

7/9/17 - 1

Hello, is it me you're looking for?

Yes I know that sort of 80's 'bum grabber' type of slop is the only way you'll get your 'normal' bloke on the dancefloor, but the reference in this context is for me, only getting the chance to tap a missive to you, my loyal gang every few months.

Weeeeeeeeee, the reason's not the usual 'Oh, Holly's just an uncaring slovern', but down to the MASSIVE amount that's happening here at the homestead at the mo.

When we last spoke (Eh?), I was just about to kick off the biggest changes in my life.

1. Doctors
2. Name change.

Well, it's safe to say that as I type this I'm now (at last) legally Holly Myami, & have been for a month or so.

The doctor's appointment was kind of strange as obviously in order to get the nice guy to organise a referral to the GIC (Gender Identity Clinic), I had to convince him that I was actually serious about it.

So that meant going to the surgery, yes my surgery that I've been going to as a bloke for the last 10 years, as a girl.

It's probably safe to say that with all the 'Elephant in the room' situations that I've created in the last couple of months, I think I could probably work for the zoo looking after the large gentle creatures.

So, yet again I get the 'whole room going silent as I walk in' scenario. Followed by the 'Whole room staying silent until they call out my (bloke) name' scenario. It sort of highlighted that I'd better push the name change thing to the front of the queue.

The doctor was great, even putting up with me being in entertainer mode (remember the switch) answering his "& what seems to be the problem?" opening question with "I've got a genital issue. They're the wrong ones".....

Well, I thought it was a good one-liner anyway.

After going through the issue in quite a detailed way he gave me the phrase I'd wished for.

"I think I'd better refer you to the GIC to look into your Gender Dysphoria.

There you are gang. I'm officially a Trans Woman.  
It's gotta be true, the Doc said so.

One of the issues raised was of my sexuality.

Obviously this one has crossed my mind. As you have already worked out, there isn't a lot of my path into Holly-ism that's passed without me having a good think about stuff before hand.

The thought of 'So if you're a woman (which I consider I am), that means that you'll be looking to be with guys'.

I suppose that at one time or another, every Trans Woman has had to think this one out. Then followed it up with, 'So if that's the case, does that make me gay?'

To be perfectly honest, wonderful gang, I've not got to my answer on this yet. Many years ago when all this dressing stuff 1st started, I attempted to explore the subject then. At that point my feelings were that although sex with a guy was not a huge issue, actually fancying a man just didn't seem to be happening. My answer at the time was that I was closer to being a 'Male Lesbian'.

So one stage further says, if I now have full GRS that makes me a female Lesbian.

DOH.....

For the moment if & when the subject of sexual orientation crops up I'll just answer it with "Oh I really don't know.

I'm too old for all that stuff.

Have you seen my lovely new shoes?".....

Last Thought.

I don't intend to dwell on the sexuality thing as it's an incredibly complex path on it's own, without all the Trans issues to muddy the water. A couple of things that did come out of my small exploratory foray into the Gay dating scene were just how 'Down to earth' the whole thing seems.

Ads that say " I want sex tonight", will be answered by "Me too. Shall we?". Then a further reply from the originator giving contact details.

If I think just how much time you waste in the 'Straight' dating scene, it seems a whole different world.

My own experiences included a completely charming guy.

Treated me like the lady I've always wanted Holly to be.

It was only the huge age difference between us (that I knew would cause issues later) that led me to gently call an end to it.

Had things been different I may have already been Mrs Holly, instead of the Ms Holly that I now am

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The name change scenario was always going to be a mission in it's own right.

Don't get me wrong, as already outlined, actually getting the documents in place is straight forward.

I tracked down 1 of the companies that offer the service, ordered the number of copies that I needed, paid, done.

So when my shiny new name forms arrived I just arranged to have them witnessed & now I'm a proper Holly.

Now obviously, me being me, it didn't happen without some glitches... After all, that doesn't make for a good story, now does it?

