



you

17 JANUARY 2016

MEET THE
CATWOMAN OF
KENSINGTON
PALACE

Princess
Michael of Kent
reveals her
wild side

THE ULTIMATE GLOW-GETTER

How blog star
ELLA WOODWARD
took healthy eating
to a new level

PLUS EXCLUSIVE
Deliciously simple
recipes from Ella's
new cookbook

In this issue

17.01.2016

Fashion and beauty

- 5 FRONT ROW What's wowing us this week
- 9 BEAUTY BUZZ with Bella Blissett
- 11 GLOW ONE BETTER with the latest complexion-perfecting formulas
- 12 FASHION FORWARD Ethical brands to buy
- 13 STYLE NOTES The January blues
- 14 THE NEW NAUTICAL All decked out for the triumphant return of the navy

Features

- 22 DELICIOUSLY STELLAR An exclusive interview with bestselling food writer and healthy-eating blog star Ella Woodward
- 28 PRINCESS MICHAEL OF KENT on cats, kings and the cub that stole her heart
- 34 DESPERATELY SEEKING THE ACTUAL ONE How comedian Isy Suttie's search for Mr Right went into overdrive when her mother got involved
- 38 A CRASH COURSE IN COMEDY Introducing the stars of Channel 4's answer to *Girls*
- 44 MY MATE, MY MENTOR Fitness tips, weight-loss pointers, relationship advice – we meet women whose friends are also their life coaches
- 50 1946: SAVE THE DATE The year that a whole generation headed down the aisle



28

'Call me Cat':
Princess Michael of
Kent reveals her
feline side



44

Regulars

- 7 SPOTLIGHT on singer-songwriter Rachel Platten
- 20 EMOTIONAL TIES with bridalwear designer Kate Halfpenny
- 21 QUICKFIRE with *Take Me Out* host Paddy McGuinness
- 69 HEALTH NOTES with Sarah Stacey
- 72 CROSSWORD
- 72 HOROSCOPES by Sally Brompton
- 73 DEAR ZELDA Your problems answered
- 74 LIZ JONES'S DIARY



54

Lifestyle

- 54 MOODY HUES REMIX Muted shades balance out pops of colour in a revamped Victorian terrace

Food

- 60 FAVES, FRIENDS, FAMILY Exclusive recipes from Ella Woodward's new cookbook *Deliciously Ella Every Day*



On the cover ELLA WOODWARD
photographed by JON ENOCH
JACKET, Topshop. TOP, French Connection.
JEWELLERY, Ella's own

YOU, Northcliffe House, 2 Derry Street, London W8 5TS, switchboard: 020 3615 0000 ■ Editor SUE PEART
Deputy editor CATHERINE FENTON ■ Art director LINDA BOYLE ■ Picture editor ESTER MALLOY
Assistant editor (features) ROSALIND LOWE ■ Chief sub editor CATHERINE SHEARGOLD

YOU is on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter. Join the conversation!



Facebook.com/YOUMagSocial



Instagram.com/YOUMagSocial



Twitter.com/YOUMagSocial



YOU.co.uk

CATS HAVE ALWAYS been a part of my life – big cats and domestic pets. My family nickname is Cat, and that also forms part of my email address. Yes, I have also always had dogs – and love them – but I am The Cat.

It began early. A stray kitten crept into my heart – and bed – when I was a child. She remained hidden for quite some weeks – and by the time she was discovered, she had to stay, despite family opposition. Kitty was not beautiful, partly feral, a nomad by nature who would only come to me, and she moved on when I went to boarding school. I learned at a young age that a clever cat will sort out most dogs in lone confrontation, although more than one dog at a time might prove tricky. As an adult, I have always kept Oriental cats and they can easily deal with our large dogs: a quick swipe of a paw – not always ‘gloved’ – from the Burmese will do the trick. The Siamese think they are dogs and curl up together with our labradors.

It was on my first visit to my father's farm in Mozambique, aged 17, that I had my initial encounter with big cats – and where I met my stepmother Rosemarie, whom I came to adore. She was a close friend of *Out of Africa* author Karen Blixen and gave me her books to read long before they were widely known. She told me of her adventures with Karen when they were both young, newly married and living in Kenya, with husbands trying to grow coffee too high. She told me of their early safaris in the bush – their sudden, often dangerous encounters with wildlife – and then, by contrast, how elegantly they would travel to Europe together.

