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- MEET TEAM COSMOPOLITAN
- FROM THE EDITOR
- COSMOPOLITAN CONTRACT Meeting someone off a dating app ◆

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RANDOM QUESTION OF THE MONTH What is your weird phobia?

FARRAH STORR

Editor-in-Chief

PA to the Editor JESSICA BROWNING



Crumbs. Don't eat a sandwich near me on public transport, because I will throw shade at you and move away.

Remote controls - people rarely clean them. Seriously.

When did you last clean yours?

Turning the page

of a book or magazine

with pruned fingers.



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Moths. They're like butterflies, only made of dust and nightmares.



People in costumes with giant heads. I freaked out when I saw Mickey Mouse at Euro Disney. I was 30.



Sticky hands (my own and other people's).

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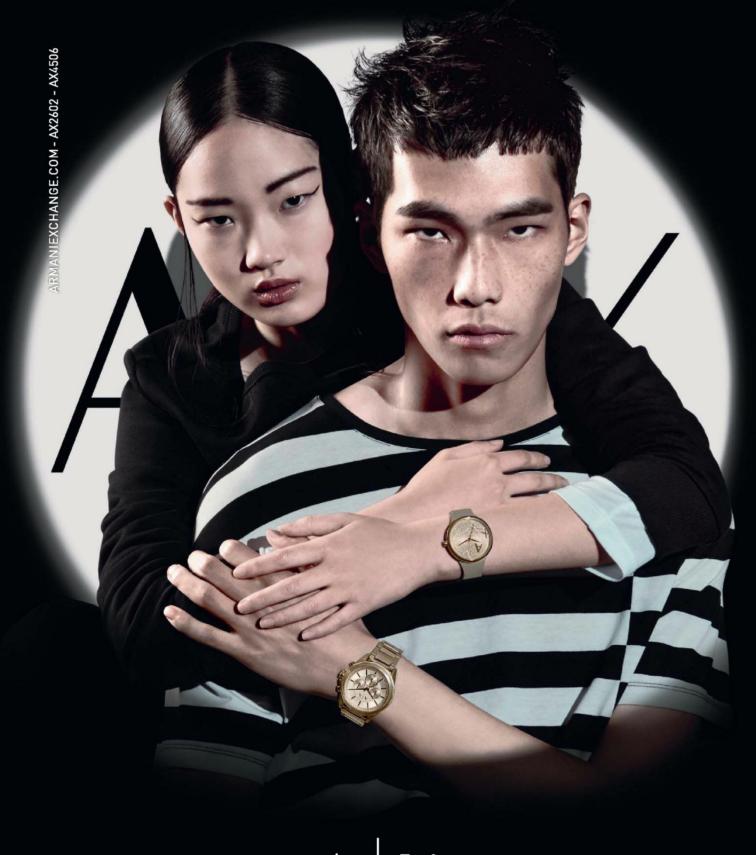
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A X

ARMANI EXCHANGE



SEAT Mii by COSMOPOLITAN

The New SEAT Mii by Cosmopolitan is a unique car that was designed with the help of Cosmopolitan readers. With its distinctive violetta and white design and thoughtful touches, like the dashboard that perfectly matches the hand stitching on the steering wheel, the car adapts to every need and personality. Plus the DriveMii app allows you to stay connected and stream music through your phone. It's the most personal way to travel through the city.



Official fuel consumption for the SEAT Mii Cosmopolitan in mpg (litres per 100km); urban 52.3 (5.4); extra-urban 74.3 (3.8); combined 64.2 (4.4). CO2 emissions 102g/km. Standard EU Test figures for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results.

FROM THE EDITOR

The other day I saw a Facebook post that caught my attention. It was left by a woman I had once gone to school with.

"It's finally happening..." the message read. "The school sixth forms are joining! *Positive change?*"

She had tagged myself and around 30 other ex-students, all of whom had spent their formative years at the same single-sex girls' school and who, like me, had spent much of that time staring longingly at the boys' sixth-form college over the road.

Ours was not an unhappy school, but the absence of boys made itself felt in deep and curious ways. (Not least by the fact most of us harboured erotic stirrings for almost all of our male teachers – and, believe me, these were not men you would want to base your seminal fantasies around.)

And so, over the years, we drifted out into two distinct camps: the men-mad or the men-phobic. (I hung somewhere in the middle.) Over time, the opposite sex became these strange, unknowable creatures and the man void we found ourselves faced with, we filled with conjecture and irrational fear. Did boys have erections *all* the time? Did they think girls were utterly vacuous? If you looked at a boy did they take it as read that you wanted to 'go with them' (the rather lovely euphemism for fully clothed hooking up that pervaded playgrounds of the 1990s).

As I approached my 17th birthday, the choice came for me to either stay on into the single-sex sixth-form college, along with my friends, or head to the local co-ed college. After months of deliberation I, along with a very small number of other girls, decided to leave the fold and head to the mixed



college half a mile away down the road. I did this not because I especially wanted to meet boys (well, OK, maybe a little bit) but because I was pragmatic enough to know that the manless bubble in which I had spent the past 10 years of my life was not a real representation of the world.

I raise this now because there is a troubling undercurrent of belief that we should be reinstating this bubble. There is talk of women-only railway carriages across Europe and gender-segregated events at UK universities. But progress is about bursting bubbles, not creating new ones. If we want men to treat us better at work and in the bedroom, then we need to work side by side with them from as early as possible.

So... positive change? Absolutely. How could it not be?

* Keep in touch by following me on Twitter @Farrah_Storr and Instagram @farrahstorr





Cosmopolitan men

They're smart, funny and our office is happier for having them



My wife and I break into song a lot. It's like *La La Land* in our house

Who knew femcare would become my specialist subject?





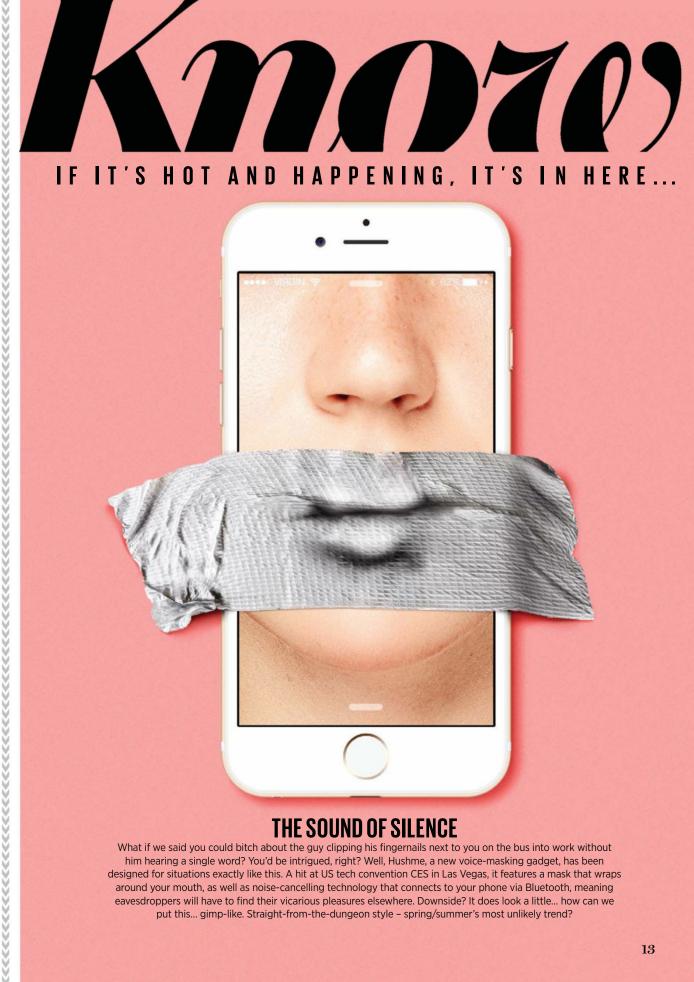
As hydrating as the 10 best selling £100+ night creams **even the £450+ one:**

Formulated to provide deep hydration when you most need it – overnight.

It penetrates 10 layers deep while you sleep, so you can awake

to firmer looking skin.

#AGELESS



IT'S HAPPENING, IT'S IN HERE... AND HOT



THE SOUND OF SILENCE

What if we said you could bitch about the guy clipping his fingernails next to you on the bus into work without him hearing a single word? You'd be intrigued, right? Well, Hushme, a new voice-masking gadget, has been designed for situations exactly like this. A hit at US tech convention CES in Las Vegas, it features a mask that wraps around your mouth, as well as noise-cancelling technology that connects to your phone via Bluetooth, meaning eavesdroppers will have to find their vicarious pleasures elsewhere. Downside? It does look a little... how can we put this... gimp-like. Straight-from-the-dungeon style - spring/summer's most unlikely trend?



Garnier SkinActive Micellar Cleansing Gel Wash, £3.99 Our favourite micellar water is now in gel form, so there are no excuses left for sleeping in your make-up.

SKINACTIVE SKINACTIVE SKINACTIVE fleur musc rodriguez

Narciso Rodriguez For Her Fleur Musc, from £40 A blend of patchouli, pink peppercorn and amber so good you won't be able to stop sniffing yourself. Know

Gaia Awakening Body Oil, £29 Give yourself a post-winter boost with this punchy peppermint, tangerine and grapefruit combo.

OGX Strength &
Body + Bamboo
Fiber-Full
Thickening Root
Booster, £6.99 The
quickest, cheapest
route to thicker,
fuller-looking hair.
What more could
you ask for?

Elizabeth Arden Advanced Ceramide Capsules Daily Youth Restoring Serum, from £39 The original serum capsules just got better. Pop on skin daily for a huge dose of barrierrepairing goodness. Hot right now!

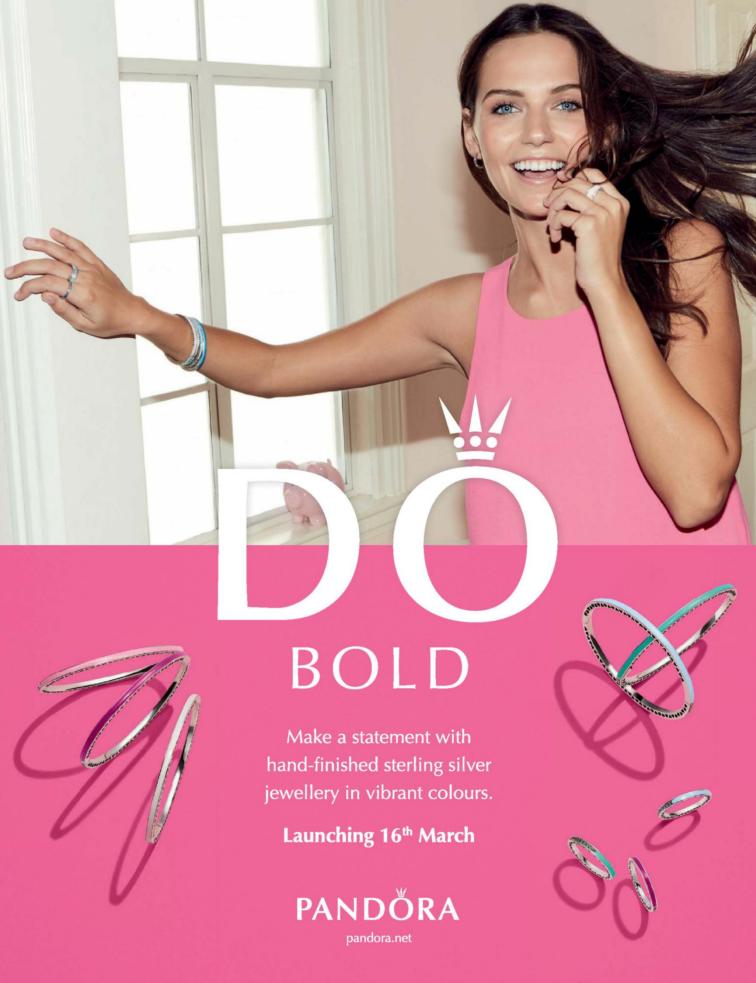
Get ready to have a spring fling with these beauty must-haves Lancer Radiance
Awakening Mask Intense,
£118 We love the skinbrightening, tone-evening
formula of this vitamin
C-powered mask. We don't
love the price though.

COSMOPOLITAN LOVES *2017*

When you see beauty products with this logo anywhere, you can be guaranteed they are Cosmopolitan-beauty-team-approved.

Caudalie Glow Activating Anti-Wrinkle Serum, £36 Has a 'cell burn-out complex' packed in. Sounds unlikely, but it makes for an ace pollution shield. Maybelline Baby Lips Color Balm Crayon in Playful Purple, £5.99 Just when we thought we couldn't love Baby Lips more, they launch six new flavours in cute crayon form. Love! Ingredients Rhubarb Body Butter, £7 Smother yourself in this and you'll smell better than a freshly baked crumble. Probably.

Nature's



MOMAapproved nails*

That's the Museum of Modern Art, in case you were planning to google it

BACK TO THE EIGHTIES

DIFFICULTY SCALE 1/3

Bright shades with a pop of colour à la '80s New York were all over the Jeremy Scott show. Slick on two coats of Topshop Nails in Buff (£5), then pour a little Nars Nail Polish in Back Room (£15) onto tin foil. Dip the eraser end of a pencil (if you haven't owned one since school, use the end of a Biro) into the polish and dab on the base of the nail. Add a top coat when dry.

2 LET'S GET GRAPHIC

DIFFICULTY SCALE 3/3

Nail artist Alicia Torello wanted "graphic and unique" for the models at Novis, but here's her tip: use super-sheer polish not regular base coat, as it won't peel as easily. Use striping



tape (or cut down surgical tape) to create 'square' stencils – keep size and placement random. Fill each square with dark blue (try OPI Nail Lacquer in Super Trop-i-cal-i-Fiji-istic, £12.50) and light blue polish. A final tip – use a tiny eyeshadow brush for a neat finish. Once dry, peel off the tape – done.

3THE FRENCH EFFECT

DIFFICULTY SCALE 2/3
At Cushnie et Ochs, Alicia

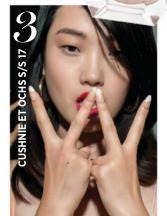


Shine Nail Paint in Butterscotch Sundae, £3.99
Buff, £5

Nars Nail Polish in Back Room, £15

OPI Nail Lacquer in Super Trop-i-cal-i-Fiji-istic, £12.50

Christian Louboutin Beaute Nail Colour in Just Nothing, £36



Torello used contrasting nudes on sharp stiletto nails to reinvent

the classic French manicure. Start by applying a base coat and paint two coats of Christian Louboutin Nail Colour in Just Nothing (£36). Next, use a striping brush (they're cheap on Ebay) to paint Barry M Gelly Hi Shine Nail Paint in Butterscotch Sundae (£3.99) in a diagonal line from the outside of your nail inwards, then fill in the space above. Colour the rest of your nails in the same way, making sure you draw the line slightly higher on each so there's a graduation of colour. Then, because no mani is complete without it, finish with a glossy topcoat. Nous adorons!







DOWN TO THE LAST CM

STRONG IS BEAUTIFUL

WELL, HELLO THERE

Joe Manganiello

A man who can act, sing and gyrate like a pepper grinder...

HIS VITALS

Age 40

Home townPittsburgh,
Pennsylvania

Big break

Joe has been acting for more than two decades, but hit the big time playing *True Blood*'s loveable werewolf in 2010.

Crazy fact #1

True Blood fans ask him to bite them. He tells them, "No, I'm a werewolf. It wouldn't be a sexy vampire bite. It would be a mess."

Crazy fact #2

He learnt Spanish just to ask his girlfriend, actress Sofía Vergara, to marry him in her native tongue. She said yes!

Magic moves

"People always ask me to demonstrate my Magic Mike moves for them. I have to tell them I'm not actually a stripper. But that's the fun thing about acting – doing something that really isn't you."

Love letters

"Sofía and I have always put each other's wellbeing first and that's how I knew she was the one. I wrote her a book as a gift for our first anniversary. It was about how we met, as well as our courting, and was about 40 pages long... I love my wife a lot."

Get the girl

Know

"I was on a press tour when I found out Sofía was single [after splitting from Nick Loeb]. My friend is an editor, and told me she was about to make the announcement. I got her number from Jesse Tyler Ferguson [Sofía's Modern Family co-star], then flew to New Orleans to take her on a date."

Think first

"The best advice I've been given about women came from a good friend. He said, "[When it comes to an argument] would you rather be right or happy?" I go for happy every time.

Crowd-pleaser

"I sang Sweet Child O' Mine to my wife at our wedding. My friend John Feldmann [lead singer of Goldfinger] started yelling on the microphone, 'Where's Joe? Get him up here,' and that was it. The crowd went crazy..."

Because sometimes life is stranger than fiction



My first job in
London after
moving from Italy
was at a coffee shop. My
English was really basic so
I kept messing up orders.
I thought I was getting away
with it until one regular
came in carrying an Italian
phrase book. I started
evening classes soon after.
LUCREZIA, 21,

BARISTA, ITALY

MUM'S THE WORD

I offered to pick up the bill while out with a girl. I typed in my pin and the waiter whispered, "Sorry, it's been declined." I ran to the toilet and rang my mum to ask her to transfer the money. I then had to awkwardly keep my date chatting so the money could clear. Smooth, right?

ALEX, 25, SALES EXECUTIVE, LONDON

SECRET SUMMIT

My best friend was sleeping over and in the middle of the night she stumbled out of my room. Five minutes later, my mum came in carrying her. She'd been sleepwalking and climbed into bed with my dad, who was naked. To this day my dad and friend still don't know it happened.

LAURA, 22, MARKETING INTERN, NEWCASTLE

MODEL MISBEHAVIOUR

I was on my way to model in my friend's shoot when the photographer cancelled. I used the opportunity to befriend some locals in a pub. Four double vodkas later I got a call to say it was back on. I had to pretend my lack of coordination and ungraceful facial expressions were my 'thing'. Smizing I was not.

BEATRIE, 25, TRADER, SPAIN

AS TOLD TO JOSIE COPSON. PHOTOGRAPHS ANTONIO PETRONZIO. HAIR AND MAKE-UP EMILY-JANE WILLIAMS. WITH THANKS TO THE HOXTON (THEHOXTON.COM)



I have this **FEELY** really weird thing that if someone touches one arm they have to touch the other. It's like a compulsion. But it means that crowded spaces are really not ideal. Case in point: last year's Notting Hill Carnival. A guy brushed past me, so I then chased him down the street to get him to touch the other arm. He asked me to stop trying to hold his hand.

SIDONIE, 19, DJ, LONDON

PORN STAR MARTINI

I wanted to impress my date with my knowledge of cool places, so when I saw an edgy-looking bar I led her inside. We were greeted by a stern older woman, surrounded by younger ladies in their underwear. Suffice to say it wasn't cocktails they were selling. My date made her excuses quickly.

TOM, 27, FILM PRODUCER, WORCESTER

DEAD FUNNY

ALWAYS UP FOR A CHALLENGE. IBOOKED MYSELF ONTO A TAXIDERMY CLASS, BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE, I GOT REALLY DRUNK AND MY HANGOVER KICKED IN WHILE EATING LUNCH NEXT TO A HALF-STUFFED DEAD RAT. I THREW UP IN THE TOILET, THEN LEFT.

VANESSA, 29, BOUNCER. LONDON

A FAMILY AFFAIR My ex and I were house-sitting for his sister, and we loved it. Probably a bit too much. A week after, we all got together for a big family Sunday dinner. His sister whipped out my black lace knickers in front of his whole family and said, "I think you left something in my bed." Mortifying.

BROGAN, 22, BANKER, SUNDERLAND



Kellie, 25

SERIOUSLY?! THAT'S AMAZING!

Many demanding hair aficionados, from around the world, couldn't believe the gorgeous results from NEW Head & Shoulders in a recent blind-test. Now it's your turn to be wowed!

New Tri-action formula cleanses, protects and moisturises hair and scalp for gorgeous, up to 100% flake free' hair.





Going it alone

As One Direction's Niall, Liam and Louis make albums, we take a look at the good, the bad and the ugly of the musicians who tried flying solo

Robbie Williams

Debut album: Life Thru A Lens, 1997 (No 1) The money was on child prodigy Gary Barlow being Take That's breakout star, but Robbie proved we can't resist a bad boy with a UFO obsession. Luckily 'I'm loving aliens instead...' had a rewrite before being released.



Debut album: Schizophonic. 1999 (No 4) After walking out on the Spice Girls, Geri exploded back into our lives with No2 single Look At Me. A typically shy and retiring start to her solo career...



Zavn Malik

Debut album: Mind Of Mine, 2016 (No 1) He was shy and silent in One Direction interviews, but after leaving, he started singing about sex and stripped off with Gigi Hadid in his debut solo video. Always the quiet ones, eh?

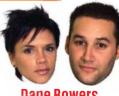
Gwen Stefani Debut album: Love. Angel. Music. Baby, 2004 (No 4) When she and fellow No Doubt member Tony Kanal split, he had to sing along to her heartbreak songs. Successful solo career = better than keying his car.



Debut album: The Dutchess, 2006 (No 18) She ioined Will.i.am's Black Eyed Peas, before starting her own solo career, which included the single Fergalicious. You know things are going pretty well when you have your own adjective.

Justin Timberlake

Debut album: Justified, 2002 (No 1) His first solo release away from Nsync was four-time Grammy nominated - not bad. But surely nothing can top his 2001 denim explosion with Britney Spears?



Debut album: Facing The Crowd. 2001 (N/A) Another Level's Dane was ditched by his label before his first album was released. His Out Of Your Mind duet with Victoria Beckham remains a total banger though.

Lisa Scott-Lee

Debut album: Never Or Now, 2007 (N/A) Lisa's solo album post-Steps was delayed by four years after her label initially dropped her. Never Or Now? We'd have gone for never.

Michelle Williams Debut album:

Heart To Yours, 2002 (No 57) She was in Destiny's Child for goodness sake, but it just wasn't enough her only success after that was in the Gospel and Christian album charts. And so was born the website Poormichelle.com.



Debut album: Lee Ryan, 2005 (No 6) He once declared himself "in the top 10 rock 'n' roll artists, up there with Sid Vicious". Then his label dropped him. I guess those corporate squares just didn't get your vision, right Lee?



Debut album: Irish Son, 2004

(No 24) Despite an initial No1 single, Westlife's Brian didn't fare so well in the charts and he now hosts reality/ celebrity/dining TV show Who's Doing The Dishes? Spoiler: it's not Brian.



Nadine Covle

Debut album: Insatiable, 2010 (No 47) She was the best singer in

Girls Aloud but it all went downhill when she signed an exclusivity deal with Tesco. Oh Nadine. Surely you could have held out for Waitrose, at the least?



