

ovarian.
canceraction

FUNDING NEXT GEN RESEARCH FOR NEXT GEN LIVES

I WILL SURVIVE

One woman dies of ovarian cancer in the UK every two hours. The next generation deserves better.

Ovarian Cancer Action funds ground-breaking research so that the next generation will survive.

Text SURVIVE to 70470 to donate £5 ovarian.org.uk

Texts cost £5 plus one standard rate message. Obtain bill payer's permission. Ovarian Cancer Action registered charity in England & Wales (119073) & Scotland (SCO43478). Full T&Cs at ovarian.org.uk



DIGITAL
PRICE

79p

BARGAIN!

GAWD mother!
I flashed at a
CHRISTENING

Real people

BURSTING WITH
REAL LIFE!

No.5

6/2/20

NOW
MORE
REAL
LIFE
+ PRIZES!

Party trick!
One push &
WHOOSH

DIY BOOB JOB

DENIED an op
I HACKED IT
OFF MYSELF



It's YOUR
FUNERAL!
I nabbed
my rapist at
A WAKE



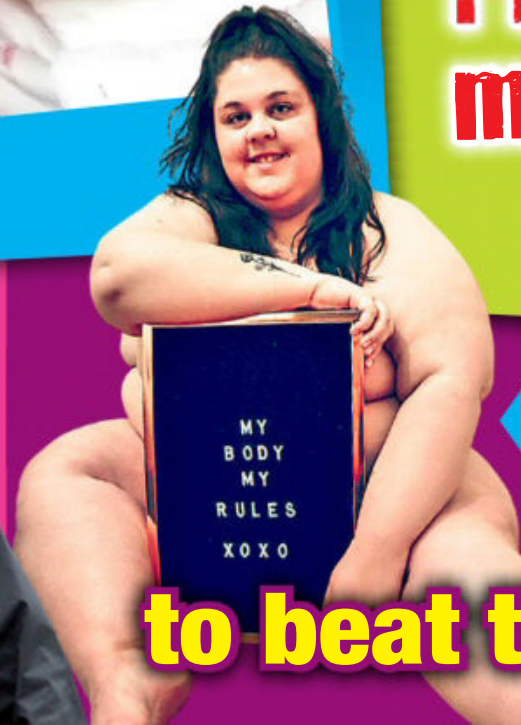
KINKY DEVIL

Knicker nicker
wore 'em TO KILL



READ MY LIPS...

Butt-naked
to beat the BULLIES



YOU USE IT TO FACE THE DAY WE USE IT TO FACE CANCER

Self-esteem is important to all women, it just happens to be in sharper focus for those who have cancer. That's the reason Look Good Feel Better exists. We have been helping to combat the visible side effects of cancer treatment for over 20 years through free confidence-boosting skincare and make-up workshops across the UK and worldwide.

lookgoodfeelbetter.co.uk/warpaint4life

#WARPAINT4LIFE



look good **feel better**
FACING CANCER WITH CONFIDENCE

Registered Charity No. 1031728

This week in YOUR FAB VALUE

Real people



44



Who hasn't had a bad bod day? When you look in that mirror and it suddenly occurs to you that your love handles are *holding hands* and your back boobs are rushing to join them. At such times we need to take a leaf out of curvy Abyie's book. When she landed herself a hottie on Tinder, trolls scoffed, *you'll crush him!* Instead of shrivelling, she decided

they liked gawping so much, she'd give them a lot more to see (p15). Atta girl! But sometimes, the shaming is just, well, mortifying. Just ask Dannielle whose mum tum got so out of control a paramedic was called to get her out of her jeans! But it is Sarah who truly needed a dose of Abyie's confidence (p6). Her boobs wouldn't stop growing. She quit counting her way through the alphabet when she reached an F Cup, started trying to flatten them under layers of bras instead. All she needed was a breast reduction op... What she got instead was a breakdown in the toilet cubicle of a fast food restaurant and an act of self-mutilation so desperate, her doctors should be ashamed.

Karen Bryans, Editor
(stories@realpeplemag.co.uk)

Karen
x

14 Party trick

One push & whoosh!

15 Read my lips...

Butt-naked to beat the bullies

20 Kinky devil

Knicker nicker wore 'em to kill

38 Gawd mother!

I flashed at my bubba's christening

24 Cookery

Pesto power

25 Daddy's death trap

Absent parent

27 Mum to mum

Potty mouth

28 Animal crackers!

Wheels of fire

30 Stars

32 Bloodlust

Farmyard beasts

37 Fashion

40 Bob's big treasure hunt!

Junk or jewel?

44 Wish upon a YouTube star

Show stopper

Puzzle Trail

3 Cash Cow

9 The Whopper!

18 Real People Roulette

26 WIN! A £100 M&S gift card!

28 WIN! Michael Kors perfume!

30 Lost In Moo-sic & Cow-Culator!

31 WIN! A Sony PS4 games console!

34 Just For Fun!

35 Reader Puzzles And Solutions

36 Playing The Field

38 WIN! An Andrew James chocolate fountain!

41 X-Factor

42 Puzzles For Prizes

43 Entry Coupon

46 Diabolical

Real Life

4 Our mad world!

10 Travel

Coast is dear!

11 Ladies who lunch

Snacks with style

14 Quick reads

16 It's your call

A heartbreaking decision

19 Suds away

Get in a lather

22 Health & Happiness

Screen saver

On the cover

6 DIY boob job

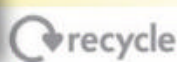
Denied an op so I hacked it off myself

12 It's your funeral

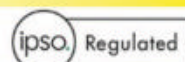
I nabbed my rapist at a wake

28

Millie's beardie has a skateboard!



This magazine can be recycled either through your kerbside collection, or at a local recycling point. Log on to www.recyclenow.com, and enter your postcode to find your nearest sites.



CASH COW WEEK 1

Real People's Puzzle Trail starts here!

Use the arrows to take you directly to the next puzzling page.

Our beautiful bovine puzzle mascot, Florence, will kick things off with her Cash Cow comp...

Venture into the land of milk and money here and get your hands on a grand prize indeed! For your chance to win £1,000, collect the letter that appears with Flo, right, every week for eight weeks. When you've collected them all, rearrange them into an eight-letter word and write this on the entry coupon in issue 12.

WIN
£1,000!



It's udderly FAB!

Enter online at www.realpeplemag.co.uk

FOLLOW FLORENCE TO PAGE 9

Our MAD WORLD!

Guaranteed to make you smile!

PULL THE OTHER ONE!

Draw up the duvet and enjoy these shameless sickies...

- 'My bed was too nice to get out of.'
- 'Goats got into my garden.'
- 'I dreamed I had come to work, so thought I was there and stayed asleep.'
- 'I have post-coital soreness.'
- 'My television broke.'
- 'I lost my flip flop down the side of a train, so I had to go home.'



USA

A groom-to-be sent an email to his guests, writing, *I know there will be no way I can ever apologize enough but I am not going to follow through with the wedding. Again I am truly sorry. But he backtracked five hours later, saying it was back on! We give it six months, tops.*

Source: Activ Absence survey



THE GRATE ESCAPE



These two little Harry Houdinis had their mum scratching her head as to why the youngest, 22-month-old Arthur, was dancing with his brother Flynn, four, outside of his cot. After installing a camera, mum Amy Werdekker, 31, watched Arthur climb on to a box Flynn had placed in the cot, and then saw his big brother tip him out on to a crash mat of teddies and blankets. See above right – they'll be downing pints at The Falcon next!

CYPRUS

Love sprouts in the most unlikely of places, like a prison. Former junkie Kevork Tontian, 34, fell for Brazilian drug-smuggler Wemson Gabral da Costa, 30 – and now the gay inmates have wed in their Nicosia jail. Well, marriage is bit of a sentence.



Search 'Boy helps brother out of crib' on YouTube

LIP SERVICE

What do you do on a rainy day at home? Well, apparently I get a makeover thanks to my two-year-old daughter, Ava!

Caroline Davies, Newton Abbot, Devon



Don't give me lip!

UK

Bin botherer Andy Jennings, 27, has pimped up a wheelie bin with a go-kart engine and it can now do 36mph. He's not a complete saddo, though, as he's fundraising for a disabled friend. Still, your wheels are rubbish, mate.

WINGING IT

My daughter, Nia, four, loves birds and animals and had a span-tastic time down at The Seal Sanctuary in Cornwall.

Mari Drury, Ewloe, Flintshire





WHAT CORKERS!

Here are my sons Joe, eight, and Bobby, six, dressed up to the Aussie nines! My in-laws had used the hats as props in a play; fair game for grandsons now!

Wayne Rolfe, Upminster, Essex



CRECHE DUMMIES

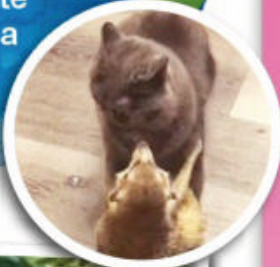
When I saw this sign outside a pub, I had to laugh. I wonder if the pub was full?!

Celia Slater, Cowplain, Hants



RUSSIA

Cat videos? BORING! Cat playing with meerkat videos? Now you're talking. Moggy Nice, eight, is best pals with meerkat Suria, six, in St Petersburg and owner Ekaterina Kuraeva has quite rightly uploaded a million videos of them.



BIRD-BRAIN

Over here we have dogs going walkies, but in California they have parrots going for squawkies! A bloke was filmed taking his two pet birds out for a flutter in Yuba City. Apparently he does it every morning. Good on him! Beats a cage any day.



ARGENTINA

A corpse in a body bag fell out the back of a hearse at a busy junction in Buenos Aires. The driver, realising his cargo was missing, pulled over and trotted back to the poor person, as cars veered around them. We've all had those days at work, right?!

WE WANT YOUR LETTERS!

£25 for each one printed. Send letters and original pics to Real People, 30 Panton Street, London SW1Y 4AJ. (letters@realpeoplemag.co.uk via email).

Please include your name, address & phone number.

If your picture is not original, we will not be able to pay you.

Twitter feed at twitter.com/RealPeopleMag

SOAP ON A ROPE

Work yourself into a lather with our sneak peek at what's soon to be bubbling over and under in your fave shows...

WEEK COMMENCING 3 Feb

EastEnders

Oh, Linda. You used to be all fun and feisty; now you're all done and nasty! In an eventful week for the boozed up landlady, she takes Ollie to school with a raging hangover, only to have a run-in with Shelley, prompting her to ask Chantelle to pick him up. Next, her card is declined because it's been stopped by Mick. Humiliated, she lashes out at Sharon, who was trying to calm her down. Chantelle then cops it when she tries to take control after bringing Ollie home to a drunken Linda. And the drinking puts Ollie in serious danger later, when L falls asleep while watching him. Shirley tries shock tactics and Mick tries to be supportive, but Linda's paranoid – will she make the right moves?

Elsewhere... Whitney is feeling guilty about Kush and, to try to put things right, despite Tiff's advice, takes matters into her own hands.

Oh! And Sheree opens up to Patrick about Isaac, and Bernie's curious at Karen's lack of concern when the police update her about Keanu.

EMMERDALE



Graham's murder and all those affected and involved takes centre stage as this gripping whodunnit continues to play out.

Elsewhere... News of another death has a big impact on an Emmerdale family.

Laurel is saddened to hear that Sandy has passed away and worries about how it will affect the kids. Rightfully so, too, as Jimmy finds Arthur crying at Ashley's grave. He tells Jimmy that he thinks God is punishing him. At home he explains his logic to Laurel: it's because he's the one who's been hurting Archie. Laurel is stunned. Will she tell Jimmy? And will she reveal the truth to Jai?

Oh! And With Nate and Tracy growing close, Pete is forced to address his own situation, Liam and Leila try to cheer David up and Victoria lets Wendy see Harry.

CORONATION STREET

Malevolent magician Geoff is up to his old tricks again, in more ways than one – and they're all shockingly bad! First up he cons a reluctant and, more to the point, claustrophobic Yasmeen into rehearsing his 'crushed in box' illusion, before performing it at Tiana's birthday bash. It does not go well at the party and Geoff is livid, although he manages to paint on a smile. He loses his evil little mind, though, when he discovers that someone managed to film the cock-up and has put it online. He goads Yasmeen and bites Tim's head off, who's surprised his dad doesn't see the funny side. But is the stunt he pulls on Yasmeen later going to prove to be the final act for their relationship?

Elsewhere... Steve and Tracy make a run for it from book club.

Oh! And To mark its 1,000th episode, Corrie airs an hour-long special on Friday. It's a day trip to scatter Dennis Tanner's ashes for a gang of regulars. Of course, this wouldn't be Corrie without tension, drama and life-changing consequences for at least one Weatherfield resident.

Home and Away

DON'T MISS WEDNESDAY! Robbo and Jasmine's love bubble is burst by an unexpected visitor.

Neighbours

DON'T MISS THURSDAY! Kyle's new companion causes concern.



I needed bras from a young age

TWIST of the KNIFE

Unhappy with my boobs, I turned to booze and self-harm



Sarah was desperate, her body freakish. And if the doctors wouldn't help her...

The playground was warm, too warm for jumpers, as I stood scuffing my shoes and watching some boys playing with a ball.

Suddenly I heard a shout. 'I can see your boobs through your top!'

My cheeks flared red. I was only nine and I'd noticed my chest sprouting for a while now. But, bewildered, I'd just tried to ignore the burgeoning mounds of flesh.

But now I knew everyone could see!

I wished I could go back to having a boy chest. But the problem just got worse.

By 10, Mum had me wearing my sister's hand-me-down bra, a double D.

I was only little and that big bust was all wrong on a child. The other kids knew it, and so the taunting started.

'It's Big Boobs,' they sneered at me. My older sisters were heavy-chested, too, so we were the Big Boobed Bakers.

I started wearing layers of clothes, a vest under my school

shirt and I always had a jumper on, even on hot days.

Then, when I was 11, my mum went to the USA on holiday – and didn't return for a year. She emailed my dad saying she didn't love him any more...

Dad was suddenly on his own with eight of us kids.

He tried his best, but he worked long hours as a bank manager to support us financially so there was little time or energy left for emotional support.

I was becoming a young woman with no mum to guide me. No one to turn to as my boobs grew and grew.

But, when I was 14, I had to go to Dad. My sister's bra had disintegrated after four years of wear and my breasts were painful, thwacking against my

chest. On my pennies of pocket money, I couldn't afford to buy one.

'Dad, I need a bra,' I blurted while he cooked a spag Bol dinner for us all one evening.

'OK,' he sighed. 'We'll go to Farmers on Saturday.'

Farmers was our local department store and there, in the lingerie section, I shyly told an assistant, 'I need a bra.'

Thankfully Dad wandered off and left me to it until I needed him at the till...

The shop assistant was kind, measuring me and recommending an under-wired bra.

'I want one without any padding,' I shuddered. 'This black one – it's fine.'

But, even though the bra – an F cup – supported my breasts, the way it hoiked them up

made them more prominent, even under my layers of clothes.

People – especially men – stared and I felt like a freak.

I grew more and more depressed.

One evening, I collected all the pills I could find in the bathroom cabinet and stuffed them down my throat...

I woke in hospital, Dad and my sister, Montanae, by my side with tears streaming down their faces.

'Why did you do this, Sarah?' Dad asked.

But I'd spent so long bottling everything up I couldn't find the words to tell him how low I felt.

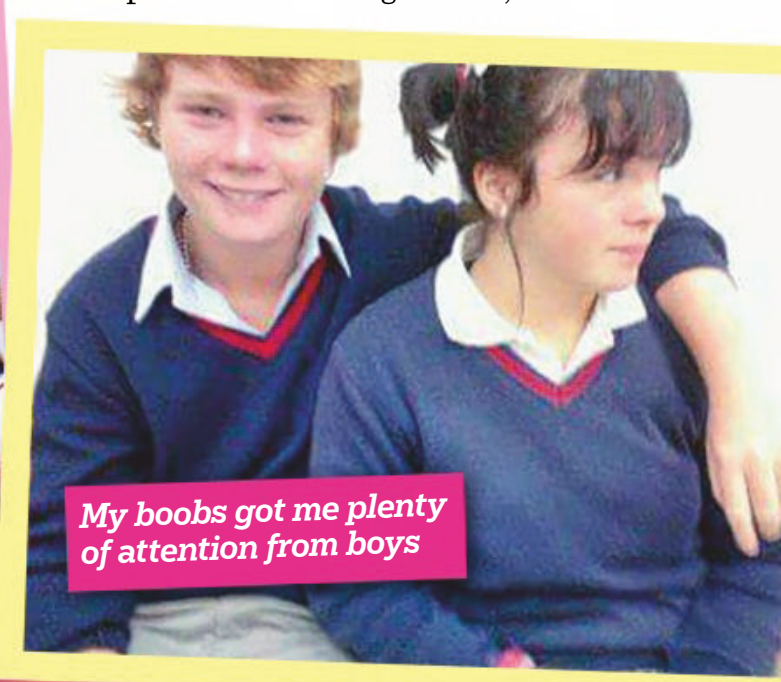
'You know we love you,' Montanae said. 'Please talk to us...'

But I had no idea where to begin.

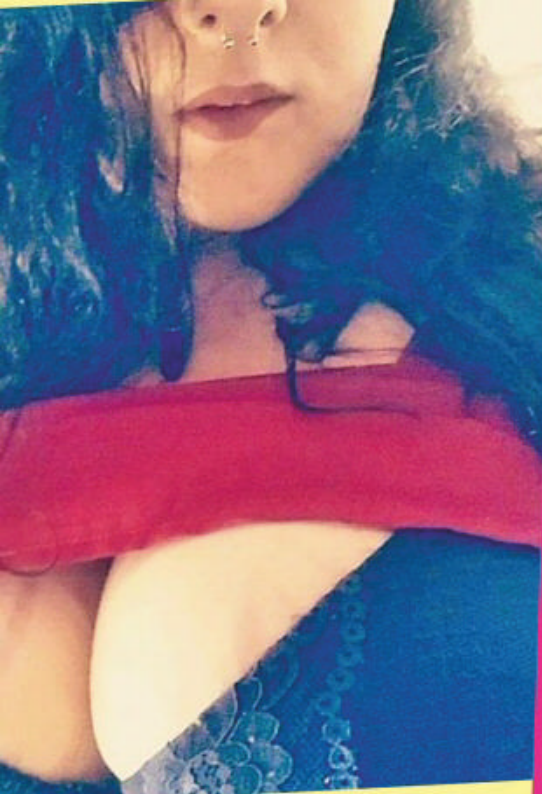
Mum, back from the US now but not living with us, even



Bottom right, I came from a big family



My boobs got me plenty of attention from boys



My sis Montanae, left, and friend Amii, right, liked me the way I was

BREAST of intentions?

visited with a carton of orange juice for me. But it was just too late.

After that, I never returned to normal school – instead I went to what we, in New Zealand, call a ‘health school’, a place for kids with physical and mental health issues.

It just made me feel even more different and outcast.

How could they help me, anyway? My problems were always with me, jutting out above my rib cage like two giant marrows...

I ended up blurting it all out in my weekly session with a psychologist. ‘Can I have a reduction? If my breasts were normal, I’d be normal,’ I said.

I was 4ft 7in, a size 16 and an F cup.

I expected him to shake his head.

But he said he would refer me to a plastic surgeon.

I was ecstatic until the appointment came.

There I stood, head bowed, in the surgeon’s office as he asked me to undress.

He needed to see them. Of course he did. But no one ever had. Not naked.

I felt like I was being peeled to my nerve endings as I shed layer after layer.

Then I closed my eyes, squirmed with shame, as he lifted them this way and that.

‘It’ll all be worth it when you get the surgery,’ I thought, desperately.

But I didn’t. All I got was a letter saying the hospital didn’t have the funds to treat me...

Over the next three years I begged for help, had a few more appointments with plastic surgeons. But the answer was always the same – the public healthcare system didn’t have the money to pay for the op...

Rejection piled on rejection, until one night I slipped away one of Dad’s razor blades and ran it along my arm.

The sharp sting of pain helped somehow.

After that when my self-loathing was overwhelming, I cut my arms and stomach and thighs. I found the sensation of the warm blood trickling down my arms comforting – as if I was physically letting out my anger.

When I was 16, the authorities offered me a place in a halfway house.

‘We don’t want you to go,’ Dad said. But lines etched his face every time he was in a room with me. The worry I was causing him swamped me with guilt...

He gave me his blessing and what few dollars he could afford.

I spent it on two new bras. I still wore the old black one Dad had bought me when I was 14, ever though I’d had to tape the wires, which were poking out. On top of it I pulled a new sports bra, which crossed over at the back. And on top of that? A wireless cotton bandeau bra.

Never mind that I developed red welts across my back and, in summer, had to spray myself with perfume because I smelled of sweat.

And with my new freedom, I went off the rails.

I began to drink

heavily and became known as a good time girl, always up for sex after a few drinks.

I’d shudder at the fingers pawing at my hated boobs. But the booze was making me numb.

Those lovers bit my breasts, sometimes twisted them. As if they were punishing them. That I understood.

But afterwards, looking at my bruises, I’d weep hot tears of shame – at the same time, much like when I cut myself, I felt I deserved them...

The workers at the halfway house tried to talk sense into me, get me to be kinder to myself.

One day, trying to practise some of it, I even went out jogging.

I’d only been outside for five minutes when two lads on the other side of the street spotted me...

‘Look at those boobies bounce,’ one jeered.

‘Don’t knock yourself out,’ his mate guffawed.

Hopeless – I couldn’t even go for a run without being mocked. Humiliated and cursing myself for ever thinking I could be normal, I went home and scored my wrists...

A few weeks later, in May 2016, I was in hospital – yet again – having stitches in my arm where I’d cut myself.

‘Thanks,’ I scoffed to the doctor. ‘I’m going to go home now and drink a bottle of Jack Daniel’s.’

Concerned, the doctor called Dad who came to collect me.

‘Why are you doing this, Sarah?’ he said, tears in his eyes. ‘You need to stop the drinking and the cutting. You’re ruining your life.’

‘No, YOU’RE ruining my life,’



I’d hide my chest under layers of clothing

I roared. ‘I hate you all. Leave me alone...’

I leapt from the car, ran, dodging traffic, to a nearby McDonald’s. I looked around at the other customers. Couples, families, workers grabbing a burger on their lunch break – all so normal.