I gloried in my stepmother's African adventures – and her library. The farm was situated in subtropical territory, damp and full of snakes – all mambas, which simply terrified me. My worst experience happened one night when I woke to go to the bathroom, and taking a candle, lifted the lid of the toilet to find a black mamba curled around the inside, lying comfortably against the cool porcelain in the tropical heat. Because of the snakes, I would spend most days inside the house or on the balcony with its endless views all the way to the coast many miles away, filling my time reading – often a book a day from Rosemarie's Penguin library.

I was staying with my father and Rosemarie during my gap year when, one day, my father was called to one of the villages on the farm to deal with a cheetah. The animal's leg had been caught in a trap and although it had managed to tear itself free and the wound had superficially healed,

she was unable to run. Starving, she had snatched a baby from a village hut. Everyone who lived on my father's land knew he would never shoot the big cats except *in extremis*, but they weren't prepared to sacrifice their children. Moreover, the cheetah had been injured in one of the villagers' own traps – forbidden on Papa's land – and as a result they had hesitated to call him, knowing of his love – and mine – for the big cats.

After the cheetah was shot, the villagers found she had a tiny cub, no older than a week or



For centuries, wild animals including bears and lions were kept at the Tower of London. Opposite: Princess Michael with her Burmese cat Ruby

two. This I claimed as mine – by what right I had no idea, but I knew it would not live long in the village without its mother, and I wanted to save it.

The following weeks were sleepless ones for me, constantly feeding the mewling cub with powdered milk – dripped into its mouth first with an eye-dropper; then with a baby bottle, although her sharp little teeth chewed the rubber teats mercilessly. When first found, her eyes were still closed and she hissed and spat at me, but slowly we bonded despite the scratches her claws inflicted – even through the gloves I was made to wear to protect my hands from the sun. (The fierce African sun can destroy the backs of hands, just as it can harm the skin on faces: my nose and cheeks were liberally smeared every day with white zinc cream. No wonder the cub hissed at me!) ☼

By the time she let me cuddle her, the cheetah cub could crawl around my bedroom and would sleep on my bed. She grew quickly,

soon playing with our dogs like the farm's wild cats I had also tamed – well, up to a point. The mothers would come in to have their babies under the gas-powered refrigerator where it was warm even on cold nights. I was used to the kittens hissing and spitting, so my cub's initial protests did not trouble me, and during that year we became inseparable.

Cheetahs are the easiest of the big cats to tame, much easier than lions or leopards. They have retractable claws for the first 18 months or so, to help them climb out of trouble and escape from predators. Then their claws grow straight like a dog's, giving them better purchase for running. I called my cheetah cub Tess (short for Vitesse) as I knew she would live up to that name one day (years later, I named one of my racehorses after her). It was Tess's memory that inspired me to become involved in a centre for breeding endangered species, primarily cheetahs, in northern South Africa – and, more recently, to give Tess a role in my *Anjou Trilogy*, the final volume of which, *Quicksilver*, has just been published.

The story, which is based on true events, takes place in the 15th century, a period when rare and exotic animals were popular gifts from Asian and African rulers to their European counterparts. Already, in 1204, King John had started a collection of lions and bears that he kept in the Tower of London. When the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II married Henry III's sister in 1235, he gave the English king three lions as a wedding gift – to match those on his shield. The King of Norway sent Henry a white bear, which he kept on a long lead so that it could swim in the Thames and catch fish. Louis IX of France, not to be outdone, presented King Henry with an African elephant.

Medieval knights had exotic animals – bears, boar, lions, leopards, stags, eagles and swans – painted on their shields as personal symbols, and the ritual of the hunt (*la chasse*) generated a wealth of folklore and traditions. Hunting was an intrinsic part of a young gentleman's education, studied from the age of seven alongside languages, music and falconry. It hardened men for battle, taught them how to read landscapes and weather; and was, among other chivalric virtues, a way of displaying courage as well as a public demonstration of privilege.

