

INK-CREDIBLE
MY TATTOO
CAN TALK!



I woke up with
NO LIMBS



Why I DIDN'T CARE

24 MAY 2018
ISSUE 21
96p

LIFE! DEATH! PRIZES!

chat



Our happy marriage
...torn apart
by temptation

PLUS
CRACKING
CRIME



MY MATE WAS A CHILD KILLER



...now I had to prove it



My Dad
kept me
hidden for
40 YEARS!



THREE
FAMILY
DEATHS
...then three
reasons to
smile again

LURED BY
XBOX
into a sex
fiend's trap



Why wasn't
he stopped?

FAMILY PERKS.
EARN REWARDS WHILE YOU
IGNORE EACH OTHER.



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Chat **Come on in!**

LIFE'S A BEACH!



This pup is as happy as Larry, waving from a beach in Heligoland – a tiny island off the coast of Germany. Newborn grey seals can't swim and spend their first weeks suckling from their mother to put on fat. But this youngster looks ready to take the plunge and certainly gets our seal of approval!

● To see more cute creatures, go to lifedeathprizes.com and search 'animals'.



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CELEBRITY SPIN

This glamour model began her TV presenting career on risqué Channel 4 show *Eurotrash* and recently split from Warren Smith, who was her coach when she appeared on *The Jump* in 2014.

Take a look at the picture on the right and see if you can work out who it is.



PIECES OF CAKE!

Your answer:

Puzzle 1
£50



CASH

for your story!

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Contact us at 020 3148 6150



TO ENTER Turn to page 60 for details or visit lifedeathprizes.com/win

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TELL US YOUR STORY

WE PAY YOU £££

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



My little lamb

My 5-year-old son Alfie had a great time during lambing season at Reaseheath College.
Jenny Pritchard, Stoke-on-Trent



My 10-month-old kitten Kemtaro's fave place is in the bathroom bin!
Julie Gordon, Co. Antrim

Poser pooches

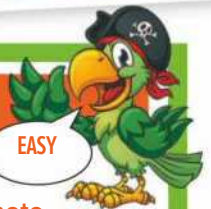
I had to bribe my beautiful dogs with food to get this picture. It was so worth it!
Jenna Mears, Salisbury



Pretty in pink

This is my husband Philip, relaxing at home in his Andy Pandy suit. Makes me laugh!
Kirsty Dawson, Wakefield

OVER TO YOU



This week's puzzle was compiled by *Doreen Wardle, Nailsea, Bristol*

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			

ACROSS
1 Bloke
2 Abode
3 Snakes
4 Exam

DOWN
1 Gossip
2 Tights
3 Electric units
4 Bother

Puzzle 2
5x
£25

Your answer:

TO ENTER Turn to page 60 for details.

My favourite PICTURE!



I love this photo of me with my best friend Benji, who came to visit all the way from Oz. Next time I see him it'll be for my wedding in June!

Gemma Henser, Sheffield

The Way We Were

This picture of me (left) and my twin sister Lynette was taken in 1953. We won a Coronation Cup at the St John Ambulance Baby Show.

Ruth Starkey, Wareham



DON'T I KNOW YOU?
Me and my boys Sam and Robert met Alan Titchmarsh in 2006. Robert has special needs and is a huge fan of Alan's TV programmes, so it was a dream come true.
Lynne Jefford, Southampton



Selfie stars

Had a blast playing glow-in-the-dark golf in Brighton. What a fun day out with my boyfriend Jack!

Aimee Barlow, Eastbourne



Sun's out!

Our local park is beautiful when the sun shines. It was so hot, I needed a parasol to keep cool!

Colleen Brunton, Enfield



My perfect man

Looks like I finally found my knight in shining armour, on my way up to Edinburgh Castle!

Josephine Thomson, Penicuik



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IT WAS OR LII



On holiday
Me and Steve
were in Spain



My infection-ravaged body was dying...

By Kim Smith, 56, from Milton Keynes

Blinking my eyes open, I saw fluorescent strip lights shining brightly above my head.

At my bedside, my daughters Gemma, 29, and Becki, 27, were in tears.

Then there was my hubby, Steve, 59, his usual smile replaced by a furrowed brow. 'Oh, Mum!' Becki sobbed.

I could see from their faces something bad had happened.

But what?

My brain was in a total fog. I'd no idea where I was, how I'd got there, or what'd happened to me.

Looking down, I saw my hands were swathed in bandages.

Muddled, confused, I stared blankly at my worried family.

There was no pain. Just complete and utter confusion.

Over the next few days, my daughters, Steve, and the doctors tried to fill in the missing pieces.

Nine weeks of them...
'We were on holiday in Spain,' Steve said. 'Do you remember?'
But I'd no

recollection of the month Steve and I had spent in a villa in Alicante, Spain.

We'd jetted off last November for an extended holiday.

Some winter sun and some much-deserved rest and relaxation from our busy jobs.

Steve was in customer service while I, originally a hairdresser, ran a wedding venue-dressing business with my eldest, Gemma.

But I couldn't recall falling ill

towards the end of the holiday.

Steve said I'd first come down with a stinking cold. I'd managed to shake that off, only to start suffering backache.

The pain had got so bad one lunchtime, Steve had taken me to the local clinic, where I'd had an X-ray.

'The doctor suspected a kidney infection,' Steve said.

I'd been given a course of antibiotics and had an early night.

But, at 3am, I'd woken up with freezing hands and feet, couldn't stop shaking.

Steve had helped me up and

into the car. But as he drove me to hospital, I wasn't with it.

'You were freezing cold,' he told me.

I was slurring my words, breathless.

Again, now, I searched my memory, desperate for some recollection, some small glint of recognition.

But my mind was completely blank.

At the hospital, I'd been so ill the doctors had immediately put me into an induced coma.

Steve was warned I'd be lucky to survive the next six hours.

In a panic, he'd called Gemma and Becki, told them to prepare for the worst.

They, along with my mum Jean, 75, had jumped on the first flight they could.

As my family rushed to my side, I'd been put on a ventilator, dialysis and a life-support machine.

The doctors told everyone I wasn't going to make it.

I had sepsis – blood poisoning. A deadly infection. It was caused by bacteria in my lungs – probably from the cold I'd suffered.

Yet, by some miracle, when the girls and Mum arrived, I was still clinging on.

As I lay in a coma, fighting for my life, all they could do was wait. Take it day by day, as my body struggled desperately

We jetted off for some winter sun – rest and relaxation

PLUS

DEADLY SEPSIS

Sepsis can occur as the result of any infection, and there's no one sign or symptom. Seek medical help urgently if you develop any of the following:

- Slurred speech or confusion
- Extreme shivering or muscle pain
- Passing no urine in a day
- Severe breathlessness
- Mottled or discoloured skin



They put me in a coma

LIFE MBS

Seven-hour op
Afterwards, I just
felt calm, relieved...



Shocking necrosis

to fight the deadly infection.

I was pumped full of antibiotics and other meds.

But as the weeks went on, my hands and feet turned blue, then purple.

It was a sign my body was shutting off the blood supply to my limbs. Making a last-ditch attempt to save my vital organs.

'What's happening?' Becki had asked.

But the doctor didn't speak English and just shook his head sadly, making scissor signs with his hands.

They'd been terrified. The doctors tried a few times to bring me out of the coma.

I wasn't responding. Christmas and New Year

came and went, still I was in a coma in Intensive Care.

Slowly, my hands and feet turned completely black.

They'd become necrotic – the cells and tissues were dead.

And the necrosis was slowly creeping up my limbs...

That's when the doctors decided to finally transfer me back to the UK.

So, this January, I was taken by a special air ambulance to Milton Keynes University Hospital.

The girls had already flown home, and met me and Steve

there. It was still touch and go but the doctors managed to stabilise me.

That's when they decided it was time to wake me up.

They finally managed to bring me out of the nine-week coma. I was still heavily medicated, still very confused.

Over the next few days,

Steve, the girls and the doctors had to repeatedly tell me the details before they sank in.

At one point, I looked down at my black, wizened limbs, and recoiled in horror.

They looked as if they'd been dipped in paint...

They can't be mine, I thought, totally overwhelmed. As I became more lucid, a

specialist came to see me.

'It's a miracle you're still alive,' he said.

He'd never seen such a bad case of sepsis in his 40-year career.

Then he dropped a bombshell. 'But if you're going to survive, we'll need to amputate,' he said.

The surgeons needed to remove both legs from just above the knee, and both hands. And as soon as possible – before the necrosis took over my entire body.

I just stared at him, trying to take it all in...

Slowly, my hands and feet turned completely black...

OVER THE PAGE:
'I knew I had no choice if I wanted to survive...'

Still smiling

< Continued from previous page

Steve gripped my bandaged hand, and the girls sobbed as the news hit us. I'd lose both my hands and my legs.

I'd been a hairdresser for years, loved baking, being creative.

It was hard to imagine not having hands.

Never mind losing my legs.

'You can eventually get prosthetics...,' the doctor started.

But I didn't need convincing.

Even in my muddled state, I knew I didn't have a choice if I wanted to survive.

It was life – or limbs.

'If it'll save my life, get on with it,' I said bluntly.

By now my hands were so black, they hung from my wrists like dead weights.

I couldn't sign a consent form for quadruple amputation, so Gemma did it on my behalf.

I was transferred to Bedford Hospital – where, this February, I was taken to theatre.

'Look after my mum,'

Gemma pleaded as they wheeled me down.

During the seven-hour op, surgeons removed all my limbs in one fell swoop.

When I woke up, the whole family were there once more.

And I just felt calm.

'Hello, darlings,' I said. 'Are you all right?'

Gemma was sobbing.

'What are you crying for?' I asked.

'It's a sad day,' she said.

'Is it?' I smiled. 'I'm alive, aren't I?'

The sepsis was gone.

Looking down at

my four, bandaged stumps, I felt relieved.

I knew that I had a long road ahead of me.

But I was just so grateful to be alive, I didn't care that I'd lost my limbs.

In March, I had another op to remove dead tissue from my wrists.

Meanwhile, the girls are fundraising to buy me top-of-the-range prosthetic hands and legs.

It won't be easy, but I'll do

They could've been flying me home in a coffin



With Steve... I'm just so glad to be here!

everything the physiotherapists say.

I've been offered counselling, but, at the moment, I don't need it.

If anything, I feel grateful.

I haven't even shed a tear! After all, Steve could've been

flying me home in a coffin.

It's all still a bit of a blur, to be honest, and I'm not quite sure what my life will be like.

I'll likely need a wheelchair.

But I'll wear my wedding ring on a necklace, and find a way to do all the things I love.

Life will be different.

But at least I'm still here to live it.



My great girls
A visit from lovely Becki and Gemma

'Brave and heroic'

Kim's daughter Becki Campbell, 27, says, 'Even after everything that happened, Mum was still smiling. She's always been a glass-half-full kind of person, but she was so incredibly brave and heroic. We're all so proud of her.'

For more info, see justgiving.com/crowdfunding/kimschance1

WIN £1,001 CASH!

THE BIGGIE

Phwoar – it's a whopper! Enjoy your puzzling

What connects Hollywood's Uma Thurman and Keifer Sutherland? To find out, solve the crossword then read down the shaded squares to find the four-word prize answer.



ACROSS

- 1 Between Friday and Monday (7)
- 5 Grappler in the ring (8)
- 9 Systematically examine (4)
- 13 Happen again (5)
- 14 Quiver with fear (7)
- 15 Food provider (7)
- 16 Amsterdam flower (5)
- 17 Villain (5)
- 18 Pleasure-boat harbour (6)
- 20 Unleavened bread (5)
- 21 Furniture on which to sit and sleep (4, 3)
- 23 Matured (4)
- 26 Ballpoint pen (4)
- 27 Travel to work (7)
- 30 Holiday home on wheels (7)
- 34 Italian wine (7)
- 36 Hot pepper (6)
- 37 Jewelled head-ornament (5)
- 39 Fruit made into jam for 55 across perhaps (10)
- 40 Dried up (10)
- 42 Corner (5)
- 43 Colour in rainbow (6)
- 44 Frozen shipping hazard (7)
- 46 Putting on theatre play (7)
- 47 Study of rocks (7)
- 48 Shock into trance (4)
- 53 Titled woman (4)
- 54 Ask politely (7)
- 55 Sweet pastry dishes (5)
- 58 Officers of the law (6)
- 60 Stick used to write on blackboard (5)
- 62 Historical object (5)
- 66 Gigantic (7)
- 67 Consequence, result (7)
- 68 Join together (5)
- 69 Well-behaved (4)
- 70 Camera accessory for closer-up viewing (4, 4)
- 71 Pasta sheets (7)

DOWN

- 1 Kitchen surface (7)
- 2 Moving stairs (9)
- 3 From our continent (8)
- 4 Tax on imported goods (4)
- 5 Wild plant (4)
- 6 Smouldering fuel (5)
- 7 Abstainer from alcohol (8)
- 8 Inscribe with acid (4)
- 10 Welsh breed of dog (5)
- 11 Northern region of France (8)
- 12 Water vapour (5)
- 19 Himalayan country (5)
- 22 Get your hands on (6)
- 24 Warranty (9)
- 25 Manufacturing plants (9)
- 26 Seat behind the driver (4, 4)
- 28 Musical of Dickens novel (6)
- 29 Tubular pasta (8)
- 31 Learned information (9)
- 32 Virgin or extra-virgin cooking ingredient (5, 3)
- 33 Knitted jacket (8)
- 35 Watered via channels (9)
- 38 Water source (6)
- 41 Muscles on the upper arms (6)
- 45 Adopt the stance to be knighted (5)
- 49 Exciting (9)
- 50 Article cut from newspaper (8)
- 51 Edible fungus (8)
- 52 Jockey's footholds (8)
- 56 Hide away (7)
- 57 Sweet bun served as cream tea (5)
- 59 Dance with lowering bar (5)
- 61 Milky coffee (5)
- 63 Brief note, often at work (4)
- 64 Simple green plant that might invade your lawn (4)
- 65 Source of water or oil (4)

Puzzle 3
£1,001



£1001 winner
Issue 1, 4 January 2018
'I've been doing the competitions for years, so it's great to win at last. I'll treat myself for my 50th birthday.'
Rachel Naylor, York

Your answer: _____



I was convinced... needed to find the truth

My friend t

CHILL

KILLE



I had to help police jail him for his evil crime

By Denise Hofman, 70, from Sydney, Australia

Tearing open the prison-issue envelope, my hands shook.

This could be it, I thought.

Only, as I read the reams of poetry scrawled across lined paper, my heart sank.

It was early 1998 and, yet again, Michael Guider hadn't admitted anything.

I sighed, flopping down into my chair, disappointed.

I can't keep doing this, I thought, rubbing my temples.

Yet I was determined to find out the truth...

I'd first met Michael Guider back in 1993. He was an amateur archaeologist, I was an environmental activist.

Every couple of months,

we'd team up to map Aboriginal sites in Sydney.

He was always smart and clean-shaven. Clever, too.

We'd chat, usually about our work.

In February 1996, I tried to call Guider and arrange a meet-up.

He worked as a hospital gardener, and I'd contact him through the reception.

But that day, he wasn't there.

Instead, a security guard who picked up the phone told me Guider had been arrested.

He was awaiting trial for sexual offences against 11 children aged between 2 and 16.

I felt sick.

Horrified, I called a friend who'd also worked with us both.

'Did you know?'

I gasped.

'Yes, I heard,' she said.

'We went walking a few weekends ago, he was acting odd,' she admitted.

'He was talking about Samantha Knight. Said he'd always wondered what had happened to her,' she went on.

Samantha Knight, 9, had

gone missing 10 years earlier, in August 1986.

She'd left her apartment to go to the shops and was never seen again.

Her disappearance had been headline news, hundreds of locals had joined the search.

But she was never found.

'There was something scary about the way he said it,' my friend whispered.

And there was more. She told me how, even back in 1986, Guider had been obsessed with Samantha's disappearance.

He'd signed the search book set up by her parents, appeared in photographs taken by journalists.

The more I heard, the more my stomach churned.

I was convinced...

Guider was involved in Samantha's disappearance.

I went down to the police station and told them what I'd discovered.

But officers weren't interested in taking a statement.

In October 1996, Guider pleaded guilty to 60 charges of molesting children. He

was jailed for 16 years.

Afterwards, police told me he wasn't a suspect in Samantha's disappearance.

You're wrong, I thought.

Don't ask me how, but I knew it in my bones.

But if I was going to prove it, I'd have to get the evidence.

So I started writing to Guider behind bars, arranged to visit.

Facing him in a dingy prison visiting room chilled me to the bone.

But after weeks of me gaining his trust, Guider finally started talking about his child victims.

He'd befriend their mothers while working in the hospital gardens. He'd offer to babysit to give the mums a break.

Then he'd drug the kids and molest them. Take pictures, keeping them in a scrapbook.

I tried not to react, but inside, I wanted to vomit.

Guider showed no remorse.

He blamed the mothers for not looking after their children properly.

Harrowing.

Over the next two years, I visited Guider 15 times.

I tried to get him to talk about Samantha.

To reveal his evil secret. But he never slipped up.

Instead, whenever I said Samantha's name, he'd get

The more I heard, the more my stomach churned...

he
D
ER



Missing: Samantha



Michael Guider
Behind bars
– but for how
much longer?

angry. Tell me never to mention that girl again.

But he'd send me drawings of a child with a distinct likeness of Samantha.

Blonde hair, green eyes, wearing the same colour clothes she'd had on.

Then there were the poems about nature, environmental disputes, a range of topics.

I kept pressuring the police, too.

But by May 1998, the stress of the visits was taking its toll.

I couldn't sleep, became paranoid. Feeling hopeless, I gave up.

But in July 1998, a task force reinvestigating Samantha's disappearance called.

'We want your help,' an officer said.

They finally agreed Guider was a suspect and they wanted me to visit him one last time.

'The room will be bugged,' an officer told me.

I worried it'd be too stressful.

But I was convinced Guider was Samantha's killer, and I needed to know the truth.

So I agreed to visit him.

Yet, despite hours of questions about Samantha, how he knew her and what he remembered about her disappearance, he refused to say anything that would incriminate him.

I stormed out – hurling stones

and swearing in the prison car park, in sheer frustration.

The investigation continued.

Eventually, on 22 February 2001, a journalist called me.

Guider had been charged with Samantha's murder.

His own brother, in the same prison for armed robbery, and other prison informants, had managed to extract a confession.

For three hours, I cried – with relief, with horror.

I'd finally got my answer.

In June 2001, Michael Guider, 51, pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of Samantha Knight.

He claimed it was an accident. That he'd drugged Samantha, like all his victims, but accidentally gave her a fatal overdose.

He refused to reveal where he'd hidden her body.

He claimed he'd originally buried her near where she was taken, then dug her up and disposed of her remains in rubbish bins.

Guider was jailed for a further 17 years.

But he's eligible for parole this year – and I'm terrified of what might happen if he gets out.

For myself, for the children who could be his next victims.

But I'm proud of the help I gave in getting Guider to confess.

If I hadn't spent years going

to visit him, telling police he was a killer, they may never have focused on him.

Samantha and her family wouldn't have got justice.

I sacrificed my health and sanity to put that monster behind bars.

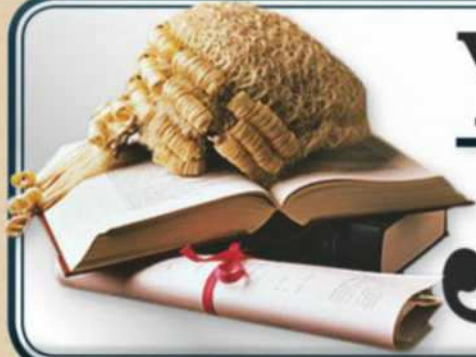
That's where he needs to stay.

PLUS The confession

Frank Soonius, a prisoner who helped get Guider's confession, recalled the killer's chilling words. 'He said she [Samantha] woke up because she was in pain and said "Michael, what are you doing?". So she recognised him. He gave her another drink with another tablet and she fell asleep again,' Soonius said.

Guider then said he left Samantha alone, returning two hours later to find her on the couch, dead.

YOU'RE THE JUDGE!



THE RES

THE STORY SO FAR

On 1 December 2016, American football star Joe McKnight angered motorist Ronald Gasser with his dangerous driving. The heated argument turned fatal when McKnight got out of his car – only to be shot by Gasser...