Sundowners included. Even before sunset.

Life's too short to say no.





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MY CULTURED LIFE

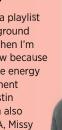
Comedian and presenter Chelsea Handler tells us what's hot in her world right now...



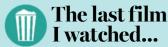


"I always have a playlist on in the background at the studio when I'm filming my show because music keeps the energy up. At the moment I really love Justin Timberlake. I'm also listening to MIA, Missy Elliott and Janelle

Monáe. I'm not a music aficionado - I like music but I don't know anything about it."









"A nice perk of my job is getting to watch a lot of movies. I saw a screening of Moonlight recently, which was a very good film. It's really beautiful and sees the main character grow from a boy into adulthood

while struggling with his sexuality and his mother's drug addiction. It was really moving."



GLENNON DOYLE MELTON

What I'm reading...

"I like to read a book when I'm working out on the treadmill and sometimes even in the sauna afterwards. I just finished a great book called Love

Warrior by Glennon Doyle Melton and have since bought about 100 copies so I can give them to all my girlfriends. It's all about sisterhood and women supporting each other - everyone should read it!"



Most recent box-set...

"Netflix has made a real addict out of me. I've just finished The Crown and am so upset it's over. I'm like 'Oh my God, I need another series!' I'm a big fan of period

dramas and Claire Foy is beautiful. The show is brilliantly done and I watched it all in less than a week - and am thinking of watching it all over again. I don't watch reality shows, I only like things I'm learning from."



Where I get my daily news fix...



"Some days I spend two hours reading up on the news. I like The Skimm, a site that emails you a news round-up every day. Once I get to the studio in the morning I read The New York Times and New York Post. I like to have a physical paper in my hand

and don't like reading longer features online - you can't work out where they start or end!"

My current Instagram crush...



"Miley Cyrus is pretty entertaining. I like people who don't give a shit. I don't follow anvone unless I'm really interested in them. I don't need to look at someone making fun of something, I'm too busy doing that all day myself."

* Chelsea, Series 2, launches on Netflix on 14th April



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impurities like pollution,* sweat, and buildup. It's clean haircare with no silicones,** colourants, or heavy residues.

BOOKS

Celebrity counsel

Need a life 'guru'? Good news: the A-list agony aunts have arrived...



Lena Dunham, Amy Schumer and Anna Kendrick have done it, and now Lily Collins has published her book of 'musings' titled Unfiltered: No Shame, No Regrets, Just Me. So what's that all about then? Well, she doles out guidance

on body image, confidence and how to deal with life if your dad's '80s ballad king Phil Collins. OK, sadly not the last bit. But what if some of our other favourite A-listers decided to put mani to keyboard and offer us their wisdom...









SELFIE AND

TAGLINE: Chasing fame, fortune and followers with the woman who

> broke the internet.

When Momagers

Go Bad; A Bum Note; My Wild (Kanye) West

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. My sex tape had leaked."

Sentences of no more than 140 characters.

Wearing something beige and distressed from the Yeezy A/W 17 line; shot on Polaroid by Kanye West.

Record everything on your phone. Especially chats



A 3am Twitter stream of consciousness by her husband.

NEVER COMPLAIN, NEVER EXPLAIN

TAGLINE: Champagne, chiffon and ciggies: a guide to letting your hair down by fashion's ultimate muse.

When Boys Go Badder; Flying (easyJet) With Style; Champagne Supermodel (Make Mine A Large)

"There I was, fag in hand, waiting for the N109 bus back to Croydon..."

Imagine a heady mix of Hunter S Thompson and a 16-year-old girl's diary.

Mario Testino is already booked. babes.

Nothing good ever happens until 2am. In fact, you

> have to wait until sunrise, at least.

A party at the Chiltern Firehouse that you're not invited to.

SMILING ON THE INSIDE

TAGLINE: From wannabe to OBE: one woman's unbelievable career makeover.

Handling Golden Balls; Family Values (Half A Billion And Counting); The Day I Surrendered To Sneakers

"I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want: world domination."

Facebook COO Sheryl Sandberg's part memoir, part manifesto, Lean In, is a big inspiration.

Lambswool turtleneck, smoky eye, bitchy resting face: shot by Brooklyn.

Hard work pays off and a 'bandana phase' is no barrier to becoming a fashion icon.

David, Brooklyn, Romeo and Cruz have their Instagram posts scheduled.

BOW DOWN, BITCHES



How To Get The Good Hair; Girl, I Ain't Bossy, I'm The Boss; Hot Sauces For Your Bag; Swag

"First up, I ain't never telling what went down in that elevator."



Authoritarian and straight-talking. After all, B has no time for slackers.

She's actually midway through creating a mood board with Givenchy's Riccardo Tisci. So...

When life gives you lemons, make lemonade. But it won't taste as good as Beyoncé's.

As if. You'll just wake up one morning and it will be there.



Know The (OMBASS Pointing you in the right cultural direction this month...



STRONG SHOULDERS

Time to give regular sleeves the cold shoulder – this season they're sky-high. Pick from boxy and business-like or meringuefluffy, as long as your shoulders are higher than your collarbone.

oating our bo<mark>a</mark> A LOWER BAR Nestlé's boffins have discovered

how to restructure the sugar in its chocolate bars so the amount can be slashed by 40%. It should be shop-ready by 2018 now that's proper science.



CHARITABLE THREADS

World-famous photographer Rankin has collaborated with Red Nose Day 2017* on a range of good karma T-shirts. One even stars his dog, Doris. Snap them up online or at TK Maxx.

SWAMP LOCKS

After last year's explosion of pastel hair, brunettes can finally work an 'It' colour, as green shades no longer resemble a blonde-highlights-meetsswimming-pool accident.

POSTABLE PINOT

Two inches longer but half as thick isn't something that would usually pique our interest. But when it's in relation to the new letterbox-friendly Garçon Wines, we're more than game.

ROAST RIP

Despite being voted Britain's happiest meal, it's predicted the roast dinner could be extinct by 2041 as we're getting too lazy to make them. You can find us crying into a soon-to-be-redundant gravy boat.

NASAL SELFIES

Seeing up someone's nose isn't a major life goal for us, so the Instagram craze for using nostrils to spell out 'shook' (as in emotionally shaken, FYI) won't be getting a like from us.



DIRECTIONAL SHOES

Do you need two pairs of socks? Which way do you put your foot in? Is there room to stash a lipstick? So many questions about these Hood By Air boots, except, 'Where can we buy them?'

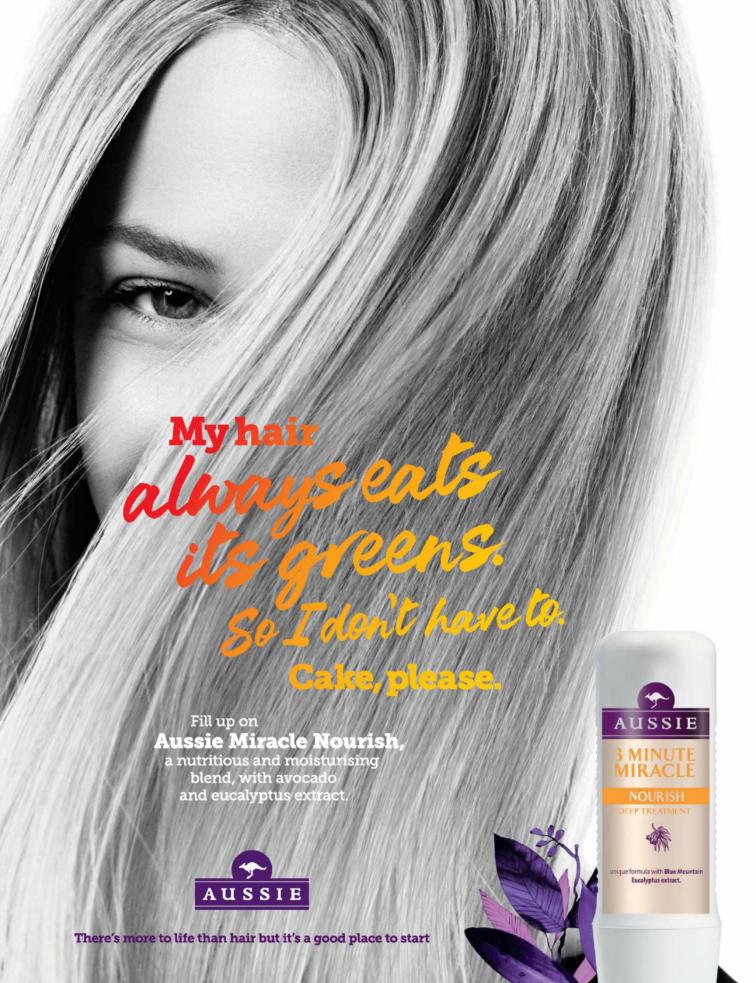
MICRO NIPPLES

Sorry, your nipples are too big, apparently. The Plastic Surgery Group says it's seen a 30% rise in requests for nippleshrinking surgery. Sounds about as necessary (and painful) as an elbow augmentation.



KARDASHIAN OVERLOAD

We fear the title of Caitlyn Jenner's new autobiography The Secrets Of My Life (out 25th April) may be a slight over-promise – because after 12 seasons of KUWTK, what's actually left to say?





JohnFrieda.co.uk















Mever ut up with

Don't date bad boys, invest in your friends and learn to accept rejection. **Fearne Cotton** imparts her life advice in this open letter to her daughter, Honey, and women everywhere

Photographs TONY KIM
Fashion Director AMY BANNERMAN



Going through a whole lot of heartache and pain over the past 35

Going through a whole lot of heartache and pain over the past 35 years now all seems worthwhile because I get to pass every inch of advice over to you. Of course, I promise not to preach too much, and leave necessary gaps so that you can find your own path, and make mistakes as well as your own decisions.

The first nugget I need to pass on is this: through sadness, pain and darkness comes light. It is always there if you look hard enough. This letter is a big chink of light that has come from many bumpy roads and tear-stained jumper sleeves. And whenever you think you have taken the wrong turn in life, just remember the light will be there in the form of a lesson or a new route. My life has been a trail of falling dominoes that split off in many different tangents at high speed. Since you swam up to greet me in the birthing pool on a sunny September morning, I've set off on another road altogether and the dominoes are now tumbling a lot slower.

Friendship
The first portion of life I want to cover

The first portion of life I want to cover might just be the most important. Your pack, your gang, your crocheted blanket of arms who will catch you when you fall. You are yet to find your own like-minded souls, but when you do, cherish them. They will always be there, even when they're not physically there, and will whisper what you *need* to hear rather than what you *want*.

I feel insanely lucky to have gathered a collection of people in my life who have made me who I am and bring out my best bits. Don't suffer anything less than this. People who bring out the worst in you need not stick around.

At secondary school I made friends with a strong female pack of seven who remain my foundation. We drank cider in the park, nervously chewed pens during our GCSEs, and left school loaded with dreams and high hopes. I may not see these girls every week, but when I do, we click back into our shared history in a nanosecond.

We grew up in limbo-land suburbia and our fun came in the form of boys and an under-16 disco called Pulse. Being together still unleashes bellyaching laughter at the memories.

Later in life, some special individuals made an appearance too and impacted my story with a glorious thud. There is Kye, my close friend since the age of 12; Clare, who I met in my twenties but has the most empathetic ear I've come across; Heidi, who constantly inspires me; Gok [Wan], who is the most loyal lion you'll meet, and my dear Lolly.

Lolly and I have been through it all together and that bond of friendship >

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a 3.5 year AccessToyota (PCP) plan with 0%-35% deposit. ^Payment shown is based on a 42 month AccessToyota contract with £3,856.01 customer deposit, £1,000 Finance Deposit Allowance and Guaranteed Future Value/Optional Final Payment. Toyota Financial Services (UK) PLC; registered office Great Burgh, Burgh Heath, Epsom, Surrey, KT18 5UZ. Authorised and regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority. Indemnities may be required. Finance subject to status to over 18s. Other finance offers are available but cannot be used in conjunction with this offer. 8,000 miles per annum, excess miles over contracted charged at 8p per mile. Toyota Centres are independent of Toyota Financial Services. Terms and conditions apply. Affordable finance through AccessToyota. 5 year/100,000 mile manufacturer warranty subject to terms and conditions.



holds my sanity together in stressful times. When I was having a rough time before I met your dad [Reef guitarist Jesse Wood], we whizzed off on a girls' holiday – the best cure for all types of heartache. We drank margaritas, laughed until we fell over (crashing into the bed and tearing down its overhead canopy) and took stock. This life-changing trip led me into the next phase of my life where I met my husband and had you and your brother, Rex. Always grab adventure by the hand and take a special someone along for the ride. You won't regret it.

The next thing want to tell you is that you are beautiful. Of course, as your mother, I think this, but you

should be reminded of it at all times. Beauty cannot be defined by the shape of your nose or a twinkle in your eye, it comes from within.

I feel so lucky that when I was young I didn't have the pressure to conform to pop culture or social media, and I worry for you and your friends growing up with such awareness of what is on the outside.

In my teens, I had little concern for people's opinions of me or how I looked, but then, as my twenties crept in, a sense of 'not belonging' suffocated my every breath. I started work very young, aged just 15, as a presenter on a TV show called *The Disney Club*, which meant I was exposed to new people from all walks of life very early on. At times I felt out of my depth and highly uncomfortable. Solace was found in the form of dressing up as if

I was someone else. I dyed my hair red, then black, and then cut it all off. I also wore baggy clothing to hide my body. I didn't know who I was or who I was supposed to be any more. My body felt

> too boyish and muscular to be attractive and too narrow yet squidgy to be taken seriously. Was I an adult or could everyone tell I still felt like an awkward teenager?

> I dressed in a way that I thought would help make me seem interesting to others because I felt far too dull to just be me. But you should never underestimate your own unique qualities. They won't be boring to

others if you show them off with confidence. Trying to be someone else is the most transparent illusion of all. Be proud to be you. Now in my thirties I am very happy in my own skin. If someone thinks I am boring, so be it. Others won't and I'll connect with them instead.

Love

Talking of being you, let's chat about men, or women, or whoever you fall in love with. It doesn't matter what walk of life they come from, what they look like, or what job they have, but they must love you wholeheartedly. There can be no exception to that.

You should never have to put up with someone who tries to change you. I once dated someone who asked me not to have any more tattoos, which, as you can imagine, made me instantly go out and get a massive one inked on my back. He wasn't happy, and I couldn't understand it because it was my body. Women have come way too far in the world for that sort of submission.

Along the way, you will date partners like this, who will act as good stepping stones. They will teach you lessons about yourself, and then spin you round to face another direction,

Looking back, I have been thrown big lumps of heartache to digest and have processed them in many different

ways. Sometimes I have shut myself off from the world and wallowed in sad music and darkened rooms, while on other occasions I have gone out partying to shake away all of the pain. I would suggest somewhere in the middle of the two. Let the pain slip away at a natural speed. And don't fast-track into party mode too

soon because you could find yourself alone, drunk and a bit lost, as I have many times over the years.

I'm very content now though. Married life to your dad is gorgeous. I have found my soulmate and a very lovely one at that. You're a lucky little lady having him as your Pops. He is kind, caring, open, honest and very funny. He also came along with your amazing brother Arthur and dreamy sister Lola who adore you. Yes, he leaves his pants on the bathroom floor and the cupboards open after he has made a cup of tea, but hey, that's marriage. No set-up will ever be perfect because life is not supposed to be that way. Speak openly to your partner and always listen. Love them with every inch of your heart, but only if they shower you in the same. Find someone who makes your heart sing and illuminates all your best bits.

Career

I often sit and wonder what you'll be when you grow up and I can't wait to watch you doing something you love.

I'd say this is the most important incentive for you to hold close. Don't follow the crowd or just worry about the end goal. It's the route you take

"Be bold, be brave and follow yo<mark>ur</mark> heart"

that's the fun bit. At school, the careers adviser laughed when I said I wanted to act and told me to work in a school.

I have the utmost respect for teachers, but it was not for me. I look back and admire my own guts and determination for ploughing on past this advice. I went to a lot of auditions in my early teens and dealing with rejection at that age wasn't easy. It still isn't at 35. Maybe it's even worse now. But when I was younger, I was so passionate and determined to prove myself, I would pick myself up quickly and take a run at the next hurdle.

I got my foot in the showbiz door after a series of auditions for *The Disney Club*. I loved every second of working on that show and feel lucky I got to learn so much so quickly, as well as making a friend for life, Mr Reggie Yates. He is pretty much family to me.

If I'm honest, I still don't feel I've reached my full potential, but that's

the fun of it. Don't rush to complete all your goals or expect to feel a sense of euphoria when you get there. That's the beginning of a new list of hopes, so try to enjoy the ride along the way.

Be bold, be brave and follow your heart. You will know all the answers if you just allow your head to be quiet enough to hear them. Whatever you want to do in life, I'll be there to support you and help you on your way.

One last thing. Have fun. Life whizzes along at such a pace that you shouldn't take anything too seriously.

Oh, and always call your mother.

Love you,

Mum

Happy by Fearne Cotton is out now

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2017: Releases her new book, Happy

"Having experienced depression, I found the silver lining was talking about it. Writing has always been a great release for me so working on this book was incredibly healing. Depression is different for everyone but I've realised how many people are going through it too. It's a lot better to talk to others."

2016: Releases Cook Happy, Cook Healthy

2008-2016: Team captain, Celebrity Juice

2009-2015: Presenter, BBC Radio 1 weekday mid-morning show

"In 2010 we did an Eminem Live Lounge, which was terrifying because he swore throughout the rehearsal. I was worried he'd do that on air but he was wonderful. Leaving Radio 1 was so hard - I loved being a cog in the music industry."

2014: Red-carpet presenter, BAFTAs

"I had three hot-water bottles with me that evening, which I hugged in between interviews because it was so cold. One year I wore Ugg boots and thick tights under my floor-length dress."

2007-2014: Backstage presenter, BRITs

"I have hazy memories. The year Russell Brand presented the main show he ate a lot of bananas. The time the Osbournes presented, Kelly and Amy Winehouse hung out in my backstage area. Another time the Red Hot Chili Peppers congratulated me on my work - I nearly fainted with joy."

2012: Presenter for the BBC's Thames **Diamond Jubilee Pageant**

2012: Herself, Keith Lemon: The Film

"Anything with Keith is fun. He doesn't take anything seriously. We're great mates off camera. People forget he is a dad, a husband and just playing a character."

2009-2010: Presenter, Fearne And...

"I loved interviewing Craig David. He's one of the loveliest guys. He took me out on a boozy night, then knocked on my hotelroom door early the next day to make me go for a run. Hell! That man is a machine. I was sweating gin from every pore."

2007-2009: First regular female presenter of the Radio 1 Chart Show

"I wish more women worked in radio. This felt like a big deal so I had a responsibility to show up and be the best I could be."

2007: Presenter, The Xtra Factor

"The days were long but with Sharon Osbourne around they were a joy. She always dragged me into her dressing room to have a good old gossip."

2006: Co-presenter, Celebrity Love Island

"One of the happiest times of my life. I was 24 and got to live in Fiji for two months. My favourite moment was when Bianca Gascoigne had been romancing Leo from The Streets. After his eviction she moved on to Calum Best. Then they had a big party where Leo jumped out of a huge cake to surprise Bianca. Brilliant TV."

2004-2006: Presenter, Top Of The Pops

2002-2004: Presenter, The Saturday Show

1998-2000: Presenter, Diggit

1996-1998: Co-presenter, The Disney Club

"It was surreal landing this aged 15 - I was revising for GCSEs. I'd scour newspapers for auditions. I was desperate to be an actress but this felt like a good starting point. It's a course I've never veered off."

EDUCATION

Haydon School, Pinner, Middlesex

"I wasn't a rebel but I was mouthy. Hard to imagine, eh? I always fancied someone but was unlucky in love. I did my best at school but deep down I just wanted my acting or presenting work to take off. Slightly naive, but I'm glad I went with my gut so young."

