Ward Whillas rash guard, \$250; Matteau bikini briefs, \$120.



Equal parts
pleasure and
pain, these
health retreats
boast a serious
cult following
for good reason:
they work

HEALTH

This February sees the release of Gore Verbinski's psychological thriller A Cure for Wellness, a creepy film about a young business exec despatched to a Swiss Alps wellness centre to retrieve his CEO, only to discover their miraculous treatments aren't what they seem. Not long after, he contracts the same weird illness that is keeping his boss there. It will

probably put a few of us off claustrophobic seaweed wraps and leech therapy for life, but it also highlights the almost cultish devotion famous health retreats can invoke in us. You know the ones. Where you're more 'patient' than 'guest'; where everyone's on a repeat visit; where exercise and treatments are dictated (in a nice way, of course); and where you happily pay someone to schedule every nanosecond of your day so you don't have to think.

This year's annual spa special wrap-up celebrates these classics. Lengthy lectures on chewing, 14-kilometre uphill hikes across snow-capped peaks and dandelion tea may not be everyone's cup of, erm, tea, let's face it. But if you're investing your annual leave and a considerable chunk of coin in return for results, you want an army of experts in white coats on standby. Sure, we all like to think we can DIY, and all that's required to shift a couple of excess kilos is a hefty dose of willpower, two weeks of slimming shakes and a meditation app. But that's as deluded as saying you could give Pro Hart a run for his money and produce a multimillion-dollar masterpiece with a few flicks of the wrist. It's not going to happen, is it? - Eugenie Kelly K, the detox doesn't start immediately when you arrive at Bangkok's international airport. When I climb inside my air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz, my lovely driver hands me a Wi-Fi password so I can log on for the 180-kilometre journey south to Chiva-Som, in Hua Hin, on the Gulf of Thailand. I FaceTime my kids and eat the delicious Chiva-Som snacks and also finish off a few work emails, which, no doubt, are received with eye rolls, as all of my messages are instantly responded to with: "Get off the email! You're at a health retreat!"

When I arrive at Chiva-Som, almost three hours after landing, it's dark and I'm escorted straight to one of the newly refurbished Ocean Rooms. (The health retreat celebrated its 21st anniversary last year, so was well and truly due for an update.) The Ed Tuttle-designed room is all contemporary blonde

wood, a stark contrast to the traditional Thai pavilions I passed on my buggy ride down to the renovated area. Tuttle is one of America's best architects and has created spaces for designer Kenzo Takada and painter Brice Marden, as well as the Park Hyatt Paris-Vendôme. But it's the view I wake up to that makes this place truly special. We are talking postcard-perfect: palm trees backlit by a heavenly pink and orange sky. There's not a breath of wind, and for at least an hour I'm the only person out of bed (sans the security guard at the gate to Hua Hin beach), so I sneakily take a few shots of the sunrise on my iPhone. Note: all electronic devices are banned from public areas, so pack a few paperbacks for poolside reading.

Chiva-Som is one of the most decorated health retreats on the planet, consistently taking out awards due to its extensive programs. Be it sleep improvement, weight loss, de-stressing or digital detoxing, there are 13 specialised programs for full-body care and revitalisation, as well as a menu of 200 fitness, physiotherapy, holistic and spa therapies. Also on site is Niranlada, a medi-spa, or 'aesthetic beauty centre', offering everything from laser resurfacing to a mini facelift. Me, I'm here to rest — and, apparently, eat. The organic menu is incredible, and at every meal I'm the first one seated for my allotted 1200 calories per day. I feel sorry for the guests on the juice fast, as the Thai menu at the oceanside Taste of Siam restaurant is exceptional. The resort also offers a Western-inspired menu at the Emerald Room. You can opt to have wine with dinner, which I don't indulge in, and coffee, too, which I also skip. I don't skip much else.

