

DIGITAL PRICE

79p

Bargain!



BELLA'S BIG HAIR MARE!

WIN!

A £350 CORDLESS VAC



# Real people

BURSTING WITH REAL LIFE!

No.42 26/10/17



## MURDER BY MOZZIE BITE

It tried to kill us both!

# RAPED IN THE CINEMA

FILM FIEND

LOVE IS...

## My Dayle's poo-bag TATTOO



## MY GROOM Brain damaged by a last BENDER

## BURIED in the same COFFIN



MUM

SON





THE FRAGRANCE FOUNDATION

# AWARDS

Promoting and inspiring the appreciation and enjoyment of fragrance.



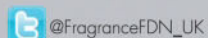
## The Fragrance Foundation Award Winners 2017

BLACK OSMANTHUS -  
MARINA BARCENILLA  
BOSS BOTTLED INTENSE -  
HUGO BOSS  
BRITANNIA - ROJA PARFUMS  
BY INVITATION - MICHAEL BUBLÉ  
FIG AMBRETTE - THE PERFUMER'S  
STORY BY AZZI

GUCCI GUILTY - GUCCI  
HARRODS  
L'ENVOL DE CARTIER - CARTIER  
L'HOMME PRADA - PRADA  
MCQUEEN PARFUM -  
ALEXANDER MCQUEEN  
MISSONI EAU DE TOILETTE -  
MISSONI

N°5 L'EAU - CHANEL  
NEROLI PORTOFINO FORTE -  
TOM FORD BEAUTY  
POP - STELLA MCCARTNEY  
STASH - SARAH JESSICA PARKER  
THE PERFUME SHOP  
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**#ScentMemories**  
Your stories through scent...



# This week in YOUR FAB VALUE

# Real people

38



Amanda's dog has got a porky pal...



It's the depths of autumn... thick black tights time. Woo-hoo! We can all ease up on the plucking and waxing and tormenting of our poor fuzzy limbs.

I like to think of a bit of fur as insulation. And in the dark months that's allowed – right? But if you think you've got a body-hair mare, then spare a thought for baby Bella (p14).

Her crazy Einstein locks are the cutest thing. But that abundant barnet is the only bit of her that seems to be growing, and the doctors can't explain why.

Laura has been through the wars, too, diagnosed with bowel cancer as she found out she was expecting again (p10). The disease took away her baby, transformed her body and destroyed her confidence. But then her hubby had a blinder of a brainwave... it's been making us smile all week at RP Towers.

And if you need a little lift, we've added another heap of prizes to Flo's already groaning Giant Sleigh Stack. Turn to p30 to feast your eyes on the prizes and find out how to enter!

*Karen*  
x

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

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Little Dylan's causing bedtime bedlam for mum Emma



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# ARE YOU ELF

# CONSCIOUS?

**WIN £50!**

**E**lvis the Elf is top of Santa's naughty list this year – he's only gone and done a runner from the workshop just as Crimbo plans are picking up pace. The good news is he's been spotted hiding out in the magazine somewhere.

Can you *pixie* him out on one of the pages?

Would a cash incentive sharpen your focus? Well, then let me tell you Mr Claus has put up £50 for information on where Elvis can be found.

For your chance to win, simply write the page number where you spot him (this page and the Entry Coupon don't count, clever clogs!) in the special space provided on p43.

Don't worry! Cash Cow has only moo-ved for the next few weeks – I'm on p13...



If you fancy having some fun with your own naughty elf – check out [www.elvesbehavinbadly.co.uk](http://www.elvesbehavinbadly.co.uk)

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

FOLLOW FLORENCE TO PAGE 12



# Our MAD WORLD!

Guaranteed to make you smile!

## LET THEM EAT DRIPPING CAKE!

Greggs' menu is loved by the nation, but did you know it does regional specialities?



An empire (above) and a stottie



- London cheesecake (pastry slice with almond paste, jam and coconut) – London
- Egg custard tart – Midlands, Leeds, Manchester and the South West
- Empire biscuit (iced biscuit sandwich with cherry) – North East and Scotland
- Pineapple cake (yellow pastry desert with fruit and cream) – Scotland
- Scotch pie (minced beef or mutton) – Scotland and Northern Ireland
- Dripping cake (spiced currant cake from pork or beef dripping) – Midlands and South West
- Bread pudding – Norwich, South East, Midlands
- Stottie (bap like bread used for sandwiches) – North East

## Comedy TOT

### Brotherly LOVE

I love this picture of my son Jack, two-and-a-half, entertaining his little brother Harrison, six months. They're my little stars!  
**Alison Tucker, Edenbridge, Kent**



Yo, my little bro!

**USA**  
A South Carolina woman who ordered a yoga mat online was stunned when the postman handed her a package containing 20,000 illegal narcotic pills. Instead of getting into the lotus position, she called the cops, who came and took the drugs away and notified the FBI.

**UK**  
Graham Rait, 74, thought his grandkids had left a toy badger in his Northants home. On trying to move it he was shocked as the furry beast bared its teeth! 'I called the RSPCA, I told them I hadn't been drinking. I was worried they wouldn't believe me,' he said.

## LOL – FEATHERED FAN

Does your man go on about football like a parrot? Well, there's a parrot in Northern Ireland who goes on about football like a fella! Sound a bit birdbrained? Yes, but it's totally true. Kelo, a grey African parrot, is possibly the Northern Ireland footie team's biggest littlest fan. He's owned by bird lover and footie supporter Linda Corry. Not only has he got the most brilliant Northern Irish accent, he can sing about his much loved 'Green and White Army' team.



## DUMMY MOVE

Residents in the Hertfordshire village of Aston Ingham are so fed up with speeding cars they're using a mannequin in a short skirt and low-cut top to slow down traffic. Once the villagers get a long-awaited speed camera, 'Betty' will head back to Dorothy Perkins' window.



**JAPAN**  
The first 'drive-thru' funeral home has opened so loved ones can now pay their last respects without leaving their vehicles. It's hoped to be a real boon for elderly mourners who find it hard to get out of cars and will speed up funeral services.

And as parrots can live up to 100, the national team could well have the loudmouth feathered fan for a long, long time!

Check out 'Kelo the African parrot joins the GAWA' on youtube.com

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, GETTY, SWNS, TWITTER, YOUTUBE





## DOUBLE TROUBLE

**M**y basset hound, Bernard, loves his little best friend. They both have the same hangdog expression!  
*Gemma Wakeling, Loughborough, Leicestershire*



**VATICAN**  
Food-allergic sinners will be sorry to hear the Vatican has outlawed gluten-free bread for Holy Communion. Cardinal Robert Sarah also said that adding fruit or sugar was a 'grave abuse'. Genetically modified low-gluten is OK if there are no additives.



## FEELING THE FEAR

**T**his is my boyfriend Johnny, 41, holding a bearded dragon. He doesn't like reptiles so this was hard for him, but I made him do it. I'm so proud!  
*Sarah Myers, Bracknell, Berkshire*



## HOPPING MAD!

**L**ike a modern-day Alice in Wonderland, a white rabbit who travels on public transport in London is obviously in a hurry to get somewhere. Whether he paid or was *hare* dodging nobody knows – but it gives a new meaning to hop-on, hop-off buses!



**AUSTRIA**  
A 'shark' has been fined under Austria's strict anti-burka laws. The man, working as a mascot for Vienna's McShark store, was asked by police to remove his headgear as it's illegal to have a covered face in public. He refused – and got a £120 fine.

## WE WANT YOUR LETTERS!

**£25** for each one printed. Send letters & original pics to Real People, 33 Broadwick St, London W1F 0DQ (letters@realpeoplemag.co.uk via email). Please include your name, address & phone number. If your picture is not original, we will not be able to pay you.

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

# 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

### Bad Habits, Holy Orders

Thursday 19 October, 10pm, Channel 5

'Young women in Britain embrace a life of drink, casual sex and self-obsession,' reads the rolling title that starts this extraordinary reality TV series. Channel 5's solution is to send five fun-loving ladettes to a nunnery for four weeks. The first thing to go is their thigh-skimming skirts and body-hugging outfits. Dressed demurely in black and white, Tyneside clubber Rebecca, 19, embraces her new look. 'I look like I'm ready to be whipped as a naughty nun in a porn film,' she says. Sister Linda corrects her, 'There are no naughty nuns.' The Sisters are going to have their work cut out here...



### The Davina Hour

Monday 23 October, 9pm, W

Davina McCall ends the first series of her debate show by asking whether our relationship with our smartphones is becoming a problem on the same scale as drug addiction. Rehab director Dr Nick Kardaras shares his views.



### Food Unwrapped

Friday 20 October, 8pm, Channel 4

Kate Quilton and her team of foodie geeks are back, asking questions you didn't realise you needed to know the answers to – like is the claim in the new Marmite advert true, that you can predict who will like the stuff?



### Paul O'Grady: For The Love Of Dogs

Thursday 19 October, 8.30pm, ITV

Paul O'Grady meets new arrivals at Battersea Dogs & Cats Home, including a supersize Shar Pei called Max.



DETAILS WERE ACCURATE WHEN WE WENT TO PRESS  
PICTURES: BATTERSEA DOGS & CATS HOME, RICOCHET LTD





# A MONSTER

# CALLS

**Dominique** was surrounded by scary aliens and sci-fi beasts. But danger was a bloke in scruffy jeans...

**D**odging my fifth Khaleesi, Mother of Dragons, from the telly show *Game Of Thrones*, I sidestepped a vintage 70s Doctor Who.

'The film's starting soon,' I told him, trying not to trip over his trailing woolly scarf.

Then my eye was taken by an intergalactic space monster, deep in conversation with Spider-Man! *What a buzz...*

It was 4 July 2015, and I was volunteering at ArcadeCon, a convention at Dublin's Crowne Plaza Hotel.

It was a gathering of the weird and wonderful, the geek and the gamer. I was one of them, having spent most of my teenage years glued to my games console.

Growing up gay in a little place like my home town of Donegal, I'd felt like an outcast.

So, this crazy collection of other outcasts, all decked out in fancy dress?

*They were practically family.*

I loved living with pals in the city and helping out at this event. But, as one of the team, there was no crazy costume for me.

As I wound my way through all the sci-fi apparitions, I wore a boring black polyester T-shirt. Then I arrived at the screening room – the job I'd been given for today. I'd be showing films in this small, air con-filled space off the main parade.

It was popular. I had a steady stream of fancy-dressed filmgoers. But, by 4pm, a competition to crown the best costume was underway and my little cinema emptied.

I nipped out for a burger, then returned to await

another audience. At first, it was just me. Then a younger girl wandered in and sat down, and we started chatting.

After a while a bloke came in, too. He was tall and stooped in his jeans, shirt and tie. His hair hung long and greasy to his shoulders.

I recognised his face, though we'd never spoken and I didn't know his name.

I was having trouble with the projector and, as I fiddled with it, the man wandered over to look.

He leant over me. He was close.

*Too close.*

For some reason, I felt my skin crawl...

But then he shrugged apologetically.

'Sorry I can't help,' he told me and wandered back to his seat. I felt stupid.

He'd only been trying to help me.

'I'll get one of the techies to look at it,' I told him, as the young girl got up to leave.

I decided to follow her. We had to pass the man, who was sitting at the back of the room just by the door. The girl opened it and went out, but when I reached the door

the man suddenly jumped up and slammed it shut.

*Clunk!*

He'd locked it, too!

We were all alone – just me and him.

My heart started to thump in panic. This wasn't right. I was in danger. And suddenly, with a lurch, I realised exactly what he wanted.

A scream tore from my throat.

He wanted *me*.

'What? What? Why are you screaming?' he said, a snarl in his voice as he stepped closer.

Tripping over my feet, I backed away from him. Then, turning quickly, I started to run down the aisle.

## He pinned me to the floor...

I only managed about to get about a foot away before he was upon me, body-slammng me hard against the wall.

I scabbled to stay on my feet. But he was everywhere, his body dragging me to the floor.

I fought to my feet, only for him to throw me into the chairs.

I scrambled. He pinned me.

*No. No. No. I couldn't*

*let this happen.*

Clutching my phone in my hand, I aimed it squarely at his head and it smashed against his skin.

Over and over, I bashed my mobile against this monster's face.

It broke, shattering into pieces, but his eyes stayed wild. He wasn't going to stop...

*I might as well have been an ant fighting against a hurricane.*

All my struggling did was to make him more angry.

'Drop the phone or I'll break your neck,' he snarled, forcing

his forearm against my throat until I couldn't breathe.

I kicked and pushed wildly, but he was just too strong, like a dead weight pinning me down. I needed to breathe.

*I had to give in...*

Terrified, I dropped my phone. He released me with a smirk and, pulling off his tie, used it to bind my hands in front of my body.

Then, as I covered my eyes with them, he tore off my clothes and forced himself into me.

I'd never slept with a man, but he raped me brutally, every possible way he could.

'Good girl,' he smirked.

And it went on and on.

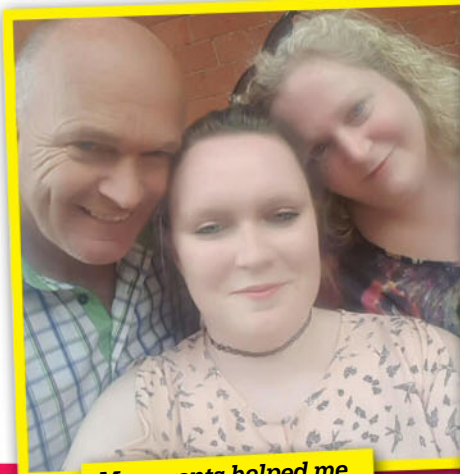
'I'm going to die,' I thought.

He pulled my legs over my head, ripped my body apart.

I wanted to scream, to tear the eyeballs out of his smug face. But I didn't.

'I've got a knife in my bag, and I'll kill you,' he promised.

It felt like hours, but it must



**My parents helped me face my ordeal in court**





# GAME OVER



ArcadeCon was full of people dressing up as monsters\*...



... but Keith Hearne was the real thing!



I had nothing to fear from pretend aliens\*



I've been given a life sentence of pain and fear

have been about half an hour. Finally, I heard someone fumbling at the door.

They had a hotel key card. The door opened and a face appeared. A team member.

*Help at last.*

My attacker sprang to his feet in shock, leaving me splayed on the carpet.

Taking my chance, I scrambled to the back of the room, naked from the waist down.

I fell at my saviour's feet. He was one of my fellow volunteers. His eyes widened in horror as I began to sob.

Then, five other convention staffers he'd called out for burst into the room, piling on to the man.

I ran into the bathrooms and collapsed on the floor. One of the other volunteers had followed me in and handed me my phone.

She'd rung my mum.

'Were you raped, darling?'

Mum asked. Rape...

I started to shake violently. In just one hour, my whole life had changed.

'Yes!' I cried.

We sobbed. Then the police arrived. Finally, I felt safe. 'Don't shut down the convention,' I whispered to everyone as I left.

I was rushed to a sexual assault treatment unit at Midland

Regional Hospital in Mullingar. Replaying the rape in my mind, I cried as a doctor and a nurse prodded and poked at me – inserting swabs, taking blood and fingernail scrapings, noting the injuries on my brutalised body.

My neck and inner thighs were livid with bruises. He'd torn me inside.

I was injected against hepatitis B, then pumped full of drugs in case I'd contracted HIV.

It would take two weeks to see if I was carrying a monster's child.

Thankfully, I wasn't.

For two days, I was held in hospital to recover. I couldn't even wee without pain.

On my last day there, I went out for a cigarette with my dad.

'He's not getting away with this,' I told him.

In that moment, I decided to share my story with anyone who would listen. I wouldn't hide away in shame.

The shame was his.

*A real monster hiding among pretend ones...*

I waived my right to anonymity so that I could tell my story in the local newspaper.

I wanted justice.

But, despite my outward strength, I jumped at every noise, terrified that he'd come back for me.

Eventually, I moved back to my parents' house in Donegal, just to avoid being alone.

Even that wasn't enough. Sick with fear, I couldn't eat solid food.

I'd lie awake at night, forcing myself not to sleep just to avoid the horror in my dreams, and I'd wonder why I was even here.

The rape was over, but it would never be over for me.

My body wasn't my own.

My skin crawled with a stranger's brutality.

Surely, the only way to escape this living hell was to kill myself?

Suicidal, I ended up in a psychiatric ward for a week, a month after the attack.

I also dropped out of my college course.

In just a few weeks, it felt like I'd lost everything. But I knew I had to be strong.

Police told me my attacker had been found with a prop knife, handcuffs, a mask and condoms.

*A rape kit.*

He'd deliberately set out that day to harm someone. Knowing that made me even more angry.

I spent two years obsessing about what I'd say when I got my day in court. Then, just three weeks before the trial was due to begin, Keith Hearne, 28, changed his plea to guilty.

This June, I finally faced him as he admitted two counts of rape, one of oral rape and one of false imprisonment at Dublin's Central Criminal Court.

The judge, Mr Justice Patrick McCarthy, said it was a case where it was 'frankly difficult' to express the horror of the offence.

As Hearne was sentenced to 12 years in prison, my friends and family crowded round me in the court and broke into applause.

I just smiled.

I was relieved, even pleased.

But to my mind, Hearne should have been jailed for life.

*Like the life sentence he'd given me.*

Nothing in my life is the same now. I'm having counselling and am stable on antidepressants and anxiety medication.

Still, I feel I have to live every day as if I'll be raped.

But that doesn't make me a victim. Wary, angry, scared at times, yes. But never a victim.