The case... SHOT DEAD

In 2010, Joe McKnight's dreams of being a professional American football player came true when he was signed to the New York Jets.

Over the next few years, McKnight went on to become a star player.

Until an Achilles injury ended his NFL career in 2014.

He moved to the Canadian Football League, joining the Saskatchewan Roughriders in September 2016.

Then, one afternoon three months later, the running back, 28, was charging down a New Orleans motorway in his car...

Ducking and weaving between traffic at high speed,

McKnight enraged other drivers with his recklessness, leaving a symphony of blaring horns in his wake.

At the Greater New Orleans Bridge, McKnight cut off Ronald Gasser, 54.

Angered, Gasser exchanged insults and middle fingers with McKnight as the pair charged aggressively along the motorway!

After a heated five miles, the pair pulled over at an intersection.

McKnight got out of his car. As he approached the passenger window of Gasser's

sedan, the situation escalated to a bloody conclusion.

Gasser pulled out a 40-calibre Smith and Wesson pistol and fired three bullets at the football player.

McKnight was hit in his right shoulder, chest and left hand, and quickly bled to death.

Gasser was arrested at the scene.

He was questioned by detectives and admitted to killing McKnight.

Only, eight hours later, he was released without charge. McKnight's family, friends,

ROAD RAGE? Ronald Gasser



Gasser: handcuffed at the scene...

fans and former teammates were outraged.

After further investigation, Ronald Gasser was charged with murder.

If convicted, Gasser – who'd served six years as a US Marine – faced life in prison.

This January, the trial began. Gasser pleaded not guilty to second-degree murder, and a lesser charge of manslaughter.

He claimed that he'd acted in self-defence.

Defence lawyer Matthew Goetz told the jury Gasser was merely trying to get home from work that December afternoon. He hadn't been looking for a confrontation.

The defence maintained McKnight's arrogance instigated the incident, and his aggression escalated it.

'He chose to drive like a maniac,' Goetz insisted.

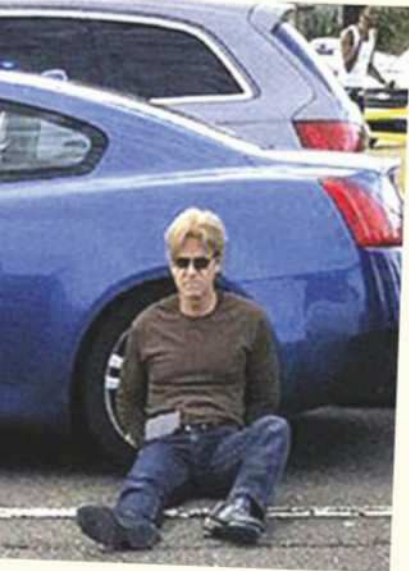
Several witnesses testified that McKnight was driving recklessly, at high speed, and posed a risk to other drivers.

Gasser took the stand. He told the jury he felt his

The pair charged along the motorway

THE LAST SORT?

Or did this driver fear for his life?



life was in danger when McKnight approached his car.

He claimed McKnight threatened to kill him and lunged in through the open passenger window.

Gasser said he was not a gun enthusiast and only had the weapon for his own protection. In Louisiana, state law

allows someone to use lethal force if they feel a threat is entering their home or car.

'Every life is precious,' Gasser told the jury.

'So is mine – and, at that precise moment, I felt that my life was about to be snuffed out.'

Fearing for his life, he said he'd fired his weapon as a last resort.

Yet the prosecution weren't convinced.

They agreed McKnight had been driving dangerously.

But they pointed out many witnesses said either of the men could've stopped reacting to each other's aggression.

Let the situation go, long before its deadly end.

Yet, they suggested, Gasser had seen McKnight's behaviour as a challenge and responded equally aggressively – and had given chase.

They also pointed to some discrepancies in Gasser's story.

At first, he'd claimed he'd taken the same motorway exit as McKnight because that was his way home.

Except this wasn't true.

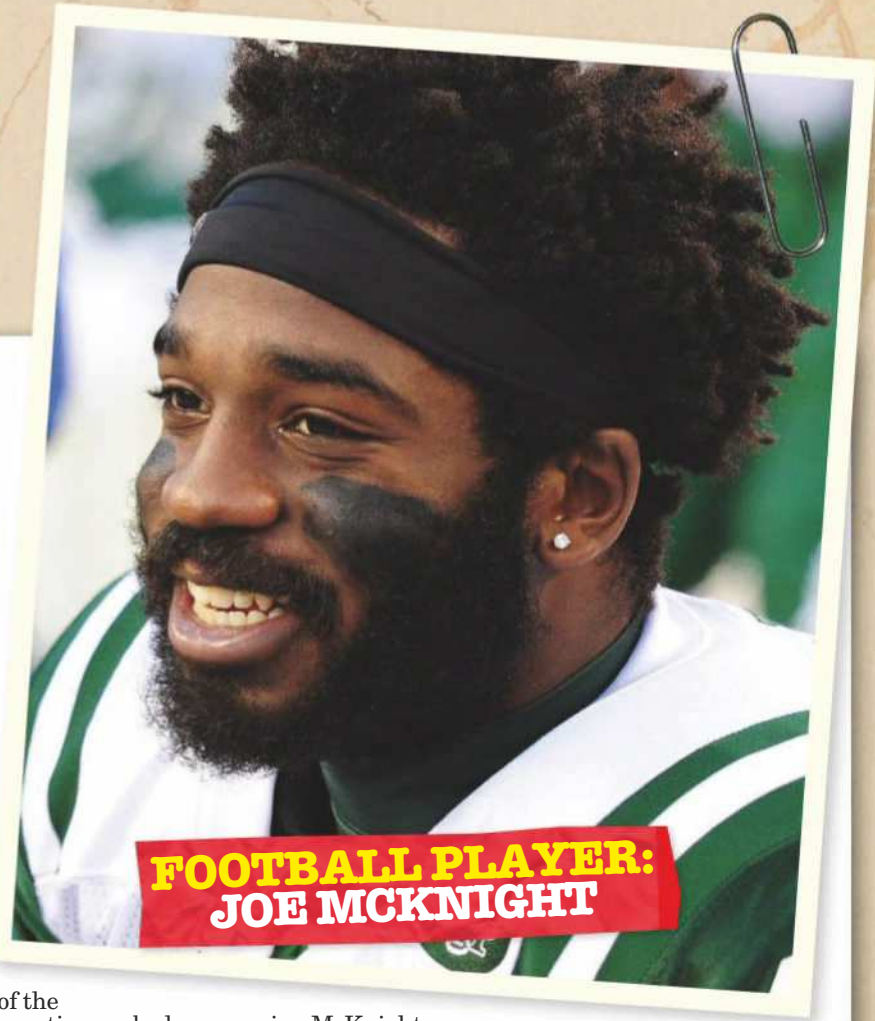
'Mr Gasser thought Mr McKnight had thrown the gauntlet down,' said prosecuting lawyer Seth Shute.

'He followed him off the exit. This was not his exit.'

Gasser claimed he'd only taken a different route as he was distracted and shaken by the incident.

But the prosecution argued Gasser deliberately followed McKnight to provoke him.

And postmortem results showed no gunpowder was found on the victim's



FOOTBALL PLAYER: JOE MCKNIGHT

body – meaning McKnight couldn't have been that close to his killer.

It called into question Gasser's claim that McKnight had violently lunged at him through the window.

Plus witnesses said McKnight had only placed his left hand on the passenger door when Gasser fired.

More damning evidence was to follow...

This wasn't the first road-rage incident involving Gasser.

There'd been another one 10 years earlier.

At the same intersection.

In 2006, Gasser had been accused of repeatedly punching another motorist who'd argued with him about his erratic driving.

Though Gasser was never prosecuted, Seth Shute told jurors this incident was proof of Gasser's temper.

His willingness to resort to violence quickly.

Again, Gasser's defence lawyers

claimed both men were throwing punches during the incident back in 2006.

That Gasser was only defending himself.

But the prosecution noted similarities in Gasser's versions of both incidents, his cries of self-defence.

'It's always someone else's fault,' the prosecuting lawyer said.

And, with that, Ronald Gasser's fate was in the jury's hands.

But which version of events were they going to believe?

Had he opened fire on the athlete out of fear for his own life?

Or did he have a short fuse and an itchy trigger finger?



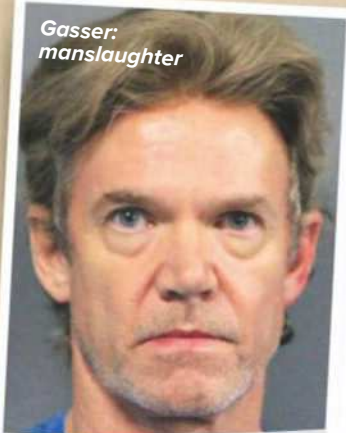
New York Jets
Joe McKnight had been an NFL star

Now turn over for the verdict...

Continued from previous page

THE REAL JUDGE'S VERDICT

Gasser: manslaughter



GUILTY

After eight hours, the jury found Ronald Gasser, 56, not guilty of murder, but guilty of the lesser charge of manslaughter. On 15 March this year, Judge Ellen Shirer Kovach sentenced him to 30 years in prison.

'Let this be a cautionary tale for all drivers,' she said.

McKnight's sister Johanna and mother Jennifer wept as the sentence was declared.

'To you, it might have seemed like an insignificant life to take, but it wasn't,' said Jennifer.

Meanwhile, this March, Gasser's lawyers filed paperwork to appeal the conviction and to request a reduction in Gasser's sentence.

WIN £100 CASH!

Puzzle 4

£100

FILL ME IN!

A framework or structure of crossed wood or metal strips is called what? 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.



Animal's skin	In the company of	Round white jewel	Major TV company (inits)	Officially ban	Painting on a wall
		Exploded (4,2)			
Land by the edge of the sea	Absent, on leave	Have food	___ O'Dowd, Irish actor	Access slope	Stare suggestively
			Sea creature forming reefs		
Football official	Sudden, quick bright light			Beer	
		Middle	Made up your mind	___ Villa, Midlands soccer club	Slippery fish
Nastiness	US fridge	___ Angeles, US city	US baby's nappy		
				Make amends	Run away to get married
Deceive, swindle			Support for a flag	Story, yarn	
					___ and tonic, drink
Flyer of new aircraft (4,5)	Fishing item	R O D	Forbidden (area) (2,2)		
Banished to another place	___ Zane, TV presenter			Pinch	
			Transferred unit of heredity		

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Chat

Fashion!

What's hot this week...



Dress, £29, JD Williams



Bag, £25, Accessorize



Top, £12, Matalan



Top, £16, and briefs, £12, both Dorothy Perkins

PUNCHY PRINTS



Dress, £45, Evans



Dress, £24.99, New Look



Kimono, £19.50, M&S



Trousers, £32, Vila at Debenhams

Wear bold prints with simple accessories

Shoes, £10, Primark



Trousers, £35, JD Williams. Jumper and shoes, stylist's own

Culottes flatter all body shapes



Balance a wide skirt with a close-fitting top

Skirt, £25, Very



Skirt, £29, Red Herring at Debenhams



Blouse, £29.99, Zara



Dress, £39, Accessorize



Bag, £34, Next



Trousers, £13, Primark



Blouse, £24.99, Lindex

We were TOO FAT

FOR S



CHUNK



But now we're really hot and heavy...

By Emma Wilson, 32, from Milton Keynes

Wrapping my dressing gown over my PJs, I switched off the light and shot into bed.

Then froze as my hubby Alistair, 32, snuggled up to me. 'Not tonight, darling,' I said. I'd been saying that for a year. Ali rolled away and started to snore, while I lay in the dark, eyes blurred with tears.

When we'd first met online in April 2007, we couldn't keep our hands off each other.

And on our honeymoon in St Lucia, in March 2010, we were like teenagers.

I'd never been slim, though – at school, bullies called me Titanic.

With a mutual love of takeaways and pizzas, we'd both piled on weight.

It didn't seem to affect Ali's sex drive, though.

But a size-22 and 18st, I hated my body.

I cringed at the idea of my hubby touching me, seeing me naked.

'I just feel disgusting,'

I told Ali the following day.

'Do you still love me?' he asked.

'Of course,' I promised.

Truth was, we were more in love with takeaways than each other then.

We kept things going for the sake of our daughter Sophie, 1. Had sex barely once a month.

In October 2015, we took Sophie to Rhodes.

Our first family holiday – it should've been happy, but all I could think about was how fat I looked.

At home, Ali stopped cuddling me. He'd peck me on the cheek, then sleep in the spare room.

By Sophie's second birthday in April 2016, we were barely even talking.

'I haven't got anything to wear,' I sobbed to my mum Joan, 62, before Sophie's party.

So Mum took me shopping and we found a top and leggings that hid my flabby tummy and huge thighs.

I'd always been fun at parties, but as Sophie blew out her candles, I just wanted to hide away.

I stood tugging my top down, holding back tears.

I wasn't the woman Ali married.

'I'm sorry,' I told him later that night.

'If I could lose a bit



On holiday in 2015, and now

of weight, I know I'd feel better.'

'I'll support you,' he told me.

Friends had told me about the Cambridge Weight Plan, a meal-replacement programme.

So, the next day, I signed up.

I'd have low-fat porridges, shakes or bars for breakfast and lunch, then cook a healthy family meal in the evening.

Chicken and vegetables.

'Not bad,' Ali said, tucking in.

I laughed, knowing he was missing his takeaways but glad he was supporting me.

As the weeks went on, my weight dropped.

I also banned crisps, biscuits and chocolate – so Ali stopped snacking, too.

He joined a gym and I took classes in dance fitness.

Within a month, we had more energy and,

suddenly, we had more to talk about than childcare or bills.

'Don't do it!' I'd shout as he reached for a takeaway menu.

We'd spur each other on.

And, as we lost more weight, a bit of the old spark returned.

Evenings and weekends were hardest – so, instead of a takeout in front of the telly, we'd take Sophie for walks in her pram.

By July 2016, I'd lost three stone, down to a size-16.

I invited friends over for a

barbecue and bought a new strappy top and denim shorts.

'You look great!' Ali grinned, wrapping his arms around me.

A few months ago I'd have flinched – but now, I kissed him hard on the mouth.

And, when he snuggled up to me in bed later that night, I didn't push him away.

That summer, Ali went on sponsored runs and sent me a selfie at the finish line of one, smiling and looking muscly.

My heart skipped a beat. *My hubby was gorgeous!*

From then on between the sheets...there was no stopping us!

And I think the increased bedroom activity helped us both to lose weight faster!

We started going out on date nights.

I felt sexy in heels, which I was too bulky to wear before.

It was like falling in love all over again...

In September 2016, we went on holiday to Menorca.

Ali snapped a photo of me posing on the beach in a new swimsuit.

'You look amazing!' he said.

As soon as Sophie was asleep, we'd have a drink on our hotel balcony...before rushing off to the bedroom!

'I can't believe a few months

I've never been more in love with my husband!





Y PARENTS

EX

ago we were actually thinking about splitting up,' I told him.

'Me, neither,' he replied.

By August last year, we'd both reached our target weights – losing a whopping 14st between us.

Ali had gone down from 21½st to a toned 14½st, while I'd slimmed from 18½st to 11½st.

Now, a size-12, I've never felt more confident.

Even better, I've never been more in love with my husband.

Before, we were just plodding through life. Merely existing.

But now, by shedding the pounds together, our lives have been completely transformed.

We'll never let anything come between us again.

PLUS
Burnin' love

A ccording to a sex-workout calculator, a session between the sheets burns off the same calories as a four-mile run. Sadly, that's just the equivalent of one chocolate bar! But the more challenging the position, the more vigorous the workout! It can help you tone up without setting foot in the gym. Go to drfelix.co.uk/sex-workout-calculator for more info.

CUTE COUPLE!

BIT ON THE SIDE!

Spring scents

FROM ONLY £5



Bloom Collection Mandarin and Lime Basil Eau De Toilette, £5, Superdrug
Saving you a whopping

£40 compared to the designer alternative, this unusual scent smells really fresh.

Sunset Fantasy Britney Spears, £20, Superdrug

An update on the original fantasy perfume, this is really fruity with plenty of zesty citrus and sweet vanilla top notes.



Avon Eve Confidence Eau De Parfum, £14, avon.uk.com

A mood-boosting fragrance designed to help you feel more confident. This is really uplifting and perfect at the end of a busy week.



Lifts your mood!

Autograph Sheer Radiance Eau de Parfum, £22, M&S

This feminine fragrance has zingy pepper for a bit of an edge. Eau de parfum lasts longer than EDT – so it's worth splashing out on.



My secret family lived

DOWN THE ROAD



But it took me nearly 40 years to find them!

By Lorraine Carlini, 43, from Reading

There was a knock at the front door and I ran to open it. Standing in the doorway was a tall, slim man with greying hair. It was my dad Carlos – and I hadn't seen him in almost 12 months.

Aged 8, I lived alone with my mum – and Dad only visited once a year.

'He lives in Italy,' Mum always told me. 'That's why we don't see him often.'

I just accepted it. My father was a lot older than my mother.

He was always smartly dressed and would often bring me a bar of chocolate.

'Is this from Italy, Uncle?' I'd ask him, amazed.

Yes, that's right... Uncle.

Because he didn't allow me to call him Dad.

One time, he was reading a newspaper and I ran over to him and asked him outright.

'Are you my dad?' I quizzed him.

'No,' he replied, before going back to reading the paper.

But, somehow, I knew that he was lying... I just didn't know why.

I thought it was strange, but I was just a kid. I did as I was told.

Then, when I was 12, the visits suddenly stopped.

Mum told me he was a businessman and it was

because he was busy travelling.

It wasn't as if I was used to him being around, anyway.

Years passed. I grew up and had three kids of my own, now aged 7, 18 and 21.

It made me think about my family.

And I often wondered about my mysterious dad and if he had other children.

Maybe I've got brothers and sisters, I thought.

But I knew that trying to trace my family in Italy would be impossible.

I didn't speak the language, for starters.

Then, one afternoon in late 2013, I was pottering around at home with the kids when

a friend of mine phoned.

'My friend has the same surname as you,' she said to me. 'You could be related!'

My last name, Carlini, was pretty unusual.

I'd never met anyone else with the same surname as me before.

Surely it was just a coincidence and we weren't actually related?

'Here, you can talk to her yourself,' my mate said, handing over the phone.

And, all of a sudden, an unfamiliar voice came on the line.

'Hi, I'm Tracey,' she said.

We started chatting, tried to make some family connections.

I told her Dad's name and described what he looked like.

'That's my grandad!' Tracey squealed.

She explained that her

mum Gay, then 69, was my dad's oldest child.

My half-sister.

Which made Tracey, then 49, my niece.

'I can't believe it!' I gasped, totally amazed.

Tracey was just as surprised to learn about me.

'Grandad never told us,' she said, as baffled as I was.

I wondered why I'd been kept a secret.

But then Tracey told me something that really knocked me for six...

'I'm sorry, but he passed away in 1994,' she explained.

I'd had no idea.

My heart filled with sadness.

I had so many questions for my father, and now they'd never be answered.

But, as Tracey and I chatted, I realised something else...

I had a whole new family!

It turned out Dad had three other children – Gay, Phillip, 78, and Nigel, 72.

'They'll all be so excited to meet you,' Tracey said.

When I got off the phone, my heart was beating so hard.

All these years, I had siblings I never knew about!

And, to my utter amazement, they'd been living just a few miles down the road from me.

We were actually in the same town!

That very same day, Tracey came to meet me.

'Hello, Auntie!' she laughed, when I opened the door.