Having made sure to order some additional copies so that I could send more than 1 at a time off to different organisations, I arranged a signing session with my good old stalwart mate Graham.

I troll off down to his place one Sunday morning having done my bits on all the forms (5 in total), including inventing a brand new signature. That in itself was quite bizarre as having been in many careers where I've had to spend hours in the office 'signing off' documents, my old signature was as part of my as my hands.

But a new one was required, so invent I did.

Being the girly kind of girl that I am I toyed with the idea of including hearts & bows in it, but resisted the temptation on the grounds of I'm not 14 years old in reality, however much I would like to think I am.

So having lined up all the forms along Graham's kitchen table he proceeded to do a mass signing in true politician style.

Just the slightest issue of him putting a name where an address should be on document No. 3 blighted the whole ceremony.

Ah well, I'll manage on 4 copies then instead of 5.....

Now, the HUGE task of informing authorities.

I'd sussed out that the driving license was probably the most important as this is, these days, effectively an ID card, so sent all the covering docs, a hurried-ly taken, really grim new piccy & a copy of the Deed Poll off to Swansea.

I didn't really expect to hear back from them for a few weeks so got on with the task of notifying other (less structured) organisations like Doctors, Dentists, Medical Clinics etc....

In the following week or so I already had some appointments booked, so was able to at least hear my brand new name being called out...

Quite gave me an inner glow did that.....

It was just over a week later that an envelope from DVLA thudded onto my fluffy pink door mat. My 1st thoughts were 'ah, problem'. They need more info.

You could have blown me over with a feather duster when I felt what seemed to be a plastic card in the envelope.

Yep, my brand new license.  
In my brand new name.  
With my brand new title of Ms.  
With my brand new (goddam awful) piccy...

But what really made me literally burst into sobs, of joy....

My brand new Gender.  
There for all the world to see.....

Y'see gang. I'm a Woman.  
It's official.  
It says so on my license

Last Thought.

I know that the breakneck speed at which things are going in my life at the moment would seem to put my early advancements into the shadows. But everything I'm achieving now is as a direct result of all those tiny little forward movements.

Finding an early-in-the-morning inspiration to paint my nails for work (only to come home part way through the day to remove it) WAS important.

Ask anyone who's going any of the stages that I am & they'll say the same thing. 'It's not easy. It's damn hard.'  
Sometimes you have to push yourself when it seems simpler just to give up.

In order to have the dedication now to bring Holly out into the world as the Woman I've always been I had to do the 'apprenticeship' of those early days.

It's only when you're sobbing real tears onto your squeaky new licence card that you realise just how much that was all worthwhile.

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Obviously, all this forward advancement means nothing if it isn't translated over into real-world changes.

A new ID means nothing if I can't show the world for real, who I am.

The big step-forward is to live as Holly full-time, so next job. Work.

As well as the license the other big change had to be the bank. I have 2 accounts. One for household stuff & one for my Self Employment.

This was the one I'd have to tackle 1st in order for my Work Partners to be able to pay me.

Within a day or so an early finish saw me trot off into town (dressed, of course, as I am permanently now) and see the info girl in the bank.

"Of course I can do that for you Ms Myami (glow inside)"

" Just as soon as your Deed Poll becomes active".....

Excuse me?

Whatya mean active?

I've already used that document for almost 20 organisations including DVLA

\*Looks at Deed Poll, finds it dated for 25th August. It's now 15th\*

Yup, in my hurry to get all the copies signed, I'd put the date down 1 month ahead.....

Rushed home to find all the other copies dated exactly the same (so at least I'm a uniform Blombo....).

Never mind, this gives me a couple of weeks to prepare.

Arranged with work that the change would occur after the August Bank hols.

So on the Thursday before, we would have the funeral.

Mike Hurley would be laid to rest & would never be heard from again.

This just left me a couple of weeks to sort out the new ladies work uniform & hey. Good to go....

If you flick back through these rambling pages you'll find references to the difference between my earlier 'Cross Dressing' antics & going out for real, as a Woman.

