

30/7/17 - 1

You're stood in a darkened room.
You don't know why you're there.
You don't know how you got there.
You just know that there must be a reason, your deepest psyche says so.

Just now you hear a low creaking groaning sound (did I remember to have lunch today?) No, it's an old, forgotten chest in the corner of the room.
It's opening, as if it hasn't been opened for 100 years.

Well, actually.
More like just under 3 years.

Yes I'm back.
Out of the box in a BIG way.
Yes I know you've all forgotten who Holly Myami is, but trust me wonderful people of the world, I'm about to remind Y'all (must you do those accents???).
Ah, that'll be part of the story I have to tell.

In order to stop the majority of my faithful gang losing the track (& the will to live), I'm going to break the story up into bite sized pieces.
This will enable you to take a break, make a cuppa, use the little girls room.....

So we last met in late 2014.
Loads had changed then from those early days back in 2012 when all I had to concern myself with was 'could I get away with sparkly nails or not'.

Today I sit here typing this missive, fully dressed as Holly, having just taken the bins out (yes outside kind of out), pondering on the week I did the LAST bit of coming out into the world, namely the meeting at work to discuss my transition into Holly.

Wow, I hear you all say (I've also had hearing improvements fitted, so I can hear everything you say now).....

I'm about to kick off the legal name change process & book the doctors appointment to fire up the full transition process.

Gobsmacked eh?

Not half as much as I am.
Safe to say that most of this has happened in the last 3 months since the last big life change.

Wanna know more?

Good, if you're sitting comfortably, then I'll begin.

As I left you in December 2014, life for Holly was pretty well stalled.
As I outlined at the time, the gains I'd made in the previous 3 years had all, through necessity, had to be repealed.

2015 wasn't looking to be Holly's year, we were back to secretly dressing on weekends only.
Depressed?
You bet your ass I was.

The turn started when, through a very good contact of mine, I was offered a proper, paid job doing a Country music radio show.
This was being sponsored by an American folk duo that required a 'vehicle' to bring their own brand of music to the UK via radio airplay.

Being back in the media gave me a little boost in confidence although anything overtly Holly was strictly no-no, as this had to be a formulaic, American production. (Them Southern rednecks don't take too kindly to men dressed as girlies. No Siree)...

The station hosting the new show was itself just starting so obviously as a presenter, I was invited to the launch party.

Now, I'm not sure where the idea came from, but between us me & the station manager hatched this plot that I'd show up to the party dressed Holly-ish.

Was I apprehensive?
Damn right.
Was I up for it?
Double damn right..
But I showed up that day, for the first time ever outside my own little Hollyville, semi-Holly.
This consisted of normal jeans, Fluffy girly top, small own sized bra, hair as fluffy as I could get it, & wait for it.
Full makeup.
Yes me, makeup, outside, with people I didn't know.
The 1st of many steps that got me to where I am today.

More soon...

Last thought :-
I know that this missive is going to take some getting your head around as there's so much ground to cover.
Unfortunately having spent the last nearly 3 years with my fluffy head firmly stuck in work advancement, Holly advancement has taken a back seat.
But as in any other car, the back seat always follows the front ones & get's there just a little after.
Holly's progression has never gone away & this just shows to all you lovely

peeps.

If you want this, or anything else, don't just leave it to sort itself out.

Get on with it & don't give up.

However many times you get knocked back.

30/7/17 - 2

I left you last time with me parading around at a media launch party in semi-Holly mode.

Talk about stopping traffic.

There were the usual gatherings of various radio & production kinds, milling around drinking the bubbly & nibbling the, er, nibbles.

Strangely enough though, as I approached each group they halted the conversations just to make stilted small talk with me....

Laugh, I nearly burst into song.

You've all heard the phrase 'Elephant in the room'. Well that day, I was it.

So what gave me the sudden boost in confidence to pull such an outrageous stunt?

