

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

Expanding 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.

Boobs ing

Poor Bernie! Too shocking to show...

AWAY!

antibiotic drip, kept me in for two days.

Heading home again, I did feel better. But that soon wore off.

My breasts felt tight now. They were rock hard.

Still full of vile, infected liquid.

I could hardly think straight, felt sick and dizzy.

Thank heavens Martin was there to look after me.

As the weeks passed, we were back and forward to hospital, each time being told the same thing.

Nothing to worry about.

I was too weak to argue. Finally, Martin snapped.

'This isn't normal,' he told my doctor. 'She's in agony.'

In the end

I was transferred to a specialist treatment centre, the Queen Victoria Hospital in East Grinstead.

Taking one look at the mess in my breasts, Dr Charles Nduka reeled in shock.

My flesh was being eaten away!

At that moment, if I could've turned back time, and had my old, huge breasts

I knew I had to go under the knife again...

back, I'd have done it in a second.

Dr Nduka operated on me, scraping out the mass of infection, cutting away dead flesh.

He left the wounds open, so any further infection didn't build up inside.

I was left with a gaping hole in each breast.

Still, at least my boobs were finally on the mend.

I wouldn't let Martin near me, but, lovely man that he is, he never complained once.

By summer 2007, my boobs were feeling much better.

Yet they were so scarred and misshapen, I knew I had to take

the plunge and go under the knife again.

Dr Nduka would do this op for me, too.

When I saw my new boobs for the first time, I could've kissed him!

The scarring was hardly noticeable, and my new breasts were perfectly round.

At long last. I finally had a perfect pair of neat, round D-cup boobs.

Now, I'm a new woman. No more backache, no more bra-strap grooves.

There's only one downside, as far as I can tell.

With all the sexy little bras I've been buying, my bank balance has shrunk, too!

We can rebuild you...
Getting back to normal after yet another op

goodtoknow

'In a study, we found 100 per cent of women at our clinic were wearing the wrong size bra, causing pain in the breast, neck and shoulders. I believe setting up a proper [NHS] bra-fitting service would reduce this problem.'

Professor Kefah Mokbel, consultant breast surgeon, St George's Hospital, London

For more info, visit www.goodtoknow.co.uk/rightbrasize



I was a 40G!