

I'm **ALLERGIC**  
to one of  
my **TWINS!**



**SHOT IN THE FACE**  
**How did I survive?**



12 APRIL 2018  
ISSUE 15  
96p

**LIFE! DEATH! PRIZES!**

# chat

**PLUS**  
**CRACKING**  
**CRIME**

**'LOCK UP MY  
GRANDSON!'**  
What he did was  
unforgivable...



**UNDER SIEGE**

**WHO WANTS  
MY FAMILY  
DEAD?**



**THE TRUTH WAS CHILLING**



**KILLED  
BY AN  
ARMED  
ROBBER**

**Now I want justice**



**BEST SEX EVER!**

**Wrinkly  
Romeo  
stole  
my heart**



**Why my  
dinky dog's  
a huge HERO!**



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# Chat come on in!



## IS IT A BIRD?

**O**r is it a plane? No, it's a baby mountain goat! This playful kid is learning how to look before he leaps by jumping over his mother! When he grows up, he'll be able jump 12ft high in the Colorado rocky mountains. For now, he's practising by jumping between rocks on 14,000ft-high Mount Evans.

● You can see more cute pics and videos of animal youngsters by going to [lifedeathprizes.com](http://lifedeathprizes.com) and searching 'baby animals'.



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COVER PHOTO: ISTOCKPHOTO. PHOTOS: REMX/UTTERSTOCK

## CELEBRITY SPIN

**D**o you know which celebrity we've put in a twist? Here's a clue to help: This actor started her career aged 10 on Newcastle kids' show *Byker Grove* and appeared on the latest series of *Dancing on Ice*. Take a look at the picture on the right and see if you can work out who it is.



Puzzle 1  
**£50**

Your answer:



## CASH for your story!

Chat is your mag and we pay cash for your true-life stories. Contact us at 020 3148 6150



**TO ENTER** Turn to page 60 for details or visit [lifedeathprizes.com/win](http://lifedeathprizes.com/win)



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## TELL US YOUR STORY

## WE PAY YOU £££

• Email a brief outline of your story, plus photos, to the address above and one of our trained writers will get back to you.



**DON'T I KNOW YOU?**  
After watching her perform in *The Addams Family* musical, me and my friend Catherine got to meet actress Samantha Womack!  
*Kayli Smith, Gosport*



### Bridal barnet

When my daughter Kerry did my hair for my big day, I fancied myself as a bit of a Medusa!  
*Irene Johnston, Aberdeen*



### Selfie stars ★★

My son Ryan, 10, rarely agrees to take a sensible pic or smile. So if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!  
*Leila Downing, Taunton*

Our cat Tamsin sleeps anywhere she can find some sunshine. We find her here a lot!

*Genette Hughes, Broxbourne*

**Potty pets**



## OVER TO YOU



This week's puzzle was compiled by *Byron Saunders, West Glamorgan*

**Puzzle 2**  
**5x**  
**£25**

Can you set a puzzle in this format? Send it, with a photo of yourself, to the address left – there's **£20** for every one we use!

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			



PIECES OF CAKE!

**ACROSS**  
1 Pimple  
2 Binding  
3 Not odd  
4 Repair

**DOWN**  
1 Stalk  
2 Tile  
3 Not shut  
4 Care for

Your answer:

**TO ENTER** Turn to page 60 for details.





## Easy rider

My dad Rich went to Vegas for his 60th and wanted to buy this bike. Mum wasn't having it!  
*Maxine Cooper, London*

## On yer bike!

I saw this man in Bali carrying such a heavy load. And he's still smiling. Very impressive!  
*Louise Milne, Worthing*



## Taking a dip!

My labradoodles Bonnie and Clyde enjoyed a swim in the river! Look at the state of them!  
*Micha Bryn, Liverpool*



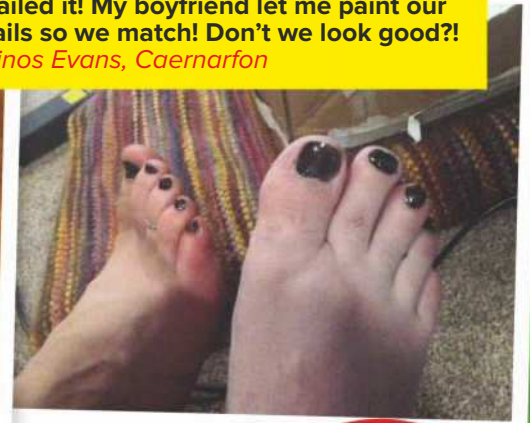
## My favourite PICTURE!



This photo captures the most special day of my life. My fiancé Johnny took me on a horse and carriage and got down on one knee and proposed to me in Dublin.  
*Sarah Myers, Bracknell*

## 'His and hers' tootsies...

Nailed it! My boyfriend let me paint our nails so we match! Don't we look good?!  
*Llinos Evans, Caernarfon*



Tara, my daughter, and our cocker spaniel Jason were quite the posers! Here they are way back in the 70s.  
*Carol Pinder, Milton Keynes*

**The Way We Were**

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# I shot myself IN THE FA



## Depressed and desperate, I just wanted to end it all

By Christen McGinnes, 49, from Virginia, USA

**D**owning my large mug of coffee, I grabbed my keys and darted out the front door.

It was early 2009 and I didn't want to be late for my job as a computer specialist.

I'd been in the same job for 18 years and loved it.

I was constantly busy but thrived under pressure.

Though, recently, I'd been feeling exhausted – hence the large cup of coffee.

'You need to slow down,' my boyfriend told me.

We'd been together a few months and he was worried about me over doing it.

Admittedly my ever-increasing workload was getting too much and I'd started making a few mistakes.

And one day at work, in May 2009, my boss pulled me aside.

'I'm sorry, but we've got to let you go,' she said.

I was heartbroken and blamed myself for letting my standards at work slip.

Over the next few days, I moped around the house.

Then a few weeks on, I was dealt another tragic blow...

My grandmother, Elizabeth,

passed away due to old age.

We'd been so close, and it felt like my heart had been ripped from my chest.

What's that saying: it never rains but it pours...?

Just a week or so on, in June 2009,

my beloved golden retriever and best friend, Sandy, died.

At 16, she'd had a long and happy life.

But I was in pieces and spiralled into a pit of depression.

I'd lived a charmed life, with lots of mates and a great job until that year.

Yet now, my run of rotten luck just seemed to continue.

Shortly after losing Sandy, my boyfriend ended things.

'Christen, it's just not going to work,' he sighed one night.

He asked me to move out of his house.

So now, on top of everything, I was homeless, too.

'Now I know how it

feels to hit rock bottom,' I sobbed, in bits.

Thankfully, I had some savings – so, in the October, I moved into a rented two-bedroom apartment on my own.

But without a job, my savings didn't last long.

After a few months, I had to take in a lodger, just to afford all of the bills.

Miserable, I felt alone.

And no matter how hard

I tried, I just couldn't snap myself out of my dark mood.

'I may as well be dead,' I thought to myself. 'Nobody would care if I'm not here...'

With each passing day, I just felt more depressed, the darkness closing in.

Until October 2010, when I woke up one foggy morning and decided that enough was enough.

*Just put an end to it,* I thought, at my lowest ebb.

So I grabbed my licensed .357 handgun from the closet and loaded it with hollow-point bullets that explode on impact.

I'd had the gun for years – everyone I knew had guns.

And I'd go to a gun range every month to practice shooting at targets.

My housemate was out, but I worried a shot might bounce and ricochet through a wall.

I certainly didn't want to hurt anybody else.

So I decided to shoot myself out on the balcony.

With my decision made, I held the gun to my chin and I took a deep breath.

*This is for the best,* I thought, closing my eyes.

Then, without hesitation, I quickly pulled the trigger.

**BANG!**

A deafening roar rang through my ears and I fell to the floor.

There was no pain. My whole body just felt numb, while blood

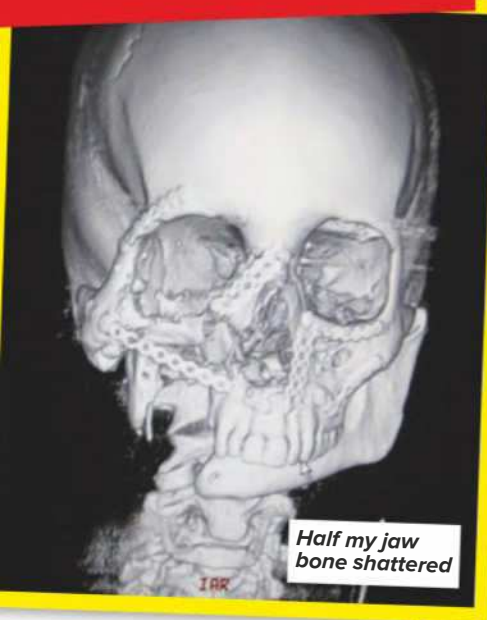


After losing Sandy, I hit a real low



# If FACE

**10**  
**SHOCK**  
**FACTOR**



Half my jaw  
bone shattered



**Alive! I'm the luckiest  
person in the world**

trickled around my head.

Horried, it dawned on me that I was still alive.

*How?* I thought.

Still, I knew that I must be hideously injured and that it was just a matter of time until my heart stopped beating.

Only, moments later, my housemate burst through the balcony doors.

He'd been home after all...

'What have you done?!' he yelled, panicking.

I heard him calling the emergency services.

Then I drifted into unconsciousness....

*Finally, the end.*

Only, the darkness didn't

swallow me for good...

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in hospital, and my dad, Paul, was holding my hand.

My mind spun with questions.

Dad looked at me, his face full of worry and fear.

'You shot yourself,' he told me. 'But you've survived. All that's left for you to do now is heal.'

I couldn't move and I had a feeding tube in my throat, so I couldn't speak.

But I was absolutely furious that I was still alive.

*No, no, NO!* I thought,

utterly devastated.

I'd shot myself in the face... how on earth had I survived?

And what'd I been left with? I couldn't bring myself to think about the damage I'd done to myself.

But over the next few days, I learnt more about what had happened to me.

I was told I'd been in a coma for three weeks.

Turned out the bullet had blasted through my sinus column, bounced off my forehead, before then taking out my right eye.

It was a miracle it'd not entered my brain or caused any brain damage.

However, I'd blown my face to

pieces, shattering half my jaw bone.

I'd had 18 operations while in the coma, as doctors desperately tried to repair my badly damaged face.

I knew that it was an impossible task.

Yet, as I lay there in that hospital bed, something really did surprise me...

**The bullet  
had blasted  
through  
my sinus  
column**

**OVER THE PAGE:**  
**Finally given hope,  
and a reason to start  
living again...**



< Continued from previous page

# I want to live

**M**y room was constantly busy with visitors. Friends and family flocked to my bedside, desperate to see me. 'You're going to get through this,' my stepmum, Cynthia, promised me.

Flowers and cards filled every surface. I was stunned at all the love and support.

'I'd no idea so many people cared,' I thought.

As time passed, I wondered if surviving was the best thing to happen to me.

In the coming months, I had endless ops to reconstruct my face, using tissue from my breasts.

It took me a long time

to build up the courage to look at my reflection.

When I did, I was utterly heartbroken.

I'd once been proud of my pretty face, but now I looked like a monster.

My jaw shattered and bone exposed.

I had several teeth missing and my right eye was completely gone.

*What have I done?* I thought, horrified.

But, really, my face didn't matter.

I was a survivor.

I kept reminding myself how lucky I was.

When I was discharged four months later, I was in a much better place.

Still, it was a long road...

I faced further surgeries on my damaged face.

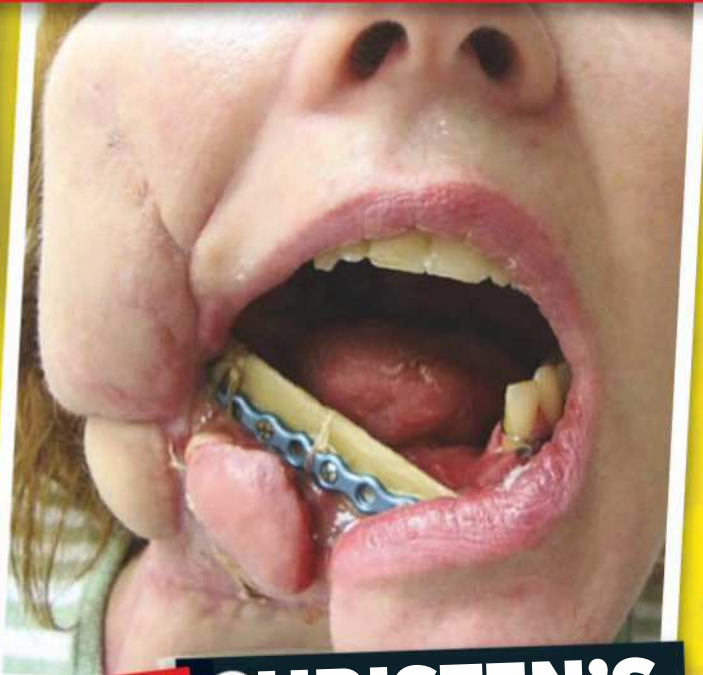
My plastic surgeon was incredible, though, and we became great friends.

'This isn't my patient, this is my girl,' he'd tell the other hospital staff.

For two years, I lived in a hotel which I paid

**Now, when I look in the mirror, I feel like a survivor**

**Dad has been my rock**



## PLUS CHRISTEN'S INJURIES

**T**he bullet destroyed the right side of her face, from her eye to her chin. It blew off the right jawbone, a third of her teeth and tongue, the lower half of her mouth and her right eye. She also shattered her nose.

that people do care.

And never to be afraid to ask for help.

Every time I tell my story, it helps me to heal.

When I shot myself, I was desperate and depressed.

The life I live now is so very different.

I've found happiness again.

I'm the luckiest person in the world to still be here.

And now I've got to live my life for the miracle that it is.

for with my disability allowance and insurance cover.

Then I moved in with a close girlfriend.

It took time and patience – but, after two years, I started learning to speak again.

Then, in 2012, I was introduced to David Jones, 43, through a friend.

He knew all about what'd happened and it didn't scare him off.

Despite my scarred face, reconstructed jawbone and prosthetic eye, he actually loved me for me.

With his help, I found the person that I'd been before the shooting.

A new zest for life.

I wanted to live – and live the best life I could! Now, seven years on, I've had 49 ops and I'll need more surgery.

Yet when I look in the mirror at my injuries, I feel like a survivor.

And I'm determined to help others on the edge, before it's too late.

So I volunteer at a local hospital, speaking to suicide patients and trauma survivors.

I tell them that life is worth living,

## Get help and support

**T**he Samaritans offers support for anyone in the UK having suicidal thoughts or suffering from depression. If you need to talk to someone, contact them on their free helpline, 116 123 or go to [www.samaritans.org](http://www.samaritans.org)



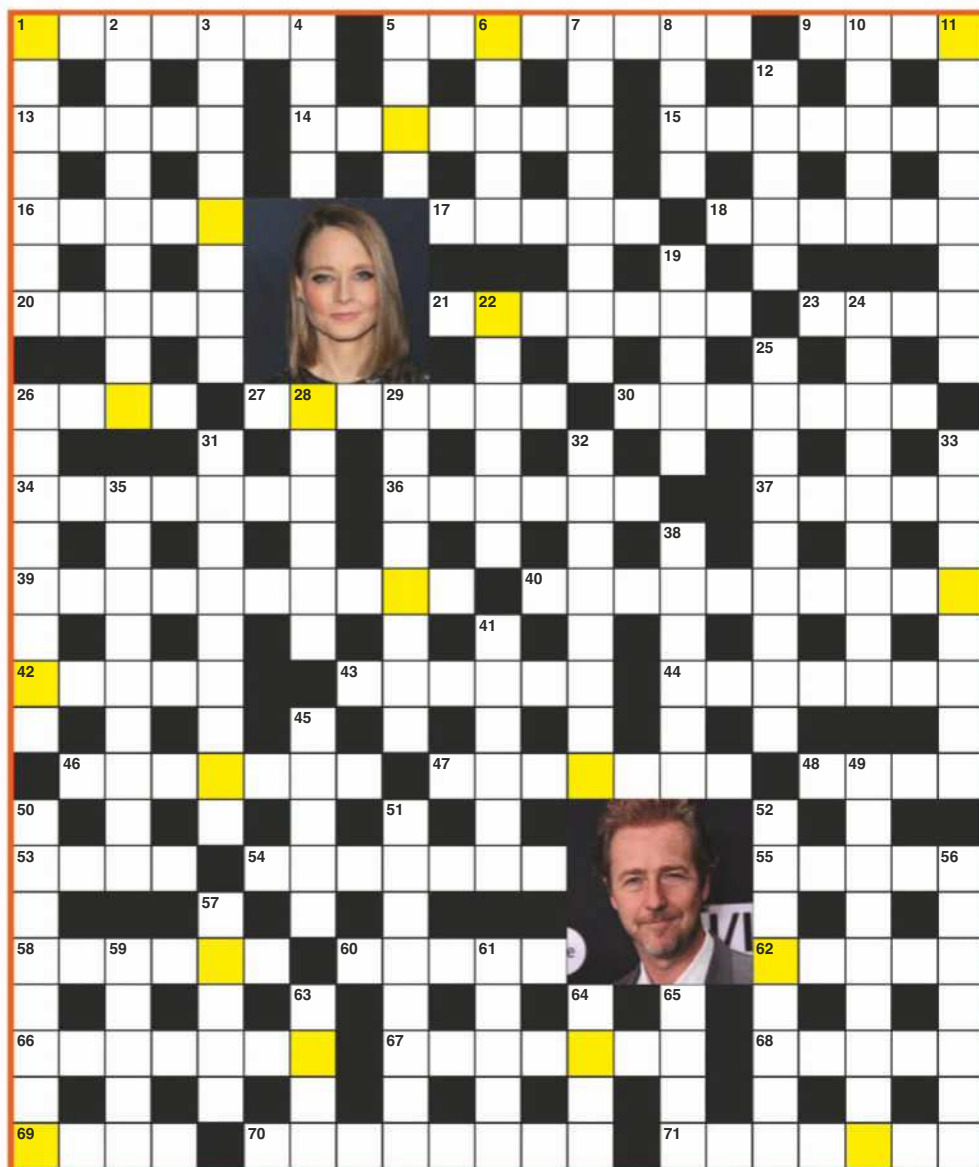
# WIN £1,001 CASH!

