

So where did the weather go? Tottenham and back by 9 o'clock, all in the pouring rain. Never mind, got home to spend some time sorting out a little netbook computer that I can carry around with me on my travels and keep in touch with all the girls. Ace.

Another parcel from Postie. He must, by now, be wondering where this Holly Myami has sprung from, bearing in mind that everyone in the apartment block that I live in, knows about my recent separation. I think we'll let them guess for a while eh !!

A lovely little just above the knee Black & White floaty skirt that'll go nicely with a top I got a week ago (actually I've just noticed, it's the one in my profile piccy). It all makes me think, how do any recently starting, or in my case progressing, T-Girls get hold of all the girly stuff we all need. Generally, going out to the shops is a No-No, so we all head towards Ebay. Yes I know we all start off buying completely the wrong style and even size of clothes, but we all have to start somewhere. At least the local charity shops benefit from all the 'wrong purchases'. Ho hum.

Scotland tomorrow, so an even earlier start. Never mind eh, The whole weekend to look forward to when I get back. 2 whole days of full kit and make-up on. Life doesn't get better than this.

Well, that turned 'round and bit my bum. I thought 'We'll start nice and early to get work out the way, so that the weekend can start with a bang'. It seems that the army of holiday traffic had other ideas. (I don't suppose that the torrential rain helped). So the trip back down from Glasgow turned into a parade of overladen cars full of glum people. Pah !!! Get out of my way ...

Right, rant out of the way, back to more important issues. Where do we start, clothes, make-up, hair, shoes. Yes all of them and more. This weekend (I shall be mostly wearing thanks Fast Show) will be centred around expanding my ideas on making outfits out of the clothes I already have, then getting hold of accessories for the rest. Last week I brought out my complete collection (which had been mothballed 2 years ago when I had to go underground) and started to see where I was going with it all.

It could be said that a marriage breakup could be the most devastating thing ever to happen to you, But I'm a firm believer that you should turn your down times into positive moves. When I found myself single 3 months ago I was determined to use the situation to my advantage.

Holly was born 4 years ago when a life-long personality trait came to the surface and refused to be 'boxed' any more. At the time I thought it had my wife's blessing, but I now know that this can very rarely be the case. So Holly was put away.

At this point I'm not sure where I'm going, how I'm going to there, or even where that is. But by taking my time and treading the path bit by bit I'll make sure that when I find out, I will never need to U-turn again.

So, Saturday morning. Start off with a bit of computer work, (whilst still in my silk (type) nightie), bit of housework (put me in a skirt and I'll do as much housework as you like), then full make-up wig, boobies and heels to help me face the day.

What do you recon? Not a bad way to shrug off the single blues?

Last thought :-

Looking at the pi**ed-off faces of all those so called happy holiday maker blokes in the many traffic queues yesterday, I couldn't help thinking – If they only had a pair of silky – lacy knickers on under those drab, grey, shorts, life would be so much better for them. I did, and it was for me.

#3

Many of us are at different stages of a journey that has chosen us (a bit like having a cat, it chooses you not the other way round).

At the very beginning it's all strange thoughts like 'I wonder what it would feel like just to slip those knickers on' or ' I'm sure that dress would fit me I'll just....).

Immediately such thoughts are pushed to the back of your mind, branded as 'weird' or even 'subversive'.

After a while (and 'a while' can be 6 months or as in my case 30 years) you have to admit that this 'thing' is actually part of you. You like to dress this way, it makes you feel as you should be, so you make a decision to try and progress it further.

As we all live different lives this progression takes a multitude of directions. Some of us will never get to the stage where we can ' go all the way ' namely go out dressed. Domestic and other life considerations (job, family marriage etc.) will dictate that it will never be.

Some will just take it a bit at a time, starting with the odd occasion of pretty underwear worn under a grey work suit (or even overalls), showing that the 'secret' dressers are more in our midst than we'll ever know.

Then for the fortunate (or should that be determined) few, something will happen in their life that allows the next stage to happen.

In my case this was a marriage split. All of a sudden I was on my own having to deal with everything that life threw at me but, I now had no reason not to progress to the real me.

That was a few months ago, and since then (having got the 'feeling sorry for myself' bit out of the way) I've grown more into being Holly every day.

Good for you I here you say, but all the time it's taken has given me a wealth of experience along the way that I can now share. So, the next few blogs will include all sorts of stuff that I have been through.

