



made



Style
Food
Fitness

millie mackintosh

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Millie Mackintosh may have always looked like she had the perfect model shape, but a few years ago she found out she was unhealthy and doing her body damage. Used to eating junk food and having never enjoyed exercise, she decided to overhaul her life and her diet and was rejuvenated; she is now stronger, healthier and more confident.

Millie has taken everything she has learnt from some of the best make-up artists, beauty experts, fitness trainers, nutritionists and fashion designers and collated a handbook of tricks and tips. Split into four sections, 'Style' shows simple ways to reinvent your look and how to pack for every type of holiday; 'Beauty' contains information on skin types and step-by-steps for achieving Millie's everyday hair and make-up; 'Food' includes healthy kitchen basics and 25 delicious clean recipes; and 'Fitness' features exclusive routines from The Skinny Bitch Collective and Paola's Body Barre.

MADE contains all the insider advice that you have ever wanted to know, and it will help you to feel happy and more confident in your own skin.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Millie Mackintosh first appeared on our screens in the BAFTA award-winning *Made in Chelsea*. Since leaving the show, Millie has fast established herself as a fashion, fitness and beauty icon. A trained make-up artist, she has curated her own Millie Mackintosh clothing line, a range of eyelashes and regularly models for global campaigns.

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WILD GARLIC PESTO WITH RAW COURGETTI



