

4th January 2008

KISS MY ABS

DEAR DIARY, I've made a decision. When I receive my £5m cheque (I'll explain some other time) I'm going to employ a personal fitness trainer. I want to improve the way my body looks but I don't want plastic surgery for two reasons; **Michael Jackson** and **Jocelyn Wildenstein**. I don't want a boob job or liposuction either. I've had two caesareans and quite frankly, I'd rather chop off my left foot than volunteer my body for the operating theatre if a baby's not coming out of it. What I do want is a washboard stomach with a four pack like **Dame Kelly Holmes** and I know yoga or Pilates is not going to achieve that.

I need a trainer who's prepared to be a bastard. I mean it. It would have to be someone truly wicked but passionate about their work, who couldn't care less if I was left battered and bruised so long as he got results.

Sergeant Harvey E. Walden IV from **Celebrity Fit Club** is my idea of a ball-breaker. He's the only one who could get me off my comfortable yoga mat. So when I get my cheque, I'm hiring him.

I'm happy doing my yoga and Pilates to remain relatively fit but I just can't be bothered these days to torture myself like I used to. The unfortunate thing about this is I'd love to look like I did when I was in the gym, but in all honesty, my life is still quite enjoyable without it. If my rolls of belly fat starts to depress me, then I'll do something which will make me sweat, but until that time comes, it's gently-gently.

As for Harvey being my personal fitness trainer, I know we would clash, I hate and I mean HATE with a capital HAY – being told what to do. I also hate being bullied and shouted at, but I think I need someone I'm slightly scared of. If I liked the person I'd start to befriend them, then I'd just start being feisty, messing about and making up my own rules, but even from the TV, Harvey Walden frightens me. Even his name Sgt. Harvey E. Walden (E for Evil) IV is a bit intimidating. I know he wouldn't like me either because it's very difficult for me to take serious stuff seriously, I'd be provocative and make jokes but I've seen what he's like when people take the p***. A few years back, he had a Pop Idol runner-up by the name of **Rik Waller** in his camp and Rik was a lazy complainer, in Harvey speak that's waste of dog-gone space. The way that Harvey looked at Rik sometimes, you could tell he was

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thinking if the camera's were not rolling, I'd beat this son of a b*tch to within an inch of his life. I've also seen him shouting, no not shouting, CUSSING one of the contestants in the US version of Celebrity Fit Club. Some character by the name of **Screech** thought it was a good idea to give Harvey some cheek so Harvey had to ask Screech if he was out of his f***** cartoon character mind! Harvey got up out of his chair and everything, I thought it was going to kick off. All I know is Screech must have been... well... out of his f***** cartoon character mind, whatever he said! When Harvey finished cussing, I stood up and clapped!

Anyway, the bottom line is I don't want surgery, I don't want plastic abs inserted by a plastic surgeon I want real rock hard abdominals that I've worked for and I'm not going to get them from down here on my yoga mat.

Some of the best times in my life have been when I've been ultra fit. When I was in my late teens, I took up circuit training.

I also took up exercising after I had my children, the first time around I was about to be a bridesmaid and didn't want to be bulging out of my silk lilac fru-fru dress and when I had my second child, I exercised before returning to work because I wanted to wear the clothes I wore pre-pregnancy. When you have a second child, there's no money in the kitty to mess around with a brand new wardrobe. You either wear what you've got or get the sewing kit out to move a few buttons.

My last bout of exercising was when I went to Barbados with my girlfriends for my 30th birthday. The last time I wore a bikini, I was 18 with a circuit trained body. This time around, I had stretch marks, loose skin, roly poly bits and I wasn't about to frighten the world like that so I used the gym every day at work. I worked myself into such a frenzy that by the time I went on holiday, you could bounce snooker balls off my stomach and cricket balls off my bottom. I remember being in a nightclub in Bridgetown, wearing the tightest pair of shorts ever, it was so tight, you could see my birth-mark. In fact, when I took off the shorts, you could see the print of the birth-mark inside them.

Now, all I can muster is yoga and Pilates with the occasional aerobics, but I actually feel great doing yoga, but feeling great does not a four pack make. So like I said, when I get my cheque, I'm going to call Sgt. Harvey E. Walden IV.

August Mayfield