

TRUE LIFE STORY

# My BOOBS are BACK

I was a DD-cup again...



## Carol's chest had a strange habit of reappearing

**P**ain and exhaustion gripped my body, but I smiled happily. My wish had come true at last. Thirteen years of hurt had finally come to an end, thanks to a breast reduction.

I was 27, mum to four-year-old Amé, and so glad to be finally rid of my 38DD boobs. They'd caused me so many problems.

Barely 5ft 11in tall, I'd looked ridiculous wearing size-eight bottoms and huge size-14 tops.

Even at school, my chest was big. 'Look at Betty Boobs!' girls taunted as I'd run for the bus, breasts bouncing up to my chin.

'I hate them!' I'd wept to Mum. 'You should be proud of your body,' she'd replied.

I might have inherited my buxom figure from her, but I just couldn't embrace it like she did.

As my confidence dwindled, I'd developed a stoop, would cover up in polo



necks. But boys still talked to my bust instead of my face. 'Hello? I'm up here!' I'd snap. When I was 21, I'd met Jim. He was 20, a soldier, and he gave me, rather than my chest, his attention. We married just months later.

But in bed, I'd insist on wearing a bra, which was hardly sexy.

My boobs grew to 38DD while I was pregnant with Amé — and stayed that size after she was born. My GP told me.

'A reduction?' I spluttered. I'd never heard of one before. Well, this was back in 1986 and still a new, fairly untested procedure.

But I didn't care. 'They're going to cut away the breast tissue,'

**'Boys talked to my bust instead of my face'**

me. 'Your boobs look great,' he said, 'but you've changed too.'

Suddenly I was walking tall, shoulders thrown back confidently. Proud of my figure for the first time, I showed it with every laugh and smile. I bought size-10 tops and dresses, eagerly threw my bra off as Jim and I made love.

'A whole new you,' he laughed. Self-esteem soaring, I even got a job managing a clothes shop a year later. But the older I got, the faster middle-age spread came.

As I crept from eight stone to 11, I noticed something even more terrifying. My breasts were starting to spill out of the pretty 34B bras I loved. They were growing back. I dieted, but even as my

waist shrank, my boobs wouldn't. 'Why won't they go?' I sobbed. It had been 16 years since the op, but it was like I'd never had a reduction. Finally I had to admit defeat. I was a DD-cup again.

Going to buy new bras, my old insecurities returned. I began stooping once more, covering up. 'I feel 14 again,' I wailed to Jim.

Another four miserable years passed. My back pain was returning and my self-confidence dissolving. By now I was 47.

'I want another reduction,' I told Jim. I wasn't eligible for a second operation on the NHS, and private surgery in the UK was £7,000 — money we just didn't have.

So I found a Polish clinic, IQ Medica, on the internet, which offered a flight, hotel and op for £3,000.

I filled in all my medical details and spoke to a consultant over the phone. Three months later, Jim and I flew to Warsaw.

'This time, you're going for good,' I told my chest.

I went under the knife the next day and, waking after the four-hour op, I ripped off the blanket that covered my chest. 'They're small again!' I whooped, marvelling at my new 34Cs.

Ten months on, weight training and exercise classes have helped me maintain my nine-stone figure and perfect chest.

My whopper boobs may have made one comeback, but there's no danger of this story turning into a trilogy!

**CAROL JAMESON, 48, NEWMARKET, SUFFOLK**



Now I'm happy with my figure once more!

As told to Dominique Seare. Photos: Gary Roberts

At 19, I had no confidence



After the first op, I felt great



Jim and me five years ago