

Introducing Tina...



I am the kind of person to whom things happen – never let it be said that the path of my life is a smooth one. However, I do live life to the full and enjoy most of the varied experiences that fate throws at me. Like many girls, however, I have found it essential to keep a diary in order to make some sense of the various goings on...

December 22nd Gran Canaria

Scared this am, met Jeff and Trudi (nice but loud), Anne and Nicole (nice but gone). Lost my bra in pool, had a boob feeling session with the girls (weird). Drunk! Will I get arrested when I leave the country?

'My God, you've got balls'

Not the greatest compliment I'd ever been given but, although hurtful, it was physically accurate and meant in good spirit.

At the time I was sitting at the poolside, arms clenched around my chest as my 'Miracle non-slip latex bra and breast enhancer' slowly gravitated southwards underneath my wrap.

I had observed the Vikingsque man checking me out some time earlier, and had wondered how long it would be before he plucked up the courage to approach me.

As it happened, I needn't have worried about his social etiquette because he ploughed straight in ... 'I hope you don't mind me asking, but me and the wife were wondering like, are you a bloke or a girl?'

Let me introduce myself

My name is Tina Pots and I am a 42-year-old Pre-Operative Transsexual. Simply put, this makes me one of 5000 or so people in the country, born into a body of the wrong sex and who is waiting for, or has had, sexual reassignment surgery.

This means that I do not follow a lifestyle as a transvestite, although I do have a lovely collection of Victoria's Secret lingerie. I dress 24/7, not to get a sexual kick, but in the hope that I will not suffer the gripping nausea caused when I am addressed as 'Mr', 'mate', 'Sir', or 'Guv'.

Nor am I a chick with a dick – my being a transsexual is a 40-year-long transient phase that I dream will now end as quickly as possible. I long for the surgery that will give me a functioning female body. So far, I am aware that, as well as giving me hips, and a bum that looks big in everything, the hormones taken over the years will eventually erode any erectile function I may currently possess. (I also happen to be a bi-sexual submissive – but more of that later.)

I could see that it was going to take some time for the concept of transsexuality to sink in, and the once dazzling blue pool in front of me now seemed to be shadowed by an ominously dark cloud.

With his face resembling a bulldog chewing a wasp, he waved his wife over and they duly introduced themselves to me as Jeff and Trudi.

'If anybody looks at you funny, I will do them – I've just done time inside for GBH'. With that pronouncement he headed for the bar to replenish our drinks.

Now I always considered myself as a high maintenance kind of girl – at 6ft tall with blue eyes, dark hair and topping 13 stone, I need all of the help that I can get. But Trudi beat me hands down. If she could have taken her hair straighteners into the swimming pool, then she'd have done so.

Not that she would ever risk her investment with 'Tantastic' in mere chlorinated water nor, indeed, would the contents of Fort Knox currently adorning her body have allowed her to float.

Refusing the copious amounts of Spanish 'champagne' thrust in my direction, I soon realised that Jeff and Trudi's was a never-to-be-empty table, and before long there were half a dozen or so other people enjoying their hospitality. The volume of the party ebbed and flowed with the booze, but I slowly became aware that two young girls, with suitcases at their side, appeared unable to avert their gaze from me. I was quite pleased to discover that after a few hours all that remained were the five of us and a table full of empty bottles.

I said 'hola' to the girls, and while Jeff made yet another visit to the bar they introduced themselves as Anne and Nicole. Waiting for the transfer coach to take them to the airport for their 'plane back to Manchester, they lost no time in asking if they could mention something a bit personal. 'Here we go again,' I thought and prepared to launch into my usual explanation.

'Are your tits shrinking?'

I looked down and almost died of embarrassment. At some time in the afternoon, my chicken-fillet-like bra had given up the ghost, leaving me with a camel-like growth across my stomach.

Shrieking with laughter, Nicole gently took my hand and pushed it under her top. 'See, I'm only an 'A' cup, so I know all about padded bras.' She smiled as my thumb gently rolled over the top of her nipple, making it pucker. 'And I'm not much bigger' joined in Anne, as she made a grab for my other hand. But Trudi had other ideas and within minutes the scene resembled an erotic version of 'Auld Lang Syne' as the relative merits of each of our breasts was explored with lips and hands.

All too soon it was time for the girls to depart but before they left, Nicole thrust a pink passport cover into my hand. 'Here babe, something to remember us by, and pink is so much your colour'. Nestling inside was a Manchester telephone number.

The evening beckons

A brief nap and then it was time to get ready for the night's entertainment at the Jumbo Centre.

Preparation time was lengthy – shave, make-up (enough foundation to cover but not so heavy that I looked like Coco the Clown), along with dress, stockings and heels.

Before I left my room I felt fear – as I do every time I abandon the comfort of my privacy for the open glare of the big wide world. A deep breath and then I entered the busy hotel reception.

'If anybody looks at you funny I will do them – don't forget,' roared Jeff from the bar, followed by a chorus of 'Hello Tina,' from everybody else in the room.

Blushing furiously I bolted for the safety of the telephone booth from where I could call my much loved and uncomplaining partner Helen, and report on the days happenings.

More frank and revealing thoughts from Tina's diary in the next issue.