LA'S HOTTEST DIET SECRET
...comes with a side of fries

HOW ONE INTERN MADE A MILLION
Here's how you can, too

DOWN BOY!
Swimwear so hot it should be illegal

NEEDLES, KNIVES & SCARS
One beauty editor's shocking confession

GREEDY LOVERS
IS A FOURSOME THE NEW THREESOME?

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK'S TAYLOR SCHILLING
THE 4-DAY INTERVIEW THAT WENT... 😒 😒 😒 😒
BEAUTY SLEEP IN A BOTTLE.

ADVANCED NIGHT REPAIR

Starting tonight, experience our #1 serum which helps support skin’s natural nightly renewal process. Skin looks younger, healthier, more radiant. Proven for all ethnicities.*

New. Advanced Night Repair PowerFoil Mask

Visit your nearest Estée Lauder counter for a free 3-day sample** of Advanced Night Repair.

#AdvancedNightRepair

Learn more at esteelauder.co.uk

*Consumer testing for 4 weeks on a total of 520 women.
**Three 1.5ml samples per customer. Whilst stocks last.
TAYLOR SCHILLING WANTS TO GET SOMETHING OFF HER CHEST And the star of Orange Is The New Black does just that

DOWN BOY! Swimwear so hot it should be illegal

NEEDLES, KNIVES & SCARS One beauty editor’s shocking confession

HOW ONE INTERN MADE A MILLION Here’s how you can, too

THE LA DIET EVERYONE’S DOING And guess what? It comes with a side of fries

GREEDY LOVERS Is a foursome the new threesome?

THE SECRET’S OUT Immersive cinema blows up

IN THE SHADE Stay cool in the heat with these chic sunglasses

TAKE A BROW How to ace summer’s new eyebrow trends

HOT RIGHT NOW! Summer beauty in a shopping basket

CONFESSIONS Your secrets… er… aren’t secret any more

THE COMPASS The only cultural advice you need


LOVE AT FIRST SENTENCE Gripping reads that’ll keep you pinned to the sunlounger

WELL, HELLO THERE… Comedian and actor Jack Whitehall’s dating quirks

Why the bucket bag has glamour in spades
Pop artists.

New. Clinique Pop™ Lacquers, Glazes and Oils
Endless ways to make lips pop. Find out more at clinique.co.uk
Contents

* Wear
45 TOP OF OUR BUCKET (BAG) LIST The new summer essential
46 FRILL SEEKERS Hold the froth: cool ways to style ruffles
53 HEY, HOW DO I WEAR… Western boots? Here’s how
102 WHITE HEAT Fashion that shines brighter than the sun

* Glow
65 THE COCONUT EFFECT Nail polish’s totally tropical trend
72 HELP! I’M LOSING MY HAIR! The bare facts on thinning out
77 INGE HAS ISSUES Hands in the air for natural deodorants
79 TAKE COVER! Crafty colour tricks for hiding regrowth

* Earn
81 BLUE-SKY THINKING Why we’ll all be geniuses before summer’s out, mark our words
82 LET THE SPARKS FLY Gloom-busting Pandora necklaces
83 A FIXER’S GUIDE TO FAILURE How to heal your office faux-pas

* Move
86 SHOULD WE STAY OR SHOULD WE GO NOW? What’s a Brexit? Here’s all you need to know about the EU vote
91 BOOKEND YOUR WORKOUT The latest exercise trend is a game of two halves
92 TOUCH-DOWN TONE-UP Stretch out and relax with our post-flight yoga routine
99 BO-YO NAMASTE Yogi enlightenment meets boho cool

* Read
120 THE (INCONVENIENT) TRUTH ABOUT SUNSCREEN Could your SPF be doing you harm? Read this before you buy
128 DOES SHE DESERVE TO BE HATED? Tanya Gold spends three days undercover to experience life in a burqa
134 THE DRIVE OF YOUR LIFE Fasten seatbelts for an epic Uber adventure with your driver Ilana
140 IS YOUR NAME DANIEL? An original approach to dating

* Lust
147 SPOILT FOR CHOICE Tired of swiping left? Need some help? There’s an app for that…
148 FIRST LOVE Will Leoni and Ross relight their fire?
150 MY BEST SEX EVER WAS… with a Premier League footballer
151 WORST DATES EVER Nine readers’ cringeworthy nights

* Play
153 THINK INSIDE THE BOX Why wine bags are the new bottles
154 HIP NEW PLACES TO GET HIM INTO BED Get a room… in Iceland, Tenerife or Glasgow
159 DESIGN DOUBLES It’s brass elephants in here
161 £10 DINNER PARTY Chef Florence Knight’s bargain feast

* And the rest…
10 MEET TEAM
13 FROM THE EDITOR
170 COSMOPOLITAN CONTRACT Being a bridesmaid

* Earn
81 BLUE-SKY THINKING Why we’ll all be geniuses before summer’s out, mark our words
82 LET THE SPARKS FLY Gloom-busting Pandora necklaces
83 A FIXER’S GUIDE TO FAILURE How to heal your office faux-pas

* Read
120 THE (INCONVENIENT) TRUTH ABOUT SUNSCREEN Could your SPF be doing you harm? Read this before you buy
128 DOES SHE DESERVE TO BE HATED? Tanya Gold spends three days undercover to experience life in a burqa
134 THE DRIVE OF YOUR LIFE Fasten seatbelts for an epic Uber adventure with your driver Ilana
140 IS YOUR NAME DANIEL? An original approach to dating

* Lust
147 SPOILT FOR CHOICE Tired of swiping left? Need some help? There’s an app for that…
148 FIRST LOVE Will Leoni and Ross relight their fire?
150 MY BEST SEX EVER WAS… with a Premier League footballer
151 WORST DATES EVER Nine readers’ cringeworthy nights

* Play
153 THINK INSIDE THE BOX Why wine bags are the new bottles
154 HIP NEW PLACES TO GET HIM INTO BED Get a room… in Iceland, Tenerife or Glasgow
159 DESIGN DOUBLES It’s brass elephants in here
161 £10 DINNER PARTY Chef Florence Knight’s bargain feast

* And the rest…
10 MEET TEAM
13 FROM THE EDITOR
170 COSMOPOLITAN CONTRACT Being a bridesmaid

* Wear
45 TOP OF OUR BUCKET (BAG) LIST The new summer essential
46 FRILL SEEKERS Hold the froth: cool ways to style ruffles
53 HEY, HOW DO I WEAR… Western boots? Here’s how
102 WHITE HEAT Fashion that shines brighter than the sun

* Glow
65 THE COCONUT EFFECT Nail polish’s totally tropical trend
72 HELP! I’M LOSING MY HAIR! The bare facts on thinning out
77 INGE HAS ISSUES Hands in the air for natural deodorants
79 TAKE COVER! Crafty colour tricks for hiding regrowth

* Earn
81 BLUE-SKY THINKING Why we’ll all be geniuses before summe
FOR EVERY UNIQUE WOMAN

Jewellery that celebrates the uniqueness of women

PANDORA

PANDORA Rose collection at pandora.net
£6
Knickers

CROP TOP £9.50, RIO SWEETHEART BIKINI K Nickers £6 BOTH M&S COLLECTION | RIO SWEETHEART BIKINI K Nickers £6 M&S COLLECTION | CROP TOP £9.50, RIO SWEETHEART BRAZILIAN KNICKERS £6 BOTH M&S COLLECTION.
SELECTED UK STORES & ONLINE. SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.
THE ART OF BRIGHTS

Introducing the new & exclusive Rio sweetheart knicker, vibrant and fun in a carnival of colours.

BROWSE AND SHOP OUR BRAND NEW COLLECTION AT MARKSANDSPENCER.COM
I arrived at passport control in Turkey just as my passport had expired.

I got lost in Croatia, I got lost on a hillside and had to be rescued by the firebrigade. Running around the labyrinthine streets of Hanoi, Vietnam, gone midnight, utterly lost and alone. Terrifying.

Six hours into a 42-hour train journey from Goa to Delhi, a man threw up all over the carriage, including my nucksack.

I found a human poo in the lift of my budget Ibiza hotel.

This magazine can be recycled either through your kerbside collection, or at a local recycling point. Log on to Recyclenow.com and enter your postcode to find your nearest sites.
SCULPT IT YOUR WAY

NEW SCULPTING PALETTE BY KATE MOSS

Three long-lasting shades to highlight, contour and blush. Suits all face shapes.

1. Highlight
2. Contour
3. Blush

Kate is wearing Kate Sculpting Palette.

RIMMEL
GET THE LONDON LOOK
To the outside world, I am a relative success. I edit a national magazine. I have won a couple of awards along the way for my job as a magazine editor. My CV is studded with flashy qualifications I have earned over the years. I’m married, too. Very happily, as it happens. To a man I’ve known for more than 15 years.

So, like I said, to the naked eye, all is good. But it’s not the whole story, is it? In fact it’s not even a fraction of it.

These are my successes. They are the things I choose to make visible. The things I want to define me. What I don’t tell you is everything I have failed at. And there has been a lot, let me tell you. In fact, yes, let me actually tell you…

1 The first boy I ever asked out rejected me (Marvin Smith, if you’re reading this, yes, that was you).
2 I also got rejected from Oxford University.
3 And I basically got sacked from my first job as a sales assistant (not ‘polished’ enough was the verdict).
4 Sure, I’ve won a couple of awards, but guess what? I entered a hell of a lot that I didn’t win, too.
5 Oh, and I applied for a job on this very magazine not once, but TWICE in my career. And got rejected both times.

I could go on and on. But you get the idea. I’ve won a lot in life. But I’ve probably lost as much as I’ve won. You just never hear about the setbacks and the rejections. But here’s the thing… you probably should.

So I’m putting it out there: we know we should embrace our failures. But what we’ve not been told is we should share them, too. Imagine how much more we’d connect with people if they shared life’s losses with us; how inspired you’d feel and how much less you’d beat yourself up. Imagine how much you’d laugh (because retrospective failure can be really funny). But, best of all, imagine how many more risks you’d take knowing successful people fail all the time.

Psst! Fancy a new place to hang out? Good, then head to our brand new lifestyle channel The Edge in association with The Estée Edit by Estée Lauder. This is the online place to find out about the coolest beauty, the most rule-breaking fashion and the most inspiring, kick-ass real-life stories. This could even be your chance to write for us. See you there!

cosmopolitan.co.uk/theedge

PS: I’ve shown you mine, now tweet me yours (#failurefessup).

* Follow me on Twitter @Farrah_Storr and Instagram @farrahstorr
ABOUT BLOOMIN’ TIME

The new Fiat 500C is, at the touch of a button, open for pleasure. Get driving and flaunt the unique Glam Coral body colour with equally glam alloy wheels. The forward thinking back light design with body coloured inserts will be a hit, but since you don’t want them hitting anything, there’s rear parking sensors. Look! The sun is up, the roof is down, and we’re assuming, you’re bloomin’.

FRESH 500

Fuel consumption figures for new Fiat 500 range in mpg (l/100km): Urban 51.4 (5.5) - 68.9 (4.1); Extra Urban 66.7 (4.3) - 94.2 (3.0); Combined 60.1 (4.7) - 83.1 (3.4). CO₂ emissions 110 – 85 g/km. Fuel consumption and CO₂ figures based on standard EU tests for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results. Model shown is the Fiat 500C Lounge in special pastel paint Glam Coral. Alloy wheels and rear parking sensors are standard on Lounge versions and available as an option on Pop & Pop Star.

fiat.co.uk
Forget hoofing it to a warehouse after being instructed to ‘tell no one’ – the once achingly exclusive immersive cinema experience is hitting a big screen near you this summer. Original franchise Secret Cinema generated £6.45 million last year, and now there are opportunities all over the UK. Well, what’s the point of watching a film if you can’t dress/drink/eat as your favourite character? Head to a Mad Hatter’s Tea Party in North Yorkshire (Sneaky Experience, 11 June) to watch the 1951 version of *Alice in Wonderland* – just watch out for rabbit holes after a couple of Pimm’s. See *Labyrinth* at Picnic Cinema in a Cumbrian castle on 5 August, or go for what Sing-A-Long-A Cinema was made for, *Dirty Dancing* (Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, 2 June). Because immersive cinema’s worth singing, as well as shouting about, right?
In the shade

Fun, fearless and a little bit Elton John, summer’s sunglasses are all about getting noticed.

Summer does silly things to serious people. We’re talking grown women with flower garlands in their hair; business men in Havaianas (oddly always the green ones) and the national, unquestionable belief that Pimm’s, at least from Wimbledon to the August bank holiday, is the best drink ever invented. Bonkers sunglasses also fall into this list – and why the hell not? After all, summer is not the season to go incognito, but to stand out from the crowd. And these crowd-pleasers will oblige wholeheartedly.

STYLING SAIREY STEMP
PHOTOGRAPH IAN OLIVER WALSH
£450, Anna-Karin Karlsson
£280, Andy Wolf
£220, Matthew Williamson for Linda Farrow
£113, Dolce & Gabbana at Sunglass Hut

SHOP ME NOW
1 THE HAUTE HIGHLIGHT  
BEST FOR: FAIR HAIR

Gold is big news this summer, but if gilded lips and foil-effect eyes aren’t your thing, consider some golden arches instead (no, not a Big Mac). Less ‘look at me’ than our catwalk inspiration (above), Smashbox national make-up coach Janine Bird advises running a gold pencil through fair brows to fake a fuller finish. “The gold shimmer attracts and bounces light to create a 3D effect,” she says. “It also acts as a spotlight for eyes, making the iris appear brighter and prettier.” Sold.

2 THE BIG SMOKY  
BEST FOR: MID-TONE HAIR

Remember the youthful fluffy brows you owned before getting tweezer happy as a teenager? Channel those again and you’ll take off years. “The key to keeping it natural is to use two eyebrow pencils – one the same shade as your brows and the other slightly darker,” reveals Estée Lauder UK make-up ambassador Lynsey Alexander. “Start by brushing the hairs upwards, then fill in any gaps, a hair stroke at a time, alternating between the two shades.” Do some more upwards brushing to soften your just-applied “hairs” and repeat with a clear fixing gel (hairspray for the brows, basically).

3 THE HIGH LINE  
BEST FOR: DARK HAIR

The 1930s called and said you’re more than welcome to give their sharply defined eyebrows a go. The dream technique for those who allocate minus-five minutes to getting ready in the morning – it involves one line to scaffold the entire brow. “A defined upper brow lifts the whole eye area,” explains MAC senior artist Lesley Keane. “Lightly trace a line along the upper brow, dipping at the arch and trailing off where the hair finishes,” she recommends. Worried you’ll look like a cartoon villain? An angled brow brush dipped in a tinted brow gel or cream will give you a softer, more blended line.

Take a brow

Quick, painless and face-transforming – introducing the next-generation brows

WORDS CASSIE POWNEY. PHOTOGRAPHS IMAXTREE. STILL LIFES HEARST STUDIOS
CALLING ALL BEAUTY JUNKIES
82 AMAZING PRODUCTS. COUNTELESS WAYS TO PLAY.

GET KENDALL’S GLOW WITH BEAM TEAM + FLASH PHOTO GLOSS

ANNOUNCING
the Estée Edit
BY ESTÉE LAUDER

GORGEOUS SKIN. COVETABLE COLOUR.

@SELFRIDGES @THEESTEEEDIT #THEESTEEEDIT

Exclusive to Selfridges

SELFRIDGES & CO
selfridges.com
Hot right now!

Summertime and the beauty is... really bloody exciting, actually

Charlotte Tilbury Instant Look In A Palette, £49
All hail the palette of dreams: your ticket to getting Charlotte’s signature glow.

Algenist Reveal Concentrated Colour Correcting Drops, £30
We’re adding these to our moisturisers in the pursuit of flawless-looking skin, and guess what? It’s working...

Jimmy Choo Illicit Flower, £36 (40ml)
This fresher EDT version of the bestselling perfume has won us over with its summery apricot and mandarin.

Dior Milky Tints, £26.50
Slightly wet, pastel-toned, just-dipped-in-milkshake-looking lips... Need we say more?

Foreo Luna Play, £29
The silicone face cleanser now comes in this actual tiny travel size. Warning: you’ll want to coo at it like a small child.

Clinique Anti-Blemish Solutions Blemish + Line Correcting Serum, £39
Zaps spots and lines – now we’re talking...

Lanolips Tinted Balm, £7.99
Dry lips love lanolin (an oil found in sheep’s wool), and now it comes with a pretty tint. Baaa...

Kiko Power Pro Nail Lacquer, £4.90
Lasting, high-shine colour packed with an array of nail-nourishing ingredients – stop being so impressive, Kiko! (Well, not really.)

Jo Malone London Marthe Armitage Summer Afternoon Soaps, £30 for four
Modern bathrooms need a retro soap, and these summer’s day scents will transport you.

Bumble and Bumble Curl Defining Creme, £23.50
Add oomph to your curls and fight frizz, too – then you’ve got the rest of the day to take on the world.

Lanolips Tinted Balm, £7.99
Dry lips love lanolin (an oil found in sheep’s wool), and now it comes with a pretty tint. Baaa...

Jimmy Choo Illicit Flower, £36 (40ml)
This fresher EDT version of the bestselling perfume has won us over with its summery apricot and mandarin.
in EXTREME dimension lash WATERPROOF

THrust those lashes sky-high with superb scale, structure and sweep.
Then bat your eyes at moisture, because this new waterproof formula stays put.
MACCOSMETICS.CO.UK/JED
Olay Complete has summer covered with multi-layered protection:
UVA/UVB, moisture and vitamins. Use Everyday Sunshine for a sun-kissed
glow and Radiance Illuminator for a healthy radiant finish.

Look radiant whatever the weather.
Confessions

Because sometimes life is stranger than fiction

I was collecting an award for my contribution to performing arts in my local community, but right before the ceremony my period started. Luckily I had a sanitary towel with me, but I was wearing a thong so there wasn’t much to stick to. And of course it fell out on stage as I was collecting the award. I sprinted off double-time and didn’t stay for the after-party.

HAYLEY, 27, HEAD OF PR AT BOXED OUT, ESSEX

I was collecting an award for my contribution to performing arts in my local community, but right before the ceremony my period started. Luckily I had a sanitary towel with me, but I was wearing a thong so there wasn’t much to stick to. And of course it fell out on stage as I was collecting the award. I sprinted off double-time and didn’t stay for the after-party.

HAYLEY, 27, HEAD OF PR AT BOXED OUT, ESSEX

ALL BELLS AND WHISTLES

While out for dinner in Thailand with my uncle, grandparents and a tour guide, I absent-mindedly clicked my fingers and whistled. All the men in the restaurant stared at me; our guide explained I was giving out a signal that I was selling sex. How to make friends on holiday...

IRIS, 26, BLOGGER, LONDON

DIRTY DANCING

MY GIRLFRIEND AND I WERE COOKING AND A GOOD SONG CAME ON. THINKING WE WERE ALONE, WE GOT DOWN AND DIRTY WITH SOME GRINDING. UNTIL I SAW HER AUNT IN THE DOORWAY, CRACKING UP AND MIMICKING ALL OUR MOVES.

KAREEM, 26, FOOTBALLER, LONDON

Not used to having the extra height, I managed to get my North West-inspired top knot caught in the doors of the Tube. I was stuck trying to style it out for three whole stops, before the doors finally opened on my side of the train again and I could escape.

JOSIE, 22, JOURNALIST, BIRMINGHAM

JOSIE, 22, JOURNALIST, BIRMINGHAM
WHEN I WAS DOING MY MASTER’S IN BIOLOGY, WE HAD A TIMETABLE SHARED BETWEEN STUDENTS AND PROFESSORS TO BOOK LAB SLOTS. ON THE FIRST WEEK OF USING IT, I CONFUSED IT WITH MY OWN DIGITAL CALENDAR AND ADDED IN MY BIKINI WAX APPOINTMENT. I DIDN’T REALISE UNTIL A FRIEND TOLD ME – A WEEK LATER – AND, OF COURSE, BY THIS POINT EVERYONE HAD SEEN.

ROWENA, 23, RSPB MEMBERSHIP OFFICER, MANCHESTER

HIT THE DECK

When I found out my ex was going to be at a party, I was determined to look amazing and bought a white dress and sky-high shoes. But when the speeches started, I tripped over in front of the stage. I was too embarrassed to get up so I crawled back to my seat.

SERSH, 25, LETTINGS CONSULTANT, COUNTY KILDARE

MARIANNE, 41, PUBLICIST, LONDON

THE BIG REVEAL

I plugged my phone into my work computer to charge it, not realising it automatically starts showing your photos on screen. My boss came over to ask how my report was coming along, and was greeted with a screen of photos of my dog and ‘sexy’ snaps of me in my underwear. I actually died of embarrassment and am communicating this from beyond the grave.

LOIS*, 30, ADMINISTRATOR, SHROPSHIRE

LIKE A BOSS

I used to work for a major record label, and one year at a Brit Awards after-party, I pulled a hot guy on the dance floor – in front of my colleagues. On Monday I was moved to another department. Turned out he was an executive at my company – and married.

MUFFIN LOVIN’

I was busy serving a massive queue of customers in the shop where I work when my dad came in to see me. Usually this would be sweet, but he started waving his hands in the air and shouting, “Gem! Gem! It’s Dad, I GOT YOU A BLUEBERRY MUFFIN!” from the back of the line. Everyone turned to stare. It’s been months now and my colleagues still call me ‘blueberry muff’ for a laugh (which makes it sound like I have an STI). Cheers, Dad.

GEMMA, 22, SALES ASSISTANT, BRIGHTON

*Names have been changed.
A summer fling you can actually get deep with.
(deep conditioning that is)
Sinking our ship

Floating our boat

ANTI-AGEING GIN
Warner Leisure Hotels are selling £34.99 bottles of our No.1 tipple, distilled with collagen to keep us young. Yeah right, but good excuse, no?

SILENT HAIRDRYERS
Dyson just saved a gazillion relationships. The clever so-and-so spent four years inventing a noiseless hairdryer. All yours for the bargain price of £299.

EMILIA CLARKE
Mother of dragons, Insta genius and now blimmin’ brilliant as Louisa Clark in the film adaptation of our favourite book Me Before You. Take tissues. You will cry.

PEDICURE TIGHTS
Japanese company Belle Maison now sells flesh-coloured tights with pre-painted toenails. Just no, OK. ‘NO!’

CLUB 18-70S
The tourist industry predicts a surge in parents taking their (skint) grown-up kids on holiday. Ouzo shots with Mum and Dad… we’re not convinced.

UNATTAINABLE DENIM
Nearly a grand for jeans? No thanks, Vetements. Our search for the dream pair goes on in H&M and Uniqlo because we won’t be spending the price of a small car.

HOT SINGLES IN YOUR AREA
As in single earrings. Emma, Lara and Dree Hemingway are rocking it, so if you’ve got a drawer full of odd ones, your fashion moment’s come. Wearing one wonky showstopper is the way forward.

FLORAL CROWNS
Unless you’re under 12 years of age and attending a Cotswolds wedding, leave it alone. Taylor Swift says it’s chokers we need now. Pixie and Katy, listen up.

RIGHT ON THE LIPS
New research* claims if you turn your head to the right for a kiss, you really fancy your partner. National Kissing Day on 24 June is a great excuse to test it out.

