

## Part 84

As HM The Queen started her Chrissy message to the world this year...

"Now, where the fuck does one start"

Well, bet she would have liked to.....

Having spent a little time over the break preparing for this year's diatribe (sorry, that should read 'this year's important update on Holly advancement'), I made the decision to keep all these ramblings down to just that.

As you'll see, I've actually had quite a hectic time, but I don't want all you gang wandering off to the pub bored coz it's all about meaningless drivell.

As far as 2021 is concerned, I think I can safely say that I actually achieved what I've tried to do over the previous 3, namely a consolidation year.

As I've mentioned countless times, because no-one has written a manual on how to become Trans, I'm still learning as I go through. It's been coming up to 5 years out now & I reckon I'll never stop learning as I go on.

So I'm gonna keep all these postings to Holly advancement type things but there's still loads to tell Y'all about.

As normal I'm using the Christmas break to do this writing thing as it's becoming a bit of a tradition now & again, as usual, I've read back the complete missive to get subject-ready.

This time, instead of attempting to lay things out strictly by chronology I've sort of gone by subject. Although they are roughly in date order...

Are you sitting comfortably?

Then I'll begin....

(remember that?

Listen with Mother.

Nope?

Just me old enough then)....

## Part 85

### **Jan 2021**

So that's got NYE out of the way...

Now what we got to look forward to?

Ah yes, that's it, I remember....

Approx 3 months of cold, dark mornings before spring-like daylight creeps back into our lives...

Hmmmm, you sell it so well Myami (btw, at this point, my new name & persona is so ingrained that it now doesn't seem strange to say, or even think it).....

I'm bored....

I'm bored....

I'm bored....

Are we ever going to be allowed out to play?

Are things ever going to get back to normal?

Am I ever going to be booking hotels again?...

Ooooh, now there's an idea.

Wouldn't do any harm to have a look would it?

Twitter post 1<sup>st</sup> Jan

*Am I the only one looking for hotel rooms in Brighton 3<sup>rd</sup> weekend in July?*

Booked.

(Cancellable of course).

Sometimes you just have to do these things, sometimes you have to look after your mental well-being.

At this point, I don't mind admitting that this year I've seemed to have suffered a bit in that direction. Not sure if it's an age-related thing or maybe just the general trend, that being more open about such things is now acceptable & not the great Taboo that it was.

Part 86

### **Myami Media (January)**

My foray into filming for Daniel had sorted of whetted my appetite for all things, er, filming related.

As I've mentioned I used to go out doing OB's (outside broadcasts) when I did Country World TV. Then it was to get fresh & unique footage for the show from the local Midlands acts, but an idea was forming to put myself up for filming bands now.

This wasn't too far fetched because as a muso myself, I'd have an angle that others may not.

The scenario goes like this, (& even pro organisations like the Beeb get this wrong), you're nicely closed in on the vocalist & the guitarist goes into a brill lead break. By the time you've panned over, you missed half of it. What you need behind the camera is someone who knows when the poor axe-man is about to grab his few seconds of glory.

Oh, that'll be me then....

Well, that was the plan....

The added bonus was that one of the original reasons for the posh camera was to green-screen myself singing, so that can happen too.

The 'Chrissy Prezzie' Sony cam had already grown into 2 cams & all associated add-on bits so I was ready to roll.

Now 1<sup>st</sup> problem.

Ah, at this point we still weren't allowed out.

Ah, never mind, it'll give me time to practice with the gear by filming myself at home.

This is one of the subjects that I'll précis down as it's not strictly Holly advancement related, but fair to say, the whole thing got very out of hand & I had to end up closing it down & just go back to filming my own stuff.

Part 87

### **Driving Woes (January)**

As I move on through life being the girly me, I'm pretty up to speed with what to expect from peeps around. As I've said before, I'll never completely 'pass' but these days I'm cool with that.

Every now & again tho, stuff occurs that puts a smile on my face.

January is always an uncertain time weather-wise & the job I do obviously means getting out & about in it.

Yes there's times I've been stood on cold wet street corners waiting for lifts from slower colleagues wishing for a nice warm office job, but the reality is that I know that would drive me batty.

Now having been around national travel all my working life & having collected an enviable portfolio of advanced driving qualifications, I normally have no problems with driving in adverse conditions like snow.

I grew up in a culture where we'd deliberately go out in our cars after a fresh fall just for some 'tail-hanging' fun.....

This day I was in a small Citroen courtesy car, shadowing a guy who was delivering a large van. The central display on this car decided to pack in half way through the day leaving me with no heater or radio, but as it was still actually running I decided to carry on.. (what is it with manufacturers who are determined to take away all the physical knobs & switches out of modern cars?).....

This particular day about 2" had fallen as we'd travelled from Dartford up to Chesterfield.

I'm less than 1/2 mile from the rendezvous point where I have to make a right turn & go up a steep hill. Halfway up, the car starts sliding all shapes & grinds to a halt as the Traction Control kicks in.

I slowly roll back down the hill to have another go....

Same thing...

It was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> attempt that 2 large guys appear from one of the adjacent factories, all dungarees & safety boots, & offer to push me the last bit up the hill.

After all, a fluffy Blonde in a small car obviously can't drive in snow.....

I didn't even bother to explain that if the display had been working I could have disabled the Traction & spun my way up..

\*Flutter's Eyelashes\*

Part 88

### **GIC. (February)**

Around late December (back in 63....) a letter had arrived with a date in Feb for the 2<sup>nd</sup> appointment. Video link again, but as with the private appointments

years ago, this was the one that mattered to me. This was the one that would determine how & when the hormone prescription would kick off.

There was a requirement for blood tests to determine my different levels at the start of this process. These obviously couldn't be done 'virtually' I really had to go down to the surgery & get someone to stick a needle in.

This in itself brought a few things into focus. Remembering back to how totally disinterested my GP had been in assisting me a couple of years previously, you could have knocked me over with a feather when I received 2 texts & an actual call off THEM to go & get the tests done.

