

Part 49

Usually, at the start of these new parts I open by apologising for the huge gap in time since I've written to you, my gang.

As I see it at the mo, you're all so used to it now, I shan't bother this time.

Again, in the year or so since I've laid anything down to keyboard, you can't imagine the amount of stuff that's happened in this little Holly-life.

There have been some really dark places & some really bright ones. I thought I'd been through as much 'Roller-coastering' as one could...

Nope, this year showed me that I still had more to go

Feb 2018

As I left you in part 48, I was looking forward to my initial appointment/assessment at the London Gender Clinic (yes it did turn out to be the one in the TV programme & I did get to meet some of the people featured).

So 1st week in Feb saw me whizzing down the M40 in little Hollybug. The plan was to park up around the Uxbridge area & tube it into the clinic (my work travels around the place has taught me that no-one drives in London unless they have to). That way, I wouldn't be all stressed out as I arrived & could actually enjoy the experience (After all, at £250 a shot, I needed some pleasure from it).

Parked the car, got the tube & walked the last ½ mile. All with just under an hour to go before the appointment. It was quite cold that day, so I thought I'd go straight in & sit in their nice warm waiting room.

"Good morning, I'm Holly Myami. I have an appointment today. I know I'm early, if I can just stay warm in your waiting room....."
Bewildered looks from reception staff.
"Who's the appointment with?" came the reply, because we've no medical staff in today.....
A quick check of the paperwork that I'd thought to bring with me...
And.....

Noooooooooooooooooooo

Not only was I in the wrong building, I was in the wrong hospital...

I needed to be 10 miles away,

Across Central London...

In 55 minutes..

My life flashed before my eyes....

£250 down the drain & probably another 5 months to wait for another appointment....

If you've ever seen a 6ft 2 Trans Woman run/walk a distance of just over ½ mile back to the Taxi rank, you wouldn't forget it.

Threw myself in the 1st cab.

"I've got to get to Wimpole Street in under 25 minutes, please be my knight in shining armour" I panted at the bemused driver.

I think he saw the blind panic in my eyes.

He made it.

I paid his fare & gave him a tip.

I nearly kissed him with gratitude, but he probably would have called the Police & I didn't have the time to explain.

I threw myself into the posh lobby only half recognising that it was the place off the telly, looking like some kind of demented escapee...

Once I'd regained my composure, the consultant called me in & we started to progress through things.

You may remember that the reason for these appointments was to fast-track the hormone prescription. I was prepared to wait my turn for everything else but due to a few issues (including my thinning hair), I wanted to get this moving.

After the (well measured) 55 mins she asked if I had anything I'd like to know.

I obviously asked when we could kick the prescriptions off.

"Ah, this time it's get get the initial report together. You'll need to book another appointment with Mary. She sorts all that out"....

Bugger, another £250....

Oh well, I've started, so I can't stop now.....

More soon

Last Thought

You can have all the background in project management you like.

You can meticulously plan your event down to the last degree as much as you want, but if you don't read the documentation correctly yo gonna get lost.

In my defence, the letterhead was from the 1st place I went to.
It's only when I read the body of the letter I notice the small bit that said 'Your appointment will be at.....'.

It sort of brings home that yes, I am getting older & yes, at that point I was getting completely stressed out with things.

Part 50

March 2018

My experience at London Gender Clinic in February hadn't gone as expected. It left me feeling deflated & lost.

I was still progressing well as me, but the realities of life as a progressing Trans Woman, were starting to bite.

It seemed that the rest of the world didn't seem to share my boundless enthusiasm for the path I was taking.

March saw me heading London bound again to finalise my hormone issue. I didn't really know what to expect but was open minded to anything that I had to do to realise what I wanted.

Arrived in good time (& at the correct place) after allowing myself breakfast & chill-out time after the run down.

As I went in, I felt more in-control than the previous visit.

I plonked myself down in the posh waiting room, pondering on what I may expect as a post-hormonal woman. I made a mental note to ask.

Was called (10 mins late, which didn't help the anxiety level), & proceeded to the consulting room.

The actualities of the appointment were explained which included a complete clothes-off examination.

Now I hadn't bargained for that, & was wearing totally unsuitable attire for peeling togs off in a strange place.

What you have to remember is that the kind of 'Weapons Grade' corsetry that this girl wears to achieve my Retro 50's body shape (as best as I can with my build), takes time & effort to get into & out of.

Trying to unbolt all this stuff whilst behind a screen in a doctors surgery takes strength of character. Blend this in with the fact that my body shaving regime may have been a few weeks behind, rendered me from confident go-getter girl to vulnerable 'fish out of water' creature from Mars.