In the real world all the fetishwear 6 inch heels don't hold a candle to a good pair of shoes that you can walk maybe a mile or 2 in (as I sometimes have to in my

job).

It seems that my preferred method of ordering online was failing miserably. Nothing was sized as advertised & even structured mail order catalogues didn't get it right.

On the Friday before the holiday I bit the bullet, put on my favourite confidence-boosting skirt & top and me & Hollybug headed off to Birmingham to track down a well known 'Tall Ladies' shop.

Yes they had suitable shoes.

Yes they were in stock, but oh my word. How much??????

But needs must, so I got them.

Just to pander to my belt & braces approach to life, the following Sunday found me at the Midlands biggest retail park where I found an Evans store. Loads of shoes, up to size 11, & all much more reasonably priced.

Now we're good to go for the big launch at work.

Watch out Worcester.....

This girls now out

100%

Last Thought.

In my last, er, Last Thought... I commented on the early little advances still being relevant in my transition today.

Along similar lines those 1st few times out at events & even when I started just being out in Worcester town centre, I was always doing the selfie thing.

In this run up to preparing things I seemed to forget just to stop & take pics.....

It was if I was already thinking 'why photograph something that's now just everyday life'.

No bad thing really.

Last Last Thought.

The 25th August (When my Deed Poll became live) happen to fall on the Friday before the holiday. That worked out great as it meant that I could still use the break to effect my re-emergence.

I went back down to town early that morning to be early into the bank & get things sorted.

I was seen by Craig, the branch manager. Lovely guy & yet again treated me like a real lady.

I'm evolving into the kind of girl that this sort of thing is important to me.

Craig must of spent a good 20 minutes making sure that all the details were fed into the computer correctly. The poor customers behind me must have been having a quite 'tut' to themselves.

When it was all done he thanked me & I trotted off.

"That was nice" I thought, then got on with the hectic day I had planned.

The following Wednesday there was a parcel on my doorstep.

Not one I'd ordered.

Once I'd opened the expensive bottle of Champaign I read the card.

To Holly, Thank you for your business and we wish you all the best on your life journey to come. From Craig and all at the branch.

I sobbed....

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I knew I'd have to be up early on my 1st day back to work.  
Trouble is, that when your normal get-up time is 4.15 this almost become a night shift.

I have never had to do the full hair & makeup thing in the middle of the night before. Normally that's the time it's coming off, but It just had to be right.

I know I'm not on my own with this. Every Trans Woman who's done this will have been through the same thing.

Of course with so much on my mind I didn't sleep too well that night.  
I woke at 12, then 1, then 2.34!!!!  
In the end the alarm went off at 3.  
Managed to get everything in place & still had time for a last confidence boosting coffee before I left for the 'Lion's Den'...

Now, give the lads their due.  
They didn't burst out into howls of laughter as I walked in.  
I wasn't treated to 'What the f\*\*k do you think you look like'.  
I didn't suffer any of the things that I'd dreaded for all the years that I'd run this scenario through my mind.

OK, the usual staff room banter was a bit subdued but we all survived, got our cars & headed out.

Had a reasonable day that day.  
Even had an MX5 to bring back from Central London so made sure that the roof was down until I hit the motorway.  
See, proper girl me.

That was a week ago now. I'm typing this update wearing a lovely deep red Chanel (Ooh Errrr) nail varnish that my very good friend Pete brought me back from Dubai.  
Long gone is the dread that come 7 o'clock tonight it'll have to come off for work tomorrow. It stays until I fancy a change of colour.

2 days ago I had a nice run up to Scotland.  
As it was a swap-over job hence no travelling in between delivery & collection, I made the last big step forward.  
I went out in a very demure black pleated business skirt.

The biggest part of this step forward was the 'walk back across the depot' once I got back.  
In front of everyone I've worked with for the last 10 years.  
As me, Holly.  
In a skirt.....

I floated.....

So my wonderful gang, that's it.

