

What clothes

VALENTINE'S DAY IS A WEEK AWAY BUT WHAT OUTFIT WILL ATTRACT A MAN? SINGLE MUM SIOBHAN MCNALLY, 43, TESTED THREE LOOKS TO FIND OUT WHICH IS THE BEST

Girl next door



My friends invited a single bloke to their dinner party hoping he might make a good match for me, or even my younger sister-in-law Joce. If she didn't want him, I thought, then he'll do for me.

On the day of the party, 7in of snow fell and the world came to a grinding halt. I'd also developed a hacking cough, a rotten cold, and completely lost my sense of taste.



CASUAL: Siobhan entertains

extra squeeze of garlic mayo!

Meeting Joce in the local bar before the party, she said: "I see you've made an effort."

"Yeah, well, at least I'm dressed for the elements," I replied, thinking "The most you're going to pull in those four-inch heels in this snow, lady, is a ligament".

I took the advantage of an early lead while Joce stumbled through the front door and went to meet the token single bloke – financial services manager Carl. "I've heard so much about you," I said. But my friends had failed to mention that Carl was also getting on a bit. He was too old for Joce, so the coast was clear for me but Carl showed no sign of being interested.

The other men around the table all treated me like one of the boys, although I stopped short of burping my own name. The thing is, that what you gain in comfort, you lose in glamour.

As a rule, I don't really feel it's been a proper party night unless I wake up with black mascara on my pillow. I expect Carl's now dating a girl who can be bothered to put a bit of lippy on.

PULLING POWER: 2/10

Lady in red



Where's the rest of your dress?" asked my mate Amanda, when I met her for a birthday dinner at a posh hotel.

"Very funny. Actually this outfit is scientifically proven to attract men. I can't fail to pull," I boasted, tucking armpit fat inside my dress.

Beauty boffins claim that men are pre-programmed to find certain female traits attractive, so my outfit made the most of my super sexual releasers (geek speak for lady bits).

Scientists have found that men prefer a low waist-to-hip ratio, i.e. tiny waist, big bum, so I squeezed myself into a pair of shaper knickers, which relocated my midriff under my arms.

A study by psychologists also found that men find the colour red alluring because it shows a woman is more receptive so they're less likely to be rejected.

Men also like long, shapely arms. So I chose a sleeveless red peplum-style dress to give the impression of curves and sleeker arms. Red lippy and high heels completed the look.

I skipped on pudding because the shaper knickers acted like an

external gastric band. They also started slipping down, giving me a wedge of fat under my bra strap.

Anyway, no one was looking at my back because the ENTIRE restaurant seemed to be staring at my short skirt.

Back at the bar, I practically tripped over a tongue.

The man attached to it was called Sam and he was out with his friend Catriona who was hugely amused by the experiment.

"Every person in this place, male and female, has been watching you," she said. "This is Sam, by the way, he can't speak yet, but he's 45, single and works as a vet."

"Hi Sam," I leered. "What did you like about my outfit?"

"Um... er..." he stammered, and there was me thinking vets were bright because they did seven years at college. "Um. It was your short, tight skirt," he dribbled.

I had trussed myself up like an oven-ready chicken for nothing. I can't speak for all the men in the bar, but it proves you should never overestimate blokes. However, next time I want to stop traffic, I'm definitely wearing red.

PULLING POWER: 8/10



SPEECHLESS: Sam with Siobhan



Girl next door

will get the guy?



Lady in red

Z-list celeb

Red peplum dress, £35, A/wear; black shoes, £XX, New Look; waist cincher, £19.50, M&S

Blue/silver dress, £70, Matthew Williamson @ Debenhams; studded black shoes, £37.99, New Look; waist cincher £19.50, push-up bra, £22, both M&S

The Z-list celebrity

OO Don't adjust your sets, folks, my skin really is that colour. Never again will I think Z-list celebrities – Celebrities – are famous for doing nothing, because it took hours, and to paraphrase Dolly Parton, a lot of money to make me look this cheap.

Once my Ronseal spray tan had dried, I slipped into my sparkly designer dress, studded black heels, push-up bra and, with a face caked in make-up, went trotting round the central London bars to get a reaction from blokes.