It turns out that any letter I get from the clinic they get a copy too, & they'd been straight on the ball with it. Seemingly when a higher authority shouts, they act. This can only be good.

I was a bit more prepared for the video-link this time & at last, for the 1<sup>st</sup> time in over 3 years heard the words I'd been waiting for.

"We'll start you on HRT"

Boobies are on the way.....(Shame ya can't get them delivered)....

Something amusing cropped up out of this, (Oh come on, by now you know nothing runs smoothly with me)...

I'd prepared myself for the meeting in standard 'Zoom' attire. Yes that is all dolled up from the waist up, sloppy housewear below.

She said "oooh, we haven't got your height & weight"

"Ah I know I'm 6ft 2 (well I am now, in my shrunken state)"

"Not sure about weight, shall I go & check?"

Please, came the answer.

\*Holly gets up to go to the bathroom\*

She does Blonde so well....

After I'd supplied a completely fictitious reading (from the scales that haven't actually worked for 2 years) of approx 2 stone lighter than I probably was, she said "Oh that's just on the upper limit of BMI that we like. Don't go any higher or it'll affect things at surgery time"

At least I now know how much I gotta slim down before any face to face appointments.

Bugger...

Along the same line, even though the clinic determines what happens prescription wise, it's the surgery that actually administer it. Regardless of a consultant deeming it's OK for me to have medication, they too have to be comfortable with me getting it.

As part of this process, I get a call from the nursing department along the lines of "Ah yes, they (GIC) want us to prescribe these meds. I read here you've got a bit of a history of high blood pressure".....

Oh FFS.

So near & yet so far

I offer to go down & get a reading there & then.

“No, just get yourself a machine & do me a week’s readings”....

I ring just over a week later with a complete set of Googled ‘text-book’ BP figures.

Look, I ain’t being put on hold any damn longer....

With the “my my, haven’t seen a set of figures that good in a long time” still sarcastically ringing in my ears, I trot off to the pharmacy to collect my 1<sup>st</sup> ever box of boobie patches...

Step 1 achieved.

Next level.....

Part 89

### **Holly’s Mummy (February)**

As you’re all aware my family all walked away from me when I came out & I’ve not heard a peep out of any of them since.

Now I’ve got my head around this situation & the scenario actually forms part of my talks I do to Trans (& other LGBT) groups.

The sentence goes “If you’re not prepared to lose everything in your present life to come out, like your spouse, your job, your house & your family.

You ain’t ready.

I was, & I did....

The way I see it is, if any mother can walk away from her own child just because they’re finally admitting who they are, that isn’t the kind of person I want in my life.

I was working with one of the few girl drivers, (I think there’s only 4 or 5 of us out of a total workforce of 130).

We were chatting away, as you do to while away the hundreds of miles we cover, & discussing this family issue but it was the look of shock that appeared on her face when I got to the “I don’t know if my mother is alive or dead” bit that caught me out.

After all, I’m used to this situation, but it hadn’t occurred to me that others wouldn’t be.

A few days later I was working down in South Wales. I’d finished my runs early & decided to actually check a few things out.

The plan was to just go around the back of the her flat. If the garden was still full of twee gnomes & other assorted tat, she was still there.

If not, she was gone (that’s either passed on or just moved into sheltered accommodation).

I park up, walk around the flat.

Wall to wall tat...

Oh well, at least I know.

I must have been virtually back to the car when it happened.

The voice in my head,

You know the one?

“Do you want me to do a set” etc etc..

“Oh FFS, just go & knock on the door”.....

And that, lovely gang, is just what happened.

When she answered I came out with “Look this can go one of 2 ways, you can either tell me to sod off, or I come in for a cup of tea”....

That’s how my social media profile pic featured Holly & her Mummy together....

OK, as you’ll see, it hasn’t been straight forward & even now I’m not sure of the outcome but I did it.

I made the 1<sup>st</sup> move....

Part 90

### **Vaccinations. (March)**

Throughout the whole of this Covid thing, I’ve held some quite strong views on so called ‘Expert Advice’.

After all, the day after the initial announcement of “You MUST stay at home” I didn’t

I couldn’t.

I had to carry on.

So almost 2 years later I’m still making my own mind up on things Pandemic-related.

Quite early on, as soon as I heard they’d invented a vaccine, I’d already sussed that there would be a ‘government-control’ angle on this. I won’t bore you gang with too much of my personal feelings on how the whole Covid situation has been handled by officialdom, but generally cynicism takes the upper hand.

That aside it was pretty obvious that there would be some form of ‘Covid Passport’ introduced to keep tabs on who’d been jabbed & more importantly who’d chosen not to be.

My growing need to be rid of the current situation & make some inroads on stabilising the previously mentioned mental well-being led me to take the jabs, just to get my ‘passport’ stamped.

I’d started to formulate a plan that as I got older & as retirement was ultimately looming, I wanted to see America once more.

Yes, I know I’ll never see my beloved Alabama again (remember back in the early parts ‘They just don’t like guys being girlies & carry guns to emphasise that’).....

But the large distant country was calling & I figured San Francisco (the Hippy capital of the world) would be safe enough.

Just the thoughts of my ‘Frisco for Christmas’ trip lightened my demeanour.

As I type this now, (December), I’m booked for my booster on the 27<sup>th</sup> even though I agree with the disbelievers who’ve said...”If the vaccine works, why do we need more”...

Oh, & I didn't make Frisco either....

Part 91

### **More Mummy Contact (March)**

So obviously, the initial meeting with Mother wasn't going to be a one-off. I needed to know just how she felt & if there was going to be any renewed acceptance of my Holly-nosity.

A lot of the very early posts had outlined the ups & downs of the journey along this particular rocky path but the line of thinking was very much 'has 4 years apart actually changed anything'?

I'd sent a nice bouquet of flowers just after the visit & bearing in mind I'd left her with my phone number (but deliberately not asked for hers) I waited to see if there was any reaction. Just like when I'd changed my Facebook account over 4 years previously, I needed her to make the move.

Not for any other reason than I wasn't going to back anyone into a corner. If she wanted any continued contact, she'd have to call.