It was while I was in this dishevelled state that the head guy (him from the TV series) comes in to further examine me.

As I said, it's not often these days that I feel like a naughty school girl about to be chastised, but at that moment I did.

Uncomfortable?

You betcha...

Then it was time to try & re-assemble all the underwear while holding onto various trolleys etc., & re-establish some dignity.

The final smack in the gob came with summing up of my position.

"Ah, I see your blood pressure is high" (No news there, I've known that for years. This damn shambles of an appointment hasn't helped).

"I'm not happy prescribing until we can deal with that".

"I think a few more appointments are needed 1st".

It felt like a huge great chasm had opened up in the floor in front of me & I was falling in...

Right in to the abyss...

I don't remember the journey home.

I think Hollybug brought us home without any input from me.

I sort of drifted through the next few days as if I was actually looking down on myself from above.

Had a letter arrive from my own GP to say that a request had been received & I was to make some appointments for blood checks.

When I got my thoughts together finally, I realise what I should have said (isn't it always the way).

I don't need to be spending a fortune to have people whinging at me about my blood pressure. I can get that for free at my GP.

At your prices I expected far more 'The customer is always right', & far less 'let's play expensive Doctors & Nurses' ...

Holly Myami, meet brick wall.....

More soon...

Last Thought.

At the age I am, I thought I'd pretty well gone through most of the range of emotions that anyone can.

There can't be much out in the world that can 'jump up & bite your ass' is how I thought.

That day I certainly experienced feeling & emotions I haven't anywhere near since I was a small child.

I suppose that travelling the path we do, takes us down a parallel line that has the kind of emotional pitfalls that are outside normality.

Where the goddam manual on this Trans thing?????????

Part 51

April 2018

To say that I was on a downer is an understatement.
Everything I'd hoped for, planned for & sold my life for, had come crashing down around my ears.

What's the damn point?
Why am I bothering for?
I'm never going to 'pass'.
I'm always going to be some freak that has the world starring at me.

All this & more was screaming through my head like a severe bout of Tinnitus.
I could see no way forward & no way through.

It was all brought to a head a few weekends later.
Part of my 'chill-out' regime in my downtime is no shave & no make-up time.
My Saturdays & Sunday are my 'slob' time that helps me re-charge my emotional batteries in order to carry me through the week.

Sunday afternoon & I realise that I needed something from the local shop.
I was faced with a minimum 40 minutes doing the biz that gets me up to an acceptable visual standard, or.....

I'd still got 1 pair of jeans & 1 shirt at the back of a wardrobe, left over from the previous life. I don't know why I kept them, but I wish now that I hadn't.
It was so easy.
Hair scraped back in a pony & I was back in drab for the 1st time in 6 months.
Yes I got what I needed from the shop.
Yes it was easy.
Hell did I suffer for it.

I know I've regaled you gang with my stories of my sobbing bouts over all sorts of trivial stuff.
That night I bawled uncontrollably.
I'd lost.
I'd sold out.
It was never going to be the same again.

How the hell could I call myself a woman if, whenever I wanted the easy way out I took it?

This was the lowest low spot I'd hit since coming out.
All the effort I'd put in that Bank holiday weekend last August.
Every stare & gawp I'd put up with since.
Every 'Head held high' I'd achieved since,
Trashed.

I was finished.
Holly Myami is a fraud.

F**k it.
I'm giving up.
I ain't bothering any more, it just isn't worth it.
I'm keeping the name (as it was so difficult to do), but I'm going back to being a bloke.
Life would be so simple, just pull on your trousers, slip on a shirt.
None of this make-up & painted nails shit.
I can eat & drink what I want & look how I want.

Done.
Sorted.

Hell, I was popular as a guy, the girls loved me.
F**k it, that's what I'm doing.
Look, I tried, didn't I?

You can't blame me for not getting there.
It was never going to work...
Stuff it all.....
.....
.....
.....

In the 6 years I've been going down this route, I've met some lovely people.
I've made some great friends, the sort of people who don't judge.
Some are Trans, some are not.
Either way their only concern is for me, the same way that I always have concern for them.
Most live spread right around the country, we chat on social media & meet up when

we can.

That night there were numerous of these wonderful people willing to hit the road in the middle of the night to be with me.

Admittedly they were coming with very large Baseball bats to beat some sense into me, but coming they were.

I did go to work the next day.

Yes, in a skirt.

Yes with my make-up on.

Yes with all the shapewear on.

I did get over that episode, but only because I realised that I'm not the only one going through those feelings.

There's thousands of people all over the world at any one point in time feeling exactly the same.

It's only by hitting the low points that you get to appreciate the good

More soon

Last thought.

