

DIGITAL PRICE

79p

Bargain!

CANCER?  
It's only a  
**SPLIFFLE!**



# Real people

BURSTING WITH REAL LIFE!

No.22

7/6/18

**WIN!**  
CITY BREAK  
FOR TWO  
T&Cs apply

Saved by  
**HIDE THE SAUSAGE**



**DIE, MUM DIE!**



He **BURNT** her **ALIVE...**

**TO SPITE ME?**

Spinster with cats...  
to dating  
**KING RAT**



**THE CURSE**

I'll never hear Ellie say **'FE\*K'** again



**MURDER**  
and the milkman

**LOVER**

Pints of **BLOOD**





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**#ScentMemories**  
Your stories through scent...

# This week in YOUR FAB VALUE

# Real people

28



Bonnie and Clyde  
sit side by side



Hold on to your Segway/Zimmer frame (delete as appropriate)... the generation gap has turned into a war! How has this happened? Who doesn't love their granny? And why are grannies turning on the kids?

You'll get some answers in The Real Story this week (p10) – and the finger of blame is pointing at all the lovely, shiny tech we fill our lives with. But it's really something when the Women's Institute are doing battle over knitted vulvas! You'll see what I mean... I think we all need a nice cuppa, slice of cake and a reminder that people are just people, who come in all shapes, sizes and mindsets.

And to prove it, let me introduce you to Granbo – grandmother of one, Anji (p15). Hung on her wall is a crossbow that she calls the Man-Stopper! And when four big blokes barged into her home, intent on nothing good, she let them have it and they... ahem... *bolted*, sharpish. It would be a brave youngster who took on this older lady. In fact, a brave anyone!

See you next week,

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

Karen X

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... to dating King Rat

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I'll never hear Ellie say 'Fe\*k' again



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# CASH COW WEEK 6

Real People's Puzzle Trail starts here!

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

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

Venture into the land of milk and money here and get your hands on a grand prize indeed! For your chance to win £1,000, collect the letter that appears with Flo, right, every week for eight weeks. When you've collected them all, rearrange them into an eight-letter word and write this on the entry coupon in issue 24.



It's udderly FAB!

Enter online at [realpeoplemag.co.uk](http://realpeoplemag.co.uk)

FOLLOW FLORENCE TO PAGE 9

# Our MAD WORLD!

Guaranteed to make you smile!

## Comedy TOT

### HELLO, BABY!

Everyone who meets my little girl, Maya – pictured here aged one – is bowled over by her. Well, who could resist those big, brown eyes? **Anna Misiak, Harlow, Essex**



Aren't eye beautiful?

### UK

Tiny Frankie Thompson from Hampshire has become Britain's smallest baby boy to be born prematurely and survive. Born at 24 weeks, Frankie weighed just 13oz – less than a tin of baked beans. 'He's our little miracle,' says mum Michelle.

### TEAM STRIP

José Mauricio dos Anjos loves the Brazilian footie team Flamengo so much that he spent 90 painful hours having their 2015 home shirt tattooed on his torso. Pictured with Brazilian coach Zico, José says the players think he's 'cool'...



Instagram/@mauricio.flamengo



### DON'T RAISE A GLASS!

Scots drinkers are hit hard as the 50p per unit minimum pricing starts...

- 2 litres Aldi Cider, was £1.99, now £5 (up 151 per cent).
- 70cl Aldi Vodka, was £9.99, now £13.13 (up 31 per cent).
- 12 cans Aldi lager, was £6.29, now £10.82.

- Asda red wine, was £3.19, now £4.88.

- 70cl Aldi Whisky, was £10, now £14.

- Buckfast Scots wine, was £5.63, now £5.63 – it stays the same as it's above the minimum price.

Source: BBC

### USA

What are your chances of getting chewed by a shark, attacked by a bear and bitten by a rattlesnake in the space of three years? Dylan McWilliams, 20, from Colorado, knows... It's 893 quadrillion to one! He says he was just in the wrong place(s) at the wrong time.

### LOL – BOUNCING BABIES!



To you and me, sumo wrestlers might look odd – huge men in nappies, bouncing into each other on a dusty floor. But in Japan, these men are gods! Parents still keep to a 400-year-old tradition, bringing their babies to be bounced by two sumos to bring the tiny tots good health. The first wrestler to get the baby crying wins. Only in Japan!

Search 'Japanese Baby-crying Sumo Festival – Nakizumo' on youtube.com

### AUSTRALIA

'Parents were yelling at the projectionist to stop, covering their kids' eyes and ears,' said one witness. A Perth cinema has apologised for accidentally showing a clip from the 'scariest horror film in years' *Hereditary* before *Peter Rabbit*.



## NUTS TO YOU!

**A** Birmingham brother and sister who told the airline Emirates *three* times that they had a deadly nut allergy were shocked to see the in-flight meal featured cashews. Crew members advised them to spend the rest of their flight to Dubai in the loo!



## FLORAL TRIBUTE

Who says you can't put a price on love?

*Mari Dury, Ewloe, Flintshire*



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Twitter feed at [twitter.com/RealPeopleMag](https://twitter.com/RealPeopleMag)



## FRANCE

A Perpignan gallery that called in an art historian to help reorganise its artworks has discovered that 60 per cent of the paintings are fakes. The historian said that, at one point, his white glove actually wiped off a painting's signature.



## GOT THE HUMP

**H**ere's my hubby, John, 75, as the cameleer in stage show *Joseph And The Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. Pop star Chesney Hawkes played the lead role.  
*Lesley Dunn, Cranham, Essex*



## TURKEY

Football fan Ali Demirkaya, who was banned from his favourite team's stadium, chose not to miss out on the action. He hired a crane for £50 and watched the game from the top. He never saw the end of it, though, as cops caught him.

## WE WANT YOUR LETTERS!

# TU'S



# TRUE STORIES

We know how much you love true-life stories, so Real People's Fraser Massey has found you the top shows we know you won't want to miss this week

## Diabolical: Lying For Love

Thursday 31 May, 10pm, Investigation Discovery

Sex! Murder! Money! The killing of transatlantic pilot Sean Cousins, 33, in 2001 made headlines worldwide when Sean's wife, Cathy, 29 (actors pictured) and her married lover, Tim Koile, 36 – who lived next door – were convicted of the crime. Lurid newspaper stories at the time revealed how the couple broke off from cleaning up the crime scene to have sex. But this fascinating opening



episode of a new true crime series offers a twist on the tale. It claims greed, as well as lust, was a motive, with the killers hoping to cash in on the dead man's £750,000 life insurance policy.

## How To Get Fit Faster

Friday 1 June, 8pm, Channel 4

Trying to get beach body-ready before your summer holidays? Anna Richardson investigates whether hill-walking is the quickest way to shed pounds, while Amar Latif sees if it's possible to get all the benefits of a high-altitude workout without leaving the gym!



## Little People, Big World

Monday 4 June, 8pm, TLC

Things have been busy for the Roloff family since their last series ended. Parents Matt and Amy, who have dwarfism and are both 4ft tall, are dealing with divorce settlement problems, but son Zach and his wife Tori (right) have good news.



## Scariest Night Of My Life

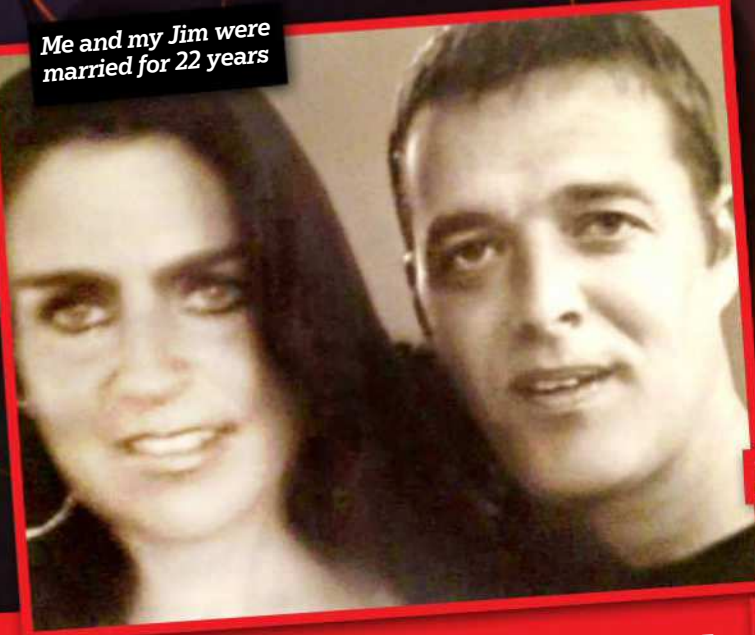
Friday 1 June, 10pm, Really

Canadian single mum Robin reckons her home is possessed. When she moved in, she smelled rotting flesh and was attacked by something that left fingerprint-shaped bruises on her arm. Spooky!

Real 5 people

DETAILS WERE ACCURATE WHEN WE WENT TO PRESS. PICTURES: CHANNEL 4, INVESTIGATION DISCOVERY, REALLY, TLC

Me and my Jim were married for 22 years



# OUT of the

# FRYIN PAN

A few minutes of pure horror had sent Eleanor's husband to his grave, but now she was ready to love again. Surely history couldn't repeat itself?

**T**he pub was heaving with Saturday-night drinkers. 'It feels so weird being out again,' I told my sister Kellymarie, 27.

She patted my hand. 'I know it's hard, love, but Jim would want you to start living again.'

I was 41 and it was nine months since Jim – my husband of 22 years – had died in the most appalling of ways.

He was a hard-working landscape gardener, a kind, steady dad to our five sons, and beloved by everyone in our village, where he'd grown up.

The day it happened, the day I'd never forget, I'd taken our youngest, Mark, 13, to stay at my aunt's caravan in Southerness when my cousin called. 'You need to come home,' she said. 'Something's happened to Jim.'

The drive back to Kilmarnock was three hours – it felt like years.

When we got to University Hospital Crosshouse, all our boys were in a room, pale as ghosts.

At 10am that morning, Jim, 45, had taken himself to a clearing in a forest, doused himself in petrol and set himself alight.

A dog walker had found him ablaze and called out, 'Did someone do this to you?'

He'd replied, 'No, I did it to myself. I don't want to be here any more.'

She called the police, who said Jim was extraordinarily calm, even though he was on fire.

It was simply unbelievable. Jim had always seemed so content, healthy, shown no signs of depression.

A specialist was flown in from Glasgow, but his body was 90 per cent burnt, too severe to treat. All they could do was put him in an induced coma. 'It's not a nice sight,' I was warned.

I could smell the petrol fumes before I reached his bedside.

'Oh, love, what have you done?' I sobbed. 'I love you so much, we all do.'

At 6.40pm, his life support was turned off. I was hysterical. I didn't want to leave the room, didn't want to say goodbye for ever to my sweet man.

His funeral was packed with what felt like thousands of people, all reeling with shock. The boys and I propped each other up as *Paper Roses*, the local football team's anthem, rang out in church.

From then on, whenever I went out, people would come up to me, shaking their heads, saying, 'Jim was such a nice man, I can't believe he'd do such a thing.'

It was overwhelming. I stopped going out and descended into deep depression.

'You have post-traumatic shock,' my counsellor said.

Very slowly, with the support of my family, I began to gather back some strength. I'd managed

a couple of shopping expeditions with the boys, but tonight was the first time Kellymarie had managed to coax me out at night.

'It'll do you good,' she promised. I was taking a sip of my vodka and Coke when Kellymarie said, 'There's a guy looking at you.'

Taking a peek, I saw a face I vaguely recognised. 'That's Willie Kelly,' I said. When Jim and I had lived in Kilmarnock

tall, dark and handsome like my Jim, but he was polite and easy to talk to.

Ten days later, his dad died. He told me he was going to stay around to look after his mum, Cathy, 69.

We went on a few more dates, out for nice meals and drives to the coast. Sniffing the sea air, I smiled. For the first time since losing Jim, I felt almost normal. Maybe a happy future would be possible after all.

Before Willie introduced me to Cathy, I was nervous, but she instantly put me

at ease. 'My home is your home, hen,' she said.

When Cathy spoke of losing her husband of 50 years, I saw we had a lot in common. Even though she was grieving, she was active and fit, had never been to hospital or

## Willie's eyes were black with rage

years earlier, they'd occasionally have a pint together.

He came over, and said, 'I was so sorry to hear about your husband. He was a nice fella.'

He told me he'd just come back from working offshore on the oil rigs, because his dad was dying of cancer. 'I'm sorry to hear that,' I said.

We chatted over another couple of drinks, and then he asked for my number. I wasn't sure, but I could see Kellymarie willing me on, so I gave it to him.

The next day, he called, asking me out for dinner. 'I don't think I'll go,' I told Kellymarie.

'You're still young,' my sister urged, 'You need to move on.'

So I agreed. Willie, 41, took me back to the same pub. Over a meal of Hunter's chicken, I felt myself relax a little. Willie wasn't



He was very protective of his 69-year-old mum Cathy

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, GETTY, MIRRORPIX, SPINDRIFT

# ASHES OF LOVE

# ING

*I'd lost my hubby, but would I ever find love again?*



*Willie seemed like a nice, polite man... but little did I know what he was really like*

even taken a pill. She'd worked since she was 16, in a shoe factory, then in a nursing home, but barely had a wrinkle and her eyes were twinkly and bright.

Over the next three months, Willie and I spent more and more time together. My sons weren't struck on him, but I told myself that was a natural reaction as no one could ever replace their dad.

I'd only ever slept with Jim and, at first, being with Willie made me feel as if I was cheating, but weekends away in Blackpool and spa hotels helped make our relationship more normal.

Me and Cathy were growing closer, too. 'I love you being with Willie,' she told me. 'He's had some bad relationships, but you're perfect for him. I tell everyone in the street, "I love that wee lassie,"'

We would go shopping or to the bingo together. Willie didn't like coming to my place, but Cathy was there every other day. My boys loved her; enjoyed her cheerful singing and stories about when she was young.

Cathy wasn't normally a drinker, but she confided that she'd have a tot of vodka at night.

'It helps with my grief and means I get off to sleep,' she said.

I didn't blame her. It was Willie's drinking that was a problem. He'd go to his snooker club at least four times a week, and sink pint after pint. I'd have a drink, too, but I didn't like midweek boozing or the fact it was becoming a habit.

He was obsessed with working on his six cars, but he kept a fridge in his garage and always seemed to have a can on the go. Yet he hated Cathy's vodka nightcaps.

'Why are you drinking?' he'd shout at her. 'You're turning into an alcoholic.'

'This is my house,' she retorted.

'If you don't like it, you can find somewhere else to live.'

I was beginning to see that Willie had a dark side. He grew possessive over me, told me not to wear high heels and dresses.

'I don't want other men looking at you,' he'd say.

For the sake of a quiet life, I'd pull on trousers and tone down my make-up, but it felt wrong. One night, he'd crashed out drunk when his phone beeped and I found a string of text messages from another woman.

When I confronted him, he grabbed my hair and pulled me to the ground. I was horrified. I'd never been manhandled before, but Willie was apologetic the next day.

'I was an idiot, it's the drink,' he said. 'It won't happen again.'

But it did. Cathy would step in and tell him to leave me alone. She'd beg me to give him another chance.

'I can't lose you, hen,' she'd plead.

After a wedding one night, Willie's eyes turned black with rage. 'You loved men looking at you,' he said, ripping my cream dress.

Playing with a lighter, he said, 'See how far you can run because you're going to burn like your man.'

I was petrified and locked myself in the bathroom. 'What have I raised?' I heard Cathy roaring as she shooed him outside.

I pulled on some clothes and leapt into a taxi home. 'I can't live like this,' I wept. 'I'm never going back.'

Cathy called me every day. 'I miss you,' she said. I missed her, too. She'd become my best friend. Willie texted constantly, begging for forgiveness. 'I didn't mean what I said,' he promised. 'My drink was spiked. I'm going to get help.'

I wanted to believe him. He'd just lost his dad, after all, no wonder the drinking had got out of hand. Hadn't we had some great times when he was sober?

I caved in.

*'You're going to burn like your man'*

'I'm so happy to see you,' Cathy cried, throwing her arms around me.

For a while, Willie's drinking seemed to calm down. He still went to his social club at weekends, but I preferred to be with Cathy. 'Make sure Mum eats properly,' Willie would say. Or, 'Get her to buy a warm winter coat.'

I told myself his concern was touching, but realised it was pure control. The arguments over her drinking got worse. 'I'm scared of him coming home,' Cathy confessed.

Nearly two years after meeting Willie, my son Gary was about to turn 21. I planned a surprise party in the village pub. 'Brilliant,' Cathy enthused. 'I'll help.'

Willie wasn't keen. 'Because it's not all about him,' I thought.

Me and Cathy worked hard, decorating the pub with balloons and setting up a buffet, including a cake with Gary's face on it.

Once it was ready, we went back to Cathy's to get ready. Willie was asleep, stinking of booze.

'Don't let him get to you,' I thought. 'This is Gary's day.'

I washed and blow-dried Cathy's hair and she dressed in a black-and-white top and trousers. I changed into my outfit, a black lace and peach floral dress and heels. 'Willie won't like it but, tonight, I don't care,' I thought.

When I went downstairs, Willie looked me up and down. 'Where do you think you're going?' he barked.

'My son's 21st,' I replied. 'That skirt's too short.'

'It's knee-length,' I said. 'Now hurry, we can't be late.'

He called a cab and Cathy and I got in. Knowing how eager I was to see Gary arrive, Willie kept us waiting for 10 minutes.

**Turn the page to read more...**

**BURN  
IN HELL!**



Forensics scoured the house for evidence



Evil Willie committed the ultimate sin



Cathy suffered so terribly - as I watched

# ... INTO THE

# FIRE



**‘W**hat’s he up to?’ I fumed. ‘Don’t let it bother you,’ Cathy begged.

We got there just in time and I tried to enjoy the party, mingling with guests, thinking how proud Jim would’ve been of our family.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Willie being obnoxious. ‘Don’t buy my mother drinks,’ he told everyone. ‘She’s an alcoholic.’

Gary was introducing me to his new girlfriend when Willie grabbed my arm. ‘Your table’s over there,’ he hissed.

I felt ashamed of his behaviour and knew the guests were wondering why I was with him.

‘People think Jim was better than me,’ he slurred to my friend.

At 11.30pm, he announced he was calling a cab. ‘But the party doesn’t finish for another hour,’ I protested.

Seeing the dark look in his eye, I got my coat. I didn’t want a scene.

As Cathy pushed the door, someone on the other side opened it and she fell.

Willie seized her up like a rag doll, shoved her into the taxi. ‘Look at the state of you,’ he roared.

Cathy had barely touched a drink, but he was wild, possessed.

I clasped her hand, whispered, ‘You OK, hen?’

She squeezed my hand. ‘I’m OK, hen.’

Back in the house, he hurled Cathy on to the sofa. ‘You’re an alcoholic old b\*\*\*ard, I hate you, I wish you’d die,’ he roared.

Cathy went silent. ‘Leave her,’ I pleaded, pulling at his jacket to get him off her.

He ignored me, hurled Cathy to

the floor. ‘Stop! She’s old, she’s your mum!’ I screamed.