I hope it helps all of you move along your path, and if it inspires just one person to make the jump to who they should really be, I'll be one happy Holly.

Last thought :-

I took a look through my underwear drawers (note plural !!!!) the other day.

They are separated into Work Knickers (black, reasonably toned down thongs)

Play Knickers (brightly coloured, loads of detail and lace, thongs and briefs),

Outrageous Knickers, Bras, Sussies etc. (you know, anything and everything)

and 1 pair of Y-fronts (brand new, never worn).

Well, we don't want to embarrass the doctor now, do we?

Well, as part of my total commitment to the path that I'm taking, I've passed one more milestone.

In the very near future these blogs will be hosted by my very own web-domain. www.hollymyami.com is born. To my way of thinking there's no better way of shouting your intentions to the world (wide-web) than getting your own place. So my very own little corner of the earth (*do you remember the very naff trend for naming houses things like OLCOTE – our little corner of the earth. Where the flick did all that come from. I blame too much dope being smoked in the Seventies*) will come alive, just like me.

Talking of trends and after my dire journey back from Scotland last Friday I thought that today's trip would be joe-public free. Not a bit of it. They were out in force again today, blocking up MY outside lane with their 72 miles per hour. (I say Gladys, that oik behind me wants' me to move over. I think not. I'm doing the legal speed limit of 70 MPH and I'm staying out here in lane 3).

I couldn't work out why holiday-makers were out on the road, obviously going home, on a Monday. They should have all pi**ed off home on Saturday leaving the M5 clear for me today.

A colleague of mine (seems like a nice boy !!) pointed out that it was the 'Cotton-tops' going home. It seems that the brigade of too many retired gentle folk now choose to travel on odd days (bearing in mind they don't have to get back for work like the rest of us who are funding their pensions) so as to completely bugger up the whole week for us professional drivers.

AAARRRGGG !!!!!

On to weightier matters, I've been composing this over the last few days (too many road miles does that to you).

My anthem :-

I may not look like you, but that doesn't mean I'm a threat.

I don't make rulings of your life, why do you think you can judge mine.

I hold down a full time job, pay all my taxes and bills.

I take nothing from society and expect no-one's assistance.

I am not weird, or strange.

I'm not a pervert or subversive.

I just want to get on with my own life in my own way.

What the hell is your problem with that.

Last thought :-

As summer starts (at last) to raise it's head I get to planning my progression. As you all know by now, I am an ascending T-Girl, but still have to find my way through this. I would love to be able to just turn up at work tomorrow in full dress. It ain't going to happen straight away, but (and this is the bit that counts), I still need to feel I'm moving forward. Last week it was the clear nail varnish worn to work all week. This week it's the girly perfume. Tesco 'Pink' body spray and my favourite L'Aimant by Coty.

The girl is with me, all day long.

July 2012

Now that you've all got to know me a little, it's probably time that you all got to know me a little (*Uh? she's at it again, talking bo**ocks*).

To elaborate, We're all on some kind of a journey, or we wouldn't be a part of the community that's 'Social Networking'.

We've all come to be part of this great big family to gain enlightenment, companionship and a sense of belonging.

What we are is often a pretty lonely experience. No one tells you about this when your young (*Now you see Little Jimmy, when you grow up you're going to be a world class footballer, or if not that you'll start wearing your sisters dresses*) and when you get older you're too ashamed / embarrassed to seek advice.

I can't pretend to know what anyone else is going through with this, but I know what has happened to me along the way. So the plan is (*there's always a plan, if there's no plan, be suspicious*) to regale you with how things have been for me so far. It may help, it may be completely wide of the mark for you, but at least it'll be here if you need it.

Let's set the scene. (*Cue wobbly picture and distant, strange theme music*).

I'm never going to be a film-star type woman.

I've not got Glamour-Girl looks.

I've not got a Model-Girl figure.

I'm 6'3" tall and at the present moment weigh in at roughly 18 stone.

This is the very reason that Holly has been in and out of the 'box' more times than a ventriloquists dummy.

I just get a little bit of confidence, then take a look at myself in the mirror and think "Who's she kidding", and BANG, I'm back at the start (*don't collect £200*).
Sound familiar?

I have been dressing secretly, on and off, for 35 years. It just took one thing in my life to click into place at exactly the right time (In my case another marriage split – more on that in the future) and suddenly the importance of letting Holly out for good, shoots to the top of the pile.