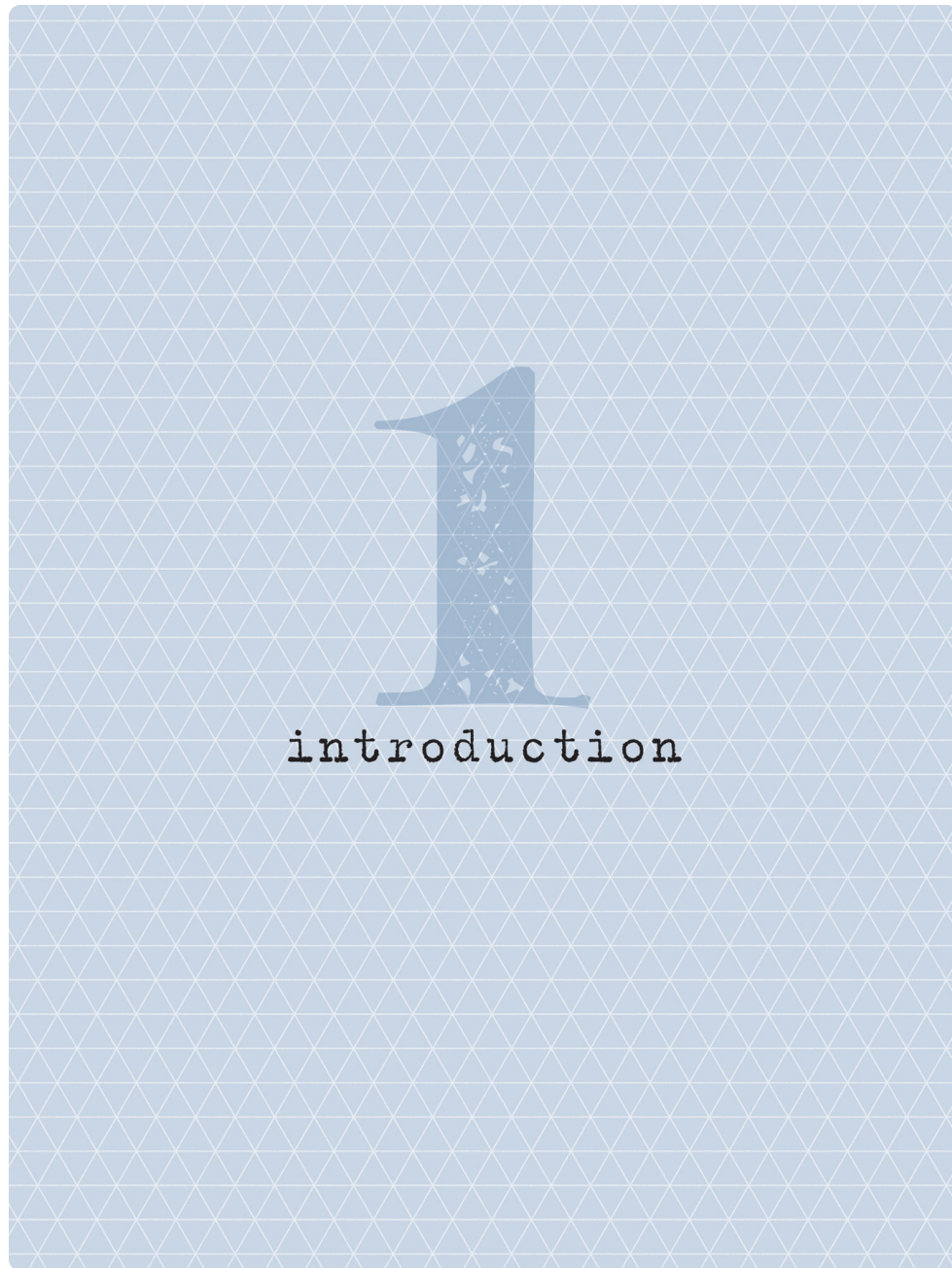
millie mackintosh



**FOR JENNIFER WARD 1937-2002, MY MATERNAL GRANNY, AND FELICITY
MACKINTOSH 1931-, MY PATERNAL GRANNY, FOR ALWAYS SUPPORTING
AND INSPIRING ME X**



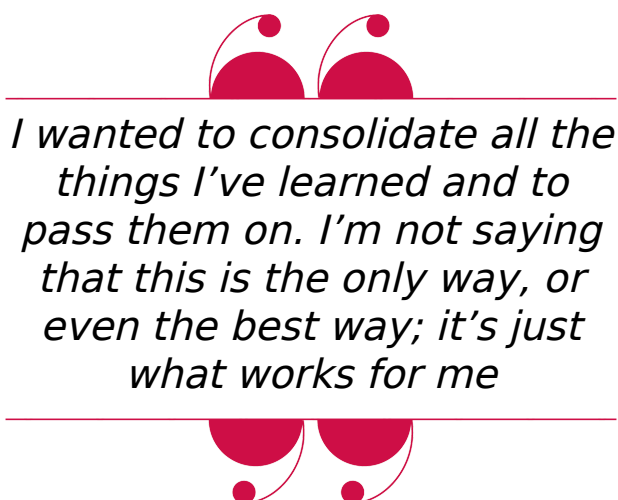




Sunday 27 May 2012 was the moment I realised that my life had changed. I was standing on a Union Jack carpet in a white Lanvin dress at the television BAFTAs with Stephen, the *Made in Chelsea* cast and a whole load of other people I had only ever seen on the TV. As the cameras flashed, I remember thinking how surreal it all was: a year ago, no one had heard of me.

Being famous had never been on my to-do list. As a child, I'd had phases of wanting to be a Disney princess, a ballerina, a vet and a model, but a reality TV star? I didn't even know what that was!

My arrival in the world could hardly be described as glamorous. I was born in Swindon hospital on a Wednesday afternoon in July 1989 – the 26th, to be precise – and my parents named me Camilla Margaret. No one has called me Camilla since; I've always been Milla to my family and I reinvented myself as Millie when I arrived at secondary school at the age of 12. I thought it sounded more sophisticated. Mum remembers a teacher talking to her about a girl called Millie and not realising she was talking about me!



I wanted to consolidate all the things I've learned and to pass them on. I'm not saying that this is the only way, or even the best way; it's just what works for me

Home was an old vicarage in a tiny Wiltshire village called Milton Lilbourne and our garden had a meadow and lots of trees to climb. It was idyllic – all tree houses and paddling pools – and I spent lots of time playing outside. Most weekends were spent going on long country walks and there were always picnics in the summer.