## THE BIGGIE

Phwoar – it's a whopper! Enjoy your puzzling

What achievement have Jodie Foster and Edward Norton both attained in addition to their Hollywood careers?

Solve the crossword, then read down the shaded squares to find the five-word prize answer.



### ACROSS

- 1 Breathed out (7)
- 5 Spanish dance (8)
- 9 Set of two (4)
- 13 Capital city of France (5)
- 14 Vanquish (7)
- 15 Wild West lawman (7)
- 16 Nearby (5)
- 17 Entice, lure (5)
- 18 Movement (6)
- 20 Grin (5)
- 21 Early payment of wages (7)
- 23 Sign of former injury (4)
- 26 Unexpected problem (4)
- 27 Top naval officer (7)
- 30 Deviousness (7)
- 34 Where you might dip a quill (7)
- 36 Film reels, bobbins (6)
- 37 Crowd-scene actor (5)
- 39 Towering building (10)
- 40 Item that'll cost you 5p at a supermarket (7,3)
- 42 Lodgings, chambers (5)
- 43 Dual-speaker sound system (6)
- 44 Layman, non-professional (7)
- 46 Kitchen ice cabinet (7)
- 47 City roads (7)
- 48 Discover (4)
- 53 Compass point (4)
- 54 Collection of books (7)
- 55 Part of a shoe above the sole (5)
- 58 Fictional jungle-dwelling hero (6)
- 60 Rewrites text (5)
- 62 Movements of the sea (5)
- 66 Scare badly (7)
- 67 Order (7)
- 68 Chain of mountains (5)
- 69 Flower that might be water or tiger (4)
- 70 Artist's drawing material (8)
- 71 Nurses or nuns (7)

### DOWN

- 1 Anticipates, supposes (7)
- 2 Mouth organ (9)
- 3 One who lends an ear (8)
- 4 Harbour wharf (4)
- 5 Supply of money, pension pot (4)
- 6 Sky-blue (5)
- 7 From our continent (8)
- 8 Actors in a play or film (4)
- 10 Legal defence of having been in another place (5)
- 11 Factory for turning crude oil into petrol (8)
- 12 Devilish being (5)
- 19 Scour hard to clean (5)
- 22 Fire-breathing (6)
- 24 The C of PC (9)
- 25 For most cases, widely (2,7)
- 26 Dressmaker's cutting tool (8)
- 28 City in Texas (6)
- 29 Examines for faults (8)
- 31 City in the 53 Across Midlands region (9)
- 32 1920s Chicago gangster known as Scarface (2,6)
- 33 Pestered (8)
- 35 Computer input devices (9)
- 38 Pupil who bunks off school (6)
- 41 Novelist (6)
- 45 Material for making jeans (5)
- 49 Cheekiness, sauce (9)
- 50 Never drinking alcohol (8)
- 51 Film boss (8)
- 52 Birds that feed on carrion (8)
- 56 Bacon slices (7)
- 57 Ancient language (5)
- 59 Relating to the countryside (5)
- 61 Speed and rhythm (5)
- 63 Legend (4)
- 64 Grand dance (4)
- 65 Gambling prices (4)

Puzzle 3  
**£1,001**



**£250 winner**

Issue 40, 5 Oct 2017

'It turned an already good day into an amazing day. Will buy a new bed so I can sleep easy.'

John Durkin, Southport, Lancashire

Your answer:



# A WOMAN SCORNED



## Hounded, threatened and taunted by my ex

By Donna Bamber, 30, from Leyland, Lancashire

**W**orking at the local cash and carry, I got chatting to a cashier, Joanna. 'We should go out for a drink,' she grinned.

Joanna, then 27, lived with her girlfriend 10 minutes away.

It was 2014, and I'd only just started at my new job, so it was great to meet someone so friendly.

Joanna was a laugh.

I'd been with my partner Ste Lewis, then 33, since I was 18.

But we were going through a rocky patch. I wanted to have fun.

'Let's go out,' Joanna smiled.

We grew close.

One evening in April 2014, she suggested we go out after work.

Joanna admitted things weren't going well with her girlfriend.

Ste and I had split by then, too.

That night me and Joanna fell into each other's arms. I'd never been with a woman before, but it felt right.

I had a son, 3, with Ste, so didn't go out much, but Joanna gave me a new lease of life.

She took me out for nice dinners, told me that

she loved me.

I felt the same.

But within a few months, she seemed to change.

She started picking arguments, became jealous, didn't like me seeing friends or talking to them on the phone.

She even made me block Ste's phone number, so he couldn't call me.

Unable to predict her mood

swings, I did as she said.

But by December 2014, I'd had enough.

Joanna realised it wasn't working now, too.

There was no furious row – Joanna simply went back to her ex-girlfriend and I moved on with my life.

In time, Ste and I reunited.

We'd never stopped loving each other, and the time apart made us stronger than ever.

Life was good.

Then, just months after we had got back

together, Ste discovered one of his van windows had been smashed.

We were shocked, had no

idea who had done it.

Not wanting trouble, Ste got it fixed and we forgot about it.

Only, weeks on, Ste and I were in bed when there was a hammering on the door.

Half asleep, I answered it.

It was the fire brigade!

And there was smoke billowing out of our black Mitsubishi parked outside.

Someone had torched it! 'Is this your car?' the fire officer asked.

I nodded and we watched, horrified, as they fought to put out the flames.

The car was a burnt-out wreck – a write-off.

The fire had damaged our neighbour's car, too.

The police couldn't find anything to indicate who'd started it.

Ste and I had no enemies. But then I thought about Joanna...

Would she? I wondered.

Yet there was no-one else, so I messaged her to ask, and when she insisted it wasn't her, I believed her.

Besides, our break-up hadn't been bitter, I couldn't see why she'd want to get back at me.

Still, we were so worried – someone definitely had it in for us.

Scared, we paid £500 to have CCTV cameras fitted.

Lucky we did... Shortly after,

**She became jealous, didn't like me seeing friends...**

**Me and Ste just wanted to get on with our lives**

**Ste's van, smashed...**





**Burning hatred**  
After torching our car, what would she do next..?



I had fun with Joanna (left) at first

**Now I wish we'd never met**

someone sprayed graffiti all over the outside of our flat.

In the shape of genitalia with the worst word under the sun scrawled right next to it.

It was on every wall on the front of the flat, and on the window.

Me and Ste looked at the CCTV footage.

And there, clear as day, was Joanna.

'Why?' I sobbed, confused. We called the police and they began investigating.

But Joanna got worse.

I'd spot her lurking around my car.

Once, the wing mirrors on were smashed, then my windscreen.

Obscenities were spray-painted on the side of my neighbour's car, too.

It started taking over our lives.

We got silent phone calls from withheld numbers, countless missed calls on

my mobile, too...

Then I got a voicemail from someone using a voice changer.

In it, she threatened my boy's life.

'I'm going to kill you and your son,' the robot voice hissed.

It was like something out of a horror film.

*Sickening.*

I was constantly in tears, took time

off of work, and was even diagnosed with depression.

I began logging every incident for the police.

Detectives kept a record, too, building a case against Joanna.

Eventually she was arrested and charged.

In August 2016, Joanna Moffat, 30, appeared at Preston Crown Court.

She pleaded guilty to harassment, damaging property and perverting the course of justice.

She was jailed for six months and given a five-year

restraining order banning her from contacting me.

By February 2017, she was released, and I heard that she'd got married.

'It's over,' I sighed to Ste, relieved. 'She's finally moving on.'

But I'd spoken too soon...

Just two weeks later,

I got a message from a fake Facebook account, telling me to watch out for my son.

My stomach churned.

I contacted the police.

But soon the anonymous phone calls resumed.

Voicemails, death threats...

'Why is she doing this?' I cried.

I lived in fear of going out, became a virtual prisoner.

The local police were

absolutely brilliant.

Logging everything, determined to bring Joanna to justice.

She was arrested, charged and held on remand.

Then, last October, Joanna Moffat, 31, was back in Preston Crown Court.

She admitted breaching the restraining order, putting a person in fear of violence and possession of a class-B drug.

This time, she was jailed for 15 months.

We were relieved.

But, with time served, she's already back out on the streets.

I'm constantly looking over my shoulder.

Joanna's ruined my life.

She hounded and threatened us, destroyed our property and left us fearing for our lives.

And I still don't know why.

Now I wish that I'd never met her.

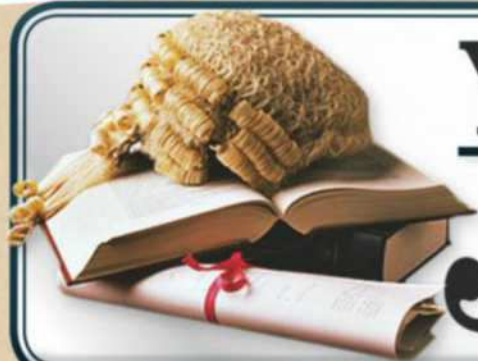
**A robot voice said they'd kill me – and my son**

**PLUS**

## Intimidation campaign

**R**ecorder Gary Woodall told Joanna, 'You began a campaign of intimidation, initially involving arson, criminal damage, threatening phone calls... You were made subject to a restraining order prohibiting you contacting the victims for five years. Having served that sentence, you were released but it's clear you didn't learn your lesson.'





## YOU'RE THE JUDGE!

# DEATH

WORDS: RACHEL TOMPKINS  
PHOTOS: PA IMAGES

### THE STORY SO FAR...

**O**n 9 August 2016, five young people drove onto a farm belonging to Gerald Stanley, 54, after their SUV got a flat tyre. They claimed they were looking for help, but chaos erupted. During the altercation, a gun went off and Colten Boushie, 22, was shot dead. Farmer Stanley was charged with murder, but he claimed the gun had gone off by mistake. Was he telling the truth?

**GERALD:**  
Did the gun  
'just go off...?'

### The case... SHOT BY MISTAKE?

**C**olten Boushie had grown up in Montana, USA. At 17, his family moved back to Canada, to be closer to his mum Debbie Baptiste's roots, on the Red Pheasant Cree Nation reserve in Saskatchewan. 'We started a great life here,' Debbie said. Indeed, Colten was thriving. He'd recently taken training in fire-fighting, catering and first aid.

Meanwhile, Gerald Stanley was a cattle farmer in rural Glenside, west of Saskatoon. He lived on his farm with wife Leesa.

But, on 9 August 2016, their lives collided – leaving one dead, the other facing a murder charge.

That hot August day, Colten, his girlfriend and three

friends spent the day together drinking and swimming in the Maymont river.

But, on the way home, their SUV got a flat tyre.

Around 5.30pm, they pulled into Stanley's farmyard.

What happened next is the subject of much confusion.

But, somehow, Gerald Stanley shot Colten in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Colten's devastated family were informed by the police, while Stanley was arrested for second-degree murder.

The case immediately proved controversial.

Colten was a young indigenous man, Stanley was a white farmer.

A row over racism ignited.

Some said the incident was proof of systematic racism against the indigenous people.

When Gerald Stanley appeared in court, and pleaded not guilty, hundreds of people protested outside, chanting 'Justice for Colten'.

They were adamant that Colten had been shot because of the colour of his skin.

Stanley's supporters began fundraising to help pay his legal fees.

They believed Stanley's actions were justified and he was protecting his property.

Rumours swirled that Colten and his friends were stealing farm equipment.

Local landowners talked of high crime in the area.

Controversy still raged this January, as Gerald Stanley's trial began.

The prosecution warned the jury they'd be faced with 'contradictions' in what witnesses saw that fateful day.

But one thing was clear, they said. Colten had been killed by a single bullet entering behind his left ear.

And the prosecution's case was that this bullet was fired deliberately by Stanley.

Colten's friends and the Stanley family all gave evidence. But their stories differed, with conflicting details



Gerald's son Sheldon was first on the stand



**DEADLY:**  
Gerald's gun



# DEATH ON THE FARM

But was it a freak accident? Or a cold-blooded murder?

being presented by each person.

Gerald's son Sheldon, 28, was first on the stand. He described how he and his dad were building a fence when they heard a vehicle pull into their farmyard.

Hearing someone trying to start their quad bike, they ran over – to see a man jumping off it and getting into the SUV.

Sheldon smashed the windscreen with his hammer as the SUV drove past.

He said he then ran into the house to grab his keys and follow the SUV.

But then he heard two loud bangs. *Gunshots.*

He ran back outside as a third shot rang out.

His father was standing next to the SUV driver's window, holding a handgun.

'He looked at me like he was going to be sick. He said, "I don't know what happened. It just went off. I just wanted to scare them,"' Sheldon said.

But Eric Meechance, Colten's friend, said the group only stopped at Gerald Stanley's farm because of a puncture.

He said he and another friend Cassidy Cross-Whitstone, got out of the car looking for help.

Eric denied trying to steal the quad bike, claimed they heard shouting, jumped back in the SUV and tried to drive off.

Suddenly, the windscreen was smashed, and they collided with a parked car. Getting out of the vehicle, he said he heard gunfire and ran.

Cassidy told jurors that he and Eric fled as bullets whizzed past them both.

'I heard a bullet right beside my ear,' he said.

And Belinda Jackson, who'd been in the back of the SUV as events unfolded, said she'd heard Stanley tell his son to 'go get a gun'.

She claimed Sheldon Stanley



**Much-loved boy**  
Colten's mum on the steps of the court

emerged from the farmhouse with a long gun, while his father got a handgun.

Belinda told the jury that Stanley then went to the SUV and fired two shots.

'He shot Colten in the head,' she said.

The defence claimed that the group weren't looking for help for a flat tyre, but were 'motivated by theft'.

There was evidence that the group had trespassed onto other farms, prior to arriving at the Stanleys'.

And it was claimed that they'd tried to break into a truck.

Lastly, Gerald Stanley gave his

own, long-awaited version of the events that day.

He said that, as Sheldon gave chase, he'd grabbed the gun because he was scared for his son's safety.

He'd loaded two shells, then he'd walked back into the yard. Seeing two men running off, he said he'd fired two warning shots.

After emptying the gun, Gerald Stanley said he'd



**The SUV**  
Colten was driving that day



who couldn't tell his version of events was Colten.

But which was the truth? Had Stanley deliberately armed himself and shot Colten in cold blood – or was he a victim himself?

A farmer protecting his property from thieving trespassers, when the gun accidentally went off?

The jury had to decide.

walked over to the SUV and the engine was still running.

He claimed he didn't see Colten Boushie in the driver's seat, so he leaned in through the window to grab the keys and...

'Boom. It just went off,' Stanley said.

He said he'd never pulled the trigger, and claimed it was a freak accident.

During the three-week trial, the jury had heard differing versions of events from several perspectives.

The only person

**A row over racism ignited**

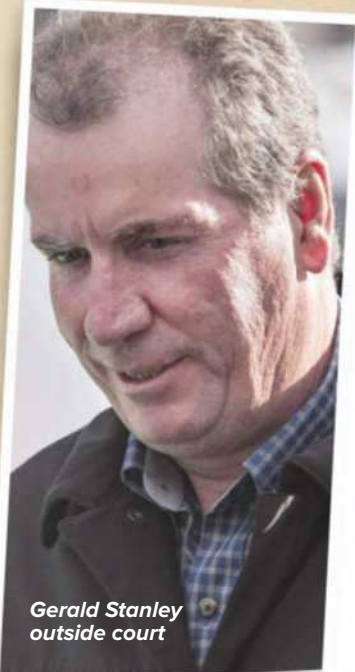
**Now turn over for the verdict...**





Continued from previous page

## THE REAL JUDGE'S VERDICT



Gerald Stanley outside court

## NOT GUILTY

In February this year, after around 13 hours of deliberation, the jury found Gerald Stanley not guilty of the second-degree murder of Colton Boushie.

The controversial verdict reignited the race row, emotions were raw and demonstrations broke out across Canada.

Debate still rages, while Colton Boushie's mum Debbie has promised to 'fight back' against the criminal justice system she feels failed her boy.

# WIN £100 CASH!

Puzzle 4

## £100

## FILL ME IN!

**A**nother word used for a dog. Solve the puzzle by following the arrows and writing in your answers. Then read down the letters in the shaded squares to find the prize answer.



Girl or woman		Toddlers		Roman garments		Cart track, groove	Detailed investigation	Egg-laying bird	Middle leg joint	
				Parentless child						
Chiselled		Number							Hum a sentimental song	
				Now! (2,4)						
Festive sporting occasion		Carrier		Narrow band of colour		Make a picture of		Diplomatic etiquette		Sentimentally cute
						Supply station				
Arrears	Showy daisy						Argument			
				Elector		Make amends				
— the memory, remind	Wet weather	Aspect					Jagged hook		Claret, eg	
						Money dispenser (inits)	Decoratively tied ribbon			Early morning moisture
Band		Infused drink					Non-alkaline substance			
				Northern Ireland county						
Heap (of papers, eg)		Outer border				Gusted				

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Your answer:







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dfs 



# chat Fashion!

What's hot  
this week...

**Top Tip**  
Match your  
lippy to your  
outfit.



Jumper, £32, Very



Dress, £13, Primark

## RED H



Dress, £35, Dorothy Perkins



Skirt, £25, Red Herring at Debenhams



Shoes, £18, Simply Be

Jacket, £35, blouse, £22, and trousers, £22, Bonmarché



# OT



Blouse,  
£28,  
M&Co



Bag, £22,  
Dorothy Perkins



Trousers,  
£8, Primark



Jumper,  
£14, George  
at Asda



Earrings, £6,  
Accessorize



Shirt, £24, and  
jeans, £16,  
Bonmarché

## Top Tip

Florals are timeless and will never go out of fashion.