My one-on-one consultation creates a timetable for the week to optimise my stay. I'm weighed, have my blood pressure taken and am interviewed about what I need. "Sleep!" I think I yell. We put a tick by therapies I love, such as remedial massage, and I book a few things that are out of my comfort zone, including Chi Nei Tsang, a Chiva-Som speciality in which the therapist massages the internal organs to "quickly release negative emotions, tension and illness". I'm told not to eat or drink for an hour beforehand, which is going to be hard as I'm becoming addicted to Taste of Siam (alert: when I meet for my exit consultation at the end of my stay, I have put on weight). Apart from the food, I also indulge in the scheduled activities available to all guests — ashtanga yoga, Pilates, Ballast Ball, stretch class, TRX circuit and an Abs, Butt & Thighs class. My personalised schedule also includes two private yoga lessons, which turn out to be incredible. Chiva-Som truly is heaven or, as Elle Macpherson once described it, "Club Med for holistic junkies." – Kellie Hush

Chiva-Som, Hua Hin, Thailand, chivasom.com.





"It's the most at peace I've been since leaving my mother's womb."

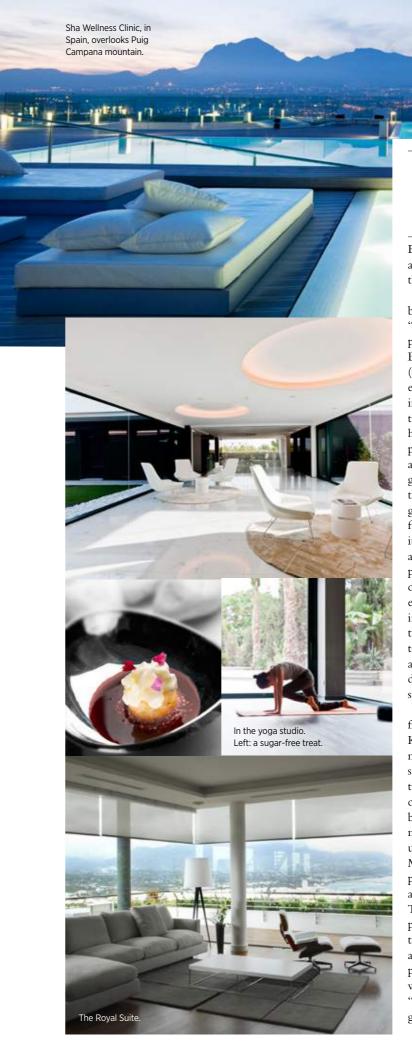
low-dry-murdering humidity, insects straight out of the Permian period and 24-hour sweat-inducing heat ... Annoying, yes. But they didn't even register on my relaxation radar at Kamalaya Koh Samui in Thailand, a 40-minute chauffeured drive from Samui airport. It's the most at peace I've been since leaving my mother's womb. No wonder 70 per cent of guests (Annie Lennox, Oliver Stone, to name a famous two) are return bookings. I can't quite grasp the concept of using precious annual leave to revisit a place I've already seen and experienced, but then again, I've just arrived ...

My Introduction to Detox & Cleanse program kicks off with a 'Body Bio-Impedance Analysis' (spa talk for weigh-in) on day one. Sadly, it's scheduled first thing, so there's no time to sneak in a pre-tox buffet binge. Based on my newly discovered BMI, my main concern is to increase muscle mass, hydrate and eat more protein, with daily infrared sauna sessions, massages and Chi Nei Tsang abdominal massage — among other treatments. Packages such as Yoga, Emotional Balance, and Stress & Burnout are offered, with the option of customisation; each guest is given a personalised schedule."Even without partaking in any of the programs, just being in this place will calm you," founder John Stewart, who once spent a year living in a cave beside a Himalayan river, tells me over a lunch of banana flower salad. He goes on to explain the significance of the caves situated just below the entrance to the spa,

where Buddhist monks used to visit and meditate. The resort was carved into the hill-side and built around the caves out of respect for their heritage. He and his wife, Karina, have done a seamless job of integrating the property with the surrounding lush jungle, with ancient trees, rocks and natural ponds all preserved. Maybe I've drunk the Kamalaya Kool-Aid, but there's something about this backstory that seduces you.

