

# THE SLASHER BURNS



My

y favourite worst ex, The Prince Of Darkness, has taken a short break from his day job of world domination and the

shadowy depths of the Bat Cave office that overlooks his London club and music empire to fire off a novel. And not just any novel. A better-than-good one, apparently. It must be. Stephen Fry says so. And Niall Ferguson. The Prince Of Darkness has always been successful, but now he is even more so. He has become the ultimate success story of our times: a slasher! Not only a *Sunday Times* Rich List businessman/visionary/blah-blah but now a pretty good novelist too. I am green with envy, as I have harboured a not-so-secret fantasy of writing a novel myself for years. And, me being me, I have only a collection of first chapters to show for my labours.

I'm jealous. But learning of his success also disturbs my equilibrium, in the way that I am always shaken when the tenderly nurtured belief system (based on the wisdom of Hallmark greetings) on which I rely to make sense of a crazy world is tested.

In this case: bugger, how can living well be the best revenge for me when he appears to be living somewhat better? I sneak a look at his website and at the profile pictures in a couple

of the predictably fawning interviews and even worse, he is more handsome than he used to be. Of course he is. Life, it appears, is not having a fair day.

He is not the only one of my exes who has done well for himself. My good-revenge theory has not really been working well of late. Even the Louis-Vuitton-luggage thief is making a movie with Demi Moore. 'You swore to me that he would never amount to anything!' I hiss indignantly down the phone to my best London friend. I have worked myself up into a froth of envy and figure that she, as the co-founder of our book club (called The Unfinished Book Club for obvious reasons), will share my unfriendly sentiments. 'And have you seen all the stuff about The Prince Of Darkness?' I practically spit. 'He's become JK Rowling!'

'No!' she trills. 'I've seen nothing. I've been heads down. You won't believe what I've done!' (Oh, double bugger. I know what's coming. Why do I have such a good instinct for bad news?) 'I've finished my novel!'

Who was it who said a little part of you dies when your friends do well? As I hear myself applaud and congratulate her, I can't remember. Perhaps it was me....

*Et tu*, I think, and put down the phone after assuring her that, sure, as I am an excellent editor I will be happy to proofread her book. Sigh.

So. There you are. I'm sure there was not ever much doubt, but I am not flawless. I have the capacity to be an unfriendly little green thing when caught unawares. The POD was wickedly mischievous and not at all keen to settle down, but he was actually a perfectly fun boyfriend while it lasted and he doesn't deserve me to expect him to live a life forever tarnished by my absence from it. Now that my nasty green froth has abated, I discover I am a bit proud of him. And pleased that, although in my wild years I always had an unerring knack for finding men who weren't perfect husband material, they were all interesting, special men.

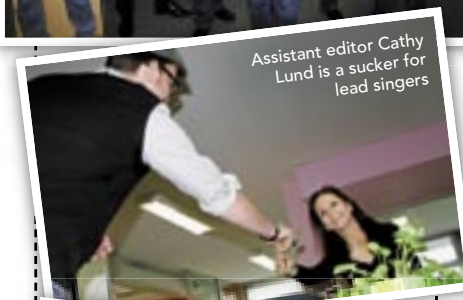
Perhaps I should get over myself and get on. It's 4.30 on a Friday afternoon in the most beautiful city on the planet; the magazine has been sent off to the factory and the delightful handsomes of D7 have just left after serenading us in our office with an a cappella Coldplay song (and red roses). The forecast is for a stormy winter's weekend – excellent weather for getting started on finishing an unfinished novel. Life is good.

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## Voice males

THE MEMBERS OF CAPE TOWN A CAPPELLA GROUP D7 SHOWED THE COSMO TEAM THAT THERE'S NOTHING 'BLES BRIDGES' ABOUT HANDING OUT ROSES WHILE SINGING LOVE SONGS.



Assistant editor Cathy Lund is a sucker for lead singers



COSMO girls sure love it when boys do a little song and dance...

PHOTOGRAPHY LINDSAY YOUNG HAIR AND MAKEUP RENEE FROM MONOPOLE