## CLASH RED WITH PINK



Jumper,  
£19.99,  
New Look

Skirt,  
£36,  
Oasis



Jacket,  
£35,  
Simply  
Be



Shoes, £12,  
Matalan



Jacket, £45, Oasis

Trousers,  
£22, Miss  
Selfridge



# NOT MY GRANDDAD HE'S MY HUSBAND



## My man's four decades older, and four times sexier!

By Stacey Thompson, 26, from Newcastle

**B**umping into an old friend in the street, I smiled. 'Alright, Kevin!' I grinned.

'Stacey! How are you?' Kevin beamed back.

It was September 2015, and I was out in town.

Kevin was with a mate, Angus, and he quickly introduced us.

'Nice to meet you,' Angus grinned, shaking my hand. 'Although I think I've seen you around town.'

Angus was a lot older than me, but very charming.

Was I blushing?!

We chatted for a few minutes.

Angus was friendly, courteous – and, as he asked me questions about my life, I warmed to him.

Then...

'Can I have your number?' he asked nervously. 'I'd like to buy you a coffee.'

Stunned, I blushed again, before happily putting my number into his phone.

Over the next few days, I couldn't stop thinking about him.

I'd always fancied older men.

But Angus was 41 years my senior – definitely the oldest

bloke I'd ever been attracted to.

Yet I even found myself daydreaming about him.

Days later, Angus got in touch, asked me on a date.

And when I went to meet him by the monument statue in the city centre, my tummy was full of butterflies.

*He's so handsome,* I thought as we chatted.

He was 65 and I was only 24, but we got on brilliantly.

Angus was gentle, respectful and seemed so comfortable

in his own skin.

Nothing like lads my age.

That night, Angus leaned in and we shared our first kiss.

It was magical.

After that moment, it was a whirlwind.

Even though Angus was old enough to be my grandad, I quickly fell head over heels.

And he felt the same.

'I love you,' he whispered one evening, just three days after we met.

I felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

Still, I had to be realistic.

While I'd been with older guys before, none of them had been

quite as old as Angus.

*Do we have a future?*

I thought.

I knew I might want kids one day.

*Would that even be*

**We often get stared at when we hold hands in public**

*possible with Angus?*

Plus, I worried what my family and friends would say.

But Angus refused to give up on us.

'Age is nothing but a number Stacey,' he said, holding me close.

Promised we had years ahead of us together.

'I love you, that's all that matters,' he said.

'I love you, too,' I smiled.

Then, one day in December, Angus took me in his arms, a serious look on his face.

'Let's get married,' he said.

Since meeting Angus, I was the happiest I'd ever been, so there was only one answer.

'I'd love that,' I beamed.

There was just one thing... Angus hadn't met my Dad, Michael, 57, yet.

'I guess I'll have to ask his permission now,' Angus smiled.

I didn't speak to my mum, but me and Dad were close and



*Our love life's still passionate!*



*We just make each other happy*



# DAD... BABY!

**For us, age is  
just a number**



he was very protective of me.

So, nervously, I took Angus to meet him.

As they chatted, I worried what Dad would think, what he'd say.

But, incredibly, he was supportive, and quickly warmed to Angus, too.

'He's a very nice man,' Dad said after, giving me a big hug. 'So as long as you're happy, I'm happy for you.'

Relief washed over me.

'I'm very happy. Thank you, Dad,' I said.

Some family and friends weren't as supportive, sadly, and stopped speaking to us.

But we refused to let anyone tear us apart.

So, in January 2016, four months after we'd met, we married.

Dad walked me down the aisle, gave me away.

And as we exchanged vows in front of a handful of close family and friends, I promised to love Angus until death do us part.

As the registrar announced that we were husband and wife, I felt like the luckiest woman in the world.

Now, we've just celebrated our second wedding anniversary and life's better than ever.

The age gap hasn't been easy.

Some family and friends are yet to come round.

And sometimes people assume Angus is my dad.

Or my grandad!

And we often get stared at in

the street when we hold hands or kiss in public.

I admit it did upset me at first.

'People should mind their own business,' I raged.

But we learned to laugh it off.

Ignore them.

Angus may have wrinkles and grey hair, but I still fancy him like mad.

I think he's gorgeous, and I can't keep my hands off him!

In fact, sex with Angus is more intimate than with previous boyfriends.

He takes time to make sure

**He may have grey hair, but I fancy him like mad**

I'm satisfied in the bedroom.

I'm still young, still enjoy partying, while Angus prefers to stay at home.

But I know I made the right choice in marrying him.

Despite the four decades between us, we're just like any other couple.

We might even start a family one day.

And while part of me

sometimes worries how Angus will cope with young kids at his age, I know he'll be an amazing dad.

Although Angus might not be around forever, the child will always be loved.

Our love is proof age really is just a number.

I can't wait to spend the rest of our lives together.

However long that might be.

## PLUS 'Love's funny'

**A**ngus says, 'I'd seen Stacey around, and secretly fancied her for a long time. She's like nobody I've ever been with before. The age gap has never bothered me – love is a funny thing.

'Meeting her father for the

first time was strange as he's younger than me, but we get on brilliantly. I would be happy to have a child with Stacey – but, at the moment, she's not ready.

'I worship the ground she walks on.'



# MOWN DOWN AND LEFT TO DI



## Why won't my boy's killer be punished?

By Sharon O'Hare, 51, from Liverpool

**C**haos broke out upstairs. 'Get out of the bathroom, Thomas!' my daughter Caitlin, then 19, shouted. The only reply was muffled singing as Thomas, then 16, enjoyed a bath.

I couldn't help but smile. Thomas was my only son, the youngest of my four kids.

With older sisters Natasha, 27, Caitlin, and Rebecca, 22, he was spoiled rotten.

Growing up, the girls would go crazy when he hogged the bathroom.

Yet, they loved to pamper him, too.

Take him shopping, ask him for fashion advice.

'He's our little Gok Wan,' Natasha would smile.

Last September, Thomas, 16, started a Health and Social Care course at college.

He loved it, made new mates.

As a boy, he'd been very shy. But now, he came out his shell.

He'd dance around the house, singing.

One evening last November, the girls were out and my partner, Mark, 43, was at work.

'What do you fancy for tea?' I asked Thomas. 'Chippy!' he grinned.

I couldn't say no

to that smile!

'Go on then,' I laughed.

So Thomas had sausage and chips before heading out to meet a friend.

'I'll be back for 9pm,' he said.

I settled down with a cup of tea.

But a few hours later, my phone rang.

It was my niece, Shelby, 15.

'Have you heard from Thomas?' she cried. 'His mates are looking for him. He's missing.'

My heart thumped.

Thomas wasn't home yet.

It was gone 9pm. Thomas wasn't picking up his mobile.

Scrolling on his phone,

**I paced the hall, redialling Thomas' number...**

Mark spotted a news story.

'There's been a bad accident near the park, a hit-and-run,' he said.

I felt sick.

Straight away, Mark and Caitlin dashed out to look for Thomas.

Meanwhile I paced the hall, pressing Thomas' number on redial.

*Pick up!* I thought

desperately.

Then Mark

returned home, shaking.

He couldn't even look at me.

'I spoke to the police,' he said quietly. 'They're calling us back.'

My blood ran cold.

Moments later, two police officers turned up.

'Your son has been killed in a road accident,' said one.

My heart shattered.

The next hours were agony.

We had to go to the hospital to



**Smeda was driving at speed**

identify Thomas' body.

He was just 16, my baby. Seeing him lying there was unbearable.

'What happened?' I wept.

But we had no answers. Three days later, the driver handed himself in.

Grief-stricken, we organised Thomas' funeral.

Natasha read a poem and we listened to the Ariana Grande songs *One Last Time* and *My Everything*, plus RuPaul's *Born Naked*, as we said our goodbyes.

We were all in shock.

This January, the driver who hit Thomas, Patrick Smeda, 34, appeared at Liverpool Crown Court.

He'd pleaded guilty to causing death by dangerous driving and failing to stop after an accident.

The court was told Thomas was crossing the road on the way to meet his



**My baby: Thomas with Caitlyn, Rebecca, me and Mark**



**So loved**  
Our smiley lad  
was just 16...

**E**



## CALL THAT JUSTICE?!

- **Hit-and-run driver killed beloved son and brother**
- **Convicted criminal was out on licence**
- **Won't serve a day for causing Thomas' death**

friend when he was struck by one of two Audis. The cars had been travelling at up to three times the 20mph speed limit.

**Racing.**

Smeda was driving aggressively and at speed, treating the road as a race track.

The driver of the first car, who hadn't been traced, braked suddenly when he saw Thomas.

Smeda – who was behind – swerved round him.

Ploughing into Thomas.

Smeda then fled on foot, leaving Thomas alone, dying. Two men who'd been walking nearby called an ambulance – but Thomas died of multiple head and chest injuries.

The judge sentenced Smeda to eight years in prison.

Only, Smeda had been jailed for 14 years in 2010 for a spree of armed robberies.

He was out on licence from prison at the time when he killed Thomas.

But, after hitting my boy, he was recalled to prison.

Told to serve the remainder of his original sentence.

The judge's hands were tied. The law didn't permit him to make Smeda's jail sentence

longer by adding the sentence he'd received for killing Thomas.

It'd run alongside his armed robbery

sentence – which finished in 2022.

So he won't serve a single extra day in prison for causing Thomas' death.

The judge said he wished it was different.

That he could order Smeda to start his new sentence in 2022.

'The system's a joke,' I wept.

Mark and the girls were furious and heartbroken, too.

The thought of Thomas dying alone haunts me.

Smeda left my boy to die

like an animal.

He deserves

to rot in a cell, thinking about what he's taken from us.

Rebecca has just had a baby girl, Heidi. She's 6 weeks now.

Thomas was excited to be an uncle – now he'll never meet her.

And Smeda won't even pay for his crime.

But our family – and Thomas – we'll pay forever.

● **Sharon and her family have launched a petition to change the law. Visit [change.org/p/merseyside-police-life-in-prison-for-any-type-of-death](http://change.org/p/merseyside-police-life-in-prison-for-any-type-of-death)**

**The judge's hands were tied – he couldn't do more**

## PLUS 'Gross insult'

**J**udge Clement Goldstone, QC told Smeda, 'You will not serve a single day in prison solely for this offence. That restriction may well be said to be adding a gross insult to the incalculable injury already suffered by Thomas Edward's grieving family. If I had the power, your sentence of eight years would start not now, but at the conclusion of your period of licence. You snuffed out a young life in a piece of driving which was as dangerous as it was arrogant.'

**BIT ON THE SIDE!**

**Salsa**



**Sainsbury's Hot Salsa 230g, £1.30**

This has a bit of a kick, but isn't too spicy. The tomato flavour didn't come through as strongly as in some others, but it's a good crowd-pleaser.

**Asda Hot & Spicy Salsa 215g, £1.10**

This salsa has a fiery heat and a chunky texture. Serve with crunchy chips as a no-fuss party snack food.



**Chat choice**



**M&S Tomato Salsa 200g, £1.30**

This rich and tangy number was our favourite of the bunch. It has a fresh tomato flavour that's hard to find in shop-bought salsas.

**NEW**

**Old El Paso Gluten Free Smoky BBQ**

**Fajita Kit, £4.49, Morrisons**

The most popular flavour from Old El Paso is now available in gluten-free form. A great addition to this much-loved brand.





# Chat Health

The advice you need

## Ask our Doc

Don't be shy – **Chat's Dr Martin Edwards** is a family GP who's seen it all before...

### Nose has grown!

**Q** My nose used to be small and cute, but now I'm getting a huge, ugly conk!  
Miranda, 40

**A** It's a myth that your nose keeps growing – though it might enlarge as the skin thickens due to an increase in oil-making glands, or droop with age due to gravity!

Avoiding smoking, harsh weather and excess alcohol could all help.

### What's it mean?

**Q** I saw my GP for heartburn and he diagnosed Barrett's oesophagus and now I'm on pills for life.

But what is it?

Annette, 61

### Kids' bit!

#### No sick note

**Q** The school wants a doctor's note as my daughter was off with an ear infection. My surgery refused...

Jem, 36

**A** The school should take your word, or accept a prescription or appointment card as 'evidence'. Surgeries can refuse, as many GPs see issuing certificates as a waste of precious appointment time.

**A** It means that acid, leaking from your stomach, has inflamed your gullet lining.

Besides causing heartburn, this increases the risk of rare cancerous changes, so treatment means permanently taking pills to reduce stomach acid, plus regular camera checks down your throat.

### Face ache

**Q** Wind or a slight touch triggers agony on my face. My GP says it's neuralgia...

Olga, 53

**A** Sounds like trigeminal neuralgia, where the nerves carrying pain sensation from your face trigger when they shouldn't.

It can be painful and there isn't usually an obvious cause.

Treatment means pills or, rarely, surgery. Usually, it stops on its own, though there's a chance it might return.



Dr Martin Edwards

### 'Erm, it's a bit... personal'

#### Pelvic pain

**Q** I've had a fever and pain in my pelvis, especially during sex. I've also had discharge. Will it go by itself?

Aimee, 23

**A** It could be pelvic inflammatory disease (PID), an infection usually as a result of a sexual infection like gonorrhoea or chlamydia.

Treatment is essential, or you may risk long-term pain, infertility – or, later, an ectopic pregnancy.

### Can he feel it?!

**Q** My GP says I've got a prolapse. Could my partner feel it during sex?

Lynne, 46

**A** Your cervix is sinking into your vagina due to loss of strength in the muscles and ligaments supporting your womb, usually the result of age and childbirth.

Your partner may feel it during sex. So, if this worries you, ask about pelvic-floor exercises or, if necessary, surgery.

## Health SOS

About 30% of the population experience a negative affect from perfume or aftershave. A Harvard Medical School study of migraine sufferers found that smells even set off headaches in 60% of cases.



## Hit or MYTH?

You can't get pregnant while on your period

Ideal conception time is usually on cycle days 18 or 19 (day one being the first day of your period). But a good egg has a life

span of up to five days and healthy sperm can fertilise for up to four days, so falling pregnant while on your period is possible.



HIT ☐ MYTH ☒

## World health

World Parkinson's Day, 11 April: Parkinson's disease affects one in 500 people and up to 14 million people worldwide. Each year, charity Parkinson's UK continues its amazing work to ensure that the awareness day is used to reach more people that are affected by the condition and raise funds to provide better treatments through ever-more-vital research.

Write to Dr Martin Edwards at **Chat**, 161 Marsh Wall, London E14 9AP.  
Or e-mail [chathealth@timeinc.com](mailto:chathealth@timeinc.com) Sorry, he can't reply personally.



True  
life

# PATIENT CASEBOOK

## A medical mystery



### After years, I've finally got the answers I need

By Clara Holmes, 37, from London

**F**or as long as I can remember, I've suffered from back pain.

'It really aches,' I'd moan to my mum.

My GP just dismissed it as growing pains.

But when I was 7, I was playing at home when something popped.

My ankle dislocated. I cried out in pain.

As quickly as it happened, it popped back into place.

'You're probably just double jointed,' Mum reasoned.

At 12, at my grandparents' I ran down stairs and suddenly my knee popped out of joint.

The pain was excruciating. But, like my ankle, it popped back into place moments later.

However, my doctor just put these dislocations

down to a growth spurt.

'Things will soon settle down,' I was told.

But in my teens, my back pain worsened, and painkillers didn't help.

By 2004, I was 24 and working in a bar. During one shift, I met Ashley, then 25.

We hit it off, became a couple. Within a month we were living together.

But, one day, I sat down and couldn't stand up again.

It was like every muscle and joint had tensed up.

'What's going on?!' I cried, pain tearing through me.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't pull myself up, and the pain was unimaginable.

After minutes of panicking, my body relaxed again.

I put it down to being tired. But it happened once more

a month later and then again a week after that.

In April 2005, I was in the bath when my body stiffened and I was in agony.

'I can't move!' I cried out.

The pain was just too much.

Ashley came in to lift me out of the tub.

By the time

I could move again, I was in a right state.

'What's going on?' I cried.

Eventually my GP referred me for tests and X-rays.

But they were clear.

Months passed and my condition just deteriorated further.

By December 2005, I was in so much pain, I had to use a wheelchair.

Feeling really miserable and depressed, I was no

closer to getting answers.

I wanted to speed things up so I booked to see a doctor privately.

Eventually, I was seen by a specialist who told me about Ehlers-Danlos syndrome (EDS).

'It's a condition affecting connective tissue,' he explained.

I was told it causes joint hypermobility, loose and unstable joints, joint pain, fatigue, dizziness...

'I tick all those boxes,' I told him.

I underwent an examination and then it was confirmed.

'You do have EDS,' the doctor said. 'And I'm afraid there's no known cure.'

But rather than being upset, I was relieved to finally have answers.

I just had to learn to live with it.

And, over the years, that's what I did.

Painkillers didn't help, so I had to just grin and bare it.

It was constant, and my joints would pop in and out.

But I was determined not to let the condition define me.

So in 2015, I started my own blog about fashion and lifestyle called [rollinfunkyblog.com](http://rollinfunkyblog.com)

It gave me a focus, something to keep me busy.

Then, last year, I was in town in my electric wheelchair when a modelling scout approached me.

'Have you ever considered modelling?' she asked.

'I'm no model!' I snorted, looking down at my chair.

The scout said she worked for Zebedee Management.

They represent models

On a shoot



Out and about with Ashley

There's  
so much  
more to me  
than my  
condition

who have disabilities.

After a lot of thought, I decided to go for it.

I wanted to prove being in a wheelchair doesn't mean you're not beautiful.

I went for a few test shoots and was signed by the agency.

Although it's still early days, I love being in front of the camera.