Panicking, I ran to the loo to gather my wits. Seconds later, I came out and saw Willie pouring petrol all over Cathy’s body.

‘No!’ I shrieked.

He sparked up a lighter at the bottom of her legs. Cathy lit up like an inferno.

‘What have you done?’ I howled.

I ran to the kitchen for water, but when I got back, the living room was ablaze.

Running on to the street, I bellowed, ‘Save Cathy!’

Willie staggered out, head in hands, stumbled into the garage.

Fire engines appeared, police, ambulances. Someone got me into a neighbour’s car, but I was shaking so violently, I could barely sit on the seat. ‘Let me out,’ I cried. ‘I need to get Cathy.’

A police officer told me she had passed away. I lost the plot, and don’t remember being sedated or arriving at my sister’s house.

Over the next few days, reality crashed in. Willie had murdered his poor mum in a way he knew would torture me.

Knowing how Jim had died, he’d forced me to live through another loved one burning to death. And this time I’d seen it.

I had flashbacks and nightmares day and night. Willie was in prison on a murder charge,

but in my mind, he was standing over me, laughing demonically, petrol can in hand.

I had post-trauma counselling all over again during the nine-month wait for the trial at the High Court in Glasgow. I couldn’t bear to go to Cathy’s funeral, so my boys went in my place.

Willie pleaded not guilty, to the outrage of all who knew him.

Sneering in the dock, Willie claimed he’d spilt petrol on his jeans when working on a car and the fire was an accident.

But the forensic team said no petrol was found on him, while Cathy’s clothes and carpet were saturated.

I saw the jury struggling with the horror of what they were hearing.

Cathy’s body had been burnt so badly firefighters couldn’t tell her sex said the forensic scientist.

‘Her hair was missing and the clothes were kind of burnt,’ she said. ‘When I went to touch them, they just disintegrated.’

Willie had apparently told a nurse, ‘She got what she deserved.’



I’m still haunted by what I saw that day

He was scum. During an earlier beating, the court heard how he’d only broken off from punching Cathy to answer the phone, in a silly voice pretending to work in an Indian restaurant!

Willie’s QC even told the jury, said, ‘I’m not asking you to like Mr Kelly, but please stop sighing. He deserves a fair trial.’

I had to steel myself to attend court every day, thinking, ‘I’m doing this for you, Cathy.’

Former partners came forward, describing his violence. I learned he’d served time for assault before.

It took the jury less than an hour to find him guilty of murder. Calling him ‘callous’ and ‘cold’, the judge sentenced him to life, to serve a minimum of 23 years.

It was justice of sorts, but it had come too late for dear Cathy.

Four months on, I’m stronger, but still haunted by what I saw.

Even though Cathy didn’t tell me Willie’s full story, I feel no anger towards her. She loved me and believed I’d change her son.

After coming so close to Willie’s evil, it will be hard for me to trust again. But I’m lucky to have had 22 years of true love.

My Jim will always be in my heart, reminding me just what a good man is.

**Eleanor Banks, 44, Crosshouse, Kilmarnock**



# PUZZLE TRAIL

# WHOPPER!

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

WIN  
£150!

### ACROSS

- 1 Derek '\_\_\_' Trotter, main character in sitcom - **20A** (pictured top) (3,3)
- 5 Golden Delicious, eg (5)
- 8 Tree flowers (7)
- 13 Depart (5)
- 14 Rotating mass of water (9)
- 15 Use your brain (5)
- 16 Convent sister (5)
- 17 Hawaiian garland (3)
- 18 Relieved (a burden, eg) (5)
- 19 Yours \_\_\_\_, sign-off (9)
- 20 & **45A** & **71A** Featured sitcom here (4,5,3,6)
- 21 **1A**'s brother in **20A** (pictured bottom) (6)
- 23 Imitates, mimics (4)
- 25 Pea container (3)
- 27 Leo, Virgo or Aries, eg (4,4)
- 29 Cutting tool (8)
- 31 Wife of **53D**, a shady used car salesman (7)
- 33 Pork product (3)
- 35 Animal's natural home (7)
- 36 Fuss, bother (3)
- 37 1,3,5,7, eg (3,6)
- 39 Schedule of school lessons, eg (9)

- 40 The whole \_\_\_ and caboodle, saying (3)
- 41 Dopey pal of the boys who called **21A** Dave (7)
- 42 Dried grass (3)
- 43 Fruit used to make marmalade (7)
- 45 See **20A**
- 47 Situation where two or more competitors finish at exactly the same time (4,4)
- 49 Golf peg (3)
- 50 Obtains (4)

- 51 \_\_\_ Turner, part-time strippergram who became **1A**'s girlfriend (6)
- 54 Statistical info (4)
- 56 Remember, recall (9)
- 61 Insane (5)
- 64 Maiden name indicator (3)
- 65 Electric fish? (3)
- 66 Make minor corrections to (5)
- 67 Rodney's wife (9)
- 68 Japanese sash (3)
- 69 Defamation (7)
- 70 Velocity (5)
- 71 See **20A**

### DOWN

- 2 School tests (5)
- 3 Mixed together, merged (7)
- 4 Expresses tiredness (5)
- 5 It came from outer space! (5)
- 6 Mate, chum (3)
- 7 Run away to marry (5)
- 8 Tummy, stomach (5)
- 9 Choices (7)
- 10 Pig food (5)
- 11 Landlord of the boys' local, **63D**, in **20A** (4)
- 12 Uncle \_\_\_\_, old sailor, played by Buster Merryfield, who came to live in Nelson Mandela House with our pictured characters (6)
- 21 Kingdom (5)
- 22 Bird of prey (5)
- 24 Area in London where our pictured characters lived on an estate (7)
- 25 In favour of (3)
- 26 Reveal the gossip! (4,3,4)
- 27 Come on and get yourself out of this funk! (4,3,2,2)
- 28 Cadges, sponges (9)
- 30 Deliberately ruined (9)
- 32 This planet (5)
- 33 \_\_\_ Street, **20A**'s end theme (5)
- 34 Short phrase that encapsulates the ethos of a group, eg (5)
- 38 Noble that is not a peerage but ranks higher than a knight (7)
- 44 Snail's home (5)
- 46 Lowest whole number (3)
- 48 Historical period (3)
- 50 Original relative who lived with **1A** and **21A**, played by Lennard Pearce (7)
- 52 Vague, ambiguous (7)
- 53 Car dealer in **20A**, played by John Challis (6)
- 55 Stadium (5)
- 56 Happen again (5)
- 57 Luggage (5)
- 58 Hire agreement (5)
- 59 Finished (5)
- 60 Instruct, tutor (5)
- 62 Higher up than (5)
- 63 The \_\_\_ Head, **20A**'s local pub run by **11D** (4)

PQ: What was the title of episode one of **20A**, first shown on BBC One on 8 September 1981? (3,7)

### TAKE THE Real People TIME CHALLENGE:

- 40 mins or less: *Lovely jubbly*
- 41-50 mins: *Creme de la menthe*
- 51-60 mins: *Fromage frais*
- Over an hour: *You plonker!*



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FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 16

# THE REAL STORY

**T**echnology is changing at a clip that'd see Usain Bolt out of puff.

The young are picking up the pixellated baton and running with it.

They find love, run businesses, monitor fertility as well as their waistlines, all from the comfort of a touch screen.

Left out of the virtual relay are the oldies.

A recent study by tech company Nominet found that only 23 per cent of baby boomers and 15 per cent of the pre-war generation are able to complete basic tasks, such as downloading apps.

The more tech dictates our culture, the larger the generational gulf.

Alex Warren, author of *Technoutopia: How Optimism Ruined the Internet*, says, 'New technologies impact how we interact with each other.

'If young people are using one channel and older people are left on another, a communications breakdown will occur.'

Is it any wonder we battle over Brexit, house prices and jobs? And are millennials the snowflakes everyone over 35 thinks they are? Or are older people simply not moving with the times?

It's time to pick a side as *Real People's* Miyo Padi wades into the battle of the ages...



# Mind the GENERATION

About time the kids watched some real entertainment



## Daddy UNCOOL?

**E**yes wide, the guy in the phone shop looked at me like I'd just asked him out!

'I don't want data,' I insisted again.

I couldn't blame the young fella for being confused.

To him, I was saying goodbye to a world at your fingertips: Facebook, Twitter, Snapchat and whizzy-wozzy-what-you-call-it.

But, even though data was included in the contract plans I was getting for my two daughters, I insisted it be removed from mine.

The world's changed since we were young, and not for the better. Back then you'd knock for your mates, run around till the streetlamps came on, then head to bed.

Now, kids stare at screens every spare second they get. 'This won't be doing you any

good,' I'd grumbled to our oldest son, Ryan, 10 years before, when he'd become a video game addict.

'You'll see,' he'd insisted.

Soon he was all grown up and studying game design at university!

Well, that was me told.

But I still wasn't having my youngest two, Emilia, 10, and Jorja, 11, surfing the net at all hours.

At home, me and my wife, Kerrie, 43, agreed they could have a couple of hours a day on the WiFi.

Out and about, though, it was calls and texts only.

A few months on, this April, I headed downstairs one morning and found them both staring into their phones like zombies.

They were sitting inches apart, headphones on.

I knew they'd be glued to their favourite YouTube videos.

Emilia was mad on gymnastics clips while her sister loved cooking vids.

'Hey...' I called.

Barely a nod of acknowledgement!

'Right, then,' I thought, pulling out my own phone and taking a snap.

*This is what I have to put up with. My girls on YouTube all the time!* I wrote, posting it to Facebook.

Within minutes, my mates were chiming in bemoaning their own tech-obsessed kids.

*You might as well set up your own YouTube channel,* one quipped.

Well, why not?!

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Or at least mortify them in the process!

Sitting down on the floor in front of the girls, I clicked record on my mobile.

'Hi, my name is Joe Daddy,' I grinned.

'Welcome to my YouTube channel. The reason I have set this up is because I'm

# GAP



**Emilia's eyes are glued to the screen**



**Stephanie Gaunt (front) with her Hastings WI**



**The new wave of WI**

## The WI at war

If you think the Women's Institute is all grannies, think again. Younger groups are causing a stir...

### 'FRIGHTFUL OLD DINOSAURS'

This April, Stephanie Gaunt, 68, a leading WI trustee set about attacking the new blood. She claimed new groups such as the Shoreditch Sisters, set up in 2007, 'don't represent the future I'd like to see for the WI.'

She blasted the London group, which once knitted a vulva blanket to raise awareness of female genital mutilation, as 'hipster cool', adding, 'They present it as ground-breaking... better than the boring nonsense the rest of us frightful old dinosaurs fiddle about with.'

Stephanie, president of the Hastings & Ore branch, also went on to say that older members are seen as 'uncool, un-regenerated, "unwoke" old bats'. She claimed, 'We may not be out with banners on pussy-hat marches, but in fact the WI is one of the greatest women's movements ever.'

### 'THERE'S NO DIVIDE'

Caroline Brooks, 38, president of east London's Shoreditch Sisters WI, responded to Stephanie's claims.

To her mind, the allegations of ageism were utterly unfounded. 'We certainly don't... consider anyone an old bat.' In fact, she said that while her group may have some more out-there ideas, they also 'bake cakes, have a monthly knitting night, and have just as much fun socialising as every other WI in the country.'

A storm in a Royal Doulton teacup? Caroline certainly thinks so. 'As far as we're concerned, there's no divide within the WI,' she affirmed.

absolutely sick to death of seeing my kids constantly with their heads down on their phones so, if this is the only way I'm going to be able to communicate with them, that's the way it's going to be.'

As I filmed, the girls giggled.

It might have been a joke, but it wasn't a one-liner!

Since then, I've carried on filming videos for my channel - Joe Daddytube.

I've got 140 subscribers - some are even the kids' friends. I use it to make videos of my adventures as I travel with my job as a food sales manager.

I don't want to go viral or be famous.

But if the kids will insist on spending their time watching mindless rubbish - it may as well be watching their dad!

**Joe Smith, 43, Hull**

● **Joe's daughter, Jorja, says, 'I know Dad is mainly just being funny. We do go out and play. It depends on the weather, really. I do like to stay home and chat to my friends online, but I play outside, too. It's not like I'm online all the time.'**

## The diet disconnect

For a generation brought up on Turkey Twizzlers, young people are surprisingly health conscious...

### HANDS OFF

The youth are often tarred with being delicate little flowers. No wonder when a report from market researchers Mintel recently found that 37 per cent of young cooks prefer not to handle raw meat.

In response, Sainsbury's launched a new 'touch-free' chicken packaging that allows customers to pour the contents

directly into a frying pan.

The supermarket's product development manager, Katherine Hall, recalls during their research they'd come across a young woman who had 'sprayed her chicken with Dettol'.

### HEALTH NUTS

Don't go thinking that students today are all for burgers and beers.

Thirty six per cent of 'Gen Z-ers' - people born after the mid 90s - prefer healthy, homemade meals such as salads and quinoa, according to a recent study by [mystudenthalls.com](http://mystudenthalls.com).

And the Brighter Future report found that 71 per cent said they'd rather have a smoothie than an alcoholic drink!



**Too chicken to touch meat**



## 'Life's too short!'

We invited users of The Grandparent Hub, an online community specifically for the silver surfer, to have their say.

One anonymous writer points out that, *Humans can only keep up with a certain rate of change before becoming stressed. Perhaps many older people don't want to use their time being forced into using so much technology.*

*The more we use it, the more we are forced into maintaining it. Life is too short!*



Ellie adored Mrs Brown's Boys

# SWEAR IT AGAIN

Ciara's little one was turning the air blue, but she never wanted it to end...

**B**rushing her cardigan with two beefy hands, Mrs Agnes 'Mammy' Brown joked, 'I'm on the cook 'n' eat diet - I cook food and the kids feckin' eat it!'

Me, my husband, Billy, our son, Aaran, nine, and our daughter Ellie, four, burst out laughing.

Nothing got our family together quite like *Mrs Brown's Boys*.

'Anyway, they say that the body is 90 per cent water,' quipped actor Brendan O'Carroll's alter ego. 'So I'm not fat. I'm waterlogged!'

That set Ellie right off, tears of laughter streaming down her face. It was good to see her smile.

She'd been back and forth to the hospital since she was two.

It had taken her 19 months to learn to walk and, even then, it was more of a wobble.

Then her speech began to slur. 'I love you', became, 'I lub you', and 'hungry' was 'hundy'.

So we'd begun rounds of fruitless tests and scans to see what was wrong with her.

Not that she cared.

She just carried on being Ellie, our 'Missy Moo', doing things her own way.

Instead of running, she'd race her friends at nursery on her pink trike. And she had no fear in the pool - giving me heart attacks by diving straight in before I was ready!

One afternoon, we were driving the kids home from seeing family. Billy drove, barely hitting 30mph on a pot-hole filled road.

'Slow down!' Ellie roared, as if she was an instructor!

To be honest, she could get away with saying anything cheeky with that big grin of hers.

Now, in March 2012, we got called in to Belfast's Royal Victoria Hospital for Ellie's results.

Me and Billy, both civil servants, expected she would

need a bit of physio to help her walk, but...

'She has a life-limiting progressive brain condition called H-ABC syndrome,' the doctor told us.

The words dropped like lead weights.

'What does this mean?' I pleaded.

The doctors couldn't give an exact prognosis because the condition was so rare, but she said Ellie would eventually stop talking altogether, as well as walking. Her life could be decades or...

The alternative didn't bear thinking about.

'As far as we know, there are only 22 other patients in the world with it,' the doctor said.

I could almost have smiled at that. Our Ellie. So single-minded, she was one in millions.

For the two-hour drive home, me and Billy stared at the road in silence. What was there to say?

Our bright spark would never grow up, have a family of her own or funnel that incredible character into a career...

Mentally, she was sharp as a tack, near-top of her class in maths. But, within months, she could barely walk unaided.

One morning, that old 70s song *Yes Sir, I Can Boogie*, came on the radio in the kitchen.

Ellie clattered to find me, clinging to the walls.

Soon she was in my arms, whirring across the kitchen floor as we danced and giggled.

'We just have to take it a day at a time,' I told the boys.

We didn't explain to Ellie what was happening.

I mean, how could we?

Instead, we kept life as normal as possible. And that included family nights with Mrs Brown.

'Remember, when falling in love it's head over heels, not heels over head,' she said,

rolling her eyes.

One for the adults that one, but Ellie laughed like a drain nonetheless.

Come March 2012, we were in the car out shopping when another driver cut me up.

By now, Ellie was six and most of what came out her mouth was a slurred jumble.

But, without missing a beat, Ellie shrieked in as crystal clear an Irish lilt as you'd hear, 'Feckin' stupid people!'

I spun round to see her grinning from ear to ear.

I had to stop the car - I was laughing so hard it hurt.

No surprise as to where she picked up the f-word from - her idol Mrs Brown!

Most mums would've been mortified - their little 'uns turning the air blue like a docker at last orders!

But I was delighted.

It was so rare for Ellie to pronounce anything clearly, but it wasn't just that - she'd vocalised her humour... her shining, cheeky personality.

It was glorious to hear.



Our precious little Ellie



# Deafening SILENCE



**The most beautiful smile you'll ever see**

I wouldn't have cared if she kept saying it – at school, church, a wake!

'The most inappropriate place the better,' I thought, smiling.

It was a flash of joy amid the gloom of her creeping condition. She developed dystonia, a painful involuntary spasming of her entire body.

She'd give herself black eyes, wake herself up with the sound of her own teeth chattering.

We flew to London for a specialist treatment called deep brain stimulation, an operation that involves implanting pacemaker-like electrodes into the brain to deliver targeted shocks to stop her fitting.

Doctors warned us that the op would likely rob Ellie of even the few words she had left.

The night before, in November 2014, we all stayed in a hotel.

'What do you want to eat,

Ellie?' I asked.

'Chinese,' she grinned.

An hour later, I watched her pack away a bowl-full of noodles without a care in the world.

After the eight-hour surgery, not even we could understand her now. So we developed a code.

'Open your mouth for "yes",' I told her.

Ellie looked at me.

'Do you want to watch *Mrs Brown's Boys*?' I asked tentatively.

Her eyes lit up and her mouth dropped open.

For seven weeks on the high-dependency unit, she watched re-runs of *Mrs Brown on loop*.

While her speech was slurred, her laugh was loud and clear.

'If at first you don't succeed,' Mammy joked, 'Fleck it!'

'Least you can't turn the air blue now,' I thought ruefully.

Back home in Northern Ireland, we re-formed our world around Ellie. She needed a feeding tube, a wheelchair, piles of medications. I forged on, staying strong.

Billy took it hard, though.

When Ellie had her bloods done in hospital, she'd get so upset.

'I'll stay out here with Aaran,' Billy would volunteer, swallowing the lump in his throat. He knew he couldn't face it. Though, in September 2015, it was Billy I was more worried about.

'It's just indigestion,' he insisted one Saturday night as the colour drained from his face.

After waving away my calls for an ambulance, he agreed to see

a GP on the Monday. There, tests showed he'd had a heart attack!

He was admitted to hospital awaiting a triple heart bypass.

