

No. 16 Summer 2012

Holly is what Holly is.

By now we've all seen that.

Having spent a life-time of being outside the norm (a realisation that has only recently come to me) I now know that some of the idiosyncrasies were actually me coming out of the Chrysalis. Things like ' I won't be sold to'.

For most of my adult life I've never watched live television. Even before the days of Sky + boxes and the like, I can remember having 3 VCR recorders. 1 to watch and 2 to record.

Sounds normal to me. After all, do you really want to be subject to all that advertising rubbish if you don't have to. Oh, you do. Well that's what put Holly apart from you. Coz I don't.

So that's why I've only just finished watching ' Britain's all time favourite No. 1 Singles.

At the outset of this 3 part televisual feast, (*you nicked that from Fawlty Towers*) I pre-assumed that it would be full of post 1990 modern dross that I hadn't heard of. But no, I agreed with virtually every choice and certainly the placings. Yes 'Bohemian Rhapsody' classes as a good contender for 'all time No. 1'. But only if you're talking mainstream Pop songs.

Now, some years ago I listened to a rather bizarre morning-show radio presenter. This guy hosted a 2 ½ hour spectacular on a national radio station (sorry Simon, before you were my hero).

As well as being a very entertaining front man, Terry Wogan had a secret

weapon. Paulie Walters. This producer, unknowingly to most, introduced us to some music that has the power to make grown men weep. I know I was one then, and I did.

Artists such as Eva Cassidy, Katie Melua and countless others may have stayed niche market, if not promoted on this show.

After Paulie lost his battle with illness, far before his time, Terry's new producer Alan 'Barrowlands' Boyd, put a tribute together for Paul. When it was broadcast huge swages of Britain ground to a halt as thousands (possibly millions) of grown adults stopped what they were doing and silently paid tribute to a guy who in title was a BBC 'Back-room Guy'. But in reality made huge movements to introduce us all to great music.

I was at this time, yet again, driving across the country, and had to pull over into a lay-by. The tears were hampering my efforts to drive and I thought it would be prudent to stop. The only problem was that all the spaces were already taken by everyone else pretending to make phone calls etc. it really was a surreal moment that passed all to quickly.

With my muso background, I would like to think that I have an eclectic taste in the music that I listen to myself. But in reality it all boils down to a few simple structures. Soft, melodic, harmonious, light but with meaning, and above all, has the power to stop a whole motorway full of commuters in their tracks.

So my vote for Britain's No. 1 song must be this:-

Eva Cassidy - Somewhere over the rainbow

More soon...

Last thought :-

Some thought waves of support would be greatly appreciated on Thursday. I've been backed into a situation where I have to start coming out to members of my family.

Having made the decision to stick with the advances I've already made (my nails, clothes and such-like) it turns out that I have a party gig to perform in a couple of weeks that impacts on a number of my close family (like they're going to be there, in the audience).

Now as anyone of us that have had to deal with this situation knows, it instantly puts you in a dilemma. Do I back-track on my advances, or break out.

I have a meeting on Thursday that will either secure the support of my immediate family or make me a very lonely girl.

I will report back.

No. 17 Summer 2012

Today's seemingly mindless ramblings have a real purpose.

As mentioned a few blogs ago, I really wanted to get to Sparkle this year.

I was too late, I missed the boat.

It's not that I wasn't ready to be out and about with all the girls last weekend, it's just that I got to that stage just a little bit too late to actually arrange being in Manchester.

My springboard into coming out into the big wide world happened just a few weeks too late to arrange hotels and travel etc. in time.

So I consoled myself with being at the event in a 'Virtual' way by following all my Twitter & Facebook friends.

It was almost as good as being at the event to hear of all the exploits of the girls as they got ready for the different events and parties. I felt, in my own little way, that I was sharing their pleasures (and hangovers) and it made me feel good for both me and them.

Of course, wild horses (or anything else short of my own demise) will not stop me from attending next year. By then Holly will be out, loud and proud, and raring to go. So let's get sorted for Sparkle 2013.

But, and it's a real and relevant but. Don't let us forget what has actually happened at Sparkle 2012.

If , like me, you've followed the social-media based come-down from such a

monumentous event, you'll have spotted a phenomenon that, as far as I know is fresh for this years celebration.

People can't let it go. They, in their minds, are still at Sparkle and celebrating all things Transgender.

I have followed numerous girls who even today (Wednesday) are still desperately hanging onto the memories of the togetherness that pervaded the event and ' forgetting to revert '.

I know of at least 4 people going to work with their nails still done. 3, who can't get used to being back in 'Drab', and 2 that have decided to use their own real pictures in network profiles. And of course, there's always my friend who decided to completely break out and actually go clothes shopping, including breaking the taboo of trying on the skirts she wanted to buy.

All in all, it seems I missed the most significant Sparkle to happen in living memory. There are T-girls who like me, have suddenly decided that the truth of who they are, is more important than the pretence of living their former lives.

My word, how powerful is this thing, that can change the minds the minds of so many people into finally accepting and celebrating who they really are.

Stand back and be amazed at what is going to happen next. And I'm damn glad that from here I'll be part of it.