In fact, I have bags more confidence now than I did before my diagnosis.

Yes, living with EDS is certainly tough.

But there's so much more to me than my condition.

I might not be a picture of health.

But that won't stop me smiling for the camera!

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Always consult your pharmacist or GP before using any over-the-counter or prescription remedies, and read the packet carefully.





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\*78% of 105 women agree



# Soap world



## Emmerdale

**Telly trivia**

To enter, see page 60

Which character did Charity marry in 2001?

**Puzzle 5**  
**£50**

## Charity's dark secret!

Vanessa is reeling as Charity shares the horror that has haunted her...

It's the week of Phil's sentencing and Charity is on hand to support Tracy through the stressful ordeal. However, the Dingle mum is left reeling by someone working on the case, and painful wounds from her past are reopened.

Emma Atkins, who plays Charity, says, 'Her past comes back to haunt her. There is an ominous history.'

Vanessa is concerned when her girlfriend returns home aloof and withdrawn. Determined to know what's rattled her, she begs Charity to open up. However, nothing can prepare her for what she hears next.

'There was serious abuse that Charity went through when she was

14,' continues Emma. Vanessa listens aghast as Charity sheds light on the horrific events that occurred when she was just a schoolgirl.

Michelle Hardwick, who plays vet Vanessa, says, 'It's an "Oh my God!" moment for Vanessa. She asks Charity who else knows and she says that Debbie knows a certain amount, but she's never told anyone the extent of what she's telling Vanessa now.'

'It's delving deeply into someone's history,' explains Emma. 'It's going to be exposing, ugly and upsetting. As more things emerge for Charity, it's an ongoing trauma.'

What exactly happened to Charity years ago? And how can she face the future?

Will Charity regret opening up to Vanessa?



## Coronation Street

### Boxing horror!

It's the day of the boxing match, and when Tyrone drops out, David takes his place. Damaged from his rape by Josh, he loses control in the ring and turns on Gary like a man possessed. Gary's rushed to hospital, and David is arrested...



## EastEnders

### Stop the lovers!

After hearing that Louise and Hunter have been seeing each other, protective father Phil is on the warpath. Meanwhile, Hayley Slater pays another visit to the Square. Will she hook up with Martin again?



## Hollyoaks

### Escape plan

Killer Ryan is desperate to flee the country before Tegan reveals his murderous past. Will his escape plan work, or will his lover Ste discover the truth before the pair of them leave UK shores?



## Don't miss this

### The City and The City, BBC2

This four-part fantasy crime thriller is set in the future and sees *The Missing* star David Morrissey playing Inspector Tyador Borlú. He has a baffling case on his hands when the body of a foreign student is discovered in the streets of the down-at-heel city of Beszel.

**PLUS**



# I've got it

# LICKED



**Flaky tongue**  
The reason I decided to lose weight



## This weird symptom drove me to overhaul my health completely

By Emma Matthews, 44, from Stockport

**S**ticking my tongue out, I looked in the mirror. *Gross!* I thought. My tongue was white and flaky, and I'd no idea why.

It was 2015, and I'd been suffering with disgusting skin peeling from my tongue for four years.

It was embarrassing. I worried other people would notice it, be revolted.

But it wasn't just that. I'd been back and forth to the doctor's, complaining of migraines, too.

I'd suffered pounding headaches since my early 20s, could be left bedridden.

Was it connected to whatever was going on in my mouth?

Doctors had no idea what was wrong, even though

I'd had blood tests.

But when I got the results in August 2015, they revealed frightening news.

'You might have cancer,' the doctor at my local GP said.

*Might?!*

'Are you sure?'

I gasped. 'We need to do some more tests, it could just be caused by a fatty liver,' she said.

As I walked out of the doctor's office, my mind raced.

I hoped all this was down to a fatty liver – the other option was terrifying, and unthinkable.

And if it was my liver, then it was certainly linked to my weight.

At 42, I weighed around 18st and wore baggy, shapeless size-24 clothes.

I'd always struggled with my size.

Since I was just 11,

I'd tried everything to shift the extra pounds.

Weight-loss groups, fad diets – nothing seemed to work.

I'd lose a bit, give up and pile even more back on.

It was a vicious cycle.

In the end I'd become so disheartened and fed up.

But now this cancer scare gave me the kick up the bum I needed.

A mate suggested I join her at the gym.

I'd always said no in the past – but, now, as I waited for more test results, I finally agreed.

I started dragging myself there twice a week, and it was a challenge at first.

At my size, I was anxious about the judgemental glances and stares.

But, deep down, I knew I had to face my fears head-on – and, after a few weeks, I actually found myself enjoying it.

I hired a personal trainer, who sat me down to discuss my eating habits.

'What do you eat in a normal day?' he asked.

I told him how I was trying to shift the pounds, so settled for a simple ready-meal in the evening.

'You need to eat more. Three meals, plus two snacks a day. We need to boost your metabolism,' he ordered.

He was giving me a licence to scoff!

Healthily, but still...

So, with this new information I began eating healthy – and

filling – home-made meals for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Yogurts and berries for breakfast, then a mixture of homemade stews and other veggie treats.

At the gym, my trainer constantly pushed me to reach new targets.

I felt myself getting stronger – and my clothes looser.

I progressed from just walking on the treadmill to doing more intense cardio, and weight-training to tone up.

Two months on, I got my dreaded test results.

I'd tried not to think about the possibility of chemotherapy, surgery, radiation therapy.

The thought I might have cancer was always looming.

But the doctor had good news for me.

*All clear!*

I couldn't believe it, felt like a massive weight had been lifted.

But something else incredible had happened.

The weird symptoms that had driven me to the doctor in the first place had disappeared.

'Your migraines have gone? And the flaky mouth?' the doctor asked, stunned.

'Completely,' I smiled.

She confirmed they must have been caused by a fatty liver after all – not cancer.

And, thanks to my new healthy lifestyle, I'd reversed the condition.

It was such a relief.

'Whatever you've been doing is working. Keep it up!' my doctor said as I left.

I felt fantastic, couldn't wait to get back in the gym.

After such a scare, there

**The cancer scare gave me the kick up the bum I needed**

I've made gym visits part of my lifestyle







**BEFORE**

was no way I could let myself slip again.

I dedicated myself to the gym and my new healthy-eating regime.

And by the end of the first year, I'd lost 5st.

No surgery, no fad diets, no clubs – just sticking to my new plan.

It's my life now, and that's the biggest difference.

That horrible, embarrassing tongue condition never returned, either.

Now I'm a size-12 and weigh 11st 10lb.

I still have 'cheat days' and indulge in old

favourites, such as pizza.

But I always make up for it in the gym the next day.

It's truly transformed my life.

I can shop in 'normal' high-street shops now, grab anything I like from the hanger!

And I even feel confident and attractive in my gym Lycra, too!

Now, when I look at old pics, I'm astounded at how far I've come.

All because of a weird, flaky tongue!

## PLUS Tough cookie!

Emma has now set herself the challenge of completing a Pretty Muddy 5k race in July and a 10-mile Tough Mudder in September.

'Doing these three years ago would have been impossible. But I'm determined to complete both to show how far I've come,' she says.

Find fitsporation on Emma's Instagram @itsnotallabouts salad, and blog itsnotallabouts salad.co.uk.

No more spare tyres!

**NOW**

**BIT ON THE SIDE!**

## Fake-tan faves

FROM ONLY **£9**

**Sienna X Secret Tan Primer, £9, Boots**

Great for tan newbies, this helps to hide tell-tale fake-tan signs. Smooth over your hands, elbows, knees and ankles, and let it sink in before applying your tan.

**No streaks**

**Bondi Sands Everyday Gradual Tanning Foam, £12.99, Boots**

Perfect for pale complexions, this gradual tan builds beautifully over a few days, giving a natural glow from the comfort of your own bathroom!

**St Moriz Radiant Glow Tan Boosting Facial Serum, £9.99, Asda**

Add a little extra glow to your face by mixing 3-6 drops of this serum to your normal moisturiser.

**Subtle glow**

**Bellamianta Liquid Gold Self Tanning Tinted Liquid, £12, bellamianta.com**

This dries in 60 seconds, developing into a deeper tan over the next 2-4 hours. It's hydrating, too, making sure your tan fades evenly, with no patches.

Chat 27



# 'PLEASE LOC MY GRANDS



**With my beloved  
Tyler as a baby**



**It feels dreadful to say so, but he's a real wrong'un**

**By Pamela Nadin, 63, from Burnley, Lancs**

I was just heading for the kettle when I heard a knock at the front door.

'Can you get that?' I called to my husband David.

I knew it was my grandson Tyler, 10. He dropped round most days after school.

He walked in and gave me a hug.

'I've got those chocolate biscuits you like,' I said.

'Nice one, Nan!' Tyler grinned.

He was my eldest grandson and we were close.

I'd helped my daughter Kelly raise him, babysat a lot.

After he'd started school, he'd still come round to visit.

Me and his grandad had even taken him on holiday a few times.

'My little angel,' I called him – because that's what he was.

But when Tyler was 11, he got in with a bad crowd – started getting into trouble.

'It's important to work hard at school,' I told him till I was blue in the face.

'I know,' he'd sigh.

But age 12, he was expelled for being disruptive.

I was heartbroken, but hoped the shock would change his ways.

Far from it, Tyler began drinking, smoking dope.

It was so upsetting for

me and his mum.

We couldn't understand it. Tyler was well brought up, knew right from wrong.

Then, in May 2016, David, 74, died of the lung condition COPD.

I was heartbroken – Tyler, too.

Despite his problems, he and his grandad were close.

Around Christmas that year, he even moved in with me – and, for a few weeks, he was great company.

Now 18, I hoped he was growing up at last.

But then, in February 2017

came a devastating bombshell.

Tyler was charged with three counts of rape, one relating to a 15-year-old girl.

'Tell me the truth,' I said, confronting him.

'I'm innocent, Nan,' he swore.

I wanted to believe him, but

I didn't know what to think. Tyler was bailed to my house until his upcoming trial, so I let him stay.

Despite everything, I loved my grandson.

I just wasn't sure I knew him anymore.

Days later, I was tidying my bedroom when I accidentally knocked my jewellery box off the dressing table.

Picking up the jewellery that had tumbled onto the carpet, I realised with horror that four

**I loved him, just wasn't sure I knew him anymore...**



# KUP ON'

diamond rings were missing.  
'No!' I gasped.  
They were so precious to me.  
One was my wedding ring.  
The others were all presents  
from David that he'd had  
specially made when we'd been  
on holiday to India.

I searched frantically, but  
they were nowhere to be seen.  
Sinking onto the bed,  
I sobbed.

Because I knew who had to  
be behind the theft.

Only one other person had  
access to my room.

*Tyler, my own grandson.*

Moments later, he came  
running into the bedroom.

'What's happened?' he asked.

I looked him in the eye.

'The rings your grandad  
bought me...they're gone,' I said.

'One of my mates must have  
stolen them,' he stammered.

But no-one knew Tyler better  
than me.

And I knew he was lying.

With a heavy heart, I

reported the theft to the police.

Then I confronted Tyler.

'I need the truth,' I said. 'Did  
you steal them?'

Tyler looked at his feet.

'I shouldn't have done

it,' he mumbled.

I was heartbroken.

Tyler had known how much  
those rings meant to me.

He'd taken them to flog for

£400, so he could

pay off his debts

to a drug dealer.

*Despicable.*

I threw him out,

couldn't bear to

look at him.

The police

arrested him

shortly after.

But I cut all

contact with Tyler.

The next few months

were hell.

Tyler was in prison awaiting

trial both for stealing from me,

and accused of three rapes.

*How had it come to this?*

Had I spoilt him, showered

him with too much love?

In September 2017, the

rape case came to Preston

Crown Court and I was

relieved to hear the rape

charges against Tyler

were dropped.

The court heard that

he'd had sex with one of the

girls 100 times when she

was 14 and he was 17.

But prosecutors accepted

that the sex was consensual.

So Tyler admitted to charges

**Only a  
short, sharp  
shock will  
make him  
change**

of sexual activity with a child.

Also, admitting a charge of

common assault, he was given

a two-year prison sentence,

suspended for two

years, and was

ordered to carry

out 30 days of

rehabilitation

activity

requirement.

He was also

ordered to sign

the sex offenders

register and abide

by a sexual harm

prevention order for 10 years.

Then, in December 2017,

Tyler appeared before Burnley

Magistrates Court and

admitted the theft of my rings.

A month later, he was

sentenced to 100 hours unpaid

work and 12 months in jail,

suspended for 18 months.

I think he should have been

locked up.

Only a short, sharp shock

of a prison sentence will make

him change his ways.

Three months on, I've

washed my hands of Tyler.

My little angel has turned

into a devil I can't trust.

It breaks my heart to

say so, but I'm better off

without him.



**Broken trust**  
Tyler on his  
18th birthday

## PLUS Back in court

**T** Tyler appeared  
back in Preston  
Crown Court in  
February this year,  
charged with  
breaching a sexual  
harm prevention  
order. Judge Sara  
Dodd sentenced  
him to six months in  
a young offenders'  
institution, but  
suspended it for six  
months. She also  
warned him if he  
breached the order  
again, he would be  
looking at five years  
behind bars.



**He was so  
close to his  
grandad and me**



FIGHTING THE SYSTEM

THE **RESIDENT**

STARTS TUESDAY 9PM

**UNIVERSAL**  
CHANNEL



# WIN £500 CASH!

## CRAFTY CODE CRACKER

**B**ritish actress Emily Blunt says she now refuses to do selfies with her fans and prefers to do what with them instead? To find out, solve the puzzle... Fill in the grid. Each letter of the alphabet has been replaced by a number from 1 to 26. When you've completed the grid, the shaded squares will spell out the two-word prize answer. We've given you five letters to start you off.



**Puzzle 6**  
**£500**

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

13	22	26	14	19		9	23	8	14	1
6		23		6		23		2		14
21	23	13	25	14		11	23	19	14	17
14		26		18		11		23		19
	20	23	5	26	2	3	2	11	14	
3		21				23				14
23	6	14	1	23		6	23	18	14	15
24				8		18		2		2
4	16	12	11	14	6		14	22	2	5
14		6		1		23		22		19
	6	14	10	13	14	26	19	14	15	
24		26		14		19		6		23
23	11	19	16		5	9	2	26	14	11
5		11		3		3				11
9	24	14	1	23		23	1	18	11	14
19				6				2		24
	23	3	23	25	14	3	14	1	19	
11		16		2		23		21		2
14	10	13	2	22		7	23	15	14	15
1		1		23		16		16		14
26	23	19	2	1		6	13	3	4	23

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N										L		
14	E				K				A			

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_

**BIT  
ON THE  
SIDE!**



## Crunchy munchy fridge cake

**Serves: 16**

**Prep: 10 mins, plus freezing**

**Cost per serving: 42p**

**1** Put 200g milk chocolate into a microwave-proof bowl with 125g margarine.

Add 3tbsp golden syrup and melt in the microwave for 2 mins.

**2** Whizz 100g digestive biscuits in a blender, to crush to fine crumbs, then stir the crumbs into the melted chocolate.

**3** Line a 500g loaf tin with clingfilm. Place 1 Bounty bar and 2 Mars bars in the base, then pour over half the chocolate mixture. Top with 2 mini Crunchies and 2 Twix bars, then pour over the remaining chocolate mixture. Put into the freezer for 30 mins.

**4** Meanwhile, melt 1 Mars bar with 2tbsp cream in the microwave. Turn out chilled cake on to a plate, drizzle with the Mars-bar sauce and scatter with 1 crushed mini Crunchie.

**Sweet  
treat**

PHOTO: TIMEINCUKCONTENT.COM





My tiny fighter, Bobby...

# Hoping for happy ever



## I've suffered so much but will never give up on love

By Lindsey Walsh, 45, from Liverpool

**H**earing those three words, tears welled in my eyes.

'I've got cancer,' my dad, Steve, 56, said in July 2008.

Always Daddy's little girl, the pancreatic-cancer diagnosis came as a massive blow.

For eight months, I looked after him, until he died in March 2009.

I'd met my partner a year earlier, fallen in love.

*Marriage, kids.*

That was my dream.

But Dad's death was devastating, I needed time to grieve.

And more loss followed.

In April 2011, my only brother Stevie, 35, died in tragic circumstances.

We were all distraught, and my mum Audrey, 63, took us to Australia for some respite.

When we got back, my partner proposed and we decided the time was right to start trying for kids.

Then, one morning in June

2012, I took a test.

*Pregnant!*

'Look!' I screamed, shaking my partner awake.

It was the happiest day of my life!

Then, at nine weeks, I suffered some bleeding.

Rushing to the doctor's, I had a scan, was terrified I'd miscarried.

But then...

'You're having two!' the sonographer smiled to me.

*Identical twins!*

The bleeding was nothing to worry about, either.

I sobbed tears of joy.

At our 20-week scan, we were told everything was perfect.

Only, a week later, I woke up one morning and my knickers were soaked.

I went to Whiston Hospital.

'Your amniotic sac is leaking,' the midwife confirmed.

A scan showed that both babies were OK, but I had

to stay in overnight.

At 6am, I went to the loo.

Looking down, I saw something between my legs – the umbilical cord.

I hit the emergency button, was whisked for another scan.

Then, life changed in seconds.

'It's two boys, but I'm sorry, twin one isn't alive,' the doctor said. 'Twin two is, but we need to get them both out now.'

It was far too early.

Babies born before 24 weeks weren't considered viable, so even if twin two was born

alive, he had little chance.

I refused being induced, couldn't risk losing both.

Two days later, twin one – Lucas – was born naturally, already gone.

Then I waited for twin two – who we named Bobby.

Seven hours later, still nothing.

'Your cervix has closed,' the midwife said.

The doctor put a stitch in my cervix, hoping to keep Bobby inside for as long as possible.

I was on bed rest, legs raised, determined to reach 24 weeks.

I saw Lucas, said goodbye.