She did.

On a land-line (meaning there'd be no text-type contact).

Oh well...

Now to be honest, she is 85, probably confused & struggling to make her own mind up on what to do.

The call was brief, distant & was just to say 'thanks for the flowers'...

At least I have some idea on where we stood.

Remembering that visit years ago where she locked the doors & closed the curtains I was getting the idea that probs she really didn't want any part.

It was when my Sister rang that a lot of things got put into perspective.

I'd done a bit of Google investigation a few months earlier, just to see if either of them still had any social-media presence. Through this I'd twigged my Sister had moved back to Newport.

The call explained why.

It turns out that Mother's increasing Alzheimer's situation had ramped up & my Sis (Mandy), needed to be physically closer.

After all, bashing back & forward over the Severn bridge from Somerset wasn't working.

Now I understood.

In a very curt call I learn that in effect, Mandy is now running Mother's affairs & is very much in control.

Putting 2 & 2 together I get the 'I've given up my dream life & career for this, so it's going to be my way'.

It was explained to me that I had 'ripped the family apart' (er, who walked away from who?), & was not welcome at any family occasions including any future funeral...

Now I definitely understood....

OK, in complete fairness to Mandy that was in March.

As we are now (December) I've texted both her & Mother "Merry Christmas" & things are more level.

I've had a couple of letters from Mum both with my correct name on the envelope.

Still not holding my breath on any real advancement tho...

As I explained in that 1<sup>st</sup> call with Mandy "look, I actually don't need anything from either of you.

I got over my loss 4 years ago.

I've got my chosen life.

It'd just be nice for you, to be part of it"...

Holly Myami you're turning a funny shade of blue....

Part 92

### **April Advances**

Flashing back through the previous posts in this tome to get up to speed with adding these new bits I can still feel the emotions that were abundant when I 1<sup>st</sup> wrote them.

By now you're all up to speed with the complete turmoil that was my coming out in August 2017. You'll also remember this strange obsession I've developed subsequently, regarding shoes & any other of the significant girly apparel that made my early progression, er, progress..

By now we're in April & I'm feeling good with the world. Have a few prides booked, the possibility of some gigs & of course Myami Media bubbling along. I'm bimbling around Hollyville one weekend & decide to give the gang a giggle by doing one of my 'let's spread all my shoes out & picture them' shots. It stood at 41 pairs....

Now, my dear.

I think we're far enough down the line for you to start 'pruning' some of these back.

Looking at what appeared like a Timpsons scrap-yard it occurred to me that there were a number of pairs (particularly work shoes) that were actually damaged beyond repair (damn those lorries)...

So lovely peeps, the shoe collection piccy became a before & after comparison to highlight another advancement.

I can now get rid of worn out shoes...

But not that 1<sup>st</sup> ever pair for work...

Oooh & not those 1<sup>st</sup> 4 inch blocks that revolutionised my work shoe issues....

Ooooooh & not that pair of white kitten heels, you know the ones I've had for over 10 years & actually learned to walk in heels in.....

Looook I got it down to 32 pairs....

Holly Myami, you're too sappy....

Along similar lines & because I'd started the year as a fat cow, I'd left off the severe shapewear. So a lot of the early & also worn-out items got binned.



In the initial years this 'weapons-grade' corsetry had given me a nice (if somewhat 'classic') girly shape & been what enabled me to go out & face the world in all my big-ness.

I was now in a place where I was starting to actually believe in the 'take me as I am' mantra. As I've said a few times in these pages, due to the increase in size of a lot of girls I don't stand out as much as I could.

Now all I gotta do is to get all the other girls to grow to 6ft 6 tall & I've won.....  
HMMMMM...

Part 93

### **April Non-advances...**

I've spent a good deal of my life relying on my 'strange feelings'.

I got to understand these more when I was with Ruth (wife No. 6) who was a working Psychic. It taught me that although I wasn't up to her level of awareness, the little feelings I got about things were to be taken notice of.

I've outlined previously how I use them on an everyday basis as I drive around. I can come up to maybe 3 roundabouts & know it's safe to go straight on, then coming up to the 4<sup>th</sup> something makes me stop. Just in time to see some Herbert come hammering around...

So with this in mind I should have known something was wrong.

Brighton Trans Pride have always played this little game.

They don't announce the actual date of the event, until March or April.

We all know it'll be 3<sup>rd</sup> weekend in July, cos it always is.

We all book hotels in January (to get best choice & price) for 3<sup>rd</sup> weekend in July, knowing it's safe to do so.

We're now 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> week into April.

No announcement.

I actually message the committee (as I know some them personally by now) to push for some clarification.

Within a day it came.

"It's with great regret that we....."

Cancelled.

2<sup>nd</sup> year.

Arse.....

Now the real disappointment isn't just the loss of the biggest event in the Trans calendar, it's the realisation that the Covid thing isn't going away and we're looking at a 2<sup>nd</sup> year of restrictions...

What else is gonna fall?....

Are we ever going out ever again??...

Part 94

### **Confidence Building (May)**

At this point it's still not all doom & gloom.

I'm wearing a reasonably optimistic head on other things including my show Walk on the Wild Side.

It's been running almost 2 years at this point & is being taken by 4 stations. It really gives me focus & of course, is helping to keep my spirits & confidence levels up.

The 4 different listener 'gangs' are varying demographics from out & out 'Yam Yams' to a diverse international station.

It can get quite hectic, on some shows as I'm broadcasting out in real time & chatting to 4 messenger groups simultaneously, often in different languages (I've sure brushed up my original schoolgirl German no end)....

Even though the 1<sup>st</sup> station to rescue me from the doldrums (SkyHigh) is not around any more, the original crew (including me) are still booked to do Stars of Time.

So that's something to look forward to.

I console myself with a few 'small' (cries with laughter face) home-based projects & keeps fingers crossed.

Since I've lived at Hollyville my track record with DIY has not been good.

I had that small flurry of activity at the beginning (remember, Fairy Princess Boudoir), but subsequently that's been it.