Immediately, I noticed the

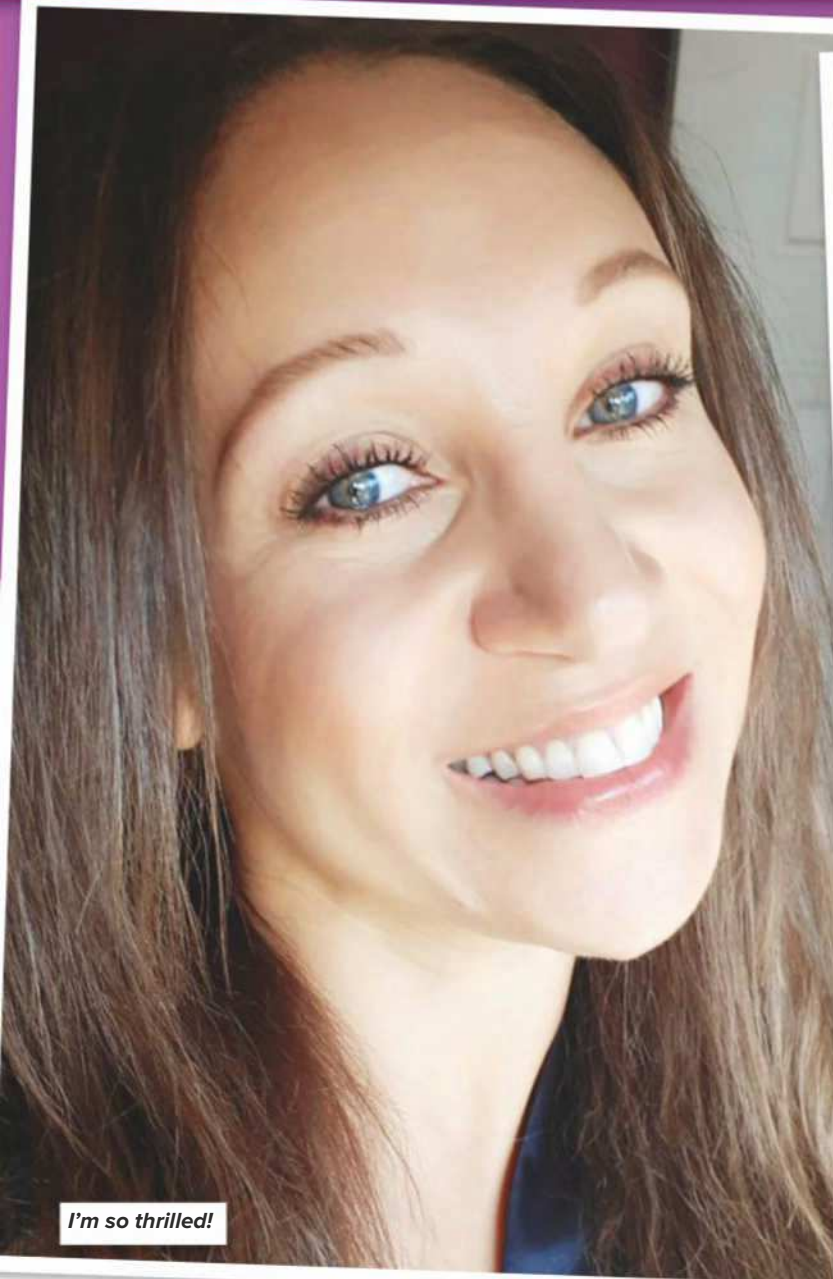
I called my father Uncle – he didn't allow me to call him Dad



Dad...and me as a child



WORDS: CHER HEASMER, KELLY STRANGE PHOTOS: JEREMY DURKIN



I'm so thrilled!



Me (middle) with half-sister Gay (right) and niece Tracey

similarities between us. Same dark, Italian features, same shape of nose. 'This is surreal!' I laughed. Through Tracey, I began piecing together the truth about my dad. It turned out he'd been 64 when I was born. And he was also married –

meaning that Mum was his mistress! 'He never lived in Italy like he told you,' Tracey admitted. 'He lived in Hook.' Not far from me and Mum... I couldn't believe what I was hearing – Dad had lied to us. By now, Mum was 80, so I didn't want to upset her

by quizzing her about Dad.

But I was sure that she hadn't known the truth. It would've crushed her to know that he had a double life.

While Tracey sat having a cup of tea, she phoned her mum Gay – my half-sister!

'She wants to speak to you,' Tracey smiled.

With trembling hands, I took the phone from Tracey. I didn't know how Gay would react to this bombshell. Would she be angry her dad had a baby with his mistress? Would she reject me? But I needn't have had any worries about her. 'I can't wait

to meet you,' Gay said happily. Just a day or so on, Tracey took me to Gay's house. When we saw each other, we hugged for ages.

'I've always wanted a big sister,' I told her. 'You look just like our dad,' she said.

In the next few weeks, I visited my half-brothers and was welcomed with open arms by them, too.

Then, last year, Gay had a get-together at her place – for the whole family. I was bursting with joy, having everyone all around me in one room.

'We all have the same nose!' I laughed, giving everyone a hug. I also got to meet all of their kids and grandchildren.

As I looked around at the sea of faces, I couldn't believe all these people were my family.

Now we're making up for lost time.

It saddens me that I missed out on being part of a big family for so long.

And to think that, the whole time, they were right under my nose.

It's crazy to think our paths must've crossed over the years, without us even realising.

I'm just thrilled I've finally found them. And, now that we're reunited, there's no parting us.

As I looked around at the sea of faces, I couldn't believe it!

PLUS 'Wonderful!'

Lorraine's half-sister Gay, 73, says, 'Lorraine looks so much like our father in his youth, it's wonderful to have her in our family. Dad kept us all in the dark but, as he is not here to tell us why, we try not to dwell on negatives and just be thankful that we have found her and she has found us.'



The nose has it! I inherited his features

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...



Dr Martin Edwards

Scaly solution

Q When I'm stressed, I get dandruff and scaly red skin down my forehead and the sides of my nose. Why? *Mila, 27*

A Sounds like seborrheic dermatitis, inflamed skin due to a yeast infection which can be worse when you're stressed or run down.

Ask your chemist for antifungal shampoo and cream, and use moisturiser. Your GP might suggest a mild steroid cream or scalp lotion.

What a drip!

Q I had catarrh and a cough which the GP says is a postnasal drip. What is that? *Pam, 52*

A Repeated colds and flu, or allergy, cause excess mucus, which drips down the back of your throat causing irritation and a cough.

Treatment depends on the cause but might mean stopping smoking, steroid nose sprays, antihistamine tablets and nose washouts.

Is it serious?

Q My husband has started grunting every time he breathes out and doesn't seem to realise he's doing it. *Joanne, 68*

A Some lung conditions, such as emphysema, cause the tiny air passages inside the lungs to collapse.

Sufferers learn to open them again by grunting, which increases pressure inside the air passages and forces them open. Your husband should see his GP.

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

Pain in the neck

Q Sex hurts my neck! And it can ache all day after. *Zuzanna, 37*

A Movements and faulty posture during sex could cause minor sprains of the muscles and ligaments in your neck.

Try different sexual positions, support your neck with a pillow when you're on your back, start regular neck exercises and try a rubbing liniment.

Discharge dilemma

Q I have a vaginal discharge which is caused by a bug called H. influenzae! Surely I can't catch flu down there?! *Marianne, 20*

A Around 100 years ago, doctors named the H. influenzae bacterium as they thought it caused influenza. Now we know flu is caused by a virus, but the name has stuck.

The bug usually infects your nose and throat but occasionally your vagina. Antibiotics should clear it.

Surprising stat

75%

...of adults – across all age groups – experience muscle aches and pains on a regular basis, according to a study by Puresential.com



APPY & HEALTHY

Moshi Twilight, £4.99 a month, iOS/Android

A new app is designed to help little ones get off to sleep. With a mix of storytelling and songs, it contains 22 melodic tales and soundscapes to help your child nod off.



World Health

DEMENTIA ACTION WEEK, 21-27 MAY 2018

Each year, Alzheimer's Society aims to raise awareness and funds for dementia in order to help improve the lives of those suffering. To find out more, to get involved or make a donation, visit alzheimers.org.uk

Kids' bit!

Bald baby

Q My 6-month-old has lost her hair! *Tina, 30*

A Most babies lose hair due to hormone levels changing, but it usually starts growing back by the age of 1.

Not much can speed up regrowth, but 'tummy time' (letting her lay on her tummy, while supervised, during the day) may stop hair rubbing off the back of her head.



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

True
life

PATIENT CASEBOOK



Our sugar baby



My little girl was the size of my hand...

By Charlie Ferrington, 31, from Billericay, Essex

The first time I heard her heartbeat at my 16-week scan, I cried. 'That's our baby!' my partner Ross, 32, said. I could feel my own heart racing, I was so excited. Then last April, when I was 23 weeks, I started to bleed. 'What's wrong?' I asked at Basildon University Hospital. 'It looks like you have a low-lying placenta. It's normal and your baby is fine,' I was told. But the bleeding continued – and, from 24 weeks, I was in and out of hospital.

By Easter weekend last year, the bleeding had stopped but I felt a trickling down my leg. But it wasn't blood! 'That can't be my waters, I'm not due for another three months!' I panicked. 'Let's get you checked,' Ross replied, taking me to hospital. Doctors at Basildon told me my baby was in distress. My waters had broken and she needed to be born now.

It was all a blur. I met the surgeon and, before I knew it, I was being taken for a Caesarean.

Next thing, our baby girl was here. She didn't cry and was whisked away before I could even hold her.

'Is she OK?' I wept. 'She'll be fine,' Ross said, trying to reassure me.

This wasn't how I'd imagined giving birth to our daughter.

I'd planned a water birth and had booked classes to prepare – but those didn't even start for another three weeks.

We hadn't even decided on names or bought all we needed! Our baby girl had simply



come along far too early...

I longed to see and hold her. But, while I recovered from surgery, I had to wait.

The next 24 hours seemed to last a lifetime.

Finally, at 9am on 17 April, I set eyes on my precious girl. 'Hello, beautiful!' I cried.

I actually felt like my heart might burst.

But the biggest feeling was the shock at how tiny she was! No bigger than my hand. And she only weighed 830g

– which is just 1lb 13oz.

Less than a bag of sugar.

Her lungs hadn't had a chance to fully develop. And doctors were struggling to regulate her blood pressure.

So she was transferred to The Royal London Children's Hospital for specialist care. But I was still recovering, so stay had to stay in hospital.

I hated being apart from her. Two days on, I was discharged and we were finally reunited.

The Sick Children's Trust provided me and Ross with a place to stay at Stevenson



House, which was a godsend.

Ross and I stayed by our little girl's bedside as she fought to stay alive.

Eventually we settled on the name Eva, as it means 'living one' in Hebrew.

'Now you've just got to live up to your name,' I told Eva, willing her to get stronger.

The days passed slowly. It was torture watching Eva with all these wires and tubes coming out of her.

She looked like a tiny, precious bird. *So fragile.*

As the weeks passed, she slowly began to get stronger.

And soon her weight increased to around 2lb 'She's a fighter,' a doctor said. Then, three weeks before her due date, in June last year, Eva was allowed home.

She was still being tube-fed due to reflux and needed to be on a ventilator.

Poor Ross and I were on eggshells at home.

Without the security of

doctors and nurses, Eva only had us to rely on.

It was a scary thought.

But we soon settled into our roles as parents.

After being home for six weeks, we took her to The Portland Hospital.

There she was slowly weaned off the machines and tubes.

And, within two weeks, she was breathing and eating normally.

'She's eating!' I said, tears prickling my eyes.

Our baby girl was going to be OK!

Now Eva is a year old and is absolutely thriving.

I do still have to pinch myself to believe how far she's come.

And to think that she weighed less than a bag of sugar at birth!

She's such a tough little cookie. And proof that the best things really do come in (very) small packages!

We settled on a name: it means 'living one' in Hebrew

WORDS: EMMA ROSSITER

WE PAY CASH

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All offers subject to availability. Selected stores. Prices correct at time of going to print & valid for a limited period only. Packaging, sizes & measurements may vary. Excludes ROI & NI. Lupilu Newborn Nappies Size 1, 24 pack, 89p 3.7p/Nappy. Lupilu Newborn Mini Nappies, Size 2, 44 pack, £2.09 4.8p/Nappy. Lupilu Newborn Baby Wipes, 56 pack, 55p 1p/wipe. Mumsnet Rated: 257 Mumsnet testers tried Lidl Lupilu Nappies in January 2018, 89% would buy again and 91% would recommend.

Soap world



Emmerdale

Telly trivia **Puzzle 5**
£50
 To enter, see page 60
What's the name of Ross Barton's dead mum?

Shooting showdown!

A gun goes off when Ross confronts Joe, but who's in the firing line..?

There's deadly drama when a furious Ross goes head-to-head with Joe, armed with a gun.

A fuming Ross is a man on a mission after discovering that drug dealer Simon was paid to keep his mouth shut in court over the acid attack that left him facially scarred.

He's certain that Joe was behind the bribe and is determined to get answers.

With Simon AWOL, first Ross tracks down his drug-dealing chum Connor and, bubbling with fury, punches him in the face. Debbie's terrified when she fears that Ross is becoming sucked into the murky druggy underworld and braces herself to tell Ross the truth

about her and Joe – however, she doesn't get the chance.

Ross storms off to confront Joe and threatens him at gunpoint, demanding to know the truth about the acid attack. Will Joe lie to protect Debbie?

As the two men front up, the gun is fired and someone is shot – but who's in the firing line and will they survive?

Meanwhile, following his affair with Laurel, cheat Bob packs up his belongings and prepares to move out of the home he shares with Brenda.

But it seems Brenda's revenge isn't over yet...

Bob's horrified to see plumes of smoke coming from near Ashley's pirate ship. What has Brenda done now or is it someone else who wants to punish him and Laurel?



Debbie fears for Ross

Coronation Street



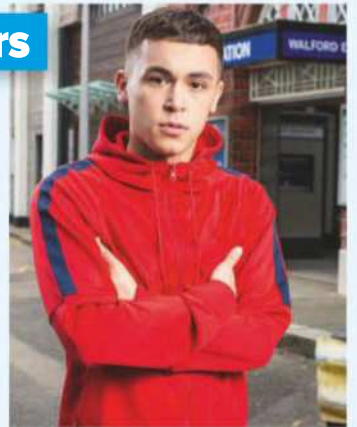
Phelan phones Eileen!

Prank calls to Eileen continue, and she's terrified to hear Phelan's voice! She alerts the police, who are trying to trace the culprit. But with smashed windows and spooky noises at No 11, if it's not Phelan, who is it..?

EastEnders

Knife attack!

There's an awful shock for the Kazemis and Taylors when teenagers Shakhil and Keegan are caught up in a knife attack. As the brutal drama unfolds both lads are stabbed, but it's Shakhil (pictured) who tragically loses his life...



Hollyoaks

Alfie's Big Day

Alfie's all dressed up for the 'Big Day' he's planned. Tom's baffled, but assumes Alfie's planning to surprise Yazz... Meanwhile, Glenn's livid to learn that Jay has called off the dodgy deal he had lined up.



Don't miss this

A Very English Scandal, BBC1

This three-part drama reveals the tale of a political scandal that played out in the 70s. The Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe was caught up in a conspiracy to murder his former lover Norman Scott, leading to an infamous trial in 1979. Hugh Grant plays Thorpe, Ben Whishaw is troubled Norman.



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Blimey! Your tips are genius!

They're **YOUR** tips!!

Keep 'em clean!

It's so simple to turn reusable fabric bags into aprons that are a perfect size for litt'uns cooking or painting. Cut off the handles and sew on as ties – or use some ribbon. Margaret Dinsdale, Holystone



Minimal mess

Keep your butter container nice and clean by only cutting off the top of the packet before putting it in your butter dish. Katherine Thomas, Chippenham



Use your loaf!

Coffee to candles

Some coffee jars have lids that make perfect tealight holders. They look stylish – and they're cheap! Robyn Mason, Porth



Pump it up!

Funky footwear

My daughter loves ballet slippers, but struggles to keep them on. Her smart solution is hairbands, which she colour coordinates for fun! Angela Hadden, Montrose

No more spills

Avoid kids' drinks spilling – cover cups with clingfilm and use a straw. It works well outdoors, too, to stop flies getting in. Amy Moreno, Edinburgh



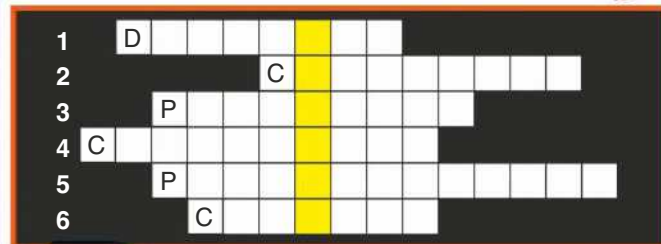
Sipping pretty

The perfect sandwich

To make sure your sandwich filling fits perfectly, cut sliced meat in half and lay the flat sides against the crust. Karen Dickens, Leighton Buzzard

WORD JUMBLE

When Donald Trump asked to borrow a Van Gogh painting, he was offered a gold what instead? Unscramble the letters to find the titles of six leaders, then read down the shaded squares.



Puzzle 6
£100

- 1 ATTIC ROD
- 2 MODERN MAC
- 3 DETER SPIN
- 4 ANCHOR CELL
- 5 EMIR PINS MERIT (5, 8)
- 6 IN A PACT

Your answer:

£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 e-mail us at chat_magazine@timeinc.com

My twisted neighbour

STRIKES AGAIN



O'Grady
This man stole my childhood



That sicko, let loose to destroy more young lives...

By Martine Welsh, 18, from Dunstable

Slumped on the sofa, I had nothing to do. 'I'm bored,' I groaned. It was July 2006, I was 6, and the school holidays had just started.

My big sisters – Sarah, then 12, Katie, 14, and Emma, 16 – were out with their mates.

'Why don't we go to mine and play on my Xbox?' my neighbour, Ricky, then 16, suggested.

Ricky O'Grady lived across the street. He was always popping over.

With four daughters, my dad, then 29, loved having a boy around. In fact, we all loved Ricky.

'Please can I go, Dad?' I begged him.

'Just be back before Mum gets home,' Dad said.

Ricky and I were soon engrossed in a game in his front room.

When...

'Martine,' Ricky said.

'I need you to help me out.'

'What with?' I asked.

'I just need you to touch my private parts,' he said.

I looked up suddenly, completely shocked.

'No,' I squirmed.

'Come on,' he said. 'It's OK.'

I felt uncomfortable, wanted to go home.

Ricky was 10 years older,

much bigger than me – tall with broad shoulders.

I was scared.

Ricky made me touch him, and started touching me, too.

It felt so wrong.

'Time to go home,' he said, after half an hour.

Shaking, I got up.

'Don't tell on me,' he warned, zipping up his flies.

I ran straight up to my room and cried.

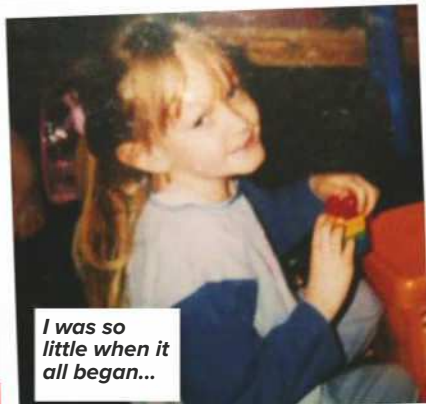
The next morning, Ricky came over, acting as if nothing had happened.

'Alright, Martine?' he grinned. I felt sick, afraid – but, after

CALL THAT

JUSTICE?!

- Sexually abused aged 6
- Monster jailed for only three years
- Freed to commit more disgusting sex crimes



I was so little when it all began...

that, Ricky would invite me over to his every few days.

I was too scared to say no, but he'd take me straight to his bedroom and abuse me.

It made me feel so dirty.

I pleaded with him to stop, but I was at his mercy.

Then, in January 2009, I threatened to tell my mum.

'You'll be arrested,' Ricky, then 19, said. So I kept quiet.

A few weeks later, I was lying on my bed when my phone pinged.

A message from Ricky. My sister Sarah, 15, was next to me on her phone.

When I thought she wasn't looking, I quickly read the text.

Next time I see you, I'm going to pull your knickers down, it said.

My stomach churned. Eventually, Sarah went

to bed and I went to sleep.

Only, the next morning, there were police cars outside the house.

Mum, Dad and Sarah were together in the front room with a female officer.

'You're not in trouble,' said the officer. 'We just want to know what's been happening with Ricky.'

I realised Sarah must've seen Ricky's text, told our parents.

I didn't blame her, part of me was relieved.

'I'm sorry!' I cried.

'I'll kill him!' spat Dad, while Mum went white.

I told them everything, and the police took my phone as evidence.