Soz, no amusing 'Last Thought' this time

Hell, that was difficult.

Writing that piece has ripped the middle out of me.

I write as I do a lot of other things in my life, intuitively.

I don't know what I'm going to say until I start.

It was only as I started writing that I felt all the emotions as I did at that time.

I'd quite forgotten just what I went through.

I know that human emotion has a 'protection function' & blanks bad trauma out. It must have for me.

Quite a good exercise in regression theory.

I'm off for a lay down, I need it.

Part 52

Late April 2018

OK, so there's been no repeat of the episode of a couple of weeks ago. The scars from the Baseball bats will heal (Laughing face emoji).

I'm just drifting through the days, but at least I'm getting there.

About this time a contact from the radio biz (Who I'd done some OB's with in the previous TV life, just happened back onto my scene.

Simon Tolley presented a show on SkyHigh Radio on a Sunday night & as I knew knew him from the past, I used to try & listen in.

Having done loads of radio stuff before I knew that he had a good formula on this show & it worked well.

The key ingredient was a healthy banter in the chat room as the show went out.

He'd choose a track, the room would take a pop at his choice, he'd take a pop back. It was like a load of mates down the pub on a good Friday night. Simon just happened to mention that the station were looking for additional presenters & would I like a go.

I straight up said that I'd retired from that biz & that I wasn't sure that the idea of a Trans presenter would work. He asked again the next week & the next.

In the background I was actually giving it some thought.

As I've outlined earlier in the rambling tale, It was the confidence gained through doing the TV slot that gave me the impetus to finally come out.

I dreamed up a format for a show, & even a name.

Anyone who knows me is aware that my name comes from the song 'Walk on the Wild Side', so my show could be Holly's Walk on the Wild Side.

I was getting to like the idea more & more. It would be fun, & I sure could do with a hike in self-esteem at the mo.

So I said yes. I had a pro jingle made which in itself gave me a buzz, hearing my own name produced in a studio & coming out of the speakers, then the station ran a promo for a few weeks & we were good to go.

My 1st slot was 8pm to 10 Friday night, but as the show was live, had to change to Sunday 6pm till 8 because of crashing into work issues.

More importantly I felt better & better about me & who I was. The idea of me being a Trans radio presenter pleased me greatly & things started to lift.

It was around this time that a little phrase cropped up in my head that would grow & grow & eventually become a mantra. It was as if I was starting to re-live my life all over again, but as me...

Ooooh, now there's an idea.

More soon.

Last Thought.

My mate Simon is really a key figure in the turn round that happened at this time. Obviously, when you've got as low as I had, the only way is up (Ooooh, we know a song about that).

Since the low point I've managed a steady rise up to a point where I now know that such a bad time will not happen again.

It's because of the right people being around me at the right time that this has been possible.

Never turn your back on possibilities. They're all out there...
Somewhere.

Part 53
May 2018

As well as various emotional issues I was having with my transition, there seemed to be a worsening financial dip.

I know that my work providers didn't have a problem with my chosen path so it wasn't that. It seemed like it was just a case of my runs weren't particularly good & hence the money was poor.

I 1st noticed it when I did my end of year accounts cut off.
I checked back on previous years turnover & I was approximately £100 per week down on average money from 2 years previous.
No wonder I was struggling to make my bills every week.

When queried at the office I was assured that there was not an issue with either my work or my chosen path. Trouble being, if no one gives you info, the brain seems to make up it's own 'conspiracy' theories.

2 years previously I'd held an elevated status with the driving team.
I'd been a mentor for new starters, I was the drivers rep & one of the longest serving SED's.

What with disappearing for a while to do the TV, then coming back & almost immediately coming out, all vestiges of this previous elevated position had evaporated. I was just one of the 'guys' ...

I had to make a decision, & fast. My meagre savings (in the hundreds not thousands) were disappearing as quickly as my kudos. I'd have to leave & find a better paid job.

That was as big a wrench as anything else I'd had to do. Before I did this, I drove trucks. I'd have to go back to that, but obviously bang goes any girly attire at work. Can't get into a truck cab in a skirt.....

To compound the problem, during my time at my present job the CPC training requirement had occurred. This would mean that to return to my previous job I'd have to fork out a minimum of £350 & lose a week at work to achieve this.

CREDIT CARD.....

I booked the course with a local company and put my thinking head on. I knew I would have to completely tone my appearance down after all it was going to be room full of great hairy truck types. It wasn't going to be easy. Then there was the problem of 'was I actually going to get a job at the end of it? I changed my name on my CV (nothing else, as I didn't consider it necessary), & sent it off in reply to a number of ads on a job site.