The very next day, Ellie went in, too. While Billy recovered, returning home in November, Ellie deteriorated by the day.

She slept most of the time, drugged up on morphine.

The nurses decorated her hospital room in pink fairy lights, and I sat by her side playing songs by her second idol, Gary Barlow.

'Ciara, can't you play something else?' one of the nurses begged me one day.

Laughing, I put on *Yes Sir, I Can Boogie*.

For the first time in three weeks, Ellie's eyes flickered.

She opened them and burst out laughing – a loud, tinkling sound I'd missed more than oxygen.

In seconds, she was asleep again. But it was a brief flash of my little girl again.

Just days later, in March 2016, I phoned the boys to say good morning as usual.

'Love you, Ellie, see you later,' Aaran said as I held my mobile up to his sister's ear.

A few minutes later, Ellie took a deep breath. 'What are you up to now, Missy Moo?' I smiled.

nurses followed me back to the room. I ran, but they were calm.

'Ciara, get in bed and cuddle your daughter,' one of them told me. There was no emergency.

It was too late. She was gone. I climbed back in beside Ellie and wrapped myself tightly around her.

Later, we buried her under a gravestone strewn with pink fairy lights.

Then I just let the grief swallow me. I couldn't bring myself to watch *Mrs Brown's Boys*. Ellie's laughter would haunt the room.

Plagued by anxiety and panic attacks, I barely left the house.

That is until I spotted a place called Alice's Escapes, a holiday cabin for grieving families in Cumbria. The very next week, me and Billy took Aaran up there.

We went to Blackpool Pleasure Beach, took long walks and enjoyed meals out as a family.

I realised life could go on.

The following month, I spotted a holiday mobile home for sale near our place in Castle Archdale.

I wanted to help other grieving families with a place to stay, to help heal their painful memories. So, with a bit of fundraising, we bought the caravan for £25,000.

Last year, Ellie's Retreat hosted 24 grieving families, none of them paying a penny. This year, we're fully booked.

This is Ellie's legacy – making people smile. She grinned, laughed and f-worded her way through her short, precious life – the memories of which will never be silenced.

**Ciara Nicholl, 46, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland**

● For more info on Ellie's Retreat, visit [facebook.com/ElliesRetreat](https://www.facebook.com/ElliesRetreat)

## Most mums would've been mortified...

She took one more breath, then she was still. I looked down at the face I'd loved every second for the last eight years.

'Are you gone?' I stuttered.

When Ellie didn't move or breathe, I jumped to my feet and rushed down the corridor to the nurses' station. Tears poured down my face.

'I think she's gone,' I howled in a strangled voice. The



**Aaran with his sister Ellie**



**My daughter's memory lives on**



■ As told to Jade Beecroft & Miyo Padi ([stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk](mailto:stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk))

# Quick READS

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**MARIE CUTIE!**

**Forget colouring-in, three-year-old brainiac Freya is too busy in her lab...**

**O**h, it was like magic. I watched, amazed, as my two-year-old daughter, Freya, conjured up a rainbow.

'That's so clever,' I told her. 'I've never seen that before.'

It was Science Week at Freya's nursery, and she was keen to show me one of the experiments at home.

All she needed was a bag of Skittles sweets, a mug of water and a dinner plate.

It sounded simple enough, but the effect was brilliant.

Arranged around the edge of the plate, the colours from the sweets seeped into the centre, creating a beautiful – if sticky – rainbow.

After that, Freya was hooked.

When I picked her up from nursery, all she could talk about was her latest experiment – mixing vinegar and bicarbonate of soda to create gas that inflated a balloon, or putting mints in a cola bottle to make a fountain of foam.

Science Week over, my mini professor wanted more.

Curled up together, we browsed the YouTube Kids Channel, looking for ideas.

When we found a boy doing kid-friendly scientific experiments, Freya's eyes lit up.

'I want to do that!' she cried.

'That experiment?' I asked.

'That,' she pointed. She meant filming her experiment! It made me laugh.

I'm a self-employed seamstress and, before Freya was born, I'd set up my own YouTube channel, showing dressmaking tips, although I hadn't done it very regularly.

Camera rolling, my girl does the science bit



It's magic! Freya makes her very own lava lamp

## The Nursery PROFESSOR

My husband, Iain, 36, who works in IT, posted landscape videos from his camera drone.

But Freya was oblivious to all that. So, I set up my camera and tripod in the dining room, and my little girl demonstrated her Skittles experiment.

We did it in one take, then

I edited it and posted it on YouTube as *Freya's This Is Science*. Soon, it had more than 1,000 views.

The more experiments we filmed, the better Freya got, and soon she was a little pro, explaining each step to the camera and thanking her

audience for watching.

Channelling her inner Mel and Sue, she pulled silly faces to the camera and broke into song when I left the room.

Transfixed by other children's online videos – mostly from the US – she began to pick up presentation tips.

**'SOON, SHE WAS A LITTLE PRO!'**

One day, while I was filming, in a pure American

accent she suddenly said 'bottle'.

Freya likes playing with her dolls, but she's not the sort of child who'll sit quietly colouring.

'Do you have an experiment for me?' she asks, earnestly, when I collect her from nursery.

These days, I'm not just Mummy, I'm Professor Freya's research assistant, trawling the internet for new – and safe – ideas.

She's made a lava lamp using oil and Alka-Seltzer, and she's made a film about our

I act as research assistant to my tiny science boffin!



Prof Freya doing her Skittles experiment



# HIT FROCK BOTTOM

**With her prom approaching, Two-Dinners  
Tori was bursting at the seams...**

**F**ipping over the calendar, I totted up the sums. Every time I'd gone up a year in age, I clocked up another stone in weight.

This had been happening since I was 10. Now I was sweet 16, but a not-so-sweet 16st and a size 22. I couldn't stop eating.

Lunch for me at secondary school involved two sittings.

First, I'd gobble down the sarnies made by my mum, Dawn, with crisps and a chocolate bar.

Then I'd make my way to the school canteen and get my lips

round another bread roll and a cookie or a muffin.

My tummy would start rumbling on the way home, so I'd take a KFC or Greggs detour.

Once I'd got home, a bacon buttie or a plate of noodles would keep me going until Mum dished up our tea.

As I scrutinised the calendar, my eyes fell on the date for the school prom in May 2016, five months away.

'I daren't wear sequins, or I'd be mistaken for the disco ball,' I sighed.

But, next day, out shopping with Mum, I found that wearing *anything* would be an achievement.

Nothing fitted. The fifth dress I tried on, Mum had to wrestle with it to get it off me again.

'Don't worry,' she said. 'We'll get one specially made for you.'

But I was sobbing.

What was the point? I'd still look fat in it.

So, back home, I dusted off a fitness DVD featuring Davina McCall.

Mum and my sister, Abigail, 20, joined me on the living room carpet.

As Davina shrieked out instructions, we went through her routine, perhaps more leisurely than she'd have liked.

Nevertheless, I panted to Mum afterwards, 'I'm glad it's not too full-on or I'd never have done it.'

Two days later, we did it again. And again. And again, until I was out of puff five times a week. But that was only half of it.

I had to give Greggs and the like a berth as wide as my belly!

At home, I began substituting a whole bumper-size Galaxy bar for one chocolate biscuit instead.

'Give me a smaller plate, Mum,' I said at teatime.

As the date of the prom approached, I chose a £200 mint-green, knee-length dress with a

flared skirt and lace top.

At the second fitting, it felt looser around the tummy.

'I'll have to take it in,' said the dressmaker. I blinked happily. At the next fitting, the material had to be gathered in even more.

On the eve of the prom, the dress had been taken in by 3in, because I'd lost 5lb!

'You look so pretty,' said my pal, Heather, as we lined up outside.

I got a taste for compliments that night, and lost another 8st over the next nine months.

But I felt I'd gone too far, so I've settled on being 10st and size 12 – the same weight as when I was 10!

**Tori White, 18,  
Tuebrook, Liverpool**

**Before I began my transformation**



**I lost 8st in just nine months**



**My prom dress had to be taken in**

# Crossbow GRAN

**Armed with her 'Man-Stopper',  
Anji had to protect her family...**

**B**ullseye! With my crossbow, I hit the piece of carpet I'd nailed to a tree.

Not bad for a gran!

As you can guess, I wasn't your typical granny. I had a girlfriend, Becky, 42, for a start, and the closest I'd come to a pair of knitting needles were my 6in nylon crossbow bolts!

Still, I could read a story to my little granddaughter, Sophia,

two, like the best of them.

'What's that?' she asked, pointing to the weapon hooked high on the living room wall.

'Nanny calls it her Man-Stopper,' I said with a smile.

I'd been fascinated with archery since doing it at school. And, well, it might come in handy one day.

As a family – I lived with Becky, her son, Dillon, 22, and my 82-year-old mum, Lillian – we'd been burgled twice already.

The first time, bikes and toys got nicked from the back garden.

Then, four years ago, laptops and our wages were stolen overnight while we slept.

The dogs, Lucky and Coco,

**Anji set her sights on the intruders**



hadn't barked, so it might have been someone we knew.

Having forgotten about it come March, I flopped on the sofa with Becky after a hard

day at work in telesales.

At around 9.30pm, a loud crash came from the front door. Then four men in hoodies confronted me!

'Where's the weed?' they shouted, bursting in.

One towered over me, 6ft 6in at least, wearing a blue bandana and waving a hammer!

Heart pumping with fear, I sprang back into the living room.

*My crossbow!*

I had to get to it first.

As I reached for it, a shadow loomed against the wall.

A machete came down on my hand as I grabbed the weapon. At the same time, I released a bolt.

Whoosh!

'You shot me!' the guy grunted, holding his belly.

Blood seeped on the carpet.

Mine as well as his, from my

## BOW SELECTA!

bleeding hand.

I felt a thump on my head.

One of them had hit me on my bonce with a hammer.

Woozily, I heard feet pound down to the cellar, then up the stairs and on into the attic.

They must have thought we grew cannabis.

One of the men emerged and pushed a stunned Dillon into the living room with us.

'Nothing here,' they said, defeated, and left.

Becky quickly held a cloth to my cut and we called the police.

'Four men... shot him with a crossbow... I've been cut.'

It all happened in five minutes.

And Mum?

She'd slept through the whole thing! Luckily, she's hard of hearing.

Unfortunately, blood samples the police had taken from the carpet didn't match with any crims on file.

And no one turned up at hospital with an arrow poking out of his tummy. I wonder what happened to him. Serves him right really.

He shouldn't have messed with Granbo!

**Anji Rhys, 49, Dunstable,  
Bedfordshire**



**Me and Mum, who slept through it all!**

# PUZZLE TRAIL

1 A person in a bad mood, who is taking it out on others, is a bear with a sore what?

2 Who was The Sundance Kid's partner?

3 Find four bingo calls.

8 A person who is very pleased with themselves looks like the cat who got the what?

9 In TV quiz *The Chase*, what is the real name of the Chaser nicknamed The Beast?

13 Which country in Central America will be England's opposition on 7 June, in their last friendly before heading off to the World Cup in Russia?

14 What does a kleptomaniac have a compulsion for?

18 Both the Wimbledon Men's Singles Final and the FIFA World Cup Final will be held on the same day this summer, but what is that date?

19 A person thought to be too old for doing a thing is over the what?

20 What song includes the lyrics, 'It's a little bit funny this feeling inside, I'm not one of those who can easily hide, I don't have much money, But boy if I did, I'd buy a big house where we both could live... '?

**WIN £250!**

**Real people**

# Roulette

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

4 A person who is dull and unadventurous is a stick in the what?

5 Who stepped in to walk Meghan Markle down the aisle after her father was unable to travel due to heart surgery?

6 A person who is behaving as though they are more important or cleverer than they really are is said to be getting too big for their what?

7 What fantasy film won the Best Picture Oscar earlier this year?

10 Find four Simon Pegg films.

11 A person who has pinned all their hopes on one thing or outcome has put all their eggs in one what?

12 Complete the joke: What do you call a man with a rubber toe?

15 Perambulator is a posh name for a what?

16 A person who is sneaky and devious is a snake in the what?

17 In Theresa May's cabinet, who is the Foreign Secretary?

21 A person who is just following everyone else has jumped on the what?

22 Find five common fears.

23 The Niagara Falls are in which continent?

24 As another series of *Britain's Got Talent* draws to a close, can you remember who won last year's final?

25 A person in an unsuitable position is a fish out of what?







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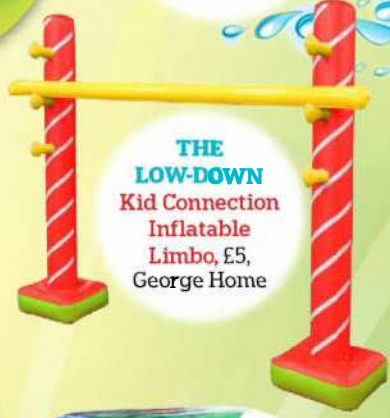


**FRUIT SQUASH**  
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COMPILED BY VICKY POWELL/PICTURES/ISTOCK

# WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY...

**Mark had saved Jane from being single with moggies. But what else was he up to?**



**My cats Maddie and Freya are loyal...**

**A**s I sank into the sofa, I swear the looks I got from my two moggies were ones of pity.

Ahead of me stared another evening on my tod with just Maddie and Freya and my Staffie-cross, Kiya, for company.

I'd been single the best part of a decade and, I may as well admit it, I was a fully paid-up cat lady.

Despite searching for online love on dating site Badoo, it seemed the only thing attracted to me was cat hair!

That was until 2011, when a tall, dark and handsome tomcat messaged me.

I was flattered and wasted no time in bagging Mark Sherwood, 45 – so much so that within two months he'd moved in!

He'd lost his job as a waiter and was falling behind with his rent, so I'd suggested shacking up with me.

Mum Carol disapprovingly reckoned it was far too quick, but I was only too happy to go from cat-loving spinster to loved-up co-habiter.

Soon enough Mark had found a new job... in Scotland!

'But that's miles away,' I protested.

So while he was away for months on end waiting tables in another country, I went back to my life as a solicitor's secretary,

coming home to my one-bed flat each night to just my furry three.

On his weekends off, Mark would fly back and we'd celebrate with prawn balls at our favourite Chinese in Great Yarmouth, and go for walks around the Suffolk coast.

One such weekend in 2013, he ushered me into a jeweller's shop.

'Let's have a look in here,' he grinned.

Inside, diamond rings sparkled beneath glass cases, but none shone as brightly as the glint in Mark's eye.

'Go on, try one on,' he smiled.

But I just felt awkward – the price tags were eye-watering – and soon we were laughing it off over a cuppa in a nearby caff.

We may not have been engaged, but it was nice to know that, after two years together, the altar was in sight.

But he was soon back off to some remote part of Scotland for work...

Sometimes I just couldn't get through to him on the phone.

'Bad signal up there,' Mark would shrug.

'It's only waiting tables,' I thought, 'Couldn't he have found a restaurant a bit closer?'

Was there something else going on?

Turning detective, when he

was down one weekend, I hacked into his phone – no PIN – to investigate.

One message made my stomach lurch.

It contained a picture of a grinning, chubby brunette crossing her arms coyly over her bare breasts.

In the next four photos she had them out for all to see!

I stormed into the bedroom to confront Mark.

'Who's this woman sending you dirty pics?' I demanded.

'Oh, that's a girl I work with,' Mark said nonchalantly. 'I've told her I'm not interested...'

'Well, you need to tell her again,' I seethed.

I'd always said that if I thought he was cheating on me, then it would be over.

But this was no smoking gun – just some oversexed girl who had his number, right?

The following summer, Mark landed a job at my local Wetherspoons.

It was lovely having him closer, but he'd often roll in from his shift at gone 4am.

'Long night,' he'd yawn, crawling into bed.

Lying beside him in the darkness, something didn't ring true.

Would anyone really be working at a Wetherspoons until this hour? The place shuts at midnight!

Worried, I checked his phone again.

*Nice talking to you tonight xx,* someone had messaged from an unknown number.

'Oh, it's just a girl who came



**I had loved our windswept walks**



... unlike cheating boyfriend Mark!

# Ring of TRUTH

into the bar,' he breezed when I asked him about it. 'She was having a hard time with her ex, so I told her I'd sort him out.'

'That's a funny thing to say to someone you don't know,' I said. 'Stop being paranoid!' Mark snapped.

One evening a few weeks later, Mark had gone to work and left his phone behind.

A text flashed up, *So, are we meeting up later? XX.*

Furious, I texted this woman back from my own phone. *I don't know who you are, but I've seen your messages to Mark, I wrote. I'm his partner, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't message him any more.*

A moment later, Mark's phone lit up again.

*I've just had a message from your girlfriend asking if we're meeting up tonight,* the other woman wrote.

*What did you tell her?* I replied, pretending to be Mark.

*I said we were, hahahaha!* she wrote.

Well, it was time to wipe the smiley face off her screen.

*It's not fair on her,* I responded. *We should finish this now.*

*Well, it's up to you,* she replied. *It's your life and you deserve to be happy.*

Satisfied, I deleted the text trail. That was the end of it, I thought.

Call me a mug, but it was only a few texts - I'd hardly caught them in bed together.

So I didn't say anything.

It would only have caused a row, and I'd nipped whatever it was in the bud anyway, surely.

But our relationship wasn't the same. We limped on from one argument to the next.

■ **As told to Louise Zecevic & Courtney Greatrex (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)**

In November 2014, Mark had another new job, this time at a country hotel near Worcester - 200 miles away!

I rolled my eyes. He wasn't even trying to hide what he was up to now.

I tried to ring him but, surprise, his phone just rang out. This couldn't go on.

If he was fornicating around, I needed conclusive proof.

Then I remembered we had a joint mobile account with Vodafone, to make our bills cheaper:

'Maybe there's a number on there I don't recognise,' I thought.

## Who's sending you dirty pics?

Poring over our statement, a couple of numbers jumped out.

I felt sick as I rang the first one.

'Hello?' a strange woman answered.

'I don't know who you are,' I jabbered, 'but your number's on my partner's phone bill.'

'Who's your partner?' she asked.

'Mark Sherwood,' I replied.

'Yes, I know Mark,' she whispered. 'Can I call you back? I've got my grandchildren with me...'

Blimey - how old was she?!

To my surprise, the lady - Judith - phoned me later on.

'We met at Wetherspoons,' she explained. 'He told me he was single. I'm so sorry.'

'It's not your fault. He's lied to you too.'

My dog Kiya keeps me company now



I sighed. Emboldened, I tried the other number.

'Hello. I'm trying to find out where Mark Sherwood is,' I said, leaving a voicemail.

The next day at work, the number flashed up on my phone.

'Which Mark are you talking about?' this next woman, Sophie, demanded.

'Mark Sherwood,' I replied icily. 'I'm his partner of the last three years. I've been trying to get hold of him.'

'I wondered why his phone kept vibrating under the bed!' she sniggered.

I was too stunned to speak. Just after I hung up on her, Mark started ringing me.

Funny how he'd suddenly got reception!

'I've spoken to Sophie,' I spat. 'I know what's been going on - I never want to hear from you again!'

He muttered denials, excuses, but I was beyond caring.

This 'mug' was starting to smell the coffee. It was over.