From "shall I wear sparkly nail varnish" to full time Holly.  
All in just 5 & a bit years.

You've been with me through all the ups & downs.  
Shared all the tears of despair & the sobs of joy.

You've put up with my inane drivel & shouted at this blog "Why don't you just get on with it?".

So I listened, I did get on with it.  
Now I type this as a fully formed, fully developing Trans woman.

Oh BTW, as an update I've decided that if it's offered, I WILL be going through surgery.

In my new way of thinking, it's the only way that this story will really be completed.

I thank you all for the support for everything I've been through & more importantly, no listen, this isn't an awards acceptance speech.  
If any of my ramblings about my journey help just 1 person down their own path, it'll make me the happiest girl alive.

Go on you people, just listen to those little lost voices inside of you.

They won't go away you know.

Mine didn't

And she won in the end.....

Last Thought.

Even stories with a happy ending have a darker side.

I'm able to take the time to update this story today because I was unable to do

the job I was allocated.

Often the jobs we do are scheduled to be done in pairs.

As we're all self employed the other person in the mix isn't necessarily obliged to work with you if they don't want to.

No-one has to give reason, just the way it is.

So this guy had the easy bit, & 'Didn't want to help me out today'.

Strange, I thought he was a bit distant when I saw him a few days ago.

Oh well, everyone's entitled to their own opinions.

Y'see gang, this sort of problem is always going to be around.

Don't stop anything for this girl though (& a situation is bound to crop up soon where he'll need the help. His turn to do without pay for a day).....

I discovered this episode while doing a computer back-up.  
Even though it was written a year after the present era, I've decided to drop it in here because it's a retrospective look back at this period. It was done as a series of Tweets hence the stacatto format...

August 2018

So here we are. Exactly 1 year on & I'm still here. Yes, it's been a roller-coaster. But I wouldn't change a thing. Last year's Bank Holiday was fraught with anxiety & frustration. This year? Total chill out as a celebration of me being me. Yes, really me..  
Bliss...

Over the next day or so I'm gonna regale you lot with what happened behind the scenes of 'This time last year'.

Trust me gang, it wasn't the smooth operation Y'all thought.

I'll do it on an episode basis.

Ep 1 Holiday Friday. Mid morning saw me travelling to Brum.

I'd got all my new girly uniform sorted with the exception of my usual nemesis.

Shoes.

Yes I already had loads of 'dress-up' shoes, but nothing I could do any serious walking in.

Ep 2. Long Tall Sally had a franchise in Debenhams & that's where I was aiming.

Got to the city centre, parked Hollybug & started off for the shop.

Hadn't got out of the multi storey when 1 of the shoes I was wearing broke!!!!

Sat on the stairs sobbing trying to fix it.

Ep 3. Got to the shop, having stopped traffic with people staring, & proceeded to attempt to acquire some 'sensible' girly work shoes in size 11...

They had some. Woohoo. They cost £75... HOW MUCH?

Credit card to the rescue..

Got a backup pair of flatties, just in case.

Ep 4. Now the fact I had to wear the new shoes to the car park (coz my 'fix' broke again), told me that although they were size 11, they were a very slim fit.

We're gonna have a problem here.

Got home, administered the shoe stretchers I had & waited what would happen More soon.....

Ep 5.

Saturday dawned with trepidation.

Would the shoes fit?

Would I be able to walk properly in them, bearing in mind the attention I was gonna get?

Would I end up doing a 'Mandy Rice Pudding' all across the canteen?

I tried them on...

Ep 6.

Nooooooooooooo.

Still long enough, but crushed my huge plates of plates of meat...

I could never do the public transport in these.

Argh!!!

Gonna have to make my BIG entrance wearing my existing men's shoes..

You just can't believe how stressed I was.

Ep 7.

I was toying with the idea of wearing the ballerinas that I'd bought in reserve.

I know that would have looked damn stupid with a work uniform, but what choice did I have?

I consoled myself that at least all the rest of the outfit was sorted.