Even though at this point work is quite quiet, I've still not got the inclination to pick up a paintbrush & threaten the shabby looking living room.

What I have got though, is a bit of extra money behind me due to the SEISS payment scheme doing rather well for me.

A quick phone call to an associate of mine that's set up his own decorating business & all of a sudden I have men coming around, with brushes & scrapers & all that manly stuff.

Now the original idea was go for one of the 'White with a hint of' kind of shades. The rooms are reasonably dark so I didn't want to go for bold colours.

I also didn't want to have the whole flat in pink looking like a tarts parlour.

Dave brought some charts around.

I chose white with just a hint of pink (Look, I'm still me).

We arranged him to start the following Monday which would give me time to completely empty the room.

Get home from work the 1<sup>st</sup> day.

Dave's got on really well.

Done all the prep & even started the 'edging' out.

Hmmm, hope it's going to look lighter once it's dry...

Gets home the next day.....

Oh well, Tart's Parlour it is then....

In complete fairness, it is lighter than the bedroom.

Just....

Cue shopping for all sorts of white accessories (lamp-shades, rugs, throws) to lighten things up a bit.

I made sure to get the lightest shade for the new carpet that I could.

Yup, I really like my 'Ice Cream Sundae' living room now....

Part 95

### **Preparations For Stars of Time (May)**

We hadn't heard that they weren't, so we assumed that they were.

The organisers of Stars bristled with confidence that as the event was in late August we'd be past the announced deadline for 'all coming back out to play'...

I bought into the idea & believed them.

I had to.

My other events were falling down around my ears.

Worcs pride had already cancelled, not due to the date as theirs was in September, but they'd lost all their funding.

It was like a bizarre 'post Armageddon' film for the 2<sup>nd</sup> year running.

I so needed Stars, to keep my sanity.

I'd had the costume ideas in the back of my mind for over 12 months.

Wizard of Oz.

Dorothy on the Sunday.

Glinda (Good witch of the North), Monday.

As before, the outfits had to be to Cosplay standard & feature perfect.

Right, where to start?

I dropped into a routine of watching the film every weekend for at least 6 weeks.

I'm glad I did.

I learned something new each time.

Yes Dorothy had the Ruby slippers, but who noticed she also wore blue ankle socks underneath..

Who noticed that after the 'wash & brush-up' sequence the gingham dress acquired an underskirt & got wider?

Oh yes, I was sure gonna show them that I too could do this 'dressing up' thing (eh???)...

Now, where do I get an authentic pair of size 11 Ruby Slippers...

Ah, you can't....

Unless you make them...(or in my case sacrifice a sweet pair of red suede shoes & cover them in glitter)....

The reality of the work I put into those shoes & the event costumes in general would be worth a whole update I itself, but I'll keep it Holly-specific.

Yes the shoes took 6 weeks to achieve, gluing the glitter on a bit at a time.

Yes, even now, in December I'm still hoovering the damn stuff up.

Yes I had to ship in a genuine Glinda dress from a film costume company in the USA.

Yes I burned a hole in my DVD of the film by watching it so many times.

But importantly, it wasn't just for the event.

It was for me.

To keep me level.....

Just one last point on costumes. There were plenty of options for Glinda's wand available but none that were right for me.

The wand is basically full height with a star on top.

That star had to sit exactly level with my ear (coz it did in the film).

Yet again, because of my size nothing was right.

OK, make one...

All we need is a length of chrome tube & a Christmas decoration star.

Me being me boldly marches into the local plumb centre.

"Hi there, I need 2 metres of chrome 15 mill please"

"Er we only do 3 metre lengths" came the answer

My exasperated look as I point at Hollybug...

"Well that ain't gonna fit, now is it"

He looks around at the by now highly amused gathering of assorted plumber-type customers....

"Anyone got a hacksaw in their van?".....

Holly strikes again.....

Part 96

### **Medication Ups & Downs (June)**

As Y'all know by now, this girl has never previously been one to get involved too much in medical matters or doctors. I come from the school of thought that buys into 'Oh just get on with life' whenever anything crops up.

For the 1<sup>st</sup> time ever I'm now in a situation where I have to deal with things like 'Repeat Prescriptions'.

Now here's a subject that's a real eye-opener...

In my naivety I thought that it just happened.

You know, in this era of computerised everything, someone would just turn up at the door every month with a nice fresh box of Boobie Patches & all would be good with the world.

Ah.....

Having got almost to the end of the 1<sup>st</sup> box, no-one had showed up.

I ring the surgery.

'Have you ordered them?' came the answer....

'How do I do that?' I mumbled....

Once the complete list of instructions were digested including setting up an 'Account' with both the Surgery & the Pharmacy I was good to go.

By now I'm down to the last patch...

The last thing I want is to break the continuity once all the magic stuff was seeping into my body (I'd already convinced myself I could see growth happening after the 1<sup>st</sup> week)....

Rings Pharmacy (34 times before they answer)...

'Is my prescription ready?'

'Er, no. It's not come through from your doctor'

Rings doctor (10 minutes before they answer)

'Has my prescription been passed through?'

'No Dr isn't back in until tomorrow' ...  
By now I'm hovering....  
'Look, can't someone else just sign it off?  
It's only a repeat for pity's sake' .....  
I could see my boobs shrinking in front of my very eyes....  
'I'll see if Laura's available.....'  
Waaaaaaahhhh...  
(No you can't take a BP reading at the mo, it's off the damn scale)

Laura was great.....  
Laura took control...  
Not only did she sort out the issue, she moved the ordering process up to 3  
monthly so I don't have this problem so often...  
Yes that was 7 months ago.  
Yes I'm into the groove now.  
No I don't leave it so close to running out before re-ordering these days.  
We've even gone through an increase in dosage scenario successfully.  
As I'm typing this, my eye catches the collection of small Evorel boxes on the  
shelves in front of me reminding me that just like every other aspect of my  
journey, it seems I have to fight & fight hard for advancement....  
Although on the plus side it didn't take to long for the 'flushes' to kick in.  
Now yet again through my experience in the numerous marriages I'd  
witnessed my wives going through menopause, being involved with HRT &  
experiencing 'Hot Flushes'.  
Being the 'bloke' I was then, I thought they were just being 'drama queens' &  
tutted a lot.  
Living day to day with never being at the right temperature can get quite  
wearing.....  
I get in from work, set the heating, sit down.  
After 5 minutes get back up, turn the heating off & open the windows.  
Sit back down for 5 minutes before repeating the whole process.  
Again & again.....  
Although these days I just smile when it happens.  
I'll take any physical manifestation that shows me that my body really is  
changing.  
Changing into what it should have been all along.  
Remembering the 'wrong genitals' quip, I can genuinely see a set course in  
fixing that.  
Happy Holly...