Holly and the rest of the girls are coming out.

Let's party

More soon...

Last thought :-

If this years Sparkle celebration was the success that we know it was, why oh why (*Dear BBC ...*) isn't there more events like it.

I understand, that to organise something on the scale of Sparkle takes a huge amount of work by people who really know what they're doing and it doesn't happen overnight.

What I'm really harping on about is perhaps more smaller local gatherings, where we can all get together and just be us.

Come on people. let's carry on this momentum, and really shout out about what and who we are.

(A Midlands version would go down very well for me. Just let me know).

No. 18 Summer 2012

Today's feeble diatribe (*Uh ?*) Is tapped out quietly after probably the most momentous day of my transition.

I've just spent a couple of hours with my darling sister, explaining who and what I am becoming.

I didn't expect or plan to have to cross this bridge yet, and didn't really relish the sight of the only girl to really understand me throughout my life, walking quickly out of my door and out of my life.

But dear readers, not only did she not run away screaming and hurling insults, but it seems that my wonderful sibling accepts me exactly for what I am.

It must be said that after I had deliberately planted a few clues around the flat to be 'found', she initially thought that I had another woman here, I had to explain that I did. ME.

We then spent a wonderful (for me) and a wondering (for her) time going through all the signs in my earlier life that now fit together and get to that 'Ahh, so that's why' situation.

We both agreed however, that most members of my family (Coming as they do, from a very small town environment) will not accept the sight of me in a skirt and heels. But I don't care. the one that's really important to me does.

When I started out on this path, I knew that it would change my life for good. There was always going to be casualties. I was always going to suffer losses. You can't undertake a journey like this one and to get to the end with everything around you exactly the same.

I know that not everyone can, or would even want to, pay a price that high. But I am prepared (fully prepared) to take that as part of the cost of getting where I need to be.

So there we are.

Hurdle number one out of the way.

I'm still a bit shell-shocked at the whole thing, but comfortably numb and quietly confident.

I'd say that was a bit of a result then. Wouldn't you?

More soon...

Last thought :-

I am bowled over by all the good wishes of my FB & Twitter friends. I had to disappear a bit quickly earlier today to prepare for my meeting. My phone was buzzing with messages of encouragement from all.

After a reasonable short time out in the world of the T-Girls I'm astounded by how wonderful everyone can be.

A heartfelt thanks to you all, and when it's your turn, I'll be there cheering you on. Let's do this thing together.

No. 19 Summer 2012

I think I've failed the intermediate exam on womanhood.

In fact I know I have.

As of last night I was sporting a gorgeous set of Opi Red fingers (See my Twitter page

Now the plan was to have a wonderful girlie weekend, to offset a crap week at work.

As we all know, the best laid plans

They survived last night - don't ask - and as of this morning everything was great. Then there was this slight problem of housework.

How the hell do you do the chores (Washing, washing-up, cooking, cleaning, etc.) in great big talons?

Now no one loves a decent set of nails more than me, but everyone needs to get on with stuff. So by mid-morning 2 of the little buggers had started to part company.

What I should have done at this point was to run screaming to the nail-bar and demanded a re-build. What did I actually do?

I took the rest off just so that I could finish building the bookcases in my living room.

(Holly Myami, go to the back of the class and see me after lessons,[*Oh, goody Sir, what do you want me to wear]* – sorry wrong script)

Take 100 lines. - I mustn't do DIY when I'm a girl.....

So, I'm completely nail-less, but at least I've got some belting bookcases.

Bugger.

Workwise, it turns out that occasionally I'm dragged, kicking and screaming into reality. Next week, I've got a new trainee to initiate into the strange ethic of screaming around the country in other peoples posh motors.

Apparently, I've got what it takes to 'gently' progress these poor individuals into the wonderful world of 'Plating'.

Now I've done this numerous times before, with some modicum of success. But not with a full set of weekday sparkly nails.

If this one lasts more than the first day I'll be bloody surprised.

I'll report back as to exactly how long he hangs around.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Having faced the indignation of completely re-writing my blog onto a new site (I seemingly had got to the end of the 'free – trial' on the last one), it struck me that I've been blogging now, for more that 1 month.

It doesn't seem more that 2 minutes that I've been laying down my thoughts for you peeps, on a regular basis.

I hope someone, has gained something from my ramblings, so far.

I have certainly been able to focus my direction better by sharing my progression with whoever wants' to read it.

I think it epitomises the ethic of 'Social – Networking' when 1 person's musings may have an impact on another's direction.

Long may we share this path.

No. 20

So there I was, in South Wales doing the usual old crap. I was sat in the motor giving Dai-boy (or what ever his name was) the demo bit, on this 'top-of-the-range Insignia.

If ever I get to publish my story to the big bad world (other than my faithful followers here) I'll add the hilarious 'Corporate' memos we get regarding telling the customers how BRILLIANT these cars are. You really will split your sides laughing. After all it's only a rep-special and we're supposed to make out it's some kind of Ferrarri. Complete bollocks.

Sorry where was I – Oh yes, Dai-boy.