And then there was me, the razor blade I carried everywhere throbbing red hot in my bag.

As my eyes went to my bag, they skimmed the two vicious peaks I blamed for everything. Those massive, droopy bags of fat crammed into their triple-hammock. The breasts that were wrecking everything.

If I didn’t have them...

In a kind of trance, I went to the loo, locked myself in a cubicle and got out the blade.

And this time, instead of running it along my arms, I raised it high and slashed at my right breast.

Into the soft flesh the little slash of steel sank. Bright blood bloomed in its wake.

Relief flooded me and I began to strike again and again, slicing the skin where it met my chest.

Blood ran freely now, dripped and splashed on the floor...

It was almost as if the hand with the blade was working independently of my brain.

But, as the blood coursed down my chest, I felt satisfied. So I hacked harder and harder, blood now in a puddle at my trainers and snaking outside the McDonald’s cubicle door.

Why hadn’t I done this years ago? In this moment, it was blindingly obvious.

If the doctors won’t chop my breasts off, I’ll do it myself!

Excited at changing my life at last, I cut harder, faster.

Slice...

Slash...

Slit!

Then I was waking up in hospital.

‘What’s happened?’ I asked.

My head felt thick, my thoughts slow, hard to keep hold of.

A doctor explained I’d been found, unconscious, in a toilet cubicle. I stared at him blankly.

‘You hurt yourself very badly,’ he told me, carefully. ‘We need to get you into surgery but we can’t do that until all the alcohol has left your system.’

A memory pierced my brain. Jagged, like a...

I remembered!

Turn the page to read more...

UDDER horror



I'd mutilated my right breast



I was left with huge scars



CLEAVER TO CLEAVAGE

Head pounding. I got out of bed and staggered to the bathroom. I steadied myself in front of the mirror, my fingers finding the thick gauze covering my right breast.

I peeled it back, sucked in air. I'd near lopped the boob off!

I'd sliced so far into myself that I'd peeled away layers of skin, revealing pink blubber below. It was spurting out of me, like a ghoulish pink rice pudding...

The breasts were still there. But now one of them was freakish, mutilated.

The world spun crazily. Then hands were helping me back to bed.

I was put on 24-hour watch so I didn't mutilate myself again...

It took surgeons three hours to stitch me back up but, because I'd lost fat from my right breast, it was now smaller than the left and misshapen – a sort of droopy triangle, like an upside down witch's hat.

'Will it go back to normal?' I asked the doctor. He shook his head and I screamed.

I'd tried to get rid of my breasts. Instead I'd made them even uglier. I fell into a pit, then.

Admitted to a psychiatric hospital, I didn't have any hope left.

But sitting opposite me in group therapy one day was a tall guy with a kind, open face.

'I like your beanie,' I said.

He introduced himself as Connor, had just been admitted with anorexia...

'Let's see your phone,' I said then typed my number in and handed it back to him.

It wasn't long until we were sneaking into each other's rooms to kiss. That was all I wanted. Sex was cheap for me. And

Connor was special.

I was discharged from hospital two months later – Connor a few weeks behind me – and we rented a flat together. Slowly, I felt ready to go further.

'Your breasts are wonderful,' he told me as we finally made love.

'They've ruined my life,' I told him. 'The only good thing they've done is lead me to meeting you...'

And when I fell pregnant and gave birth to Finn on 22 November 2017, they let me down again.

Tears of frustration formed in my eyes as I tried to get him into position to latch on to my nipple. But one boob was mutilated, the other so huge and heavy that, when I was sitting down, the nipple was nearly at my knees...

'You'll have to express and bottle feed,' the midwife said kindly. 'Probably safer anyway – there's a danger you could suffocate Baby.'

My freakish mammaries had destroyed even this.

Could no one help me?

Suddenly it hit me. A problem this big was going to take a lot of help...

'I'll crowd fund!' I told Connor.

I set it up with the plea, *Help me Reduce my Breasts from an H and Save a Mother's Life*.

I raised \$3,000NZ (£1,500) – and applied for a donation from the Bowen Trust, a charity that funds

surgery for people in need. They accepted me and donated \$18,000NZ to my surgery.

Two months later, in September 2019, I woke in recovery after a five-hour breast reduction operation. The surgeon was at my bedside.

'The operation was a success, Sarah,' he said. 'We removed 1.5kg from each breast.'

I couldn't see the results – just the bandages around them and the tubes draining blood into plastic panniers around my waist.

But, after I was discharged, when I had to go into hospital once a week to have the bandages changed, I peeked.

'They look small,' I told Connor. 'Normal!'

Three months after the op the swelling subsided and my new cup size was revealed – a C!

I bought my surgeon a big box of chocolates to thank him...

You've saved my life, I wrote on the card. And he has – my back pain has disappeared, my sex life improved – now I'm not worried about knocking Connor out – and I'm a proper mother to Finn, two.

Without my breasts in the way, I can pick him up and hold him close to my heart. I can run around with him without them lolloping painfully.

I even bought my first bikini the other day.

'Thank you so much,' I gushed as I paid at the till. 'I'm so happy.'

The shop assistant must have thought I was crackers...

I still take anti-depressants and have my down days, but I never plunge into despair now, never cut myself.

I spent so long being ashamed of my body – now I'm proud of every scar. They show how much I've overcome to be the woman I am today – a normal woman, a wife and a mother.

And no longer someone so desperate I tried to amputate my boob in a loo in Maccy D's...

Sarah Baker, 21, Wellington, New Zealand



My DIY boob job led me to Connor



Now I'm a cup size C



Baby Finn struggled to breast feed

Solve the crossword and, when complete, the yellow boxes will answer the question below. Enter on page 43.

WIN
£150!

ACROSS

- 1 Maths with letters (7)
8 ___ Robbie, actress whose next film, **59A**, is out in cinemas next week (pictured) (6)
11 Utilise (3)
12 Frozen water (3)
13 Kid (5)
14 *Mary ___ Of Scots*, historical film starring **8A** in the title role (5)
16 Hawaiian garland (3)
17 Storey (5)
18 Groom's opposite (5)

- 19 Permit (5)
21 Road covering (3)
22 Group of bees (5)
24 World's highest mountain (7)
26 In a perfect world... (7)
27 Vampire Count created by Bram Stoker (7)
29 ___ Scott Thomas, **8A**'s co-star in *Suite Française* (7)
32 Chef's domain (7)
35 Harasses (7)
37 Mobile home (7)
39 Tiniest of amounts (5)

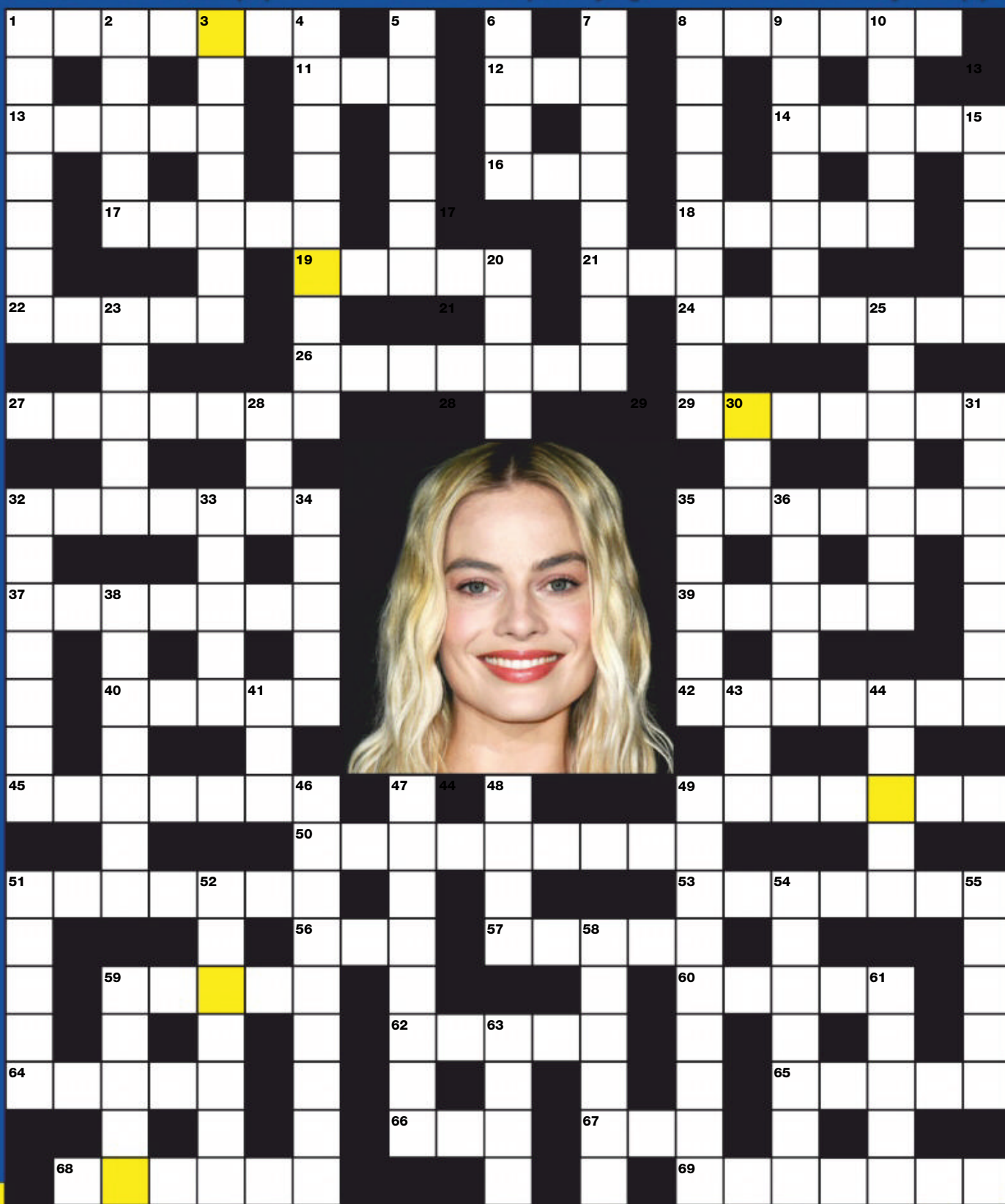
- 40 I, ___, biopic of a controversial US figure skater starring **8A** in the title role, a performance which earned her an Oscar nomination (5)
42 Revolutionary (7)
45 Luck (7)
49 Friendly, personable (7)
50 Globe-like in shape (9)
51 Soaks up (7)
53 Sells goods abroad (7)
56 Go wrong (3)
57 Body cleanse (5)

- 59 *Birds Of Prey: And The Fantabulous Emancipation Of One Harley ___*, film starring **8A**, out next week (5)
60 Wake up siren (5)
62 Picture (5)
64 Legal excuse (5)
65 ___ Pegg, **8A**'s co-star in *Slaughterhouse Rulez* and *Terminal* (5)
66 Historical period (3)
67 Be in debt (3)
68 Ship, eg (6)
69 Put down in price, eg (7)

DOWN

- 1 Climbs (7)
2 Sorrow, woe (5)
3 Where you lie down at night (7)
4 Country where **8A** is from (9)
5 Follow-on film (6)
6 ___ Smith, **8A**'s co-star in *Suicide Squad* and *Focus* (4)
7 ___ Office, where births, deaths and marriages are recorded (8)
8 Short getaway (9)
9 Need (7)
10 Grossly overweight (5)
15 Group of nine musicians (8)
20 *The ___ Of Wall Street*, film with **8A** (4)
23 Not together (5)
25 Drastic (7)
28 Fib (3)
30 Fish eggs (3)
31 Nose hole (7)
32 Start of a footie match (4-3)
33 Safe place (5)
34 Japanese spy (5)
35 ___ *Rabbit*, film based on Beatrix Potter's lovable bunny – featuring the voice of **8A** – with a **5D** due in March (5)
36 Get to your feet (5)
38 Goes back to a place (7)
41 Japanese currency unit (3)
43 Upper limb (3)
44 It's tossed at the Highland Games! (5)
46 Vital (9)
47 ___ Theron, **8A**'s co-star in last month's *Bombshell* (8)
48 ___ Pitt, **8A**'s co-star in *Once Upon A Time In Hollywood* (4)
49 ___ Skarsgard, **8A**'s co-star in *The Legend Of Tarzan* (9)
51 Stadium (5)
52 Partially dried grapes (7)
54 Spoke very highly of, flattered (7)
55 Country, capital Madrid (5)
58 Minor earthquake (6)
59 Nearly but not ___, expression (5)
61 Ape, imitate (5)
63 Slightly open (4)

PQ: Which icon of popular culture will **8A** be portraying in a film out later this year? (6)



PICTURES: GETTY

TAKE THE Real People TIME CHALLENGE:

- 40 mins or less: *Mar-Go! Go! Go!*
41-50 mins: *Mar-Go getter*
51-60 mins: *Mar-Go slow*
Over an hour: *Mar-Go to bed with no supper!*



Enter online at www.realpeoplemag.co.uk



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 18

PENZANCE

No pirates, but the coastal town has everything else!



You can sail or walk to St Michael's Mount

Coast is dear!

A £13 chippy is pricey but with beautiful sea views, it's worth every bite...

Fraser's offers the freshest fish dinners

Penzance may be one of Cornwall's most sought-after summer destinations but, while you won't be splashing about in the sea this January, the coastal town still has plenty to offer.

There's lots to feast on – you can't move for pasties, and there's not a Greggs in sight – and there's art and even a nearby castle.

You can keep warm in the Savoy Cinema, too. It first opened its doors in 1912 and is so posh that it serves food and drinks to your seat! merlincinemas.co.uk

Or take a breezy stroll down to the beach.

If you head there in the warmer months, you might spot a whale or two feeding in the harbour!

INSIDER'S GUIDE

If you're looking for a handmade Cornish pasty, then head to Ian Lintern, the butchers in Chapel Street. All of their meat is sourced locally and butchered on site.

Having filled your face, hop up the road to give it some TLC.

Pure Nuff Stuff is a skincare emporium, located in a shop built in the 1830s in the style of an ancient Egyptian temple!

So stock up on parben-free creams, oils and lotions that'll make Nefertiti proud. purenuffstuff.co.uk

DON'T MISS

Saunter by the sea on the town's promenade and detour into the Morrab Gardens.

Yes, those are palm trees you're seeing! It's a public park packed with Mediterranean and sub-tropical plants.

For culture vultures there's The Exchange gallery.

Found just a five-minute walk inland from the harbour, they often

feature modern art exhibits from local artists.

Tickets are £3.30 for a seven-day pass to The Exchange and their sister gallery in nearby Newlyn. newlynartgallery.co.uk

Drive just two miles east of Penzance and you'll find the coastal town of Marazion.

There, you can sail or walk across the causeway to St Michael's Mount, a small 57-acre island in Mount's Bay.

Why? Because perched on top of the island's hill is a beautiful medieval castle looking out across the Atlantic.

It's still occupied by descendants of the original owners – the St Aubyn family, who first moved there in 1650.

Adult tickets for the castle are £10.50, and kids £5. stmichaelsmount.co.uk

FOOD AND DRINK

Fraser's on the Western Promenade is home to the freshest fish and chips you'll ever eat, serving up hake that has been caught just hours beforehand.

It'll set you back £12.95, mind, but if you're still hungry after you've eaten, you can have more chips for free. frasersfishandchips.co.uk

For more formal dining, head to The Godolphin Arms at Marazion.

Apart from a scrummy Sunday lunch, it serves great food based on local, seasonal and sustainable ingredients.

Try the Newlyn crab mac 'n' cheese for £13, made up of brown crab béchamel, bread crumbs and sriracha hot sauce. Nom! godolphinarms.co.uk

STAYING THERE

The Chapel House is a boutique hotel with six luxurious rooms – pick a top floor room with a glass roof for panoramic views over Penzance and out to sea.

You can also opt for a double-storey suite for more space and independence, with a separate lounge and extras such as fridge, microwave and a log burner.

Each room comes with an iPad, filled with suggestions of hidden gems around the town, including secluded beaches, little known galleries and the best places to catch the sunset.

Double rooms cost from £150 a night. chapelhousepz.co.uk

GETTING THERE

Tucked away not too far from Land's End, sought-after Penzance can be quite a tricky place to get to, but that's all part of the adventure! Your best bet is to board a train for Plymouth, then take another train on to Penzance. Ticket prices start at £65 from London. trainline.com

Pure Nuff Stuff, left, Morrab Gardens, right

Real people 10

You can't move for pasties

By Wendy Gomersall

Watermelon
slogan, £7.99,
Dobbies

Pineapple
print, £7.99,
Dobbies

Pink
bow,
£26, Ted
Baker

Snack
trio, £12,
Yes Studio at
John Lewis

Ladies who lunch

Give your snacks a little
more style, darling...

COMPILED BY: MILLIE GOOCH
PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

PEACE,
LOVE

AND
AVOCADO

Avacado
slogan,
£10, Yes
Studio

Palm
print, £5,
Dunelm

Abstract
print, £10,
shop.
nationaltrust.
org.uk

Star
print,
£8, Joules
at Next

Cat
print,
£12, Milly
Green

Palm
print, £12,
nhmshop.
co.uk

Watermelon
print, £13.99,
getting
personal.co.uk

Monochrome
slogan,
£12, Alice
Scott at John
Lewis



*My sick
stepbrother,
Nigel, ruined
my life*



**When
we lost
Tommy...**

WAKING THE DEAD

At a family funeral Karen came face to face with evil. Was it finally time to make that wicked man pay?

My feet felt leaden as I squeaked along the hospital corridor. I dreaded what I was about to see.

My sister, Debbie, 21. The older one. The stronger one. My rock...

She lay huddled in a hospital bed, with a faraway look on her poor, pinched face.

She was there because she'd taken an overdose. I shuddered. If she hadn't been found... But then I swallowed hard, fixed a bright smile on my face and scraped a chair closer to her bed.

'Hi,' I said, taking her hand. It felt like a bundle of twigs.

I was 20 and Debbie usually did

the hand-holding. I'd always been the one who was a mess.

Now our roles were reversed. The world turned on its head.

'Why, Debbie?' I asked her gently. 'You can tell me why you did this.'

She turned and looked at me, her eyes glittering with pain. And I knew what was coming.

'He did it to me, too,' she croaked.

'Nigel abused me as well.'

Nigel Walker. The face of all my nightmares. He'd come into our life when I was four and Debbie just turned six, and our mum had got together with his lovely dad, Tommy.

'That makes us a family,' Mum said.

But there was nothing lovely about Nigel. He was 10 years older and became my stepbrother when they married.

A step-brother who dressed head to toe in camouflage and carried a big knife that bumped against his thigh. Who liked to torture me and Debbie, locking us out in the cold, dark garden, who made me eat dog biscuits. But that was nothing compared to the 'big brother cuddles', when he'd come creeping into my bed at night.

The cuddles became gropes. Then he made me do things. Finally he raped me. I was only eight.

And through all those terrible nights, never once did I think he was doing it to Debbie, too.

'I'm so sorry,' I cried, hugging her. 'He can't get away with this!'

I'd been too scared to tell anyone except my partner, Colin what had happened, too ashamed to seek justice, so Nigel had got away with it.

But now I had my sister on my

afterwards. 'It was so hard telling them what he did.'

Describing what his hands did to my tiny body, feeling like that terrified child again...

'I was shaking like a leaf,' she nodded. Then she looked worried.

'What will he do when he finds out we've been to the police?' she said.

I pictured that big knife...

'And what about Mum and Tommy,' she cried. 'They aren't to blame for any of this. It will kill them.'

We hadn't thought this through.

Tommy was in his sixties, and this was so long ago. What was it going to do to Mum, knowing what Nigel had done to us?

I ended up stuffing pills into my mouth

side. Now there were two of us.

'We'll go to the police,' I told Debbie. 'We'll do it together.'

'Yes!' she said, gripping my fingers.

He was a paedophile. A monster. He'd stolen our innocence and ruined our lives. He was the reason Debbie lay in hospital, having punished herself. And it was time to make him pay..

So once she was strong enough we went together to Didcot police station and made statements.

'I cried,' I told Debbie

She and Tommy were innocents, too.

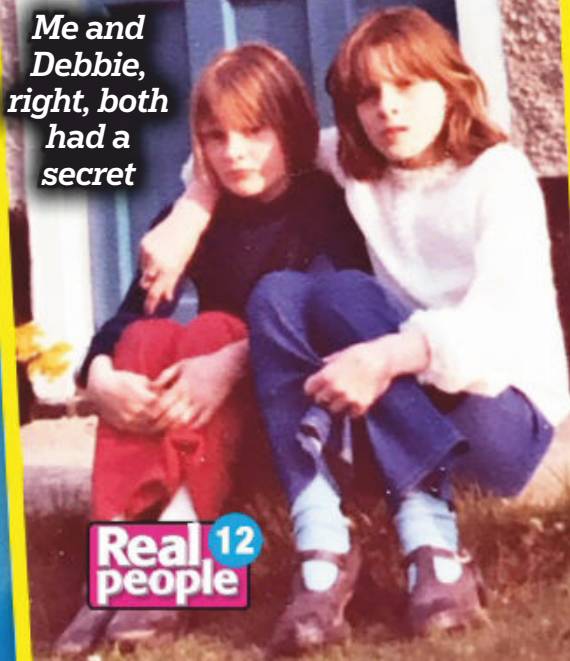
'You're right,' I panicked. 'We'll take it back...'

We went back to the station and retracted our statements.

'He's got away with it,' I choked.

But we just weren't strong enough. It was the shame. When I imagined the world knowing, Mum and Tommy knowing, it felt like I could hardly breathe.

So we kept our family's sordid secret, while Nigel was out there somewhere, living his life, as if nothing had ever happened. At least we didn't have to see him.



Me and Debbie, right, both had a secret

...did he take a secret to his grave?



Debbie and I found the courage to speak out



I had two more babies, Dan and Kayleigh, playmates for my little Zoe.

With the family I had built, I was happy. And yet I woke with the same sick feeling every single morning. The secret choking me...

Me and Mum would go to bingo sometimes. And sitting watching her dabber hit her bingo card, I'd wonder if I should tell her... Here! Right now. But I never could.

I ended up stuffing pills into my mouth, like Debbie had done. A neighbour found me. And when I came round in hospital to Colin's distraught face, I felt awful.

