

Part 61

December 2019

*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.....*

Did I really sign off the last episode with that usual old dross?

It seems that this girl was starting to drop onto repetitive habits back then.

Right, time to change all that....

(Sounds of whistle-stop movements).....

So, at the mo it's late December 2019.

I've just had a brill (if usual for me) kind of Christmas & am settling down into updating you gang in what's gone on in the past year.

(as before, no apologies for the sporadic timings of this missive, annually seems, probs the best way. Also I've usually got time during this break to actually get it done).....

I'm able to take a more comfy direction in my writing these days as I'm tippy-tapping this, perched on my comfy DFS sofa, into a rather natty lappy wot I bought as part of the many & numerous projects that have come & gone.

I'll cover stuff in my usual chronological method,

1/ cos it's easier that way &

2/ it fits with the end of year video that's also being done at the mo.

January 2019

As mentioned before, my radio show morphed into Holly's Country World.

It was a format that I was looking forward to doing as I knew the subject & there was a 'market for it'....

I'd got an outfit sorted for the promo pics & spent some time sorting out the radio ad that was to play out & advertise the show. Except it wasn't....

Radio that is....

Yet again, in the ethic of my expanding portfolio of video appearances that had happened in 2018, we decided to make a Vid promo, structured in the 'film & link' ethic that'd been the basis of Country World TV.

I did the compilation using the same computer & software that'd been used for that project.

Yup it felt strange, but as I saw it, it was now for a completely different reason, so that was OK...

It was decided that the links would be filmed at Graham's place (coz he now had all the lights & green screen stuff that we used to use).

I get to Gloucester only to find he'd gone out & purchased (on finance) a brand new DSLR camera to do this.

Ooooh, I pouted..

Ooooh I shouted,

I stamped my petite little foot (Eh?...) but as he said, "It'll come in handy, as you seem to be doing more & more video stuff again"....

Obviously he'd spotted a trend.

We filmed the vid & had a ball doing it. I behaved like a Diva & Graham rolled his eyes & tutted.

It was all so natural.

The launch week arrived & show 1 went out.

As an extra surprise, I arranged to broadcast it out on Facebook Live at the same time, effectively doing 'live TV'...

Yep, perhaps Graham had spotted a trend here...

It was good to be back into known territory.

It seems that the previous 18 months had been spent sailing into 'uncharted waters' and to be in control (but now as me) was good.

Once the show was up & running I produced an 'out-take video' of all the bits that went wrong (just as I'd used to do on CWTV). This too got published up onto the net.

Yup it's only January & already Holly Myami is an internet 'Star'....

Just wonder where this is all gonna go?

Ah, I know now....

Just didn't know then....

Part 62

February 2019

The advances made at work started to kick in.

My 1st trainee (as me), was a sharp youngish Asian lad called Junaid.

I'd done the usual thing & called him the week before we were due to start, just to let him know all the things that the company had not mentioned (2 years on & it was still the same).

The training week went well & I assured management he'd be a good addition to the workforce.

A few things cropped up during the week, the 1st was a reoccurrence of some (quite pointed) Trans-phobia.

Now me having been re-selected back to training had ruffled a few feathers (mainly from people who felt they should have been selected), but this got more personal.

Mutterings like "It shouldn't be allowed" & "it's against his religion" started to filter my way.

As I've mentioned about numerous different aspects to all this 'Some time ago, I'd have been phased by this. Not now'....

What it did allow, was the opportunity for me to address some issues that I'd been genuinely interested in.

Junaid was of Pakistani Muslim origin & the kind of guy who I felt I could talk to, so I did.

About day 4, I mentioned about the murmurings & asked him outright, "So where does your faith stand on Trans people".

His answer was so succinct & obvious, I wondered why everyone makes so much fuss.

Islam decrees that we're all put on this earth to pro-create.

As Trans (& other branches of the LBTGQI+ spectrum), you can't....

End....

He did quantify that mostly Muslim people of his age-group were far more understanding than possibly the older members of their society.

But when all is said & done that's what it all boils down to.

It took me 62 years to learn that...

It occurred to me that I was now 12 months away from the disastrous foray into the private medicine business.

