

BRITAIN'S NO. 1 GLOSSY... EVERY WEEK

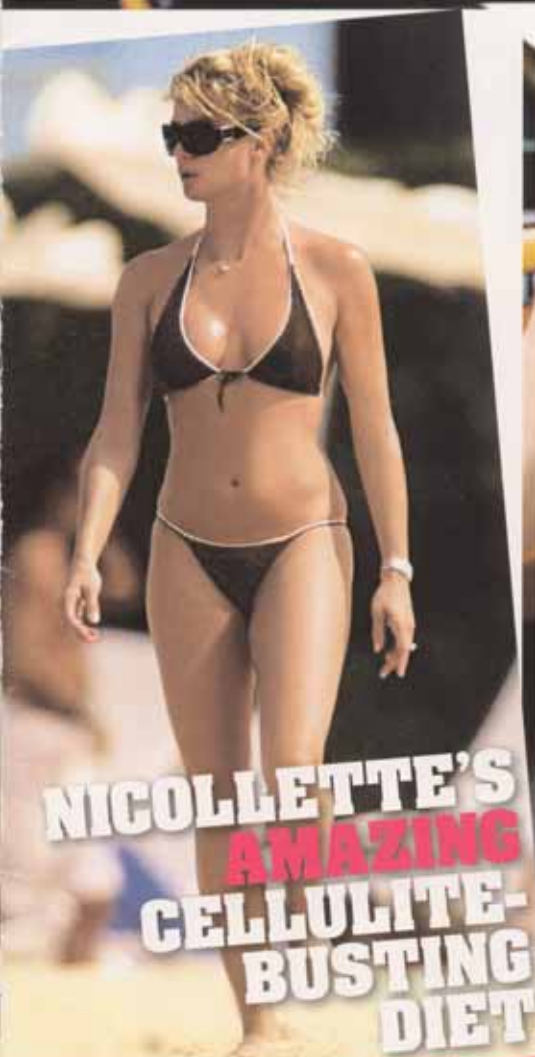
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SIENNA PROPOSES TO RHY!



NICOLLETTE'S AMAZING CELLULITE-BUSTING DIET

At last! Nicole's baby news

PLUS: IS JEN EXPECTING TOO?

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REAL LIFE 'I'LL PROVE MY WIFE IS NOT A CHILD KILLER'



ISSUE 149

Worrying yourself wrinkly about not having time to shop, cook, reply to all those Facebook messages, get a facial and relax? You're not alone. Now, super-successful women are so stressed they pay life managers to, well, live their lives for them. Kate Faithfull tried it out...

'HELP! I'M TOO BUSY TO BE ME!'



THE HOTTEST ACCESSORY IN NY RIGHT NOW? Forget a McQueen cape or a table at the Waverly Inn – it's a life manager (LM), someone

who organises all the annoying parts of your life which, as an oh-so-important VIP, you're too busy, stressed (or can't be bothered) to sort out. We've all heard of high-maintenance New Yorkers paying doggie day spas to look after their pets, getting low-carb raw meals delivered to their door or hiring a PA to sort out their child's diary, but *this* is the Next Level. People are becoming too busy to live their lives, so they're getting someone else to do it for them! Normally I'd think that sounds a bit mad, but not in January when, every year, I re-evaluate my lot and generally decide I'd need to clone three of me to become the person I'd like to be. And now I've discovered you can hire life managers in the UK. Hurrah! It's time to try some out...

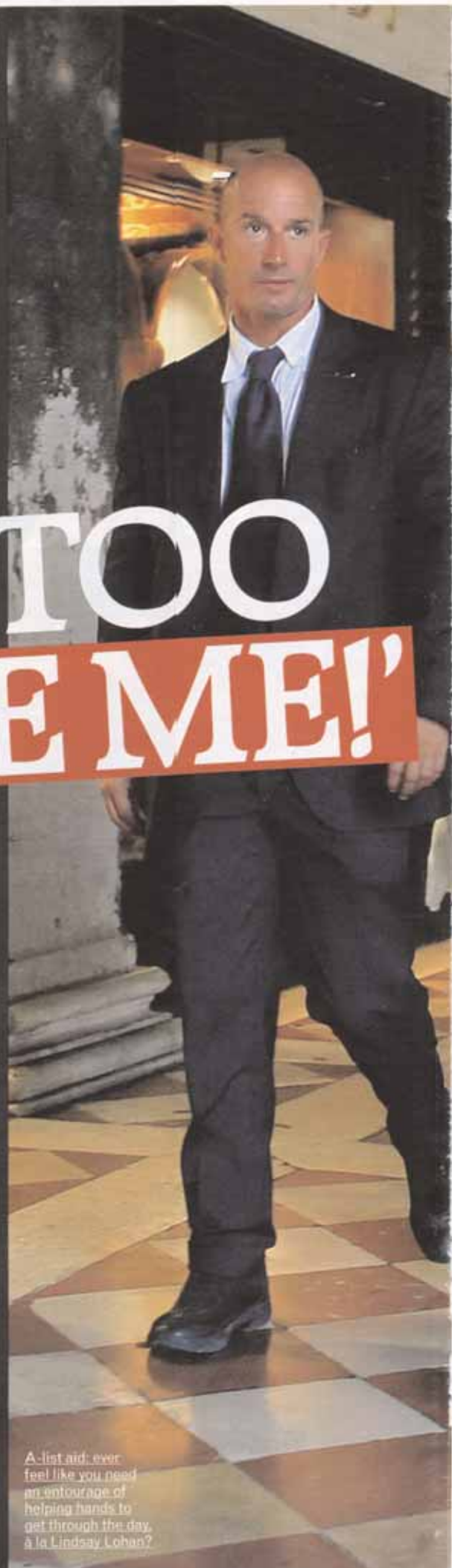
GET ME A CYBER-SECRETARY!