'I couldn't bear it if I lost you,' he choked.

'I'm sorry,' I sobbed. 'I just

couldn't take it any more, thinking about him.'

'You need to talk to someone,' he said. 'Someone who can help.'

I nodded. I didn't want to leave him and my children. They needed me. 'Nigel can't take that away from me, too,' I vowed. So I started having counselling.

And that did help, in time. It made me realise I wasn't to blame for what had been done to me, that Nigel had preyed on me and Debbie.

We were victims. We should feel no shame. So I tried to focus on the positives in my life. I loved taking the children swimming or to the park, simple, happy things.

But nearly 15 years on, in September 2015, Tommy, 86, was sick with blood cancer.

It was swift, brutal. He wasn't going to make it.

I visited him in hospital, sat close to him. He'd always been so good to us. Caring, loving, decent. I didn't know how Nigel could be so different.

Tommy was so weak, but suddenly his eyes filled with tears. 'I'm so very sorry,' he whispered, taking my hand.

I froze. What did he mean?

'It's OK,' I said. I didn't press him to explain. But afterwards, Debbie told me he'd said the same to her.

'Was he talking about Nigel?' I asked.

We'd never know.

Colin, right, knew my secret, but did Tommy, left, know too?



Sisters FOR JUSTICE

He took the answer to his grave. We were all heartbroken, grieving him. Then, as we helped Mum plan the funeral, terror struck me. Nigel would be there!

I was going to come face to face with the bogeyman again. I steelled myself for the ordeal.

On the day, it was standing room only as horse-mad Tommy's coffin was carried into church to the Grand National theme tune. He'd arrived on a horse and cart.

I kept myself focused on the coffin, didn't look behind or search the crowds for that face.

But afterwards, I stood on the grass in Sparsholt Cemetery, splashing tears as Tommy's coffin was lowered into the ground.

And suddenly I felt it – a darkness swirling around me, a chill spreading through my bones. Someone was staring at me. I turned my head slightly to the side and froze, my blood ice.

It was Nigel. He was standing, looming, behind me. Fatter, older, bald, but with the same cruel, evil eyes...

Everyone else seemed to disappear. There was just me and my childhood terrorist. I was five again.

Yet for Tommy's memory, I had to get through this day.

The wake was in a local pub. I found a chair in the conservatory, and just sat on it, trying to hide away from everyone, as they mingled and nibbled on egg and cress sandwiches. Debbie felt the same. Suddenly, my Kayleigh, 24, came up to me. She looked pale, shaky.

'OK, love?' I frowned.

'I just spoke to Nigel,' she croaked. 'He said, "You're that slag, Karen's daughter".'

I felt a bolt of pure rage.

He'd abused me. I was a child. And yet he'd called me that?

He didn't have any remorse, he was still acting like Mr Big, Mr Untouchable...

We'd kept quiet to protect Mum and Tommy. But Tommy was in his grave and Mum in a care home, having suffered a stroke at 70...

'It's time,' Debbie said. 'Yes it is,' I replied.

We went back to the police. Thankfully they

had kept our original statements.

Nigel was arrested.

We heard he was denying everything, pleading not guilty to various counts of rape and indecent assault. It would mean we'd have to give evidence in court. 'I can do it,' I told Colin, 'I'll stand proud and tell the truth.'

But on the second day of the trial at Oxford Crown Court in January last year, a police officer rang me.

'He's pleaded guilty to two counts of rape and seven counts of indecent assault,' he said.

It was over. Afterwards, we heard the prosecution had told the court how Nigel Walker, 60, had 'employed cruelty, bullying and exerted his greater age. He used violence towards them and the consequence of that was that they were scared of him.'

Not any more. Nigel was jailed for 11 years.

He took two little girls, and chewed us up. He thought he could get away with it.

We were petrified then. We are braver now. And we have justice at long last.

Karen Walker, 50, Wiltshire

● **Debbie Hill, 51, says,** 'Nigel would carry his knife around in a sheath and I was about eight and a half when the sexual abuse started. I was wearing a Bo Peep nightdress when he raped me, terrified of the knife that was always nearby. Mum wasn't around a lot, so I was looking after Karen most of the time, or cleaning. I didn't know he was abusing her, too. It was only the love and support of my lovely husband, Richard and two children, that got me through the suicide attempt. Sex was a big issue for me, though. I'd need to drink a bottle of wine before I could be intimate. I suffered terrible anxiety and depression. I still suffer now. I'm writing a book about my life, and am starting peer support training, to help others who've been through a similar trauma. I'll carry the scars forever, but I'm determined not to let Nigel ruin the rest of my life.'

I can finally move on and enjoy my life



Quick READS

3 of the best
short & sweet
stories

**UP TO
£2000**

Send your story and photos to:
Quick Reads, Real People,
30 Panton Street, London
SW1Y 4AJ or email
stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk

**TUB
TIME**

*These two had
me scrambling
for 999!*

Two@fast, TWO FURIOUS

**Serena's babies were in such
a rush it was straight from her
pelvic floor to her flat's...**

Tossing and turning in bed,
I grumbled.

It was Valentine's Day
2016, the day before my due date
with my first baby.

Clearly she wasn't planning on
letting me sleep.

'Fine,' I huffed, getting up and
plodding to the loo.

I'd been in such a mood all day
I'd sent my partner, recruitment
consultant Mike Rolls, 22, off to
his sister's.

That left my mum, Madeline, 53,
who we lived with, on baby-watch.

As I sat on the toilet, the twinges
I'd been having for hours swelled
to an overwhelming urge.

I had to push!

'MUMMM!' I shouted, bringing
her rushing in.

I'd planned a regular hospital
birth, meds on hand and
everything sterile.

But as it was, I squatted on my
bathroom floor.

Suddenly out popped a foot.
Then another.

My baby was breach, but...

'She's here,' Mum gasped,
helping scoop the head from
inside me.

Hailie, at 6lb 3oz, had arrived
so quickly on the bathroom tiles,
I hadn't even had a chance to
call Mike!

'Can't believe I missed it,'
he gabbled when he met us at
the hospital.

Three years on we were
expecting again.

Hailie's speedy delivery had

become folklore.

'And the second one is
always quicker,' Mum warned.

Not to be caught out twice,
I planned a home birth.

Having moved out of Mum's,
I'd be in the lounge, nice and
relaxed with calming music and
flickering, scented candles.

My due date, 8 April 2019,
was Mike's 26th birthday.

We had a little cake, then
I headed off to nursery to
pick up three-year-old Hailie
at 5pm.

'Ooof,' I panted on the five-
minute walk up the road,

THEN, A FOOT POPPED OUT

pressure suddenly
zipping through my body.

By the time we'd got home,
the pains were already two
minutes apart.

I slipped into a bath and called
my midwife.

'I'll be there in half an hour,' she
said, just as I felt a gush.

Even sitting in the tub, I knew my
waters had gone.

Hobbling out naked, I called to
Mike and his sister Kerrylee, 29,
who was over for his birthday.

There was no time for me to be
set up in the living room, for music
or candles.

It was eerily quiet as I laid myself
down on a towel on my immaculate
cream bedroom carpet.

Mike called 999.

'Can you see the head?' I heard
the call handler ask.

I reached my hand down between
my legs. See it?! I'd just met her!

I gave two pushes and, at 6.53pm,
7lb 7oz baby Callie arrived.

As I rubbed the towel against her
fuzzy little head, she let out the most
beautiful scream.

Hearing it, Hailie rushed in from her
room where she'd been playing.

There wasn't even a mark on
the carpet. All she saw was her
beaming parents, auntie and a
brand-new sister.

'My baby!' she gasped.

Birthday boy Mike was
equally chuffed to have
been in attendance second
time round.

We've got everything we
ever wanted – a perfect family
with express delivery!

**Serena Nicholls, 24,
Newbury, Berkshire**



**Mike missed out
when Hailie arrived...**



**...but made it to
meet baby Callie!**

Don't crop me now!

18st Abyie was baring her soul... and the rest

Spotting my date at the bar, his shoulders sagged and his eyes went as wide as my 18st belly! Oh dear.

I'd cropped my Tinder pics above my waist, knowing that I wouldn't get even this far if people knew how big I was.

We had an hour of awkward chit chat before he made his excuses.

On my way home my phone pinged with a message from him.

Sorry, he texted. *I like slimmer girls.*

How humiliating!

I'd always been big but my rolls weren't down to doughnuts and cheesy chips. I had lipoedema, a condition that caused a build-up of fat on my legs.

I'd been on every fad diet going, but nothing shifted my weight.

And now, aged 22, I was starved of confidence.

Who would look twice at me?

It took four months of feeling sorry for myself before I built up the courage in April 2017 to get back on Tinder.

I'm on the bigger side, I typed to a lad, Jack, 27, not wanting a repeat of last time.

That doesn't bother me, he replied, and he meant it.

On our first date, Jack showered me with compliments, accepting me completely – folds and all.

But as the weeks went on, we started to put pictures up of us together online.

And wow, the spiteful comments!

She looks like she's going to crush him, a stranger typed on my Instagram photo.

'Have you seen this?' I showed Jack, embarrassed.

'People will say anything to be nasty,' he shrugged. 'Ignore them.'

I tried, but last October, I decided I'd had enough of the cruel jibes.

'Let's do a photoshoot,' I told Jack.

But this time, I was laying everything bare!

'Naked?' Jack spluttered.

'Yeah, why not? I'm fed up of being ashamed of my body.'

Jack worried about the comments, but was supportive.

So I grabbed a message board we'd had on a shelf. And, naked as the day I was born, placed it between my legs.

On the board, I'd arranged the letters to say, *My body, my rules.*

Jack snapped away, as I felt a surge of adrenaline. What was it? Empowerment!

But the nerves jangled as I posted it on Instagram.

You look amazing! one person wrote as the supportive comments started to trickle in.



Jack has always loved my size



My body-positive photo went viral

The post went viral and, before I knew it, my follower count had spiralled from 400 followers to nearly 4,000!

Other plus-size girls got in touch, thanking me for not being afraid to show off my body.

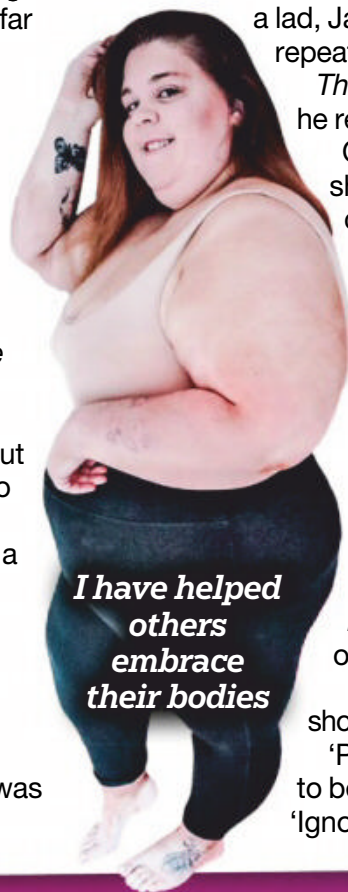
The glow of positivity outshone the not-so-flattering comments from the bedsit saddy brigade.

In December, Pink Clove, a curvy fashion line, asked me to model for their social media accounts.

It goes to show what a bit of bare-faced pluck can achieve.

I love who I am, and I ain't cropping myself for anyone!

Abyie Polden, 25, Telford, Shrops.



I have helped others embrace their bodies

Money is no object

Jordane's little girl had a life-threatening cashflow problem...



Lewis turned out to be a lifesaver!

A clattering of metal rang through our ground-floor flat from outside.

'When will it end?' my fiancé, Kyle, 31, moaned before leaving for work.

All this clanging had been going on for weeks. The whole block was covered in scaffolding.

While Kyle could escape as a grounds worker, me and my brood – Ellie-Mae, nine, Milo, six, and Isabelle, two – were left to go stir crazy.

'What shall we do today?' I asked Ellie and Milo, above the din. It was the first day of half-term.

Searching around the cupboards last November, I found some flour and sugar. *This'll keep them busy.*

'Let's make cupcakes,' I decided.

Getting stuck in, Ellie and Milo helped me mix the cake batter before running back to their blessed TV.

Propping Isabelle up on the kitchen counter, I put the cakes in the oven.

'Not those,' I called out, hearing her messing with some coins I'd left on the side.

'Come on then,' I cooed, carrying her into the front room.

Setting her down on the rug, she let out a cough... then a splutter.

'Are you OK?' I cooed, bending down to her. Isabelle looked wide-eyed, gasping for air. *She's choking!*

Opening her mouth, I couldn't see

anything, so desperately, I whacked her on the back.

'It's not working,' I cried. 'Ellie, get my phone!'

Ellie scurried out of the room, but returned empty handed.

'I can't find it,' she panicked.

I scanned the living room.

Where is the damn thing?!

With no time to spare, I ran outside to the scaffolders working on the front of the building.

'Help!' I screamed, cradling Isabelle, her face turning blue.

Two workers ran over, one grabbed her from my arms.

Holding her flat, face down, over his forearm, he gave her a firm smack between her shoulder blades.

A 2p coin flew out of her mouth, tinkling on to the pavement.

'Oh my God,' I burst out as Isabelle started to cry. 'Thank you!'

The two scaffolders, Matt and

BAD PENNY

Lewis Everson, stayed with me while I waited for an ambulance to arrive.

I felt guilty for cursing their very presence just that morning! Who knew they'd turn out to be lifesavers?

'Everything looks fine,' a paramedic confirmed after checking Isabelle over.

A few days later, Matt came round with a prezzie.

'I don't know if this is appropriate,' he chuckled, handing over a bag of chocolate coins.

I burst into laughter.

'These are the ones you eat,' I joked, showing Isabelle.

Matt and Lewis packed away not long after.

But, while the peace is bliss now, it's the peace of mind I miss.

Without a team of heroes just outside the door, I watch Isabelle like a hawk, with the coins safely tucked away in a jar.

The penny has dropped all right.

Jordane Hersey, 27, Plymouth



I keep coins firmly away from Isabelle

Unable to ask her hubby, **Gemma Ashdown**, 35, from Tonbridge, Kent, had a heartbreaking decision to make...

It's your call

Dear Jono,

Now it feels funny, but I really didn't want to meet you!

As a single mum, at 31, men were off the menu, all my focus was on Emily, four.

But, in May 2015, I couldn't help dipping my toe in Tinder. Not that I had any plans to meet anyone.

No way, it was just something to keep me entertained on my phone.

But you kept plugging away with the messages, didn't you?

My cousin Chelsea was round one night when you texted, wanting to meet up. Nope!

Leaving you hanging, I went to the loo.

Only, when I came back Chelsea announced, 'He's coming round.'

She'd texted you my address!

'You'd better get changed,' she added.

Cool as a cucumber, I knew she was kidding. Even when the doorbell went...

But there you were!

All 6ft 5in of your rugby-player's build, swallowing up the doorway.

And me in a pink onesie!

'Hello, beautiful,' you smiled, flashing me those hypnotising blue eyes.

In you came, with me trying to keep a lid on how flustered I was!

Your real name was Jonathan. 'But I hate it,' you laughed.

We sat up talking until it was 5am and you left to go to work as a tree surgeon.

After that you came round regularly.

One night Emily woke and padded downstairs to find us sitting together.

She plonked herself beside me.

I hadn't introduced you yet, until I was sure.

'Is he my daddy?' she asked.

No bluster, no pause, quick as a flash, you answered, 'Yes, I am.'

My heart swelled.

You didn't just want me – you wanted Emily, too.

And you were great with her, reading a bedtime story and teaching her to swim.

When I think now about what you'd taken on – a single mum with a four-year-old – I'm caught with pride at how much space you'd made in your life for us.

You were generous to a fault, but not just with pressies and trinkets but with your love and time.

In December, you – my great big Haribo, so called as you loved the sweets so much – came to stay... and never left.

And just one month

later at my 32nd birthday party, you went down on one knee, offering a white gold band, encasing a diamond.

We'd only been going out eight months – I hadn't even wanted to meet you! – but it felt so right.

At 1am one night the phone went.

It was my sister, panic-stricken: her boyfriend had been beaten up.

'Right,' you said, flying out of

bed, pulling on your clothes.

Soon, you were driving my sister to the hospital.

You stayed there and then carried on to work the next day! I loved the fact that you were so ready to help out, to make a difference.

On 26 August 2017, Emily strode down the aisle in front of me clutching a sign, *Daddy, here comes Mummy*.

You beamed at us both with those lovely, blue eyes.

It was official. We were a family, you, me and Emily.

Room for one more? We talked about having a child of our own, didn't we?

But I'd had fertility problems, it'd been a miracle that Emily had been conceived.

'If it happens, that's great, but

Your face turned white

if not, we're a family already,' you said.

But on honeymoon in the Canary Islands, there I was blaming the heat and food for feeling sick, not knowing I was already pregnant!

Your eyes shone even brighter when I showed you the test stick when we came back.

As my belly grew, the pregnancy threw pneumonia at me, shingles and pelvic pain. You remember how crabby I was?!

But it was worth it when 6lb 4oz Oscar was born in May 2018.

Again, you never left my side, getting up with me when I breastfed in the night.

But then something happened that knocked us off kilter.

When Oscar was just four months, my boobs began to swell again...

I called you into the bathroom



Emily loved having you as a stepdad

and showed you another clear blue line.

'I'm f***** pregnant again,' I shouted in despair.

I sank under the enormity of another baby so soon.

But you... well, before my disbelieving eyes, you began to dance in delight.

Your arms circled the air, and then circled me. 'Another baby,' you said, thrilled.

Your joy was infectious. How could I have done it without you?

And when 6lb 10z Willow was born in July last year, we were a family of five.

Just like before, you looked after me unstintingly.

'Give it here,' you said, when I baulked at injecting myself.

I was a smoker and needed jabs of Heparin to guard against blood clots developing after giving birth.

Four days on from Willow arriving, you gave me my injection as we got ready for bed.

Suddenly you fell to your knees, like a oak tree crashing to the floor. 'My head,' you cried, massaging your temples.

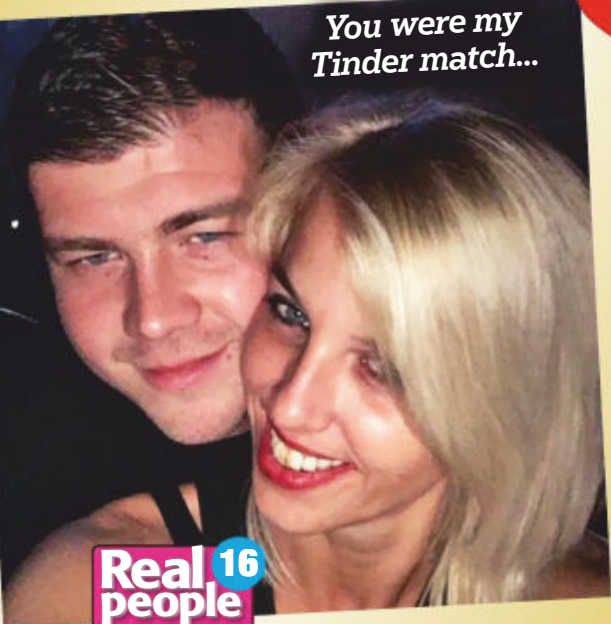
Drenched in sweat, your face turned white.

Frantically, I dialled 999.

'I'll be fine,' you said, grimacing. You knew I was a worrier, didn't you?

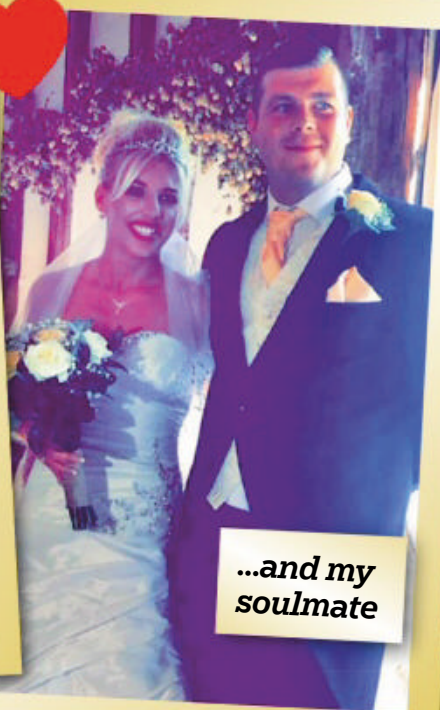
Quickly I phoned your mum and she set off to meet you at the hospital. I had to stay behind with the kids.

You were my Tinder match...



Real people 16

...and my soulmate



*You doted on me
and Emily from
the very start*



*You beamed
with pride
when Oscar
arrived...*



*...and again
when Willow
was born*

**Shooting
from the
HEART**

'Nothing, darling,' I smiled, and I meant it. My eyes were brimming with tears, but for the first time they weren't of despair Jono.

They shimmered with pride. After harvesting your organs, the hospital had sent four pouches each containing a lock of your hair – one for each of us – and copies of your hand prints and some forget-me-not seeds.

But it was the letter, Jono...

The hospital explained that five lives had been saved because of you. A man in his forties was given your kidney and pancreas, another man has your other kidney after being on the waiting list for 10 years.

And your liver was split in two – one half went to a young boy and the other to a man in his sixties.

And that wonderful heart of yours went to a man also in his sixties.

There you go again Jono, generous to a fault.

Your final act had been to give life. A legacy of kindness.

I read the letter at your cremation, with you beside me in your rugby kit.

'You're not just my hero or our children's hero, you're also five other people's hero.'

I miss you so much, but you live on... in our hearts, and also your own.

*Your loving
wife, Gemma*

donation. Did you agree with it? I couldn't remember. I had to decide for you.

What did you want me to do, my darling?

I went into the hospital chapel to think in peace.

And when I came out, I was met by people giving out leaflets backing organ donation.

Were you sending me a sign?

'Yes,' I said simply when I got back to the ward. But not your eyes, not your blue beautiful eyes.

I didn't bring the kids to see you – it would have been too painful for them.

The night before the doctors dialled down what little life there was in you, I snuggled next to you in your hospital bed.

Could you hear our wedding song playing on my phone, *I Just Wanna Love You* by The Shires?

After you'd gone, at home I had a baby and two kids pawing at me for attention, but I felt so lonely, the house oddly quiet.

A knock at the door. A package had to be signed for. My hand flew to my mouth as I opened it.