COMPETITIVE SUMMERING
Have you really been invited to a rooftop garden to drink champagne? Or are you actually just going to drink cider in the park like the rest of us?
That **yummy** ice cream.
The glorious sunshine.
Your **holiday fling**.
The best things in summer are
(unfortunately) **short-lived**.
Like our limited edition
**Beach Mate collection**.
It’s beached-out hair’s
**moisturising sweetheart**. Awww.
Ok, so it doesn’t have an **exotic accent**.
And no, it won’t give you a
**deep massage** on a sun lounger.
But boy does it deliver on
**deep conditioning**.
How deep? We suggest you
have a lifeguard standing by.
So forget about the **hot Spanish guy**
in the tiny trunks and bring on the
affair your hair’s
been waiting for.
Original do Brasil

desde 1962

havaianas
Sound of the summer

Adele and Coldplay? Pah. Discover the hottest new acts this festival season instead. You’ll be glad you did when they headline next year…

**Jack Garratt**

**WHAT:** Electro-pop with a soul vibe so smooth it bagged him the Critics’ Choice gong at the 2016 Brit Awards.

**WHERE:** T in the Park (8-10 July), Glastonbury (22-26 June), Reading & Leeds (26-28 August).

**YOU’LL LOVE HIM IF:** You’re pining for Ed Sheeran. Garratt has that lovable hipster one-man-band thing – he plays the keyboard, guitar and drums at the same time. We know.

**YOU NEED TO KNOW:** When Garratt was 13, he made it into the finals of the Junior Eurovision Song Contest but came last. Respect.

**IF YOU CAN’T MAKE THE FESTIVAL:** Warm up to his debut album *Phase*. He’s come a long way since “nul points”.

**Blossoms**

**WHAT:** Pure indie pop.

**WHERE:** Isle of Wight (9-12 June), Glastonbury (22-26 June), Boardmasters (10-14 August).

**YOU’LL LOVE THEM IF:** You liked Arctic Monkeys in the good ol’ days before Alex Turner starting quiffing his hair and acting like a tool.

**YOU NEED TO KNOW:** Keyboardist Myles Kellock only knew the C chord (well, it’s better than the C word) before nabbing himself a spot in the band. He’s broadened his repertoire since then. We promise.

**IF YOU CAN’T MAKE THE FESTIVAL:** Watch the video for *At Most A Kiss* on repeat. It makes Zigi’s *Pillowtalk* look like an episode of *Teletubbies*.

**Alessia Cara**

**WHAT:** R&B pop, served chilled.

**WHERE:** Festival d’été de Québec (7-17 July), Lollapalooza in Chicago (28-31 July), iHeartRadio in Nevada (24 September).

**YOU’LL LOVE HER IF:** You think what Taylor Swift says, goes. The singer heard Cara’s *Bad Blood* cover and invited her on tour, then gave her a 1989 bathrobe. Obviously.

**YOU NEED TO KNOW:** The house party in her video for *Here* was as awkward as it looks. It’s a re-enactment of the party she wrote the song about. Guests an’ all. Shudder.

**IF YOU CAN’T MAKE THE FESTIVAL:** She’s supporting Coldplay on the UK leg of their tour (4-19 June).

**Lady Leshurr**

**WHAT:** Freestyle rap.

**WHERE:** Wild Life (11-12 June), Wireless (8-10 July), Glastonbury (22-26 June).

**YOU’LL LOVE HER IF:** You like Nicki Minaj, but grimier. Not that there’s any rivalry. She turned down a record deal when they wanted to pit her against Minaj. Put it there, sister.

**YOU NEED TO KNOW:** She’s after a seat on *The X Factor* panel. “It’s time [they] had a rapper as a judge,” she has said. Got that, Simon?

**IF YOU CAN’T MAKE THE FESTIVAL:** Download her *Queen’s Speech* album for a bit of freestyling action from some elaborately titled tracks. *Queen’s Speech 1, Queen’s Speech 2, Queen’s Speech 3…*

**Get the drill.**

**Stormzy**

**WHAT:** The first unsigned rapper to appear on *Later… with Jools Holland*.

**WHERE:** Wild Life (11-12 June), Glastonbury (22-26 June), Lovebox (15-16 July).

**YOU’LL LOVE HIM IF:** Skepta is your go-to guy on a Saturday night.

**YOU NEED TO KNOW:** Adele dedicated *Make You Feel My Love* to him at a recent concert. He tweeted, “Bro, on my life I’m bugging right now… I swear to you, man is dreaminggggg!” So he’s a fan, then.

**IF YOU CAN’T MAKE THE FESTIVAL:** Listen to *Wicked Skengman 4.*
The spine-chiller

*Girls On Fire* by Robin Wasserman (Little, Brown, £12.99)

Opening lines: “See them in their golden hour, a flood of girls, high on the ecstasy of the final bell, tumbling onto the city bus all gawky limbs and Wonderbra’d cleavage, chewed nails picking at eruptive zits, lips nibbling and eyes scrunching in a doomed attempt not to cry.”

You’ll be instantly hooked... If *Heathers* is more your jam than *Clueless*.

Why you’ll keep reading: A tale of teenage friends, it’s a potent mix of obsessions, paranoia and deadly secrets.

Best place to read it: On a spa retreat with an old school friend. You’ll be reminiscing, and thanking your lucky stars.

The choke-on-your-sangria

*Viral* by Helen FitzGerald (Faber & Faber, £12.99)

Opening lines: “I sucked twelve cocks in Magaluf. So far, twenty-three thousand and ninety-six people have seen me do this.”

You’ll be instantly hooked... If you’ve ever watched a viral video at your desk and thought, “Thank God that’s not me.”

Why you’ll keep reading: You’ll want to see how strait-laced Su, who is in Shagaluf for a post-A-level holiday with her sister, gets out of this situation. It’s so gripping the team behind Broadchurch have snapped up the rights.

Best place to read it: Chilling on the beach in Ibiza with your mates. Probably best to avoid Majorca.

The tear-jerker

*All At Sea* by Decca Aitkenhead (4th Estate, £16.99)

Opening line: “The thing to remember about this story is that every word is true. If I never told it to a soul, and this book did not exist, it would not cease to be true. I don’t mind at all if you forget this. The important thing is that I don’t.”

You’ll be instantly hooked... If you’re obsessed with *The Walking Dead*. It’s got that whole post-apocalyptic world nailed, but the twist is that this is told from the zombie’s point of view. Clever.

Why you’ll keep reading: There is brilliant wry humour amid the darkness, and the action scenes feel like a movie. Plus Hill’s dad is Stephen King, which helps.

Best place to read it: Poolside anywhere – but make sure you use a tablet. At 700-plus pages, it’s like tackling *Thrones*.

The action-packed one

*The Fireman* by Joe Hill (Gollancz, £20)

Opening line: “Harper Grayson had seen lots of people burn on TV, everyone had, but the first person she saw burn for real was in the playground behind the school.”

You’ll be instantly hooked... If you’re obsessed with *The Walking Dead*. It’s got that whole post-apocalyptic world nailed, but the twist is that this is told from the zombie’s point of view. Clever.

Why you’ll keep reading: There is brilliant wry humour amid the darkness, and the action scenes feel like a movie. Plus Hill’s dad is Stephen King, which helps.

Best place to read it: Poolside anywhere – but make sure you use a tablet. At 700-plus pages, it’s like tackling *Thrones*.

---

**The tear-jerker**

*All At Sea* by Decca Aitkenhead (4th Estate, £16.99)

Opening line: “The thing to remember about this story is that every word is true. If I never told it to a soul, and this book did not exist, it would not cease to be true. I don’t mind at all if you forget this. The important thing is that I don’t.”

You’ll be instantly hooked... If you’re obsessed with *The Walking Dead*. It’s got that whole post-apocalyptic world nailed, but the twist is that this is told from the zombie’s point of view. Clever.

Why you’ll keep reading: There is brilliant wry humour amid the darkness, and the action scenes feel like a movie. Plus Hill’s dad is Stephen King, which helps.

Best place to read it: Poolside anywhere – but make sure you use a tablet. At 700-plus pages, it’s like tackling *Thrones*.
PANTENE

STRONG IS TAKING ON ROCKSTAR BLONDE

PANTENE PRO-V STRENGTHENS COLOURED HAIR FROM ROOT TO TIP. BLOW-DRY IT. TWIST IT. TAME IT. COLOUR IT.

STRONG IS BEAUTIFUL
Jack Whitehall

Comedian. Actor.
An appalling first date... There’s a lot you need to know about this guy

HIS VITALS
Age 27
Hometown London

Big break
Although well-established on the stand-up circuit, playing posh JP in C4’s Fresh Meat in 2011 put him in a league of his own.

Crazy fact #1
He went to school with R-Patz and auditioned to play Harry Potter. Yep, things could have been very different.

Crazy fact #2
Back in the day, his dad, Michael, was a theatrical agent to Dame Judi Dench and Colin Firth.

Cheap date
“I once took a girl out and my card got declined, so the girl had to pay. We would have been cleaning up the kitchen otherwise. Really classy! There was no second date.”

Starstruck
“Julia Roberts has a really emotionally charged scene in Mother’s Day [in which Jack plays a comedian]. I walk in, not knowing what’s going on. I’d been watching her on the monitor and was welling up, and someone had to tell me, ‘You might have to sort your eyes out because they’re a bit red.’ Not my most professional!”

Nailing it
“I have soft hands for a man. When I was a kid, my dad tried to get me to stop biting my nails by promising me we could go for a manicure. Having a manicure in a nail salon on Putney High Street while people we know walk past and stare through the window... how is that an incentive?”

Food of love
“I’m romantic in my own way. I cook meals and stuff. I once made a pie with a pastry heart on it [for his girlfriend, actress Gemma Chan]. My signature dish is crab and chilli linguine, Jamie Oliver-style.”

Child’s play
“I don’t like being clean-shaven because I’ve got a stupid child’s face. I look very young in Mother’s Day because I’ve shaved – and my character has a baby! That was challenging. I went from thinking I was the baby whisperer to Satan in the space of a minute. I did learn how to change a nappy, though.”

Mother’s Day is in cinemas 10 June
PANTENE

STRONG IS TURNING UP THE VOLUME

PANTENE PRO-V GIVES YOU 2X FULLER AND STRONGER HAIR.
BLOW-DRY IT. TWIST IT. TAME IT. UPSIZE IT.

STRONG IS BEAUTIFUL
TAYLOR SCHILLING WANTS TO GET SOMETHING OFF HER CHEST...and the star of *Orange Is The New Black* does just that.

Words LOTTIE LUMSDEN • Photographs JAMES WHITE
“Do we really want to shoot outside today?” says Taylor Schilling, screwing up her face. It’s a statement rather than a question. “Let’s just stay inside where it’s warm.”

She might have a point. We’re in one of those artfully cool LA homes that magazines invariably hire when shooting a big Hollywood star. It’s on a quiet, residential road high up in Beverly Hills with a Slim Aarons-style pool and verdant gardens. In a garage area by one of the guest bedrooms there are rails and rails of sugary pink clothes and white swimwear for Taylor to try on, as well as a couple of giant pink flamingo lilos ready to be blown up and join the party. Everything is in place. Well, except the sun.

Usually you can see the whole city from here, but today there is nothing but fog and grey skies. Not even the Hollywood sign gives us a flash of her pearly whites. Unlucky, given it’s only rained in LA exactly three times so far this year.

The problem doesn’t seem to be the lack of sun however. It is more to do with the fact Taylor is tired. Very, very tired.

She arrived on set this morning at 10am – a whirling dervish of kisses, hugs and effusive introductions. (“This could be my Bardot moment!” she laughs when she sees a pink sweater.) Her publicist gets the biggest hug, as they haven’t seen each other in months. Not even the Hollywood sign gives us a flash of her pearly whites. Unlucky, given it’s only rained in LA exactly three times so far this year.

Things have certainly gone a little crazy for the 31-year-old Boston-native recently. Based on Piper Kerman’s bestselling prison memoir, Orange Is The New Black (OITNB) has been the sleeper hit of recent years, making stars out of its female-led cast (Laverne Cox, Ruby Rose, Laura Prepon…).

But it’s Taylor who took the big lead role – that of Piper Chapman whose past relationship with a female drug-runner, Alex, lands her in prison.

And she’s been working non-stop since last summer. In December, after wrapping on a six-month shoot for the fourth series of OITNB, she flew to Gran Canaria for film project The Titan. That completed at the end of March, she had a four-day stop in London, then headed to LA last week, where she’s on location until May.

But, you know, so far so good. Taylor is in good spirits. She looks round the house with big, incredulous eyes. She wears loose black trousers, a T-shirt and Adidas Gazelle trainers. Her hair is soaking wet (whether from a shower or the rain, I’m unsure) and her face, make-up free. In the flesh she’s very pretty, but even those perfect all-American features (blue, blue eyes; wide, expansive, expensive-looking smile; the sort of small, sloped nose cosmetic surgeons have wet dreams about) can’t hide the dark, forbidding bags beneath her eyes.

Her publicist tells her that the Cosmopolitan team are jet-lagged, too. “Oh, so we’re all in this together then!” she says.
And it’s not long after that Taylor starts struggling. As the photographer snaps away, her mood shifts and she finds it hard to compose herself. Then, when she changes into a second outfit and is waiting for the lighting to be adjusted, she turns her back on the photographer. Her face crumples and she puts her hands in front of her eyes. She is clearly crying. Silently.

The photographer asks if she’s OK. She collects herself, and asks for something to sit on while she waits. We grab her a chair. It’s upsetting to see. We all check she’s completely comfortable with her outfit, ask if we can get her a drink, and offer encouraging words.

At that point the new publicist asks to speak to me in another room and tells me we need to wrap the shoot up as quickly as possible because Taylor is finding it all too much. I suggest getting anyone who is not vital for the shoot out of the house to give Taylor a bit of space. Six of us move outside and into a garage area where clothing rails have been set up. Half an hour later the rain stops and the sun comes out. Brave-faced, Taylor says she will come outside, but in doing so hits her head on a camera boom. She stops, stunned, and then starts sobbing uncontrollably. Her PR runs over to comfort her.

We do everything we can to diffuse the situation. It’s no use.

I’ve done hundreds of interviews and been on countless shoots, but I’ve never experienced anything like this. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve seen celebrities get upset – sometimes they just aren’t in the mood and on other occasions they’re tired and just need a bit of encouragement. However, mostly they are able to hold it together in front of the camera. Yet ever since Taylor arrived she’s seemed fragile, veering from over-the-top positive one minute to looking like she’s about to cry the next.

And from that moment everyone except Taylor, the photographer, one of his assistants and the hair stylist are asked to stay off set. Myself, the fashion team, the creative director, two photographer’s assistants, the make-up artist and, at times, Taylor’s publicist stand in the garage wondering what’s going on. It starts to rain again.

An hour later, Taylor’s manager (who wasn’t here before) arrives at the house and goes inside. It seems the actress has asked for her to drive over.

At around 3pm, three hours before the shoot is due to end, Taylor appears in her own clothes. She bids us farewell, hugs and thanks everyone and I’m told they’ll speak to me tomorrow, Sunday, to sort things out. And then, just like that, they’re gone. We pack up, silently. No one knows quite what to say – and I’m starting to worry how I’ll explain to my boss that we may not have a cover shot.

SUNDAY

I wake at 8am and cancel my plans in case I need to be on call to meet Taylor. I’ve spent the whole night replaying...
the shoot in my head – but mainly worrying about her. I Google her to see if there is anything online I’ve missed, but for an actress who fronts one of the biggest shows, there’s very little about her in the public domain.

I email her team. Nothing. I call and it rings out. I’m genuinely concerned there may be no interview. Finally, 23 hours after our last contact, I get a short email at 2.29pm saying Taylor’s team haven’t been able to speak to her since the shoot. It gets dark outside. At 8pm, I receive a final email. Taylor can’t do Monday. She’ll do a Skype call later in the week when I’m back in London. I push back saying it’s not good enough. My flight leaves tomorrow. I go to bed having no idea what’s going on.

**MONDAY**

1pm. My flight leaves in eight hours. Nothing. I’ve checked out of my hotel. And then, two hours before I leave for the airport, I get an email: Taylor will meet me at 8.30am the following morning. What’s more, Taylor will personally pay for me to stay another day. I book myself into a new hotel and wait.

**TUESDAY**

It’s a gloriously sunny day. I jump in an Uber and head to Bru Coffeebar where I’m to meet Taylor.

I arrive at 8am and sit near the back of the spacious café, which is full of women in gym gear post-workout. Twenty minutes later she walks in, heads straight for me and pulls me into a strong embrace that lasts a good 30 seconds.

She pulls away and clasps my hands in hers. “I’m so glad you could stay another day,” she says. “Thank you.” She laughs and smiles, orders a coffee and we talk. It’s like a different person sitting before you. Her skin looks fresh, her bags have faded, and her hair is tied tight in a little bun.

“You must be missing home,” she smiles. “I love London. I’d like to do a play there. I visited last week to see Uzo [OITNB co-star Uzo Aduba] in The Maids.”

Taylor doesn’t directly address Saturday, but is keen to impress on me how crazy her schedule is and that she hasn’t had a day off in six months. “Zero,” she says. “I’ve been project hopping this whole year.” She trails off and stares over her right shoulder as if she’s deep in thought. Taylor does this regularly over the next 90 minutes.

“A lot of the time I’m shooting six days a week, which I kind of love because when I get in the flow of the project, I love going for it, but your body catches up with you.” She looks seriously relieved she’ll have some time off after 2 May when she wraps the Duplass brothers project. Then she’ll fly home to New York. “I’m so close to the finish line.” She laughs out loud. “What might not make it is my hair. It was a weird colour for Orange, then I had to dye it brown for Titan and four days ago they made it platinum [for this film]. I’m waking up with clumps of hair on my pillow.”

She grabs a strand and jokingly whispers to it, “Just a few more weeks. You can do it. I’ll never do this to you again.”

Taylor finds all the travelling she has to do for her job tough. “It’s deeply difficult,” she says. “It’s not having a break in between. My body is not used to it. I miss my friends a lot, and I miss rest. I’m very much a creature of habit. I do well with a routine. You can reach
maximum capacity and then I feel like I’ve hit a wall.”

She suffers badly from jet lag, too. “For me, it’s a very real thing,” she says. “All cognitive faculties are shut down. I can only describe it as [being like] a three-year-old trying to articulate themselves, but they don’t have it [the words]. And it’s just like… meltdown.” This is one of several times Taylor refers to having “meltdowns”. She adds: “I can’t tell you how many nights in the past week I’ve been up doing meditation because I can’t sleep at all."

For this very reason Taylor is happiest when she’s shooting OITNB in New York. She and the rest of the cast live there. “We go on trips together, go out and eat and sometimes do museums,” she says. “We sometimes cook.”

“It’s so nice [to film it in New York] because it really prevents overwhelm,” she adds. “Travelling, which is a really exciting part of my job, is also a bit disorientating…”

“You feel lonely but also so deeply plugged in with your work and you forget almost. But then it gets to the weekend when I do remember and it’s like, ‘Gosh, I haven’t talked to anybody in real life for a week. I’ve only been talking to fake people, my fake friends and my fake family. It’s so crazy…”

Taylor grew up in Boston. Her parents (Patricia, a university administrator, and Robert, a former prosecutor) were divorced so she and her brother Sam split their time between the two. At 18 she moved to New York to study drama at Fordham University. She worked as a nanny to get by. “[Growing up] we never really lacked for food, but it was very tight,” she says. “I loved nannying. I had several families that I worked for. It was kind of a lot. It’s like now, you have little meltdowns, and you just sort of do it. I look back at that period of time and think, ‘How did I do all that?’ But I needed to pay for food. I didn’t have a choice. And that’s how I feel now sometimes.”

She looks at the table. “I wonder if in 10 years I’ll look back at this time and think, ‘God, you were hustling.’”

After graduating from Fordham in 2006, Taylor landed a place at New York University’s Tisch School of the Arts, but she quit after her second year. “I got antsy,” she says. “There’s a bucking bronco inside me.”

But it paid off because she landed an agent and started getting auditions. But it wasn’t easy. “I was so poor. My agent once gave me money. I had zero dollars. Boxes of off-brand cornflakes were my diet.”

In 2009 she landed her first TV role on medical drama Mercy. It got good reviews but was cancelled after the first season. A few years later she landed a lead role opposite Zac Efron in film The Lucky One and in Oscar-winning Argo as Ben Affleck’s wife, but most of her scenes were cut. That must have been disappointing? “Yes, it was. But it was exciting to be a part of it all. Ben was so kind. I knew it wasn’t personal.”

She finally got her big break, however, in 2012 when she was cast in OITNB.

Has she ever struggled with the intense lesbian sex scenes she has to do with her co-star Laura Prepon? “They’re pretty easy,” she says. “To me it’s a bit of choreography, then everyone is on their way home. It’s not comfortable, but it’s simple. For Laura and me it’s just old hat now.”

There are limits though and Taylor does have a nudity clause. “I don’t know who wouldn’t. But nobody is trying to sneak a nipple in there without telling you. Or an errant pubic hair!”

Despite the show’s success, Taylor doesn’t consider herself famous, even though she regularly gets approached by fans. “In Spain recently, I was out at dinner and went to the loo and this woman knocked on the door. I was like, ‘I’ll be straight out’. And she said, ‘No, no, I just want a photograph.’ She just wanted me to know she was there waiting!”

I’m interested to learn (given her exhaustion from travelling) that the time she has spent in Spain and London recently has made Taylor consider leaving America and settling elsewhere.

But she says it has a lot to do with the upcoming US presidential election in November. “Let’s just say my time in London might be coming up sooner rather than later,” she says. “I am nervous [about the election]. It gives me anxiety.”

Taylor is all for Democratic candidate Hillary Clinton. “I don’t know if we’ve had a candidate who is as highly qualified as her in years and I think that alone, regardless of...
her gender, would benefit our country tremendously. She also happens to be a badass woman, which is a plus.”

As for Republican Donald Trump…

“I am consistently flabbergasted, angry and sad. I feel that way when I watch the news. Particularly as someone who identifies as a feminist, it’s very difficult to read his commentary on women in public. More than anything, I’m sad… “Maybe I need to go find a Londoner. Do a play over there and meet somebody. London reminds me of New York, but with no bullshit.”

Taylor is single and this weird nomadic life she’s living can’t be helping things. “It’s a pressure for everyone,” she says. “I feel fulfilled by [my job], but it’s only a part of me and I keep remembering it’s not all of me and there’s a whole other piece of me that needs to be nurtured. I think it’s going to be a lifelong balancing act to discover how I can feed both sides.”

Our time is up: it’s 9.50am and Taylor’s due on set. “I’m so glad this worked out,” she says. She gives me another hug before she goes. “Thank you for being able to stay.”

I say I’m just glad she’s OK. “Yeah. I was so tired after work yesterday I just needed to crash. There was no way I wanted it to not happen and we all worked too hard to get through that.”

That night, as I board my flight, I’m still thinking about Taylor. I got after university. It felt like the most exciting thing in the world. I was finally able to easily pay rent and buy food.”

“Peter and his wife [actress Erica Schmidt] are dear friends of mine. She got me my first screen test for it. I was like, ‘OK, I’ll do it!’ It felt special. I loved the writing and that there was no interest in making Piper seem likeable.”

2015 Natalya, A Month In The Country, Off Broadway, New York, with Peter Dinklage

“Peter and his wife [actress Erica Schmidt] are dear friends of mine. She got me my first agent. We had worked together before, which was magnificent, so decided to spend some time making a play. I’ve not watched Peter in Game Of Thrones. The only thing I watch on TV is an animated programme called Bob’s Burgers.”

2015 Emily, The Overnight

2015 OITNB won Outstanding Performance by an Ensemble in a Comedy Series at the Screen Actors Guild Awards

“I don’t think the show would exist without the cast’s chemistry and what we’ve all been through. It’s a really brave and fierce group of women.”

2012 Christine, Argo, with Ben Affleck

“I have such respect for Ben.”

2012 Beth, The Lucky One, with Zac Efron

“It was delightful kissing Zac and we had an epic sex scene. It wasn’t the type of work I wanted to spend my life doing, but it made me feel like, ‘OK, things are moving in the right direction.’ I’ve got enough money for another year of living!”

2009 – 2010 Nurse Veronica Flanagan Callahan, Mercy

“In some ways I feel OITNB was my big break, but this was the first job I got after university. It felt like the most exciting thing in the world. I was finally able to easily pay rent and buy food.”

