



**Win!** **2x**  
**£100**  
**in cash!**

# Picture POINTER

Write your answers to the word and picture clues in the direction shown by the arrows.

Idea Neighbourhood pub?	↘	Snooze Motor vehicle	↘	Ogle	↘	
Cassette Evergreen tree	→					
	↘		Implore, plead			
On a single occasion		Item of lingerie Cornflakes?	↘		Labour, work hard	Root crop
	↘		Household fuel	Bar bill?	↘	
Distant, a long way off	↘	--- on, encourage		Mineral rock Secret agent	→	
	↘		Theatre audience address			
Iridescent gemstone	Treaty		Banana --- dessert Dearth			
	↘		Everything --- Wants, Wham! hit	Need		Clothes-line clip
Despairing cry	→			Sales-person	→	
Betting outlay		Brie or cheddar, eg				
	↘		Squalid urban district	Or ---, otherwise		
			Prosecute			Until now
			Showy flower			
			Encounter			

**FINISHED?** Now, from the top, list the letters in the yellow squares for the winning word! Write it on the entry coupon, enter online, phone or text. See page 57.

## Our Lives

*My girl had been through a terrifying ordeal, so I hatched a plan to make her a princess.*  
**By Stacey Murray, 34**



Me and Elouise before

I did up the buttons on my daughter Elouise's coat then gave her a kiss on the forehead. 'Are you excited for your playdate after nursery?' I asked. 'Yeah!' she shouted, with a big grin on her face.

Elouise, four, always went to her friend Amy's house on a Friday afternoon, so I dropped her off at nursery and waved goodbye.

But later that afternoon, I was at home cleaning when my phone rang. It was Amy's dad.

'Stacey, it's Elouise,' he said. 'There's been an accident and you need to get here.'

'I'll be right over,' I replied. 'She's probably fallen over, I thought to myself.

But when I got there, Amy's dad was pacing around the dining room. When he saw me, his face dropped. 'What happened?' I asked.

'Our dog bit her face,' he replied.

Then I saw her, wrapped in a white towel, in floods of tears.

'Oh, Elouise!' I cried. I bent down to take the towel, then realised it was covered in blood.

'Is my face OK?' she cried. I wanted to scream as I saw the two huge chunks of flesh missing from her chin and cheek.

'Oh, love, you're going to

be fine,' I said, trying to stay calm.

My partner, Mark, picked us up and we rushed to hospital.

Elouise was still sobbing as doctors and nurses gathered around her, so she was given medication to calm her down.

We were told she'd need surgery to repair the wounds on her cheek, jaw and close to her right eye.

An hour after she was taken to the operating theatre, the surgeon came and spoke to me.

'The wounds are deeper than we first thought,' he said.

I was terrified for my baby but I had to stay strong.

More hours passed until, finally, Elouise was back on the ward.

Although the operation had gone well, she had rows of stitches and would have scars for life.

Later, a policewoman arrived and explained: 'Amy's

### 'Our dog bit her face'



Elouise's injuries

family have surrendered the dog and it will be destroyed.'

While that put our minds at ease, we still felt terrible.

Elouise spent five nights in hospital before we took her home to Doncaster, South Yorkshire.

Over the next weeks, we watched as our previously bubbly, adventurous girl became quiet and shy.

Elouise didn't like leaving

the house and she stayed by my side all the time. She'd hide behind my legs if we saw an unfamiliar dog.

I had to pick her up from nursery after she spilt red paint on herself. It must've brought back memories of the attack and she was inconsolable.

'Oh, love, come here,' I said, as I hugged her. 'Let's get you home.'

Then I caught her using my

foundation to try to cover her scars.

'I just want to be pretty, Mum,' she said sadly.

It broke my heart. I had to do something to make my girl feel beautiful again.

When I searched online for the answer, up popped an advert for Little Miss Glamour, a local beauty pageant.

Elouise had always loved crowns, dresses and all things sparkly.

Even if she doesn't win, she'll have a lovely day, I thought.

But as I scrolled through the details, my brow furrowed. It cost £100 to enter and we didn't have the money.

Then out of the blue, our friend Callie won a charity raffle and kindly gave Elouise the funds so she could enter.

When I told Elouise, she jumped up and down.

'I'm going to be a princess, Mummy!' she cheered.

We wrote a short profile about her for the judges, which all of the contestants had to do.

I wanted her natural beauty to shine through, so we didn't put any make-up on her and kept her natural curls in her hair.

Mark and I took her siblings along to the pageant to watch, and we were so proud as she walked on stage in her beautiful tulle dress.

Then we excitedly waited

for the results with friends who'd come along to support Elouise too.

Our friend Susan ran over as we chatted at the back of the room.

'Elouise has won!' she said. 'What? No she hasn't,' I said, confused.

'She has, they've just announced it!' she told me.

Somehow, we'd missed the big moment, but we ran towards the front to see Elouise on stage with a giant crown and sash.

'Look, Mum!' she said with that gorgeous grin back on her face.

'Your crown is a bit big, love,' Mark joked.

'We can get her a smaller one,' Susan said.

She also won a Miss Glamour goody bag, which she was chuffed with.

As part of her win, Elouise helps out in the community and volunteers at our local food bank.

Her self-confidence has soared and it's great to see her back to her bubbly self.

'I'm beautiful and so are my scars!' she'll proudly say, as she wears her sash around the house.

I always knew Elouise was a princess and now she knows it too.

● Amy's name has been changed.



My pageant princess

Photos: James Beasley