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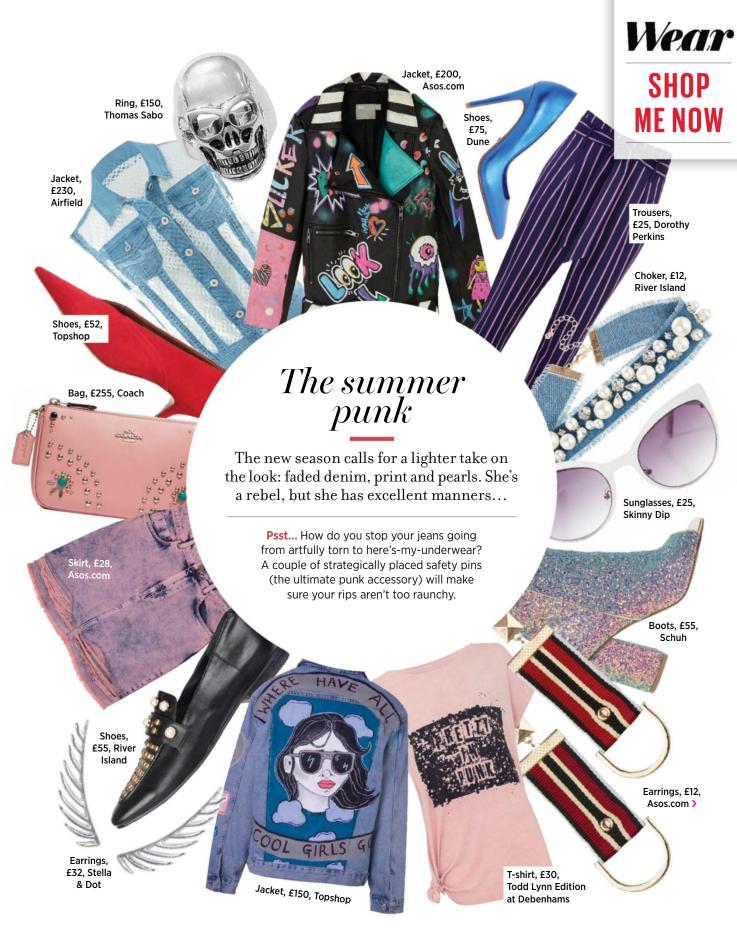
SOMETIMES IT'S WHAT'S ON THE OUTSIDE THAT COUNTS



BAG OF TRICKS

How many times have you come over all princess and the pea when looking for a new bag? The strap is too long, the pockets are too small, it's a bit too big all over (OK, *nobody* ever said that)... Well, not any more. New handbag brand on the block Mon Purse is a bespoke company that lets you choose everything from the metal of the hardware to the colour of the leather. You can even have emojis stamped on it. Functions not yet available include a built-in headphone wire detangler, or the ability to mix you a cocktail on the way home, but hey, they're just starting out. *Bag, from £430, Mon Purse. Prices start at £65*



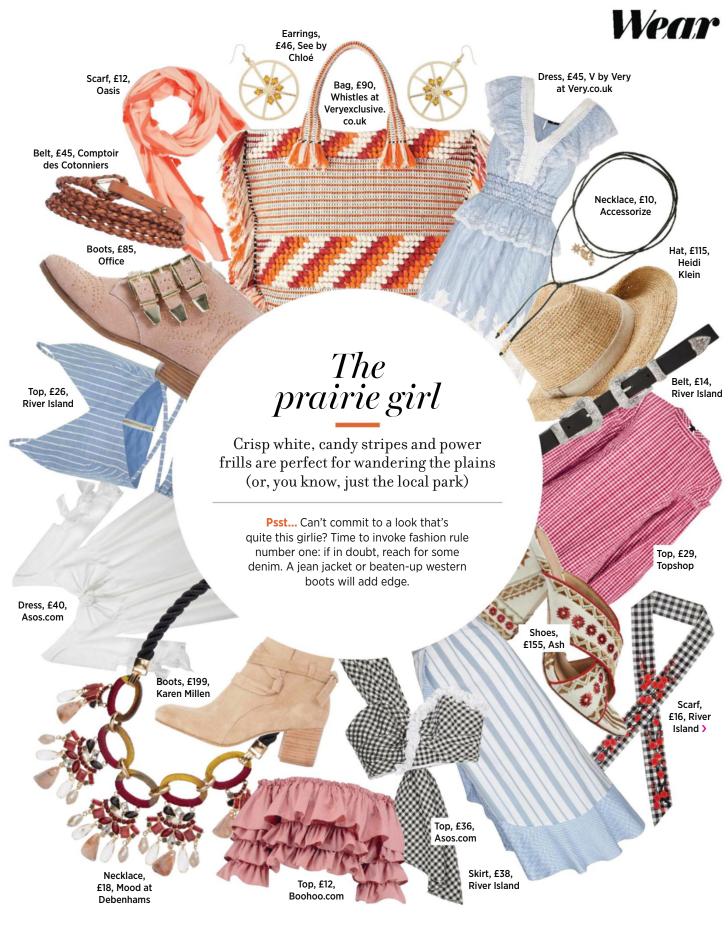


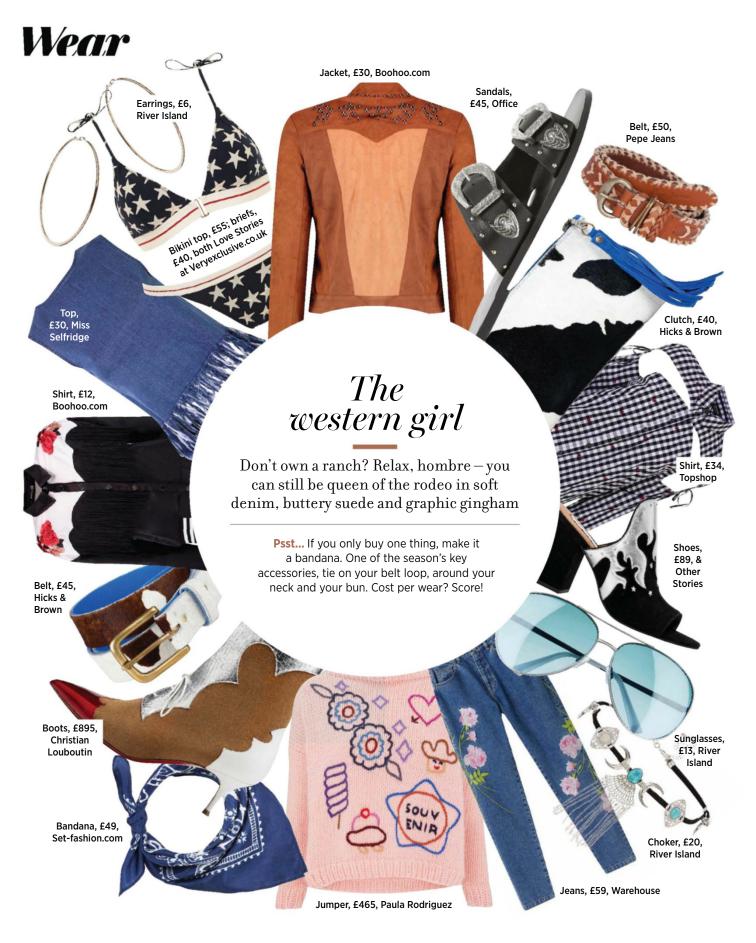
Wear

















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HEY, HOW DO I WEAR...

The extreme hoodie?

With plenty of bad girl attitude, for starters...

1 THE NEW HOODIE

Call it the Vetements effect
- over the past year, the
humble gym sweat has had
a street-punk makeover and
reinvented itself as a cult item
that can cost up to £700.
Gargantuan shoulder pads
(gulp), mile-long sleeves,
ironic graphics – all of these
draw paparazzi to FROWgoers like a magpie to Kim
K's wedding ring. Luckily,
the high street has plenty
of options that won't blow
your pay cheque – read on...

2 NO FUSS

This outfit's success is in its simplicity. If The Blonde Salad blogger Chiara Ferragni had started piling on the jewels and loud accessories, it would lose the nonchalance and thus the cool factor. A red lip, and perhaps a simple earring, is all that's needed.

Hoodie

3 FRESH PAIRINGS

Think outside the jeans or trackies box. If your hoodie is made of thin enough material, tuck it into a leather or PVC pencil skirt or smart trousers for a secretarymeets-skater-boy look. We call this trend 'expect the unexpected'. If Chiara topped her boots and straight leather mini with a cropped, tight jumper, her look would have a very different feel - the hoodie's baggy silhouette feels perfectly 2017.

4 XXL SLEEVES

These might give you flashbacks of your older sister's hand-me-downs in primary school, but trust us, giant sleeves are definitely a thing this season. Long and baggy, wide and flared, covered in ruffles – practically any style goes right now. Worried about being drowned in fabric? Wear something sleek and form-fitting on the bottom or show some skin with a mini, like Chiara.

5 OPPOSITES ATTRACT

The key to elevating a sweatshirt into A Fashion Item is pairing it with the opposite of sportswear, like Chiara's vinyl thigh-highs and croc mini. If you're not ready to get your legs out quite yet, a long silk or velvet slip dress worn underneath would be equally chic.

Turn the page for more hoodie styling tips



★ THE CROP SWEATSHIRT

All hail, Miss Kravitz, queen of 'I just threw this on' style. Cropped hoodies and sweatshirts will be everywhere this spring, but you can also DIY your own. Cropped styles look best with baggy boyfriend jeans (to de-sex all that skin on show) and if you want to dress it up, go for chunky '70s-style platforms instead of spiky stilettos. Jumper (vintage), £25, Rokit. Jeans, £85, Levi's. Shoes, £170, Senso. Necklace, from £158, Bianca Jones. Sunglasses, £295, Cutler And Gross

PSST... For a DIY twist on the trend, find a cheap vintage sweatshirt and lob off the hem with kitchen scissors like we did here for a unique crop style.



***** THE HOODIE DRESS

Yep, you can wear your hoodie on a night out. Try YouTuber Amanda Steele's grunge take and buy an extra-long men's hoodie, or check the high street for sweatshirt dresses. A vampy boot and chain-strap bag take you from sofa to party (where you'll definitely be the coolest girl on the dance floor). There's something sexy about looking like you woke up at your BF's house and strolled out in his sweater, no?

Dress, £35, Monki. Scarf, £70, Jane Carr. Bracelet, £15, Cheap Monday. Earring, £12.99 for a pair, Mango. Boots, £170, Dune London. Bag, £115, Love My Soul





The key to pulling this off is to convince people it's on purpose. How? Layer it under a fitted jacket like Kendall's to exaggerate the volume of the sleeve poking out. Throw on biker boots and aviators and you've nailed the off-duty model look. Earrings, £45, Matthew Calvin. Jacket, £380, AllSaints. Hoodie, £30, Asos.com. Jeans, £70, Levi's. Boots, £355, Toga. Bag, £225, DKNY at Fashionette. Sunglasses, £150, Taylor Morris •







THE JEANIUS...

HIGH-STREET

wearing Topishop

Jean

Jeans, £65, Topshop

Jeans, £29.99, New Look

Jenner

Amy Bannerman road-tests the best jeans on the high street for under £50 - so you've got more to spend on manis and paninis

K, yes, agreed, some things are just very expensive. Those cars outside Harrods covered in tin foil; pink diamonds; rare-breed micro pigs; and Kanye's lawyer's fees. However, buying a good pair of jeans shouldn't mean you have to get *another* credit card. Since when did a pair of jeans cost over £800 (hello Vetements, you great big bunch of lunatics)?

I've been busy trying on jeans and have worked out exactly where to go for what, so you don't have to. And yes, I'll post you my invoice.

Topshop: Best for trend-led styles and spotted on everyone from Kate Moss to Kendall. There was also a rumour Parisian style icon Emmanuelle Alt wore the white Baxter jeans for her frowtings (FROWoutings). This gem of info has never been confirmed by her or Topshop, but I did buy them immediately, of course.

New Look: Best for quality for the price (from £7.99).

River Island: Best for shaping denim – they sell 200 pairs of their bestseller, the Molly jegging, every hour!

The White Company: Famous for its Ballet jean, which makes you look like a cross between Audrey Hepburn and someone who's put in 1,000 hours at a barre class.

H&M: Best for Conscious denim, partly using organic cotton. Wear in Whole Foods for optimum feel-good factor.

Gap: Best for great girlfriend jeans and perfect blue washes. **Uniqlo:** Best for selvedge denim and free alterations –

they don't shout about it though, do they?

So now you've saved all this money on denim, you can go and buy your rare-breed micro pig a pink diamond.



Jeans, £40, River Island. Jumper, £130, Ashley Williams. Shoes, £69, Urban Outfitters





Jeans, £72, The

White Company

PHOTOGRAPHS STEPHANIE SIAN SMITH, GETTY IMAGES, XPOSURE



Best feet

Ready for a new season of shoes to fall head-over-block-heels in love with? Us too. Bring on



forward



the '80s sexifiers and no-effort loafers, says SENIOR FASHION EDITOR SAIREY STEMP

THE BLOCK-HEEL BOOT

Catwalk-cool boots that can stride through puddles? Truly the shoe gods have delivered



Facial cleansers are made to cleanse, not hydrate. Oh, really?



Boost

WATER GEL

0





Wear



£90, Dune



£12, George

THE SPRING LOAFER

AKA the ultimate loweffort, highimpact shoe. Just slide on and go...



£115, GH Bass

£345, Dorateymur



£210, Won Hundred

at Farfetch.com









£209, Marc Cain

Cracked heels? NFI. Our beauty director prescribes a foot cream with fruit acids, like Soap & Glory's Heel Genius, so your feet are more ravishing and less ravine.

£160, Kurt Geiger

£159, Essentiel Antwerp at Question Air



£27.99, New Look ◆









Tired of compromising on pampering because of dry, sensitive skin? The new Almond Milk & Honey Body Care range from The Body Shop means you can embrace your skin and still enjoy luxurious skin treats every day



Soothing & Restoring Body Lotion

Tackle uncomfortably tight and itchy skin with this wonder cream. It is silky smooth, absorbed quickly and gives 48-hour moisturisation. TOP TIP: Banish dry patches by layering the cream, like you would a face mask, and leave to soak in.

48 HOUR -

200 ml (6.75 US FL OZ)

Calming & Protecting Hand Cream

Cold weather can play havoc with your hands, but this hand cream not only smells sweet, but it keeps your mitts soft, too. TOP TIP: Keep a tube in your bag; it's great for soothing and calming sensitive, dry skin on the go.

95% of people from user trials would recommend the body lotion to others with sensitive skin*



MOND MILK

MING & PROTECTING HAND CREAM

Gentle Exfoliating
Cream Scrub Sensitive
skin needs exfoliating,
too. Made with real
crushed almond shells,
this scrub easily buffs
away dead skin cells.
TOP TIP: Apply
all over your body in
circular motions – it's
an exfoliator and mini
massage in one.

NATURAL PIONEERS

The new Almond Milk & Honey range is specifically formulated for sensitive, dry skin and contains no colourants, mineral oil or petrolatum, which are known irritants to skin. Dermatologically tested, the range is 100% vegetarian and enriched with a blend of caring and pampering ingredients including organic almond milk, Community Trade almond oil from Spain and Community Trade honey from Ethiopia. Find the complete collection, along with the ever-popular Aloe and Camomile sensitive skincare ranges in store and online, or book a party with The Body Shop at Home. www.thebodyshop.com







Heard the one about water being your skin's new enemy?
Read on to discover why H₂O has the beauty world in a lather



emember when washing your face was simple? Soap, flannel and water rather than the new 10-step Korean cleansing docket that requires a small brochure and a cabinet of cleansers? Those were the days.

It all changed when we discovered that sodium lauryl sulphate in soap makes good foam but not such good face (it's dehydrating for the dermis). So we went and replaced it with 'gentler' cleansers. But the dry patches, rosacea and congestion continued. Deduct the soap and what are you left with? Water. Cue panic stations at the sink.

"Studies published in the early 2000s showed chlorine in water exacerbated atopic dermatitis and eczema, and while it has little effect if your skin isn't affected by these, it's why water is now seen as 'bad' for the skin," explains Dr Emma Goslan, lecturer in water chemistry.

But has anything actually happened to our H₂O in the last decade, or can we spot a cunning marketing ploy from beauty brands?

"Our drinking-water quality in the UK is among the highest in the world," explains Thorsten Wagener, professor of water and environmental engineering. "It's improved with the strengthening of regulations over time to make it safe to use. What's changed is the awareness of skin problems."

Dr Justine Hextall, consultant dermatologist at The Harley Medical Group, is in agreement. "We are definitely more switched on to the effects of harsh washes and hard water, but we must also consider that when we are younger our skin barrier can tolerate stronger cleansers."

That said, there is that grimy layer of gunk on your showerhead – it didn't appear out of nowhere. While water might not be solely to blame, washing with limescale, chlorine and

heavy-metalriddled water won't help. Iron, zinc, copper and nickel – all OK in small doses, but as Dr Hextall explains, they can "leave deposits that

change the skin pH and disrupt the delicate dermal barrier, causing skin to feel irritated and sore".

Dehydration station

As well as what it's leaving behind, it's what water takes away that's concerning. As the water evaporates, so do your natural oils, leaving your complexion vulnerable to pollution, free radicals and UV damage.

Maybe those rumours about Gwynnie washing her face with bottled water weren't as outlandish as we first thought? That's because as long as your water's pure and extracted at source, your skin shouldn't suffer. Yes, just spend 50% of your pay packet on spring, glacial, or thermal waters and you too can have a complexion as glowy as the A-listers.

"Because these waters come from deep underground, they are exempt from bacteria and pollution and rich in salts, iodine and CO₂ that all have a healing effect on skin," explains Julia Lawless, founder of Aqua Oleum. "Thermal water is full of antiseptic and antioxidant properties including potassium, selenium, silica, and manganese that leave a

fine softening film on skin and can soothe irritation." Brands like Avène, Vichy and La Roche-Posay all have their thermal waters' efficacy proven by specialised laboratories to

ensure the composition never changes, eliminating the need to add purifiers or sterilisers.

No local spring nearby? Us neither. Head to Discoverwater.co.uk where you'll find a drill-down of exactly what's in your water. "It varies regionally but generally the levels >

As long as your water is pure, your skin shouldn't suffer of calcium and magnesium carbonate are higher in the south east and lower in the north and west of England," says Dr Goslan.

As for the risk of coming into contact with drugs and hormones via tap water, it's a big fat zilch. "There is no evidence to show that endocrine-disrupting chemicals pose a human health risk through drinking or washing," continues Dr Goslan.

Which is where Gwynnie's reported bottle habit comes under scrutiny. If she's using glass bottled spring water to wash with, great. If not, she may as well go back to the sink. Even if plastic is nixed of BPA (a highly contested ingredient), other chemicals can seep out.

"Tap water is of similar and sometimes even better quality than some bottled waters, so there is no need to use it for washing in the UK," says Dr Wagener. "On the other hand, we produce vast amounts of plastic bottles that often end up on landfills so the main issue is what we do to the environment through our water consumption."

Sustain and maintain

Give that man a gold star, because uncomfortable skin isn't the only thing prompting us to wage a war on water. Alongside 'plastic bottle-gate', we're fast wising up to the fact that it isn't a renewable source. By 2025, two thirds of the world's population could well be at risk of a water shortage.



Your new no-rinse routine

Bringing new meaning to dry cleaning...

* The waters

Apply to a cotton pad, sweep and go. You don't even need to be near a sink.



Thalgo Micellar Cleansing Water, £21 From the ocean depths, this marine water suits all skin types, including sensitive.



Eminence Rice Milk 3-in-1 Cleansing Water, £30 Pomelo juice and jasmine tea feed skin moisture and remove make-up.

* The solids

Detergent-free soaps and oil-pressed balms that melt away dirt without scrubbing.



Trilogy Make-up Be Gone Cleansing Balm, £20.50 Natural

oils dissolve every last inch of make-up, even on lashes.



Bea Master Antioxidant Bar, £45 Looks like soap but

nowhere near as drying, and full of vitamin C too.

* The powders

Cleansers and exfoliators that only need a little water. Wipe off with a damp muslin cloth.



Dermalogica Daily Superfoliant Exfoliant, £55 Algae extracts, acids and enzymes and crumbled charcoal buff away grime.



Clinique Fresh Pressed Renewing Powder Cleanser, £24 Crushed vitamin C, kaolin clay and salicylic acid for brighter skin.

* The mists

Spritz to remove cleanser, then pat in the residue to stop dehydration.



Avène Thermal Spring Water Spray, £10 A cult classic for

A cult classic for reconditioning skin, soothing and even setting make-up.



Aqua Oleum Lavender Water, £4.50 Slowly distilled lavender heals those complexion casualties. Consumers' cutting back on heavy water usage is also prompting brands to become more transparent about their H₂O habits. Product location, production methods, source point – you'll soon be able to track your droplets from lagoon to lotion.

It's also where these new waterless substitutes can really shine. Beauty bars that contain lipids that melt at skin temperature, glycerines-in-oils that transform into milky lotions, micellar waters made of micelles (tiny oil molecules suspended in distilled water that grab onto dirt, not skin's natural oils) – they all require little or no water.

"Our new powder
Activated Charcoal Cleanser
only needs a drop of oil or
floral water to turn it into
a creamy paste," explains
Dominika Minarovic,
co-founder of Clean Beauty
Co. "Water is still the best
way to remove it, but if you
use a muslin cloth you'll
barely have to use any, or
you could use a floral water
or natural toner."

Similarly, Eminence's Strawberry Rhubarb Dermafoliant can be combined with a cleanser to activate its exfoliating properties, while Bare Minerals' Mix Exfoliate Smooth Add-To-Cleanser Skin Polishing Grains even blends with balms and gels. Less mess down the drain, less damage to your dermis - water warrior or not, reducing your H₂O isn't a bad thing, especially when it looks as though it's not so much 'on tap' after all.



KEEP CAPSULES AWAY FROM KIDS

LOCK AWAY YOUR DETERGENT CAPSULES NOW







FREE benefit THEY'RE REAL! MASCARA

NUMBER-ONE-SELLING PRESTIGE MASCARA IN THE UK*



(How

BEAUTY LAB

THE SPOT FIGHTER

Sunday Riley UFO Ultra-Clarifying Face Oil, £68

Containing 1.5% salicylic acid (every dermatologist's go-to for clearing out congestion) and sebum-balancing black cumin seed oil, this clarifier ensured my problem patches stayed lubed, not lumpy - unlike some anti-bac ingredients that suck out moisture as well as the gunk. Spot-prone, greasy-skin types should not be afraid.



This month... Smart oils



Spot-clearing, jaw-lifting, makeup-enhancing? Acting Beauty Editor BECCI VALLIS puts fancy face oils' slippery claims to the test...

thisworks

THE FACE CONTOURER

Beauty Kitchen High Definition Facial Oil, £19.99 Algae are trending, but this is the first product to champion seahorse plankton - aka the stuff seahorses eat. Good news for humans, too - tests show the clever algae boosts collagen production by 19.3% in 24 hours, which would explain my post-application glow. Oh, and there's no fishy aroma, just the sweet scent of sherbet.



THE MAKE-UP SETTER MAC Prep&Prime Essential

Oils, £21 each Applying oil pre-foundation might sound like a joke, but the pros have done it for yonks to set their base, and mine didn't budge an inch after this. A lightweight formula but a heavyweight hydrator, the cocktail of citrusy botanicals meant I could skip my moisturiser and go straight to make-up. I kid you not.

THE MOOD ENHANCER

This Works Stress Check Face Oil, £40 Pollution, sun damage, and now anxiety is attacking and ageing our poor skin faster than you can download a mindfulness app. This blends neroli, lavender and patchouli oils to appease the nervous system, with omega-3 and moringa to calm the skin. A few deep breaths as I patted it in and deadline-frets disappeared.



UMA Absolute Anti-Aging Eye Oil, £60 Oils make for a great moisture top-up, so one just for thirsty eyes is a no-brainer. Combining rose to rehydrate and eucalyptus to combat puffiness, it's not cheap - but a single drop will cover under, over and around the eyes. Stick to an evening application to avoid panda eyes, though.

COSMOPOLITAN · 75

INGE HAS ISSUES



Cosmopolitan's Beauty Director INGEBORG VAN LOTRINGEN gets a few things off her chest

What's the deal with...
Liquid hydrators?

I slap on Crème de la Mer like icing on a red velvet cake, but judging from my in-crate full of hydrating mists and gels, I'm the beauty dinosaur. Water-like is where it's at for the modern moisturiser, and heavy, buttery creams are for your granny. Got that? **Er, why?** It makes sense. Most (even the oilyskinned) have environmentally induced dehydrated skin (thank stress, pollution, bad diet), not genetic dry skin. So most need moisture, not heavy oils.

But my hyaluronic acid-serum isn't hydrating enough!