Following fashion wasn't my thing as a child – it wasn't even on my radar – but I did love fancy dress. My sister Alice was crazy about the rocking horse we had, but for me the best thing in the house was the dressing-up box. There was a tutu that I'd wear underneath another skirt to make it puff out, a Princess Jasmine

costume from *Aladdin* and a 1980s Versace chain-print dress of my mum's which I adored.

I was mad about make-up too. I loved watching my mum and my two very glamorous grannies getting ready to go out. Fascinated by the transformative power of all the products on their dressing tables, I soon had a stash of my own; I remember being particularly proud of a trio of eye shadows and some telephone-box red Chanel nail varnish.

At eight, I was sent to an all-girls boarding school in Dorset. It was a bit like *St Trinian's*; we weren't quite as badly behaved as that, though there were booby traps in the dormitories and midnight feasts. And we spent a lot of time riding ponies. Fashion wasn't even on our radar. However, I had no idea quite how uncool I was until I started secondary school. It was another boarding school for girls, but of a rather more worldly kind: the first person I saw when I arrived was a pupil in skin-tight Miss Sixty hipster jeans, a belly-button piercing and a boob tube cropped short enough to show it off. My mum was horrified, but I thought she looked fantastic. Standing there in my baggy Gap fleece, I decided that I wanted to be just like her.

It wasn't easy for me. I was lanky, awkward and flat-chested, with a brace, bad skin, glasses and frizzy hair. I remember one of the older girls giving me a makeover before the year nine school social. (These were a big deal because they involved boys from a nearby school.) She lent me her mini kilt, a pair of heels (my first) and did my hair with straighteners she'd borrowed from one of the other girls. (Hair straighteners were new then and only a few kids had them; they rented them out at £5 a go.) For the first few hours, the girls stayed on one side of the hall and the boys on the other, but when the last, slow, song came on, everyone immediately found someone to dance with. Including me. I had my first kiss to Robbie Williams's 'Angels'. I remember it tasted of Sprite!

My school days weren't a very happy time for me. I'm dyspraxic, which means I have spatial-awareness problems, so I was never picked for any of the sports teams. I was quite badly bullied too; people teased me because I was skinny with big feet. (I'm a size six, but my feet are flat and long and sensible school shoes just looked like boats on me; my parents wouldn't let me have the cool ones with a heel. These days I hardly ever wear flats.) But eventually I found a bunch of friends I could be myself around and life at school got much better. I remember one of my friends telling me that the reason a particular group of girls always picked on me was because they were really insecure themselves and teasing me made them feel powerful. That totally changed the way I thought about them and helped me to see that it was the bullies who had the problems, not me. Knowing that helped me to ignore them.



By the age of 16, my social life was in London. I was doing a BTEC diploma in Art and Design at a mixed boarding school in Somerset, but lots of my friends from my previous schools had homes in London and I would go up at any opportunity, escaping at the weekend as often as I could. My girlfriends and I would hang out in Chelsea and go off clubbing dressed in the most indecent clothes ever – tiny mini dresses and heels we couldn't walk in. I remember various parents suggesting that we wore coats, but we

thought we were far too cool for that. It makes my face burn now to think about some of those outfits!

I've always really loved the buzz and excitement of London – you can feel it as soon as you get off the train – so when I left school, that was where I headed. I had this idea that I wanted to be a make-up artist – I'd had a temp job with MAC one Christmas, which I really enjoyed – so when I got back from my post-sixth form travels, I did an eight-week course and, after lots of rejections, finally got a job at Space NK. It was great experience; I had to do make-up on all sorts of different faces every day and I learned a lot about skin care in the process. I wasn't that bothered about making sales, but what I did enjoy was helping people solve their skin-care or make-up problems. I remember one girl came in with very troublesome skin and I recommended a few products and a cleansing routine and two weeks later she came back to show me how much better she looked. I was so pleased. It was fun doing makeovers too, but some of the customers were incredibly rude. I got foundation on this woman's white coat by accident once; she went crazy.