I am prepared to starve and suffer for the cause (although, confession: I may have smuggled instant coffee in my bag in a depraved act of desperation), but I'm totally overwhelmed by the food options. The naturopath who conducts my wellness consultation on day one details the Kamalayan diet philosophy: increase nutrients, minimise toxicity and reduce inflammation by nourishing the body. As part of the detox program, you can order either two starters or a main meal (which also come as half servings if you want to try two at a time, which you'll want to do). Think Thai vegetable curry, pumpkin soup topped with sautéed shiitake, and mung bean risotto, as well as more than 40 juice and smoothie varieties. I'm completely satisfied, despite the lack of dairy, sugar, nuts, nightshades, wheat and meat, but I can see from my table that other guests (ahem, Americans) aren't faring as well. Breakfast is a buffet bar of vegies at Soma restaurant, lunch is hosted by Amrita Café, overlooking the lotus ponds and swimming pools, and dinner is held back at Soma, with its own long community table, where you can mingle if you feel like talking. The best part for me is the flexibility. Spa staff go out of their way to move all of my appointments around so I get a solid couple of hours reclined on a deck chair. And I even manage to negotiate a cup of black coffee with my breakfast. By day five, I'm rebooted. My skin is glowing, the whites of my eyes seem whiter, and that little pocket of abdominal bloat I'd learnt to live with is gone. Now I get the 'return guest' thing. - Anna Lavdaras

Kamalaya Koh Samui, Thailand, kamalaya.com.



n a blindingly white sterile room, a therapist gently slips an intravenous drip into my arm. "There. No pain," she whispers in lullaby tones. "Ahh! I can see it's a little bit too dark."

The therapist points to my blood slowly being collected in a bottle before she mixes it with 'ozone molecules' from a state-of-the-art machine — "the only one of its kind in Europe". After gently shaking the gruesome cocktail until it turns a paler hue, she feeds the liquid back into my bloodstream. "I think the colour could be a sign of too much stress," she reveals.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is not some crackpot doctor's surgery but Sha Wellness Clinic, a world leader when it comes to clinical spas. "Since Sha was founded, eight years ago, we have made remarkable progress in all our clinic and wellness units," vice-president Alejandro Bataller says as he clutches his latest gong: Best Destination Spa 2017 (Condé Nast Johansens). "This award reinforces our commitment to excellence and continuous innovation." That innovation includes my Orana Thomasy session just one of many

includes my Ozone Therapy session, just one of many treatments Sha offers in a bid to get to the root of a health problem, whether it be physical or

psychological, or both, such as chronic sleep and nutrient deprivation. "Our clients can't get enough of Ozone Therapy," says the therapist, who waxes lyrical about its energetic and immune-system-enhancing bene-

fits. "One woman even asked if she could buy the machine and take it home. When I joked that she might have trouble getting through airport security, she said it wasn't a problem: she had arrived on her private jet." And herein lies a clue as to who comes to Sha, a sprawling complex near the town of Albir on Spain's east coast: Middle Eastern entrepreneurs and well-built Russian oligarchs, who shuffle around in their white bathrobes, their gaze fixed on high-maintenance types who diligently masticate their roasted vegetable salad — today's tasty lunch. "John Galliano comes here three or four times a year," says a bubbly American whose gossip proves to be a welcome distraction from the sugar-free dessert. (Desserts are not Sha's strong suit.) "And they say Putin comes here all the time."

Sha was established by Alfredo Bataller Parietti, whose recovery from ill health led him to the Eastern teachings of Mr Michio Kushi, considered the father of the modern macrobiotic food movement. So it comes as no surprise that every journey at Sha starts with nutrition. "I see you have a strong and balanced constitution," says Mario López Pomares, Sha's health and nutrition counsellor. He points to the Chinese face-reading chart on his wall, before appreciating the bushiness of my eyebrows and the plumpness of my earlobes. This fusion of ancient Eastern philosophy and up-to-date Western technology is a Sha signature. Cue a Detox Massage, in which bell-shaped glass cups on the ends of suction pipes gently glide across the energy meridians of my body, presumably sucking out all my crankiness. Fifty minutes later, I'm smiling. Then I'm back in another pair of disposable (and despisable) spa panties, ready for my Indiba session, a "non-invasive radio frequency treatment that rebalances cell interaction" popular with Euro royalty and red-carpet regulars. "Sha is not one of those city spas where the paparazzi are waiting to take your picture," says the Indiba specialist who is trying hard to rid my tired eyes of wrinkles and dark patches. "You can get everything done here in one place, and you're not going to bump into somebody you know." - Jamie Huckbody