For this moisture-magnet to be any good, look for 'low molecular weight' HA. Or go one better: "For hydration that lasts all day, you also want to stimulate skin's own production of HA," says Marie-Hélène Lair of Clarins. The brand uses a succulent plant extract that "helps skin act more like a water-storing plant" itself. Meanwhile SkinCeuticals team an HA-boosting plant sugar with a molecule that prevents HA breakdown. **Pseudo-science?** Clinical proof is somewhat iffy, but I must say the resulting water-like serums really do keep my skin juicy all day. **So you're throwing out your La Mer?** NO! And not *just* because I don't have to pay for it. My skin is dry, so it loves face butters to help top up oils, especially in winter. But I now layer them over weightless dehydration-busters for a double dose of dewiness. Should I do the same? Unless your skin often feels tight or irritated (hallmarks of dry skin), a new-gen, weightless dehydrationbuster may be all you need to keep skin plump and translucent.



SkinCeuticals HA Intensifier Serum, £82 A little plumps a long way. At £82 it should.



The White Company Eye Revive, £20 Splat all over lids: totally quench-tastic.



Trilogy Rosehip Oil Light Blend, £31.50 Feeds skin essential lipids, but with no grease.



Clarins
Hydra-Essentiel
Cooling Gel,
£36 Quite
literally
a skin drink.

PERSONAL SHOPPER



OBSESSED

* Zelens Marine Complex Deep Restorative Cream, £125 So expensive but so full of sea-derived goodness. Will tackle lines while totally soothing skin.



IMPRESSED

* Maybelline Color Drama Lip Contour Palette, £9.99 Primer, highlighter, brushes, and six lip shades for ombre action. That's what I call a lip kit.



NONPLUSSED

* Estée Lauder Advanced Night Repair Recovery Mask-In-Oil, £55 It's an oil version of the classic serum, and not a mask by any means. Très confusing.

Prescription skincare without the prescription

Cetraben

A uniquely formulated skincare range used by millions to manage their dry and eczema-prone skin. The UK's fastest growing specialist skincare brand¹. It's available without prescription from major retailers as well as pharmacies. So you can easily get the same high quality care for your skin, without a visit to the doctor.

www.cetraben.co.uk

As close to your skin as you are.

Cetraben

CREAM



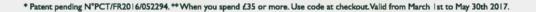
Living a fast-paced life? Your skin is working hard to keep up!

Caudalie's new Anti cell burn-out complex™ patent is rich in grape-seed polyphenols, Vitamin C and Vitamin E. Found in the new VineActiv range, it activates your skin's natural production of anti-oxidants, restores your complexion's healthy glow, protects your skin from pollution and corrects wrinkles. So your skin doesn't have to share your hectic lifestyle.





VISITWWW.CAUDALIE.COM RECEIVE £5 OFF" USING CODE COSMO 17





Can you beat the baker?





Can you beat a Great British Bake Off winner? Using Dr. Oetker's quality chocolate, John Whaite has created this Chocolate Lime Meringue cake with multiple layers of dense chocolate sponge, rich chocolate ganache and zesty lime curd.

Take up the challenge at webake.co.uk for a chance to compete in a bake-off judged by John Whaite and win* a chocolate filled holiday in Belgium.



Find John's recipe at www.oetker.co.uk/Easter



*T&Cs apply. See webake.co.uk for details.

WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER...



READY, SET, REMEMBER

You know that stomach-churning moment when your boss asks you how you're getting on with a task that, until that very second, you had completely forgotten about? We've got some advice for you: run. Seriously. A new study by the **University of Applied Sciences** Upper Austria has found that running switches the brain into 'memory storage mode', helping you retain important information after you've heard it. Need music to help you find your rhythm? Think Calvin Harris rather than Björk studies have found that a consistent beat works best for concentration. It's a fast track to promotion, literally.

SELF MADE

"Work like you're being paid a fortune"

ALEXIA INGE, 39, on how she went from cosmetic junkie to running a multi-million-pound global beauty site, Cult Beauty...

> Make them laugh, then follow up

We started Cult Beauty using all of our own savings. [Inge co-founded the company with a business analyst, Jessica DeLuca, in 2008.] I'd been working as a beauty writer and PR, and noticed a disconnect between what experts were recommending and what I saw being used backstage. I wanted to set up an expert panel to recommend products to buy online, so I pooled my contacts and harassed people at every party. If you want something from someone, meeting in person or via an introduction is better than an email out of the blue. Also, make the person laugh and get to know them before making a request.

Believe in your risks

As well as teaching me to speak up when I know what I'm talking about, Jessica also taught me to admit when I don't. The song *Everybody's Free (To Wear Sunscreen)* says 'Be respectful, but never intimidated – we're all making it up as we go along' Every choice is half chance – you have to prove (or act like) you believe in your risks for them to pay off.

Graft like you're being paid a million

The best way to build up contacts is by interning. But it's not just about getting through the door; it's how you act once



ALEXIA'S CV

1997-2000 Fashion design degree at University of Westminster

2000-2002 Modelled worldwide and picked up beauty tips along the way

2002 Landed a job as a fashion journalist for *The Daily Telegraph*

2004 Worked in the European Press Office for Gap

2006 Joined Mission Media working with clients such as Tom Ford for Fashion Fringe, Krug, Ila Skincare, Mont Blanc

2007 Met Jessica DeLuca and started building the concept for Cult Beauty

2008-present Cult Beauty begins its path to beautyworld domination

Hearst Empowering Women is an initiative to support women's careers in business, beauty and beyond. Find more at Empowering.hearst.co.uk you're there. At the start, you have to put the hours in – no job is too small and although you may not be getting paid a lot, you have to graft like you're earning a million.

Finding funding is like dating

The business hit a low point in 2011 and we needed funding. Like dating, the worst time to look is when you're desperate – you'll only attract the wrong people. Not sounding too keen is a good way to attract the right backing. I'd slip in competitors' names at each pitch to give off a glimmer of unattainability. It paid off. We found great investors and now employ 65 people.

Solve problems first thing

Keep a journal by your bed and as soon as you wake up – before your conscious mind kicks in – write your thoughts down. It may read like nonsense, but patterns emerge. You're also at a creative peak first thing and able to problem-solve without realising. If you're approaching a scary conversation, like asking for a pay rise, write out how you'd like it to go every day for five days. It solidifies the intention and alleviates fear.

THE TICKET TO YOUR FUTURE...

Whether you've got a millionpound business idea, are itching to
switch careers or simply want some
inspiration from the best minds
in business, technology, beauty and
celebrity, join us at *Cosmopolitan*'s
first ever Self Made Careers Summit.
This is a careers conference like
no other—see you there...

- * TOP CELEBRITY SPEAKERS
- * NETWORKING * WORKSHOPS

THE DETAILS

- * WHEN Saturday 22nd April, 9.30am-5pm
- * PRICE £50 (breakfast, lunch and networking drinks are included)
- * WHERE County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London
- * BOOK Cosmopolitan.co.uk/selfmadesummit

WIN ACENTRAL LONDON OFFICE To kick-start that business idea you'll need an office, which is why we've found you one in London's hippest creative hub –

Second Home (secondhome.io). Based in

start-ups, from Kickstarter to TaskRabbit. Come to the Self Made Summit, pitch

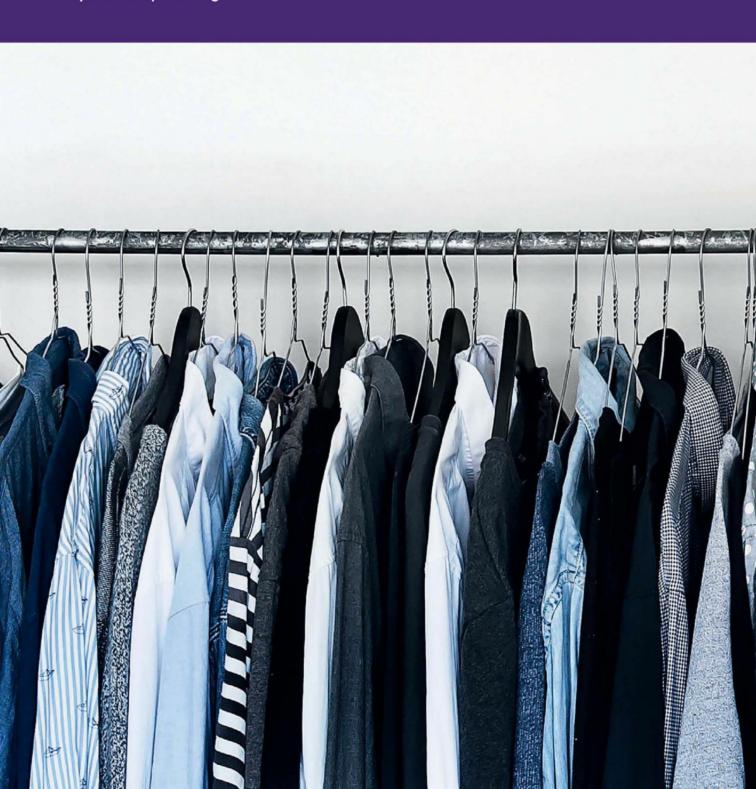
your idea and it could be yours*.

Shoreditch, this exclusive space is home to some of the world's most successful

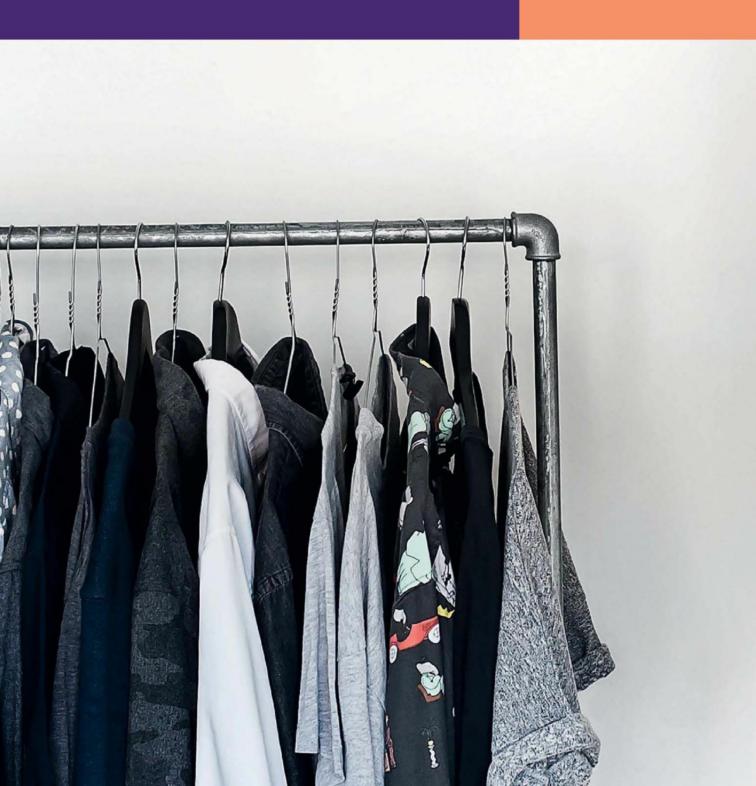
What are you not wearing?

It's easy to sell the clothes you no longer wear and make room for the ones you will. With millions of buyers ready and waiting, there's no better place for you to sell than eBay.

eBay.co.uk/simple-selling



ebay



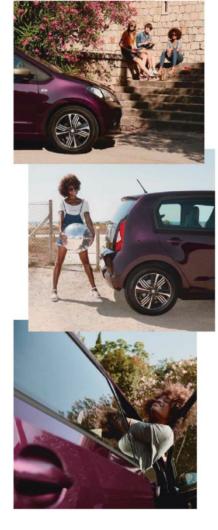


Cosmopolitan have teamed up with SEAT to create a car, the SEAT Mii by Cosmopolitan...

Let's face it, your car is more than just a car. It's a changing room, a place for catch-ups, a shelter from the storm (both emotionally and literally). Really it's an extension of your personality. But, as horoscopes prove, we're all so different – which is why the SEAT Mii has unique features that match the traits of all the horoscopes, so it fits seamlessly into your life. Want to know where your star sign fits into all of this?

DO IT YOUR WAY

Do you – in the space of a journey – switch from wailing along to Adele, to dancing to Daft Punk, then having to get the gossip from your mates? You're sensitive like Pisces, and need the Drive Mii app that connects your smartphone directly to your dashboard. Or perhaps you're a bit like Cancer and appreciate the beauty that lies on the inside; the Alcantara interior with leather steering wheels and smart storage, with special slots for making essentials easy to find. Clever. Just like Aquariuses who are so switched on, they'll love the fuel-saving stop-start system that's ace for your pocket, and even better for the environment. If you're never, ever wrong (even when you kinda are), you



have to be a tenacious Taurus and you need the infotainment system and GPS that continually updates so your friends never need to know you've taken a wrong turn... or three. What did you dress up as last year for Halloween? If it was nothing like all your mates' costumes then you're really original, and classically Aries. You'll need your car to stand out - and it will with Violetto metallic or white paint, the contrast roof and 15" machined black alloy wheels. Virgos only do things the right way, including their parking thanks to the rear sensors. If you're none of these star signs, fret not, because you'll definitely find a personality to match yours – find out more at Cosmopolitan.co.uk/thisismii.

Special touches

The difference between good and absolutely brilliant? Attention to detail. The SEAT Mii by Cosmopolitan has so many tiny little touches that make such a difference. These include the LED daytime running lights (for your safety) and specially designed Cosmopolitan Loves Mii floor mats and key covers (for your Instagram #cargoals). Want more? Cosmopolitan.co.uk/



What's the quickest/smartest/most foolproof way to make your first million from just £100? We sent four Cosmopolitan writers to find out





THE LONG-HAUL ONE

Tried by: Senior editor Catriona Innes

Why it's worth it The art market rebounded more quickly than other investments after the last recession. So snapping up something cool for your wall now might just help you rake in the pounds in the future.



THE BUSINESS ONE

Jennifer Savin

Why it's worth it Making heaps of money by shopping and then posting the goods online afterwards (which is what I essentially spend 67% of my time doing anyway) sounds a pretty sweet deal. Right?



Josie Copson

Why it's worth it They're risky, but if you do your homework, your money can earn a lot more than it would in a great savings account. Also, you can feel like Leonardo DiCaprio in The Wolf Of Wall Street - always a plus.



THE LUCKY ONE

Tried by: Beauty writer **Lucy Partington**

Why it's worth it Scratchcards are different from lottery tickets in that they're not entirely random. Someone decides how many tickets will deliver a win, and these odds (found on the back) can be used to your advantage.



The inspiration

Giancarlo Petrucci tried to sell some original Banksy prints for £100 in 2004. Nobody bought them - they're now worth around £100,000.



The expert

I quiz Rebecca Wilson, chief curator at Saatchi Art, who has spent the last 10 years searching for (and finding) the next Tracey Emin.



The intel

I'm best investing in a small to mediumsized drawing, photograph or limited-edition print (expensive materials whack the price up).



Where to start

The Affordable Art Fair - they curate a range of work from both established artists and rising stars. Painter Antony Micallef



The inspiration

Linda Lightman, who started off flogging her son's video games on Ebay and now runs a consignment store that pulls in \$25 million per year.



The expert

I get in touch with Kate Beavis, who's been a vintage clothing and collectables seller for seven years, to get her tips.



The intel

It's best to pick one thing and do it well. I go for handbags (clothes involve finding models and styling them, adding extra time and fees).



still boasts more visitors than other auction sites such as Etsy and DePop). Key words to use



The inspiration

Brandon Fleisher, a 17-vear-old from Toronto. His parents gave him £27,000 to put into stocks and he doubled it within a year.



The expert

I tap up Michelle McGrade. who is the chief investment officer at TD Direct Investing, for her



financial know-how.



The intel

"The aim is to buy things that'll go up in price, and sell things that will go down." Choose a strong brand, and avoid any hype.



Where to start

I buy the *Investing In* Shares For Dummies book for £6, which uses a handy tree metaphor. Blue chip shares are 'oak trees' - firm and safe, but



The inspiration

Joan Ginther, who's won millions. It's claimed she worked out which serial numbers on the cards were likely winners.

The expert

Dr John Haigh, emeritus reader of mathematics at the University of Sussex, gives me the inside scoop.

The intel

There's a page on the National Lottery site that says how many 'top prizes' for each card are left, which helped me choose.

Where to start

Most cards only had one or two 'top prizes' left, so I ruled those out. Then I saw there were a casual 27,381 prizes









showcased his work there at the beginning of his career. It's since been collected by Brad Pitt, and is worth hundreds of thousands.

What I bought

A Connor Brothers limited-edition print. A piece of theirs sold at Bonhams for almost £4.000 more than the asking price. Kerching.

The profit

£400, but potentially more later on. Art appraiser Robert James says I could value it now at £500 (but I'd have to wait before selling it).

TRY IT YOURSELF

Go to art fairs, graduate shows and small galleries. Ask where the artist trained - it's a good sign if it's the Royal Academy Schools or the Royal College Of Art. Hit the fairs just before closing - the artist might be more open to haggling.

2 Prints are a smart way to get the work of a well-known artist for less. Stick to those with a print run of 100 or under. Those with AP on them are rare artist proofs - they've belonged to the artist, and art dealers go wild for them.

3 It's perfectly acceptable to contact the artist privately - they might have a sketch or smaller piece that suits your budget. Ownart.org.uk also offers interest-free loans, so you can spread out the cost of the piece.



in the title when

followed by an

era, the colour,

where possible,

a brand name.

Easy, right?

listing are 'vintage'.

the size, style and,

From charity shops (head to an affluent area), I buy three bags, and in TK Maxx I find a Juicy Couture bag, worth £294, for



The profit

£62. But a warning: - there are postage costs (Poundland has cheap packaging) and site fees (Ebay takes 10% commission from each sale).

TRY IT YOURSELF

Ebay gets u most traffic Ebay gets the on a Sunday evening, while app-based listing sites such as DePop peak on weekday mornings around 8am when people browse through during their daily commute.

 Shoddy photos **L** are the way to buy, but they definitely aren't the way to sell. Instead, snap up bargains and then reshoot them, relist them and book that trip to St Tropez with the profits. Easy.

 The thumbnail **J** is key: 60% of people use their phone for online shopping now, so that first image potential buyers see has to be eye-grabbing. White space and good framing is essential.



they've probably

done most of their

are newly planted

saplings - there's

growing. 'Fledgings'

potential for growth,

but they're less likely

to survive hard times.

What I bought

£49. I list it for £80.



What I bought

Through TD Direct Investina, I buy £88 of Mulberry shares - they've recently brought in a new designer from Céline to reinvent the label.



The profit

£3.50 in dividends, but McGrade reckons if I put £100 annually into my stocks and not my savings, it could make £18,000 in 10 years.

Shares are shown in pennies, so all vou have to do is move the decimal point two places over to the left to figure out how much you'll pay in pounds - so a 1,150.00 share will cost you £11.50. Carol Vorderman... we're coming for you.

 To make your L life easier, it's best to pick a British company if it's your first time investing. After all, things are complicated enough without getting involved in (and potentially confused by) the whole exchange rate thing.

1 The Moneybox **J** app allows you to 'microinvest' you link it to your bank account, and it rounds up small purchases to the nearest pound and invests that money in stocks and shares in companies such as Netflix and Apple.





After doing my research, I was feeling confident, so I invested all £100 in 20 Fast £500 cards.



The profit

-£25. I won £75 over eight cards, which was very exciting, but it still left me out of pocket. Bit rubbish.

TRY IT YOURSELF

Head to the scratchcard page of the National Lottery website. You can see how many of the top prizes for each scratchcard are left. and click through and read the back of each scratchcard to find the odds.

♠ There's a theory **4** out there that buying scratch cards from different places increases your chances of winning. However, it turns out this is a myth, so don't bother wasting your energy going from shop to shop.

There's a roughly one-in-three chance of winning on the £250 Million Cash Spectacular, (£10 a play), compared to the one in 4.64 chance on the £1 Cash Tripler. But you have more to lose: we think this one is best left to the experts. •



This is why your teeth feel sensitive

Under a microscope, this is what the sensitive areas of your teeth look like.

Tiny holes in dentine are now exposed.

This is how you can help keep the pain away

Keep using Sensodyne® desensitising toothpaste for continued sensitivity relief.*



No.1 DENTIST RECOMMENDED BRAND FOR SENSITIVE TEETH

*with twice daily brushing.

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MOVP

STRETCH YOUR BODY AND YOUR MIND...



SNAP, CRACKLE AND CHOP

They brought us avo on toast, turmeric lattes and flat whites, and now those crazy Australians are mixing up our mornings yet again with, wait for it... veggie breakfast bowls. Whether it's porridge topped with pumpkin purée and sliced sweet potato, blended greens and yoghurt, or courgette mixed with oats (known as 'zoats'), the Antipodean health set understand the benefits of getting your fibre in early (studies show consuming it in the morning will keep you more than full until lunch). No time for all that chopping in the AM? Just mix 30g of cooked oats with half a grated courgette and milk, then pop on the hob for 10 minutes (or in the microwave for two). Take that, Shreddies.



SOBER: ORUNA

Self-confessed booze binger and party addict

JOSIE COPSON asked herself one important

question: if you had to do all your usual drunk

behaviour stone-cold sober – would you? Could you?

am *always* the drunk one. The one you refer to when you need to make yourself feel better about your life decisions the morning after. "Don't feel bad about falling over because you'll never guess what Josie did..."

Some examples of 'what Josie did' include: hopping into Jon Clark's (of *TOWIE* fame) cab uninvited and then proceeding to stalk him inside

a Chelsea nightclub; threatening bodily harm to a house party DJ because there wasn't enough Drake on his playlist; and once, after consuming too many all-inclusive cocktails on a family holiday, passing out in a random corridor, only to be found 12 hours later by my mum and the hotel concierge. Why, oh *why*, do I do these things? That's the question I ask the University of Bristol's Professor



Marcus Munafo, whose speciality is alcohol (the study of it, that is, not the consumption). "It's down to the prefrontal cortex. This is the part of the brain that is responsible for our decision-making and our social behaviour. It usually lets us know when we're making a dangerous decision. Alcohol can make it go seriously awry."

I tell Professor Munafo that the longest I've gone without a drink since I was 18 is three days. There's a silence. "Well, Josie, even a month's break could help to produce some healthy cells and rectify some of the damage," he tells me.

I have considered giving it a rest many times, usually the morning after when I feel like some evil doctor has removed all the saliva from my mouth, but I'm always put off because of the social implications. The problem is, I kind of like drunk me. She's a hoot 95% of the time. I don't

want to be the bore that no one wants on their night out. So now I'm taking on a new kind of health challenge – I will go sober but continue doing all the stuff I usually do drunk to see if it's possible to live clean and still have fun.



