



Kate McAuley

Lie about my age? Not when Madge and Sharon still look this good at 50

SO, KYLIE'S NOW 40, while Madonna and Sharon Stone, hotter than most 21-year-olds could ever aspire to be, have racked up almost a century between them. Even eight-times-married Liz Taylor was snapped looking glam on her 75th birthday last week. What's even more heartening than all of these women looking barely out of their teens, is the fact they're ageing – and proud of it.

My own mother was in her 'twenties' for the best part of 15 years. During my childhood, I found her behaviour somewhat perplexing. Why was it that this woman, whose moral compass rarely wavered from true north and who regularly banned me from watching *Punky Brewster* for telling tattle-tales, felt it necessary to lie about something so insignificant?

As a whippersnapper, all I wanted was to be older. Back then, years seemed like an eternity and birthdays were as rare as my current ability to find a pair of discounted Manolo Blahniks in my size. I yearned for the liberation of adulthood – to stay up late reading Judy Blume novels, wear hot pink lipstick in public and eat as many Mars Bars as I felt like.

Of course, things are different now. I no longer think that hot pink is the shade for me and chocolate is to be consumed in moderation if I'm ever to fit into that Marc Jacobs dress. But I still refuse to be ashamed or embarrassed about the number of trips I've made around the sun.

Sure, there are things that I don't like about getting older. Exposure to the harsh Australian climate has resulted in what look like kookaburra footprints sprouting from the corners of my eyes. Even my once apparently adorable dimples are now as scored as Gordon Ramsay's chopping board.



But, as a recent birthday girl myself, I can honestly say that I still look forward to getting older. Along with the wrinkles and stiff joints, I am the product of my accumulated experiences. And for that reason alone, I wouldn't dream of pretending I was a day younger than the 33 years I've been around so far. Promise. ■

SUMMER LOVING?

He's out and he's proud. Modhesh, that is. The strange yellow figure has once again started to rear his bulbous head around town, heralding the start of summer. It's a return that fills me delight and dread in equal measure. Who needs to be reminded that the mercury will now be regularly tickling the 45-degree line? His reappearance, however, also suggests that Dubai Summer Surprises, from June 23 to August 31, is under starter's orders. And that can only mean one thing – the sales! Just what kind of emotional rollercoaster is this?



* At 19, Kate McAuley ran away from home in Sydney to live in Japan. Since then she's become a modern-day nomad, living in a further six countries with no sign of stopping. In Dubai, Kate is a freelance writer and photographer.