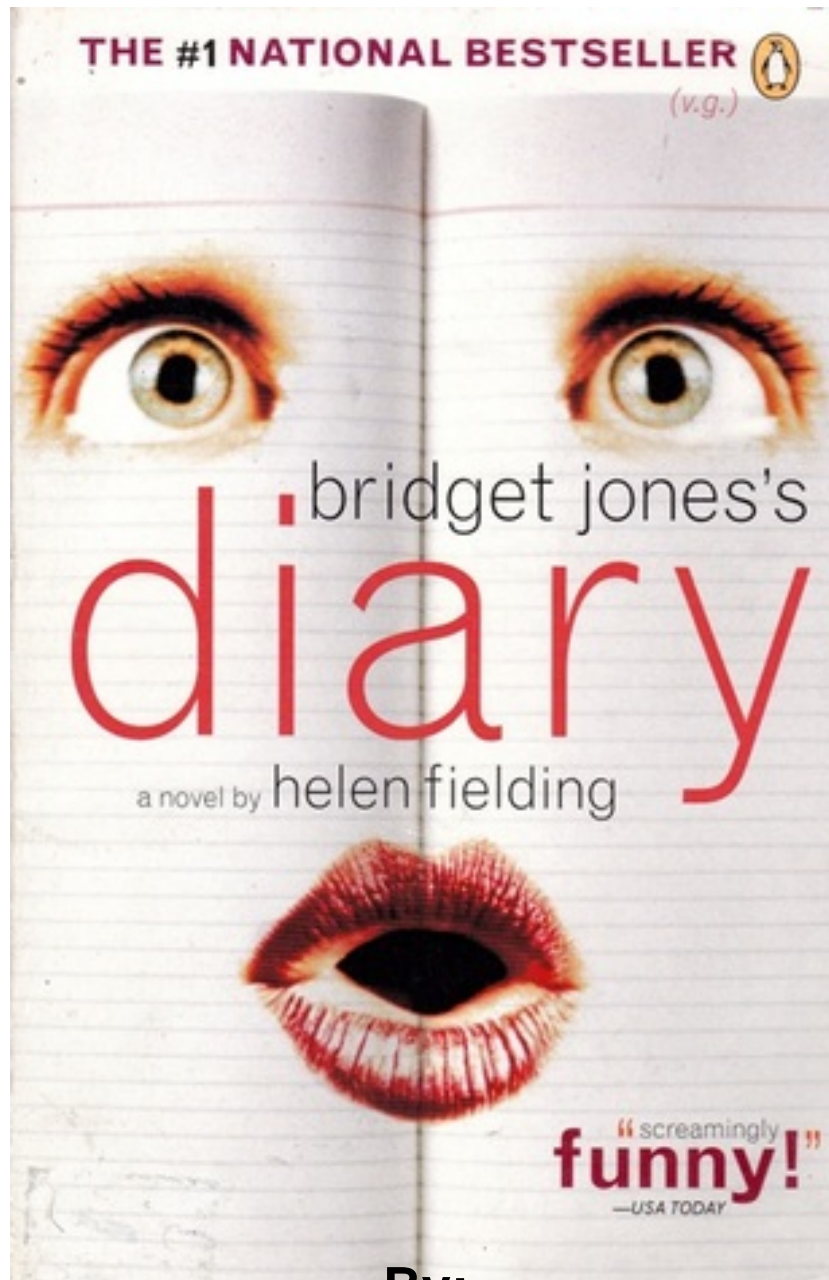


## Bridget Jones's Diary Book PDF Download



By:  
**Helen Fielding**

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## What people Say:

### April (Aprilius Maximus)

Prepare yourselves, it's about to get personal up in here.

So, I've never seen the movie of Bridget Jones's Diary, so I thought I would read the highly acclaimed book before doing so and, to my great surprise, I ended up hating almost everything about it. I 100% understand why people like it - it's funny and relatable and reminiscent of the great decade that was the 90's, but because of a purely personal problem, this book made me feel like garbage and therefore made me absolutely loathe my readi

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Bridget is always writing down her weight and saying she's fat, but the thing is, it's not just herself saying this. Friends, family and other characters also call her fat throughout the novel and then I look at me, who weighs over 15 kilos more than Bridget, and it honestly made me feel like crap. I have already been struggling with confidence and self-loathing because over the past couple of years I've put on 25 kilos due to changing medications for my mental health, so this book honestly just made it worse. Is this what people on the street think about me when I walk by? Do my friends and family secretly discuss how much weight I've put on behind my back? It honestly took me back to when members of my own family were making snide remarks about my weight or offering suggestions for how exercise and dieting could benefit me, thinking they were helping when really, it made it ten times worse.

I was 3/4 of the way through the book, when I thought to myself, has anything plot-wise actually happened? Nope. Just a bunch of damaging self-hatred that triggered my own.

I get that a lot of people love the book and that's fine, I totally get it, but for me, it ended up being a damaging and destructive novel that ended up being quite triggering for my depression.

Let me know any thoughts you guys have on this book or any of the things I've discussed!

Around the Year in 52 Books Challenge Notes:

- 20. A book with a first name in the title

## Jessica

I didn't enjoy this book in an ironic way, or in a it's-good-even-though-, or I-can't-believe-I-do-but-I-perversely-can't-help-it or any other angled, roundabout, halfway indirect from behind kind of way.... No. I sat on my couch and wolfed this thing down in one sitting while laughing my ass off.