I'm stronger than I ever was.

Friends in the sci-fi community have rallied round, supporting me endlessly as I struggle to get back on my feet.

People might see us in our costumes and think we're a bunch of freaks.

But when a real monster called, it wasn't in fancy dress.

And his idea of fun? My rape.

**Dominique Meehan, 25, Donegal, Republic of Ireland**

● For more from Dominique, see @dominquemeehan on Twitter



# THE REAL STORY

**I**t took him 25 years, but Michael Sams finally killed my best friend.' These were the words of a pal of Stephanie Slater, an estate agent who was kidnapped, raped and held hostage for eight days back in 1992.

Stephanie died last month aged 50, only 11 days after being diagnosed with cancer. Her obituaries contain little but a constant retelling of her torture, and the repetition of 'she never got over it'.



Stephanie Slater

Stephanie's ordeal shocked the country - but long after the papers were chip wrapping, she was haunted by her experiences. But could it have killed her?

'Victims of any violent or sexual crime often have specific psychological and emotional challenges to overcome. Psychological trauma can contribute to poor mental health,' says forensic psychologist Dr Ruth Tully. 'Problems can include depression, anxiety, complex trauma, and post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). If left untreated, these issues can also impact other aspects of the person's life, such as work and relationships.'

Real People's Miyo Padi looks at the horror after the headlines...



Sarah was abducted on 1 July 2000

# KILLING SLOW

For some victims of crime, the suffering goes on long after the case is solved

**'From the moment Sarah was taken, that was it for him'**

**S**eventeen years have passed since the abduction and murder of eight-year-old Sarah Payne rocked the nation.

Sarah was playing with her three siblings in a cornfield near her grandparents' Sussex home when she was snatched by paedophile Roy Whiting.

Moments later, one of Sarah's older brothers came looking for her and saw Whiting, who smiled and waved to him as he drove off. Unknown to the little boy, Sarah was already in the back of Whiting's van.

Two weeks later, following a huge manhunt, Sarah's body was found dumped in a field 15 miles from where she'd disappeared. Whiting was jailed for life to serve a minimum of 40 years in December 2001.

Two years on, in 2003, Sarah's parents, Sara and Michael, split after 18 years together, both blaming their grief.

Sara Payne campaigned successfully for 'Sarah's Law', a scheme that allows parents to check if someone with access to their child is on the sex offenders register, and received an MBE for her perseverance in the protection of children.



Sarah Payne's father, Michael, turned to drink following her murder

But Sarah's dad shunned the spotlight and was so consumed by his grief that he turned to drink. On 27 October 2014, Michael Payne was found dead in his Kent flat. He was just 45. While the cause of Mike's death was never released, family blamed the drinking. Brother Alan said, 'Michael has been in a downward spiral since it happened. I know he tried to get help from doctors but it took over. For Michael, the moment Sarah was taken was it for him.'

Michael's mum agreed, saying, 'I think he drank himself into oblivion to escape the pain.'

## 'Raoul Moat's

At 12.43am on 4 July 2010, fugitive Raoul Moat called police to warn them that he was out to attack officers. He'd already killed Chris Brown, 20, and seriously injured his former partner Samantha Stobbart, 22. Just 12 minutes later, traffic enforcement officer David Rathband was shot twice at a roundabout. In the hunt for Moat,



officer David Rathband was shot twice at a roundabout. In the hunt for Moat,



# ME WLY

## THE LASTING IMPACT

**DR RUTH TULLY**, forensic psychologist and director of Tully Forensic Psychology, says, 'The impact of crime on victims and their family can be incredibly detrimental. If a person is unsupported, their ability to recover from a traumatic event can be impaired, which is why it's crucial that victims have access to psychological treatment.'

'I have worked with victims of these types of offences and, in my clinical practice, the primary needs of victims have

related to trauma symptoms. "Re-experiencing" is a common symptom of PTSD, which can involve flashbacks, nightmares, recurrent intrusive distressing images, and physical sensations. The person may have specific "triggers" that cause them to experience these symptoms.

'For those whose victimisation is in the press, these constant reminders of what they have gone through could trigger their symptoms, and be unhelpful in their recovery.

'This is why any reporting on offences and high-profile cases in the media should be done with extreme sensitivity, and in collaboration with the victim's wishes where possible; there is the risk that the reporting of the offence could be harmful to the person, especially repeated reporting of their victimisation.'

'If you have experienced a traumatic event, then please seek support from your GP in the first instance, and/or relevant support groups.'

### 'She never got over it'

It was the image of depravity. Jill Saward, 21, was at home with her boyfriend and father, the vicar of Ealing, at lunchtime on 6 March 1986 when a gang broke in. They beat both Jill's father and partner with a cricket bat, fracturing both their skulls, and raped Jill.

Three men went on trial in 1987, with two being handed lenient sentences for their part in the assault. Judge Sir

John Leonard justified the move, as Jill's trauma was 'not so great'. The attack garnered huge coverage and was dubbed 'The Ealing Vicarage

**The Ealing vicarage**

Rape'. Jill then became the first victim of a sexual offence in Britain to waive her right to anonymity, meaning the press could name and picture her in relation to the rape. She used that coverage to campaign for victims' rights, as well as establishing a support group for rape victims. She also changed guidelines for the sentencing of sex offenders to give greater emphasis to the impact on the victim.

Jill died after suffering a stroke this January, aged 51. Her husband Gavin Drake claimed the assault had never been far from Jill's life, explaining, 'She lived a full life. But it was always there. She never got over it. I don't think many do.'



**Jill used her coverage to campaign for victims' rights**

### 'final victim'

police released pictures of the officer prior to treatment (see left).

The shooting left David blind. After the incident, David set up a charity to support emergency services injured in the line of duty, won a Pride of Britain award in recognition for his courage, and gave interviews in the press saying things like 'I am just very lucky'.

But in November 2011, David and his wife of 20 years, Kath, split. Three months later, in February 2012, David was found hanging at his home in Blyth, aged 44. Sue Sim, David's chief constable,

**David, with Kath, struggled to cope after the attack**

described him as 'Raoul Moat's final victim'.

In January 2014, a coroner ruled that David had killed himself after struggling to cope with his disability and the breakdown of his marriage.

### 'Damilola's killer took Gloria's life, too'

Damilola Taylor was just 10 years old when he died in one of the UK's most high-profile killings. Damilola was attacked and received a gash to the thigh with a broken bottle as he walked home from a library in Peckham in November 2000. He was then left to bleed to death for over half an hour in a stairwell.

After three separate trials, two boys – who were just 12 and 13 at the time – were convicted of manslaughter.

Through their grief, Damilola's parents, Richard and Gloria, were praised for their grace and dignity. In

2001, on the first anniversary of their son's death, they launched the Damilola Taylor Trust to support young victims of crime and youth offenders. Gloria said, 'We would like to heal many of the ills faced by today's youth.'

But, of course, the Taylors had their own pain to deal with. Shortly after Damilola's death, Gloria was diagnosed with high blood pressure. In April 2008, she died of a heart attack while out walking in south-east London.

'There is no doubt in my mind that those who killed Damilola took Gloria's life, too,' her husband Richard told the newspapers.

**Gloria died only a few miles from where her son was killed**



● If you have been affected by crime and you need confidential support or information, visit [victimsupport.org.uk](http://victimsupport.org.uk) or call their support line free on **0808 168 9111**. Phone lines are open 24/7.



When **Laura** started pushing her fella away, he got that *inking* feeling...

# BAGS OF LOVE

**W**eaving my way through the scrum of bodies, I tried not to stack it in my 4in heels.

The club was heaving but, through the horde, I spotted a face I really didn't mind seeing.

*The most gorgeous fella in the room.*

I went right up to him. 'My friends are leaving,' I said.

He had dark hair and eyes, sexy tattoos on both arms.

'Stay,' came his reply. 'I'll take care of you.'

And then he gave me that cheeky grin, the one that always got me...

Flirting with Dayle Andrews, 22, was as natural as saying 'bless you' when someone sneezed. He was a baker in Asda, and we'd met a couple of years earlier through mates. From the start, we'd had good banter.

Now, for the first time since then, we were both single.

Dayle leaned in close.

'Can I kiss you?' he whispered.

I nodded, and he nearly snogged me out of my clothes there and then!

By our first anniversary, in March 2014, I couldn't even remember who'd said 'I love you' first. It was as though we'd always been 'us'.

We found a house to rent together - a two-bed, so that Layton, Dayle's four-year-old son from an earlier relationship, could stay over sometimes.

Three months later, I was expecting a baby of our own. Myla arrived in March 2015, with shining blue eyes and little tufts of dark hair.

'A healthy 7lb 10oz,' said the

midwife, placing her in my arms. But, looking down, I gasped.

*What the...?*

Myla's pink Babygro had the words *Mummy, will you marry my daddy?* written on it.

And there was Dayle, beaming and holding out a stunning silver and diamond ring.

'Of course!' I blubbed.

We tied the knot this year, with Layton, now seven, as page boy and ring bearer and Myla as our flower girl.

Dayle had Myla's name tattooed on his left arm, to match the one he had for

just a standard letter they gave everyone, I told myself. But the consultant at the hospital did another internal, and her expression was grim. Dayle gripped my hand and looked deathly pale as she gave us the news. But I felt like I was hovering above, watching all this happen to someone else.

'You need further tests, but there's no doubt in my mind you've got bowel cancer,' was how the consultant put it.

*No kidding myself now...*

It was a three-week wait for a colonoscopy, where they would

Layton on the other:

We had so much to look forward to. We now owned a three-bedroom house, and we planned on having more children. I'd never been happier.

There was just one thing that wasn't quite right.

For a couple of months, I'd noticed blood in my stool every time I went to the toilet. Gradually, it was becoming more frequent.

Worried, Dayle asked me to see the doctor. But I was sure it would clear up on its own.

'It's just one of those things,' I told myself.

urge to 'go' up to 10 times a day, but only passing blood.

'I also get stomach pains and shooting pains in my bum if I sit down for too long,' I explained to the doctor.

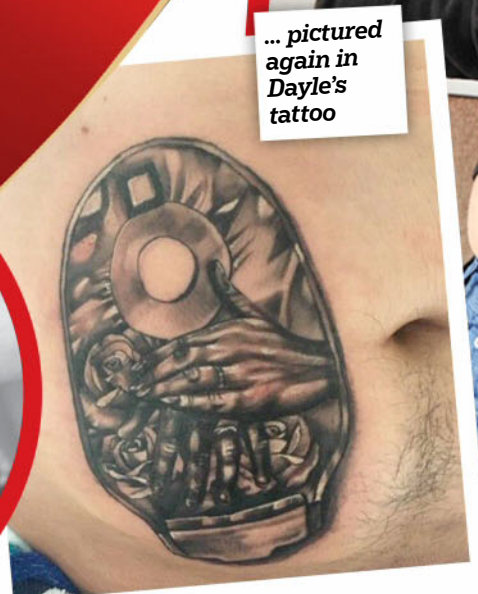
The GP frowned and did an internal examination. 'I'd like you to go for more tests,' she said, handing me a referral letter, in which I noticed a mention of Macmillan Cancer Support.

Although it was there in black and white, I still didn't believe it. *Not cancer.*

I was only 24, young and healthy. This was obviously



Wedding pic of our entwined hands...



... pictured again in Dayle's tattoo

## Would he ever fancy me again?



I've so much to live for





**We're a real love match**

put a camera inside me to see how far up the cancer went.

In the meantime, I walked around in a fog, numb.

'I can't believe this is happening,' I told Dayle.

But there was no escaping the symptoms. They were getting worse. I was being sick and couldn't keep anything down.

*What did it mean? Had the cancer spread?*

I went back to the GP, who did a urine sample.

'Laura, you're pregnant,' she said, gently.

For a second, I could barely breathe. It must have happened in the two weeks between me coming off contraception and finding out I had cancer.

'You shouldn't make any forward plans,' she said. 'You won't be able to receive treatment if you're pregnant.'

Devastated, I burst into hysterical tears. This should have been the happiest news in the world...

Four days later, the camera test confirmed my rectum was riddled with cancer.

'We can't begin to treat you while you're pregnant. I'd strongly advise that you have a termination,' I was told.

At home, Dayle held me and let me sob for as long as I needed to. We talked for hours. Neither of us could bear the thought of aborting our baby.

'But if I delay treatment for nine months, I might not even be alive to bring up this baby, or Myla and Layton,' I cried.

It wasn't a choice at all. I had to live, for my children and for Dayle.

At the hospital, a nurse gave me two little pills, and we said goodbye to our baby. It was the hardest day of my life.

Two very difficult months passed and then, in May, I was scheduled for surgery.

Tests had shown my colon was full of polyps. One had burst, causing the cancer, and the rest could turn cancerous, too.

Over four hours, surgeons removed my entire colon and rectum. I'd never go to the toilet in a normal way again.

Instead, I was told I would have to use an ileostomy bag, through an opening called a stoma. It would link straight to my small intestine to collect the waste that would usually pass through the colon.

The procedure could never be

reversed. This was for life.

It was a lot to take in. I was a young woman. I felt as though I was losing my identity.

After the op, I refused to look at my stoma. Just the idea of it freaked me out.

I was even more terrified of Dayle setting eyes on it. How could he ever see 'me' again, and not the hideous bag? How would he ever be able to fancy me?

In his usual cheeky way, he sneaked a look while helping me change my pyjamas the day after the op.

'It actually looks good. They've done a great job,' he said.

He persuaded me to look, too.

Glancing down, I was flooded with relief. The bag was neat and tidy, stuck on the right-hand side of my abdomen. It wasn't gross or scary at all.

With my clothes on, no one would even guess I had a stoma.

I learnt how to change the bag daily myself and, a week later, I was back at home.

*But I felt so down.*

I just couldn't accept that Dayle could be attracted to this version of me.

I kept thinking that he would go off and find someone else.

'Leave,' I told him. 'You shouldn't be tied to someone like me.'

'I'm going nowhere,' he insisted.

But I still couldn't believe him.

Then Dayle had an idea.

'I'm going to get a new tattoo,' he said. 'And this one is just for you.'

Later in the week, he gave me a kiss and headed out of the door.

He returned three hours later, and £180 lighter...

'Where is it?' I asked. I couldn't see anything.

Then Dayle whipped up his shirt, and there it was.

*A tattoo of my stoma bag!*

'You're crackers!' I giggled.

It was in the exact same place as mine. In the middle of it was a copy of my favourite wedding photo, of our hands intertwined.

'It's to show that I'll hold your hand through anything,' Dayle explained.

It was the most romantic thing I'd ever seen. An incredible display of love and commitment.

'I adore you, Laura,' he said. 'Nothing could make me love you any less. I hope you know that now.'

I threw my arms around his neck. Finally, I believed him.

Now we've both had cancer-ribbon tattoos done, and last month, we treated ourselves to a much-needed family holiday in Tenerife. A new start.

I was worried about people seeing my stoma bag by the swimming pool. So I bought some special high-waisted bikini bottoms that have a secret compartment to hide the bag. No one was any the wiser.

'The only bag on show is yours, Dayle!' I laughed.

Back at home, I'm having chemo, and the doctors say my prognosis is very good.

I had some of my eggs frozen in case the treatment leaves me infertile. We'll never forget the baby we were forced to say goodbye to. But we're hopeful we'll have another child one day.

Although I'll never take anything for granted again, I know, more than ever, that I can rely on Dayle.

Just like the tattoo on his stomach, his love will never fade.

