

SUPPLEMENT OF THE YEAR
In The Sun every Saturday August 27, 2011



**FREE
POSTER
Scream!**

**FROM
NYC TO
KABUL**
MEET THE
TEENAGERS
OF 2011
★★★★★
**DEAR
TEEN SELF**
WHAT WE
WISH WE'D
KNOWN
AT 16

Harry Styles

OMIG!
It's
Harry

*Sex, girls and boob-flashing
fans. Brace yourselves ladies,
ONE DIRECTION
have arrived*

THE TEEN ISSUE: COLLECTOR'S EDITION #3



During the Malibu and Vimto years, aged 16

JEFF MAYSH, 29, lives in LA with his girlfriend, Claire, 25.

Dear Teen Jeff,

There's something you should know about your first girlfriend. She already suspects that she is a lesbian, and will later marry a lovely woman called Caroline. Oh, and your next girlfriend will also become a lesbian, but none of this will be your fault – I don't think. What I'm saying is, you're about to embark on nearly a decade of terrible luck with women, and I'm not sure even this letter can help.

You'll keep jamming your knife into the plug socket of bad relationships over and over again. Your mum is right, you never bloody listen, so I won't waste any time telling you to cut that ridiculous hair, or to stop buying aftershave from car boot sales.

“THREE glasses of wine will be thrown in your FACE

Some women, you will learn, are drains who will separate you from your friends, your cash, your sleep and your tears. And you will develop an uncanny ability to attract them. Save your pocket money and stick it all on long shot Red Marauder in the 2001 Grand National. Because you will spend much of your 20s buying dinners for disinterested girls, or sending flowers to wounded women.

You will receive three full glasses of wine to the face over the years; two white and one red. You will deserve two of those. But please make all these mistakes now, because in 2007 you will attend a music festival in a field in Essex. There, a girl so spectacularly out of your league I still can't quite believe it, will hand you a beer – with a wasp in it – and bring to an end this terrible streak of

misfortune. Drink the beer, Jeff. (Don't drink the wasp.) And then talk to the girl. This is important – even more important than the Red Marauder thing.

Oh, and your dream of escaping the tedium of Bromley for exciting London may seem pretty far-fetched right now. From your bedroom window on a clear night, the winking lights of the City still seem like a universe away, but it's really just seven miles.

Let me tell you that before you're even 30, you'll be writing a letter to yourself from your home in Hollywood. Yes, really. The girl from Essex will be there too, only tanned now, and she's told me to promise you she's "probably" not a lesbian. And you'll realise that in the end, you're the luckiest man alive.

Your hair, sadly, will not improve dramatically. Nor will your aftershave. Love,

Jeff

PS. Still no sign of those sideburns you were waiting for. →



Jeff and his girlfriend Claire

someone much more suitable. (And your son is now 18, and way cooler than you ever were.)

But for now, you're in the pub, aged 16, thinking your fabulous life is ahead of you and you're in control of it. You're not. But you're a tough cookie, you'll survive. Love,

Future Flic x

PS. Just one tip to see you on your way: when you order Malibu and Vimto cocktails, it means the night's definitely gone on too long already.



An older and wiser Flic

Curtains: the scourge of '90s hair



OMG! IT'S THE TEEN ISSUE

CLAUDIA CONNELL, 44,
is single and lives in Balham, south London.

Dear Teen Claudia,

First, some good news. In seven years' time someone will invent a magic serum called Frizz-Ease. It will change your life and all those times you got up at 6am to flatten your curls before school will become a dim and distant memory.

Please don't lie awake at night stressed about how hopeless you are at maths – you never will crack fractions or work out what the hell binary codes are all about. But you know what? Not once in your adult life will they ever be of any use to you. Stop trying to look older by slapping on that make-up. You are never going to get into 18 certificate films and you'll be asked for ID in bars until you're 30. You've got a baby face and later you'll be grateful for it.

Oh, and in the future you are going to be complimented on your perfectly straight teeth almost every day – so, those braces that meant you didn't smile in any photos between the ages of 14 and 17 will have been worth it. Honestly.

You know that girl in your class (she will remain nameless) who you envy more than anyone in the world, who makes fun of your buck teeth? The one that every boy in town fancies? Well, by the time she's 35 she's going to have three failed marriages behind her and five children she can't control. You'll be interviewing celebrities, and she'll be ploughing through laundry. Wonder who envies who now?