I wouldn't even let him back into the flat to collect his stuff.

Instead, I sold his Xbox and PS3 and flogged his old shirts for a few quid each at a car boot.

I'd feared being single again, but I've realised that a quiet life with my Freya, Maddie and Kiya is infinitely better than the one I had with that three-timing rat!

Now, Mark is apparently living on Orkney with a new girlfriend.

Good luck to her. Even if he was on a desert island I'm sure he'd find someone to cheat with!

**Jane Simmons, 51, Lowestoft, Suffolk**

● **Mark says, 'The fact is that I wasn't in a relationship with her for three full years. Now that's all I'm going to say about it.'**



1

Can anyone spot this one?!

# 5 of the BEST HOUSES WITH FRONT



2

Welcome to couture club



3

Hello Kitty - who lives here, then?



4

Someone will be moooving in



5

Check this out!

Real 19 people

# PUZZLE TRAIL

# READER puzzles

## We Need Your Puzzles!

Thanks to Heather, Maria and Karen for their brilliant puzzles. Hopefully, they'll have inspired you all! So, let's have your quizzes and crosswords, riddles and sudokus, anagrams and wordsearches – or perhaps you've invented a new kind of puzzle? Send yours in with a photo and a few words about yourself – there's £30 for every one we publish, or £50 if you're our Puzzler Of The Week! See the bottom of the page for our address.

GET PAID FOR YOUR PUZZLE!  
**£30**

This one's quite straightforward but difficult to compile, so well done, Heather! Simply solve the clues, writing answers in the grid in the direction of the arrows. Answers on p35.

	Girl	Killer whale	Aquatic mammal	Not wild
Not found	↓	↓	↓	↓
Region	↓	↓	↓	↓
Dishonest scheme	↓	↓	↓	↓
Bargain time!	↓	↓	↓	↓

Sent in by Heather McEwen, Norwich, Norfolk

GET PAID FOR YOUR PUZZLE!  
**£30**

The names of 12 London landmarks have been split in two and mixed up in the grid, below. Cross out all the matches you make until just one answer remains. Turn to page 35 for the solution.

London	Abbey	Big	Piccadilly	Hyde
British	Cathedral	Eye	St Paul's	Circus
Marble	River	Buckingham	Park	<del>National</del>
Trafalgar	Ben	Thames	Arch	Museum
Palace	<del>Gallery</del>	Westminster	Square	Houses of

Sent in by Maria Kendall, Loughborough, Leicestershire

# PUZZLER of the week

GET PAID FOR YOUR PUZZLE!  
**£50**



Our congrats this week go to Karen McGuire – she's our Puzzler Of The Week!

Karen, from Cleethorpes in north-east Lincolnshire, cuts straight to the chase. 'I'm a big fan of *Dirty Dancing*,' she says, 'and never tire of watching it. The music and dancing are so uplifting. The moment when Johnny raises Baby into the air always takes my breath away, and my favourite line is, "Nobody puts Baby in the corner." Hope you enjoy my *Dirty Dancing*-themed wordsearch, as I really enjoyed putting it together.'

We don't have anything to add to that, Karen. Except, of course, that £50 is on its way!

Look for the *Dirty Dancing* words in the grid. All are hidden, bar one – which one? Answer on p35.

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

- BABY
- BUNGALOW
- CABIN
- CATSKILLS
- DANCE
- LESSONS
- DIRTY
- DANCING
- DO YOU
- LOVE ME
- DR HOUSEMAN
- FOXTROT
- FRANCES
- HOUSEMAN
- HUNGRY
- EYES
- INSTRUCTOR
- JENNIFER
- GREY
- JOHNNY
- CASTLE
- KELLERMAN'S
- MAMBO
- PATRICK
- SWAYZE
- PEACE CORPS
- SHELDRAKE
- SHE'S LIKE
- THE WIND
- TIME OF
- MY LIFE
- VACATION
- WATERMELON
- WIPE OUT

# PLAYING the FIELD

IT'S TOUGH!

WIN £50!

In the field below is a herd of 10 cows. But the grass is so long it's tricky to see them. Can you help Flo work out where all her friends are so that she can get them back in time for milking? We've placed some cow parts to help you get started.

**HINT: Think Battleships!**

## HELPFUL TIPS!

- Cows are stood in horizontal and vertical positions only.
- No cow is next to another in any direction, including diagonally.
- Misses are marked right the way around one of the hits we've given you, so there's some grassy boxes you can write in straight away.
- Numbers at the heads of rows and columns tell you how many parts of a cow are hidden in them. So, if you see a '0' at the top of any column or to the left of any row, you can grass out the whole of that one, as there are no 'hits'.
- Don't forget to cross off the cows below as you 'hit' them.

	5	1	2	2	1	1	0	2	4	2
5										
1										
1										
1										
3										
1										
2										
0										
6										
0										

Oh, where for art cow?

For your chance to win, simply tell us:  
Is the pink square a 'hit' (cow part) or a 'miss' (grass)?  
See p43 to enter.



## WHO YOU NEED TO LOOK FOR:

4x					3x			
2x					1x			



# Health & happiness

Our little fighter Eve, with her breathing tube



## REBECCA'S STORY

**A stitch in swine**  
*Rebecca's daughter clung to life by the skin of her teeth...*

**C**lutching a pink cuddly elephant, my son walked hesitantly toward his new baby sister.

'Here's her Monkey,' Kane, seven, said shyly, holding the toy up to the incubator where two-day-old Eve lay under a blanket of wires and tubes.

Kane and his other sister, Beth, two, had the same cuddly elephant, which Kane had christened 'Monkey'. Luckily, I'd managed to find one on eBay for our new arrival.

'The baby will be very poorly, though,' I'd explained to the kids.

Me and my hubby, Steven, 32, had discovered at my 12-week scan that Eve had congenital diaphragmatic hernia.

There was a hole in the wall of muscle – the diaphragm – that separated her chest from her stomach. It meant her developing lungs were being squashed as other organs, like her bowel, pushed through the hole.

Born weighing 7lb 2oz, Eve was immediately given a breathing tube by the doctors, then transferred to Glenfield Hospital in Leicester.

There, an ECMO machine acted as a lung, pumping oxygenated blood around her body.

Then there was the hole that needed fixing...

'You know what a waterproof coat is made of?' the surgeon said. 'Well, we're going to use a really expensive version of that Gore-Tex material to patch over the hole.'

But, during the op, the surgeon discovered there was very little muscle to attach the patch to.

Still, they did their best.

As Eve recovered, I read *Cinderella* to her and stroked her beautiful red hair.

'At least one child of mine listens to a story without interrupting,' I smiled.

We brought her home at

16 weeks, but she spent most of her first year in and out of hospital.

Still, we tried to cling to normality. When Eve was well enough, we'd strap her oxygen and feeding equipment to the buggy and go on family days out to the Blackpool Air Show and local farm parks.

Then, in September 2016, Eve started vomiting violently. An X-ray revealed her hernia had ruptured again.

When an op to repair it, using a nylon patch, didn't work, the surgeons suggested a procedure that used the skin from a pig!

Shocked and a tad sceptical, I let the consultant explain.

Known as a 'strattice', this procedure is a biological alternative to a synthetic patch.

Turns out that the structure of pig collagen is very similar to a human's, so it takes better and is less prone to infection.

It would be the first operation of its kind in the UK. It felt like a risk and the doctors were reluctant to put Eve through it.

Days after her first birthday, Eve was given a tracheostomy, to allow her to breathe without

being trapped behind a mask.

'There aren't many girls who get one of these as a birthday present!' I joked.

Our fiery little redhead battled on. But, in January this year, she'd lost weight, and the stomach bag she'd been fitted with – to collect her waste – started filling with lurid orange fluid.

'A possible blockage,' the surgeon said.

Now, the only hope was the pigskin.

'The operation is going to make Eve really poorly,' I warned Kane and Beth.

'I don't want my sister to die!' Beth wailed.

Fortunately, the six-and-a-half-hour op was a success.

'Eve Phillipson, you are made of steel!' her consultant smiled, as we took her home six weeks later.

Now, Eve is still fed via a tube and needs a ventilator to help her breathe, but she's a happy, cheeky little girl. We're hoping her piggy repair job will hold.

She zooms around the house, shuffling on her bum, calling out her favourite word, 'Beth'.

She's a medical miracle. I like to joke that, one day, I'll take her into the butcher's and explain how a slice of pig's skin saved her bacon!

**Rebecca Phillipson, 38, Doncaster, South Yorkshire**



*Our girl went through so much, so young*

## Congenital diaphragmatic hernia > the FACTS

**WHAT?** A hole in the diaphragm – the sheet of muscle that separates the chest from the abdomen. This results in the intestines, and sometimes the stomach, entering the chest cavity and preventing lung growth.

**SYMPTOMS** These vary, but can include difficulty breathing, fast breathing, fast heart rate, a blue tinge to the skin, abnormal chest development or an abdomen that appears caved in.

**TREATMENT** Surgery can move the child's abdominal organs down from the chest and close the hole in the diaphragm. After surgery, the child's lung size should slowly increase over time.

**INFO** Visit [cdhuk.org.uk](http://cdhuk.org.uk).

## Two other 'chest wall' conditions

● **TIETZE SYNDROME** – a rare inflammatory disorder, characterised by chest pain and swelling of the cartilage of one or more of the upper ribs, where they attach to the breast bone.

● **PECTUS CARINATUM** – a chest wall deformity that causes the breast bone to push outward instead of being flush against the chest. Also known as 'pigeon chest' or 'keel chest'.

**UP TO £150 for your health story**  
 Got something to say about your health or a recent operation? Write to Health & Happiness, Real People, 33 Broadwick Street, London W1F 0DQ, or email [health@realpeoplemag.co.uk](mailto:health@realpeoplemag.co.uk)

**We Brits munch 4 billion sarnies a year, but which are best for our bodies? Here, to mark British Sandwich Week (20-26 May), we weigh up our fave fillings...**



### THE POWER OF LUNCH

**PROS** Low in calories and saturated fat, a tin of tuna contains 30g of protein – vital for muscle-building and repair.

Tuna also contains plenty of selenium, which helps clear up free radicals in the body.

**CONS** If you're trying for a baby, or are pregnant, you should have no more than four cans of tuna a week because of the mercury found in it – this poses a risk to brain development in the foetus. Plus, you only tend to get the heart-healthy Omega-3 benefits from fresh, not tinned, tuna.

**TOP TIP** Add some cucumber – as they are 95 per cent water, they'll help keep you hydrated.

# LUNCH LEGENDS



### RED BEEF GIVES YOU WINGS

**PROS** Iron-rich beef is great for keeping your blood healthy and warding off fatigue. There's also evidence that protein-rich foods can help reduce hunger, while researchers in Australia found red meat could improve mood.

**CONS** High in saturated fats, red meat – even just one serving a day – is associated with a 13 per cent higher risk of death, a study from Harvard found.

**TOP TIP** Opt for some horseradish with your beef sandwich – it's believed to have anti-inflammatory properties.



### BEST FOR HANGOVERS

**PROS** With a high level of amino acids to top up depleted neurotransmitters, bacon can be the perfect hangover cure, according to experts at Newcastle University's Centre For Life.

**CONS** Eating bacon can increase cholesterol levels, given its high content of saturated fat, putting you at risk of heart disease and stroke.

**TOP TIP** Add vitamin-rich lettuce, plus tomatoes, which contain cancer-fighting lycopene.

### COCK-A-HOOP CHICKEN

**PROS** A great source of lean protein, and lower in fat than meats like beef, poultry is a good choice for weight-watchers. The B vitamins in chicken help with energy, and the white stuff is also a good source of mood-enhancing tryptophan.

**CONS** Chicken skin and the browner meat are higher in fat than the white flesh. Sauces and dressings can also boost the fat content in sandwiches.

**TOP TIP** Add fibre-rich sweetcorn to help your digestion.



### EGGY BREATH IS WORTH IT!

**PROS** It's a myth that eggs increase levels of 'bad' cholesterol. Plus, they are low in calories, with recent research linking eating eggs to weight loss. They are also one of the few foods containing vitamin D, important for building strong bones and bolstering the immune system.

**CONS** The mayonnaise in egg sandwiches can boost your levels of saturated fat, which has been linked to heart disease.



**TOP TIP** Go for egg-and-cess sandwiches for healthy lashings of extra vitamins A, C and K, plus folic acid.

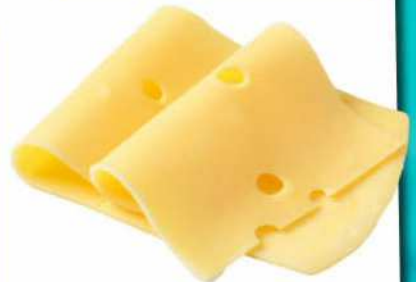


### PRAWN STARS!

**PROS** Naturally low in fat, prawns are a good low-calorie choice for sandwiches. They contain lots of vitamin E, thought to help fend off cancer, while the zinc in prawns has been linked to boosting libido.

**CONS** Watch out for high salt levels and fat from the mayonnaise that often accompanies prawns in sandwiches.

**TOP TIP** Don't like prawns? Try salmon instead – the fish is packed with heart-boosting Omega-3 fatty acids.



### CHEESED OFF WITH SALT

**PROS** A good source of protein, cheese is high in calcium, which is important for building bones and healthy teeth. It has also been linked with lowering the risk of diabetes and reducing obesity.

**CONS** There can be more salt in a portion of Cheddar than in a packet of crisps, and some types, like feta, are saltier than seawater. Too much salt can send your blood pressure soaring.

**TOP TIP** Swap Cheddar for a reduced-fat variety or lower-fat Edam.

**Manuka Doctor Micellar Cleansing Pads, 60 pads, £12.99, manukadoctor.co.uk**  
Peeling pads that pack a punch with naturally occurring fruit acids and hydration-boosting manuka honey.



**Vitamin C Microdermabrasion, £18, The Body Shop**  
Micro-particles and crushed garnet stones remove dead skin cells for a brighter look.



**nspa Brightening & Radiance Peeling Mask, £1.50, Asda**  
The combination of papaya and hops works to deeply exfoliate, nourish and refresh the skin.

**Bioré Charcoal Oil Control Scrub, £4.99, nationwide**  
The charcoal powder pulls out oil and pollutants like a magnet, then rinses them away.



**Benefit Smooth It Off! Cleansing Exfoliator, £20.50, nationwide**  
This ups the ante, as it doubles as a non-drying cleanser.



# SPRING CLEAN YOUR SKIN

*With temperatures rising, it's time to treat your skin to a seasonal scrub*

**Urban Veda Reviving Exfoliating Facial Polish, £13.99, urbanveda.com**  
Microbead-free formula that contains a naturally abrasive pumice to stimulate circulation.



**No7 Total Renewal Microdermabrasion Exfoliator, £11, Boots**  
Give your cleanse some extra welly with aluminium-oxide micro-crystals.



**Pixi Glow Tonic, £18, Marks & Spencer**  
Glycolic acid has the muscle to slough off dead skin cells while aloe vera acts as an anti-inflammatory.



**St Ives Invigorating Apricot Face Scrub, £4.19, Boots**  
Just one dollop of this gorgeously scented exfoliant will help to reveal your skin's natural radiance.



**Burt's Bees Peach & Willow Bark Deep Pore Scrub, £10.99, Boots and burtsbees.com**  
Powered with willow bark, a natural source of salicylic acid, and finely ground peach stones.



**Simple Kind To Skin Smoothing Facial Scrub, £3.49, nationwide**  
A gentle vitamin-based blend of active ingredients means it can be used on sensitive skin.



**The Ordinary Lactic Acid 10% + HA, £5.80, theordinary.com**  
Lightweight serum that uses lactic acid to kick-start cell regeneration.



**L'Oréal Paris Smooth Sugars Clear Scrub Kiwi, £9.99, Boots**  
Delivers a three-pronged attack on dull skin with a combination of three types of sugar.



COMPILED BY GENEVIE MULLEN. PICTURES: BIGSTOCK



# TIME TO KILL

Crime for your coffee break

**Cheating Corey had been shot in his bed. Was it a crime of passion?**

**A**s Monique Kitts turned the key in her front door on a summer's day in July 2010, a scene of horror was waiting for her in the master bedroom.

There was blood everywhere – on the bed, duvet and floor – and her husband, Corey Kitts, was lying dead on his back.

He had been shot three times at close range with a handgun, and one of the shots had severed his spinal cord.

Monique, 40, panicked. Dialling 911, she stammered, 'I just walked through the door. Oh, my God. I don't know what's going on... God, help me.'

She and her two children, Corey Jr and Dorey, had come home in Addis, Louisiana, for lunch, expecting their dad to be asleep after his night shift at a chemical plant.

When police arrived, Monique was screaming so much she made no sense.

The front door had been unlocked, so there was no forced entry, and the house hadn't been burgled.

A decent, popular man had



Corey (left) with wife Monique and their two children

# SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY



been killed in his bed. *Why?*

Police started to unravel his last 24 hours.

Corey, 40, had returned home from work at 5.15am.

No rigor mortis had set in, so his time of death was estimated between 6am and noon.

A neighbour had seen a silver 4x4 parked outside that morning.

But no one should have been there – the family were all out and Corey was asleep in bed.

To see if Corey was expecting anyone at the house, police extracted all his phone data.

And they found some unexpected text messages...

It seemed that family man Corey was a bit of a Casanova.

As Investigator Richie Johnson said, Corey had a 'pretty extensive extra-curricular love life'. He'd been having not just one affair, but at least six!

Was this a crime of passion? Perhaps one of his mistresses had rumbled his double life?

But when investigators drew a blank with the lovers, attention turned to Monique.

Was she a grieving widow – or a woman scorned?

When she refused to take a lie detector test, it was a red flag for police.

They delved deeper.

Corey had a life insurance policy and pension, which Monique could cash in, to the tune of £600,000.

They discovered that – only five days after his murder – she had tried to do just that.

She did, however, have a proven alibi for the morning of the murder. Was she in league with someone else?

When police pulled her phone records, there were thousands of contacts between her and a man called David Johnson, the milkman for her child daycare business.

Milk wasn't the only thing David was delivering – he was also Monique's bit on the side.

She had contacted him on the morning of the murder, but he also had an alibi – he was on his rounds, as his mobile phone records showed.

But police found that David and Monique had been calling another man, Karl Howard.

Karl, 30, had, in turn, been contacting another Corey – Corey Knox – a career criminal with a record of gun violence.

And Knox's mother had a silver 4x4...

The puzzle was slowly piecing together:

Then, in 2013, the milkman spilled all, telling police that Monique had asked him about killing her husband.

He mentioned it to Karl, who met up with Monique, and they hatched a plan.

According to David, Monique

was set on having him killed.

And this was how it happened...

That morning, Karl asked Knox to drive him to the Kitts's family home in the silver 4x4.

The pair then waited until everyone but Corey had left.

Karl went inside the house, gun in hand, and shot Corey three times in the head as he slept. Then both men drove off.

At lunchtime, Monique came home with her kids, knowing her husband was already dead.

Then she put on the performance of her life, crying as she called police to the house.

In March 2015, Monique and hitman Karl were both convicted of murder and sentenced to life in jail without parole.

