



“What happens when you’re married, have kids and a job?” says Spelling (at home in L.A.). “I haven’t found the balance yet.”

## THE ACTRESS OPENS UP ABOUT HER MARRIAGE WOES, MENDING FENCES WITH MOM—AND YES, THOSE SCARY-SKINNY PHOTOS

**M**y job is to be *Tori Spelling*,” she writes in her new book *Uncharted TerriTORI*. “I can’t exactly take a break.” But boy, has she sometimes wanted to lately. After four years of marriage and two children—Liam, 3, and Stella, 2—she and husband Dean, her costar on their reality show *Tori & Dean*, have hit a rough spot. “We aren’t getting divorced,” Spelling, 37, tells *PEOPLE*’s Ulrica Wihlborg, “but there are issues.” She’s had a rocky year healthwise (a nasty bout of swine flu, she says, for starters), and the weight loss she attributes purely to her ill health sparked concern that she’s anorexic (not true, she insists). On the plus side: She and mom Candy have brokered a truce in their years-long feud.



*Tori Spelling*

# BEHIND *the* RUMORS

HAIR: JIAN JAMES/THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP: BRANDY SHARP; STYLIST: MARCEL WEPER

**"A part of me desperately wants to be a stay-at-home mom," says Spelling (playing tea party with Liam and Stella).**



**"Dean loves motorcycle racing," Spelling says. "He's better at taking time for his hobbies."**

**"I'M THE GOOD COP. DEAN THINKS I GIVE THE KIDS ANYTHING THEY WANT"**

*"We're not trying to change each other," Tori says. "I think that's why it's succeeded." In an exclusive excerpt, Spelling chronicles the bumpy ride.*

My life has changed dramatically in the past several years. I married Dean; we moved several times; we had two children; we created a show that has gone into its fifth season. It's all I ever wished for. But trying to be a perfect wife, mother, and mini-mogul has its challenges, especially if, like me, you want to be perfect at all of them at the same time.

One night last July, Dean joined me in bed. We cuddled, and he asked if I

wanted to have sex. I was not in the mood. I was more than not in the mood. I had cohosted the *Today Show* for three days in a row. I'm afraid of flying, so flying home—the heart palpitations, the hyperventilating, the panic. It is exhausting.

I was actually angry. I said, "Do you know how hard I've been working? I'm so tired. How about tomorrow?"

The next morning, he said, "This is the beginning of the end." That's Dean's code for "Our sex life is over. The marriage is doomed."

I said, "I'm not your ex-wife. I'm exhausted. I needed to sleep."

"You're more in love with the bed," he said grumpily, and that was the end of it, but not really.

We're a loving couple, but we're human and definitely not perfect. Given our history I often get worried that Dean is going to cheat on me. If the phone rings and it's a girl's voice I have to ask if he's having an affair. Dean has never been anything but devoted, and he tells me over and over again that he would never do that. Deep down I believe him. But I can't stop myself. For some reason I'm compelled to accuse him of cheating.

I've noticed that the more I advance

## WHY SO THIN? TORI'S EXPLANATION

Last November I got the swine flu, and mine was bad. I went through three rounds of antibiotics, which destroyed my immune system and gave me terrible stomach pains. I was sick for months and had a hard time eating, so I was losing weight. I did look too thin. I went from doctor to doctor trying to find answers.

I saw a picture of my back in a magazine; at the time, I weighed 97 lbs., the lowest I ever was. Seeing

those bones, I was scared. I'm a mom too, and I can only imagine, if Stella was old enough, how scared she'd be reading that article. I'm not anorexic; I don't have an eating disorder. But then everyone's like, "What's the reason, then?" I didn't want to say I'd had swine flu—I was embarrassed.

Now I'm on probiotics and vitamins and slowly feeling better. My stomach doesn't ache all day long. I weigh 101—my goal weight is 115. Finally I feel there's hope.



FROM TOP RIGHT: COURTESY SIMON AND SCHUSTER; SPLASH NEWS

The old days: Aaron Spelling with wife Candy, daughter Tori and son Randy.

1985

## BACK IN TOUCH

I think my mother and I both came to a place where we realized it wasn't about us anymore—it was about the kids. We never talked about what happened between us, to be honest. We just said, "Let's go forward." I reconciled with my brother Randy too. We were always close growing up. I can see him staring at my kids, and he's like, "Wow, these are my blood relations." Things have been pretty great.

2010

On Mother's Day Candy (left) had brunch with Tori and her family (including stepson Jack, right).



professionally, the more I retreat in my personal life. I apologize to Dean constantly. It drives him crazy, and rightfully so. But I can't stop saying it. It's like I'm saying, "Look, I don't have power! Don't worry! I'm just a weak little girl!"