The job was fine but as I didn't like working on the shop floor, I knew retail wasn't for me and I wasn't absolutely sure that I wanted to be a make-up artist either. I was quite interested in modelling

and I'd auditioned for the television show *Britain's Next Top Model* (I failed the 'best catwalk walk' test in front of Elle 'The Body' Macpherson and Julien MacDonald, so didn't make it to the live rounds), but like many 20-year-olds, I didn't have a very clear sense of where I was heading career-wise. And then along came *Made in Chelsea*.

It happened by chance really. I was living with one of my best friends near the New King's Road and one evening I was at home getting ready for a date. I yelled across the corridor to ask whether my flatmate thought thigh-high boots were a bit much for a first date, and when she didn't answer, I hurtled into the sitting room with a long boot on one leg and an ankle boot on the other (not a great look), only to be greeted by two strange women who turned out to be the producers of the TV series, come to see my flatmate. I stayed long enough to get my answer (thigh-high boots) and left. For some reason, that rather embarrassing meeting appealed to the producers and a few days later they called to ask me if I was interested in appearing on the show.

At that stage, I wasn't at all sure that I wanted to take part. The idea definitely appealed to my exhibitionist side, but I was also anxious about getting roped into something that I would later regret. And what if everyone hated me? Then my flatmate decided she didn't want to be involved after all and the programme makers asked me if I had any other friends who they could meet. I immediately thought of Caggie Dunlop. Best friends since we were 16, we went travelling across Australia, Bali and Thailand after we left school and got into all kinds of scrapes. There was the time when Caggie got bitten by a rabid dog while she was jogging along the beach in Thailand. Rushing her to this pretty basic hospital facility was pretty scary. And then there was the skinny-dipping episode on Fraser Island, off the coast of Queensland, Australia. We were camping there and had been told not to swim but we decided to go anyway. A man appeared and started shouting at us but we ignored him, thinking he was just some creep who'd seen our

discarded bikinis. However, when we got out we soon discovered our mistake – he'd been trying to tell us that it was the sharks' mating season! Back home we made a pact that we should always have our adventures together, so since neither of us really had a career at the time, we decided that we'd give *Made in Chelsea* a go. After all, what did we have to lose?

The first few programmes, which aired during the summer of 2011, were like a dream. We'd been filming for ages, but I still couldn't imagine it being on the television until it actually was. The whole cast gathered at the Soho Hotel to see the first episode. Watching myself on screen was horrendous (it still is), but by the time the third one aired, the show was getting lots of press, people were stopping me in the street and I was being asked to do interviews and shoots.







Looking back, I am grateful that I did it. Being on the show boosted my confidence and that enabled me to have a go at so many of the things I'd always wanted to do, like launching a range of false eyelashes, modelling and setting up my own clothing line. And I did have lots of fun times. I had a reputation for being quite feisty (if you watched the show, you'll know what I mean!), but one of the worst moments was when they filmed Caggie coming into *Glamour*

magazine with a bottle of champagne. I was interning there and had no idea that the whole thing was a set-up for the show, so when the editor shouted at me for inviting my friends to the office, I thought I was going to be fired. That was a hairy moment, I can tell you, but then everyone started laughing and I realised I'd been set up.

But there were stressful times too – breaking up with someone on camera was particularly horrible – and I started to suffer from disabling anxiety attacks. I'd get palpitations, waves of nausea and this all-consuming sense of fear. I remember having one while we were filming at Nikki Beach in Marrakesh and then one of the producers told me to look at my feet and tell her where they were. I said they were standing in the sand and she replied, 'Well, if they're both on the ground then you're fine, aren't you?' I found that really helpful. I still get anxiety attacks from time to time and asking myself that question is a strategy that I continue to use to calm myself down.

I'd always promised myself that I would leave *Made in Chelsea* when I stopped enjoying it, or when it stopped being a success (it's always better to leave on a high). It wasn't such fun once Caggie left, and then I met Stephen. I knew I didn't want to have another relationship on screen, so I'd been planning to tell the producers I was leaving, but Stephen got there first. He announced it during an interview on Radio 1!

Life has been a whirlwind since then. I had already launched my false-eyelash range with Nouveau Lashes, but afterwards I got to do lots of modelling, appeared on *Celebrity MasterChef* (I love cooking but doing it under those conditions was terrifying) and then, in 2014, I set up a fashion line under my own name.