Getaway driver Knox was sentenced to five years for his part in the killing after testifying against them.

Monique's milkman lover, David Johnson, turned against the pair, too, and wasn't charged.

The happy family home neighbours saw on River Landing Drive was anything but.

Behind closed doors, while Corey was planning his next fling, Monique was plotting his murder.

Hitman Karl Howard shot Corey three times



Getaway driver Knox was jailed for five years

Watch *Homicide: Hours To Kill* on Crime+ Investigation on Thursday 7 June at 10pm.

CRIME+ INVESTIGATION

WORDS: LINDSAY CALDER PICTURES: GETTY

**WIN!**

# A marvellous minibreak!

Experience Exeter and its stunning scenery thanks to Mercure Hotels...



## FILL YOUR BOOTS

Fill the grid with the listed words. When completed correctly, the yellow circles, reading top to bottom, left to right, will answer the prize question. See page 43 to enter.

Which actor voices Dracula in all three of the *Hotel Transylvania* animated films? (4,7)

P	R	A	C	T	I	C	A	L												

**4 LETTERS**

- DATA
- PLOT
- TATA
- TRAD

**5 LETTERS**

- ADAGE
- ADAPT
- ADDER
- AMIGO
- AROMA
- ARRAN
- CARGO
- SANTO

**7 LETTERS**

- ANAGRAM
- ATTACHE
- JAWBONE
- NASTIER
- NATTERS
- RETREAT

**8 LETTERS**

- REACTION
- REACTIVE
- REALTORS

**9 LETTERS**

- AVERTEDLY
- DOGMATISM
- MAGDALENA
- PRACTICAL
- READAPTED
- REGRAIDING

Enjoy a lovely relaxing getaway courtesy of Mercure Hotels, who are giving one of you lucky lot the chance to win a two-night break for two at the newly refurbished four-star Mercure Exeter Rougemont Hotel – with a yummy breakfast thrown in for good measure!

Situated in the heart of the city, directly opposite Exeter Central train station and Rougemont Gardens, the hotel is within walking distance of all of Exeter Quay's popular bars and restaurants, and less than five minutes away from both the cathedral and castle – making it ideal for a leisurely escape, and perfectly placed for you to blow the £100 spending money I'm throwing in, too!

Having recently completed an extensive bedroom renovation, the rather tastefully upgraded rooms at Mercure Exeter Rougemont Hotel take inspiration from Exeter's famous textile industry, once known as the centre of the woollen trade in the south-west. Sounds fabulous – but don't just take my word for it...

For your chance to win, solve my *Fill Your Boots* puzzle, left, to answer the prize question.

Visit [mercure.com](http://mercure.com)

PICTURES: ABACA PRESS, GETTY

Terms and conditions: Prize is subject to hotel availability and is worth up to the value of £300. Travel is not included.

Enter online at [realpeplemag.co.uk](http://realpeplemag.co.uk)

**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 28**

# MUM *to* MUM

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

**THIS WEEK: BEHAVING IN RESTAURANTS**

## À LA CARNAGE

Eating out with three kids is off the menu for Hayley...

**E**yeing up the tempting menu, I smiled at my hubby and three kids. 'I think I'm going to have the veggie burger,' I grinned to Greg, 39.

'What are you guys having?'

Finn, 11, and Emmy, eight, chirped for burgers, but Lola, six, was unusually quiet.

'I want pizza,' she huffed, flinging the menu on the floor, 'all they've got is yucky food.'

'Lola,' I scolded, scrabbling to pick up the crumpled menu. 'You mustn't throw things.'

I glanced over the kids' section and spied macaroni cheese.

Oh, thank God!

'They've got your fave cheesy pasta,' I beamed. 'You love that.'

With that, Lola was satisfied. Then Emmy moaned, 'I'm bored. Can I do some colouring?'

Greg passed her a book and a box of crayons, but after just a few minutes she dropped the lot.

'Emmy,' I spluttered, picking them up off the floor. 'Please be more careful.'

Then Finn started to act up...

'Where's my drink?' he scoffed, wriggling in his seat.

'We've been here for hours.'

'We've just got here, and haven't even ordered one yet,' I snapped, all flustered.

It was April this year, and me and my brood had popped into a local restaurant for a nice weekend treat.

But I'd ended up feeling like a ringmaster in a rowdy circus!

With the kids getting antsy, Greg popped to the front to call for the waitress.

I turned my back for a second to take off my jacket when...

### 'I FELT LIKE A RINGMASTER'

*Bang!*

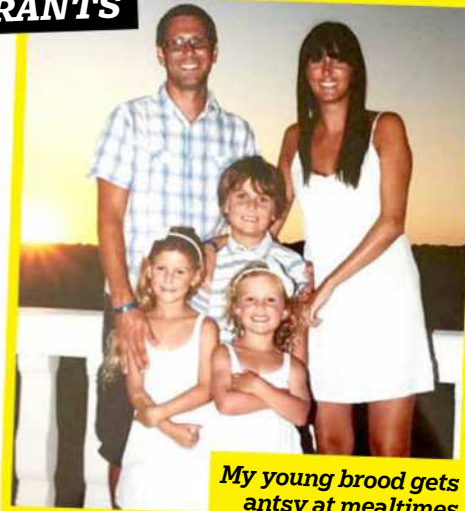
Typhoon Lola had clattered the cutlery to the floor.

'Sorry,' I mouthed to the waitress, picking them up.

Then Finn started shuffling.

'Dad, I need to look at something on your phone,' he whispered.

I shot Greg a warning look,



My young brood gets antsy at mealtimes

but luckily he was on the ball.

'You know the rules, son,' he warned. 'No phones or tablets at the dinner table.'

'But that boy is using a tablet,' Finn boomed, pointing to a nearby table.

'Yes, and that's fine,' I snapped, blushing. 'But we don't allow tablets at the table.'

When he realised we weren't going to budge, he slumped back into his chair.

By the time the food arrived, me and Greg were frazzled.

'Sometimes eating out is more hassle than it's worth,' I moaned when we got home.

The easy option would be to allow tablets and phones at the table, but they stifle conversation.

I'm not asking for a scene from *The Waltons*, but some mealtime peace would be nice. Any ideas?

**Hayley Brooke, 35, Essex**



**Helen Michael, 30, mum to Angelo and Christian, four, says,** 'One of the best things you can

do is make sure you include them in the experience. Allow them – within reason – to choose their own food, and involve them in the conversation. You can also research a few little family games to play at the table.'

### Are you a mum in need of advice?

If you're struggling with a Mum to Mum problem and need help from another mum, call **Real People** on 020 7339 4552, or contact us through [realpeoplemag.co.uk](http://realpeoplemag.co.uk)

Win!



★ Little ones love nothing more than playing with water and, with a spell of sunshine on the way, we've snagged the best water table around. Little Tikes Fountain Factory takes water play to a new level with bundles of sensory and group activities. It has interchangeable pipes that bring science and engineering learning to curious tots in a fun, hands-on way. Worth £59.99. Visit [littletikes.co.uk](http://littletikes.co.uk)

Win!

★ Baby carriers are a godsend for those times when a buggy just won't do. And BabyBjörn has been making life easier and hands-free for parents for over 50 years. Its newest carrier has been designed with the help of 100 real families, and medical experts, to make sure it ticks all the boxes. The new flexible shape has an ergonomic seating position that makes carrying even more comfortable for baby and parent, and there are four different carrying positions to help keep baby happy. It's worth £140, and there's one up for grabs. Visit [babybjorn.co.uk](http://babybjorn.co.uk)



Win!

★ Fancy treating your visage to some top-notch skincare goodies? Rosehip oil is one of the most sought-after beauty ingredients, as its benefits are endless: from reducing the appearance of stretchmarks to soothing sunburn, it's a pampering treat that usually comes with a hefty price tag. Up for grabs from the RosehipPLUS range is a bundle of beauty treats, worth over £55, for one reader. Available from [treatyourskin.com](http://treatyourskin.com)



#### HOW TO ENTER

For your chance to win, email [mum2mumcomps@outlook.com](mailto:mum2mumcomps@outlook.com) with Little Tikes, BabyBjorn or Rosehip in the subject line, and include your name, address and number. Entries close on 14 June 2018.

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

**Real people** 27

ASTOLD TO GENEVIEVE MULLEN

## Mum KNOWS BEST

OUR PANEL OF MUMS IS HAPPY TO HELP



**Jackie Wilson, 34, mum to Amber, six, and Blake, six months, says,** 'Entertainment

doesn't have to involve tech. Put together a bag of tricks that will satisfy everyone, and keep it in the car for when you go out to eat. I'd suggest things like Loom Bands, a deck of cards, a book or even a small puzzle.'



**Jasmine Newbury, 25, mum to Tommy, nine, and Lucia-Lily, 14 months, says,**

'Set rules before you go, and take a pack of stickers. At the table, give them each three stickers, and explain that you will take one away if they break a rule. Whoever still has a sticker left at the end of the meal gets a dessert, and if anyone has all three, they get a treat, too.'

**WIN!**

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

# A life-saver of a lady shaver!

U h-oh! The family have suggested you make the most of the sunshine and head off for a spontaneous trip to the beach, but your legs are so darn furry that folk'll think you've grown the hair out for some kind of bet. Not a good look. And nobody needs to read all those jokes under the photos of your frighteningly furry pins, posted on Facebook and Instagram, courtesy of the kids. So, as they say in the Boy Scouts, 'Be prepared' – always!

On that note, check out Remington's double foil Cordless Lady Shaver, perfect for comfortable and (more importantly) quick shaving results. Your legs will be silky smooth in no time – you could even sort them out in the car on the way!

We've got one shaver, worth £24.99, to give away. Simply solve my *Boxing Match* puzzle, below, for your chance to win...



R	I	M		A	D		P	R	E		V	I	E		W	P
	A			N				N			R				I	R
G	H	T		I	G	H		P	H	O	T	O			N	O

	N	A		P	R	E									O	D	A
					N										C		S
E	M	E		P	H	O									H	T	

I	N	G															
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P		A															

	O			P	A	G									O	P	T
	H	O	R		L											R	
	O		O		E	T	C									T	E

	O			S	P	R											
A	N	C															
P				R	B												

# BOXING MATCH

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

**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 30**

# ANIMAL crackle

## Chew chew train

Monday morning and Jo's Clyde was off to work but, slobbering over passengers' sandwiches, he lacked a certain commuter etiquette...



In response to the stranger's pat, my Staffordshire Bull Terrier Clyde flopped on his back and offered his belly for a rub. His signature move... 'He's a softie,' I told the woman, who happily obliged his wishes. Clyde and his Blue Staffie sister Bonnie, both four, were named after gangsters but the worst crime Clyde had ever committed was scoffing 12 cupcakes left on the kitchen counter. We got them from separate breeders in November 2013, but they clicked immediately. They

have been inseparable ever since. Bonnie's the boss while laidback Clyde only cares about food, people and walks. And he's terrified of our teeny-tiny black and white fluff-ball cat Mabel. She only has to glance in his direction and he scarpers! One Monday morning last January, my daughter Megan, 17, and son Ben, 14, were getting ready for school. Ben let the dogs out into the garden as usual. But, 10 minutes later, he shouted, 'Mum, have you seen Clyde?' He'd disappeared! I rushed outside into the driving

## PET of the WEEK

**NAME:** Winnie  
**AGE:** Nine months  
**BREED:** Syrian hamster  
**LIKES:** Cuddles, chicken dinner and yoghurt drops  
**DISLIKES:** Banana  
**BAD HABITS:** Eating food out of open packets  
**OWNER:** Sue Farrow, Ely, Cambs.



I'm a shoe-in this week

PICTURES: GETTY, WALES NEWS SERVICE

# RS!

Send us your animal stories, funny pics & pets of the week – there's £25 for each one we print!

Write to Real People or email letters@realpeoplemagazine.co.uk



with Jane Common



**Fare dodger: Clyde got on without a ticket!**

rain and my stomach flipped.

The side gate was wide open.

The bolt was dodgy, perhaps loosened further by the wind.

'Clyde!' I shouted.

'I'll get in the car and look for him,' I told Ben.

But... nothing, so, panic pulsing, I rang my sister Claire who headed out in her car to search, too.

After half an hour, I returned home and told the kids to go to school.

'We'll find him,' I promised, although horrible scenarios were forming in my head.

I'd read about Staffies being stolen for dog fights.

Clyde wouldn't last a second...

Scared, I posted his photograph on Facebook pages for missing pets as Bonnie, obviously bewildered by his disappearance too, stared at me.

Then I went out to search for him on foot.

'Clyde,' I hollered, desperate to hear an answering bark. Still nothing...

But, after quarter of an hour, my mobile rang.

'I'm a train conductor and I've seen your Facebook post,' a man said. 'Your dog got on at Hengoed.'

What? Clyde on

a train? But the station was two miles away...

'Is he OK?' I cried.

'Oh he's fine, the passengers love him.'

**The early morning commute isn't for him**



I burst out laughing. One commuter had fashioned his scarf into a lead while several others had fished packed lunches out of briefcases to share.

Friendly people and food – Clyde was in his element!

The next stop was Llandradach but there was no way I'd reach there before the train did.

So the conductor said he'd take Clyde on to Cardiff Central – a 30-mile round trip – where British

## Clyde was down the nick!

Transport Police could meet him.

He'd keep him in the driver's compartment to stop him hopping off when the train doors opened.

'Thank you,' I gulped.

Claire and her husband Peter drove me the hour to Cardiff, my heart hammering.

What if my little escapee, with only a scarf for a lead, somehow ducked the police – he's one half of Bonnie and Clyde after all – and ran loose in the city?

So, when I spotted him through a window of the BTP headquarters,

I breathed a huge sigh of relief.

He was shaking, scared and cold, though.

The adventure was obviously good fun when he was scoffing sandwiches on the train but not so much now he was down the nick!

When I walked in, he leapt up, joyful, and licked my face.

'Let's get you home,' I smiled, hugging him.

As soon as Clyde walked through our front door, Bonnie smothered him in cuddles and kisses.

Three hours apart was the longest they'd ever been separated...

I logged onto Facebook to announce that Clyde was tired but home in one piece.

Reading the comments, though, my heart raced.

Turned out Clyde had actually been on the train tracks and some teenagers had coaxed him on to the platform...

*Thank you so much, I wrote.*

We'll never know why Clyde woke one Monday morning and felt the urge to commute into town.

Maybe he mistook the word 'walk' for 'work' and decided he needed to earn his keep more, or perhaps he heard there were people with sandwiches on trains.

Whatever, his stowaway days are over – I've fixed the bolt to ensure my goofy gangster won't be going on the run ever again.

**Joanne Davey, 43, Rhymney Valley, South Wales**

● A British Transport Police spokesperson said, 'We believe Clyde was travelling without a valid ticket but given the circumstances we won't give him a ruff time about it.'

**Bonnie and Clyde reunited**



## ASK NIGEL

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

**Dear Nigel,**

I'm a chinchilla, but last summer I was the exact opposite of chinchilly in my cage – it was too hot! How can my owners keep me cool this year?

**Love Harry, Oakham, Rutland**

**Dear Harry,**

Beware of symptoms of heat stroke, such as restlessness and drinking more than normal, as it can be fatal for chinchillas.

The ideal temperature is 10 to 15°C so your cage should be out of the sun in a well-ventilated room, with your sand bath, where you exercise, in the coolest part.

**Love Nigel xxx**

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

## Furry & funny



'Blaze is doing some tough talking in our high-level meeting about pets being allowed their paws on the table.'

**Theresa Thomas, Rotherham, South Yorkshire**

## Get me one!

Me-owwwwwww! Cats can suffer sunburn on their ears, noses and patches of white fur and, over time, risk developing skin cancer. Aniwell's anti-bacterial FiltaBac provides a second skin-like barrier between your puss and those rays, and works for dogs and horses, too. The product is so popular the smaller size has sold out at Pets at Home but we're promised it will be back on the shelves soon. The larger size costs £22.50 for 500g – see [petsathome.com](http://petsathome.com)



# YOUR STARS



with *Jenny Blume*

**HOROSCOPES**  
for the week of  
31 May-6 June

**ARIES** 21 March-20 April  
Exciting new plans are about to take shape, but don't ruin the vibe by taking on too much. If you're playing the dating game, you could be swept off your feet!  
**TIME TO TRY:** Picnics and walks.

**TAURUS** 21 April-21 May  
An idea might set you dreaming, but wait until reason returns on Monday before acting on it, especially if it involves cash matters. Precious items could turn up.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Chasing old friends.

**GEMINI** 22 May-21 June  
Friends might help you to rediscover a passion for art or music. If you're looking for a partner, prepare to meet someone special – maybe even on a blind date...  
**TIME TO TRY:** Not spending lavishly.

**CANCER** 22 June-23 July  
Does someone's behaviour seem strange? Perhaps it's their way of grabbing your attention. Answers lie close to the surface right now, so factor in some space to think.  
**TIME TO TRY:** More leisure time.

**LEO** 24 July-23 August  
Helpful people are gathering around you. Social stars might propel you into a shared project – or a passionate affair! Fresh starts await.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Not being afraid to reach out to friends.

**VIRGO** 24 Aug-23 Sep  
Under this week's lucky skies, new approaches to old problems should bring good results concerning your love life, health or finances.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Writing a wish list of what you really want at the moment.

**LIBRA** 24 Sep-23 Oct  
Not only is your money sector heating up, but Venus is also boosting your profile and popularity. A generous gift or payment might even appear as your luck increases.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Thinking big.

## ★ GUESS the STAR SIGN

**T**V presenter Tony Robinson was born under a self-assured sign. Those who share it love the spotlight and can be generous with friends. They adore life and radiate energy, as long as they feel appreciated. Which sign is he?

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



**SCORPIO** 24 Oct-22 Nov  
Singles should find that their options are expanding, while couples might remember why they fell in love. Moneywise, this could prove to be a milestone week.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Doing something fun.

**SAGITTARIUS** 23 Nov-21 Dec  
If romance has been squeezed out of the picture, this week's stars spell good news. With Mercury increasing communication and Venus stoking the flames, plan something special.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Simplifying your life.

**CAPRICORN** 22 Dec-20 Jan  
Powerful stars are helping your assertive side to show itself at last. Even better, as your social sector lights up, supportive people will gather like moths to the flame.  
**TIME TO TRY:** A change of routine.

**AQUARIUS** 21 Jan-19 Feb  
Turning ideas into action should be a breeze and things could progress fast. For parents, a breakthrough with a child might relieve the pressure.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Getting involved in sporting events.

**PISCES** 20 February-20 March  
Changes made this week by you or others could lift your whole psyche. These heart-charged patterns could attract unexpected guests – or even an adorable new pet.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Jazzing up a dull room.

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, GETTY

**WIN £25!**

## Lost In Moo-sic

'Young man,  
There's no need to  
feel down, I said, young  
man, Pick yourself  
off the ground, I said,  
young man, 'Cause  
you're in a new town,  
There's no need to  
be unhappy...'