'Mummy what's wrong?' Emily asked.

did I, darling? The op didn't go well.

'He bled out more than he should have,' said the consultant.

You had a small clot and another op was scheduled.

But then a phone call told me you'd been rushed to theatre with another bleed.

You were still sedated when I sat before the doctor.

'I'm so sorry, he's not going to recover,' he said, sombre.

Desperately I grappled with the words. You were 27, played rugby, my big Haribo... how could you be lifeless?!

You'd been so full of life.

I couldn't imagine you not.

That big heart which had spilled over with love for me, the kids... gone?

You had three pairs of expectant eyes waiting at home, waiting for their daddy's big arms to launch them to the ceiling like a space rocket.

The loss was too great to understand as tears streamed down my cheeks.

Later, as I struggled to think how I'd tell Emily, the doctors asked me something.

'I'll have to think about it,' I replied.

In a fug, I tried to remember if we'd ever talked about organ

'I'll text you,' you said. Desperately I waited... and waited...

Hours later, *Bleed on the brain.*

It had been caused by a tangle of poorly-formed blood vessels, known as arteriovenous malformation (AVM).

You had a procedure to 'glue' the vessels together during an angiogram and you were discharged.

Brain surgery was scheduled for September, two months on.

Not that anyone would have guessed you had that looming over you.

You goofed around that summer as usual with the kids.

On a holiday to Portsmouth you buried them in stones on the beach and played the 2p machines at the arcade. That summer will forever glow in my heart, Jono.

All too soon, your op came around. The surgeon explained you'd have a flap of skin lifted above the skull.

'Like a button?' I joked, 'so I could switch him on and off?'

You belched with laughter.

We liked to be saucy with each other, didn't we?

'Don't have any rude dreams about me,' I grinned as you were wheeled into theatre.

Your laugh as the doors closed behind you echoes in my mind to this day.

But I never got to hear it again,

■ **As told to Moira Holden**
(stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)



*You'll always
be in our
hearts*

**Real 17
people**

PUZZLE TRAIL

1 What grain is fermented to make the Japanese wine sake?

2 What film features the classic line, 'We're gonna need a bigger boat'?

3 What is the national bird of India?

4 Find five greeting cards retailers.

5 What film features the classic line, 'He's not the Messiah. He's a very naughty boy'?

6 John Barrowman has joined the judging panel on which TV talent show?

7 Complete the joke: What do you call spiders who have just got married?

8 What song includes the lyrics, 'Call me good, Call me bad, Call me anything you want to baby, Cos I know that you're sad, And I know I'll make you happy with the one thing that you never had, Baby... '?

9 Which film features the classic line, 'Use the force, Luke'?

10 Meghan Trainor is the newest judge on which TV talent show?

11 What film features the classic line, 'How do you like them apples'?

12 What colour is the bull's-eye on a standard dartboard?

13 What film features the classic line, 'Mrs Robinson, you're trying to seduce me'?

14 Find five Middle Eastern countries.

15 If you were stir-frying, what kind of cooking vessel would you use?

16 Who has announced that they will not be returning to the *Bake Off* tent, as part of the regular team, this year?

17 What film features the classic line, 'I'll have what she's having'?

18 Which singer hosts a White Tie And Tiara Ball every year, with hubby David Furnish, to raise funds for his Aids Foundation charity?

19 Which film features the classic line, 'Toto, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas any more'?

20 Jim Moir is the real name of which comedian?

21 Find three nicknames for a dog.

22 Which film features the classic line, 'I'll be back'?

23 Todrick Hall is the newest judge on which TV talent show?

24 Harry and Meghan, having stepped down as senior royals, will now spend most of their time in what country?

25 What film features the classic line, 'Nobody puts Baby in a corner'?

Roulette

Here's one to get you in a spin! All of the answers to the questions can be found on **Real People's** Roulette wheel. For your chance to bag £250, have a go at the quiz, eliminating the black or red section containing the answer, or answers, to each question as you go. When completed correctly, you'll be left with just one section, which contains your prize answer. Write this on the entry coupon on page 43.

WIN
£250!

Real people



M&S
Collection
Restore
Apothecary,
£5



Bayley's
of Bond
Street Rose &
Raspberry,
£3, Tesco

Beauticolgy
Pink
Lemonade,
£2.15



The
Little Soap
Company
Cleansing
Lemon Zest,
£3.50, Asda

The
Body
Shop
British
Rose, £8



Suds away!

Get in a lather with
these hand washes...

BECO
Honey
Blossom,
£4



Sanctuary
Spa, £5.50



YOPE
Ginger &
Sandalwood,
£7.99,
Feelunique



Beauty
Kitchen,
£7



Boots
Live+Be
Awakening
Glow,
£2.99



Imperial
Leather Sea
Samphire &
Watermint,
£1



Green
People
Quinoa &
Calendula,
£13



Lifeology
Wash Away
The Day
Orange Flower
& Vanilla,
£4, M&S



Baylis
& Harding
Aloe, Tea
Tree & Lime,
£1.50



MURDER MAP

When EVIL is in YOUR town...

He was a knicker-nicker, a low form of life. But no-one realised the evil this cross-dresser was truly capable of...

Luck of the Irish? That wasn't the experience of Dublin-born Patricia McGauley, and most definitely not when it came to love.

She married young, only to see the union turn to dust just two years later. Then, in her thirties, she met someone new.

Moustachioed Michael Bambrick was no Prince Charming, but perhaps he offered the factory-worker the stability she craved. He, too, had been married before and was father to a son.

Patricia and Michael settled down together and started a family of their own. In 1984, they had a little girl they named Adrienne. Then, in 1990, she was joined by their second daughter, Louise.

Yet their family life was far from settled.

Michael was in and out of work as a bouncer and a handyman. With money tight, life wasn't easy and Patricia and Michael could both take a drink.

Neighbours around the couple's home at 57 St Ronan's Park, Clondalkin, often heard them drunkenly rowing.

Less than 10 miles west of the city centre, today Clondalkin is a busy off-shoot of Dublin boasting the Liffey Valley shopping centre.

Thirty years ago, though, the area's many housing estates were plagued with crime.

Homelessness, anti-social behaviour and drunkenness were commonplace. Perhaps that's why no one thought much of all the rowing Patricia and Michael did.

One of these ding-dongs was heard on the night of 11 September 1991. The next day, a neighbour looked out of her window and saw Patricia walk by in a yellow cardigan and black skirt.

'Look, there goes Patricia not a bother on her,' the

neighbour remarked, as the mum-of-two walked off into the night.

Three days later, Michael Bambrick was walking into the local police station to report 43-year-old Patricia missing.

No one had seen her since their neighbour's sighting. The story Michael told was that, after a row she'd stormed off to her mother's in Smithfield but never arrived.

Police investigated Patricia's disappearance but the case quickly grew cold.

Patricia's children were so young, no one believed she'd have left them but there was nothing to indicate where she'd gone.

Slowly, her name vanished from local lips. Her missing persons file was buried under others.

Her baby, Louise, was taken into care while Adrienne stayed with Michael.

Soon it would be almost a year since their mum had vanished...

And, on 23 July 1992, a 36-year-old single mum called Mary Cummins picked up her benefits.

She did a spot of shopping then took her five-year-old daughter, Samantha, to meet some friends at Carr's pub on Dublin's Francis Street.

Samantha then headed off to a friend's house, Mary promising to pick her up again.

She never turned up.

Another mum reported missing...

When Mary's home was searched, her shopping was still on the side. She hadn't even had a chance to put the bags away.

Just as with Patricia, days dragged by with no sign of her. Then weeks and months.

A man Mary had got chatting to in the pub was traced and interviewed but said they'd parted ways outside the boozer. He had no idea where she had gone next.

Devil of UNDISCOVERED

With nothing else to go on, Mary's name joined Patricia's on the list of women missing from the greater Dublin area. A list that kept growing.

In 1993, American tourist Annie McCarrick was added, and her case was very high profile.

Suddenly facing international pressure, the Irish police, the Gardai, reviewed all of the missing persons files to see if they had a serial killer on the loose.

It didn't help them reveal what had happened to the tourist but it did turn up something interesting...

Something that did tie two of their cases together was the vanishing of Patricia and Mary.

Another mum reported missing

Upon review, police realised that Michael Bambrick, Patricia's partner, was the very man who'd been in the pub with Mary on the day she vanished!

'Isn't it strange that two women in your life have gone missing?' Gardai asked Michael.

'Yes, isn't it a terrible coincidence? It's just a misfortune and bad luck,' he said.

That left them in a bind. They couldn't arrest him – there was no proof he'd done anything. Not even a body. Just two women who'd disappeared into thin air.

All it was enough to do, was point investigators in his direction. They started digging. They uncovered Bambrick's long criminal history including five

convictions for theft and one for indecent assault.

Several of the thefts involved stealing women's underwear.

Neighbours in the housing development claimed Bambrick was well-known for nicking women's and children's clothes off the washing line.

Perturbed by their oddball neighbour and unable to continually afford to replace the missing clothes, residents had taken to keeping an eye out their windows for Bambrick.

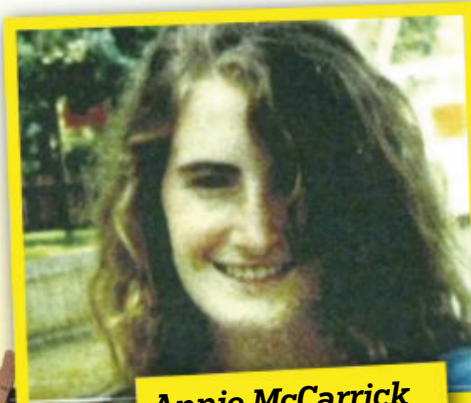
'Not tonight Josephine!' they'd shout when he prowled near the clothes. Bambrick would just grunt

and walk away.

But what was driving this knicker-nicking of his?

It was his first wife, Marie Hayes, who shed light on that one.

She admitted that their relationship had begun breaking down when she caught Bambrick wearing her clothes and lipstick one night. He was a cross-dresser. Sexually too, his tastes were

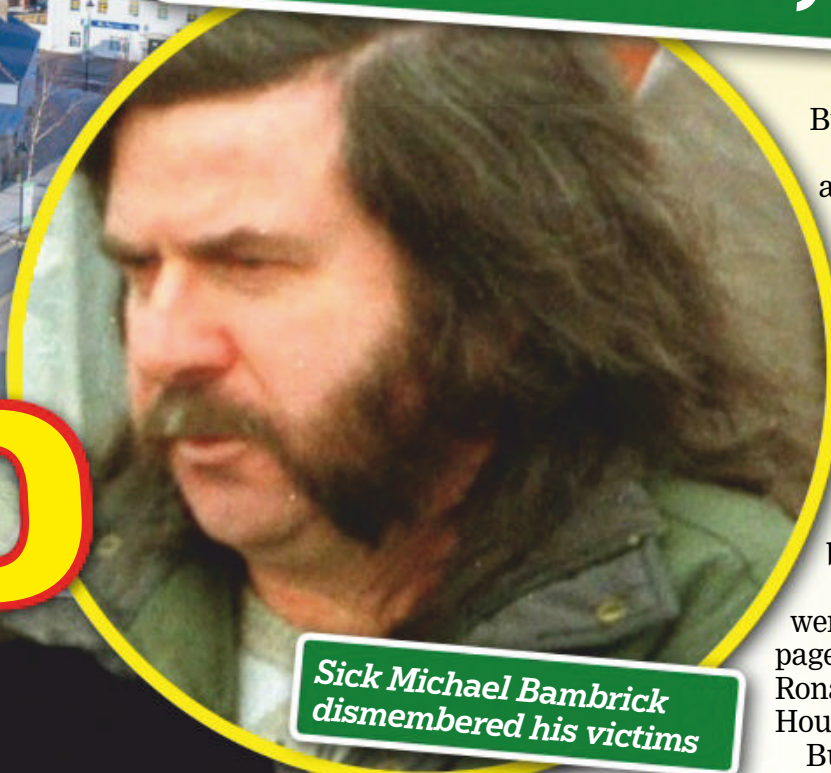


Annie McCarrick went missing, too

Clondalkin was plagued by crime back in the early '90s

Clondalkin, Dublin

the WORLD



Sick Michael Bambrick dismembered his victims

But his hands, too, were tied... Bambrick had pleaded guilty and that had to be taken into account, and the court had accepted that he was a killer but not a murderer.

All the judge could do was to jail 43-year-old Bambrick for 15 years for Patricia's death and 18 years for Mary's. The sentences were to run concurrently.

The outcome of the trial brought national outrage.

Bambrick's sexual kinks were sprawled across the front pages of the papers, his former St Ronan's Place home dubbed 'The House of Horrors'.

But all too soon, in April 2009, 56-year-old Bambrick was walking out into fresh air.

His sentence completed, his freedom secured. He'd served just 13 years for the crimes, automatically released early for good behaviour.

After Bambrick was freed, former detective PJ Browne echoed the judge's caution at the time of sentencing, saying, 'In my professional experience, Michael Bambrick represents the type of sadistic killer who is all but impossible to rehabilitate.'

But Bambrick was a free man.

In 2016, newspapers revealed he was going under the name John Milton. Beardless now, with glasses, he looked like any other older gentleman as he walked the Dublin streets.

Yet for the families of his victims and for many across West Dublin, he remains a monster.

Mary and Patricia have finally been laid to rest. Their families have answers. A man has served his time.

But to many, this brand of justice is just plain pants.

stashing his victim in the box room, chopping her up and then dumping her, but in a nearby field this time, buried under some rubbish.

'I don't know what came over me,' he said. 'I don't know how to explain it. I got enjoyment out of stuffing the tights in their mouths.'

Bambrick then led detectives to the burial sites where some of the remains of the women were uncovered.

'I'm glad I've got everything off my chest,' he said. 'The two girls can have a decent burial now.'

Time though was still on Bambrick's side.

It had been four years since Patricia's death, three years since Mary's, and their recovered partial remains were so badly decomposed that no cause of death could be established.

That meant that all police really had to go on was Bambrick's word.

When he appeared at the Central Criminal Court in May 1996, his defence admitted the cross-dresser 'got enjoyment' from the dangerous pursuit of tying women up and stuffing tights into their mouths during sex. But Bambrick denied he had murdered them.

Instead, he pleaded guilty to two counts of manslaughter and the court accepted his pleas.

Sentencing him, Mr Justice Paul Carney said he worried the double killer had 'a propensity to re-offend.'



Freed Bambrick is 'all but impossible to rehabilitate'

Patricia McGauley was choked to death...

unusual. He often tied his partners up and choked them.

The case thickened...

When she was interviewed, young Adrienne recalled her dad bringing Mary home from the pub with them on the last night she'd been seen alive.

Police used an unrelated firearms allegation as an excuse to arrest Bambrick in June 1995.

And just 13 hours into his time in custody, a monster revealed himself.

'I killed Patricia and Mary but I didn't set out to do it,' he admitted.

The women had been missing for years. Finally their families would get answers.

Bambrick claimed he and Patricia had been having the kind of BDSM sex he enjoyed - he in women's clothing, putting tights over her face to choke her.

But they'd been pulled too tight, he claimed, so he'd run to get some scissors to cut them off only to return to find Patricia dead.

And then, instead of getting help for the mother of

...followed by Mary Cummins

his two daughters, he'd hidden her body in their box room for two days before callously deciding to get rid of it.

He'd used a knife and a hacksaw to cut off Patricia's head, legs and arms, placed the body parts into black bags then cycled them ten minutes away to Balgaddy dump to chuck them. He then reported her as missing.

Nine months on, with no consequence to his actions, he'd met Mary and taken her back to his home for sex. The poor woman had no idea that indecent proposal had already cost one woman her life...

Mary, Bambrick told the cops, had agreed to being tied up. Her hands were bound with a belt and he put a balled pair of tights into her mouth as a gag.

She too accidentally choked to death, he claimed.

So he'd simply got on with what had worked last time -

As told to Miyo Padi (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)

Health & happiness

BECKY'S STORY

Screen saver Becky's little girl loved the iPad for its toy vids and death-defying first aid...

Blummin' YouTube! I was forever telling my girl, Jessica, seven, to get her nose out of it.

She won't play with her own toys, but will watch other kids playing with theirs?!

And what other videos was it suggesting for her?

But today, last November, the iPad was a blessed pacifier. Not YouTube mind, but *Home Alone*.

What could cheer up a little girl, recovering from a urinary tract infection, more than Joe Pesci doing cartwheels down icy steps?!

'Take your antibiotics and settle on the sofa,' I soothed.

A walking whirlwind, she'd usually be at Brownies, cheerleading or having tap, ballet or disco lessons...

I'd taken the day off as an NHS admin worker.

A 32-year-old single mum, it was just me and her – my other one, Grant, 10, was at school.

'Can I have a cup of tea?' she croaked.

Standing up, I felt dizzy – a head rush? – and clutched the back of the sofa to steady myself. My mind cleared, so I made a tea, popping it on the floor next to her.

'There you go,' I smiled. And that was the last thing I remembered...

When I came round, I was on the living room floor surrounded by paramedics.

'What happened?' I mumbled.

'Are you epileptic?' one asked.

'No,' I said, bewildered. Then I saw Jessica, sobbing on the sofa.

'What the hell is going on?' I asked the medic.

'Well, your daughter is a hero,' he said. Jessica had told them that

after falling, I was shaking violently and frothing at the mouth. The whites of my eyes and lips were blue – the sign of a lack of oxygen.

'She turned you over, straddled you and started trying to do CPR.'

'I was trying to wake you up,' Jessica chimed in. She even threw water over me, like she'd seen in films.

'Oh sweetheart,' I sighed.

My heart broke for her.

So clever, she tried to use my fingerprint to open my phone, but realised she could dial 999 without it.

'Apparently you came round when she was on the phone and thought she was being naughty,' the paramedic said.

I'd no memory of that at all!

I needed to go to Royal Preston Hospital, so my mum, Ann, 60, followed behind with Jessica.

When I got there, I had a scan and doctors quickly established that I'd had my first epileptic seizure, and why.

Twelve years earlier, I'd had a fall at college. I couldn't remember what had happened, but had banged my head, which had caused a benign brain tumour. I'd had that

removed and a plate inserted.

'That's probably led to the epilepsy,' a doctor said.

But why now? Apparently it could have happened any time.

'Things could have been a lot worse if Jessica hadn't been there,' the doctor added.

'I'm so proud of you,' I whispered, hugging my girl. 'Where did you learn that stuff?'

'I saw someone doing it on YouTube,' she shrugged. I couldn't believe it, good ol' YouTube! 'I thought you were dying, Mummy.'

'I'm OK,' I promised her.

I was allowed home that night, but Jessica stuck to me like glue, terrified. To reward her, she had a bumper Christmas filled with new teddies, chocolates and an iPod.

Three months on, we're adjusting to my life with epilepsy.

I can't drive any more, I suffer migraines and have been signed off work. Mum is a great help, though.

I'll be on medication for the rest of my life. But it's a small price to pay. And I daren't imagine what would have happened had it not been for my girl and her YouTubeing.

Many mums refer to their iPad as a lifesaver, but not many get to mean it!

Becky Green, 32, Farington, Lancashire

● *Jessica says, 'I rolled Mummy over as she was on her tummy shaking. I tried to do CPR. Mummy was scary and wasn't waking up, and I cried as I thought she was dead.'*

UP TO £150
for your health story

Got something to say about your health or a recent op? Write to Health & Happiness, Real People, 30 Pantons Street, London SW1Y 4AJ or email stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk

Grant, left, was at school when I collapsed

EPILEPSY > the FACTS

WHAT?: A common condition that affects the brain and causes seizures. These are bursts of electrical activity in the brain that temporarily affect how it works. They can cause a wide range of symptoms. It can start in childhood or in people over 60.

SYMPTOMS: Seizures can affect people in different ways, depending on what part of the brain is involved. Possible symptoms can include uncontrollable

jerking and shaking, becoming stiff, losing awareness and staring into space, and strange sensations, such as a 'rising' feeling in the tummy.

TREATMENT: Anti-epileptic drugs are the main route to having fewer seizures or to stop them completely. Surgery to remove a small part of the brain that's causing the seizures is sometimes possible, and a ketogenic diet – high-fat, low-carb – can also help.

INFO: epilepsy.org.uk

Two other causes of seizures

● **HYPOGLYCEMIA:** This is where the levels of sugar (glucose) in your blood drop too low. It mainly affects those with diabetes. If someone with low blood sugar has a seizure, keep them comfortable by placing a cushion under their head, and give them a sugary drink once the fits stop.

● **BRAIN TUMOUR:** Up to 60 per cent of brain tumour patients will experience at least one seizure. You're more likely to have one if you have a low-grade, slow-growing tumour, and if yours is in one of the lobes of the cerebrum, or the membranes that cover and protect the brain and spinal cord.

Sweet nothings 20 ways to cut sugar in

Nee-nah, nee-nah!
The sweet police are out in force this time of year. After all, in excess, sugar can lead to obesity and type 2 diabetes. But not everything needs taste of cardboard without it...

1 DUNKER BUSTERS

We all love a biscuit with a cuppa but sugar levels can soar in some. Good lower-sugar crunchy treats include rich tea, ginger nuts, malted milk and plain digestives.

2 BEAN AND GONE

You can get reduced sugar varieties of other kitchen cupboard staples. For instance no-added-sugar baked beans can contain three fewer teaspoons of sugar per can than the regular sort.

3 LABEL ADDICT

Many foods like pasta sauces and ready-made soups contain surprisingly high levels of sugar. So read the packet. Adults should be aiming for no more than 30g a day – that's seven teaspoons.

4 BURST THE BUBBLE

According to the British Heart Foundation, swapping a can of fizzy drink for a diet version every day could save you over 12,000 calories over three months.

5 CEREAL SPILLER

By switching sugary cereals like Coco Pops and Frosties for things like Shredded Wheat and Weetabix or homemade porridge you can slash sugar levels by up to 22 cubes a week, according to the NHS.

6 CHOC BLOCK

Choose dark chocolate over milk or white as it generally has less sugar. Trade a high sugar bar like a Yorkie with 27g of sugar for a Flake with 19g.

7 STICKY ENDING

Love a piece of toast with a spread? Shun honey and go for reduced sugar jams, marmalades and chocolate spread or choose something naturally lower in sugar like Marmite.