2002 – 2009 Worked as a nanny

“It was a special time. I had one little boy who only wanted to be referred to as Princess Kitty! And another who could do the entire Michael Jackson Beat It dance. I still miss it, but I’m getting to the point where I could have my own kids instead.”

Education

2002 – 2006 BA, Fordham University, New York

“I wanted to be in New York far more than I wanted to go to college. I had no resources, so I had to nanny. I didn’t have any option, which is why I’m proud of where I am today. Only recently has Starbucks stopped being a treat.”

Mid-90s – 2002 Wayland High School

“I always felt like an outsider growing up. I was really tall, had weird clothes and a colourful family life. I still don’t know if I fit in now. I started doing theatre when I was 11 and it was the first time going to school felt easy. It meant I had a voice.”

TAYLOR SCHILLING

2013 – present Piper Chapman, Orange Is The New Black

“I auditioned with a casting director and two weeks later the creator, Jenji Kohan, called me from her family holiday in Ireland to say she wanted me. I didn’t even [screen] test for it. I was like, ‘OK, I’ll do it!’ It felt special. I loved the writing and that there was no interest in making Piper seem likeable.”

2015 Natalya, A Month In The Country, Off Broadway, New York, with Peter Dinklage

“Peter and his wife [actress Erica Schmidt] are dear friends of mine. She got me my first agent. We had worked together before, which was magnificent, so decided to spend some time making a play. I’ve not watched Peter in Game Of Thrones. The only thing I watch on TV is an animated programme called Bob’s Burgers.”

2015 Emily, The Overnight

2015 OITNB won Outstanding Performance by an Ensemble in a Comedy Series at the Screen Actors Guild Awards

“I don’t think the show would exist without the cast’s chemistry and what we’ve all been through. It’s a really brave and fierce group of women.”

2012 Christine, Argo, with Ben Affleck

“I have such respect for Ben.”

2012 Beth, The Lucky One, with Zac Efron

“It was delightful kissing Zac and we had an epic sex scene. It wasn’t the type of work I wanted to spend my life doing, but it made me feel like, ‘OK, things are moving in the right direction.’ I’ve got enough money for another year of living!”

2009 – 2010 Nurse Veronica Flanagan Callahan, Mercy

“In some ways I feel OITNB was my big break, but this was the first job I got after university. It felt like the most exciting thing in the world. I was finally able to easily pay rent and buy food.”

2002 – 2009 Worked as a nanny

“It was a special time. I had one little boy who only wanted to be referred to as Princess Kitty! And another who could do the entire Michael Jackson Beat It dance. I still miss it, but I’m getting to the point where I could have my own kids instead.”
NIVEA

STRONG ON SWEAT
SOFT ON SKIN

NEW

protect & care
anti-perspirant
effective protection & gentle care

FREE TRIAL
Simply buy it, try it &
get your money back.*

Simply buy product in store, go to nivea.co.uk/protectandcare
and send your receipt back to address displayed once form is completed.

UK residents, 18+ only. Original receipt required. Internet access required. Purchase period for refunds from 1st April to 31st July 2016. Submission must be received on or before 5th August 2016. Only one entry per person will be accepted. See nivea.co.uk/protectandcare for full terms and conditions.
AYGO X-CITE
4.9% APR representative* £750 towards your deposit
Reversing camera
Multimedia system with Bluetooth®
DAB radio

NOW WITH 750 MORE REASONS TO FEEL EXCITED.

2016 AYGO x-cite 5 door 1.0 VVT-i Manual. Official Fuel Consumption Figures in mpg (l/100km): Urban 56.5 (5.0), Extra Urban 78.5 (3.6), Combined 68.9 (4.1). CO₂ Emissions 95g/km. All mpg and CO₂ figures quoted are sourced from official EU regulated laboratory test results. These are provided to allow comparisons between vehicles and may not reflect your actual driving experience. Model shown is AYGO x-cite 5 door 1.0 VVT-i Manual with optional OUTstyle pack at £12,340. Prices correct at time of going to print/press. *4.9% APR Representative and £750 Finance Deposit Allowance only available on new retail orders of AYGO (excluding x-grade) between 1st April and 30th June 2016 and registered and financed through Toyota Financial Services by 30th September 2016 on a 3.5 year Access/Toyota (PCP) plan with 0% 35% deposit. Vehicles must be registered by 30th September 2016. Toyota Financial Services (UK) PLC registered office Great Burgh, Burgh Heath, Epsom, Surrey, KT18 5SU. Authorised and regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority. Indemnities may be required. Finance subject to status over 18s. Other finance offers are available but cannot be used in conjunction with this offer. Excess miles over contracted charged at 8p per mile. Toyota Centres are independent of Toyota Financial Services. Terms and conditions apply. Affordable finance through Access/Toyota. 5 year/100,000 mile manufacturer warranty subject to terms and conditions.
If you’ve had it with muddy festivals, damp rucksacks and a bad back this summer, then let us introduce your new seasonal stalwart: the bucket bag. This gold riveted beauty is by Arctic-cool French designer Jérôme Dreyfuss and will leave your hands free for the exacting tasks of re-applying suncream whilst taunting your storm-ravaged friends back home with sun-drenched beach selfies. In short, we’re digging it.

£555, Jérôme Dreyfuss

TOP OF OUR BUCKET (BAG) LIST

IT'S WHAT'S ON THE OUTSIDE THAT COUNTS
Ruffles are one of the summer’s biggest and prettiest trends. Disclaimer: they’re not just for girlie girls.

**TIP!**

**The off-the-shoulder** Have you heard? Shoulders are the new legs. This minimal flash of flesh is great for the body-shy. It’s worth investing in a good strapless bra (try Maidenform’s Minimiser Bandeau, £35 at La Redoute). If you’re blessed with big boobs, choose a minimising style for this look for a more flattering result.

SUMMER RUFFLES

The frilled slip dress Delicate chevron-effect frills draw the eye to the centre of your frame, creating an illusion of slimness. Add a pair of chunky sandals to offset the lightness of the slip, and you’re ready to go.

Dress, £60, River Island. Earrings, £75, Matthew Calvin; rings, from £30, Rebecca Gladstone; choker, £80, Reason + Madness, all from Magpie On The Run. Sandals, £245, Loeffler Randall

TIP! The multi-faceted ruffle With a dress like this, which is a veritable sugary ruffle explosion, wear trainers and a simple, structured cross-body bag to keep it cool. Save the silver strappy heels and a clutch for the all-out wedding-guest look.

Dress, £253, and trainers, £204, both Pinko. Bag, £139, Radley

Skirt, £210, Orla Kiely. Shoes, £275, LK Bennett x Bionda Castana
The workwear frill

Newflash: frilly shirts aren’t just for Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen. Wear over a pretty bra, tuck in at the waist and leave unbuttoned to reveal a peek of lingerie.


Left: Sandals, £79, Michael Michael Kors. Right: Sandals, £245, Fiorentini+Baker

The A-line peplum frill

Because an A-line top adds volume at the waist, you’re in danger of swamping your frame. Keep your shorts short or your jeans tight to make a neater, more flattering silhouette.

Top, £42, The Fifth. Shorts, £115, Longchamp
The midriff-baring top When you’re wearing a cropped blouse, make sure your skirt rests at the slimmest part of your waist (and isn’t too tight – do the sit-down test in the fitting room).

Tip! The organza pleat ruffle Balance the saccharine quality of a pastel tiered ballet skirt with high-tops and a classic grey sweat. Think of a modern-day Carrie Bradshaw (remember that skirt?).


Tip! The midriff-baring top When you’re wearing a cropped blouse, make sure your skirt rests at the slimmest part of your waist (and isn’t too tight – do the sit-down test in the fitting room).

There's a ladylike restrictiveness to a ruffle-hemmed pencil skirt. A sporty slide and boyish sweat are the perfect antidote to primness. Great for cooler days – add a trainer if rain is a possibility.

TIP!

Top, £200, and skirt, £210, both Orla Kiely. Sunglasses, £215, Versace at Sunglass Hut

Sweatshirt, £100, Etre Cécile. Skirt, £225, Edit. Shoes, £25, ASOS. Earrings, £60, and rings, from £40, all Pandora
Pure-white trainers can be the ultimate accompaniment to a pretty dress. Wear them bare (no socks) and look for slight touches of difference, like subtle stripes or, in this case, a gentle frill. You can always mix up your laces for added colour.

**TIP!**

Skirt, £140, Karen Millen. Clutch, £219, Roksanda at The Outnet

**TIP!**

The pie-crust collar frill A ruffle over the bust is hard to pull off if you’re bigger than a C-cup. Unless you have swan-like proportions, scoop up your hair nonchalantly to elongate your neck, and accessorise with a sculptural earring, or a matte red lip and washed-out blue jeans.

Shirts, £35 each, Archive by Alexa at M&S

**TIP!**


Dress, £253, and trainers, £204, both Pinko. Bag, £139, Radley
WASHED IN HAPPINESS
Hey, how do I wear...

Western boots

Not just for festivals and fancy dress, here’s how to be queen of the rodeo all year round.

1. Everything in moderation
OK. Don’t panic. We’re not asking you to commute looking like John Wayne. The trick to pulling off this trend is to minimise cowboy references elsewhere on your person. Keep it breezy with floaty summer dresses and save your plaid shirt and Daisy Dukes for another day.

2. Working the cowboy
If Miu Miu, Missoni and Valentino are anything to go by, there will be a pair of cowboy boots in everyone’s wardrobe by the end of 2016. Pick from basic to blingy, leather or suede and wear... everywhere.

3. Where in the wild?
Vintage stores and Ebay are your first stops for past-season designer numbers. The more worn in the better - new ones can be as stiff as a Hugh Grant handshake. Or top specialist outfitter Jessie Western is the only UK store to offer fully customised cowboy boots. Yee-haw.

4. Kick back and relax
Bought a new pair? Before you end up with blisters, try wetting your socks – bear with us – and wear the boots until the socks dry out. The water loosens up the leather in all the right places. They’ll soon be as comfortable as your faithful Nikes.

5. Height matters
Westerns have had a heel makeover. Keep to a chunky block heel, like Kate Bosworth here and they’ll walk the walk (you’ve just got to talk the talk). Don’t forget, the higher the heel, the more often they’ll need reheeling. Try London’s Classic Shoe Repair (you can post them), where celebs take their precious Louboutins.

Turn the page for more ways to wear your westerns.
**STUDDED**

Get you, Miranda, nailing two trends in one – the thigh-split skirt and cowboy boots. This is a masterclass in understated styling, with the bonus that jersey won’t blow up in the wind. Go for embellished boots or pimp yours at memyselfandjonny.co.uk. Their boot belts will funk up a plain pair.


**PRINTED**

Rosie’s outfit is proof floral dresses look cooler paired with a printed boot. Don’t be nervous of putting snakeskin with other prints – the neutral tones go with everything and look really rock ‘n’ roll.

*Dress, £22.99, New Look. Sunglasses, £241, Miu Miu at Sunglass Hut. Earrings, £75, Maria Black at Very Exclusive. Bracelet, from £49; charm, from £40, both Pandora. Boots, £630, Sandro*

**HEELED**

Boot-tucking can be tricky, but here’s how to pull it off. Like Kourtney, stick to a white or grey V-neck tee and a structured boxy jacket to slim your legs and focus the attention on your envy-inducing footwear.

ISSEY MIYAKE
L'EAU D'ISSEY
PURE

the new fragrance
#SUSPENDEDMOMENT
CUTAWAY
Thinking about exposing an erogenous zone or two? Choose your favourite with a cutaway style.

TIP!
Use a higher than normal SPF when wearing these or you’ll get jigsaw-puzzle tan lines. Then fake it with St Tropez’s new Gradual Tan Tinted Body Lotion (£15).

£18, Boohoo
£40, River Island
£72, Calzedonia
£19.99, H&M
£110, L’Agent by Agent Provocateur
£22, Missguided
£265, Moeva
£60, Kurt Geiger
£32, Very

TOMMY HILFIGER S/S 16
£18, Boohoo
£40, River Island
£72, Calzedonia
£19.99, H&M
£110, L’Agent by Agent Provocateur
£22, Missguided
£265, Moeva
£60, Kurt Geiger
£32, Very
Dreaming about hanging out poolside? Us too. Picture yourself in the hottest S/S 16 swimwear, selected by SENIOR FASHION EDITOR SAIREY STEMPEL.

TROPICAL
Picture yourself on a paradise island eating a Bounty bar in one of these beauties.

Top, £19.99; bottoms, £15.99, both Mango.

Top, £26.50; bottoms, £20, both Floozie by Frost French at Debenhams.

Top, £42, Midnight Grace at Figleaves.

Top, £14.99; bottoms, £8.99, both H&M.

£42, Butterfly by Matthew Williamson at Debenhams.

£69, Bimba y Lola

£60, Triangl

£210, Mara Hoffman at Net-A-Porter.

TIP!
Want glossy limbs like Beyoncé? Use an oil-based SPF like Hawaiian Tropic Spray Oil (£7.50). Bonus: high shine works best with tropical prints.
CROCHET
If you’re more likely to be found on the lounger than a lilo, you’re going to need one of these…

TIP!
To prevent the very unappealing ‘bag and sag’ effect, opt for a crochet swimsuit that contains at least 25% spandex.

Top, £16; bottoms, £12, both Red Herring

£90, Lisa Maree

£269, PilyQ at Beach Café

£70, Triangl

£35, Very

£250, Stella McCartney

£70, Anna Kosturova

£170, Anna Kosturova

£250, Stella McCartney

£76, Victoria’s Secret

£70, Triangl

Top, £34.50; briefs, £29, both Boden

£105, Rinikini
New

Comfort intense

Incredibly Intense Freshness

Luxurious

38 washes

Long lasting luxury from just a tiny dose

Unilever
### TIP!

The '80s slogan swimsuit comes with a perilously high leg. Sexy? Yes. Hard to keep control of? Sure. We say, buy a size up for modesty measures.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brand</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ann Summers</td>
<td>£25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vero Moda at Lipsy</td>
<td>£32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime Blonde</td>
<td>£68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motel Rocks</td>
<td>£39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tommy Hilfiger at Very Exclusive</td>
<td>£70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildfox at Selfridges</td>
<td>£99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rare</td>
<td>£35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motel Rocks</td>
<td>£39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime Blonde</td>
<td>£68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topshop</td>
<td>£28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonprix</td>
<td>£38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adidas Stellasport</td>
<td>£35.84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boohoo</td>
<td>£20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazy Oaf</td>
<td>£54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shopbop</td>
<td>£64.84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adidas Stellasport</td>
<td>£38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boohoo</td>
<td>£20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topshop</td>
<td>£54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazy Oaf</td>
<td>£20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
There’s nothing quite like a glimpse of eye-catching sparkle to complete an outfit. The number one rule this season? Double up and stack ‘em high!

Our hands can reveal an awful lot about our personalities and our health even, but sometimes a slick of paint on our nails just isn’t enough. Jewellery is as much a form of expression as our hands themselves are, and one thing we’re noticing this season, both on and off the catwalk, is excess finger bling. One ring can look formal, but one on each finger raises the cool factor. Whether sterling silver, 14ct yellow gold or rose metal, we’re layering them on one by one.

14ct gold stacking rings, from £225, Pandora Rose from £45, and sterling silver from £30. Explore the full collection at pandora.net

Our hands can reveal an awful lot about our personalities and our health even, but sometimes a slick of paint on our nails just isn’t enough. Jewellery is as much a form of expression as our hands themselves are, and one thing we’re noticing this season, both on and off the catwalk, is excess finger bling. One ring can look formal, but one on each finger raises the cool factor. Whether sterling silver, 14ct yellow gold or rose metal, we’re layering them on one by one.
DISCOVER YOUR ULTIMATE TAN

FOR NATURAL, HEALTHY LOOKING SKIN THAT LASTS FOR DAYS
Within our wardrobe of choice, our newly formulated Self Tan products give you a natural, healthy looking tan that tailors to your individual skin tone and lasts for days. With no self tan smell, they’re easy to apply, quick-drying and deliver a golden, streak-free tan with even fade, for our best tan yet.

ST.TROPEZ, THE UK’S LEADING TANNING BRAND.

NEW & IMPROVED

Discover your ultimate tan at: sttropeztan.com/tanfinder

Available at leading retailers and salons nationwide
THE COCONUT EFFECT

Up until 2011, no one cared about coconuts, or Calvin Harris. Now Tay Tay loves Calvin and we love coconuts so much they've found their way into our bloody nail polish. Some of our favourite brands such as Barry M (best colours, best prices) and Nails Inc (best gel effect) boast coconut-water-infused polish. Why, you may ask? Well, turns out the fatty acids in coconut penetrate the nail bed fast, for strength and nourishment. The juice is antibacterial, too – perfect for preventing fungal infections because, err, who wants those? Barry M Coconut Infusion Nail Paint, £4.99. Nails Inc Coconut Brights Gel Effect, £15.
Firefighter, bomb-disposal engineer... Beauty Director? **INGEBORG VAN LOTRINGEN** has spent her career reporting from the front line of the industry... and it’s not always been pretty

I have two blue knees. They’ve been blue since last December. It’s not really a problem: my legs are very unattractive and I never get them out anyway. So it’s probably ironic that they turned blue as part of my lifelong and, in every sense of the word, vain pursuit of ‘better’ ones.

It’s CoolSculpting that did it – and let me say first and foremost that I *love* CoolSculpting, I would (will) have it again. You know those small pockets of fat that won’t shift through diet nor exercise, and will probably still be there after a nuclear holocaust, along with cockroaches? CoolSculpting freezes them, painlessly, killing the fat cells, which then get flushed out by your lymph system over two months. It’s the only non-surgical fat-removal option that works, with mild temporary bruising its only drawback – until I rocked up with my knees. Unlike my twice-CoolSculpted thighs (big success), they remained staunchly blue. And, not very encouragingly, nobody knows why. “We’ve never seen this happen before,” is the feedback from the company and from my very experienced therapist.

Equally mysterious is why my eyes blew up like 99 red balloons as a result of a superficial eye and lip acid peel, the third in succession after two earlier ones went off with barely a hitch. Administered by a specialist I know and trust, no faults were made but there was no real explanation either, apart from guesses at a ‘rare allergic reaction’. By all accounts, the peel, which is meant to stimulate collagen and fight crepeyness (sign me up), is terribly effective on most people – except me, obviously. I’m left with eyes so traumatised they’ve gone more crepey, which is frankly a rubbish result.

And that’s just my beauty-related injuries of recent months. I’ve had thighs dotted with weeping consumptive sores (glycolic acid cellulite cream), a black bottom for about six weeks (ultrasound treatment, cellulite again), a great big dent in my thigh (first-generation, too-small CoolSculpting applicator), huge blood blister on my cheek (laser) and a large assortment of welts and furious rashes from facials. Among other things. Some of these deformities were expected, others were not. Most went away – some, I suspect, by sheer luck. The thing is, I’m not a dunce who’ll have a go with

‘Mysteriously, my eyes blew up like 99 red balloons’
Ice packs, painkillers, hypodermics... all in a day's work for our Inge.
THIS SEASON'S HOTTEST DESIGN

TONI&GUY™
LIMITED EDITION

3 for 2 on Toni&Guy
Order by 8pm and collect free from 12pm tomorrow at a store near you.

any quack in possession of a second-hand laser. But it is my job to be a human guinea pig for the treatments and procedures that you’ll soon be seeing in clinics and on high streets across the land. I’ve been a beauty journalist for nearly 20 years and, let me tell you, in the past five years I have seen more mind-boggling advancements than in my entire career. Some are excellent and truly work, some of them are completely bogus and others are quite frankly dangerous. Let me tell you what I, and my body, have learned.

RISKY BUSINESS

We take an awful lot of risks when it comes to ‘beauty’. A lot of that has to do with the warp speed with which ‘non-invasive’ beauty treatments have gone mainstream, and the way they are presented to us as the equivalent of having your lashes permed. In a world where a 17-year-old Kylie Jenner can acquire a new face ‘without surgery’, we have been conditioned to think of anything labelled ‘beauty’ as innocuous, even if it involves needles. Plastic surgeons are having a field day fixing botched filler jobs done by people with no medical qualifications: according to BAAPS’ most recent figures, nearly two-thirds of surgeons dealt with complications stemming from temporary fillers in 2012. The numbers are still rising exponentially, says Dr Tapan Patel, medical director of the Phi cosmetic clinic and someone I have trusted for years. “I see at least one of these cases per day, versus one every six months 10 years ago.”

I wouldn’t be so stupid as to let Maureen from the local beauty salon loose on my face with a syringe, but I’ve definitely been guilty of overriding my own instincts and knowledge in the face of risky-feeling treatments promising ravishing results. And I’m clearly not alone: whenever I show my latest war wounds to my friends and colleagues, the first question after the initial screams of horror invariably is: “But did it work?” We know perfection, like unicorns, doesn’t exist, but we still insist on chasing it, consequences be damned.

The beauty treatment arena is called The Wild West

The fact is that you can take every precaution you like, but you’re still at risk. There’s a reason why every clinic or salon treatment is preceded by a consent form to sign, and why the most powerful cosmetic ingredients are prescription-only. It’s not that they’re sinister, but anyone can react adversely to any skincare ingredient, at any time. Reactions depend on so many things, including your DNA, so they are often impossible to predict. As for ‘non-invasive’ procedures that involve mechanics rather than chemistry, like lasers and fat-freezing paddles – well, you may not be cutting yourself open, but you’re still causing trauma to living tissue in order to achieve a result. And, of course, the more dramatic a transformation you’re gunning for, >
the greater the possible backlash – be it temporary or permanent – from a body shouting “enough already”.

WILD WEST WRANGLING
The beauty treatment arena is notoriously unregulated (to the point where BAAPS refers to it as ‘The Wild West’), which doesn’t make it any easier to sidestep unforeseen scrapes. For example, dermal fillers can legally be performed by anyone as long as they have consent (yes, you read that right), while serious chemical peels (such as phenol peels; you’ll be forewarned of a red-raw face for days or weeks) ‘should only be performed by those with appropriate medical training.’ Which is a vague recommendation that is routinely flaunted. So here’s what I do (and you should, too):

1. Is there a doctor in the house? It doesn’t matter if some of your treatments are done by a highly trained aesthetician (most peels and many laser treatments are), you need to know there’s a physician nearby in case there’s trouble. The ultimate responsibility should lie with a doctor – take it from Dr Patel.

2. Be obsessive in your research. When it comes to injections, consultant plastic surgeon Mr Marc Pacifico told me anyone who’s not medically qualified shouldn’t go near your face. How do you figure out who to trust and who has a good eye? Ask to see patient feedback and examples of their work, and get recommendations. Online forums like RealSelf are, apparently, good for the latter.

3. Have they got options? A decent clinic offers bespoke treatment, and should suggest a wide choice of options in your consultation (there should always be one!). If you get the slightest whiff that they only have one or two machines to push onto every customer, leave.

4. Beware the waiting room. A clinic’s waiting room can be a revelation. If the receptionist and/or customers show no detectable signs of ‘work,’ chances are you are on to a good one. Google your potential doctor’s face as well.

5. Know thyself. With my history of adverse reactions to aggressive acids, the small itchy patches after my first two eye peels should’ve been a red flag. As for my blue knees: I bruise like an overripe peach at the merest provocation, so perhaps they were an accident waiting to happen.

6. Do they specialise? It can pay to opt for a therapist who specialises in your skin type; I’ve noticed those with an affinity for acne can be a bit gung-ho with my paper-thin skin, while sensitive-skin specialists may not always be thorough enough if you suffer from congestion. Do your research; pros always state their specialisms and passions.

7. Be stubborn. If you have a sensitivity, stand your ground. I can’t count the number of times my fragrance allergy has been ignored – and ended up with a scarlet lumpy face. I’ve learned to be clear and adamant before a treatment, and to say, “Take that off my face, please,” when necessary.