Part 97

**Stars of Time ((July/August))**

Now I said that I was keeping these ramblings down to just Holly related stuff but even though Stars is work, it still falls on August Bank Holiday so therefore is hugely significant.

July is spent finalising outfits & preparing things generally for the gig.

Bearing in mind this is the 1<sup>st</sup> event I've attended in 18 months at this point, I wanted it right.

There was a bit of a 'conflict of interest' as I'd planned to give the new-new camera (don't ask....) a good workout filming my own performance on stage as well as doing the job of entertaining the crowds.

Obviously it was going to be a bit strange as Graham usually took control of the filming side of things before, but now I was having to work out a system I could do it all.

Ah well, as you asked...

The camera.....

Yes, as mentioned before, The Sony cameras were proving troublesome. Not in filming stuff but actually transferring the footage onto a computer to produce the end result. It was the FireWire system that was causing the issues so in the end I bit the bullet, admitted defeat & got rid.

The new Canon XA11 recorded straight to SD card so fitted the bill (& a huge bill it was too) (That's all your Chrstmasses & birthdays for the next few years catered for young lady)....

I devised a system of strapping the tripod to the safety rail at the front of the stage & just had to hit the record button as I went past to do my bits. A forward facing monitor screen on the cold-shoe fitting enabled me to stay in shot.

What could possibly go wrong?.....

Finally got all the outfits ready & to see exactly what they were going to look like from a distance I devised a 'dress rehearsal'... I set the camera up in front of the screen, & went for the full Dorothy.

Just as I was lining up in front of the camera to do my 'piece' my eye caught sight of a couple of the neighbours down in the car park.

If you flash back to previous episodes you'll see that I'd been introduced to Shelia (in completely the wrong circumstances) some time back.

"Ah" thinks me "She'll have a laugh at this..."

So just like most of the bizarre selfies that appear on my socials, there's this one of a tiny demure lady arm in arm with a 6ft plus Dorothy.

Complete with shiny Ruby slippers.

In a car park.

In Worcester.....

I'd booked into the Grand Atlantic hotel at Weston again. As with BTP I'd done this right back in January, but come May had added an extra day. The line of thinking was since I had sod-all else to do (unlike 2019) on the

Saturday I'd get down, & set-up the camera station on that day & not have to stress about it on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the event.

All of this highlights how I've had to change stuff around, now I'm flying solo. As much as anything else Graham & I were a working team. We both had our separate roles & just got on with them.

I can actually remember writing out an itinerary/spreadsheet type thing to make sure I didn't forget anything important. Contract Manager Holly. (Am getting old)????

On paper, everything went well.

Obviously, my main concern was that the costumes travelled OK & were looking the best for their respective launches.

I'd worked damn hard on them & was proud & confident of the result.

Yes the shoes left a trail of glitter where I went, but to me that just added to the magic....

I'd come up with a few technical solutions based on my time as me.

Nails, the main problem was I needed 2 different colours to suit the outfits.

Not wanted to be faced with having to do a total rebuild in a hotel room on the Sunday night, I came up with Glinda's colour on my own (acrylic) nails fixed normally. Dorothy's on a set of stick-on upsized acrylics that I just peeled off.

Now in theory that was a goer...

Except that the sticky pads were extra strong so ended up lifting my own nails as I removed them....

Ah well, we tried (story of my life).

Costume-wise all went well other than another downside of flying solo was I didn't notice that the Dorothy underskirt wasn't sat straight & was hanging down behind me. That unfortunately rendered a lot of Sunday's footage unusable but hey Ho.

Part 98

Monday.

Glinda.

This was always going to be the show-stopper (just like Snow White in 2019). Me being me was always noticeable around the hotel and as I've mentioned before, my way of dealing with this is to head it off at the pass.

I'd deliberately been extra friendly with the reception staff & promised them a real show as I came down on the Monday to go to the venue.

Not for the 1<sup>st</sup> time in my life I stopped traffic.

I walked into reception & everyone stopped. I know by now that's why I do this sort of thing but when I got the round of applause as I did my twirl it sort of brought me back.

I walked across the road to the Tropicana and as before, (Truckstop), traffic ground to a halt.

Of course I was pleased, it showed me that all the months of work (and significant amount of money) had paid off.

After all, it was going to be my one & only event of the year & it had to be good.

More to the point, the cosplayers were impressed.

Now THAT'S the real mark of success.

This year's event (2022) has already been planned. Unfortunately due to the venue not being available in August it's a 1 day event in March.

I won't do costumes this time.

I've laid the ghost of the staring Alien.

Well & truly....

By the time I'd got home on the Monday night, my poor body was reminding me that an out & out 2 day full costume event is probs a bit much for this old girl....

Tweeted that night

*So, sit rep on poor old body.*

*Neck, locked (blame hotel pillows).*

*Back, bad (blame luggin heavy gear).*

*Hips, f\*\*ked (blame unsuitable shoes).*

*Calves, f\*\*ked (blame unsuitable shoes).*

*Feet, seized (blame 2 X 8 hour sessions standing on stage)....,*

*Injuries, apparent..,*

Last Thought on Stars

It doesn't take too long in my life for all sorts of 'girly phrases' I've heard muttered over the years (usually by wives) to actually make sense.

On the Monday a lovely girl called Hayley Mills (yes really) shows up at the event as Dorothy.

OMG was I sooo glad I'd done that one the day before...