I'd decided not to continue along that path because I couldn't afford it & more importantly wasn't going to be stitched up for no actual gain.

I had at the time, been dealing with a slightly less than frosty GP at my own surgery, just to try & establish a central contact point & wondered if it was possible just simply for her to go down the path of 'an understanding GP' just like some of my trans friends already had.
After all, we're only talking HRT, I don't expect anyone to produce a big knife & start cutting things off...

I made an appointment.
I took time off work to go.
I told her the whole story of what had happened the previous year (just in case she couldn't be arsed to read the notes).

I sat & listened while she whacked on large about this was outside her expertise & I would have to wait for my GIC appointment...
Yet again, welcome to Worcester....
Yet again, Holly Myami, meet Brick Wall

It seems that at this point in things, I can get all the advancement I want in life....
Except the very thing I really need...

Part 63

March/April 2019

So if I'm not going to get any help at all in my transition (as everyone else around me is seemingly getting), I may as well get on with living my life.

The radio show is really helping with my confidence & I'm looking for way to move this forward.

Having done a one-off Facebook video show when Country World launched I decided to look into progressing this.

Now never having actually worked in IT, I'm reasonably proud of my home-built ability to get around the thornier problems associated with doing this.

I acquired a cheap Go-Pro copy off Ebay, did some research into broadcasting video to the net & bit by bit set up a Twitch TV channel.

Now, just to write that into 1 sentence here somewhat glosses over the complexity of achieving this, but within a few weeks we were good to go.

The main problem (as I found out many years ago back in my CWTV) days was the copy-write issues in re-broadcasting music.

Twitch doesn't seem to suffer with this so was deemed to be the answer.

I made up some video promos, played them out for a few weeks & then it was 'Go Live' time.

Yup, after some operator errors (like forgetting to switch between the camera & the outgoing video so that the whole world was getting to see me have a sneaky slurp of the bubbles), we were up & running.

Yet again I was a telly star...

Every week I had my face plastered over peoples computer screens.

It was great.

It was brill

It was a damn pain in the arse...

At this point in my life I've been out, full time, for coming up 2 years.

I've got used to doing my (quite rudimentary) work make-up 5 days a week.

But having to do stage level make-up on the weekends as well....

Ahhhh, hadn't thought of that.

Now to compound the issue I decided to take on doing another show for a different station.

The theory was that the confidence that being the radio was giving me would be doubled & I would be unstoppable.....

Ahhhh, it's pretty obvious that even with all the enthusiasm that I had at the time, it still wasn't going to produce extra days in the week.

Other aspects of my life were starting to suffer.

Something had to give.

Something had to go.
My brief video career went, as did the 2nd show.
Ah well, at least I can cope now.....

If you flash back a few episodes, you'll remember the Care Under The Rainbow video I was involved with. Well, time had moved around & the date for the launch had arrived.

This was a new experience for me, not having been involved in anything like this before.

The launch was to be as part of a presentation of the whole project of which the video was just a part.

Now in my past lives, I've had to do many a business gathering such as this, as they are quiet prevalent in the contracting industry. But to be the subject of it all was something completely new.

Yet again Graham was volunteered to drive down to Bristol as I wanted to appear as cool, calm & collected as I could.

OK, we got lost trying to find the venue (in everyone's defence it was part of a huge University new-build), but we got there with time to spare.

The finished film (which we'd all been sent copies of, but were 'gagged' from publishing) showed that there were 3 main subjects of which I was 1.

My entrance to this gathering was critical. I certainly didn't want to get in far too early (as I very often do for such events), so we sat in the car park until I'd clocked all the others going in.

As we got into the room there was a large screen set up on a stage showing stills of the video. There were pictures of me alongside the other girls and momentarily put a smile on my face as I remembered that wet day in November when it was filmed.

They sat us 3 together on the same table & we were able to share stories of our experiences.

The other 2 girls had used the opportunity to voice their opinions of various Trans issues & didn't seem to have been interested in any kind of 'personal advancement' that could be gained from the whole thing.

We all listened to the speeches.

We all watched ourselves on the cinema sized screen.

We all laughed at my final lines of "So just get on with it's. It's your job".

Then it was all over.

We ate the free lunch, we said our goodbyes & we left.