He was like a tiny, fragile doll, weighing just 1lb 1oz.

For more than five weeks, I stayed in hospital, reaching 26

and a half weeks.

*Hope!*

I was transferred to Arrowe Park Hospital, which had a Neonatal Intensive Care Unit.

There, they removed the stitch, to avoid infection.

I was terrified it would induce labour.

A few hours later, I went to the loo. There it was again...

The cord between my legs.

This time I had general anaesthetic and an emergency Caesarean.

'Please tell me he's alive,' I said, coming round.

'Yes, Bobby's in Intensive Care,' the midwife said.

Overjoyed, I went to see him.

He was tiny, just 2lb 2oz and covered in wires.

His lungs were weak, he needed oxygen to breathe.

I stayed in special accommodation in the hospital.

For five months, Bobby fought, increasing his chance of survival everyday.

Only, on 10 March 2013 – Mother's Day – he took a turn for the worse.

With a weak immune system, he caught an infection, was put on life support.

His lungs started filling with blood, he even had to be resuscitated once.

Doctors said we had to let him go. He was deteriorating, didn't stand a chance.

A few days later, we somehow found the courage. Together, we made the agonising decision to

**I hit a low. Now I could either give up, or keep hoping...**



# or a ly after



**OFF THE  
TELLY!**



**First Dates: Ian...**

turn off Bobby's life-support machine.

Everyone who loved Bobby came to say goodbye. Then his dad and I spent time alone with him.

Bobby was given morphine and ketamine, and the machine was switched off.

And on the anniversary of Stevie's death – 14 April – Bobby took his last

breaths in my arms.  
*So painful.*

**He was  
lovely – just  
not my  
Prince  
Charming**

Going home, I felt empty.

We held Lucas and Bobby's funeral, put them in a little coffin together.

Yet the trauma took its toll – my relationship fell apart.

I hit a low. Was left with two choices...

*Give up, or keep hoping.*

So I chose the second option.

My arms still ached to hold a baby. So I tried IVF using donor sperm.

In my early 40s, I knew it

wouldn't be easy, and my first two rounds failed.

Tough, but I couldn't give up. I wanted to give love another chance, too.

So in September 2016, I applied to be on TV's *First Dates*, was accepted!

And in March 2017, I bought a new outfit, excitedly travelled to London for filming.

On my date, I met Ian. We talked about everything from love to favourite films – and laughed lots.

He was lovely, just not my Prince Charming.

We had a second date – though, sadly, we were missing that spark.

Still, people told me that I was brave, beautiful, strong.

It was a massive confidence boost, pushed me to keep fighting.

I'm still single, but trying IVF again in a couple of weeks.

If it doesn't work, I'll remortgage the house to pay for another round. I've already spent all my savings, about £12,000.

One day, I'll get my happily ever after, I know it.

I've got too much love in my heart to give up.



**I'm looking to  
the future,  
staying positive**



**Special men**  
*I lost both  
Dad and my  
brother Stevie*

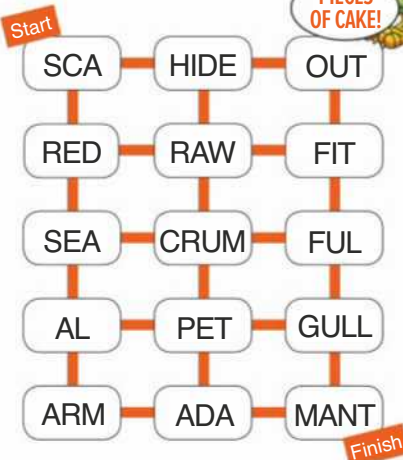




# WIN £££s

## CHAIN WORDS

In the city of Norfolk, Virginia, there is a law against spitting at a what? To find out, solve the puzzle... Make your way from Start to Finish, making words by joining two boxes together as you go, eg: SCA + RED, RED +... you decide! When you reach Finish, two unused boxes will join together to give you the prize answer.



Puzzle 7  
**£100**

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_



## IN THE GRID

Which star intended to become a comic-book artist before making it big in music? To find out, solve the puzzle... Hidden in this grid, reading forwards, backwards, up, down or diagonally, are 11 words beginning with E. The remaining letters spell out the one-word prize answer.

E	T	H	I	O	P	I	A
V	X	E	E	E	M	R	E
I	I	T	D	A	E	N	X
D	E	A	I	T	G	E	P
E	M	A	E	N	S	L	R
N	E	C	R	S	C	M	E
C	T	C	E	L	E	T	S
E	Y	E	B	R	O	W	S

**Facial feature plucked with tweezers**

**Home county**  
**Fast train**  
**Dutch cheese with a red rind**  
**Etc, spelt out**  
**Large bird of prey**

**Country in Africa, capital Addis Ababa**  
**Noble title**  
**Choose at the ballot box**  
**Facts given in court**  
**Of a species, died out**

Puzzle 8  
**£100**

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_

# chat

# A STA IS BO



## My girl has finally stepped out of the shadows...

By Jen Zeb, 35, from Sheffield

Watching my two girls together would melt anyone's heart. It was May 2008, and Erin, then 17 months, doted on her newborn sister Sara.

They had the sweetest bond. But their sisterhood was unique, as Sara wasn't like most other babies.

You see, Sara had Down's syndrome – a genetic condition causing learning disabilities and certain physical characteristics.

Doctors only picked up on it at birth.

Down's syndrome is where

people have 47 chromosomes in each cell, rather than 46,' the medic had explained to me and my husband Shahi, now 37.

It meant Sara would have developmental problems and learning difficulties.

We grieved for the able child we thought we'd have.

But it never changed the way we felt about Sara.

We loved her unconditionally. And so did Erin.

She'd stare lovingly for hours at Sara in her Moses basket.

'My sister has diarrhoea,' she told her pals at nursery.

'No, darling, Sara has Down's syndrome,' I explained, as Shahi and I hid our sniggers.

Erin knew that her sister was different.

But that didn't stop her wanting to be her best friend.

As Sara grew older, Erin



Our little cover girl!



# AR RN!

would teach her words, feed her, sing her nursery rhymes.

Not only was it cute, but it helped Sara's development too.

By mirroring her older sister, her vocabulary expanded and she didn't have to use Makaton sign language as much.

When Sara joined mainstream primary school, Erin took on a motherly role.

Taking her little sister under her wing, she'd sit with her at lunchtime and wipe her face if she had food round her mouth.

'Leave my sister alone,' she'd tell classmates if they made fun of Sara.

Erin's support gave Sara's confidence such a boost.

After two years, Sara was transferred to a special-needs school.

And, as time went on, Erin's gymnastics and athletics certificates filled up the fridge, her maths and science awards piled up.

But Sara didn't have any of that.

I wanted her to have her own niche, a talent or interest she adored.

Then, in February 2017, I had an e-mail about Zebedee modelling agency.

*We're looking for models with disabilities, the e-mail read.*

Sara was 8 then, so we jumped at the chance.

We sent in some photographs, and someone from the agency invited us in for a shoot.

Nervous, I wondered if Sara would like being centre of attention.

'Let's see your best pose,' the

photographer beamed.

Like a natural, Sara flicked her hair and looked at the camera.

Striking a different pose as the camera flashed, she looked beautiful.

And so confident!

A model trait I knew she'd not have without Erin.

The agency soon agreed to sign Sara up.

And, within weeks, we were receiving calls about possible jobs.

It was so exciting.

Going to shoots,

**Catwalk  
natural!**

**Striking  
a pose, she  
looked  
beautiful,  
confident**

**She  
loves it!**

share that incredible bond. I know it'll last a lifetime.

Erin has even been signed to model for Matalan alongside her sister.

Sara's modelling career is thriving, and she's already earning her own money.

Her headteacher even lets her have time off school when she has a new shoot.

I know Sara isn't going to shine academically.

That's not written in the stars for our girl.

Never has been.

But it doesn't mean she can't be successful.

And, as a model, that's exactly what she is.

I'm grateful to Zebedee for giving my daughter a chance.

Sara is proof the possibilities for disabled children really are endless.

It's finally time to have her name in bright lights.

watching Sara in her element in front of the camera.

I burst with pride.

Sara, now 9, has modelled for Matalan and Mountain Warehouse, even been on the front cover of a magazine.

She's been on TV, too.

One of her biggest moments was strutting up the catwalk for House of iKons.

Erin is 11, and they still

**PLUS  
'Charming'**

**D**irector of Zebedee Management Zoe Proctor told *Chat*, 'We started [the company] in the hope we could make a difference to people with disabilities who have been poorly represented in the media and fashion worlds. Big brands are now starting to realise disability isn't something to be feared, but should be embraced. Sara is an incredibly beautiful, charming and charismatic little girl.'

**We are family:  
us, the girls and  
their brother Adam**



Jackie and Josephine each have a grand in their hand here – thanks to bagging a jackpot!

# WE BOTH with a single

## A welcome surprise

Jackie had just put her feet up and won £1,000!

By Jackie Greenwood, 47, from Rochdale

WORDS: BESS BROWNING

As a teaching assistant, the last few days before the holidays are always very hectic. Cleaning up, handling the kids' excitement

and still teaching lessons, we get there in the end.

And when half term or a longer break comes, there's always a sense of elation for all.

When I get home, I've got my own two teenage lads to look after.

We live in Rochdale with my husband Kevin, 45.

The holidays are full of fun. Especially when the kids were younger, we'd go to the beach, the park or away camping.

During term time, it's hard to get a break. If I do get a minute, I'd often play Chat Mag Bingo.

I joined in June 2013, and I absolutely love it!

I used to play in bingo halls

but now with work and the kids, this is much easier.

I can sit down on the sofa and set up my computer.

'Playing bingo, love?' Kevin would say. He knows I love it.

The best thing about Chat Mag Bingo is the community spirit in the chatrooms.

Nattering about the game, gossip, TV, celebs, it's such a good giggle and I've made so many friends.

You also don't have to spend a lot of money. I often spend as little as 10p on a game.

There are even games for just a penny – what a bargain!

So, on 20 December last year, it was like

any other end to the holidays.

Waving all the kids off, I smiled at their excitement.

I couldn't believe that it was end of another term...

Heading home, I knew exactly what I was going to do to celebrate.

Put my feet up and have a lovely cup of tea!

'You're finished!' the boys both chorused as I came in through the front door.

Sitting down on the sofa, it was great to finally relax as

Kevin cooked the dinner.

I decided I'd buy a single 10p ticket for the Link game which started at 9pm in Emerald.

It's a 90-ball bingo room and the game was linked

## Get Linked up...

Our two winners this week both won a £1,000 Full House with a single 10p bought for a Link Game.

A Linked Game is a special-event Bingo game that brings together selected rooms, offering the chance to win an even bigger Full House.

We offer two types of Linked Games on Chat Mag Bingo, one with all the rooms of the same value and game type eg, 10p tickets and 90-ball bingo or when rooms of one type such as the value rooms come together for one game and will change to one price.

You can see the Linked Game symbol of two gold rings at the top of the game while you're taking part, and in the main menu Bingo page.



Winning this was incredible...

**LUCKY WINNER!**

Jackie G  
One Thousand Pounds

£1,000





# WON 10p ticket!

This was part of  
a phenomenal year!



with other bingo rooms for a big £1,000 Full House.

I love that you can buy your ticket and then go off and the game plays itself.

I went into the kitchen to chat to Kevin and the lads and when I went into the living room later, I looked at my account.

Frozen to the spot, I let out a little shriek.

Kevin came running in. 'What's up?' he asked

'I've won!' I squealed, jumping for joy.

He looked at the screen.

'Oh my God, love, you've just won £1,000!'

It was incredible.

I just play for fun, but it's always a bonus if you win!

I'd only spent 10p on a ticket and now I'd ended up with a £1,000 win.

Of course, we had one of the best school holidays we'd ever had and, needless to say, the whole family got lots of extra Christmas presents.

It was such a welcome surprise and I can't thank Chat Mag Bingo enough.

It just goes to show that you don't have to spend a lot.

Play and have fun, after all, any ticket can be a winner!

## I'll soon be going down Mexico way!

### Josephine can't wait to go holiday shopping...

By Josephine Howarth, 56, from Nottingham

Since Christmas two years ago, I'd had one aim – to lose weight.

At 17st 5lb, I was feeling chubby, and wanted to shed some pounds.

So, I cut out junk foods and started a healthy diet and the weight fell off me

One treat I still indulged in was bingo! I've always loved it – both online and at the hall.

Chat Mag Bingo is fun and

friendly, with great bingo and slot games to play from 1p.

My favourite room is Tiki.

On 15 July last year, I was chilling in the living room with my husband Len, 68.

It was a Saturday night, and we were catching up on our favourite programmes.

The great thing about Chat Mag Bingo is you can set a budget as to how much you spend and how long you play for.

That night, I decided to just buy one 10p ticket for the next 90-ball game in Tiki.

I watched as the numbers popped up.

Oh, my God! My numbers!

One by one, they were all dabbed off, the game ended in

seconds and I'd won £1,000!

Len was over the moon.

'What will we do with the money?!' he asked, excitedly.

We'd already booked to go to Florida in September. But we like to go away in May for our anniversary, too, so we saved it for a trip this year to Mexico, which is our favourite place.

I work long hours as a courier, so it's really great to get away for a week or two.

Also, I'd lost 5st and had to get some new holiday clothes.

'I might need to use some winnings to shop,' I told Len.

Now 12st 5lb, I couldn't be happier, and I'm proud of my

body. I don't need to cover up on the beach, so I'm planning to splash out on new bikinis!

What a phenomenal year, with our holidays, winning £1,000 on Chat Mag Bingo and losing all this weight.

It was really brilliant – and, with Mexico on the horizon, it can only get better!

One by one  
my numbers  
were all  
dabbed off  
and I'd won!

Join today!

**Chat**  
MAG  
Bingo.com

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- 3 Enjoy 6 FREE Bingo games every hour from 9am-9pm in Cloud room

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**chatmagbingo.com**  
GambleAware 18+



# WIN £500 CASH!

## NUMBER JIG

A standard-sized pencil has enough graphite to write how many words? Fit these numbers into the grid. One number doesn't fit. This is the prize answer.

### 3 digits

109

205

300

435

505

521

643

700

705

800

900

975

### 4 digits

1023

2000

3150

4309

5735

6500

7000

8750

9900

21000

36250

41627

45000

52100

54000

56000

60795

85813

99732

### 7 digits

9275356

5090824

6901567

4230213

### 8 digits

63393140

### 6 digits

105277

240140

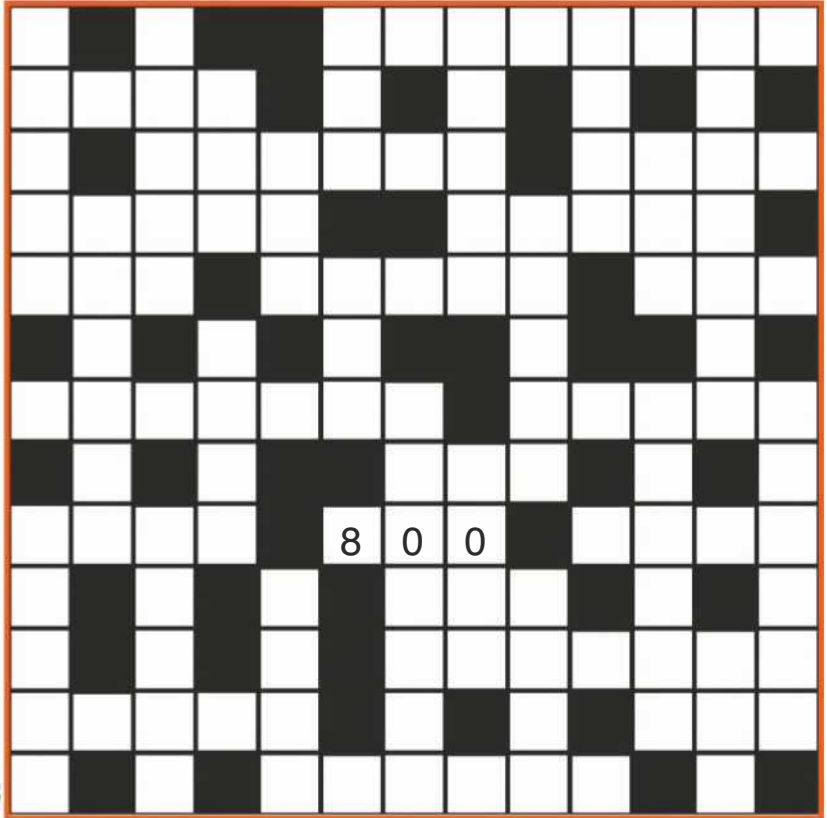
505382

710689

907706

Puzzle 9  
£250

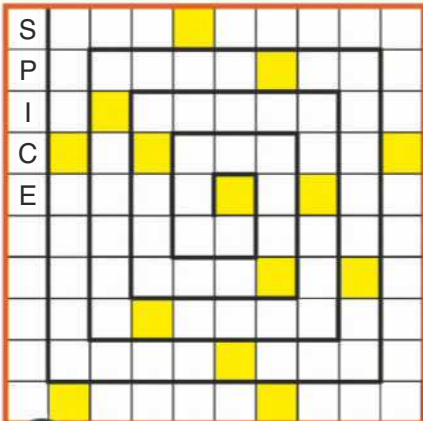
Your answer:



## SPIRAL XWORD

Business-focused newspaper *The Wall Street Journal* has an index to estimate how currencies are over- or undervalued by comparing the prices of what in various cities? The answer to each clue, apart from the first, begins with the last letter of the preceding answer. The shaded squares will spell out the two-word prize answer.

