

# Tina's Diary



*The tantalizing, and occasionally titillating, trials and tribulations of a transitioning transsexual.*

*Dearest Reader,*

If you have honoured me by following the previous selections from my diaries, then you will have learned that there are about 5,000 transsexuals in the UK who have had or are undergoing gender-reassignment.

To put this into perspective this is the same as the number of known languages in the world, the number of golf courses in Europe and about the number Jesus had to feed with loaves and fishes.

In case you fear that the world is going to be populated with gibbering gluttonous golfers, you can be reassured by a suicide rate amongst transsexuals of nearly 50%, due to the slowness of treatment and general harassment and bigotry, together with a murder rate sixteen times the average.

You will also have shared with me the embarrassment of my wearing female-form prosthetics and will have gained a rough idea of the time-frame involved in transitioning, from first approaching my GP, the involvement of numerous psychiatrists, through the Real-Life Experience to that glorious moment when I am eventually wheeled into the operating theatre.

### **All in the mind?**

The involvement of psychiatrists is in itself a misnomer. In the UK, as with most of the rest of the world, transsexuality has been confirmed as a physical and not mental

disease, although mental problems often arise as a result of being a transsexual.

In the coming months I hope to highlight different periods in my own, ongoing, two-year transition by once again dipping into my diaries... after all... I am the kind of person to whom things happen. Everything detailed in these excerpts is true.

Even now, as I look back at the past few years and forward to the next, remaining months, I am ever more aware that I have indeed made a 'life-changing' decision, involving a multitude of different treatments – so many that it would be impossible to remember each and every one.

However, like many girls, I have kept a diary – it helps me make some sense of the various goings on...

*Bloody hell, cop a look at the tits on that...*

**Date June Place Lancaster**

*Mmmmmmmmmmm.*

*Perfected breast massage technique...*

*Got yet more expensive boob-creams and hormones.*

*Pls let there be growth, or is it an oversized pimple – God knows, investigate more tonight.*

At the beginning of my controlled Real-Life Experience, one of the first things that I, as a transitioning transsexual, associated with being a woman was an enhanced breast. In this, at least, I bore a similarity to that very

different creature – the Trans-gendered transvestite.

However, apart from a few 'lady-boys,' or those 'chicks with dicks' out for financial gain, most transvestites will happily settle for the aforementioned chicken fillet or some other padding for the bra. As a typical transsexual, however, I desperately wanted the feel of real flesh and accordingly searched avidly for any means possible to boost the size of my bust.

### **Boobs, tits, bazookas, puppies...**

The male fascination with the female breast has led to an array of names. Men are proud to be known as either a leg- or a tit-man, very occasionally being kind enough to consider an alternative body part. For myself, I yearned for the day when my breast measurements might warrant anything more than a passing nod.

And so, like other small-breasted women, I often found myself spending more than I ought on ways of increasing my cup-size. Creams, lotions, pills, even suppositories – the ready availability via the internet of such a bizarre array of tempting goodies (each guaranteeing miraculous growth) blinded me to reality.

Throwing down the magazine that I had been reading, I woefully examined the empty larder that stared cavernously back at me. I had been reading an article where, prior to breast augmentation surgery, the would-be recipient was advised to wear a bra stuffed with a certain poundage of oats, pudding- or long-grain rice.