But the most important thing is that the mother you can barely say a civil word to, who you think wants to ruin your life – is actually alright. You won't believe me, but in 29 years you are going to go on holiday – just the two of you. You won't sulk. You're going to enjoy bottles of wine and lots of laughs. Claudia, you're going to realise that far from being a miserable old bag ("MOB"), your mum is clever, interesting and pretty cool. Love,

Claudia x

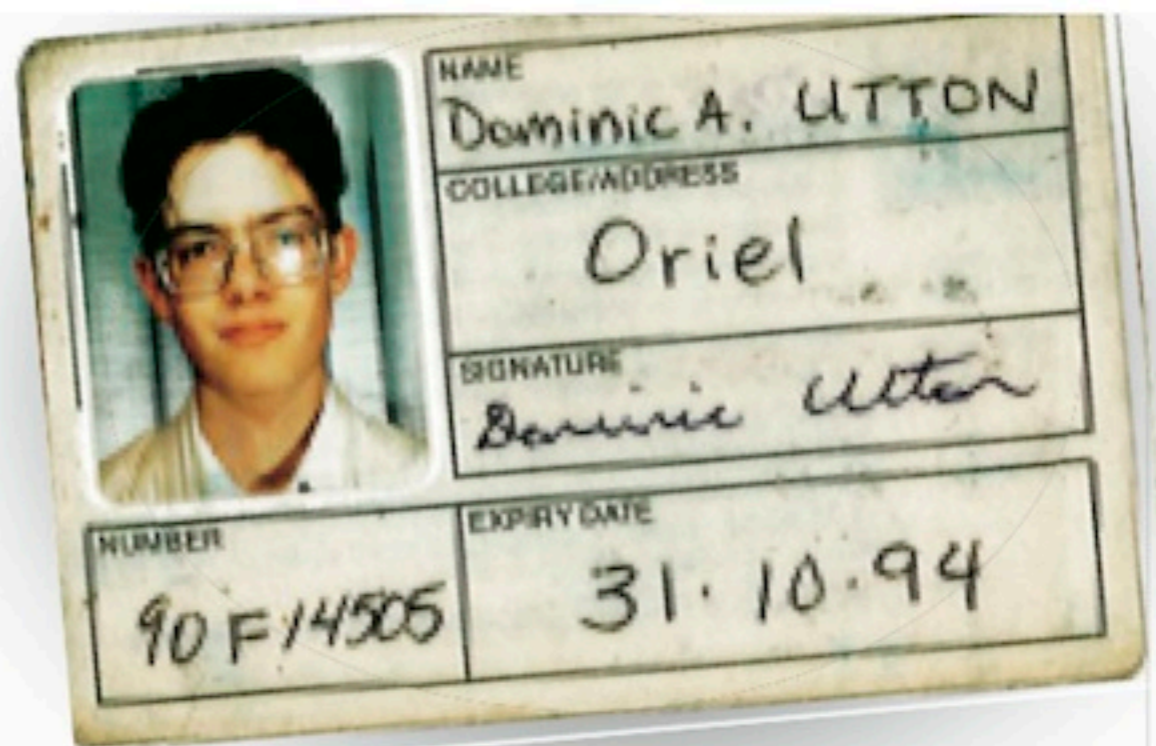
PS. You may stuff your A-cup bra with socks, but when you're 44 you will wear a DD cup and long for smaller boobs. Seriously.



Out of the wilderness years



Aged 15, pre-Frizz-Ease



DOMINIC UTTON, 39,
lives in Oxford with his wife Heidi, 40, and their children, Eithne, four and Albert, two.

Dear Teen Dom,

First things first; you're looking good. Seriously, boy! You may not think so now... but trust me: these are your glory days. You're not always going to be so hot.

Which brings me to the point of this letter. Writing now, with all the knowledge and experience that the next 20 or so years will bring, I should be telling you to calm down; stop drinking so much, stop partying so hard, stop trying to get off with any girl who looks twice at you in the sixth form common room. Do some work.

Because the thing is, Dom, you may feel like you're indestructible now, like you can charm and blag your way through the rest of your life with no comebacks – but the next few years are going to be something of a wake-up call for you.

Sure, you're going to somehow wing your way into Oxford University (hey, well done dude!), but once you're there, you're going to get found out. Those fusty old profs are not going to fall for it. Sorry to break this to you, son, but they're going to kick you out. And then you'll spend five years on the dole.

However, the good news is you'll be alright in the end. You'll end up doing the job you love most in the world (you're going to write for a living – people will pay for your opinions!). You'll meet an amazing woman and fall in love, get married and have two incredible, beautiful children. So, it's all going to be fine.

Which is why my advice to you is don't calm down. In fact, given that it's all basically going to work out OK, I want you to do the very opposite. Drink more, party more! You're in your prime, so make the most of it now, because believe me, 18-year-old girls will not always think you're so cool. Yep, you're blissfully unaware now but loads of really hot girls fancy you right now – even Emma, the impossibly beautiful girl from the Bleeding Wolf pub. She fancies you too, Dom. You're going to find this out in about 10 years time and it's going to kill you because you never realised – you fool!

You're young. Make the most of it. Forget about the future. Ignore your teachers, parents, girlfriends: go and have even more fun. Love,

DOM

PS. You're right about the Happy Mondays too. Shaun Ryder is a genius.



Dom's glad he had fun in his teens