The week of the course came round & I arrived on the 1st day in exactly what I'd worn on that famous day back the previous August. The plan had been formulated in my mind to ramp up the look on a day by day basis until on day 5 I would turn up in my normal work gear.

The instructor (Steve), knew who & what I was as when I was booking, the lovely staff in the office got talking to me & I explained why I wanted the CPC (now known as a DQC). When I arrived he bounded up to me with a "Ah you must be Holly. Come & sit here".

OK as all the other guys turned up they did the 'double take' thing, but the day passed without major problem.

I got through the week & co-incidentally the last day just happened to be the Saturday of the royal wedding. I was now confident enough in myself to put a really pretty floral swing dress with lacy rockabilly underskirt on to mark the occasion.

I felt great & even Steve called it my wedding dress (if only).....

At lunch-break that day I took him aside & asked if I really stood a chance of getting a job back on the trucks.

He was pleasant, but not hopeful.

Another waste of time & money then...

More soon

Last Thought

As the week of the CPC training went through a few things occurred to me. My confidence was obviously returning as here I was in an environment that was totally outside anything I'd done since coming out.

I was able to not only to fend off the stares, but within minutes I would be chatting away with most of the guys. I know I've always had the ability to take control of most social situations but this was taking things to a whole new level.

I was almost back to the 'walking on air' thing on the Saturday. I looked good,. I felt good & it seemed that, without realising, I'd jumped up a whole level in confidence.

Let's hope that continues.

Part 54

June 2018

So I had my shiny new CPC card, I'd resurrected my Tacho card & now I was ready to be a trucking girl.

Trouble is, trucking didn't want me.

Not one of the jobs that I'd applied for even bothered to reply.

I even signed on to the agency that was allied to the training company.

Nada.

Zilch.

My existing work providers had a small fleet of 1 & 2 car transporters that my licence would cover. I came up with the idea of letting them know that I had the new cards on the off chance of a bit of work on those.

Within a week I had a job moving a 17 seater minibus. It turns out that you can't drive one of these things unless you have a CPC & Tacho card.

There was a little extra money applied to the job so I was happy at that.

The next week I had 3 more to do, & the following week.

It seems that there'd always been a need for CPC drivers to move these things.

Why the hell hadn't I known about this?

It just dropped into place. I could stay with my existing job, be me, in my skirts & have just enough extra money to cover my bills.

Woohoo

Bus people are a strange lot. Not unpleasant, just 'not of this world'.

As we moved toward end of school year a number of the better off establishments were looking to replace their ageing fleet (hence, the need for CPC drivers).

I can recall one particularly 'well placed' (read loaded) school in Cambridge (where else...) where I dropped a brand spanking new 18 seater.

Being a new school the area was still under construction. I arrived outside, extracted myself from the vehicle (I'd got quite adept at slithering down from the cab without flashing my knickers to the world), & went to find my contact.

He not only came outside to see his 'lovely new bus' but invited virtually the whole of the teaching staff as well...

They looked it up & down, commented on the livery (that they'd probably designed), and generally cooed over what was basically a Transit with seats. When I did the obligatory offer of a demo of the controls they all tried to squash into the driving seat at the same time... Strange people these bus peeps...

Obviously now that I'm a bus girl I gotta look the part. So Ebay was searched for suitable bus earrings... Just to show the world just who I am...

A couple of weeks later one of my managers came over to me & asked if I would like to be part of a small team that carried out technical inspections of certain vehicles. There was a little extra money for each job down to the extra time required to carry this out. I, of course accepted, and started to wonder if, at last things were on the turn for the better

In just a month or so I'd had 2 good things happen on the work front

So now I had my radio show & had a job that would allow me to keep my coveted Hollyville & the rest of my life. Surely things can't actually be going my way?

Not me?

Part 55

July 2018

Close-up shot of calendar turning...

Ah, we're now in July...

We all know what happens in July

BRIGHTON TRANS PRIDE...

Last year's event was definitely a turning point for me.

I'd started the weekend off wearing all my usual stuff & had taken my collection of 3 wigs down with me.

By the Sunday night I had found the confidence to go out with my natural attempt at girlie locks.

Result.

Now this year, with self esteem riding at quite an all time high, it was a case of 'Just how Trans can I be' ...

I'd started working out a theme for my outfits (No random drifting between dresses this year), & it was going to be the most outrageous thing I'd ever done (off stage).

Basques & tutus...

Yep there ain't no stopping me now.

I devised 1 outfit in red & another in black. I also put a couple of more suitable evening outfits together based around swing skirts but dressed them up using the tutus as underskirts.

I noticed, that there was a theme starting here.

I didn't realise it at the time but I was stumbling into what is now my permanent look.

Retro 50's fit & flare.