TEXTING AN EX

Pain Factor 5
There are

exactly zero attractive men at the pub tonight (soda-and-lime goggles are a lot less powerful than wine ones) so I resort to what I usually do in this situation – texting my ex. When I'm drunk, doing this is like a muscle memory – something I do without even thinking. But now it takes me about 15 minutes to formulate the

"I don't want to

be the bore no

one wants on

their night out"

message and it hurts to have to press send. It reads, 'Hey, I know we haven't

spoken for ages but I just wanted to say I wish nothing but the best for you in 2017 and all the years following. He replies, 'Bloody hell, are you drunk, Josie.' with

five crying-laughing emojis. Usually I can't even remember sending this text in the morning, and then I have a sick feeling I've pulled open a past I didn't want to remember. Why would I treat a boy who dumped me by text this kindly? The boy whose rejection was part of the reason I started drinking until I blacked out. It's idiotic, and doing it sober highlights just how stupid it is. The conversation continues with small talk, and it feels as if I've voluntarily handed him all the power by reaching out. I recommend everyone sends an ex a text sober to teach yourself that there is nothing to gain. You'll never do it again. Trust me.

SINGING KARAOKE

Pain Factor 4
Remember that time you belted out Whitney in front of your colleagues? If you don't, they definitely



do. Whenever I do karaoke, I am

convinced I'm the highlight of everyone's night, and that I'll soon be inundated with offers to perform at their family parties. I tell John Woodward, professor of neuroscience at the Medical University of South Carolina, that I often think I'm Adele's biggest rival after a few beverages. He sniggers, "There is some evidence that alcohol enhances the ability to recognise happy faces faster, and this can egg us on." But tonight I've drunk nothing but lemonade, and therefore everyone's faces suddenly look like a wall of Scream masks. My name's called. I cannot sing. This is a ridiculous idea. I remind myself that the audience is pretty drunk, awkwardly stumble through Bryan Adams and Melanie C's When You're Gone and sit down. The experience is so much more intense, but I actually get a bigger buzz and an odd sense of achievement that I probably wouldn't have had if I'd been drinking. It genuinely helps me to conquer my stage fright. Once you've done something as horrific as that, piping up at those Monday-morning meetings will seem a lot less scary.





EATING A KEBAB

Pain Factor 3
I'm so into drunk food I once wrote a 1,132-word article on the subject for my university newspaper.

My go-to order is a regular mixed doner kebab with mint yoghurt sauce and extra onions - but I would never usually eat one sober at 3am, after already having three square meals that day. Turns out my post-midnight feast contains around 2,000 calories*, and is almost double my recommended daily salt intake. Three night buses passed by in the time it took me to eat half of it. How do I get through them so quickly when I'm drunk? Alcohol is the culprit again - it makes you crave greasy, fatty foods. "Alcohol increases the production of a hormone called ghrelin, which increases our appetite for fat, so that's why we're attracted to these dense, high-calorie foods," Birmingham City University's senior nutrition lecturer Mel Wakeman explains. I feel sick for hours. If I'd been drunk, I'd have fallen asleep straight after and wouldn't have had to feel this nauseous. Next time,

Wakeman tells me to try a dry tikka and rice at an Indian (650 calories, but also marinated in chilli and ginger, which both help kick-start your metabolism), or a chicken shish kebab with salad (300 calories). I make no promises.

HITTING THE FLOOR Pain Factor 3

What the Borneo rainforest is to the proboscis monkey, the dance floor is to me. It is my natural habitat and I love it. There's not much room for you if you're dancing near me. Yet now, when I'm at one of my favourite haunts, Mayfair's Mahiki, I feel out of place without vodka pulsing through my veins. I realise I always need 'just one more drink' before I can loosen up and do things like chat to men or dance. Without alcohol, I worry I'm unable to have a good time. Speaking to Professor Woodward before I went out, he encouraged me to push on. "Once we drink alcohol while doing a certain activity, our brain makes us feel like we need it every time. The more you experience fun times without it, the better you can participate in activities without feeling the need to drink." With his words ringing in my ears, I grab my mocktail and leave the comfort of my booth behind. I launch into an awkward side step to a Little Mix song. In my head, I'm as wooden as the treasure chests they serve cocktails in, but once I look around and see everyone else is a) totally involved in their own moves, and b) those moves are every bit as extravagant as mine usually are, I feel at ease. I spend the remainder of the night shaking it off.

LESSONS LEARNED

I'm not going to lie and tell you I'm now teetotal. I love wine too much. But I did notice a change in myself. After five days sober, I started to write

a book. I've had the idea for a year but was too caught in a cycle of hangovers to act on it. After 19 days, I started taking dance lessons again. This was once an important part of my life, but then I went to university and discovered £1.50 Jäegerbombs. It made me realise how much time, energy and money I devote to drinking, and that those things could be used in better ways. Being known as the fun, drunk one and feeling the pressure to deliver that performance each time I'm out is exhausting, but one of my big fears is that people think I'm boring - and they'll suddenly discover that alcohol has been masking the fact I'm as dull as an episode of Gardener's World. But I've learned that I do have an identity outside of the party scene and do you know what? I'm ready to embrace it. •

THINGS YOU SHOULD ONLY EVER DO DRUNK

Traffic-cone comedy

Simply placing the object atop your head will cause *almost* everyone to die of laughter. Simple, yet effective.

Harassing your taxi driver

You will first ask to change the radio station, then you will request they turn it up. Finally, you'll sing loudly and demand, "JOIN IN. JOIN IN."

Toilet friendship

It's long been noted that if women were as nice to each other in real life as we are in nightclub toilets, then the world would be a better place.

Fund everyone's night

Suddenly you've got the bank balance of Richard Branson and the generosity of Mother Teresa. You just *have* to buy everyone a shot.

Overshare

The girl in the queue for the cloakroom now knows that your mum lost you in Tesco when you were five. "I just don't think I've ever got over it... sorry, what was your name?"



All-OVE toner

Get 50 shades fitter with these moves from Dakota Johnson's PT hen you've got to be in your underwear for almost an entire film, you need to look *good*. Which is why, when preparing for the *Fifty Shades Of Grey* trilogy, Dakota Johnson and Jamie Dornan turned to

Ramona Braganza, whose training method comprises three rounds of cardio, two circuits and one core set. "Switching between moves makes the workout fun and challenges your muscles," she says. Do a round of cardio (step 1), complete the circuit (steps 2-4), then repeat from the start (steps 1-4); next do the second cardio set (step 5), and finish with the core. We take no responsibility for all your pay cheque being spent on

STEP 3 Circuit: squat with press

TARGETS All over

Lower into a squat.

2 Place your arms out to the sides, elbows bent,

then press them together above your head.

3 Lower your arms back, and press them together in front of you, bringing your elbows to meet.

4 Stay in a squat and repeat for one minute. Think of the spaghetti straps!



PHOTOGRAPH ERIC RAY DAVIDSON/TRUNK ARCHIVE. ILLUSTRATIONS LIZZY THOMAS

show-off underwear.

STEP1 Cardio

TARGETS All over

Start standing up, then lower into a squat. 3 Extend your legs in front of you and lie 2 From your squat, place your hands on the ground to lower yourself to sitting. back, arms flat on the ground.

4 Bend your knees, do a sit-up, then use



STEP 2 Circu

TARGETS Thighs, triceps

I Stand on one leg and kick your other leg straight out behind you. Lean forward so 2 Back straight, extend your arms directly behind you with a dumbbell in each your torso is parallel with the floor.

seconds on one leg to the other leg for before switching hand, bend your motion for 30 elbows, then extend your 3 Repeat the arms again.

STEP 4 Circuit: stat

TARGETS Core, triceps, glutes

1 Lower to a lunge and extend your arms slightly behind you.

as you hold the lunge for 30 seconds. 2 Rotate your arms in small circles opposite direction for 30 seconds. Switch legs; rotate arms in the 3 Now repeat steps 1-4.

STEP 5 Cardio: spraw

FARGETS Core, triceps, glutes

1 From standing, slowly lower into a squat.

2 Place your hands on the ground and jump back into a plank. 3 Lower your chest, touch the floor and extend your arms in front

repeat for one of you. Return to standing, then minute.



STEP 6 Core

IARGETS Abdominals, obliques, lower back in front of you with a dumbbell in each hand. 1 Sit with your knees bent and arms stretched 2 Gently lean back, inhale and rotate to the

right, reaching your right 3 Exhale, return to arm behind you. twist to the left. the centre, then



4 Continue for one minute.

another 30 seconds.



Sports bra, £30, The North Face

TIP!

Colour-blocking for beginners and the shy: stick to a basic palette of white, black and pale grey, and pick one pop of primary colour.



Move



Bag, £120, P.E Nation at Net-a-porter.com



Sweatshirt, £76, Champion at Asos.com

OK, we can't promise that these electric brights will supercharge your workout, but they *definitely* won't hurt...



Top, £35, Ivy Park at Topshop



Top, £75, P.E Nation at Net-a-porter.com



Trainers, £79.95, Adidas



Foam roller, £11.99, My Protein

Watch, £85, Nixon



Shorts, Tommy Hilfiger Denim







alife's a pitch

From kiss and tells to drunken debauchery, footballers exist in a world of scandal, skyhigh salaries and sex. So who better to lift the lid on what really goes on off the pitch than the women who used to love them?

Words JOSIE COPSON

Photographs MAX OPPENHEIM

he time is 11.30pm and I'm squeezed into a plush velvet booth in the VIP area of an exclusive West End nightclub. Beside me sit a sea of glossy-locked, nubile young women all in near-identical bodycon dresses. In between sips of the free white wine the bar staff have sent over, I attempt to make conversation with three of them, but these women are in no mood to talk. Instead their eyes swivel like roulette wheels up and down the club, until they stop, all at once, at a banquette in the corner of the room.

Here, a cluster of young men swig champagne. At first glance, they could be any boys on a night out, but take a closer look and their features bleed into familiar faces. They are the sporting heroes of our Saturday lunchtimes, the ones whose antics are splashed across the back pages (when they're good) and the front pages (when they're not) of the British tabloids every other weekend. They are premiership footballers and tonight they are these young women's prey.

Many of us have grown up understanding that footballers don't always play by the rules of modernday monogamy – after all, rarely a month passes without a story concerning their libidinous behaviour. And if it's not a story about that behaviour, it's a story about the super injunction masking that behaviour. Tales of threesomes (Wayne Rooney), gerontophilia (also Wayne Rooney - look it up), sex with in-laws (Ryan Giggs's eight-year affair with his sister-in-law Natasha Giggs), as well as more serious allegations of sex with a minor (Adam Johnson) have suggested a truly sordid underbelly.

What makes the above stories all the more shocking is that every footballer mentioned was in a relationship at the time of these allegations. And every partner (except Giggs' wife,

who left five years *after* his affair with his sister-in-law) stayed with them. Why do they do it? Is it pragmatism? Naïvety? A willingness to overlook a few indiscretions for a lifestyle of privilege? Or is it love? To find out, you'd have to speak to those who have gone through it.

SOUAD GOALS

"We used to call them the table sharks," says Lizzie Cundy, smiling. She is talking about the women who would prey on her exhusband, former Chelsea player Jason Cundy, on nights out.

"Most of the girls knew the bouncers well enough for them to tip them off if there were a load of footballers in [the club]. When the champagne and sparklers started, it was like bees around a honeypot."

Cundy is, at a guess, in her mid-forties. She has glowing, expensive-looking skin and the hard-boiled body of someone who spends hours in the gym.

"It was the same at games," she continues. "I used to have to ask the other wives to watch my seat, because otherwise by the time I'd been to the loo and come back, there'd be another girl in my seat. We'd even have a little code, to tell each other if someone had been sniffing around. You'd have to constantly watch your back."

Lizzie speaks with the cool detachment of someone who has had time to heal old wounds. She was with Cundy from the age of 19, and the two divorced in 2012 after his well-publicised affair with an opera singer. "Unfortunately if you marry a footballer," she warns, "then you've got to have eyes in the back of your head."

POWER PLAY

Hannah Roberts* speaks with less impartiality. We meet one rainy Tuesday afternoon in west London.



I spot her immediately, a diminutive doll of a woman with a wide smile and even wider eyes. She dated a championship footballer 'unofficially' (OK! magazine translation: no rock, no wedding) for two years after they met in an All Bar One. At the time, he was a mid-level footballer. Hannah had barely heard of him before but he was fun and charming and there were romantic dates and lavish meals out. That was until the club he played for starting picking him more regularly for games.

"Things changed when his career really took off. He stopped talking to me, and I assumed he was with •NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED. DANIELLE. DRESS, LIPSY NICKI; DRESS, FOREVER NEW AT LIPSY EARRINGS H&M. NECKLACE AND BRACELET, LOLA AND GRACE. SHOES, BEBO. SARAH; BRACELETS, SOMETHING ABOUT MABELE, RINGS, PANDORA, LIZZIE: DRESS, KEEPSAKE. SHOES, NEW LOOK HANNAH; DRESS, LIPSY, SHOES, RIVER SLAND, EARRINGS, MARKS & SPENCER, RING, LOLA AND GRACE. ALL OTHER ITEMS, MODELS' OWN



other girls," she says.
"I presume that I fitted in around them, and they fitted in around me. After that, there were no more nice dinners or dates. He only wanted to see me for sex." She looks away and it's the first time she looks upset. "As his fame increased, so did his

sexual appetite. He became a lot more domineering once everyone knew who he was."

She concurs that it's the combination of power, wealth and

"There were no more dates. He only wanted to see me for sex" opportunity that makes adultery so prevalent among footballers, but also social media has provided a whole new conduit for bad behaviour.

"Footballers don't even have to go out now. Girls would post 'please follow me' on his Instagram and he would. I never knew

for sure, but I reckon he slept with a few of his fans this way. In the end, I couldn't put up with the anxiety and uncertainty of going out with him, but a lot of women are prepared to turn a blind eye. For £20,000 a week, they ignore the fact he's shagging someone else."

PLAYING AWAY

It was never about the money, says Sarah Ruddock, ex-wife of the former Liverpool and England player Neil 'Razor' Ruddock. Together since their early twenties, they were married for 16 years and had two children before one cheating allegation too far – Neil was believed to have cheated on Sarah on two separate occasions. One with glamour model Ashleigh Fogg in 2001 and another with his now-wife Leah Newman.

"I took him back twice before I eventually called time on our marriage. I loved him, he was the father of my children, my whole world, but enough was enough." Her tone is warm and seemingly without bitterness. "At a guess, Neil was earning about £11,000 a week – nothing by current standards, but a lot for the time – and he had an ego about him. The problem with having an ego is that you need it massaged constantly. And that's where other women came in."

Perhaps it's because she's famous for a string of high-profile footballer partners (former Manchester United star Teddy Sheringham, Sunderland striker Jermain Defoe and former Everton striker Marcus Bent) before tying the knot with Jamie O'Hara, that Danielle Lloyd's treatment by the tabloids hasn't been quite as favourable as Sarah's. Married to the former midfielder (and subsequent Celebrity Big Brother star) for two years, he was reportedly earning £1.8 million a year at the peak of his career. The morning after the wedding, he presented her with a diamondencrusted Bentley. Now they've divorced, it's been reported that he pays her £15,000 a month as part of their settlement. So far, so predictable. As, indeed, was the way it all ended.

"He'd come home in the middle of the night with lipstick on his >



shirt," she says. His excuse? "It was loud in there and the waitress had to lean in to whisper." She realises now that she just accepted it, but she claims he has since admitted he cheated on 10 different occasions.

She says there are always a multitude of reasons why women stay. It's the lifestyle of course, and love, but "it's also because they're scared that they've got nothing going for them outside the relationship".

This is a sentiment echoed by almost all of the women I speak to for this piece, who say that living the football life can actually be an incredibly lonely experience. "They're never around at Christmas, they're away every other weekend," Lizzie explained.

Another former WAG, Nicki Rodriguez (who was married to Queens Park Rangers' Stuart Wardley for three years), ended it even though her husband did no wrong. One night, she packed her and her daughter's belongings into a black bin liner and left. "It's not a stable life," she tells me. "Sometimes they're playing, sometimes they're not. They might get transferred across the country with no notice. The footballers all gel as a team, but the wives get left, out of the way. I felt very isolated, and if you leave, you leave behind what friends you've made, too."

She admits the lifestyle was seductive, though. "I remember one day, Stuart came back home with a new Range Rover *and* a convertible Mercedes – but it was no substitute for a normal life."

NO FREE PASSES

Every good story needs a villain and a hero, and in these tales at least, it's easy to make the men – the footballers in question – the former. Yet interestingly, even the women that they've 'wronged' don't seem entirely willing to place any blame at their feet.

They point, instead, to the variety of reasons why the same clichéd story keeps repeating over and over again. The first? Footballers are young and encouraged by the clubs to marry early. This is seemingly for stability, but what it does is create momentum for rebellion later in life. Then there's money and power - perhaps the two greatest motivators, both available to these men in spades, but only for a finite amount of time. Why wouldn't they use them while they can? Finally, there are the girls. Those who make £10,000 from selling a story to the tabloids that usually starts life in identical VIP rooms to the ones I found myself in when I began this piece; and those who wait for the call from the newspapers, telling them it was their husband or boyfriend that got caught. They all play their part.

HAIR DIEGO MIRANDA, USING ORIBE. MAKE-UP EMILY-JANE WILLIAMS, USING CHARLOTTE TILBURY, STYLING MADDY ALFO PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT WILL NAKSDEN, HAIR AND MAKEUP ASSISTANTS RACHEL MCNULTY, SOPHIE ANDERS. FOST PRODUCTION DIGITAL LIGHT ITD, ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHS, GETTY INAGES



And so, I'm afraid, do we. When I spoke to Danielle, she told me that "it takes two to tango". But surely it takes four? The footballers, the girls, the wives – and us. We are complicit in their duplicity by providing a willing audience for it, and complicit in the downfall that usually follows, because we are the ones who put them on a pedestal in the first place. •



BEHIND THE SCENES

Josie Copson

"The trickiest thing about this piece was that this world – of footballers and the partners who left them

behind – is shrouded in secrecy (ironic given how public a lot of the scandals that surround them are). Getting the women to talk involved a complicated sequence of emails, phone calls and messages, with them having to check what they said with lawyers. Once they did let me in though, boy, did they have a lot to say."



Having a ball?

One ex-Championship player, who played professionally for 22 years, reveals what it's really like on his side of the field

t's the night before an away game against West Ham. In a hotel room, a teammate and I are asleep when the telephone rings. It's one of the other players. He's arranged to meet a girl in his room but she's brought a friend, so he asks if she can stay in our room. My teammate agrees. I pretend I'm still asleep as he answers the door and leads her into the bathroom. There's a few giggles, some groans and half an hour later the door closes again and we go back to sleep. This is normal.

Women literally being delivered to your doorstep for sex. You don't even have to look for 'it' in bars, but when you do, 'it' tends to find you. You're stood at a bar and a woman casually slips her hand down the front of your trousers. You've not seen her before, but you don't stop her either. Half an hour later, you can't remember what she said, or was called, yet you're back home with her. This is normal.

They say footballers attract a certain type of woman, but it's every type of woman. It isn't just the stereotypical football groupie. It's the estate agent showing you around your new apartment. The mum whose eye you catch as you do the school run. It's your wife's best friend who sneaks into the room you sleep in alone because

"you have to prepare for the game tomorrow". And more common than you think, it's the wife of the older player in the squad who has long since tired of her husband. This is all normal.

Is this just a footballer

thing? Of course not. These are just men who are given more opportunity than your average male and they take it. There is simply nothing wrong with it 99.9% of the time. It's fun and everyone gets what they want, but the stories that people remember are the extremes. Does every footballer act on their impulses? Not at all. Does every night out end with a pile of people on a bed where the only things you can make out are arms and legs? Well. I've not been involved in that. And I played professionally for two decades.

For every player like
John Terry or Ryan Giggs
who is caught in a scandal,
there are many others
who go home to their wife
and kids every night. For
every young player who



Women are delivered to your doorstep for sex

is seen out on the town on a Saturday night, there are others sat at home with a takeaway watching Match Of The Day.

You have to remember this isn't something that happens gradually. You leave school, go into professional football, then bang, everything hits you at once. You're given money, adulation and a false sense of worth. You become everything you're expected to be until you work things out for yourself. Some players never get to that point, but then, what makes them different to everyone else who struggles with certain things in life?

What you do learn as you get older is that most of the women who want you just want the parts of you that come with being a footballer. They simply want to be your 'plus one' in a lifestyle, and for many, it's a realisation that dawns on you too late. So blame footballers for their antics if you want to, but that's only half of the story.



READ

If your twenties are meant to be the best years of your life, then why are so many young women experiencing crippling anxiety, abject loneliness and the advent of what they're all calling a 'quarter-life crisis'? Jennifer Savin, 24,



ry to imagine the scene, if you will. I am dancing and chanting while simultaneously having to make very intense eye contact with six total strangers in a ballroom high up in the Spanish hills. The act of doing all three at once is bad enough, and that's before I've caught sight of my reflection laughing back at me from the glare of the window. What am I doing here? What are we, half a dozen seemingly normal young women from across the UK, doing here? Let me explain.

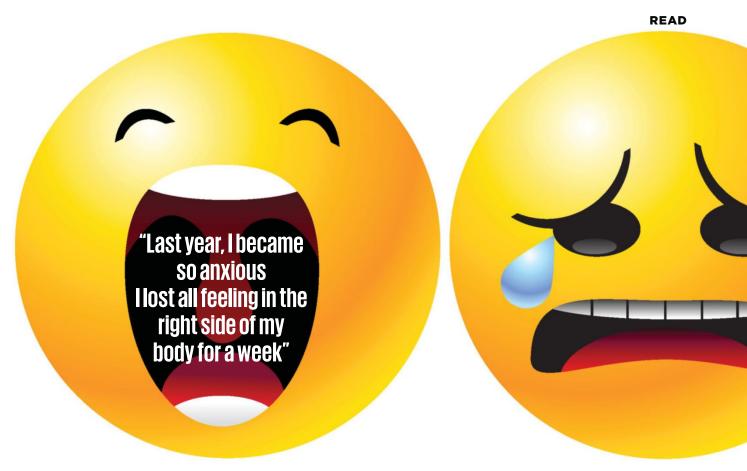
We have gathered in a four-star hotel in the Spanish town of Benahavís to spend the next week meditating, practising yoga and eating vegan meals, while spiritually exorcising ourselves. Each one of us has paid £300 to be here, and dutifully filled in a very thorough application form. ('Are you familiar with gluten-free, plant-based eating?' No, no, I am not, but I can name every dessert from the Pizza Hut menu, if you like.) Our reasons for this trip vary, from the two 29-year-old women in post-break-up wilderness, to the 30-year-old managing director who

wants a career change and is feeling the pressure to get married. Yet we are all united in one thing: that we feel lost, cut adrift from the life path each of us thought we would travel. And so we have gathered here under the auspices of the retreat's 29-year-old founder (bear with me, I'll come onto her later) to seek spiritual guidance and life-affirming renewal. We have come, as the website puts it, because each of us believes we are experiencing 'a quarter-life crisis'.