This culture plays a large part in my fascination with the period the *Anjou Trilogy* is set in. The first two volumes tell the story of the French royal family when Henry V of England ►



“
*The cheetah cub would
crawl around my bedroom
and sleep on my bed*
”

◀ invades and conquers at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, but in *Quicksilver* the reader comes to see the era through the eyes of a French merchant, Jacques Coeur, a man born among the people. It was not difficult to write my Tess into Jacques's story – after all, historical records show that he brought back a young leopard from the Sultan of Egypt as a gift for the King Charles VII of France.

Stowing the beast on one of his sailing ships, manned by some 60 rowers who slept below decks with the cargo and the live animals that provided the crew with fresh meat, posed something of a problem for Jacques. Although he had been assured that the leopard had been hand-reared since a cub and was therefore relatively tame, he was anxious about having such a potentially dangerous animal on board. Unable to house the leopard with the other animals, he decided to keep her chained in a corner of his cabin.

The next morning when he stepped out on to his platform with the leopard by his side, his esteem in the eyes of his crew soared. They even gave up their meat ration to feed the animal, each trailing a line overboard to catch fish instead. By the end of his journey, the merchant claimed he had actually become quite fond of the beast. In my book, Jacques's



An elephant safari at the Kapama Private Game Reserve and, below, inside Kapama Lodge



A HAVEN FOR CHEETAHS

The Kapama Private Game Reserve, in South Africa's northernmost province of Limpopo, is home to more than 40 different mammal species, including the 'big five' of elephant, lion, leopard, buffalo and rhinoceros. Princess Michael is the royal patron of the nearby Hoedspruit Endangered Species Centre, which concentrates on the conservation of rare, vulnerable or endangered animals with emphasis on the cheetah (they have approximately 80 at the centre). It focuses on educating students and the general public in conservation activities such as the release of captive-bred cheetahs back into the wild, and the treatment and rehabilitation of wild animals that are brought to the centre. For further information, visit hesc.co.za or to make a donation visit help.hesc.co.za.



The princess at Hoedspruit with hand-reared cheetahs and, opposite, at home in Kensington Palace with her Siamese cat Cali

ambition to become a familiar, welcome figure at King René's court in Naples inspires him to bring a cheetah as a gift to the son of his patroness, Yolande. This he does and the animal soon becomes the favourite of the youngest of Queen Isabelle's young ladies-in-waiting, Agnès Sorel, the only one not afraid to care for her.


I wrote this cheetah into the story in memory of my own Vitesse, and she appears in all three books of the Anjou Trilogy – unlike Jacques's leopard. Both these wild cats, imported by Jacques from the Levant, one taken from reality and the other invention, arrived safely and went on to live long lives in captivity.

However, in Africa today, to my great sadness, the cheetah heads the list of endangered wild cats following decades of loss of habitat, competition with other – often larger, stronger – carnivores, and persecution by farmers. My Tess fared a little better. At almost two years old, while I was away, she attacked one of my father's guard dogs, and reluctantly I had to agree she belonged in the wild. We released her in a large nearby game reserve and to my joy, on a later return visit when I called her, standing on the back of a Land Rover, she appeared after a while and we embraced – each standing on two legs, her paws around my neck, her rough tongue licking my face accompanied by the loudest purring. (My father used to remonstrate: 'She could wake the dead with that noise.') On another visit to the farm a year later, I hastened to the game park to find Tess, and called. To my total amazement and joy, again she came – this time with two cubs in tow which she allowed me to handle. I remember I cried with joy.

That was the last time I saw her. Not long afterwards, the country descended into a civil war which dragged on for the next two decades, and I was no longer able to return.

It is my love of these elegant creatures – the fastest on earth, their green eyes ringed by 'black tear tracks' – that inspired me to include Tess in my recent trilogy, and why in her memory I am working to protect this wonderful animal and help secure its future. ■

*Quicksilver by HRH Princess Michael of Kent is published by Constable, price £20. To order a copy for £15 (a 25 per cent discount) until 31 January, go to you-bookshop.co.uk or call 0808 272 0808**



“In Africa today, to my great sadness, the cheetah heads the list of endangered wild cats”