Ricky was arrested, charged. Mum took me to counselling, and made sure I didn't get behind at school.

Dad blamed himself.

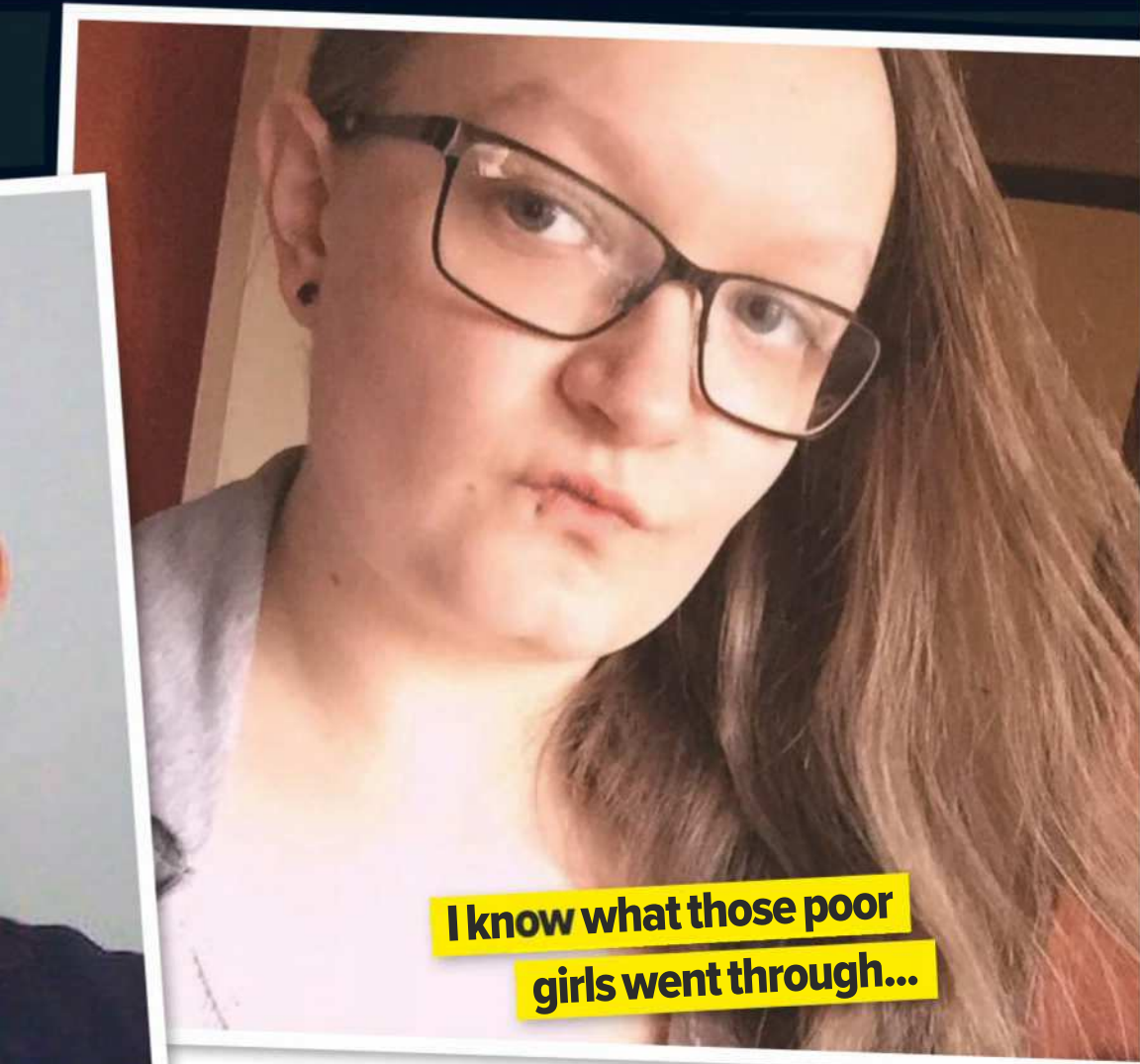
But the only person who I blamed was Ricky.

I hated him.

Finally, in September 2011, the case went to court. I gave evidence via video link.

Ricky O'Grady, by then 22, was found guilty of two counts of causing or inciting

* SARAH', 'KATIE' AND 'EMMA' NOT THEIR REAL NAMES. WORDS: FRANCES LEATE, COURTNEY GREATREX. PHOTOS: TALK TO THE PRESS



I know what those poor girls went through...

a child under 13 to engage in sexual activity.

He was jailed for just three years.

It meant that, when I was 13, Ricky was released.

We were assured that Ricky wasn't allowed in the presence of girls under 16 without other adults present.

Thankfully, the family had moved away now.

But I was still terrified of bumping into my abuser.

After more counselling, I got my life together, studying for A levels.

But, last October, I got a text from a friend. He said that

they'd heard O'Grady had been arrested. My heart sank.

But it was only when his case went to Aylesbury Crown Court this January that I discovered the stomach-churning details.

O'Grady, now 28, had pleaded guilty to three rapes, two attempted rapes, three counts of indecent assault, engaging in sexual activity in the presence of a child, sexual assault on a child under 13

years and causing a child to watch a sexual act.

And he'd also admitted two counts of possessing indecent images of a child and three counts of breaching a Sexual Harm Prevention Order. The court heard that he'd started abusing young girls at the age of 9 or 10.

He'd raped and assaulted victims

in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire between 1999 and 2017.

The victims were all aged between 7 and 15.

Horrified, I broke down.

I knew all too well exactly what those poor girls had gone through.

This time, O'Grady was locked up for 24 years. A long stretch – but it hadn't happened soon enough.

I feel so angry he was freed to carry out his sick fantasies again and again.

Ricky O'Grady ruined my life before it'd even really started.

I'd gone though hell, getting him locked up.

Yet, after three short years, he'd been let loose to do it all again, to hurt more little girls.

'It's just wrong!' I sobbed.

Why was no-one keeping an eye on him?

The criminal justice system let them all down.

O'Grady may finally be rotting in jail, but all of those girls should've been protected.

Now it's too late.

It's wrong. Why was no-one keeping an eye on him?

PLUS 'Harrowing'

A spokesperson for the Aylesbury Police Child Abuse Investigation Unit told the Press, 'This was a harrowing case in which O'Grady abused very young girls. I hope the fact he has received such a long sentence reflects the severity of the offences and allows the victims some peace, knowing he will be in prison for a long time.'

BIT ON THE SIDE!

Beef burgers



Asda Extra Special 4 Sea Salt & Black Pepper Beef Burgers, 454g, £3 (75p per burger)

The seasoning adds a great flavour plus the meat is really juicy and tender.



Tesco Finest 4 Beef Steak Burgers 454g, £3 (75p per burger)

Nice texture, lightly seasoned, good-quality meat.

M&S 2 BBQ Grill 2 Ultimate Steak Burgers 340g, £4 (£2 per burger)

Extra-large and with a great flavour and texture – the most like a home-made burger.



Chat choice

NEW

Co-op 4 Rainbow Uni-cones, £1.69

A trendy twist on a classic treat. Swirls of vanilla and raspberry ice cream, topped with rainbow sprinkles and paired with a contrasting black wafer cone.



WIN £1,110 CASH!



ARROW-WORD

Buried underground in salt caves near the town of Laurierville in Quebec, Canada keeps a strategic stock of nearly 63,000 barrels of what, worth over \$100 million, in case of geopolitical emergency? 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.

Spider's trap	Slightly drunk	About to arrive	Poultry	Not strict	Fib	Possess	Fishing pole	Length times breadth	Writing implement
Aussie bird		Drink daintily	Everyone			Enfold, cover			
Furniture polish			Beer			DNA unit			
	Public transport	Poorly		Charge	Take no notice				
				Religious text	In favour		Play house		
	Kiln	Commo-tion	Inner being	G		Small cove	Not either	Fresh-water fish	Slumber
			Single time	Wheel part	Get your bearings	O R I E N T			Church recess
High-protein bean		Adores, cherishes				S	Primate	Spoken exam	
		Insect							
Hard, black wood					Chum	P		Thick cord	
		Climbing plant				E		Put to some purpose	
Wilde-beest	Huge delight				Umpire's call	L		Pace	

Your answer: _____

Puzzle 7
£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.

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

Puzzle 8
£60

Your answer: _____

WORDSEARCH



A previously undocumented, purple-coloured Northern Lights phenomenon discovered last year was named what by a poll of Facebook users? The answer is the one missing from the grid below.

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

APOLLO
ARMSTRONG
BUZZ
EINSTEIN
FANTASIA

LIGHTYEAR
LIZ
NEIL
ORION
PRINCE

SPARKLE
STEVE
SUNDOWN
TRUMP
ZEUS

Puzzle 9
£50

Your answer: _____

WIN £500 CASH!

CRAFTY CODE CRACKER

Effie Grey star Dakota Fanning has revealed that she likes to do what for her co-stars on set?

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. Once 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 10
£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

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

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

Your answer: _____

BIT ON THE SIDE!



Cheesecake cupcakes

Serves: 12
Prep: 40 min
Cook: 25 min
Cost per serving: 71p



- Melt 25g butter in a small pan. Crush 8 digestives, then mix with the butter and 25g golden syrup in a bowl. Divide between 12 cupcake cases in a cupcake tin and press down.
- Heat oven to 180C/Gas 4. Combine 250ml sour cream, 350g cream cheese, 1 egg, 10g plain flour, zest of a lemon, juice of half a lemon and another 50g golden syrup in a bowl. Use a hand blender to blitz until smooth.
- Spoon mixture into the cases and bake for 15-20 min to set the cheesecakes. Remove, cool for 30 min, then carefully transfer to cool completely on a wire rack.
- In a small pan, combine juice of half a lemon, 5cm piece ginger, 2 peeled and diced pears and 1tbsp golden syrup. Simmer for 4-5 min until the pear is cooked. Lift pieces out with a slotted spoon then boil syrup for 5-8 min to reduce it to 1tbsp. Drizzle over the pears and leave to cool.
- Spoon pear mixture over the tops of the cheesecakes to serve.

RECIPE FROM LYLE'S. FOR MORE, VISIT LYLEGOLDENSYPUR.COM/RECIPES



Our 200 million-to-one girls arrived when we needed them most

By Sian Williams, 32, from Cwmbran

Putting the first test aside, I did another – watched, waited... But there it was again! *Positive.* ‘Aaron!’ I cried. ‘We’re having a baby!’ My boyfriend’s face lit up. ‘That’s fantastic,’ he grinned. It was November 2016, we’d been together four years and were buying our first house. We’d bought a new-build next door to my mum Julie, 57. ‘I can’t wait to tell her,’ I said. Our baby news was a ray of happiness in what’d been a horrible year.

My dad Kevin had a heart transplant at the beginning of 2016. It’d gone well and tests showed no signs of rejection. Dad was back home with Mum and we’d even booked a family holiday to celebrate. But, suddenly, Dad got a lung infection, then the flu. That May, he’d passed away, aged 56. We were distraught. Especially Mum – they’d been married for 38 years. But now our baby news gave us all something to look forward to. That December, I had

cramping and a small bleed. Just in case, my doctor sent me for an early scan at the Royal Gwent Hospital. I was nervous as the sonographer scanned my tummy, frowning. ‘Do you have twins in your family?’ she asked. Aaron nodded – his brothers are twins. ‘Well, I can see two heartbeats,’ the sonographer smiled. I stared at Aaron, speechless. Then peering at the screen, the sonographer frowned again. ‘Is everything OK?’ I fretted. ‘Do you see that, in the far right?’ she said, pointing to a fuzzy, black image. I could – just! ‘There aren’t two heartbeats – there are three!’ she said. *Triplets?!* If we thought we were lost for words before... Aaron and I stared at each other, dumbfounded. ‘They’re identical, too,’

the sonographer told us. She explained the odds of conceiving identical triplets without fertility drugs was one in 200 million. Aaron and I both left the hospital in stunned silence. We’d joked about having twins. But triplets?! How would we cope? ‘I need to see Mum,’ I said. We drove there, still saying nothing. And when I saw Mum, I burst into tears. I felt overwhelmed, shocked – and terrified. But, when I broke the news, Mum was thrilled. ‘Don’t cry,’ she soothed. ‘This is amazing!’ As she put her arms around me, promised to help, I felt better. ‘It’s a good job we’ll be living next door,’ I said. I had a feeling we’d need a hand! After that, it still felt surreal but we started to get excited. As I had a multiple pregnancy, I’d be closely monitored. ‘You’re having three babies,’ Mum would remind me, excitedly, every day. Yet, as we were preparing for our new arrivals, more tragedy struck... Mum’s dad – my grandad



John – had a fall before Christmas. Scans showed he had an aggressive brain tumour and, in January 2017, he passed away in hospital. We all rallied round Mum and my grandma Rosemary, but the loss took its toll on Grandma. She came down with a chest infection, couldn’t fight it off. Two weeks after losing Grandad, she died, too. *Heartbreaking.* We’d lost so much in just eight months. But focusing

We’d lost so much – focusing on this helped us through

on the triplets helped us through our grief. One tiny egg had given us three incredible miracles. We couldn’t wait to meet them. I had weekly scans and, at 15 weeks, we found out we were expecting identical girls. My bump swamped my size-6 frame and my morning sickness was terrible. ‘It’s 24/7 sickness,’ I groaned. But family and friends

My bump got bigger and bigger...

Scan surprise!



WORDS: JANE COHEN. PHOTOS: WALES NEWS SERVICE



Three times a baby!
Meet the girls:
the beautiful Jorgie,
Belle and Olivia!



The frill of it all!
Three little ladies

flooded us with gifts and we soon had three of everything.

And three cots, side by side in the white-painted nursery.

As a triplet pregnancy is high risk, I was booked for a Caesarean at 32 weeks, on 19 May last year.

Almost on the first anniversary of Dad's death.

By then, I could barely breathe or

sleep, my bump was so huge.

Mum sat with Aaron's family in the waiting room, while he was by my side as I was wheeled to theatre.

First Jorgie arrived, weighing 2lb 14oz, then Belle at 3lb 2oz, and finally Olivia, 3lb 2oz.

And all within a minute of each other – 10.36, 10.37 and 10.38am.

Because they were so tiny, I only got a glimpse before they were whisked to Special Care.

Visiting them that evening was emotional. They were tiny, in incubators, covered in wires.

'But they're doing well,' the doctor assured us.

Three days later, Aaron and

I held our girls for the first time.

'We love you so much,' I cooed. They were breathing by themselves, but we had to wait for them to get bigger.

By the end of June, all our girls were home. It was pure bliss just watching them.

Although it was a constant cycle of bottles, nappies and washing, we loved every minute.

Plus Mum was always round, fussing over them all – as well as my brother Michael,

27, who lives with Mum.

Because the girls, now 1, are identical, we have colour-coded nail varnish on their big toes.

Jorgie has purple, Belle has pink and Olivia has yellow.

And they get so much attention when we're out.

After a tough year for our family, they've brought happiness back into our lives.

Our 200 million-to-one girls.

Triple the trouble – but definitely triple the fun!

PLUS

'Blown away!'

Sian's mum Julie, says, 'When we found out Sian was expecting triplets, we were blown away. The girls are an absolute joy. We've all been through a lot in a short space of time but the triplets have given me a reason to smile and laugh again.'

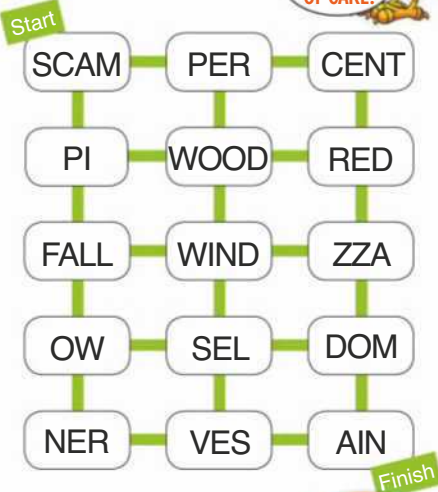


Me and Aaron,
and our
happy handful

WIN £££s

CHAIN WORDS

The man who invented the body-armour vest, commonly worn by police forces, was a former US Marine and delivered what for a living? Get from Start to Finish, making words by joining two boxes together as you go, eg: SCAM + PER, PER +... you decide! When you reach Finish, two unused boxes join together to give you the prize answer.



Puzzle 11
£100

Your answer: _____



IN THE GRID

Which rock star, whose name begins with B, took his stage name from the name of a hearing-aid shop? Hidden in this grid, reading forwards, backwards, up, down or diagonally, are 11 items beginning with B, one for each of the subjects given below. Find them all and the remaining letters will spell out the prize answer.

B	U	D	A	P	E	S	T
O	A	B	O	L	T	B	B
O	B	C	G	O	A	O	R
K	J	U	H	N	L	E	O
M	B	N	G	E	K	B	T
A	N	K	A	A	L	A	H
R	O	O	B	B	B	O	E
K	B	U	R	G	L	A	R

- House-breaking criminal
- Page saver for novel reader
- Bread seller
- Liquid flowing in veins
- European capital on Danube
- Male sibling

- Military trumpet
- Flying mammal
- Unmarried man
- Guitar-like instrument
- Item secured by nut
- Capital of Thailand

Puzzle 12
£100

Your answer: _____

chat

MY TA CAN



My hubby found a way to keep my mum alive...

By Caitlin Hallock, 29, from Phoenix, Arizona

Clutching my phone, I swiped furiously through Facebook. 'There's got to be something here!' I said to my hubby Shane, 29. I was desperate. It was this January, and I was determined to find a video clip from my mum Leslie. Mum and I had been so close. But in December 2015, Mum had to take time off work after falling and hurting her hip. One morning, she texted me. *I'm just stressed about money, sweetheart, but don't worry about me. Everything will work out fine,* I replied. *See you soon, love you.* Only later, my phone rang –

it was my Aunt Bonnie, 70, who lived with Mum. 'Your mum's collapsed!' she cried. My stomach churned. She'd only texted a few hours ago. *What's going on?* Shane and I raced over. 'What happened? Where is she?' I cried as we pulled up. 'She's on her way to hospital, but Caitlin...it's bad,' Aunt Bonnie said gravely. She'd found Mum collapsed on the floor and had called an ambulance. *This can't be real,* I thought, terrified for Mum. We raced to Banner Gateway Hospital, where Mum was on life support.

Love you, Mum!



Three hours later, we were allowed to see her. 'Come on, Mum! Wake up!' I pleaded. But then the doctor came in, his face grave. He told me Mum'd suffered a heart attack and her body was shutting down. 'There's nothing more we can do,' he said. I fell into

TATTOO TALK

I already had a few...



Shane's arms, sobbing brokenly. Mum was dying...

Over the next few hours, we said our goodbyes. 'I love you, Mum,' I wept, kissing her forehead.

And then my beloved mum slipped away, aged just 59.

Back home, Shane and I sat down our kids – Caden, now 10, Jaxon, 7, Cali, 6, and Madilynn, 1.

I simply told them that Nana was gone.

We were all heartbroken.

We struggled, knowing we'd never see her smile, or hear her laugh again.

After Mum's funeral, I'd spend hours looking at all the photos I had of her.

'But I wish I could hear her voice again,' I told Shane.

Then, late last year, Shane came across something truly amazing.

'Look at this!' he yelled.

Wandering over, I stared blankly at his laptop screen.

I knew I was looking at someone's tattoo – but it just looked like a load of lines to me.

'Wait for it...' Shane grinned.

He clicked on the picture and then I heard someone's voice.

A voicemail from someone else's loved one, who'd died.

'Someone's found a way to make tattoos that make sound!' he smiled.

'Wow!' I cried.

It was incredible.

The science was beyond me but, somehow, sound clips were converted into printed images,

which could then be inked onto skin.

The tattoos could then be played using a special app called Skin Motion.

And Shane was a tattooist.

Now I realised what this meant...

'If I could find a clip of Mum's voice, you could ink it for me!' I gasped.

'Yep,' he grinned.

Kissing him,

I raced to grab my phone and then sat scrolling through everything I'd ever posted online.

I was desperate to find something – anything – with Mum's voice on.

A few days later, I was about to give up when...

'I've found one!' I cried. And it was perfect!

It was from my 25th birthday, four years before Mum had died.