8. Wait a while. The newer the treatment, the greater the chance not all side effects have been noted. If you don’t want to be a crash-test dummy, best avoid the latest crazes until they’re established – give it three years at least. Or use your trusty beauty journo to take the hits. At your service.◆
Keratin Smooth

Infused with Keratin, this gentle formulation reduces frizz and leaves your hair gorgeously smooth and manageable.

When my hair is smooth, I am in control.
HELP! I'M LOS

No woman is prepared for the soul-destroying impact of a bald patch.

Do you tend to notice it more in the autumn?
- Yes → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER A
- No → Gradual thinning over a period of time (as in an expanding parting or thinner ponytail)

START HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR HAIR LOSS?

Gradual thinning over a period of time (as in an expanding parting or thinner ponytail)

Do you wear your hair in tight hairstyles like cornrows, or attach extensions regularly?
- Yes → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER C
- No → Sudden and dramatic (as in overnight or over a matter of weeks, resulting in an exposed scalp)

Sudden and dramatic (as in overnight or over a matter of weeks, resulting in an exposed scalp)

Do you crash diet, or eat more burgers than green stuff?
- Yes → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER E
- No → Or perhaps you're a vegetarian?

Or perhaps you're a vegetarian?

Have you recently undergone chemotherapy treatment?
- Yes → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER D
- No → Consider yourself stressed?

Consider yourself stressed?

Did you suffer from very heavy periods?

Suffer an emotional or physical trauma, such as a car crash, bad break-up or even chronic illness, in the past three to six months?

Suffer from very heavy periods?

Yes → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER G
- No → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER M

No → No → No → No → TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER L
ING MY HAIR!

But it happens to one in five of us. Take our test to find out why...

Talking of illness, do you suffer from any conditions known to affect hormones, such as diabetes, thyroid problems or polycystic ovaries?

- Yes
  - Have you started any new medication in the past three to six months?
    - Yes
      - Perhaps you've given birth in the last three to six months?
        - Yes
          - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER I
        - No
          - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER J
    - No
      - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER H
  - No
    - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER K

- No
  - Are you aged 55+?
    - Yes
      - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER J
    - No
      - TURN THE PAGE FOR ANSWER H
Don’t sweat it – most people shed 5–7% more hair in the autumn. “Honestly this isn’t an overly noticeable amount,” says trichologist Iain Sallis. Just keep an eye on it come January.

This is traction alopecia, where tension on the hair can damage follicles permanently – so loosen up!

The minerals, vitamins and amino acids found in a balanced diet are a must for healthy hair growth. See your GP for a deficiency test.

Cut out red meat? You may be iron deficient. The blood loss from periods can also tip you into anaemic territory.

Stress-related hair loss is usually attributed to one traumatic event (see answer F) but don’t underestimate the drain long-term, low-level stress can have on your body.

A shock or trauma can cause hair follicles to go into hibernation around three months after the event. As you recover, so too should your hair growth.

Hormones have a real say in how your hair grows, meaning any illness that affects them can have a knock-on effect.

Some medications can cause hair loss, but don’t stop taking prescribed meds without talking to your GP.

Postpartum alopecia is down to oestrogen levels taking a tumble after pregnancy. Your hair should return to its former glory within a year of giving birth.

Androgenetic alopecia, or female pattern baldness, is more common with age, and affects around 50% of post-menopausal women.

“Finding the trigger for hair loss can be tricky,” admits trichologist Iain Sallis. To investigate further, seek advice from a member of The Institute of Trichologists.

Chemo causes something called anagen effluvium, where the hair cells are poisoned and die temporarily. The good news: hair growth should recover around three to six months after treatment has ended.

Visit your GP who can investigate a possible autoimmune-related alopecia. The more permanent ‘scarring’ form is extremely rare, so don’t be scared to seek help, OK?

GPs will prescribe this lotion for most hair-loss cases. It can also be purchased at pharmacies. It works by blocking a pesky enzyme on the scalp that converts testosterone into a hair-damaging hormone called dihydrotestosterone (let’s call it DHT). You still need to find the trigger for your hair loss in order to cure it permanently, though. Regaine For Women Once A Day Scalp Foam, £34.95.

A scatter-gun approach to supplements isn’t advised, so get a blood test with your GP to confirm which vitamins and minerals you’re lacking. Still desperate for a recommendation? Trichologist Iain Sallis loves Hair Jelly Protein Capsules, £29.95.

Leave-in tonics applied to the scalp can help to extend the hair-growth phase. Azelaic acid is thought to have anti-DHT properties (present in Philip Kingsley Tricho 7 Volumizing Hair & Scalp Treatment, £50), and some plant extracts have been shown to work (we’re talking about you, baikal skullcap, key ingredient in Phyto Phytologist 15, £79).

Products that promise to densify usually contain tiny fibres that cling to the hair to instantly (but temporarily) thicken it. Try Viviscal Conceal & Densify Volumizing Fibers, £19.99.
Do you know what Infrared-A is doing to your skin?

Infrared-A penetrates deep into our skin and may cause accelerated ageing, loss of firmness, wrinkling and long-term cell damage.

Protect yourself against up to 4x more of the sun’s rays with Ladival.*

*Ladival is available in a variety of SPF levels and formats for both adults and children* Compared to UV-A/UV-B only sun creams

Ladival. The Official Sun Protection of British Tennis
Supporting safer play in the sun

Ladival.co.uk
Switch up YOUR METAL

This season, think metallic eyes and heaps of gold liner, paired with wow-factor earrings in matching tones.

Whether it’s on your eyelids, fingernails or ears, metallics are huge this summer. What better excuse do we need to pile on the jewellery than to complement our shimmering eyelids? When you think of those hazy summer evenings, watching the sun go down or picnic dates and walks around the park, opt for a crystal heart-shaped earring – yes that’s right, just one, we’re mixing up our earrings to stay on trend. Many designers have embraced the mix-and-match earring trend on the catwalk and we’re loving it.

TO MATCH OR NOT TO MATCH
Mismatch your earrings yes, but keep your metals matching. If you’re wearing a silver eyeshadow, stick to a silver stud to enhance your shimmer.

FULL METAL NAILS
Silver and gold are flattering to all skin types and will always be chic. Raise your bling game with a high-volume metallic nail laquer. See Essie or MAC for a super-slick finish.

SOFT BLUSH AND ROSY LIPS
Keep lips and cheeks to a soft neutral to emphasise the eyes. Use a dark grey or black base and add specks of glitter if you’re a little too shy to pull off the tin-foil look.

Heart, Feather and Floral stud earrings, available from £40 at pandora.net
We need to talk about…

Deodorant

This month I’ve been trying natural deodorants. And here’s why… “Aluminium salts in antiperspirants work by irritating the sweat glands so they swell up and block perspiration,” says cosmetic chemist Raffaella Gregoris. Eww. They also give me itchy welts, so I’ve been trying natural versions, tentatively. “After two months of adjustment, you’ll naturally perspire less – and botanical antibacterial agents will kill smells,” Gregoris assured me. To my surprise, she was right. I’m sold. Don’t want to ‘adjust’? Soft & Gentle has launched three no-aluminium, no-alcohol antiperspirants (they shrink your sweat pores with plant extracts), and guess what? They work really well.

OBSESSED
* Bioderma Hydrabio Eau de Soin SPF30, £9
Finally, a UV shield that requires no rubbing in. Mist it over make-up every few hours for all-day in-the-city protection.

IMPRESSIONED
* Charlotte Mensah Manketti Oil, £36
A non-greasy conditioning (it’s a mix of oils and light silicones). My coily-maned tester says her hair has never felt so soft and light, nor looked so beautifully finished.

NONPLUSSED
* Revlon Colorstay 2-in-1 Compact Makeup & Concealer, £13.99
It may boast of being “sweat-resistant”, but don’t wear it when you work out, or you’ll risk breakout city.
SUMMER NO RULES

Your Hair, Your Heat, Your Style.
9 out of 10 people who switched to Cloud Nine preferred our irons*

Free Beach Bag and 50ml Magical Potion with selected electrical products
*Based on a recent independent survey of 500 people
Take cover!

Camouflaging regrowth to minimise salon visits is the ultimate recession hack. Beauty Editor CASSIE POWNEY decided to get to the root of the issue…

**Superdrug Colour Fix Instant Root Cover, £4.99**
Despite only going as light as Dark Blonde, and my distrust of spray-on colour, this fine, non-tacky mist offered the quickest and most noticeable cover-up by far! Who says good hair comes at a price?

**Color Wow Root Cover Up, £28.50**
The wider brush covered a large strip of regrowth quickly – good start. The Blonde shade made little difference to my roots but, surprisingly, Platinum Blonde offered a not-to-be-sniffed-at lift on my natural-looking dye job.

**John Frieda Root Blur Colour Blending Concealer, £14.99**
I was unconvinced by the teeny powder pad and brush – was this for root-conscious Borrowers? Turns out it’s all you need to create fine, natural-looking highlights. Not enough coverage for dark regrowth on solid platinum blonde, though.

**L’Oréal Paris Magic Retouch Instant Root Concealer Spray, £8.99**
I find the lack of control with spray-on root colour unnerving, and the Light Blonde was more of a mousy brown. I sprayed away, but my hair just got wetter…

**Charles Worthington Salon At Home Instant Root Concealer Powder, £14.99**
Impressive, easily buildable colour. My roots were neutralised (but not completely camouflaged) in under a minute by layering on the Light Blonde shade.
TINT OVER TIME

NEW VOLUME COLOURIST MASCARA WITH LASH TINT COMPLEX

Gradually over time, a lash tint complex makes bare lashes darker. In an instant lashes are dressed with jet-black impact.

Georgia May Jagger wears Volume Colourist Mascara.

RIMMEL
GET THE LONDON LOOK
BLUE-SKY THINKING

If you want to make an impact at work, now's the time to do it. According to a recent study by Belgium's Liège University, seasonal changes have a positive effect on our brains, our cognitive efficiency (read: thinking) and our focus. Summer is a more productive time than bleak midwinter, and we're actually at our most brainy in June. Some suggestions for using your new smarts: tackle War And Peace, ask for a pay rise, cure cancer or try to crack Tinder's algorithm so you don't keep seeing that guy with the waxed torso... you choose.
Let the SPARKS FLY

How do you add a little sparkle to an otherwise dull day in the office? With S/S 16’s instant brightening statement necklaces.

With this season being all about the shirt (cropped, Bardot, shirt-dress, the list is endless) our bare décolletages are in need of some love. Layering delicate chains and pendants turns something simple into something special. Opt for alternative chain lengths, swap pendants and colour co-ordinate to dress up your outfit. If your look is smart each day, play with jewellery trends as a form of expression; choose from pretty summer florals, architectural shapes and colour-clashing metals.

Sterling Silver and Pandora Rose necklaces, available from £30 at pandora.net
A FIXER’S GUIDE TO FAILURE

Meet the authority in handling A-list f**k-ups. Judy Smith, the inspiration behind TV’s Scandal, knows how to save your skin.

If you watch Scandal, you’ll know Olivia Pope is the one woman on TV you’d want on your side. As a ‘fixer’, she can make any indiscretion disappear. What you might not know is Pope is based on real-life crisis manager Judy Smith, who, in her 20-year career, has fixed some of entertainment’s biggest crises. Remember when those Sony emails were leaked, including one calling Angelina Jolie a “spoiled brat”? Judy cleaned up that mess. Monica Lewinsky and cigar-gate? Yup, she fixed that political shit heap, too. Here, she shares her strategies for bouncing back from workplace failure. As Olivia Pope would say: it’s handled.

The situation: YOU’VE MESSED UP AT WORK

So those confidential documents you were tasked with looking after are now halfway to Glasgow on the train – while you got off at Birmingham (those M&S gins in tins have a lot to answer for). Own it. “Any time you take ownership of a problem and admit there was an error, people are forgiving of that,” explains Judy. When tennis player Maria Sharapova failed a drugs test recently, she called a press conference to announce she’d been suspended before the news leaked. The result? She was applauded for coming clean. Whatever you do, don’t try to cover it up. “When you deal with mistakes by hiding things and then people discover it – that’s way worse than saying, ‘I made this error,’ and moving on from it.”

The situation: EVERYONE KNOWS YOU BALLSED UP

“One of the key strategies in a crisis is addressing it quickly,” says Judy. Saying sorry speedily is key, but there’s a golden rule – you have to mean it. When Sony had its emails hacked in
OMGel!™
GEL WITHOUT THE LIGHT!

NEW MIRACLE GEL™
2 Steps • Up to 14 Days of Colour and Shine • Easy Removal
The next best thing to a salon gel mani!

Sally Hansen®
2014, then co-chair Amy Pascal apologised for “insensitive words”, specifically about President Obama, but was open about Hollywood’s cut-throat nature, saying: “If we all actually were nice, it wouldn’t work.” In other words, say sorry for the bit you actually are sorry about and then move on. Grovelling is never a good look – remember Vernon Kay?

The situation: YOU’VE GOT TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF

The jig is up, and your boss has asked to see you in her office. What’s that? You’ve suddenly come down with a contagious vomiting bug and need to go home now? Nice try, but you’re putting off the inevitable. “I tell clients the best way to get past something is to do something – whether that’s making a statement or doing a television interview,” says Judy. You might not have to come clean on live TV, but admitting you’ve messed up is still never easy. “If you’re getting ready to explain yourself, you want to know all the facts. Then you can anticipate questions, so you feel confident.” Watch any Monica Lewinsky interview on YouTube and you’ll see she doesn’t flinch – because she knows she’s prepared her answers thoroughly.

The situation: YOUR REPUTATION IS IN TATTERS

“When you’re in the middle of a crisis, you overanalyse and can feel that it’s the end,” says Judy. “But it’s the beginning of the next phase. In every crisis there are lessons to learn – and opportunities.” Lewinsky, who, in her own words, was “the first person to have their reputation completely destroyed worldwide via the internet”, now campaigns against cyberbullying and is an ambassador for charity Bystander Revolution. “People think that once the crisis is done, it’s over. But you have to think, what’s the plan now, how do I rehabilitate my brand? That’s important,” says Judy. Sony boss Pascal also became caught up in a controversy over the gender pay gap (when an email exchange revealed Jennifer Lawrence was on less than her male co-stars), but she now runs her own production company championing female talent. So, yes, that video of you murdering a Madonna song at office karaoke might feel mortifying now. But who’ll be laughing when you get all the credit for planning the next work bash?

The situation: YOU GOSSIPED TO THE WRONG PERSON

What’s the harm in a little office tittle-tattle? Plenty. It was only the reason the Monica Lewinsky affair was exposed in the first place… Monica confided in a co-worker that she’d had a brief fling with the President (well, we’ve all been there), but her ‘friend’ secretly taped their phone conversations. “You can be talking to a co-worker about a colleague but really have no idea what that person’s relationship is with the person you are gossiping about,” says Judy. And it’s no surprise the woman who helped fix the fallout from the Sony scandal is wary of email communication (Sony reportedly now sends all confidential information by fax). “If you’re angry with a situation and you want to send an email, just pause and take a few hours. Then, if you feel the same way, send it – but, 90% of the time, when people wait, they usually don’t.”

WORDS CLARE THORP. PHOTOGRAPHS GETTY IMAGES. *WELL, APART FROM KIM JONG-UN TO DO SOMETHING – WHETHER THAT’S MAKING A STATEMENT OR DOING A TELEVISION INTERVIEW,* SAYS JUDY. YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE TO COME CLEAN ON LIVE TV, BUT ADMITTING YOU’VE MESSED UP IS STILL NEVER EASY. “IF YOU’RE GETTING READY TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF, YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL THE FACTS. THEN YOU CAN ANTICIPATE QUESTIONS, SO YOU FEEL CONFIDENT.” WATCH ANY MONICA LEWINSKY INTERVIEW ON YOUTUBE AND YOU’LL SEE SHE DOESN’T FLINCH – BECAUSE SHE KNOWS SHE’S PREPARED HER ANSWERS THOROUGHLY.

The situation: YOU GOSSIPED TO THE WRONG PERSON

What’s the harm in a little office tittle-tattle? Plenty. It was only the reason the Monica Lewinsky affair was exposed in the first place… Monica confided in a co-worker that she’d had a brief fling with the President (well, we’ve all been there), but her ‘friend’ secretly taped their phone conversations. “You can be talking to a co-worker about a colleague but really have no idea what that person’s relationship is with the person you are gossiping about,” says Judy. And it’s no surprise the woman who helped fix the fallout from the Sony scandal is wary of email communication (Sony reportedly now sends all confidential information by fax). “If you’re angry with a situation and you want to send an email, just pause and take a few hours. Then, if you feel the same way, send it – but, 90% of the time, when people wait, they usually don’t.”
It’s a clash of the titans: David Cameron Minaj vs Swift (mercifully with less Lycra). whether Britain quits the European Union or not.
WE STAY OULD NOW?

and Boris Johnson toughing it out like
Come 23 June, we’ll all get the chance to choose
EU expert David Charter weighs up both options

Tax issues
A major plus of going solo is recouping the money we pay to be an EU member: a net contribution of around £165 million per week. This positions the UK as the second biggest funder of the EU, after Germany. Cutting ties will also make it far easier for Britain to dismiss European taxes, like the extra 5% charge we pay on tampons and sanitary towels because the EU deems them a ‘luxury’ item. Yah, yah, just leave your normal with wings next to the Porsche, vintage Krug and the chopper.

Central meddling
Many Brexit supporters believe the EU controls too much, from the hours we’re allowed to work (48 a week, unless you sign an opt-out agreement) to limits on the power of your vacuum cleaner. Although we’ve managed to retain the pound, the House of Commons library says that up to 55% of British laws follow EU rulings, although this percentage does include laws about the characteristics of olive oil, so not all life and death. And while we can vote for Members of the European Parliament (can you name yours?), it’s unelected eurocrats who devise all those laws.

Immigration
According to a leading poll, immigration is the number one concern among British voters. Currently, all EU citizens have the right to visit any member country for three months’ holiday or six months to seek work. If you find a job, you can set up home there and use services like healthcare, schools and the welfare system. If Britain votes to leave the EU, we could impose visas on EU nationals, with entry papers only granted to those with certain skills. But, with that kind of system in place, Brits keen to work on the Continent would face similar restrictions.

PRO-LEAVE

Joan Collins, actress: She tweeted the single word ‘Brexit’ followed by three Union Jacks, a thumbs up and a heart.

Julie Burchill, author: “The millions blown weekly on the EU could be better spent on the priorities of women voters.”

Vicky Pattison, TV personality and model: “I firmly believe we need to leave the EU and be a strong, sovereign country.”

LEAVE
Barry M

Coconut Infusion
GEL NAIL PAINT £4.99

Our unique and caring blend of Coconut Water and Coconut Oil gently hydrates & nourishes nails for a beautifully smooth, glossy manicure.

GEL SHINE WITH THE POWER OF COCONUT

Available at Superdrug and let's feel good

barrym.com
‘It’s more important to be respected than liked’

VANITA PARTI MBE, 45, explains how she ditched the day job to build the multi-million-pound Blink Brow Bar brand. Notepads at the ready…

➤ **You’re never too old to intern**
Once you’ve had your business idea, get relevant experience. When I decided I wanted to bring eyebrow threading to the masses, I had no idea how it would work – back then I worked in brand management for British Airways – so I went to a local salon (Sonali in Wembley) and asked if I could shadow the staff for a week. I watched the therapists and took note of what customers asked for. I was on work experience at 33 and it gave me the foundation of my business plan.

➤ **Don’t let emotions affect business**
I have to remind myself of that every day. Your business is your baby, so it’s easy to feel emotional, but I learnt to toughen up because business is tough. When I started Blink, I’d train people and then they’d set up copycat businesses, which hurt. I learned it’s more important for a boss to be respected than liked – your job is to give customers what they want and meet your goals. You have to motivate staff to feel passionate about work, not necessarily befriend them. I now have a workforce of 200 women, and that feels great.

➤ **Nail your pitch in under 60 seconds**
In the beginning I was a nobody with a weird concept, calling department stores and trying to find one to invest in my business – getting a minute of someone’s time was precious. If you can express *why* your idea is brilliant in less than a minute (ideally in 30 seconds), your objectives will be crystal clear, easy to swallow, and it will be easy for customers to connect with what you’re doing. Be persistent; if you believe in it enough, you can make others believe in it.

➤ **Don’t expect to get rich quickly**
It’s a myth. If you’re leaving a job to start up your own venture, make sure you have at least six months of savings in the bank. Be calculated with your moves and have a Plan B – sometimes your first idea won’t work and you’ll need to find another job while you plot your next move, and that’s OK.

➤ **Be your own customer**
If you aren’t going to be a customer of a product or service, it probably isn’t the right business for you to launch. Before Blink, in the dotcom boom I founded an Asian dating website (Bombay Mix) with my sister; we had a solid business plan in place, then I decided to ditch it. I didn’t love the idea enough, so couldn’t sell it. I also struggled with the technology – but I took what I’d learned and found a new gap in the market to start a business I felt passionate about.
The new look of fit

Work out. Night out. Stand out.

Whether you’re working out or going out, the new Fitbit Alta™ features interchangeable bands specifically designed to fit your style. With auto-exercise recognition, all-day activity tracking, call and text alerts and reminders to move, finding your fit has never looked better.

©2016 Fitbit, Inc. All rights reserved. Fitbit and Alta are trademarks of Fitbit, Inc. in the United States and other countries.
STRETCH YOUR BODY AND YOUR MIND...

BOOKEND YOUR WORKOUT

Bookending: no, not the sex position of choice for intellectuals, but the latest fitness concept of starting and ending your day with exercise. “It’s better to do two 45-minute sessions than a single two-hour session, as it’s been shown that breaking a moderately intense cardio session in two, and performing two high-intensity cardio sessions instead, can burn more calories, provided there’s a break of over six hours between them,” says Luke Barnsley of London’s Third Space gym. Just remember, it’s not a long-term thing. “Bookend for a fortnight at a time, or you’ll exhaust your body. And take two non-consecutive rest days a week,” adds Barnsley. For best results, wake up with cardio and tone at the end of the day; cardio before breakfast can burn up to 20% more fat than the same workout after you’ve eaten, and lifting weights in the evening can help you sleep better. Double whammy.
Celebrity yogi Tara Stiles gives you the pre-holiday workout high flyers swear by

The average plane seat is 17in wide with just 28in of leg room. That won’t only cramp your style but your back, neck and digestion, too. But here’s the good news: this four-move plan, devised by possibly the world’s most famous yogi (well, apart from Gandhi), can fix all that.

POSE 1  Downward dog split
TARGETS  Hips and legs
1  Start in a plank position, then inhale and lift your hips up and back to bring your body into an inverted V. Relax your neck and hold for three breaths.
2  Keeping your hips square, inhale deeply and lift your right leg high. If it feels good, open your hips and shoulders by rolling your right hip higher than your left. Aahh…
POSE 2 **Knee hover**

**TARGETS** Shoulders, arms and core

1. Still in downward dog split, breathe out and bend your right knee, keeping it in the air. Drop it around to the right, until the front thigh rests on your upper right arm. You can even bend your elbows, to create a shelf for your thigh.
2. Now inhale deeply and lean your body forward. Hold for three breaths, on the third inhale lift your leg back up to downward dog split pose.

POSE 3 **Knee cross**

**TARGETS** Core, shoulders and arms

1. Bending your right knee, drop it down and across your body on an out-breath, until it touches your upper left arm. Try bending your elbows and resting the outside of your right thigh on the upper left arm.
2. Inhale, leaning into the twist, and take three deep breaths. Then, breathe in and lift your leg back up, rising onto your toes this time.

POSE 4 **Low lunge**

**TARGETS** Legs and core

1. Exhale and, keeping your left leg straight, bend your right knee as you drop it down and forward, stepping your foot between your hands.
2. For an extra stretch, you can rise up on your fingertips and sink into your hips. Make sure your right knee is directly above your right ankle. Now go find your sun lounger.