I had been asked to collaborate with a few fashion brands before, but I really wanted to do my own thing and create a clothing collection that reflected my trademark style. I have been completely hands-on at every stage because this isn't just something I'm putting my face to; it's my own brand. I began by creating lots of mood

boards, bringing in some favourite pieces from my own wardrobe as inspiration, and then, because I've never been to fashion school, I worked with a team of experts to collate the designs, choose fabrics and come up with first samples. It's been quite tough – I've had to learn everything from how fabric falls to how to run a business – but I've enjoyed it and I am proud of the collections. I set out to create some must-have pieces and I think that's what I've achieved.

Meeting Stephen has made a big difference to my life, of course. It doesn't sound very romantic – and it absolutely wasn't set up or planned – but he got my phone number from his publicist. I'd done a cover photo for *FHM* and a copy of the magazine was lying around at a shoot he was on. He joked that he'd like to meet me, and his publicist she said that she could get my number from a mutual acquaintance. When *FHM's* editor emailed me to say that Professor Green wanted my number, I thought he was kidding, but Stephen called a few hours later. That was in November 2011 and by January we were a couple.



I moved in with him a year later and he proposed shortly after. It was a total surprise. Stephen said that he had to go Paris for a meeting with a designer and suggested that I go along too. I didn't suspect anything, even when I discovered that the 'cheap' hotel he'd said we were staying in turned out to be my favourite place, Hôtel

Costes, because he was on the phone all the time to his agent discussing his meeting – which turned out to be just part of this elaborate plot to surprise me. He asked me to marry him over dinner that evening. The first thing I said was, ‘Have you asked my dad?’ (He had, two weeks earlier.) Looking back, I feel a bit sorry for Stephen because I spent the rest of the evening calling my family and friends. I don’t think I ate anything!

I loved planning the wedding. We chose Babington House in Somerset because it’s near to where I grew up and I wanted a proper, romantic country wedding. My dad and I had made a pact that we’d be strong for each other but, on the day, we totally failed; we were both crying as we walked down the aisle. Stephen says that the first thing he noticed when he saw me was that I had snot on my face!

It was getting engaged to Stephen that actually got me into fitness. I hated sport at school but I’ve always been slim, so I didn’t think I really needed to work out. However, a combination of nights out drinking, sugar-laden food and takeaways was beginning to give me a muffin top and a double chin, which is not a good look for your wedding day! I started seeing Stephen’s trainer. He did this test to check my body-fat percentage (basically, he pinched the skin on my cheek, back, stomach, bum, hip and thigh) and it came out at 27 per cent; 18–25 per cent is considered healthy and 32 per cent is obese, so I was definitely ‘skinny fat’. In other words, although I was slim, I was metabolically fat and therefore at risk of developing exactly the same medical problems – high blood pressure, diabetes, etc. – as a visibly fat person. That was certainly a surprise! I began a fitness routine designed to burn fat and, because there’s not much point in working out hard if you’re eating the wrong things, I changed my diet too.

It’s tempting to think that you can eat whatever you like when you’re burning off lots of calories in the gym, but if you eat a chocolate bar before you train, all you do in the session is burn off the chocolate bar; you won’t make any difference to your body fat

or muscle tone. Eating well, i.e. making sure that you get the right balance of protein, fat and carbohydrate, gives you the energy you need to train and helps to convert fat into lean muscle. I'd be lying if I said I found it easy – I didn't – but I did start seeing results quite quickly and that spurred me on. By the time the wedding came round four months later, I had lost 10 per cent body fat; 17 per cent body fat is good if you're physically fit and work out often.

Exercise is quite addictive – the fitter you get, the better you feel – but a big reason why I keep at it is because it means that I don't have to diet. My metabolism isn't as fast as it was in my teens and eating has always been a major part of my life, so I need to keep active. I have quite extreme tastes in food. I generally prefer rich, savoury flavours but when I do eat sweet things, I really go for it and I find it hard to resist a slice of cake. I guess a fondness for sweet things is hardly surprising given that it was the Mackintoshes who invented Quality Street.