This isn't going to happen overnight. It has to be slow to be right.

I'm no trail-blazer for transgender rights. I'm no evangelist for equality for all.

I'm not going to suddenly burn (or in my case wear) my bra in front of the town hall.

I'm just a 55 year old, Too – tall, Too – fat, woman trying to get out and be recognised.

Sound familiar?

More soon.

Tune in again.

Last thought :-

In my job, I get to listen to the radio virtually all day. My favourite station (when I'm in the correct area or have a car with DAB) is Smooth Radio. I expect, it being a commercial station, that the adverts are networked so that they are probably on lots of different stations.

Has anyone been following the spoof soap 'Cleaner Close'?

Episode 38 has the leading lady discovering her man down the basement, wearing her wedding dress – and even worse ‘making it smell of man...’.
I burst out laughing when I first heard it, not because of the rather weak humour, but because it highlights the fact that we’re all out there.
Generic (or even genetic) wives and girlfriends, be afraid....be very afraid.

August 2012

So, the old adage of 'You are what you drive' still holds true. I spend a lot of my job delivering cars to people around the country. Sometimes I'm in big, posh cars. Sometimes I'm in little sub-miniatures. (Great for someone of my large build).

Now I've made a bit of a study of other drivers reactions to you on the road. If I'm driving a small shopping-trolley type car I'm 100% cannon fodder. Everyone jumps out in front of you at roundabouts and junctions and generally carves you up. It's as if there is a perceived Hierarchy. The smaller the car, the lower down the pecking order.

The funny thing is I can be, say, delivering a £50K luxury car in the morning and coming home in a Corsa. It's still me. I'm still the same person, but not in the eyes of the driving public.

Now..... (*Oh do keep up ...*) does this transfer over to a gender thing. I've yet to go out driving en-femme, but it's on the cards soon. Will I get treated differently in my own car depending on how I'm dressed? We'll see. I will report back.

So, back to my story (*Are you sitting comfortably, then I'll begin*).

I got married first in 1976. It seemed like a good idea at the time (she was a farmers daughter, and Daddy really did have a shot-gun !!!).

This was the first of (*wait for it*) 7 marriages. All have failed. This must tell me something.

When I was in the 'why me again' depression after the last split, it suddenly floated at me through the haze of Gin-inspired oblivion. I'm obviously not marriage material. Why? Probably because I want to be the wife.

So, with this new inspiration burning a hole in my Psyche, I've set off on my mission.

The point of all this is, it needs you to be at a point in your life where all around you is completely 'tits-up' (*yes please !!!*) for you to be able to see a way forward.

There must be thousands of closet dressers out there who will stay exactly like that (I was one for 35 years) because the way I see it is there's no real impetus for them to move it on forward.

I said a couple of blogs back, that my circumstances wouldn't suit everyone. But they're all I have to go on. And go on I damn well will.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Today's last thought is really a bit of a survey. I need all my loyal followers, and anyone else who reads this drivel to answer a question for me.

If I am really going down the path of becoming Holly full time, do I really have to swap my old but reliable car for a small, pink Ford KA with pink steering wheel cover, pink, fluffy dice, pink cushions, pink seat covers and false eyelashes stuck on the headlamps.

Do I?

Really?

No, please, not that

Aug 2012

Having been very active on FB and Twitter for a week or so now, I am left breathless by the amount of info-flow (*You just invented that word – Yes I know*) that is thrashing around. (*Oooh thrashing, ...sorry !!!*).

I feel like the complete amateur that I probably am at all this. It seems that everyone else is completely up to speed , having sorted out their personal journeys and is getting on with what ever life it is they've chosen.

I am sure that there must be loads of Crossdressers, Transvestites (Will someone explain the difference to me ?) and other types of Transgender people out there who are as confused as me and desperately trying to make their way down this rocky path.

A lot of personal thought adjustment has already taken place, even to get me to this stage.

At the end of the day, if someone could wave a magic wand right now and sort the world out so that tomorrow, I could instantly walk through life completely as Holly, I'm afraid I still couldn't nip off down to the local 'Clubbing' scene and burn it up like the rest.

I seemed to have come to this place a lot later in life than some. I was a 55 year old closet-dressing-bloke 3 months ago and now I'm a 55 year old T-Girl.

When, (and not if) I get to where I'm going, all I want out of my new life is to live the tranquil laid-back existence I've planned for myself, living my little life as the person I really am.