**TIP!** Post-flight numb bum?

For an extra glute workout, pulse 10 times when in the lunge position in pose four. Just make sure you repeat on both sides – lopsided buns in a bikini are not a good look.
New Dermalex Acne Treatment for Adults

- Our breakthrough, scientific formula simultaneously treats symptoms and moisturises skin.
- 76% of adult acne sufferers saw a reduction in symptoms (used twice daily for 4 weeks).

only at Boots
Order by 8pm and collect free from 12pm tomorrow at a store near you.
THE THIRD WAVE OF VEGANISM

Tofu, beans and, er, Big Macs… Welcome to the world of the rebel vegans

“Do you have anything vegan?” It’s Friday night and Jennie’s in a pop-up pizza joint. She’s shunned fish, meat and dairy all week – even bringing in almond milk to work to add to her coffee, and marking ‘Jennie’ on it in bold letters to ensure her colleagues on a health kick don’t steal any. But when the waitress points out a couple of sad-looking salads on the menu, Jennie simply hands her back the menu and says: “F*ck it, I’ll have the Pepperoni.”

Jennie, 26, hasn’t suddenly broken all her own rules after years of self-deprivation. She’s a rebel vegan – and she’ll go right back to scrambled tofu and lentil bolognese tomorrow. But for now, well, she’s had a few wines and she just wants to have fun. “I’m 70% vegan,” the architect from Edinburgh says. “About a year ago, spurred on by all the blogs out there, I turned full-time vegan for three months. But it proved too difficult. This way, I am doing some good, but when I want to indulge, I can.”

Veganism is definitely having a ‘moment.’ Ellie Goulding and Ariana Grande are adopters, and it’s the diet of choice for the honed and toned Victoria’s Secret Angels. Three of the current New York Times bestselling cookbooks are 100% vegan, while over here Deliciously Ella’s first plant-based offering achieved the highest first-week sales for a debut cookbook in history. On
Instagram #vegan has over 24 million posts, on the accounts of glowing men and women who portray veganism as not just a diet, but a way of life.

What’s not making the final edit of these accounts is the odd drunkenly ordered late-night burger or mounds of cheese grated onto a bowl of spaghetti – a recent survey of 1,789 vegetarians in the UK found that a third of them had eaten meat when drunk. And they’re allowed Camembert! Because, while we may all want to live like these Amaro-filtered green goddesses, the reality is quite different. “I could recreate a carbonara using nutritional yeast and soaked, blended cashews,” says Corinne, 29, from London, who adopts veganism for three months a year. “But it would also mean spending a fortune on ingredients and trekking to a health-food shop; or I could just get some eggs and bacon from my local and whizz it up in 10 minutes.”

Cue the rise of the rebel vegans who pick and choose elements of the diet that work for them. It’s the secret behind LA’s hottest bodies – Jennifer Lopez went vegan for just five weeks, while Beyoncé adopts the diet for 22 days at a time. They create their own rules, whether it’s going ‘veggan’ (which means still enjoying eggs, with the hashtag delivering 6,000+ posts on Insta), or trying it for a month, with 50,000 people signing up for ‘Veganuary’ at the start of this year. Some even choose a meal or day to stick to it – January’s bestselling diet book Tiny And Full, by celebrity nutritionist Jorge Cruise, advocates eating vegan until lunchtime.

High-street restaurants have also cottoned on. Zizzi and PizzaExpress now sell vegan pizzas to meet demand, and even Wetherspoon – home of the £1.99 ham, egg and chips – has launched a vegan menu. Then there’s the independent cafés cropping up across the country with Croydon’s Buttercream Dreams selling out of food on its opening this year. The trendiness of veganism isn’t the only reason people are giving up meat in their droves. The World Health Organization recently declared processed meat a carcinogen, following a long line of studies that showed vegetarians were 40% less likely to develop cancer compared with meat eaters. And a study by The American Journal Of Clinical Nutrition found that, compared with other vegetarian diets, vegans tend to be thinner, have lower cholesterol and lower blood pressure. Then there’s the environmental impact – beef in particular has significant environmental ramifications because of the amount of grain and land used to produce a pound of the stuff. However, while rebel vegans may feel they’re cheating slightly, actually they could be on to the healthiest diet of all.

“People assume vegans are automatically really healthy,” says nutritionist Steve Grant, who’s studied the effects of the diet on athletes for 10 years. “Environmentally it makes sense, but nutritionally it’s not without its shortfalls. Those who don’t get enough protein and healthy fats can suffer from irregular blood sugar and energy dips.” The same study that found vegans to be thinner also discovered they were deficient in nutrients including calcium and omega-3s. “Following this part-time and ensuring you focus non-vegan meals on the nutrients you’re missing out on is a very healthy way of living,” adds Steve.

“When I was a vegan full-time I did feel tired,” says journalist Lou, 24. “I now stick to it at home, but when I’m out I’ll eat dairy – and I have more energy than ever. I’m the healthiest I’ve ever been, but I’m not sacrificing my social life. It’s the perfect balance.”
DREAMING ABOUT TOOTH LOSS IS SCARY ENOUGH

IF YOU SPIT BLOOD WHEN YOU BRUSH, IT COULD BECOME A REALITY

Spitting blood when you brush your teeth can be an early sign of gum disease, a leading cause of tooth loss. So, wake up to the warning signs. Use Corsodyl – clinically proven to help stop bleeding gums.

Search Corsodyl to find out more.

CORSODYL
FOR PEOPLE WHO SPIT BLOOD WHEN THEY BRUSH THEIR TEETH.

If left untreated, gum disease is a major cause of tooth loss. Corsodyl Mint Mouthwash is a medicine containing chlorhexidine digluconate for the treatment of gum disease. Always read the label. CORSODYL is a registered trade mark of the GSK group of companies.
BO-YO NAMASTE

When yoga gear goes boho… you get this bundle of loveliness

STYLED STRAP

Mat, £62, Lululemon
Backless top, £48, Manuka Life
Top, £45; leggings, £70, both Varley at activeinstyle.co.uk
Top, £40; shorts, £25, both Björn Borg Mirage at Figleaves
Bag, £42, Roxy

STYLE THREADS

Cotton is great for restorative yoga, like yin or hatha, but for sweater styles like Bikram or Vinyasa, you need to look for sweat-wicking technology in the label, like ClimaLite. And as this is yoga, anything with the word ‘seamless’ in it will help you bend that little bit more. Namaste.

FYI

Tree pose not happening? Hands slipping during downward dog? Pop liquid chalk on your palms and soles. Try yogamatters.com

Backpack, £180, Eastpak x House of Hackney
Plastic-free bottle, £23, Ghongha

Top, £99, Ted Baker
Leggings, £135, Mara Hoffman at B London Boutique

Top, £22, ASOS

Top, £45; leggings, £70, both Varley at activeinstyle.co.uk

Top, £22, ASOS
LIPS AT THE TREND:

Forget about eyes, this season it’s all about lips, baby. We teamed up with

Deep burgundy stained lips were the main feature at Burberry’s S/S 16 show and it’s easier to achieve than you think.

**GET THE LOOK:**

For the perfect Edward Cullen mouth, apply a layer of *Burt’s Bees Lip Crayon in Redwood Forest* all over the lips. Don’t worry about a perfect lip line here, you want that just-kissed look. Blot with tissue, before applying a second layer, this time concentrating the colour around the centre of your lips. Blot once more for lips that will last all night. For a completely matte finish, dust a little transparent powder over the top.

**Nude ’90s**

**THE TREND:** The ’90s revival is still going strong, but you don’t have to wear an unflattering shade of brown lipstick.

**GET THE LOOK:** To bring this trend up to date for spring/summer, avoid browns and greys and go for a more flattering pink-tinged nude. We love *Burt’s Bees Lip Crayon in Carolina Coast* (looks especially beautiful on pale skin tones). It’s lightweight texture is perfect for spring and all Burt’s Bees crayons are 100% natural! Apply to the whole lip and use the crayon nib to subtly over line your lips around the Cupid’s bow and lower lip for extra ’90s super-model fullness.

**Just-bitten**

**THE TREND:** Deep burgundy stained lips were the main feature at Burberry’s S/S 16 show and it’s easier to achieve than you think.

**GET THE LOOK:** For the perfect Edward Cullen mouth, apply a layer of *Burt’s Bees Lip Crayon in Redwood Forest* all over the lips. Don’t worry about a perfect lip line here, you want that just-kissed look. Blot with tissue, before applying a second layer, this time concentrating the colour around the centre of your lips. Blot once more for lips that will last all night. For a completely matte finish, dust a little transparent powder over the top.
THE READY
Burt’s Bees to show you the four trends you need to know about

Perfectly polished

THE TREND: Clean, bright and perfectly shaped, this is definitely not a lazy girl’s lip. High maintenance but totally worth it.
GET THE LOOK: The perfect red lip was the star of Oscar de la Renta’s S/S 16 show. Using a lip brush, paint around your lip line using Burt’s Bees Lip Crayon in Napa Vineyard, before filling in the rest of your lips. This will give you the perfect outline and also means you can skip lip liner. For a patent effect, apply a layer of Burt’s Bees Lip Shine in Pucker over the top.

Blurred lines

THE TREND: A pop of bold colour in the centre of the lips, effortlessly blended out. It’s time to put down the lip liner.
GET THE LOOK: Start by applying concealer around the outer edges of your lips (don’t worry you won’t be looking like a corpse for long). Apply the Burt’s Bees Lip Crayon in Hawaiian Smolder to the centre of your lips and blend out with a lip brush to create a gradient colour effect. If you don’t have a lip brush, don’t worry; just use your fingers to gently pat out the colour.

YOUR EXCLUSIVE OFFER
Burt’s Bees 100% natural Lip Crayons are available in six creamy shades at £8.99 each. Stock up with the exclusive 3 for 2 on Burt’s Bees lip colour with code BBCOLOUR16 at burtsbees.co.uk. Offer ends 31 July 2016. T&Cs apply*. 
Yes, white can be classic, romantic and beloved by cricketers. But it can also be easy, tomboyish and very, very wearable.
This page: Hoodie, £8.50, Fruit of the Loom at Amazon. Bikini top, £90, Made by Dawn. Shorts, £245, Christopher Raeburn. Earrings, £55; necklaces, from £10 each, all Pebble London
Opposite: Sweatshirt, £8.50, Fruit of the Loom at Amazon. Towel (worn as skirt), stylist’s own. Earring; trainers, both as before
This page: Top, £162, Frame Denim. Earrings, from £16, Huichol at Hotel Cielo Rojo
Trainers, as before
This page: Jumper, £295, ESK Cashmere. Necklace, £160, Pebble London. Trainers, as before
Opposite: T-shirt, £178, Frame Denim. Bikini bottoms, £100, Made by Dawn. Necklace, from £10, Pebble London. Sandals, as before
This page: Playsuit, £190, DKNY. Earrings, £55; belt, £220, both Pebble London. Handbag, £125, Blaiz. Necklace; sandals, both as before
Opposite: Swimsuit, £38, American Apparel. Necklace, from £30; cuff, £90, both Pebble London. All other jewellery; sandals, all as before

Model Hadassa Lima at The Hive. Hair Zoë Irwin, using Ghd. Make-up Jessica Mejia at Stella Creative Artists, using Bobbi Brown. Fashion assistant Natasha Miles. Casting and production Clare Pugh. Shot on location in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico at Hotel Cielo Rojo (hotelcielorojo.com), Casa Velas (hotelcasavelas.com) and in Riviera Nayarit at the Hard Rock Hotel Vallarta (rivieranayarit.com; hrvillavalle.com)
Never be bored again!

The internet’s a pretty big place. If you want to see the funniest, most thought-provoking and inspirational bits of it, with added unicorn emojis, come hang out with us at Cosmopolitan.co.uk, why don’t cha?

IT’S EASY! Open your Snapchat camera, hover over this Snapcode, press and hold the screen and enjoy a daily dose of funny shares, the best web stories and plenty more...

FIND US ON
Snapchat
Discover

Cosmopolitan.co.uk
CosmopolitanUK
@CosmopolitanUK
@CosmopolitanUK
CosmopolitanUK
CosmopolitanUK
drench your body in nature

Palmer's® Coconut Oil Formula™ has been formulated with ethically and sustainably sourced raw, organic* Coconut Oil and Tahitian Monoi for luxurious hydration with a decadently rich coconut scent. Free from harsh chemicals and dyes, the result is naturally radiant skin.

BEAUTY AWARDS 2015 Winner

Pure Coconut Oil & Tahitian Monoi

NO Parabens, Pthalates, Mineral Oil, Gluten or Dyes

24 HR MOISTURE

*Certified organic by Baystate Organic Certifiers, in compliance with USDA National Organic Program (CFR part 205)
THREE

Young, hot and... polyamorous. Why

ISN’T A

everyone you know is getting multiple

CROWD

action. Dolly Alderton investigates ›
“Guys, I'm not joking this time, I really have got cramp. Guys?”
I am in a heaving pub in central London, nervously looking for an inflatable zebra. I peer over peoples’ pints, I look under tables – people start staring, I can see no zebra. I am here, undercover, at a monthly meet-up of polyamorists. On the forum where the meet is advertised, I’m told to look out for the inflatable animal and there the polyamorists would be – but I can’t see it, or them. And as much as society would like us to think otherwise, polyamorists look just like you and me. There’s no bowl in the middle of the table with car keys in it, there’s no fetishwear or sprawling harems. Without the zebra, I’ll never find them.

Over the past year, I have become more interested in the growing openness that surrounds non-monogamy. As a dating columnist, it is something I’ve investigated for work; I’ve written about it, watched documentaries on it and read up on it. But it has also piqued a personal interest – as someone who has always found the prospect of ‘forever’ with one person hugely daunting, I’ve begun to wonder why I impose such a rule on myself. Perhaps loving more than one person at the same time is a viable option for someone with my fears; perhaps I am cutting myself off from boundless opportunities for the sake of an outdated and impractical notion of romance.

I’m interested in the people for whom this is an enjoyable, practical, satisfying way to live. And I wonder if meeting them will give me more of an insight into what it would mean to be a polyamorist myself.

Polyamory – being open to having more than one romantic relationship at a time – is on the up. Last year, the dating site OkCupid added a polyamory function for users, allowing couples to search for single people to join their relationship, and vice versa. According to the site’s data, 42% of its members would consider dating someone in a non-monogamous relationship. When you team this with high divorce rates, it seems the message is clear: monogamy doesn’t work for everyone.

Polyamory is no longer a niche lifestyle choice nestled in the shadows. Long gone is the 1960s stereotype of the hippie free lover who renounces all social norms and responsibilities. It’s now a carefully considered, responsible way to conduct your relationships, with more and more twenty- and thirtysomethings looking to it as a way to find all-encompassing fulfilment.

Jo Hemmings, a behavioural psychologist and dating coach, thinks the incremental openness that has grown around polyamory is a product of our time. “Undoubtedly, the social structure of the family is shifting – we see an increasing number of blended families, step-families, gay families and single-parent families. I think polyamory is part of that bigger picture, and while in the past some may have longed for a lifestyle like this, it just wasn’t ‘acceptable’ in
previous generations,” she tells me. “Part of the polyamorous lifestyle choice has probably been fuelled by the sheer availability of partners via apps, so access has become that much easier, of course.”

So the reason I’m inflatable-zebra-hunting in a pub? A polyamory website for Londoners led me here. This is not a dating event. If it’s a potential partner you’re looking for, try ‘poly-cocktails’ instead. I’m at a monthly gathering to meet and chat to like-minded people. One man comments that he’s ‘poly-friendly’ and looking to broaden his circle.

I’ve decided not to tell them I’m a journalist, as I don’t want them to feel I’m judging them, so I give myself a pseudonym and plan to say I work in the sufficiently woolly field of ‘media.’

It’s crushingly loud, and I can’t see said inflatable. I try my luck with a group of people staring at me.

“Hello,” I say. “Are you here for the…” I raise my eyebrows suggestively.

“For the?” a bald man in glasses asks, looking confused.

“For the… poly… meet-up?” I mumble.

“Yeah, hi!” he says, and gestures towards a chair. “Sit down. What’s your name?”

“Anne,” I say forcefully, and then, for no reason: “I work in media.”

“Everyone,” he says, getting the attention of the table (four girls, four boys). “This is Anne. She works in media.” I was looking for the zebra,” I explain.

“Oh yeah, there’s no zebra today, sorry.”

They are, as I expected, entirely normal-looking. They are neither sexpots nor frumps, freaks nor fetishists. They are a smiley, chatty bunch ranging from mid-twenties to mid-forties, a mixture of ethnicities and nationalities, and they look just like the people you normally hang out with.

We make small talk for a while, mainly perpetuated by me waffling on while I sip my large glass of wine, as I’m petrified of seeming like an imposter.

“Of course I get jealous. All the time. But we talk about it”

“Absolutely. Have you met her yet?” she asks.

“No,” I reply. “This wouldn’t have even crossed my mind. Do you think I should?”

“It’s up to you,” she says. “Some people find it comforting, some people don’t.”

“Have you ever met your partner’s partners?” I ask. She laughs and nods, pointing around the table.

YOUR PARTNER’S PARTNERS
So, concentrate for the next bit. Emma is living with Dan* - they’ve been in a polyamorous relationship for five years. Dan is moving out, Ben* (the bald guy with glasses) is moving in. Next to Emma is Glenda*, an elegant, raven-haired young mother of two, who married very young, separated from her husband, has two boyfriends and also has a ‘thing’ going on with Dan (they both giggle when they tell me this). So, yes, they’ve met.

“How do you handle it?” I ask.

“We talk about it. And once we’ve talked about it and it’s out in the open, we reassure each other honestly, and realise how silly those worries were. And then you get this amazing feeling.” I ask her to describe it for me. She takes a sip of her drink and thinks. “You know when your best friend has just met a guy and she’s falling in love, and you can see how happy she is. She can’t stop talking about him and you can’t help but smile too because you’re so excited for her? It’s like that, but you feel it for your boyfriend.”

She teaches me a new word that they all use: “compersion” - a particular form of compassion - when you feel positive about

HOW TO SPEAK POLYAMORY

**COWBOY**
A monogamous man who has a relationship with a polyamorous woman in which he expects them both to be monogamous.

**CANDAULISM**
The feeling of arousal a person gets from watching their partner have sex with another person.

**AMBIGUSWEETIE**
A person with whom you have an undefined and unlabelled relationship.

**METAMOUR**
The partner of your partner. Also called a partner-in-law.

**WIBBLE**
A temporary feeling of insecurity when you see your partner being romantic or intimate with another partner.

**CLUSTER MARRIAGE**
A polyamorous relationship in which married couples live together and swap partners.
your partner’s other relationship(s). It is the exact opposite of jealousy.

This notion of allowing yourself to be jealous, then discussing it rather than burying it, comes up a lot. A friend puts me in touch with 30-year-old singer Blythe Pepino, who has been in a polyamorous relationship with her 27-year-old partner Lee* for two and a half years. She also has a girlfriend in Bristol, Clare*, who she has been with for a year and a half, and she and Lee have group sex with their friends and another polyamorous couple, Sam* and Beth*. She, too, has experienced and let go of jealousy: “When Lee and I became live-in partners, a great fear of mine was that we were going to stop being passionate. At the same time, we’d started having these really passionate, regular foursomes with Beth and Sam,” she tells me. “Beth is a dancer; she’s really beautiful and much younger than me, and I just thought, ‘Oh no.’ And as much as I hated myself for saying it, I had to tell Lee those thoughts. All it takes is Lee saying, ‘These are the reasons I find you attractive,’ and the moment he starts listing them, I go, ‘Oh shut up,’ because I know them. And you realise how silly it is.”

I suggest that all the constant communication needed in polyamory could perhaps get in the way of the relationship itself. “Once the communication standard has been set, the anxieties and the amount of time spent talking plateau,” Blythe says. “When I first got together with Clare, there were so many awkward conversations. She didn’t know about polyamory before me and she is quite an in-the-moment person. But after six months it became easier.”

TIME MANAGEMENT

Another concern for me, as a woman who is historically disorganised in relationships, is the logistics of multiple relationships. Whenever I’ve had a boyfriend, I’ve struggled to split my focus between him, my friends, family, work and a social life. I don’t know how I’d do it with another partner added to the mix.

At my second polyamory meeting, I go to a different pub in east London and, this time, the turnout is huge. There’s a long table of chatting, laughing people, sharing stories and chips. I sit opposite a thirtysomething woman called Lisa*. She tells me she is currently seeing five separate people. Even Rob*, the polyamorous man next to me, is aghast. “My God,” I say. “How on earth do you organise that?” She gets her phone out. “Google Calendar,” she says. She opens up a page covered in different blocks of colour. “Everyone in this community will tell you the same thing; Google Calendar is your life-saver. I colour code each partner, and make dates way in advance. When you have this many relationships, the one rule is you never cancel if a more exciting invitation comes along. You have to respect that.”

Lisa also tells me that one of her more disorganised lovers has an open calendar, so all his partners can put dates in and he gets an alert to tell him who he’s meant to be with that day. I tell her I would hate my partner to control my schedule. She shrugs and smiles. “It works for him,” she says.

Another practical concern monogamous people often have on behalf of the polyamorous is the question of family. How does a polyamorous couple go about raising children (sometimes named ‘polywogs’)? Zara*, 33, is in a polyamorous marriage. Both she and her husband have partners and together they have two children. But rather than be an obstacle, they’ve found the extra pairs of hands useful: “Little kids are a lot of work, and we’ve found the support of our partners has really helped,” she tells me. “They’ve been there to cook meals, babysit and hang out with us when we need adult company. Our daughter loves our other partners, and they are always favourites to read stories at bedtime when they come round.”

And, unsurprisingly, as the polyamory model dictates, honesty is the best policy when it comes to explaining their relationships to her: “We’ve been honest with her, but she doesn’t really think her family is particularly unusual; she knows lots of other families that don’t fit the nuclear model.”
Personally, my biggest issue would be that of sexual safety – presumably the more people you share a bed with, the more risk there is of catching something. I speak to 36-year-old university professor Carrie Jenkins. She met her husband six years ago and they have always had a non-monogamous relationship. She dated other people fairly regularly until she fell in love with her current boyfriend four years ago. Carrie explains that polyamory often means a better awareness of safety: “People who are in openly non-monogamous relationships do much better with health and safety than the people who think they’re sleeping with one person but, unbeknown to them, are [being] cheated on. They are much more at risk, as that’s when people don’t take precautions.” This is backed up by research – a recent study done by The Journal Of Sexual Medicine showed that supposedly monogamous people were less likely to wear condoms with sexual partners outside their relationship, and 73% of those who had cheated had not told their partner.

SEX NEGATIVITY

Carrie says the communal sense of responsibility and precaution is motivated by “pragmatic self-concern” but also because “nobody wants to perpetuate a bad stereotype that already exists.”

The unfair stereotype she is talking about is that polyamory is just about sex. She believes the “sex negativity” floating around in society means that we immediately think something is dubious if it’s related to sex; therefore if we decide something is just about sex, it’s stigmatised. “If you can make out polyamory is all about sex, then you don’t really have to respect it,” she explains.

Graphic designer Morgan Spicer, 28, has been polyamorous for five years. She has been in relationships with men, women, trans women and gender neutral people in that time. She tells me that both her parents have come to accept the way she lives her life: “My father accepts it more easily. We had a conversation about being invited to a wedding, and what if I wanted to bring a plus-two along. I explained that I felt the same for each of them as he did for my mum. As soon as I said that, he agreed I should be allowed a plus-two.”