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

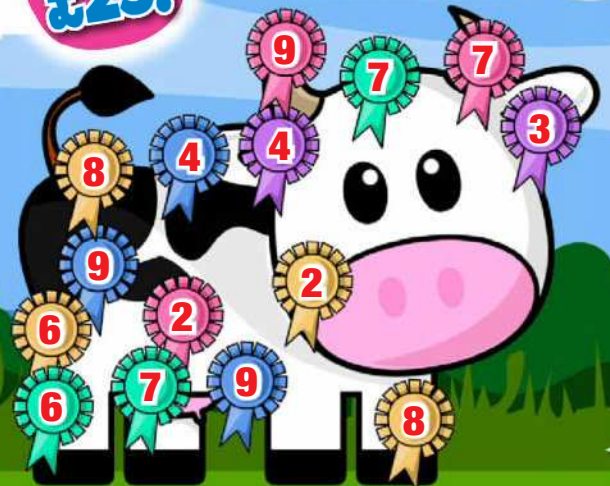
**What song am I singing?**

- A In The Navy B YMCA  
C Go West

## Cow-Culator!

**WIN £25!**

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



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

- A 81 B 82 C 91

**REAL PEOPLE PSYCHIC READING**

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

031  
★  
WANSLEY  
SIGN  
THE STAR  
OFFERS

**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 31!**

# FLORENCE'S TAKE YOUR PICK!

Open your  
purse strings,  
or strum  
your guitar  
strings?



## GRAB THE GEAR...

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

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

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

**By what nickname is U2 guitarist, David Howell Evans better known?**

A) The Verge B) The Edge

*'And after all, You're my Wonder Wa-a-aaall...' - I should have auditioned for The X Factor this year! I really do have an excellent singing voice. I can only imagine how good I'd sound with the gentle strumming of a guitar in the background to enhance my dulcet tones. I always wanted to learn to play but never got round to it. And I think surely, if that Liam Gallagher can do it, how tricky can it be?! But we've all got a little bit of a guitarist in us, waiting to get out, haven't we? Well, make excuses no longer - because here it*



is, this week's star prize: a beautiful acoustic guitar, worth £189.99.

This wonderful instrument comes from Yamaha's FG800 series of acoustic guitars. With a newly designed scalloped bracing pattern to increase the guitar's volume, projection, and tone, and constructed from solid spruce and nato to produce a warm, soft tone, the FG800 is truly a beautifully crafted guitar. You'll grow to love this more than your own kids!

And just imagine if you could play!

For your chance to win, simply solve the prize question, left...

## ...OR GO FOR THE CASH!

**BIG DEAL  
MONEY  
POT**



This week:  
**£172**



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 34

# REAL CRIME

## DEATH IN THE DESERT

# ALL THAT GLITTERS

**D**ubai – city of glittering glass towers rising from the desert, playground of the rich and glamorous...

But not when journalist Francis Matthew landed there with his wife, Jane. It was back in the 80s, and the country's future rebirth would have seemed like a mirage. But Francis had arrived to seek his fortune and, within a few years, all his hard work paid off.

By 1995, he'd landed the plum job of editor of *Gulf News*, the leading English language newspaper. He and Jane lived in the exclusive Jumeirah district, hob-nobbing with the elite.

Francis ran the paper's day-to-day operations until 2005, then stepped back to do more writing. He still retained the title of editor-at-large.

In his grand office, in pride of place among the many photos of him meeting the great and the good of Emirate society, was a picture of him shaking hands with Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid al-Maktoum, the ruler of Dubai. Francis and Jane had truly arrived.

They enjoyed a life of almost unimaginable privilege under the cloudless skies of the desert kingdom. They had swapped their comfortable middle-class life in Chippenham, Wiltshire, for a world of swanky glamour and unashamed excess, and they took to the fancy lifestyle as if they had been born to it.

By July 2017, their home was a beautiful three-bedroom coastal villa in the suburb of

Umm Suqeim. Their villa caught all the soft sea breezes. The cool marble floors were scattered with fine rugs, the furnishings were sumptuous and the kitchen like something from the best restaurants. Not that they ever had to cook, or even shop for food – let alone rummage in the bargain aisle at Tesco.

When Francis, 61, and Jane, 62, wanted a meal, they ate out or had staff to cook it for them. They never had to pick up a dropped towel or rearrange the duvet – there was a maid to silently clean up after them, too. And, when they stepped into the lush grounds, planted with a mix of exotic blooms and traditional English lawn, they could be sure that their gifted Sri Lankan gardener kept it sprinkled with life-giving water 24/7.

At 8am on the morning of 4 July 2017, as Francis left for work, he stopped to chat genially about the weather with the gardener.

The weather in Dubai was always the same – blue skies, hot – but, as a public school-educated English gentleman, old habits died hard!

And he was looking forward to

escaping the 40°C-plus broiling heat – he and Jane were soon to travel back to the UK for their son John's graduation from York University.

But, at 5pm that same day, the police received a call from a distraught Francis. He'd come home from work to find Jane was dead. It was horrible, he said. Please come quickly!

The police entered the bedroom to find Jane lying on the bed in a pool of blood. Her face had been smashed in, seemingly by blows from a heavy, blunt object. She was undressed, and her belongings, including valuables, were scattered around the bedroom.

The couple's small safe had been wrenched free and thrown on the floor.

What had happened seemed obvious – poor Jane had woken from a nap to find burglars in her home. She had been brutally beaten to death.

And yet... detectives were puzzled. The safe

was intact, and nothing of real value had been taken. Francis said he had tried to revive Jane, but his clothes were clean of blood.

Mostly, the cops were struck by his cool manner. He did not fit the profile of a man who had just found his wife of 32 years bludgeoned to death.

During questioning at the



Francis was haunted by money worries

**KILLER**





**Francis lived the high life and loved luxury**



**Wife Jane was bludgeoned with a hammer**

## VICTIM

'Loser,' she taunted. 'It's your job to provide for us.' Then she turned on her heel and went back to bed.

Francis admitted that her words made him see red.

'I picked up a hammer from one of the shelves in the

kitchen and followed her to the bedroom,' he said. 'I hit her twice on her forehead while she was lying in bed.'

Francis explained that he'd then panicked and trashed the place to make it look like a burglary gone wrong. Then he'd chatted to his gardener as usual, thrown the hammer into a bin on the way out, and went to work as if nothing had happened.

In February 2018, Francis appeared at the Dubai Court Of The First Instance, charged with physical assault leading to death.

In court, his lawyer, Ali al-Shamsi, said Francis had not

intended to kill Jane, adding that the charge – a loose equivalent of the British charge of manslaughter – was the correct one.

'Pre-meditated murder means previous planning and criminal intent, which my client didn't have,' he told the court. 'A man who had already planned to travel back home [to the UK] along with his wife for their son's graduation, and for her parents'

anniversary, certainly did not previously plan a murder, nor did he have any intent to end his wife's life.

'What happened was the outcome of a moment of temporary insanity provoked by his wife's actions, when she learned that Francis was facing financial problems.'

The lawyer also said that prosecutors had failed to present any evidence showing criminal intent or premeditation. He

## Jane was found in a pool of blood

claimed that Francis's attempt to cover up the crime was not proof of premeditation.

'When my client knew his wife had died, he was in denial at first, then his imagination created this robbery story,' said Mr al-Shamsi.

He then presented a signed document from the couple's son, stating that he did not want his father prosecuted for murder. A murder conviction would have attracted a very harsh sentence, even the death penalty – though that is rarely imposed in the United Arab Emirates.

Despite the lack of a murder charge, Jane's family expected a long sentence, to reflect the brutality of the killing. But, returning for sentencing in March, they were stunned when Judge Fahad al-Shamsi gave Francis 10 years in prison.

Their statement outlined their outrage as they spelled out what Francis had done: *We believe the facts clearly demonstrate that this crime was a deliberate act. In the*

*defendant's own version of events, he collected the murder weapon, a hammer, in the kitchen and carried it down two corridors of the house to the bedroom. There was time to consider his actions. Instead, he delivered two hammer blows to the front of Jane's head.*

*He made no attempt to call an ambulance, and... has admitted that rows over money had occurred frequently for some time.*

*Jane was a loving wife, mother, daughter, sister and aunt. Losing her in such a brutal manner has left us bewildered and shocked.*

*We feel that justice has not yet been done, as we realise the actual sentence served may be less than the 10-year sentence. We hope this sentence is changed on appeal.*

Regardless of the result of any appeal, Francis will be entitled to early release for good behaviour, and may be out before the 10 years are up. He is likely to serve the first few years in Dubai Central Jail For Men, in the desert outside the city. It looks bright and modern on its official website and boasts of training and education for prisoners.

But Karl Williams, a fellow Brit wrongly imprisoned for a year, says it is a terrifying place, ruled by drug dealers and thugs, where he felt under

constant threat of beatings and rape. Karl and his friends were jailed after drugs were planted on them. He said he witnessed the murder of an Arab inmate, set on by other prisoners 'like a pack of wolves'.

Karl described the prison in a book published in 2016, after his release via a batch of pardons that are granted every year under Ramadan, the sacred Muslim month of fasting.

'Inmates with HIV are used by gangsters to infect other prisoners as a form of sick retribution and punishment, while murders happen weekly and rape is common,' he said. 'There are police, but they do not patrol the jail... it is run by the Russian Mafia, and it was only with their protection that we survived.'

It is a grim abode for someone who once lived the Dubai dream. But not as grim as the cruel death that Francis inflicted on his wife.

● Francis Matthew is appealing his sentence.

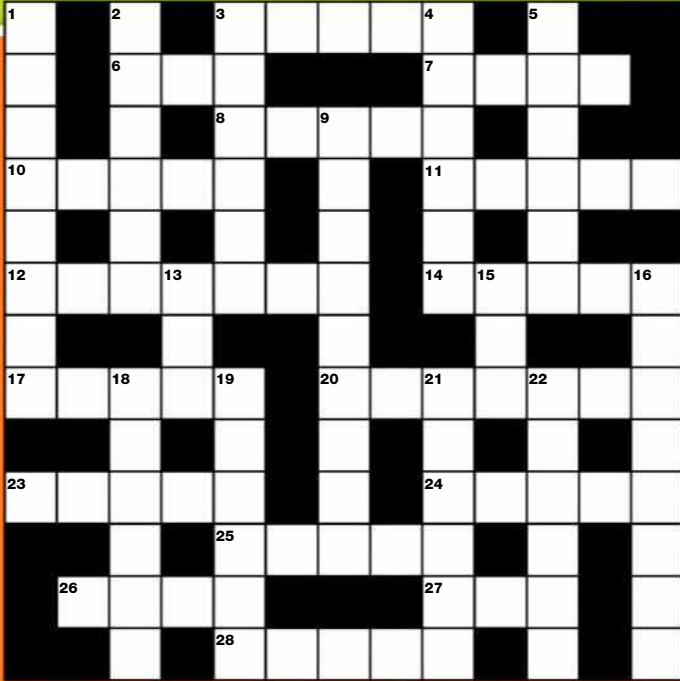


police station, though, Francis changed his story. He crumpled and spilled it all out...  
The story he told was a sorry one. He and Jane had argued the previous evening over money worries that meant they would have to move out of their beautiful villa to an apartment.  
It would still be incredibly luxurious but, in the thrusting atmosphere of Dubai, where money was everything, the move would have been a big comedown for the couple.  
The argument had continued when they got up the next morning, Francis said that, when he tried to avoid the row, Jane pushed him too far.



**Jailed in the desert for his bloody crime**

Give your brain a boost and pit your wits against our mix of testing teasers. See p35 for the answers.



## GIVE US A CLUE!

Take 10 minutes and give your brain a rev before your next wash load. Solution on p35.



**A**



**B**



**C**

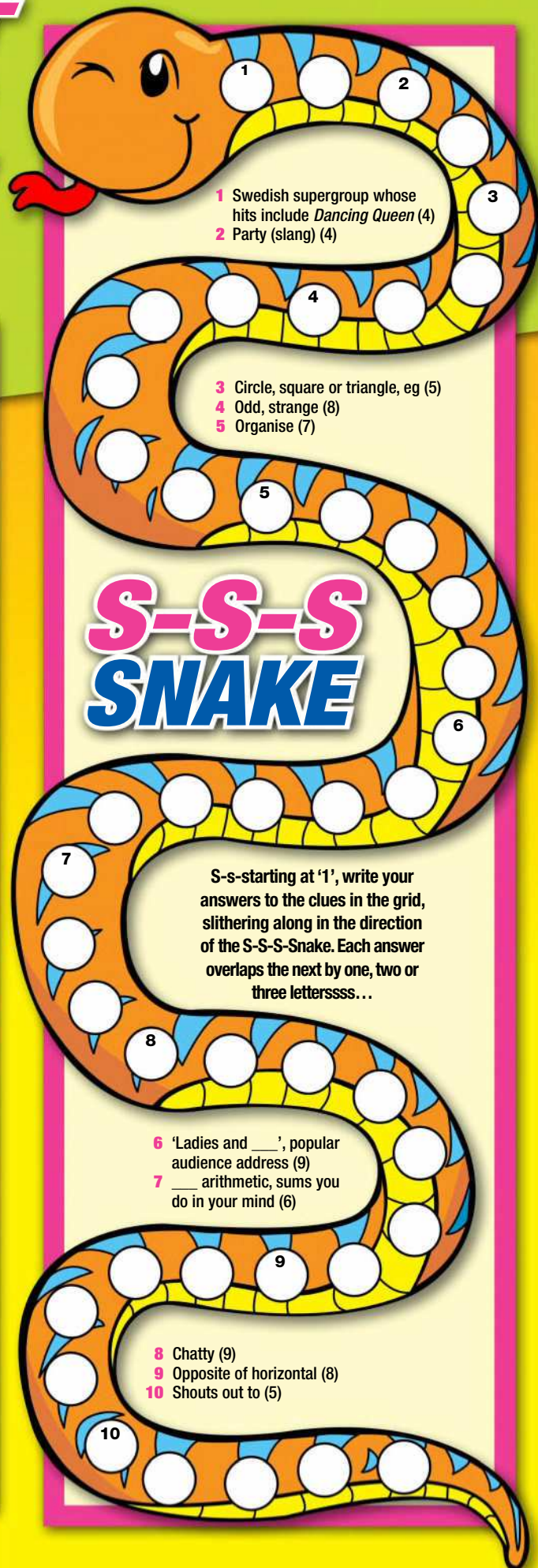
### ACROSS

- 3 **PICTURE A** In what city is this structure located? (5)
- 6 Diamonds (slang) (3)
- 7 I fell for it \_\_\_\_, line and sinker, expression (4)
- 8 Body's trunk (5)
- 10 **ANAGRAM REWON**
- 11 Edible sea snail (5)
- 12 The Queen and her immediate family, eg (7)
- 14 \_\_\_\_ *From A Small Island*, British travel book by Bill Bryson (5)
- 17 & 25A Which French Impressionist painter is best known for his paintings of ballet dancers? (5,5)

### DOWN

- 20 Town in SW France and place of Roman Catholic pilgrimage (7)
- 23 What word connects a stringed instrument to a main character in *Twelfth Night*? (5)
- 24 What is radio code for the letter 'I'? (5)
- 25 See 17A
- 26 Hideous fruit? (4)
- 27 Bible's first woman (3)
- 28 What does the 'E' in *TOWIE* stand for? (5)

- 4 Let's get this \_\_ the road, saying (4,2)
- 5 \_\_\_\_ Galbraith, crime-writing pseudonym of J K Rowling (6)
- 9 Processing 'rubbish' so that it's used again (9)
- 13 Farmhouse cooker (3)
- 15 Paddle (3)
- 16 Keeps up the amount of effort (8)
- 18 **PICTURE B** What is his first name? (6)
- 19 Someone employed to tour with a band to take care of equipment (6)
- 21 Suitable for both men and women (6)
- 22 **PICTURE C** What is this called? (6)



- 1 Swedish supergroup whose hits include *Dancing Queen* (4)
- 2 Party (slang) (4)

- 3 Circle, square or triangle, eg (5)
- 4 Odd, strange (8)
- 5 Organise (7)

## S-S-S SNAKE

S-s-starting at '1', write your answers to the clues in the grid, slithering along in the direction of the S-S-S-Snake. Each answer overlaps the next by one, two or three letterssss...

- 6 'Ladies and \_\_\_\_', popular audience address (9)
- 7 \_\_\_\_ arithmetic, sums you do in your mind (6)

- 8 Chatty (9)
- 9 Opposite of horizontal (8)
- 10 Shouts out to (5)

# I-SPY



Can you spot six differences between these two photos of an episode from ITV's *Midsomer Murders*? As this one's just for fun, to see if you're right, check your answers below...



## HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING!



You have 10 minutes to make as many words of three letters or more as you can out of the nine-letter word below. Plurals are allowed, but proper nouns are not. Letters can only be used once in each word. All words are in everyday use. Answers below.

**TARGET:**

45 or less – not bad

46–80 – good going

Over 80 – wowee!

**A P A R T M E N T**

### Piece of cake!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

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

Can you beat the clock?

### Not so easy!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

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

Can you beat the clock?

### PRIZE ANSWERS FOR ISSUE 14

**P12 – The Whopper!**

Prize answer: Fiftieth

**P17 – Roulette**

Prize answer: Pistachio

**P21 – Playing The Field**

Prize answer: Hit

**P26 – Fill Your Boots**

Prize answer: Spain

**P28 – Boxing Match**

Prize answer: Wordly

**P30 – Lost In Moo-Sic**

Prize answer: C) Brown Eyed Girl

**P30 – Cow-A-Bingo!**

Prize answer: 20

**P31 – Take Your Pick!**

Prize answer: B) Interval

**P36 – Go And Arrow**

Prize answer: Vegetables

**P38 – Prize Question 1**

Prize answer: B) Smith

**P41 – X Factor**

Prize answer: 12

**P42 – Small Wonder**

Prize answer: Cotton

**P42 – Nothing For A Pair**

Prize answer: Jenkins

**P42 – Nice Little Earner**

Prize answer: Competent

**P42 – I'm Too Hex-y!**

Prize answer: France

**P46 – Diabolical**

Prize answer: Switzerland

### Just for FUN SOLUTIONS!

**P20 – Reader Puzzle 1**

ACROSS Lost, Area, Scam, Sale.  
DOWN Lass, Orca, Seal, Tame.

**P20 – Reader Puzzle 2**

London Eye, Marble Arch, National Gallery, Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, British Museum, Hyde Park, River Thames, St Paul's Cathedral, Big Ben, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey. **Extra answer:** Houses of

**P20 – Puzzle Of The Week**

**Not hidden:** Watermelon

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

**P35 – Easy**

**P35 – Tough**

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

**P34 – S-S-S-Snake**

1 Abba, 2 Bash, 3 Shape, 4 Peculiar, 5 Arrange, 6 Gentlemen, 7 Mental, 8 Talkative, 9 Vertical, 10 Calls.

**P35 – I-Spy:** A1, A4, B3, B4, C2, C3.

**P34 – Give Us A Clue!**

ACROSS 3 Paris, 6 Ice, 7 Hook, 8 Torso, 10 Owner, 11 Whelk, 12 Royalty, 14 Notes, 17 Edgar, 20 Lourdes, 23 Viola, 24 India, 25 Degas, 26 Ugli, 27 Eve, 28 Essex. DOWN 1 Resource, 2 Disney, 3 Petrol, 4 Show on, 5 Robert, 9 Recycling, 13 Aga, 15 Oar, 16 Sustains, 18 George, 19 Roadie, 21 Unisex, 22 Dodger.