I do have a bit of an advantage in this.

Having been in the entertainment biz most of my life, I've had to get used to turning up on stage dressed in all sorts of outrageous gear.

Just remember I started playing in bands in the original Glam Rock era.

I rest my case.

But as for dressing up in 'Civvy Street' oh no no no.

Like most entertainers, I have a 'Switch' that gets thrown just as I go onto the stage that turns me into whatever I need to be.

So the answer?

Just pretend that an everyday social gathering is a stage.

I'm performing.

I'm part of the production.

Safe to say that I had a ball that day.

Safe to say that I was determined to engineer another occasion that it would happen again.

Now the only problem with this all is, as previously mentioned, the show was being sponsored.

As any producer will tell you, the money calls the shots.

Luckily as this was radio, I could be who I wanted in the studio, but all outside media events & publicity gatherings were strictly 'Cowboy Bloke'.

As the show went on and got more popular, we started to get noticed by more American artists eager to promote their music.

For career advancement this was brill.

For poor little Holly it was dire.

I was getting less & less time to Holly-fy as the pace picked up.

A pinnacle (or lowpoint, depending on which side of the fence you stood) was being invited out to Alabama to cover a music festival that a lot of my artists were performing at.

Now I don't know how much you know about American social culture, but it's pretty safe to say that down there they take a dim view of 'Guys behaving like Gals'.

A strip-down of everything Holly was required.

Even my up-til-then permanent red glittery toe-nail varnish was banished.

Oooh, did I feel naked.

The things we do for career advancement.

The trouble is that by the time I got back from the US I had a boatload of production work to do so reverting back to Holly got sadly forgotten.

Poor little Holly.....

More soon...

Last thought :-

It's so easy, while traversing our path, to get diverted by outside influences.

Careers, family, social pressure all can have an effect on disrupting the focus we normally have.

But you have to make a place in your mind where the importance of being who you really are, rules infinite.

Yes, we all have to live.

Yes, we all have to blend different aspects of co-existing.

But, trust me gang, never ever bury it completely like I did.

It takes a lot of getting back.

30/7/17 - 3

My radio show was doing really rather well & at one point was reaching around 35,000 listeners worldwide.

In a shallow way I was obviously quite enjoying the notoriety that came with this. Trouble being, as anyone who's worked in this business will tell you, there's always the unexpected grenade bouncing along your way.

How ever popular any show on a station is, it doesn't guarantee financial stability for that station.

Radio & television broadcasters are constantly facing a day to day battle to keep the finances in check & all it takes is a couple of the advertisers to take a 'production holiday' & a big hole appears in the cash-flow.

Needless to say that around November (roughly 9 months after the launch), the station closed.

My show closed.

My short media career was over.

Shame....

No, wait. Brilliant.

I can get Holly back out of the box.

I can resurrect all my girly clothes & thoughts & desires & aspirations.

I can carry it right through this time.

I can start the Facebook & Twitter & website back up.

I can re-introduce myself back to all the old gang.

I can at long last be the girl I've always wanted to be.

WooHoo.

Yay (& all that girly whooping stuff).

I did all that & more.

I had a wonderful girly December & the best Christmas I'd ever had.

I even put the deccies up for the first time in years.

This was it.

This was my future.....

You know sometimes in films, where the hero is going off to war & kisses his lovely wife & says " Wait for me my darling. I'm coming back to you & little Jimmy (while patting her pregnant tum)".

You just know he ain't coming back.

You just know she's going to get one of 'Those' telegrams, delivered by that lad on his BSA Bantam.

Well, just into the new year (2016) I got wind of a project that was very much in the 'secret' planning stage.

Another media contact of mine was working on getting finance in place to launch a dedicated Country Music channel on UK satellite television.

Having worked with this guy some years previously on a radio project I

approached him and floated the idea of putting my show (Country World) on the channel in a TV (yes, let's get all the jokes out of the way now...) format. He said "Put a pilot together, if it passes, we'll take it".