I seem to be more lace curtains than lace underwear (not strictly true, as my present undies collection is as about as varied as it can be). I certainly could never be seen in some of the fantasy stuff that seems to abound.

One of the things that really peeves me about the body that I've inherited, is that the very things that were an advantage back then, are the complete opposite now. Being 6'3" is great when you want to be a great big protecting bloke-type.

Try it as a woman..... it just doesn't work. For example, I'll never be able to wear 4 inch heels, (I'm 6'3" – the average height of a door frame is 6'6" do the maths) so a lot of compromising is required.

Having said all this and having dealt with such problems already along the way, it makes me even more determined to go through with it. Like I've said before, I may not end up as a glamour girl, but I sure as hell am going to end up as my girl, me.

Holly is on the way, just you see.

More soon...

Last thought :-

This weekend, when most sprightly young things are planning their super-active weekends of 14 hour nights and no sleep in-between, I will be dealing with my housework. Not that I have a problem with that, as I've already said, It seems more fitting for me to pop on a sensible work skirt and get on with a bit of scrubbing.

As I read on Twitter earlier today, there is a therapeutic element to getting down

and being dirty. But I sure I'm missing the point here !!!

I wasn't going to write anything tonight.
Having had a completely shit day dealing with the heavier aspects of my recent break up, I was going to hit the oblivion planet in the universe of Gordons.

But I made 2 mistakes:-

1. I started to watch the programmes I'd recorded last weekend on the David Bowie special.
2. I watched the local news.

Now I've known for some time that growing up in the early 70's had had a major influence on me and what I was deemed to turn out to be. (*You had to be there to understand that last sentence !!!*).

Let's start with 'Rebel Rebel'.

The lyrics go :-

" You got your Mother in a whirl "
" She don't know if you're a boy or a girl "

Now, I'm sorry for all the under-50's who thought they'd invented this thing, but it's been going on for a while now.

We didn't quite understand what was going on, but some of us knew that we were just that bit different.

As I found out some years ago, The Maestro that is our man Bowie had many collaborations with other like minded musos of the era.

None more so than the Great man himself....Lou Reed.

It turns out that the Iconoc 'Transformer Album was produced by David Bowie and Mick Ronson (the sweetest guitarist of the early 70's).

If anyone has ever wondered where I got my identity from, they've just got to remember back to 1971.

Holly came from Miami FLA...

Hitchhiked her way across the USA...

Plucked her eyebrows on the way,

Shaved her legs, then he was a she,

She said, hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.

Ain't that what we're all doing?

More soon...

Last thought :-

Sorry, no light-hearted Last Thought today.

I've just spent the last 30 minutes sobbing my heart out at the pictures on my local Midland news of the Olympic torch bearers.

One young lady in particular, Chloe Jones, who did her bit with the torch from a wheelchair, after an horrendous car accident that robbed her of the use of her legs just brought me to tears.

This lady put the bravest face on for the occasion, despite all her hardship at such a young age.

If Chloe can do what she did today, with a smile on her face, the rest of us can just get on with what we have to do, without complaint.

Much respect – Chloe Jones.

OK, so picture the scene. Ex has finally taken the last of her stuff and the agreed household items. So I look around MY now desolate flat and think Whoopee. Space at last.

As I progress through my journey into full womanhood (*Does that make me some sort of hoodie? I hope not*) There is still a lot to learn. At my age and marital record (see previous blogs) you think I would know all there is to know about being a woman. Apparently not. What is this hoarding thing all about. When we moved from a largish, flat into this tiny (but superior [*Oooh coming over all Hyacinth Bucket there!*]) little dolls house, you would naturally have thought that a dose of downsizing (chucking out of years collection of miscellaneous rubbish) would be the order of the day. But no... let's try and find space for my collection of Horlicks jars and biscuit tins....

Perhaps I'm a failure woman after all.

Sorry lost track there (*no change there then ..*), so empty-ish flat, I think lets get some flat-pack furniture and make it homely.

Aaaahh... not so easy. I rang Argos up earlier on last week to try and arrange the collection of 2 wardrobes, 2 chests of drawers and 2 bedside cabinets. Seems straight forward enough. Give them plenty of notice and all the items will be there, in the store for me to collect....."No I don't want home delivery, I'm never at home when you normally deliver"..... no I can't pick some up from a different store, just get it all here for Saturday"....