**Laura Andrews, 24, Blackburn, Lancashire**

**On our holiday in Tenerife**





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



**ACROSS**

- 1 Popular flavour of ice cream (7)
- 8 Nauseous, feeling a little unwell (6)
- 11 Yuck! (3)
- 12 Cow's noise (3)
- 13 \_\_\_ Carell, actor whose latest film, *Battle Of The Sexes*, is out next month (pictured) (5)
- 14 Measuring stick (5)
- 16 Humpback, eg (5)
- 17 Athlete who glides down the piste (5)

- 18 \_\_\_ Knightley, **13A's** *Seeking A Friend For The End Of The World* co-star (5)
- 19 Uncooked (3)
- 21 International distress signal (1,1,1)
- 22 Organise differently (5)
- 24 Frugal (7)
- 26 Prone to spontaneous behaviour (9)
- 27 \_\_\_ Miller, British actress and **13A's** *Foxcatcher* co-star (6)
- 29 Friend you write to (3,3)

- 31 Ties (7)
- 34 Opposes (7)
- 37 US state (7)
- 38 Vast, huge (7)
- 39 \_\_\_ Wiig, **13A's** vocal co-star in all three *Despicable Me* films (7)
- 42 Show such as *Annie* or *Oliver!*, eg (7)
- 45 Former Spanish currency unit (6)
- 49 Hot drink (6)
- 50 Not good at the sight of blood, eg (9)
- 51 Tuneful (7)

- 52 Turned down (7)
- 55 Consume food (3)
- 56 Barrel (3)
- 58 Intense light beam (5)
- 60 Slug with a shell! (5)
- 62 Helicopter blade (5)
- 64 Not now – in a while (5)
- 65 \_\_\_ Bacon, **13A's** co-star in *Crazy, Stupid, Love* (5)
- 66 Grecian vase (3)
- 67 Health resort (3)
- 68 \_\_\_ Freeman, **13A's** co-star in *Evan Almighty* (6)
- 69 Spinning \_\_\_, telling tall tales (5)

**DOWN**

- 1 Person who has come to call (7)
- 2 Requires (5)
- 3 Ogling (7)
- 4 Country, capital Canberra (9)
- 5 Quick downpour (6)
- 6 \_\_\_ Stone, **13A's** co-star in new film *Battle Of The Sexes* (4)
- 7 The feminist movement (6,3)
- 8 Fast-moving ballroom dance (9)
- 9 At a prior time, before now (7)
- 10 Spicy tomato-based sauce (5)
- 15 All set, prepared (5)
- 20 \_\_\_ Ferrell, actor and **13A's** co-star in both *Anchorman* films (4)
- 23 Elbow or knee, eg (5)
- 25 Former French currency (5)
- 28 Neither that one or the other (3)
- 30 Recede, flow back (3)
- 31 Use your brain! (5)
- 32 Historical period (3)
- 33 Country, capital Madrid (5)
- 34 Poppy drug (5)
- 35 \_\_\_ Carrey, **13A's** vocal co-star in *Horton Hears A Who!* (3)
- 36 Magical incantation (5)
- 40 Perfect (5)
- 41 Young newt (3)
- 43 Alien spacecraft (1,1,1)
- 44 Strategic game where the aim is 'Checkmate!' (5)
- 46 Find out for sure (9)
- 47 Small yellow wildflower (9)
- 48 \_\_\_ Wahlberg, **13A's** co-star in *Date Night* (4)
- 49 \_\_\_ Bale, **13A's** co-star in *The Big Short* (9)
- 51 Catwalk worker (5)
- 53 Openly, candidly (7)
- 54 Sewer (5)
- 57 Bright and showy (6)
- 58 French bingo (5)
- 59 Lift and drop shoulders in disinterest (5)
- 61 Sexual partner (5)
- 63 \_\_\_ Collette, Aussie actress who co-starred with **13A** in *Little Miss Sunshine* (4)

**PRIZE QUESTION: What was the name of 13A's character's love interest in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*? (5)**

**TAKE THE Real People TIME CHALLENGE:**

- 40 mins or less: *Carell done!*
- 41-50 mins: *Had a little something up your Steve?!*
- 51-60 mins: *Bit even-Steve-ns*
- Over an hour: *Despicable!*



PICTURE: GETTY



**WIN!**

# A Super Shark Cordless Vacuum Cleaner!

**L**et's be fair, vacuuming ain't the best chore, is it?! Before you even start you have to spend five minutes in the big cupboard looking for the extension lead, and that won't take you everywhere you need to go! Different heads for different surfaces shoved down the back of your jeans and hanging out of your mouth. Never again! Put your headphones in, crank up Beyoncé and

get ready for some dirty dancing because o-o-o, o-o-oh my goodness hoovering just got sexy – all thanks to the Shark DuoClean Cordless Vacuum Cleaner with Flexology (RRP £349.99).

It's lightweight, you don't need to plug it in, it bends so you don't have to, and with the added soft rotating brush you don't have to change heads, either! Hard floors, carpets, walls, curtains, worktops – you can go anywhere. And with 2 x rechargeable batteries, you can be charging one while the other's in use. The sheer ease and convenience of the Shark IF250UK means you'll get the housework done faster, and that equals more time for you!

We've got one to give away, so a win here means you will literally clean up! See my prize question, below...

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

**PQ1: What kind of shark terrorises Amity Islanders in Jaws?**

A) Great White B) Hammerhead



**PUZZLE TRAIL**

## CASH COW

It's udderly FAB!

**WEEK 8**

**Thank goodness you found me!**

I'm only going to be hanging out here for a few weeks. It's just so I can squeeze in the Are You Elf Conscious? competition for some extra festive fun in the run-up to Christmas!

It's week eight of Cash Cow, so it's time to put this week's letter together with the ones you've been collecting from the past seven issues and rearrange them to create an eight-letter word...

For your chance to win the whopping £1,000 prize, write your answer in the appropriate place in the coupon on page 43. Good luck!

**WIN £1,000!**



PICTURES: BIGSTOCK

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

**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 16**



# Quick READS

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Bella's tiny - but she's got really BIG hair!

## MANE ATTRACTION

**Philippa's daughter has had a hairy time of it, but she's definitely top of the mops...**

**S**tars danced across the ceiling, bathing it in a pale pink glow. 'It's perfect!' I smiled at my partner, Matthew Cole, 33, who'd just fitted the night light in our newly-decorated nursery. It was May 2016, and we were a month away from welcoming our first child - a girl we'd decided to call Bella. I'd always wanted to be a mum, and was so excited as we counted down the days. 'As long as she doesn't have your ginger hair!' I giggled, poking Matthew playfully in the ribs.

I had long, dark locks, while Matthew had a thick orange mane.

We'd been bantering about who our baby would take after since the day I'd found out I was expecting.

Like any proud mum-to-be, though, I secretly hoped Bella would take after me.

So, when she was delivered by Caesarean section on 26 June, weighing just 4lb 11oz, I couldn't believe my eyes.

'She's got so much hair,' the surgeon gasped as she lifted

Bella from my belly.

Her thick, jet-black mane was already 3in long!

Back on the ward, the midwives crowded round, commenting on her luscious locks.

Bella was clearly the mane attraction!

But my poor little mite struggled to feed, and had to have a tube inserted in her nose to give her milk.

Still, we were able to take her home the next day - and the fuss over our girl's amazing barnet continued.

'Wow, I didn't know newborns could have that much hair!' a passerby gawped when I took her out for a walk.

Bella's mop got similar reactions online. Uploading pictures of my newborn to the social networking site Instagram several times a week, they always attracted dozens of comments.

'Is that a wig?' strangers asked incredulously.

Whether we were strolling in the park or doing our weekly shop, people would stare.

'Hair we go again,' I giggled, as I saw someone making a beeline for the buggy.

Someone even once asked if I was feeding a doll!

But, as the months went on, it seemed Bella's hair was the only part of her that grew. My poor little bub stayed tiny and continued to struggle with feeding.

Doctors ran a host of tests, but they still haven't got to the bottom of it.

Still, Bella is the happiest little thing. She patiently sits while I twist her locks into pigtails and bunches, finishing with her signature pink bow.

'She looks like Boo from

## LOCKS OF LOVE



A pink bow is our Bella's signature

*Monsters, Inc.*, my friends gasp.

Now 15 months old, Bella still weighs just 14lb. We're battling for a diagnosis as to why she won't grow, but we cherish every day as a family.

Bella might be small, but she's my little Rapunzel. Adorable!

**Philippa Rabbitts, 27, Chelmsford, Essex**



She was born with a jet-black thatch



My bub's locks stop traffic!



# Guest MISSED!

**Donna** was bitterly disappointed when an old pal couldn't make her nuptials...

**H**ands wobbling across the gym mat, I tumbled over in a heap of giggles.

'I can do it!' I shrieked to my best pal, Chris Kimber, 27.

Thanks to Chris – who I'd met at our weekly gymnastics class five years earlier – I'd finally mastered the perfect handstand.

It was June 2010, and a few months later, Chris moved away. But he was one of the first people I told when me and Brian, 35, got engaged. With 10 months to go, me and Brian, a hardware engineer, had so much preparation to do!

*Invitations, venue, dress...*

Popping the hand-made pink-and-white invites in the post in June

2012, I stuck a *Return to sender* sticker on the back with my name and address, in case any got lost.

But, as the replies flooded in, one was missing...

'Wonder why Chris hasn't RSVP'd?' I thought.

A week before the wedding, there was still no reply from him.

'Guess he can't make it,' I assumed, disappointed.

On 2 April 2013, my dad, Ian, walked me down the aisle on Monkey Island in Bray, Berkshire, as 45 of our closest family and friends looked on.

Everyone I loved most in the world was here...

Well, everyone except Chris.

At the reception, it stung that he hadn't wanted to come.

'Such a shame,' I thought sadly.

Still, I refused to be down in the dumps on my big day. I even did a handstand in my wedding gown – just like Chris had taught me!

Afterwards, we still exchanged



My invite arrived four years late!



Me and Brian had a lovely wedding

Facebook messages and 'liked' each other's pics, but that was it.

Then, in July 2014, we met up again at a party.

'You didn't want to come,'

I joked, after telling him a funny wedding story.

'But you didn't invite me,' he protested.

Rubbish! Baffled, I couldn't believe Chris would lie like that.

Then, in August 2017, my phone pinged with a WhatsApp message.

'Something's arrived...' Chris typed, attaching several pictures.

'Oh, my God,' I gasped, seeing my pink wedding invite from all those years ago.

*Where had it been all this time?!*

Ringing up Royal Mail, they apologised for the glitch.

But I was fuming!

Luckily, me and Chris have rekindled our friendship, and we can laugh about it now.

He might not have been at my nuptials, but we'll be friends for ever – for better or worse!

**Donna Sidebotham, 37, Bray, Berkshire**

● **A Royal Mail spokesman said, 'Royal Mail has investigated this matter fully, and it is likely that the letter had been put back into the postal system by someone, rather than it being lost in the post. Once an item is in the postal system, then it will be delivered to the address on the envelope. We will also be directly contacting the customer about this matter.'**



I wanted BFF Chris to be there

GULP!

# WICKED indulgence

When **Kate** saw how many cals were in her top tipples, it was a bolt from the blue...

**S**hovelling chips on to the plate, I licked my lips.

'Now, something to wash it down with,' I smiled, grabbing a bottle of blue WKD from the fridge.

'Grub's up,' I called to my fiancé, Paul, and son, Reece, 13.

Baby Callum, 15 months, was sucking on a chip in his high chair.

'Your tongue's blue already,' Reece giggled, as I poked it out at him jokingly.

I loved the alcopop, WKD. I could drink bottles of the blue bubblegum one like other people drank Coke.

I'd first sampled one at 19, when I worked in a pub.

'A good barmaid tastes the drinks,' I smiled.

Soon, I was necking three a day, and up to 20 on a weekend. They weren't very alcoholic, and so easy to drink.

One turned to two, then three... before I knew it, I was downing 10 on a night out.

But, as well as being tasty, they were also full of calories.

I already lived off takeaways and ready meals. I could never stop at one McMuffin or sausage roll – it had to be three.

So, after I'd met Paul at 21, I'd ballooned from 10st to 17st.

I drank 10 bottles a night!



Now, I was 7lb heavier than that.

I still loved junk food – my size-24 clothes were proof of it. But I loved WKD even more.

At my next Tesco shop, I chucked a crate of alcopops

into the trolley.

'That lot's gonna last me a while,' I told myself.

Who was I kidding? Ripping the plastic off the crate that night, I'd soon polished off half of them.

'Good job they don't give me a hangover,' I thought.

They just got me tipsy enough to forget about my weight when I went out.

But, in July 2012, we got married on a beach in Zante, me wearing a size-24 elasticated dress.

Back home, looking through

the photos, my heart sank.

So I decided to diet by doing calorie-counting.

*And I was in for a shock...*

'My God!' I cried, looking at the back of a bottle of WKD.

'There's 228 calories in one bottle!' I was downing 10 bottles a night. That was 2,000 calories before I'd even started my kebab or pizza.

'They have to go,' I sighed, tossing my last bottles in the bin.

I started to hit the gym, and ate little portions of cereal for breakfast and jacket potatoes for dinner, so I had no more than 1,500 calories a day.

'Not as tasty as a WKD,' I moaned, sipping my pint of water. But I got used to it.

Three years on, I'm a size 10, down to just over 10st.

I do miss my alcopops – but ditching the WKD has made me feel, well, wicked!

**Kate Best, 31, Bracknell, Berkshire**



My blue booze had to go in the bin



# PUZZLE TRAIL

**1** A cockerel perched on a ball forms the crest of which Premier League football club?

**2** In context, where are you likely to read the words *À la carte*?

**3** Find three active volcanoes.

**4** Who is the narrator and presenter of *Blue Planet II*, back on our screens 29 October?

**5** Which Premier League football club is owned by Russian billionaire Roman Abramovich?

**6** Which song includes the lyrics, 'In touch with the ground, I'm on the hunt down I'm after you, Smell like I sound, I'm lost in a crowd... '?

**7** In Cockney rhyming slang, what does 'pen and ink' mean?

**8** Which Premier League football club is managed by Arsène Wenger?

**9** According to the saying, 'You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it...' what?

**12** Complete the joke: What's big, grey and wears glass slippers?

**13** Wayne Rooney rejoined which Premier League football club for the start of the new season?

**17** What is the name of the small cube or strip of pork fat used to flavour food in cooking?

**18** Since retiring, football legend Steven Gerrard has joined the coaching staff at which Premier League club?

**19** On what channel would you watch *Celebrity Juice*?

**20** Which Premiership club is owned by founder and CEO of Sports Direct Mike Ashley?

**21** Find four brands of Scotch.

**22** Which football team are Noel and Liam Gallagher die-hard supporters of?

**23** Who both captained and scored the only goals in both of England's World Cup qualifiers earlier this month?

**24** Nitin Ganatra is set to return to Walford before the end of this year returning to his role playing which popular *EastEnders* character?

**25** José Mourinho is the manager of which Premiership football club?



Real people

WIN £250!

# 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.

**10** What rocky island in San Francisco Bay was used as a site for a famous high-security prison?

**11** Which Manchester comedian has released his debut album, *A Different Stage*, a collection of covers of songs from musicals?

**14** Find six male *Strictly* pro dancers.

**15** Mandarin is the official language of which country?

**16** *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles* is the song sung by the supporters of which Premier League football club?



**BONE IDOL**  
Rat skeleton,  
£3, Asda



**HEY, SUCKERS...**  
Swizzels  
Monster Treats  
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nationwide

**PICTURE IT**  
Photo booth  
props, £1,  
Poundland

**LIGHTEN UP**  
WeRHalloween  
Pre-lit inflatable  
Pumpkins, £40.79  
(set of seven),  
amazon.co.uk

# TOTALLY SPOOK-TACULAR!

Check out some great ideas  
to make this Halloween  
shockingly good...



**FLAMING SCARY**  
Forbidden Apple  
candle, £19.99,  
yankeecandle.  
co.uk



**GETTING SHIRTY**  
Ladies'  
Halloween  
T-shirt, £5.99,  
Aldi



**PILE 'EM HIGH**  
Trick or  
treat buckets,  
£1 each, Flying  
Tiger



**TURNING THE TABLES**  
Character table  
decoration,  
£1.50, Wilko



**TINY TERRORS**  
Sylvanian  
Families Baby  
Trick or Treat  
set, £16.99,  
amazon.co.uk

**OH, CRUMBS...**  
Silicone pumpkin  
cupcake cases  
(six-pack), £2.99,  
Lakeland



**DEADLY GAME**  
Top Trumps  
Horror retro  
collection, £4.99,  
winningmoves.  
co.uk



**DARK & STRONG**  
Skulls  
Espresso set,  
£20, nhmshop.  
co.uk



**GULP IT DOWN**  
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white wine,  
£6.99, Co-op,  
nationwide



**GOO ON!**  
Ghostly  
glowing Goo  
& Putty, £4.50,  
hawkin.com



**LAST DRINK**  
Day of the Dead  
Decanter, £17.99,  
prezzybox.  
com







With newborn Louie - but my problems weren't over yet...

# ANYTHING FOR A

# BBB

To become a mum, **Denni** would have to terrify all the people she loved...

**M**y tongue felt too big for my mouth, thick and dry, and my head felt slow and crackly. I stared towards the bottom of the bed and blinked...

*Was I dreaming?*

There couldn't be two firefighters standing there, asking me to stay calm...

*... in American accents?!*

'Can you hear me, Ma'am?' one of them was drawing.

I nodded slowly, through the headache that was stabbing its fingers into my skull.

I tried turning my head and saw my fiancé, Jason Jenner, 29, was there, too. His eyes were wide with terror.

'You had a seizure,' he gulped.

And it all started to come back... where I was and what must have happened.

On our dream holiday to Las Vegas, the past had come back to haunt me...

Everything had started on another holiday, 15 years earlier.

Aged 12, I'd been flying to Gran Canaria with my parents, Marie and Stewart, and little sister Maddison, six months.

During the flight, I'd been

struck by a massive seizure. It came from nowhere. I'd never had a fit before.

After spending a week in hospital, where I'd continued to have three seizures a day, I'd flown home to Billericay in Essex.

There, my local hospital diagnosed Japanese encephalitis, a potentially life-threatening viral brain infection. They thought I'd got it after being bitten by a mosquito in the Caribbean the year before.

There was no cure. Instead, the seizures just got worse.

I'd swallow my tongue, so Mum would have to sleep with me in case I had a fit in the night. I had a year off school and felt my life being sucked away from me.

Mum had to be with me 24/7. She was terrified that, one day, the seizures

would kill me.

A year on, my neurologist gave me a drug called Epilim, and my fits halted completely.

But the drug also stopped my periods - and any chance of becoming a mum.

I was only 13, I didn't care.

Until three years on, I met Jason, fell madly in love and started daydreaming about the babies we could make.

But not while I was on Epilim...

We got engaged and started planning our wedding. And I'd made another big decision - to stop Epilim and take a drug that wouldn't affect my fertility.

I'd been so excited, wondering if we'd conceive

on this dream holiday in Vegas - a last break before our wedding.

But now, instead, my deepest fear had come to pass.

*The seizures were back.*

'What happened?' I mumbled to Jason.

'Your eyes were rolling in your head,' he said. 'I was so scared.'

I'd had the seizure in my sleep. It was 3.30am.

And the firefighters?

Jason explained that, in America, firefighters were sent in place of paramedics if they were closer.

