

COSMETIC SURGERY & BEAUTY

Because Nobody's Perfect

PLASTIC SURGERY FOR DIABETICS?
READ THIS FIRST! p. 64

DARLING DIMPLES
FOR THE CHEEKS AND CHIN p. 68

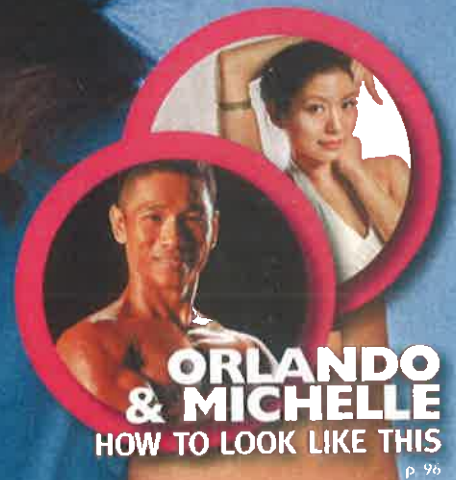
LASH & BROW HAIR TRANSPLANTS? p. 72

PENANG
PLASTIC SURGERY PARADISE p. 76

FINE FEET
OF UGLY FEET AND WALKING ISSUES p. 80

EXOGENOUS OCHRONO-WHAT?
READ ABOUT THE UGLY SKIN PROBLEM CAUSED BY A COMMON WHITENING INGREDIENT p. 86

LAST CHANCE TO WIN! INVISALIGN
teeth straightening treatment worth over **RM16,000** up for grabs!



ORLANDO & MICHELLE
HOW TO LOOK LIKE THIS p. 96

Paula Malai Ali
On life's trials, hard work, motherhood and... maybe eyelid surgery one day... p. 92



Weight Loss Success:
"I lost 30kg (and still counting)" p. 92

ISSN 1823-5182



ISSUE 3 • 2013
RM20 • S\$10
KON P12390/02/2013(031767)
HIC (P) 099/01/2013

WATERBABY'S WEIGHT LOSS

How **Karen-Michaela Tan** lost over 30kg (and is still losing...) in less than a year through changes that included exercise and better eating habits.



My weight was not a big issue for me. Even in triple digits, I projected confidence. I had my own style – no fat-girl baggy T-shirts and enormous pants for me,

thank you very much; I ran with the popular crowd. As an entertainment journalist I held my own with starlets and rock stars and stood out not just for my size, but for my eloquence and conversation.

Of course it was a pain not to be able to buy stuff off the rack in midget Malaysia, but I had friends who'd send me loads of fashionable plus-size wear from America. I travelled often, and came back loaded with cool stuff.

My social life never suffered from my size. I was never a wallflower. I liked people and people liked me. I don't think they saw my size before they saw 'me'. Deep down inside though, every fat chick knows it's a damned bitch to be fat. It's not just the social stigma: it is the logistics of everything. Weekend trips still mean a suitcase, because your clothes were too big for a backpack. When I left for Brunei for a long assignment, my best friend

packed three months of outfits into a Samsonite. I managed a week of clothes in the same-sized suitcase.

Failed Diet Attempts

I had three diet attempts. One was in my teens where I threw myself into a starvation diet, rode my stationary bike for three hours a day, and managed to lose maybe 10 kilos. And my hair. In masses.

The next was a more pragmatic approach in my 20s. On a liquid diet – the Cambridge meal replacement plan. Three months of nothing but soups and shakes. The weight slid off, but once I began eating regularly, the scales began going up again.

My last try was after I gave birth. Before delivering my daughter at 35, I weighed 105 kilos. Delivery brought me down to the higher 90s. The stress of motherhood killed my desire to eat and I thought this would be a good time to give weight loss another shot, so after the prescribed Chinese confinement food, and putting back all the whatnot I was supposed to have lost during birth, I went on Herbalife. Great results. As long as I only drank my meals. I plateaued at 88 kilos, got tired of vanilla, strawberry and chocolate gunk and put it back on again.

Seeds Of Change

It was just one of those cosmic coincidences which saw me dispatched to review *The Chateau*, an organic French-themed wellness resort, as part of my work as Editor-in-Chief of *Hospitality Asia*, a South-east Asian-centric hospitality and travel magazine. The five-star service came with yoga every morning, a cardio blast workout before lunch, and more yoga in the evening.


At the end of my stay, I thought I would be hightailing it back to my regular life, but a seed was planted inside me. My body refused food for a whole day after the stay; I was just not hungry.

The next day, my husband and I signed up for the Water Aerobic Gym which had just opened near my home. The man of the house quickly decided after a few sessions that it was not for him. Normally, with no company, I would have abandoned ship too, but I love water, and I liked this gym, and I continued. Flailing





At 75kg, that's
30kgs gone, and
still losing...



about by myself after initial instruction from one of the two gym supervisors, Khoo Chun-Yi. I lost about three kilos. I knew I needed to do more if I wanted weight loss to continue. I also knew I was a pathetically lazy slob who preferred to push pens rather than myself.

The key to my weight loss entered my life in the quietly confident way that has become a hallmark of his presence in my life. My trainer David Gan is the other supervisor at Water Aerobic Gym. There was no real reason to pick him over Khoo for my personal trainer, but I think the same kind of serendipity which brought me to The Chateau at a time where I would be open to the idea of a better life, also orchestrated that I picked this young, half-German lad. This is his second fitness job since he graduated in the top three of his class from Universiti Malaya's Sports Science programme.



My brief to David was this: make sure I live long enough to watch my kid grow up. Make me able to run with her and not embarrass her for having a fat mummy who could not keep up. Weight loss was a by-the-by thing.

I think I made the selection in the hopes that he had a bit of a Nazi in him. I knew that my shiftless carcass would need a lot of prodding, and it would take more than the average nice Malaysian to do it.

My brief to David was this: make sure I live long enough to watch my kid grow up. Make me able to run with her and not embarrass her for having a fat mummy who could not keep up. Weight loss was a by-the-by thing.

I had to overcome my terminal embarrassment about my complete lack of coordination. I started out at zero. No core strength, no cardio ability, unused muscles, 95 kilos of sloth. Working with David was like stripping myself bare. You know how you feel when you stand undressed in front of your doctor? Double that, and that's how I felt in my wet suit. I was a flabby walrus in front of a lean, young Poseidon.

David started me off easy, using only my own weight as resistance in the water. He designed a routine which alternated upper and lower body strength, with cardio endurance. I had two sessions a week with him, which lasted about 1.5 hours. I worked out on my own in the pool once a week on top of that. I began losing about a kilo in two weeks with no diet restrictions. Strangely, I found that as I got fitter, I stopped wanting to eat things I usually found irresistible. My body naturally began asking for more salads, more grilled fish and meats. There were times, of course, that I'd be ambushed by my arch enemy - salt and vinegar crisps, but over time the compulsion ceased. I used to eat a whole pack of those things in one sitting. Slowly I realised if I did give in to the purchase of them, half a bag, and then a quarter, and now, a handful is enough to satisfy the craving. My husband got in on the game and made me lovely salads, and would pointedly say, "You know that's fried, right?" when I was going to grab some local tidbit.

