

PREGNANCY *diary*

# 'From Cadillac to carrycot – reality hits'

Meet P&B's new columnist, Maria Lally, 30, from London, who wasn't expecting to be expecting so soon...

It's 8pm on a drizzly Tuesday night and I've just arrived home from work stressed, tired and hungry. So far, so normal. But nestled deep inside my handbag is a little white stick that could potentially change things forever...

I love children and, no doubt about it, I've always wanted my own. But my husband Dan and I – married for just over a year and sticklers for planning – decided to wait until 2011 to have our own. This, we reasoned, would give us plenty of time to enjoy cocktail-fuelled nights out with friends, Sunday morning lie-ins and a road trip across America in a Cadillac (Dan's idea). But I'm about to discover that the

know? – I start to worry: what about all the wine I had last weekend? Or the strong painkillers for toothache the week before that? What will it mean for my career? Can we afford it? And what about those lie-ins and that road trip?

## LIFE HAS CHANGED

But for every worry, there's a huge rush of excitement about what we've got to look forward to: telling our mums, who have been longing for grandchildren forever. The fact we're actually fertile – I've read so many scare stories that I've never been complacent about being able to have a family. And the fact that once the baby's here, I'll be strolling

*'I find it strange that everyone carries on as normal when my life has become anything but'*

best-laid plans really can go awry as the white stick confirms what I've been suspecting for a while, thanks to my bra feeling tighter than usual and my energy levels falling off a cliff... I'm pregnant!

## SHARING THE NEWS

Feeling a heady mix of shock and panic, with a huge – no, make that massive – dollop of happiness, I race upstairs to tell Dan, who's been dismissing my 'Umm, I have this weird feeling I'm pregnant' chats for the past few days.

We are both disbelieving, but ecstatic. We didn't plan for this, but that night in bed, we talk excitedly about adding a tiny person to our family. We've often said that, since our wedding day, we already feel like a little family in our own right, instead of a couple floating between two other families. But on the train into work the next day, as well as being put out that nobody offers me a seat – don't they

around town on a week day (me looking yummy-mummy slim, baby looking cute and tear-free), while my colleagues are at work.

This fantasy, however, is promptly blown apart when I sneak away to phone my best friend, Vicky – who I've known for 20 years, and is mum to Max, three, and Lucy, two months – laughs when I tell her: 'Yeah, right, she scoffs. 'You'll be in your dressing gown, eating crisps and feeling weepy, more like.'

When I get back to my desk, I'm convinced somebody knows my amazing little secret. But the girls I work with have no idea about my huge, amazing, life-altering piece of news. I find it strange that they're carrying on as normal when overnight my life has become anything but, and I can't concentrate on what they're saying.

So instead I sit staring at my computer, bursting with excitement and worrying how we'll ever get a car seat into a Cadillac... **P&B**

**NEXT MONTH** *Family, food poisoning and fashion dilemmas.*



*This month, Maria is...*

**TAKING** 'Vitabiotics Pregnacare supplements (£4.95 for 30, from Boots) – I take these religiously!

**DRINKING** 'Pomegranate juice. I can tell friends it's vodka and cranberry.'

**BROWSING** 'Topshop online, for the maternitywear. I'm already worrying I'll soon need to ditch my skinny jeans.'