I lost 12st

As Tamara Ecclestone drops three dress sizes to match size 8 sister Petra, Sarah Hart, 30, reveals her own diet rivalry



'll never forget the jealousy I felt flicking through my wedding album in December 2009. It'd been nine years since my joint wedding with $my\,elder\,sister\,Amanda-but$ instead of reliving the happiness I'd felt on the day, all I could focus on was my 19st body in the size 24 gown I'd had made. Worse still, Amanda - who was a tiny size 8 looked the picture of perfection.

Growing up with Amanda had always been tough. Five years older than me, she was the pretty, slim and popular sister, whereas I weighed 14st by the time I was 14. I spent my teenage years envying her. I wanted her hair, her style and, most of all, her figure, but we looked so different that when I first

met her friends they'd struggle to believe we were related.

There was always tension between us growing up, although I don't think Amanda realised how much I envied her - and there were times when I hated her, too Sometimes I'd steal her clothes, but because I was bigger I'd stretch them so much that she wouldn't be able to wear them again and that would cause rows.

I knew that if I lost weight I

could look like her, but I was in denial. I blamed my weight gain on my asthma and the 'BY THE fact that I needed to TIME take steroids for it and continued comfort-**WAS 18** eating pies, pasta, **IWAS** lasagne and curry. My 19ST biggest weakness was

SECOND BEST

bread and butter. By my

18th birthday, I weighed 19st.

Some of my nights out clubbing with Amanda and her friends were the worst. I was always the one in the corner, looking after the handbags. I'll never forget the time a guy asked if Amanda only went out with me to make herself feel good in comparison. He was drunk, but that comment staved with me and I grew up feeling resentful of her.

Despite living in her shadow, I hadn't done anything about it. I'd tried a few diets but had no success and, after I gave birth to my sons Harrison, now five, and

Marshall, three, I gave up altogether. I accepted I was second best - Amanda's 'not so little' sister - and survived on Mars bars and pastas and curries until I reached my heaviest - 21st in 2008. I convinced myself that as long as my husband Lee, whom I'd met at school, still loved me that was all that mattered. But I couldn't even look at my reflection in the mirror without feeling ashamed.

Amanda tried to be supportive, but I pushed her away. If she tried to advise me on what to eat, I'd accuse her of preaching and we'd fall out. Once, in 2008, we didn't speak for three months because in an argument she'd blurted

out I was an embarrassment. I knew she didn't really mean it, but I couldn't help fretting - if Amanda thought that, what was everyone else thinking?

MY 'THINSPIRATION'

That was the final straw - I was tired of being the fat sister. It was the fierce rivalry with Amanda that motivated me into action. My sister became my 'thinspiration'.

I became fixated on losing not just a little weight, but every single pound until I was as slim as her. I even had a £1,200 hypnotherapy treatment that made me believe I had a stomach the size of a golf ball to give my diet a kick-start.

Within a month, I lost a stone

After that it got harder and I had to rely more on willpower. But I kept portion sizes small and pushed myself at the gym five times a week. It was a punishing regime, but I dropped from 21st to 14st within the first year and I started to feel confident. I realised that was how Amanda must've felt every day and that motivated me to shed another 5st, which I achieved by January this year. Now, I weigh 9st 3lb just 9lb more than Amanda - and she's incredibly proud of me.

Now, when I go out with my sister I feel more equal. We even share clothes. The weight loss has given me a new lease of life and I don't think I'd have achieved it without the desire to be like her driving me on. I'm even hoping that now I'm a size 10 I can renew my wedding vows with Lee, who loves my new body. I might even wear Amanda's old wedding dress



Sarah felt Amanda was the 'perfect' one