I did.

It did.

They did.

All of a sudden, instead of being on my own in a nice comfy radio studio, hiding away dressed however I wanted as I worked, I was in the bright glare of 3 1/2 kilowatts of studio lights, multiple broadcast cameras & a studio crew. All presiding over how I should look & perform.

Nooooo

What about Holly?

She'll have to be put away again.

All the social media & websites will have to be closed down because you can't risk any slight sniff of any kind of 'scandal' being found out to blight your clean-cut Country Boy image.

After all, in the media you have to be completely transparent...

She was closed down again....

Poor Little Holly.....

More soon...

Last thought :-

I've always been a 'Driven' person career-wise.

I've never expected anyone to give me anything.

Anything I've achieved, I've always gone out & got myself.

So even by this stage of the story I'd reached the ripe old age of 59, it still felt like I had the get-up-and-go to go & get it.

You see what I mean.

Please gang, learn by my mistakes.

Holly has been a part of me for more than 10 years at this point & I still can't see that all the shiny glass baubles that are being dangled in front of me won't give me the inner peace that the truth does.

Don't do it.

Please.....

30/7/17 - 4

I don't know if you've ever had a job that requires you to work 7 days a week, permanently?

In the past when I was a youngster, a mere Holly-sprig (yes I know I've used that one before, but you're supposed to have forgotten by now), I did such things quite a bit.

The majority of my career was spent in contract management, so long hours were the norm.

By the time you 'ripen' a bit it becomes more of a struggle, but of course I'd just landed the opportunity of a life time. A show playing out all over UK & Europe.

It's fair to say that at the beginning it was fun.

I was the celeb I'd always wanted to be.

I'd made it.

But, it didn't take long to realise that it was one big glass palace.

Everyone owns you & you have nothing left for yourself.

After the first few months, the need for balance started to creep in.

8 hours of having a Liberace smile plastered across your face started to foster the need for an alternative.

It started when the studio makeup girl spotted the need to 'diminish' my 'Roman' (Large) nose & highlight certain cheek areas.

Now I'm not one to object to a bit of slap going on my face & soon the studio assistant (a good friend of mine) took to doing the required work before we got to the studio to save a bit of time.

Well, it's nearly going out dressed (the nearest I was going to get in this situation).

Of course, there were many occasions that I just 'forgot' to take it off until bedtime.

Sorted, it's OK because it's for work.....

Yes I know I'm in the pub now & filming finished 3 hours ago, but I'll take it off later.....

Along the same lines, because I'd spent a long time with painted nails in my 'previous' life, my poor nails were looking a bit discoloured.

'Can't have that, it shows up on the camera'.

Oh alright then, I'll put the acrylic nails on.

Just to cover my own....

I'll take them off after this run of shows.

You see where this is going gang?

Yet again I found a way of introducing girly type stuff into my daily work life under the cover of 'Media' requirements.

After a while it seemed the best idea just to keep the nails on, as the constant on & off had wrecked my own poor nails.

So within a reasonable amount of time, with out realising it, I'd moved further on than I ever had before.

Result then.

And I was a celeb (or so I thought).

The highlight was doing a live compare job in Weston super Mare in full cowboy gear & bright red extra long acrylics.

They just didn't understand.

I know this all seems a long way from how I got to finally got to come out as Holly, but trust me gang, we're nearly there.

Even though at this point Holly, as a person, is still very much locked away.

Poor little Holly (But she does get the last laugh).

More soon...

Last thought :-

When you're young, you think you know it all.

As you get on a bit you realise that there's loads you don't know.

Once you have moved a bit further you see that there's a universe of stuff that you'll never know.

Sometimes even the most focussed of people just have to throw life up in the air & take what falls back down.

Trust me, it's often the way that works best.

30/7/17 - 5

I don't know why I bother.

I just don't know why I bother...