This time last year, Facebook was something weird and geeky that only chemistry students were into. Now, it's the

only way my friends seem to communicate – and it's making me feel bad. Every time I log on, there are another five wall posts to answer or group invitations to decline. Ignore them and people won't be your friend – Facebook or otherwise. The answer? Mr Scooter Computer! AKA a man called Will who arrives on said scooter, then promises to absolve all my e-guilt for a day by running my Facebook page for me. Within 30 minutes at my flat, he's taken a pile of my old, pre-digital photos and uploaded them on to my page. When one observant friend posts, 'WHY ARE THERE NO BAD PICS OF YOU?' on my wall for all to see, Will tactfully deletes it. He even types in witty status updates ('Kate is patronising. That means "talking down to people"') and replies to messages from my boyfriend. OK, that's a little bizarre, but I'm too busy giving myself a facial to care. For an hour, having a cyber secretary is *fab-u-lous*. Then I start to twitch. Sure I asked for Will's help, but now I hate it. Like an addict desperate for a fix, I seize the laptop from him and caress the screen. Mine, mine, mine!

COST: £34 per hour, www.scootercomputer.co.uk; 020 7384 5949. ▶

A-list aid: ever feel like you need an entourage of helping hands to get through the day, à la Lindsay Lohan?



MY PERSONAL E-SHOPPER

According to this very magazine, a pair of black patent SnowJoggers are this season's must-have, but they're sold out everywhere (darn global warming). I've twice tried to bid for some in my size on eBay, only to lose out at the last minute due to a *Cranford*-induced concentration lapse. So I hand my mission to Miranda, a personal butler from buy:time, a company which will handle any pesky chore. A day later, I'm hugging a perfect pair to my chest like a newborn baby. And I haven't wasted any work time on bidding for them. I reckon if I'd put 'Rescue Britney's career' on my to-do list, Miranda would have sorted it. The future is bright: the future has a butler.

COST: £29 per hour, www.buy-time.co.uk; 0870 486 2624.

THE SEVEN-DAY STYLIST

While I'd love to be as put-together as SJP on a daily basis, most mornings I tend to resemble a woman who's covered herself in Pritt Stick and dived into her wardrobe than one who's planned 'a look'. Luckily, I've found a life manager who'll come in on Sunday and plan my outfits for a week based on what I'm doing each day, even hanging them in special plastic covers with helpful labels saying 'Monday', 'Tuesday' etc. Genius. Kate Holmes (no, not *that* one: this is the stylist from www.style-hunter.co.uk) comes round to discuss my seven-day schedule (Monday: working from home. Tuesday: business lunch with new editor. Wednesday night: date) and my image ('Agyness Deyn via Jemima Khan, please') then begins rummaging. Over the next week, I dress in my designated outfits and feel like a smarter, more edgy version of myself. I love Kate's choices – she's mixed items in my wardrobe (discarded belts and new knits) I'd previously not have had the confidence to try together. And her souped-up version of my style gets me compliments. Then disaster strikes – a business meeting is switched from Thursday to Friday after I've put on my Thursday boss-impressing shift dress. I throw a diva fit. This was not in the schedule! Mid full-wardrobe panic, I decide I'm relying on my stylist a little *too* much. While it was fun to open my daily packages, not knowing what I'd find, at the end of the week I'm quietly pleased I'm back in charge.

COST: £30 per hour, www.style-hunter.co.uk; 020 7387 1611.

THE SEVEN-DAY STYLIST



MY PERSONAL E-SHOPPER



MY TREASURE HUNTER

I long to be one of those girls who yawns, 'Oh, this vintage Missoni top? I just picked it up in a charity shop.' But even when I channel my inner Chloë Sevigny in Oxfam Originals, I never seem to nail it. But Kate Holmes says she'll hunt for me – so, just to test her, I ask *Grazia's* fashion news and features editor Melanie Rickey for three S/S '08 must-haves for my LM to find: a fitted tuxedo jacket, a clutch and a waist-cinching belt.

COST: After an afternoon at Oxfam on Camden High Street, Notting Hill Housing Trust and Cancer Research on Marylebone High Street, Kate returns with a slim-fitting black tuxedo jacket that I bet has never been worn (£15), a gold-painted clutch bag (£3) and calfskin-soft gold waist-cinching belt (£4.50). Beat that, Primark.

INVISIBLE CHEF