You know when you've done a job for a while, you get to know what feels right and what ain't quite there. This bloke was one of those customers who pretended to know nothing about this car, but asked the sort of questions that only a senior design technician would know. To me that smacks of MYSTERY SHOPPER.

The company I work *with* (remember self-employed) is subject to the sort of sneaky scrutinisation that is meant to trip up poor unsuspecting girlies like me, and make complete tarts of us all.

Sorry Buster. Been around too long for that.

So we'll soon see if Holly 'passed the test' or not.

Anyway, on a far more important note, progression is going well. We're into the 3rd week of overt nails and smellies (the trainee has been busting a gut trying to bring the subject up, but can't quite raise the courage. I put him out of his misery this morning, by running the subject into part of the training spiel. I surprise myself sometimes, how I can drag this bullshit out !!!!).

I'm starting to realise that in order to get to the next stage of clothes acquisition, I'm probably going to have to have them custom-made.

Being the size and shape I am (and having a reasonable set idea on how I want to look) there is – as all girls know – nothing around in the ‘normal’ shops that fit’s the bill. So I’ll draft up some designs, then find a local seamstress that’ll run them up for me. Sorted.

Once you get on this road for real, problems that seemed insurmountable before, now are just another solution-requirement. (See I can talk management crap-speak, the same as the rest).

More soon...

Last thought :-

Now that the weather has finally turned into the kind of summer that most people expect for July, I suddenly find myself having to drive loads of cars WITHOUT AIR-CON.

Now as all us girls know, getting too warm in confined spaces like cars, is not conducive to a cool demeanour in the face of the customers. Holly has, like most girls, taken to carrying a ‘handbag- sized bottles of my favourite perfumes (In my case L’Aiment by Coty & Tesco ‘Pink’ body spray) as well as various other confidence inspiring fragrant products, in my blokey work-bag.

It had to happen, that getting out of the scutty van I did later-on today, my bag decided make a break for freedom and leapt out of the side door.

Yes you’ve got it. Customer, trainee and numerous others, caught the sight of frustrated old me scooping up various incongruous items and thrusting back into their hiding place.

It wouldn’t have been so bad if the Femfresh aerosol hadn’t attempted a 100

meter dash across the car park.

Oh well, it'll give me some homework into explaining the reasons why I had such items with me.

No. 21 Summer 2012

Just a short little update tonight.

Nails.

The idea of this blog was always to be a kind of Twitter, but without the character limits.

(That so pi**es me off. You just get into a flow and you have to spent 10 minutes working out what you can prune back).

What with that and bloody Facebook (And bloody text-talk. What demented moron invented that. Yes I know I'm showing my age, but I AM my age and proud of it !!!).

Where was I, Oh yes, this blog. Some times I feel like being really meaningful and imparting great swathes of info (*that'll be running off at the lip then*) and sometimes it's just a short info-burst.(?????????).

You see, now that I've finished that tirade this ain't so short after all ☺.

Now what was I on about,

Oh yes.

Nails.

Most closet CD's know that you spend more on nail-varnish remover, that you do on the varnish. Mostly it's just a case of " oh good, on my own tonight. Just get

the pink nails on". Then come 11 O'clock at night, we're all sat there judiciously rubbing all our hard work back off. hoping not to miss any and get caught out in the morning.

I know, I've spent a number of years doing just that.

These days, now that my sparkly nails are permanent, I've started to notice that most evenings I'm sat watching my fave tele progs while carrying out running repairs to chipped nail-tips. Because of the over-complicated structure of my chosen nail adornment. (5 separate layers) they seem to suffer the blight of the car door-handle blues.

Come on GG's, tell me this. How do you leap in and out of anything up to 7 cars a day, without severely chipping your nails.

I've looked at you girls (*here we go again*) and you've got gorgeous nails.

How?

Tell me.

I need to know.

More soon...

Last thought :-

As you all know by now. I've spent most of my working life in one job or another that involves driving nationally.

The majority of that time I've been involved in the usual 'Blokey' pastime of gladiatorial chariot-racing (known normally as ignorant ba**ard road rage).

It must be said that the masculine trait of 'I must be first in any line of traffic' has dominated most of my years of driving. It didn't matter whether I was in a Mondeo or a Ferrari, I had to prove that I was No. 1.

Of late, I've been seen (and this commented on, by others) to be a load more passive in my travels. I've not only allowed other drivers to get into a line in front of me, I've been seen using indicators (but not in a BMW, that confuses people – they just don't expect it).

I can only suspect that my recent transformations really are having a life changing effect on my personality.

Now, if only we can get White-Van-Man to wear lacy underwear, the roads would be a damn site safer.....

No. 22 Summer 2012

Yet again, I wasn't going to write anything tonight.

Having recorded the Olympic ceremony (soz, that late at night doesn't fit with my 4.30 starts), I was decided to give it a look at 5 this morning (when I woke up – no choice).

Now as we all now know. Mr Danny Boyle produced something that was able to bring the whole of this hard-nosed, cynical nation to its knees. If you've followed any of the social networks today, (mine is twitter – Hollymyami) you'll have seen that the 'airwaves' have been blitzed with wonderment and awe at this achievement.

