



The author, well-endowed and proud of it

## Yes, I'm a double-D

Men leer, women ogle, nothing fits. But so what? I love my big breasts

DD in a regular store.) In her bras, my breasts stay put; if I jump up and down—and yes, I do jump up and down—they won't flop around like fish out of water.

Being busty also presents some interesting romantic challenges. Before I got married, every guy I went out with seemed to be infatuated with my chest; many seemed surprised when, as the owner of these natural wonders, I

even better endowed than I am. Whereas I would stand with my arms crossed in front of me and wear sweatshirts to hide my baggage, they would flaunt and flirt and stand proud. They basked in their femininity. They were having *fun*.

It was then I began to realize that my breasts are the first things people see and they aren't going away, no matter how I tried to smush them in or cover them over. Inspired, I tried on a black velour T-shirt. Maybe it was the way it held snug against my uplifted breasts. Maybe it was the line of my cleavage—which, I had to admit, had a certain appeal. I stood there admiring my curves and finally saw my chest as an asset instead of a double curse.

My breasts are big. So what? I've learned to love them. Today, showing them off makes me feel curvy, flirty, voluptuous, luscious, gutsy and confident. They give me a swagger that says, "You wish *you* looked this good." If perfect strangers feel comfortable staring at them or discussing them, why should I be bashful?

I started dating my husband right after I dropped a guy who had miserably flunked the sweater test. If he saw my face in the newspaper, I'm sure he wouldn't recognize me without my body.

But my husband seemed refreshingly different. I was fairly sure he saw me as a friend with a lot to offer, not a friend with a big chest. After we'd been together a few months, I asked what one thing had first attracted him to me.

"Well," he said, "it was two things, actually."

Not again, I thought, disappointed. I really liked him. I crossed my arms and said, "Oh yeah? What two things?"

He leaned closer and whispered, "You have the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen."

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**A** WOMAN ONCE CAME up to me in a bar and asked if my breasts were real. Believe it or not, I wasn't surprised. Friends and strangers alike are always commenting on my endowment (which, thanks very much, is unaugmented). "You're so lucky," my sister-in-law is fond of telling me. "I'd love to be built like that."

Lucky? That might be an overstatement. How'd she like to lug these babies around all day? Have creepy guys stare at her in the grocery store, be ogled by women on the street, put up with backaches? My breasts get in the way, too. It's difficult to use certain machines at the gym because they're not made for women who are "built." Sometimes I discover at the end of the day that I got mustard on the bottom hem of my shirt hours before. And once when I worked as a cashier, I reached for a pen and one of my breasts hit the keyboard, causing the drawer to pop open. Try explaining *that* to your boss. ("It wasn't me. It was my chest!")

Lingerie can be a problem, but luckily I've discovered a sweet elderly lady who builds custom bras in sizes up to NN. (I'm a J by her measure—a little larger than a

managed to string a few intelligent sentences together. Others seemed to think that big breasts meant I was The Big Easy. After the first couple of dates with someone new, I'd give him the sweater test. I'd wear a knit top and see how long it took before he had to start rubbing the kink out of his neck. If he couldn't look me in the eye and listen, I moved on.

I suppose I shouldn't really blame those guys. Our society is obsessed with breasts. They're everywhere. Selling cars and exercise equipment and diet soda. Jutting out at us from the TV screen, bouncing and jiggling their way into the wallet of the American consumer. There's a reason they call it the boob tube, you know.

We expect men to fall prey to this obsession, but women are just as guilty. Maybe we didn't invent the terms *fun bags*, *hooters* or *jugs*, but we constantly compare breasts, always wondering if ours are bigger, smaller, rounder, firmer, higher or tighter than the next pair. And then we complain that society tries to shove us into a 36-24-36 box. If more of us would say, "This is my body—deal with it," the idea that there's a right size for breasts, or anything else, would evaporate.

I learned this myself a few years ago when I worked with two women who were

