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# SIOBHAN McNALLY

First-world problems SOLVED!

WH SMITH

## HOTTIES

### MAN-CHAUSEN BY PROXY

My vote for Manliest Man goes to dad-to-be Harry Ashby, from Birmingham, who has been signed off with morning sickness. He says being in touch with his feminine side - suffering nausea, back pain and weight gain like his fiancée - makes him a real man. Although I do look forward to the day his long-suffering partner goes into labour and the surgeon also gives Mr Ashby 36 stitches. That'll stop him talking out of his manly backside.

### GOOD TO TALK

In this week's pot-meets-kettle news, hairdressers are among the professions to be trained to spot signs of mental illness, says charity Mind. I'd hate to think of the burden to the NHS if our hair salon staff actually listened. My hairdresser: "Doing anything at the weekend?" Me: "Holding the bodies down while my friend ties them up with gaffer tape." My hairdresser: "Oh that's nice - and you've got the weather for it, too."

## NOTTIES

### YOU'LL BE IN IT DEEP

Apparently, trawling through someone's early Facebook, Twitter or Instagram posts and "liking" them is the latest in online flirting and shows how deeply you care. Which I imagine will be the defence in your Crown vs Stalker case.

### IT'S YOUR CALL

Are you lah-di-dah or loutish with your mobile phone? Posh knickers have been getting in a twist at Debrett's with their phoney guide to modern manners. But I feel that we should look to the older generation for guidance on how to use a phone: 1. Take mobile out of kitchen drawer. 2. Turn it on. 3. Turn it off to check it was on. 4. Turn it on again. 5. Send a text in caps, ending "LET ME KNOW IF YOU DON'T GET THIS." 6. Turn phone off. 7. Put back in drawer till next year.

# Luna lesson in pouty training

**AND the winner of Miss Junior Margate 1977 was... someone else.**

I was eight years old with a bowl haircut and goofy teeth, but my granny thought it would be a hoot to enter me in a beach beauty competition at the seaside town's Winter Gardens.

While my grandparents sat rocking with laughter in their deck chairs, I trundled down the catwalk in my cossie, holding a beach ball, bright red with shame.

I didn't even get a runners-up prize and I've always wondered if I should have



**BONNY** Luna and Amanda

done more with the ball to express my personality.

These days my therapist says I should let it go, but as a survivor of child beauty pageants, I feel I should speak out before any more children lose a beauty contest to a beach ball.

Fast forward to this week, and World's Pushiest Mother accolade goes to the pregnant woman who entered her 20-week antenatal scan in a beauty pageant.

Mum Amanda Collins, from North Ayrshire, says: "As soon as I saw her image on the screen at my antenatal session I knew she was a stunner."

Really? Most babies look like aliens or monkeys in their first scans. What this mother probably saw was her own naked ambition floating around in all that amniotic fluid.

Organisers of this beauty competition for newborns to 18-year-olds immediately accepted Amanda's antenatal entry, probably with both clawed hands.

Unlike back in 1977, when the contest entrance price

was just my dignity, beauty pageants are now run by highly profitable organisations aimed solely at separating gullible parents from their cash.

And so, six weeks after Luna was born, her attention-seeking mother sashayed with her baby down the catwalk to take the runner-up prize in the competition - and also the dubious award of the UK's youngest pageant entrant.

Now she continues to haul her baby around the kiddie beauty pageants, paying out thousands of pounds to scoop up meaningless prizes and crappy plastic crowns, claiming her daughter loves all the attention.

Money that would have been better spent on little Luna's swimming, dance or karate lessons will be spent instead on frothy dresses and dodgy hairpieces.

Give her a few years and Luna will be shaking her toddler booty on stage to keep her mummy happy, even though she'd rather be bouncing on a trampoline.

Sadly, we can't ban deluded parents, but we can do the next best thing and ban child beauty pageants.

If France can make it illegal for under-16s to enter mini-miss competitions - and this is the country that gave us Maurice Chevalier and his leetle girls - we can put an end to child contests over here.

And while we're at it, we should ban beach balls. And "hilarious" grandparents.



## WHAT THE HASHTAGS SHOULD REALLY SAY...

"Xie Xie China. Thank you for singing along with me!"

**#elusivechanteuselosesher voice**

Diva Mariah Carey (left) gives fans their due for keeping her in tune

"I'm doing a new calendar with my new boobs and hair"

**#santawillneedthechimneywidened**

Model mum-of-five Katie Price wants a seventh boob job for Christmas

"Love a pea. Craving a mint magnum though"

**#youcantaketheboyoutofthehood**

Rapper Professor Green tries to be a foodie, not a hoodie, since he married TV's posh Millie Mackintosh