

Small(er)  
and perfectly  
formed!

# My boobs were be

# EATEN



## I was left in despair after the breast reduction from Hell

By Bernie Cini, 59,  
from south London

**E**xpanding waistline,  
the odd grey hair,  
a few wrinkles.  
All inevitable  
changes that go with  
getting older.

For me, I wasn't  
too bothered by those  
ageing signs.

I had a much  
bigger problem –  
well two, actually.

*My huge  
great boobs!*

With each year that  
passed, they got bigger  
and bigger.

Having two kids didn't help,  
and neither did gaining a few  
pounds here and there.

By 2006, when I was 54,  
they were an enormous  
40G cup.

'Most women would kill for  
boobs that big,' mates said.

My partner, Martin, 63,

wasn't complaining, either.

I was, though.

The strain on my poor  
back from supporting them  
was terrible. It ached, morning  
and night.

**My big  
bras were  
more like  
hammocks**

And my big  
bras were more  
like hammocks!

I had two deep  
grooves, running  
right over my  
shoulders, from  
where the bra straps  
dug in to me.

Sometimes the red marks  
even became so tender that  
they'd bleed.

I knew there was only one  
thing for it.

'I want a breast reduction,'  
I told Martin.

I'd agonised over it for years.

But now, the awful prospect  
of living with those massive  
boobs into my old age tipped

me over. I'd finally had enough.

I wanted it done quickly but  
there was a waiting list for the  
NHS, so I decided to go private.

By June 2006, I'd scraped  
together every penny of my  
savings, got the £5,000 I needed.

'See you after the op,' Martin  
said, kissing me  
goodbye, as I was  
wheeled off to theatre.

*Of course, I knew  
the risks. But you  
never think it'll  
happen to you, do you?*

Little did I know...

After the two-hour  
surgery, I opened my  
eyes in the recovery room.

I was really groggy and in  
pain, but just so relieved it  
was all over.

*Now, my new life as a B-cup  
could begin.*

But – oh, boy, did it hurt!

My breasts both felt as if  
they were on fire, and my

left one was really swollen.

'It's fine,' the doctors reassured  
me when I asked them.

*Was it? I felt awful...*

My left boob wasn't draining  
properly, so the fluid and pus  
was building up inside.

And the skin was red-hot to  
the touch.

Still, after two  
days, I was discharged  
and sent home.

Lying in bed,  
I could hardly move.  
Now, even my right  
breast was infected.

Both of my  
boobs felt like two

overinflated balloons, about  
to explode.

*And I felt like a zombie, too.  
Feverish and confused as raging  
infection gripped me.*

'I'm taking you back to  
hospital,' Martin said, seeing  
the state of me.

This time, they put me on an

**The skin  
was red-hot  
to the  
touch...**

## Abreast of the times...

- Purchases of bras for women with size D- to G-cups have risen by 50 per cent every year since 2005.
- The most popular UK bra size is now 36D. In 2000, it was 34B!
- This year, Selfridges department stores have started stocking K-size bras for larger-busted ladies.

- Surveys show 85 per cent of us still wear an ill-fitting bra.
- If you're slim or a small build, you may need a larger cup-size than someone who isn't as slim or with a bigger frame. It doesn't mean you have bigger breasts than them, only that your cup-size is bigger.