Hayley was a girl in her 30's & absolutely spectacular looking.

To see her in her cute little outfit immediately made me think "I'd have had to go home & change"

Ha Ha...

See me, proper woman...

Last Last Thought on Stars

I know that August Bank Holiday was probs the 1<sup>st</sup> time that people had really been out. The streets of Weston were full of pretty merry locals & tourists.

Now mostly this was silly-drunk not punchy-drunk which was just as well as I was wandering around as a very obvious (even in my demure street-wear) large Trans woman.

Didn't stop 2 separate occasions of Transphobia.

Like I say, not malicious, but the "are you a man or a woman" kind.

Damn Carrot Crunchers...

Just as well I was in a good place.

Nothing much gets to me these days...



\*winces\*

Don't say that....

Coz I know what happens next.....

Part 99

### **Myami Media September/October**

With Stars finally out of the way & with very few other events in my diary, I was struggling for a way of keeping my momentum up.

I was dropping into the line of thinking that as I got further down the path of being me, just doing everyday stuff as me was taking priority.

2019's out & out showing off was right for the time (& put in place the confidence I have now), but it was never meant to be on-going. More just a stepping stone.

Obs with the vast outlay on the new Canon, I'd have to justify it somehow.

My socials, as normal, came up with the idea.

There were a couple of Prides breaking out for the 1<sup>st</sup> time in 2 years.

Gloucester (yes, my 1<sup>st</sup> ever pride) & a new one on the calendar Bromsgrove.

Let's get out there.....

Gloucester was 1<sup>st</sup> (middle September)

Having already filmed Worcester 2 in 2018 I knew what formula to use.

Each event would be broken into 2 parts.

Parade & Showground.

Each part has it's own appeal for the relevant participants.

Even though you have to have some sensitivity when filming LGBT type peeps (some are still in the closet & not fully out), my experience tells me that the sort of people who show up for a Pride parade want the world to know.

My thoughts were to ditch the solid but bulky tripod in favour of a mono-pod so I could track the marchers in real time.

Initially the thoughts of charging down the streets with a grand's worth of camera on a stick, filled me with dread (bearing in mind the plan was to walk backwards in front of the marchers for the 1<sup>st</sup> part as they set off, to get a sense of the enormity), but I devised a series of safety straps that would catch the camera, if I did stumble, before it hit the ground.

Sorted then.....

My final bit of prep was my attire.

As I was just a camera girl, all thoughts of dressing up to be noticed were shelved.

It was sensible & practical skirt.

Sensible & practical top.

Sensible & practical Trainers.

Yes FLAT trainers.....

What you have to remember here is that I've been on heels for 4 years, & what seemed like a good plan at the outset soon showed itself to be pants..

Tweet 11/9/21

*Just got back.*

*Sit-rep.*

*Planning, all good.*

*Cam gear all worked fine.*

*Choice of clothing, spot on....*

*Other than..*

*Those damn trainers...*

*I vaguely remember last time I wore flat shoes, just the same...*

*Just as well Monday's work is a straight swap...*

*Picture of a very blistered foot...*

Despite the personal injury the event went off well.

I was happy with result & uber-happy with the performance of the camera.

Goes to show, you really DO get what you pay for.

I'd made a point of taking footage of as many of the showground performers as possible with the plan to put it up to my YouTube channel so they could see my capability (sort of portfolio for Myami Media).

Bromsgrove

As this was their 1<sup>st</sup> event they had no plans for a parade (just like Worcester's 1<sup>st</sup>).

It was going to be a gathering in Bromsgrove High Street to show the locals that there was an LGBT presence in the town (Actually a cool idea, in a smallish place you'd be surprised at how many folk came up on the day to comment on just that).

I'd noticed that at Gloucester a few weeks earlier the only downside of the mono-pod was camera-shake while you were mobile.

Remembering Graham's foray into the Gimbal device (Stars 2018) I

wondered if there was such a thing suitable for a rather large broadcast spec video camera.

Yup, a lot of hurried research showed there was.

They cost how much?

Now, Ebay is a dangerous place after a couple of glasses of bubbles....

It arrived with 2 days to spare.....

The only downside to holding an event in October is the uncertainty of the weather.

The day dawned very certainly..

It was going to pee down all day.....

Goes to show again, proper kit is made to work & work hard.

Cue pictures of a 'video scrapyard' once we got back, with all the stuff spread out drying.

Again made sure to film the few artists that performed on the small stage.

Made sure to put the stuff on the net.

Made sure they knew that if they needed a video done of an important gig, I was their girl.

Part 100 (Yaaaaaaay)

### **September GIC**

24<sup>th</sup> was earmarked for another appointment.

This will be the 4<sup>th</sup>. They'd been right, it sure was rattling along.

By now I'm an old hand at this 'Zoom Room' thing & I've even come away from my previous 'it's a camera so you have to perform' ethic.

Earlier in the year I had a call from the clinic informing me that they were in a place to offer me a Speech Therapy course.

Ooooh I think, Proper girly voice.

No more mis-gendering on the phone.

Just as promised, a set of 5 monthly (virtual) sessions came my way.

All very useful & has brought my confidence levels up no end.

This clinician meeting was just a catch-up & progress affair.

We discussed my nicely rising E levels (shame you can't just do those in school) & the next step which would be T blockers.

My Evirol dosage was doubled & there wasn't any happier girl around at that moment.

Yes, as this missive has proved before, phrases like that are usually the kiss of death,

"Look behind you

Where?

There"

Yup hand Grenade alert.....

The next appointment was scheduled for early Jan to take things even further. I was happy with that & it occurred to me that would take me into the 2<sup>nd</sup> year with the clinic. Things like that still catch me out when I think back to the very early days of 'clear nail varnish'.

As part of the preparations for this one they needed more blood tests (yup I get that, check rising levels) and.....

An up to date Blood Pressure reading...

Bugger, bugger & damn.....

Here we go again

"I see you've got a bit of a history of high blood pressure"..

Will you lot stop reading my history, & start concentrating on my future....

I made the appointment.

I went to the surgery.