I am interested by this and wonder if a hierarchy system ever subconsciously develops with partners. Liam, an Irish fortysomething I meet at my second polyamory meeting, tells me he never ranks his wife higher than his girlfriend, or vice versa – they just provide each other with different things, in the same way different friendships do. “My wife is very serious and academic,” he tells me. “She’d never be the one I’d drink with or go out dancing with. My girlfriend is much more gregarious and outgoing, but I wouldn’t necessarily talk about books with her.” He tells me that, although their closest friends understand their arrangement and will often invite the three of them to events, for more formal occasions, they have a different system. “I alternate who I spend Christmas with,” he tells me. “That way it is fair and nobody ends up feeling abandoned.”

In all the time I’ve spent with polyamorists, sex is barely mentioned. What often comes up are pretty philosophical questions of what love is, and deconstructing traditions to make sure you’re loving and being loved in the most effective way. “Partners aren’t just your fulfilment vessels,” Blythe tells me. “Each relationship is precious in its own right. Polyamory isn’t the answer to the fear of being lonely.”

I conclude that perhaps non-monogamy isn’t a viable option for me and that, at heart, I really am more traditional than I like to think I am. But after spending my time with polyamorists, such a deeply romantic and seemingly fulfilled bunch – I sort of wish I wasn’t.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Dolly Alderton

“I thought I knew all there is to know about polyamory, but writing this opened my mind even more to all the ways a person can love. Shortly after, I got in a volatile debate about non-monogamy with a woman who was very judgmental, so thanks to this I’m now a passionate polyamory defender.”

THE DEMISEXUALS

Those who can’t or won’t get it on unless they have an emotional connection. Think Marnie in series one of Girls.

THE FLEXISEXUALS

Individuals who don’t consider themselves bisexual, they’re just free spirits who like to dabble. Miley Cyrus is their poster girl.

‘My wife is very serious and academic. My girlfriend is much more gregarious and outgoing, but I wouldn’t talk about books with her’
What if the very products designed to protect us from the sun turned out to be the ones doing us the harm? **LAURA CAPON** investigates an inconceivable truth.
sunscren
It’s the day before a two-week holiday and I’m on a last-minute Boots trip. After spending a small fortune on miniature mouthwash, shampoo and conditioner that won’t even last a week, I’m left in the suncare aisle. There are eight shelves of it, each rainbow-hued bottle promising something different. Tan-accelerating, dry-touch-feeling, once a day... I’m a beauty journalist and even I don’t know where to start.

Do I want a cream, spray or aerosol? An oil is a bit Cristiano Ronaldo for me, and a mousse sounds too much like dessert. What factor do I want? The higher the better, surely? I grab a mid-priced SPF50 cream and hope for the best.

But with so much choice, so many suncare developments and so much information, why are skin-cancer rates higher in 2016 than in 1976? Some believe the answer could be in the very things we use to protect us.

First, the sciency bit. The sun emits ultraviolet radiation as UVA and UVB. UVB rays damage the skin’s superficial layers, causing sunburn. You can thank these when you’re in agony trying to put your bra strap on your bright red shoulders. They are also key in the spread of skin cancer. UVA rays go deeper, causing skin ageing and DNA damage, leading to skin cancer. “In the past, UVA was considered less harmful than UVB (which causes direct DNA damage), but today UVA is known to contribute to skin cancer via indirect DNA damage. In fact, several studies suggest the absence of UVA filters may cause a higher incidence of melanoma,” explains cosmetic doctor Liesel Holler.

Suitably terrified, I set off to uncover the lies my sunscreen bottle has been telling me.

**SPF: THE NUMBERS GAME**

“Sunscreens with really high SPFs, such as SPF75 or SPF100, do not offer significantly greater protection than SPF30, and mislead people into thinking they have more protection than they do. In fact, SPF30 blocks 97% of UVB rays and SPF50 blocks 98%.” That’s Dr Charlene DeHaven, clinical director of IS Clinical. Oh boy... The first thing I look for when buying my sunscreen is the sun-protection factor (SPF) and, let’s be honest, it’s the one thing you look out for too. But as Dr DeHaven explains, it’s not the only thing you need.

“SPF measures how well a sunscreen protects skin from UVB rays, which cause sunburn, damage skin and contribute to skin cancer.” But SPF gives no indication of the level of all-important UVA protection. For that, you need the UVA star system, which should be on the back of your bottle. Measured out of five stars, it shows how much UVA radiation the sunscreen absorbs. The British Association of Dermatologists considers an SPF30 sunscreen with a UVA rating of four or five stars a good standard of protection.

Not feeling so smug about that SPF50 now, are you?

**TRY:** Soltan Adult Dry Touch Lotion, £6 (1); Nivea Sun Roll-On, £7.99 (2)
Day one of your holiday and you are acutely aware of how pale you are. Especially compared to the Ronsealed couple next to you. So a self-tan with an SPF is a brilliant idea, right? Wrong, explains Abi Cleeve, managing director of suncare brand Ultrasun. “The main ingredient in self-tanning products is dihydroxyacetone (DHA). And it’s DHA that creates a chemical reaction on your skin (turning you that delightful shade of builder’s brew).

However, DHA is so strong it attacks other chemicals it’s formulated with. So if you made a broad-spectrum sunscreen and put DHA in there, it would leave the factory and pass all tests. It would contain SPF and block UVAs, but over a few weeks that DHA would destroy the UVA protection.”

I’m baffled as to how companies are allowed to sell fake tan with SPF, implying it will protect your skin.

“If you’re marketing a product as fake tan but you add an SPF, you don’t have to bother with UVA as you’re not marketing it as sun protection. It’s marketed as fake tan with an added benefit.” As Abi tells me this, I’m tempted to run to Boots with a megaphone and warn everyone.

So what to do if you can’t bear those first few days looking like Edward Cullen? Apply fake tan the night before, or a couple of days before your holiday. As long as you don’t use fake tan on the same day, your regular broad-spectrum sunscreen will work just fine.

TRY: M&S’ tan-enhancing Sun Smart Moisture Protect Nourishing Dry Oil SPF30, £12 (3); or a tinted sunscreen such as Ultrasun Tinted High Body Sun Protection 30SPF, £26 (4)
WHAT DOES LIFE LOOK LIKE DURING YOUR PERIOD?

#LooksLikeThis

Life looks great with Tampax Compak Pearl. Our best tampon for protection, comfort and discretion. It adapts to your unique shape to protect you better against leaks.*

*Tvs Tampax Compak

power OVER PERIODS™

Winner Tampon Category. Survey of 1,506 people in the UK & ROI by TNS.
Now, this was a hard one even for me to get my head around, but the sun itself can break down the UV screens in your sunscreen. This is why you have to keep reapplying it. It’s also why you should always look out for the word ‘photostable’ on your sunscreen bottle.

So does ‘photostable’ mean I don’t have to reapply? “No. It won’t break down in the sun, but it still needs to be reapplied due to other factors.” Essentially that’s skin-cancer expert Dr Marko Lens telling me my mum was right. “You swim, shower and towel, all of which remove sunscreen.” OK, but what if you just lie very still with a Magnum? “You sweat.”

Basically there is no getting away with it. You need to reapply every two hours, or every 30 minutes in hot and humid conditions. And, by the way, even if the label says your sunscreen is ‘water resistant’, you have 40 minutes of protection once you’re wet. You’ve been warned.

**TRY:** Ladival Advanced Infrared-A Protection System, £19.99. Bakel Suncare High Protection Face & Body, £58 (9)
ALCOHOL (NO, NOT THAT KIND)

Sand + sun cream: not one of life’s best combinations. No wonder that spray sunscreens seem so appealing. However, aerosol sunscreens contain a lot of alcohol which, says Dr Marko, “breaks down photostability and dries out your skin just when you need hydration most”. Avoiding it in sunscreen is almost impossible. Just skip products that list alcohol among the first few ingredients (unless it’s San Miguel) and check the labels of aerosols, gels and anything that claims to be ‘cooling’.


THE MELANIN THEORY

Melanin gives our skin colour. The darker your skin, the more melanin you naturally have. ‘Tan optimising’ melanin supplements and sunscreens claim to make you tan quicker and darker. The problem with these is people believe they don’t need as much sunscreen, or as high a factor, because melanin offers its own protection. “I don’t see the point of increasing melanin production, which is actually a sign of skin damage. It doesn’t make sense to me.” If it doesn’t make sense to Dr Marko, who has a PhD in skin cancer and 20 years of clinical experience, best avoid.

Basically, just because you’ve got a tan, that doesn’t mean you can stop applying your sunscreen, people.

TRY: Palmer’s Eventone Suncare Lotion SPF30, £9.99; IS Clinical Extreme Protect SPF30, £60 (8)

THE WHITE GUYS

Mineral sunscreens (aka physical sunscreens) have a bad rep for leaving you looking as if you’re about to swim the Channel. We know they offer the best protection in theory, but we’re all too vain to slap them on. However, new technologies mean you no longer have to look like Caspar.

“Unlike chemical filters, which let UV rays into the skin, physical filters reflect UV light away so it doesn’t enter the cell layer.” That’s Dr Stefanie Williams, a clinical dermatologist. I also spoke to Dr Tom Mammone, Clinique’s vice-president of skin physiology and pharmacology. “We’re discovering that infrared is very damaging to the skin and broad-spectrum physical sunscreens block some of it.” And what of the new non-chalky technology, Dr Tom? “Physical sunscreens are made up of zinc oxide and titanium. We have come up with a way of milling the titanium and zinc down to a fairly exact size, which stops the white ashy look on your skin.”

TRY: Clinique Mineral Sunscreen Fluid for Body, £25; Medik8 Physical Sunscreen SPF30, £32

PORE BLOCKERS

There’s nothing like a face full of pimples to kill your holiday vibe, which is why the thought of applying a greasy sunscreen stops people bothering altogether.

“In my experience, the vast majority of sunscreens, especially high factors, would make someone with a tendency for spots break out,” says dermatologist Dr Stefanie Williams, confirming that it’s not just our imagination. But what can we look for in a facial sunscreen to stop us getting Kevin and Perry-style acne? “Avoid creams that have a greasy texture and don’t sink into your skin after a couple of minutes. A good starting point is any sunscreen that states ‘oil free’ on the bottle.” So is using the same sunscreen for your body and your face a no-no?

“I haven’t found any body sunscreens that I would recommend to patients for their face.” Two sunscreens it is, then.

TRY: La Roche-Posay Anthelios Tinted Dry Touch Gel-Cream SPF50+, £18 (5). Bioderma Photoderm Max SPF50+ Aquafluid, £13.50 (7)

BEHIND THE SCENES

Laura Capon

“Every expert I spoke to terrified me. I’d never call myself a sun-worshipper, but I am guilty of comparing tans with friends when I go on holiday. I’ve now booked myself in for a mole check... just in case.”
“Yes”

Immerse yourself in glittering bazaars, savour full-of-flavour cuisine and sprawl out on soft-sand beaches. Just say yes to Turkey this summer.

Life’s too short to say no

Online • App • Thomson Shop

*£459 price is per person based on 2 sharing, 7 nights. All Inclusive at the Club Alize Apartments in Marmaris, Turkey departing on 15/09/2016. All prices are based on departing from Gatwick Airport. Prices include transfers, return flights, accommodation and 15kg luggage allowance. Additional supplements and charges may apply. Prices correct at time of going to press 08/04/16 and are subject to change. Credit Card fee of 1.5% applies, maximum of £95 per booking. Applies to new bookings only and subject to very limited availability. We reserve the right to withdraw these offers at any time without notice. Standard booking terms apply, visit firstchoice.co.uk for details. All the flights and flight-inclusive holidays are financially protected by the ATOL scheme. When you pay you will be supplied with an ATOL Certificate. Please ask for it and check to ensure that everything you booked (flights, hotels and other services) is listed on it. Please see our booking conditions for further information or for more information about financial protection and the ATOL Certificate go to: www.atol.org.uk/ATOLCertificate. First Choice is a trading name of TUI UK Limited ATOL 2524, ABTA V5126, a member of the TUI Group of companies registered in England and Wales with number 2830117 and whose registered office is at TUI Travel House, Crawley Business Quarter, Heming Way, Crawley, West Sussex, RH10 9QL.
DOES SHE DESERVE TO BE HATED?

Islamophobia, especially towards young Muslim women, is on the rise. Tanya Gold goes undercover to find out why... with surprising results ›
Muslim women are frightened – and they are right to be. In the year up to July 2015, attacks on Muslims in parts of London rose by more than 200%, according to statistics from the Metropolitan Police*. The refugee crisis and the rise of ISIS means that – for bigots – Muslim women are a target. Austerity policies have not helped because racism flourishes with economic insecurity. The day before I am due to go out for this feature, a Muslim woman is attacked outside her university in central London. Her veil is ripped from her face. I want to investigate the experiences of women like them – and my own prejudice – because I have always hated the veil and seen it as a tool of oppression.

My first call is to Sajda Mughal, a winner at last year’s Cosmopolitan Ultimate Women Awards and director of the JAN Trust, a charity supporting vulnerable ethnic-minority women. “It’s got worse,” she says. “In the last three years alone we have seen a 65% rise in the number of women coming to us and telling us of their suffering.” Veiled women, she says, “have been spat at, slapped and hit. Perpetrators have tried to pull off their veils on buses, in the streets.” The youngest victim she has worked with was seven; she was told at school that “your father is Osama bin Laden”. She has heard of ambulance workers refusing to transport women in headscarves and social workers telling children their native lands are “terrorist countries”. She herself has been threatened. One telephone message said, “I want to slit your Muslim throat.” Those responsible, she says, are almost always white men.

*Metropolitan Police statistics.
She says she has never met a veiled woman who doesn’t wear it by choice. Perhaps it’s comforting for women like me to believe they are coerced into wearing it by their families. Is that my form of racism? Do I not trust these women to make their own choices?

I order a dress from Amazon: it is “modest”, Saudi-style. When it arrives, my husband says it is more revealing than some of my clothes, so I order a second one, but I’ve forgotten to buy the veil. I stop a Muslim woman in my street and ask her where to buy one; I lie and say I’m visiting Saudi Arabia. She says I do not need to explain, and sends me to Shepherd’s Bush Market in west London. I buy the veil and niqab (the part that covers the face).

Leaving the market, I catch sight of my reflection and am shocked. I look like nothing; like a backdrop or a wall. I jump into Costa Coffee; it is familiar, but I think there is less warmth in the server’s eyes than is usual. She seems brusque, efficient, keen to get it over with. I have no excuse to stay here, although I want to. I want to hide in the toilet, invent the article, go home.

Outside, I pass another woman in a veil. “As-salāmu ‘alaykum,” she says, a common Muslim greeting meaning “peace be upon you”. I am desperately grateful; even so, I feel ashamed. My sisterhood with her – which she so sweetly acknowledges – is a pretence. The veil does not always bring peace.

Sajda told me of three women she has worked with. One took her daughter, aged two, to a playground. A white man shouted “terrorist bitch” and
“fuck off out of my country, ISIS bitch.” (He obviously didn’t know ISIS mostly terrorise other Muslims.) He ordered his dog to attack them. She went to the police. They did nothing. Her child screamed every night for months.

The second woman she talks about was on the bus to pick her toddler up from nursery. A young white man called her a “terrorist” and an “ugly bitch” who should “get out of my country” because “you people just breed terrorists”. Instead of helping her, other passengers applauded. The bus driver did nothing. She stopped crying when she got to the nursery; she didn’t want to frighten her child.

A third woman was walking in a town centre and heard a man say “terrorist”. He said, “Go back to your country”, and, “You must be ugly, that’s why you’re wearing that thing.” He ripped her veil off and threw it on the ground. She still has nightmares – that he is killing her.

On my first day in the veil, I catch a bus to Hammersmith in west London. I am uncomfortable. I dribble on my veil. Normally I’m over-friendly with strangers. I say hello to bus drivers. I accost women with babies. Today I do not want to. I feel immobile and isolated; I feel I can do nothing right.

I get off and see, on the timetable, a bus to Teddington, where I spent my early childhood. Of course I’m seeking places where I am deeply rooted; where I feel safe. I look for the stop, and something happens to surprise me. A man runs over and says, “Can I help you?” He takes me to the stop. This is the other side, then: the concern. The solicitude. Maybe the pity?

On the bus I can’t read because my glasses slide off the veil. If I put them inside, the fabric stretches and cuts into me and I look absurd, like an owl. I can’t eat as I would have to raise the cloth, which I am beginning to feel a strange loyalty to because it is, for now, the identity I have chosen, and all I have. If I am to wear it, I will wear it properly; I will not defame it. I can’t make conversation because I am afraid of the response. I am silenced.

I get off at Teddington, and walk up the high street. I am no longer sure why I came here because whatever I’m looking for – my tiny self, I suppose – it is no longer here. It is just a suburban street on a sunny day. I feel tired, although it is only lunchtime; the black polyester draws in heat. The veil prickles against my eyelashes. In Marks & Spencer people seem more careful than usual not to barge into me. A young, pretty saleswoman in Boots gives me a warm, penetrating look. Two people in the street – white, in their fifties – glare and step back.

I take another bus: to Kingston, where the number of Islamophobic attacks doubled in the past year. I walk around the Saturday market, then go back into Costa Coffee. I feel a low hum of hostility. People look me up and down, and look aghast or angry. One man – young, redhead – gives me a stare of pure hatred. He moves closer to me, holding it as long as possible, so I know that he hates me. I go to central London on the train, and take the Underground home. The train is fine because it is empty, but the Underground is not. I receive many angry glances, and some cross murmurs, so I am relieved to return to Camden Town. Many women are veiled in my street. I fit in, as always.
So far my experience is nothing like those of the women Sajda told me about. But I want to know what it’s like for a woman who, through commitment to her culture alone, is obliged to feel fear.

And so, before I hang up my veil, I go to Dagenham, east London. It is a declining manufacturing town with a history of racism. In 2006, the BNP won 12 council seats – although they lost them all in 2010 – and 14% of the total vote. As I get off the Tube, I feel the hostility immediately. It crackles in the air. I ask a taxi driver: is this the high street? “Yes,” he says, his face full of loathing. I walk up and down the high street. I see women in headscarves, but no one is veiled.

Soon, an elderly white woman says to me, almost conversationally, as if talking about the weather, as I pass, “That’s disgusting.”

Next a man in a van stops and makes a phone sign with his hand. “Oi!” he shouts, “Can I have your number?” His friends laugh. I could say he is treating me as he would any woman, and it is what passes for charm in his eyes, but I don’t think so. It is a taunt.

Another elderly white woman says, “You’ve got a nerve.” Next, a group of women sitting outside a café laugh loudly as I pass; I hear them talk about me, their laughter tinkling across the pavement. I do not know how I would feel if I had my two-year-old with me, and could not tear off my veil and shout, “I’m not a Muslim.” Petrified, probably.

Then a man – again white and elderly – shouts into my face, “Ratbag!” It is such a silly insult, I almost laugh, but what would come next? All these interactions took place in just five minutes in sunlight in a crowded street. In 2013 a disabled Iranian refugee called Bijan Ebrahimi was beaten to death in Bristol and his body set alight. The police ignored his pleas for help in the days leading up to his murder, and even arrested him. I understand now how this happened.

I still hate the veil. But after three days of wearing it, I no longer think it is my response to it that matters. What matters is the fear women feel, when they should not, and the violence lurking in our cities. I thought I knew about misogyny. I was wrong.

On the second day I go to central London again. A few women pull their children away from me in Hamleys; maybe they think I would trip on them? But then a salesman in Kate Spade talks to me with such bouncing sweetness and enthusiasm I am thrilled. He sees me looking at a handbag, and picks it up to show me. He doesn’t seem to notice the veil at all; perhaps consumer capitalism has no prejudices.

**An elderly white woman calls me “disgusting”**

---

**THE BURQA AROUND THE WORLD**

**France**

In 2011 France became the first European country to outlaw burqas in public. Then-president Nicolas Sarkozy called the women wearing them “prisoners behind a screen”. Soon after, Belgium followed suit.

**Australia**

A huge debate rages, with many Aussie politicians calling for an all-out burqa ban. However, according to a recent poll, 60% of Australian women support the right of their peers to wear burqas.

**Saudi Arabia**

One of the only Muslim-majority countries that legally enforce a dress code in public. Almost all Muslim women wear a headscarf, and showing even an elbow has been verboten since the country’s founding.

**USA**

Women can wear burqas wherever they want, thanks to the Founding Fathers who included clothing in the constitutional rights to freedom of speech. The burkini is especially popular on beaches in the summer.
Uber is on a mission to recruit more female drivers. AMY GRIER
spent eight hours on the road with one to see what the night shift really looks like.
It’s 7.30pm in the heart of London and it’s been a long day of shopping for Steve* and his girlfriend. Now all they want is to be whisked to a Korean restaurant in Soho, five minutes down the road. Their shopping bags – Hermès, Aspinal, Miu Miu – pile up in front of them, obscuring their flawless twentysomething faces.

“Are you real?” asks Steve, diving through the bags and leaning towards the driver of this Mercedes C-Class UberX. He’s a tourist, over from Hong Kong, where, he says, Uber is more expensive than local taxis. (But, he counters, they do wear suits.) “Yes, I’m real. I’m a real Uber driver,” smiles the woman at the wheel, in a sing-song voice. She takes a sip of strawberry-flavoured water, looks at me and mouths: “I get that a lot.”

“I accepted this journey because of your rating,” Steve continues. “The restaurant we’re going to has a five-star rating on TripAdvisor, too.” He is partly talking to himself, partly to us. This is something I’ll get used to over the eight hours I’m in this car – people playing on their phones while using Ilana, the woman in the driving seat, as a kind of rhetorical sounding board.

In a cut-throat economic climate, where financial certainty is a luxury few can afford, the gig economy – of which Uber is a central component – is thriving. The private-hire taxi app, which started life in San Francisco in 2010 and is now in 411 cities across 65 countries, has created a sense of carefree freedom around travel. It’s not only provided a lifeline to millennials on a night out and office workers getting from A to B, but also to those struggling to make ends meet. A story appeared recently about a man driving Ubers to pay off a £16,000 wedding. It’s the new bar work, the new temping. The ultimate way of flexible working; one that women are increasingly interested in.

A study from Uber suggests the average driver does 27 hours per week. Compare that with the average 48-hour week most office workers do, and it paints a picture of how the app is used to supplement other jobs. Actresses and models (like Ilana), mums, self-employed hairdressers – even those saving for a blow-out holiday or wedding: they’re the women making up Uber’s 400-strong female driving squad in London. And the numbers are rising daily.

It was in the mania of Christmas party season that Ilana Hundadze, 35, the woman I’m about to spend eight hours sat next to, joined Uber. A former model, restaurant manager and Latvian reality-TV star, she’s lived in London for 15 years. “I’ve always loved driving. This way I get paid for it, plus I can turn it off whenever I need to focus on my other projects.”
‘Bing bing bing’ – the synthesized xylophone sounds from Ilana’s phone. These alerts, which signal customers looking for a ride, will become the soundtrack to our evening. Within three minutes, in the shadow of the BT Tower, Paul has slid onto the back seat with his briefcase. It’s nearly 8pm and, judging by the eau de Merlot he’s emitting, he’s been in a wine bar since the mid-’90s. Home is north-west London, where we’re headed.

“What brings you to Soho?” I offer as an opening gambit. “I’m going to give you two possible answers, you pick which is true. The first: I was celebrating a big property deal. The second: I was having an illicit liaison with one of my wife’s friends.” I suggest it’s probably secret option number three: he’d been for work drinks, but wanted us to know he was up for cheating on his wife. Paul’s barely listening.

“I’ve got a 4.9-star rating on Uber… Hey, what celebrity do you think I look like?”


When Paul gets out, I ask Ilana how many of her customers hit on her. “I get date requests daily, but I never go. I had lunch with someone I thought might be useful to get my team-building business off the ground, but he wasn’t.” She opens the compartment between our seats and pulls out a wad of business cards.

Theatre directors, financial advisors, HR executives, lawyers, management consultants – Ilana adds them all on LinkedIn. “This way I get them one-on-one. It’s very useful for my other work.”