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I read it last spring when I decided I was curious about what "chick-lit" was, so that I could form an opinion and generally improve my likelihood of passing as a somewhat informed member of civilization. This was not the only "chick-lit" book I attempted. I tried \*Bergdorf Blondes\*, the first few pages of which made me want to stab my eyes out with a rusty fork; well, maybe it made me more want to stab someone else's eyes out (Plum Sykes springs to mind), but my point is that it wasn't just bad but actually highly disturbing. Disturbing as in, does not so much shake as demolish one's faith in humanity and makes one tremble in horror at the times we're evidently living in..... I also tried \*Good in Bed\*, which wasn't upsetting, but did seem pretty bad, or at least definitely not for me. I even flipped open a \*Shopaholic\* book, which wasn't as awfully written as \*

\* but did similarly make yearn for a grim Stalinist dystopia where this kind of trash just isn't permitted.

Then there was Bridget Jones.

Now, my enjoyment of this book was not uncomplicated by this terrifying "I-am-Cathy" feeling that I'm now enough of a grownup to identify with a lovably neurotic character from fluffy popular women's fiction. Because, dear bookster, identify I did. Yes. I had the 100% straightforward chick-lit experience, which I guess must be exactly this sense of recognizing your own ridiculously stereotypical feminine traits in a light novel's plucky heroine. And seriously? That's exactly what happened to me.

(Can I just explain that I'm supposed to be packing right now, which is why this is getting so long and involved? I'm not really crazy, I'm just procrastinating.) (Also, though, I do want to tell you guys about Bridget Jones and how weirdly good it was.)

There were a few things I didn't realize about BJ before I read this book. One is, she drinks too

much. The other is, she smokes. I know it sounds dumb, but I think I would've felt differently knowing that, instead of just that she struggles with food. I'd sort of heard that a lot of it was about efforts to control her weight or whatever, and this typical, you know, on-again-off-again dieting, blah blah blah, and I really couldn't imagine anything less appealing, partly because that isn't a problem I identify with, and partly because does the world really need another book about a self-hating lady trying to lose weight? And why would anyone want to read something like that anyway?

Well, I would. And I did! Because it's not really about her trying to lose weight (although I guess it kind of is), it's more about the constant, compulsive agony self-inflicted by a woman cursed not only with zero impulse control and a ravenous id, but also obsessively high standards for herself and a ridiculous amount of guilt and self-scrutiny about virtually everything she does.

## Shriya

Let's review this book the Bridget way!

But wait a second! Who can call

a chick-lit? That would be an insult to such a master-piece! No, Bridget is no wannabe chick-lit heroine and this book is certainly no trashy best-seller!

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is definitely a piece of literature! It is well written, it's funny and it is extremely relate-able. Bridget, like most girls, tends to make mistakes, fall in love with the wrong guy and she gives an all new twist to the story of

. In a way, it is a work of plagiarism and yet, it has the quality of being original! It is at once the biggest tribute to Austen and one of the most successful experiments on creating a story which has its own elements of uniqueness and surprise!

And the best thing about this book is, you don't want to believe Bridget is not real! It's like Santa Claus or Hogwarts all over again!

## Annalisa

I'm torn as to how to rate this. On the one hand, Fielding nails the humor. Humor is very hard to capture in literature and I often found myself smiling or chuckling. But when I wasn't, I was exasperated with Bridget Jones. Fielding nails her too. Why do women insist on being proud of being so... shallow? Idiotic, blind about themselves and their lives, and obsessed with all the wrong things in life? I didn't sympathize with Bridget at all, nor did I really care about the holes she dug herself i

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I also didn't buy into the love story. I didn't really get why Bridget liked him other than he was there. But what else than a shallow love interest did I expect from Bridget? I'm glad that the *Pride and Prejudice* undertones were not blatant or I might of cried that Fielding so disgraced the characters. I liked the way Renee Zellweger played Bridget so much more than the way this is written. At least in the movie she has a brain and a personality worth something and she seems a little above all the nonsense around her. One of these days I'd like to read chick lit with a protagonist I can relate to, but then again, would it really be light and chick-lit-ish?

## Manny

Get up and make sensible plan. Will work hard on journal paper during day, then go for well-earned picnic at open-air movie theatre. Tonight's movie

(v. good). Make salmon florentine for picnic, will eat half there and save rest for tomorrow. Feel v. organized.

Hard to concentrate thoughts on journal paper. After lunch go back to bed, need to recover energy. Wake up again mid-afternoon. Decide to postpone working on paper until tomorrow, have to tidy apartment since guests c

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Hard to concentrate thoughts on journal paper. After lunch go back to bed, need to recover energy. Wake up again mid-afternoon. Decide to postpone working on paper until tomorrow, have to tidy apartment since guests coming for picnic and place looks like tip. Pack picnic. Guests arrive, walk down to water and find good spot to pitch camp. While waiting for movie to start, eat all salmon florentine followed by large serve of chocolate mousse and most of two bottles of wine. Halfway through movie, stretch out hand to grope girlfriend and spill remaining wine over brand-new picnic rug (v. bad). Girlfriend not happy. Arrive back home pissed at 1 am. Must do better tomorrow.