Ladies trousers, White blouse, Ladies suit jacket.

Done

Ep 8.

Tried to settle down & chill Saturday night.

Couldn't.

The shoe situation wasn't going away.

Couldn't wear the low heels from LTS.

Couldn't wear the flatties.

2 days to go, no shoes.

Nooooooooooooo

Ep 9.

But hang on, It's a bank holiday.

All the shops will be open tomoz.

Woopee,

We've got one of the biggest shopping centres around.

Just up the road.

Yeeeeees.

I' ll get something there.

Merry Hill here I come.

Ep 10.

Sunday dawned with optimism.

I WAS gonna get this sorted.

I was gonna walk into work on Tuesday as ME.

The plan was to try & score a very girly looking type of mans shoe.

Lightweight & workable.

Ep 11.

Took the opportunity to come out to all the neighbours as I walked proudly, dressed in my finest out to the car.

'Off shopping' I said

'Dressed like that' they said.

'Get used to it' I said.

'This is how it is from now on' .

'Permanently'

Ep 12.

Merry Hill was a staring nightmare.

People were stopping & turning to gawp.

I held my resolve (somehow).

Found a shoe shop.

Found a suitable pair of shoes & started back to Hollybug.

Ep 13.

Just about to escape from the hell of the gawpers, when in the distance, what caught my eye?

OMG, why didn' t I think of this before?

EVANS.

Went in, lo & behold a veritable cornucopia of large size ladies shoes up to size 11.

& 3 width fittings.

I cried (with joy)...

Ep 14.

I rushed home.

I put my new black patent girly loafers on (Extra wide).

Walked around Hollyville feeling a million dollars.

I' d done it

I' d put together a Lady' s Drivers Dress code outfit.

I was good to go.

Watch out world, it' s happening, for real.

More soon···..

18/11/17

Hasd it really been over 2 months since I've written to all you gang?  
Yo bet your sweet bibby it is...  
(What on earth is a sweet bibby? She's talking drivel already.....).

As mentioned previously, I intend to keep Y'all up to speed with progress by doing occasional (when I can be fussed ((Yes that was cleaned up for broadcast))) updates.

Being a full time woman hasn't been without it's problems, some self inflicted (Dysphoria) & some thrust upon me (Oh errr) by the outside world.

One of the most amusing must the name.

Now I had my bloke name for 60 years & consequently got rather used to it. When I went full time numerous people were apologetic & said " please forgive me if I get it wrong in the beginning."

As with a lot of this journey, I'd already thought this one out & had decided I wouldn't be on an evangelical path with this. If peeps wanted to use Holly, great. If they forgot, big deal.

What has caught me out is the frequency in which I get my own name wrong. It's most often when I answer the phone.

Having been part of the generation who had mobile phones in the very early days, we all learned to pick up the call by using our name (Instead of the very old fashioned repeating the number thing that you parents taught you to do).

For the last couple of months my standard phone phrase has come out like "Hello, Mi - er Holly - er - Myami"....

Just how long does it take to learn your own (new) name??????

There have been instances where it ain't so amusing.

I still get caught out by the stop & stare scenario. I can be walking down a street & there are times where I literally stop traffic.

As I've said before, having people looking at me has never been that much of a problem. My lifetime as an entertainer has shown me this, but where I get caught is the long drawn-out stares. It's almost as if they can't believe what they're seeing.

I've already outlined my coping mechanism being the 'Stage Switch', but that's been permanently on since August now. I'm just looking forward to a time where I can 'Switch Off'.

I'm not holding my breath on that one.....

The management at my work partners have been absolutely brilliant showing support at every turn. Some of the lads....Ah, well, not so.

We always knew that due to the geographical location (Worcester), this was going to be a rocky road. If I'd been located in London, Manchester or Brighton, it would have been a walk in the park. But I'm not, so we battle on.

There's a solid core of guys who have shown real support, but I estimate that roughly 50 % of the drivers are doing either the 'silent' routine or even outright refusing to work with me.

