

# Vanity Fair

Got flaky freckled skin? Looks like you've got a case of summer time complexion blues. *Faye Marchant* goes in search for a cure

The trouble with living in Dubai is that we're forever hiding from the sun and given that there's nearly 365 days of sunshine, that's a pretty hard job. No matter how much sunblock you slather on or hide under a sun hat big enough to rival any Mexican sombrero, a freckle or two is bound to find its sneaky way to your face.

In my case, it wasn't just a freckle or two. A whole army and its extended family had marched its nasty brown presence to my previously porcelain cheeks. Suffice to say, I was suffering from severe skin-pigmentation – a common, yet salvable condition in hot climes such as the Middle East.

Quite a few women don't really mind the condition – a freckled complexion is often considered a sign of natural beauty. But the problem resides when the freckles begin to merge and you actually end up with brown unsightly blotches, which ruin an otherwise fair and even complexion.

Some mild pigmentation can be easily cured with regular use of a good quality whitening cream, but the stage that mine had got to required an urgent visit to my dermatologist. "Help," I blubbed pathetically, while hoping for a cure in one session.

Having spent the summer zapping back and forth round various beaches, I had barely found the time to give my skin that much needed TLC it craved. Now the autumn event season was up-and-coming, I barely had the time to do anything about it.



Not to worry. My dermatologist, Mona, happens to be a real smarty-pants when it comes to pigmentation. Never mind the fact that she has the most lucid complexion ever known to womankind, she also deals with problems like this on a daily basis.

First up was an application of some light and unoffensive peels. Some chemical peels can be quite abrasive, but Mona has a plentiful supply of concoctions under her belt which lightly whiten and even the complexion effectively, without

pain or discomfort. She then slathered on a mask and hey, presto, an hour later my skin emerged, glowing, whiter and definitely more even. "Thank you!" I cried thinking I could go along my merry way. But no she hadn't finished. Out came a tiny pot of cream and a rigid instruction.

"You must apply this to your freckles twice a week and come see me in 14 days," Mona whispered like she was relaying espionage.

I popped the cream in my pocket and wondered what delights would follow me next. Fourteen days later my freckles had disappeared in their entirety. Whatever was in that cream had sent the army, their family and any hopeful refugees packing for good. Now I just have to keep out of the sun and keep up the good work. Ah Mona. You are a genius. ●

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