So Saturday morning, well mid-morning (have to have Tesco-bloke first [*Ooh Eerrr*]), there I am in Argos and of course they've cocked the order up. Now I've never actually thrown a complete screaming-fit type strop before, but even if I say so myself I did myself proud. (*Oh so you are a proper woman then*).

So development IS progressing.

Anyway, there I am, empty flat, loads of large boxes, hopefully containing my furniture. So what do I do next, Grab my tools (*You'll go blind, your Mam said...*) and get stuck in....No. I got a far better idea.... yes you've got it. Take a good half an hour donning full make-up, undies, pink floaty gypsy skirt, off the shoulder tarty-barmaid top, wig, boobs, heels etc etc.

Now I can get going on putting the stuff together. (*Where's a video camera when you need it ?*). It must have looked pretty bizarre, but there again, lots of what I'm doing at the moment is pretty bizarre by 'normal' standards.

Now at last Holly has her own clothes space (I expect there'll need to be plenty more in the future), and is openly, even more part of my life.

One step at a time, and each one forward and onward.

Result.

More soon...

Last thought :-

I know this sounds kind of clichéd but the more I go on, the braver I seem to be getting. I'm aware that this will probably lead to a huge disappointment that'll put me back to square 1 (But not square 0), but where I would have backed off from doing certain things a few weeks back I'm starting to think ' oh stuff it, I am what I

am'.

I hope that this is what will lead me around the personal barriers we all have at the beginning of this journey and maybe, just maybe help me through to putting Holly where she belongs. At the forefront of my life.

Sept 2012

So let's start by taking stock, where am I at the moment?, and how far have I come?

As I sit at this hot computer (*Mum, is there supposed to be smoke coming out of this thing?*), I can look back over the last 35 years and plot a gradual but accelerating progression.

It goes a bit like this....

3 months ago, I decided to go for it, at last, and bring Holly out of the closet for good. As things stand at the moment this may end up completely coming out, or any stage along that arduous path. My mind is totally open (not a bad place to be).

I may decide that one of the 'Staging Posts' is as far as I want to go. But as long as I've had the opportunity to look at every angle, I'll be happy with the outcome.

Now I already hear all my loyal followers shouting out " Go on, you've got to go the whole way. Yes, if it's feasible I will. You have to remember, I'm 55 years old now. That's no youngster, Also I don't live in a big cosmopolitan city with it's more accepting (or even indifferent) ways.

At present I work in a very 'Customer-Facing' (*do I hate those modern Business-speak buzzwords or what ?*) job. All it would take is 1 of my customers to be slightly uncomfortable with a 6'3" large framed woman in front of them attempting to show them where their parking brake is and I'm jobless. Oh and before you all shout about employment laws, I'm self-employed. No status !!!

So there it is, no job – no flat. As you all know, this little sanctuary of mine is more important to me than anything else at the moment. So big thoughts on that.

However, there have already been some other milestones along the way that I've

already passed.

4 years ago Holly as she now is, was born. I came out to my then wife. She seemed to understand and accepted it. I started openly buying clothes, undies, make-up and all the rest of the stuff us girls spend all our hard-earned cash on. After a year of what I thought was bliss – My dressing and a wife – things started to show cracks. As per normal, no reasons were given for the long drawn out moods so I naturally assumed that Holly was the problem, so she was put away again almost completely.

10 years ago I was in a similar situation to how I am now. Split up with another wife (No. 6) and living alone. I found the freedom to think about the very secret dressing I'd been doing for the previous 25 years. You know, wife's clothes and underwear (*So that's why you always married big women*) and decided to bring it out into the open. I got a mail order catalogue to be sent (I remembered seeing that they had a section in the back about working out sizes) and bought my first ever knickers, bra and a dress. all mine, brand new. Bliss.

But unfortunately (as it turns out), wife and I got back together. Bizarrely she agreed to me continuing to wear my knickers, but nothing else. So at least at that point I could burn the Y-fronts for good.

So as you see, like most of us, the journey has been slow and unsteady. But I've gained direction and insight from every little stone that's been turned.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Driving around, as I do, I get to thinking a lot. Most of these blogs are formulated on the M40 or suchlike and pertinent points SIRI'd into my phone for transcribing when I get home.

One such strange thought occurred at about 5.30 this morning (yes another early start). Just take a look at the trucks on the roads these days. There now seems to be as many foreign hauliers as British ones. Why is it then that all the ones from Poland, Germany and such places choose their company names to

end in "Trans". names like ACCO-TRANS or EVO-TRANS etc?