8 RAISINS TO BE CHEERFUL

Also beware dried fruit like raisins which have lots of sugar and can cause tooth decay as they get stuck between your teeth. Have them at mealtimes in a dessert when they're more likely to get washed down with the rest of your dinner.

9 FRUITY FACT

Although fruit is packed with vitamins and fibre, you shouldn't have too much as it contains a lot of sugar. Less naturally sugary fruits include raspberries, blueberries and apricots.

10 SAUCY BONUS

There can be a lot of hidden sugars in popular condiments. Opt for low sugar varieties of family faves like ketchup and HP sauce.

11 WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Watch out for sugar in disguise. It can crop up under other names in ingredient lists including glucose, sucrose, agave nectar, molasses, corn syrup and treacle.

12 TIPPLE TIP

It's easy to forget that some kinds of booze contains lots of sugar. So cut down on cocktails, alcopops and sweet white wine as well as sugary mixers.

13 TAKEAWAY TIME

Steer clear of sweetened dishes like chicken korma and peshwari naan at the curry house, coconut dishes at the Thai or sweet and sour Chinese.

14 CROP THE CREAM

Swap high-sugar yogurt for plain natural yogurt or fromage frais pots. You can even get lighter versions of ice cream.

15 SNACK ATTACK

Of course, sweets are full of sugar – but some brands are better than others. For example, wine gums and Percy Pigs contain much more sugar than Starburst. You can get sugar-free Polo mints, too.

16 GLASS ACT

Stick to one glass of fruit juice a day and choose reduced-sugar versions of squashes. Watch out for the levels of sugar in flavoured water drinks, that can have four teaspoons of the sweet stuff in every 500ml.

17 CRACK CRAVINGS

Many of us crave a sugary treat. Researchers have identified that certain things can reduce the urge, from sprinkling cinnamon on certain foods, to taking apple cider vinegar.

18 CUP IT OUT

If you take sugar in tea, cut down gradually to wean yourself off the taste and watch out for posh coffees in cafes which can contain lots of sugar. If in doubt, have a simple Americano or filter coffee with a dash of milk.

19 SWEET TRUTH

Natural and artificial sweeteners are used instead of sugar in lots of foods to provide a sweet taste without the calories. There's little evidence that they are bad for you but some, like polyols and inulin, can be hard on the tummy when eaten to excess.

20 SLICE & DICE

Cakes are full of sugar, but you can cut the levels by opting for alternatives including fruit scones, plain currant buns, malt loaf, teacake or crumpets.

ARTICHOKE RAVIOLI

£1.40
per serving



Serves 4
● Takes 15 mins

- ✓ ● 50g basil ● 150g chargrilled artichokes ● 50g walnut halves
- 50g Parmesan cheese ● About 600g spinach and ricotta ravioli

- 1** Place the basil leaves into a food processor with the artichokes, walnuts, Parmesan, 4tbsp extra virgin olive oil and some seasoning. Whizz to a chunky pesto-like consistency.
- 2** Bring a large pan of water to the boil and cook the ravioli.
- 3** When ready, drain the pasta, reserving a cupful of the cooking water. Add the pesto to the empty pan and return to a low heat, adding enough of the reserved water to loosen it to a sauce-like consistency. Finally, add the cooked ravioli and toss gently to coat.

PESTO POWER

Makes 4
● Takes 1 hr 45 mins

- ✓ ● 300g ready-made shortcrust pastry ● 2 medium eggs and 1 egg yolk ● 150ml double cream ● 3tbsp ready-made basil pesto ● 3 medium courgettes

- 1** Preheat the oven to 200°C. Roll the pastry to line the base and sides of a tin, prick the base with a fork and chill in the fridge for 20 mins.
- 2** Line the pastry case with baking parchment and baking beans. Cook in the oven for 25 mins. Set aside and reduce temperature to 180°C.
- 3** In a jug, whisk the eggs and extra yolk with cream, 1tbsp of the pesto and season.
- 4** Peel the courgettes into ribbons and toss in a bowl with the remaining pesto until well coated. Taking about five ribbons at a time, lay flat on a board on top of each other, then roll from the short end up to make a coiled spiral shape.
- 5** Pour the pesto mixture into the pastry-lined tin. Gently sit the courgette spirals on the mixture. Cook in the oven for about 40 mins until set.

Give these delish dishes the green light...

COURGETTE TART



71p
per serving

TIP

Use your leftover pesto to blend into mashed potatoes for a twist on bangers and mash.

CHECK THESE OUT!

★ Magnum has launched an entirely new choccy ice cream – Magnum Ruby – using the natural flavour and colour of the ruby cocoa bean. £3.69, available from all major retailers.



★ The ultimate comfort food is now veggie thanks to Linda McCartney's new vegetarian chicken bucket, made from soya and wheat protein. £5, Tesco.



★ High in fibre, Tilda's wholegrain basmati rice is a health bunny's dream, and is delicious in soups or alongside a low-fat curry. £1.59, all major retailers.



Real people 24

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal,
providing you various content:
brand new books, trending movies,
fresh magazines, hot games,
recent software, latest music releases.

Unlimited satisfaction one low price

Cheap constant access to piping hot media

Protect your downloadings from Big brother

Safer, than torrent-trackers

18 years of seamless operation and our users' satisfaction

All languages

Brand new content

One site



AVXLIVE ICU

AvaxHome - Your End Place

We have everything for all of your needs. Just open <https://avxlive.icu>

TIME TO KILL

Crime for your coffee break

Someone wanted absent parent **Robert** to be absent all together...

The two teenage lovers stared at each other, bewildered and scared.

Robert West, 15, had frozen when Kristina Johnston, 14, told him she was pregnant.

'We're kids, having kids,' he gasped. But Robert got over the shock and their families supported them.

The young couple still lived separately with their own parents in Portland, Michigan.

Everyone celebrated when Kristina gave birth to a boy – Devon. And a couple of months later, Kristina was pregnant again!

Their second child, David, was born with Down Syndrome.

But young dad Robert wasn't ready for that challenge so he started making excuses not to go over to Kristina's to see their sons. She kept the lines of communication open and, when Robert was 20, and the boys were four and three, he asked if he could come back into their lives.

With a new enthusiasm for fatherhood, he started providing for his kids. The boys were wary of Robert at first but after about a year they started getting excited to see him.

Kristina allowed Robert joint custody and he was so happy to be given a second chance. But

Robert with his sons Devon, left, and David



Kristina met with 'hitman' Bill Eberhardt



She was just a kid when she had Devon



DADDY'S DEATH TRAP

gradually the roles reversed.

Kristina, now in her early twenties, started making up for her lost teens by going out, leaving the boys with Robert.

He became the mature one and worried about the kind of people she mixed with.

He was stunned when she told him she'd met someone else.

Her marriage to Kyle Shelton lasted barely two years before they split up and Kristina started living alone with Devon and David.

Suspecting the mother of his children was on drugs, Robert couldn't watch their lives descend any further and called social services. She tested positive for drugs and Robert got temporary full custody.

Kristina went mad, but Robert was only thinking of their sons.

She ranted and raved to anyone who'd listen, including her ex-father-in-law, Tom Shelton. At first he thought she was just letting off steam, but became alarmed when she started talking about hitmen.

She even boasted she'd dug a grave in the garden for Robert.

On 20 October 2016, he played a recording of one of her rages to detectives down at the Ionia County Sheriff's Office.

Robert was warned and he started sleeping with a gun under his pillow.

He didn't tell the boys but was terrified Kristina might try to snatch them, so told their school not to let them go off with anybody.

Meanwhile, police asked Tom to help set up a sting. He told his ex-daughter-in-law he knew a hitman and put them in touch.

But the hitman was really Det Lt Bill Eberhardt, a veteran of 19 murder-for-hire investigations.

He enjoyed slowly hooking his marks and reeling them in. At a Walmart car park, Kristina told her 'hitman', 'I'm going through a custody battle with my baby's daddy.'

'He's pretty much killing me. Took the kids. I can't take no more... I want a car accident. I don't want him dead, just hurt.'

'I thought you said on the phone that you wanted him out of the picture?' asked undercover Eberhardt.

Kristina said she had \$5,000 (£3,800). Eberhardt said he could cripple Robert for \$1,000 or do 'the whole deal' for \$5,000.

Kristina said she'd think about it, but the next day called and said

she wanted to wait. The police had no idea if she was genuine or she was planning to save the money and kill Robert herself.

Over the next few days she became increasingly erratic in calls to Eberhardt, so police had no choice but to arrest her.

'I thought about killing him, but I knew I couldn't get away with it. And it ain't right. Thou shalt not kill,' she said.

Kristina pleaded guilty to solicitation of murder, but claimed mental illness.

She was sentenced to between five and 15 years in prison.

'This was real. If this hadn't have been an undercover cop I could be dead,' sobbed Robert, 32.

He explained that he'd not told David, 15, about what his mum had planned, but he did tell Devon, 16.

'The rage I saw on his face and then the sadness – it kept going back and forth.'

The boys speak to their mother on the phone everyday.

The once-earnest mother who'd flirted with murder should count herself lucky.



A grave had been dug for doting dad, Robert – with his kids now



The Misguided Mom episode of Murder For Hire is on 12 February at 9pm

CRIME+ INVESTIGATION

WIN!

A £100 M&S gift card



GO AND ARROW

Solve the puzzle in the usual way. When completed correctly, the yellow boxes, reading top to bottom, left to right, will spell out your prize word. See p43 to enter.

Snooker stick	Keep hold of	Relation by marriage (2-3)	Scared	Perfumed after bath powder
Grecian vase	Baby horse	Sheep's noise	Spanish sleep	Punctual (2,4)
Stiletto, eg	Hot spicy sauce	Skilled	Move forward	
US state, capital Honolulu	Took a breath	Ten-sided shape	Lanka, island nation	
Breeze or gale, eg	Sense of self	Tiny particle	Years old	
Farmhouse cooker	Hang open	Feather scarf	Golf peg	
Lump of fire wood	Help a criminal			
Biblical garden	Stand against	Alleviate (pain, eg)		

Everyone loves a gift card – especially with a whopping £100 on it! But this is no ordinary gift card, it's a Marks & Spencer gift card...

With more than 950 stores all over the UK, head to your nearest, your favourite, or the one you've always meant to spend some time – and money – in. Then browse your way through the fab gift ideas, stylish spring clothing, chic lingerie or high-quality homeware and, of course, the fabulous food hall.

And why rush? You could use a little of your gift card to buy a spot of lunch in the M&S café. Mull over your purchases over a cappuccino and a slice of Victoria sponge, and recharge your batteries before you take another spin around the shop floors – bliss!

Simply solve my *Go And Arrow* puzzle for your chance to win...



Enter online at www.realpeoplemag.co.uk

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 28

MUM *to* MUM

No one can give better advice to a mum facing a hard time than another mum who's been there herself...

THIS WEEK: SWEARING

POTTY MOUTH

Oh, sh...ugar! Michelle's little boy is turning the air blue...

Reaching for a mug and sticking on the kettle, I turned as Marni came racing into the kitchen sporting a blue bobble hat.

'Very fetching,' I laughed, as my little boy came galloping along behind, trying to catch our 11-year-old Staffordshire bull terrier with a fishing net.

One month off his second birthday, River, and his four-legged best friend ended up rolling around on the carpet.

'Come and have some squash, stinky bum,' I called. 'You're all hot and sweaty.'

But River's sippy cup slipped from his hand.

'Oh sit!' I heard him mutter as his drink spread across the floor.

'Sit?' I wondered. 'Or did he say something else...?'

I grabbed a towel to mop up the spillage.

A couple of days later, we were playing hide and seek.

'Eight, nine, 10,' River counted. 'Here I come!'

Rushing to find a hiding spot, I knocked a canvas painting off the wall. It landed with a thud.

'Oh s***,' came a sweet little voice from behind me.

There was no mistaking it this time.

My baby had learnt a new word and it wasn't one I'd be bragging about on Facebook.

'Riv, you mustn't say that word, it's naughty,' I scolded.

'Sorry, Mummy,' he said, with the cheekiest smile.

But after that, it was like the dam had burst and the cursing was in free-flow.

'I thought he was saying "sit" at first,' his childminder said, trying not to smile.

'I KNOW, IT'S ALL MY FAULT'

I was mortified. What if he began teaching other kids his new dictionary?

A couple of weeks later, I dropped River round at my best mate JP's house while I went shopping.

Before I left, I forewarned him that my son had the vocabulary of a hairy docker.



River laughs when I tell him to curb his cussing!

'I wonder where he gets that from Michelle?' laughed JP.

'Oh God, I know,' I said, head in hands. 'It's all my fault.'

I was so clumsy, forever burning myself on the oven or walking into furniture.

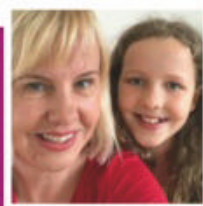
And a hearty, bellowed swear word was part of the routine. So of course, River had eventually picked up on it.

'I won't be swearing any more,' I swore.

But I've no idea how to curb River's cussing. He laughs when I tell him to stop and I can't punish him when it's actually my fault.

And it's not like he's got a couple of pennies to rub together for a swear jar. Help!

Michelle Smith, 34, West Midlands



Hannah Verdier, 46, mum to Mimi, 10, and Evie, seven, says, 'I had the same problem due to my potty mouth! So, think of other words you can say when you stub your toe – 'sugar', 'fiddlesticks', 'balderdash'! River will soon copy a more imaginative word instead. Make it something you wouldn't mind him repeating!'

Are you a mum in need of advice?

If you're in need of some friendly advice from another mum, email us at stories@realpeplemag.co.uk with a picture of you and your troublesome sprog.

Win!

★ Keep little hands and minds busy with the new range of Little Baby Bum toys from Little Tikes. The Singing Storybook brings nursery rhymes to life, interactive Wiggling Wheels on the Bus builds sensory and motor skills, while huggable Twinkle the Star Plush helps them drift off to sleep. One winner will get all three, worth £60! littletikes.co.uk



Win!

★ Coat caked in mud? School shirt stained with lunch? If your washing pile is making you wince, Ace has a stain-busting product to tackle the problem. Gentle enough for delicate fabrics but tough on dirt, it makes whites gleam and colours shine. Five readers will each receive a 100 per cent recyclable bundle of five Ace products, worth £20. acecleanuk.co.uk



Win!

★ Say 'G'day!' to Mizzie the Kangaroo. This 100 per cent natural rubber teething toy is designed by parents for little hands. Free from PVC, BPA, nitrosamines and phthalates, she helps soothe sore gums, stimulates babies' senses and, of course, she squeaks! We have three to give away, worth £16.50 each. mizziethekangaroo.co.uk



HOW TO ENTER

For your chance to win, email mum2mum@realpeplemag.co.uk with Bus Toys, Ace Bleach or Kangaroo Teether in the subject line and include your name, address and number. Entry closes on 13 Feb 2020.

Personal info will only be used to process your entry. See p43 for T&Cs.

Real people 27

AS TOLD TO SU KARNEY

Mum KNOWS BEST

OUR PANEL OF MUMS IS HAPPY TO HELP



Dani Gourlay, 27, mum to Rylan, seven, Kenna, four, and Bohan, 16 months, says,

'Try distraction and diversion. When he says the word, follow up immediately with "Yes, oh dear!" and then divert his attention to something else. It'll take a couple of weeks but hopefully, by not dwelling on the word, he'll soon forget what it was in the first place.'



Natalie Ahmed, 34, mum to Lucas, three, says, 'Praise the positive

and ignore the bad – that seems to work for us! When Lucas has used a grown-up word, we've completely ignored it. It's tricky if the situation is funny but you'll have to bite your lip so he doesn't get attention for "naughty" words. Ask your childminder to do the same for consistency.'



WIN!

Michael Kors perfume

If you like to smell nice but ain't got a Scooby, you cannot go wrong with Michael Kors Sexy Ruby! (Somebody tell me why this isn't on the perfume's promotional posters. I know, right?!) Just close your eyes and imagine your nose hairs being stroked at first by davana and pepper, before Indian jasmine sambac comes in, followed by base notes of moss crystal and cashmere woods... Ha! Me neither!

But seriously, Sexy Ruby is an intoxicating combination of juicy raspberry and apricot, rose petals, orange blossom and vanilla that will leave you sparkling with sensuality – a perfect match for its fiery and multi-faceted bottle. Lush.

We have a 50ml bottle to give away, here. Simply solve my *Boxing Match* puzzle for your chance to win...



BOXING MATCH

Here's a crossword solution that's been broken up and turned into a jigsaw puzzle. Can you put it back together? Three pieces have been left in their original positions to help you start. When you're done, the letters in the yellow boxes, read in order, will spell out your prize answer. See p43 to enter.



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 30

ANIMAL crackle

Wheels of fire

Amy's bearded dragon Millie is a drag queen no more – still, she looks fab in pink!



I helped Millie get through her treatments

Sadness crashed through me as I looked at the pain etched on the abandoned pet's face.

'How could anyone let this happen?' I sighed.

It was November 2018 and Emma Kelt from Forever Friends Small Animal Rescue and Sanctuary in Maryport, Cumbria, where I volunteered, had spotted a Facebook ad for a bearded dragon that was *Free to a good home*.

Alarm bells!

Worse, the advert said that the dragon had a broken back.

So, knowing my boyfriend, James, owned a bearded

dragon called Rex, Emma asked if I'd foster the poor creature.

Now here it was, on my table in a plastic tub...

The dragon was young – maybe about three – but in a terrible state.

Her spine was twisted, her body in a C-shape, and her back legs paralysed.

There obviously hadn't been a UVB light in her vivarium to provide vitamin D. So, suffering from a calcium

PET of the WEEK

NAME: Barbara
BREED: Texel sheep
AGE: Eight months old
LIKES: The fresh grass on the other side of the fence
DISLIKES: Loud noises
BAD HABITS: Demanding treats
OWNER: Sophie White, Denbigh, Wales



I wool eat all of the treats!

1/5!

with Jane Common



Send us your animal stories, funny pics & pets of the week – there's £25 for each one we print!
Write to Real People or email letters@realpeoplemagazine.co.uk



ASK NIGEL

Real People's resident 'doggie doctor', Nigel, answers your pet's problems

Dear Nigel,

I'm supposed to be a lucky black cat, but I'm not so lucky in love – I've been in a rescue centre for a year now. Problem is, I don't push myself forward like some of the other show-offs in the shelter.

Love Merlin, Edinburgh, Midlothian

Dear Merlin,

I never understand why black cats wait longer in shelters – your carers should film you when it's quiet so people can see your true, affectionate personality.

Love Nigel xxx

Nigel was helped by PDSA vet Rebecca Ashman. The PDSA is the UK's leading veterinary charity. To donate to the PDSA, visit pdsa.org.uk/get-involved



Millie's appetite has recovered



My beardie loves her skateboard!

from his night shift to drive us to the vets. I was still doing CPR in the car.

'It's a respiratory infection,' they said, putting a tiny oxygen mask on Millie's face.

'Please save her,' I wept.

So they pumped Millie with steroids and antibiotics, and when I returned that evening, she was still alive.

'Can you give her steroid injections for a week?' the vet asked.

'Anything!' I cried.

Two days later, Millie was finally out of the woods.

But her problems were likely to recur as, permanently horizontal, her respiratory system was being crushed...

Then, last August, I spotted a story on Facebook about a turtle who'd lost his back legs.

His owners had stuck wheels

mouth wide – a show of happiness.

A few weeks later, me and Millie were invited back for the unveiling of the wheelchair.

I was nervous. What if Millie couldn't get the hang of it?

The wheelchair was like a skateboard, a flat aluminium base with two black rubbery wheels, but Sarah had added a lilac cushion to make it comfy for Millie.

She also had two pink Velcro straps over her back to hold it in place, making it look like she'd caught herself in a picture frame!

'It's so pretty,' I gasped.

I popped Millie in and scattered a trail of blueberries – her favourite treat – along the table.

'Off you go,' I said, tapping her bum.

She edged forward – then

stopped, as if surprised by the ease of motion.

Then she was propelling

herself along with her front legs, feeling her freedom.

It was a joyful moment – and for Millie, life-changing.

Now she skateboards around the front room every day.

As her muscles are stronger, she can prop herself up on her elbows, which is better for her breathing.

'She's much healthier,' the vets agree.

From the drag-along dragon to the beardie with a board, Millie – and her wheels – are on fire.

Amy Dobson, 20, Whitehaven, Cumbria

If only Millie had wheels

on to his shell!

'If only Millie had wheels,' I thought.

My dad, Craig, obviously thought the same, as the next thing, his friend, Peter, who runs an engineering company, had asked one of his apprentices, Sarah, to make Millie a wheelchair!

I took Millie in so Sarah could measure her. She loved the attention, opening her

deficiency, her bones hadn't developed. Then her spine had snapped. Heartbreaking...

I tried to tempt her with worms but she just sat, frozen in agony.

We took her to the vets, expecting they'd advise to put her down.

But, in the waiting room, the dragon moved her head from side-to-side, fascinated by the other patients.

Hope twitched. She was interested in the world!

The vet said there was no cure for the damaged nerve in her spine, but prescribed painkillers and, for 10 days, a high-dosage calcium supplement.

'Let's see if that helps before making a decision,' she said.

A few days on, she finally ate a worm.

Then she began dragging herself around a vivarium we bought for her.

I'd held off naming her in case she didn't make it, but now I called her Millicent, meaning 'fighter'.

Millie for short...

Over the coming months, Millie's determination was inspiring.

She was bossy, thumping her front feet on the ground, demanding attention.

On sunny days, I popped her on some rocks in the garden and her skin glowed orange, soaking up the vitamin D.

But, one morning in January last year, she started gasping. Then her head flopped. Was she dead?!

Distraught, I started CPR – I'd studied animal first aid. I blew into her mouth and compressed her chest with my finger 30 times.

And James dashed home



With her curved spine, Millie was in a terrible state



FREE TO GOOD HOME - Female Bearded Dragon



Furry & funny

'Geoff the furry hopper loves a woolly jumper!'

Sarah Jeffcut, Gloucester

Get me one!