Puzzle 10  
£150



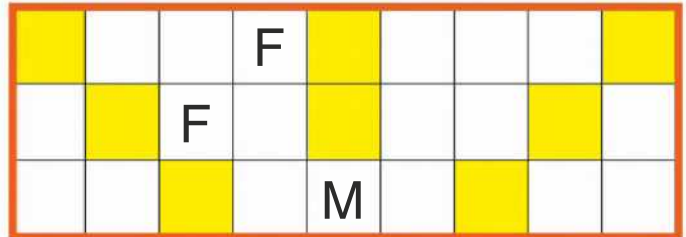
- 1 Piquant flavouring (5)
- 2 Mount ..., world's highest peak (7)
- 3 Hard-to-say phrase, 'red lorry, yellow lorry', eg (6, 7)
- 4 Circular road junctions (11)
- 5 One who tends flock (8)
- 6 Sign on hotel door requesting privacy (2, 3, 7)
- 7 Capital of Northern Ireland (7)
- 8 Cloth for drying dishes (3, 5)
- 9 Proverbial item that broke camel's back (4, 5)
- 10 Items for water sport enjoyed with motor boat (5-4)
- 11 ... and cream, traditional Wimbledon treat (12)
- 12 Faster than speed of sound (10)



Your answer:

## THREE IN A ROW

Volvo's driverless cars' 'large animal detection system' can avoid a deer, a caribou and an elk, but is confused by what animal? To find out, solve the puzzle... Make three nine-letter words using all of these three-letter sections and enter them in the grid. We've given you three letters to start you off. Unscramble the shaded letters to find the one-word prize answer.



LAT  
KER  
HER

GOD  
BOO  
ION

INF  
KMA  
FAT

Puzzle 11  
4 x  
£25

Your answer:





# chat **Blimmey!** Your tips are genius!

## Toy wash

I put my twin nephews' plastic toys in the dishwasher to clean them up after they've had their grubby hands all over them. The results are impressive.  
*Lyndsey Clayton, Swansea*



## Paired up

To keep my shoes tidy and easy to find, I cut down some 2ltr plastic drink bottles and use them for shoe storage. It also stops them getting squashed at the bottom of my cupboard.

*Irene Emerson, Grimsby*



## Dry in style!



## Fresh air

Attach a car air freshener to your radiators for a fragrant, fresh room.  
*Harli Dooley, Pinxton*



## Bag it...



## Cool cucumber

Keep cucumbers fresher for longer by taking off the plastic wrapper, transferring them to a cellophane baguette bag and keeping them in the fridge.

*Sheila Tivey, Nottingham*

## No more mix-ups

My daughter didn't like getting her towel mixed up with anyone else's, so I sewed her initial and some heart motifs on to personalise hers. It looks pretty and keeps her happy, too!

*Linda Beresford, Brierley Hill*

## Zip up

When the zip on my coat broke and wouldn't budge, I attached the ring from my keyring to it and it now works perfectly!

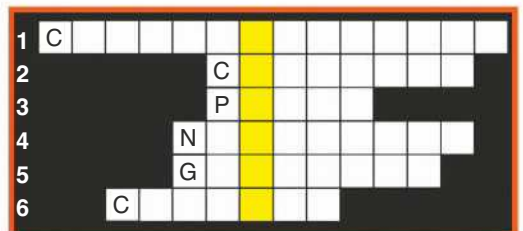
*John Dunn, Cranham*



## WORD JUMBLE

Back in the 1930s, some packs of playing cards had an extra suit added for variation. In the UK, what was that new suit called? Unscramble each group of letters to discover six card games.

Now fit them across the grid and read down the shaded squares to find the prize answer.



- 1** CORRECT  
**2** DINGBAT (8, 6)  
**3** BIG CABER  
**4** OK REP

- 4** KNEW TAMER  
**5** MY GUN  
**6** RIM (3, 5)  
**6** AT A SCAN

Your answer:

Puzzle 12  
**£100**

**£25**  
**A LETTER**

Tips must be your own idea, and not appear in other mags. If published, we pay £25 for tips with photos. Send tips, photos, name and full address to: Tips page, *Chat*, 161 Marsh Wall, London E14 9AP, or email us at [chat\\_magazine@timeinc.com](mailto:chat_magazine@timeinc.com)

\*Remember, these are YOUR tips – we haven't tried them ourselves

**TO ENTER** Turn to page 60 for details or visit [livedeathprizes.com/win](http://livedeathprizes.com/win)



# The fire and the FURRY!



## Our house ablaze, my hero hound went in to rescue her sister

By Lily Ifield, 73, from Little Hadham, Hertfordshire

Opening the back door, I saw my Chihuahua, Sandy, 10, waiting to come inside.

But there was no sign of her sister.

'Where's Tina?' I asked her.

My other Chihuahua Tina, 13, was going blind and often got lost in the garden.

Leaping back outside, Sandy searched for her.

Seconds later, she started barking at the bottom of the garden.

And slowly, Tina came plodding out of the darkness. 'Come on, old girl,'

I laughed, helping her in.

Sandy was always protective of Tina.

I'd had them both since they were pups.

I lived alone, but never felt lonely with my girls and my parrot Rio, who'd fly freely about the house.

That evening last November was no different.

'Don't stay up too late,' I told Rio, leaving him perched on the curtain rail as I went to bed.

Tina and Sandy were already curled up asleep, too.

Only, I woke up at 2am, decided to go downstairs for a glass of water.

But as I opened my

bedroom door, a rush of smoke hit me in the face.

'What's going on?' I choked, feeling my way to the stairs.

Thick, black smoke was billowing up the staircase.

Covering my face, I scurried down the stairs.

'Tina! Sandy! Rio!' I shouted to my pets, hurrying towards the front door.

Outside, I couldn't stop coughing.

The black smoke was coming from the electricity and gas cupboard next to the front door.

'The house is going to blow up!' I shrieked.

Fear coursed through me as I screamed again for my pets.

Suddenly Sandy darted out the front door, tail wagging.

Relief washed over me.

But there was no Tina or Rio. 'Tina! Tina!' I cried.

But her sight was so poor, there was no way she'd find her way out through the dense smoke.

I couldn't go back in for her.

Sensing my panic, Sandy looked around, searching for Tina.

Then she ran to the door and disappeared inside the house again.

'No!' I shrieked. 'Sandy, come back!'

Sobbing, I could barely breathe.

Out the choking smog, Rio emerged and landed on my shoulder.

I was so glad he was safe. 'Oh, Rio,' I cried. 'The girls

are still in there!'

I ran to my neighbour's with Rio still perched on me.

'Call the fire brigade,' I said, in a state.

I soon heard fire engines.

'My dogs are in there,'

I shouted to the firefighters.

They strode into the house.

My heart was in my throat as I watched the front door,

desperate to see my babies.

'Come inside, you're freezing,' my neighbour said kindly.

'The dogs have been in there too long,' I sobbed. 'The smoke would've killed them by now.'

They were such

tiny little things.

I was utterly inconsolable.

Then, moments later, a fireman came in, a bundle of fur under each arm.

'I believe these are yours,' he smiled.

Tina and Sandy!

I smothered them in kisses. 'You gave me such a fright,'

I cried.

Other than smelling smoky, the girls were unharmed.

'They're so small, they were probably beneath the blanket of smoke,' the fireman said.

He'd found Tina behind the sofa, with Sandy guarding her.

My heart swelled with pride. Sandy had bravely made her way through the smoke to sniff out her sister.

Then she stood protecting her when Tina was too scared to move.

'You're a little hero,' I told Sandy, fondly.

Firefighters managed to put

**Her eyesight was so poor, I knew she'd never find her way out**

My house, on the mend. The fire began in the gas and electricity box





## My fearless girls!



### Little darlings

It was torture knowing tiny Tina was trapped

out the fire.

And they confirmed that a fault in the gas and electricity cupboard had started it.

The smoke had billowed out and engulfed my home.

It was lucky we'd all made it out alive.

The smoke had ruined some of the downstairs walls, and they needed to be redecorated.

Luckily I had insurance.

For two weeks, I stayed in a hotel while a neighbour had the dogs and Rio.

Thankfully, it seemed Tina and Sandy weren't scarred with bad memories.

They bounded about the place again like nothing had ever happened.

But I'll never forget.

It was like time stood still when Sandy went back into the house searching for Tina.

They must've been in there 15 minutes, and every second of it was torture.

We've had a ruff ride, but thanks to my hero pooch, we had a doggone lucky escape!



Rio was in a flap, too!

## PLUS Safety first

Many pet owners say they'd risk their life to save a pet in a house fire. The safest thing to do is get out yourself and tell firefighters about your pet as soon as they arrive. Pets sometimes run away when a fire occurs, so may already have escaped the house. Make sure your pet is microchipped and wears a collar with up-to-date contact information on it at all times.

# WIN

## THE SKINNY ONE

A lot of employers located where insist that employees have their wisdom teeth and appendix removed before moving to that location? To find out, solve the puzzle...

Puzzle 13  
£50

Add a letter anywhere in each of the boxed-off words to fit the clue, eg, Fad = TEND + R = TREND. Write the added letter in the space provided. Read down the added letters to spell the prize answer.



Baton race	RELY	<input type="text"/>
Hurled	SLUG	<input type="text"/>
Bishop's hat	MIRE	<input type="text"/>
Oak seed	CORN	<input type="text"/>
Fad	TEND	<input type="text"/>
Bungle	BOTH	<input type="text"/>
Store	SASH	<input type="text"/>
Furious	RATE	<input type="text"/>
Win a point	SORE	<input type="text"/>
US state	MINE	<input type="text"/>

Your answer:

TO ENTER  
Turn to page 60 for details.



# WIN £1,110 CASH!



## ARROW-WORD

Which famous movie's title, when adapted for the Chinese market, was translated as *I Will Marry a Prostitute to Save Money*?

Solve the puzzle by following the arrows and writing in your answers. Then read down the letters in the shaded squares to find the prize answer.

Fitting, suitable	↓	Defy authority	↓	Place for a workout	↓	Charges for services	↓	Small carpet	↓	Oil platform	↓	Heavy weight	↓	Centre	Prince Harry's school	Fishing device
Be nosy	→		↓	Animal's foot	→	Ventilate	→		↓	Portent	→		↓			
Violent storm	→				↓	Slide on the piste	→		↓	Pierce with horns	→		↓			
	↓	Morning droplets	→	Question	→		↓	Set on fire	→		↓		↓			
						Inner self	→	Spud bud	→					Speck	→	
		Graven image	→	Female deer	→	Evergreen plant	→	Diverse	→							
	↓		↓		↓		↓		↓	Birds in a gaggle	↓	Creative skill	↓	Loud	↓	Come together
				Baby's bed	↓	Tins	↓	Sea near Greece	↓						Intend	↓
Crazy			→	Happen	→		→		→		→		→			
				Play on words	→		→		→	Weep	→	Italian capital	→			
Music theatre	→							Solid water	→			Cake layer	→			
				Upside down	→									Slump	→	
Winter illness		Pen tips	→					Colouring agent	→			Newcastle's river	→			

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_

Puzzle 14

£1,000



## SUDOKU

To solve the puzzle, each 3 x 3 box, each row and each column must contain the numbers 1 to 9. Solve the puzzle, then read down the numbers in the highlighted squares for the prize answer.

				7	2			
		5				8	3	
		8	6			5		
5		9		3	1	4	2	
1		4		5	8	3	9	
	7	2				1		
	4					2	6	
				9	5			

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_

Puzzle 15

£60

## WORDSEARCH

Puzzle 16

£50

A study at the Columbia Business School has found that the average person has 13 what? The answer is the one missing from the grid.

R	E	L	A	T	I	V	E	S
D	R	P	O	U	A	P	R	D
E	F	Y	H	L	N	E	S	R
S	S	R	U	O	V	T	T	A
I	E	E	I	O	N	S	S	C
R	S	O	G	E	N	E	A	K
E	R	N	H	E	N	R	S	N
S	A	S	P	S	S	D	F	A
H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	S	B

AUNTS  
BANK  
CARDS  
CARS  
DESIRES

FRIENDS  
HANGOVERS  
HOLIDAYS  
PENS  
PETS

PHONES  
RELATIVES  
SECRETS  
SHOES  
TOYS  
VALUES

Your answer: \_\_\_\_\_





# WIN £500 CASH!

## THE BIG QUIZ

**Puzzle 17**  
**£500**

The answers to all these general knowledge questions – except one – are in the grid in various directions. To be this week's **Chat** Big Quiz champion, work out which answer is missing. This is your prize answer. Answers are in alphabetical order in each section.

L I E U T E N A N T S W O M A N  
H A M P M L I S W E N H E A E A  
O F O X W E L I N E C A M N M M  
M X O D U E L I R D L A M C O O  
E E A R D E P G A I F E I H H W  
G Y I G T P I Y I Y S G T E B R  
U E E G I U L L P B L H P S I E  
A L W L G E N F Y P S B S T G D  
R Y I N W A H E I D L O G E L N  
D H E I G U M E S Y A D N R A O  
P M S E I L I M A F Y P P A H W

### THE SILVER SCREEN – WOMAN

**1** What completes the title of the 1981 romantic drama *The French - - -*, starring Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons, and based on the novel by John Fowles? (11,5)

**2** Which actor, who also starred in the *Lethal Weapon* series and the first three *Mad Max* films, played a chauvinistic womaniser who finds he can hear the thoughts of women in *What Women Want*? (3,6)

**3** Which superhero has been played by Gal Gadot three times on the big screen, with more movies planned? (6,5)

### WHERE IN THE WORLD? MAN

**4** The Isle of Man is surrounded by which body of water? (5,3)

**5** What Man is both a north-western English city and also the most populated

**6. Where is the city of Manila?**



city in the US state of New Hampshire? (10)

**6** Manila is capital city of which south-east Asian country, consisting of over 7,000 islands? (11)

### CHILDREN

**7** What is the double-barrelled surname of the one-time Poet Laureate Cecil and his multi-Oscar-winning actor son Daniel? (3-5)

**8** What is the surname of the acting cousins Emilia and Laurence,

daughter and son respectively of the acting brothers Edward and James? (3)

**9** Which Hollywood star is the mother of actress Kate Hudson? (6,4)

### FAMILIES

**10** What completes the TV game show *Family - - -* (and, more recently, *All Star Family - - -*), which has been presented by Bob Monkhouse, Max Bygraves, Les Dennis and Vernon Kay? (8)

**11** What is the name of the card game in which players ask for Mr Bun the baker and Miss Drill the dentist's daughter? (5,8)

**12** What completes the group Sister - - -, who sang the 1979 hit *We Are Family*? (6)

### HOMES

**13** What Home was the name given to the 'local defence volunteers' in the Second World War, as featured in *Dad's Army*? (4,5)

**14** What is the name of Homer and Marge Simpson's youngest child? (6)

**15** Greek poet Homer's *Iliad* is the story of the siege of which ancient city? (4)

**3. Who is this superhero?**



**Your answer:**

**BIT ON THE SIDE!**



**Chat Meal Deal**

## Feta, red onion and tomato tarts

**Serves: 6**

**Prep: 20 mins**

**Cook: 30 mins**

**Cost per serving: 92p**

- 1** Preheat oven to 220C/ Gas 7 and lightly grease a large baking sheet.
- 2** Cut a 320g pack of ready-rolled puff pastry into 6 equal rectangles. Place on the prepared baking sheet.
- 3** On each rectangle, score a border 1cm from the edge. Brush the border with beaten egg. Keep chilled while you make the filling.
- 4** Melt 30g butter in a large frying pan and cook 2 sliced red onions until soft, for about 10 mins. Add 2tsp dark brown soft sugar and 1tsp balsamic vinegar, and cook for another 1 min or so. Stir in 150g cherry tomatoes.
- 5** Spoon the onion and tomato mixture on to the centre of each pastry rectangle. Bake for 20-25 mins until risen and golden brown. Serve, sprinkled with 100g feta cheese, a handful of chopped fresh chives or parsley, and freshly ground black pepper.

RECIPE FROM TATE & LYLE SUGARS. FOR MORE RECIPES, VISIT TASTEANDSMILE.COM



# chat Holiday



6 reasons  
to visit...

## Suffolk

### Thrills, history and wide open spaces

#### 1 Outdoor adventures

Great for couples, groups of friends or families, Go Ape in Thetford Forest features a 739m-high rope treetop course with a 140m-long zip wire, plus forest Segway course, with four different routes to suit all abilities and thrill levels!

#### 2 Walk it out

The dry climate and low-lying landscape makes Suffolk a great place for walkers of all abilities and ages. Whether you're an adventurous walker or someone who prefers a short stroll, there will be a walk to suit you.

#### 3 Soak up some history

Suffolk's castles, notably Framlingham, Orford and Eye, are all equally fascinating and make for fantastic family

days out. Kentwell Hall, Gainsborough House and Melford Hall are among the grand buildings of the countryside, and the coast has many museums and monuments, including a number of Martello towers.

#### 4 Impressive scenery

For unrivalled views and some of the best photo opportunities, book a tour of St Edmundsbury Cathedral's tower. After climbing the 209 steps, you're rewarded with breathtaking views.

#### 5 Gastronomic delights

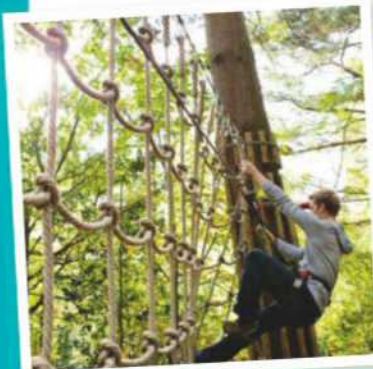
Ben's Restaurant in Bury St Edmunds is an award-winning 'farm to fork' restaurant that uses ingredients from the county's independent producers. It's been listed as a Local Gem in the 2016, 2017 and 2018 editions of *The Good Food Guide*.

#### 6 Get back to nature

Unwind at five different National Trust sites. A haven for wildlife, the BBC's *Springwatch* was based at Minsmere for three years. Bird-watchers will love it!