'You need to go to hospital,' one of the firemen said now.

But I refused. And, in the end, they left.

'I don't know if I can watch you go through that again,' Jason shuddered.

'What if I lost you?'

Nothing's worth...'

But I cut him off, putting a finger to his lips. 'I want a baby, and this is the only way,' I said.

'OK,' Jason sighed.

We managed to go back to sleep.

But, just 40 minutes later, I had another seizure. This time, firefighters raced me to hospital.

'Sorry,' I cried to Jason. He rang my parents and told them what had happened. Later, I spoke to Mum.

'I know you want a baby, but



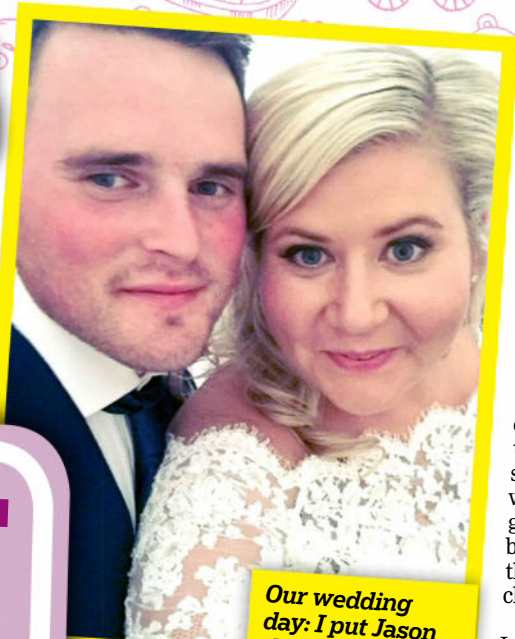
Right: Me aged 12, with my mum, dad and sister Maddison. Far right: Pregnant at last!

PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, SONJA HORSMAN



G

Y



**Our wedding day: I put Jason through so much**

two fits in such a short space of time... Maybe you should come home?' she begged. 'No, Mum!' I said. I wanted my holiday – and to stay off Epilim. Me and Jason put it behind us, visiting the casinos and the Grand Canyon. Back home, I went to see a different neurologist. 'It's the first fit I've had in 10 years,' I explained. 'Could you be pregnant?' he asked.

I froze. Now that I thought about it, my period was late...

I called Jason and asked him to buy some chicken for dinner. 'And... a pregnancy test,' I said. 'What?' he spluttered down the phone. 'Are you serious?' 'I might be,' I giggled. That night, we sat on the edge of the bath, watching the test stick. 'Two lines!' I laughed. 'We did it!' I knew I'd made the right decision to stop taking the drugs. But my joy lasted exactly two days. Then I miscarried my baby. 'At least I can get pregnant,' I croaked through my grief.

It was now May 2016, and our wedding was two months away. But, on my hen weekend in Barcelona, I woke to find Mum staring at me anxiously. I had that weird, zonked-out feeling again. 'Did I have a fit?' I mumbled. 'It was even scarier to see all these years on,' she choked. I felt so guilty, putting everyone I loved through this. But I had to be a mum. 'I can't give up yet,' I told her. When I got home, I said to Jason, 'I was pregnant the last

# FIT OF CONSCIENCE

time I had a fit. Do you think...?' 'Don't get too excited,' he fretted.

But another test was positive! My doctor confirmed that my seizures would get worse because of the hormonal changes. 'I don't care,' I declared. 'Just keep my baby safe.'

I already loved this baby more than anything in the world. I'd sacrifice anything for them. *I just hoped the price wouldn't be my life...*

The seizures continued, worse than ever. I would have no recollection of the fits. 'You nearly swallowed your tongue,' Jason gulped one night when I came round.

By the time me and Jason married at our local church and had our reception in a marquee

'I've got a pain around my scar,' I told the midwife. 'It's natural to feel a bit rough,' she assured me. But Jason was staring at me. 'You're shaking,' he frowned. 'I can't help it,' I gasped. By the third day, I looked grey and sweat was pouring from me. That had the medics flying to my side to test my blood. 'You have sepsis, a serious complication of an infection,' a doctor said. I was barely conscious, but I knew this could be deadly... When I woke up, Jason was crying. 'I was told that you might not make it,' he said. 'What about Louie?' I panicked.

He explained that, in case I'd passed on the infection, Louie had been taken to the neonatal unit for checks. 'He's fine,' Jason assured me. But it was only when Louie was in my arms that I relaxed. 'Mummy's so sorry,' I sobbed. 'Hey, you've got nothing to apologise for,' Jason told me. 'He'll be proud to hear about his tough mummy when he's older.' We were allowed home after nine days and now, eight months on, I cling to Jason's words.

Louie is a happy, healthy bundle of joy. He's on solid food and loves fish and veg.

I even take him to baby Spanish! And I've been seizure-free. I'm on a new drug, phenytoin, these days.

We'd love to give Louie a brother or sister, but I'm too scared to try for another baby. I put my life on the line to have Louie. But I'm not sure I could do it again, and risk leaving him without me.

**Denni Jenner, 27, Billericay, Essex**

## The past had come back to haunt me

in Mum's garden, I was about nine weeks pregnant.

Thankfully, I didn't have a seizure on the day. The pregnancy continued, the fits as much a part of it as stretch marks and scans.

But I tried to enjoy it. 'It might be our only chance,' I told Jason. At 20 weeks, we found out we were having a boy. 'Our son,' I grinned, rubbing my belly.

Because labour could bring on a seizure, I was induced at 38 weeks plus four, and given an epidural.

But my cervix wasn't opening properly... 'Don't let anything happen to my baby,' I pleaded.

We'd come this far together. I didn't care about me.

The doctors did, though. They rushed me in for an emergency Caesarean.

Louie was born weighing 7lb 11oz. His cry lit up my soul.

'Hi, gorgeous boy,' I sobbed. But, almost straight away, I didn't feel right.



**I'm thrilled to have Louie, but just too scared to try for another baby**

■ As told to Clare Stone & Tracy Gayton (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)



**Prepare to be blown away**

# 5 of the BEST 80s HAIR



**Electric shock chic**



**You've missed a bit**



**Cher wants her barnet back!**



**Hair-raising stuff**

Real 19 people



# PUZZLE TRAIL

# READER puzzles

## We Need Your Puzzles!

Thanks to Vicky, Derek and Bill 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.

To solve this one, find a word that connects the words on the left and right of the same row. So, for example, if you look at the one that's been given, you can see that 'Cuckoo' makes CUCKOO CLOCK and CLOCKWORK. Once completed correctly, the pink column, reading top to bottom, will reveal the name of a hit ITV series (4,4). Solution on p35.



CUCKOO	C	L	O	C	K	WORK
SPRING						RINGS
TRAFFIC						HEADED
SUGAR						LONG LEGS
AIRY						CAKES
PLANET						WORM
TENNIS						GREASE
RACE						DOWN

Sent in by Vicky Tait, Leyton, east London

Fill in the grid using the letters A to I only. Each letter must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square. See page 35 for the solution.



D	G		C		F	E
C	H		F	B	E	D
E	I		G		C	B
B	C	D		H		E
	A	G	D	E	F	B
	F			G		H
A		H			B	F
		C	I	D	G	B
G		I			A	C

Sent in by Derek Jenson, Deal, Kent

# PUZZLER of the week



Without further ado, let us introduce you to our Puzzler Of The Week – it's Mr Bill Gregson! He's got top Bill-ing – geddit?! Not having that one? OK. Congrats anyway to our main man.

Bill, a caseworker from Prescot, Merseyside, lives with his wife Sue and son Charlie. Now, Sue buys *RP* every week, but Bill makes sure he always gets his paws on the puzzles. 'I love 'em,' he says. He adds that he's particularly fond of one of our not-so-newbies, *Playing The Field*. We have to say, that one is pretty popular in the office, too!

Bill also tells us he enjoys watching football and going for long walks. Oh, and his real name is Steve. 'I don't know why,' he tells us, 'but everyone calls me Bill!'

Right... £50 is on its way to you, Bill... er, Steve... er... um...

Look for all the Coldplay hits in the grid. All are hidden, bar one – which one? Answer on p35.

- A SKY FULL OF STARS
- ATLAS
- CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
- CLOCKS
- EVERGLOW
- FIX YOU
- IN MY PLACE
- MAGIC
- MIDNIGHT PARADISE
- PRINCESS OF CHINA
- SPEED OF SOUND
- TALK
- THE SCIENTIST
- TROUBLE
- VIOLET HILL
- VIVA LA VIDA
- YELLOW

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



# PLAYING the FIELD

IT'S TOUGH!

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!**

WIN £50!

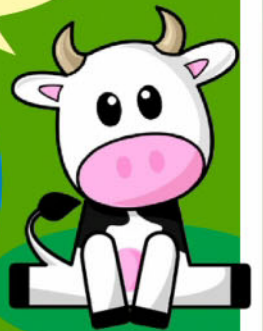
## HELPFUL TIPS!

- 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.

	1	2	2	0	1	0	3	5	2	4
7										
0										
1										
1										
2										
0										
2										
2										
2										
3										

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.

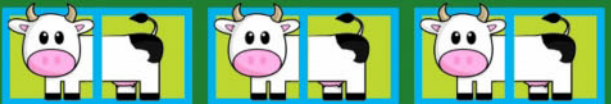


## WHO YOU NEED TO LOOK FOR:

4x



3x



2x



1x





# Health & happiness

## DIENEKE'S STORY

**Spice of life**  
Dieneke found a cure hidden in her kitchen cupboard...

**D**rizzling oil over a roasting pan of cauliflower, I glanced at my spice rack.

'How could I perk this up?' I wondered, before spotting a pot of bright yellow turmeric.

'That'll do nicely,' I smiled, sprinkling it on my veg.

In my mid-fifties, I liked to keep an eye on my health, eating plenty of vegetables.

One day, in 2007, I went for a routine check-up at my GP.

'Your blood pressure's very high,' my doctor frowned. 'We'll do blood tests to be on the safe side.'

A few weeks later, I got a call to go back and see a consultant at Homerton Hospital, east London.

'You've got higher than normal levels of paraprotein in your blood,' he explained.

'What does that mean?' I asked.

'It means you have monoclonal gammopathy of undefined significance – there's a chance it could turn into cancer.'

*Whaaat?!*

After a year of monitoring the weird condition, I discovered that I had indeed developed

multiple myeloma – a rare type of cancer affecting blood cells in my bone marrow.

'There's no cure, but we can start you on chemotherapy,' my doctor said.

'I'd really rather not,' I gulped, after hearing that the side effects included immune suppression.

Instead, I began alternative therapies to combat my symptoms, which included pain and fatigue.

For a while it worked, but regular monitoring at hospital showed my cancer count kept increasing.

On holiday in Cornwall that summer, I was lugging my suitcase up a flight of stairs when a shooting pain sliced down my spine.

In the weeks that followed, my bones began to ache, and soon I was struggling to get out of bed.

'Can you come over?' I grimaced to my ex-partner, Manuel, on the phone. 'It's taken me an hour to get my socks on!'

Manuel drove me to hospital, where scans revealed two of my vertebrae had collapsed.

'Bone pain and fractures are symptoms of myeloma,' said the doctor. 'You'll need an operation.'

While I waited, I started chemo.

Then, in January 2009,

I had a procedure called kyphoplasty, where cement is inserted into the collapsed vertebrae to strengthen them.

After that, I began further chemo at Bart's Hospital in London, but the treatment was only partially successful.

Doctors tried four attempts to harvest stem cells from my blood for a transplant, but couldn't get enough. I was back to square one.

Meanwhile, I was getting lots of chest infections, bone pain and anaemia that left me exhausted.

By May 2011, doctors were running out of options for me.

My white blood cells were so low that I couldn't have more chemo or take part in a clinical trial.

Desperate, I searched the internet for alternative remedies.

One day, I was reading a blog called Margaret's Corner, written by a myeloma sufferer, who said she believed taking capsules of curcumin – an extract from the

curry spice turmeric – had kept her symptoms at bay. She told readers which type to take and how much.

'I've never liked curry,' I thought. 'But I'll try anything.'

Ordering curcumin capsules online, I slowly built up to 8g a day.

A few weeks later, blood tests showed my paraprotein levels were dropping!

I kept taking curcumin and, by 2014, my cancer cell levels were incredibly low, with no further damage to my bones or tissue.

'I'm astonished,' my consultant said. 'There's no medical evidence that curcumin can cure cancer but, in your case, there's simply no other explanation.'

My case has since been written up in the *British Medical Journal*.

I still have myeloma and have no idea how long I'll live, but without the curcumin I'm convinced I'd be dead by now.

It certainly spiced up my life!  
**Dieneke Ferguson, 67, London**

● **Dr Jamie Cavenagh, professor of blood diseases at London's Bart's Hospital, says, 'When you review Dieneke's chart, there is no alternative explanation other than we're seeing a response to curcumin. A lot of my patients take curcumin at different stages of their treatment. I don't object to it. Dieneke's is the best response I have observed, and it is clear-cut because we had stopped all other treatment. I have not seen such a convincing response before.'**



Despite having myeloma, I'm keeping calm and curry-ing on



FEATURE: JIM MOORE



I even got to hold the Olympic Torch!

## CURCUMIN > the FACTS

**WHAT IS IT?** A key component of the spice turmeric often used in curries. It has long been used in Eastern medicine and there have been claims that it could help ward off heart disease, depression and dementia.

**WHAT ARE THE PROVEN BENEFITS?** So far, there's evidence reported in the *Journal of Medicinal Food* to support the use of turmeric extract in treating arthritis, while a US review found that there may be some benefits for skin health, too.

**WHAT ABOUT CANCER?** Rates of cancer in countries like India are surprisingly low, but there are no studies that prove a link with curcumin. Some doctors believe that the secret is in its anti-inflammatory properties.

However, Maggie Lai, senior research and clinical information specialist at the charity Myeloma UK, warns, 'Curcumin seems to work for some people and not others, but we don't know how it works. This was only a one-off case.'

## Two other spicy cancer 'remedies'

● **CHILLIES:** Capsaicin, the compound responsible for the heat in chillies, has been linked to killing prostate cancer cells.

● **GINGER:** US researchers found that ginger can slow the advance of bowel cancer in mice and suggest that it might be able to do the same in humans.

**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 0DD, or email [health@realpeoplemag.co.uk](mailto:health@realpeoplemag.co.uk)



# GRANNY WAS RIGHT!



They are the pieces of wisdom about our health that have been handed down the generations. But now, experts are discovering that there's some truth in those familiar everyday sayings about our bodies...

## 'WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER'

According to experts in California, our cells actually become stronger after going through short periods of stress – making them better able to survive stress in later life in a process called autophagy, where unwanted body tissue is broken down. Scientists have also discovered that experiencing small amounts of trauma can also make us more psychologically resilient in the long-term.



## 'A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR MAKES THE MEDICINE GO DOWN'

Often cited to convince kids to swallow some yucky stuff from a bottle, it seems there is some truth in the old saying made popular by *Mary Poppins*. While we're used to being told too much sugar is bad for us, a review of 14 studies involving more than 1,500 babies going for routine childhood immunisations found that the infants given a sugary solution to suck cried far less than those given water.



## 'LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE'

We all know that having a chuckle makes us feel better, but is it doing us any good, physically? Yes, say US scientists at Loma Linda University, who found that chortling can boost memory recall and the immune system. Researchers at Oxford University say laughing can release chemicals in the body that act as natural painkillers, while other studies in America have identified that laughter can help to protect us from a heart attack. Belly laughs can be good for our waistline, too, burning as many calories an hour as 30 minutes of weightlifting.

## 'AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY'

It's the season for apples, and studies show the crunchy fruit could help slash your risk of getting cancer and cut the risk of cardiovascular disease by up to 22 per cent. Eating them could even help you live longer. Australian researchers found that women who ate more than 100g of the fruit each day were likely to have a longer life expectancy than those who didn't. The benefit is thought to be down to the high levels of fibre and flavonoids in the skin.

## 'FISH IS BRAIN FOOD'

People have been promoting the benefits of fish for those little grey cells for years. Now, scientists are proving it. According to one study, eating any type of fish – grilled or baked – at least once a week can improve brain health, boosting brain volumes in areas associated with memory and cognition. The US research, from the University of Pittsburgh, suggests that munching on fish could help stave off Alzheimer's disease.



## 'EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE'

Getting plenty of sleep can certainly help strengthen the immune system and help you beat stress. A University of Toronto study also found that 'early birds' lead healthier and happier lives, while Australian researchers who studied children who went to bed late and got up late found that they were 1.5 times more likely to become obese than those who went to bed early and got up early.



## 'EAT A PECK OF DIRT BEFORE YOU DIE'

There's increasing evidence that microbes can actually improve our health by pepping up our immune system, say some experts. Children brought up on farms – and exposed to more dirt – are less likely to have allergies, while a report in the journal of the American Society for Microbiology revealed that even eating bogies could help defend the body against respiratory infections because they contain 'a rich reservoir of good bacteria'.



# COBWEB CHEESECAKE

**£1.50**  
per serving



**Serves 6**  
● Takes 25 mins (+ chilling)

- ✓ ● 200g digestive biscuits ● 60g butter, melted ● 150g white chocolate ● 600g full-fat cream cheese ● 150g icing sugar ● 100ml double cream ● 100g milk chocolate

**1** Blitz the biscuits into fine crumbs in a food processor, add the melted butter and mix together. Press into the bottom of a 20cm round springform tin to make a base.