She means the castings, photo-shoots and work she gets as an extra on films (“I was in Shadow Recruit. I was the first extra in a scene with Kevin Costner,” she says proudly). Jobs are often confirmed last minute. The night we meet, she’s come from a screen test for a film, and is in the running to become the poster-girl for a new Uber ad campaign, aimed at recruiting female drivers. It seems word has already spread of a female-only car service, SafeHer, coming to the UK from America, which could threaten to topple the monopoly Uber has had since it first launched in the UK, back in 2012.

‘Bing bing bing!’ After a few minutes winding around the streets of north-west London, we pick up Miguel and Jen, two late-twentysomethings on their way to the pub. He’s a firefighter, she’s in property. They’re with us for less than five minutes, and in that time he tells me, “I once had to cut a titanium ring off a man’s cock in A&E. Nurses didn’t have the kit to.” Ilana nearly swerves into a bollard. Jen rolls her eyes.

Between 9 and 11pm we pick up a Gap-ad-good-looking father-and-son duo who’ve been out plotting the fortunes of the family business, and an Aussie couple, Daisy and Pete, not-so-fresh from a bar crawl across London. Ilana proffers advice, when asked, about everything from the importance of creating a family legacy, to her favourite tuna carpaccio in the city (“try the World’s End Market on King’s Road”).

As the buzz of Friday night ascends into a palpable vibration towards midnight, Ilana talks more and more freely. There was a time when she was the woman on the inside of some of London’s most elite restaurants, deciding who came past the velvet rope. But a depressive episode a few years ago left her ridden with anxiety. “A friend had a stroke and I just started thinking everyone around me was going to die. I feared public places, I couldn’t go to work. I still have bad days, so I need a job where I don’t have to go in if I need to rest.”

Much, much later that night, Ilana reveals that when she was 18 and just out of school she went to Monaco for a modelling job that ended in two cases of attempted sexual assault by a man 40 years her senior. She managed to escape, but still struggles with older men who try to assert their dominance. “I’ve had passengers who reminded me of that man. But this is my space. I call the shots here.”

Her mobile rings and she begins an animated conversation in Russian (one of the four languages she speaks). It’s one of her private clients, Luke,
who has her number and connects with her directly through Uber.

As we head towards Earl’s Court, she puts a Russian pop video on the dashboard TV screen. “He loves this song,” I offer to get in the back – sensing an air of the VIP about this one. Early fifties, with a turquois and silver ring and a Barbour bomber, Luke’s a ‘consultant’ who speaks six languages, and he and Ilana talk in both English and Russian. He’s off to celeb-WAG-oligarch magnet Novikov in Mayfair. At first I find Ilana’s fussing around him slightly sickly. But hearing them chat about future journeys (she’s taking him to the airport next week), I realise there’s no difference between her playing his favourite song, and me making my boss a tactical cup of tea. She, like all of us, is just managing up.

Mayfair at midnight is bedlam in stilettos. The flashing dot on Ilana’s GPS shows our next rider is at Sexy Fish, another blingy restaurant, but they’re actually at the May Fair Hotel. It takes us 10 minutes to get to Mark and his wife Nicky, and when we do, they’re drunk and huffy. But mainly huffy. Ilana looks at the postcode, ‘BR1’. My heart sinks. It’s at least an hour’s journey. She seamlessly switches the music to Magic FM. On her own in the small hours of the morning, she listens to Russian pop songs as they remind her of home, and sometimes calls her mum, who worries about her driving, just to check in.

At least, I think, Ilana is getting a nice bit of cash out of this journey. “£19.26. For 90 minutes’ driving.” It’s nothing, not really, not with petrol and car-running costs, and the 20% Uber takes. She says she normally works until she makes £100. Sometimes, with surge pricing (when Uber’s prices increase because demand is higher), she can do that in a couple of hours, but in the eight hours we’re together she makes just £75. That groom in Australia who paid off his £16,000 wedding? He had to work two jobs for a year. In the first big knock to the gig economy, Uber recently settled a historic $100 million lawsuit in the US over how it classifies its employees. It could open the floodgates for others like it.

It’s 2am and we’re back in Mayfair. Our last rider of the night is James, a musician who looks like the love child of Pete Doherty and George Osborne and has spent the night playing at a members’ club. He’s shitfaced and absent-mindedly flicking between Tinder and Uber. “Imagine if I mixed them up and put my postcode into Tinder, and started right-swiping Ubers… What’s my rating? I nicked an Uber driver’s hat last week and I think he might have downgraded my rating?” It’s 4.6. “Eeesh, Ilana inhales. “Mine’s 4.9.”

Later, when James has gone, Ilana scrolls through the comments riders have left for her. “I look at them sometimes. I find it… comforting.” When she drops me home just after 3am, I’m knackered. Ilana is too, and was on her way home, but as she looks at the cluster of red blinking dots shouting ‘pick me’ from her phone, she seems to get a second wind – “I think I’ll stay out for a few more hours,” she says as I unfurl my stiff legs from the car. Uber is addictive, not just to users but to drivers, a computer game where you’re only ever one click away from the promise of a big windfall fare. It’s the cash, sure – who’d turn down the promise of a big windfall fare. It’s the cash, sure – who’d turn down surge pricing? – but it is also the promise of something else, of things that are now increasingly fleeting; connection, validation, freedom. Uber offers all these and yet, paradoxically, also acts to make them all the more fragile. Eight hours ago, Steve asked: “Is it real?” Maybe he had a point.

UBER CONFESSIONALS

You’ll never guess what goes on in the back seat. Four Uber drivers tell all

“I once drove a woman around London so she could stalk her cheating boyfriend. A classic trip.” – Robert

“Last week an old lady asked me out. I had to politely decline.” – Nabil

“There’s always the lad who passes out in the back of the car. Usually that’s when I take to the speed bumps to wake him up.” – Raymond

“A girl booked an UberPool to take her home. The second rider was a guy, also on his way home. They hit it off so well they ended up going on a date that night.” – Ilana

On her own in the small hours of the morning, she listens to Russian pop songs as they remind her of home, and sometimes calls her mum, who worries about her driving, just to check in.

At least, I think, Ilana is getting a nice bit of cash out of this journey.

“£19.26. For 90 minutes’ driving.” It’s nothing, not really, not with petrol and car-running costs, and the 20% Uber takes. She says she normally works until she makes £100. Sometimes, with surge pricing (when Uber’s prices increase because demand is higher), she can do that in a couple of hours, but in the eight hours we’re together she makes just £75. That groom in Australia who paid off his £16,000 wedding? He had to work two jobs for a year. In the first big knock to the gig economy, Uber recently settled a historic $100 million lawsuit in the US over how it classifies its employees. It could open the floodgates for others like it.

It’s 2am and we’re back in Mayfair. Our last rider of the night is James, a musician who looks like the love child of Pete Doherty and George Osborne and has spent the night playing at a members’ club. He’s shitfaced and absent-mindedly flicking between Tinder and Uber. “Imagine if I mixed them up and put my postcode into Tinder, and started right-swiping Ubers... What’s my rating? I nicked an Uber driver’s hat last week and I think he might have downgraded my rating?” It’s 4.6. “Eeesh, Ilana inhales. “Mine’s 4.9.”

Later, when James has gone, Ilana scrolls through the comments riders have left for her. “I look at them sometimes. I find it... comforting.” When she drops me home just after 3am, I’m knackered. Ilana is too, and was on her way home, but as she looks at the cluster of red blinking dots shining ‘pick me’ from her phone, she seems to get a second wind – “I think I’ll stay out for a few more hours,” she says as I unfurl my stiff legs from the car. Uber is addictive, not just to users but to drivers, a computer game where you’re only ever one click away from the promise of a big windfall fare. It’s the cash, sure – who’d turn down the promise of a big windfall fare. It’s the cash, sure – who’d turn down surge pricing? – but it is also the promise of something else, of things that are now increasingly fleeting; connection, validation, freedom. Uber offers all these and yet, paradoxically, also acts to make them all the more fragile. Eight hours ago, Steve asked: “Is it real?” Maybe he had a point.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Amy Grier

“The most surprising part of my night? When I got carsick and had to throw up in someone’s garden in Forest Gate. Ilana had tissues and water ready, and avoided speed-humps for the rest of the night.”
IN THIS MONTH’S ELLE FREE

JULY ISSUE ON SALE NOW

ELLE GLOBAL EXCLUSIVE

benefit SAN FRANCISCO

PLUS FOR EVERY READER

2-FOR-1 BROW WAX

FROM THE MAKERS OF THE UK’S NO. 1 EYEBROW BRAND*

*Source: The NPD Group. Value and Unit Division sales of Total Prestige Eye Brow Segment for 2015 Jan to Dec. Terms and conditions: Only to be used at Benefit Brow Bar Debenhams. Valid from 1 June to 31 July 2016. Complimentary wax only when first full-priced brow wax has been purchased. Customers must be 18 or over.
IS YOUR DANNY
That’s the question *Cosmopolitan*’s Jennifer Savin asked after research showed they apparently make the best husbands. Welcome to the world’s weirdest dating challenge >
Topless selfie. Swipes left. Looks shy. Swipes left. Called Trevor. Swipes left. Sound familiar? I’ve been single for over a year and despite signing up to every dating app out there, I’ve yet to meet a man worth spending more than a few hours with. That’s assuming I get to the first date; I, like seven million other Brits dating online, usually make up my mind about someone within... ooh... three seconds of viewing their profile (apparently a billion swipes happen on Tinder every single day, yet only 12 million matches are made – that’s a lot of rejection). I now say no to people if there’s so much as a spelling mistake in their bio. Don’t pretend you don’t do it – the amount of choice available has made cut-throat window shoppers of us all.

Daniel #9: surprisingly his hat was not hiding a dodgy hairline
The thing is, I do actually want to meet someone, so after yet another ‘meh’ date with a man I thought ticked all my usual criteria (tall, arrogant, edgy-sounding name like Blade or Silus), I found myself Googling “men that make good partners” on the night bus home. (OK, now you can judge me.)

What I found – along with some questionable stuff about how bald men are better in bed (one feature I won’t be trying) – was a study claiming men named David, Andrew and Daniel make the best husbands*. Further digging found research on Daniels being the most generous (not just financially – with time and emotions, too). Daniels also, apparently, experience more luck (probably karmic payback for all that generosity and good husbanding) and then an idea hit me: I will throw out all my usual criteria, the reasons I usually veto men and the stipulations I thought were crucial in a potential mate. I will only date men called Daniel. Other women say they make great mates. The universe endows them with luck. And, hey, who am I to fuck with the universe?

DESPERATELY SEEKING DANIEL

So this experiment starts the way every good love story should: with a fly-poster campaign around my office, the Tube and the internet. I also email Daniel Bedingfield. He ignores me. But other messages soon start rolling in.

My first date is with Daniel Gearie, 24, and a teacher from Dundee. He offers to travel down from Scotland (generous? Tick), but I suggest a Skype date instead. I don’t own a webcam, so Blu-Tack my phone to a pile of books for our ‘meeting’! Daniel #1 is so chilled he’s practically horizontal, he sits clutching a mug of tea and slips in self-deprecating jokes throughout our three-hour chat. I really like talking to him (and realise that downing an entire bottle of Chardonnay on a date is somehow less cool when you’re sat in your bedroom), but the distance is an obvious problem. Still, one of the better dates I’ve had in a while.

Daniel #2, however, challenges every judgmental bone in my body. First of all, by taking me bowling (and requesting the same shoe size as me), and secondly by linking his arm through mine on our way from bar to bowling alley, saying, “Doesn’t this just feel right?” Hmm – not really. Halfway through our second game, he asks, “Are you racist, by the way? I’m not racist but…” I frown and glance sideways at a rubbish bin overflowing with hot-dog wrappers and imagine stuffing him inside it. Small feet, small mind.

THE NAME GAME

After two very polarising dates, I phone David Figlio, a professor of economics at Northwestern University, to talk science. His research looks into the influence names have on academic choices and how teachers unconsciously judge children by their monikers.

“There’s a term called nominative determinism, which is basically the theory that your name is your destiny – for example, people hypothesise those with the surname Pain are more likely to become dentists,” he explains. So that explains my old biology teacher, Ms Bodily.

We discuss research by psychologist Dr Brett Pelham that found those with a common surname, such as Smith, are more likely to marry another Smith. “Humans are egotists, right? We’re attracted to things that remind us of ourselves. We tend to become attracted to facial features that are relatively similar to ours, so why not names?”

Which is interesting, given I’ve always gravitated towards guys with unusual names. My last serious boyfriend was called Matz, and my last friends-with-benefits situation was with a guy called Israel. Could it be because of my uncommon surname? Yes, but it could also be because of the characteristics those with stand-out names tend to take on.

“Having a memorable name may mean teachers are more likely to call upon that child in class, which in theory could make a person smarter or more used to public speaking, boosting confidence.” Previously, it’s this showy confidence that would have attracted me. But it’s also what’s led to late-night trips on the night bus, alone.

ON WITH THE SEARCH

Daniel #3, it turns out, is friendly, but slightly beige. When he later reveals his surname is Smith, I do find myself questioning if that’s why we lack a spark. Daniel #4, however, is anything but beige. He’s Danny Goldberg, 27, a friend of a friend, who makes the mistake of asking me what I’m working on when I bump into him outside my office. Days later we head to a swanky French restaurant. He makes me laugh from start to finish, especially post-dinner when we head to an arcade to play shoot-em-up games, surrounded by awkward teens. On my train ride.

Daniel #6 was a Muse fan and gin drinker... spot the connection
It's Scott, nice meeting you last night!

I realise I’ve only drunk one glass of wine on our date – Danny made me feel so instantly at ease that I didn’t need liquid courage.

Like all the other Daniels so far, he’s clearly comfortable in his own skin. I’m starting to realise the reason I always go for in-your-face confidence is that not only is it a challenge, but secretly I hope it will rub off on me. Meeting these kind, mellower Daniels has made me see that with those alpha types I would shrink into myself, or act like someone else to try to impress them. My Daniels (discounting the bowing racist) have been generous with both their time and emotions. I’m starting to see why they make such good partners.

Stepping things up, I take a stash of posters out with me on Saturday night. I rope in my friend Ellie and together we ask the entire male population of a club what their name is.

A Scottish lilt drifts into my ear, “Aye, mah nam’s Dunneh.” In my tiny wonky brain, he sounds like Ewan McGregor. I’m into it. We start chatting, mainly about how great it is to be called Daniel. After a few drinks we kiss against the bar. He takes my number and messages the next day: It’s Scott, nice meeting you last night!

Oh sorry, hang on – Scott?! Brilliant. The most successful Daniel so far isn’t even called Daniel. I make a mental note to research if Scots are disingenuous opportunists, and delete his number.

Soon after, an email comes through from a real Daniel – Daniel Anderson*: A friend said you’re seeking Daniels for dates. There’s even a poster – my preferred method of attracting a mate since watching the ’90s smash-hit You’ve Got Mail! On our date, he says “interesting!” to everything I say, while looking anything but interested, and I walk to the Tube with the sound of Queen’s Another One Bites The Dust in my head. I desperately want to quit.

The next night it’s Daniel #6 – Daniel Iturbe, 25, who speaks Spanish, and will therefore be known as Spaniel. We go gin-tasting – I like his vibe straight away, even though he’s someone I’d usually bypass. But after an hour he tells me he has to go; he’s forgotten he has tickets to travel back in time to 2011 (sorry, I mean to a Muse gig). We reschedule for part two the following day. I love all his stories about living in different countries; I remember how attractive it is when a person can teach you new things about the world and my previous scepticism disappears. Ten points to the Daniels of the world.

Unfortunately, by this point all the Daniels have started merging into one giant mutant date in my head. I meet Daniel #9 (Daniels #7 and #8 both bail last-minute) for dinner and instantly adore his South African accent – out of all the Daniels, he’s the most ‘my type’. He’s got an unusual surname, which opposite: a history nerd (like me) with a quick sense of humour. I’m really glad I fought that voice in my head that said “not your type: NEXT”, and actually went on the date.

Because really, that, for me, has been the biggest lesson of all. Not that my destiny necessarily lies with a man called Daniel, but that the attributes they’re supposedly imbued with (kindness, generosity – the ability to make their own luck) are the things I should and will be looking for from now on.

DATE A DAN?
We measure these celebrity Daniels up to the science

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

The Harry Potter icon keeps schtum on his three-year relationship with Erin Darke, but has admitted he’s a “serial monogamist”.

DANNY CIPRIANI

Not sure any of the women this rugby star is alleged to have cheated on (Lindsay Lohan, Kelly Brook, a Cheeky Girl) would say he makes a good partner...

DANIEL CRAIG
He might have played the most famous shagger in history (Bond), but he’s a model husband to Rachel Weisz. (Still repping the good Daniels of this world.)

I’ve learnt I’m intrigued by, and is confident, but not intimidatingly so. Most of all, he can laugh at himself – something he shares with all his Daniel brethren. This trait jumps straight to the top of my new dating criteria list.

TINDER’S GREATEST
On week eight, Tinder emails me the details of the “most-liked Daniel in London”. His shirtless photos make him look like a Ken doll and I would’ve left-swiped, if left to my own devices. Yet, of all the Daniels I meet, King of Tinder Daniel challenges my preconceptions the most. I was expecting a self-obsessed ‘Do you lift?’ bloke with Shredded Wheat for brains. What I get is the

BEHIND THE SCENES
Jennifer Savin
Cosmopolitan junior writer

“Another piece of dating wisdom I learnt: never wear leather trousers to an underground ping-pong club (where I met Daniel #10). You will find yourself in a NEXT-LEVEL sweat situation.”

*SURNAME HAS BEEN CHANGED
You use it to face the day
We use it to face cancer

#WARPAINT4LIFE

Self-esteem is important to all women, it just happens to be in sharper focus for those who have cancer. That’s the reason Look Good Feel Better exists. We have been helping to combat the visible side effects of cancer treatment for over 20 years through free confidence-boosting skincare and make-up workshops and masterclasses across the UK and worldwide.

lookgoodfeelbetter.co.uk/warpaint4life
Women's Health
WHERE SUMMER BODIES ARE MADE...

JUNE ISSUE, ON SALE NOW!
JULY/AUGUST ISSUE, ON SALE 8 JUNE
SPOILT FOR CHOICE

Our pick-up habits aren’t just giving us Tindernitis – so many men, so few thumbs – they’re also leaving us dissatisfied and, more to the point, single. The apparently infinite choice of potential partners leads to endless comparisons and unhelpful holding out for Captain Perfect, says new research. According to study leader Dr Kristina Durante, it’s “absence of choice that makes the heart grow fonder”. Translation: it’s better to whittle down your options than man-binge on Happn. Try new app Once, which delivers just one possible date to your phone each day. It’s time to step away from the man buffet...
Ross and I were childhood sweethearts – we met when he joined my primary school. He listened to rock music and on non-uniform days he wore jeans with chains. I was intrigued, so I asked him to be my boyfriend. We were only nine so a ‘relationship’ meant sitting together at lunch and passing notes in class.

We broke up when we went to different secondary schools, but reconnected three years on. We talked constantly on MSN and, after a few weeks of chatting, we agreed to meet in person at an under-16s night I went to. Our first kiss was on a park bench, and a month later he asked me out.

We had two years of young love – camping trips, evenings after school in his summerhouse, and watching him ride the motorbike he was given for his 16th birthday. But then things plateaued, and I shamelessly left him for his friend. All that time, however, Ross was the one I really wanted. It’s 10 years since we broke up but my nan says I still go for men like Ross – dark-haired rugby types who never let anything faze them.

I was nervous about seeing him again, but when he told me I looked beautiful, I felt better. His accent has got posher since I saw him last, which threw me, but he looked and acted the same. He’s a really calming influence on me and we never stopped talking – about our jobs, his son and mutual friends.

The night ended with a few stolen kisses, and then he said, “Here’s to our next adventure,” which gave me butterflies.

Would you see him again?

“I do really like him and we’re seeing each other again now, but we’re not putting a label on it yet. He never lets on how he feels, so I don’t want to reveal too much either…”

Leoni Cole, 25, is a drama teacher from Birmingham
I was a bit of a wild child, so my parents moved me to a new primary school in year five and I was put in the same class as Leoni. Even then, something about her drew me in. She was ballsy and asked me to be her boyfriend, and I was more than happy to say yes. We broke up when we went to different secondary schools. Aged 13, we got back in touch. She looked like my ideal girl and had a cracking personality, so I asked her to be my girlfriend after a few sneaky kisses. We'd either hang out in my summerhouse or catch the bus into town and go to fancy restaurants. When I look back now, it feels as if we were playing at being grown-ups but, at the time, I really thought we'd end up together.

After two years, she broke up with me. She told me that she didn’t feel the same any more, and then ended up getting together with my friend. She broke my heart, but I’m not bitter – everything happens for a reason.

I was so excited about seeing her again. It felt as if only a week had passed since we’d last seen each other, though it had been nearly 10 years. The date was perfect and we ended the night with a proper kiss. But I have to think about things. Dating is complicated for me because I have shared custody of my five-year-old son, so I don’t like to rush into anything. He has only met one girlfriend before.

Ross Oakes, 25, is an HGV technician from Birmingham

Would you see her again?
“We’ve spoken every day since the date, and I want to keep seeing her. Right now, I’m not sure how much of a future it has, but I’m definitely not ruling anything out.”

Would you like to be reunited with your first love? Email us at first.love@cosmopolitan.co.uk.
While I’ve been to the occasional football match over the years with my dad, I’m clueless when it comes to who actually plays it. So when Jordan* approached me on a night out three years ago, I didn’t have the faintest idea who he was. I was 20 years old and on a night out with my friends at our local Oceana, the kind of evening we usually spent avoiding chat-up lines from the boys in our lectures, not bumping into Premier League midfielders. I saw him looking at me from across the bar, surrounded by men swigging posh vodka from the bottle. In hindsight, I should have guessed then.

He was the best-looking man in the club – olive skin and green eyes, a lean, muscular body and a naughty smile – so when he walked over to our table and asked if we wanted to join his friends, we didn’t think twice. We were in an Oceana, after all. Hot men were in short supply.

After a few minutes the rest of the group made their way to the dance floor, leaving the two of us alone. Jordan was even better close up, and it wasn’t long before we were kissing like teenagers. His undivided attention was such a turn-on; I brushed my fingertips up his leg and looked him straight in the eye as I felt his trousers tighten. He nodded his head to leave. I needed no encouragement.

In the taxi, he pulled me on top of him and kissed me hard. Outside his flat, Jordan led me by the hand through the plush-carpeted lobby (not exactly the student digs I was used to) and into his flat, heading straight for the bedroom. Lying back on his silk sheets, he kissed his way up my legs, before pulling my knickers aside and pushing his tongue deep into me. I pulled his hair with my hands as he moved his tongue – first slowly, then quicker over my clit, again and again, until finally my legs trembled as I came in his mouth. He slid back up to kiss my mouth, while he unbuttoned my top and stroked my breasts. Leaning back, he slowly stripped off and rolled on a condom, giving me the perfect view of his body and hard cock, before pushing inside me. He knew exactly what he was doing and, just as I was about to climax a second time, he effortlessly turned us both over so I was on top. I’d never been with a man who was so dominant in bed, but it felt exciting to have someone the same age as me taking control. He guided my hands back down to my clit and we both finally came – together. He kissed my neck, and we fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, Jordan was brewing coffee and cooking bacon. It was only then – lying in his bed, with team photos and framed newspaper clippings on the wall – that it finally dawned on me who he was. I couldn’t believe it. He laughed as I admitted I hadn’t recognised him, then dropped me home and kissed me goodbye. I didn’t expect to hear from him again but he texted me that night and we spent a few more nights together over the next couple of months. Eventually we lost touch when he was transferred to another team, but I still smile when I see his face in the newspaper. I know footballers get a bad rep, but Jordan was the ultimate gent.
WORST DATES EVER

Hey, we’ve all been there...