I'm 24 and am no stranger to a nervous breakdown (or three). Last year, I became so anxious I lost all feeling in the right side of my body for a week. Doctors told me it was due to stress-induced migraines or the secondary effects of anxiety and sent me away with a fistful of antidepressants (I only took them for a few weeks). Not long after, I headed home to my parents' for Easter and cried relentlessly, refusing to eat or move out of the spare bedroom for four days straight. I remember calling my best friend and repeatedly saying, 'I can't look after myself any more, it's too hard'.

I know what you're thinking right about now: this is life in your twenties. It's a decade defined by mess and malaise. Well, yes and no.

Every twentysomething throughout the course of history has felt pressure to succeed, but my generation seems to be crumbling under the burden harder and faster than our parents. Today's twentysomethings report peak levels of loneliness and despondency. There are 3.3 million of us between 20 and 34 still living with our mum and dad (or, hell, even gran and



grandad). A quarter of graduates are unemployed for a year after getting their degree (making that debt of £25,000 feel totally worthwhile). There's been a 165% increase in the prescription of antidepressants in England since 1998, while self-harm rates have trebled. And yet we're labelled spoilt and indulged by those generations who have come before us; generations who have mortgages and pensions and 'jobs for life'.

And so here I am, standing in front of a 29-year-old woman called Stephanie Kazolides. Who may or may not have the answer. Stephanie founded The Quarter Life Health Project last year, after having a post-university crisis of her own which left her, like me, bedbound. She tells me she recovered when her cousin introduced her to yoga, plant-based eating and she adopted a more holistic approach to health. I can feel my eyes rolling.

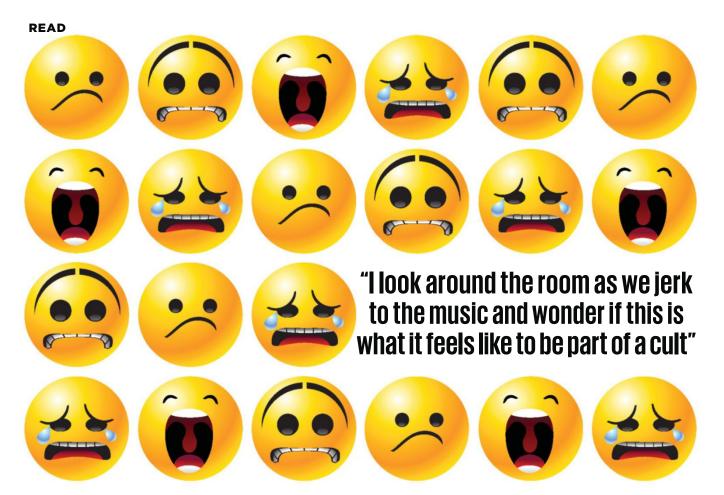
Last year she hosted seven weeklong retreats like this one, and received hundreds of applications from those who spotted her flyers strategically left in yoga classes or stumbled across reviews on health blogs. The course was so popular she had to turn away 30 people when the retreat initially launched, she tells me, sitting cross-legged atop a sea of white linen cushions.

We arrived some days earlier in dribs and drabs. Gemma*, a 29-year-old from Manchester, and I shared a ride from the airport together. She told me she teaches yoga part-time, alongside working as a freelance hair and make-up artist, but is basically here to take some time for herself away from juggling two full-on businesses and family life. I share a bunk bed in the communal dorm with a young woman from New Zealand called Charla*, who is also 29. Her UK visa will expire in a few months, and she has no idea what to do next. Steph says her usual clientele come from busy cities where they're on the brink of burnout, and that she uses the questionnaire to check how openminded they'll be during their stay.

Very deep breaths

"A quarter-life crisis often follows four stages and unfolds over several years," Dr Oliver Robinson, a senior lecturer in psychology who has extensively researched mental health in emerging adulthood, told me from his office in the University of Greenwich before my trip. "I would say a breakdown is, albeit a non-technical term, something that happens *during* a crisis when a person feels they can't manage and has to step back from their commitments for some time to regroup."

I remember these words as Stephanie stands in front of the room and asks, "What does your soul yearn for?" We go around the room. Answers range from "love" to "freedom", and when it's my turn the word "companionship" inexplicably tumbles from my mouth. This is odd because I'm out with friends five nights a week, but I often go home alone and feel that something is missing. When it comes to men, I'm guilty of pushing the decent ones away, preferring >



instead to chase those who are almost always emotionally unavailable.

The next day, over a lunch of falafel and tahini (which we bless, naturally), a full-time kundalini yogi and holistic life coach called Nina* who, she informs us, has studied neurolinguistic programming, starts to share her story. She's a recovering drug addict and alcoholic who used to run a plastic surgery clinic. She explains how she underwent intense training at a yogic research institute that "broke her down then rebuilt her into something stronger". This, she says with a smile, is what she'll be doing to us over the course of the week.

After lunch we have a lesson on the physical effects of stress on the nervous system, set to Punjabi beats. Nina bounces energetically on her yoga mat, shouting, "Keep going!" as we all try to "shake off" our tensions. I look around the room as we all rush and jerk to the music and wonder if this is what it feels like to be a part of a cult.

Out with the old

The week continues in much the same way – we rise as one at 7am, and then head to breakfast. A plate of buckwheat pancakes precedes more chanting, before it's time to "clean out our basements" (not a euphemism for vaginal steam-cleaning).

And then, on day three, something shifts. In a sage voice, Nina explains the main event of the retreat is performing a "mental inventory" on ourselves: dragging up painful memories to examine, then thrash out our feelings, in order to transcend them. It's like clearing out your wardrobe, only you're binning off emotional baggage rather than impulse Ebay purchases. (It follows a similar model to that of Alcoholics Anonymous's 12-step programme, I later learn.)

We're asked to spend the day writing a list of 25 people (minimum) we've experienced negative feelings towards. You can include people you're closest to, and can go back as many years as you'd like. Then you must ask a series of questions: 'What did I do (if anything) to put myself in a position to be harmed and why?' and 'What was I seeking or gaining from the situation?' Followed by 'What is the *truth* of the situation?' I head up to the mountains to stretch out and write my roll call.

After a couple of hours, my notebook contains three exboyfriends, a handful of flings, three family members and all the girls who were mean to me at school, plus a couple of friends. I discover it's surprisingly easy to unearth negativity towards mankind. And that, right there, is the problem. I look down the list, and see names I haven't thought about for years. Suddenly past experiences (the ex-boyfriend who held my arm against a radiator until it blistered; the thin-eyebrowed girl who threw stones at me after



school) begin to snap, crackle and pop around my brain like space-dust candy.

Most of these people, and the issues associated with them, were sealed years ago. Admittedly not always neatly, but they've been filed deep in my subconscious. And up until now, I've been OK with that. But now I find myself becoming both angry and upset as I stare at the names. It's like lifting the lids off a row of boiling pots – and scalding yourself all over again.

Nina then instructs us to match our emotional response to the situations and names from a list of adjectives. We can choose from 'inferior,' 'jealous,' 'judgemental,' 'hypocritical' and over 20 others, then we have to write a 'lesson and a blessing' gained from each scenario. I write down the name of a casual acquaintance who instantly makes me grind my teeth. After analysing the situation, I realise that actually that's *my* problem – not hers. That situation arises because I've been 'judgemental' and quick to 'anger'

around her in the past. As I head back to the hotel with a yoga mat slung over one shoulder, I spot one of the other women crying next to the swimming pool hunched over her journal. Gemma, meanwhile, is sitting cross-legged on the terrace and gives me a serene, silent wave.

Moving on

"You had bad dreams last night. Your breathing was panicked," says Charla, towelling off her hair after a morning shower. Now I remember. I dreamed I'd broken into an ex-boyfriend's house, got lost in the dark then desperately tried to "find everything I'd left behind" there. I feel emotionally hungover. Later in the week, I see I'm not the only one as many of the women break into tears during our daily meditation sessions, though weirdly I do not.

The retreat draws to an end. On our last day, Nina instructs us to put everything "back in the basement". She asks us to imagine our life as a wheel with spokes (work, friends, relationships etc) coming out of it and in the centre of it all – in order to feel fulfilled – needs to be ourselves. There's no eye rolling this time.

It's dark outside and Nina is sitting by a bucket of burning fire blocks. One by one, we drop in our list of lessons from the week and dance like Kate Bush on the terrace, to celebrate our new freedom. As I twirl around for an hour with my eyes closed, the endorphin hit feels good. The other women make solemn pledges to continue meditating and practising yoga daily - and from social media, it looks as if they have. So maybe some young women do need a camp to teach them coping strategies. Me, less so. On the plane home, curled up under the leopard-print coat I thought necessary to bring to Spain, I wonder if what I experienced last year actually could be classed as a quarter-life crisis - or whether, more simply, it was just life. •

CELEBRITY OUARTER-LIFERS

Take heart from these stars who've made it through the other side



Adele

One of our favourite humans on the planet once said, "Reaching 25 was

a turning point for me. Teetering on the edge of being an adolescent and a fully-fledged adult, I made the decision to go into becoming who I'm going to be forever without a removal van full of my old junk."

Louise Pentland

The YouTuber shared her quarter-life crisis with 3.7 million



subscribers. "I remember being 23 and thinking, 'I haven't got a career, it's too late now! Everyone I know knows what they're doing!' I was upset all the time because I left university and I got a boring office job and was like. 'Is this it? Is this my life?'"



Lena Dunham

The *Girls* creator is always open about her OCD, depression

and anxiety. "When I got out of college I thought, "What am I gonna do? No one's gonna hire me, I'm a fat girl," she said. And look at her now.



BEHIND THE SCENES

Jennifer Savin

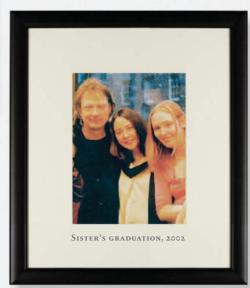
"One of the funniest moments was when one of the other brilliant women,

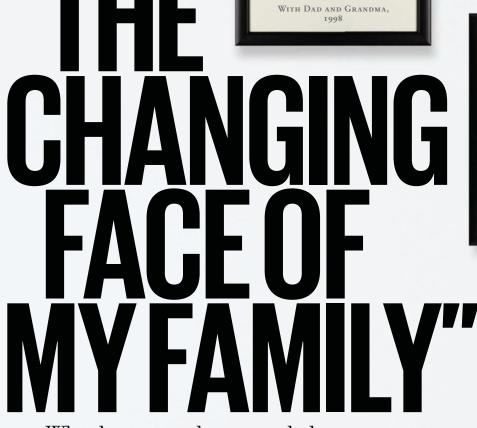
who wore head-to-toe pink the entire week, came to breakfast holding a bag of what I thought was placenta for everybody – and I internally said, 'OK, this shit has gone too far'. It turned out to be 'scoby' (the jelly stuff you make kombucha tea from)."

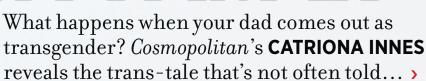




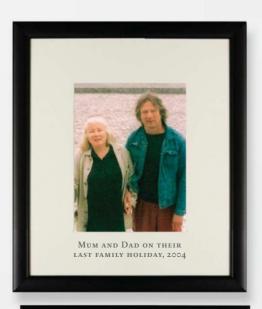
















ith a ting, ting, ting, ting, the steel drum begins to chime and *Here Comes The Bride* rings through the air. I grip tightly onto my bouquet,

the last of summer's wasps flocking around it. I watch my bridesmaids step out in front of me, walking down the aisle two by two, their sequinned dresses gleaming in the September sunshine. It's almost time. My stomach feels full of air.

Beside me is the presence of a woman who has been there for me my entire life.

"Ready?" she whispers.

I reach over and take her arm. It's not the steadiest – she's being propped up by a stick – but it is safety. I look down at her ruby-red ballet pumps and feel the soft skin beneath my palm. I feel instantly calm as we begin to walk towards the man who is about to become my husband.

They told us this moment would never happen.

That no daughter would ever want her father walking her up the aisle in a dress.

And yet, here we are.

Afterwards, I hug her. "I love you so much, Dad," I say, while my three-year-old nephew, Alex, runs around our feet. "Grandma, Grandma," he shouts. "Look at my bubbles." Then he blows some at us, and my dad reaches over and pops one. Alex yelps with delight.

I can't remember the precise moment my dad told me she was transgender. I don't know how she phrased it or even if the 't' word was used. I just remember that it made sense. I was 16 and a piece of the jigsaw puzzle that made me who I was had been found, and clicked into place: the reason behind the black skirt that would be slipped on 'for comfort' after a day of wearing trousers and why, when I got my ears pierced, Dad did too. Or that time, while pulling a brush



through my long strawberry-blonde hair, my dad burst into tears – before confessing that he wished his hair was like mine. To outsiders it must sound like a shocking revelation, but to me it was neither of those things.

Yet, back then, and even 15 years later, my dad now a fully transitioned woman with a new birth certificate and passport, it's as if people expect more from me than this. They see our family as complicated and they want answers.

"Does your nephew understand? Is it not confusing for him?"

"But you still call your dad 'Dad'? When you also say 'she'?"

"What does your mum think of all this?"

Some of these are easy. It's not confusing for Alex because it's all he's ever known. I call Dad 'Dad' because that's who she is: my father. But I use the feminine pronoun because she is now a woman. The latter is less straightforward: I don't know what Mum thinks as she died when I was 19, and Dad transitioned shortly after.

It's an answer I perhaps should have sought out. But, until recently, this is something I have refused to do. Instead I've clung onto what I do know: how happy we all were in our chaotic 'upside-down' house where the living room was on the very top floor, and "I love you" was the most common phrase. My parents said it to each other daily,





sometimes twice – as well as flooding my sister Rebecca and I with affection.

Their story was a love-at-first-sight '60s fairy tale. In the year before going to St Andrews University, my dad lived in Spain – and his best friend, already studying there, would send him copies of the student newspaper, which was edited by my mum. Dad would read all her articles and think, "That's the sort of woman I'd love to be with some day." But, harbouring deeply rooted

desires to wear the flamenco dresses he gazed at in the shop windows, he thought this was an unattainable dream. Then, months later, she saw him – drinking a cup of tea at the table in her flat, in bell-bottomed faded denim, with ice-blue eyes.

Later, they would each place a tab of acid on one another's tongue and wait to see where the trip would take them. Mum spent much of hers jumping gleefully up and down on her bed. But Dad stood still, entranced by the mirror hanging

in the hallway. Staring back was a female skeleton. He confessed his secret that night, and she told him that his deeply feminine qualities were one of the things she loved most about him. That carried on throughout their 33 years of marriage – as they grew from hippie rebels living in a commune, surviving on nettle soup, to career successes with two (almost) adult children.

So why have I never delved deeper

"When you love

someone, you

see beyond

their physicality"

to find out the impact my dad's transition might have had on their relationship? It's not that I'm afraid of the answer, as such. It's because I want to break the rhetoric that surrounds being transgender. There's a message out there that this is something that destroys families and

I've always wanted to send out the positive side of the story. Especially since I've found that, unless you let it, there's no need for a transition to affect a relationship at all – a lesson that most certainly emerged following my mum's death.

It was while I was on my gap year that she had her first stroke. I was in a hostel in Florence and reluctantly accepted a call from my dad before going on a night out. I remember feeling mildly annoyed – in that selfish, teenager way - that my evening had been ruined by this news. I was so far away I felt detached from it all, and had no idea of its significance.

Then – a few weeks after my return – she

had a second stroke. It uncovered a brain tumour, one that was inoperable and that would, the doctors said, kill her within days. She lived for six more months. When she did die, we'd been waiting for so long it didn't even feel real.

It taught me what real loss is. So, when Dad told us six months after Mum's death that she was going to transition fully, I accepted it. I simply saw it as something that wasn't really anything to do with me: it was Dad's own lifelong struggle and something that would, undoubtedly, make her happier.

Dad had been dressing in genderneutral clothing for several years by then, and her transition was purely hormonal, without any surgery, so it wasn't a sudden change. It was so gradual that I used to think that her appearance hadn't altered that much at all. When you love someone you see beyond their physicality: I recognise her mannerisms, the way her eyes widen when she's telling a story or how her laugh rumbles through a room.

Then I look back at old photographs and I see a completely different >

person staring back at me; someone who I don't know any more and haven't seen for a very long time. When I do I'm hit with this longing, of wanting that version of my dad back: the one with the huge mole on the side of his nose and a shaggy bowl cut. It hits me right in the gut, and suddenly I wonder, 'Am I as OK with all of this as I make myself out to be?'

I'm told this is a natural feeling, that when someone transitions there are, of course, things that are going to be lost - and it's OK to mourn those elements; it's when you feel angry at the person for taking them away that problems can arise. Anger is an emotion I definitely don't feel. In fact, as I get older, I feel more guilt for the sacrifices my dad must have made for me. She concealed her identity for such a long time - and that can send a person to some incredibly dark places. To ensure I had such a blissfully happy childhood, what did she have to hide?

"I was in this deep conflict," she tells me. "When I was coming out, the general transphobia in the UK was very intense and, as a man, I was doing very well in the world: I had a beautiful wife, successful career and amazing children. I didn't want to lose all of that – I thought I would be rejected by you all."

Protecting us became her main priority. "I was afraid that you would be bullied in school. Your friends were always round and we were part of a community. I thought that I might be outcast from that, but also, much more importantly, that you would suffer because

Looking back, I can sadly see this fear being

of who I was."









realised. There were zero trans role models in the public eye and very few laws in place to protect transgender people from discrimination. It was only in April 2005 that the Gender Recognition

Act came into place allowing people to legally change their gender in the UK – my mum had died in February that year.

But coming out wasn't easy. There were a few times that Dad would step out of her front door, her favourite skirt on, only to be verbally abused. Members of our family, including my maternal grandma, refused to acknowledge Dad's new name, and people she had worked with in the past disappeared. In comparison with what others go through, this isn't so bad: my dad is fairly well off, works in a creative industry and is surrounded by people who love and look out for her. Factors others are less lucky to have.

Everyone deserves to feel free and supported to be themselves, but life doesn't always work out that way – even now, in a society that appears more accepting than ever. Studies show that 62% have experienced transphobic harassment from strangers*, and 81% will avoid IS FROM SCOTTISH TRANSGENDER ALLIANCE, TRANS MENTAL HEALTH REVIEW, NATIC THE FOR TRANSSENDER EQUALITY, PHOTOGRAPHS, GERTY INAGES, STOCKPHOTO.COP TY MACKAZIE (KRSTYMACKATZIEPHOTOGRAPHYCO.UX), ILLUSTRATION COLIN BEAG certain public situations out of fear. Over 40% had attempted suicide.

It's no wonder that Mum was afraid. When I decided to pluck up the courage to ask Dad whether she was supportive of her transition, I found out that Mum – a year before she died – had said that if Dad wanted to live full time as a woman, they would have to split up.

This is the part of our story I don't even want to acknowledge. By admitting this in such a public forum, am I perpetuating the idea that relationships crumble when one person comes out? In order to stop future wives or daughters from feeling as if there's something wrong with their family because it doesn't match the '2.4' stereotype, we have to change the record.

And today things are different. The situation is improving slowly. There has been an increase in transgender people coming out, as well as a rise in their representation, with Caitlyn Jenner, model Hari Nef and *Orange Is The New Black* star Laverne Cox all appearing on magazine covers.

Looking around at my own family, it's clear Dad's transition has brought only positivity. We are all closer than ever. So had she been alive today, in this much more open and accepting world, would my mum have thought differently? It's a question I will never have resolved, yet, as I sat listening to the chorus of laughter from my Dad's 'trans-parent of the bride' speech on my wedding day, I am almost certain the answer would be yes.



BEHIND THE SCENES

Catriona Innes

"During my research, I found an old diary entry. It read: 'Grandma bought Daddy

Lynx aftershave. I'm so embarrassed for her – everyone knows he only likes girlie things.' I was 13, showing how easily children and teenagers are able to adjust. It's the older generation who tend to struggle."

COMING Sarah O'Connell, 36, shares her experience of transitioning OUT TODAY



magine you've pulled back a catapult for 34 years... and then let it go. That's how I felt when my wife, Eleanor, gave me her blessing to go through with a full medical transition. I ran at it, without fear. It felt more powerful than anything anyone could have said or done to me.

I had known I was female since I was a child. Puberty was incredibly stressful as I just didn't want these changes to happen to my body, so I focused on other parts of my life. Education was incredibly important: I thought if I got a good job it would eventually be easier to tackle everything else - and at college I met Eleanor. I told her a year into our relationship and she was, and has been since, incredibly understanding. Together we have a daughter, who is now six years old.

ago, I knew I had to medically transition. I'd reached a point where I didn't want to go out in public. I felt invisible - no one was calling me the name or pronouns I wanted them to. Just waking up and getting dressed was "Life became a struggle. new. I'd go out I broke down to Eleanor for the first and she simply said, "You time as 'me'"

But, around six years

have to do
something
about this."
But because
we'd just had our
daughter, it wasn't
financially possible, so
it was only in 2015 that
I started speaking to
doctors. I also began to
tell my friends and family
– and over the course of
four months I told 105
people individually, face
to face. The first thing

people often assumed was that my wife and I were going to break up, even though she'd often be sitting beside me. Then they'd ask about our daughter. I'd jokingly say, "Oh, we're keeping her!" A lot of people seemed to think that because they were finding out on that day, so was everyone else - when my wife has known for years, and my daughter has never known any different.

Life became new again. I'd go to the cinema or a restaurant for the first time as 'me'. My friends and family were 100% supportive, which I didn't dare expect.

There's definitely more awareness of trans issues now and everyone who

comes out
makes it
easier for the
next person.
I want my
story to be
the kind I
would love
to have read
when I was
younger: to
give hope to
other trans

people – and their partners. It doesn't have to spell the end of a relationship – they're still the person you fell in love with. Being your whole self with your partner absolutely allows it to work and be better. Eleanor and I are proof of that.





he doorbell rings at 7pm on a Friday night, just as I'm putting the finishing touches to my signature dish – a pumpkin risotto.

I'm job-interview nervous as I open the door.

Standing in front of me is Alex. We've never met before and as we say hello, he goes for a kiss on the cheek while I offer a limp handshake.

I blurt out an offer of an Aperol spritz, take his jacket and then smooth my hands down my apron. He has boyband hair and the lambish perkiness of an early twentysomething. But this isn't a friend of a friend who's turned up early to my dinner party, or even

In fact, the only thing I know about any of them is that they live within about a two-mile radius of my flat, and are willing to pay £8 for a plate of my home-cooked stodge. Why am I doing this? Because I'm roadtesting something called Menu Next Door, a new website that aims to link up enthusiastic home cooks with their equally enthusiastic – and hungry – neighbours.