I'm doing the job of my dreams (Why oh why ((dear BBC)) didn't I get this opportunity 30 years ago, when I could have really done something with it), but not all is sweet & rosy.

Being permanently in the public eye I had to be image conscious (on a permanent diet).

I can remember after a particularly gruelling filming session putting stuff back into the car and fainting through lack of food, water & goddam sleep....

It hit me at this point that perhaps it would be a good plan to leave all this telly-bloke stuff to the likes of Ant & Dec who are far better placed to handle the rigors of the routine.

I decided to wind it all up on the show's 1st anniversary, which best part coincided with my 60th birthday.

I put a brill show together with my (by then) worldwide viewers thinking it was just a celebration show. On the very last link I announced to the world that I was pulling out & that I was retiring.

I pulled the whole crew in front of the cameras & we all waved goodbye.

The reality was I knew that would be the very last time I appeared in front of any audience, either real or television.

So where did that leave me?

To start off with wondering who 'Me' was.

As I've already outlined, I've spent a lifetime in entertainment.
What the hell now?

Somewhere in the background I heard a little knocking noise.
Barely perceivable, but there.
Along with it there was a small voice saying 'Remember me?'

BABOOM.....

Yes, that's it.

I don't have to hide away any more.

I'm not in the media.

It doesn't matter if the whole world finds out that I'm trans...

There, see

I've said it....

Out loud, I'm Trans...

Brilliant.

I can get Holly back out of the box.

I can resurrect all my girly clothes & thoughts & desires & aspirations.

I can carry it right through this time.

I can start the Facebook & Twitter & website back up.

I can re-introduce myself back to all the old gang.

I can at long last be the girl I've always wanted to be.

WooHoo.

Yay (& all that girly whooping stuff).

'You've just copied & pasted that'

I know, but I felt just the same as then.

This time I'm really going to do it

And do it I did.

Wanna know HOW I did it?

Just a few more parts to go...

Oooh, it's getting right good now.

Bet you're glad you stayed

More soon...

Last thought :-

Just when you thought you had it all sorted, something comes up to bite you on the bum.

I've worked with, lived with & known some of the best planners in all walks of life.

I'd love some of these really 'Geeky' guys to try to come to terms with some of the stuff I've had to deal with.

Just gotta be flexible & realise that sometimes life is driving life.

30/7/17 - 6

So I know what I want to do.
It's just a case of how.

I've got the confidence, after all a year of being in the public eye gives you some character boost & I sure as hell ain't going to lose the impetus.

Do it & do it now.
But how?
Oh, for goodness sake just get on with it....

Luckily at this point (just before I inflicted serious damage on myself) a very good friend of mine, Graham, who's followed my progression for as many years as I can remember (in fact, he was the very 1st person I ever came out to), just happened to mention that he was having a barbeque party at his house.

Ah, the realisation struck.
At his house.
In his back garden.
Outside, but not in mass public view.
I'll have me some of that...

So, lovely peeps, that's how Holly came to be herself outside.
Fully dressed, fully made up, fully Holly.

I felt like a princess, I felt wonderful, I even forgot I was dressed when a neighbour asked if I could move Hollybug & I did. Outside the front of the house.
Sweet as a nut.

Like all drugs, once tried I couldn't wait for more.

Gloucester Pride was 2 weeks later, so that was the next target.

This time I've drove down to Graham's house dressed. That obviously meant walking outside my own front door & crossing the car park where I live to get to the car.

Of course the neighbours saw me.
Of course they talked about me.
Did I care?
Not a jot.
You see, lovely gang. It's just that 1st time.
After that it's easy.
It's natural.

The pride event was great. We walked around the event ground all afternoon amongst loads of others, all like me.
All being themselves.

Now I'm starting to feel I'm part of something.
I'm not on my own with this.

I had to go back to the driving job after the demise of the show, but I didn't mind.
I was a girl on a mission.
All the guys were just told that I'd found a new 'social life'.