I made a point of re-iterating to the producers (as I had when we filmed) that if they ever needed a Trans Diva for any similar project, I was their girl, then we were on the road home.

Now, what's next?

Last Thought :-

When I was at the filming for the video the previous November, I really thought that this may be the direction for things to go for me. Being with a fully structured film crew set-up was quite a feather in my cap bearing in mind how short a time I'd been me.

By the time April had come around I was starting to see that projects of my own making were possibly a more satisfying & suitable way to go.

If only I knew at this point what really was in store for the rest of the year....

I do now....

Part 64

April/May 2019

After the film launch had started to disappear into the past, thoughts turned to my plans for the rest of the year.

Work had dropped into a reliable lope, & I'd sorted out another trainee without issues this time.

Chris was a retired Police Inspector & intended to be the kind of driver that just used the job to 'top-up' his pension.

A nice guy & we even had a laugh as the week went on when I launched into one of my many mantras regarding the job.

It goes like "you know you spent 30 years with all your status & position in the job? Well forget all that.

Here you're back to being the lowest of the low.

You, mate, are now just a driver & don't you forget it"

It was now April-ish & thoughts were very much into Summer work uniform. As in the previous year I was determined to vary my attire to suit the season better. Last year I'd been able to loose the weapons-grade corset, stockings, petticoat & ultimately even went coat-less in July. This year I may go a certain way down that path, but as Holly had been a bit less successful inn the dieting regime, corset-less may be a no no.

The outline plan was to raise both heel height & hemline. I'd still only got as far as 2 ½ inch heels & was looking to go as far as my maximum (remember the door frame analogy) height of 4 inches.

Now this was always going to be an issue because of the public transport aspect to the job. Generally, we get to know what our runs are the day before so the plan was to get 2 pairs of black stiletto courts. 1 with a 2 inch heel & 1 with the 4 inch.

This way I could select the appropriate shoes for the work.

Simple.

Now, as we've already discovered in this missive. If Holly says simple, it's guaranteed to fall apart.

It did.

Oh, getting the shoes was the easy bit (for a change). Yet again Ebay comes to the rescue in the form of a supplier that did just that. Nice shoes, big sizes & not too expensive (relatively).

Once the 2nd shipment arrived (yep for the 1st time in living memory, my trick of ordering shoes a size or 2 up on my actual need resulted in just that. Shoes that were too big!!!!), I set about padding around Hollyville breaking them in.

So by the time I was ready to Summer-ize they were ready.

The bit that I'd missed in the Haynes manual of How to be a Trans Girl (if only)

became apparent on the very 1st day of breaking out my new gear to the world.
Oh yes the shorter skirt got noticed & I felt great in it.
The tighter, shaped blouse looked fab really showing off a nice girly shape.
But the damn shoes....

By the end of the 1st day I could hardly walk, & this was the 2 inch pair.
I couldn't think why, I'd spent weeks loosening up both pairs & they were fine at home walking around the flat.

Firstly I thought it may be the age old problem of uneven paths & roads, but I've been in heels for years now. I've got my advanced driving ticket as a heel wearer. I had to break out last years shoes for a couple of days until my poor feet had recovered, then gave them a go again.

Same problem, like er....
WTF????

It came to me that night, as I racked my brain trying to get to the bottom of the problem.
Yes, I've been walking around at home in these shoes with no problems. Coz you weren't wearing stockings.
As soon as I go out in work gear my feet can't locate in the shoes properly.
Looks like we're going stocking-less earlier this year.
Sorted...

Now just the issue of 'what happens when you go in in the higher shoes because there's no PT to do & the job changes, suddenly leaving you with the prospect of a 3 mile walk in 4 inch pins....
HmMMM

We were now in May.
My previously orderly itinerary of events for the coming months had been torpedoed and was now becoming a full time job in it's own right.
There were only a few weeks left before the pace of life was going into full turbo mode.
Yup Holly's going for advance again...
Oh Doooo stop it..

The 2nd radio station that I'd been on earlier in the year were still going & I'd stayed on friendly terms with the girls who ran it.
As it happens they were rather good at getting their station into some quite good events.
They'd got a place in the parade at London Pride & blagged a stage slot at Sparkle to do a warm-up for the acts...