**2** Melt the white chocolate, then mix in the cream cheese, icing sugar and double cream. Combine until well mixed,

then pour over the base and spread evenly.

**3** Melt the milk chocolate, then using a piping bag make five or six parallel circles. Using a cocktail stick, drag lines from the inside of the circles to the outside, repeating for each circle to create a web. Set in the fridge for at least five hours before serving.

# SPOOKY

There's no trick to making these Halloween recipes

# TREATS

**Makes 4**  
● Takes 1 hour

- ✓ ● 20ml Solesta Olive Oil ● 1 large onion, peeled and chopped ● 2 garlic cloves, peeled and minced ● 130g chestnut mushrooms, sliced ● 450g turkey mince ● 100g pancetta ● Green olives, asparagus & ketchup, to decorate

**1** Preheat the oven to 200°C. Heat the oil in a pan and sauté the onion for 5 mins. Add garlic and mushrooms, and cook for another 5 mins. Put into a bowl.

**2** Add the turkey, season with salt and black pepper, and mix well. Line a baking tray with foil and mould the mixture into an oval shape – making two

holes for eyes and one big hole for the mouth. Then push up some mince to make a nose.

**3** Lay the pancetta over the face to look like bandages, and put an olive in each eye socket. Secure with cocktail sticks, and bake for 20–25 mins. Use the asparagus to make teeth, and drizzle over ketchup for blood.

## TURKEY ZOMBIE FACE

**£1.80**  
per serving



WORDS: GENEVIE MULLEN PICTURES: BIGSTOCK RECIPES FROM ALDI.CO.UK

**CHECK THESE OUT!**

**Real people** 24

★ Cadbury has given its gateaux a terrifying twist with an orange creme filling, devilishly delicious chocolate swirls, and a pumpkin on top. Ideal for sharing with your nearest and scariest. £2, Asda.



★ Frightfully delightful and wickedly delicious, these limited-edition Mr Kipling Fiendish Fancies will delight little ghouls. Orange-flavoured sponge covered with delicious orange fondant make this the perfect treat without a trick. £1, nationwide.



★ Put these bone-crunching treats on a plate for your little monsters, and watch them devour 'em! These creepy cookies tick all the Halloween treat boxes. Pack of two, £1, Morrisons.



★ Hosting a party this Halloween? Tempt your guests with this popcorn. The combo of lemon and lime makes for a tasty treat that will please both the living and the undead! £1.50, M&S.





## SEE THE HEAD

You'd think most of the saucy goings-on in schools happen behind the bike sheds.

In April 2014, though, there were some funny noises coming from the head teacher's office at Bryn Tawe comprehensive school in Swansea.

So peculiar, in fact, were the moanings and groanings, that a pupil recorded it from the corridor. The 34-second clip was shared online the next day, and the school's head, married Graham Daniels, 53, and chemistry teacher Bethan Thomas, 39, were caught with their pants down.

They admitted having sex on school premises over an 11-month period, both resigned from their jobs, and were banned from the profession for three years.



## A CLASS OF THEIR OWN

### WANTED: TEACHER TELLY STAR

Ever considered slipping a little something unexpected into the bagging area at the self-service checkout?

Most of us resist the temptation to be a bit light-fingered, but for teacher Sophie Hunter-Brown, 33, her local Asda may well have been a food bank!

Pilfering a total of £83 between April and July 2014, Ms Hunter-Brown became so notorious at the Aberdare supermarket that her photo was plastered across

the staff room as a warning.

Staff were no nearer to working out the pretty blonde's identity, though... until she was spotted on a re-run of *Come Dine With Me!* Now the tea-leaf had a name, she was nabbed, admitted her crimes and was given a conditional caution and ordered to pay Asda compensation.

Hunter-Brown, an ICT teacher at Cefn Primary School in Pontypridd, Rhondda Cynon Taf, was found to have committed unacceptable conduct, but was let off with a reprimand and allowed to keep her job.



# BAD TEACHERS

It's supposed to be Sir or Miss who dole out detentions, but this lot are the ones with the dodgy behaviour...

### OFF COLOUR

Skiver Kelly Baker, 35, was hardly a shining example to the students she was teaching – or *not* teaching.

Baker kept up an elaborate scheme of lies that went on for over a year, and cost her primary school over £100,000. Keen for time off from her job at Cwmcarn Primary School, near Newport, Gwent, she pretended that she had a young relative who had cancer.

She even phoned in to say she couldn't face work, as the sick child had fallen into a coma. She also faked 13 health problems of her own, and forged medical certificates using her computer.

Baker admitted two offences of fraud at Cardiff Crown Court in July 2012, and was given a six-month jail sentence, suspended for two years.



### POTTY-MOUTHED PROF

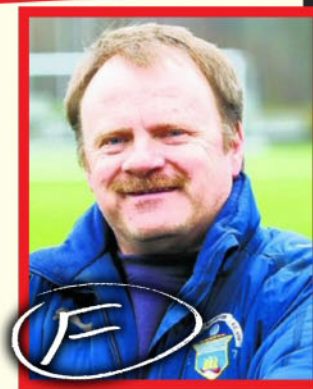
There's old-style teachers – cardigans, thin-framed specs and permanent scowls – then there's 56-year-old Michael Rankin.

The one-time technology teacher at Ardrossan Academy in Ayrshire,

admitted to calling a student 'Shrek', another a 'w\*\*\*\*r', liberally sprinkling words like 'a\*\*\*hole' and 'b\*stard' into his lessons, and frequently using the F-word and C-word. He quipped to another young charge, 'Every time I sh\*g your mum she makes me a sandwich – that's why I'm fat.'

He was fired and hauled up in front of the General Teaching Council for Scotland, who found all 19 charges against him proven.

He was struck off for 'inappropriate' and 'unacceptable' behaviour, but students at the school were furious. They claimed that Rankin's 'informality' is what made him 'inspirational', and that he was a 'legend'.



### TEACHER TRAVELLER

Head teacher Colin Coleman, 49, wasn't about to let his profession stifle his wanderlust.

In fact, the head of Linaker Primary School in Southport, Merseyside, helped himself to school funds to aid him on his jollies! And we're not talking a bit of petty cash for some sangria, either. Coleman robbed £15,000 for an expedition to the North Pole, £30,000 for trips to India and China, and £24,000 on photography equipment.

He was found guilty of misconduct in 2014, and banned from teaching indefinitely.









# 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: SLEEP REGRESSION**

## Back to Bedlam

Emma thought she'd finally cracked the bedtime battle...

**S**lowly peeling myself off the floor, I tiptoed to the door.

'Mummy, Cuddle,' mumbled my son, Dylan. It was past 9pm, but my little boy was still awake.

'I'm just going to get something from my room,' I replied. 'You go back to sleep and I'll be there in a minute.'

'No, Mummy,' groaned Dylan, two, from under his covers.

'It's time to sleep now,' I said, my own eyes drooping. 'Or you'll be too tired to play tomorrow.'

But when Dylan realised that I was trying to make a break for freedom, he bolted upright.

'Mummy. No. Stay,' he said. 'OK, baby,' I whispered, stroking his head. 'Let's get you back under the covers, and I'll lie down next to you.'

Safely back in his cot and with me by his side, Dylan fell asleep.

It was another 20 minutes before I managed to creep away.

'I can't believe this is happening again,' sighed my hubby, Zack, 27.

'I don't understand it,' I said. 'He's been good as gold for months and, all of a sudden,

we're back to square one.'

You see, when we first moved Dylan into his own room at 10 months old, we had a nightmare getting him to go to sleep.

Unlike other babies, who would settle after some milk and a cuddle, Dylan didn't.

If we tried to leave before he fell asleep, he'd cry relentlessly and work himself up into a state.

So, every night, one of us had to stay upstairs with him until he drifted off.

After months of perseverance,

**'IT'S BACK TO SQUARE ONE...?'**

we managed to get Dylan into a more established bedtime routine: bath, followed by a book, then milk, and then a little cuddle before bed.

Then, we'd sit with him in his room for about 10 minutes, but we always made sure to go downstairs while he was still awake.



My little Dylan just won't settle at bedtime

If he cried, we'd leave him for a few minutes, then go back for a cuddle.

Even though it took months, Dylan finally started to settle.

'It's lovely to have time to ourselves again,' said Zack.

'I know,' I sighed, nestling beside him. 'I'd forgotten how nice this is.'

But now, months later, I've found myself struggling again.

My friend suggested turning Dylan's cot into a bed to see if that helps, but surely that will only make things worse?

I'm not happy leaving him to cry for hours on end, but if anyone has any other suggestions, I'm all ears!

**Emma Williams, 26, Abercwmboi, Mid Glamorgan**

**Win!**

★ There'll be bundles of room for bump in this comfy maternity onesie. Cosy and cool, these all-in-one wonders are customised to ensure mum-to-be is as comfortable as possible. We've got one to give away. From £64.50, the-all-in-one-company.co.uk



Space for you and bump!

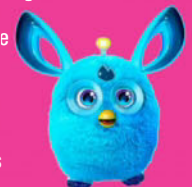
**Win!**

★ The MBP853 Connect is the HD wifi-connected baby video monitor that boasts a bundle of fab features. The 3.5in colour LCD allows parents to live-stream video from the camera. There's a remote pan tilt and digital zoom, so your beady eyes can cover every inch of the room; night vision; temperature monitor; two-way conversation feature; and lullaby player! Worth over £100, there's one up for grabs. Available nationwide.



**Win!**

★ Furby Connect is the must-have gadget that will engage and delight tots. Sync your new friend with the Connect World app for games and videos. Then, if you put your cheeky little critter near another Furby Connect, the pair will chat and play together. Worth £34.99 each, there's two to be won.



**HOW TO ENTER**

Send your name, address and number to: Maternity Onesie, Baby Monitor or Furby Connect Comp, Real People Magazine, 33 Broadwick Street, London W1F 0DQ, before 2 November 2017.

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



ASTOLD TO GENEVIEVE MULLEN

## Mum KNOWS BEST

OUR PANEL OF MUMS IS HAPPY TO HELP



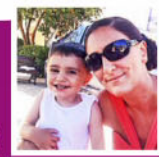
**Bethany Hollins, 36, mum to Tahmina, three, and Asher, 11**

months, says, 'The key to getting your son to sleep is to make him feel as comfortable as possible. Smell is a natural comforter, so I would suggest leaving something of yours in his bed, like a jumper or pair of PJs.'



**Gemma Davies, 36, mum to Bunnie, six, Abrey, four, and Lenny,**

two, says, 'Reconsider the idea of moving him from cot to bed now, since there's already a disruption to his routine. Use words like "big boy bed", and tell him, "Big boys have to stay in bed."'



**Andry Tofarides, 36, mum to Constantino, two,** says, 'A softer approach to

controlled crying is to soothe without talking. Simply place a hand on his back or tummy, but don't talk. Then, after a few minutes, leave the room. It might take a while, but this is the best way to encourage him to settle.'

**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)

©bethnalace







# RS!

with Jane Common



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



## ASK NIGEL

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

Dear Nigel,

I'm a Horsfield's tortoise, and it's nearly time for the big sleep – hibernation, yay! But do I really have to snooze in a fridge?

Chip, Hastings, East Sussex

Dear Chip,

You MUST hibernate at a very specific temperature (about 5°C). Any warmer and you'll wake up; any colder and you could get ill. Kipping in a special fridge means the temperature can be regulated, but your owners should open the door every day, so the air can circulate. Enjoy your winter nap!

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)



Perhaps we should rename him **Shawshank**



Fur goodness sake, Fidget's sliding down the cooker hood!

work as a civil servant, there was still no sign of Fidget.

Then, at about 10pm, I was in the kitchen making a cuppa when a banging and bashing broke out above me.

'Fidget!' I yelled, as he suddenly appeared, slaloming down the cooker hood like an Olympic skier.

My heart hammered as I cupped my hands to catch him, but he landed safely and looked up at me with a big grin on his dusty face.

'You little beggar,' I chuckled.

Next day, I bought him a new cage that didn't have plastic tubing on the outside.

But, despite the upgrade, pesky Fidget disappeared again three weeks later.

I examined the cage and realised he'd been nibbling at the plastic catches on the door, weakening them until they snapped when he shoved them.

'He's been planning this,' I gasped, outraged.

He was like the prisoner in *The Shawshank Redemption*, who spends 19 years building a secret tunnel to escape!

The following evening, I was in the kitchen when, again, noise broke out above me.

There was a rattling in the top part of the cooker hood – then Fidget's face appeared.

'Come on, then – squeeze through,' I said.

But the little chubster's bottom was too fat, so Jonathan had to grab a screwdriver and loosen the

hood to release him.

With the wanderer safely back under lock and key, we reinforced the plastic hinges on the cage door, and checked Seren's room for holes in the floor that he was wriggling through.

We couldn't find any. *But Fidget could!*

Over the next few months, he escaped half a dozen times – and we had no idea how.

It was always the same. The vanishing act, then, 24 hours later, the crashing in the ceiling and rattling in the cooker hood.

He'd bang on the side when he was stuck in there, ordering

find – a Fort Knox for furies.

It had two floors and two wheels and was filled with toys, ladders and treats dangling from the bars.

'With all these distractions, you've no need to escape,' I said.

Yet, a fortnight later, Fidget was on the run again...

Since we bought the new cage in June, he's broken out at least six times. And we just don't know how!

'He always takes the same route. Surely it gets boring?' Seren said the other day.

But, perhaps, slipping under the floorboards, hanging around in the ceiling for the

day and then sliding out of the cooker hood is

the hamster equivalent of a trip to Alton Towers?

He certainly always emerges with his cheeks puffed with pride. Then, back in his cage, he goes to his sand bath to clean himself before snuggling up contentedly for a sleep.

What can we do?

We've got ourselves a pioneering pet who refuses to be contained.

But our Houdini hamster is the best bar none!

Amanda Palmer, 47, Wakefield, West Yorkshire

## Fidget's a real escape artist

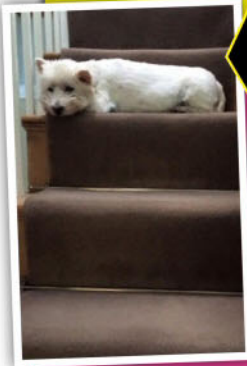
us to loosen it so he could squeeze through. The cheek!

Still, I fretted about him hurting himself, so I bought him the most expensive hamster cage I could



He's broken out of Fort Knox six times now

## Furry & funny



'None shall pass – unless they give me a treat,' says our daft dog, Alfie.

Jane Webster, Little Neston, Cheshire

## Get me one!

Not long now until Halloween, so pop into Pets at Home to transform your cute little fluffballs into devil dogs! This

Wag-a-Tude Skull And Crossbones jumper, modelled by pretty Peggy,

is £7 from Pets At Home – in store and at [petsathome.com](http://petsathome.com)





**WIN!**

# FLO'S GIANT SLEIGH STACK!

There's an avalanche of goodies up for grabs!

**H**ere at RP we love Christmas soooo much that we've decided to kick things off early this year and count down the weeks to festive frolics with our **GREATEST GIVEAWAY EVER!** All aboard, ladies and gents, for Flo's Giant Sleigh Stack...

Every week, we'll hurl more and more fabulous prizes (see right) onto Flo's super-sized sleigh until it's piled up to the sky and bursting at the seams. 'Then what?' you cry. Then we'll give it all away to you lucky lot. Squeal! Er... I mean... Moo! **Have a look at how to enter at the bottom of the page...**

**WEEK TWO**

Yule be amazed!



Just hear Flo's sleigh bells jingling,  
Ring-ting-tingling too,  
Come on and go hell for leather,  
At the sleigh prize put together for you...

PRESSIE COUNT SO FAR  
**43**



This week's word:  
**SO**

**HOW TO ENTER** Just as Flo is picking up prizes and putting them in her sleigh, so you must collect words and write them down somewhere safe. **Every week a word will be given in the box on the left.** Collect a different word each time for six weeks, that's when you'll have the right number to rearrange them into a line from a well-known carol – but which one? This will be your prize answer. In issue 47/48, there will be a space for you to write the carol's title on the coupon and you'll be able to enter. Good luck!



# ...on to the PRIZE PILE!

**1**

A Nintendo Switch to scratch that gaming itch!



3 x LEGO Ninjago Movie City Chase sets

**3**



**1**

Feeling hairy, Mary? Not with this Braun Silk-épil 9 epilator



**1**

Bag this stylish Sony BDP-S1700 Blu-ray player

5 x Guardians Of The Galaxy Vol. 2 DVDs - out of this world!

**5**



Yum! 10 x M&S All Butter Scottish Shortbread tins

## Already on the SLEIGH STACK!

- A 40in HDR TV
- 100ml bottle of Rihanna Kiss perfume
- 5 x bottles of Champagne
- A Hatchimal
- 10 x £25 Amazon gift cards
- Dualit Lite 2-Slice toaster
- Andrew James food processor
- Daisy Dixon ladies' watch
- ghd hairdryer

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 34



# YOUR STARS



with Jenny Blume

**HOROSCOPES**  
for the week of  
19-25 October

## ★ GUESS the STAR SIGN

**M**ichael Palin was born under a dependable sign. Driven to achieve, those who share his sign seem placid – but watch your step if you challenge them! They're private people, but their feelings run deep. Which sign is he?  
*See foot of page to find out if you're right.*



**ARIES** 21 March-20 April  
A shared enterprise might take shape. A windfall could open up your options. Connections on the work front are growing stronger.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Injecting some pizzazz into things.