Bit by bit I started drip-feeding tiny bits of info in as to what this was all about.
This was done to test the water for my next big step.

I decided that I was coming out for good.
I'd tasted this & I wanted it badly.
Bearing in mind that right back in the early issues of this missive I'd outlined a
resistance at work to anything that I'd tried, it had to be done carefully

I think it didn't take the more astute team members too long to sus it out, but it
had to be done in my time, at my pace.

More soon...

Last thought :-

I found out later on that that 1st time getting to my car was the highlight of the
residents day.

Holly lives in a Housing Association flat that's for older people only.

You can just imagine the gossip that surrounded my departure.

The guy who lives in the flat below mine said that they tried firstly to work out if it
was a new girlfriend that I'd been entertaining (what, all 6ft 3 of her), but then
twigged it was me.

As I've said loads of times before, they can talk, but they can't hang you for just
being you.

30/7/17 - 7

2 events under my bra & a permanent smile on my face.
Workmates were starting to notice that the previously permanently stressed out guy was starting to melt.

Really, for the 1st time since I started on this journey, I felt that I was really getting there.

Some points that cropped up were things like although I had a nice selection of girly clothes, I was missing a few of the fundamentals.

1/ Outdoor Shoes.

As most of my dressing had been previously done indoors, shoes were never as much of a priority as pretty dresses & skirts.

All of a sudden I had to have shoes that both suited what I was wearing and practical to walk in.

A complete re-think was needed.

Heels are gorgeous, but as in many aspects of being Holly, my size precludes the more extreme.

Well I mean that they have to be mid height.

Well I mean anything other than low heels mean I start walking into doorframes and such...

2/ Outdoor items, such as a coat.

All of a sudden I was faced with the prospect of getting caught out in our inclement British weather, with only a fluffy top & a smile.

A bit of speedy Ebayng was required before the next event.

Sparkle 2017.

Ah the event of the year.

If you pop back to episode 14 of this tome, you'll see that in 2012 I so wanted to go to that event.

I didn't make it, but promised myself it would happen the next year.

It didn't, or the next, or the next.

It took my another 5 years to get there, but was it worth the wait.

Sure was honey.

The best event of it's kind in the north & every T-Girl should make the effort to get there.

While in Manchester I took the time to just walk Canal Street.

NOW I get what it's all about.

It's just the atmosphere.

It's ingrained in every cobblestone.

As you can imagine, by now I don't want to be in the normal world anymore.
I want to be Holly, full time.

There's nothing stopping me, no-one to get in my way.
Just a few decisions to be made.

Am I going all the way (Hormones, GRS etc)?

After some quiet thinking time (It's amazing just how clearly this can be achieved when you're on a path), I decided hormones maybe, GRS no.
Being completely honest, I'm too old & too big (My 6ft 3 is never going to get less).

That makes me officially a male Holly (unless the government get their finger out with the new changes in gender definition), but I'm good with that.

If Holly Johnson can do it, so can I.

So 1st big step, Name change.

Research shows that it's dead easy, don't even need a solicitor these days.

Holly is now a sniff away from being Holly.

I'll just let the family know what's happening.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!

More soon...

Last thought :-

When I decided to kick my last divorce off, I did the same as I always did (There have been 1 or 2...) & went to the solicitor.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when she said, you don't need us these days.

If there's been a long separation (which there had), you now just apply to the court yourself.

So I did.

While looking into name changing, same thing. Just get onto Deed Poll peeps yourself.

I think I like this new DIY legal situation.

Saves a girls loads (so she can then spend it on nice girly stuff instead)...

30/7/17 - 8

Back in episode 31 (2014) I outlined that although I'd initially had a 'nodding acceptance ' of my direction with Holly, this had all been repealed.

I can remember a particular instance of visiting my Mother as 'Half-Holly' where she closed all the curtains & locked the doors, in case any of the neighbours saw.

