

# A FIGURE TO DIE FOR

With Vikki's big day approaching, she went to extreme lengths in the quest for perfection...



I was obsessed with being skinny



I'd tried diet jabs before



Me on my hen do

'Look at what it's done to you'

**A**s I tied the hairdressing cape around my client, I looked in the mirror.

'You look different, love, but I can't quite place my finger on it,' I said.

'I've been on those diet jabs all the celebs are doing!' she replied.

'Oh wow, you look great! What are they like?' I asked.

'Super-easy, you just order them online, inject them, and then watch the weight fall off,' she smiled. 'They suppress your appetite, so the jab does all the hard work for you.'

Ever since I was young, I'd been obsessed with losing weight.

I'd tried every diet under the sun, and even though people said I didn't need to lose weight, I was still determined to.

I was never more than a size 12, but I always craved that slim look.

So after work, I headed home and

searched 'skinny jabs' online.

I came across a website that sent them to you in the post. All you needed to do was fill in a short questionnaire with your weight and height.

Without hesitation, I ordered a set from a reputable-looking site. Then I pushed it to the back of my mind until a box arrived in the post a few weeks later.

Carefully scanning the instructions, I followed them accordingly as I jabbed myself.

The results were almost immediate! I barely ate, only managing a few mouthfuls at a time.

The weight just fell off and I lost a stone and a half in three weeks.

I felt a bit sick at times, but I coped.

'What's up, love?

You've barely touched your food,' my fiancé Andrew asked, as I poked at my dinner.

'I've tried these diet jabs, so I'm not really hungry now,' I smiled. 'What do you think?'

'I think it's a bad idea,' he replied sternly. 'You're perfect as you are.'

Undeterred by what anyone

thought, I was delighted I'd finally found a weight-loss solution that worked.

A few years later, and after being engaged for 18 years, Andrew and I finally decided to start planning our wedding.

I had a bridal appointment coming up and was determined to be as skinny as possible.

Unable to find the jabs that I took the first time around, a friend recommended a different brand that you mixed together yourself.

All you had to do was order the solution, water and needles.

A few weeks later, a little cardboard box arrived in the post.

*This can't be too different to last time,* I thought, as I prepared the mixture and put it into a syringe.

I grabbed a small roll of fat

'Oh wow, you look great!'

lunch later?' she asked.

Mum's roast dinners were my favourite, and even though I was dieting, I couldn't say no.

'Of course, we'll be round in a bit!' I told her.

I called Andrew and our two children, and we made our way to Mum's down the road.

As we walked in, we were greeted by the delicious smell of home-made roast potatoes and Yorkshire puddings.

'It's nearly ready!' Mum called from the kitchen.

We took our seats as she plated up.

Only, staring at my food, I was hit with a sudden wave of nausea.

'Are you all right, love?' Mum asked, concerned.

'I'm just not that hungry all of a sudden,' I replied with a slight shake in my voice.

I knew the jabs suppressed your appetite, but they'd never put me off my food entirely.

Gingerly, I cut into my roast potatoes and managed a few, along with a spoonful of peas, before I felt sick again.

I could feel the bile begin to rise in my throat, so I instinctively covered

my mouth before I raced to the bathroom.

Throwing the door open, I began violently throwing up in the toilet.

'Are you OK, Vik?' Mum asked gently, from the other side of the door.

'I think I've eaten something dodgy,' I said as I flushed the

loo. 'I think I should head back.' Then panic set in.

*Is it the skinny jab that's caused this?* I thought.

I'd never been sick from the jabs before — maybe it was the new formula?

I drove myself home and headed upstairs.

*Perhaps I can sleep it off,* I hoped, as I crawled into bed.

But as soon as my head hit the pillow, I needed to be sick again.

I ran to the toilet and ended up spending the next six hours projectile vomiting.

'Babe, you need to go to the hospital,' Andrew said, as he stroked my hair.

'I think it might've been these new diet jabs I tried,' I said quietly, tears rolling down my cheeks.

'Oh, Vik, I thought you'd stopped taking those,' he said.

After 36 hours of constant sickness, I rang 111, who suggested sending out an ambulance.

'No, don't do that,' I said, concerned about taking an ambulance away from someone who really needed it. 'I'll get Mum to bring me in.'

When I arrived, I was seen by a nurse who said there was nothing she could do to reverse the effects of the jab.

'If you're still being sick for another 12 hours, come back in, as we might need to check your organs to see how they're functioning,' she said. 'And in the meantime, take some anti-sickness tablets.'

*What have I done to myself?* I thought.

When the nurse left, Mum stared at me with a worried look on her face.

'Please don't take anything like this again, Vikki,' she begged.

'Look at what it's done to you.'

I promised her I wouldn't.

'I only wanted

to lose a few pounds for my dress fitting,' I wept.

Back home, I managed to sleep for five hours, but then I woke up again needing to vomit.

I took another anti-sickness tablet and that finally stopped it. As weeks passed, I slowly felt better.

But it took months for the feeling of nausea to subside.

I could only eat once a day as everything made me feel so sick, and I felt constantly dehydrated.

Looking back at what I'd put myself through, I can't believe how careless I was.

As I cuddled with Andrew on the sofa one night, I felt myself thinking about that awful time.

'I was so stupid to inject a drug I ordered off the internet,' I said. 'Vik, don't be too hard on

yourself,' he reassured.

I now realise how lucky I was, as I've heard about people who have ended up in a coma after taking diet jabs.

I got off lightly, in comparison. Now, I feel it's my duty to warn others.

Half a year on, I'm finally back to being the old me.

Andrew and I are getting married this month and I can't wait to walk down the aisle.

And I won't be looking into any quick fixes to shift a few pounds.

My hubby-to-be loves me for who I am.

And, finally, so do I.

**Vikki Ryan, 38, Hartlepool, County Durham**



Me now

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