Like most people who live in a city in 2017, my relationship with my neighbours is not exactly reminiscent of Ramsey Street. I've lived in the same block of flats in south-east London for three years, and while I'm on nodding terms with most people I pass in the identikit white corridors, that's about the extent of it. The only real sense of community spirit stalking this place is passive-aggressive notices in the lifts about fly tipping.

Still, I don't tend to give much thought to the people I share my walls, halls and communal roof terrace with. The only time they cross my mind is when the couple who live across the corridor play One Direction on full blast and have such loud sex it sounds as if I'm watching porn on high volume in my own bedroom.

(God forbid) a deeply intense first Tinder date. No, I've got 10 people coming over for supper tonight, and all of them are strangers.

Maybe it's because we're working longer hours, maybe it's escalating safety fears, or maybe it's our increasing obsession with technology – but one thing is for certain, we have no contact or connection with the people who share our neighbourhoods. More than a third of us couldn't even pick our neighbours out of a line-up*, and worse still, Britain has been voted the loneliness capital of Europe.**

But Silicon Valley has a potential solution to the problem (yes, the same people who created the technology that puts a wall of code between us and the world, but hear me out) – a new raft of apps and websites designed to connect us to those who live in our local area.



As a freelance journalist, I'm the ideal guinea pig to try them out. I work from home every day and my boyfriend, Sam, works in Liverpool from Monday to Friday. I can go for days without talking to a single soul, and sometimes my only human interaction is opening the door to a Deliveroo driver, or buying a pint of milk at my local Tesco. My friends might only be a WhatsApp group away, but all of them live at least a 40-minute train journey from my house. I have 767 'friends' on Facebook,



but no one to go for a spontaneous drink with on a Wednesday.

It wasn't always like this, of course. On the sleepy suburban street in Surrey where I grew up, my sister and I would play 40-40 with the kids next door until our lungs hurt. Psychologists call this kind of interaction with our neighbours 'social capital', and it has very tangible effects. Numerous studies have shown that people who feel they can trust their neighbours report better health and live longer[†]. Having a sense of community and

strong social ties has also been linked to economic growth, and, according to Professor Tony Cassidy's research from the University of Ulster, is crucial for our mental health.

"In the famous study from the '50s of the people relocated from the Bethnal Green slums [in East London], although their quality of life improved, their mental health actually declined," he says.

Professor Cassidy, however, remains sceptical about whether websites and apps can impose a sense of community. "Trust in your neighbours is more about having a sense that they're there if you need them, rather than simply how much time you spend with them."

Basically, it's not something you can slap an Uber-style solution on and expect to find yourself living the *Coronation Street* dream.

Despite Professor Cassidy's reservations, I was embarrassingly eager to give these new 'neighbour' apps a try. Could technology – one of the things that's broken down these community bonds in the first place – really bring neighbours together IRL?

THE NEW DELIVEROO?

Menu Next Door, a website started in Brussels in 2015 by entrepreneur Nicolas van Rymenant, is essentially the AirBnB of food. The service now has 55,000 members in Brussels, Paris and London and is expanding across the UK very soon. The site is full of photos of smiley people

opening ovens. You register your menu, agree to have your kitchen inspected (apparently this rarely happens, no need to bury the washing up in next door's garden just yet) and then hungry punters can search for things using their postcode. Just like your

local Chinese, you can choose to either eat in, or take away.

When I enter my postcode, everything from Sunday roasts to sushi pops up, but I opt for ceviche and a chicken curry for £12, cooked by my Peruvian neighbour Carol. I usually balk at the prices of ceviche in restaurants, so I order two portions – and drag my boyfriend Sam along for the ride. A few times on the way I get cold feet and think about bolting, but the £24 I've paid soon steadies my resolve.

Channelling my inner Ned Flanders, I ring the buzzer. Carol's two ridiculously cute young children scamper down from upstairs and I immediately feel like I am trespassing. The Pisco sour I'm handed helps with that, as does the living room full of strangers I meet after shrugging off my coat.

There are 12 of us in total sat around Carol's modern glass dinner table. Most, like me, want to add their menu to the site as a way to get involved in their local community, but the opportunity to make some extra cash hasn't gone unnoticed either – according to the Menu Next Door website, you can make around £350 in revenue per menu.

The sixtysomething Bangladeshi woman I sit next to has a daughter my age who lives in Berlin, and she's full of praise for the neighbour apps that have brought people together over there. On my other side is a 45-year-old music producer who dabbles in property renovation and

gives me some great advice on doing up my bathroom.

Nights like this, with people so vastly different from each other, are the antidote I didn't know I needed to the Facebook echo chamber I so often find myself in. The next day, I add my own menu

"I can go for days without talking to a single soul" to the site – and you already know what I decided to put on it.

Next for the taste test is Trybe, a similar premise to Menu Next Door, which launched in the UK in October last year. I tapped in my postcode and three hours later was collecting a brown paper bag of 'malfouf', a kind of cabbage roll, from my Palestinian neighbour Amani who lives a few streets away.

With all these food-based apps, there's a leap of faith that the meal has been prepped in a clean environment. But I reason that these kitchens are probably a damn sight cleaner than your average takeaway joint. Perhaps it's actually that element of trust that's been holding us back from getting to know our neighbours in the first place?

SOCIAL SUPPORTERS

Speaking of trust, the next app, Olio, requires a lot of it - trust that your neighbour won't accidentally poison you by confusing out-of-date flour with washing powder. Essentially, it allows people who have surplus food or items to give away to offer them to their neighbours for free or a minimal price. Launched in 2015 by Tessa Cook and Saasha Celestial-One (yes, genuinely her name), it's an amazing idea (given that the average household wastes £700 worth of food a year), but in practice it's a bit hit and miss to use. Your postcode unlocks a feed of nearby items to scroll through (some of the

more random offerings include a "black wig, to be exchanged for a litre of Ribena juice" and Victoria sponge offcuts), complete with pictures of the food, the 'seller', the price and the distance from you. It takes quite a bit of trawling through out-of-date spices and cans

of Chinese grass jelly (nope, no idea)

months. She signed up because she

of Chinese grass jelly (nope, no idea) to find some gems. The non-food items are a bit bargain basement, but if I ever need 400 plastic hangers, this is the place to come.

Eventually I spy a tasty-looking home-baked sourdough loaf, and arrange to pick it up from a woman called Rosie 20 minutes away. She invites me inside her immaculate Victorian house for a cup of tea. Usually, I'd politely turn this down.

"Perhaps it's that

element of trust

that's been

holding us back"

Socialise with strangers? In their *home*? I'll pass, thanks. But Rosie is a homely-looking woman in her fifties who reminds me of my mum. Plus, I'm supposed to be building local bridges. I accept.

A retired council worker, Rosie has been using Olio for six months. She signed up because she was already swapping the bread and doughnuts she had baked for excess veg from people's allotments (which makes me feel like she might not actually be a real person and is instead a character in a '70s sitcom).

The night before I go on holiday, I post on the app myself in a bid to get rid of all the unwanted food in my fridge, but nobody comes to claim it. I feel strangely rejected. Surely half a wheel of brie and some leftover lasagne is a better offering than the dead Bonsai tree and pair of leggings 'with a hole but it's been sewn up' I saw on the site yesterday that have now been claimed.

Undeterred, I sign up to what's been described as a 'private social network' based solely on geography. NextDoor started in the US in 2011 and five million messages are now sent on it every day. It's just getting going in the

Rosie (left)
turned out
to be Kate's
very own
local baker

UK though, which means I'm only the third person in my area to join. Still, it becomes addictive. I start checking the feed every morning out of habit, and sign up for notification alerts. I find out about a yoga class a neighbour is starting in her living room, a pop-up community cinema and, in less fun but still useful news, about a spate of phone robberies near the station. Well, this is London, not Dawson's Creek.

However, NextDoor has been criticised in the US for becoming a forum for paranoid racism, as neighbours in white communities have used it to warn each other of 'suspicious-looking black men' in their areas.

Thankfully, my local NextDoor is only filled with questions about

finding a reliable babysitter, complaints about a car alarm and numerous requests to borrow things I've never even heard of (grip clamp, anyone?). But when a guy called Josh posts that he needs to borrow a drill, I eagerly tell him he can borrow ours. When he comes over a few hours later, I find out he edits a film magazine, has artfully dishevelled hair and tells great stories about his recent trip to Cuba. I make a note to try and set him up with my newly single friend.

As the weeks go by, more and more people sign up to my virtual neighbourhood on NextDoor, including a woman called Emily who lives in my block. She posts that she needs someone to feed her ginger cat Ralph while she's away, so I send her a private message volunteering to do it. When I go to meet her to pick up her keys, I can't believe she's been living so near me and I've never even seen her

before. It turns out we share more than just communal stairways. Emily also works from home and we're both getting married in July – we spend a good 30 minutes discussing the woes of wedmin and our daily struggle to change out of yoga pants.

Since I started this experiment, I've had after-work drinks on the roof of our building with Emily, been round to Josh's for a partridge dinner (the matchmaking didn't work, but he's now my go-to movie-watching buddy) and hosted my own pop-up pumpkin risotto supper club (which also made me £150 in profit). I now pick Trybe over Deliveroo, and NextDoor really comes into its own when I lose my Macbook charger and a neighbour called Beccie gives me her old one. Before now, I would have had to text my nearest mate who lives an hour's round trip away, but now I have this network of helpful people right on my doorstep. It's exactly what Professor Cassidy was talking about when he described our internal perception of social support.

All the neighbours I've met have enriched my local life, and made me feel sad I didn't introduce myself earlier. I've now started a Facebook group for my block of flats, and actively start conversations with the people I bump into around the building. I might even knock on a few doors and introduce myself. Just probably not to the noisy One Direction fans across the way. They seem a bit busy.

- I

BEHIND THE SCENES

Kate Wills

"Inviting randoms over for dinner was one of the most

nerve-wracking experiences of my life, but since then I'm basically the friendliest person in my flats. Modern life is stressful enough – we need to stop hiding behind social media and talk to each other. Plus, having someone to take in that Asos order? Priceless."

DREAM NEIGHBOURS

We all know about the nightmare ones, but here are five people we'd *love* to find ourselves next door to

THE BAKER

Got a hankering for artisan cinnamon rolls? Of course you do. Because this neighbour is always baking, then insisting you take the extras. The only time when licking a neighbour's crockery is socially acceptable.



THE HOT DAD

He always holds the door for you but, mercifully, keeps chat short as he's checking Rafferty doesn't run into

the road. Guaranteed to be good in a crisis and also has excellent taste in directional scarves.

THE EPIC PARTY-THROWER

They host the best bashes, with all the prosecco you can drink, and single-handedly add 100 followers to your Insta. The walls are also magically soundproof, should you want a night with Netflix instead.

THE FASHION JUNKIE

The designer cast-offs she passes on to you are worth significantly more than your monthly rent cheque –

and you don't even have to reduce yourself to rummaging through her bins in order to get them. Win!

THE RELIABLE ONE

When you've stumbled home from epic party-thrower's do and dropped your keys in the punch, Ms Reliable's there to let you in with a spare. She's also saved you from a "Where's the can opener?" situation more than once.





Anything (1)

Are you, like us, lost in the glittering maze of strobe creams, luminising powders and radiance primers? Let us light the way with our definitive glow-to guide to highlighting

Words & styling
Ingeborg van Lotringen
Photographs Karina Twiss

Gold is the highlighter shade of choice this season. "Nice when you have a tan, or olive to dark skin, but steer clear if you're very pale or naturally pinky-toned – a true gold will just look muddy," says our make-up artist Marco Antonio. "Try a champagne shimmer or layer gold over silver instead." Or opt for a new and universally flattering way to sparkle with a dusting of gold freckles. "Use a fine-pointed gold liquid liner [we used NYX Studio Liquid Liner in Extreme Gold, £4.50] to dab them on; think sparingly and randomly across nose and cheeks. Don't even think about making symmetrical patterns!">





Does blue highlighter suit all skintones? Er, not exactly. Here's how to pick the right hue for you



ICE BLUE

Suits very pale skins with pink or blue undertones. It'll wash out any other skintone.



SILVERY WHITE

Best for porcelain skintones. Or works for all as an inner-eye-corner brightener.



PEARLESCENT PINK

Ideal for skin with pale-pink undertones. Or use to brighten a dull blush.



IRIDESCENT PEACH

Great for medium and pale-olive complexions, or to tart up a blush.



PALE WHITE-GOLD

Suits fair to medium skintones, and looks pretty on the brow bone. Just sayin'.



GOLD

Looks perfect on warm, medium to dark skintones.



COPPER

Suits dark skintones with red undertones as a highlighter, and as blush for medium skin.



BRONZE

Great for dark-brown skin, or as shimmery bronzer on medium-dark skintones.

C'MON... WHAT THE HELL IS STROBING?

"Strobing means layering your luminisers and highlighters for a multi-depth glow," says Hourglass make-up artist Carla Wall. "So, you'd top your iridescent base with a luminising powder and then add pearlescent blush and sheeny highlights." Noted.

HIGHLIGHTING DOS

- Is your cream highlighter a bit too sparkly? "Use it under your base instead of on top," says Collection make-up artist Francesa Neill.
- * Want versatility? Buy a liquid illuminator. "It can be used neat or added to foundation, face cream and body lotion for a customised glow, plus it works just as well as a highlighter," says make-up artist Alexis Day.
- * For a luminising powder that'll melt into skin without a harsh metallic finish, look for the words 'moisturising,' talc-free,' 'mineral' or 'silk proteins'.
- * For a glow that doesn't look oily: "Apply a base with a few drops of illuminator mixed in. Then use blotting sheets on the broad areas of your face (forehead, lower cheeks, sides of nose) and a light dusting of loose powder on the T-zone," says make-up artist Kenneth Soh.

HIGHLIGHTING DON'TS

- "Wetlights (transparent, wet-look gels) will inevitably cause make-up to separate. Save them for naked skin or quick selfies," says Neill.
- * "Never use powder highlighter all over your face: you'll look like a glitterball and it'll emphasise pores and fine lines," warns make-up artist Karina Constantine.
- * Less is more. "Too much highlighter will result in grainy metallic patches, while dense foundation with highlights on top can look cheap and oily," says Terry Barber, MAC director of make-up artistry.





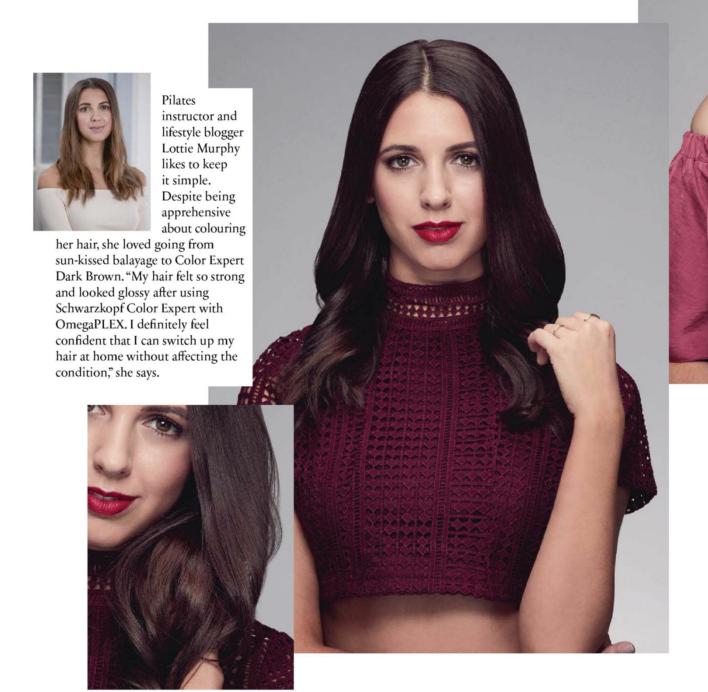


(How



STRONG locks

With its Anti-Breakage Technology, home hair colour just got even better thanks to Schwarzkopf Color Expert with OmegaPLEX. Here's how our *Cosmopolitan* Influencers enhanced their colour – and loved it!





Louise O'Reilly is the founder of the popular fashion and lifestyle blog Style

Me Curvy. With over 30,000 followers on Instagram and a recognisable blonde mane, she knows a good head of hair when she sees one. Louise says, "I've never tried an at-home colour before now. The Ultra Light Natural Blonde blended my uneven tones and the Anti-Breakage Technology made my hair feel like silk."

EXPERT HAIR TRENDS

Meet Carolyn Newman, Schwarzkopf's Color Expert Ambassador. Here, she shares her hottest trends for 2017 and her tips to getting the perfect hue at home....

MERCURY BLONDE

Ice tones suit blonde hair and pale skin tones.
Color Expert Light Cool Blonde is perfect to achieve this current trend. Remove any warmth by refreshing coloured blonde lengths and ends for five minutes and to add pale silver tones.

AMBER BLUSH

The rose gold trend will definitely continue. However, it will have more of a golden hue, which I call Amber Blush. This suits both cool and warm medium skin tones and Dark Golden Blonde is the perfect colour for this.

TIGER EYE

This is a big colour story for 2017. It's a great shade for brunettes who want warm chestnut golden tones. The ideal Color Expert shade for this is Chestnut Brown.

EGGPLANT

A beautiful colour twist for brunettes – try Color Expert Deep Amethyst for a rich aubergine tone, that shimmers with a pure violet hue under the spotlight.

DISCOVER THE THREESTEP HAIR REVOLUTION

Let's talk facts. The Color Expert with OmegaPLEX range is backed up by a three-step system that helps protect your hair against damage while colouring.

DID YOU KNOW?

OmegaPLEX Professional Anti-Breakage Technology helps protect your hair from root to tip by reducing the damage colouring your hair may cause. It strengthens the Micro-Bonds holding together the hair fibrils inside each hair fibre, giving hair both strength and structure.

Don't just take our word for it – the technology is supported by impressive results. It's proven that there's 90%' less hair breakage, and after using the three-step system, hair quality was visibly better and more easily detangled. Not only that, but 90% of users agreed the colour felt gentle on hair, too.

And the best bit? You can enjoy healthier-looking hair regardless of how you colour it with new Color Expert Conditioner and Treatment.

Color Expert is available in 15 stunning shades available nationwide























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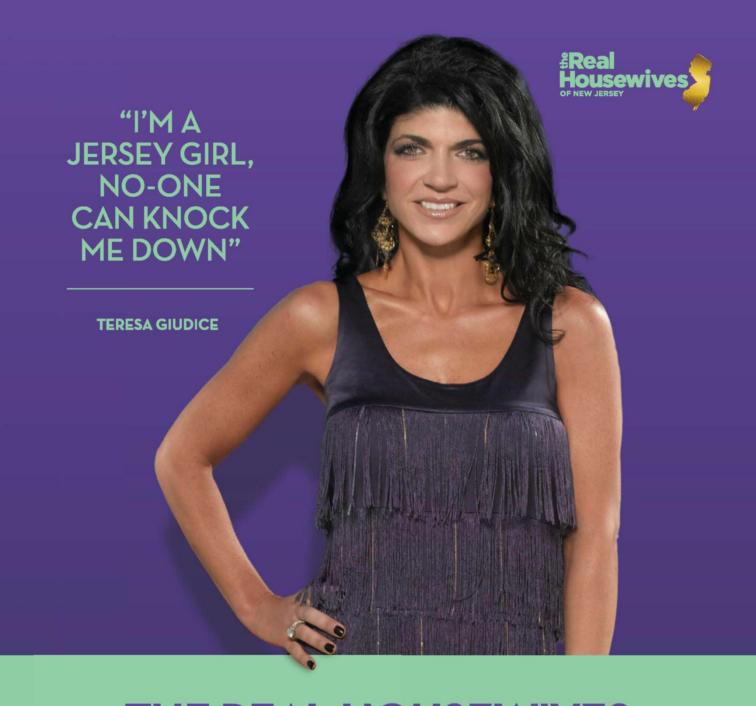




SETTL

PARTY STARTER

What do you get if you cross the suction of a hoover with the buzz of a vibrator and the aesthetics of a computer mouse? Only the best thing to enter the sex-toy market since remote-control vibrating pants (genuinely a thing - trust us). The Fiera sex toy is the first foreplay fixer for those too lazy (him) or too busy (us) to do it the old-fashioned way, and works by simulating the suction of oral sex to stimulate blood flow to your you-know-what. For those after more oomph, Kinklab's Neon Wand devices use an electric charge and are glided across the body to create a tickling sensation like no other. Probably best not used a) in the bath or b) anywhere they might leave a mark. Try explaining that to your boss.



THE REAL HOUSEWIVES OF NEW JERSEY

WEEKDAYS, 5PM





BEST SEX EVER WAS... in a three-way

Joanna's* favourite couple comforted her over her break-up in an unusual way...

My ex-boyfriend and I used to spend every Friday night with one particular couple. Amy* was an old friend of mine, she was sophisticated and witty, and Joe*, her maverick partner, was attractive and very cool. They had a volatile relationship and everyone knew he'd been unfaithful. He'd even tried it on with me a few times whenever we found ourselves alone, he would lean in for a kiss. It sounds terrible but I did kiss him back once or twice - after all, he was really hot. And besides, I kind of got the impression that their relationship was pretty fluid.

It was all fun and games, but then my boyfriend unexpectedly dumped me. I was devastated. The only thing that lifted me out of the interminable gloom was seeing Joe and Amy at the weekends. One evening we were all lying on her bed watching a movie when suddenly Joe leant over and kissed me, unperturbed that Amy was right next to him. I pulled away, worried she would be upset, but she pulled me back and encouraged me to kiss him. We broke away and then Amy leaned forward towards me,

touching her lips against mine. The strangeness of the situation was jarring at first, but then exciting. Her skin was soft, and I loved the way her tongue felt against mine. Joe took his clothes off and began touching himself; he was already rock hard from just watching.

I was quite self-conscious to begin with, but soon my inhibitions disappeared as I got caught up in the moment. Amy and I stripped, and Joe manoeuvred Amy and began to fuck her doggy-style. It was like watching live porn and I was so turned on. I kissed Joe, while he continued to have sex

with Amy. Once he'd come, we all fell back onto the bed. He was in the middle, and started stimulating her clitoris with one hand, and mine with the other. Amy was thrusting her pelvis towards his hand and I copied her, arching my back. It didn't take long before I felt the ripples of an orgasm, and as soon as I did he rolled on top of me and thrust himself

inside me as Amy watched. But then, just as I was orgasming again, she left the room.