Ooooooh, if only ...
Ooooooh, I'd love some of that
Ooooooh, Oh alright. I'll do a 2nd show again.

After all...

In a parade & back on a stage....

As me...

Yup, I sold my soul to the devil.....

Hang onto your hats. This is going to get a tad manic

Part 65

June/July 2019

I used June as a preparation for the crazy time that July & August were going to be.

I had managed, by default, to land myself with an event every weekend for 4 weeks on the trot.

At my age....

Just how was that going to work out?

"All together now"!!!!!!

Yup, you got it.

Badly...

So the plan went like this.

1st weekend, London Pride.

2nd weekend, Sparkle

3rd weekend, Brighton

4th weekend, (If I could manage it) Malvern Pride

London.

I was so looking forward to this event. An out & out celebration of our LGBT status in the country's capital. I didn't know what to expect, but it was going to be good.

It was also going to be damn expensive.

The girls from the station were making a weekend of it & were all booked into the Premier Inn at Kings Cross (close to the start of the parade).

I looked online at availability

Oh yes, they had rooms...

How much????

Now Premier prices vary slightly around the country but on average you can blag a reasonable double for 50 to 70 pounds per night...

£150.00 for that date, was on the screen.

I can't afford that.

Going as a single wasn't much less, & anyhow I seriously wanted this filmed.

After all, I may not get the opportunity to do anything like this ever again, but

£150 a night????

Even if I just did the Friday night & set off for home after the event, it was still too pricey.

Luckily, as often happens, my parallel thinking head kicked in.

Years ago, in my past life, my Ex used to have a job where she appeared on TV (yes I told you entertainment has followed throughout my life).

The studio (like a lot of their ilk) was in Great Portland Street.

Back then we used to use a sweet boutique hotel called The Barn in West Ruislip

right next to the Metropolitan line station.

The main advantages were as well as better prices we could leave the car at the hotel, jump on the tube, do her gig & then just pick up the car on the way back through.

A quick blast onto the net had a room booked for the Friday night.

Now the reality of this struck me that I'd be going back somewhere I'd been in a previous life, but as me.

That really appealed.

July arrived, and we set about getting the party started....

1st Friday saw us rattling down the M4 in Graham's Golf (yeah, so suits him).

I'd intended that the event would be a really enjoyable, fun thing for him too. He was putting in some serious time for me & I wanted him to be getting something out of it.

We'd not been able to do anything like this in previous years as he'd had 2 elderly cats & couldn't overnight anywhere.

Both the pussies had, died over the course of the previous 12 months so now we could spread our wings a bit.

We got parked up at the hotel (that looked exactly as I remember it) & as I'd made the booking, I sorted reception out.

Once we were ensconced in the sweet little room, the reality of what I'd just done hit me.

For the 1st time I'd booked into a hotel as me, with a man.

As I go down the path of this journey, every now & again I cross bridges & usually don't realise the significance of actions until I've done them.

Another box ticked.

I remember the hotel having a nice restaurant, so the plan was to chill out, couple of drinks, a decent meal then be good to go for the ravages of the event the next day.

Being the kind of girl I am, I do like to look right when I'm out. Being the size I am I get noticed, not the biggest problem these days as long as I know I look the best I can.

I'd travelled down in yet another swing skirt & top, but had brought one of my fave LBD's to wear out for dinner.

Now Graham's a great guy, but he's a bit of a jeans & tee shirt sort. In the previous weeks I'd had to find a way of gently asking him could he bring a suit with him, just to wear for dinner. I'm not sure he understood, but as he unpacked, I saw the suit come out of the case....

When I was a kid, my family often used to go on holidays with other family members & friends. I remember, one year one of these girls was my Mother's

work colleague. Janice.

She was a tall dark haired girl in her 20's & I was enthralled with her very girly, fluffy dress sense (Yes, I know why NOW...).

One night we all went out as a gang & Janice was wearing a lovely full dress with a bow on the back (this was the 60's). Poor girl was so insecure about this she kept on to everybody "is my bow straight?".

It even became a family catch-phrase for fussy dressing.