My great-great grandpa, John Mackintosh, was known as the 'toffee king' because he revolutionised the way we think about toffee. He was born in Lancashire in 1868 and got married in 1890. He and his wife Violet then opened a small shop in Halifax and my great-great granny worked on a recipe combining hard, brittle toffee with soft, American-style caramel. No one had ever done that before and people loved it. By 1895 they had set up a factory, and Mackintosh Ltd was formed four years later. Quality Street was created in 1936.

My dad remembers being taken on tours of the factory that sound just like the 'Toot Sweet' scene from *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. By the time I was born, the company had been sold, so I'm not an heiress, despite what the papers say. However, I am very proud that Quality Street is part of my heritage. My parents have a huge collection of vintage Quality Street tins and we named each table at my wedding after a different sweet from the range. Ours was Toffee Penny.

A love of food and cooking seems to be a family trait. My parents owned and ran a delicatessen, Mackintosh of Marlborough, and Mum used to let me help out in the kitchen buttering bread for the sandwiches and making Parmesan biscuits. Everyone was always amazed by my appetite – I'd ask for a cooked breakfast and then have a massive bowl of pasta for lunch – but although I ate a lot (and I still do), I've never been a great one for junk food. But of course my diet took a nosedive when I first left home to move to London. Too much partying leads to bad food choices and unhealthy habits (pizza in bed!), so when I started exercising, I made a decision to look at what I was putting into my body too.



And now here I am in my mid-twenties. Like so many people, I don't know exactly what I'll be doing work-wise ten years from now, but I'm enjoying my life and I'm finally at ease with myself. It's not always great being recognised (I don't look my best when I'm popping out for a carton of almond milk at 7 a.m. on a rainy morning!), but one of the things I do love about being in the public eye is having people stop me to say how they've been inspired by something I've said or done. That's so flattering and I know just what they mean because I find other people's diet, fitness and beauty regimes great sources of inspiration too. I've met and worked with some fantastic personal trainers, nutritionists, fashion

designers and make-up artists over the last few years and they've taught me so much and helped me to get in shape, inside and out. Stephen's trainer, Richard Marsh, and Russell Bateman of the Skinny Bitch Collective, for example, have shown me what my body is capable of and has helped me turn that excess body fat into muscle, while my friend and nutritionist Madeleine Shaw has helped me totally rethink my approach to eating. The things I have learned from them all has given me a sense of control, because now I know what to do if I start to feel that my jeans are becoming too tight, or if my skin has a freak-out. And that's why I wanted to write this book. I wanted to consolidate all the things I've learned and to pass them on. I'm not saying that this is the only way, or even the best way, to look after yourself; it's just what works for me.

I've called the book *Made* because I wanted to dispel the myth that getting to this point has been easy. It's true that I haven't ever been fat, but I have been uneasy in my body. (I used to dream of having a boob job – one of the most embarrassing moments of my adolescence was when the cotton wool I'd stuffed my bra with fell out in front of everyone at summer camp.) I have been lucky, but making a body I am happy with has taken hard work. And maintaining it is hard work too. I do it partly because keeping in shape is important for my job, of course, but I would stick to this regime anyway because it's a way of living that makes me feel good.

The book is divided into four sections – 'Style', 'Beauty', 'Food' and 'Fitness'. Each one contains lots of simple tips and ideas based on my own experience. 'Food' is filled with delicious, fuss-free, healthy recipes, as well as some handy hints on beating a hangover. 'Fitness' covers my go-to classes, home workouts and nutrition. 'Style' is full of suggestions on how to look great everywhere, from a tropical beach to a muddy festival field, and 'Beauty' is crammed with tips to help you make the most of what you've got. Not everything here will work for you, but I hope you'll give some of the ideas a try, and if something in these pages helps you find the best way of looking and feeling good, *Made* will have done its job. And if

it tells you a few things you didn't know and makes you laugh too,
then I'll be happy.

Love,

Millie