Joe rolled off and lit a cigarette and Amy returned. I wasn't sure how she was feeling about the situation, but I needn't have worried. She came towards me and spread my legs wide, then started licking and

touching my clitoris. She knew exactly what to do. Afterwards, thinking back over the night it all felt so smooth and natural that I wondered if they had planned the whole thing from the beginning.

The following weekend we met and

had another threesome. But a few days later, Amy called to say that she didn't want it to happen again. Unfortunately, it was too awkward for us to spend much time together after that – and I ended up losing her as a friend. Perhaps it wasn't my smartest move, but it certainly was a memorable night that seemed bound to happen. I often think about it.

"It felt so smooth and natural that I wondered if they'd planned it"

cosmopolitan · 149

WORST DATES EVER



HE KEPT STARING AT MY FACE OVER DINNER, THEN SAID, "YOUR EYEBROWS ARE TWO TOTALLY DIFFERENT SHAPES." OUCH.

MELANIE, 29

Hey, we've all been there...



At our first meeting, my date asked if he could order me a DNA testing kit to screen my genetic health, in case we had children.
Casual chat, then.

CHARLOTTE, 24



He wrote "erotic extracts" as a hobby and after I ended our date messaged to ask if I "fancied reading one". Nope.

HOLLY, 34



He took me to a drivethrough McDonald's and offered to buy me a drink (but made no mention of food), then parked up outside an industrial estate and told me I "stink of cigarettes".

LUCIE, 22

AS TOLD TO JENNIFER SAVIN. PHOTOGRAPHS GETTY IMAGES

You could buy any almond drink





He opened a door so vigorously, it swung back and broke my nose. I spent the rest of the night in A&E, and then he asked me to pay for his taxi home.

ERIN, 26



On our second date, he arrived with a massive bear, chocolates and a bunch of roses. He then tried to convince me to run away with him and work on his mum's farm herding geese.

COURTNEY, 22



We were at his place when his dad said, "We're off on holiday tomorrow, time to walk this lady home." What's worse, him holidaying with his parents, or putting his shoes on instantly?

JOANNE, 27



Within 10 minutes of meeting, he told me that his fiancée had dumped him a month ago, so he was "emotionally unavailable but up for casual sex". Lucky me.

THEA, 27



HE TOLD ME "SOCKS ARE LIKE JEANS" IN THAT YOU CAN WEAR THEM SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE THEY NEED A WASH.

ELLA. 26

FERAL FACTOR





AZY FROG TOTAL F



OTTERLOSE

* Got a dating nightmare to share? Email worstdatesever @cosmopolitan.co.uk

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We were only 16, but went up to the bar at TGI Friday's to order wine and were so excited when they served us.

Afterwards he walked me to Waterloo station and we shared our first kiss. Instantly there was something there, and he was my official boyfriend straight away.

Shortly after our date we finished college for the summer. We'd spend every day together. I'd go to his house or he'd come to mine. We'd just eat takeaways, watch films and talk about our lives. I thought we'd be together forever.

Then he became distant, so after eight months I broke up with him - we just weren't spending enough time together. He was quite persistent about staying in contact – he'd constantly text me until I replied. I'd agree to see him, we'd go on a couple of dates, then it would just fizzle out again. This happened a lot until I realised it was going nowhere.

It's been 10 years since we first met and I couldn't wait to see him again. I thought it would be fun and it was. Stefan now just looks like a more polished version of his teenage self. His personality is the same – he's always been a poser, so it's funny he's a model now.

I admit I did get a bit tipsy so we had a few kisses. He said he wanted to get back together, but he doesn't mean it. I only hear from him when he's single. He just sees me as a time filler.

Would you see him again?

"We actually went for drinks after the photo shoot, and stayed out until 4am. I did not feel good at work the next day. I like hanging out with him, but I see us as friends.'







"I wish I'd taken us more seriously"

Stefan Tomlin, 26, is a model from London

I spotted a stunning blonde at college one day, and was instantly into her. This girl always seemed to walk past me, and I wanted to know her. I was too nervous to just walk up to her, so I did some digging, found out her name and added her on Bebo.

After our date at TGIs I went in for the kill – we kissed and that was us together. It was like we'd known each other for years. She lived down the road from our college so I'd go round pretty much every evening. I'd always end up having to run for the last train home, because I'd leave her house at the last possible moment.

I was too young to realise what I had with Katy, so she ended it because I never made enough effort. I wish I'd taken us more seriously. We saw each other occasionally after the break-up until she got fed up and got a new boyfriend. She deleted me on social media so I used to make my friends give me updates.

My mum loved her. She still does. Whenever I bring a new girlfriend round she always compares her to Katy. When I first saw her again I thought she looked so beautiful. She has a more edgy style now. At dinner we reminisced about the past, and I started to fancy her again. We had a really sweet moment when she told me she still had a charm bracelet I got her for her birthday.

By the time our main courses arrived I was thinking about us getting back together. I made her sit next to me and went

in for the kiss. We were kissing all night after that.

* Would you like to be reunited with your first love? Email us at first.love@ cosmopolitan.co.uk.

Would you see her again?

"I'd like us to get back together - I hope that one day she'll feel the same. I just need to do some grafting."

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Women's Health YOUR 28-DAY BEST BODY PLAN

ISSUE ON SALE



FROM 9TH MAR

With Iskra Lawrence

ou know it, we know it and your guests know it: a couple of tubs of Pringles and Tesco's sour cream dip does not a respectable drinks and nibbles party make. Which is why we turned to London's hottest Eastern Mediterranean kitchen, Strut & Cluck (otherwise known as husband and wife duo Amir

> and Limor Chen) for their whizz-it-all-together dips. In theory, each should serve 10 people - but, y'know, one works just fine...

these ones)...





TAHINI WITH **HUMMUS AND** PAPRIKA

Juice from 1 lemon 1/2 garlic clove, very finely chopped 4½ tbsp water 100g cooked chickpeas 50g tahini paste 2 tsp sweet paprika (plus a little extra) 21/2 tsp extra-virgin olive oil ½ tsp salt

■ GREEN TAHINI WITH ZHOUG

100g tahini paste Juice of 1 lemon 3 tbsp water 1/2 tsp salt (blend these together first) For the zhoug (chilli paste): 80g green chillies 120g coriander 3 large garlic

cloves, chopped 1 tsp salt 1 tsp cumin 40ml water 80ml extra-virgin olive oil Parsley to garnish Stir one spoonful of zhoug into the tahini mix

BEETROOT TAHINI

100g roasted beetroot 100g tahini paste Juice of half a lemon ½ tsp ground cumin 1 small clove of garlic (crushed) 1 tsp salt 4½ tbsp water Pinch of roasted sesame seeds (to garnish) Small bunch of chopped parsley (for decoration)

The longer you chill this one before serving, the pinker it gets!



SPICY TAHINI

100g tahini paste Juice of half a lemon 60g water ½ tsp salt 1 tsp pul biber (Turkish red pepper flakes), plus pinch to garnish. Can't find it? Use crushed red chillies but reduce the amount by half, as chillies will be spicier. Drizzle of extravirgin olive oil (for decoration) Small bunch of chopped parsley (for decoration. optional)

Garnish

with extra

zhoug and

a drizzle of

olive oil

YOGHURT TAHINI WITH NIGELLA SEEDS

50g tahini paste 200g plain yoghurt Juice of 1 lemon 3 tbsp water ½ tsp salt 1 tsp nigella seeds (plus a few more to decorate) 1 tsp lemon zest (plus a little more for decoration)



Play





DINED IN STYLE AT 21212, EDINBURGH

THAT'S A LONG WAY TO GO FOR DINNER...

ny foodie worth their salt-baked beetroot knows 21212 has a Michelin-star restaurant and four fancy AA rosettes, too. Make no mistake; this is not cuisine I could knock up at home. Ever. Nor do I live in an elegant Georgian



townhouse with four swish bedrooms in the heart of a really cool city. So yes, it's well worth the journey (and if you actually live in Edinburgh, this is where to hit for every special occasion – any excuse will do).

I'M STARVING, WHAT SHOULD I ORDER?

It's all about the five-course tasting menu, which award-winning food master Paul Kitching whips up in the buzzy kitchen, which you can see from the plush dining room (think crisp white table linen and floor-to-ceiling windows).

courses I went off-menu (they were happy to oblige), including an amuse-bouche of mushroom parchment (better than it sounds) and toasted hazelnut butter. Forget being gluten-free for the night, the homemade bread here is so good it's worth the bloating. Just save room for cheese. And dessert. An innocentsounding Pear of Plums is anything but: trifle laced with honeycomb, almond fudge and tempered strawberry chocolate. Dishes change weekly as Kitching gets bored easily - which is good news for us.

PHEW! CAN I GO TO BED NOW?

Hold your horses. Before crashing out, we stopped off at a small mirrored bar and beautiful sitting room, sank into a squishy sofa and sipped gin and tonics.

The best thing about a restaurant with rooms is you can just roll into bed. No Ubers or chilly bus stop required. And 21212's rooms are

amazing, with a massive bedroom, lounge area and bathroom, and not a scrap of cliched tartan in sight.

There's nothing starchy or formal here – this is a Michelin-starred experience set in a small boutique hotel, where the service is as warm as the dram of whisky they leave in your room.

Well, when in Scotland...

EAT, SLEEP AND PLAY?

We walked off our heartybut-healthy home-cooked breakfast with a brisk hike up Calton Hill, and were rewarded with stunning views across the Firth of Forth. A quick stroll down the other side delivered us into the centre of town where we just had time for a mooch around the National Gallery and shops along Thistle Street before catching the train home.





Book it: From £150 per night B&B; 21212restaurant. co.uk. Five-course tasting menu, £75 per person. Open Tuesday to Saturday





DON'T I RECOGNISE THIS PLACE?

ossibly. It was the shameful star of an episode of TV's The Hotel Inspector. Don't stop reading, though, as this place has had a pretty spectacular transformation, and there's an awesome backstory. Owner Justin Salisbury's mum had a run-down B&B but was injured in an accident before she could do it up, so her 20-year-old son got involved. Short of money but strong on ideas, he asked artists to decorate in return for board and lodging, and the result was a chaotic, unclean

some good art. Post-TV makeover, Justin's now the hotel (known as the Artist Residence) and restaurant in Brighton. Intrigued?

YEP, TELL ME MORE...

Well, Justin drafted in two hip young chefs and opened The Set Restaurant and Cafe - an instant hit with locals who loved the inventive dishes and laid-back vibe. There's pop art on the walls, reclaimed wood everywhere, an open kitchen, and only 20 seats; it's the kind of small, rustic, urban place you find on every corner of Shoreditch.

I tried carrot, egg, cornichon and mustard, then partridge, beetroot and

proud owner of the coolest

fridge with treats like sweet and salty popcorn stacked on top. The whole vibe perfectly matched the cool scene downstairs. The next day I noticed little extras,

like a rack with glasses and a bottle of wine hung up near the bed. Five-star hotels, keep your marble bathrooms and snooty service, I'll take the Artist Residence's reclaimedwood shower room, and the giggly waitress at breakfast any day.

ROAM OR GO HOME?

Definitely roam (after shovelling in as many fluffy pancakes with crispy bacon as you can at breakfast). The hotel is on Regency Square, one of Brighton's prettiest, and The Lanes, full of bohemian boutiques and cafés, are just around the corner. Or just sit on the beach and gaze at the sky if the weather's good. If it rains, Artist Residence has a ping-pong table and cocktail shack. Just saying.

DO THE BEDROOMS MATCH THE HYPE?

little works of art. Oh, and

marshmallows and bourbon

not forgetting a brownie

made from a Mars bar,

ice cream. Which is the best dessert ever and I'll

arm-wrestle anyone who

disagrees. Tip: can't get into

The Set Restaurant? Try the

(it's the same kitchen with

some of the same dishes).

tapas-style Cafe next door

What do you want to do when it's late and you've got a belly full of food and wine? Lie down somewhere, preferably on a bed. Luckily our room was only up one flight of stairs, so we crashed out there and took in the low-lit sofa made from pallet wood, Roberts

Radio playing croony jazz, sexy supermodel murals on the wall and mini Smeg



Book it: From £99 a night; Artistresidencebrighton. co.uk. Four-course set menu, from £32 per person

hotel with

FILL UP AND CRASH OUT

Six more hideaways for hungry people...

Restaurant Sat Bains, Nottingham

With two Michelin stars and five AA rosettes, this was voted the third best restaurant in the land* and has eight rooms to recover in after the 10-course tasting menu. From £140 per night; Restaurantsatbains.com.

The Hand & Flowers. Buckinghamshire

pub has hearty Brit/ French food and eight rooms (some with Jacuzzis). From £195 per night; Thehand andflowers.co.uk.



dining. Stay in the or a yurt outside. Llysmeddyg.com.

Northcote, Lancashire

Belly-centric buzzwords 'garden to plate' are the deal at this sophisticated dining room,

which has 26 rooms and a cookery school if you want to replicate your dinner. From £230 per night: Northcote.com.

The Dog & Badger, Buckinghamshire

Sleek dining room disguised as a country pub, with locally sourced menu and six

cosy-chic rooms. From £175 per night; Thedog andbadger.com.

Livs Meddyg, **Pembrokeshire**

What this place lacks in vowels, it makes up for in inventive Georgian townhouse From £100 per night;

The Star Inn at Harome, **North Yorkshire**

That's star as in Michelin *wink*. 'Modern Yorkshire' food

and quirky rooms (one has a piano). From £150 per night; Thestarat harome.co.uk.



liver parfait and sautéed chanterelles. Dessert was just as tasty - my chocolate mousse was accompanied by a beetroot foam, which was so good I actually googled how to foam a beetroot.

WORTH STAYING THE NIGHT FOR?

Hell, yes. As the hotel's strapline suggests, Russell's prides itself on being more than just a restaurant. It only has seven bedrooms and we were upgraded to a huge suite - the super-

king bed could basically fill my entire flat. The fancy bathroom had Jacuzzi-style iets in the bath, and a flat-screen TV (watching telly in the tub feels so decadent, FYI). His and hers sinks and robes gave it a firstweekend-awaytogether vibe.

EXIT OR EXPLORE?

Explore, of course. Though first we started up our inroom Nespresso machine for a coffee to give us

enough buzz to get down to breakfast. Despite the night before, we still had room for a full English and smoked salmon and eggs. Sadly we couldn't manage the cereal, yoghurt, croissants and

fruit. Then it was pulling on wellies time (when in the Cotswolds...) and a hike (OK, laid-back two-mile stroll) through pretty countryside. We ended our stav with a potter around Broadway's boutiques and a cheeky cream tea. Then, sadly, it was time to head home. And go on a diet. •

Book it: From £120 per night: Russellsofbroadway. co.uk. 28-day dry-aged Scotch beef, £29



HMM, LOOKS A BIT NUAINT' FOR ME...

dmittedly from the outside Russell's is a bit twee, what with the honey-coloured bricks and pretty cottage windows. But as my girlfriend and I stepped through the front door and saw the oak floor, white linen and wine wall, it was clear this was no clichéd tourist trap. This place is as slick as any modern city restaurant, And Kate Moss

has a party house down the road - see, the Cotswolds is not as innocent as it looks...

PUB GRUB OR HAUTE CUISINE?

More hipster than haute, the menu was littered with combinations of organic ingredients guaranteed to send a foodie into orgasm - like my girlfriend's pan-fried halibut with saffron and chorizo arancini, and my 28-day aged scotch beef with thyme potato rosti, duck



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THE SPRING EDIT



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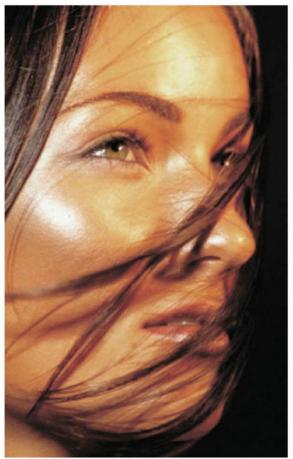
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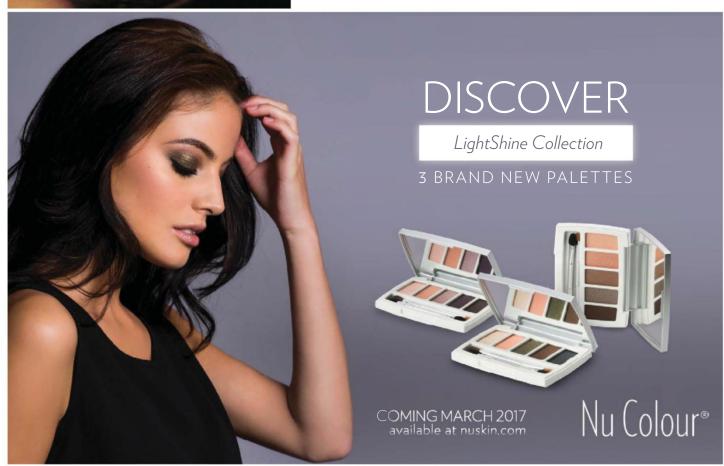
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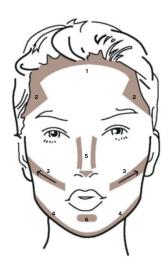




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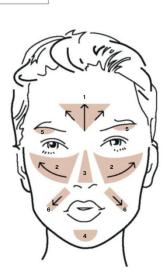
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- To make your forehead appear smaller and add warmth to the face, apply the dark shade around the hairline.
- 2. Apply the dark shade one inch above the temple to add depth to the face.
- To strengthen your bone structure, apply the dark shade to the hollows of your cheeks, blending upwards towards the ear.
- To add definition and slim the appearance of the face, contour under the jaw line by applying the dark shade on the bottom of your chin.
- If you want to narrow your nose apply the dark shade on the sides of the nose. Apply the dark shade in a V shape on the tip of the nose to shorten the length.
- 6. To create the illusion of a plumper lip add a little bit of dark shade just under your bottom lip.



How to apply the light shade:

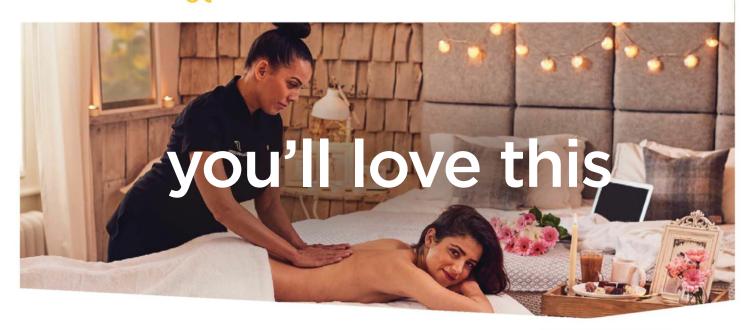
- Highlight the centre of your forehead.
 Start in between your eyebrows and move the brush upwards.
- Highlight the high point of your cheekbone to define the cheek. Move the brush from under your eye towards the upper corner of your cheekbone.
- Highlight the bridge of your nose to lighten your face. Apply the light shade in the centre of your nose.
- 4. Highlight the centre of your chin.
- 5. Highlight the brow bone to help lift and define the eye area.
- Highlight the creases that create shadows on the face such as in the nasal fold area. Apply a small amount of light shade.



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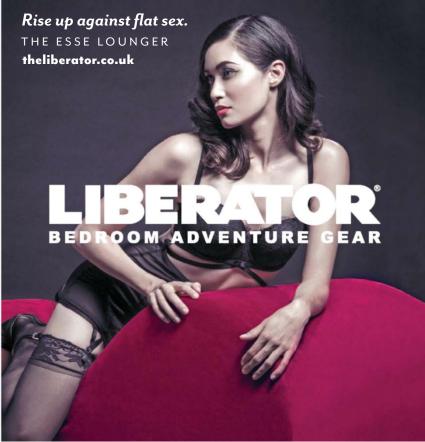
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COSMOPOLITAN

Meeting someone off a dating app

This is an agreement made by A Woman Daring To Enter The Oversaturated And Potentially Torturous World Of App Dating, (hereafter referred to as The Dater)

THE APPROACH

■ The Dater has read that dating is like playing the stock market: nope, not full of arseholes and potentially a colossal waste of money - but an odds game. Speculate to accumulate, she tells herself, as she 'likes' 400 guys in a row. Sure, she can't move her right thumb and is partially blind from all the overwhitened teeth, but at least there'll almost certainly be one non-nutter among the many idiots hugging tigers. Right?

2 THE OPENING LINE

The first three people who talk to her use only emojis. Another asks if she's 'naughty' on weekends. After promptly deleting them, then sanitising her phone, she finally takes matters into her own hands. After three hours crafting the perfect opener, she settles on 'How you doing?' She sends those three words to the 50 normal-ish-looking guys she matched with, offering up a silent prayer to the dating gods.

O SETTING A DATE

• At least five potentials get back to her, and after some back and forth, one sends a cocktail emoji followed by a question mark. It. Is. ON. In 2017, this is basically the same as someone walking to your table, and asking you to dance.

Her date's profile says he's 6ft, so she's in heels. But having been stung by that trick before, she also has flats in her bag. To look more like her profile picture (taken five years ago on holiday, when she had that post-stomach-bugtummy-flatness thing going on), she's had a spray tan and worn Spanx two sizes too small. She is casually stalking him on all three of his social-media channels when he arrives.

GET-OUT CARD

Part of the 'dating = the stock market' school of thought is knowing when to get out. Therefore, she starts the date with a get-out-of-there card: "I might have to leave early," she says. "My flatmate [she lives alone] has just broken up with her boyfriend [all her mates are single] and lost her job [OK, maybe she's gone too far] and is sick with a cold, so... I might need to go." He buys it. The Dater realises she's wasted in her current job and vows to do more amateur dramatics.

WEIRD MOMENTS

The following will most certainly happen: a) The Dater will invariably ask about her date's childhood in Leeds (that was another match she was chatting to); b) she'll accidentally mention his recent skiing holiday... then remember she only knows this from the aforementioned Instagram stalking; c) both phones will ping throughout with Tinder/Bumble/ Happn notifications, which were furiously swiped in the cab beforehand, should said date go tits up.

DECIDING FACTORS

Her date asks no questions. Not one. She basically spends two hours interviewing him about his life story. When he starts naming all his childhood guinea pigs, she gives up. Time to invoke the get-out card.

Q THE AFTERMATH

Around three hours later, when she's drowning in a pool of cynicism and binge-watching Westworld, her spirits are momentarily lifted when she appears to receive a 'Did you get home OK?' safety text. Maybe he's not a total arse after all, she thinks as she opens the message. 'Did you get home OK, Emma?' it says. Her name is Ruth.

(The Dater) Signed: _



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