Sha Wellness Clinic, Albir, Spain, shawellnessclinic.com



fter my fourth visit to a health retreat, the penny finally drops. When a retreat recommends you give up caffeine and alcohol ideally two weeks before arrival, you should listen. I've lost days to coffee withdrawal, attempting to sleep off that thudding headache and endlessly obsessing over my next latte, while everyone around me seems to be all happy-clappy, bouncing from tai chi to yoga to 10-kilometre walk in their lululemons. So when I book into Aro Ha near Queenstown, New Zealand, I follow the rules. No caffeine and no alcohol from about, um, 10 days out. Those 10 days are a whole heap of fun for the rest of the BAZAAR team, as I moan, groan and curse while pouring my seventh herbal tea of the day, forgoing Moët for sparkling water at fashion events — which, it turns out, is as rare as a flawless diamond.

Aro Ha has been recommended to me by *BAZAAR*'s Eugenie Kelly, who visited the retreat in 2014, just after it had opened, and has been on at me ever since to get myself there. Eugenie loved the hiking, the food, the yoga and the *Lord of the Rings* scenery, and thought I would too. She did, however, try to convince me I needed to smuggle in contraband snacks such as nuts and tea bags, as she was worried I'd starve and need the odd caffeine hit. She also told me if I got up early enough, I could sneak into the greenhouse where Aro Ha grows its organic fruit and vegetables and feast on the strawberries before anyone is the wiser. I ignore her, and land in Queenstown feeling fully prepared for what is ahead over the next seven days: 10–15-kilometre daily walks, morning and afternoon yoga sessions, and a tiny 1400 calories per 24 hours.

Aro Ha is located 50 kilometres outside Queenstown, near the tiny town of Glenorchy, on a hillside under the Richardson Range, with jaw-dropping views over Lake Wakatipu. The contemporary retreat was conceived by co-founders Damian Chaparro and Chris Madison, and is made up of 11 cedar-clad pavilions designed with local architects Tennent Brown. Every room and communal space takes in the amazing scenery. The property grows almost all

of the organic vegan food served, and the retreat itself can operate entirely off the grid. And being off the grid is what I'm here for.

Day one, I'm woken at 6.30am by a gong, and the morning starts with 90 minutes of yoga, then breakfast: a glass filled with fruit compote and chia seeds, topped with coconut yoghurt and pomegranate. Delish. The hike is next: 12 kilometres straight up a mountain covering an elevation of 600 metres. Excellent! About an hour in, a fellow retreater who has been to Aro Ha before tells me the hardest part is over. Is there anything worse than being told the hardest part is over, before turning the corner and finding the track goes vertical? But Aro Ha is like childbirth: once the pain

subsides, those lovely endorphins kick in and you forget how hard climbing (the 1030-metre Mount Judah in this instance) is. 'All is forgiven, MJ,' I think as we reach

PEAK CONDITION

the peak, drink in the incredible views and munch on our morning tea: a pear and some cacao-and-seed crackers.

From the first day, I know Aro Ha is my kind of health retreat, and the rest of the week passes quickly as I slip into the routine of yoga-breakfast-hike-pool-lunch-rest-activity-massage-yoga-dinner-bed. On really cold days (and there are some really, really cold days), the staff light the open fire in the main pavilion, which is a perfect spot for that 100th cup of herbal tea. Eugenie texts me on day four, which also happens to be fasting day, when I'm surviving on juice alone: "Have you raided the strawberry patch yet?" I text back: "Apparently, they count the strawberries now. Maybe because of you?" OK, confession time: I did sample the gooseberries. And maybe the cherry tomatoes. And parsley. And what I'm hoping was nasturtiums. If not, they were very tasty flowers. – KH

Aro Ha, near Queenstown, New Zealand, aro-ha.com.

t's just as I've settled into my second glass of Moët in the Qantas lounge that it hits me. I've committed to a five-day raw vegan experience. Probably no bread. Definitely no chardonnay. Cheers to that.