Show the pet in your life how much you heart them on Valentine's Day. Pets at Home's larder of love is stocked with Biscuit Hearts Flavoured with Strawberry for small furries (£1.49 pictured), Little Hearts in Salmon and Trout for passionate pussies (£1.39) and The Deli Dog Treats Chicken and Pollock Chewy Hearts for romantic Rovers (£2.49). Also available for delivery at petsathome.com



YOUR STARS



HOROSCOPES
for the week of
30 Jan-5 Feb

with *Jenny Blume*

ARIES 21 March-20 April
Winter ain't dying down in Jan. As the temperature drops, your social life may hit fever pitch. A personal goal might come within reach.
TIME TO TRY: Drinking a glass of water for every wine.

TAURUS 21 April-21 May
February looks busy for you! Business ventures, getaways, passion projects... the cosmos has got you thinking big.
TIME TO TRY: Joining forces with a friend and getting fit.

GEMINI 22 May-21 June
If you've fallen into a rut, start looking into workshops or short courses. Upgrading your skills might open up your world.
TIME TO TRY: Wearing amethyst jewellery for extra luck.

CANCER 22 June-23 July
Your touch is golden this month, so start exploring a few money-making ideas or look for ways to trim expenses.
TIME TO TRY: Broaching a topic you've been avoiding.

LEO 24 July-23 August
With the sun heating up your social sector, you could hit full party-planning mode – just don't underdo the catering.
TIME TO TRY: Treating yourself to a feel-good film or concert.

VIRGO 24 Aug-23 Sep
Your habits are primed for an overhaul, so whether it's improving efficiency, exercise levels or eating patterns, just do it.
TIME TO TRY: Paying attention to your gut instincts if single.

LIBRA 24 Sep-23 Oct
Life looks busy, but adrenaline is just the tonic you need. Fitness kicks, home overhauls, and that's just for starters.
TIME TO TRY: Planning a sizzling date for the weekend.

★ GUESS the STAR SIGN

Maura Higgins is fanny fluttering her way across the rink in *Dancing on Ice*. And her sign craves regular doses of freedom. Think overseas holidays and offbeat adventures. What sign is she?

See foot of page to find out if you're right.



SCORPIO 24 Oct-22 Nov
Feeling sentimental? Dust off some precious photos, revisit forgotten recipes or rekindle a pastime you used to love.
TIME TO TRY: Filling your home with beautiful smells.

SAGITTARIUS 23 Nov-21 Dec
Local clubs and family events might keep you on the go, but factor in some downtime – before your health pays the price.
TIME TO TRY: Dig out some of your favourite films or CDs.

CAPRICORN 22 Dec-20 Jan
Lady Luck Jupiter is drawing good things towards you... love, money and, for entrepreneurs, an exciting business idea.
TIME TO TRY: Buying walking shoes or a new picnic set.

AQUARIUS 21 Jan-19 Feb
Slow down, then look for ways to make your life run more smoothly. A new appliance might be money well spent.
TIME TO TRY: Indulging in a weekend pampering session.

PISCES 20 February-20 March
As they say, dress to impress. With Venus amping up your natural style and charm, your efforts won't go unnoticed.
TIME TO TRY: Delving into yoga or tai chi if you need to relax.

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, GETTY

WIN £25!

Lost In Moo-sic

'So you're a tough guy, Like it really rough guy, Just can't get enough guy, Chest always so puffed guy, I'm that bad type, Make your mama sad type, Make your girlfriend mad tight, Might seduce your dad type...'



For your chance to get your hands on the cash, simply answer the prize question below. See page 43 for full entry details.

What song am I singing?

- A Bad Guy B Jealous Guy
C No More Mr Nice Guy

Cow-Culator!

WIN £25!

For your chance to get your hands on the cash, simply answer the prize question below. See page 43 for full entry details.



What is the sum total of the numbers on my rosettes?

- A 92 B 94 C 95

REAL PEOPLE PSYCHIC READING

KNOW YOUR FUTURE TODAY!

Get 10 minutes of spiritual insight for only £2.90*
Call now on
0800 067 8770

*This promotion is only available to new customers paying by credit/debit card. Your first 10 minutes will be billed at 29p per minute. Thereafter you will pay the standard rate of £1.50 per minute. The 10 minutes for £2.90 is subject to change. Please call the 0800 number for further information. Callers must be 18+ and have bill payer's permission. For entertainment purposes only. All calls are recorded. PhonePayPlus regulated SP: Stream Live Ltd, SE1 1JA, 0800 0673 330

★
GUESS THE STAR SIGN ANSWER: SAGITTARIUS

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 31

FLORENCE'S TAKE YOUR PICK!

What will
you choose –
PS4 prize or my
money pot?



GRAB THE GEAR...

I've rustled up a great competition here, where one of you lucky lot will get to choose whether to bag the best prize I could get my hooves on – or accept my cash offer.

So, have a good look at what's up for grabs and see if it's something you absolutely must have – or if my Big Deal Money Pot is more like something you're after! And don't worry – you've plenty of time to think about it. If you're a winner, I'll give you a call and you can make your mind up then...

For your chance to win, simply answer my prize question below. See p43 to enter.

What does 'PS' stand for at the end of a letter?

A) Postscript B) Parting shot

Working on this Take Your Pick page is far from all fun and games – but this week's star prize is! It's a thoroughly exciting PlayStation 4 Slim games console 500GB edition, worth £249.99.

The PS4 from Sony guarantees the most amazing, exhilarating and immersive gaming experience yet. Improved graphics, better memory, constant updates of game content, enhanced social spectating – where gamers can broadcast their gameplay live to pals via

the internet – and, for the first time, a Share Button on the controller so that you can show off your epic triumphs... that's just some of the ways it will shatter expectations. And it doubles up as a Blu-ray player, too! Wow.

This must-have entertainment system is so darn hot, it hurts – and it could be yours.

Simply solve my prize question for your chance to win...



PICTURE: BIGSTOCK

...OR GO FOR THE CASH!

**BIG DEAL
MONEY
POT**



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 34

REAL CRIME

Police searched around the clock for Bill

Bill Taylor's money had not bought him happiness

BLOODLUST

VICTIM

The film **Kill Bill** might as well have been 50 Shades of Grey for this depraved pair...

Cheery faced, with the ruddy cheeks and windswept look of a man who had spent his life outdoors, Bill Taylor was about to mark an important milestone.

Summer 2018 was approaching and on 11 June, he would celebrate his 70th birthday. A farmer from Hitchin in Hertfordshire, Bill was a very wealthy man. With the land and properties he owned, he was worth millions.

So he should have had plenty of reasons to pop the champagne corks. That comfortable lifestyle, four grown-up children, the grandchildren...

But in his heart, Bill did not feel such a fortunate man. As time marched towards his big birthday, it was clear that money had not bought him happiness.

Where to begin? Perhaps with his son, Richard.

At a pheasant shoot on Bill's land in November 2015, there was a big family row.

Afterwards, Richard, 40, had no contact with his dad. It was hard, made more so by the closeness they'd once shared. Richard had not seen his mum since he was 11 and had been brought up by Bill.

But the estrangement wasn't the only source of Bill's unhappiness.

He was also dealing with the breakdown of his marriage. Angela was his second wife, after he'd split from Richard's mum.

He married Angela in 1997 and they had two sons and a daughter together. But, in April 2014, Angela, who was 18 years younger than Bill, wanted out and filed for divorce.

She and Bill came to a financial agreement where Angela was

given two nearby farms, Dog Kennel Farm and Mill Farm, and 200 acres of land.

But Bill, who continued to live in their £1.2 million house, Harkness Hall, in Gosmore, didn't want the divorce. He still loved Angela and hoped that somehow they'd reunite.

By late 2017 Angela, 51, had other ideas. Her head had been turned by Paul Cannon, 52, a farm labourer, and the pair began a steamy affair.

Paul, burly, with a Brillo pad of hair, and Angela, strawberry blonde and slender, were both sex mad, and when they weren't romping on the farm, they were sending each other x-rated WhatsApp messages.

Meanwhile, poor Bill, who was still estranged from his son and suffering from arthritis and ringing ears, was ever hopeful she'd come back.

But in March 2018, reality bit – hard. Angela finally served those divorce papers. He knew about the affair, too. Devastated, he decided to repair at least one part of his life. He headed out to find his son.

Richard was walking the dog with his daughters when his dad approached. He could see how very down and alone Bill was. He looked 'drained, frail, weak, sad'.

One reunion at least had worked. Bill started visiting Richard's office at the coach company he ran daily. Richard decided he'd buy his dad a dog – a companion – for his upcoming 70th birthday.

Yet Bill still refused to divorce Angela. And she was fuming.

Bill lived in the £1.2m Harkness Hall

If he still held out hope that Angela loved him, then he should have been a fly on the screen of her WhatsApp messages.

In lust with Paul, and raging about Bill, their lurid messages had taken on a dark, twisted tone.

Over four months the pair of them exchanged 28,000 of them, increasingly sexual and disturbing in nature.

Was it perverse fantasy – or something much worse...?

In May, Paul ranted to Angela about Bill, *I'm gonna give that c*** a heart attack. Man I could go the*

out a plan. We have got to get him out of the picture very soon darling.

On 27 May, Bill discovered his Land Rover Defender burnt out and reported an arson attack to the police.

That day, Angela messaged Paul saying, *Darling you light my fire Xxxx.*

By now the sexual WhatsApp messages between them had become so macabre, they were more akin to Dracula's lair than a Hertfordshire farmhouse.

Paul wrote, *I want to get rid of that poisonous c***. Make love to you on his kitchen table with your p**** soaked in blood with him tied to a chair so he had to watch. Then send him to hell.*

Angela sent back, *Think that would kill*

him, last thing he saw was us making love xxxxxx.

Two days after this gruesome exchange, on Sunday 3 June, an oblivious Bill went out with his grandson Ben for a roast dinner. With his 70th just a week away, the family were already thinking about Bill's big day and the new puppy that would brighten his life.

But after Ben said goodbye to his grandad that Sunday evening, Bill simply vanished.

He wasn't on the farm, wasn't out in the fields, wasn't anywhere. The days passed, even his 70th birthday

Bill was hopeful she'd come back

whole way with him!!!!

*Might just fill his house with petrol and toast the c***. While in his bed.*

Angela replied to him, *You read my mind.*

Paul also wrote, *He needs to be put down... Will get what he deserves and I will get his beautiful wife.*

On one occasion, he joked, *Just watching Kill Bill 2 lol.*

Angela quipped back, *One would be nice.*

On and on it went, thousands of messages, with Paul writing, *We need to get together soon and sort*



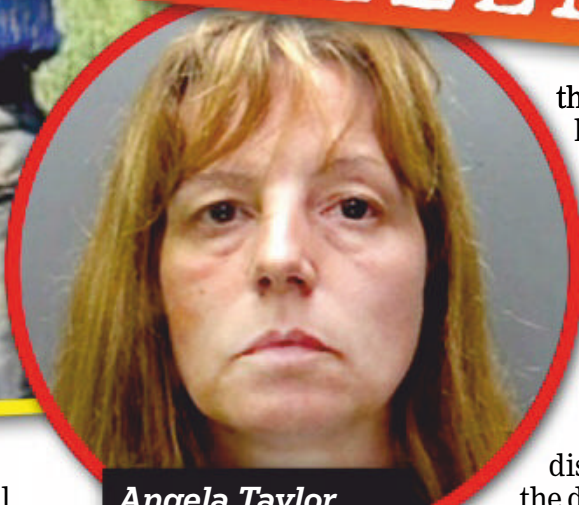
Paul Cannon began a steamy affair with Taylor



FARMYARD BEASTS

IM

KILLERS



Angela Taylor wanted a divorce

the very day Bill had gone missing.

'Why was that?' an officer asked Paul.

'No comment,' he replied.

They

discovered that in the days after Bill

went missing, Paul had sold his Suzuki 4x4 for cash

with it ending up in Bulgaria, while Angela had got rid of her mobile phone.

Confronted during a police interview, and asked where Bill's body was so that his children could give him a funeral, Angela also replied, 'No comment.'

Although investigators found traces of Paul's DNA on a fuel-soaked towel in the burnt-out Land Rover, no forensic evidence linked the duo to Bill's murder.

Because murder it was, the cops believed. Still, with no body, by November 2018 they were convinced enough to charge Angela and Paul with conspiracy to murder.

Then, in February 2019, a man fishing on the River Hiz in Hitchin made a grim discovery.

On the river bank, he came across a badly decomposed body, waist deep in mud.

It was Bill, just two miles from his own home.

The scene was odd – by his body there was a bottle of Baileys, a teacup, an eaten corn on the cob and some rope.

There were no obvious signs of foul play – no knife or gunshot wounds – and no water in his lungs from the river.

Otherwise, the body was so badly decomposed that determining a cause of death was impossible.

Bill was found with a bottle of Baileys, rope, an eaten corn on the cob and a teacup

But a post mortem revealed a 'possible fracture' to the hyoid bone, a delicate neck bone, raising the possibility that Bill had been strangled. Were the Baileys and nibbled corn cob just hurriedly chosen props? Had Angela and Paul tried to stage a suicide last supper?

At their trial at St Albans Crown Court, which began in September last year, both Angela and Paul continued to deny any involvement in Bill's death.

The jury was told there was a lack of forensic evidence linking the pair to the murder, but there was Paul's DNA on the towel used in the arson attack and, of course, the lurid WhatsApp messages, which abruptly stopped when Bill went missing.

Police officers read out the messages for the jury. But Paul, 54, dismissed them as fantasy to spice up their sex sessions, telling the court, 'I would say "I want to get rid of him", and I knew it excited her.'

'I know she finds this stuff arousing. It excited me. The sex becomes more intense.'

'We got off on that sort of stuff. Violence and sex, that was our fantasy world, it has no boundaries. You can do whatever you want in a fantasy.'

As for Angela, she said the messages were 'meaningless'. She claimed they were sent when she was drinking and weren't meant to be taken seriously.

'We were just venting frustrations out,' she said in court.

Asked 'Were you involved in a plot to murder Bill at this time?' she replied, 'No.' But the jury did not believe her claims.

Both Angela and Paul were convicted of Bill's murder. When the verdicts were returned, Paul,

wearing a dark suit, shook his head, but Angela did not react.

They were each handed life sentences, with a minimum of 21 years in jail.

Sentencing the evil duo, the judge, Michael Kay QC, said that while Angela was probably not involved in the physical killing, she was the 'driving force behind it'.

He said, 'Only Paul Cannon and Angela Taylor and perhaps an unknown accomplice know what happened that night.'

'The evidence suggests that, having been lured out of his house, William Taylor was attacked in the farmyard and killed there by means of strangulation or suffocation.'

'He loved Angela Taylor to the end despite whatever she did to him and however much she did not deserve that love.'

Bill Taylor never saw his 70th birthday and he never saw the dog who should have become his loving companion.

His grasping wife and her depraved lover saw to that.

Finally, justice has been done. Behind bars for at least 21 years, all the vile pair have is a fantasy world. And, this time, there are boundaries.

came and went, no Bill.

Distraught, Richard posted a photo of the new puppy, Barley, on Facebook, writing, *My Dad was looking forward to finally getting a dog again and then for him to go missing before he even gets to meet him is heartbreaking... Barley needs his Dad to come home and care for himself. Pray for William Taylor.*

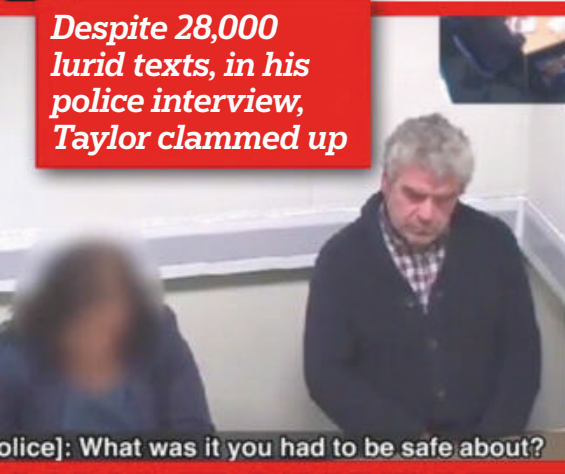
Hertfordshire Police launched an intensive search for Bill throughout the summer, but there was no body, no evidence, no trace.

Police were increasingly suspicious of Angela and Paul. Had they had something to do with Bill's death? Angela certainly had a motive, and, unlike other family members, she was referring to Bill in the past tense...

A police search of Paul's iPhone 6 discovered 78 pages of WhatsApp messages between him and Angela which he thought he had permanently deleted.

Tellingly, the messages stopped on

Despite 28,000 lurid texts, in his police interview, Taylor clammed up



[Police]: What was it you had to be safe about?

Barley was set to become Bill's dog



Real people 33

By Lindsay Calder (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)

Give your brain a boost and pit your wits against these testing teasers. See p35 for the answers.

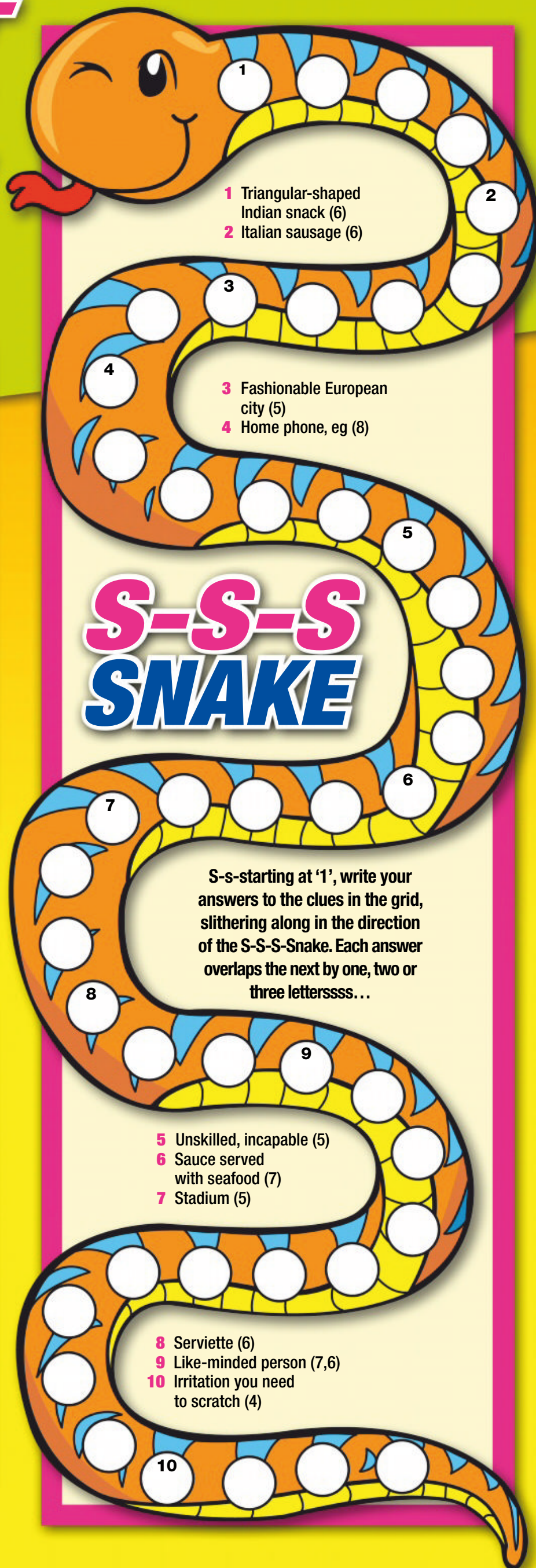


I-SPY

Can you spot six differences between these two photos of the judges from *Dancing On Ice*? As this one's just for fun, to see if you're right, see page 35.



PICTURE: ITV



- 1 Triangular-shaped Indian snack (6)
- 2 Italian sausage (6)

- 3 Fashionable European city (5)
- 4 Home phone, eg (8)

S-S-S SNAKE

S-s-starting at '1', write your answers to the clues in the grid, slithering along in the direction of the S-S-S-Snake. Each answer overlaps the next by one, two or three letterssss...

- 5 Unskilled, incapable (5)
- 6 Sauce served with seafood (7)
- 7 Stadium (5)

- 8 Serviette (6)
- 9 Like-minded person (7,6)
- 10 Irritation you need to scratch (4)

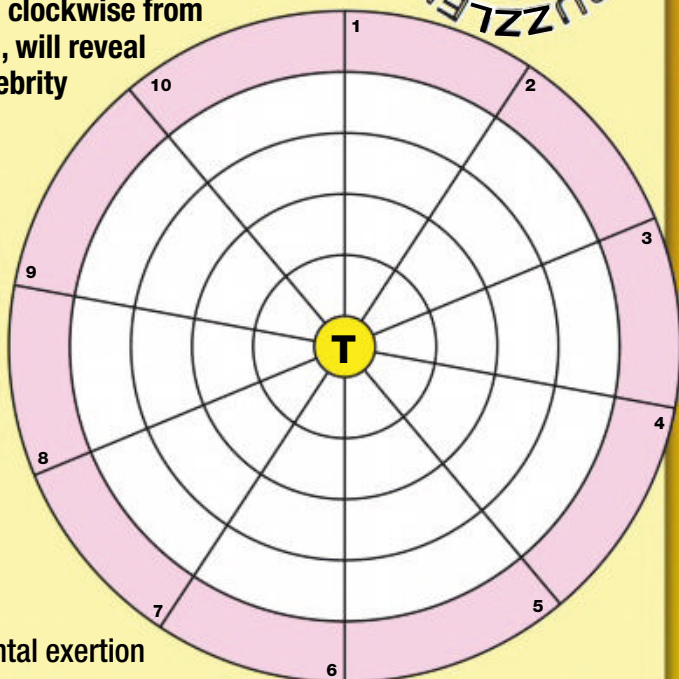
Reader PUZZLES

YOU SEND US YOUR PUZZLES - WE'LL SEND YOU £30!

Thanks to Jacquie and Ann for their brilliant teasers. Hopefully, they'll have inspired you all! So, let's have your quizzes and crosswords, riddles and sudokus, anagrams and wordsearches – or perhaps you've invented a new kind of puzzle? **Just send it into us at: Real People Reader Puzzles, Hearst Magazines UK, House Of Hearst, 30 Panton Street, London, SW1Y 4AJ.**

Solve the clues below and write your six-letter word answers in the circular grid starting from the appropriately-numbered space in the outer circle and moving inwards to end in the 'T' of the yellow inner circle. When completed correctly, the shaded pink ring, reading clockwise from '1' through to '10', will reveal the name of a celebrity (5,5). Check your answers below.