**P35 – Here's A Little Something**

Amp, Ana, Ant, Ape, Apt, Are, Arm, Art, Ate, Ear, Eat, Era, Ern, Eta, Mae, Man, Map, Mar, Mat, Men, Met, Nap, Net, Pam, Pan, Par, Pat, Pea, Pen, Per, Pet, Ram, Ran, Rap, Rat, Rem, Rep, Ret, Tae, Tam, Tan, Tap, Tar, Tat, Tea, Ten, Tet, Amen, Anta, Ante, Earn, Etna, Maer, Mana, Mane, Mare, Mart, Mate, Matt, Mean, Meat, Meta, Name, Napa, Nape, Neap, Near, Neat, Nett, Pane, Pant, Para, Pare, Part, Pate, Pear, Peat, Pent, Perm, Pert, Pram, Prate, Ramp, Rant, Rapt, Rate, Ream, Reap, Rent, Tame, Tamp, Tapa, Tare, Tarn, Tarp, Tart, Team, Tear, Teat, Temp, Tent, Tapa, Term, Tram, Trap, Tramp, Tramp, Trant, Antra, Apart, Arena, Atman, Attar, Manta, Mater, Matte, Meant, Paeon, Paten, Pater, Peart, Pram, Prate, Ramen, Remap, Tamer, Taper, Tater, Tempt, Tetra, Tramp, Treat, Enrapt, Entrap, Mantra, Marten, Matter, Natter, Parent, Patent, Patten, Patter, Rattan, Tamper, Tantra, Tartan, Trepan, Mantrap, Pattern, Rampant.

**P36 – Moo Of A Kind**

**Solution:** B & F

5	6	4	2	3	1
3	2	1	4	5	6
6	3	2	5	1	4
4	1	5	6	2	3
1	5	6	3	4	2
2	4	3	1	6	5

**P46 – Just For The Hell Of It!**

**Shows made by the channel Dave:** Alan

Davies: As Yet Untitled, Storage Huters UK



# PUZZLE TRAIL

# GO AND ARROW

If winning £100 sends you all a quiver, then this puzzle should hit the target!



Turn into	Stubbs, Sherlock's Mrs Hudson	Farmhouse cooker	Lease, hire	Cokey, party song	Easy as ... expression (1,1,1)	Regretted	Impulse	Frosty	US state, capital Honolulu	Islamic country	Ringo Beatles' drummer
					Popular Italian antipasto						
da Vinci, painter	Years old			Leafy veg	Aggressive dog			Sweet potato		Notion, concept	Run quickly, hurry
		Wrath				Sense of self			Strange, peculiar		
Move at a slow trot	Fix your eyes on	Attempt			Lyrical poem			Bullock, US film actress			
		Henpeck	Close-fitting					Elegy, tombstone inscription	Decomposed matter used as fuel	From Bangkok, eg	Winnie-the- Piglet's best friend
Beef, lamb, pork etc	Surpassed, went beyond	Poker stake									
								Sun umbrella	Speed contest	Liverpudlian (slang)	Freedom
Land, ground	Scrambled breakfast food										
		Jeans material	Stadium	Terminate - a mission, eg				Chinese martial art (3,3)			
Behave like a thespian	Facts and statistics				Go in	Amount of medication prescribed	Multiply by	Object, thing	Inlet	Terse, brusque	Second Greek letter
			Beach, popular Aussie bay				Frozen block for your drink (3,4)				
Lop off, cut	Finding Disney film				Red salad fruit				Computer operator		
			Witherspoon, film actress				Kenny radio pioneer				
Start	Grain used in whisky-making				Continue after a pause				Serving platter		



WIN

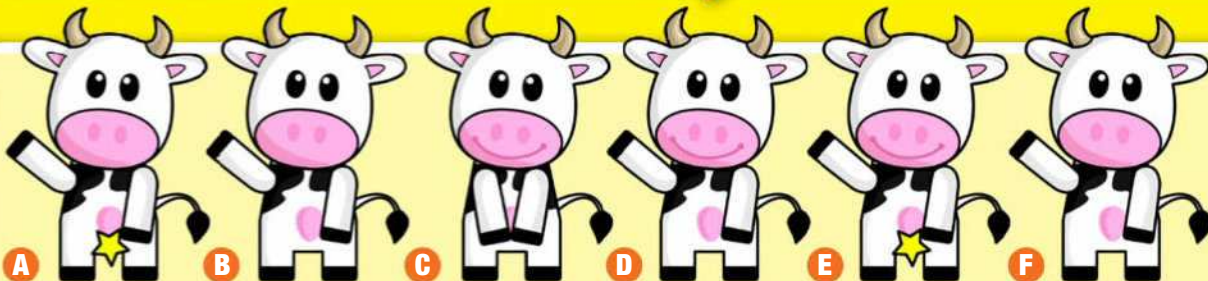
£100

Solve the arrow word in the usual way. When completed correctly, the yellow squares will answer the prize question. See p43 for entry details.

Q

Which girl's name did Shakespeare invent to use for a character in *The Merchant Of Venice*? (7)

MOO OF A Kind



Although the pictures of Florence, above, appear to be the same, look very closely and you'll see that only two of them are identical - which two? Turn to page 35 to see if you're right.

Enter online at [realpeplemag.co.uk](http://realpeplemag.co.uk)



FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 38

# HAM & PEA MUFFINS

**60P**  
per portion

UKSHALLOT.COM



**Makes 6 • Takes 35 mins**

- ✓ 150g baby new potatoes, quartered
- 3 shallots, peeled and sliced into rings
- Pinch of dried herbs
- 2tbsp olive oil
- 5 eggs
- 30g Parmesan, grated
- handful of frozen peas
- 2 slices of ham, chopped

**1** Preheat oven to 180°C. Tip the potatoes and shallots into a roasting tin. Sprinkle over herbs and season with salt and pepper. Drizzle over half the olive oil, and roast 15-20 mins.

**2** Meanwhile, beat the eggs, then stir through half the Parmesan and set aside. A few mins before the veggies are cooked,

drizzle the rest of the oil into the holes of a muffin tin. Heat for 5 mins, then remove from the oven and pour in the egg mixture, while the oil is still hot. Then divide the veg evenly between.

**3** Finally, gently scatter over the peas and ham. Sprinkle over the Parmesan. Bake for about 12 mins, until the egg has just set.

# PEAS-Y DOES IT

**Serves 2 • Takes 30 mins**

- ✓ 600ml vegetable stock
- 25g butter
- 4 spring onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed and chopped
- ½ green chilli, chopped
- 150g Arborio rice
- ½ glass white wine
- 125g British asparagus
- 100g peas
- 2tbsp Parmesan, grated
- 3tbsp crème fraîche
- Zest and juice of 1 lemon

**1** Put stock on a low heat. Meanwhile, in another pan, melt the butter and then add spring onions, garlic and chilli. Sweat for 5 mins. Then add the rice and mix well, before adding the wine.

**2** Once wine is absorbed, add the asparagus and start adding stock, ladleful by ladleful. After 15 mins of continuous stirring and adding the stock, taste and adjust the seasoning, then add the peas.

**3** After a further 5 mins, turn off the heat, add the Parmesan and crème fraîche, lemon zest and juice, then let them melt in before serving with some chopped chives.

Often overlooked as a simple side, this humble veg can add a whole lot of flavour to recipes

## PEA & ASPARAGUS RISOTTO

BRITISHASPARAGUS.COM



**£2.50**  
per serving

WORDS: GENEVIEVE MULLEN PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

**CHECK THESE OUT!**

★ Green & Black's chocolate is known for its sumptuous taste and luxurious flavours, so we think the new Pralines collection will make a fab gift for chocoholics. Dark or milk chocolate with a truffle filling, these have a delicate crunch. £4.89, nationwide.



★ For a fast and tasty way to pack protein into a veggie dinner, try Quorn's new Sweet & Smoky Strips. These flavoursome fillers are quick to cook, and have a meaty bite that veggies and meat-eaters will enjoy. £2, Asda and Ocado.



★ We reckon the new Thins range from Walkers Shortbread will be a dunkable hit. With flavours like stem ginger and double chocolate, these yummy cookies are light and buttery and have a meltingly crumbly bite. £2.25, walkersshortbread.com



**TIP**

For a perfect boiled egg, prick the shell with a pin before boiling to allow steam to escape.

**Real 37 people**



WIN!

## A yummy Yonanas Frozen Dessert Maker

**N**ever has the phrase 'just desserts' seemed more appropriate to describe a prize! Not only will you get your just desserts if you win here, but just desserts is pretty much what you will win! Confused? Then let me enlighten you... Up for grabs is a Yonanas 9284 Elite Frozen Dessert Maker, worth a cool £71.99.

This impressive little gizmo will whip up frozen desserts from fresh frozen fruit in frickin' minutes! And as if that's not enough, this clever little machine makes fruity treats that are almost too good for you. That's because even though what the Yonanas produces tastes like

a deliciously creamy bowl of ice cream flavoured to taste of the fruits you love, that's all its is: Fruit. No hidden sugar, cream, colouring etc – just the low-calorie, healthy and nutritious stuff. Wow!

We've got one to give away. Simply answer my prize question below for your chance to win...

For a chance to win, answer my prize question below. See p43 to enter.  
PQ1: With which sporting event do you associate strawberries and cream?  
A) Wimbledon B) Grand National

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 41



I'd fed hundreds of calves, but I couldn't feed my own baby!

### Chloe looked after 350 babies down on the farm – but when it came to her own, out came a sausage and a half!

**T**wo pairs of wellies stood like sentries at the door...  
... each trying to outdo the other in the caked-on cow muck competition! 'You're winning that one,' I laughed to my partner, Scott Nightingale, 23, as I padded round the kitchen in my thick socks.

We lived in a cottage attached to a dairy farm overlooking the sea in the tiny village of Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

Scott was farm manager and in charge of milking the cows. Being a farmer ran in the family – his grandparents had run a farm until they retired.

But I'd also grown to love the animals and the cycles of cows giving birth to their babies.

My job was to feed the calves – all 350 of them!

'There you go, little ones,' I said, as I swung the mechanical teats over the side of the pens.

But I winced as my arm

jarred against the feeding machine.

My contraceptive implant had been removed a week earlier.

The procedure had been painful for me, so I hadn't had another one inserted.

Two weeks later, I sought out Scott in the milking shed.

The familiar smell of the cows and their muck couldn't quell my nerves.

I watched as Scott expertly manoeuvred the moos into place.

He stroked the flank of one of the beasts and turned to me.

'I'm pregnant,' I blurted. 'You're lying!' he laughed, and turned back to pat the next cow. 'No, I'm not lying.'

This time he gaped at me, speechless.

We'd talked about babies, but I was only 21, and they were something we'd envisaged in the future.

But why not now?

We'd been together since I was 12, when me and Mum had moved into a new house, and a boy with a blond mohican had introduced himself.

Now the mohican was gone, and with our home and jobs, I reckoned we were in a stable enough position to start a family.



First cuddle with Daddy

# DERLY RGEOUS

**BANGERS  
& BABY**



**Ava-Rose just after she was born**

**I got to hold her for five seconds before she was whisked away**



**Just look at her now!**

swaddled in. Instead, I took in her beautiful button nose and silky brown hair... then she was whisked away. Ava-Rose needed emergency surgery. Scott's dad, Paul, took a photo of Ava-Rose just before she went into theatre. There was a chance she might not come through the operation, or that it might not be successful and she'd need a 'silo' bag. It would be tightened every day to gently push some of the intestines inside her body.

Me and Scott waited. After a six-hour op, the consultant returned.

'It's worked!' she smiled. I looked down at Ava-Rose in her incubator and at the neat 1in scar on her belly button from the surgery. After four days, I was allowed to hold her for 20 minutes.

'You're going to be OK, little one,' I whispered as I nuzzled her.

But I couldn't feed milk to Ava-Rose because we needed bile to clear from her stomach. Instead, a feeding tube in her wrist kept her hydrated.

But her veins collapsed, so her lovely brown hair had to be shaved on one side and the tube inserted into her head.

'I've fed milk to all those calves, yet I can't give it to my own baby,' I sighed to Scott.

Yet Ava-Rose began to thrive. I felt ready to look at the photo of her as a newborn.

The red intestines really did look like a string of sausages! But the surgery was a complete success.

Now, she's just turned one, and I can watch her gorgeous smiles till the cows come home.

**Chloe Walters, 22,  
Llys Caermedi, Carmarthenshire**

was a risk of stillbirth, the baby having spina bifida or being premature.

'The good news is you're having a girl,' revealed the sonographer. Back home, I scrolled the internet about the condition.

Sobbing, I gasped when frightening photos flashed up on the screen of babies with their red raw intestines spooling out of their bellies like sausages.

Two days later, I was back at the hospital for more tests – this time looking for spina bifida.

I knew the severity of the disability differed.

'If our baby has it, we need to think about whether or not we continue with the pregnancy,' I said in a small voice to Scott.

He nodded. Four days later, at 8am, my phone rang.

I knew it was the hospital with the results of the tests.

I listened, finished the call, then punched in Scott's number:

The sound of the cows mooing around blurred his 'hello'.

'She hasn't got spina bifida,' I said determinedly.

One of the cows mooed loudly. 'We're having this baby.'

Hooves clattered. We named her Ava-Rose. And the worry about what would happen when she was born eclipsed the joy I felt.

At 20 weeks, the scan revealed

that I had anterior placenta, which meant the placenta was attached to the front wall of the womb.

'That's why you can't feel her movements,' the nurse said.

Every other day, I had to be monitored at the University of Wales Hospital in Cardiff, so I had to give up my job feeding the calves.

And more bad news followed – the farm owner was retiring, so Scott's job came to an end two weeks before my due date.

And when his job went, so did the house. We'd be going home with a newborn to my mum's place.

In May 2017, at 39 weeks plus three days, I was induced. After 12 hours in labour, Ava-Rose was born naturally, weighing 6lb 8oz.

She was taken away immediately but, after a few seconds, the sound of a small cry filled my heart.

I couldn't see anything, but I knew she was rapidly being wrapped in cling film to prevent any infection and to maintain the temperature needed for the intestines on the outside.

'Please let me hold her,' I begged.

For five seconds, a bundle was placed in my arms. I tried to block out those gory Google images of what was under the blanket she was

Scott thought the same. 'We'll be OK,' he said, breaking into a huge grin.

At 12 weeks, I had my first scan at Glangwili General Hospital.

'All fine,' smiled the sonographer.

And, desperate to know the baby's sex, we booked a private scan at 16 weeks.

I lay on the bed, with Scott, his mum, Helen, 43, and sister Sara, 11, watching as the scanner glided over my tummy.

After she'd finished, she switched off the screen.

'I'm sorry,' she said. 'Your baby has gastroschisis.'

My heart began to thump and tears spilled down my cheeks.

The baby's abdominal wall hadn't developed properly and the intestines were growing outside the body, which meant that there

■ **As told to Harriet Rose-Gale & Moira Holden (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)**

**My beautiful little girl has made a full recovery**

**Real 39  
people**



# ★ Bob's **BiG** treasure hunt!



with auctioneer Bob Hayton

Got a boot sale bargain or an old ornament you reckon is worth a fortune? Why not let me - top auctioneer Bob Hayton - find out? Just send me a pic of your treasure. If it's printed, you'll get **£25** - even if it's trash!

## Dishing up a bargain?

**M**y grandparents left me this set of 1930/40s small plates, fruit dishes and a serving bowl. Is the set of any value?

**Sheila Dawes, Hayes, Middlesex**

■ I bet this vintage pressed glass set has seen a few trifles in its time, Sheila. Speaking of trifles, that's all it's worth - around £20 on a good day at auction.



## Pot luck

**I** was wondering if you could let me know how much these lovely vases are worth? I have two of them.

**Alex Low, Halesowen, West Midlands**

■ Luckily, of all the Jasperware - as these were called by Wedgwood - this colour is the most popular. Your pair of classically inspired vases, Alex, has a value of £30 for the pair.



PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

## ASK ME ANYTHING!

Need advice on a collectable? Just write in!

There's £25 for you, if we print it

**Q** I love this 16cm-tall glass lady, filled with layers of different coloured sands. I bought her many years ago for £4, and have always wondered how they managed to get the sand in a pattern like this.

**Colleen Brunton, Enfield, Greater London**

**A** These ornaments are often associated with Alum Bay on the Isle of Wight and are made from the multi-coloured sand cliffs. Your lady's still only worth £4.



## UNDER THE HAMMER

What's hot at the auctions this week - check your loft... if you find one of these, you'll be quids in!

● This Blüthner grand piano hit the right note with buyers, selling for **£6,000**.



● Bidding was relaxed for this Victorian sofa, which made **£700**.



● A Villeroy & Boch Granada part dinner service sold for **£220**.



● Seats on top! These seven London bus destination cushions went for **£160**.





# More tea, vicar?

What price would you put on this teapot, Bob? It says *Mason's Vista Made in England* on it, and the picture on the side looks like a church in a reddish colour.

**Debb Hunt, Nottingham**

If you look at the base, you'll find this has the words *detergent proof decoration* printed on it – a sure sign it's not an antique, Debb. It's a good-looking piece, but is unlikely to brew up a storm at auction. It's worth a £10 note.



## Funny money

Could this old copy of *The Beano* I found in the attic be worth anything? It's dated 21 August 1971 and is dog-eared at the edges, but still colourful and readable. It has the characters Lord Snooty, Minnie the Minx, Billy Whizz and, of course, Dennis the Menace in it.

**K McGuire, Grimsby, Lincolnshire**

It's a piece of nostalgia, for sure. But even in good condition – which this is demonstrably not – periodicals like this change hands for as little as £1.



## WRITE TO ME AT...

If you'd like my opinion on the value of your item, send in a clear photo, with as much description as you can, including size. Give details of markings or labels, and don't forget to include your full name, address and phone number. Send them to: Bob's Treasure Hunt, **Real People**, Unit 9, Apollo Business Centre, Trundleys Road, Deptford, London SE8 5JE, or email [Bob@realpeoplemag.co.uk](mailto:Bob@realpeoplemag.co.uk). I cannot value every item sent in or respond personally to letters.

## ★ Test your KNOWLEDGE ★



Guess the value of this week's item and

**WIN £100!**



Think about it... What did this green bronze meditating frog sell for at a recent auction?

**A £100    B £200    C £400**

**HOW TO ENTER** For your chance to win, simply answer the Test Your Knowledge question above, then turn to page 43, where you'll find full entry details.

Issue 19's item was a Buddha table lamp. Answer: A) £80

# PUZZLE TRAIL

# X Factor

Have you got what it takes to be successful? See if you can learn what that special something is from *Solo* star Alden Ehrenreich. For £100, use Alden to work out the number code for each letter of the alphabet. We've placed the Ls, now you do the same with the As, Ds, Es and Ns. The number that represents the letter 'X' is your prize answer. See page 43 for full entry details.