I'm heading to The Farm at San Benito, a 90-minute drive from Manila's Ninoy Aquino International Airport, supposedly built on an energy vortex, at the foot of Mount Malarayat, on a 49-hectare coconut plantation. Each of the sumptuous villas are strategically positioned on points around the estate to take advantage of maximum healing properties. And that's why guests return. To heal.

I'm here for the Wellness Program, which goes like this: three raw vegan, live enzyme meals a day, a deep massage and spa therapy schedule, and a program of integrated medical support. The Farm is big on combining tradition and science, and while it offers full medical analysis, intravenous vitamin infusions, colema and colonics and craniosacral therapies, there's also traditional Filipino massage, steam therapies and spiritual sessions. Spa manager Lem Senillo guides me to the dreamy poolside treatment rooms for

an investigative body assessment, a mix of reiki and Thai massage and to prescribe spa treatments for my week's schedule. He wants to communicate with my body, not my brain, and start the conversation about what I need. It's a technique taught to him by his grandmother, also a healer who lived until 112.

Next up is a body fat diagnostics analysis that reveals I have more muscle in my trunk than fat (unbelievable!), but more fat in my torso and arms than muscle (totally believable!) followed by lunch in two courses: a Japanese-style shiitake broth and a crunchy salad with almond butter dressing. It doesn't scream raw vegan, but of course everything here is. No wheat, sugar, meat, eggs or dairy, but there is local Barako coffee, which I discover is so vilely bitter, I don't even feel deprived when politely refusing it.

My medical appointment (referred to as 'holistic flow') is with Dr Marian Alonzo, the healthiest-looking woman I've ever seen. Cue huge tick of confidence. We convene in a pagoda suspended over a lily pond to try to attack some of my minor health concerns. I'm a bad, anxious sleeper, my face is eternally puffy, I suffer from rosacea and sciatica, and lately have taken to waking in the night choking, clutching and gasping to breathe. Just

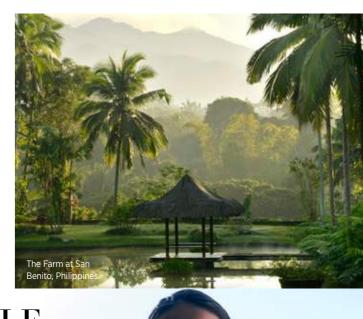
the usual ... I muster the courage to ask if she thinks the cause could be peri-menopause and she shoots me down. It's the kidneys. A set of tapping and breathing exercises are prescribed to connect my left and right brains, followed by a truly odd exercise in which I tire my legs to aching and then lie on the floor with the soles of my feet together until my lower body goes into involuntary spasm. For 25 whole minutes. It's to release blockages created by sitting for long periods at my desk, and it's pretty impressive naturopathic magic.

My next appointment is with two women, four firm bodybrushes and a bowl of salt in coconut oil. Two hours later, I'm shredded. I can barely hobble back to my villa, but my skin is a perfect baby pink. My spa schedule includes immersing myself in a steaming soup of pungent leaves and berries, full-body mud masks, coffee scrubs, and massage, massage, massage. All the spa product is prepared 20 minutes before a treatment using coconut oil as a base and the addition of indigenous plant ingredients.

Dinner is more delicious salad, and enchiladas with corn bread. Calories are quoted for every dish on the menu, ensuring enduring mealtime smugness. I become borderline addicted to a hot ginger and lime tea and the most delicious peppery lettuce.

After four days, there are no major physical shifts — I'm not here long enough for that kind of transformation — but there are changes. Before I leave, I look in the mirror and I'm shocked to deeply recognise myself — my old face. The one from 10 years ago. — Eliza O'Hare

The Farm at San Benito, Philippines, thefarmatsanbenito.com.





Ward Whillas bikini top,

\$195, and briefs, \$175.



f "designer sanatorium" was a decor trend right now, Vivamayr Altaussee's interiors would be bang on the mark. Walking through the glass doors of the chalet-style building with its white walls and lilac and pistachio furnishings feels refreshing. A vibe you'll appreciate three days into your stay when you're doddering about in your robe and the pounding headaches and lethargy have kicked in ...