So there I was at crowsfart O'clock crying my eyes out (trying to sob quietly – mustn't wake the neighbours now, must we) and realising that I'm doing this a lot, recently. Must be part of the progression.

All in all, I feel privileged to have witnessed such an occasion, that I don't think will be replicated in my lifetime. Well done Mr Boyle. (Knighthood nomination possibly?).

Second reason for putting keyboard to paper (*Uh !!!*) the enlivenment of all my Twitter & Facebook (Followers / Friends) tonight. It seems that a combination of last night and the general feelgood factor abounding at the moment has released all sorts of optimistic feelings and actions.

Just like the week following Sparkle, this week seems to hold the kind of impetus that springboards the 'shy' amongst us to maybe, just maybe, take that one step forward.

Go on, just do it. As I've said many times before, it's not illegal and they can't

behead you for wearing nail varnish. Ask any of my bewildered customers.

More soon...

Last thought :-

As most of you know, my recent burst of pace in my transition was springboarded by a separation with my last partner.

Unlike a lot of marital splits this one was all very amicable, but definitely final.

This week my ex has offered to go clothes shopping with me (for girly stuff).

Please can anyone explain that?

I'm confused.

No. 23 Summer 2012

Here we go again.

Nails.

Now Since all the advice I got off the GG's about caring for working nails (that is nail adornment that is a permanent feature) centres around 'being careful not to chip or damage the delicate nail surface (namely – get myself a job that doesn't involve putting my delicate artwork at risk), I've had to take a unique angle on this. I've make up my own set of rules on keeping painted nails in a working environment.

Yes it would be great If I had been 1 of the 100 millionaires created by the Lotto crew. But like most others I wasn't. So there I was back at work on Monday smashing my nail art for all it was worth.

The main problem is that the tinted base-coat and the subtle-ish glitter-coat are the types of varnish that doesn't properly harden. (Yes I have tried hardener sprays - Crap) Add to this, 2 or 3 top coats to add shine and attempt a protective surface (can't you se my custom car spraying past coming out here?) and you end up with a surface that looks great but has the resilience of Bambi.

The 1st time you thrust out your hand to open a car door or bootlid, BANG, 2 hours work down the pan.

Why is it (why oh why) that my brightly adorned toes (OPI Red Hot Gift + less than subtle glitter coat) can last weeks, all the way to a strip-down for nail cutting.

I'll tell you why **OPI** (or other decent gear).

Having been painting my nails in a weekend-only mode more than 4 years or so, I should have realised this. There's a difference in pottering around the house avoiding nail-conflict, and getting out into the real world.

There ain't no substitute for decent quality nail varnish (polish?). It goes on in one coat. Shines like a National Guitar (We know a song about that girls) and lasts for ever. Soooo. Holly is changing tack. Instead of dreaming up my own nail finishes, let's have a look at what the quality manufacturers are putting out.

Earlier this week we found just the thing. OPI No. NL R41. (I won't bore you with the ridiculous name they've given it - why must they do that?) Suffice to say it's a very subtle pink – barely there. But, and it's a big but. It's basically an opaque colour.

“Ladies and the other sort. Tomorrow, Holly Myami is going to work in opaque varnished nails”. (Round of applause and drum roll please).

Let's hope it lasts longer than the previous attempts. (it turns out that first delivery tomoz, is to a prestigious F1 racing team in Oxfordshire. Let's see what they have to say about it).

I told you this was moving forward. It just had to find its own direction.

More soon...

Last thought :-

I knew that this was going to be a journey along a rocky path. This past week or so, I've suffered a crisis of confidence.

Less than 3 weeks ago I was banging on in large print how I was almost ready to throw off all my man-clothes and charge down my local High Street in a Mini-skirt and pins.

As it turns out, a few reality reminders, gently directed at my little shell-like, brought out a serious doubt-bout.

As I have blogged (?????) previously, Holly has spent a lot of time being released, then re-boxed.

Holly isn't an easy project to bring to fruition. There are many reasons not to bother (already covered in these ramblings), but equally many to push ahead.

There are many others treading this road that has many more advantages than Holly. Youth, body-build (lack of 6'3" height, 18 stone weight etc.) and more stamina, are just some. But, and this is the real point to this tack, Holly has spent more years wishing things were different.

It is this, and possibly this alone that'll push me forward.

The more hills I have to climb, The higher I'll get and hence closer to my goal.

Watch this space.

No. 24 Summer 2012

It's Sunday morning, I'm sat in my little Shangri-La.

Glenda Glub-Glub (*What? You mean you don't name all your domestic appliances?*) is doing a 30 degree wash cycle on my lacy underwear.

I've already indulged myself with my once-a-week cooked brekky, and am dressed in one of my favourite layered knee-length skirts and a lacy top with puff sleeves.

My sparkly nails are twinkling up at me as I type and with any luck the Sky-bloke will be here soon to fix my TV (*LOL*) viewing.

Now at the present moment, as you can imagine, life is looking pretty good, but as I've shared with my loyal readership already I, like anyone else doing this thing, are subject to emotional up & downs.