Now in my vocabulary 'trans' is what we all are. So does it therefore follow that all foreign truckies are wearing lace knickers and stockings?

Sept 2012

Sorry about missing out on yesterday's instalment. I decided to have a last burst of effort and get the flat straight.

Since I moved in 3 months ago and due to my recent complete life change, I was still living with a 'Box-wall'.

Now anyone who's moved from any kind of larger dwelling to something smaller has probably experienced this phenomenon. It doesn't matter how much you plan to down-size, you still end up with far too much junk, which ends up in a spare room, or if you haven't got one, as in my case, in a wall of boxes in the corner of the living room.

Being fortunate to be in a 1st floor flat, I have an attic. Result. In order to save time (*meaning putting off the decision to actually throw anything away*) It all went up there.

As happens in jobs like this, one task always leads to another (like in order to gain access to the attic I had to re-arrange all the shelves in the cupboard etc. etc.), so I didn't realise that I was probably making rather a lot of noise.

The majority of residents in the block are pensioners (*If only they knew*) and are probably a bit more sensitive to such things, so it didn't take long for the inevitable knock on the door to arrive. Cursing and swearing under my breath I went to answer the door and had my hand on the handle before I realised that, as usual, I was doing this work in my favourite knock-about skirt and top AAAArrrgghh. Not having time to throw on a pair of jeans and shirt I just opened the door wearing a towelling robe.

What the poor guy thought I do not know. Me, seemingly dragging bodies around dressed in a bath-robe. He soon scuttled off muttering " Oh I didn't realise you were decorating".

It's only after I'd closed the door again I looked down to see my brightly painted

OPI red toenails, that are a permanent part of my life, shining up at me.

I think the conversation at the next pensioner's tea-party will be taking a different turn.

You'll have a laugh at this one. A few weeks ago, as part of upgrading my work knickers collection, (that can't be bad, I'm now getting to the stage where I'm actually replacing stuff through length of use) I bought 4 pairs of gorgeous 'Gorgeous' (*No, that's really the range name*) lacy briefs from Debenhams (online of course). I wouldn't have normally thought of Debs as my kind of retailer, but their underwear ranges really are knockout (*And they've got a monster sale on at the moment !!!*).

So my parcel of pretties arrives within a couple of day, all wonderful and I'm a happy Holly.

Yesterday I get an email asking me if I'd like to write a review on my recent purchase and like the Blombo that I am I was half way through bestowing the virtue of the fabric and how good they make me feel, when something just made me glance at the email again.

Dear Paul, following

You see, Holly hasn't got her own PayPal account so.....

I laughed my self stupid at the panic that would have set in amongst the Debenhams online reviews department as they desperately tried to quickly remove a review for ladies underwear written by 6'3" Paul.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Having nearly outed myself twice in as many days, The thought occurred to me that the more that I go down this path, the less it seems important. Is this how it happens? Do you get to a stage where the fear of discovery gets overtaken by "Oh stuff it. I am what I am"?

We'll see and as it happens I'll report it back to you.

Sept 2012

I could so nearly have done it yesterday.

I really could.

I could have been out there, as Holly, amongst the 'norms'. Mixing, blending and just being the real me.

How? I hear you all ask. (*well, I hear if I use my second sight, or is it my third eye?* [just get on with it] *oh... sorry*)

What happened to suddenly bring on this complete change to my normal discreet composure?

Reading Rail Station happened.

There I was, waiting for a train (*we know a song about that boys & girls ...*) and the mind-numbing boredom had already kicked in. My poor deluded brain was off wandering, counting the hours 'til I could get to Shangri-La (my flat) and be me. I suddenly realised that the vast majority of my fellow travellers were all so wrapped up in their own journeys that they wouldn't have noticed if I was dressed in a skirt or even in nothing at all.

It brought home to me that all the perceived problems I've been having, come from living in a small town with even smaller attitudes. I need to expand, both my horizons and my social circle.

As I watched the crowds of Stag-dos, Holidaymakers and other assorted groups trying to get to their destinations, it came to me that everyone wants to be somewhere. Whether that's in the pub getting rat-arsed or just being yourself.

I realise that this is a generalisation and that I wouldn't have been completely overlooked, dressed in my girly gear. But what it has done, is given me a starting

point for the next phase of moving on.