- 1 Muppet frog
- 2 Commercial
- 3 Pill
- 4 Crash, collision
- 5 Join the army
- 6 Marionette
- 7 Tennis bat
- 8 Small child
- 9 Baby swan
- 10 Physical or mental exertion



All islands are hidden, except one – which one? Answer below.



CAPRI
CORFU
CORSICA
CRETE
CYPRUS
GOZO
IBIZA
KALYMNOS
KEFALONIA
LEMNOS
MAJORCA
MALTA

E	O	C	C	Z	Y	R	W	L	U	M	S	G	X	E	B
Q	K	Z	J	G	O	Z	O	R	S	A	J	U	F	S	Z
Q	V	U	F	U	L	P	N	P	R	A	O	T	O	A	W
K	E	S	F	Q	W	Y	U	D	S	K	M	X	I	T	G
L	D	L	N	R	P	T	I	L	E	U	A	O	A	L	G
R	I	A	C	R	O	N	I	M	E	N	R	I	S	A	S
P	R	R	Y	I	C	W	Z	S	W	N	P	W	M	E	
L	P	N	L	A	D	T	O	G	O	O	M	O	Y	X	S
S	A	N	P	E	H	Q	E	E	L	T	A	C	A	C	T
K	C	R	S	A	M	X	P	A	I	S	J	O	Y	S	E
C	B	O	S	A	D	N	F	I	M	E	O	R	O	O	P
U	M	S	E	E	N	E	O	Z	A	D	R	S	E	N	S
D	O	R	O	I	K	T	E	S	V	O	C	I	P	M	M
S	L	F	J	R	Q	M	O	C	J	H	A	C	V	Y	B
V	O	E	G	C	A	C	A	R	D	R	T	A	U	L	Z
M	C	R	E	T	E	P	A	Z	I	Q	T	D	E	A	H
Q	S	O	N	O	K	Y	M	K	Z	N	Q	Z	S	K	O
D	A	S	I	C	I	L	Y	L	H	D	I	B	S	W	T

MILOS
MINORCA
MYKONOS
NAXOS
PAROS
RHODES
SAMOS
SANTORINI
SARDINIA
SICILY
SPETSES
THASSOS

Sent in by Jacquie Simpson, Worthing, West Sussex

Sent in by Ann Walker, Huntley, Aberdeenshire

Piece of cake!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

	1		9	7		8	4	3
	2	7	3	6				5
	3		4	5		6		7
2	6	4	7		5			
3	5			2			9	4
			8		4	5	6	2
1				8	3		5	
6				4	9	2		
9	4	5		1	7		8	

Can you beat the clock?



Not so easy!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

2	6	3			9			
8						7	2	9
7			2	1	4		3	
	2					6	1	3
		6	9	2	8	4		
5	7	4		3				
	8		7	6	3			2
4	9	2			5			
			4			5	8	1

Can you beat the clock?



PRIZE ANSWERS FOR ISSUE 49

- P9 – The Whopper!**
Prize answer: Harley Moon
- P18 – Roulette**
Prize answer: Macbeth
- P26 – Go And Arrow**
Prize answer: Retail
- P28 – Boxing Match**
Prize answer: Sleep
- P30 – Lost In Moo-Sic**
Prize answer: B) Fame
- P30 – Moo Am I?**
Prize answer: B) Danny Devito
- P31 – Take Your Pick!**
Prize answer: A) Will Bayley
- P36 – Playing The Field**
Prize answer: Hit
- P38 – Prize Question 1**
Prize answer: A) Camera shy
- P41 – X Factor**
Prize answer: 12
- P42 – Small Wonder**
Prize answer: Lady
- P42 – Nothing For A Pair**
Prize answer: Barrowman
- P42 – Nice Little Earner**
Prize answer: Competent
- P42 – I'm Too Hex-y!**
Prize answer: Frost
- P46 – Diabolical**
Prize answer: Christopher Biggins

Well done to Jacquie and Ann – £30 on its way!

Just for FUN! SOLUTIONS



P35 – Reader Puzzle 1

1 Kermit, 2 Advert, 3 Tablet, 4 Impact, 5 Enlist, 6 Puppet, 7 Racket, 8 Infant, 9 Cygnet, 10 Effort.

Well-known celebrity: Katie Price

P35 – Reader Puzzle 2

Not hidden: Ibiza

5	1	6	9	7	2	8	4	3
4	2	7	3	6	8	9	1	5
8	3	9	4	5	1	6	2	7
2	6	4	7	9	5	1	3	8
3	5	8	1	2	6	7	9	4
7	9	1	8	3	4	5	6	2
1	7	2	6	8	3	4	5	9
6	8	3	5	4	9	2	7	1
9	4	5	2	1	7	3	8	6

P35 – Easy

P34 – S-S-S-Snake:

1 Samosa, 2 Salami, 3 Milan, 4 Landline, 5 Inept, 6 Tartare, 7 Arena, 8 Napkin, 9 Kindred spirit, 10 Itch.

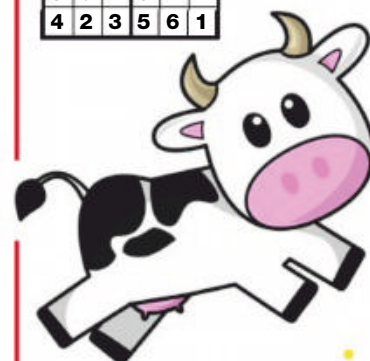
P34 – I-Spy: A1, A2, A3, B2, B3, C2.

P46 – Just For The Hell Of It!

Famous faces of Chanel: Keira Knightley, Lily-Rose Depp, Linda Evangelista, Nicole Kidman.

1	4	6	2	5	3
2	3	5	6	1	4
6	1	2	4	3	5
3	5	4	1	2	6
5	6	1	3	4	2
4	2	3	5	6	1

P35 – Tough



PLAYING the FIELD

IT'S TOUGH!

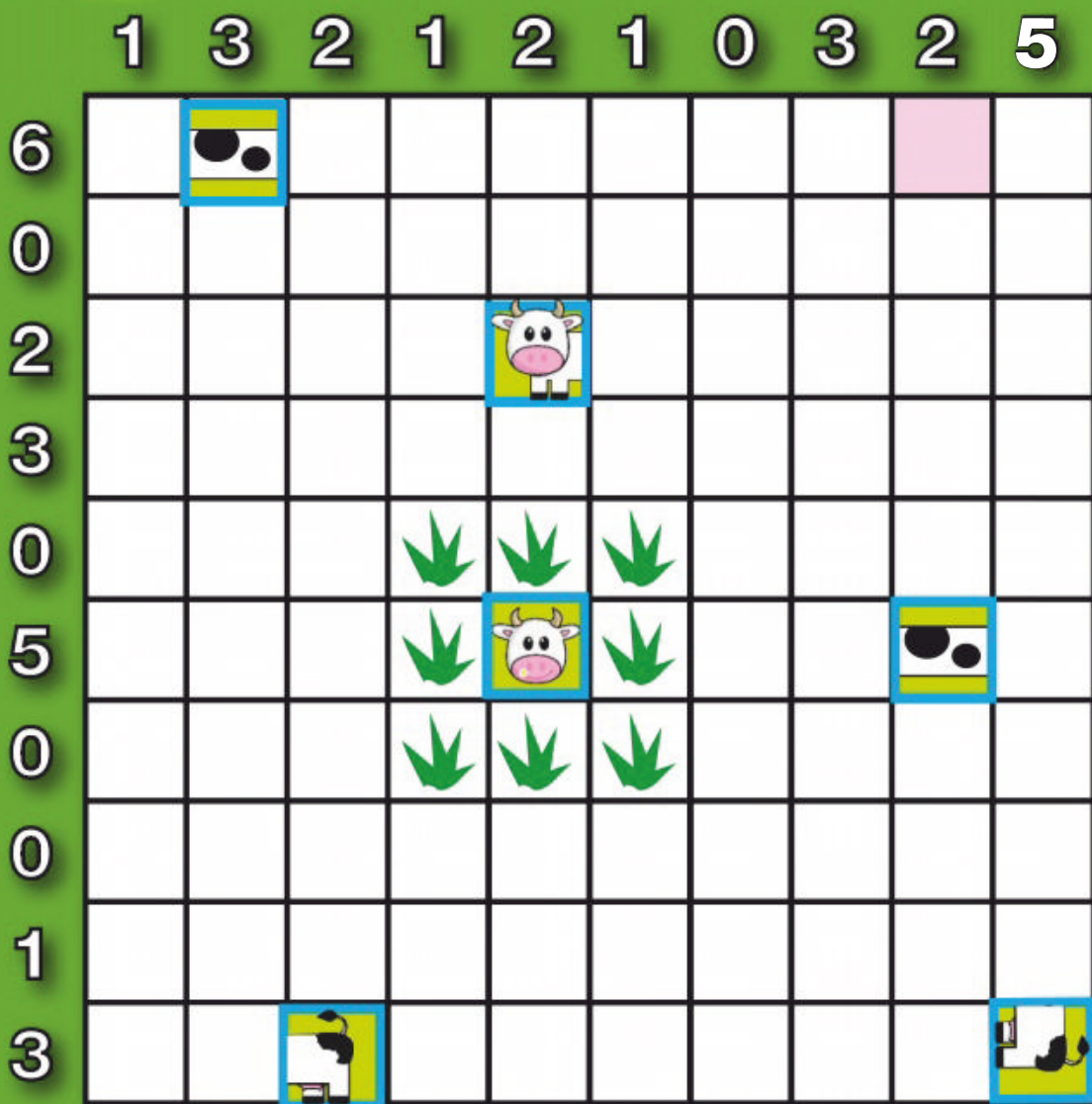
WIN £50!

In the field below is a herd of 10 cows. But the grass is so long it's tricky to see them. Can you help Flo work out where all her friends are so that she can get them back in time for milking? We've placed some cow parts to help you get started.

HINT: Think Battleships!

HELPFUL TIPS!

- Cows are stood in horizontal and vertical positions only.
- No cow is next to another in any direction, including diagonally.
- Misses are marked right the way around one of the hits we've given you, so there's some grassy boxes you can write in straight away.
- Numbers at the heads of rows and columns tell you how many parts of a cow are hidden in them. So, if you see a '0' at the top of any column or to the left of any row, you can grass out the whole of that one, as there are no 'hits'.
- Don't forget to cross off the cows below as you 'hit' them.



Oh, where for art COW?

For your chance to win, simply tell us:
Is the pink square a 'hit' (cow part) or a 'miss' (grass)?
See p43 to enter.



WHO YOU NEED TO LOOK FOR:

4x



3x



2x



1x





Embroidered,
£32,
Simply Be



White,
£35,
Dorothy Perkins



Rust,
£24.99,
H&M



Knitted,
£16, JD
Williams

Just the JACKET

This season's blowout buy? A transitional bomber...



Utility,
£29.99,
Zara



**Red
ruffle,**
£29.99,
Zara



Monochrome,
£20, JD
Williams



**Leopard
print,**
£39.99,
bonprix.
co.uk



Cream,
£39.99,
bonprix.
co.uk



Glitter,
£49.50,
Oliver
Bonas



Quilted,
£39.50,
M&S



Navy,
£20,
Dorothy
Perkins



Khaki,
£18,
Primark

WIN!



A taste bud tingling...



Chocolate fountain!

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

It's no secret that I'm mad about anything made from cocoa beans, so when a chocolate-themed prize comes my way, I'm all over it! Here it is: a chocolate fountain, if you don't mind!

Now, just to be clear folks, this isn't something for your garden – unless you're Willy Wonka! The Andrew James Premium Stainless Steel Chocolate Fountain is something that should have pride of place at the centre of your home. It will sweeten your life no end.

Dip fruit, sweets, biscuits, pastries – whatever you like – into the cascading melted chocolate and... mmmm... well... mmmm... bliss!

Where was I? Oh yes, as if it matters, this particular machine is easy to clean, benefits from having separate controls for the motor and the heat, features an extra deep tray, enabling it to be used for a longer period of time (yesss!) and the new super-smooth design has improved choc flow, creating a constant delicious curtain of the good stuff.

We have one to give away here, so what are you waiting for? Simply solve my prize question, below...

For a chance to win, answer my prize question below. Enter on p43.

PQ1: Who wrote *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory*?

A) Roald Dahl B) Enid Blyton

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 41



With Craig and Ava at her christening - my wardrobe malfunction was on full display

Th TO



I saw myself as 'that fat mum'

Dannielle was forever skirting the issue of her size, even when it let rip...

Biting into the warm pastry, gooey chicken sauce dribbled down my chin. I licked it off, before carrying on looking on my phone for christening dresses for my daughter, Ava.

She was babbling away on her activity mat on the floor, watching CBeebies.

'I'll never find anything nice,' I sighed. Hardly surprising.

Ever since Ava had been born five months earlier, I'd piled on the pounds.

I didn't know what I weighed, but I was squeezing into a size 18 – a true 'Big Momma!'

When I'd met Craig Millar, we'd been lifeguards.

At 5ft 4in, I'd been slender, toned, fit and felt confident strutting around the pool.

Everything changed after Ava was born weighing 7lbs 5oz. *Baywatch* became a 24-hour-Babewatch!

I was shattered, not having the time to prepare meals properly.

Right on cue, Craig rung to say

he was on his way home. 'Grab a takeaway,' I said.

He arrived with a Chinese.

Dunking a chip in curry sauce, I resigned myself to looking like a beach ball at Ava's christening.

'Everyone will be looking at her, anyway,' I reasoned.

Eventually, I found a dress from New Look, with a pink top and black A-line skirt.

'She looks adorable,' everyone cooed on the big day in December 2011. Of course to Ava, not me!

My skirt kept riding up my tree-trunk legs, and when I sat down after the hymns... RIP!

The seam in my skirt tore. I was surprised the vicar didn't look up, it was that loud. My cheeks were flushed with shame. The rip was halfway up my thigh!

I thought I'd got away with it until the reception.

'You should have got a bigger size in that dress,' my



With Craig, before I piled on the pounds

at's RIN it



No pole was safe at my hen do

CAKE OR DEATH?



Labour left me fighting for my life with sepsis

mother-in-law, Irene, whispered at the buffet. I could have died.

The christening photos were no comfort either – the dress tear was wider than my smile!

I couldn't have another disaster like this – least of all at my wedding. After being engaged for four years, me and Craig set a date. And, determined to avoid a bridal gown malfunction, I resorted to diet pills...

'I can't do it any other way,' I sighed to Craig. After a pole-dancing hen do, I wed in May 2013, squeezing into a size-16 cream, corset-style gown. Afterwards, we had a family-moon in Spain.

As I scoffed on plates of paella, washed down with sangria, I was relieved I'd bought a swimsuit with a skirt around it.

'Hides my thunder thighs,' I said to Craig.

I quickly piled on any weight I'd lost. And back home, life carried on as normal.

At weekends, Craig would take Ava to the park. Watching her face light up as he pushed her on the swings, I felt guilty. I never did any of this stuff alone with her.

Before I knew it, it was September 2015 and Ava was starting school.

And I swore the other mums were eyeing my belly at the gates.

'I never wanted to be "that fat mum",' I moaned to my friend Danielle, 28, round her house.

'I'm sure nobody's watching you,' she smiled.

When I used her loo, I stood up, tugging at the zip on my jeans.

'Arrrrgh!' I screamed. My tummy flab was stuck in the zip!

'Help,' I cried, waddling out to Danielle. Her neighbour was a paramedic, so she rushed me round there. The shame!

'I'm so embarrassed,' I whispered, as he waggled the zip free. There was a huge red mark and some bruising.

'Who gets fat caught in a zip?!' I gasped to Craig later.

'Don't worry about it,' he soothed.

But I hated him seeing me naked now, so we tried for another baby with the lights off. Sadly, I miscarried twice. Ava was desperate for a brother or sister.

'I wish on the stars for one,' she'd say. It broke my heart.

But at Easter 2018, we finally reached the 12-week mark.

Ava squealed that I was carrying her 'Easter bunny'!

Then towards the end of my pregnancy, I got reduced movements.

'Is everything OK?' I panicked to the nurse. 'Might be because of your weight,' she said.

'We'll give you a glucose test too,' she added.

'I didn't have one with Ava,' I frowned.

'Were you this big then?' she asked. I shook my head.

'Well, let's weigh you,' she said.

My worst nightmare... Hoiking myself onto the scales, the needle flew round to 17st 4lb.

'No,' I croaked. This was huge.

'You're BMI is high,' the nurse went on, scribbling in my notes.

Because of the reduced movements, they wanted to monitor me. A nurse came to do my blood pressure.

'Oh, we need a bigger cuff,' she said, taking my flabby arm. She strapped an XL cuff around my bingo wings. And if I thought that that was the last mention of my size, I was mistaken! On the day of my Caesarean, the surgeon had a pop, saying the C-scar could get infected in my rolls of flab.

Then the nurse piped up that my pulse was running high –

'It must be your weight.'

But minutes later, any shame was replaced with joy as Wyatt came out weighing 7lb 10oz.

'Hi gorgeous Bunny,' I wept.

In an emotional fog, I sighed to Craig the next day about how tired I was, barely able to keep one eye open.

That night, I got up to feed Wyatt. 'I'm so cold,' I shivered to a midwife. 'Could you grab my dressing gown please?'

But I couldn't stop shaking. She took my temperature, suddenly was pressing the alarm button.

'I think it's sepsis,' she said.

Before I knew it, I was being hooked up to antibiotics.

Thankfully the drugs kicked in and it'd been caught in time.

'Your high pulse

was it brewing,' the doctor told me.

My weight had masked something that could've killed me...

'I could've left the kids without a mum,' I sobbed. Now it really was the time to act.

So when we came home after 10 days, I vowed things would change.

Friends and family

brought me home-made soups, healthy pastas.

'I missed out with Ava,' I whispered to Wyatt. 'I won't with you.'

Within three weeks, I'd lost more than a stone. And a few weeks later, I joined Slimming World.

When Wyatt had his christening at six months old, I wore a size 16, off-the-shoulder grey dress.

'No rips this time,' I smiled.

Almost a year on, I'm 10st 12lb, a beauty therapist and Slimming World consultant. A new me, but more importantly, a new mum.

'Show us your moves,' Ava, eight, laughs, as we play *Just Dance* on the Wii. I could never have got off the sofa before!

Now I'm down the park with them and at the soft play with Wyatt – where the only thing splitting is my sides.

Danielle Millar, 28, Workington



New mum: I can now run around with Wyatt and Ava!

By Clare Berrett
(stories@realplemag.co.uk)

Real 39
people



★ Bob's **BIG** treasure hunt!



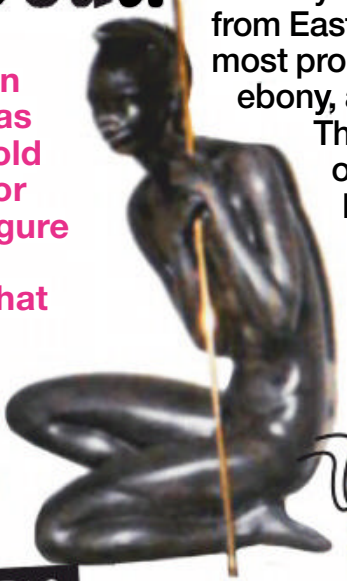
with auctioneer Bob Hayton

Got a boot sale bargain or an old ornament you reckon is worth a fortune? Why not let me – top auctioneer Bob Hayton – find out? Just send me a pic of your treasure. If it's printed, you'll get **£25** – even if it's trash!

Figure it out!

This 12in wooden black statue was given to me by an old lady who'd had it for many years. The figure is holding a gold-coloured spear. What do you reckon it's worth, Bob?

Mrs I Sandilands, Edinburgh



■ Your figure is a 20th Century hunter originating from East Africa and is most probably carved from ebony, a dense hardwood. These pieces were often brought home as holiday souvenirs and are not particularly rare or collected. Value is probably around £30.

£30

ASK ME ANYTHING!

Need advice on a collectable? Just write in! There's £25 for you, if we print it

Q I bought this old bingo board a couple of years ago from an antique shop for £5. It brought back happy memories of fairground bingo when we used metal bottle tops. Are we talking big numbers here, Bob?



Linda Keen, Sheffield

£10 **A** 'Housey-housey' for you, Linda. This nice piece of nostalgia would see you double your money to £10 at auction.

Cabinet re-shuffle?



£150

My teak cabinet dates from around the 1940s and '50s I think, Bob. It has all its original contents and hasn't any scratches. Will I be raising a glass to its value?

S Carr, Doncaster

■ You have a very much all-singing, all-dancing fully-fitted cocktail cabinet. There's been an increased thirst for these 'vintage' pieces over the past year or so. Clink your glasses – it's worth around £150.

UNDER THE HAMMER

What's hot at the auctions this week – check your loft... if you find one of these, you'll be quids in!

● Blüthner boudoir grand piano.

£1,200



£200

● Asian-style smoking jacket.



£800

● 20th Century console table with Sienna marble top.



£190

● Scandinavian silver and enamel tea strainer, around 1899.



Mirror image

Bought in a charity shop for 75p, this had a small mirror behind it, but it fell off. I'm not sure what it is, but it looks nice on my wall. On reflection, is it worth anything, Bob?

Cath Moore, Ipswich

■ This mirror stand is in the Art Deco style. Yours once had a circular mirror to reflect light from a bulb fitted to the base. Although it's incomplete, you'd get £20 at auction.



Lift boardom!

This box of table quoits was bought from a charity shop 20 years ago. It's in its original packaging and has never been opened. Game on, Bob?

P Brabon, Pentre, Rhondda Cynon Taf

■ Back in the day before computer games and wall-to-wall telly, board games like these were very much a part of family life. Probably worth £5 at auction.



WRITE TO ME AT...

If you'd like my opinion on the value of your item, send in a clear photo, with as much description as you can, including size. Give details of markings or labels, and don't forget to include your full name, address and phone number. Send them to: Bob's Treasure Hunt, **Real People**, Hearst Magazines UK, House Of Hearst, 30 Pantan Street, London, SW1Y 4AJ, or email Bob@realpeoplemag.co.uk. I cannot value every item sent in or respond personally to letters.

Test your KNOWLEDGE

Guess the value of this week's item and

WIN £100!