So Shane registered with Skin Motion, and learnt from them directly how to tattoo soundwaves.

Soon, he'd created his first soundwave tattoo which was the same one I heard a few days earlier.

Listening to it, I was impressed – and excited!

'Me, next,' I grinned.

So, this January, Shane uploaded my clip into the Skin Motion smartphone app, which generated a soundwave stencil.

Then I sat nervously in his tattoo studio as he inked the



Forever with me

lines onto the inside of my left ankle.

I was already covered in tattoos, but none meant as much to me as this one.

Afterwards, I took a photo of it, and uploaded it to Skin Motion.

Within 24 hours, it was ready to be played.

Opening the app, I ran the my phone over my new tattoo, my heart in my mouth.

'Happy birthday, girl...' the voice sang.

It was Mum, as clear as day. My eyes filled with tears,

as I listened to the clip.

I played it to the kids, and they were amazed, too.

Now I play my tattoo a couple of times every day.

Being able to hear Mum's voice, any time, anywhere, is such a huge comfort.

It's as if she's always with me.

I sat nervously as he inked in the lines on my ankle

PLUS

Skin Motion

Skin Motion founder Nate Siggard created the first Soundwave Tattoo to be played back, using a mobile app, in April 2017. The company now has tattooists across the globe, including Caitlin's husband Shane.



We hear you!

We're listening to whatever you want to share



Cute Kids
Send us your snaps and we'll turn your tot into a star!



What an inspiration!

LETTER of the week!

The sports coach in Australia who turned a girl away from a netball team because she was born with only one arm was so wrong (8 March issue). This attitude sends out the wrong message to kids. It's not all about winning, but showing respect for all abilities. I'm glad Deb was resilient enough to bounce back. People with physical, sensory or learning difficulties deserve the same chances in life!

Teresa Campbell, Hayes

WE PAY CASH



Angry bird
Saw this on the London Underground. I avoided the platform – and perhaps the goose should, too? It'd find it far more relaxing to move to the countryside!

David Jackson, Todmorden

Photo of the week



With the kids when we married after 16 years – they refer to it as 'our' wedding!

Cerys Symonds, via Facebook



Beep, beep!
Phoebe, 2, gives big sis Florence a ride round the play gym. Their granny's a keen **Chat** reader!

Esther Bucklee, High Wycombe



Cheeky monkey

Here's Thomas, 20 months old, trying not to get caught after rummaging through the drawers!

Vicky Graham, Keighley

RIP, rainbow
My daughter noticed a bit of oil had leaked on to the drive after it rained one night.

'Mummy, Mummy, there's a dead rainbow on the drive!' she cried to me in a panic.

Jayne Wile, Clwyd

Family fans!
I remember my dad picking up a copy of **Chat** for Mum as he walked us to school in the 80s. Mum still reads it and I enjoy it now, too!

It's the perfect mix and now I've taken out a subscription!

Suzanne Fenna, via e-mail

Why not get in touch!
See page 4 for details on how

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THE LITTLE'UN

What has recently officially overtaken Wool as the world's most valuable resource? Solve the crossword, then read down the yellow squares. The yellow shaded squares will spell out the competition answer.



1		2	3	4
		5		
6	7			
8				

- ACROSS**
- 1 Clammy, moist and damp (5)
 - 5 Card with just one pip (3)
 - 6 Article of belief (5)
 - 8 Light beer (5)
- DOWN**
- 1 Bonnet or boater, perhaps (3)
 - 2 Chap, fellow (3)
 - 3 Solidified water (3)
 - 4 Warn off, scare away (5)
 - 7 Historic period (3)

Puzzle 13
£50

Your answer:



Start 'em young
Eva, 9 months, loves to catch up on her fave mag while I change her nappy. It's a great distraction, too!

Louise Bathgate, Edinburgh

MY INCREDIBLE

£20,840 WIN!

I found the winning treasure chest!

By Heather Allan, 62, from Aberlour

As we live in the idyllic countryside of northern Scotland, we have a quiet – but pretty busy – life!

Working seven days a week running a business with my partner Peter, 69, can be tiring – so we like to relax

We usually watch telly or read in the evenings.

Then, in June 2014, I discovered Chat Mag Bingo.

The site had lots of games and not just bingo but also slot games with bonus games and huge jackpots.

I'm signing up for Chat Mag Bingo,' I told Peter.

So I logged on and loved it – especially the chatrooms.

Living in the middle of nowhere, I learnt a lot about what was going on in the world from the chatrooms.

Then, on 28 June last year, after a day at work, Peter was out on a delivery so, having a bit of time to myself, I logged on to the Tiki Temple slot game.

Then I noticed the massive jackpot – it was over £20,000!

I clicked spin, the reels began to turn – then another turn...

Suddenly, they stopped and landed on the bonus symbols.

The Temple Bonus game popped up on my screen and

I had to reveal a key to unlock one of the treasure chests.

One of them



Scotland is so beautiful...

contained the jackpot, which was now nearly £21,000!

I chose a chest at random, and it popped open. And...

I'd won the jackpot – it was a massive £20,840!

I had to double, triple and quadruple check!

Then I rang Peter – and screeched down the phone.

'Peter, I've just won £20,840 on Chat Mag Bingo!' I yelled.

He rushed home and I was still staring in disbelief at the screen as he came in the door.

'What are you going to spend the winnings on?' Peter asked.

I'd known almost at once what I'd like to do with

my surprise win...

I'd buy gifts for us, plus something that we'd both always wanted...

A vintage motor home!

So, after all the excitement, we spent the evening at home, looking for the perfect one.

And then we found it.

An immaculate, five-berth, with some beautiful cupboards and a huge, comfy bed.

We bought cushions for the sofa and beautiful bedding.

Still, working seven days a week, we haven't had time to take it away yet. But where we live is so beautiful, it's just like being on holiday anyway.

Using it as much as we can, we've even taken it to the

supermarket and driven it to the beach, too.

With a bit of cash left, I bought Peter a second-hand Range Rover.

'Thank you, love!' he said.

I also treated myself to some nice things I'd had my eye on.

My advice is to play within your budget.

Chat Mag Bingo is a wonderful way to have some fun!

Turn over for another BIG WINNER

18+. UK only. Please play responsibly

WORDS: BESS BROWNING. PHOTO: GETTY



A BIG WIN

of £3,050



I got to spoil my

kids and grandkids...

By Lesley Smith, 54, from Morecambe

Working long hours in a bar – there's nothing that I like more than coming home and putting my feet up and sometimes I play a few games of bingo.

Gary, 52, and I have enjoyed playing bingo over the years.

We used to have time to visit the bingo halls but, these days, with our grandchildren and busy jobs, it's a real rarity.

Now we play Chat Mag Bingo and love that we can play

from the comfort of our home.

The site has lots of games – bingo as well as slots, and you can play on your mobile.

Flicking the switch on the kettle, turning the telly on and loading up the laptop – we're good to go!

The 11 August last year was just like any other evening.

I'd got back at about 6pm from work and Gary had dinner in the oven already.

There was a Link game in Emerald – the 90-ball bingo room from 6.30pm – so I logged on and bought some tickets.

A link game is a special bingo game where different rooms play together for the chance to win a bigger Full House.

Watching as my numbers come through – I sat and waited...

As my last number

I waited... Then as my last number was called, I shrieked!

was called, I called out to Gary.

'Look! Look! I've won the £1,000 jackpot!' I shrieked.

'No way!' Gary yelled back.

'Yes, way!' I responded.

Delighted, he stood up and threw his arms around me.

It was perfect timing as Gary's son from a previous relationship was about to have an engagement party.

Calling him right there and then, we said we'd pay for the DJ. He was thrilled!

Then, last 7 October, it was a Saturday and we'd enjoyed a rare trip to the bingo hall as we'd both had the day off.

Visiting the grandkids is a top priority on the weekend so we'd ticked that off, too.

As the evening drew in, we

both settled down for a few bingo games. As we'd been to the bingo hall, I didn't want to spend too much online.

But that's one of the wonderful things about Chat Mag Bingo – you can set yourself a deposit and spend limit.

I spent £1.20 on 1p tickets for the Tiki room – what a bargain!

Then I was watching as the numbers were being dabbled off.

Sitting back in my chair, I started watching the ball calls.

Suddenly I only needed two and then one number...

Just hang on a second, I thought.

But those are all my numbers!

Staring at the screen, I could hardly believe



WIN AN INCREDIBLE TOP TECH BUNDLE!

A TV, tablet and games console – our bumper tech prize will keep everyone entertained this summer. For a chance to win one of two bundles, go to the Promotions page at Chat Mag Bingo and opt in to the Top Tech promo. Play £5 or more on any games between 15-23 May to earn entry into the Grand Prize Draw.

18+. UK only. Opt in and wager required. T&Cs apply.

WORTH OVER £2,000!



WORDS: BESS BROWNING. PHOTOS (NOT ACTUAL DJ OR TECH GADGETS): GETTY

in
6!



Gary's son was thrilled when we paid for his DJ



JACKPOT WINNER!

£3,056

Lesley S
Three Thousand
Six Pounds



MY WINNING GAME

Tiki is a 90-ball bingo room at Chat Mag Bingo. A favourite with members, you'll find bargain bingo tickets from 1p, exciting link games and impressive jackpots to be won. The chatrooms are buzzing with

lots of chat and laughs from our members and the chat hosts add to the fun with quizzes and surprise chat games to win real money. Go to Chat Mag Bingo and see, there's so much on offer for all bingo lovers.

it really did feel like a dream. I'd won £3,106 in total! And just a couple of months before Christmas, too, it really was perfect timing. I bought the grandchildren some new toys and clothes and made sure that we had everything we wanted to treat ourselves over the holiday. Being able to spoil our children and grandchildren has definitely been the best part of my wins. Both my two wins were truly unforgettable moments. So, thank you very much Chat Mag Bingo!

what I was actually seeing! I'd won just over £11 on two lines and £39 on the Full House. But when the word *Winner* popped up, I saw I'd also won the £3,056 progressive jackpot. 'Gary, I've just won the big jackpot!' I squealed, jumping up and down for joy. 'Again?' he asked, stunned. Double-checking the screen,

JOIN! Claim up to £50 of FREE BINGO*!

Register your account with code **CHATK21**

Deposit and play **£10**

Receive **200 FREE BINGO tickets** Worth up to **£50!**

*18+. UK only. New members only, registration and opt-in required. Min £10 deposit and wager. Bingo game restrictions apply – £50 value on 25p tickets. 30-day expiry from opt-in. Rules apply. Offer in this issue ends 24 May 2018. See full T&Cs at chatmagbingo.com Chat Mag Bingo is part of the Jackpotjoy.com Network. For 24-hour support, freephone 0800 458 0770. Please play responsibly. Begambleaware.org

chatmagbingo.com

GambleAware 18+



Secret's OUT!



In love, we had something to tell the world...

By Kimberley Collins, 28, from west London

Watching the beautiful woman on the dance floor, I was mesmerised. I'd known of Molly, then 21, for about six months – we were both professional dancers for stage and music videos, and moved in the same circles.

In September 2015, I got a chance to actually speak to her.

We'd gone to the same audition in London and, afterwards, a group of us went for drinks.

'I've seen you around, you're an amazing dancer,' I said.

We got on so well.

Before we knew it, we were going on our first date.

Bonding over a coffee before a dance class together, my heart fluttered.

Within a few weeks, we were officially a couple.

I loved Molly's confidence, how we shared the same passion for dance.

Going to auditions together, dance classes, and sometimes working together, kept us close.

I'd dated both men and women in the past and

I identified as bisexual.

'It's just a phase, you'll grow out of it,' my parents had said when I fell in love with a woman at 21.

I knew that they struggled to accept my sexuality.

Thankfully, five years later, when I met Molly, they'd grown to accept it.

And they grew to love her, too.

'Let's not tell your grandparents, though,' Mum said to me.

Not wanting to rock the boat, I agreed.

So Nan and Grandad thought that Molly and I were just close friends.

Thankfully, Molly's family

and friends were accepting of her sexuality.

When she'd come out to her parents at 18, she'd worried.

But they'd already guessed and weren't upset.

After a year together, Molly surprised me with a question.

'Shall we move in together?' she

asked, grinning.

I was thrilled.

Then, last summer, I saw a shout-out on Instagram.

The food company McCain was looking for same-sex couples to star in a new ad for its oven chips.

'We're perfect for it,' I told Molly – and

she agreed, so I put us forward.

It wasn't that long before the producers got in touch with us by e-mail.

We'd love to meet you, one of the casting team said.

We heard all about the idea for the ad, which would show love in all forms.

The idea was to celebrate coming together with the people we love.

The producers came to our house for the first meeting.

And, when they showed us their previous advert embracing different families around the UK, we were sold.

'I love it!' Molly gasped. I have to admit, it brought a tear to my eye, too.

Before we knew it, we were booked to do the advert!

Last December, camera crews arrived at our house to



The ad would celebrate love – in all its forms

WIN

THE SKINNY ONE

Onychophagia is the technical term for which habit?

To find out, solve the puzzle... Add a letter anywhere in each of the boxed-off words to fit the clue, eg, CHEW = MUCH + N = MUNCH. Write the added letter in the space provided. Read down the added letters to spell out the two-word prize answer.

Puzzle 14
£50



Sofa time:
me and Molly

film our section of the ad.

'Just act like you normally would,' they said, setting up cameras and lights in our living room and kitchen.

Yeah, right! I thought.

It's not every day you have a camera crew in your house.

But the team were lovely, and our nerves soon vanished.

Molly and I whipped up a dinner of oven chips and fajitas. We laughed, kissed and danced as we cooked.

Then we snuggled up on the sofa, watching TV.

It felt so natural.

Two months later, we were sitting on the sofa again – this

time waiting to see our McCain advert on telly!

We'd told everyone to tune in.

'It's us!' I cried as the ad flashed on our screen.

It showed other couples, too – of different ethnicities, genders, disabilities.

We loved it!

'They showed us dancing in the kitchen,' Molly laughed.

'My favourite part was us lying on the couch together,' I grinned, delightedly.

Just like we were doing now.

Suddenly, our phones came alive with lovely messages

from friends and family.

You two looked amazing, one said to us.

You're famous, said another. But the best reactions were from our families.

'Your grandparents are so proud, they thought the advert was beautiful,' Mum gushed.

It made me so happy, knowing that they finally knew about our relationship and that they were so thrilled for us.

And Molly's family were just as overwhelmed.

'I cried!' Molly's Mum admitted to us.

We really love the positive message that the advert has cooked up.

That, no matter what your gender, age, ethnicity or sexual orientation...

Love is love.

And we shouldn't be afraid to shout it from the rooftops.

Or even from the telly!



PLUS 'I ♥ you!'

Molly, 23, says, 'My parents had accepted my sexuality so openly and loved seeing us on the TV together. Doing the advert means so much to us both – I love Kimberley and love shouldn't be about gender, where you're from, or what others may think of you.'

Your answer:

TO ENTER
Turn to page 60 for details.

My boy won't know HE'S DYING



I'm terrified every time my son gets a splinter

By Lindsay Cahill, 34, from Bristol

Placing my newborn son Dexter in my arms, the midwife beamed.

'He's perfectly healthy,' she smiled.

It was August 2013, and I gazed adoringly at my son's beautiful little face.

'Welcome to the family,' my husband Tom, then 31, said, stroking Dexter's chubby cheek.

We settled into family life, even relishing night feeds and nappy changes!

But, at 6 weeks, Dexter collapsed after waking up for a feed.

Terrified, we rushed him straight to Bristol Royal Hospital for Children, where doctors confirmed he had a mild case of hypothermia.

His temperature had dropped to 33C, it should have been 37C.

How had I not noticed? I thought.

Doctors suggested I hadn't been wrapping him up properly.

I was racked with guilt.

'Why can't I look after my own son?' I sobbed to Tom.

Then, at 3 months, Dexter started teething.

But he'd rub ulcers under his tongue until they bled.

And once he had teeth, he'd chew his tongue until bits actually fell off.

Yet he never cried, even when I inspected his

angry-looking injuries.

I was back and forth to the doctors, but they were baffled.

Dexter's wounds were superficial, didn't seem to bother him.

So there was nothing they could do.

Yet, after almost every meal, Dexter's face would be smeared with blood.

Strangers would give me dirty looks.

I stopped feeding him in

public, and Dexter and I became isolated.

Going to playgroup was traumatic. I was constantly on edge, watching him like a hawk.

I'd run after him with a wet wipe as he accidentally smeared blood on the toys – or worse, other children.

I can't bear this, I thought.

So we stopped going.

Ashamed, struggling, I cut off all my friends, too.

Finally, in April 2014, a breakthrough...

'Your son could have a genetic disorder,' one doctor said.

Tests were carried out, and in April 2015, Dexter, then 2, was diagnosed with hereditary sensory and autonomic

neuropathy, with congenital insensitivity to pain.

'He can't feel temperature or pain,' the doctor explained.

It was rare, affecting one in 125 million people.

And there was no cure.

Finally, we knew what was wrong with our little boy.

But he'd have to live with this for the rest of his life.

'How do we deal with this?'

I asked Tom.

He didn't have an answer.

The enormity of what we were facing hit us.

Pain is the body's way of teaching you to avoid danger and accidents.

But Dexter felt no pain.

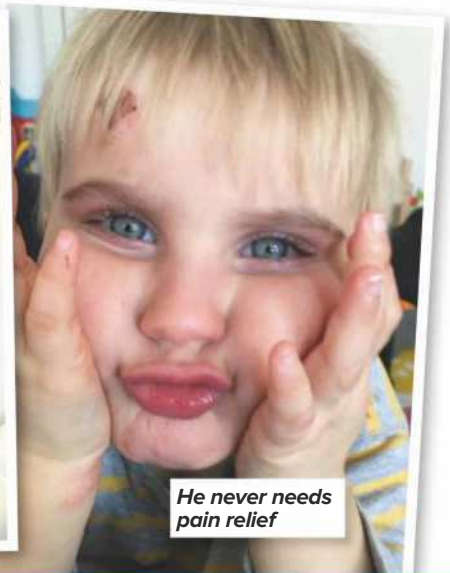
He struggled to learn what was dangerous and what was safe.

Why would you fear falling over, if falling over didn't hurt?

Every time Dexter bumped himself, I'd rush over,

He'd chew his tongue until bits actually fell off

What broken leg?!?



He never needs pain relief

ow if NG

Loving cuddles
We're determined to give Dexter a normal childhood



checking for everything from a splinter to broken bones.

Only, he soon learnt he'd get my attention if he threw himself on the floor, or whacked his head against a door.

'It might not hurt you, but it's hurting Mummy,' I'd tell him.

Life was exhausting.

And we continued to make mistakes.

In August 2016, we had a family barbecue. As Tom cooked the sausages, I relaxed in the sun and Dexter happily splashed around in the paddling pool.

But when his cousin dipped her toe in the water, she shrieked.

'It's freezing!' she yelled.

I rushed over.

Dexter had been sitting in there for 20 minutes!

I bundled him in a towel, desperately trying to warm him.

But his body temperature was so low, it wasn't registering on the thermometer.

Tom and I knew from previous experience that he'd developed hypothermia.

We tried to raise his temperature, cuddling him close.

I felt so guilty.

'I should have kept checking the water,' I sobbed on Tom's shoulder. We both felt helpless.

Weeks later, we had another big scare.

Dexter's nursery called.

'He was dancing and his leg gave way,' his teacher explained.

I rushed over in tears, found Dexter, then 3, sitting happily with a paramedic.

'Hi, Mummy!' he beamed

away. Not upset or scared.

Yet, at the hospital, X-rays showed Dexter had broken his left shin bone.

As doctors set his leg in a cast, he didn't need any pain relief.

And, of course, as soon as we arrived home, he refused to rest.

Couldn't feel the agony of the broken limb.

So he ran around on his cast, ended up with ulcers around the edges

of the plaster.

Thankfully, now he's 4, Dexter is slowly learning about his condition.

Last year, he even started asking if his food was too hot for him.

A huge moment for us.

While scalding food might not hurt him to eat, it could still cause a lot of damage.

People think Dexter is a superhero.

'He'd make a great rugby

player,' others say.

But they don't realise the extent of his condition.

One day, he might have a heart attack or develop something like appendicitis...

He could be dying and his body wouldn't know.

He wouldn't feel a thing.