Following on from this I will admit that I have been looking at women a lot recently (*no change there then*).

No. really. Whereas in my previous life I would have looked at a smart girl and thought ' what's the chances of getting her horizontal ?', these days it's more a case of ' nice make-up. I wonder how she does it?'.

I also noticed that there are loads of tall and large girls out there in the world. Perhaps I wouldn't stand out from the crowd so much after all.

With the true me coming out from behind what ever dark corner she's been in all my life, I literally am changing, both in thought and deed.

And that's no bad thing.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Yes the weather forecast was right. We did get a months rain in one day. So as I brought 40K's worth of luxury hybrid back through the worst floods since 2007 (I was driving an automatic that day, too – not the best flood-buster), it occurred to me that if I had got this thing stuck in the lake that used to be a road, could I just sit there looking all lost and wait for a big hunky Fire Rescue guy to come to my aid?

Possibly not yet, but I am moving on up. Maybe by the next floods I will be properly attired to be rescued.

OOooohhh!!! Yes please.

Summer 2012

Oh, did I cry.

I sobbed, I cried, I wept.

And afterwards I felt brilliant.

Having, (*as you already know*) been on the other side of numerous marriages and observed the phenomenon of girls crying for no apparent reason – like sad films and fluffy kittens. I, at last, have taken one more step into womanhood and learned what a good weep can do for you.

Now, I've always been a bit emotional – secretly shedding a tear when Bambi's mother died etc. – but as a bloke I've had to hide it. Holly's re-emergence has allowed me to totally cast off all pretences and indulge in how things really are.

(*She's doing it again – talking complete bollo.....*)

No. really, this is all leading to something important.

My television recording preferences have changed completely, recently. No more brash war films and motor-racing. Now it's soft meaningful stuff like the wonderful film 'Australia'.

I urge all of my loyal gang of followers to give it a look. It's a bit of an epic (3 ¼ hours worth) but what a girly film. Nicole Kidman & Hugh Jackman are the official leads, but every member of the cast gives a performance to make you melt. (*or was that just me?*).

The acting, and storyline, alongside the use of various versions of the song 'Somewhere over the rainbow' just brought me to a kind of helpless blubbing wreck that I have only observed before from the other side. It looks like I'm

learning girl-craft after all.

It has to be highlighted (from my musician's viewpoint – more of that later) that the scene with the kids on the boat, singing along with the harmonica playing in 4 part harmony in a minor key would reduce the blokey-est muso to a few secret tears.

All in all, the point I'm getting to, is, that the development into my girly self seemingly, is happening all by itself, from within. It leads me to think that if you want something bad enough, really, seriously, bad enough, you'll get it.

You just gotta wanna do it.

More soon...

Last thought :-

I did it.

I did it.

I really bloody went out there and did it.

I went to work in my sparkly nails, for all the world to see.

I didn't know what would happen, but something told me it was right.

So I did it.

Yes, people noticed.

Yes, the customer, who shook my hand vigorously at the beginning, refrained from doing so after the demo (me and him sat in a reasonably small hatchback, with me doing the demo-of-the controls routine with sparkly finger-nails).

But I didn't get locked-up

I didn't get my head cut off.

I didn't get thrown into the Tower.

You see people (meaning all of you that are still very much in the closet), It's not illegal, it's not the equivalent of murder. It's just us, being us. Which is our human rights.

Go on, try it.

I promise it will not kill you. (unless the missus finds out you're using her nail-varnish. Then you're on your own.....).

Summer 2012

Time for an appraisal again (see 03/07/12).

So where am I today? (*apart from sat here very early on Saturday morning – 05.30 – writing to all my gang*).

We're on the back-end of a crappily (*you just invented that word !!*) busy week at work, where I didn't get to extract the full pleasure of my great break-through.

As you know by now, I've become a bit more overt. The sparkly nail varnish being worn to work was not completely in-your-face, but for me a huge step forward. It helped greatly (*and another !!*) to be hammering down the motorways and catching glimpses of light flashing back at me from the steering wheel. I expect all the other motorists are still wondering why this great lummoX was steaming down the outside lane of the M40 smiling stupidly.

It is worth noting that the natural reserve of the great British population does help. The number of times, this week, I've thrust out a hand, either do the blokey hand-shake thing or just to pay for a coffee, and their gaze falls from your face down to your hands, has been amazing. But not a word has been said. It must be similar for girls with big boobs who struggle to get people to hold eye-contact (hopefully I'll get to experience that, too).