I've since bought numerous dresses & skirts in this style & am loving it.

With some really bombproof corsetry, I can, at last go some-way to hiding my large build.

Happy Holly...

Anyway, back to Brighton...see, I go off on tangents off air too...

In order to meet as many peeps as poss, I'd signed on as a volunteer.

I quite liked the idea of some attention as I walked on the outside of the parade with

an official 'Marshal' Hi Vis.

Also this year, they'd started a '1st Timers' welcome group.

I thought this was a brilliant idea, as remembering back to my 1st last year, it can be a daunting prospect. Some girls were literally using this event as their 1st time out dressed.

This group's initial meet up was on the Friday afternoon at the Marly.

I bowled along & grabbed a seat. The organiser broke the ice by taking control & seating everyone in a circle. She introduced herself & invited us all to do the same by saying who we were, what we were & what pronouns we'd like the group to use.

Trouble being this girl had her entertainer head on that day.

When it got around to me I stood proudly up & announced.....

"I'm Holly Myami, this is my 2nd Brighton & I answer to anything just short of 'Oi Bitch' "..

They didn't understand.

Made me laugh tho....

The day of the parade arrived.

Yes we all had hangovers, yes we'd lost a couple of the crowd the previous night (it turns out they'd copped off & disappeared. Oh well what happens in Brighton...), & everyone was well up for the spectacle of the event.

I grabbed some brekkie at Subway (my cheap shoebox of a room didn't include such things), & was at the start point in plenty of time. As the crowd began to swell I realised that this year it was even bigger than last.

My hair, make up & outfit had all gone on quite well & I'd even managed the walk down from the hotel in my heels (remembering last year's failed attempt).

By the time we set off it was calculated that the complete parade must have stretched for almost half a mile. We took over a complete side of the dual track seafront road & hence brought traffic to a complete halt. Most of the motorists were good natured about this with some tooting their horns in time with the chanting. One high spot was a car horn sound quite close to us. We all cheered support to the driver & then realised all the noise had set a car alarm off. Oh well, at least the car was on our side.

Saturday night was a complete blur of party-ing with the obligatory getting back to the hotel at roughly the time I normally get up.

Safe to say that the whole event was the pinnacle of my social calendar (So I thought at this point), as I'd only planned to do this one due to money being a bit tight.

Worth every penny, & yes I have already booked the shoe-box for 2019's event.

More soon

Last thought...

Since my low ebb in April (part 51), I seem to have bounced back reasonably well.
At that time I really did think it was all over.
I had no idea how I could return to being me.
Bit by bit, with a couple of good twists, stuff had start to turn.
I had really looked forward to Brighton, not just for the event itself, but as a mark of
my progress in just 1 year.
From startled rabbit to confident woman.
Perhaps this is the way forward after all.
Perhaps I really am Holly...
Let's hope so.

Part 56

August 2018

Brighton had been great, but as I previously mentioned it was to be my only event of the year.

As last year, coming down off the cloud had been tough, but at least work was still doing OK & the radio show was fun.

We were into the hottest part of the hottest year in memory so allowed me to be a bit bolder in my uniform.

The stockings had come off in June which was great (other than having to shave my legs at least twice a week), even the small birthmark I have on my right knee wasn't phasing me. Yes it showed occasionally when I slipped in & out of car seats, but hey—ho this is me.

As July ended & August began we were experiencing temperatures into the mid 30's & even more layers had to go.

For a few weeks I was going in in just my skirt & blouse (yes I did have underwear on...).

No coat, jacket or more importantly, shapewear.

It felt great, my 1st proper Summer as a girl & I was loving it. Thoughts of days on the beach in a girly cozy began to waft past me, then I remembered that I burnt as a guy, my new found femininity wasn't going to change that....

Oh well, at least I had Stars of Time to look forward to.

SkyHigh were attending an outside event. This was a Film & Comic Con in Weston Super Mare.

The station were providing the music & entertainment & my hand went up when volunteers were needed.

It seemed that representing the station in a public appealed to this girl & being noticed was getting to be fun.

I decided to wear the gorgeous floral dress that I'd worn for my station profile picture, but as was now happening more & more, bling it up with a really tight corset & frilly underskirt.

Yep retro 50's was suiting me more & more.

I picked Graham up on the way down & we all met up at Simon's place.

It was good to be part of a fun team & I was looking forward to pushing my new confidence forward in an entertainment scenario.

The event was great, I'd never have thought of going to anything like this normally as guys walking around dressed as Stormtroopers wasn't my bag, but it quickly occurred to me that in it's way it wasn't too dissimilar to Cross-dressing (Cue mental pictures

of Stormtroopers with lacy underwear...).

