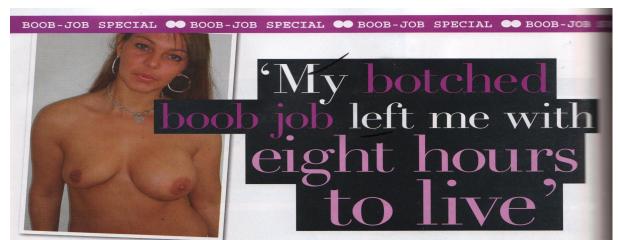
## COMPANY



When Toni Wildish, 27, from Kent, signed up for surgery, she had no idea it would leave her fighting for her life

As I lay on the hospital bed, was in so much pain I could hardly make out what the doctor was saying to me – but I did hear the words, 'eight hours to live'. How had the boob job I'd dreamed of for so long come so close to killing me? I'd wanted bigger boobs since I was

16 and I was a 32A. In October 2005, when I was 25, I had my first boob job. It was a disaster. I'd spent two years saving for the £3,000 operation, which I decided to have in Prague, because it would have cost £7,000 in the UK. I'd scraped together £1,700 from my job in a shop, borrowed £800 from the bank and £500 from a friend.

I wasn't nervous about my operation; I couldn't wait to see my new boobs. But, when I finally opened my eyes, the last thing on my mind was how they looked – I was in agony. My body had reacted badly to the implant in my right breast, and it was so swollen I couldn't sit up. The pain was making me throw up and I felt paralysed down my right side. Twenty-four hours later, I flew home and went straight to my local hospital in Margate. I knew something was wrong, but I couldn't believe it when the doctor said I had developed septicaemia in my breast If they didn't take the implant out, I'd die within hours.

Doctors had to drain one-and-a-half pints of fluid from the breast tissue and remove my implant. I'd opted for new

'gummy bear' implants [made of thicker silicone gel], because I'd read they were safer than silicone ones, which could leak. But, the fact I nearly died proves there's no such thing as 'safer' implants.

## DISFIGURED & DEPRESSED

I was left with one 32E breast and one saggy 32B one (it was bigger because the implant had stretched the skin). Unfortunately, having blown all my

savings on the first implants, I couldn't

## wasn't removed, I'd die within hours

afford another op straight away, so a nurse from the hospital's cancer unit lent me a prosthetic breast to wear. Whenever I looked at myself naked

in the mirror, I nearly cried. Who would ever find me attractive?

A few weeks later, my story appeared in a local paper. Luckily, a clinic in the UK heard what had happened and offered me a new boob job for free. In January 2006, I had my second

operation. I wasn't scared. I just wanted

to look normal again. They removed the left implant and gave me two new ones made from liquid silicone. I was thrilled when I saw two perfect breas

For the next few months things were great. I started my new modelling career and life was good. Then, in July I noticed a ridge across the side of my right breast. It didn't hurt, but it was hard. It looked like I had a double breas surgeons refer to it as 'double bubble

When I saw my surgeon, he told me that the pocket of the implant had split and my breast tissue had formed a ridge. The implant needed to be

replaced – again. I couldn't believe it. Luckily, I'd saved enough from modelling to pay for a third boob job, which I had done in August 2006. I've gone for liquid silicone implants and

they feel really natural.

It's taken three operations, but I've finally got the boobs I always wanted. Now, I want what's happened to me to be a warning to other women. If you're thinking of having a boob job, you need to realise that, even if you buy the best boobs and see the best surgeon, you're going to need more surgery later in life It's a lesson I've learnt the hard way



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