



'I'm very nosy and like to listen to people's problems'

my sex life! I've learnt that if you're to progress, you have to take your partner. The hard bit is admitting there's something wrong. Do you talk to your mates about sex? I'm very open with my close friends and family about all areas of my life. It keeps it real. I've friends of all ages,

genders and sexualities, so I think I've heard it all! You'd talk to your mum about sex? Aah, there are some things I wouldn't talk about... **Strictly Confidential begins on ITV1 on Thursday, 16 November at 9pm. Dead Clever airs on ITV1 early next year.**



With this season's **Strictly Come Dancing** partner Jan Ravens

4 Make sure you dance with the best dancer in the room as it makes you look good. Follow their lead.

5 Avoid illegal or outrageous manoeuvres - big spins or lifts, for example. It may seem a good idea at the time, but one of you will crash down and end up on your backside.

Amanda Barnie's DIET DIARY

WEEK 4

Start weight 12st 3lb
Target weight 10st 13lb
This week's weight loss 2lb
Weight now 11st 10lb

Went to be bound in muddy bandages. Sorry. Given a Universal Contour Wrap comprising warm organic sea-bed clay and mineral solutions. Allegedly guaranteed to reduce inches instantly by 'compacting and sculpting the fatty areas of the body'. Or in my case, the body.

Tali friend eagerly agreed to accompany me. Apparently had misheard. Thought we were going to a bondage session. Upon being bandaged and realising mistake, fell asleep and snored through entire proceedings.

Had to remove clothes and put on paper knickers about size of gnat's handkerchief. Stood meekly in downstairs chamber at Marylebone's Emporium Salon while Leanne, my friendly mud bearer, made suspicious-looking pen marks on various parts of me. Began to resemble one of those diagrams of pigs you see in butcher's shops. Wondered if there'd been a terrible mistake, and I was being prepared for the knife. Surely they weren't going to cut the inches out of me?

Leanne plastered me with mud. Sorry, organic clay. Felt like hedgehog being made ready for gypsy cooking pot. Feared rather more resembled a hippopotamus after a roll.

Leanne wound elasticated bandages around me. Thought *The Mummy*, one of best films

ever. Never expected opportunity to audition for title role.

Wondered, having sent me to BUPA in order presumably to keep me alive, were Woman's Own now trying to embalm me?

However, while lying cocooned, felt like chrysalis and wondered if would emerge as a butterfly. Strangely comforting womb-like experience.

Final measurements apparently showed a total loss of nine and a half inches. Two inches off waist alone. Leanne said this could last for 30 days.

Seems treatment most popular among brides desperate to squeeze into wedding dress. Wondered what happens after 30-day period. Is it like those adverts you see in the paper? Can husbands return goods if no longer completely satisfied?

Upon arrival home, received results of BUPA test involving 'pee-sized stool samples'. Apparently they liked them. Well, everyone to their own tastes.

Seriously folks, what a present to be given a more-or-less clean bill of health at my age. I do realise how lucky I am to be well enough to launch myself on a fitness regime. And in a strange, twisted way, I am almost beginning to enjoy the gym. My muscles are even starting to remember that once upon time I was a dancer and they had to work for my living.

Certainly felt stronger and fitter but somehow not any thinner this week. So weigh-in a pleasant surprise. Two pounds down! That meant have lost half a stone since starting this diet.

Felt quite smug. Got up in night to check on body improvement. While glancing in mirror, thought I caught a glimpse of a cheek bone. Unsure. So long since I've seen one.



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