What did this 82-piece Spode 'Colonel' dinner service sell for at a recent auction?



A £500

B £800

C £1,200

HOW TO ENTER For your chance to win, simply answer the Test Your Knowledge question above, then turn to page 43, where you'll find full entry details.

Issue 1's item was a Victorian Chesterfield sofa. Answer. B) £600.

PUZZLE TRAIL

X Factor

Have you got what it takes to be successful? See if you can learn what that special something is from the new Dr Dolittle (aka Robert Downey Jr). For £100, use the DR to work out the number code for each letter of the alphabet. We've placed the Rs, now you do the same with the Ds. The number that represents the letter 'X' is your prize answer. See page 43 for full entry details.

WIN £100!

11	10	13	10	13		4		1	2	R	17	22	17			
10		18		25	26	10	15	13		22		24				
17	26	16	16	25		12		19	20	17		21				
1				16	14	9		20		3		20				
12	23	13	13	2	R		16		17	26	20	19	13			
		22		9	13	22	14	9		24		9				
22	16	6		26		13		20		18	17	5				
16		13		13		2	R	24		1						
1	16	3	13	12				18	26	16	16	22				
13		3		12						6		10				
2	R		26					20		12		2	R			
24	13	13	1	12				22	10	9	13	1				
	15			8		22		14		17		13				
14	13	14		13		20		2	R	13	4	10	2	R		
2	R		13		13	24	12	10	13		26					
13	2	R	2	R		9		4		18	10	13	12	12		
11		7		13		23	13	24					8			
10		10	2	R	24		20		17	1	16	2	R	13		
13		2	R		13	7	13	4	9		17		17			
26	17	5	13	2	R		25		13	2	R	2	R	16	2	R

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
D	R											
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 42

PLEASE NOTE, ALL VALUATIONS ARE ESTIMATES AND WE CANNOT RETURN PHOTOS

PICTURE: GETTY

PUZZLE TRAIL

Here's your last chance to win this week's fab cash prizes! See p43 to enter.

WIN £50!

Nothing For A Pair

... not in this game! Characters, rooms and weapons crucial to a game of Cluedo plus a number of red herrings have been mixed up in the grid below. Keep matching until one remains. This is your prize answer. See p43 to enter.

Professor Plum	Cluedo	Clue no!	Letter opener	Clue no!
Clue no!	Ballroom	Cluedo	Father Ted	Colonel Mustard
Greenhouse	Library	Cluedo	Lady Mary	Clue no!
Clue no!	Cluedo	Loft extension	Cluedo	Lead piping
Revolver	Cluedo	Tennis racket	Cluedo	Clue no!

Small Wonder

Here's a small but wonderful example of the nation's favourite puzzle. Solve it in the usual way. When completed correctly, the letters in the yellow squares, reading top to bottom, left to right, will spell out your prize answer. See p43 for entry details.

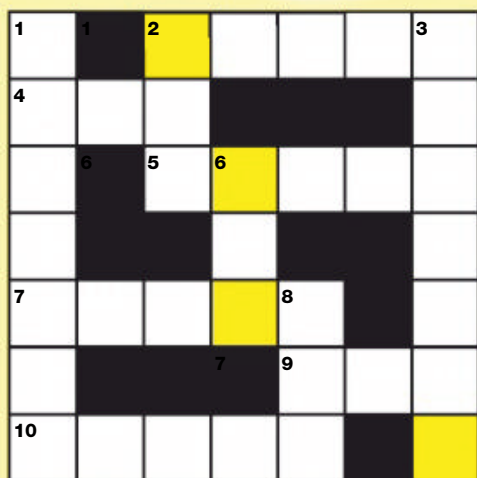
WIN £25!

ACROSS

- 2 Walk like a soldier (5)
- 4 Shade of a colour (3)
- 5 More pleasant (5)
- 7 Ostentatious clothing or jewellery, lots of gold and sparkles (slang) (5)
- 9 Affirmative answer (3)
- 10 Group of bees (5)

DOWN

- 1 Diamond shape (7)
- 2 *Behaving Badly*, classic British sitcom (3)
- 3 A season's crop (7)
- 6 Tavern (3)
- 8 Fitness centre (3)



DON'T FORGET THE DEVILISH DIABOLICAL ON PAGE 46



NICE LITTLE EARNER

Cash in here by rearranging the characters below into a regular nine-letter word. Each letter must only be used once. See page 43 for full entry details.

B U T I C Y L I P

WIN £25!

I'm Too HEX-Y!

Write the six-letter answers to the clues in this grid around the hexagons, starting at the point indicated by the arrows and always in a clockwise direction. When done, the letters in the yellow boxes, reading left to right, will spell your answer. See page 43.

Animal that lives in a sett	Overseas	Canada's capital	Join on to, connect	Spiky desert plant
Required	Seller	Lobs, flings	Old ____ die hard, saying	Going back to ____, expression



Issue 5, 6 February 2020 Closing date: Midnight 19 February 2020

ENTER BY TEXT



Type a message starting with RPL5 followed by a space, using no punctuation, with your answer(s), name and address details to:

84988 *Texts cost 50p each per text, plus your standard network charge

ENTER ONLINE

Just visit our fantastic website at www.realpeoplemag.co.uk



Select 'Puzzles' and click the cover of the week you want to enter and fill in the online coupon – it's that easy!

CALL THE HOTLINE



Simply list all your answers when prompted

UK: 09010 270072
IRL: 1550 787024

*UK calls cost 30p per min plus your telephone company's network access charge and 97 cents in ROI. Over 18s only. Calls last no longer than 1½ mins. UK SP: Spoke (0333 202 3390) ROI SP: Spoke (0818 205 403)

OR ENTER BY POST: Send your answers to: **Real People, ISSUE 5, Hearst Magazines UK, The Data Solutions Centre, Worksp S80 2RT**

01 The Whopper! P09 GVRLPL20063

£150

ANSWER:

02 Roulette P18 GVRLPL120064

£250

ANSWER:

03 Go And Arrow P26 GVRLPL20065

£100 M&S gift card

ANSWER:

04 Boxing Match P28 GVRLPL20066

Michael Kors perfume

ANSWER:

05 Lost In Moo-sic P30 GVRLPL20067

£25

ANSWER:

06 Cow-Culator! P30 GVRLPL20068

£25

ANSWER:

07 Take Your Pick! P31 GVRLPL20069

Sony PS4 games console or £228

ANSWER:

08 Playing The Field P36 GVRLPL20070

£50

ANSWER:

09 Question 1 P38 GVRLPL20071

Andrew James chocolate fountain

ANSWER:

10 X-Factor P41 GVRLPL20072

£100

ANSWER:

11 Small Wonder P42 GVRLPL20073

£25

ANSWER:

12 Nothing For... P42 GVRLPL20074

£50

ANSWER:

13 Nice Little... P42 GVRLPL20075

£25

ANSWER:

14 I'm Too Hex-y P42 GVRLPL20076

£50

ANSWER:

15 Diabolical P46 GVRLPL20077

£150

ANSWER:

Test your KNOWLEDGE P41 GVRLPL20078

£100

ANSWER:



***Terms & conditions** Only one entry per household. Phone, online and text entries must reach us by midnight on 19 February 2020, and three working days later for postal entries. Entry to competitions is open to readers aged 18 or over who are residents of the UK (inc N Ireland and ROI), except employees and their families of The National Magazine Company trading as Hearst Magazines UK, their printers and agents, the suppliers of the prizes and any other companies associated with the competitions. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post. The prizes must be taken as stated and are not transferable, although Hearst Magazines UK reserves the right to change the prizes in the event of unforeseen circumstances. Winners will be notified by post. Winners are responsible for expenses and arrangements not specifically included in the prizes, such as any necessary travel documents, insurance, passports and visas. No cash alternatives offered. Prizes are subject to availability and suppliers' terms and conditions. No purchase necessary. Winners will be drawn at random from all correct entries received by the closing date. Names and addresses of winners may be published in a future issue of **Real People**. A list of winners is available by sending an SAE to: Competitions Editor, **Real People**, Hearst Magazines UK, House Of Hearst, 30 Pantons Street, London, SW1Y 4AJ. No correspondence can be entered into. Editor's decision is final. Hearst Magazines UK reserves the right not to award prizes to multiple entrants, consortiums or entrants who have not, in the opinion of Hearst Magazines UK, entered into the spirit of the competition. By entering the prize draw, the entrant agrees to be bound by the rules and by any other requirements set out in the promotional material accompanying the promotion, and any failure to comply with those terms may result in disqualification of the winner and selection of a new winner, at the sole discretion of the Editor. Winners may be featured in the magazine and must be prepared to send in a photo. **Data protection:** We will use the information you supply to process your competition entry. For Hearst UK privacy notice, visit hearst.co.uk/privacy-notice.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Full name

Address

Postcode

DOB (DD/MM/YYYY)

Email*

Phone no*

facebook



Don't forget! For more fun stuff online join our Facebook family – you can follow us on Twitter, too!

twitter

Just ASK!

If you currently buy your copy of **Real People** from a newsagent, from time to time you may experience difficulties obtaining a copy. To avoid this and to guarantee you receive each issue, just ask your newsagent to place a regular order for you. Once set up, your copy of **Real People** will be held for you to collect and save you having to search the news-stand.



is published weekly by The National Magazine Company Limited trading as Hearst Magazines UK, principal place of business: Hearst, 30 Pantons Street, London, SW1Y 4AJ. All rights reserved. No part of **Real People** may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means, either wholly or in part, without the prior written permission of the publisher. Not to be resold, lent, hired out or otherwise disposed of by the way of trade at more than the recommended retail price (subject to VAT in Republic of Ireland) or in a mutilated condition. **Real People** welcomes letters, which should be clearly marked with the name of the department concerned. The publishers, editors and authors accept no responsibility in respect of any products, goods or services that may be advertised or referred to in this issue, or for any errors, omissions, misstatements or mistakes in any such advertisements or references. **Real People** is distributed by Frontline Ltd, Peterborough PE1 1TN. Tel: 01733 555 161.



Annual subscription rates (inc postage): UK £44.95; Europe (inc Eire) and Rest of World Surface Mail (except USA and Canada) £59.95; Airmail (except USA and Canada) £99.95. Tel: 0844 848 1601 for further details. Back issues: £1.30 each post-paid (UK). Send cheque/postal order to: **Real People** Subscriptions, Tower House, Sovereign Park, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9EF. Prices correct at time of going to press. *BT landline calls to 0844 numbers will cost no more than 5p per minute. Calls from mobiles and other networks usually cost more. Editor's note: While every effort has been made to ensure that the puzzles in **Real People** are correct, the publishers cannot accept responsibility for any errors.



Staying positive after her surgery



Gracie was in her element interviewing celebs

Justin's girl has sashayed from the jaws of death to the red carpet...

From the landing, I could hear my little girl chattering away in her bedroom. 'Hello guys,' my 11-year-old chimed. 'It's Gracie here.'

There was no one in the room, mind.

An imaginary friend? A bit too old for that I reckoned.

No, I knew exactly who Gracie was talking to – the camera!

My girl had been just nine years old when she'd begged me to let her set up a YouTube channel.

It was the new dream job for kids.

Forget being a footballer or movie star!

Gracie wanted to be a YouTuber and, with all the pestering, didn't I know it?!

'If she's got her heart that set on it...' began my wife, Carly, 39.

'OK, fine,' I'd agreed.

Like any parents, me and Carly had been worried about Gracie putting herself online,

but didn't want to discourage her ambitions.

'Besides,' I reasoned, 'we can keep an eye on her; we just have to tune into her channel.'

So now, in December 2018, our family of three consisted of me, a solicitor; Carly, a bank manager; and Gracie, the far more exciting online celeb.

We were Missy G 23's – as she called herself, her birthday being on the 23rd – backstage crew.

Roping me in to record her videos, I'd tail after her around the house, camera in hand.

Sometimes we filmed challenges and I spent my weekends setting up buckets of water in the garden to soak her

with.

Other times she made slime tutorials.

'Ready?' I asked, looking up from the camera screen one afternoon.

'Ready,' Gracie replied.

I hit record.

'Hello everyone,' she cheered. 'Today I'm at Harry Potter World and I'm super excited!'

She pointed to Warner Brothers Studio behind her.

A family day out, in January 2019, had become the Gracie Show and, as her hired help, I was not paid to argue!

My role was to film snippets along the tour; no grumbling or backchat allowed!

But as we headed back to the car after a long day, Gracie

rubbed her temples.

'I've got a headache,' she complained.

'Again?' I asked, putting my hand on her shoulder.

It must have been her third this week.

Returning home, she curled up on the sofa, covering her eyes.

'Maybe she needs

glasses,' I suggested to Carly.

'What else could it be?' she agreed.

But an eye test left us with even more questions.

'Full marks,' the optician beamed.

'Gracie has 20/20 vision.'

We were stumped, but the headaches seemed to subside.

Then, last February, I set off for work while Carly took Gracie to school.

'Have a good day,' I called rushing out the door, but I'd barely been in the office for half an hour when I felt my phone buzz.

'It's Gracie,' Carly burst down the line. 'She's had a fall at the school gates, her legs just gave way.'

'Is she OK?' I asked, feeling sick as I heard the panic in Carly's voice.

'I'm taking her in the car to hospital,' she replied. I bolted there to meet her.

'The doctors will figure out what's wrong,' I tried to reassure my wife as we paced the waiting room. 'It'll be nothing.'

But as the hours ticked on, Gracie was sent for more and more tests.

Finally, a consultant emerged to talk to us in a private room.

'We've found a worrying mass on Gracie's brain,' she explained. 'We think it's a brain tumour.'

'What?' I mouthed, dumbfounded.

I felt the world start to crumble around me.



We filmed slime tutorials together



SHOW STOPPER

Gracie had craniopharyngioma. 'It's a benign, slow-growing tumour that causes life-threatening brain damage if it goes untreated,' the doctor warned.

'Had you left Gracie just 48 hours longer, I believe she could have fallen into a deep sleep and never woken up.'

I struggled not to burst into tears. The thought of losing her – our bubbly little girl, the star of our lives – was too enormous to process.

Gracie's tumour was so rare, it only affected around 30 children a year.

'We were able to remove three quarters of it,' the doctor continued. 'The rest was blocked by her pituitary gland.'

But that didn't mean it was the end of the road.

'There are alternative experimental treatments we can try,' he said. 'Have you heard of proton beam therapy?'

I shook my head.

'What is it?' Carly asked, hopeful.

'It's a more aggressive form of radiotherapy. It targets the tumour specifically, hopefully preventing it from growing in the future.'

'If it can help Gracie, it's worth a try,' I decided.

So, last May, the three of us took the trip up to The Christie in Manchester for her first round of therapy on the NHS.

Me and Carly looked on as nurses lay Gracie down flat on a platform, fitting a protective mask over her face. A mask that Gracie would later decorate with glitter. A massive machine with a laser pointer loomed over her and got to work zapping her tumour.

'You were so brave,' Carly burst out as Gracie bounded out of the room.

For the next month, her brain was zapped every day and while the side effects made her tired, our girl never stopped smiling.

One day, she had an idea.

'I want to film a video,' Gracie said. 'To show other kids what the therapy is like.'

'I think that's a great idea, darling,' I agreed.

The next day, I stood by her side as she flipped back into presenting mode.



She chatted to McFly's Danny Jones...



...and presenter Stacey Solomon

Her hair fell over her shaved patch, and bubbly as ever, her fans wouldn't have known she's been through such an ordeal.

'So guys, this is the mask you have to wear,' she explained to the camera.

I beamed.

Gracie was in her element.

Last June, me and Carly cheered as our little girl rang the bell at the hospital reception,

signalling that her treatment was over.

We returned a few weeks later and received the best news.

'What remains of Gracie's tumour is stable,' a doctor said. I sighed with relief, hugging both of my girls tight.

It was a new start, and I couldn't do enough for Gracie.

I secretly approached her favourite magazine, *Shout*, asking if they could feature her.

And bless them, they sent Gracie a glass trophy in the post.

'A Feel Good Award?' she gasped with pride, reading the plaque.

A letter explained that the magazine had created a special prize for Gracie's *bravery and positivity during her treatment*.

She was off on a VIP trip to New Look's flagship store in London.

'You know what we should do, Dad,' she piped up immediately. 'We should film it.'

My girl was definitely back to her old self!

And not only did magazine stardom beckon, but the red carpet, too...

I'd seen a competition run by BAFTA to find a young presenter of the year.

'Look, you can enter this,'

I'd encouraged her, she just needed to send in a video on something she cared about.

'I think the wellbeing of young people is really important,' Gracie had explained to the camera, retelling the story of her diagnosis and all of the kids with illness she'd met along the way.

So not long after her magazine award, an email popped up on my phone.

'Gracie,' I shouted. 'You've won!'

'What?!!' Gracie ran through to the living room.

My girl was BAFTA's young presenter of the year and that came with a job to do.

She was off to their Children's Awards to speak to the stars.

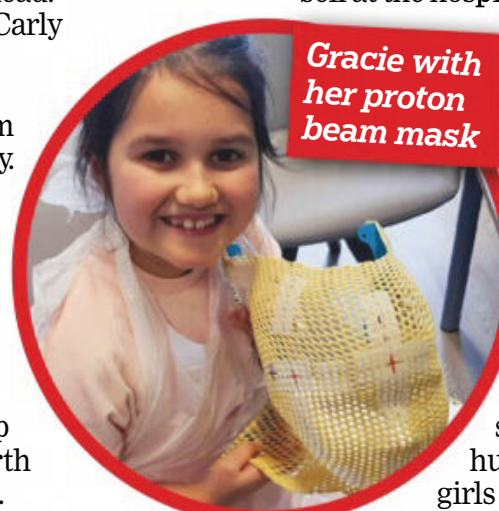
Watching her skip around the red carpet, interviewing the likes of Stacey Solomon and Danny Jones from McFly, I felt tears prick at the corners of my eyes.

She was a world away from the frail girl in a hospital bed that she had been just a few months before.

Next month, she will join the Sky kids' show, *FYI*, to present the news.

She's got stars in her eyes all right, while I have one brave and beautiful one in mine.

Justin Gosling, 42, Kent



Gracie with her proton beam mask



Our little star is shining bright now

■ As told to Rikki Loftus (stories@realpeplemag.co.uk)



DIABOLICAL!



Perfume... All are hidden in the usual way, except one – which one? Enter on page 43.

O W Q Y A Q T X P N J U S O T N E C S E H T S S O B M U
Z O G L E R O L O L Y M P E A A Y K M R H H E K S I A U
I N P K V L C R A L L G H R A P O X U B R I R S S P Q E
Y D E C G Z L B F X E G A Q D V Y M I P Q B O S W W V S
T E T P N X X E W D W M N B A N Q A P N C Q D Y L R R U
O R E H A T M S S K B X D N R B N M O P K I A I D F O M
U L R J Y I R A L I P P I Q R I Q I K J O I J S W O Q L
C U N E T D I J T Q O T F I J H E N C R F Y C B N R A E
H S I U Z R D A L S A M G G C O F L A O M D O V S Z L G
O T T E X E O D R S I H E O O V L B L Y L B V U L V I N
F Q Y P V T L B R Y T L N D G O S A B E S E O P E Q E A
P I T N R N E H A C B T E R A O D W D E C I K V R F N L
I R V X X I M K R M R U R G L M B G S Y C H I I L D V Y
N O G M D L N Y O A B W R U N W O S I I M F A O D C E U
K I X U M P S C D N P O T Y Y A I C L R O I W N L M B G
Y F N J U T P I E S E E O S X O V E O N L E L A E A A H
O I Z O A O C P C S L Z A T N E D E L C R H S L O L V N
O S D L Q T Y A E Y S G Q A S E S E A B C S N K I Q U L
H V H Y I G N S B D N G J D B O N D O D I H Z B J O D I
C E X O S D U L T A E K F Q S A H M T Q N Q L Z Q D N A
Y H N X A M O L H I I S N G H W B G U O U I K O X D W F
M D O L G O F I D L E C O C Q Y H E V E W D L I E H L W
M S T T M O W U U I A S R R Y E L T H G I N K A R I E K
I H A I R O H P U E C I U W Y O E C N E D A C E D E R D
J D N R O I D Y B Y O J T A B L A V I E E S T B E L L E
X G S E O E T Q P E K W E H C U I A E U S B C C C J P J
E S O R Y C I U J A L A V I V E J L U U F R B B Z J N O
L O Z W W M N T I C A H F L Z G B D A I S Y L O V E E G

ALIEN
ANGEL MUSE
BAMBOO
BE DELICIOUS
BECAUSE IT'S YOU
BLACK OPIUM
BOSS THE SCENT
BRIGHT CRYSTAL
CHANEL NO. FIVE
CHLOE
CLASSIQUE
COCO MADEMOISELLE
CONTRADICTION
DAISY LOVE
DECADENCE
DONNA BORN
IN ROMA
ETERNITY
EUPHORIA
FLOWERBOMB
GABRIELLE CHANEL
GHOST
GOOD GIRL
IDOLE
J'ADORE
JIMMY CHOO
JOY BY DIOR
L'INTERDIT
LA VIE EST BELLE
LADY MILLION
MISS DIOR
ABSOLUTELY BLOOMING
OBSESSION
OLYMPEA
PRINCESS
SCANDAL
SEXY RUBY
SI FIORI
TOUCH OF PINK
VANITAS
VIVA LA JUICY ROSE
WONDERLUST



AND...

**JUST
FOR THE**

HELL OF IT!

We've hidden **extra words** in the grid above. But to make it fiendishly tricky, we're only going to give you a theme. This week: **FAMOUS FACES OF CHANEL**. To find out how many of them you have to look for, you have to **solve the mini sudoku** on the right. The number in the yellow square is your target... mwah, ha, ha, ha, ha!

PS We're not complete devils! If you want to know what the mystery words are, see Solutions on p35.

1			2		3
2	3		6		
6			4	3	5
3		4			6
		1	3		2
4		3			1

Enter online at www.realpeoplemag.co.uk





THE FRAGRANCE FOUNDATION UK

National Fragrance Week





16th-22nd March 2020

A week long celebration of fragrance



#ScentMemories

Your stories through scent...

 FragranceFoundationUK  @FragranceFDN_UK  fragrancefoundationuk  YouTube FragranceFoundationUK

WWW.FRAGRANCEFOUNDATION.ORG.UK