For the last week or so I've been on a bit of a down. In the past this would normally have resulted in Holly being boxed up again. But, not this time. I have found the strength to push on through this little glitch and hold onto my path.

The key to this particular little victory seems to have centred on looking into why I was faltering, and finding a way out.

I think possibly, that the rate of change for me recently had been a bit too fast and left me reeling. So the way through was to slow it down a bit and catch my breath.

I've said all along that I wanted to enjoy the journey as well as the result and that's what I'm determined to do.

Although that aside, another milestone was passed yesterday. Having already come completely out to my darling sister, I had occasion to be faced with the first 'Mother visit' since my breaking out. After careful consideration and discussions with dear Sis, I decided not to shock the poor old dear into an early demise by showing up at her door with my shortest Mini and my highest pins. But I did need to be partly Me so it was tamed down to work mode (nails and smellies).

Now Holly's mum is a lady of some mature years (not that you would notice if you met her on one of the 3 or 4 unaccompanied holidays she takes around the world each year), so the first 2 hours of me parading around Mummy Towers like a teenager showing off an engagement ring with my finger-tips flashing like a lighthouse went unnoticed. Plan B I thought, so I switched the conversation around to all things girly, including her own painted nails. No, still didn't twig. It wasn't until I literally took her hands in mine to show her something on the computer, did she notice. The following conversation went something like this :-

"Oh.... you're wearing nail varnish".

"Yes it makes me feel good. It fits in with the new me".

"Ah, it's pretty. Did you want another cup of tea ?".

Doh.....

More soon...

Last thought :-

On the same line, my sister is due to visit Mummykins today. Knowing my Mum as I do. I know that she won't be leaving the subject there. She just needed thinking time. The interim 24 hours will have given her loads of time to ponder on

what happened yesterday and my Sis will probably cop for the lot.

“What on earth has happened to your brother. He came here yesterday wearing nail varnish. I can’t begin to think what else there’s liable to be....”.

My poor baby sister. I’ll own her a seriously large bottle of wine for this.

No. 25 Summer 2012

Ok. I bottled out.

I'm ashamed of that but I did.

Last night I was steaming along, Tweeting to the girls on how today was to be the day that I went out wearing a full set of candy-pink nails.

Hmmm. At 04.45 this morning, the situation looked a lot different.

You see my backline thoughts on this (*You just made that up*) were, that lots of guys wear nail varnish these days... Yes, but not " Hello-Kitty Pink ". They wear Black or Dark green. Bugger.

So out came the industrial sized bottle of remover that all T-Girls have and Warrington only got to see the clear.

You see, if this is going to work properly, I have to be comfortable with it.

Like you think about many girls you see out on a Friday night 'Clubbing' tugging at their Micro-Minis. If you can't carry it, don't wear it.

Stop Press

Revelation

I've just done it.

I've just been out and done it

Being so ashamed at losing my bottle this morning (I must stop making important decisions at ¼ to 5), gave me new drive. So I dug out an old bottle of OPI Shanghai Shimmer, and satisfied that it looked subtle enough, out I've been.

The packed dentist's waiting room went a bit quiet when I walked in and everyone pretended to look at the ancient magazines whilst staring over the top at my hands.

But I held my demeanour (and hid behind my iPhone) and did it.

Hell do I feel good.

Nail Varnish virginity lost.

Happy Holly.

More soon...

Last thought :-

It's strange how a series of events can boost your confidence to take another step. If I hadn't just missed out on sparkle this year, I wouldn't be so determined to 'catch-up'.

If I hadn't spent ages talking to my newly found Twitter friends I wouldn't have thought of doing this in the first place.

If I hadn't been so pissed off with myself for being a pussy this morning, I wouldn't have launched myself at the dentists this afternoon.

So in the end, job done.

Sorted.

No. 26 Summer 2012

Ha, It had to happen.

It's been roughly 2 weeks since I started to wear my Shanghai Shimmer (Dusky Pink) nails to work.

Now, as already explained, customers and work colleagues have all clocked the shiny appendages and have all diplomatically not verbally commented. That's not to say – as already outlined in these ramblings – they haven't all reacted in they're own way, but not outwardly commented.

It's easy to be lulled into that sense of security that says “ Oh goody. we've got away with this. Onto the next stage “.

But BEWARE, my loyal followers. Be Very Aware.

There's always the last brick (Laurel & Hardy) that falls onto you're already damaged bonce.

Just when you thought it was safe to dig out the Bright red – burn your eyes out – varnish. Reality strikes.

Half way through a particularly crap (Got soaking wet) morning, I get back to Ampera Towers and while charging around the office sorting out the morning's job sheets, hear “ Hey, Mike, come over here a minute”.

Upon looking round, I see Mr newly-appointed-23 year old middle manager (who's lived in 1 small town all his short life and knows clat-all [Shropshire phrase] about what the real world is all about) beckoning me over.

“What’s that on your hands” comes the less-than-subtle comment. “ It looks like nail varnish “. (well at least the Neanderthals recognise that).

“ What the f**k you doing wearing nail varnish “ .