I get drip-fed bits of gossip by my 'gang' & can work out what the problems are from that. I've already suss'd that hopefully in the next couple of months or so I'll be yesterday's news so it's just a matter of dealing with it until then.

On the plus side, I've finished my 'Soft-start' uniform progression.

I'd always planned to do this bit by bit, so as not to scare the natives too much.

I started off in Girly trousers, ladies blouse, B cup boobs and flat shoes.

After a few weeks, jumped the boob size up slightly, changed the trousers for a pencil-skirt business suit, added sussies & stockings & fluffed the hair out a bit.

Now we're where I feel it should be, sweet little 2 inch heel ankle boots, G cup boobs, shaped open-neck blouse and for the 1<sup>st</sup> time, a complete re-style of my hair.

Yes gang, I finally went into a ladies hair salon & had the 1<sup>st</sup> of a series of girly cuts. The wonderful Julie Baker at Salon One 40 was amazing. I expected her to run away screaming when faced with my 2 year attempt at growing my hair, but she completely understood what was needed (especially regarding my 'thin' areas).

I love my new style & it's given me even more confidence to get on with what I have to do.

It's just a shame my Sister walked away from me as I look just like a larger version of her now.

Seems she didn't want a sister the same as my Mother didn't want another Daughter.

More plus sides came in the form of a 'Called into the office' scenario a week or so back.

There's me thinking "Oh yeah, what have I done wrong now...".

But manager Stuart had the job of telling me that I'd received a commendation from a customer. He read out a glowing email outlining how good a service I'd provided. The phrase "Credit to the company" stuck in my mind. Now I've had these before (I'm not always messing around you know), but this is the 1<sup>st</sup> as Holly. I was a chuffed girly.

I think, that in balance, the goods are starting to outweigh the bads. The fact that no one has written a definitive 'How to transition' guide (as it's so specific to the individual), I've had to very much 'feel my way through this.

If it wasn't such a life-changing direction, I may have already given up on it.

There's only so much one can take. The saving grace in all of this is YOU gang. My supporters have been solid as a rock & without that this girl may have already been not (a girl).

I hope that reading these ramblings have helped anyone considering a similar path to see that once you've made the BIG step (coming out), that isn't the end of the stuff to deal with. In fact all it does is open the door into the real issues.

As I often do, I re-read a lot of my previous ramblings in this blog so get me up to speed to write this piece. I still can't believe the pace in which it's all happened.

It's almost like I'm reading about someone else.

This can't be me.

I can't have really broken out and achieved my life's dreams.

Nah, that sort of thing doesn't happen to me.

Nah, Holly Myami is a fictional character.

Sorry world.

Sorry doubters.

Sorry haters.

She's real, really real.

And, at last, she's here to stay.

More soon.....

28/1/2018

Oops, seems I've done it again....

Or in my case, not done it again.

Eh????

What on earth is that ridiculous fluffy-head on about now???

Weeeeeelllll, as per normal, it's been ages since I've put nails to keyboard (where DID pen & paper go???)

It seems that the job of getting on with my life seems to have taken priority over talking to you, my gang..

So now, just for you (or is that Y'all, or even All Y'all, there is a difference, trust me), I am taking the time to fill you in (Ooh Errr) on all things Holly-ish....(like Amish, but with less beards)....

So what's happened since November then?

Oooh, before I launch into all that malarky, I must apologise for the 'down tone' of the last missive.

At that point things had been quite tough & it seems that came through in the piece.

I did think of not posting it, but realised that it showed that transitioning isn't always a bed of roses.

There are ups & downs, so these should be shown.

But here we are, late January & the world is a good place.

I've been full time for over 5 months now & life has found it's path.

Doing makeup at 4.30 in the morning is now commonplace.

Repairing my slept-on girly hair in the small hours, is now possible.

Best of all, a lot of the initial wonderment, both at work, & in the world in general has subsided.

So this girl forges on in all her girlyness toward the ultimate goal....