**WIN £100!**

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

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

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



**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 42**

PLEASE NOTE: ALL VALUATIONS ARE ESTIMATES AND WE CANNOT RETURN PHOTOS

PICTURE: GETTY

# PUZZLE TRAIL

Here's your last chance to win this week's fab cash prizes! See p43 to enter.



## Nothing For A Pair

... not in this game! The monickers of 12 celebrities who share a first name or surname with a plant or tree have been split in two and mixed up below. Keep matching until one remains. This is your prize answer. See p43 to enter.

Viola	Heather	Rowan	Pine	Willoughby
Azalea	Holly	Ash	Chris	Leslie
Lowe	<del>Willow</del>	Davis	Rose	Atkinson
<del>Smith</del>	Byrne	Locklear	Irvine	Daisy
Hazel	Allen	Bloom	Iggy	Lily

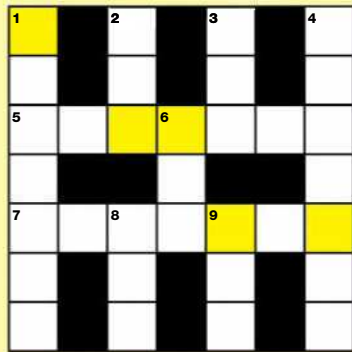
## Small Wonder

Here's a small but wonderful example of the nation's favourite puzzle. Solve it in the usual way. When completed correctly, the letters in the yellow squares, reading top to bottom, left to right, will spell out your prize answer. See p43 for entry details.

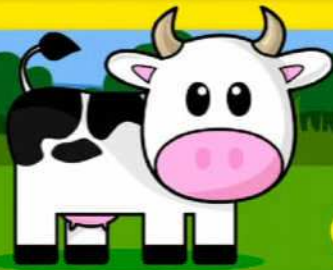


### ACROSS

- 5 Brussels \_\_\_\_, vegetables (7)
  - 7 School outfit, eg (7)
- ### DOWN
- 1 Digestive or custard cream, eg (7)
  - 2 Motor vehicle (3)
  - 3 Not me! (3)
  - 4 Bridegroom's sidekick (4,3)
  - 6 Gone bad, rotten (3)
  - 8 Writing fluid (3)
  - 9 Wise bird? (3)



**DON'T FORGET THE DEVILISH DIABOLICAL ON PAGE 46**



## NICE LITTLE EARNER

Cash in here by rearranging the characters below into a regular nine-letter word. Each letter must only be used once. See page 43 for full entry details.

**A C O R N P I L E**



## I'm Too HEX-Y!

Write the six-letter answers to the clues in this grid around the hexagons, starting at the point indicated by the arrows and always in a clockwise direction. When done, the letters in the yellow boxes, reading left to right, will spell your answer. See page 43.

Clues and starting points:

- Paper hankie (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Rubbish in a public area, eg (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Like one more than another (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Country, capital Athens (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Turned into (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Roof tiles (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Seating area in a theatre (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Gymnastic feat (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Small rodent kept as a pet (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)
- Show caution! (arrow pointing to a yellow hexagon)



# ENTRY COUPON



Issue 22, 07 June 2018 Closing date: Midnight 20 June 2018

## ENTER BY TEXT



Type a message starting with RPL22 followed by a space, using no punctuation, with your answer(s), name and address details to:

**84988** \*Texts cost 50p each per text, plus your standard network charge

## ENTER ONLINE

Just visit our fantastic website at [realpeplemag.co.uk](http://realpeplemag.co.uk)



Select 'Puzzles' and click the cover of the week you want to enter and fill in the online coupon - it's that easy!

## CALL THE HOTLINE



Simply list all your answers when prompted  
**UK: 09010 270073**  
**IRL: 1550 787025**

\*UK calls cost 30p per min plus your telephone company's network access charge and 97 cents in ROI. Over 18s only. Calls last no longer than 1½ mins. UK SP: Spoke (0333 202 3390) ROI SP: Spoke (0818 205 403)

**OR ENTER BY POST:** Send your answers to: **Real People, ISSUE 22, Hearst Magazines UK, The Data Solutions Centre, Worksop S80 2RT**

**01 The Whopper! P09** GVRLLP18331

£150  
ANSWER:

**07 Cow-Culator! P30** GVRLLP18337

£25  
ANSWER:

**13 Nothing For... P42** GVRLLP18343

£50  
ANSWER:

**02 Roulette P16** GVRLLP18332

£250  
ANSWER:

**08 Take Your Pick! P31** GVRLLP18338

Yamaha acoustic guitar or £172  
ANSWER:

**14 Nice Little... P42** GVRLLP18344

£25  
ANSWER:

**03 Playing The Field P21** GVRLLP18333

£50  
ANSWER:

**09 Go And Arrow P36** GVRLLP18339

£100  
ANSWER:

**15 I'm Too Hex-y P42** GVRLLP18345

£50  
ANSWER:

**04 Fill Your Boots P26** GVRLLP18334

Two-night break for two in Exeter  
ANSWER:

**10 Question 1 P38** GVRLLP18340

Yonanas Frozen Dessert Maker  
ANSWER:

**16 Diabolical P46** GVRLLP18346

£150  
ANSWER:

**05 Boxing Match P28** GVRLLP18335

Remington Cordless Lady Shaver  
ANSWER:

**11 X-Factor P41** GVRLLP18341

£100  
ANSWER:

**Test your KNOWLEDGE P41** GVRLLP18347

£100  
ANSWER:

**06 Lost In Moo-sic P30** GVRLLP18336

£25  
ANSWER:

**12 Small Wonder P42** GVRLLP18342

£25  
ANSWER:

★ *Good luck!* ★

**\*Terms & conditions** Only one entry per household. Phone, online and text entries must reach us by midnight on 20 June 2018, and three working days later for postal entries. Entry to competitions is open to readers aged 18 or over who are residents of the UK (inc N Ireland and ROI), except employees and their families of The National Magazine Company trading as Hearst Magazines UK, their printers and agents, the suppliers of the prizes and any other companies associated with the competitions. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post. The prizes must be taken as stated and are not transferable, although Hearst Magazines UK reserves the right to change the prizes in the event of unforeseen circumstances. Winners will be notified by post. Winners are responsible for expenses and arrangements not specifically included in the prizes, such as any necessary travel documents, insurance, passports and visas. No cash alternatives offered. Prizes are subject to availability and suppliers' terms and conditions. No purchase necessary. Winners will be drawn at random from all correct entries received by the closing date. Names and addresses of winners may be published in a future issue of *Real People*. A list of winners is available by sending an SAE to: Competitions Editor, *Real People*, Hearst Magazines UK, Unit 9, Apollo Business Centre, Trundleys Road, Deptford, London, SE8 5JE. No correspondence can be entered into. Editor's decision is final. Hearst Magazines UK reserves the right not to award prizes to multiple entrants, consortiums or entrants who have not, in the opinion of Hearst Magazines UK, entered into the spirit of the competition. By entering the prize draw, the entrant agrees to be bound by the rules and by any other requirements set out in the promotional material accompanying the promotion, and any failure to comply with those terms may result in disqualification of the winner and selection of a new winner, at the sole discretion of the Editor. Winners may be featured in the magazine and must be prepared to send in a photo. **Data protection:** We will use the information you supply to process your competition entry. For Hearst Magazines UK data policy, visit [hearst.co.uk/dp](http://hearst.co.uk/dp)

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Full name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_ DOB (DD/MM/YYYY) \_\_\_\_\_

Email\* \_\_\_\_\_

Phone no\* \_\_\_\_\_

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# DEAD LUCK



**I was high on life...**



**... even when I thought I was going to die!**

**Out of the blue, Joy had been told she had just six weeks to live. What to do with that?**



**W**iping away the vomit from my mouth, I slumped back against the driver's seat and cursed, 'Men!' For months, I'd barely been eating, had shrunk from 10½st to 6st, and now I was even chundering... And all because of a really rubbish relationship. My man had walked out on me on Christmas Day, ending two years of misery. *So how come I felt even worse?* 'Must be all the stress,' I moaned to my daughter, Demi, 21, when I got home and flopped on the sofa. My eyes fell on a pic I kept on the mantelpiece – of me with Demi, her twin brother, Aaron, and big sister, Sarah, 28. I'd raised them on my tod, and they were my pride and joy.

The photo had been taken five years ago, but I felt like I'd aged 20 years since then! 'I'm only 51,' I thought. A few weeks later, I doubled over with stomach pains. 'It's like I'm in labour,' I sobbed to Demi. 'I'm calling an ambulance,' she panicked. At hospital, doctors suspected gallstones, then an ulcer... Back and forth I went. Morphine helped with the pain. Finally, I had a CT scan. Afterwards, my consultant came down to talk to me. 'We've seen some unusual speckles,' he told me. 'You might have ovarian cancer. We'll have to open you up.' I listened, took it all in. I felt bizarrely calm.

'I'll get my answers now,' I told the kids. 'I'm going nowhere.' The following week, I had the op. When I came round, I stared down at my tummy. Bits of thread were coming out of me everywhere. 'Blimey, they had a good root around,' I groaned. Next morning, I was taken up to the cancer unit. Uh-oh. Bad news... My consultant was waiting. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'There are three tumours on your bowel. It's a secondary cancer, and we don't know where it started.' 'What can you do?' I asked. 'It's inoperable,' he said, softly. That's when the room started to spin. 'How long have I got?' I croaked, eventually. The answer knocked the last of the stuffing out of me. Two words... 'Six weeks.' I was 51, and should've had decades ahead of me! And all I was getting was a handful of weeks. *How was I going to cram a lifetime into that?* 'Chemo might buy you more time,' the consultant was saying. 'You'll need a double Hickman

line – one for food, one for chemo.' His words were like a swarm of bees, roaring in my head. Just noise. And panic... 'I need to get out of here!' I cried. I grabbed my phone, and called my best friend, Annette, 57. 'Come to the hospital,' I sobbed. She arrived 10 minutes later. 'Take me to the pub,' I begged, falling into her arms. 'Please come back,' my consultant called after me. But I needed to run, escape... Annette took me to a nearby bar and bought me a large vodka. 'I'll fight this,' I said, downing it in one. I went back to the hospital. Then home to tell the kids. 'I've got stage 4 cancer,' I croaked. 'And it's terminal.' 'No!' Demi howled. Aaron and Sarah fell into tears. 'I'm sorry,' I said, breaking down, too. 'I'll fight this. I will.' I'd dropped a bomb on everyone. Six weeks was no time to live a life, or to prepare for death. And everything moved so fast, the world spun. A few days later, I was on chemo, sleeping with a special tank that held my 'food'. 'What a way to spend my last



**Me and the girls popped over to Amsterdam for a very 'special' cake**

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK; BPM MEDIA \*NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED

# OIL BE SEEING YOU!



**Aaron and Demi came to visit me in hospital**

a Tic Tac.' My heart was racing. I kept glancing around nervously as Janet syringed the tiniest blob of the tarry stuff on to the sweet, then popped it in my mouth.

weeks,' I said to my friend Janet' when she visited.

She was looking shifty. Her eyes were darting around the ward.

Suddenly, she leaned over towards me. 'I've been researching cannabis,' she whispered. 'It's worked miracles for people with incurable cancer!'

'Drugs?' I gulped. I had them coming out of my ears!

As for street drugs, my only vice had ever been the fags, but I'd quit them years ago.

I was a mum-of-three, not an extra in *Trainspotting!*

'What have you got to lose?' Janet begged. 'It's the oil in it. A miracle worker.'

She was right. *What was I waiting for?*

I was dying. In six weeks. 'OK,' I said, nervously.

The next day, she came again and pulled her glasses case out of her bag.

'Here,' she said, flipping the lid open. An intense, grassy pong rose like a fug.

'Close it!' I giggled, grabbing my deodorant to mask the smell of the cannabis.

'The other patients will be stoned,' Janet tittered.

Laughing felt so good. And once we'd disguised the smell, Janet slipped a 5ml syringe from the spectacles case.

What was inside it looked like black tar.

'It doesn't taste nice,' she whispered. 'I'll put a drop on

'Eugh,' I grimaced, swallowing quickly. 'What happens now?' I asked.

'Who knows?' Janet giggled. An hour later, I needed a wee.

Wobbling down the ward, I hung on to beds to stay upright, with a big, goofy grin on my face.

'Are you OK?' a nurse frowned. 'Fine,' I giggled.

Back in bed, I pulled the sheets up to my chin. 'Everybody's watching me,' I muttered.

Finally, I fell asleep.

When I went home, a nurse visited each day to feed me via a tube – the only way I'd

## I was a mum, not an extra in *Trainspotting!*

'eat' now until I died.

I kept taking the cannabis oil, but I decided to tell the kids – they had a right to know.

'I'm not smoking any funny cigarettes,' I told them. 'No wacky baccy. It's not like that...'

'Try anything,' Demi begged. They just wanted me to live.

The trouble with my new 'medicine' was that I never knew when I'd get 'high' after taking it.

I could wake up stoned, or go to bed totally out of it.

Other times it barely seemed to affect me, and those times were the worst. Just me and time ticking loudly...

Soon, a whole month had gone. I was walking past a

McDonald's when the smell of meaty, cheesy burgers wafted up my nose.

'I'm so hungry!' I thought. In I went, tube-feeding be damned!

I ordered a cheeseburger Happy Meal.

'This is good,' I groaned, stuffing it into my face.

After that I had the proper munchies.

The six weeks came... and went. I was still alive!

'Your tumours are shrinking,' my consultant grinned after a scan. 'The chemo's working.'

'Maybe,' I smiled, coyly. *Chemo... or cannabis?*

*Who knew?* I decided to keep on getting secretly stoned.

'You OK?' Demi laughed one day, finding me slumped in the armchair, surrounded by Fruit Salad sweet wrappers.

The dietitian was not impressed at my fortnightly appointment.

'Have you been smoking funny cigarettes?' she asked.

'Well, not smoking,' I admitted. 'Taking cannabis oil.'

'Why?' she gasped. 'Why not?' I shrugged. 'When you're dying, you'll try anything.'

I had so much faith in my cannabis that when I developed sepsis in my Hickman line, I decided to stop the chemo.

'I'm going to take my chances,' I told my consultant and the kids.

And as 2017 started, the scans

one of them. *Loose Women* was on TV.

'These girls,' I giggled, as Coleen and the gang talked about all sorts. Then details about their competition came on – to win £84,000.

'What the heck?!' I laughed, texting my entry. Afterwards, I barely remembered entering.

A few days later, I was off to Spain. I never went away for long as I couldn't take my cannabis oil with me. The sniffer dogs would have a field day!

I kept ignoring a call from a funny 024 number.

'Blimmin' PPI,' I thought, as it kept up when I got home too.

One day, exasperated, I picked up. 'Hello?' I snapped.

'This is Kayleigh from *Loose Women*,' a girl said. 'You've won our competition.'

I needed to go to a ceremony in London to collect the cheque!

'I can't believe it!' I squealed. I thought I'd hit the jackpot, seeing my tumours shrink away.

Now, I'd won a packet to spend on all those years I didn't think I'd have!

I really must be the jammiest woman on earth.

I've now lived two years more than the six-week death sentence I faced.

I'm taking all the family to Spain soon, to spoil them with my winnings. I'm also waiting on the results of my latest scan.

I'm hoping I'll be told I'm officially in remission...

What has cured me – cannabis oil? Snake oil?

You can make up your own mind about that.

All I know is that I stared death in the face and yet I'm still here, still ticking.

And having the very best days of my life.

**Joy Smith, 52, Coventry, West Midlands**



**Me, Annette and Eileen in Dublin**



**Sharon Marshall presents me with my prize money**



# DIABOLICAL!



**Taskmaster...** All are hidden, except one – which one? This is your prize answer. Enter on p43.

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

- AL MURRAY**  
BANTER
- 'BEST ONE WINS!'**
- BOB MORTIMER**  
CHALLENGES
- CHAMPION OF**  
CHAMPIONS
- CHISWICK BASE**  
CREATED BY
- ALEX HORNE**  
CREATIVE THINKING
- EPISODE WINNER**
- 'FASTEST WINS!'**
- FRANK SKINNER**  
'FURTHEST WINS!'
- GREG DAVIES**  
GREG'S HEAD TROPHY
- 'HIGHEST WINS!'**
- HORNE SECTION THEME**
- HUGH DENNIS**
- JOSH WIDDICOMBE**  
KATHERINE RYAN
- LATERAL THINKING**  
LIVE TASK
- LIZA TARBUCK**  
MADE BY DAVE
- MEL GIEDROYC**  
'MOST LIKE
- MARMITE WINS!'**
- NOEL FIELDING**  
PRIZE TASK
- RICHARD OSMAN**  
ROB BECKETT
- ROMESH RANGANATHAN**  
RUSSELL HOWARD
- SALLY PHILLIPS**  
SCORE POINTS
- SERIES WINNER**  
SIT IN FIRST
- NAME ORDER**  
SIX SERIES
- STUDIO AUDIENCE**  
TASKMASTER
- TIM VINE**



**AND... JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT!**

We've hidden extra words in the grid above. But to make it fiendishly tricky, we're only going to give you a theme. This week: **SHOWS MADE BY THE CHANNEL DAVE**. To find out how many of them you have to look for, solve the mini sudoku on the right. The number in the yellow square is your target... mwah, ha, ha, ha, ha!

5	6		2	3	
				5	
6		2	5		4
4		5	6		3
	5				
4	3			6	5

PS We're not complete devils! If you want to know what the mystery words are, see Solutions on p35.

Enter online at [www.realpeplemag.co.uk](http://www.realpeplemag.co.uk)



# I AM A KILLER

TEN KILLERS. ONE LAST CHANCE TO BE HEARD.



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OFFER  
MUST END  
21 JUNE

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\*TV standard set-up: £20 for new TV customers, £199 for existing TV customers upgrading to Sky Q, otherwise £0. All Sky Q kit is loaned to Sky Q customers at no cost and must be returned at the end of your subscription. Broadband router delivery charge £9.95 applies. Sky network areas only.

Big Beasts - Last of the Giants © Offspring Films 2018. Separate contracts apply for TV (£20 per month (pm) for 18 months), Broadband Unlimited (£18 including line rental pm for 12 months) and Talk (£0-12 pm for 12 months). Broadband and Talk offer will continue to roll for additional 6 months. After 18 months, standard price for Broadband applies (currently £30 pm). \*\*Saving compares total out of contract prices for Sky Entertainment (£25 pm) and Sky Broadband Unlimited (incl. line rental) (£30 pm) with total prices when taken with new 18-month contract: Sky Entertainment (£20 pm) and 12-month contract Sky Broadband Unlimited (incl. line rental) (£18 pm). Available to new Broadband customers only. **Catch Up**: Compatible box and broadband required. Selected channels/programmes on Catch Up. **General**: Subject to status. External factors can affect speed. Upfront payment may be required. Prices may go up during your contract. Non-standard set-up may cost extra. Weekend set-up £15 extra. Connect to TV using HDMI cable. You own the Sky dish. Prices may vary if you live in a flat. You must get any consents required (e.g. landlord's). UK residential customers only. Email address required so we can keep in touch about your services. Further terms apply. Offer ends 21 June 2018. Correct at 15 May 2018.