So it was a complete shock, even to me, that while we were getting ready to go out, without thinking I said to Graham "Is my dress straight at the back?"....

He didn't know the story so couldn't understand me smiling at what I'd just said....

The restaurant turned out to be quite a posh job which made me feel loads better about dressing up. Yet again, as happened loads on this weekend, I felt like I was watching a reality TV programme. There was me, a trans girl, still very much at the start of her journey doing stuff like normal people do.

Yes, I'd done all the outrageous stuff, but this seemed to be the start of a whole new phase of my life.

As we got back to the room at the end of a really beautiful evening, I had a huge smile on my face.

Me, Holly Myami, had just been out to a proper posh dinner, as me.

Even the bill for £150.00 for the meal didn't wipe that smile off.

Last Thought:

I'm now 4 days into writing this piece & we're only on No 65.

The 3 days I'd allowed to do this project has already been passed & I don't see me finishing any time soon.

The problem being that 2019 (the year that I wasn't going to do much) has turned out to be the most momentous of my life.

I'd planned to achieve so much over this Christmas break, & it's all been overtaken by sitting here sobbing over the very stuff I'm writing.

Like I often do, I'd laid the template parts out & even those are having to be re-jigged as I go.

Holly Myami, can we make 2020 a quiet year so that next December I can do stuff other than just report on my shenanigans?

Nope, didn't think so.....

Part 66

July 2019

The day of London Pride dawned and it was soon very apparent that it was going to be a hot one. As I've mentioned before, whenever I do any outdoor events, I have to take sun protection very seriously. I fried as a kid, & still do as an adult. Knowing that I was up for loads of Prides, making sure that my (now signature) big pink floppy hat travelled with me was top of the list.

My outfits for all the Prides I intended to do this year had been the subject of a lot of thought. I knew that after last year's success at Brighton, going 1 better was going to be difficult. But it had to be done & in the end I'd achieved a look that was certainly going to be noticed.

Where as 2018 was the year of the Basques & Tutus

2019 was Basques & rainbow frilly skirts

With extra underskirts

And in 1 case, fairy lights.....

Yup lights...

Look, can't have me being overlooked now can we.

We took the tube into London, & got off at Great Portland Street

Yet again, seemingly, the list of 'doing past things as me' grew by the hour.

Coming out of the station, we were met by a sight that even having been to the number of events that I have, surprised me.

Generally I know that area of London quite well, but was shocked at how it had been transformed. The streets were already filling up with all of the marchers with their flags & banners and the special parade floats were all getting into place.

We eventually found the pre-arranged meeting place & bit by bit all the others turned up. By now the police had shut down the area (as a security measure following some trouble that had occurred on last year's event) so it was good that we'd got in early.

Graham got his camera bits ready,

I got my camera face ready

& we started to do an 'Intro to camera' as we've done before.

I've watched this piece back recently & in doing so I've now got to understand what happened next.

When I'm on camera despite my cavalier attitude, I'm usually concentrating quite hard on what I'm doing, so don't get to see what may be going on around me.

We finished our piece & all of a sudden I'm surrounded by approx 30-ish people all asking for selfies with me.

I'm already up to speed with the fact that the celeb selfie is the new, autograph.

What caught me out is the fact that they thought I was a celeb.

Watching the intro back I can see that the group notice me talking to a TV

camera & start nudging each other & pointing. They probs assumed I was from the Beeb or something.

Once my new found fans have all had their piccies I look around for the others from the station. They too look bemused & one comes out with "I see you like to be noticed"..

Ah, yet again, even amongst my own sort, I still don't fit.

The red patent 4 inch block heel shoes that I'd chosen for this event were part of perhaps the best wardrobe success I've had this year. I saw loads of different ads for these things & assumed that a boatload had hit our shores from China or suchlike. At £20 per pair I took a chance along the line that if they only do this one event it'll be cool.

Even they got commented on, along the lines of "What, you're walking the march in Those?"

"Sho am, sweetie" & from that point I was determined that I damn well would.

I noticed the fact that as I was waiting around at the start of the parade getting more & more noticed with my big rainbow skirt, big hat, big shoes & bigger ego. I seemed to be lapping every bit of this up. I'm really not sure of where this new found confidence has come from but its seemingly raising it's head more & more.