In the subsequent years this attitude had softened somewhat (although if I think about it, only because I stopped visiting).

In which case it shouldn't have come as any surprise then that a series of PM's outlining my progress went down like a lead balloon.

I received a very curt reply stating that I obviously didn't want a family anymore. Next day both she & my sister removed themselves from my Facebook. End of family.

I've mentioned numerous times that if you want something as contentious as what we're doing, you have to be prepared to lose everything. I am & I have.

So be it.

This time Holly is never, ever going away again (See I told you she wins).

While I was at Sparkle I heard peeps talking about Trans Pride Brighton. Really I couldn't afford to do another event so soon (2 weeks time) & as it was further away it would require overnighting.

Ooooooh.

Staying away, as Holly.
For 2 nights, as Holly.

So once I'd bought the hotel on my credit card (it seemed like that anyway at the price) we were all go.

Argh...

A new event, & I haven't got a thing to wear (how many times did I dread that phrase when I was a bloke).

Sorry credit card, this is an emergency....

So we scored a beautiful Rockabilly dress & a cute little Skater dress, both in my normal size.

They arrived within days, woohoo.

Then I tried them on.....
Noooooooooooo

Holly's been a bit slovenly since we gave up the telly show, & it shows.
I looked awful.
I looked fat.
I bawled my eyes out.
My world had come to an end....

This was to the event of the year & I was having to try and go down in outfits I'd already worn to others.....

Unless.....
Yes there's that Red lined knee length skirt, that'll go with that low cut black top.
I've got a red bag... Just gotta get some shoes....Done, that's one.
Then there's.....

So as you see gang, I'm already learning the art of mixing & matching to create new outfits.

See, proper woman, me.

More soon...

Last thought :-
I've mentioned my rather problematic height many times as I've rambled on to you peeps.
As well as the 6ft 3, there's the allied problem of size 11 feet as well as a big build.
At the begining, this is one of the main problems that held me back from progressing.
Even wearing nice clothes that would make a more diminmutive figure look cute, this girl looks like the ubiquitous 'Bricklayer in a dress'.
Now this doesn't mean I can't be Holly full time, it just means that I'll always have to work harder at it.
Problem?

Not now.
Girl on a mission.

30/7/17 - 9

Brighton was great.

Brighton was brill.

Brighton has changed me completely.

Yet again I drove down as Holly (not surprising, as apart from work I now see myself as 'Full Time').

In my mind I'm the girl I've always wanted to be & nothing is stopping me.

A couple of things on the journey down, my little car (Hollybug) sits quite low to the ground & is obviously overlooked by trucks & even bigger vans.

Cos I'm a showoff I chose an outfit just to travel down in, which included a reasonably short skirt.

For the 1st time in my life I was aware of trucking type blokes looking down at my legs.

Now I've not got too much of an issue with this as they were looking quite nice that day (thanks Gillette) but just another in a strange line of 1st type emotions that I'm going through these days.

On the journey down the good old M40 decided to play it's face & we were stuck in a huge traffic queue. Just the thought of having to make sure I was sat demurely with my knees together, made me smile.

See, proper woman.

Once installed in the hotel I set about doing the complete rehash of hair, makeup & clothes ready for the night's festivities.

Then off to the 'Marly' pub to join in with all the other girls, who up until that point I'd only talked to on Twitter.

At last I felt part of a huge family.

I belonged.

I was found.

I WASN'T on my own.

I was propositioned??????

Yup on the way back to the hotel at the sort of small hours times I normally look to get up, I got the 'Hello Darling' routine.

I was Insulted.

I was shocked.

I was flattered.

I quite liked it.

See, proper woman.

Next day was the big march.

I was part of an even bigger family now.

At a guess possibly 2000 of us transgender type peeps paraded down the seafront holding our heads (& banners) high.

People if you've never done anything like that you just gotta try it.