**TAURUS** 21 April-21 May  
Your ability to pull people together looks impressive. You're turning into a mover and shaker! Seeds planted now should thrive through the winter...  
**TIME TO TRY:** Leaping into action.

**GEMINI** 22 May-21 June  
The moon is propelling you into a positive new phase. Your energy and enthusiasm are powering up, and – if you're methodical enough – anything's possible!  
**TIME TO TRY:** Having a laugh.

**CANCER** 22 June-23 July  
A loved one's news could spark celebrations. Creative stars are shining down on your home sector: Time to get out the colour charts!  
**TIME TO TRY:** Doing something you've always wanted to.

**LEO** 24 July-23 August  
Boring routines won't cut it this week, so your mind will be turning to treats and shaking things up. A weekend away (with a dash of romance) could be just the thing.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Spoiling yourself.

**VIRGO** 24 Aug-23 Sep  
Local clubs or sporting events could enlarge your social circle – a good idea for singles! Beautiful things could catch your eye. The bargain hunt is on...  
**TIME TO TRY:** Checking out the sales.

**LIBRA** 24 Sep-23 Oct  
A thoughtful gesture could leave you speechless. Thursday's moon sparks a money-making idea.  
**TIME TO TRY:** An overhaul – not just of your own image, but your surroundings, too.

**SCORPIO** 24 Oct-22 Nov  
People could open up about some pretty deep stuff. Your words of wisdom will be needed, but someone could be telling lies to tangle you up.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Being proactive about a health problem.

**SAGITTARIUS** 23 Nov-21 Dec  
A trusted friend could give good advice. You need some help to clarify your thoughts about work and freedom, which seem to be occupying your mind.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Releasing your passion.

**CAPRICORN** 22 Dec-20 Jan  
You can expect a few changes in your career, but they could work in your favour. Fate will take control as you seek the right balance between work and play.  
**TIME TO TRY:** A gossipy lunch.

**AQUARIUS** 21 Jan-19 Feb  
Are you ready to spread your wings? You should get on with what you've been thinking about for a while now. You won't regret it.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Weaving some magic at home.

**PISCES** 20 February-20 March  
An exciting opportunity could arise at work. You've been stuck in a loop lately, and you need to blast away the cobwebs.  
**TIME TO TRY:** Not going mad with your spending.

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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



PICTURES: BIGSTOCK, GETTY



# REAL CRIME

## STREET DEVIL

# KILLED FOR KINDNESS

All Tracey wanted to do was help

## VICTIMS

**After helping a homeless young drug addict, Tracey became the mother he never had. So how could he repay her like this?**

**H**e didn't know it yet, but it was Aaron Barley's lucky day.

Cold and dirty, the homeless 22-year-old was sleeping on a cardboard box outside a Tesco store in Stourbridge, West Midlands.

He knew shoppers would ignore him or, at best, fling some change or hand him a sandwich.

But this particular day, in March 2016, he was in the right place at the right time.

Spotting him, mum-of-two Tracey Wilkinson stopped and talked to him.

He'd been a young boy once, like her own son, Pierce, 12, while her daughter, Lydia, 17, wasn't much younger than him. Then and there, Tracey

decided to help Aaron.

The glamorous 49-year-old had been a British Latin American ballroom dancing champion in her younger days, and that poise and sense of style had never left her.

She had a flair for interior design, and had decorated the large brick house in Stourbridge that she and her businessman husband, Peter, planned to make their forever home.

But Tracey saw outside the comfortable confines of her life.

She sang in care homes for the elderly and volunteered at a drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre.

And when Tracey spotted homeless people on the ring road near where she lived, she'd swing home and bring back sandwiches, crisps and towels.

So she drove Aaron to Dudley Council offices to help find him a bed for the night.

He was an odd-looking lad with small slanting eyes, and was vague about his

background, telling Tracey that he'd been abused as a child.

After that fateful day, Aaron managed to get into a hostel and began attending the drug and alcohol rehabilitation unit where Tracey volunteered.

Many people would have stuck to an arm's-length approach, but Tracey regularly invited him for meals in her home.

During one family dinner, Peter asked Aaron what he wanted in life.

'I just need somebody to give me a chance, I need somebody to give me a lucky break,' he said.

That April, Peter gave him a job as a labourer at a firm he ran in Newport, Gwent, and organised a flat and mobile phone for him.

But months into the job, Aaron was dismissed for being unreliable and using drugs.

He admitted he was at fault, saying his mum's death had sparked his drug relapse.

Not long afterwards, Peter found Aaron asleep on their

driveway, so invited him in and made him tea. He'd been living on the streets and had been badly beaten up.

He was 23 now, but Tracey, ever compassionate, decided they should help him again.

They arranged somewhere for him to stay, which they paid for themselves, while Tracey sorted out council accommodation.

Meanwhile, Aaron did odd jobs for the Wilkinsons to earn money for food and cigarettes.

And, on Christmas Day, they even invited him to join them for lunch.

That day, he handed Tracey a card, addressed to *The mother I never had*.

By January 2017, Aaron had a job and a flat, and was still regularly being invited to the

Tracey was placed in a coffin with her beloved son, Pierce



Lydia views floral tributes in memory of her mum and younger brother





No one knows why Aaron attacked the family

# KILLER



Chilling CCTV footage showed Aaron hiding in the garden



He took off in the family's Land Rover, writing it off

been so close in life, were together in a single white coffin. Roy Wiffen, Pierce's godfather, read a eulogy saying, 'Some of you may be surprised to

see just the one coffin, but they are together, inseparable as they always were in life.

'We are missing two wonderful people, taken from us far too soon.

'Tracey was in the prime of her life and Pierce just beginning his.

'It won't bring them back, it won't make things better but, for now, we wait for justice.'

Aaron pleaded guilty to the attempted murder of Peter and, at the start of his trial at Birmingham Crown Court in October, he admitted to killing Tracey and Pierce.

Staring directly at the killer in the dock as she read her impact statement, Lydia, 19, told him, 'My parents helped you - you repaid them with destruction and heartache.

'You have obliterated my life, murdered half my family... for this, I will never forgive you.

'Grief has ruined me. To see the stairs at home, to walk the last path they took, tears me up.'

Peter, 47, recently bravely moved back into their home.

He said, 'It's our home and, after taking so much from us, we couldn't possibly have it that he would take anything else.'

Aaron never did explain why he destroyed the family that were so kind to him.

Peter said, 'He decided that because his life was going in bad ways, he was going to take it out on the people that had cared and looked after him... I wish my wife had never set eyes on him.'

Aaron was sentenced to life and will serve a minimum of 30 years, but was told by the judge that he may never be released.

At least behind bars he can't betray the truly good people of this world - people like Tracey Wilkinson and her beloved son.



Peter and Lydia will never forgive Aaron

Real 33 people

tape around it. When, in disbelief, she called the police to ask if it really was her family, they sent officers round to her halls of residence to formally break the devastating news.

Aged just 18, Lydia had to identify the bodies of her mum and little brother.

Peter, who'd been rushed for life-saving surgery, had needed 97 stitches.

Meanwhile, Aaron was arrested.

He refused to take a blood test that would have shown if he was high on drink or drugs, and had no explanation for the killings.

But when a police station nurse asked about his homelessness, he callously replied, 'What? Two murders and possibly a third - I don't think I'll need any help with that.'

Asked if he wanted a lawyer, he replied, 'I don't need a solicitor, I've done it, what's more to say? I'll bite his face off if he tries to come near me.'

He showed no remorse for what he'd done.

A day after the murders, he told prison staff, 'I am pleased that I got two, but I'm upset that I didn't get him.'

Then, he let himself in through the unlocked back door, took two knives from the kitchen and crept upstairs where he knew Tracey and Pierce were sleeping.

It wasn't yet 7am. Startled, then bewildered, they didn't stand a chance.

In a frenzied attack, Aaron stabbed Tracey 17 times, until she bled to death.

Pierce, only 13, was stabbed eight times - one blow so forceful that it almost separated his spinal cord.

But Aaron hadn't finished yet. He waited for Peter, the man who had shared curry and beers with him just a few weeks before, to come home from his walk.

As unsuspecting Peter came into the kitchen, Aaron lunged at him, the knife raised high above his head.

Peter grappled with him, trying to fend him off, but he

## Startled, they didn't stand a chance

stabbed him multiple times in the face, abdomen and back.

'Aaron, we tried to help you,' he pleaded, after Aaron plunged the knife into Peter's stomach.

But Aaron stuck the knife in again, snarling, 'Die, you b\*\*\*\*d.'

As Aaron fled in the family's Land Rover, Peter was able to call emergency services.

Tracey, still in her bed, was pronounced dead at the scene, while Pierce, who was found trying to crawl along his bedroom floor, died after being taken to hospital.

Meanwhile, Lydia's boyfriend had read about stabbings in Stourbridge and called her in Bristol to see if things were OK.

She quickly googled *Stourbridge stabbings*, and saw a photo of her house with police

battering a former girlfriend. At the end of March, Tracey had arranged to go shopping with Lydia, who was studying biology at Bristol University.

But that trip never happened.

The day before, on Thursday 30 March, life at the Wilkinsons' house began as it always did.

Peter got up before his wife and son to walk the family's greyhound, Mandy.

But, unknown to Peter, he was being watched as he left the house.

Lurking in the garden was Aaron, wearing a mask and gloves, with black socks pulled over his yellow trainers.

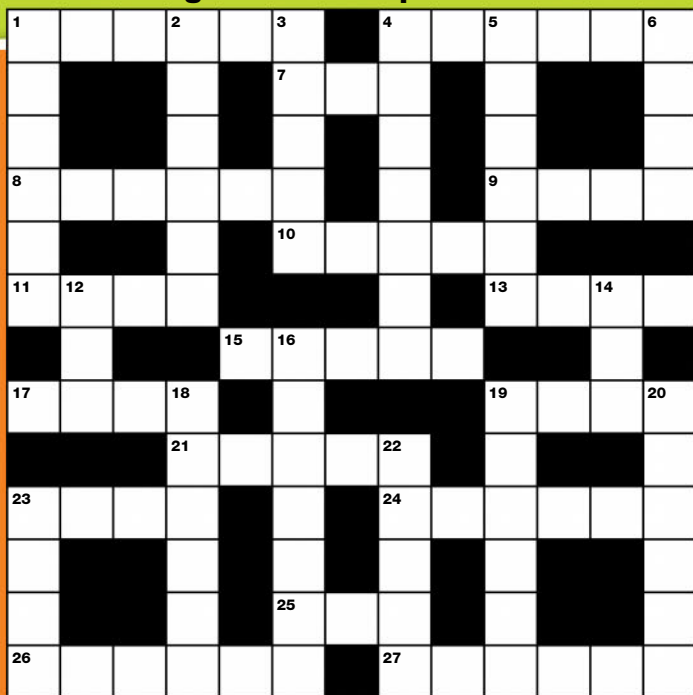
CCTV later showed he'd been hiding there for hours.

He crawled across the grass like a ninja, waiting until Peter was away from the house.

By Lindsay Calder (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)



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

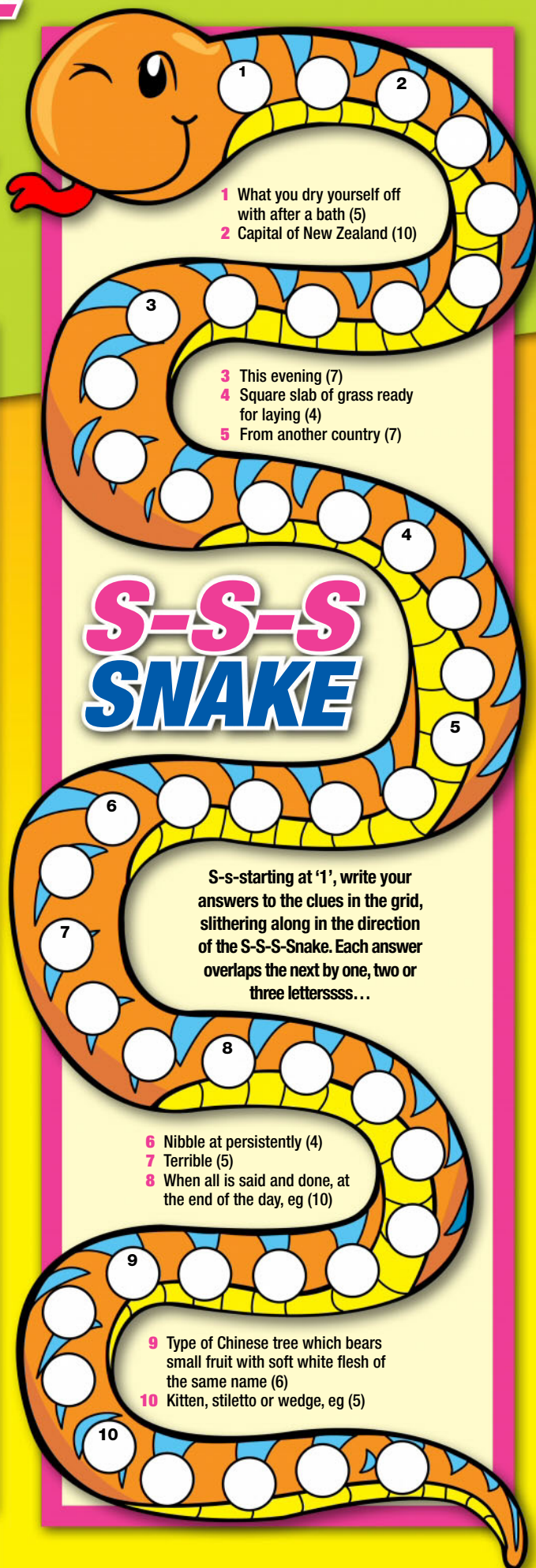
- 1 What metal makes a third-place medal? (6)
- 4 What king was defeated at the Battle of Hastings in 1066? (6)
- 7 Dynamic pair? (3)
- 8 Fanatic, extremist (6)
- 9 Genghis \_\_\_\_, Mongol empire founder (4)
- 10 Bushy barrier (5)
- 11 \_\_\_\_ is more, common expression (4)
- 13 Underground train (4)
- 15 Appeals to God (5)
- 17 **PICTURE A** What title was she given in the Queen's Birthday Honours list 2017? (4)

- 19 What foodstuff can be haricot or mung, eg? (4)
- 21 Baby's pacifier (5)
- 23 'Murder' is the group noun for what bird? (4)
- 24 **ANAGRAM ALANUN**
- 25 What colour is associated with communism? (3)
- 26 Beginning of the working week (6)
- 27 Lecture given during a church service (6)

### DOWN

- 1 Country where you can find the famous Copacabana Beach (6)
- 2 Which Italian city is Napoli to its locals? (6)

- 3 \_\_\_\_ Piaf, French singer of *La Vie En Rose* (5)
- 4 **ANAGRAM AHOYLID**
- 5 Tennis bat (6)
- 6 *Watership \_\_\_\_,* book turned into a much-loved animated film (4)
- 12 Seventh Greek letter (3)
- 14 **PICTURE B** Name it (3)
- 16 Get wed again (7)
- 18 **PICTURE C** Who is this Prince? (6)
- 19 Friendly exchange of mutual teasing (6)
- 20 Lord Admiral Horatio \_\_\_\_, naval hero (6)
- 22 The whole nine \_\_\_\_, saying (5)
- 23 Chowder shellfish? (4)



- 1 What you dry yourself off with after a bath (5)
- 2 Capital of New Zealand (10)

- 3 This evening (7)
- 4 Square slab of grass ready for laying (4)
- 5 From another country (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 Nibble at persistently (4)
- 7 Terrible (5)
- 8 When all is said and done, at the end of the day, eg (10)

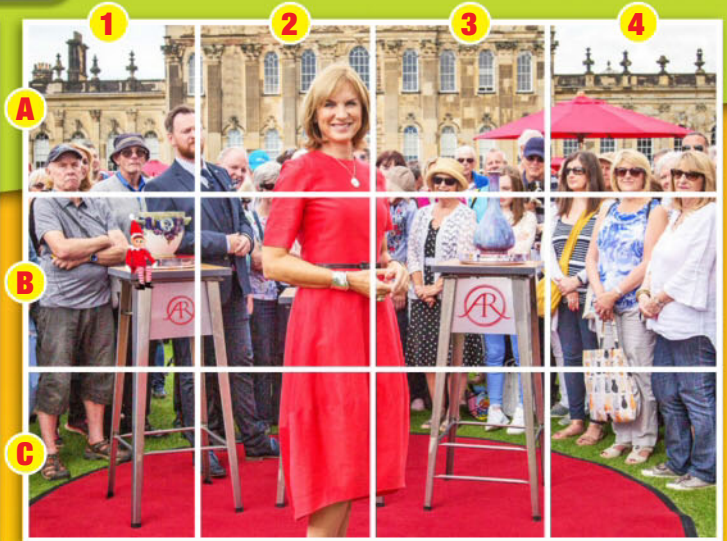
- 9 Type of Chinese tree which bears small fruit with soft white flesh of the same name (6)
- 10 Kitten, stiletto or wedge, eg (5)



# I-SPY



Can you spot six differences between these two photos of Fiona Bruce from the *Antiques Roadshow 40th Anniversary*? 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:**

35 or less – not bad

36–65 – good going

Over 65 – wowee!

**H O U S E W O R K**

## Piece of cake!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

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

Can you beat the clock?

## Not so easy!

Fill the grid using the numbers from 1 to 9 only. Each number must appear once in every column, row and 3x3 square.