But, for now, I'm trying to relax and enjoy spending

time with my son.

He loves diggers and DIY, helping Tom around the house.

There's going to be plenty more bumps and bruises along the way, but I'm determined he'll have a normal childhood.

And, as much as I want to, I'm trying not to wrap Dexter in cotton wool.

Quite literally.

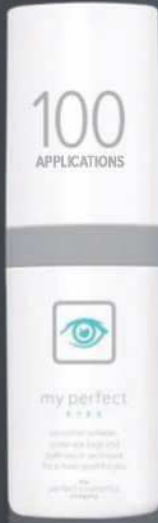
Finally, we knew what was wrong. But there was no cure

PLUS Life without pain

Congenital insensitivity to pain (CIPA) is a genetic disorder that affects fewer than one in a million people. For someone to get CIPA, they must receive a copy of the gene from both parents, who in turn must both have a specific chromosome mutation – thought to be the chromosome that determines nerve growth. Nerves carry messages from your body to your brain via the spine. For people with CIPA, this process doesn't work, so the brain doesn't receive pain messages.

ADVERTISEMENT

MyPerfectEyes It's the amazing eye serum that even the Advert Watchdog says *will* banish wrinkles! But can this incredible £29.99 eye cream *really* be...



Better than Botox?

INSTANT
**EYE
PERFECTION**
REAL RESULTS IN SECONDS
THAT LAST ALL DAY
LONG!

"The No.1 Eye Cream to banish dark circles and fine lines!"
— AS VOTED BY —
marie claire

No needles! Just dab it on and in 60 seconds you won't believe your eyes!

IMAGINE being able to erase bags and wrinkles from around your eyes in as little as 60 seconds. Well, now you can with My Perfect Eyes. The effects are so astonishing—you'll look so much younger, friends are likely to ask if you've had Botox injections!

Daily Mail Front Page News!

Think these claims sound too good to be true? You are not alone. So did our competitors. They demanded the UK's ad watchdog investigate our claims. It did, and the findings made front page news in The Daily Mail! The Advertising Watchdog ruled that "before and after photos did not misleadingly exaggerate the effects of the cream".

The amazing results may appear similar to those achieved with surgical procedures, but the simplicity and the low-cost could not be more different:

- No needles, no pain – just dab it on and see incredible results in only 60 SECONDS!
- No bruising or marking – just smoother, WRINKLE-FREE SKIN!
- No expensive clinics to visit – easily apply it yourself AT HOME!
- Affordable to all – a 10ml tube contains enough serum for 100 applications for just £29.99 – less than 30P PER TREATMENT!

Try Risk-Free For 30 Days

We invite you to try "My Perfect Eyes" for yourself risk-free under our 30-day money back guarantee of satisfaction. If you are not satisfied that you look years younger, simply return the unused portion and we'll refund your purchase in full.

MyPerfectEyes

Erases all SIX signs of ageing eyes in 60 seconds flat...

My Perfect Eyes is a non-surgical cosmetic miracle which erases puffiness, fine lines and wrinkles in under a minute, with incredible results that last for hours! Prepare to be amazed...



- Puffiness ● Fine Lines ● Dark Circles ● Bags ● Wrinkles ● Crow's Feet

ALL GONE!



My Perfect Eyes makes front page news as Advertising Watchdog agrees this 1-minute 'miracle' cream WILL banish wrinkles!

Top Cosmetics Doctor Agrees: "It Works..."

Dr. Hugo Kitchen has over 25 years' professional experience in advanced non-surgical aesthetic treatments:
"I'm really impressed with the results of My Perfect Eyes. Never before have I seen a cream achieve those kind of results."

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Try the bestselling My Perfect Eyes 10ml bottle for £29.99! Order in confidence with our full 30-Day Satisfaction Guarantee!

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ORDER DIRECT Call 020 3872 0878 or visit myperfecteyes.co.uk

Post to: **THE PERFECT COSMETICS COMPANY LIMITED, 7a Eastfield Place, Rugby, CV21 3AT.** **CH17**

Please send me the following:

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DOUBLE-UP OFFER: **MY PERFECT EYES 200** (20g/200 APPLICATIONS) **SAVE £45.00** Was £89.99 WITH **FREE WORTH £29.99** **MY PERFECT NIGHT** **NOW ONLY £44.99** Please add ONLY £4.99 p&p

£4.99 P&P for delivery to UK only. £9.99 Europe, Rest of the World £11.99.

I enclose cheque made payable to The Perfect Cosmetics Company Ltd for £ _____

Or debit my Visa/Maestro/Mastercard Number: _____ Start Date _____ Exp Date _____ Security Code _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Email _____

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the perfect cosmetics company

WIN £500 CASH!

THE BIG QUIZ



Puzzle 15
£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.

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

THE SILVER SCREEN – CO-STAR

1 Tom Hanks co-starred with which British actress in the movie *Saving Mr Banks* – he as Walt Disney, she as *Mary Poppins* creator PL Travers? (4, 8)

2 Tom Hanks co-starred with which American actress in the rom-coms *Joe Versus the Volcano*, *Sleepless In Seattle* and *You've Got Mail*? (3, 4)

3 Which American actress, who starred in *Mamma Mia!* – the musical movie based on Abba's songs – co-starred with Tom Hanks in the recent movie *The Post*? (5, 6)

WHERE IN THE WORLD? COAST

4 The American state of Alaska has a coast on two oceans – one ocean is the Pacific, what is the other? (6)

5 The name of which Central American country, bordering Nicaragua to the north and Panama to the south, translates as 'rich coast'? (5, 4)

6 The western coast of Australia is washed by the waters of which ocean? (6)



4. Which oceans lap the shores of Alaska?

COAT

7 Which outer garment is made from thick, woollen material, has toggle fastening and a hood, and is worn by Jonathan Creek and Paddington Bear? (6, 4)

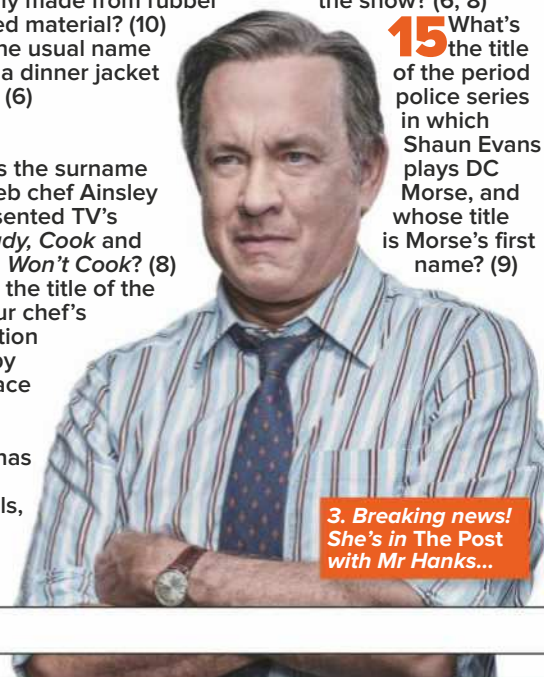
8 What's the name given to the waterproof coat created by, and named after, its Scottish inventor and originally made from rubber or rubberised material? (10)

9 What's the usual name given to a dinner jacket in America? (6)

COOK

10 What's the surname of celeb chef Ainsley ..., who presented TV's *Ready, Steady, Cook* and *Can't Cook, Won't Cook*? (8)

11 What's the title of the amateur chef's TV competition presented by Gregg Wallace and John Torode, and which also has versions for professionals, celebrities and juniors? (10)



3. Breaking news! She's in *The Post* with Mr Hanks...

12 Who's the food writer and TV cook Nigel ..., who recently presented a series about the food and cooking of the Middle East? (6)

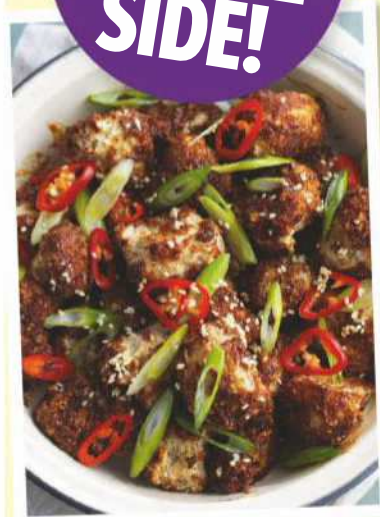
CONSTABLE

13 Which BBC series has starred Ben Miller, Kris Marshall and currently Ardal O'Hanlon as the Detective Inspector of Caribbean island Saint-Marie? (5, 2, 8)

14 Which actor played former Detective Sergeant Gerry Standing in the TV series *New Tricks*, and was the last of the original cast to leave the show? (6, 8)

15 What's the title of the period police series in which Shaun Evans plays DC Morse, and whose title is Morse's first name? (9)

BIT ON THE SIDE!



Cauliflower hot wings

Serves: 4
Prep: 15 min
Cook: 25 min
Cost per serving: £1.02

1 Heat oven to 180C. Cut a cauliflower into bite-size florets. In a bowl, combine 100g plain flour and 25g cornflour.

Season, then add 125ml cold water and mix to form a thin batter.

2 Tip 400g fine breadcrumbs into another mixing bowl. First dip cauliflower florets in batter to coat, then in breadcrumbs a few at a time, ensuring each floret is evenly covered.

3 Put the coated cauli on a large baking tray and cook in the oven for 25 min until golden and crisp.

4 Transfer cauliflower from the oven into a mixing bowl and pour in a 260g bottle of spicy BBQ sauce, such as Jack Daniel's Extra Hot Habanero Barbecue Sauce, tossing well to ensure evenly coated.

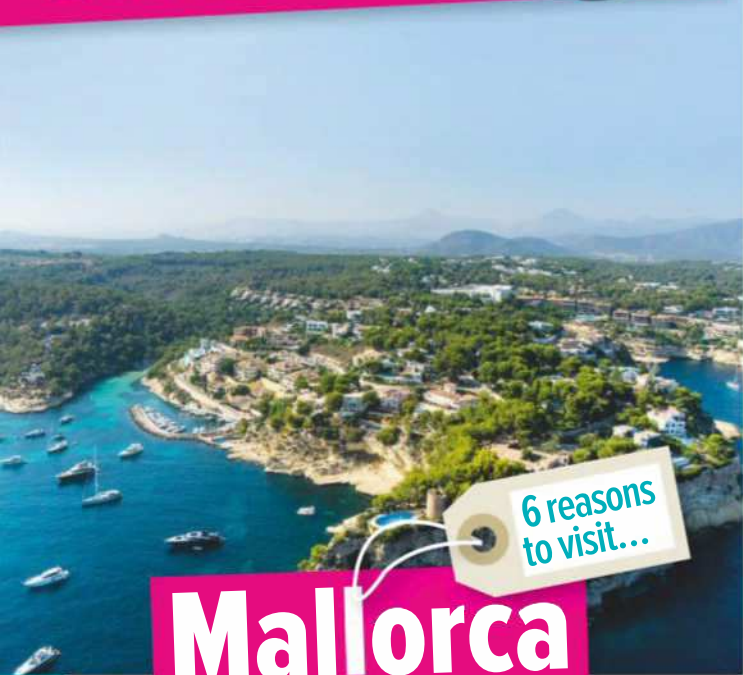
5 Sprinkle with 1 seeded, chopped red chilli, 2 chopped spring onions and 50g sesame seeds to serve.

Chat Meal Deal

RECIPE AND PHOTO: JACKDANIELSBBSAUCE.COM/RECIPES

Your answer:

chat Holiday



6 reasons to visit...

Mallorca

Mallorca offers spectacular beaches, luxury hotels and gastronomic delights

1 Caves of Drach Located on Mallorca's east coast, the caves extend for almost 1,200m and the cavity is 25m high. Tours take about an hour and include a classical music concert and a boat trip across Lake Martel!

2 Wine lovers' haven The past few years have seen the island produce some exceptionally good vintages, and they are quickly moving up the ranks. The wineries, which are tucked away in the middle of the island, make for a very peaceful retreat.

3 Sand and sea Mallorca's beaches are one of the biggest draws for tourists, but did you know that there's an impressive

200 beaches all over the island, with 60 main resorts to choose from? From sandy coves to pebbled beaches, it's not hard to find one to suit your taste. Quick, grab your swimsuit!

4 City life On the south coast, the city of Palma is home to half of the island's population. It's often compared to Barcelona thanks to its architecture and atmosphere, with lively restaurants and nightlife.

5 Shop till you drop If you want to take something truly Mallorcan home, try a visit to Teixits Vicens, a family-owned artisan textile shop in Pollença. Take a tour of the factory to see these beautiful textiles being made, or browse the exquisite shop.

6 Cap de Formentor The razor-edge cliffs and buckled limestone peaks jut out to sea and, from a distance, it looks just like a giant wave is about to break! At 384m above sea level – the island's highest point – Cap de Formentor is seriously spectacular.

Useful stuff

- infomallorca.net
- travelrepublic.co.uk
- teixitsvicens.com



Palma Cathedral

chat

DETERM TO SAY



Cancer crashed our wedding, but the big day must go on...

By Vicky Moore, 47, from Grimsby

Arriving at the local beach, I was bubbling with excitement. 'One week to go,' I grinned at my fiance Adrian, 52.

It was a lovely evening in August 2016, so we'd headed to the seaside for a stroll.

And in just six days we'd be jetting off to Florida for our wedding, along with 14 family members and friends.

I followed Adrian as he walked to the seafront. Only we had to climb down a steep, grassy hill.

Standing on the

verge, I wavered.

'It's OK, I'm here,' Adrian said. Crouching, I rested my hand on his shoulder, took a huge step down.

But as my foot hit the ground, I slipped.

Went crashing down, landing hard on my left shoulder.

'Ouch!' I cried. In agony, I couldn't get up. I'd had pain in my left shoulder for months.

But this was far worse. 'Let's get you to hospital,' Adrian said, worried.

As he helped me back to the car, my arm hung lifelessly.

'I think it's broken,' I winced.

At Diana, Princess of Wales Hospital in Grimsby, I had an X-ray.

It was a pathological fracture – a break caused by diseased bone.

'We need to keep you in for tests,' the doctor said.

Confused, I was checked into the ward.

Then... 'I don't want to frighten you,' the doctor said.

'But there's a 70 per cent chance you have bone cancer.' Speechless,



A fall saved my life...

INED

IDO



Special photos
I look at them and feel so very lucky...



We did!

my head flooded with questions as Adrian clutched my hand.

'We're getting married in America next week,' I blurted.

'We'll see,' the doctor said.

The news still hadn't sunk in when Adrian had to go home.

The next morning, I was told it was unlikely I'd be allowed to travel.

I broke down.

Hours earlier, I'd been excited about my dream wedding.

Now I was in hospital, probably had cancer.

Might even be dying.

I called Adrian, who raced to my side, devastated.

Then I asked family to visit. Gathered my mum Lorraine, 66, son Daniel, 19, and sisters, Jennifer, 38, and Angela, 48.

'I'm not sure I can go to Florida,' I told them. 'They're talking about cancer.'

Shocked, no-one said much. A sombre moment.

'But you all go. The holiday's

paid for,' I insisted.

Everyone refused, said they wanted to be near me.

I spent five days in hospital undergoing tests.

Then, some good news.

'You can travel,' I was told.

As the doctors had to wait for the test results, the wedding was back on!

Boarding the plane was strange.

I was excited, yet scared.

And I still didn't know if I had cancer.

In Florida, I put on a brave face, knew if I showed fear, everyone would crumble too.

Though I had to take it easy. So, as everyone enjoyed the parks, I relaxed in the villa.

Then our wedding day came. Our lakeside ceremony was very emotional.

Daniel gave me away.

And tears streamed as Adrian and I promised to care for each other in sickness and in health.

Then we all laughed, danced

and drank for hours.

Before I knew it, we were back in the UK.

Back to reality.

That December, I finally got some answers.

It was cancer.

I had more tests, a biopsy.

In January 2017, doctors found a tumour on my spleen and diagnosed aggressive diffuse large B-cell lymphoma.

It was a form of non-Hodgkin lymphoma that needed quick treatment.

I started chemotherapy.

The drugs made my heart race, caused sleepless nights,

weight gain, hair loss...

Thankfully, I had my new hubby to lean on.

Then, that May, I got some blood-test results.

'You're in remission,' the nurse said.

I still had to finish chemo, but I was too relieved to care.

Now I need regular blood tests and checkups – but I'm cancer-free.

When I look at our wedding

photos, I feel lucky.

That fall saved my life.

And I still had the wedding of my dreams.

Now I plan to enjoy every moment of married life.

Hours earlier, I was so excited. Now I might be dying...

PLUS

'Completely floored'

Adrian says, 'When doctors told us Vicky could have cancer, I was completely floored. A walk along the beach turned into something so much more sinister. You could say it was a lucky break, but I'll never forget how tough it was. 'Vicky's strength and positivity astounded me every day – it still does – and I'm so grateful for every moment we have together.'

WORDS: MISHAAL KHAN, HATTIE BISHOP; PHOTOS: SWMS

TALES of the UNEXPLAINED

THE DOG PRIEST

Did a wicked monk return from the grave with a thirst for blood?



One of Scotland's most ancient landmarks, Melrose Abbey, sits in a picturesque town close to the English border. These days, Melrose is a popular destination for tourists, fishermen and hikers.

The town was even voted the best place to live in Scotland earlier this year.

But, hundreds of years ago, in the 12th century, the town was struck by a bloodthirsty terror...

Back then, Melrose Abbey had only recently been built, but was already one of the wealthiest monasteries in Scotland.

During this period, a notorious monk – known as the Hundeprest, meaning 'dog priest' – lived there.

His real name is unknown but it's thought he was given this nickname because his favourite pastime was hunting on horseback, with a pack of snarling dogs.

But bloodlust wasn't the dog priest's only vice.

He often ignored his duties as a man of God, and was known as a wicked man who indulged in all sorts of earthly pleasures and sins.

The dog priest was also a

chaplain to a lady who lived in the town – but, to him, she was more of a mistress rather than an employer.

Although the cause of his death isn't known, the dog priest apparently died around 1196.

But it seemed his wickedness and sinful ways meant his soul was unable to rest in peace.

Instead, he became one of the living dead.

A vampire.

Doomed to rise from his unquiet slumber in the dead of night, with a fierce thirst for the blood of the living for eternity.

For now reports came in from all over the town, with

folk there describing a horrifying creature stalking the streets, shrieking violently and attacking the townsfolk.

Many recognised the spectre as the undead dog priest, and fled in terror.

It's not known how many people seemingly fell victim to the vampire monk, but it was reported he'd viciously assault anyone unfortunate enough to cross his path.

It was said he'd drink their blood straight from their battered bodies.

One night, the dog priest returned to Melrose Abbey in the form of a huge bat and

tried to force his way inside. He then transformed into another hideous form that records can only describe as 'vampiric'.

Luckily, the frightened monks inside repelled the beast with prayers and rituals.

But the dog priest's reign of terror wasn't over.

He'd also been returning to the home of his former mistress, to torment and frighten her.

The lady was a terrified wreck and desperately pleaded with the monks to help her.

