

Raw Magic: The Raw Fairies 10-day Skin Food Programme

The Night before it starts

It's 10pm I'm alone in the flat and even the thought of my new detox makes me hungry. I have two-toasted cheese sandwiches and feeling bloated throw out the remaining bread and scraps of cheese left in the fridge. If there had been biscuits lying around would have hunted them down and devoured them too, but polished those off the day before. Rid the cupboards of all bad foods, even reluctantly threw out the last of the Ben and Jerry's in the freezer. My cupboards and fridge look sad and empty. I can do this. I need to. My favourite jeans stubbornly refuse to do up and my skin is looking tired.

Day 1

The food was delivered to my door and my heart sank when I saw the size of the package and thought 'is this all I get to eat today'? Had the fruit smoothie and skin booster for breakfast at my desk and thought I would be starving, but actually feel quite full. It's only 9:30 so let's see how I feel by 11 when I get to have my snack - a green smoothie. The breakfast smoothie was really quite delicious and the skin booster tasted good too. I am determined to detox and eat healthily and my will power has been failing me for a month, so hope this will keep me on track.

I love thought of not having to find food for the evening and as the girls go out to lunch I munch on my salad. 4pm, feeling tired, so I down my nut smoothie. Yum. Stomach feeling full.

Meet some friends at Pizza East. This is a challenge and I ask for a plate and fork. I pour my dinner onto the plate as my friends noisily and appreciatively tuck into their delicious Italian fare. I'm determined, I refuse to succumb and indeed the dinner fills me up and is really tasty. Bit of a breeze, actually!

Midnight. I'm really tired and check forlornly in all the cupboards just in case a morsel of cake escaped the purge. But nothing, empty. I hit the bed, exhausted and just a bit hungry. I dream of pizza.

Day 2

Wake up with a rumbling tummy and feel really thirsty. I down a mug of hot lemon with water and cheat, (at least I'm honest), with a cup of coffee. My spirits lift when I look outside my door and voila, my day's supplies are already there. And as my stomach feels flatter than it did yesterday, I feel more determined and a little bolstered, although I'm still not going near my jeans. I manage the entire day in the office, in a relatively good mood, despite all the coffee and food everyone is eating around me. 'I am saintly, I will resist temptation', I tell myself. The food is really tasty, the shakes filling, but still craving sugar and carbs. Go the gym and complete a hardcore workout, then rush home and wolf down the dinner so fast I barely taste it. This is good. I am rushing to the loo a lot, so I'm glad I didn't make plans for the evening. My daughter is coming back from University tomorrow, so have to buy food to keep in the house for her during her stay. Of course I can't expect her to become hostage to my dietary restrictions but she's pretty skinny, so I can't starve her anyway!

Day 3

I love having food delivered outside my door; it's like room service, which is my favourite thing. Getting used to this now and as it's all so delicious and filling, I could become addicted. I have to do a food shop for the offspring so stop off at Marks and Spencer's on the way to work and buy all the things she likes. I'm a vegetarian and she's not so I buy her lots of meat and chicken that I don't touch anyway and even a loaf of bread, but as my stomach looks flatter and I have loads of energy don't feel tempted at all. A miracle indeed as I have a weakness for "tasty bread". Devil food.

Dinner time was a bit sad, me munching healthily away and she eating bacon and eggs with beans and loads of bread. Imagine the smell. I imagine the taste. I felt full so I survived. But when she made popcorn whilst we watched a bad chick flick I felt my fingers drawn inexorably to the bowl. She wouldn't give me any, even though I begged. She's a strong girl.

Day 4

Went and did Pilates this morning and had my morning smoothie. It's a tough class and was a bit worried about my energy levels, but I managed fine with loads of energy to spare, and was even tempted to do another one. Felt really light and fighting fit. Going to a dinner party tonight but already told them I was bringing my own food. I'm making a habit of 'bring your own'.

Managed to get into my spa to have a facial today (thank you Mrs.for cancelling your appointment) and my skin is now glowing and feels really clean.