### Useful stuff

- [goape.co.uk](http://goape.co.uk)
- Visit [discoversuffolk.org.uk](http://discoversuffolk.org.uk) to get details of where to eat and what to do.
- [bensrestaurant.co.uk](http://bensrestaurant.co.uk)



# chat

# Allergi to my OWN



## My baby bump brought me out in lumps

By Emma Wilson, 39, from Belfast

**S**cratching my bump vigorously, I couldn't help myself. It was September 2016 – and, at 34 weeks pregnant, I'd developed a red and itchy rash all over my tummy.

Small at first, it grew until it covered my entire bump! 'It's unbearable,' I told my fiancé Chris, then 35.

So far, it'd been a smooth pregnancy.

Apart from our seven-week scan, when the sonographer examining me announced that we were expecting twins!

'Wow – two of them?' Chris had gasped, in shock.

I burst into tears – I couldn't believe it.

I was pretty big already, so I'd half-wondered if we were in for double the fun.

At our 17-week scan, we also found out that we were having a boy and a girl.

*One of each!*

It would be the perfect

little family.

But while I suffered all the usual pregnancy symptoms like morning sickness and tiredness, I'd also got this one odd side effect.

The red, itchy rash, which just seemed to grow by the day.

'You're probably allergic to something,' my GP said. 'Have you been using a different shower gel?'

But I hadn't changed my routine at all.

I was reassured it was nothing to worry about.

My babies were all safe and comfortable inside my womb.

I was sent away with advice to eat

healthily and take vitamins – still none the wiser to what was causing the rash.

Back home, I went online and searched my symptoms.

'It must be caused by something,' I told Chris.

Then I came across something called PUPPS.

Pruritic urticarial papules and plaques of pregnancy – a

**I'd half-wondered if we were in for double the fun**

WORDS: SARAH FINLEY, LUCY LAING. PHOTOS: WORLDWIDEFEATURES.COM



C

**Eva and Harry – worth all the discomfort!**

**Seeing red!**

# SON?!

skin condition that you can get while expecting.

Reading on, the article explained that it was actually fairly common.

And PUPPS normally occurred when you had an allergic reaction to the male DNA of a baby.

It could also be caused by the release of hormones in the last trimester of pregnancy.

It was more common in multiple pregnancies, too.

'This must be it!' I told Chris, showing him what I'd found.

We were stunned.

I could be allergic to my own unborn baby boy!

As he was growing happily in my tummy, his DNA was causing me trouble.

*Typical boy!*

'He's giving me grief already,' I joked to Chris.

But, actually, it was a relief to know what the condition was likely to be and that it'd go away after delivery – and to know our babies were safe and sound.

Still, it was annoying – trying not to scratch the red, bumpy rash wasn't easy.

'It's so itchy,' I cried to Chris, wincing.

I'd only last a few minutes before I found myself having to have another scratch.

A week later, I was at the

hospital for another checkup.

'I think it's PUPPS,' I said to the midwife.

'I think you're right,' she said, and prescribed me some antihistamines.

What had originally started as a small rash had covered my bump, crept down my sides and gone to the tops of my legs.

'Is there anything you can do to stop the itching?' I asked. 'It's driving me crazy.'

'Just calamine lotion, I'm afraid,' she replied.

So, sitting there every night in front of the TV, I'd rub my belly with lotion.

A bath helped, too.

It was soothing, but neither solution lasted long.

Finally, on 10 October 2016, at 37 weeks, I went into labour.

And despite the pain clamping round my belly, something else happened.

'It's stopped itching,' I said to Chris, showing him my bumpy rash.

As my contractions began, the itching started to calm down.

Although the rash was still there.

*Weird!*

Still, I had more important things to think about.

Chris took me to Antrim Area Hospital.

And, 15 hours later, little

Eva, weighing 6lb, and Harry, 7lb, were born by Caesarean.

I fell in love instantly.

A few weeks later, the rash had finally gone.

*What a relief!*

Although life with twins is hard work, Eva and Harry, now 18 months, are worth it.

Eva is such a sweet girl, while Harry is full of fun and very chatty.

Luckily, we had some great support from friends and family.

And, without that red, itchy rash I'm loving life as a mummy.

## Male strike

*My skin reacted badly to Harry's 'boy DNA'*

## PLUS About that rash

**P**UPPS is an itchy rash that seems to start in the stretchmarks of the abdomen and spreads. It often shows up in the third trimester and affects one in 160 pregnant women. You're more likely to suffer with it if you're giving birth to multiple babies. Thankfully, it hasn't been shown to have any long-term impact for mum and baby.



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**chat**

## I LOST MY FACE to save my life



**So brave**

**LETTER of the week!**

My heart goes out to Jamie Mirrlees (22 Feb 2018 issue), who thought he had a stye, but was actually suffering from a tumour. He endured so much as the tumour was removed and he lost part of his face. I'm glad Jamie has his loving family to keep him going. I hope he gets his confidence back one day and wish him well.

Manisa Kuinkel, Harrow

## To infinity!

I asked my friend, 'Who was the second man to walk on the moon?' She replied, 'Was it Buzz Lightyear?' I think Buzz Aldrin might be a little upset!

Hazel Anderson, Leeds

## In a spin

My 6-year-old godson pointed up to a helicopter hovering in the sky above us. 'Look!' he said. 'It's not moving. It must've run out of petrol!'

Joanne Wilkinson, Sheffield

## Why not get in touch?

See page 4 for details on how



## Save mums!

At last, a shop that recognises wine is one of the essentials to keep a new mum sane!

Jayne Benham, Manchester

facebook

## Photo of the week



Just my hamster doing her weekly shop! This picture makes me giggle every time I see it!

Julie Wood, via Facebook

## Cute Kids

Send us your snaps and we'll turn your tot into a star!



## Special smile

My daughter Sophie, 5, was very excited about a visit from the tooth fairy after losing her first tooth.

Colleen Wells, Norfolk



## Little mermaid

When our daughter Grace, 6, grows up, she wants to be a mermaid! Here she is in front of a fountain in Port Adelaide, Australia.

Joanne Davenport, Radcliffe



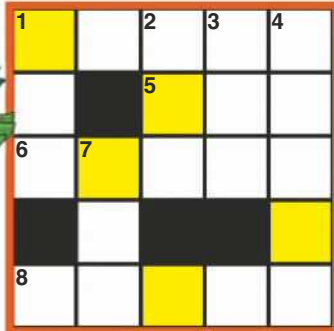
## Snug as a bug

My 3-month-old little boy Charlie looks so cosy in his new chunky knitwear!

Faye Pattinson, Newcastle upon Tyne

## THE LITTLE'UN

According to its Chief Executive, what is Netflix's main competitor? Solve the crossword, then read down the yellow squares for the prize answer.



Puzzle 18  
**£50**

### ACROSS

- 1 Mass of bees on the move (5)
- 5 Untruth (3)
- 6 Bus garage (5)
- 8 Material that comes after news, wall and sand (5)

### DOWN

- 1 Despondent (3)
- 2 Swiss mountain (3)
- 3 City that hosted the 2016 Olympics (3)
- 4 Device that measures usage (5)
- 7 Historic period (3)

Your answer:

TO ENTER Turn to page 60 for details or visit [livedeathprizes.com/win](http://livedeathprizes.com/win)



# TALES of the UNEXPLAINED

## LOST, ALONE AND GREEN?

But who were the strange children of Woolpit?

**T**he town of Woolpit in Suffolk is quaint and quiet – and yet it claims an intriguing history...

Its name, for one, derives from the Saxon word *wulfpit*, meaning 'pit for trapping wolves'.

The townsfolk would dig these pits to protect themselves from wild beasts.

But it's not this obscure name that presents a mystery, but a curious 12th-century legend attached to the town.

*The green children of Woolpit.*

The story began back in the Middle Ages. Workers in the small and seemingly

ordinary village were going about their daily business, labouring in the fields.

Suddenly, they heard frightened cries.

Stunned and nervous, the workers went to investigate.

Peering into one of the many wolf pits, they found two small children.

The boy and girl were terrified, and huddled close together for comfort.

They were crying out in an unknown language, and their clothes were made of a strange, unfamiliar material.

But stranger still was the children's skin – it was green!

*The colour of leaves.*

But who were these children? Where had they come from and why was their skin green?

The children were rescued from the pit and taken to the centre of the village, where the locals tried to take care of them.

But they both refused anything to eat or drink.

The locals grew concerned.

It wasn't until someone brought in

fresh beanstalks that the children showed signs of excitement, hungrily eating the uncooked beans.

For many months, they still refused to eat anything but raw beans.

Sadly, not long after the children were found, they became sick, and the young boy passed away.

Yet the girl recovered, and became healthy and hearty.

Gradually, she tried new foods and lost the eerie, green colour of her skin.

As her body healed, she learned the local language.

*Would she finally be able to give some answers, say where she'd come from?*

In time, she was able to share her story with the locals.

She said the boy who'd arrived with her, but died, was her brother.

And they'd come from a land with no sun called St Martin's Land, where everyone only ate greens, lived in constant twilight and had green skin.

She explained that she and her brother had been looking after their father's flock when they came across a cave.

They'd wandered through the darkness for a long time, until they came out the other side.

Entering bright sunlight, they became startled.

It was then that the villagers



**The boy and girl were terrified, huddled in a corner**

found them in one of the pits.

The girl couldn't say what had drawn her and her brother through the cave, only that they'd heard bells and become entranced by the sound.

However, her story only raised more questions.

What was this land of which she spoke – did it truly exist?

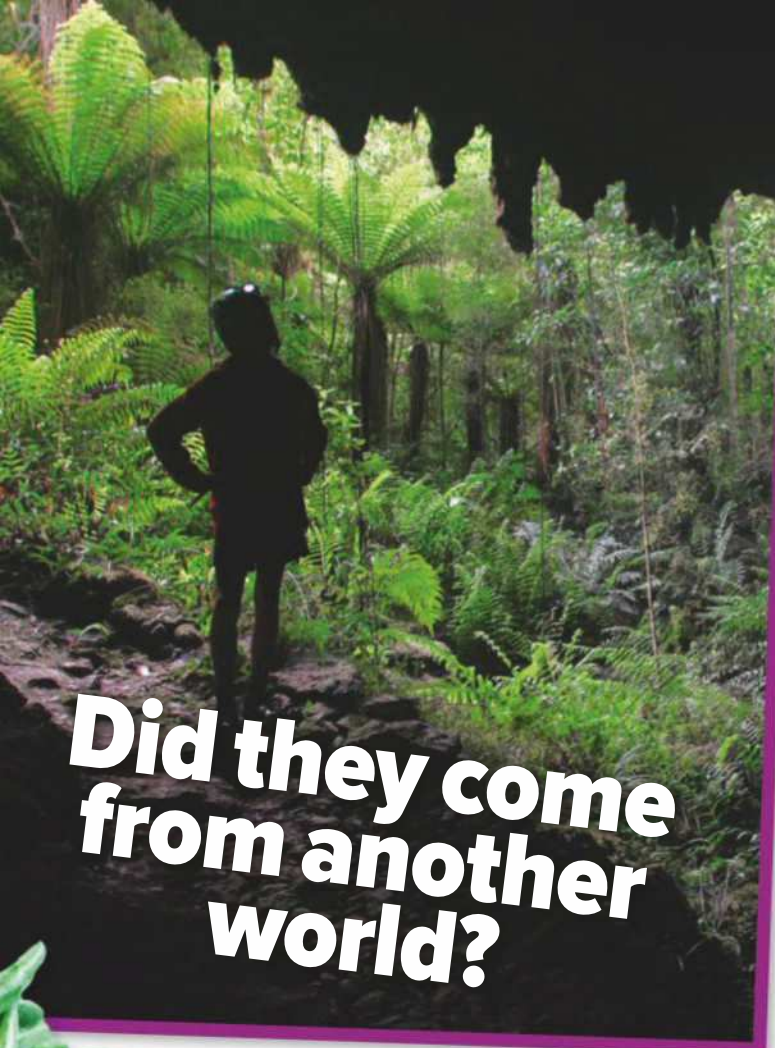
The girl grew up, eventually married a local man and lived



*The children were found in a pit*







# Did they come from another world?



a normal life. But it seems her arrival in Woolpit is destined to remain a puzzle.

Many attempts have since been made to make sense of the children's appearance.

Some suggest they were fairies, aliens or beings from a parallel dimension.

Others claim they could be from an underground world, or had been held captive.

Some even propose they'd been brainwashed, as part of an elaborate hoax.

Though imaginative, none of these theories can be proved.

Perhaps the most credible suggestion is that they'd simply come from a distant village, with a different dialect

and a disease or deficient diet that caused their green skin.

One theory says the children became lost in the flint mines near the village of Fornham St Martin, six miles from Woolpit.

After all, the little girl quickly managed to pick up the language.

Yet it is their green skin that remains most baffling.

Theories range from the fantastical and the supernatural to the sensible.

Yet nothing can ever truly answer the questions about the mysterious youngsters.

And so, 900 years on, the strange green children remain an enigma.

And it's likely we'll never have answers...

## PLUS Copycat tale?

While the Woolpit children appear in the 12th century, in Banjos, Spain, in 1887, a similar story is told. Farmers find the oddly clothed, green-skinned boy and girl near a cave. They eat only beans, the boy dies. The tale is almost identical, but begs the question... Is this a copycat retelling? Or a replica visitation from another world?

# WIN CASH!

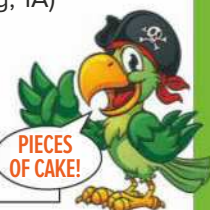
## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



Puzzle 19  
5x  
£30

Look closely at these two pics – there's a difference in almost every square. Only one has no changes – the grid reference (eg, 1A) is your prize answer.

Your answer:





Promotion



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# My LIVING DOLL



**I've got more than 300 dolls, but one of them is extra special...**

By Shirley Williamson, 75, from Gravesend

**T**ucking my dolly in her pram, I pushed her round the garden.

I was 6 at the time and had a few dolls, but this was my favourite.

I adored her. But one day after school, I couldn't find her anywhere. 'I gave her to a family down the road,' my mum explained. 'You have so many dolls and they can't afford a lot.'

I tried to hide how upset I was.

But, weeks on, I spotted my dolly dumped in our neighbour's garden.

Her head was cracked and she was beyond rescue.

After that, whenever I went to Brighton market with Mum and saw broken dolls, I wanted to take them home.

'Please, Mum,' I'd beg. 'That dolly needs looking after.'

Over the years, my love

of dolls continued.

Unlike other little girls, I never grew out of them.

When I was 18, I married and had two daughters – an excuse to buy more dollies.

Years passed and my collection grew.

I'd go to markets, fairs, antique shops...

Some dolls had broken legs and one eye.

'You can't help who you fall for,' I'd joke.

After my divorce, my obsession with dolls grew.

I'd spend hours dusting my dolls and redressing them.

They were all over the house!

In one of the spare bedrooms, I turned all the dolls' heads

to face the door.

'Hello, you lot,' I'd say, whenever I walked in.

I lived alone but never felt lonely surrounded by so many little faces.

Then, in 2016, I walked into the spare bedroom to see one doll facing the other way.

'Why are you facing that way?' I asked.

Made of plastic, her head was stiff to turn back.

I wondered if one of the grandkids had turned her head as a joke.

But it happened again days later, and I'd not had visitors.

*She must've turned it herself,* I thought, stunned.

It was the only explanation. I turned her back to face the

door, but her head kept turning the other way mysteriously.

'You're a little rebel!'

I told her.

I was convinced my doll was alive, turning her head whenever I wasn't looking.

I wasn't frightened, though.

It showed off her cheeky little personality!

Now, I have more than 300 dolls and 75 prams.

Yet she's the only one with a life of her own.

My friends think I'm crazy to have such a big collection.

And I'm sure some of you reading this will think I'm loopy, believing one of my dolls is alive...

All I can say is, I know what I've seen.

I love all my dolls and can't wait to get more.

Living, or not!

**She's so naughty!**



**I wondered if one of the grandkids had done it as a joke**

**They're everywhere...**



**Bedtime!**



**PLUS Obsessed!**

**N**ow read about the couple obsessed with their £43k Disney doll collection! Go to [lifedeathprizes.com](http://lifedeathprizes.com) and search 'Disney dolls'.



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# WIN £420 CASH!



**Puzzle 20**  
**£100**



## ZOOMED IN!

**W**e've got up close and personal with something that comes in many varieties, including button and shitake. If you can make out what it is, then that's your prize answer.

**Your answer:**

## WHAT'S ON TELLY?

**Puzzle 21**  
**4x**  
**£30**

**A**s you can see, our TV's gone on the blink and we can't make out what US show is being screened... If the crime thriller starring James Spader looks familiar to you, then that's your prize answer!



**Your answer:**



**Puzzle 22**  
**£100**



## WHAT'S WRONG?

**Y**ou may recognise this image from recent biographical movie *I, Tonya*, about a famous ice-skater. But something about this still from the critically-acclaimed film starring Margot Robbie isn't as it should be. If you know which item doesn't belong, then that's your prize answer.



**Your answer:**

## HOW MANY?

**C**an you tell how many mini nail varnishes we've put in this glass jar? If so, then that's your prize answer.



**Puzzle 23**  
**£100**



**Your answer:**

PHOTOS: EVLIN KAZANCEL, ALAMY, MOVIESTORE/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK





## SINISTER DISPLAY

Did a rage-fuelled student turn savage killer just for attention?

### THE CRIME

**O**n 15 August 2008, Morne Harmse, 18, went into his school in Krugersdorp, South Africa, put on a mask and tucked swords in his belt. When the bell rang, he hacked to death pupil Jacques Pretorius, 16.

He also tried to kill another pupil and injured two staff members.

All, apparently, because he was angry at his dad and wanted to do something 'impressive'...

### THE STORY

**M**orne Harmse had a chip on his shoulder. After being beaten by his dad during childhood, he seethed with anger and resentment.

He longed to fight back, but his father was bigger, stronger – Harmse didn't have a chance.

Instead, in the back of the boy's mind, a dangerous yearning to lash out at someone or something was brewing.