I told the nurse what the tests were for.

I glossed over the BP bit (even had the letter with me in case she didn't have her copy but mine was folded in a certain way)...

I know I'm not going to get away with with it.  
I know come early Jan questions are going to be asked.  
But I just gotta see some progress on this.  
I turn 65 next year.  
I just haven't got the time for any delays...

On the upside.  
I now got boobs.  
No, not huge great Babs Windsor ones, but real-live proper (not plastic copies) girly boobs.  
I just can't stop looking at them (well you see officer...).  
In celebration, about a month ago I stopped wearing any 'enhancements' at all and bought, for the 1<sup>st</sup> time ever, a bra to fit the real me not the perceived me.  
Yes that means that I'm the 'flattest' I've been since those very early days of being out at work, but the difference is, now it's all me.  
Proper girly me....  
Now ask to see my tits on cam.....  
Errrr, perhaps not..  
Yet....

Part 101

### **Media Woes October**

In order to offer as wide an appeal to prospective customers as possible, the Myami Media portfolio had to be as diverse as possible.

I'd already re-jigged my website so that Media was at the top of the page & hence the 1<sup>st</sup> thing seen as you hit the site, but we had to show that I knew what I was doing.

I arranged to do some free filming gigs with a number of different & diverse bands. It pleased me to think I was actually going out into the normal world doing normal things, but as a Trans woman

One of these gigs was at a music festival in Burnham on Sea. That would be good as I could not only catch the act I'd arranged to film, but also all the others.

Yet again, the plan was to load as many different vids as possible onto the YouTube.

Yet, again, I threw myself into the whole project & even dropped some of my paid day work to get stuff completed.

I was happy with the result & even though I'd sent links to all the performers concerned, any reciprocal take up was slow in coming.

Errr that'll be non-existent.

The point was really brought home when one of the bands actually posted a link to a mobile phone shot clip from their gig before my 'professionally produced' one.

Perhaps I'm barking up the wrong tree here.

Perhaps the spontaneity in posting 'live' vids as they happen, is preferred to a pro produced item

As with a lot of things, time has very much marched on from when I used to this before.

That was in 2016.

Er like 5 years ago.

Re-think required.

I shut it down & pulled everything off the site.

(Where have we heard a that before.....).

Part 102

### **Walk on the Wild Side October.**

I've loved this show since it's inception.

I've been in the Radio & TV biz for a number of years & have worked all the different levels.

What's so brill is the fact it's always been MY show, compiled by me starring me and fully reflective of the girl I am today.

As mentioned, it's been in it's Simulcast format for most of it's life & adds to the diversity.

Now, that's all well & good, but as any working DJ will tell you, in order to keep them on the floor dancing ya gotta play what THEY want.

I found that the requests (that due to NASA being super-slick I could have loaded & playing within a track or 2) were starting to take over the show.

With so many different types of listeners from all the stations sending requests in 'on the fly' it was taking half the show before I got to what I'd chosen to play.

As it had gone on I'd done a few themed video specials hence the need for subject-specific outfits. I can remember spending almost as much time on the 1984 special look as the Stars outfits.

OK, with the lack of 'real' events this was an almost acceptable alternative.

So I thought.....

I'd chosen 84 due to the avalanche of good music that came out of that year, but yet again I only got to play a portion of the very things I'd chosen.

I was loosing the grip on my own show.

The realisation that maybe 'They' actually just wanted an open request show & not what I'd originally set out to do appeared at roughly the same time as the Myami Media issue.

Now at this point a 3<sup>rd</sup> spark of enlightenment surfaced.

Myami, you're nearly 65, pretending to be 25.

The normal world isn't what you think it is.

It's certainly not what you want it to be.  
All change (yet again)....  
I couldn't risk anything pulling me down off my pink fluffy cloud of fully boobed girly-ness (have I mentioned the boobs yet?)...  
I shut it down & pulled everything off the site....

Ironically I pulled the same stunt as I did when CWTV was closed down.  
I was doing a Halloween special.  
I'd played all their requests including numerous Northern Soul & even Slipknot tracks, (all of which I hate) then signed off with "I hope you've enjoyed what we've put your way tonight"  
Which I said every weekend  
"Because you've just heard the last ever Holly's Walk on the Wide Side"  
Which I didn't.....

Part 103

### **Work Woes November**

I won't deny I hit the buffers a bit here.  
I'd put in shed-loads of effort & money into my 'keep me afloat' projects only to see them sink faster than the Titanic.  
As outlined numerous times in this whole thing, I know I'm in a place now where there's little possibility of the regression that occurred in April 2018 or even December 2019.  
Of course I'm fields ahead of how I was then.  
Hell, I'm really on the path of being me, with boobs (have I mentioned the boobs yet?).....  
As with all things Holly, these downers never come singularly, they show up 'Mob-Handed'.....  
A few months previously, my prophecies of changes at day-job work came true.  
I'd had my eye on this situation for some time (just so I didn't get caught out).  
My work supplier company of over 14 years was sold.  
To one of the new breed of 'Online Car Retailers'.  
Initially, it had no effect on our day to day jobs & life carried on.  
We were all hoping that it had been our company's good name within the logistics industry that had interested the new owners & that we'd just carry on.  
Miami, you're on that fluffy cloud again...

It took less than 2 months for the 'meeting' to be announced.

I went.

I listened.

I choked when they got to '& we're discontinuing the self employed business model & all drivers will be employed.

Working 12 hour shifts.

4 on 4 off.

Based at Gloucester.  
Bugger, bugger & damn.....  
End of day job,  
Sorry Luv, I ain't giving up my weekends for no one.  
See, told you there'd be a hand-grenade...  
Just forgot to say there'd be Mortar Fire too...

So first things first...  
Damage limitation (hang on, where've we heard that before????).  
As much as I've pulled off coming out at work & subsequently keeping my job, I've never had to actually go for a job as me....  
Well, that's not strictly true....  
When I'd 1<sup>st</sup> heard about the takeover I'd tried an experiment (see, I told you I was on the ball)...  
Because of my CPC card, I was looking into directions that would work for me both pre & subsequently post retirement.  
I knew I could drive 18 seat buses, so was looking that direction.  
A quick Google around found that there was a couple of bus companies that ran these vehicles & 1 was literally down the bottom of the road I lived on.  
Too good an opportunity to miss.