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

Can you beat the clock?

## PRIZE ANSWERS FOR ISSUE 34

- P03 – Cash Cow**  
Prize answer: Flamingo
- P12 – The Whopper!**  
Prize answer: Twelve
- P16 – Roulette**  
Prize answer: Crocodile
- P21 – Playing The Field**  
Prize answer: Hit
- P26 – Fill Your Boots**  
Prize answer: Toaster
- P28 – Boxing Match**  
Prize answer: Joist
- P30 – Lost In Moo-Sic**  
Prize answer: B) My Girl
- P30 – Cow-A-Bingo!**  
Prize answer: 78
- P31 – Take Your Pick!**  
Prize answer: B) Orange
- P36 – Go And Arrow**  
Prize answer: Milkman
- P38 – Prize Question 1**  
Prize answer: A) Hawaiian
- P41 – X Factor**  
Prize answer: 6
- P42 – Small Wonder**  
Prize answer: Boiled
- P42 – Nothing For A Pair**  
Prize answer: Paul
- P42 – Nice Little Earner**  
Prize answer: Obstinate
- P42 – I'm Too Hex-y!**  
Prize answer: Pouch
- P46 – Diabolical**  
Prize answer: Relegation battle

## Just for FUN SOLUTIONS!

**P20 – Reader Puzzle 1**  
Reading top to bottom: Clock, Onion, Light, Daddy, Fairy, Earth, Elbow, Track. *Mystery TV series: Cold Feet*

D	G	B	C	I	H	F	A	E
C	H	A	F	B	E	D	G	I
E	I	F	G	A	D	C	H	B
B	C	D	A	H	I	G	E	F
H	A	G	D	E	F	B	I	C
I	F	E	B	G	C	H	D	A
A	D	H	E	C	B	I	F	G
F	E	C	I	D	G	A	B	H
G	B	I	H	F	A	E	C	D

**P20 – RP2**

**P20 – Puzzle Of The Week**  
Not hidden: The Scientist.

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

**P35 – Easy**

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

**P35 – Tough**

**P34 – Give Us A Clue!**  
ACROSS 1 Bronze, 4 Harold, 7 Duo, 8 Zealot, 9 Khan, 10 Hedge, 11 Less, 13 Tube, 15 Prays, 17 Dame, 19 Bean, 21 Dummy, 23 Crow, 24 Annual, 25 Red, 26 Monday, 27 Sermon.  
DOWN 1 Brazil, 2 Naples, 3 Edith, 4 Holiday, 5 Racket, 6 Down, 12 Eta, 14 Boa, 16 Remarry, 18 Edward, 19 Banter, 20 Nelson, 22 Yards, 23 Clam.

**P35 – I-Spy:** A2, A4, B1, B2, B3, C3.

**P35 – Here's A Little Something**  
Her, Hew, Hoe, How, Hue, Kos, Oho, Ooh, Ore, Our, Owe, Res, Rho, Roe, Row, Rue, Sew, She, Sow, Sue, Suk, Use, Who, Woe, Wok, Woo, Eros, Euro, Hero, Hers, Hews, Hoer, Hoes, Hook, Hose, Hour, Howe, Hues, Husk, Oohs, Ores, Ours, Owes, Roes, Rook, Rose, Rows, Rues, Ruse, Rush, Rusk, Shoe, Shoo, Show, Skew, Sore, Souk, Sour, Sure, User, Woes, Woke, Woks, Woos, Wore, Work, Euros, Hoers, Hooks, Horse, Hours, House, Rooks, Rouse, Shook, Shore, Shrew, Sower, Swore, Usher, Whose, Whoso, Wooser, Works, Worse, Hooker, Houser, Husker, Kosher, Reshow, Shower, Woosers, Hookers, Workhouse.

**P36 – Moo Of A Kind**  
Solution: A & F.

**P46 – Just For The Hell Of It!**  
Strictly celebrity winners:  
Alesha Dixon, Jay McGuinness.

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






# PUZZLE TRAIL

# GO AND ARROW

If winning £100 sends you all aqiver, then this puzzle should hit the target!



Bicycle made for two	Historical period	Unwell	Not fast	Sleep loudly	Choose	Garden water pipe	<i>The Groove</i> , hit for Madonna	Cow's noise	Flashing disco light	Spiritual emblem, lucky charm	Single piece of paper		
					Study of the basic nature of knowledge								
<i>___</i> Ford, Indiana Jones star	<i>Greatest Love Of ___</i> hit ballad			Rue	2,240lb			Over the top (1,1,1)		Indian dress	Throw		
		Truck				Pig pen			Put timer back to 0:00, eg				
Strange, peculiar	Not fresh!		Small		Zodiac Lion			Red salad fruit					
			Sly animal with a brush	Farewell for now				Genus, order	Chest muscles	Apple centre, eg	Muslim ruler's title		
Leave out	Air of secrecy	At a distance											
										Sharp (of wit)	Ireland	Width	Stone Age chap?
Collapse inwards	Way out												
		Tangy	Delete		Hunting lance			<i>___</i> Leone, country in West Africa					
Employ, utilise	Supreme Greek God				Hold on tightly to	Offspring of a donkey and a horse	Intense beam of light	Unemployment cheque	River grass	Tidy and organised	Romantic meeting		
			Italian ham				Small thrown bomb						
Stripy big cat	Of sound mind				Slang for a person from Down Under				Dutch cheese				
			Church walkway				Boating event						
Sings with one other person	365 days				Aniseed-flavoured liqueur				At that time!				

**WIN**

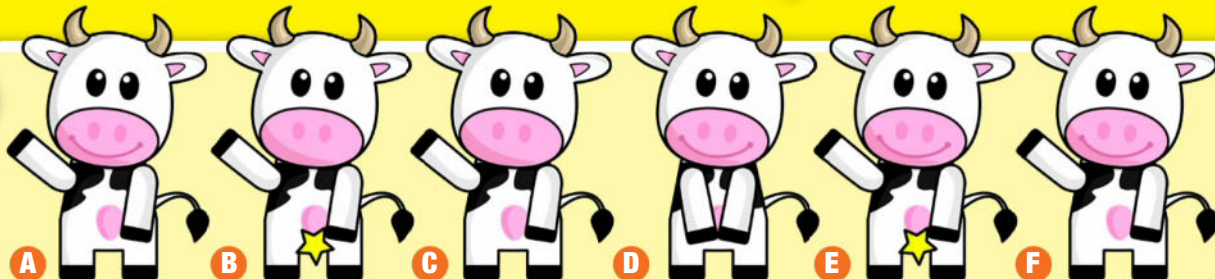
**£100**

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**

Tom Cruise originally considered taking up a career as a what? (6)

## 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**



# SCALP SAVIOURS



## WHY?

A healthy scalp is the key to healthy hair, and exfoliating it helps to promote hair growth and remove product build-up and dead skin.

## WHEN?

Most hair scrubs are applied before shampoo, but some exfoliate and cleanse in one step.

## HOW?

Gently massage it into your scalp and hair.

## WHO?

Everyone can benefit from boosting their scalp's circulation and removing product build-up but, if your skin is sensitive, use less frequently to avoid irritation.

*You exfoliate your face and body, but what about the skin on your head? New research shows that lacklustre locks can also benefit from a good scrubbing...*



**Big Sea Salt Shampoo, £6.95, Lush**  
Salt lifts the hair and removes congestion, while seaweed softens and hydrates.

**Matrix Biolage SugarShine System Hair Scrub, £14.95, matrix.com**  
Moisturises and lifts scaly patches with water-soluble crystals.



**Fuji Green Tea Hair Scrub, £15, The Body Shop**  
Salt crystals scrub, while menthol and mint cool and soothe.



**Redken Diamond Dry Gloss Scrub, £17, redken.co.uk**  
Fine Argan shells buff away any dry, flaky patches.



**Philip Kingsley Exfoliating Scalp Mask, £17, philipkingsley.co.uk**  
Controls sebum production, making it ideal for oily scalps.



**L'Oréal Paris Elvive Phytoclear Anti-Dandruff Exfoliating Scrub, £7, Boots**  
Uses essential oils to purify a greasy and itchy scalp.



**Kiehl's Deep Micro-Exfoliating Scalp Treatment, from £20, kiehls.co.uk**  
Tingling menthol increases blood flow to the scalp.



**Aveda Invati Exfoliating Shampoo, £23.50, aveda.co.uk**  
Salicylic acid helps to reduce clogging and the build-up of dead cells.



**Lee Stafford Hair Growth Scalp Scrub, £6, Boots**  
Removes product build-up and unblocks hair follicles.

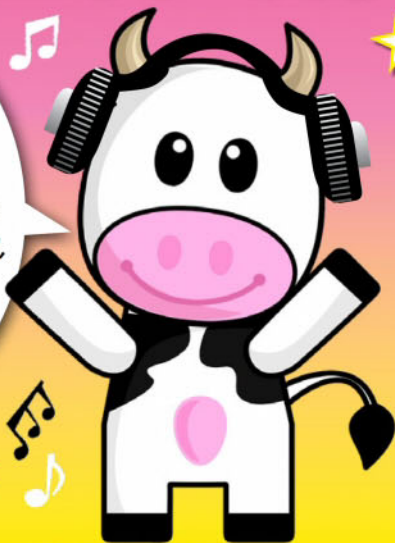




WIN  
£25!

# Lost In Moo-sic

'Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again, Because a vision softly creeping, Left its seeds while I was sleeping, And the vision that was planted in my brain, Still remains...'



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 Going Underground
- B The Sound Of Silence
- C Sound Of The Underground

# 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 87
- B 88
- C 89

FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 41

# PIG AMBITI

## With living quarters and regular baths of Cheerios, Amanda's pet has snout to complain about...

The tiny nose snuffled in my daughter Maddie's hand.

'This is the one, Mum,' she grinned. My husband Neale, 43, and me exchanged smiles. 'Looks like we've found the newest member of the family,' he laughed.

We'd come to view the litter, ready to pick our perfect pet.

But snuffling around the cage weren't cute puppies or kittens. Nope! Coming home with us in two months was Porky the pig.

Our Maddie, 14, had been smitten with swines since she was a baby. 'Ig!' she'd squeal, pointing at a picture of one.

Like lots of little girls, she loved Winnie the Pooh, but her favourite character was Piglet.

Every night, she'd take her toy Piglet to bed. She had T-shirts with him on, ornaments...

'I just love him because he's pink,' she'd tell us. It was her favourite colour. 'Can I have a pet one?' she'd ask.

'Maybe one day,' we'd smile. With a 300ft garden, we knew we had the space. But we wanted to make sure it wasn't a fad: that she wasn't telling us 'porky' pies!

But, at the age of eight, Maddie decided she definitely wanted a pet pig.

She loved acting, and had just started appearing in shows in the West End.

After she starred in the lead role in *Annie*, she told us, 'I'm going to use the money I earn to save up for a pig.'

How could we say no if

she was saving up herself?

'Make sure you use a piggy bank,' I joked.

And now, after five years – and thanks to starring roles in other West End musicals such as *School Of Rock* – she'd got together £1,000 to pay for Porky.

Thankfully, her sisters, Amelie, 12, and Brooke, 10, were smitten with Porky, too.

At 10 weeks old, he was only the size of a puppy.

'Can we bring him home today?' Brooke begged.

'No, we have to wait until he's old enough to leave his mummy,' I explained.

Back home, Maddie was on piggy countdown.

The girls had a wooden two-storey playhouse in the garden that hadn't been used in years. 'It'll make a nice house for Porky,' Maddie grinned as we put straw on the floor ready for him.

'I just hope he gets on with Boris,' I said.

Boris was our black Russian terrier – he was huge but a softie, so I wasn't too worried.

Maddie did plenty of research on looking after pigs, following pig accounts on Instagram and attending pig husbandry courses





# TROT PROPERTY!

Our pampered pet got his trotters on a piggy palace

# ON



Boris wasn't sure about Porky at first



at Kew Little Pig Farm. Meanwhile, I applied for a licence with DEFRA (the Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs) so we could walk him.

'We'll only be able to go on a certain route with him,' I explained to the girls. 'He can't go near livestock, just in case they have a disease and pass it on.'

Soon, the day arrived when Porky would be coming home.

That day - 18 December 2016 - Maddie was so excited.

'Make sure you've got oinkment, in case he hurts himself,' I laughed.

'Muuuum,' she groaned. At the farm, Porky came trotting up to us. 'Hello, Porky,' Maddie grinned, going nose to snout with him.

He had a lovely black coat, and it melted my heart watching Maddie carry him to the car.

'I'll look after you,' she said gently.

Porky was so content.

'Maddie's our very own pig

whisperer,' I laughed.

Back home, Porky fitted right in. We'd already agreed that although he'd live in his piggy palace in the garden, he'd have the run of our house, too.

Boris came sniffing up to him straight away. 'Meet your new brother,' I smiled. Boris cocked his head, not quite able to work out what was going on.

But Porky nuzzled into him, and Boris wagged his tail.

Soon the pair were chasing each other round the house, bouncing off the sofa.

That night, we put Porky into the bath, lathering him up with Johnson's Baby Shampoo.

'I swear he's smiling,' Maddie giggled, showering him off.

He certainly did look like a pig in, well, you know...

Afterwards, he snuggled up with the family on the sofa as we watched TV.

'He's definitely settling in,'

Neale grinned.

Maddie continued her research into pigs and, a few days later, she came running in with her iPad.

'Look, I've been reading about another pig who loves the cereal Cheerios,' she grinned. 'Can we see if Porky likes them?'

He normally tucked in to carrots and eggs, but was already our personal Hoover,

snuffling around under the table as we ate, gobbling up dropped crumbs or bits of pastry. He didn't like mushrooms or peppers, though.

'We can try,' I said.

That night, we filled the bath with Cheerios. Porky couldn't get enough of them as we washed him. 'Little piggy,' I teased.

It became his thing, then... we'd bath him as he ate Cheerios!

But Porky certainly had a naughty side. During the day, he'd potter in and out of the garden. But one day, he was awfully quiet.

'What are you up to?' I thought, going outside.

'Porky!' I yelled. 'Naughty piggy!' He'd dug up a huge patch of the garden. Mud had been slung everywhere, the grass wasn't where it was supposed to be.

'It's only natural for him,' Neale shrugged.

But we agreed to fence off a bit of the garden for Porky to dig up to his heart's content, leaving the rest as it should be.

One of our favourite things is taking Porky for a walk.

'Do you have any pig leads?' I asked at our local Pets at Home.

'Erm, no, sorry,' the shop assistant giggled. A normal dog harness wouldn't fit, so we ordered one online.

Then it was time to introduce him to the roads

around our home in Barnet, north London. We'd had the route approved, and Porky quickly became a local celebrity.

'Can we take a selfie with him?' some youngsters asked one day as me and Maddie took him for a stroll.

'Sure,' we smiled.

Porky was a proper poser! 'Don't get too big for your trotters,' I laughed.

Wherever we went, people pointed and smiled, asking us loads of questions.

'They make brilliant pets,' I told them.

And, 10 months on, that's truer than ever.

Porky is now the size of a chunky springer spaniel - and he's becoming more like a dog each day!

He's started making a noise like a bark, just like Boris, and even chases a ball when you throw it for him!

To be honest, Porky's probably easier than a pet dog.

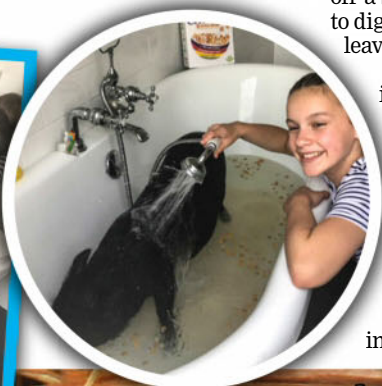
People think pigs are dirty, but ours loves a bath and is very clean. We shovel his poo onto the compost heap - he mainly eats veg, as well as Cheerios, so it's perfect for it.

We'd love another pig, but they're very territorial, and we wouldn't want to put Porky's snout out of joint.

This little piggy has certainly come all the way home!

**Amanda Haynes, 45, Barnet, north London**

There's no denying Porky really pigs out on Cheerios!



Porky really hogs the limelight when we go out

As told to Clare Stone (stories@realpeoplemag.co.uk)





# ★ 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!

## All aboard

Could you tell me what this brass train, made from shell cases and coins, is worth? It's 5cm high and 10cm long, and cost a few cents in South Africa a long time ago. I was told the coins that make the wheels are from what was then Rhodesia.

**Sheila Knight, Burgh, Suffolk**

It's a bit 'home-made' in appearance, Sheila, but if I were a railwayana collector I'd happily part with **£20** for it.



## Cabinet decision

**£150**

When my nan died, I inherited this cabinet. It was her pride and joy for as long as I can remember. Could you tell me what it's worth, please?

**Barbara Webb, Greenhithe, Kent**

It's unmistakably 1920s Art Deco, Barbara, with its geometric shape and walnut veneers. They remain popular and I've seen similar ones sold recently for **£150**.



## ASK ME ANYTHING!

Need advice on a collectable? Just write in!

There's **£25** for you, if we print it

My granny's hand mirror is 26cm long and hallmarked with an anchor, a lion and the letters **D** and **T & C**. Is it worth anything?

**Aniko Ring, Exmouth, Devon**

Originally this silver-backed hand mirror would have been part of a dressing table set. The naturalistic design is pure Art Nouveau, which is borne out by the Birmingham hallmark. This dates it to 1903, with the maker probably being **J W Turton & Co Ltd**. It has an auction value of **£80**.