Set in the middle of Austria, on the shores of Lake Altaussee and framed by the Styrian Salzkammergut mountains, the jaw-dropping location is fairytale-like. The day I arrive, the mercury hits 34 degrees, so my first priority is to dive into that lake and cool off. A waiter toting Diet Coke would be heaven, I think as I towel off,

but I'm here for a five-day full-gut cleanse (referred to as 'The Cure') to give my digestive system time out the thinking being that this cures a long list of complaints, from headaches to 3pm chocolate binges to high blood pressure. Opened in April 2015, the property is already attracting high-profile London bankers, Bollywood stars, French designers and an oligarch or two. Basically a similar crowd to those (the former Mrs Putin, Alber Elbaz, Sarah Ferguson) who have been flocking to its sister property in Maria Wörth.

My first appointment is with one of the army of doctors who are trained in both conventional medicine and the practices of Austrian scientist and holistic physician Dr Franz Xaver Mayr (1875-1965), whose 'cure' was a high-alkaline diet. My current food philosophy is slightly twisted; my jokes that wine + dinner spells 'winner' are met by my doctor with a blank stare. And my alternate evening meal — fish and salad also gets a thumbs-down. No raw after four is the Mayr mantra, the belief being it's harder to digest at night, the better choice being cooked vegetables. I'm given a jam-packed schedule (acupuncture! kinesiology! liver compresses!) and a paper bag crammed with powders and capsules with a timetable of what to take when.

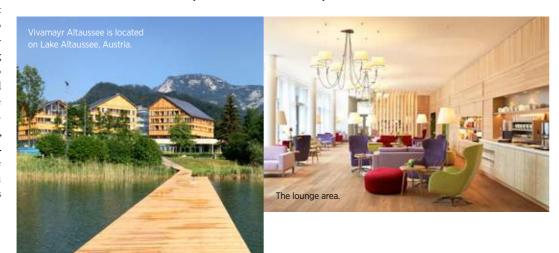
At six the next morning, it's time for a teaspoon of magnesium citrate dissolved in a glass of warm water to get things moving. Luckily, it's a pretty gentle saline laxative, unlike what most of the guests endure. Those lucky buggers get bottles of Glauberersalz (a stronger salt laxative), stories of which are horrifying (think people running to the loo mid-conversation). An hour later is the first of four alkaline 'Base' powder drinks scheduled long enough before breakfast so the water doesn't dilute my digestive juices and impede the breakdown of food.

Meals at Vivamavr aren't as spartan as they look on social media, though the dirndl-wearing waitresses make me fantasise about apple strudel making the menu. No such luck. The 5pm dinners (broth and spelt bread) are the most challenging, but for someone who is normally carb-deprived, the concrete-like rolls are heaven. The tough texture is actually supposed to train you to chew 30 times. (Digestion, remember?) Breakfast and lunch are much more substantial and exciting (millet porridge, goat's cheese and bread, cooked vegetables, fish), but we're talking gluten-, caffeine-, sugar- and alcohol free.

Sure, I considered going AWOL on my afternoon walks and stopping for a schnitzel at the cafes dotted around the lake, but that was more habit than hunger. And my skin begins to resemble that of a prepubescent Ukrainian supermodel.

The results of your blood, urine and free radical tests dictate your treatments, my favourites being abdominal massages, IV vitamin infusions and electrolysis foot baths that supposedly speed up toxin removal. The sessions in the salt hamman and saltwater swimming pool are pretty special, too. Would I do it all again? It's eve-wateringly expensive (room and food is a reasonable \$320 per night, but the treatments hike your final bill). But all that chewing and purer-than-pure alpine air means you emerge a trimmer and more energetic person. Albeit one with a toned jawline. – EK

Vivamayr Altaussee, Austria, vivamayr.com.



rom the waterlogged rice paddies to the countless infinity pools and ancient moss-covered, fernfringed stone archways, every photo taken during your stay at Como Shambhala Estate will look as if you've slapped an Instagram filter on it. We're talking greens so saturated they look almost fake.