I suppose it helps that I basically have an outgoing nature. I'm not concerned if people are all looking at me, just wonder which aspect they've noticed. In my case this comes from a great part of my adult life spent as a muso on the stage. There is something of the Peacock in all performers, and at last I can utilise this as a way of shrugging off the stares and even secretly enjoying the bewilderment of Joe (public).

As previously mentioned in these hallowed ramblings, all my transformations are coming from within me. It wouldn't work if I was forcing the pace. You can't walk proudly down the street with your finger-tips shining, if they're hidden in your

pockets.

I fully understand all the closet T-Girls who feel they aren't ready to break out yet, as for 10 years neither was I. But now I am. I would like to think that all this drivel may give some impetus or even some direction to you all. One of the worst aspects of what we are, is the fact that there is no-one to share your thoughts or concerns with. You have to figure it all out for yourself.

I still don't know how far this is going for me, will it stop at the nails or get all the way to the point of GRS? (*Isn't that a Satnav?*). Search me. But when I find out, it will be because it's right and I'm ready for it.

Next week, we take it one stage further. I noticed that when you wear clear varnish, it highlights all the natural imperfections in your nails. So the plan is to use the slightly tinted base-coat, that I've had for a while, under the glitter. Then the 2 top coats to give depth of shine. You see, bit by bit I'm getting to the point where my favourite OPI red gets on the fingers, as well as my toes.

Keep watching, you never know where this is going ...

More soon...

Last thought :-

I really, really wanted to go up to Manchester this weekend. My phone is alive with the Twitter feeds from all the girls who are at Sparkle. It was just a little bit too soon for me. Not too soon to be there, because I know that today, I could be walking around the village with my head held high, along with the rest of the girls. Just too soon to have arranged everything.

I imaging that a sudden influx of thousands of Sparklers would render late hotel bookings impossible.

But watch out next year. Holly is going to be at the front of the parade. Giving it large (6'3" in my case) with all the rest.

I have arrived :-)

Summer 2012

I don't want a lot.

I don't need much.

Just a bit of recognition goes a long way.

When Holly was born 4 years ago, I wanted a name that I could stick with right through my transition (however far that is). Too many CD's start of with names that although may be fun, don't stand up when you choose to take it to the next level. Being hugely influenced by certain genres of lesser know music in the 70's when I was just a holly-sprig (Arf Arf ...), the wonder that is Lou Reed and in particular the 'Transformer' album.

Now back then, I knew nothing of what was going on with the great man, or even that another of my heroes at the time (David Bowie), had anything to do with the album (David produced it). All I knew was that it held a kind of deep mysticism that intrigued me. One track in particular has been a favourite of my (and the rest of the world so it seems), 'Walk on the wild side'.

Now, initially it was the incredibly moody Sax break that moved me, but as I got older (holly-bush?) (*Stop it*) I realised that the lyrics held something for me too.

So these lines came to sum me up :-

Holly came from Miami FLA

Hitch-hiked her way across the USA

Plucked her eyebrows, on the way

Shaved her legs, and then he was a she

She said 'Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.....

Isn't that what we're all doing?

Any way, I digress, (*No change there, then*). Since I invented the name, I've only seen it in print. Apart from me using it to do my voice-training, I've never heard anyone else say it. Silly, I know. But there we are. It's just me.

This was rectified today. On a sort-of national radio station, the name of Holly Myami was broadcast loud and proud. And it will continue to be so.

Tomorrow, just catch Simon Bates' breakfast show on Smooth Radio and on his 'golden hour' bit, I will, like hundreds of others will be Tweeting away merrily, attempting to guess the year (have you tried Tweeting from the 3rd lane of the M6 ?).

Simon will then announce to all the world whether I'm right or wrong.

A simple pleasure, but it's all mine and no-one can take that away.

More soon...

Last thought :-

As we move into the second week of sparkly work nails, Holly's nails, Mark 2, is now up and running - pink tinted base coat to hide the natural nail imperfections

(it's an age thing you know). My mind is in overdrive thinking of what can be the next step forward. It seems that it's all too easy to run before you can walk.

I've decided that instead of rushing forward to wherever it is I'm going, I want to enjoy the journey. I'm really, really starting to enjoy the attention that I'm starting to attract.

It makes me feel special.

That can't be bad.

Can it?