

NEW-TUM MUM

# They're in my armpits!



I hated my body and feared I'd spoil Sara's wedding day

## My breasts were ruining my life; I had to do something drastic

Lynda Heeley, 55, Kings Park, NSW.

**T**he front door opened and my daughter, Sara, burst through. She was waving her hand.

"Oh, my God," I gasped, spotting the big diamond ring on her finger.

"Me and Jared are engaged!" she said.

I screamed with excitement. "Why didn't you phone me?"

I scolded, hugging her tightly. "I wanted to see your reaction," she replied, laughing.

We cracked open a bottle of bubbly and began discussing dates. Suddenly, I was gripped with anxiety.

I was going to be the mother of the bride - people would be expecting me to look good. My blood ran cold.

*How could I do that with a body like mine?* I thought.

My stomach was huge and saggy, an unwelcome legacy of having kids, and no amount of exercise could shift it.

Even worse were my pendulous 16DD breasts. They'd exploded after pregnancy and never shrunk back.

I had permanent indents in my shoulders from my bra straps, and would sigh with relief when I took off my bra. But, when I lay on my back, my breasts would disappear under

my armpits. I hated them.

I worked in a chicken factory and my extra weight left me in crippling pain every day. I envied small-chested women who could jog without any trouble and wear nice tops.

"I've got to do something," I told my partner, Andy. "Everyone will stare at me; it'll spoil Sara's big day."

He tried to say the right things, but it didn't help.

Weeks later, I went looking for a dress to wear to the wedding, hoping the experience wouldn't be too horrendous. But nothing fitted. If a dress was okay at the bottom, it would be tight up top.

A breast reduction would cost \$20,000 and I knew we'd never have that sort of money. I was stuck with my two sacks of fat hanging off my chest forever.

Then I saw a TV program about a medical agency called Somnio, which arranged cheap surgery abroad. The very next day, I sent some photos and begged them to help.

They quoted me \$15,000 for a package deal to Phuket, Thailand, involving a breast reduction and a tummy tuck.

But that was still too much, and the wedding was only a few months away.

*The extra weight left me in crippling pain!*



Looking down for the first time after surgery, I was thrilled to see my toes!

Andy sat me down. "I can see you're miserable," he said. "Nothing's more important than your happiness. What if I make it my Christmas present to you?"

I burst into tears, hugging him. *This is finally happening.* I thought, feeling a little dazed.

In truth, I was nervous about the operation. I'd heard of botched procedures abroad but told myself I'd be fine.

Under general anaesthetic the doctor cut away nearly 3kg of excess skin, pulled my tummy taut and even gave me a new bellybutton!

I barely had a chance to recover before surgery began on my breasts, removing 1kg of tissue from each one.

I woke up feeling like a sore and swollen balloon, but I was excited to see the results.

Showering for the first time after surgery, I looked down.

I could see my toes! My tummy was flat and my boobs were a modest 14B.

Back home, I threw my huge bras away and went shopping.

I couldn't believe it when a gorgeous size-14 dress fitted me beautifully. I finally felt excited to be mother of the bride.

On the big day, I received so many compliments. The most touching was from my mum, who said I looked stunning.

It was the best I've felt in more than 30 years - my only regret is not doing it sooner.

Have you had a body overhaul? Tell us and receive up to

**\$2000**

See our story couples on page 25 for details

## MY BIG CHANGE

After years of planning, I knew exactly what I wanted

# But there's nothing wrong with you

## He worried I'd become a different person...

Maddison Kajewski, 19, Gold Coast, Qld.

**S**weat trickled down my back as I sat on the beach in the blazing heat.

I knew I should be in the water, splashing about like everyone else. I knew I should take my T-shirt off, too, but I couldn't. If I did, people would see me in a bikini and realise I had no breasts.

My chest was completely flat. I'd spent years trying to plump my boobs up using everything from padded bras to silicone "chicken fillets". But no matter what I did, I still felt like a man.

I was always complaining to my boyfriend of two years, Kirstin.

"Wouldn't you love me more if I had boobs?" I asked.

"You're being silly!" he replied. My mum shared Kirstin's views. She told me I'd be crazy to have a boob job.

But I didn't feel like a woman. No dresses suited me and I barely needed to wear a bra.

All my friends had nice cleavages and I became fixated on mine.

Working in child care, I didn't earn much. Still, I managed to put aside money each week towards an operation.

Then one day I saw an advertisement for cosmetic surgery abroad costing \$10,000 - almost half what I'd pay in Australia. It was a lot of money, but I felt I had to get it done, no matter what.

After months of scrimping and saving, I finally booked my flight to Phuket, Thailand.

Unfortunately, Kirstin didn't share my joy. He worried that men would stare at me.

"I'd prefer it if you didn't go," he told me at the airport. It was like he was saying "it's either me or your boobs."

"No chance," I replied. I was excited when I met with the surgeon at the hospital the next day. Having studied breasts for years, I knew I wanted my 12Bs to be boosted to E cups.

"I want a chest like Kim Kardashian's," I told him, handing over images of her picture-perfect cleavage.

When I came to, I blearily looked down at my chest.

My boobs were the size of melons; they were enormous. I was horrified. I couldn't even see my feet!

"What have I done?" I cried.

*Kirstin was right all along: I'll be a laughing stock now; I thought anxiously.*

When a nurse came in, I was in tears.

"It's okay," she reassured me. "They are swollen; the swelling will go down."

Later, I was transferred to a city apartment. Standing in front of the mirror in a bikini, I felt amazing.

"I love my new body," I told Kirstin over the phone.

He didn't sound happy. In fact, he called me all the time, checking up on me.

I couldn't wait to show him the new me when I got home.

"Aren't they great," I said, pointing to my chest.

"I guess," he said, shrugging.

My confidence grew each day. I went to the beach and swam in my bikini and even stood in front of the mirror naked without grimacing.

However, while I felt like a new woman, Kirstin seemed like a different man. He was jealous, controlling and would get angry any time a man glanced my way.

"This never happened before your boob job," he hissed.

I was considering breaking up with him when he surprised me at a family gathering.

"Will you marry me?" he asked in front of the crowd.

I knew things weren't right between us, but standing in front of my family, I felt trapped!

It took me three months to build up the courage to end the relationship. If I hadn't had the boob job, there's no way I would've had the confidence.

My new boobs saved me from marrying the wrong man. It's funny, because one of the reasons I had the operation was to make Kirstin happy.

Now I'm confident, single and happy and it's all thanks to my surgery.

Do you have a shock surgery story? Tell us and receive up to

**\$2000**

See our story on page 75 for details

Mum thought I was crazy



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