I am terrified. Why? Only one more delivery tomorrow and then the weekend when I'm on my own to choose what to eat, although I do have a list of dietary can-dos. I'm into it now, flatter stomach, skin glowing and spring in my step.

The dinner party was fun, watching everyone gorge themselves, (hostess is an amazing cook). I offer myself up as a mini cab driver as everyone got very merry. Imagine my overwhelming sense of self-righteousness as I drop three people off and I drive home light of body and light of mind.

Day 5

Wake up to the smell of coffee and toast, and rush to the door to get my smoothie and day's supplies. Boyfriend Skype's me from Oz and see him eating Tam Tams, my favourite Oz biscuits, whilst my daughter munches on toast. Oh, cruel world! To compensate for my denial, I rush to try on my jeans and they almost button up, but not quite. I feel like taking to my bed for the rest of the day, but have too much to do at work. With steely determination I soldier on.

Lunchtime and the girls are having an office picnic. I ponder on the fact that in five days time my jeans will simply glide over my stomach with room to spare.

Day 6

The weekend. Daughter gone, no food left in the house and no delivery at the door. Meeting friends for lunch so go out and buy a banana and an apple on the way. They order pasta, steaks, deserts, and me? I munch on a salad, not even a bit of cheese. The breadbasket at the table is taunting me, but I don't give in. Meeting people tonight for drinks and dinner and become increasingly aware that life is simply a food fest!

Order a fruit smoothie and another salad; as they get merry, I remain stoic. Their high spirits lift me and I keep running to the loo so often, they start worrying.

Day 7

Only bananas and apples in the house. I go to Pilates and my energy is now flagging. Just about made it through the class. Shop in the health mecca, which is Wholefoods and stock up on Almonds, Brazil nuts and raw salads, (they have a great salad bar), then retreat home to chill. The girls at the Spa call me at 3pm, as there is a cancellation. A massage is on offer so I rush in. This is bliss, heaven. I can make it through the evening now.

Told the boyfriend that even on Skype he is not allowed to look like he is even remotely munching on anything. Five more days to go. I see land on the horizon and the prospect of arriving is enticing. Free and detoxed at last!

Day 8

My food bag is waiting outside my door like the familiar visitor it has now become. I am so pleased; the weekend was tough thinking about what to eat, now it's just there, chosen for me, no decisions. It's Monday, I'm full, the food is tasty and now I have relinquished carb envy.

Day 9

Another morning, another smoothie and I am so used to the routine that returning to regular food is going to be unsettling, like returning to a former life. I keep looking in the mirror and a flatter stomach and radiant skin wink cheekily back. This is gratifying.

I feel that when this is over I will stick to the smoothies for breakfast and incorporate raw foods as part of my diet. I go the gym and find my energy levels are just fine, but almost eat my dinner with my fingers in the car afterwards. Very ladylike.

My stomach must be shrinking as the delicious mushroom burger more than satisfies and I can barely eat the salad. The twin demons of desire, for sugar and carbs, are nowhere to be found.

Day 10

I'm well into the groove now, a willing slave to the rhythm. I eat well, I feel re-energised, my skin's radiant and the prospect of cheesecake holds little allure. The litmus test will be on Friday. The jeans, the jeans.

Day 11

Almost there and I am seriously tempted to order Raw Fairies for another week as I am captivated by my new flat tummy and the way I look and feel. I have a lot of social events on next week, so hope I don't give in to temptation, and start big time with carbs and sugar. It's all about balance, I guess. Going forward, I plan to do this every few months, particularly post holidays and at the start of the new year when the digestive system is in need of a break.

Day 12

Final Day. Tried on my jeans.... they button all the way up with room to spare. Don't believe in weighing myself as it's the inches that count and the way that I feel. I am so excited and now longing for some cooked fish and vegetables. Have to say that I'm really proud of myself as my history suggests that I will always fail with a diet. This has been made simple for me and the rewards have been enormous.

Hugs! Susie