Looking like a minor cast member of TOWIE, I soon realised I just looked like all the other girls out on the razz after a hard day getting their gel nails done. I didn't get a second glance.

In one pub, I pinned down a bloke drinking on his own, cut off his escape route and asked if I was his type. "You look like hard work," he said, sheepishly.

On the train home, I met 40-year-old Al, a musician from Southampton, propping up the buffet bar. "I don't normally look like this," I explained.

"I just thought you were theatrical," he said, meaning I looked like a drag queen.

The shaper pants were starting to cut off my air supply when I sat down, so I took them off in the train loo. Just two hours into the evening, I had removed a third of my outfit.

Back at the bar, Al had bought me a drink. "But I'm getting off in a minute," I told him.

"Yeah, I know, so I'll drink it if you don't," he chuckled. As it turns out, that was to be the most romantic thing anyone said to me all night.

As I went into my old local, barman Geoff said: "Please go away, you're scaring our customers off," making me worry I'd taken my fake tan just a shade too deep.

I plonked myself down on the sofa between locals John and Stewart.

"Hi chaps," I said, as they drained their pints and left.

At the next bar, I tried to get the attention of the bloke sitting reading by the bar. "Cooley," I called over. Businessman Max finally offered to buy me a drink – on condition that I went away.

Lurching off, I spotted chef Mikey with all his balls on the pool table.

"Who's in charge of the microwave while you're playing?" I hiccupped at him, on my fifth glass of wine.

In the end I gave up trying to pull because, clearly being in Hants and not Essex, I was just too scary to talk to in this get up. I also lost one of my fake eyelashes – I hope no one called out pest control when they found it.

I'm going to call Al though. He owes me a drink.

PULLING POWER: 5/10

Some names have been changed to protect the guilty

Kristin's diary



LIVING WITH CANCER

My work is the fire in my belly

This week's feel-good factor 😊😊😊😊😊

OK, I've been keeping a secret since July. We're in the middle of making a documentary for TV. And the reason I've not mentioned it before is not because I didn't want to, but because I'm not allowed to. So, shhhh!

For the programme, I am interviewing all sorts of wonderful people with lots of different cancer stories and it's been a brilliant experience so far – apart from always having to check there is no food stuck between my teeth and going to the loo forgetting that my mic is still on!

I have had a fire in my belly ever since I started CoppaFeel! but the more people I speak to, the more I want to encourage a real shift in cancer awareness.

And I have to admit knowing my life and work will be on TV also gives me a buzz.

If you ever need a good motivator, get a man with a camera to follow your life for a few months!

I am very used to talking about my cancer life now, added to that the fact I was practically born with a camera shoved in my face thanks to my technology-obsessed dad, but it has been a real eye-opener seeing how others express themselves about their own experiences.

Occasionally words fail me, but mostly I am honest and open about what this is really all about so I am excited to show people how cancer can be navigated



THEATRICAL: With Al on the train



FILMING: Kristin on set as part of her documentary

I have some grand plans you'll have to wait for

as a chronic illness, not a deadly disease hanging over me, frightening me at every corner.

I realise it may choose to do this to me at some stage, but right now I have more important things to worry about.

We're living in an era where cancer is becoming part of our everyday vocabulary. This doesn't make the disease right, fair or remotely acceptable, but it seems to be sticking around for an annoyingly long time.

I talk about cancer on a daily basis, but seeing those who have recovered from the disease talking about it as part of their history instead of their present, is like seeing the coolest kid at school and longing to be in their gang.

But I am in a different kind of gang. In fact there are about 36,000 of us living with secondary breast cancer in the UK at the moment.

That's one hefty gang to be part of! Too many of us, you could say.

So although I won't see the day where I can reflect on cancer as a thing of my past, I know that there are so many people in the same boat as me who can't do that either.

I have some grand plans up my sleeve for the documentary that I really can't share with you or I'd definitely have to silence you all.

So you'll just have to keep reading my columns until I am allowed to unleash it on to the world.

Kristin Hallenga is founder of breast cancer charity CoppaFeel!
To find out more go to WWW.COPPAFEEL.ORG