Located 15 minutes' drive from Ubud town, skirted by a village and Bali's famous Ayung River, the setting is the star here. A close second is the staff, with Como hotel founder Christine Ong having assembled some of the world's leading wellness experts to work here. My first appointment is with ayurvedic consultant/ naturopath/yogi Dr Prasanth, who intensely monitors my pulse to determine my dosha, then scrutinises what feels like every muscle in my body (marma diagnosis) to prescribe what he believes will be the most effective treatments. These turn out to be intense deep-tissue massages and colonics — which, I might add, are the most dignified I have ever experienced. (And "colonic" and "dignity" aren't often used in the same sentence.) He emails the spa and kitchen my treatment plan, and we're off ...

Guests can choose from one of six programs: Ayurveda and Oriental Medicine are popular with those seeking dramatic changes or recovering from illness; while Cleanse, Be Active, Stress Management and Rejuvenation are generally favoured by the burnt-out workaholics in their thirties to fifties who flock here seeking serious R&R.

My personal assistant (a necessity, otherwise you'll zonk out beside your infinity pool the entire stay) manages my timetable, which isn't overly scheduled — something I appreciate as I'm simply exhausted and need downtime. My day starts with a long black (big tick for the fact caffeine isn't contraband), followed by a 7.30am hourlong estate walk, which raises a serious sweat thanks to stairs, stairs and more stairs. (On other days, a two-hour trek around the rice fields is offered; expect to

encounter temples, shrine after shrine, countless dogs, squealing pigs, flocks of ducks and

locals manning their rice plots en route.) Breakfast is at Kudus House restaurant, which is of a seriously slick five-star standard, the menu's focus being about energy and flavour rather than calorie counting. Being a crea-

ESY OF VIVAMAYR ALTAUSSEE. COMO SHAMBHALA ESTATE: MAIN IMAGE: MAX DOYLE. STYLED BY KARLA CLARKE. MANAGEMENT, HAIR BY PETE LENNON AT COMPANY I; MAKEUP BY NAOMI MGFADDEN AT UNION. PRICES APPROXI

ture of habit, I immediately become obsessed with the quinoa, pear and dried cranberry porridge with almond milk, and the avocado 'toast' made from almonds, sunflower- and flaxseeds. I'm still finding it hard to comprehend the fact that pancakes and waffles can be healthy, although my waitress tries to convince me.

The first serious exercise class of the day is at 9am, a flex-androll session with US Pilates guru Amy Buck, followed 90 minutes later by a spell in Como's heated hydrotherapy pool, where special jets pummel each muscle in your body to speed up toxin removal.

You might wander off to your villa's private pool next. Or join one of the trainers down by one of the property's waterfalls for a bout of rock climbing (amazing for arms and core). Your call. If that's not endorphin-pumping enough, mountain-bike tours and dawn treks up nearby Mount Batur can also be arranged, or enlist a personal trainer to put you through your paces at the property's state-of-the-art gym.

Exertion needs to be rewarded, so make sure you lunch at Como's Glow restaurant, which offers both raw (low-temperature culinary techniques such as dehydrating, soaking, sprouting and cold-pressed juicing are utilised) and cooked options. Sure, you could sign up for one of Como's juice cleanses, but the



flavours of the food and quality of the produce makes it seriously hard to resist. Close your eyes, take a bite of the butternut pumpkin and macadamia 'pizza' with avocado, mango and basil, and you'll convince yourself you're eating the real fatty-boombalada version. Ingredients — rice, nuts, spices, fruits and vegetables — are sourced from local family farms and happily highlight the fact bad-quality produce can't hide in salads.

While away the rest of the day in the spa, which has nine treatment rooms offering everything from massages to reflexology to acupuncture and facials. Forget glitz and glamour — the vibe here is understated luxury. Potted orchids, stone floors, floor-to-ceiling mirrors and countless other Zen-ed out women like you, unashamedly wearing bathrobes, sipping cup after cup of Como's delicious ginger tea. We'll be back. – EK

comohotels.com/comoshambhalaestate.