Townsfolk were also begging the monastery to save them. So the priests

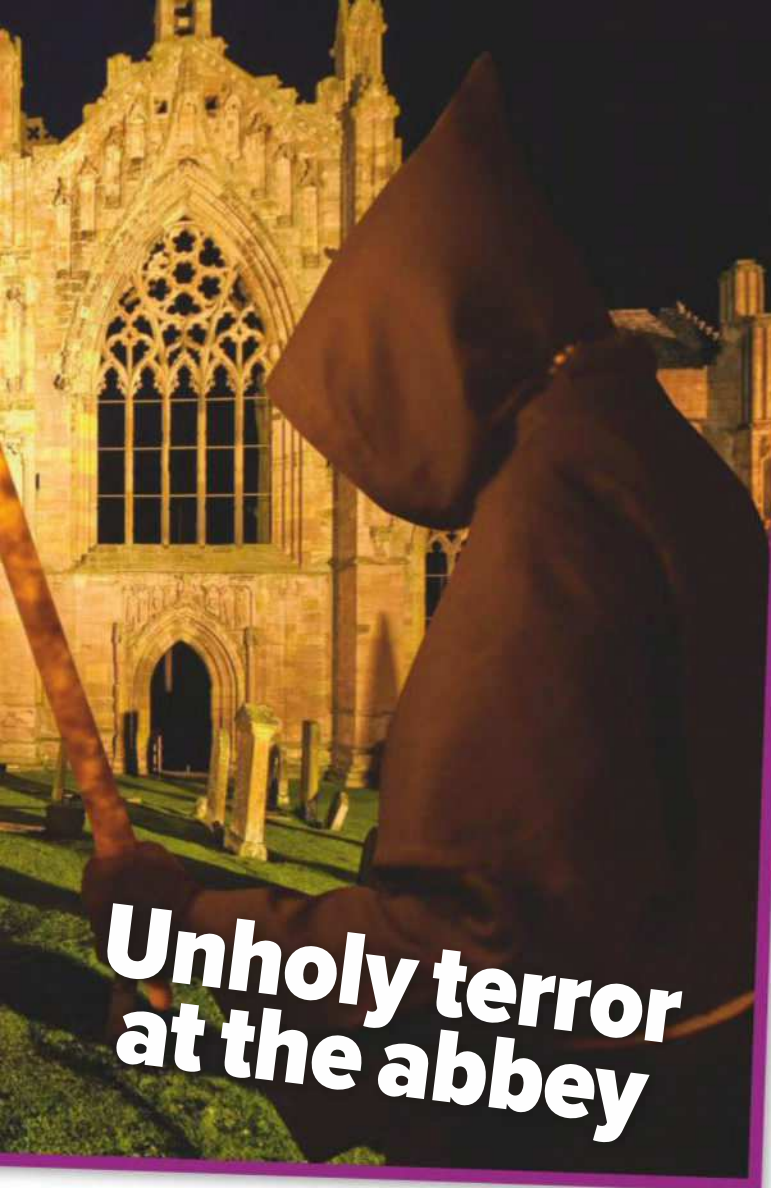
PLUS



Snapped! Is this the spook...?

The Black Monk

A more recent instance of an ungodly priest returning from the grave is that of the Black Monk of Pontefract, a cleric hanged for raping and murdering a young girl. The spectre tormented the Pritchard family after they moved into their home in 1966.



Unholy terror at the abbey

asked a senior monk – a highly educated man with some experience in the supernatural.

The elder monk agreed to investigate the dog priest's mysterious rampage and brought a second monk, plus two student priests, to assist.

The men watched the dog priest's grave as the sun went down, to see if the creature would emerge as night fell.

The cold wait dragged on until, eventually, three of them made their way back to the lodge to warm up, while the elder monk kept watch alone.

Suddenly, the dog priest's tombstone sank into the ground and the vampire rose from his grave, leaving the grass and soil undisturbed.

The monk gasped as the creature approached him with a hungry, vicious look in its cold, dead eyes.

The dog priest, who was armed with an axe, swung it at the dog priest and one blow landed on the monster's head.

Blood pouring down his head, the vampire let out a terrible

shriek before being forced back to the grave.

The monk looked on as the ground opened like a monstrous mouth, swallowing up the dog priest – before closing, with the grass still looking untouched.

The elder monk, who had been rejoined by his

companions, started digging to uncover the body.

When they found the corpse, it had a fresh axe wound on its head.

Chillingly, the dog priest was wearing a

hideous grin, his lips and teeth also covered in blood.

The monks removed the body and cremated it. The ashes were scattered and carried off in the wind.

Hundeprest was no more.

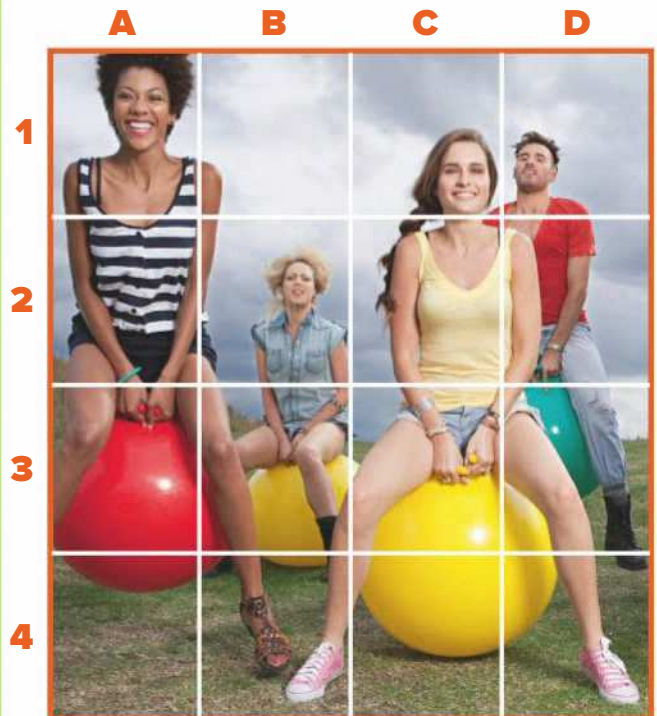
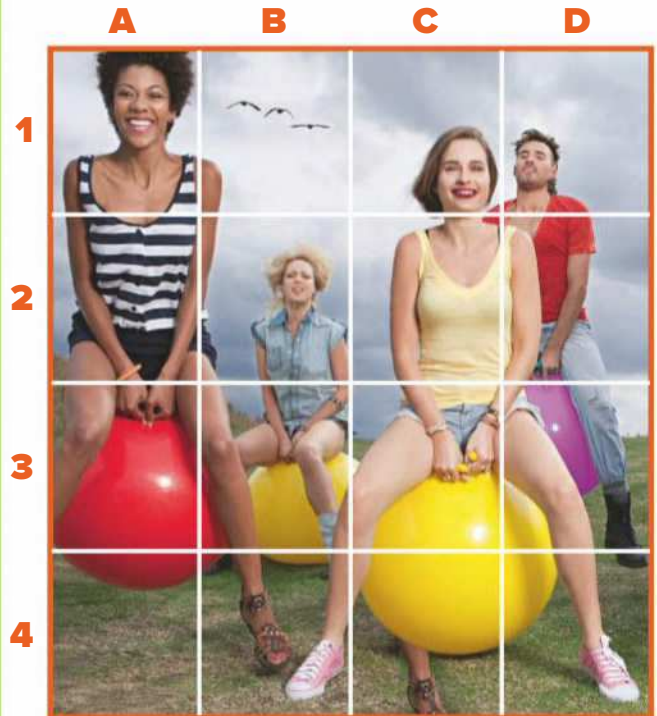
Melrose was saved and the town didn't see the spectre of the dog priest ever again.

But some say that if you walk among the ruins of Melrose Abbey, you can still hear echoes of the dog priest's evil scream...

His sinful ways meant his soul was unable to rest in peace

WIN CASH!

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



Puzzle 16
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: _____



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IN AS LITTLE AS
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New SLEN 30 by Velform® is an easy to apply body sculpting gel with cooling technology that results in localised fat reduction. Fat cells crystallise at different temperatures than other cells. It is specific in breaking down the fat cells without targeting skin, muscle mass and nerve fibres.



PROBLEM AREAS TO TREAT:

- ✓ Abdomen
- ✓ Hips
- ✓ Love Handles
- ✓ Thighs
- ✓ Lower Back
- ✓ Upper Arms

WHO IS BEST SUITED TO BENEFIT FROM THE SLEN 30 TREATMENT?

SLEN 30 by Velform® reduction - fat freeze is specially recommended for local area fat reduction. Those wishing to get rid of localised fat deposits, the abdomen, love handles, lower back, hips, thighs & upper arms. These are likely to be the most popular areas and most stubborn to shift through diet and exercise.

SLEN 30 IS NOT A WEIGHT LOSS SYSTEM - NO EXERCISE OR CRASH DIET NECESSARY

SLEN 30 by Velform® Cryo Freeze Treatment results in a notable reduction of fat tissue naturally,

avoiding invasive treatments like liposuction. However, SLEN 30 by Velform® is not an excuse for not taking care of yourself, so you should continue your normal exercise regime and eat healthily.

To help with this you will receive a FREE NUTRITIONAL HEALTHY EATING PLAN with your order.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FAT CELLS THAT HAVE BEEN TREATED?

Fat cells perish, dissolve into the body and are expelled naturally.

The tummy, hips, thighs, buttocks or areas of the body treated with SLEN 30 become smaller in size over the following weeks, toned with reduced orange peel effect.

WHAT WILL I FEEL WHEN APPLYING SLEN 30 TO THE AREA TO BE TREATED?

All you will feel is an intense cold feeling as the fat cells are targeted, crystallised and begin to break down. Daily treatment is required for maximum results.

WHEN WILL I FEEL RESULTS?

This will depend upon the individual. Clinical trial participants reported almost immediate benefits to skin tone, orange peel skin and a re-defined body shape. We recommend you complete the three bottle course to achieve the desired results.



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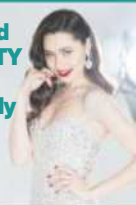


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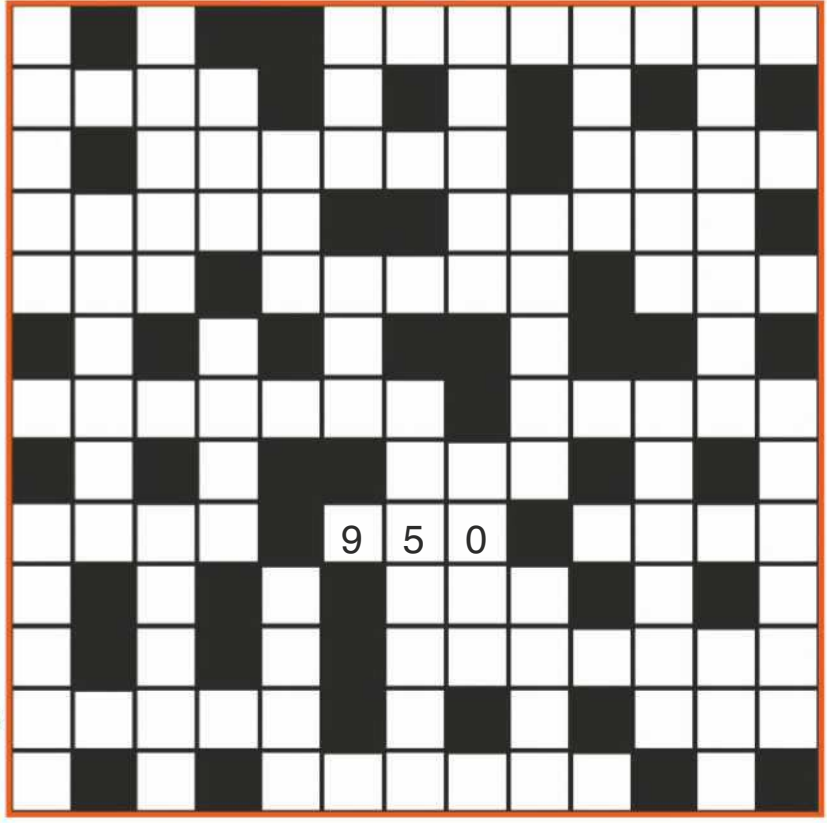
NUMBER JIG

The Italian city of Venice restricts the number of official gondoliers allowed to work on its canals to how many? Fit these numbers into the grid. One number doesn't fit – this is the prize answer.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 3 digits | 600 | 47540 | 7 digits |
| 100 | 625 | 53794 | 1468837 |
| 175 | 950 | 54575 | 4256132 |
| 200 | | 63162 | 8708046 |
| 275 | 4 digits | 68407 | 9493154 |
| 300 | 1500 | 76764 | |
| 325 | 2000 | 84216 | 8 digits |
| 400 | 3571 | | 49169288 |
| 425 | 4986 | 6 digits | |
| 500 | 5698 | 202285 | |
| 575 | 6366 | 490970 | |
| | 7024 | 501002 | |
| | 8952 | 750186 | |
| | 9710 | 803459 | |

Puzzle 17
£250

- 5 digits**
- 18239
 - 20125
 - 35078
 - 43323

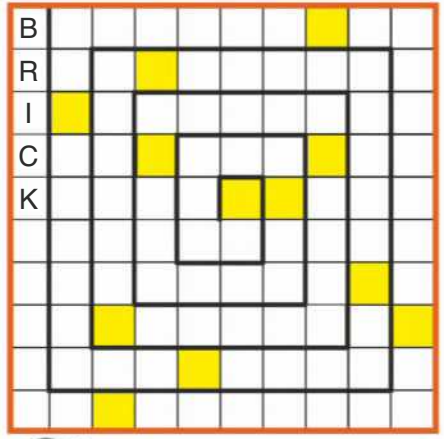


Your answer: _____

SPIRAL XWORD

Which popular comedy movie was renamed *The Black Hole of Love* when it was released in Brazil? 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 18
£150



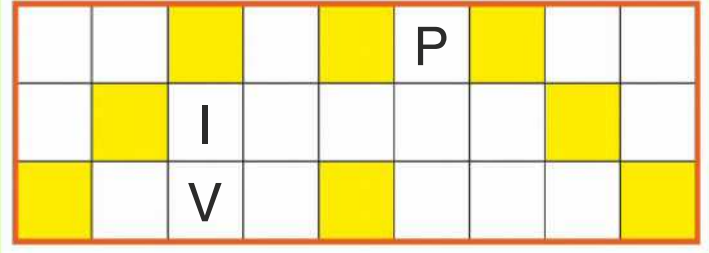
- Building block (5)
- Red sauce (7)
- Pharaohs' tombs (8)
- Child's beach-play area (7)
- Hand digit (5)
- Reality TV series (3, 7)
- The 'rom' of rom-com (8)
- Place to leave coat at theatre (9)
- King or queen (7)
- Scary movie (6, 4)
- Landlocked state in east Asia (8)
- One who studies planets (10)
- Pink stalks cooked in desserts (7)
- Natal anniversary greeting item (8, 4)



Your answer: _____

THREE IN A ROW

Which European capital city has become the first to introduce a public transport service using driverless buses? Make three nine-letter words using all of these three-letter sections and enter them in the grid as the starter letters indicate. Then make an anagram of the letters in the yellow squares for the prize answer.



- | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|
| AIN | CEN | CHI |
| LIV | EFT | EST |
| OCK | TIP | EDE |

Puzzle 19
4x £25



Your answer: _____

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Puzzle 20
£100

ZOOMED IN!

We've got up close and personal with a common household item. If you can make out what it is, that's your prize answer.

Your answer:

WHAT'S ON TELLY?

Puzzle 21
4x
£30

As you can see, our TV's gone on the blink and we can't make out what programme's being screened... If the show looks familiar to you, that's your prize answer!



Your answer:



Puzzle 22
£100

WHAT'S WRONG?

If you're a fan of the classic 1940 movie *Gone With the Wind*, you'll recognise Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara. But something about this still from the film isn't as it should be. If you know which item doesn't belong, that's your prize answer.



Your answer:

HOW MANY?

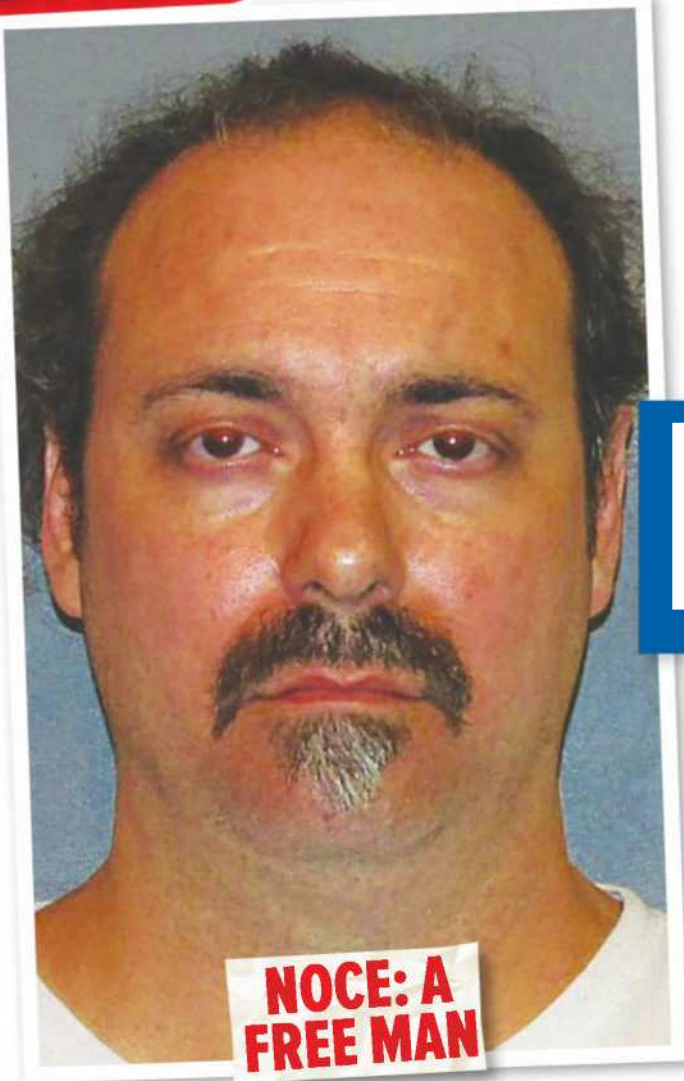
Can you work out how many rice crackers are in the jar? If so, that's your prize answer.



Puzzle 23
£100



Your answer:



VICTIM

bloody re

She made her childhood abuser pay a brutal price

THE CRIME

Brittany Monk was sexually abused by her mother's ex, Robert Noce, for eight terrible years. Finally, aged 17, she found the courage to go to the police. But, when the courts failed to deliver justice, Brittany took the law into her own hands – with catastrophic consequences...

THE STORY

Life got off to a grim start for little Brittany Monk. She was just 4 years old when her mother walked out of the family home, leaving the child to be raised by her former partner Robert Noce. Brittany should have been safe in their home in Zachary, Louisiana. After all, Noce had a daughter, too – a playmate for her. But it was the start of eight years of hell for little Brittany, as Noce began to sexually abuse her. He even began paying her for his sordid pleasure – sometimes \$100 (around £70) an hour. It was only when she was 12 that the abuse ceased. But eight years of mistreatment had done immeasurable damage. And, five years on, Brittany found the courage to tell the

police about her ordeal.

In June 2015, Noce pleaded 'no contest' to having molested Brittany Monk when she was a child – a plea that carries the same weight as a guilty plea in a criminal court.

Assuming Noce would face jail, Brittany hoped she could finally put the nightmare behind her.

She was 17, and seven months pregnant with her then 20-year-old boyfriend Jace Crehan's baby.

Life could move on with her abuser behind bars. But it wasn't to be...

The judge gave Noce, 47, a suspended 10-year term. He was put on probation for five years – then walked free from court.

By that point, three years had lapsed since Noce and Brittany had any contact.

But Brittany was still haunted by his actions, and disgusted with the seemingly lenient sentence for her eight years of hell.

Less than two weeks after Noce was sentenced, on 4 July 2015, Brittany and her now fiance Crehan, wanted revenge.

At around 1.30am, Crehan used a rusty screwdriver to remove a window air-conditioning unit from the secluded trailer where Noce was living.

The couple crept through the window, where they found him asleep in bed.

Wrestling him to the ground, Crehan shoved Noce into a choke hold. Noce kicked and screamed, while Monk threw

punches at her abuser's face and sprayed cologne in his eyes.

'You ruined my life!' she screamed at Noce.

'You got the wrong guy!' Noce begged.

Crehan asked Monk to bring him a knife – the biggest she could find – from the kitchen.

Handing her partner the knife, she walked into the bathroom, away from the chaos.

She could hear Crehan repeatedly stabbing Noce.

As she returned to witness the carnage, blood was squirting from Noce's neck.

He was making gurgling noises.

But Crehan wasn't done yet.

'Get me something to tie him up,' he ordered Monk.

She returned with a belt and ties.

Placing a belt around Noce's neck, Crehan put one foot on Noce's back and pulled the belt upward for a minute.

As the room fell silent, it was clear that Noce was now dead.

The duo then placed his bloodied corpse inside a 55-gallon plastic container Noce had used to make wine.

Trying desperately to cover their tracks, they scrubbed away at bloody footprints around the mobile home, using one of Noce's towels.