There's no reason for me to act weak for Dean. My success doesn't bother him in the least. And even if it did, Dean isn't around to witness most of my efforts to build my business. He's riding motorcycles. Or maintaining motorcycles. I've become a workaholic and Dean has become a motorcycle-aholic.

I see that it gets him out of his head, which I could certainly use. But [motorcycles are dangerous]. And when he says he feels like he's escaping the weight of the world I can't help feel-

ing that what he's escaping is *us*, his family. If Dean has a day off, he's off to the race track. I crave more time with Liam and Stella. If I have a day off, it is automatically theirs. Dean and I are in a solid, committed relationship, but relationships have ebbs and flows. The tabloids had it all wrong. We weren't in a loveless marriage. But last autumn was hard. We were in ebb.

*The tension boiled over on their show when they had a fight about Dean spending time away from the family to race motorcycles. "People asked me, 'Wasn't it weird to have that on-camera?" she says. "But the people on-set are like my family: I felt protected." Divorce rumors followed, but "we want to have a third baby," she says, "so that would definitely not be an option! We're working on things." Dean has*

“WE’RE A SMALL FAMILY. IT’S IMPORTANT THAT WE HAVE A RELATIONSHIP”

*been especially supportive of her decision to reconcile with her mother: "He's a huge advocator."*

If I was going to be honest with myself, there was one thing I knew: I wanted my mother and my children to see each other. She hadn't laid eyes on Liam since a month before he turned one. She'd never met Stella. My mother was Liam and Stella's only grandparent, and I knew she was capable of being a loving part of their lives.

In September 2009, I emailed her to see if she could see the kids. She happily agreed. I wasn't ready to see her yet so our babysitter, Paola, took the kids. Liam came back completely obsessed. I wasn't surprised—I've always thought that he and my father's souls were connected.

*Before she felt ready to reconcile with her mom herself, Spelling says, she landed in the hospital with stomach pains and migraines. There was already speculation that she had anorexia (see box) by the time she was hospitalized once more in November with what she says was swine flu.*

I was horrified. Swine flu was still a new phenomenon. News reports were describing a killer virus. If they got wind of my diagnosis the press would have a field day. Would they add this to the checklist? First I had a horse face, now I had the pig flu.

When I finally walked into the house after ten days in the hospital, Stella gasped, "Mama!" Liam ran into my arms. He held my face between his little hands and said, "You sick! You at doctor?" To them ten days was a lifetime. I was home, depleted and fragile, but home.

*And finally ready to deal with her past.*

When I was in the hospital I had received an invitation to my mother's



"I worry about the kids all the time," says Spelling (in her family room with Stella, Dean and Liam). "Dean's more like, 'They'll take a few falls, but they'll be fine!'"

## “IF LIAM SEES A MAGAZINE, HE SAYS, ‘WHERE’S ME?’ I USUALLY FIND HIM”

Christmas party. I wanted to go. The kids had such a nice visit with her in the fall.

As Dean drove us to the party, I started thinking about the last time I'd been at my parents' house, "the Manor." It was three and a half years earlier, for my father's funeral. I thought I would never return.

Now, in the front hall, we were met by the sound of Christmas carolers. As my mother walked over to us, I noticed that she and Stella were in matching dresses. I had been nervous for weeks about this moment. I hadn't seen my mother in two years. And yet, as she approached us, I wasn't crazy scared.

The first thing Mom said was, "Look!

Stella! We have the same dress on." Thank God for that dress. The whole night, people would ask, "Did you guys plan that?" Everyone thought my mother and I had had a huge reunion. I wasn't about to announce that Stella's dress was \$39.99 online.

After my mother marveled over her granddaughter twin and Liam and my stepson Jack, she came in to hug me. It was very warm and natural. Well, except it seemed like all eyes were on us. But I was used to that. I thought, Wow. This private moment is finally happening in public. It felt like it was exactly as it should be.

After the party my mother said, "I really love you. I hope you know that.

Tonight was really special for me." I said, "I love you too."

As we left, we were given eyemasks with cards that said, "Sweet dreams" and were signed "Candy." For the final touch, a guy dressed in knickers and a hat, like an old-fashioned newsboy, held out a newspaper. He said, "*New York Times*? Tomorrow's edition?"

Wow. She was a pro.

During the car ride home Dean and I had an amazing talk. I was scared. What if I got hurt again? Dean said, "So what? Better to love and get hurt than to have anger and no love." I loved him so much in that moment. He got it. He was with me going into this. And I knew it was the resolution of more than what we were talking about. It was about me and Dean.

And just like that, our ebb was flow again. We weren't perfect. None of us were. But we were happy. ●