For me it was worth every penny of the king's ransom I paid out that weekend.

As an aside, I took various pairs of shoes down with me, just to make sure that I'd have the right pair for every occasion.

On the morning of the march I proudly donned my new 4 inch wedges cos I knew there'd be no impending door frames for me to collide with.....

I stepped outside the hotel with the intension of taking some selfies at the beach to send back home (where they were having downpours, unlike the lovely Brighton sunshine).

I probably got 10 feet away from the door before the abrupt about turn & scuttle back.

'Dear Brighton Council.

Can you fix your goddam pavements so that novice heel wearers like me stand a chance..!.

Never mind I had some lovely red flatties to wear as a backup.

See, proper woman.

More soon...

Last thought :-

I must take this opportunity to flag up something that occurred on the Friday night of Brighton.

While queuing for the Ladies loo (another 1st for this girl), I got chatting to a lovely looking girl stood next to me.

It turns out that Ashleigh Porter had chosen that night to 'Come Out' in public.

And I was there to witness it.

Oh we all hugged her.

We all congratulated her.

We all wished her luck on her journey.

Yeah, all us experienced girls.....

30/7/17 - 10

As you can imagine, coming down from the high of Gloucester, Sparkle & Brighton could have left me flat & deflated.
But now I was really on a mission.

I'd already planned out the order in which I was going to do stuff.

Carry on drip-feeding info to the lads so when the announcement came all I'd get is 'Oh we knew that anyway'.

Start looking at kicking off the name change (which in itself would be a whole programme of works), then set up a meeting at work, just to assure them that I wouldn't be parading around in a pink mini-skirt & stilettos.

I'd already made the decision that although I would be full time Holly, they did have a blokey dress code which I was happy to adhere to (albeit in a possibly 'softened' way).

Conscious of the fact that I would still be legally male I thought this would be a good compromise. One that I was genuinely happy with.

I set up a Holly Facebook (again) & told everyone that I would be shutting down my old one in about 2 weeks & if they'd like to link up that would be good.

Yet again Holly being who she is, was aware that a lot of the guys wouldn't be comfortable with what I was going to do so I wasn't going to force anyone to join in.

About 2 days later, one of the guys (who I'd already come out to) PM'd me a picture of me that I hadn't sent him along with a load of ???????

I rang him, it turns out that some low-life had somehow found the new Holly FB, hacked into it & send the pictures to everyone that worked at the company.

Doesn't this take us all back to those early days, remember 'Welsh drivers do it in thongs'...

Thing being, wonderful gang that happened 12 years ago.
Then I left the job.

This time, well it's just a case of 'Oh well, that just moves the timescales forward a bit'.

A quick re-think & I came up with right, deal with work 1st.

So a couple of days ago saw me sat in a meeting with my work partners (remember self employed, so they're not bosses), explaining that this guy was actually a trans woman.

Their reaction was probably the biggest shock in my whole journey so far.

OK, I'd chosen the particular manager I wanted to talk to as she was the most sensible, but her take still shocked me.

Went something like,

"Yeah we did sort of think that might be the case after seeing the pictures.

As a company we're OK with it.

Did you want to come into work dressed as a woman?"

So my gang, there you have it.

As I type this (the last 10 episodes have all been done today) 30/7/2017, I am Holly Myami in all but legality.

Name change process starts in the next couple of days.

As does the doctors appointment, just to discuss things.

Don't know quite how I'll bat it yet, as I said, may just go hormones.

Let's see what doc says.

The pace of my life over the last couple of months, has left me breathless.

Back in 2012 I didn't really think I'd ever get this far.

Just goes to show, Never ever ever give up on your dreams.

As you've seen, I've had more than my fair share of up & downs on this, but Holly won in the end.

Just like she should.

She deserved it & got it.

Please people, all of you who read this, believe.

How ever far away from your goal you think you may be, you really don't know.

If you really want it, you'll get it.