One day at school, Harmse and his friends got chatting about how they wanted to do something 'impressive' with their lives.

For some, it might have meant passing their exams or going on to get a great job.

But for Harmse, it meant something far more sinister.

He casually suggested carrying out a massacre at their high school.

Convinced he was joking, the group of boys each took turns to say how, hypothetically, they'd murder their schoolmates.

Harmse said he'd use Samurai swords given to him by his father a few years earlier to slice open his victims.

Another boy said he'd make a bomb to blow them up. In fact, he said he'd make it that weekend.

Harmse texted his friend during the weekend to check he was following his plan, and the teen replied that he was.

Meanwhile, Harmse got on

with plotting his own role in the massacre.

But, when Monday morning came round, there was no bomb.

Of course, the other boy wasn't serious about killing his schoolmates. Neither were any of the other lads.

*But Morne Harmse was...*

He became determined to kill, waiting for the school bell to ring that day before launching his attack.

First, he smeared his face with black paint, then put on a replica of the mask worn by the singer of a heavy metal band – in the weeks before the attack, the boys had started making these.

He put on gloves, elbow and knee pads to protect himself.

He hung two swords from his belt and carried a third.

At that point, some of Harmse's friends approached, laughed at the way he was dressed.

Even then, nobody truly believed he'd follow through with his plan – so nobody tried to stop him.

But, just minutes later, it was too late and all too real.

Harmse selected a fellow pupil at random. It happened to be Jacques Pretorius, 16, who he didn't know personally.

Without warning, Harmse swung at Jacques with a

sword, slashing him across the neck, wounding him fatally.

Another pupil, Stephanus Bouwer, watched events unfold in horror. He asked Harmse why he was doing it.

Harmse didn't answer, but instead swung at him with his blade, cutting Stephanus across the left side of his head.

At that point, two groundsmen at the school bravely sprang into action.

As they tackled Harmse, one was stabbed in the elbow, the other cut across the face.

Luckily, the men and Stephanus survived the injuries and

Harmse was restrained before anyone else was harmed.

But Jacques died in a pool of blood in the school grounds.

When the case came to the High Court in Johannesburg, in April 2009, Harmse, 19, confessed to murder and three counts of attempted murder.

Reading from Harmse's psychological report, Judge Phillip Hattingh accepted he 'comes across as still being an immature individual, albeit of 19 years,' whose 'character might still be in development'.

The report also went on to say that Morne Harmse lived in fear of his father.

'He would become angry

**A yearning to lash out at someone was brewing...**



# BOY WHO WAS MED OF MURDER



and emotional and he wanted to bash his father's head into something.

'He never acted on his feelings because his dad was bigger and stronger,' the judge read.

Despite hearing from Jacques' family, and the other victims, Judge Hattingh ruled Harmse couldn't be held fully responsible for his actions because he'd grown up in an 'unstable' environment and was still very immature.

So, although Harmse was legally an adult at the time of the attack, a life sentence did not apply because of his juvenile psychological disposition.

Instead, Morne Harmse was sentenced to 18 years for the murder, plus an eight-year

sentence for injuring Stephanus Bouwer, with six years to run concurrently with the 18-year sentence.

Harmse was also given five years for each of the attacks on the school grounds, also to run concurrently with the murder sentence.

In all, a sentence of just 20 years.

Jacques' mum Adele Bekker was visibly upset as the judge handed down his verdict.

'We are broken.

Completely in pieces. It's not enough. I would like him to get a life sentence,' she said.

Like the one she and her family are serving.

**IMMATURE:  
HARMSE**

**PLUS**



**Traumatic attack**  
Left: Stephanus – slashed  
Above: one of the masks

## 'Just a school project..?'

**S**peaking at Harmse's sentencing hearing, Stephanus Bouwer said, 'We stopped in the passage when we saw Harmse with his sword, wearing a mask, and at first I thought he was busy with some kind of school project. Then he chopped Jacques. And although I saw what happened, I didn't immediately realise what was happening. Then he hit me on the leg and I shouted, "Are you f\*cked up?", and I thought it wasn't so bad. Then I was bleeding everywhere and I started feeling dizzy.' Stephanus was left with a large scar across his skull.



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# From man flu TO DEATH'S DOOR



**I thought my hubby  
was being dramatic...  
I was wrong**

By Kirsten Bland, 36, from Dorset

WORDS: EMMA ROSSITER/HARRIET ROSE-GALE

**F**eeling my hubby Rob's forehead, I noticed it was hot.

'I don't feel well at all,' he groaned.

'Stop being dramatic, it's just man flu,' I teased.

It was February 2017, and me and Rob, 43, had been together almost eight years – but had only married the previous September.

Rob had been complaining that he felt unwell

for a couple of days.

Tired and feeling grotty, he'd taken himself off to bed.

I'd not thought very much of it.

I was a nurse, and Rob had all the classic symptoms of flu.

Fever, aching, shivering, tired, loss of appetite.

Plus, he'd recently suffered abdominal pains

and been diagnosed with problems in his gall bladder.

He was having an op to remove it that March.

That, and the flu, seemed to have hit him hard, though.

*No wonder he's feeling rubbish,* I thought.

But a few days into his illness, Rob was still in bed, shivering, barely eating.

'More rest,' I ordered.

Thought he'd be back to his old self in no time.

I still watched him closely, just in case.

After a couple more days, Rob seemed to be getting weaker.

That morning, I was getting ready to go to work and went to say goodbye.

Rob was in the bathroom – only as I wandered in, I got a shock.

Under the bright lights, something looked wrong with Rob's skin.

*It was bright yellow.*

He looked like

Homer Simpson!

I stopped dead in my tracks.

'Something's not right,'

I told him, walking over to take a closer look.

I examined his skin and eyes, checked him over.

All yellow.

*He's jaundiced,* I realised.

Alarm shot through me, but I didn't want to worry him.

So I took a deep breath, told

him I was going to work from home instead.

Then, after getting Rob back into bed, I called the GP.

Sure enough, with it being flu season there was a wait for appointments.

I put our name down, waited for a cancellation.

About an hour went by and I still hadn't heard back from the GP.

I called 111 – the NHS non-emergency number, but by 11.30am I still hadn't managed to get through to anyone.

And, checking on Rob, I saw he was rapidly getting worse.

So I decided to call an ambulance instead.

The paramedics arrived quickly.

'His skin is bright yellow,' I told them, listing his other symptoms too.

They agreed he had to be taken to hospital to be checked over.

'I really don't feel well,' Rob muttered as the paramedics helped him down the stairs and outside to the waiting ambulance.

I'd joked about man flu but wasn't laughing any more.

I knew then this was serious.

Rob was usually a smiler, a joker with a flair for the dramatic.

But now he looked beaten,



**Wedding joy**  
But just months later, Rob was dangerously ill...





My joker of a husband is back!

disorientated as well.

I climbed in after him and held his hand as one of the paramedics put him on a paracetamol drip.

By now, Rob looked like he was at death's door.

'Do what you need to get us there. If you need to put your blues on, do it,' he told the paramedic.

*Oh, God!* I thought, beside myself.

We arrived at Poole Hospital quickly, and Rob was rushed through to be seen.

While doctors did tests, I was put in a relatives' waiting room.

I tried to keep calm – but, as time crawled by, I began to imagine the worst.

Finally, I was allowed into see him, and a doctor explained that one of Rob's gallstones had come loose, blocking his bile duct.

'It's caused an infection,' he said.

*Sepsis.*

I was horrified – sepsis could be life-threatening. A fast killer once it took hold in the body.

Turning yellow is a sign of jaundice and occurs due to a build-up of the substance bilirubin in the body.

It was also a sign that Rob

was desperately ill.

*Thank God I noticed his yellow skin, I thought.*

Or he could have gone into septic shock.

We may not have got him to hospital in time.

Rob was put on antibiotics and given intravenous fluid to fight the infection.

Gradually the yellow faded and he began to look more like himself.

His smile returned, too.

Finally, on Valentine's Day, I was able to take Rob home.

It was such a relief!

In March, he had his gallbladder removed, as planned – and, thankfully, the surgery

was a success.

I can't believe I dismissed Rob's life-threatening sepsis as man flu.

He still teases me about it – 'I'll never live it down.'

'I'm just glad you're OK,' I smile guiltily.

Now I want everyone to be more aware of the symptoms of sepsis. And to urge others to always call 111, or your GP, if you're not sure.

In July, I'm taking part in the Jurassic Coast Challenge, covering 27km from Poole to Swanage, to raise money for the UK Sepsis Trust.

I know we were lucky.

Rob is his usual cheeky self again, so I have a lot to be thankful for.

But next time he's moaning about being ill, I'll definitely pay more attention.

**I tried to keep calm, but I began to imagine the worst...**



**PLUS 'Lucky!'**

Rob says, 'I thought I just had the flu, but I thank my lucky stars every day that Kirsten noticed something wasn't right. If I get sick now, she panics. "It's just man flu," I tease. 'If she hadn't spotted my yellow skin I could be dead.'

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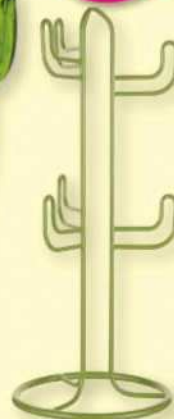
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# Chat PUZZLES 15

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## What's the answer?

Solutions to **Chat** issue 12 (22 March 2018)

Puzzle 1 Phillip Schofield  
Puzzle 2 Dear  
Puzzle 3 Pass her motorbike test  
Puzzle 4 Graduate  
Puzzle 5 Whale  
Puzzle 6 John Stape  
Puzzle 7 Brazil  
Puzzle 8 Read recipes  
Puzzle 9 Women's shoes  
Puzzle 11 Camel

Puzzle 12 Kiwi  
Puzzle 13 Meteorite  
Puzzle 16 Beer  
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issue 2  
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## In next week's chat



My dog had a **SEX CHANGE!**



Long-lost stepbro **WAS A RAPIST ON THE RUN**

**PLUS**

**MORE STORIES!  
MORE PUZZLES!  
MORE PRIZES!**



I won't marry till **THIS** is gone!

PHOTOS: PA REAL LIFE, SWINS.COM

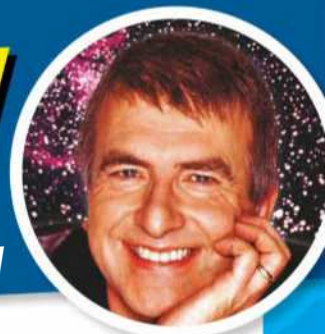
**ON SALE 12 APR**



**chat**

5-11 April 2018

# Your stars!

**Chat astrologer Bernard Fitzwalter reads your week ahead****Aries**

21 March - 20 April

It looks like either a promotion or a pay rise is on its way – or maybe both! It's down to talent and experience, of course, but also because a certain someone rather likes you. Smiling at the boss never did any harm, did it?

● Call 0905 817 0690\* for more

**Cancer**

22 June - 23 July

It's time to take the initiative in your personal life. Part of you wants to wait and see if things work out, but you've done that before and got nowhere. If your partner won't make a decision, then you must do it.

● Call 0905 817 0693\* for more

**Libra**

24 Sep - 23 Oct

Slick diplomacy this week, as you say different things to two different people, yet manage to get both of them on side. Just be sure your new friends don't meet, and don't go making promises you can't keep.

● Call 0905 817 0696\* for more

**Capricorn**

22 Dec - 20 Jan

Fate is doing a little bit of matchmaking this week, arranging for your path and someone else's to cross – not once, but twice. The second time, there's a definite hint of romance.

● Call 0905 817 0699\* for more

**Taurus**

21 April - 21 May

Long-term negotiations are nearing their end. The deal on the table may not be quite what you'd hoped for, but it will hold for a long time, and that gives stability. Work it all out and see if it gives you what you want.

● Call 0905 817 0691\* for more

**Leo**

24 July - 23 Aug

You've had a bit of a bumpy ride of late, with several confrontations at work. There's a final one this week, then everything will settle down again. Don't lose your temper at the last minute, though.

● Call 0905 817 0694\* for more

**Scorpio**

24 Oct - 22 Nov

When a wound hasn't quite healed, there's a temptation to poke at it to see if it still hurts – which it usually does. This week, old troubles from a few years back get stirred up again. Don't go there!

● Call 0905 817 0697\* for more

**Aquarius**

21 Jan - 19 Feb

Although you're independent and used to working alone, if you take a look around, you'll see there's a huge amount of support for what you're doing. You may not need it, but it's nice to know it's there, isn't it?

● Call 0905 817 0700\* for more

**Gemini**

22 May - 21 June

You're beginning to think that a bright idea you had a few weeks ago wasn't actually very bright at all, and wish you hadn't gone ahead with it. Don't worry – everything has its snags. You'll sort it in a day or two.

● Call 0905 817 0692\* for more

**Virgo**

24 Aug - 23 Sep

If you've made a mistake, the only thing to do is to go back and put things right. Kiss and make up, then you can forget all about whatever it was you said or did. True love beats wounded pride any day.

● Call 0905 817 0695\* for more

**Sagittarius**

23 Nov - 21 Dec

When someone you can trust says they're not going along with your latest scheme, there must be a good reason. Talk it through and listen to their advice, and you'll see what you have to do.

● Call 0905 817 0698\* for more

**Pisces**

20 Feb - 20 March

If you know what you want, then fine. But if you don't, it's easy to fall into the trap of thinking anything is better than nothing and risk getting stuck with something you don't want at all. Be careful.

● Call 0905 817 0701\* for more

\*Starlines updated every Thursday. Calls cost 80p per min plus your telephone company's network access charge and last around 4 mins. For entertainment purposes only. Users must be over 18. You must have the bill payer's permission. SP: Spoke 0333 202 3390.

## CIRCLE TIME

Which city is home to the world's highest concentration of peregrine falcons?

To find the answer, fit the words into the grid, then read down the letters in the shaded circles.



**3 letters**  
EVE

**EARS**  
JAYS  
KNEW  
STAY

**NANNY**  
NEWTS  
PLUME

**4 letters**  
BUCK  
DUOS

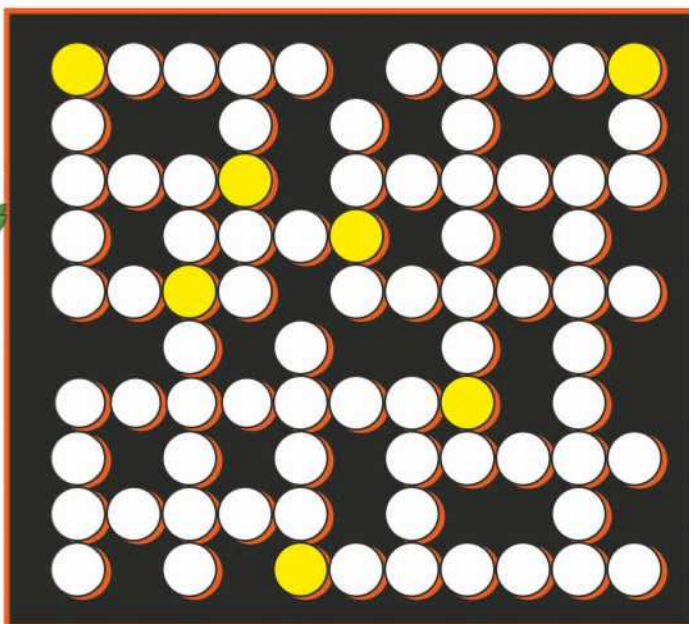
**5 letters**  
ADAGE  
CHINA  
KAYAK  
NAKED

**6 letters**  
ADVISE  
SUBWAY

**7 letters**  
KESTREL

**8 letters**  
BEE-EATER  
ESOTERIC  
LOVEBIRD  
SEA EAGLE

Your answer:



**Puzzle 24**  
**£100**

**TO ENTER** Turn to page 60 for details or visit [lifedeathprizes.com/win](http://lifedeathprizes.com/win)



# WEIRD WORLD

## BACK TO THE FUTURE?

A 25-year-old YouTuber claims to be a 'time-traveller' from the year 2030. He has spoken of what is to come over the next 12 years and says he has 'hard evidence' for his predictions. The man said robotics will take over, we will have cured several types of cancer, and humans will reach Mars in 2028.



## TO HAVE AND TO EAT

A £700,000 bride has been created from sponge cake by a British designer. The cake, made with 1,000 eggs, 20kg chocolate and 50kg fondant, stands 6ft tall and features five flawless, three-carat white diamonds, each valued at £200,000. It was commissioned for a Dubai bridal show and took 10 days to make.



Your latest squeeze...?

## ONCE YOU POP...

If popping pimples is your thing then this new toy is just for you. The ooily disgusting Pop-It Pal is the stuff of dreams for those obsessed with watching spot-popping videos as it allows you to replicate the 'joy' of squeezing zits at any time!

## DON'T DARE DIP!

Swimwear you can't swim in? Apparently so! This cossie, available online, comes with a caution that it 'cannot be worn in water'. A spokesperson from the manufacturers describes it as 'more of an item to wear around the pool or at pool parties'. Nice if you have the luxury of being able to afford no-bathing bathers!



## BEHIND CLOSED DOORS...

A Leicestershire couple used a fake garage door and high fences to conceal a tiny, secret house they'd made by converting their garage. The couple who built the little home managed to keep it hidden for a number of years, but have since been told to restore the garage to its former use.



Nothing to see here...



Just a pair of garage doors...



Oh, and this little house!

## WETHERSPOON WEDDING

We all enjoy a cheap and cheerful trip to the local Wetherspoon every now and again. But for die-hard fans of Curry Club and Fish Friday, things just got exciting. You can have a Spoons wedding! At a fraction of the cost of getting married elsewhere, you can bag yourself an all-inclusive drinks, food, decoration and venue bundle. Result!



WORDS: EMMA ROSSITER. PHOTOS (POSED BY MODELS): ALAMY, GETTY, SPLASH



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Sizes  
**10►28**

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