Other than, again for security reasons, we were herded into our parade positions 2 hours up front of the start time, the organisation was top notch.

The route of the entire march had been barriered off (What? in Central London?)

The roads were for us, the pavements for the shoppers & onlookers.

The marchers were sectioned into groups of maybe 100 or so & interspersed with vehicles playing music. So wherever you were in the parade there was something to dance along to, you weren't just shambling down the road in silence.

Alongside that at different places along the route, there were mini stages set up with a DJ type playing more music & yelling out encouragement to both marchers & crowds.

Safe to say I loved every bit of it. I noticed that as well as Graham running up & down doing the 'Filming me coming towards him thing' there were other (even more pro) camera-men types along the route. Now obviously an event of this size happening in the capital was of interest to the media. Without realising it, I found myself adopting a trick of slowing down just a bit & finding myself a space, just as we got alongside one of these.

I was an easy spot (Being 6ft 6 in those heels), so I managed to grab quit a bit more attention...

Cue more murmurings "She likes to be noticed"...

Yes, I got to the end.

Yes in the heels.

Yes they came off the second I'd taken the last step of the parade route (thank

goodness for the flatties in my unicorn back-pack).

My 1st London Pride had been a real eye opener. I loved every bit of it from the slick organisation through to the complete diversity of the brill marchers. I didn't know hardly anyone around me, but that didn't matter. We were all there together.

With Pride.

Last Thought:

I didn't know it at the time of London Pride, but the following weeks would herald a completely new me emerging.

Of course I knew what I was doing in grabbing the attention of the camera peeps, just at the time, I didn't know why.

For every muttered comment (even from other Trans peeps) about "Liking to be noticed" I felt like I was almost physically growing taller (please nooooo).

It would only be a couple of months from this point that I'd be taking taking the biggest step of the new me...

Part 67

July 2019

What happened a couple of days after London pride changed the whole course of July. What had been planned as a seriously hectic month of events had a hole blown through it. Just by circumstance.

I just happened to send one of the quicky videos that Graham had put together to the radio station peeps I'd been with on the parade. I thought they'd appreciate seeing themselves & their banners walking down the road.

Almost immediately the station boss messaged me to say "could I get Graham to send all the raw footage he'd shot that day over to her so that she could have it all over-stamped with the station logo".

Now as I saw this, any copyright on this was mine, not the station's, or at the very least Graham's as he'd shot it.

She disagreed saying she wanted any references to the station with their signage on.

So as soon as it had started, my time with the station finished.

That meant that the next week's event (Sparkle) was off.

I'd just talked myself out of a stage gig at the 2nd biggest Trans event in the country.

Bugger.

All the work I'd put into preparing a live radio stage show goes down the pan then..

Bugger

That means that the new laptop I bought was a bit of a waste then....

Bugger

Having said that, my principles are far more important.

So, having cancelled my hotel booking in Manchester, I got on with my preparations for the 1st Biggest Trans event in the Country.

Brighton.

My 3rd Brighton.

Wow I almost felt like a veteran Trans girl.

I'll never forget my 1st (I don't think anyone ever does).

I had my little shoe-box room booked at the little pixie sized hotel from the Thursday night this year & was really ready for a Mega-Party.

As this particular weekend was Graham-free (I think he was really looking forward to some relax time), I'd been chatting to some of the girls on Twitter & we'd arranged to 'Gang-up'. (On who, I wasn't really sure)....

I had a real result on the last day's work before the event as most of it was cancelled. So that meant for the 1st time this year I would have loads of extra time to prepare and not get stressed.

Probably just as well as for some reason the amount of stuff I tried to fit into my not insignificant suitcase, fought back.

I remember posting, what again became a bit of a trademark for me this year, pictures of a 5 ft high pile of frilly girly wear spilling out of the case.

So, Thursday found me & Hollybug tootling around the M25 being proper party girls.

I even found a brilliant parking space virtually straight way & even better, scored an improvement in the room at Pixie Towers (No not any bigger, just on the 1st floor instead of the 3rd)

I think we Partied hard on the Thursday night.

The pictures said we Partied hard on the Thursday night.

So that's gotta be OK.