**£80**



## 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!

● A George III satinwood card table sold for **£500**.



**£500**

● A pair of 1950s wall-mounted adjustable reading lamps went for **£450**.



**£450**

● This pair of 'as new' Baccarat storm light shades brightened up an auctioneer's day by selling for **£280**.



**£280**

● Somebody splashed out **£180** for these six colourful soda syphons.



**£180**



# You're fired!

**W**ould I be right in thinking that these are cannon balls, Bob? A friend gave them to my husband. They've been treated with an anti-rust product, which gave them their shiny appearance. They're 11in in circumference and each weighs 3kg.

**Aileen Evans,  
Larne, Co Antrim**



£50

■ This is not my specialist field, Aileen, but I'll give it a shot! The ones that make the money are attributable to important battles. Still, these should sell for £50 for the pair.

## Swanning around

**T**his is something I found in a charity shop. It's shaped like two swans, with their necks used for handles. It measures 30cm x 18cm and has a glazed finish. What's it worth?

**Susan Sparkes,  
Lydney, Gloucestershire**

■ There's a reason why it ended up in a charity shop... This 20th-century swan bowl is worth £5 at best.



£5

## 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**, 33 Broadwick Street, London W1F 0DQ, 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!**

How much did this leather hippo footstool sell for at a recent auction?



**A £120    B £220    C £320**

Send your answer, with your name, full address and phone number to: Test Your Knowledge: Issue 42, Real People, 33 Broadwick Street, London W1F 0DQ. Closing date for entries is 2 November 2017. For full T&Cs, see p43. Issue 39's items were three wall lights, styled as Vespa motorcycle headlamps. Answer: C) £100

# PUZZLE TRAIL

# X Factor

Have you got what it takes to be successful? See if you can learn what that special something is from *EastEnders* businessman Vincent Hubbard. For £100, use Vince to work out the number code for each letter of the alphabet. We've placed the Es, now you do the same with the Vs, Is, Ns and Cs. The number that represents the letter 'X' is your prize answer. See p43 to enter.

**WIN £100!**

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

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
V	I	N	C	E								
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

PLEASE NOTE: ALL VALUATIONS ARE ESTIMATES AND WE CANNOT RETURN PHOTOS

PICTURE: BBC



**FOLLOW FLO TO PAGE 42**



# 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! Genuine tarot cards from a traditional deck (Fortune teller) and ones we've made up (Fake) have been mixed up in the grid, below. Keep matching until one remains. This is your prize answer. See p43 to enter.

Fortune teller	The Fallen Oak	Fake	Fortune teller	The Cave
<del>Wheel Of Fortune</del>	The Hermit	Passion	The Golden Fleece	Fake
Fake	Fortune teller	The Hanged Man	Fake	Fortune teller
The Lovers	Fortune teller	Fake	<del>Fortune teller</del>	The Fool
Fake	The Devil	Fortune teller	Death	The Burning Bush

# 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.

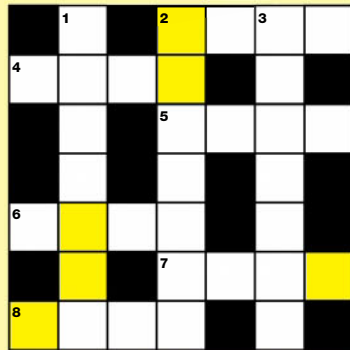


### ACROSS

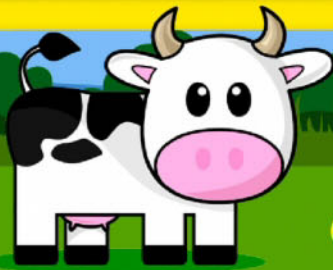
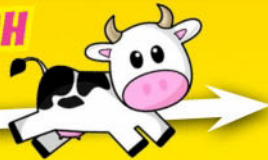
- 2 Pastry case filled with jam, eg (4)
- 4 Mix with a spoon (4)
- 5 Don't put them all in one basket! (4)
- 6 Baby sheep (4)
- 7 Tardy, not on time (4)
- 8 Brogue or stiletto, eg (4)

### DOWN

- 1 Abdomen (7)
- 2 Shake with fear (7)
- 3 On reflection, things you wish you hadn't done, eg (7)



**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.

**N E A R E M P T Y**



# 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:

- Have a flutter, place a bet (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Fire-breathing creature (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Required (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Procession (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- What gold is measured in (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Become skilled at (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Archer's missiles (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Wooded area (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Take into police custody (arrow pointing to yellow box)
- Helpful task (arrow pointing to yellow box)





# ENTRY COUPON



Issue 42, 26 October 2017 Closing date: Midnight 08 November 2017

## ENTER BY TEXT



Type a message starting with RPL42 followed by a space, using no punctuation, with your answer(s), name and address details to:

**85010** \*Texts cost 50p each per text, plus your standard network charge

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**UK: 09010 270073**  
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\*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: Phonovation/Spoke (01437 8815)

**OR ENTER BY POST:** Send your answers to: **Real People, ISSUE 42, Hearst Magazines UK, The Data Solutions Centre, Worksop S80 2RT**

**01 The Whopper! P12** GVRLPL17703

£150

ANSWER:

**07 Boxing Match P28** GVRLPL17709

6-in-1 combi-grill & pizza oven

ANSWER:

**13 Nothing For... P42** GVRLPL17715

£50

ANSWER:

**02 Question 1 P13** GVRLPL17704

Cordless vacuum cleaner

ANSWER:

**08 Go And Arrow P36** GVRLPL17710

£100

ANSWER:

**14 Nice Little... P42** GVRLPL17716

£25

ANSWER:

**03 Cash Cow P13** GVRLPL17705

£1,000

ANSWER:

**09 Lost In Moo-sic P38** GVRLPL17711

£25

ANSWER:

**15 I'm Too Hex-y P42** GVRLPL17717

£50

ANSWER:

**04 Roulette P16** GVRLPL17706

£250

ANSWER:

**10 Cow-Culator! P38** GVRLPL17712

£25

ANSWER:

**16 Diabolical P46** GVRLPL17718

£150

ANSWER:

**05 Playing The Field P21** GVRLPL17707

£50

ANSWER:

**11 X-Factor P41** GVRLPL17713

£100

ANSWER:

**06 Fill Your Boots P26** GVRLPL17708

Ninja Coffee Bar

ANSWER:

**12 Small Wonder P42** GVRLPL17714

£25

ANSWER:

**DID YOU SPOT ME?**

**17 Elf Conscious P03**  
GVRLPL17719 £50  
ANSWER: PAGE \_\_\_\_\_

**\*Terms & conditions** Only one entry per household. Phone, online and text entries must reach us by midnight on 08 November 2017, 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, 72 Broadwick Street, London W1F 9EP. 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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A wild night  
out did this to  
my Campbell



The day I  
thought would  
never come!

# FINAL fling

Lucy's man was a big, rowdy Scot who loved a drink. But where would it end?

**T**he hands of the clock were moving towards midnight. But the door didn't knock and the phone didn't ring...

'The last train will have been and gone,' I thought, exasperated. And my man, Campbell, wasn't on it!

*Not again...*

He was the loveliest fella you could ever meet when sober. But when the drink got into him – mayhem!

He was a happy drunk, but a very silly one. It didn't so much unleash demons inside him as a big, dopey idiot.

So, sighing, I dialled his mobile. What was it this time? Passed out somewhere?

After a few rings, it was answered. But it wasn't Campbell talking.

'Who is this?' I gasped.

'I think I have your boyfriend in the back of my cab,' the man said. 'I've no idea where he lives.'

I had to give him our address, then wait up to shovel Campbell

out of the cab.

'Lurrrrrrrve you!' he dribbled, as I heaved him, fully dressed, on to our bed.

I just rolled my eyes.

Campbell was the one in the pub who'd start buying everyone shots of Sambuca, then make a plonker of himself. I usually made him sleep at a mate's house after a big night out.

But I'd known what I was getting into from day one.

We'd both been Club 18-30 reps back then. I was based in Malia, Crete, while Campbell was in Aiya Napa, Cyprus.

In December 2006, we'd both ended up at the annual reps' catch-up weekend, held at Butlins in Skegness.

Everyone drank, danced and flirted far too much...

'Why don't we go somewhere quieter?' this big, sexy Scot purred in my ear. All 6ft 2in of green-eyed Glaswegian charm... *Campbell.*

That was the start.

Our one-night stand turned into a run of

dates. I was based in Hornchurch, Essex, more than 400 miles away from Campbell, so it wasn't easy.

But we both went to Malia to work the next 18-30 holiday season. Then, when I was 23, I hung up my wine goggles, and Campbell, 22, moved down to be with me.

I got a job in recruitment, while Campbell was in property management. Now, we'd just bought ourselves a bungalow.

So I forgave the big, silly sod his latest escapade...

A few weeks later, we went to Portugal with my parents, Chris and Steve, my brother

Greg, his wife, Hayley, and their two-year-old son, Oscar.

One night, we visited a restaurant in the mountains. The views were stunning.

My brother took little Oscar for a nappy-change.

*Or so I thought...*

Because Oscar was suddenly toddling towards me, all dressed up in a suit and bow tie, and carrying a small box!

Then Campbell was kneeling. 'Will you marry me?' he asked, taking the box from Oscar and holding it out. Inside was his nan's diamond ring.

I said yes. Champagne flowed. 'Steady,' I teased, as Campbell drained his first glass. 'You know what you get like after too many!'

'Annoying!' he grinned. 'But it's too late – you've agreed to marry me now!'

Back in England, a few weeks later, Campbell had a work night out planned.

When he wasn't back by 11pm, I gave him a ring, just in case I needed to head off another comatose-in-a-cab caper...

The phone was answered. Not by Campbell.

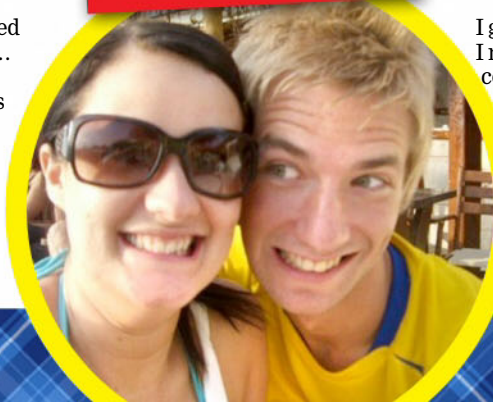
'Who's this?' the strange voice asked.

'Er, who are you?'

I snapped back.

'I'm a police officer,' came the reply. 'Campbell's had a

We were both holiday reps





# TARTAN TERROR

fall. He's unconscious and has smashed his leg up.'

'A fall?' I frowned. 'Near the Premier Inn at Tower Bridge,' the police officer went on.

A London hotel? The first thing that went through my head was that Campbell must be cheating on me!

No, he'd never do that...

'He's at the Royal London Hospital,' the officer finished.

We were staying with my parents while our bungalow was being renovated. I shook them awake.

'Campbell's in hospital,' I said. 'Silly idiot's had a fall.'

We raced there, ready to grab him and bring him home.

The policeman met us.

'So, what did the big twit do?' I sighed.

'We don't know exactly,' he explained. 'A worker at the hotel saw him climb up on the wall. They shouted at him to get down, but he slipped and fell 25ft.'

He led me to Campbell's bed. I gasped in horror.

'What have you done?' I cried.

His face was swollen, and purple and black with bruising. He had a bandage wrapped around his head, a tracheotomy in his throat so that he could breathe, and wires attaching him to beeping machines...

I got out my phone and snapped a picture of him.

'I'll show you this, so you know what getting drunk does to you!' I said.

Was it shock? I don't know. *Maybe denial.*

I stayed with Campbell all weekend, as he had MRI scans and CT scans. Then, on Monday, I went to work as usual.

I made it to lunchtime, then pulled my boss aside.

'I have to go to the hospital,' I said. 'Campbell's in a coma.'

'What are you doing here?' she cried, horrified.

I fled. It was sinking in. At the hospital, Campbell's parents were waiting, having just flown down from Glasgow.

The results were in.

'There was a big impact on Campbell's brain,' a consultant told us. 'He has some swelling, and a bleed.'

'He could be paralysed, and it's likely he won't remember how to do even the most basic tasks. Also, he might not know who you are. And he may not pull through.'

The room started to spin. In



Aah! Little Oscar helped him propose

shock, me and Campbell's parents went to a pub and downed a shot.

Back home, I collapsed in Mum's arms. 'What am I going to do?' I sobbed. 'I can't lose him.'

'He's tough,' she said. 'I tried to be tough, too. I taped photos of our engagement to the end of his bed, so I'd be the first thing he saw when he woke up.'

By now, he had a metal bolt in his head, helping to relieve the pressure on his brain. I played him his favourite song by Swedish House Mafia, *Don't You Worry Child*.

'And don't you worry, either,' I whispered. After six weeks, he was moved to a rehab centre. It gave me hope that he was going to wake up.

I had to go back to work, but



Campbell went to rehab... and I said yes, yes, yes!

'Don't ever ask me that again,' I told Mum.

After seven months, Campbell started speaking again. He struggled to remember the simplest words. Bizarrely, he called nearly everyone Finley.

But he knew who I was.

'Lucy,' he croaked.

Yet my Campbell had been replaced by an angry stranger.

'Leave me!' he'd yell, if I tried to help him into his pyjamas. 'I'm not a baby.'

## My man was replaced by an angry stranger

I'd rush to see Campbell straight after and spend every weekend with him in hospital.

His tracheotomy had been removed. Eventually, his green eyes opened. But my Campbell was still missing. He didn't look at me or say a word...

'Wear bright colours and see if his eyes follow you,' the nurse advised.

Slowly, they did.

With physio, Campbell worked out how to drop out of bed and shuffle along the corridor on his bum.

'I need to get you a dog lead,' I teased him.

But inside, it was killing me. We should've been planning our wedding, talking babies... Instead, I was spooning mush into his mouth.

One day, Mum asked me, 'Are you sure you want to do this?'

Of course I'd thought about how different the future looked. But it still had Campbell in it.

He'd swear at everyone and started using racist language towards the staff.

'Campbell!' I cried.

But they just smiled. 'Brain injuries change people - they don't mean it,' one of the lovely nurses said. Still, I hated hearing it.

He learnt to walk again, and to hold a fork. He still remembered nothing about the accident. But he knew what it had cost him.

And it made him very paranoid and jealous. 'Why are you with me?' he sobbed one day.

Mum understood what he was feeling.

'If you love him, why don't you marry him?' she asked me.

It'd been two years since the accident...

'Fancy marrying me?' I asked Campbell.

His eyes filled with tears. 'Really?' he whispered.

'I'm so lucky. But I'm not wearing a kilt!'

He didn't want to reveal the scar slashed across his left knee.

In November 2016, Campbell came home. Five months on - 29 April this year - our big day arrived.

Campbell and his best men wore thistles and purple tartan ties. As Dad walked me down the aisle to One Direction's *Little Things*, Campbell looked so happy. As we said our vows, the tears fell down his face.

I chose the shortest vows, to make it easier for him. 'I love you, always will,' I said.

At the reception, his pre-recorded speech was played on a big screen. 'My wife looks beautiful,' he said. 'Now, everyone, go get drunk!'

He needed a nap afterwards, but then he hit the dance floor.

We honeymooned at the French resort, Le Touquet. There was no sex, but it was still lovely.

Six months on, we're very happy. Campbell is improving every day, although he still says inappropriate things.

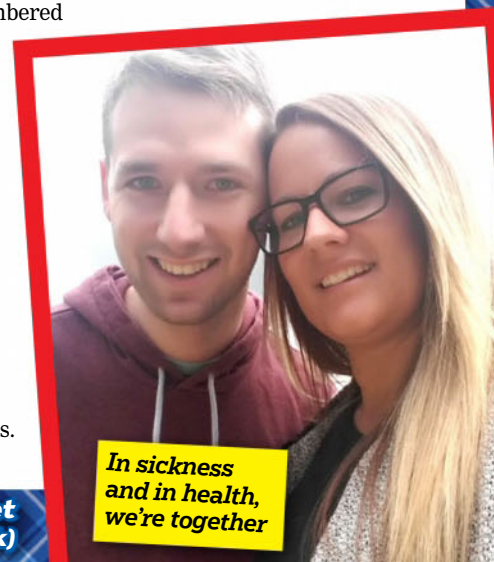
It's very hard hearing your husband telling the checkout girl at Sainsbury's that she's hot!

But he can't help it.

We've managed to make love twice.

One mad night too many has changed Campbell for ever. But I'll spend for ever helping the one I fell in love with come back to me.

**Lucy Gibb-Stuart, 33, Hornchurch, Essex**



In sickness and in health, we're together





# DIABOLICAL!



**Strictly Strictly!** All are hidden, except one – which one? This is your prize answer. Enter on p43.

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

- AJ PRITCHARD
- ALEXANDRA BURKE
- ALJAZ SKORJANEC
- AMY DOWDEN
- ANTON DU BEKE
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- RUTH LANGSFORD
- SHIRLEY BALLAS
- SIMON RIMMER
- SUSAN CALMAN
- TESS DALY
- ZOE BALL



**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: **STRICTLY CELEBRITY WINNERS**. To find out how many of them you have to look for, you have to solve the mini sudoku on the right. The number in the yellow square is your target... mwah, ha, ha, ha, ha!

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

PS We're not complete devils! If you want to know what the mystery words are, see Solutions on p35.

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









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