Now I won’t bore you with the rest. I assume that everyone reading this has already experienced something similar. If not it’s probably the very thing that holds a lot of my CD friends firmly in the closet.

Unlike a lot of you, I have no recourse to employment legislation as I’m self-employed. As I’ve already mentioned in these hallowed pages, every advancement I make is only after VERY careful thought regarding my continued work-stream.

Holly is determined to forge ahead. My particular rocky path is sometimes strewn with some huge and unfair boulders. But it’s these very obstacles that spur me onto continuing with my journey.

No, I can’t carry on with the nails or anything else if they say to me that it jeopardises my jobs. As you know I live on my own and there’s only me to keep the roof over my head. But Holly is no beginner to survival. I’ll do what it takes to appease ‘THE MAN’ but underneath I’ll be plotting my next campaign of breaking out.

I’ve waited more years than most (30 +), to get where I am at the moment. It’ll take more than a no-good small town shit to break my spirit. I’ve eaten better than him for breakfast before now (ask any of the 7 ex-wives) and will continue to get where I want to be.

More soon...

Last thought :-

This isn't the first time something similar has happened to me.

10 years ago when I started to wear knickers full time I was truck driving. Now there ain't no more blokey occupation that trucking, but I managed to get away with my white lacy-silky thongs, under the work-wear overalls, on a permanent basis for at least 18 months.

Now bearing in mind I'm of Welsh extraction (more of that another time) and was working in the East Midlands at that point, I suppose I was a bit of anomaly. No more than the day I went for a leak in the works loos to see some new graffiti on the walls that read " Welsh Drivers do it in Thongs ".

I got my coat.

A few years later I was doing a van delivery job In Shropshire. I was getting my feet under the table quite well and even got to Lead-Driver position. This meant I got to unlock the depot in the morning. Now unfortunately the lock was positioned at the lower edge of the door and as I bent down to put the key in, it seems my Bright Pink silk and lace briefs chose that moment to rear their gorgeous head.

" Is that women's knickers you're wearing ?"

I didn't really like that job anyway

No. 27 Summer 2012

So here we are, a couple of days later.

It seems that the little shit that caused all the problems at work, has been driven into a state of bewilderment (or possibly has been told that in 2012 you can't actually discriminate against someone who chooses to wear nail varnish) and the horizon seems pretty clear.

I don't for a minute expect that this is the last I'll hear of this.

Unfortunately a lot of businesses these days seem to consider it alright to appoint 'Managers' that actually have no ability to 'Manage'.

In a past life Holly held down various management roles in numerous situations that on occasion, involved being in charge of 40 highly qualified engineers working on top level government defence projects. We think we know what we're talking about when it comes to man (Person) management.

However, in 2012 it seems that it's OK to appoint these little 'Yes-men' - probably because they're cheap - (in more ways than one). to achieve a level of control.

It can't work long term, because they always cause more problems than they solve. But hey, these days that's not my problem.

Anyway rant over, the next development occurred when I got back to the depot, this afternoon.

A memo had been issued, reminding all drivers of the company dress code (what, we can wear dresses now?).

It went to great lengths to outline the high-profile status of the roles we portray, and the reason that this company has expanded through the worst recession we've all seen, is because of the 'Image' that we portray (black suits, white shirts etc).

I assume that my pink nails have stirred up some descent then !!!

So the long and short of it is that we're are back to clear nails until this particular 'Storm-in-a-tea-cup' has blown over.

Now, dear readers, don't think that I consider this a defeat.

If Holly's nails rattled their cage enough to raise a Memo, surely that's a result.

Holly is alive and well and becoming more obvious at a certain car delivery company in the South Midlands.

Result.

I Will Be Back....

More soon...

Last thought :-

What a week that was (wasn't there a TV prog called that some time ago ?).

I started off the week on a bit of a downer, and because of that, this broke out and launched the huge step forward that was the pink nails.

Obviously this has rattled cages at work and Holly has been noticed.

Now I suppose that must be counted as a step forward. Only a short time ago, I couldn't or wouldn't have even considered doing anything so bold.

It really does seem that being me is generally more important than most other things.

That has to be a victory.

Last, Last thought.

A huge vote of thanks has to go to all my Twitter friends who've supported me through this 'crisis' this week.

I really couldn't have gone on without their support and help. Until recently, I've never realised that having such help and positive feeling around me could make all the difference.

Thanks, and I really do love you all.

No. 28 Summer 2012

After all the recent upheaval, last week has been comparatively quiet.

There's been no repeat of the nail-phobia at work and Holly has just got on with life in clear nails. (That could be the title of my autobiography "*My Life in clear nails by Holly Showoff-Myami*").

This week my girly aspirations have been directed at my flat. I've started on project Fairy-Princess bedroom.

Now, as apparent as it has been to all my family, my leaning toward everything pink has picked up pace since my 'breakout'. Having already adorned my little palace with nice girly bedding and curtains, time came to pinkify the walls. (*What, not the dreaded DIY?*). Yes, my Girly Boudoir is taking shape.