I remember seeing Twitter posts from 12.45 am so we must have Partied hard on the Thursday night.

As Friday was an extra day, I'd formulated a plan into using it to follow on with the 'Doing normal things, but as me' thing.

Although I've been to Brighton many times I'd never walked around the various shopping areas & also never done the Pier.

I achieved both these, although a better choice of shoes for the pier would have saved me from having to carry my best Essex Girl white stilettos for the last 100 yards due to the gaps in the planking...

Hey ho

I think we Partied hard on the Friday night.

The pictures said we Partied hard on the Friday night.

So that's gotta be OK.

I remember seeing Twitter posts from 12.45 am so we must have Partied hard on the Friday night.

Can you see the trend here...

Saturday's parade was everything that Brighton Trans Pride always delivered. Loads of bright colourful (in all ways) peeps bringing the seafront to a grinding halt marching, chanting and generally being obvious.

Although I vaguely remember 1 being more obvious than the others.

She seemed to have a knack of slowing down just as she came up to a photographer and in a HUGE pride coloured skirt, 4 inch red heels and big pink hat was attracting rather a lot of attention to herself.

One snapper even separated her from the parade to take pictures in front of the Regency houses clearing the bystanders out of the way to do it..
Just don't know why some people feel the need to make such a spectacle of themselves.....

Last thought:

It was late on the Saturday night.
I was in the After Party (another 1st for this year).
We were a big gang tonight (around 15 of us around a large table)
A certain Jady Shaw & myself were attempting to have a convo about music (she's a muso too) when the DJ put on a bouncy song.
I really don't know what happened next but suddenly I was on the dance floor at 12.45 am dancing.
Along with a load of like minded nutters.
At 62 years of age, to goddam Macarena

Thank you Brighton.

Part 68

August 2019

Wow, where do I start????
August????

Ah yes, Shoes,

At last, after 2 years of trying (remember Aug 2017), many fails, some compromises I really did nail the issue of pretty, practical work shoes.

No, Really. I did..

It had all started with those ads on Ebay for the same kind of shoe.

Remember, £20 a pair & walkable straight out of the box.

4 inch block heel, numerous colours, fit really well & best of all, a gorgeous ankle strap...

Result...

OK, the 1st couple of pairs went back due to breaking heels, but once I learned to do a bit of Holly engineering (screw the heels to the shoe) a result.

While on the shoe subject, took the opportunity to grab an early pair of boots for winter.

Having spent the last 2 in stylish but not so long lasting suede, I blagged some girly cowgirl boots (said to be this years fashion) in real leather.

Cost a fortune (£150) but hopefully will get a few years out of them.

Event-wise, the aim for August, was to cover 2 huge milestones.

1/. Cardiff Pride

2/. Stars of Time

Both held over the Bank Holiday weekend, itself a milestone & notching up 2 years fully out.

Outfit-wise, obs we had to carry on with the high level of (& subsequent photo-opportunities from) outrageous, noticeable dresses.

Cardiff was a bit of a last minute idea.

My 1st Pay-event, but well worth the ticket price.

As I was already going down to Graham's in readiness for Stars on the Sunday & Monday it seemed a real hoot to add an extra event in on the Saturday.

For Cardiff I decided to just do a bit of a re-hash on the Brighton parade outfit.

Same huge pride colour skirt but topped off with an almost fluorescent pink top.

The 3rd outing for the Red Blocks would be a seriously good test of their worth.

Factor in a full set of Stiletto nails in Chanel Red & we were sure to get spotted.

Ahhhh, as often happens in these situations, it didn't quite go according to plan. Took the Friday off work to help with preps, but it was just one of those days where nothing went right.

By 4 in the afternoon I hadn't got ½ the things done I'd wanted & had a total meltdown at poor Graham when he innocently rang me to check on progress.

The main problem was that Cardiff was Pride, but Stars was work.

Couldn't get my head around the 2 ethics.

Strange how, out of adversity, the best things happen.
The original plan had been, go down to Graham's place on the Friday afternoon, spend a pleasant evening (few glasses of bubbles as I wasn't going anywhere near a steering wheel for the whole weekend) & set off in the morning for Cardiff.