We had a good look around & laughed at the hilarious situation of a guy dressed as 'Alien' from the film of the same name, complete with all the rubber tentacles, stopping to stare at ME...

At this time Graham got his new toy out. It was a gyroscopic holder for a mobile phone that enabled you to take video without any camera movement or shake. he'd shot some footage of all the sights & then the idea came to me.

I just don't know what possessed me (although something clearly had). I dragged him outside & calmly announced that we were going to do a mini documentary on the event, just like the intros we used to do for our OB's on Country World TV.

Yes I know we only had an iPhone not a broadcast camera, but hey... let's invent.

And that, gang, is how I was stood outside an event in Weston, doing an intro to camera.

Again

Just like I used to.

When I was someone else.

There were numerous techie issues, such as the sound being dire cos we weren't using any kind of mic, but the pics turned out OK.

Once I'd mixed it all down into the video studio software I used on the TV show (after I'd re-installed back onto the computer) & added some backing music & titles it wasn't at all bad.

I watched it at least 10 times with a tear in my eye (tears of joy & wonderment this time, no bats required...), before uploading it to the net & watching it 10 more.

What I was seeing was a new direction, a new Holly.

A Holly that could be an entertainer & be me.

Just like earlier in this long & rambling tale, it was like a drug.

I'd tasted it & I wanted more, lots more.

More soon

Last thought

Something just dropped into place that day in Weston.

I'd set off at the beginning of the day with just the intention of meeting up with the guys from the station.

I was going to have a bit of a laugh, parade around in my finest & then just revert back into my little world.

It appears that my world would never be little again.

Bearing in mind what I'd gone through on August Bank holiday the previous year, this year's events were a galaxy away.

In just a year I'd gone from "what am I gonna do? I got no shoes" to "Don't you know who I am, yes, it's me, Holly Myami. Video star"

Again...

Part 57

September 2018

It's not often that someone of my build & stature can 'walk on air' but I found that I was.

I must have burned a hole in my online video of Stars of Time.

I really couldn't fathom out what had possessed me to grab a cameraman & show myself off to the world...

But I did & forward progression was a definite maybe...

Over the next few weeks Graham & I worked out the problems on how we'd record sound as well as pictures (We previously used a portable digital audio recorder & synced the tracks), now all we needed was an event...

Ah, September,

Worcester Pride...

That'll do nicely.

The plan was to do a similar 'intro to camera' then film the parade itself.

We'd build in some interviews with the organisers & other interesting people & then make it all into a vid & chuck it up onto the net.

Sorted

I devised a way of concealing the recorder by popping it into a little handbag around my waist, then armed with a logo'd mic (with bright pink pop cover) I was good to go.

Unfortunately due to it being latish September, the weather was determined to 'play it's face' on the day of the Pride, but as per normal with us LGBT type peeps spirits weren't dampened.

I scurried around with my newly found celeb status (listening to whispers all around me "Is she from the BBC... Maybe next year), looking & feeling pretty important. A few practical issues cropped up like how do you hold a microphone & a broly as well as operate the recorder but we got there.

Worcester did itself proud. Although they'd had their pride event the previous year this was the 1st parade through the city centre.

The team of drummers that headed the ensemble created enough of a spectacle to

stop the 'average' shoppers in their tracks. As in other events of this ilk, mostly they wonder just who & what we are, but at least it gave them something to ponder on as they watched their soaps that night.

Me?

Well this time, the techie issues stayed away & the video came out looking good. I didn't get around to using a lot of the footage we shot that day, but that wasn't what it was all about.

You gotta remember, back to when I 1st came out. The main problems were gonna be work & Worcester.

We've now got to a point where I've seemingly conquered both.

I can't begin to tell you lovely gang just how good it felt not only being me in the middle of the town I live in, but being me-plus.

It seems that you can never 'Retire' from being an entertainer.

You can try (as I did), but it always gets you in the end.

I understand now why so many older Pro entertainers just keep going on & on.

It gives 'dying on stage' a whole new meaning.

Yes I had people staring at me that day, but for a whole different reason.

I WAS someone, they weren't sure who, but someone.

Yet again, I needed more...

Where next?

More soon

Last thought

My good old mate, Graham, is the perfect foil to me.

Although he has been in the front line in radio & TV, these days he prefers to be the Techie Guy.

The backroom wiz that sorts out my probs & puts up with my tantrums.

There must be times when he must put his head in his hands at some of the stuff I come out with.

Everytime I come up with some hair-brained scheme, he simply puts his thinking cap on & sorts out the answer.

You see, every aspect of my progression has been overseen by Graham & my other patient friends & gang.

For most of my life I haven't been a 'friend' kind of person.
Never needed them.