Girly-nosity.....

Ah, I knew I had some news to tell you.

Nearly forgot (Yeah, as if).

My appointment with the gender clinic is now getting very close.

1<sup>st</sup> week in Feb I'll be trolling off down to London for what promises to be the real door-opener.

I have no idea what to expect & have no pre-conceptions on the outcome. I just know that come what may, I have to do this. Whatever it takes.

The big sell-off to finance it is going well & I've resumed my Ebay listing in the post-Christmas period.

There is 2 different lines of thinking on this.

1:- I have to finance what's liable to be quite an expensive run of private medical bills.

2:- It helps me erradicate the past in a way that no other could.

Having talked to some of my Trans friends who are further down the path than

me, it seems a thing that most of them have done.

One of the biggest projects will be the selling off my guitar collection. You gang members that have been with me for a while, will know just how big a change that will be to me.

In the past my music was my life. Playing in the bands & all the other branches of the entertainment biz I've been involved in were what made me what I was.

That's just it though, that's what I WAS.

Past tense.

When I retired out of the biz last year it really signalled the change in my life.

The guitars that were a 'Badge of Office' are now just a symbol of the past.

Time to get rid.

1<sup>st</sup> project of the New Year was weight loss.

I already know that come clinic time (& especially later on when surgery is being considered), the dreaded BMI (No, not the airline) will raise it's head.

Yes I had a brill Christmas, and it really started to show, so come Jan 1<sup>st</sup> I decided to do 'Dry January' & one of my severe 'Crash' diets. At the same time.

Now this isn't as extreme as it seems. One of the best ways to divert your attention from the lack of Girly Bubbles is to just be ravenously hungry all the time & be searching for fallen toast crumbs from behind the cupboard.

When I say 'Extreme' diet, I mean it.

700 calories a day.

7 days a week.

No deviation.

At all.

Ever.....

As of today (28/1), I've lost 1½ stone, not that wild when you consider that to reach 'recommended' BMI for my height I need to do 3 stone more. But it's a good start.

More importantly, i'm starting to fit into clothes that I bought last year.

If you recap back in these ramblings to the bit about my preparations for Brighton last year, you'll remember that I 'overestimated' my ability to fit into some lovely dresses that I'd bought.

The tears I shed on that occasion have been replaced with joy at not only fitting into these items, but looking quite good in them.

Pleased.

The downside, of course is things like the brill 6 strap, bombproof sussy belt that I bought for work just a month ago, is already starting to be not quite so solid.

Houston we have a problem.

We're in danger of getting 'Saggy Stockings'....

Noooooo, Nora Batty territory....

So more shopping it is then....

Now tell me transitioning ain't expensive....

Another milestone is I've virtually finished the name-change marathon.

At last.

I tell you something, I'm never doing anything like that ever again.

Never.

If anyone wants to marry me, they're taking MY goddam name...

What a complete nightmare.....

From where I started in July last year it's taken over 6 months to wade through the quagmire of admin, bank accounts, online accounts, real accounts & assorted other crap.

I've only got a couple of 'big-hitters' left to do (Passport, DWP, HMRC etc), but I'm building up my resolve to tackle those....

In real terms Holly Myami is now for real....

Really Real...

So there you are gang.

My life over the last few months.

Interesting that I'm now starting to look at this year's Pride events.

As this is where it all started for me last year, it's quite significant that in 2018 I'll be attending these as who I am.

A fully out Trans Woman.

Strange that at this time last year, I didn't have any idea of what was going to happen.

I certainly had no clue that 2017 was going to be MY year.

I'd like to think that if any of you reading this are in the same frame of mind, you know, a bit lost & confused. A bit unsure if it's ever going to finally happen for you?

Well, take notice. If your progress is anything like mine, it'll jump up & bite you on the bum.

Just when you're least expecting it.

As I've said before, don't keep hiding the REAL you away.

It's gotta come out sometime.

Make that time sooner rather later.

Don't follow my mistakes....

More soon.....