

COLUMN

DAWN PORTER *shares...*

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Snow White? S'no fun

When I was seven I played Snow White in a kids' club production on a family holiday in Ibiza. I had the proper blue and black dress on and mimed *Some Day My Prince Will Come* as I pretended to sweep the stage while Prince Charming (played by a guy in his early 20s who worked for the kids' club and who I had a huge crush on) stared wistfully into middle distance before ballroom dancing with me until the song finished.

All was going fine until the moment I ate the apple. When I fainted, all seven of the dwarfs (aged from six upwards) were supposed to move me onto a stretcher, but when they tried to lift me they just couldn't manage it, I was way too heavy. After several awkward minutes of watching the dwarves attempt to lever me even an inch off the ground, Prince Charming himself ran up onto the stage so we could get on with the show. He couldn't manage to haul me on either. In the end I stood up and got onto the stretcher myself.

Mortified.

Seriously though can you imagine? Your Prince Charming struggling to pick you up in front of an audience of hundreds because SEVEN other people didn't have the strength to do



it. Dear God I have never forgotten it. My way of dealing with the humiliation was to tell everyone who was watching and everyone who tried to lift me that the reason they couldn't lift me was because 'huge metal balls' had been sewn into the dress to stop it blowing

up in the wind... It was Ibiza in July; there was no wind.

I now know that lying about one's weight is an integral part of womanhood, however, age seven is a very early age to start.

I was shamefully reminded of that

moment when I went to Disneyland in California for two days recently. It was the most fun you can imagine. The rides, the vibe, the FOOD! In just 48 hours I put on three pounds, I just ate, and ate, and ate. Bliss!

On the last night I was beat. I had been on more rollercoasters than you can imagine, screamed constantly and eaten so many giant turkey legs (a Disneyland special. Huge and SO juicy!) that I didn't have a shred of energy left in me. So little in fact, that when back in the hotel room I passed out on the sofa, only to be stirred a while later by my boyfriend who - yes - was trying to lift me to put me to bed. Like the dwarves, he was struggling.

"When the dwarves tried to lift me, they just couldn't..."

After a few minutes my dignity forced me to tell him to stop. I stood up and walked over to the bed myself, it really was the only thing to do. Unable to accept this level of humiliation twice in my lifetime I felt impelled to fabricate yet another story that would explain why lifting me was so troublesome rather than just being honest and accepting that I had eaten too many drumsticks. In my sleepy state I mumbled...

"People are heavier when they are asleep."

I passed out to the sound of his raucous laughter.

PHOTOGRAPHY: CORBIS, MOVIESTORECOLLECTION.COM

You haven't lived till you've tried...

I have a new food obsession: frozen bananas. They sell loads of them at Disneyland, which is surprising because on some levels it could be considered healthy (although theirs are covered in chocolate). They taste just like white chocolate ice cream. Try it. Push a stick into a banana so you can hold it like a lolly, then just freeze it. It is the life-changing healthy summer treat that I am LOVING!



Well, I have some sad news - this is to be my last column here at Stylist, as I am moving onto pastures new. I just wanted to thank you all loads for reading and hopefully enjoying my column. I have had the most amazing time writing it and feel like I have adequately exposed and humiliated myself enough to be able to move on to other embarrassing moments. Be sure to keep up to date with what I am up to by reading my blog *Thinking Out Loud* which you can find at dawnporter.net. Bye for now, and thanks again, I've had a blast!



AND IT'S GOODBYE FROM HER... SNIFF