

I Have Everything in Life I've Ever Wanted

by Vera Gajic

I have everything in life I've ever wanted so why do I feel so bereft. I should be lying back and luxuriating in all the finery that money can buy. I have the money, the house, perfect children, at boarding school of course and a partner when I want him.

I gave the best years of my life setting this up, transforming myself into an irresistible woman only attainable through marriage. It's hard work maintaining a state of perfection. The hours spent in the gym, dance classes, hairdressers, beauticians, dentists, nail bar, podiatrist, clothes fitters, it's like a full time job. I don't know why they call us ladies how lunch, everyone has lunch, I work hard.

OK it isn't exactly going down the mine but no one does that anymore, people don't appreciate the amount of discipline it takes. It's not like I had a lot of natural attributes but I planned it methodically. When I was sixteen I worked out I could create my own assets and if I used them cleverly I could get everything in life I wanted and here I am.

My parents didn't understand what was happening, it must have been hard to see their fairly ordinary plain daughter transform herself in front of their eyes. I had to get them to agree to the breast implants at sixteen, over twenty years ago now.

I'd begged grandma for the money to pay for the operation, she'd finally given in when I threatened to prostitute myself, which looking back wasn't far from the truth. It was as old as the hills, a business deal giving me youth and beauty in return for worldly riches and status.

Amazing really what a little surgery and a lot of will power can achieve. It started when I saw a picture of Pamela Anderson when she was fifteen, same age I was then. She looked ordinary, but she transformed herself into a beauty icon. Then I started checking out other beauties, but how beautiful were they really?

Slavica Eccleston was a heroine. I made my plan then, teeth first, braces, diet of course, exercise routine, breasts implants and the clothes, very important to have the right clothes. I didn't have close friends at school and when I told the only friend I had that I wanted breast implants she backed off, I don't know why. I have my rich wives club now, there are a few of us who took the same route, we understood each other, but never talk about how we got here.

By the time I was nineteen I was ready to go out and find a rich man, but it wasn't straightforward. No google then to look up rich single old men and track their whereabouts and I didn't have anyone to do it with. My school friends, not that I could call them friends, hadn't stayed in touch and I hadn't bothered with them, most of them had loser boyfriends and worked in Tesco's. I bought Hello magazine religiously every week. Mum thought I was really shallow but it was a mine of information. I read about this bar in Knightbridge where some of the couples had met. It seemed that rich Arabs hung out there, not that I wanted to meet an Arab, they have more than one wife and that's no good.

I was terrified the first time I went. I had to get the tube in from Harrow, felt like a million miles away from Knightsbridge. I found the place and stood around the corner for ages checking out who went in. Eventually I forced myself to go in and pretend I was waiting for someone but I needn't have worried, the barman was very friendly and I quickly realised I wasn't the only young girl on my own, there were at least four others all with the same idea.

Over the next few months I got to know them, one would disappear and another newbie would arrive. Most of them were after footballers, so they thought I was mad looking for someone old, which gave me less competition.

George was my third attempt to get a rich man to marry me. He was a bit younger than I planned at 65 which meant I might have to wait a bit longer before I got my freedom.

Finally last year dear old George finally succumbed and I was free, why did I have to go to such lengths to help him die and now he was gone I don't have the sense of freedom and delight I'd imagined. Was it all worth it?