

ALISON PHILLIPS

...and another thing!

Eugenie acting like a princess

Princess Eugenie denies she's been sitting on her big art after apparently taking five weeks holiday in her first 10 weeks in a new job at a London gallery.



So it's not just that bovine gaze she's inherited from Andrew. It's his work ethic too.

"My boss is lovely and he understands very much when I want to take an afternoon or go away with family," says Eugenie, denying her special treatment has anything to do with being royal.

Really. If you or I carried on like that, the only understanding we'd get from the boss would be understanding the quickest route back to the job centre.

Don't let terror cage our kids

THE killers have come calling again.

This time intent on not just stealing our children, but on stealing our children's futures too.

They want the youngsters who survived Ariana Grande's concert on Monday night to fear living every moment of their lives from now on.

And they want our kids who've seen the images of murder on television to be so terrified that their future too will be spent nervously hiding from the world and all its joys.

We cannot let this happen. It's become a cliché to say by being terrified we do the terrorists' work for them. But it's true.

Ariana Grande has been a regular fixture of my life for the past three or four years. I've sat through more episodes of kids' shows Victorious and Sam & Cat than I care to remember.

More recently, the strains of Ariana's Bang Bang and Problem are constantly heard rattling out of my 10-year-old daughter's Claire's Accessories-covered iPod.

Because as we've seen in the terrible pictures in this newspaper today - Ariana's fan base was built on young girls just like my daughter.

They make up dance routines to her music in their bedrooms. Hairbrush for microphone, mum's stilettos and wonkily applied lipstick for stage costume.

These are the girls who message her their problems



IDOL Singer Ariana Grande

about friends and bullying and secret crushes. These are the girls with Ariana calendars hanging from their wardrobe door handles and pencil cases emblazoned with her face.

These are the girls still innocent and wide-eyed to the world, who this pathetic killer deliberately set out to destroy.

These are the girls like gorgeous little eight-year-old Saffie Roussos, on her first night out to see a pop idol. Imagine

Saffie's excitement as she counted down the days to the big gig. Imagine her listening to Ariana's songs on her way to the show, singing along to every word. And imagine as the show ended how she chatted excitedly about what she'd tell her school friends in the morning.

But never did. I feel heartsick for Saffie's family and all the families who have lost loved ones in the Manchester attack.

They have lost a love which will never be replaced. Nothing will ever be the same again. The

rest of us can only sympathise with their pain. And think ourselves so blessed we still have our children to hold.

This killer hasn't stolen our child. But it is up to us parents whether we allow him to steal their future.

Yes, there is a desire to hold our kids close after an atrocity such as this. But we cannot hold them too close. We can't make them a prisoner of our fear.

Because that's what the terrorists want - no life for them at all.

I want my daughter to live free. I want her to go to Ariana Grande concerts and sing raucously. And when she's older I want her to travel the world, go to festivals and nightclubs. I want her to wear short skirts, get drunk, party all night, fall in love, fall out of love, then do it all again. I want her to wear loud clothes and have even louder opinions.

I want her to defy everything that those who follow this killer's extremist ideology believe in.

I want her to say f*** you to losers with rucksacks who can't get a girlfriend and seek meaning through murder.

I want her to live every splendid moment this life has to offer.

Any of us so blessed with daughters alive today must cherish them and never ever allow terror to destroy those precious lives.

WHO NEEDS MR TICKLE?

After years of believing it couldn't happen, scientists say it is possible to laugh from tickling yourself.

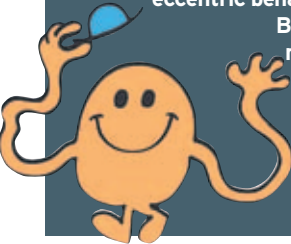
Go on, give it a go.

Did it work?

Yes? Brilliant.

Just one thing... those who can do it are apparently likely to "have a lack of close friends and odd or eccentric behaviour".

But then, who needs friends when you can make yourself laugh?



A loser Cannon

Rock On Tommy Cannon has reportedly hit rock bottom having been declared bankrupt after an £800,000 tax bill.

"It's embarrassing but just one of those things," he says.

Indeed... one of those things he should have considered in years gone by while cruising around in his gold Rolls-Royce and private boat, then not paying his fair share of tax.



PS Women would rather read a Jamie Oliver cookbook than Fifty Shades of Grey, according to a study. Precisely. Because there's really only one thing women want whipped - and that's cream.

SHE MAY FLIP CAP AGAIN

Wobbly Theresa May changed her mind on introducing a cap on social care just four days after announcing it.

Mrs May has done more turning in recent months than Florence, Brian and Dougal* on a busy day.

So don't be surprised if she is re-elected to Downing Street and her promise to "consult" on a cap on care is spun round once more and pensioners are left high and dry. We've seen Mrs May's lack of



TURN OFF Theresa May

respect for this country's older people already with her plans to abandon the triple lock on pensions and cut back the winter fuel payment.

And remember, these are the policies she's proud of, because she boasts about them in her manifesto.

Take a minute to consider what she would do with a whopping Commons majority - and left free to stampede over our pensioners' rights on a whim.

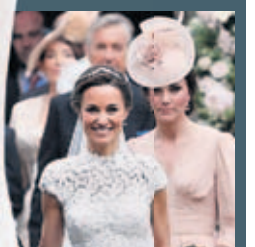
* Cultural reference for the over-35s.



Cher, now 71, this week unveiled a body unchanged since she donned the same leather and lace outfit 28 years ago.

Cher puts being able to Turn Back Time down to holding a five-minute plank.

Which must be the only thing more painful than that outfit she's wearing.



WELL DONE, MUM

Obviously at half a million quid it was a grotesque carnival of excess which highlighted the divisions which still sever our country.

But didn't Pippa look lovely in the frock with the cap sleeves?

And Carole has that mother-of-the-bride look nailed. There's a lot of snittiness about Carole Middleton by folk who think she regards herself as rather grand these days.

But any woman who's worked her way up from builder's daughter with a Saturday job in C&A to a multi-millionaire businesswoman who's married off one daughter to a future king and another to a billionaire - AND still has the legs of a 20-year-old - has, I'd say, every right to feel rather grand indeed.