Bundling the towels and the gloves Crehan had been wearing into the container, they blocked the kitchen and bathroom drains and ran the tap.

They hoped that, if they flooded the trailer, it would be the cover-up they needed

They crept through the window, and found him asleep in bed...

BEHIND THE BIG CRIME BEHIND THE BIG CRIME BEHIND THE BIG CRIME

M'S

venge



ABUSED: BRITTANY



With her boyfriend Jace

and what'd happened on the night of her molester's killing.

Standing in the dock in a green East Baton Rouge Parish Prison jumpsuit, her ankles shackled, she addressed the court.

She said it was Crehan's idea to go to Noce's house – to threaten him to stay away once the baby had arrived.

'I agreed to everything,' she admitted to the court.

She said she told Crehan that she wanted to go with him to Noce's trailer.

'I wanted to see him suffer,' she added.

But she told the court they had no intention of killing Noce before they arrived.

They didn't arm themselves with any weapons.

But, in court, it was revealed that Crehan had researched unsolved homicides on the Internet, just days before the killing.

'Ms Monk may not have seen her abuser for three years, but she still

lived each and every day with the effects of the sexual trauma inflicted on her for the better part of the decade,' Monk's lawyer argued.

But, despite what Noce had done to Monk, she had still been a part of his brutal killing.

Jace Crehan was found guilty of second-degree murder.

On 19 January, the State District Judge said the killing was a 'diabolical' act and 'vigilante justice'.

After his closing statement, he sentenced Crehan to life in prison without parole.

Monk was jailed for 35 years.

Crehan's father Layton Crehan said he and his wife will be legal guardians of the couple's child for the foreseeable future.

Crehan claimed that he had no regrets, but it seems Monk felt differently...

'Has killing Robert Noce that night made your life any better?' the prosecutor asked her.

To which the young woman softly replied, 'No, sir.'

to get away with murder. The couple only emerged two hours later, their clothes bloodied, their faces pale.

Crehan tossed a white-handled knife into a lake and they went home to shower.

Then, keeping up appearances, they went to a family barbecue at Crehan's grandparents.

Four days later, Noce's body

was discovered and Brittany Monk's DNA was found in the trailer.

Both she and Jace Crehan were arrested and charged with second-degree murder.

In June 2016, Monk, who'd since had her baby, pleaded guilty to manslaughter.

Crehan's trial took place in December last year.

He said that he had 'no

regrets' about killing Noce.

He felt the justice system had 'failed' his fiancée.

But the prosecutor said that it wasn't for Crehan to seek revenge.

'We do not live in a country where we, as a society, are allowed to take the law into our own hands and do justice,' he said.

Monk spoke of her abuse

PLUS

Vigilante father...



Crehan compared his actions to the case of Gary Plauche (left), a US man known for the 1984 vigilante killing of Jeff Doucet, who sexually assaulted his son. Plauche was given a seven-year suspended sentence with five years' probation and 300 hours of community service, and received no jail time. He died in 2014.



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Lessons IN LOVE



My brave boy made me who I am today

By Chesca Cassells, 26, from Kilmarnock

With my hands shaking, I stared at the two blue lines. 'But I can't be pregnant,' I cried to my mum Aileen, 47.

It was October 2014 and I was still recovering from a fierce battle with breast cancer. I'd been diagnosed at 23, with a baby girl, Baylee, then 7 months old.

After a year of chemotherapy and a double mastectomy, I'd got the all clear, thankfully. But the treatment had

ravaged my body, stolen my hair.

Doctors had warned me that it would take my fertility, too. I'd been heartbroken.

Only now, gawping at the positive test, I was overjoyed.

'Wonderful!' Mum beamed.

'It's definitely a boy,' I said and stocked up on blue booties.

This baby was a ray of sunshine after my cancer battle. At 20 weeks, the sonographer confirmed my suspicions.

I was having a boy! 'Any health issues in the family?' he asked.

I explained that I had a genetic condition called frontometaphyseal dysplasia (FMD) which causes abnormalities in skeletal development.

It can be serious but, luckily, it only affected the bones in my ears.

I wore a hearing aid but was otherwise healthy.

Baylee had been fine.

Only, the sonographer got a consultant...

'FMD can be more serious in boys,' he warned.

A few weeks

later, the consultant called with test results.

My baby did have FMD.

'So sorry,' the consultant said. I was offered a termination, went into shock.

This was my miracle baby... I could feel him kicking, was consumed with love for him.

'No!' I said.

I had to give him a chance.

Mum worried how I'd cope with a severely disabled child.

How it would affect Baylee.

'It'll be fine,' I insisted.

I'd fought cancer, now I'd help my son fight, too.

I was monitored closely.

Then, in June 2015, Kairo was born by Caesarean at Southern General Hospital, in Glasgow.

Doctors took him straight to the Neonatal Unit, where he was put on life support.

'He's very poorly,' the midwife warned.

'He's got to make it!' I sobbed.

They wheeled me down to see him, but Kairo

was surrounded by medics and beeping machines.

His little belly looked bloated, his skin purple.

Then he stopped breathing...

I looked on in horror as doctors resuscitated him.

But his airways were so narrow he needed a tube in his throat to breathe.

'We're not sure how long he'll survive,' the midwife said.

I sat beside his incubator willing him to keep fighting.

Later that day, Mum brought

Baylee to meet her little brother.

'These tubes are keeping Kairo alive,' I explained.

'When can we take him home?' she asked.

Truth was, we might never take my baby home with us.

But how could I explain that to Baylee when I couldn't even believe it myself?

Baylee and I stayed in a flat near the hospital, while nurses trained me to clean and change the feeding tube in Kairo's neck.

It was a lot to take in.

But these were the most important lessons in my life and I practised till I was perfect.

At a month old, Kairo was taken off life support.

Dressing him in a stripy vest, I lay him on my lap.

Nurses showed me how to use cotton buds to clean his mouth and nose.

And, at 6 months, I took him home and set up his oxygen machine.

Finally, I could use what the nurses showed me. Care for my baby myself.

But, just weeks later, on New Year's Eve, Kairo was struggling to breathe.

I rushed him back to the hospital while Mum looked



Kairo's first time on a train

I could use what nurses showed me. Care for my baby myself

Special visitor...
Baylee comes to see brother Kairo in hospital



Fun at the fair for Baylee, me and Kairo

after Baylee. Only, his organs were failing.

'There's nothing more we can do,' doctors said. By now, they'd detected a serious heart abnormality. 'He should be at home then,' I insisted. 'Then he will be master of his own destiny.'

So, in February 2016, I brought Kairo home again. I knew that he wouldn't have much time left...

I was a wreck, worrying that each day might be his last. I made a bucket list and, with Mum's help, took Baylee and Kairo to the seaside and to feed the ducks in the park. We even went swimming.

And, a few days after coming home, Kairo smiled – even though the doctors had said that he never would. He watched cartoons and had cuddles.

And I enjoyed every precious moment I had with him. But, by April, Kairo was

working hard to breathe. The doctor visited and gave him morphine.

'We're reaching the end now,' he told me.

That night, I lay Kairo on my chest and sang to him. 'I love you,' I said tearfully, over and over again.

Then my son passed away, peacefully, aged 10 months.

The next day, I bathed him, dressed him in dungarees and brushed his brown, sandy hair. He looked peaceful.

'He'll be a purple butterfly now,' Baylee, then 4, said. Heartbroken, I organised my little boy's funeral.

For a long time afterwards, I struggled – and if it wasn't for Baylee, I'd have given up.

In May, I returned to work in a local shop. But then my supervisor suggested that I work in care. 'You did all that training to understand Kairo's medical needs,' she said.

I loved the idea of using our trauma to help others. So I applied for a position

as a nursing assistant at Crosshouse Hospital, in Kilmarnock.

Last June, on what would've been Kairo's second birthday, I got the job.

Now, my job is so varied, I'm helping people with all sorts of conditions every day. And every day, as I pull on my blue nurse's tunic, I smile. Kairo led me here.

Baylee, now 5, is such a caring girl, too. Every night before bed, we light a sparkler.

'For Kairo,' Baylee says. He's definitely made us who we are today. And he will always be in our hearts.

PLUS FMD

FMD causes abnormalities to the skeleton and other organs and affects males more severely than females.

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Chat PUZZLES 21

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What's the answer?

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- Puzzle 1** Jack Whitehall
Puzzle 2 Bras
Puzzle 3 Paperclips and staplers
Puzzle 4 History
Puzzle 5 £5
Puzzle 6 Saudi Arabia
Puzzle 8 Blink
Puzzle 9 Piano and ukele
Puzzle 10 Book
Puzzle 11 Olive oil

- Puzzle 14** Rum
Puzzle 15 Greece
Puzzle 16 Brown cows
Puzzle 17 Poodle
Puzzle 18 Bees
Puzzle 19 2C
Puzzle 20 Dart
Puzzle 21 Miami Vice
Puzzle 22 Beer can
Puzzle 23 11 light bulbs
Puzzle 24 Gravel

We won!

Chat winners issue 8 (22 February 2018)

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 B Waterhouse, Bristol; I Hicks, Hereford; W Lill, Sheffield; Y Barnett, Stafford; A Billington, Milton Keynes;
 R Pritchard, Bilston; F Leake, Birmingham; M Barnes, Dagenham.

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Chat PUZZLE 7

9, 5, 6

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

Chat PUZZLE 12

187,888

3	7	6	4	1	7	6	4	7	1		
5	2	3	6	0	6	0	2				
3	4	1	1	0	5	9	9	7	3	0	
8	1	4	9	3	4	5	9	2	6		
4	7	9	8	9	6	1	7	5	0	2	
5	7	9	3	3	9						
9	0	6	5	3	8	3	2	0	8	2	3
4	0	0			2	6	6	2	0		
4	0	1	0	1	4	8	3	0	0		
0	9		2	5	0	1	1	0			
2	1	5	1	6	0	5	7	8	0		
6	1	2	9	2	9	0	3	5	0		
7	5	5	8	9	6	1	2	0			

Chat PUZZLE 13

UKRAINE

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E	S	C	A	P	E	D					

Only one entry per person. Competition details form part of these terms and conditions. Entry is open to residents of the UK, Channel Islands and Isle of Man, except employees (and their families) of Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, its printers and agents, the suppliers of the prizes and any other companies associated with the competitions. The winner(s) must be aged 18 or over. Proof of identity and age may be required. Use of a false name or address will result in disqualification. Entries that are incomplete, illegible, indecipherable, or inaudible (if made by phone) will not be valid and deemed void. All entries must be made directly by the person entering the competition. Entries made online using methods generated by a script, macro or the use of automated devices will be void. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post, or due to computer error in transit. The prizes are as stated, are not transferable to another individual and no cash or other alternatives will be offered. The winner(s) is (are) responsible for expenses and arrangements not specifically included in the prizes, including any necessary travel documents, passports and visas. Prizes are subject to availability and the prize suppliers' terms and conditions. The promoters reserve the right to amend or alter the terms of competitions at any time and reject entries from entrants not entering into the spirit of the competition. In the event of a prize being unavailable, the promoter reserves the right to offer an alternative prize of equal or greater value. The winner(s) agree(s) to the use of their name, photograph and disclosure of county of residence and will co-operate with any other reasonable requests by Time Inc. (UK) Ltd relating to any post-winning publicity. Unless stated otherwise all postal entries must be made on the relevant coupon or form printed in the magazine. Unless stated otherwise the winner(s) will be drawn at random from all correct entries received by the closing date stated within the promotional material. Reasonable efforts will be made to contact the winner(s). If the winner(s) cannot be contacted, or are unable to comply with these terms and conditions, the Promoter reserves the right to offer the prize to the next eligible entrant drawn at random, or in the event that the promotion is being judged the Promoter reserves the right to offer the prize to the runner(s)-up selected by the same judges. Confirmation of the prize will be made in writing to the winner(s). Failure to respond and/or provide an address for delivery, or failure to meet the eligibility requirements may result in forfeiture of the prize. Where applicable, the decision of the judges is final based on the criteria set out in the promotion and no correspondence will be entered into over this decision. Competitions may be modified or withdrawn at any time. The provider of the prize is specified within the promotional material. The Promoter is Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 161 Marsh Wall, London E14 9AP. In the event of a discrepancy between these standard terms and conditions and the details in the promotional material, the details of the promotional material shall prevail. A list of winners will be available by writing into the publisher of the magazine or website at the Promoter's address no earlier than six weeks, unless otherwise stated, after the close of the competition. Only the surname and county of the winners will be disclosed. Where a coupon or token is necessary for entry, residents of Northern Ireland only may send a stamped self addressed envelope to Promotions Team, 161 Marsh Wall, London E14 9AP, for a free copy of such token or coupon.



In next week's chat



HUNDREDS OF BODIES buried in our garden!



Who pulled THE TRIGGER?

PLUS MORE STORIES! MORE PUZZLES! MORE PRIZES!



Starved to death BY HER MUM

PHOTO: MERCURY PRESS

ON SALE 24 MAY

Your stars!

Chat astrologer Bernard Fitzwalter reads your week ahead



Aries

21 March - 20 April

The dust is settling after recent work upheavals. Life is calmer. There's a small problem to resolve in your personal life, but it's not a big issue... Or so you think! But it's actually not that simple – as you'll find out!

● Call 0905 817 0690* for more

Cancer

22 June - 23 July

There's a newcomer in your social circle and it's clear when you two chat that there's a romantic attraction. Don't push it, but don't run from it, either. Keep things as they are for a while and see what happens...

● Call 0905 817 0693* for more

Libra

24 Sep - 23 Oct

You and your partner aren't seeing eye to eye. Usually you say sorry and go back to your old ways – but that doesn't change anything. There are other options, you just haven't tried them. Maybe it's time to..?

● Call 0905 817 0696* for more

Capricorn

22 Dec - 20 Jan

How will you get your message across if you keep quiet? You may think you're no good at putting things into words – but you'd be surprised. Speak from the heart and your emotions will make you eloquent. Try it.

● Call 0905 817 0699* for more

Taurus

21 April - 21 May

You hear about something new and exciting – but think you'd never be able to do anything like that. Then you research it and talk to people about it and realise it IS possible. So, if it's what you want to do, why not?

● Call 0905 817 0691* for more

Leo

24 July - 23 Aug

What do you do when you see someone you don't want to talk to? Dive down a side street? Pretend to be busy? It'll happen three times this week, so you wonder if the skies are trying to tell you something..?

● Call 0905 817 0694* for more

Scorpio

24 Oct - 22 Nov

A job has to be split between you and somebody else. You have a choice – you could do all the hard work and put no money into it, or pay the bills but let the other person do the labour. Which is best for you..?

● Call 0905 817 0697* for more

Aquarius

21 Jan - 19 Feb

Ooh, that's better! Maybe it's a new treatment following a trip to the doctor, or just sitting on a sofa you got to replace the one with broken springs. But whatever it is – discomfort will be eased – and life's fun again!

● Call 0905 817 0700* for more

Gemini

22 May - 21 June

Someone wants to tell you how to do a job properly. But you've been doing it a long time and experience counts... Explain, carefully, why you're going to do it your way – then watch as the other person backs down!

● Call 0905 817 0692* for more

Virgo

24 Aug - 23 Sep

There's nothing worse than people thinking you're joking when you're not. You ask your mates for help – one says no, but another offers to pitch in. If nothing else, you've found out who your real friends are!

● Call 0905 817 0695* for more

Sagittarius

23 Nov - 21 Dec

Ages ago, you made a promise which you may now have to keep. But it's a once-only thing, so when it's done, it's done. It might even lead to a very sweet moment with someone special. That can't be bad!

● Call 0905 817 0698* for more

Pisces

20 Feb - 20 March

Are you actually saying yes to something you don't want? Or keeping a secret? There's some discord in your personal life now. It'll all come out in the end – so wouldn't it be better to be honest from the start?

● 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

In Chicago, the law makes it illegal to eat in any restaurant or eatery that is what? To find out, fit the words into the grid, then read down the letters in the shaded circles for the two-word prize answer.



3 letters

BOA
CAM
CAR
HEM

4 letters

ACRE

ASIA
BOOK
EARL
EPIC
IRAN
ITEM
ONTO
RATS
REST
SURE

5 letters

ESSEX
EXILE
MAORI
ORATE
REEFS

6 letters

FINALS

7 letters

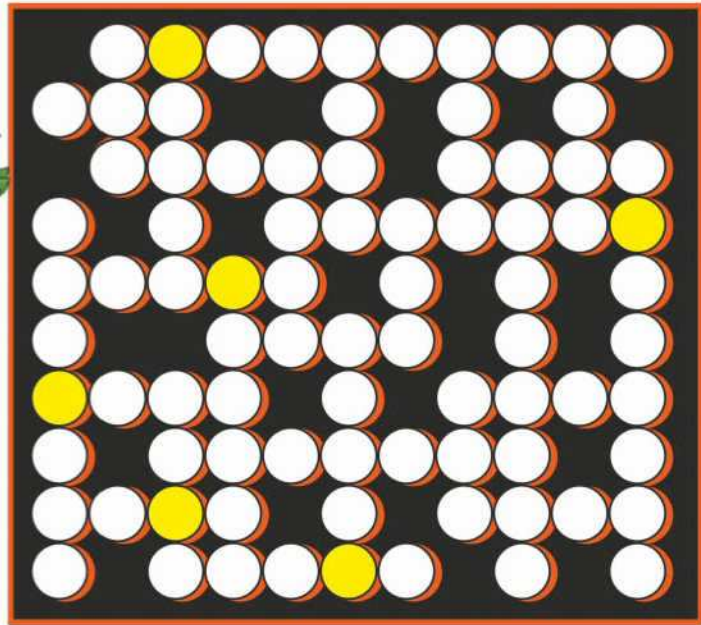
CARIBOU
ECHELON
PRAISED

8 letters

ALEHOUSE
SNACK BAR

10 letters

COFFEE
SHOP



Your answer:

Puzzle 24
£100

WEIRD WORLD

PLONKER!

When the police stopped a driver near King's Lynn, Norfolk, they found he had no valid licence or insurance. After the police seized the man's car, he then produced a licence stating he was Del Boy Trotter from *Only Fools and Horses*. The police saw the funny side – and even tweeted with a couple of Del Boy's favourite faux-French phrases: *#BonnetDeDouche everybody, not even this #Plonkers fake driving licence could stop their car being seized.*



RAISING THE BAR

A shot of Cognac has broken the world record for being the most expensive ever. The 40ml serving of the spirit – which is thought to have been made in 1894 – sold for £10,014 at London's Hyde Kensington bar. Ranjeeta Dutt McGroarty was the first to buy a shot and she was watched tasting the rare tippie by an official adjudicator from Guinness World Records.



BEAN THERE...

Baked-bean bonkers Barry Kirk is so keen on the tinned treat that he's opened a museum devoted to his preferred pulses and changed his name by deed poll to Captain Beany. In January 2009, he opened the Baked Bean Museum of Excellence – now the fourth highest-rated attraction in Port Talbot. He even has his fave food item tattooed on his head!



WOOD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Florida woman Karen Cooper, 60, has married a 100-year-old tree in a bid to save it from being cut down. Karen tied the knot with the Indian laurel in Fort Myers. The wedding was complete with floral arrangements, a dog serving as a ring-bearer and a tree-themed wedding cake.



NEIGH CHANCE, MY FRIEND!

Trot on! This cheeky chap tried to use the McDonald's drive-through in Beccles, Suffolk – on horseback. Staff and customers were amazed to see the man trying to pass through and order a meal, before he was asked to dismount. Seems he wasn't horsing around – apparently desperate for a coffee, he tied up his steed and walked into the restaurant to order.



TANGO'D.?!

Snow joke! Folk have been posting pix of this orange-tinted snow on social media from Russia, Bulgaria, Ukraine, Romania and Moldova. Seems the spectacular shade comes from sand from the Sahara desert mixing with snow and rain. It happens roughly once every five years, but concentrations of sand are higher than usual this time.

WORDS BESS BROWNING. PHOTOS (WEDDING, LIBRARY SHOTS); ALAMY, REX, SWINS, PA IMAGES, MARGARITA ALSHINA, NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK POLICE DOGS

BARDOT TOP
£20

I only
popped in for
sun cream

Denim shorts £12.50, bikini top £10, kimono £20. Available in selected Extras, Superstores & online. Subject to availability. Delivery charges may apply.

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