I suppose that's coz I've never done anything like this before...

Part 58

October 2018

Being a media star had always suited me.

Being a Trans media star suited me even better.

It seems that at last, there was a way that I could conquer any confidence issues I had with my new persona, simply by thinking through the well worn phrase “ Don’ t you know who I am?”...

In early September a post had cropped up on my Facebook looking for older Trans people to be interviewed on camera.

Now as things were at this time the words ‘interviewed’ & ‘camera’ were manna from heaven so I answered.

It seemed that the University of Bristol were completing a project that involved making a training film for care-home staff regarding Trans people being admitted to the homes.

The requirement was to present myself onto the campus & have a ‘little chat’ .

The day finally arrived.

It was dull overcast & raining.

I was bright, sunny & errrr full of myself...

I’ d chosen a stunning red patterned skirt & red ‘Bardot’ (off the shoulder) top.

Obviously the skirt was boosted by my now signature underskirts & set off by my fave pair of Red block-heel strappy shoes.

I felt great, this was going to be a ball.

I find the building (no mistakes this time), announce myself to the receptionist & park my pert bum on their posh chairs & wait to be called.

My turn came & I was shown into.....a fully fitted, broadcast spec studio worthy of any of the big 5 TV channels. The full compliment of camera crew, directors, tech guys and interviewer were all waiting for me....

Little me.....

As normal, I had to take control of the situation (if only to get my head around things), & announced in my best Diva voice “& you ain’ t pointing any camera at me until I fix my face, sweetie”....

I sat down, they explained what they wanted & I gave them everything & more.
I heard mutterings from the director-type “this is gold, we’ ll be able to use all this”
...

Part of the brief, & to break the ice for the shyest of the interviewees, we’ d been instructed to bring with us ‘An item that summed up who we were as Trans people’ .

I took 2 bottles of nail varnish.

1 bottle of clear & the bottle of the mega expensive Chanel red that I was wearing that day.

If anything summed up my progress, it was those.

I explained about how, in the early days, my only concerns were ‘could I get away with clear varnish’ & today I was sat in a major TV studio, being interviewed by broadcast professionals about my Transition.

Life just couldn’ t get any better than this, could it?

It was all a bit of a blur. I was concentrating on my ‘performance’ & was attempting to sound like a seasoned media girl (while all the time my head was going Squeeeeeeeeeee).

I answered the questions in my best broadcast voice & even though I’ d made the decision not to try & ‘pitch-up’ , was conscious of my accent & clarity.

I do vaguely remember at one point, the camera guy de-mounting his camera & doing an almost Macro run over my nails to emphasise them.

Then it was all over.

That was it, Holly Myami really had hit the big time.

I made a point of asking if there was any way I could get to see the finished film or was it a closed industry project.

The answer made me the happiest I’ d been for a long time.

“Oh no, of course you get to see it. In fact you’ ll be invited to the Premiere”.

What? Premiere...

Like Red Carpet & Limos?

In Leicester Square?

With Prom Dresses?

Like proper Celebs?

I sobbed……

Last thought

When I 1st saw the ad on FB, I remember thinking “that may be a bit of fun”.
As it got closer to the filming date, I started to take it all a bit more serious.
It was becoming apparent that the path through any anxiety issues I was having could be easily sorted by reverting back to my entertainer background.

The choice of outfit for the day was planned out quite carefully. I knew there would be parking issues around the studio & that I’ d end up having to walk some way from a car park to the venue.

At 6ft 4, in a full 50’ s float skirt at 10.00 in the morning.

In the rain.

In Bristol…

Not only did it not present a problem, I quite enjoyed the notoriety.

After all, Didn’ t they know who I was???????

Part 59

December 2018

So it's pretty apparent that since my 'crash' in April (part 51), life has advanced for this girl.

Work had picked up so that I could stay at my current job, I'd re-gained some of my personality & most of my confidence.

My few forays into filming had shown me that the way for me to prevent ever getting as low as that again, was to believe in who & what I was.

So a few of the more obvious aspects of who I was were built into my daily mantra..

(Say after me Ommmmmmmmmm)..

It's fair to say that my height & build were never going to diminish to a level that I'm going to make size 14.

I'm always going to be 6ft 2 (without my heels - & honey I'm never without my heels.....).

I'm always going to be in need of some degree of 'help' with my shaping.

I'm never going to be 'cute' or 'ditsy'.

But, & it's a big but (Bit like mine.....arf arf), I'm Holly Myami.

I'm a fully out Trans Woman living my life as Me.

I'm further down the path of my transition than I've ever been & looking forward to what's around the corner.

Now that ain't a bad place to be, is it?