He was “so bored” that he said he’d invited his housemate to join us. His housemate turned up - and started flirting with me. Then my date got in a mood.

LEANNE, 32

We were in a club and my date got upset because she thought I was dancing with other people. She left... but was on my doorstep when I got home! Stalker.

ANNA, 25

He took me to watch a game. Then, while we were in the stands, he asked if he could borrow my credit card to pay his electricity bill online.

JENNY, 21

After our date, he wrote a cringey poem about me and then posted it on his blog for all my friends to see. We had only been out for one coffee...

SARAH-LOUISE, 32

He told me not to tell anyone we’d been on a “proper date”, as he and his boys “don’t date women, we just shag them”. So I checked us into the restaurant on Facebook for all to see.

JASMINE, 29

He suggested going for a picnic, so I bought a delicious spread for us to share. He turned up with a Boots meal deal... for one.

JEM, 31

‡ Got a dating ‘mare to share?
Email worstdatesever@cosmopolitan.co.uk
Surf Sensations

Luxurious fragrances all day long, brilliant clean!
THINK INSIDE THE BOX

Once the preserve of backpackers, hobos and students surfing the end of their loans, boxed wine (or wine in a bag in a cardboard box) is having a reinvention. This time, however, it’s gourmands, hipsters and top sommeliers falling for its charms. Hot new London restaurant Frenchie pours wine from bags at the bar while online wine club Weino (see what they did there?) have opened a pop-up bar dedicated to the boxed stuff. As for the grape connaisseurs here at Cosmopolitan, we fully endorse this style of plonk as it lasts longer than bottled (four weeks once open), is more eco-friendly and there’s no risk of eau de cork. Try a bagnum of Du Grappin (£27.50 for 150cl) to see what we’re talking about.
Hip new places to get him into bed

Work stress, flatmates who never go out, well-meaning parents with thin bedroom walls, that dodgy knee – well, the course of true love never did run smooth. Here’s where to plan your getaway for getting it on.
What’s sexy about Tenerife? It’s like Clacton in a heatwave, isn’t it?

Forget those sprawling south-coast resorts and fly to the north of the island. La Laguna’s old town is the most beautiful in Tenerife and it’s where Europe meets Latin America under African skies. This place is romantic with a capital ‘R’ and less than 10 minutes from the airport – so five hours after leaving London, Laurence and I were sipping barraquitos on cobbled streets lined with pastel colonial buildings in the sunshine.

So it’s not all concrete and crowds?

Nope. We headed straight to Hotel San Agustin, a refurbished 18th-century building that opened as the island’s most chic urban hotel last year. The original tiles, window seats and Canarian art transport you to another time and place – far from arguments about working late, not enough sex and him borrowing your socks when he already has 7,000 odd ones of his own and exactly the same number of feet as you do. We arrived to find fresh fruit, chocolates, real rose petals arranged in a giant heart on our (ridiculously vast and comfy) bed and champagne chilling on ice.

But if we do venture out? Just tumble on to the pretty streets and you can’t go far wrong. This university town prides itself on having what our favourite waitress called the island’s most-determined marcha (that’s a cool nightlife). El Jinete sin Cabeza near the cathedral only ever has a few specials chalked up on the board, but it serves the best local wines, and food so delicious you’d happily come back the next night to order exactly the same again - except it changes every day to something equally great. It’s all less than €30 and buzzing with friendly locals. These people take their food, drink and good times seriously.

How seriously?

Book a table at Kazan, a Michelin-starred Japanese restaurant in Santa Cruz, the island’s capital, and find out. Here’s where smart Tinerfeños come to wine and dine each other into bed. The food is sex on a plate. Well, an awful lot of different sex on a variety of plates. The tasting menu costs €50 (approx £39) per person (restaurantekazan.com). And if your budget doesn’t stretch to Michelin stars, try Maguro. It’s the clued-up locals’ favourite, owned and run by the same people as Kazan, less flash but no less impressive – and half the price.

Worth the tram ride?

Absolutely. Santa Cruz is a 20-minute hop on the tram from La Laguna and a cool way to see the city. You might not need live rabbits and parrots from the daily market, Nuestra Señora de Africa, but we stocked up on saffron and smoked paprika to take home and a picnic to bring to Playa de las Teresitas, Santa Cruz’s local, mile-long beach.

So, did you get some fun in the sun?

The island isn’t huge, but there’s heaps to see, so it’s worth getting a car – handily, Tenerife is one of the cheapest places in Europe for car hire. The island has many microclimates so it can be raining in La Laguna and balmy on the beach in Santa Cruz. The locals’ trick is to phone ahead to a bar at the beach or in town to check the weather. Or you know what, just go back to bed.

Suites at Hotel San Agustin start at €150 (approx £117), breakfast included; hotels-mc.com. Iberia Express flies direct from London to Tenerife North ›
So what’s sexy about it? OK, it didn’t look good. I hate fish. My boyfriend Ian hates fish. We’re skint. Reykjavik is one fish-loving, expensive city… I thought there’d be lots of “We can’t afford that”, “Not more fish…”, “Eat canned herring in the rain?”-type arguments. But Reykjavik wooed us. It’s full of higgledy-piggledy colourful houses and everyone is so smiley.

There’s the Blue Lagoon and glaciers, right? Yes… a coach ride away. We explored the city instead, which is easy on foot and incredibly pretty. As for the Northern Lights, we went out of season, but I did spot a green flash in the sky. OK, it could have been a traffic light, but shhh.

But it’s so cold… how can anyone feel sexy in all those layers? Try hitting the steaming outdoor baths. You run around in the cold, hopping from hot pools ranging from 38°C (pleasant) to 44°C (scalding). That’s pretty sexy – especially the naked shower you have to take before entering (bathing suits are worn in the pools, don’t worry). It’s purse-friendly, too – admission is free with a Reykjavik City Card (£19 for 24 hours, from the tourist office).

Let’s talk food Fish! At our blowout ‘special’ meal at Matur og drykkur, the manager was so aghast that anyone wouldn’t like seafood that he insisted on serving us cod fritters. But we’ll forgive his fish-pushing ways as these guys are geniuses. We had a delicious (yes, even the fish) six-course menu, which starts from £44 per person, with each dish a twist on traditional Icelandic grub. The gross-sounding-yet-delicious cocktails are a must-try: they even infuse lamb into whisky. Save money another day with a two-quid hot dog at the famous Baejarins Beztu Pylsur stand, or nab one of the six tables at Grai Kotturinn (Björk’s favourite café) for a Trucker breakfast – it kept us going all day.

How about the party scene? Alcohol was banned until 1989 and the locals are definitely making up for lost time. Drinks cost around eight quid for a beer, but happy hour two-for-one runs in most places from 4pm to 7pm. Hit up Lebowski Bar, themed on the 1998 film, or for something really sophisticated, Sakkebarrin serves flavoured sake in one of the city’s oldest buildings.

Where to (ahem) sleep? We wanted a good bed and we got one at Hotel Borg. It’s Iceland’s original luxury hotel, and was recently refurbished to its former glory. Every detail matches the 1930s art-deco style, including the door hinges – as my boyfriend pointed out enthusiastically. Whatever turns you on, honey…

Rooms start from £155 a night; hotelborg.is. Wow Air flies from Gatwick to Reykjavik daily, from £39.99 each way.
It’s cold. It’s wet. Scotland has to be the least sexy place on earth… What better excuse to do bugger all for a few days, then? For 18 months my boyfriend Harry and I have been living with my mum while we save up to buy a house. And while my mum is great and the prospect of getting our first place is exciting, it’s meant holidays, fun and hanging around the house in our pants have all been on hold for a long time. So a weekend away on our own where we could eat, drink and not get asked what our dinner plans were for the next week sounded perfect.

So what is there to do? As snobby Londoners, we were pleasantly surprised to discover that Glasgow is a food lover’s dream. We spent the entire weekend hopping from restaurant to restaurant for long lunches, delicious dinners and a snackette or two in-between. And not a deep-fried Mars bar in sight! We had traditional haggis, neeps and tatties washed down with not so traditional espresso martinis at Café Gandolfi. And the sharing plates at Ox and Finch (sea trout, wild garlic; braised pork cheeks, parmesan polenta; grilled asparagus, truffled egg yolk, you get the idea) for a quick pre-flight-home lunch were truly memorable. But by far our favourite was the Champagne Sunday at The Gannet (three courses and a glass of bubbly for £30 – bargain!). Their Scotch beef ‘diamond fillet’ served with dripping potatoes got our thumbs up, too. We both needed gastric bands fitting by the end of the weekend, but boy, was it worth it.

And if I get bored of pigging out? Scotland is the land of my fathers – my dad is from Edinburgh. So I knew before we went that it has a tendency to be a wee bit wet and windy. Not to worry, Glasgow has plenty of fantastic indoor activities on offer. We went on a craft beer tour at Drygate Brewery (£10 each) before heading to a local pub to try some whiskies, and also visited the Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum, which is worth a look for its architecture alone. And hey, if you get a warm, sunny day, it’s a beautiful city to simply mooch about in.

What about this bed you were trying to get him into… Oh, the bed. The glorious four-poster bed. Given that our current sleeping arrangements are a standard double in a room next to my mum’s, the king in our suite at the Hotel du Vin was a real treat – not to mention the standalone bath. Perfectly placed with a window to its right and a widescreen TV to its left (would be rude not to do a film marathon), we found a bubble bath using the complimentary Miller Harris toiletries was the perfect way to relax after all that eating.

Rooms start from £145 a night; hotelduvin.com. Fly direct to Glasgow International from London with British Airways, EasyJet and Ryanair ♦
No.1 for sensitive skin*

Proven Skin Kindness

*Based on AC Nielsen, MAT, 31st Jan 2016
Dream catchers! Brass elephants! Cheetah cushions! So wrong… yet so right

**BLOWOUT**

- Dream catcher, £28, Making Things Happen at notonthehighstreet.com
- Cushion, £95, Silken Favours
- Table lamp, £149, The French Bedroom Company
- Basket, £78, Prestige Wicker at notonthehighstreet.com
- Blanket, £59, Bohzaar
- Chair, £1,087, Shabby Store
- Set of statuettes, £100, Parlane

**BUDGET**

- Dream catcher, £9.99, Dobbies
- Cushion, £19.95, Design My World
- Table lamp, £34.99, Dunelm
- Basket, £39.95, Myakka
- Bowl, £30 for two, MiaFleur
- Throw, £16.99, HomeSense
- Chair, £599, City Cows
- Set of statuettes, £21.99, Dunelm
In next month's issue:

**Free Luxury Rodial Black & Brown Eyeliner Set**

**Two eyeliners just for you worth £34**

On sale 3rd June
What do the world’s top chefs cook at home? We find out and dish up a recipe that’ll give you change from the cost of an Uber

Florence Knight’s
TOMATO AND PARSLEY SEA BASS

Tapas is so old hat – nowadays you’re no-one if you’re not feasting on Venetian-style small plates, a trend that’s largely thanks to the influence of Florence Knight, former head chef of London’s Polpetto restaurant. Happily, cooking up a continental storm doesn’t always call for a princely budget, as this dish proves. Serve it with whatever carb is currently loitering in your store cupboard – couscous, bulgur wheat or rice all work well. Time to get your griddle on.

SERVES 4

INGREDIENTS
✱ 1 punnet cherry tomatoes
✱ ½ tsp red wine vinegar
✱ 1 small bunch parsley, roughly chopped
✱ 2 unwaxed lemons
✱ 2 tbsp olive oil
✱ Pinch salt and pepper
✱ 4 sea bass fillets

METHOD
1. Preheat your oven to 200°C (392°F, gas 6). Place the tomatoes on a baking tray and cook in the oven until they blister (this will take around 5 mins).
2. Remove from the oven and place in a bowl. Add the red wine vinegar, parsley, the zest of one lemon and a good glug of olive oil. Mix and set aside.
3. Season the skin of the fillets and rub with oil, before placing skin side down on a hot griddle pan. Cook for 7 mins, turning halfway through.
4. Serve the fish immediately, with the roasted tomato and parsley mixture, and wedges of the remaining lemon on the side. And that’s it! You’re done.
Subscribe to COSMOPOLITAN DIGITAL EDITION FOR JUST £12 FOR ONE YEAR!

ORDER SECURELY ONLINE. SIMPLY VISIT: HEARSTMAGAZINES.CO.UK

OR VISIT ANY OF THESE STORES

Available on the App Store | GET THE MAGAZINE ON Google play | Available on kindle fire | nook | zinio | kobo
SUMMER ESSENTIALS
Our top fashion picks

JLEW BAGS
This limited edition collection of metallic totes from New York-based JLEW bags is sure to become your favorite summer accessory. Pack your bikinis, sunglasses, sundresses and even store your sandals in the pouch pockets, and head to your favourite destination in style everywhere from Capri to St. Tropez to the Hamptons, from the yacht to lawn parties to the airport. Available in platinum and graphite for a limited time only at www.jlewbags.com Photo: Tsour Lee Adato Photography All social media: @jlewbags

FOREVER YOUNG SWIMWEAR
Like big waves splashing onto the shores of Hawaii, Forever Young Swimwear is doing the same on beaches near and afar. What began as a labour of love motivated by the desire to give women a guilt-free selection of quality swimwear now outfits women across the globe. These trend setting styles incorporate fresh colours, patterns and versatility. Their philosophy is that no girl should have to choose between bikinis when they can have the freedom of endless mix and match combinations! www.ForeverYoungSwimwear.com FB facebook.com/ForeverYoungSwimwear IG @ForeverYoungSwimwear Twitter @SwimwearForYou

BAMBINA
Bambina is the latest in swimwear designed and produced in the heart of New York City. Created with the modern jet-setting woman in mind, Bambina is committed to providing comfortable, high-quality products that make women feel sexy and confident. If you want a unique piece to turn heads and to stand out on the beach this summer, look no further than Bambina. Shop the collection at www.bambinaswim.com or email contact@bambinaswim.com for wholesale inquiries. Use code COSMO20 at checkout for 20% off all orders. Expires July 1st 2016.

EXQUISITE SWIMWEAR
Channel your inner Goddess with the exclusively sexy SS16 Goddess Collection. Limited edition with only 60 pieces in each colour and style using unique materials such as crystals, vegan leather and stud detailing. Each piece showcases the Scrunchy Bum design, Brazilian cut with a heart shaped back and ruched middle to instantly flatter your derriere. Shop our luxury one-piece, bikini and bridal collection now at www.scrunchybum.com for the ultimate in pool side perfection.

KC MALHAN
Discover the latest bags from KC Malhan, the Independent Handbag Designer Awards finalist and highly acclaimed creative entrepreneur. His latest collection includes a range of messengers and envelope clutches that blends a silk-like burlap into a tweed fabric for a natural, polished style. Their eye-catching, avant-garde design is offset by abstract paisley patterning and an ethnic twist, finished with a pop of colour in organic wheat and dark denim. www.kcmalhan.com Connect on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.
HEALTH AND FASHION

This summer’s essentials

KISS THOSE GRAY DAYS GOODBYE WITH THE ALT-SHAPE BAG, THE NEWEST IN ITALIAN DESIGN!

Settling for a handbag that is less than 100% you is no longer the norm with Alt-shape’s variety of motifs and shades that will suit your look completely. This innovative new line of pieces is sure to refresh any ensemble by the time you slip it on your arm.

Available online at alt-shape.com and on amazon.co.uk, Alt-shape bags are available for delivery worldwide, bringing Italian style right to your door. Waiting is so not à la mode anymore, order an alt-shape bag today and hit change on your boring handbag routine for good!

www.alt-shape.com

LOOK YOUNGER LONGER™
REGENTIV’S THE SPECIALIST SERUM (WITH RETINOL)

Lines, wrinkles, crepey eyes, neck, sun and skin damage can all benefit from this potent formula. Developed by leading Harley Street specialists with concentrated Retinol, Vitamin E, Aloe Vera and sunscreen.

Users say, “Since starting with The Specialist Serum my friends have asked what I am using and my skin has never looked better”.

To order visit www.regentiv.co.uk
Tel: 01923 212555. 30ml £29.95, 50ml £44.95, 100ml £79.95, 200ml £149.
Free P&P. Regentiv Specialist Skin Care, PO Box 400, Herts, WD17 3ZW.

POOR SEX?
STRESS INCONTINENCE?
VAGINAL PROLAPSE?

Did you know these are all symptoms of a weak pelvic floor? And that the good news is, for most women, this makes them easily treatable.
Like all muscles, your pelvic floor can be strengthened with exercise. Easy to do, but you need to make sure that you exercise correctly.

Help is at hand… PelvicToner™ is a clinically proven, simple to use device that’s available on NHS prescription from your GP, or to buy online today for only £29.99 delivered.

To buy a PelvicToner now, or for more info, go to www.pelvictoner.co.uk or call 0117 974 3534.

BLUE VELVET

Blue Velvet, the home of contemporary and luxury footwear direct from the heart of Europe, Always one step ahead, they have established themselves on their quality and first-rate service.
Visit them at: 174 Kings Road, SW3 4UP or call 020 7376 7442.
Buy online: www.bluevelvetshoes.com
Collection & Co

Hey girl!
Would you like to look effortlessly chic, unique and like you just stepped off the catwalk?
Show off your summer Goddess with our luxury high-heels. You can tell a lot about someone by their shoes, transform your look with Collection & Co. All designs are vegan friendly and ethically sourced.
www.collectionandco.co.uk

Looking for a special outfit?

Originated, designed and made in London. Making limited edition pieces from luxurious fabrics. If you’re looking for something glamorous and chic look no further! At an affordable price every girl needs at least one Ruby Violet Piece! For all orders and enquiries please email rubyviolet1@outlook.com and find us on Instagram @rubyviolet1

SugarBearHair

Get the product celebrities have been raving about! SugarBearHair is a chewy, vegetarian vitamin designed for healthy hair and nails. They are gluten free and cruelty free! Made with a burst of fruit flavour so delicious, you’ll have to hide them from your friends! Buy them on SugarBearHair.com, they ship worldwide!

BeautifulBagsEtc.

Jazz up your wardrobe with a hand crafted bag by BeautifulBagsEtc. Every bag is unique and designed to function as beautifully as it looks. Something different for women who want to stand out from the crowd of ordinary. See all of them at BeautifulBagsEtc.com

Eyebrow growth serum

Improve their condition. Thicker, fuller eyebrows. See the difference in three weeks. One 7ml package provides approximately 6 months of daily use. The secret of Hollyberry serum is Myristoyl pentapeptide-17. Fortifies the hair, and noticeably intensifies eye expression. Visible effect in 2-4 weeks. 20% off coupon code: cosmo1 Free UK shipping. www.hollyberrycosmetics.com

Sand by Saya

Sand by Saya is known for comfortable and eco-friendly sandals featuring elegant crystal embellishments. 
Designer Saya draws inspiration from scenes around New York City, where the sandals are handmade on an antique sewing machine. These versatile sandals are a must-have for beach getaways or city girls on the go. 
Visit sandbysaya.com

DinkiBelle

Easy to apply, and lasting up to 14 days, DinkiBelle nail wraps bring fashion to fingertips. Waterproof, durable and kind to nails, they provide a strong, protective barrier which helps to reduce damage to nails from outside elements, while caring for the nails from within. Visit www.dinkibelle.co.uk for our summer collection. Use promo code COSMO2016 to get 25% off your first order.

To advertise on this page please contact Hearst Magazines Direct on 020 3728 6260
To advertise on this page please contact Hearst Magazines Direct on 020 3728 6260
WELCOME WORLD

Babruddin Malabar, Gujarat. To know more, visit www.incredibleindia.org
Indiatourism London, Tel: 00-44-2074373677, E-mail: info@indiatourismlondon.org

FOR DETAILS OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PLEASE TELEPHONE 020 3728 6260 OR VISIT WWW.HEARSTMAGAZINESDIRECT.CO.UK
SUPERMODEL EYEBROWS
IN UNDER 2 MINUTES

There's no easier way to add instant fullness to your brows. Instead of unnatural brow pencils, powders or painful tattoos, simply brush on this lightweight gel, and hairlike fibers and pigments will cling to your existing brow to fill in, define and thicken.

**WUNDERBROW** creates gorgeous, natural looking brows that will last for days – even after swimming or showering. This innovative formula won't run or transfer, but it comes off easily with any oil based cleanser.

**TRY FOR ONLY**

£19.95

**Blonde**  
**Black/Brown**  
**Auburn**  
**Brunette**

**EXCLUSIVE: PERMAFIX TECHNOLOGY** with hair fibres complex

Visit us on **Facebook** and **Instagram** to meet over 300,000 Beautiful Fans and Customers.

**CALL 020 3124 1380**  
**wunderbrow.co.uk**  
**FREE DELIVERY**  

Available at selected Boots stores and Boots.com

Order by 8pm and collect for free tomorrow from midday.
Being a bridesmaid

This is an agreement between two friends, hereafter referred to as ___________________________ the Bridesmaid and ___________________________ the Bride

1 POPPING THE QUESTION
Upon accepting the Bride’s invitation to act as Bridesmaid, both parties agree to react as follows: squeal, embrace, cry, flap hands. Should the Bridesmaid, in fact, be thinking, “Please, not again,” she will under no circumstances reveal this to the Bride.

2 THE OTHER DRESS
The Bridesmaid accepts that having been reassured the Bride “wants her to be comfortable,” her outfit will, in fact, not be up for discussion. The shade will in no way flatter the Bridesmaid, and the shape will make her look like an American pageant queen from 1987. A bow is almost certainly involved.

3 THE SLIM-DOWN
Both parties will mutually agree to undertake a strict high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet, having decided to purchase dresses in a smaller size as “motivation.” Within a fortnight, the Bridesmaid, having succumbed to a piece of red velvet birthday cake during an office celebration, will deem her efforts futile and re-establish her customary eating habits without informing the Bride.

4 PLANNING THE HEN
The amalgamation of at least three friendship cliques into the bridal party will lead said cliques to disagree on whether the Bride would prefer a Country House Weekend, European Minibreak or Cocktail Tutorial and Night Out. In addition, the Bride’s Cousin will insist that the Bridesmaid book a stripper, despite the Bride having asserted she does not want one. After seven weeks of discussion, one hen will vehemently object that she can no longer afford to participate, causing mass Whatsapp outrage among all other hens.

5 THE HEN
a) On arrival at the Country House Weekend, it will transpire that Ocadlo does not deliver locally. The Bridesmaid will drive 20 miles to the nearest Londis to bulk-buy overpriced wine, dips and penis straws, while brainstorming Mr & Mrs questions.
b) The Bride, on becoming aware that no stripper has been employed, despite insisting she did not want one, will become enraged and lock herself in one of the bedrooms, muttering that “it’s an omen”. As a result, the Bridesmaid will undertake a frantic internet search for a local Erotic Male Dancer, who will almost certainly resemble Hulk Hogan.

6 THE BIG DAY
Accepting that the elimination of complex carbohydrates from her diet will render her fatigued and irritable, the Bride will suffer a stress-induced meltdown on the morning of the wedding. This will involve hysterical tears regarding the Mother-In-Law, party favours and a Cupcake Tower. The Bridesmaid will be on hand to coach her through this, principally by reading out motivational quotes from Instagram.

7 THE BEST MAN
Having sought full reimbursement for her aforementioned Londis overspending from the free bar, the Bridesmaid will find herself grinding the Best Man on the dance floor, despite having previously been repulsed by his metallic waistcoat. No one will ever speak of this again. Except the Bride, who will mention it at every subsequent get-together.

Signed: ___________________________________________ (The Bridesmaid) Signed: ___________________________________________ (The Bride)
Relaxed Fit
FROM SKECHERS

• ROOMIER FIT
• SKECHERS MEMORY FOAM™ INSOLE
• INSTANT COMFORT

Visit: www.Skechers.co.uk
I AM NOT A GIRL I AM POISON

POISON girl

THE NEW FRAGRANCE

AVAILABLE AT DIOR.COM