

Bit of a boob: Julie Dawson

Exhausted, I shed my clothes. I've just time to mumble, 'A quick nap', before jet lag overtakes me. Moments later I jolt awake to see a white figure is standing over me. Screeching, I leap out of bed. My foot lands on something soft and squishy.

'What the hell!' Richard rockets out of bed, arms flaying. A flick of the light switch reveals a white-coated waiter. His platter of fruit is scattered across the room. He backs out of the door stuttering, 'I didn't know you were sleeping.'

It's at this point I look down and see what I'd stepped on. I feel sick. My false breast lies oozing on the white carpet.

'How can I go to Europe with only one breast?'

Fast forward to the next morning. I approach the concierge. His English is limited. I point to my breast and try to explain what I need to buy. Confusion is finally replaced by comprehension.

'Ahh!' he says. 'Sex shop'. Heads whip around. 'No! no!' I say, but he's too busy scrawling on hotel notepaper. He whistles a taxi and pokes the list of addresses through the window. For a long moment, the cab driver stares. It's not an approving look.

At the entrance of each sex shop we discover a surly man in white robes, flicking prayer beads. They shrug me in when I show them the note from the hotel, but not Richard. He must wait outside.

I see a mind boggling array of sex toys BUT no prosthetic breasts. Finally, one of the women with a smattering of English understands and giggles. A couple of quick instructions to the driver who delivers us to a small suburban shop. Each wall is lined with boxes full of breasts of every size and colour.

In London, friends ask, 'So what did you do in Dubai?' I can only reply, 'Just the usual.'