



Piers MORGAN

MY LIFE AND OTHER CELEBRITIES

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18

Amanda Holden looked unusually hot on this year's series of *Britain's Got Talent*. She put it down to 'yoga, juicing, eating Weetabix in front of Lorraine, and a great new stylist'. All of which might well be true.

But knowing the little minx as well as I do, there had to be more to it than that.

Tonight, Amanda invited me to join her, sports presenter Jake Humphrey, and our spouses, at Al Boccon di'vino, her favourite local Italian restaurant in Richmond, Surrey.

It's a tiny place, just a few tables crammed into a space smaller than Amanda's vanity closet. And you can't order food or wine off any menu. You just get whatever they decide to give you.

Five hours later, we finally stopped eating.

In that time, we consumed vast platefuls of delicious salami, langoustines, prosciutto, artichokes, beef carpaccio, asparagus and egg, scallops, grilled fish, pasta with wild boar, mozzarella and tomato ravioli, a gigantic suckling pig that was triumphantly wheeled out in a scene reminiscent of a Henry VIII banquet, tiramisu, panna cotta and strawberry compote, and absurdly plentiful baskets of bread and cheese - all washed down with gallons of champagne and wine, and grappa strong enough to kick-start a corpse.

Amanda led the way in the gorging (she's a vegetarian, except, as she put it with that ridiculously naughty cackle, 'when I find a good slab of meat irresistible') with the same ravenous fervour as when Tom Hanks ate his first meal on return from the desert island in *Castaway*.

I detected signs of a woman who hadn't eaten a morsel of food in the five-month duration of *BGT*'s filming schedule.

Or as we call it in the trade, the 'Don't Want To Be Culled By Cowell' diet.



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MONDAY, Spending 'Independent' in America a convention of your ex there are people wildly informing you how ple longer involved in running

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'Brett Lee's beamer struck Shane Warne's hand, breaking it. This, I believe, is called karma'

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