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# Mongast Calif

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THE OTHER ENERGY CRISIS

ways to be fired up from the inside

Hayden Panettiere

> on rock bottom, recovery and her route forwards



'Why being too nice is making me ill'

One people-pleasing writer investigates

### 02

## Morocco

What: A surf, spa and city break
Where: Jardin des Douars
hotel, Essaouira;
jardindesdouars.com
How much: Rooms from
£140pn, including breakfast.
Ryanair (ryanair.com) flies to
Essaouira twice a week from
£14.99 one-way
Who: Amanda Statham,
contributing travel editor

# Sounds like Essaouira has it all. What's the catch?

Ancient Essaouira on Morocco's west coast is known as the windy city and it is quite breezy. But honestly? When temperatures hover around 22°C with blue sky and sunshine, who cares? Plus, it's the wind that whips up the perfect surf-school waves off the city's 2km beach. It's like Morocco's answer to Santa Cruz, with plenty of wetsuit-clad hotties hanging around the surf, paddleboarding and kitesurf schools (if that's your

vibe), including Ion Club, a 15minute stroll from the blue and white car-free medina. Reliable waves and dune views make Essaouira's surf the stuff of legend and the natural high I got when I stood on my board and rode a wave was truly dope (amine). Recovery took place next door at Ocean Vagabond cafe, a laid-back beach bar, where I sat post-lesson (from £17, including board and wetsuit hire), chatting to locals and making a sugar-laden mint tea last until sunset, which matched the colour of my Monzo card.

### When I'm not riding waves?

You'll be doing plenty of shopping. In fact, if you don't finish your trip trying to convince Ryanair staff that your rugs, bags and ceramics will fit into your carry-on, then you've really not got the measure of the place. Bargains can be found in the alleys off the main shopping streets such as Avenue Sidi Mohamed Ben Abdellah – don't forget to haggle and carry cash (many stalls don't accept cards no matter how much they look like the setting sun).



# And once I've shopped till I've dropped?

Catch a 15-minute shuttle bus to hotel Jardin des Douars, an oasis framed by palms and bougainvillea.

From rattan chairs to can-I-take-them-home-with-me rugs, the interiors make it hard not to snap every inch for Instagram. If you can tear yourself away, head to the spa. A hammam treatment with black soap and eucalyptus was abrasive enough to be character-building but left my skin baby's-bottom smooth, while the Relaxing Massage was just that. I even bought some vitamin E oil from the spa's gift shop. As if I didn't have enough baggage already.