As I was happily sloshing oodles of Wilko's best "Candy Cane" (Stick of rock to us) pink around, whilst dressed in my favourite DIY skirt and top, a couple of thoughts occurred to me.

1/ Yes, I was happily doing the DIY, because it was something to do with me Holly-ing up my life. There are at least 7 women that I know of, who would never believe the sight of me painting without being nagged for 6 months first.

Just goes to show. Give me what I want and there's no end to my capabilities.

2/ This need to make my bedroom look like a "My Little Pony" stable comes from the strange position that us slightly older T-Girls are in, namely regression into adolescent young girls. I blame the hormones. No not the ones in pill form, I'm on about the ones from inside. I'm reasonably convinced that going through what we do, the body can change it's hormone balance. While I'm no doctor, I do know how I feel. I've always had a 'softer side' to my character, but this has moved into an all out 'softy' demeanour. I now burst into tears at the drop of hat (or even a

sad film, or even a happy film, or even an Olympic opening ceremony).

I have seen this behaviour in others, in my case many others, but this is the first time I've seen it from within. As well as the emotion hike, I've noticed (as already outlined in these pages) changes in my character. A general softening of the hard, crusty old me has resulted in a personality that would be unrecognisable to people who've known me for years.

I'm glad. Because even if it goes no further than how I am now, I'm happy. Happy that I am, at last, doing something that I should have done a long time ago.

Holly is finally taking shape.

More soon...

Last thought :-

The theory of thinking yourself into anything you want to be isn't a new one. For years there have been many people making a load of money through selling us on this idea. Usually through 'self-help' CD's that profess to be able to bring you all you desire, but usually don't.

As much as a lot of the theory is rubbish, there must, by the law of averages, be some that is sound. So that'll do for me. If me really wanting Holly to happen, makes it so then I'm OK with that.

Right, next task. Think myself up a decent pair of boobs. Come on, I can do it. Thiiiiinnnkkkkk.....

No. 29 Summer 2012

So there I was, with a little time on my hands. I needed some more pink paint for the Fairy Princess bedroom, so dropped into a local shopping centre.

Like most of these, in this one you've got to pay for parking, so I decided to make full use of the 50p and cover a few other outstanding jobs like:-

1/ Pop into the bank and inform them of change of address.

2/ Grab a few grocery items.

3/ Nip into Specsavers and check out that their 2 for 1 offer really will cover getting some nice new eyes for me and the other bloke. WHAT !!!!

Yes without thinking about it I was stood in the opticians discussing with the assistant, the details of getting 2 pairs of specs. 1 manly & one more feminine.

Now I'm not sure how prepared (read as 'corporate trained') this poor 14 year old was to be dealing with this, but give the girl her due she hardly batted an eyelid. (other than doing the usual eye-lowering towards my nails). It looks like even some of the smaller Midland towns are getting more trans-friendly (or is it me just getting bolder)? Eye test booked for 2 weeks time. Let the fun begin.

One of the better aspects of the job I do is the ability to be places in the country that I would not normally be able to get to. Driving a round trip of 640 miles just to grab a coffee with friends isn't normally possible. But mix it in with work and bingo, I'm now sociable Holly. Now I'm just working down my followers list to see what matches up with next week's work.

DIY almost finished. Spend a brill day on Saturday finishing off the painting whilst tweeting all the progress to the girls. Now a few months ago, if someone had told

me I would be spending hours of my time laying my personal life down in text for all the world to see, I would have completely refuted it. But here I am, now totally sold on sharing all the trivial (and sometimes not so trivial) aspects of my journey far all to comment on.

It was just like having all the gang around at Hollyville with me (exact none of them picked up a paintbrush to help. Just sat around drinking my coffee and nibbling my French Fancies [Although Pierre does seem like a nice boy !!!]).

More soon...

Last thought :-

I know I've touched on this before, but letting the progress of my particular path chose it's own direction, means that sometimes I find myself doing things without actually thinking it out first.

As in the example of the opticians this week. I hadn't spent ages deliberating over whether I had the bottle to go and ask for girly glasses, I just found myself doing it without even thinking.

The further I go, the more it feels right. I'm not rushing at anything, but it seems like it's rushing at me.

There ain't nowt wrong with that.

No. 30 Autumn 2012

Has it really been over 3 months since I put finger to keyboard?

Naughty Holly.

It must something to do with the mountain of stuff that's been going on in my life. I've just looked back over the previous few entries and the enormity of the steps forward in my life has struck me.

Wow.

I suppose the best way of updating my loyal (and patient) readers is to just précis the last 3 months (Oh alright, nearly 4 months then...).

Update on the nails at work situation.

Let me see, After the pink nails row I went into a very light shimmer coat and clear top. Hardly noticeable and I liked it.

They obviously didn't.

As suspected, the backlash didn't come in the form of being called into the office and warned off (as I would have done in my management days). No it came in the form of work drying up and me getting all the rubbish runs.

With earnings dwindling and the situation worsening I had to capitulate.

A decision had to be reached. Backward step or starve (and even worse risk losing my coveted Hollyville).

I tried an experiment.

