

Slummy mummy Lucy Sweeney

'I can't believe I've had feathers injected into my cheeks,' says Yummy Mummy No 1. 'It's like a scene from Black Swan'

Alpha Mum calls an emergency parent's meeting to discuss what to do about school lunches in light of the horsemeat scandal.

"It's the unknown unknowns that I'm worried about," says Sexy Domesticated Dad. "I mean, has anyone tested the burgers and lasagnes that the children are eating for donkey, or goat, or other animals?"

"Like elephant," interrupts Yummy Mummy No 1. "We have to consider all possibilities."

"How would elephant get into the food chain?" I ask. We stare at Yummy Mummy No 1 long and hard.

"Elephants get killed for their ivory in Kenya, their carcasses get sold in Nigeria and transported to Romania, where they are turned into filler and, before you know it, you're buying a lasagne in Iceland which has traces of elephant," she explains triumphantly. "When we were on safari there were all sorts of animals being killed by poachers."

"She's got a point," says Tiger Mother.

"What I don't understand is why you go all the way to Iceland to get lasagne," says Celebrity Dad, who is a heavily Botoxed, Planet Organic type of Californian. "It doesn't seem very environmental." We all groan.

"We're moving off subject," says Alpha Mum. "Has anyone got any sensible questions they want me to put to the headmistress?"

"How do you get four elephants in a car?" asks Celebrity Dad. Alpha Mum indulges him because he has secured a part in the next

series of *Girls* and his currency is running high.

"Two in the front and two in the back," I reply instantly.

"How can you tell if there's elephant in your burger?" continues Yummy Mummy No 1.

"It's difficult to close the bun," I say.

Yummy Mummy No 1 says that I am not taking her seriously enough.

"Remember, I am one of the women who had gel used for making mattresses implanted in my breasts," she says. "I am very concerned about what we put in our body."

"Unless it keeps you looking young," says Sexy Domesticated Dad. "Collagen is made from purified cow skin."

"That is disgusting," says Yummy Mummy No 1, through her trout pout.

"It's the fillers that I'm worried about," says Tiger Mother. "The pink slime and the white slime. I've heard they use ammonium to get the meat off the bone and chop up everything including the feathers."

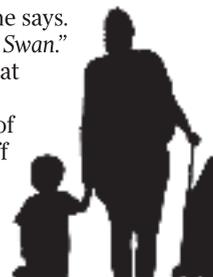
Yummy Mummy No 1 clutches her face.

"I can't believe I've had feathers injected into my cheeks," she says.

"It's like a scene from *Black Swan*."

"We're talking about meat

filler, not facial filler," I say reassuringly. "That's made of hyaluronic acid. It's the stuff used to treat racehorses with arthritis, so you've probably eaten it already." ■



Things you only know if you're single

Hannah
Betts



...that sober sex is the ultimate perversion.

There is a coruscating moment in Channel 4's *Fresh Meat* in which its wastrel student heroes react with incredulity when their Dutch interloper informs them that she doesn't drink. "But how do you have sex?" they immediately inquire. "I just have sex," she shrugs continentally to collective shock and awe.

With stiff upper lips always our most tumescent feature, hammered shagging is *The British Way*. *In vino veritas* and all that, or rather, *in vino, veritas* can come euphemistically veiled. It amuses this column when people ask how the sex was. As if any Brit worth their salt can recall. The most that one should be able to respond to the question "Good night?" is "Apparently".

Sober sex is so Seventies somehow, one step away from the non-recreational abomination that is procreative intercourse. It implies people with beards (both parties) staring into each other's eyes, intoning each other's names with missionary zeal. It is a clumsy affair in which one can see the joints. Drunk sex is suitably Bacchic/Fauvist – expressionistic, highly coloured, abandoned of movement. Within the generous bounds of its camaraderie, secrets can be shared and fetishes revealed.

Ideally, in a successful evening, there should be no memories whatsoever of the first bout, a few choice images only from the second, while it is best not to have entirely sobered up come morn and round three. Not only is facilitating oblivion the decorous option, it has the advantage that one's conspirator remains permanently new to one. Drinks all round. ■

I don't give a monkey's...

Carol
Midgley



...for camel toe.

One thing you have to admire about industry is how it never stops striving to make the female body a little less repugnant. So it is that we must give thanks for the SmoothGroove. Like Ronseal, it does exactly what it says: it's a bit of plastic that literally smooths your groove.

Need me to spell it out? Thought so. We

look here of the "lady valley", the "front bottom" or, to use SmoothGroove's preferred term, the "camel toe". Got it now? Good. Thoughtfully designed to look like a cross between a shoehorn and the back of a mobile phone, you shove it down your leggings and instantly say goodbye to unsightly clefting. It comes in black, white or clear, thus handily minimising a clash with your knicker colour of choice. Hard to think of a more ideal present for the woman whose cloven panty hoof consistently lets her down.

An amusing person on Twitter drew the SmoothGroove to my attention and I wish she hadn't, because I've scarcely been able to tear my eyes from its website since, particularly the photos that show just how crannied things can

look without a fanny-smoother. In a testimonial, one woman says it has changed her life. "My friends used to point out my camel toe all time," she writes. "I feel like a better person with higher self-esteem."

God only knows how many women have struggled on all these years with a veritable horror show beneath their navel. I salute Simon Cowell for recognising it. A job lot of SmoothGrooves were ordered for the *X Factor* tour, apparently, thus stopping the audience retching in the aisles during high-stepping dance routines. Well, that's me sold. I think I speak for all women when I say thank you – for giving us the contourless Barbie doll fanjita we have always secretly craved, and something new to be paranoid about. Again, thank you. ■