The plan was to dig out the girly trousers outfit I'd worn when I first came out  
So as not to frighten any prospective new employer off.  
Set up a meeting with the transport manager.  
The night before, goes to get my clothes ready for the next day.  
Now where's those trousers??????  
Damn, you know that occasion a few months ago when you were throwing old workwear away?????  
So I turn up the next day, fully skirted, fully cute heeled winter boots to my 1<sup>st</sup> ever interview as Holly Myami.

As an aside, I'd spoke to the guy on the phone when I'd set this up & already learned of the huge shortage of drivers in the industry as a whole.  
He offered me the job.  
He said "there's a bus outside right now, we'll just pop out for a quick driving assessment & you're in"...  
As me, in a skirt.....  
Wahey....  
Not Wahey...  
Poo.....  
I didn't realise there were different classes of D1 license.  
The license check revealed that yes, I'm fully licensed to drive these things, but not with paying passengers on board.....

## **More Work Woes December**

Now I have really hit the buffers.....

My head is spinning again.

I'm too damn old for all of this shit...

Do you remember that line in the film 'Airplane' where the controller says "Looks like I chose the wrong week to give up drinking?" which then gets modified to give up smoking & give up taking drugs etc...

I fell off the wagon.

I had planned to make that announcement as part of the summing up for this piece.

But now I've trashed that too.

If you go back to 'top end of BMI & don't let it get any higher', a couple months previously, I found myself with the determination to get hold of this situation.

I'd packed in the bubbles completely, was passing the 2 month mark & was on one of my diets watching my body get smaller.

Then, things were looking good.

Now, It's gotta be said, things ain't looking good.

It's looking like no day job, no other job, no Hollyville...

"No phone, no pool no pets...."

Ok, let's not get all dramatic here...

I've been in this situation (& worse) before, let's just knuckle down & hit the problem between the eyes.

1<sup>st</sup> thing.

Work.

Agencies.

Remember, there's a shortage of drivers.

Go back on the trucks.

"What? In a skirt"

No you daft tart, get workwear, girly workwear.

I opened up a Very account, as I know sending stuff back is far easier with them.

Trousers.

Black.

Long Leg.

Ordered 3 different sizes.

They arrive.

All good on size 22.

Send others back, get another pair.

Ordered a black T-shirt (3 sizes).....

You see, she can do it when she needs to..



In less that 2 weeks a complete girly Trucky uniform (complete with girly-ish safety shoes) ready to work.

Now, jobs.....

I won't go into all the ups & downs as it get a bit repetitive...

I sign on with 5 agencies.

So far only one has offered any work at all.

I'll take that as a result...

As I finish this update off its 29-12-21.

I will chivvy them up in the next day or so to get something sorted for when we go back to work on Jan 4<sup>th</sup>.

Except....

As well as agencies, I signed up to the new phenomenon of 'Job Sites'.

CV Library is probs one of the better known ones.

Now these work really quite well as the recruiters actually track you down. OK most don't read the CV properly so I nearly ended up driving HGV's but it's a start.

Out of this, comes a quirky little job servicing washrooms.

Worcester only.

Work from home.

Company van.

I'll have a look at that thinks me....

I went for an interview 17<sup>th</sup> December.

Offered the job.

By now, I'm starting to believe that I can actually do this 'getting a job' thing.

Part 105

OK, I've had the Chrissy break to ponder a lot of stuff.

Washroom job is employed, full time.

Possible problems with medical appointments etc. I have got rather used to just being able to say 'I'm not available'....

Which brings me to .....

Ta da da daaaaaaaa

Announcement of Holly Advancement of the year....

Don't I always save the best 'til last?

(Oooh, we know a song about that)....

Wind the clock back to part 82 Blog no 7.

Ah yes the Pension thing.

At the beginning of this update I said I wasn't going to include anything that wasn't strictly Holly advancement related.

The pension thing has actually taken up a fair amount of time & has been a complete nightmare.

As I said in the last part, if I'd known about it years ago, I could have been dealing with it bit by bit & not trying to grab it head on like some Matador with boobs (have I mentioned the boobs?)....

The Aviva was OK.

There was always someone to talk to & they basically did what I asked.

The ex Metal Box one was the problem.

No flexibility at all.

Couldn't even get them to offset the trigger date to line up with my State pension age of 66.

Just over a week ago I got the 'Your pension is about to trigger in March, here are your options letter'.

1/ Lump sum & reduced payouts

2/ Full Pen.....

Eh, what was that?

Lump What?

You mean I can take a lump sum off a pension that was only going to pay out peanuts anyway?

At 65?

That's in 3 months time?

Only 3 months & I can effectively retire?.....

So there you have it lovely & loyal gang of Holly followers.

Like 2020 was actually a brill year for this girl, 2021 has finished with a bang.

Talk about a race right up to the wire....

No, I can't live for a whole year (until my State & Aviva Pension kick in) on the lump sum, but it'll sure buy me some time to work out options.

My 1<sup>st</sup> thought is to get my D1 license upgraded & do a couple of days a week on the buses.

That really is my preferred option, although there's cost involved in that.

Could just rely on the agencies to come in with a couple of days a week on the trucks.

Washrooms?

This is where the subject of advancements really comes in with a bang.

As much as I'm loathed to turn down any firm offer, I'm comfortable enough in Holly & her needs to prioritise the work issue accordingly.

Just like the guy who maliciously outed me in 2017 and actually ended up doing me a favour, my job going down now has spurred me onto shaping my life around being Holly.

I'm at a stage where any previous existence is fading away in my memory & all I now concentrate on is a forward path.

Now THAT'S Holly advancement

Who'd have thought that would happen, a few years ago when I kept putting her back into that damn box?

More to follow.....

Much more..

Don't ya be going away now.....