I went to the local barbers (hadn't been in over 6 months in an attempt to grow my own girly locks) and had a blokey cut. My nails were completely denuded (hell, varnish-stained nails look grim), and within less than 1 week work picked up.

Now how much this pee'd me off I won't bore you with, but it did show that society and it's narrow thinking usually have the upper hand.

I really have to make a serious decision now. Tell them to shove their job and find something more accepting, or knuckle under.

So Holly is off job hunting in the new year.

I cannot and will not, be dictated to. I've waited too long for this.

My reason for seemingly abandoning you wonderful peeps is the fact that in addition to my crappy day job the other bloke got himself back on the radio.

This has been around for some years on the back of being in the entertainment biz all our lives.

The radio angle started when I had a play (wot I wrote !!!) broadcast on a local station 20 odd years ago, continued when I lived abroad and intermittently ever since.

An old contact of mine was starting up a new station and asked me to front a country music show.

This all went well for a while, but as often happens in Internet Radio, was unable to continue due to funding problems. Still, no matter.

One of the other presenters and me are starting out to raise our own station from the ashes. (Phoenix Radio perhaps), so plenty to concentrate on in the new year.

The biggest and most important bit of news is that Holly has a new lady in her life. Now, as complicated as our lives are being the way we are, some things are

reasonably normal.

When Holly broke out, one of the first things I had to deal with was my direction. Was I gay? Was I straight? Was I somewhere in the middle?

Being open minded as to the outcome and just like all the other aspects of my transition I just let it take it's own course.

I just happened to interview the lady in question for the show a couple of months back. After we went off air we just carried on talking and talking and talking. It just clicked from there.

Obviously, the subject of Holly had to come up and reasonably quickly (as I've never had to discuss this sort of thing before, it was certainly strange). But it seems that the new lady of my dreams is a/ trans-friendly and b/ knew anyway. Result.

So life certainly has rattled on for little old me (us?). Next year really will be something else.

When 2012 started I was married, in a reasonably steady job and I thought that was my lot.

Since then I've moved flats, split up with my wife, come out as Trans, realised that the steady job was false, got back on the radio and found a wonderful, understanding and caring new lady.

Not bad for 1 years tally eh?

More soon...

Last thought :-

Something that should have been strange but wasn't, was the fact that my lovely new lady already sussed me as being trans.

Now I only see Holly from the inside, so have no inkling as to how I appear to others.

In a way I'm glad that Holly is coming to the surface. It's what I've wanted from the start. It does however, show me, that I'm obviously shining out more girly than I thought.

Oh well.....

2014

Helloooooo & Welcome.

Not sure how to start this,

My last missive to all my wonderful friends & followers was 2 (yes count them) years ago.

Why, I hear you ask, have I seemingly abandoned the very people who have helped me get through the early parts of my journey?

Holly Myami stands in the corner hanging her head in shame

Well, I haven't.

If you are a follower on Twitter or Facebook, you'll see that in the interim time between these missives, I reverted back to social media.

If you remember, one of the last big occurrences was a new lady in my life.

This alongside the other business projects left very little time for laying down my thoughts & feelings in such a drawn-out manner as this blog.

However, as things seem to be in Holly's life, it's "All change".

Back to the beginning, Revert to zero.

Well, not quite (*she's rambling again*).

Yes I know.

Perhaps it would be easier if I give you a lightening update of the last 2 years.

New Lady - gone.

New radio station - gone.

Forward movement in Holly's overt status - stalled.

Continued acceptance of trans status by family - completely repealed.

Personal advancement in the world - none.

So there you are. Not a bad couple of years, eh!!!!!!

So in a way, I'm back to where I was at the start of this blog.

On my own, no family, & bewildered.

EXCEPT, I'm not, (bewildered that is).

As you know I'm a firm believer in the ethic that everything that happens to you on the rocky path that is life, is a gift.

Not always an obvious gift, but a gift anyway.

Good or bad, they all have something to offer.

Almost 3 years since Holly broke out the box, she is still there.

Not once did I think of hiding her away again, just to make things easier. Yes compromises have had to be made, but that was just in practical terms to continue on.

I still do the same day job (0% Holly).

I also now do a lot of freelance radio & Compare presenting (some % Holly).

But most importantly of all, for the rest of the time, I'm me (100% Holly).

At my age & status, that ain't bad.

Am I happy, You bet.

On a positive note, I've re-launched www.hollymyami.com to host this blog & anything else Holly-related, I can think to use it for.

So yet again, the impending turn of the year (28th December as I type this) has

kick-started my determination to progress & get to my personal end-of-the-rainbow.

Result.

More soon...

Last thought :-

Although my life over the last almost 3 years seems to have bounced up & down in a spring-like fashion, I must remember that I'm only 1 of many people who are going through the same thing.

In order to get back into the flow for writing this addition to the blog, I spent some time completely re-read the whole story.

It highlighted that the time has been just as much of a roller-coaster for many of you.

Through Twitter etc, I know of at least 3 couples that aren't, (couples) any more.

My thoughts and hugs go out to everyone treading this path & if my ramblings help anyone, through anything, then I'm one happy girl.