As December rolls around I realise that bit by bit it's taken over 6 months to fully recover from that darkest of times. But this time of the year always has an optimistic feel to it along the lines of 'I wonder what next year will bring?'

My show (Holly's Walk on the Wild Side) had been going really well & helped me a huge deal, but I felt now that I wanted to move it on a bit.

You may remember that my TV show had been a Country music video show & my mind started to wonder if that may be the next step. I mentioned a few episodes back that the bud of an idea, a sort of safety net to prevent me ever slipping back to the That lowest point, was the fact that I'm aiming to re-live my life all over again, but as me.

Parallel that with the fact that as 'Wild Side' was an open request show I played exactly the music that the listeners wanted.

A decision was made & after some discussion with SkyHigh management we

came up with Holly's Country World.

My new show.

Playing what I wanted (& knew something about).

It was to start in the 1st week of Jan with an all new look (& obviously an all new image).

I don't know what possessed me to buy a blue Gingham dress (well actually I do.... I've always wanted one), a pink glittery cowgirl hat, & I even managed to score a pair of white cowgirl boots.

In my size...

See how easy it is, when you're not walking on the ceiling with stress????

Wild Side signed off the day before New Year's Eve with a haunting version of Auld Lang Syne that I'd blagged off the wonderful series of Transatlantic sessions.

Country World hit the air a week later with me in full costume & make up (what? for a radio show?)...

Ah, part of the initial surprise for the 1st show was that I'd set my webcam up to do a Facebook live broadcast in tandem with the output to SkyHigh.

Yep, you got it.....

That'll be me back on live TV doing a Country Music show....

Now where have we seen that before.....

Last Thought....

After all the 'fireworks' of coming out in 2017 I'd intended 2018 to be a consolidation year.

The intention was just to build on what I'd started & to let it form into my life.

After the April 'crash' I found I needed a way of getting through the ups & downs.

I found it back with the character trait that had helped me through from being a child, my entertainer me.

Sometimes, in the hurry to cut away from the past life you've got to be careful not to cut too deep & remove some of the basic you.

Part 60

2019

What was 2019 going to hold?

What could possibly top the gains that I'd made already?

That's the thing about the path that we've chosen, no one knows.....

Workwise, I've mentioned some episodes back that before I came out, I'd held a reasonably elevated position within the team. When all this 'evaporated' I just accepted it as part of the 'you gotta be prepared to lose everything' ethic of the path.

I'm not sure if this was the work partners needing to be re-assured that I really was just gonna get on with my job & not become a raving Trans evangelist, but eventually bit by bit some of the stuff was coming back my way.

A couple of weeks into January I get a call from the office. Would I like to be part of the mentoring team? (Ah that'll be the mentoring team I put together 3 years previously then...).

"oooh thanks, I'd love to".....

All joking aside, I was seriously chuffed.

It must have took a lot of confidence in where I'd got to, to offer this & it meant a lot to me.

So there we have it gang.

It looks like this girl's progress moves forward.

I've updated most of the last episodes of this blog in one hit.

At the mo it's late April 2019 & a lovely warm Easter.

I'm sat in Hollyville with all the windows opened & peace reigns.

As normal, to get me into the thread of doing the updates I re-read most of the blog over again.

Everytime I do this, it never ceases to amaze me just how much has gone on from where it all 1st started.

I'm coming up to 2 years out as me & even that seemed impossible at one time.

As I look back over this missive, I'm spotting a few trends both in the writing style & in my own personality.

Obviously I've reported some of the low points as well as the highs, so a lot of the original humorous writing style has diminished. It seems that instead of writing just about aspirations, I'm now reporting reality.

I came out in 2017. Wow what a year that was.

2018 was a year of expansion (even though at the beginning of the year it was supposed to be just consolidation).

2019 so far, has been the consolidation year.

The premiere to my filming session in Bristol is next month, & am really looking forward to that.

Obviously, Trans Pride Brighton is 3rd week of July. Will be my 3rd. Soooo much

has changed.

Stars of Time in August, am going down for both days this time. Can't wait.

All in all it's safe to say That Holly Myami is here to stay.

As I mentioned in the last part, I've put things into place that will prevent any reoccurrence of how things were 12 months ago.

Also, as I've said many times, that because no-one's written a manual on the Trans Journey it is & will stay one huge voyage of discovery.

It's not a case of 'let's get through the rough bit, then take it easy'.

It's a constant unknown road. You really really, have to wanna do this.

I most certainly do, so I go on (not that I, or anyone else in this situation have a choice).

The next time I put nails to keyboard goodness knows where I'll be.

But be assured, it'll be somewhere wild, wondrous & not of this life.....

More soon.