5.30 Saturday morning found me still in Worcester, loading Hollybug up with all the cases, fretting that I'd forgotten things.
I was fed up that I hadn't had time to put the stiletto nails on, but in the middle of the night had come up with a possible alternative.

I've had a pre-coloured set of 'Extreme' nails in a box for some years. These are 4 to 5 inches long & once applied, you really are 'handicapped'.
You can't pick anything up, hold anything or even open a door.
I'd worn them once briefly, at a party, but took them off when it was discovered that I couldn't hold a drink....
As they're only fixed by sticky pads this isn't too difficult an operation.
The plan was we get Graham's car loaded & then once I was actually in the car, on the way, stick these nails on & see how long they (& I) would last.

Picture the scene, we've got to the venue car-park & once I've had the door opened for me, we venture out into Cardiff.
The effect was instant...
Talk about stopping traffic (but for all the right reasons this time).....

NOW, the real reason for doing this event goes back a lot of years.
I was a student in Cardiff.
A very young, innocent student.
Who didn't know who (or what) I was.

Cardiff in the 70's wasn't a forgiving place & I suffered numerous personal crises.
Fast forward to August 2019 & Cardiff had to have it.
Big, Loud & Proud.
Oh hell yes.
I know who I am now...
As they all found out....

Yes, the parade was what this event was all about for me.
Yes I adopted the trick I'd used in London & Brighton, deliberately slowing down slightly, creating a gap between me & the peeps in front.
As I'd observed then, the press photographers just position themselves on the pavement & let the parade go past.
After a while it just becomes a blur of colour. In order for them to see a picture worth taking I had to be noticeable, & in my own space....

At one point the parade paused just at St Mary's Street.
The centre of the city.
I looked up the long road (perhaps ½ a mile at this point), at the wall to wall

colour of a pride parade that I was in & just knew I'd made it.
At last, after all those years.

Last Thought:-

As mentioned, due to the size of the parade, it's progress through the streets became somewhat start-stop.
It was a steaming hot day so the crowds were on the pavements, all watching us.
I had numerous instances of hearing from within the crowd,
"Wow, look at her..."
"Look at that skirt" ...
"LOOK at those NAILS" ..

Safe to say that my last minute decision to break out the most outrageous item of outfit-wear I've done so far, stole the show..
Holly1 – Cardiff 0

Part 69

August (2) 2019

Now be quiet at the back...

You, boy...

Stop sniggering at the episode number....

OH WILL you all grow up....

On the way back home from Cardiff that night my head was spinning like the Exorcist Girl.

By now I've done numerous Pride events, several parades & should know how good these events are for us girls.

I couldn't stop the tears (of joy) welling up every time I re-heard those Welsh accents in my head uttering those words..

"LOOK at those NAILS"

How was I ever going to top that???

OK, Sunday dawned..

Stars of Time.

Tropicana, Weston.

The pressure was off a bit regarding arrival times as

1/. We didn't need to find parking close to the venue, as I'd booked a hotel, just across the road.

2/. This was my 2nd Stars so I knew the setup & where we were going.

The plan for this event was (unlike last year), to be 'in character'.

As this was a film & comic con, the scope was pretty wide.

My characters had to be

A/. In films

B/. Girls...

Easy.

To take some of the pressure off (oh, alright, to make the biggest entrance) I travelled down in my Sunday outfit.

When I'd been buying the dresses for the Country World promo, I'd got a couple of spare ideas in. Determined that they not go to waste, Sunday's outfit was a kind of Mae West/Tarty Western Barmaid kind of affair.

These were just 'fancy-dress' outfits so had been acquired quite cheaply, so they suited the ethic of the day fine.

I was feeling quite tense as due to the fail of the Sparkle gig, this was to be my 1st time back on a stage, in any role at all since I'd done my farewell sign off as Him...

I needn't have worried, as it turns out, it really is like riding a bike. You just get back on & off you go....

We arrived.

We setup.

We got to work.

The brief was that SkyHigh radio was to provide the music, background chat & announcements, as well as organising the Cosplay competitions & charity auctions.

Once I'd got my 1st appearance out of the way, I made sure I posted a pic of me on the stage straight to the Socials....

There were a load of people (me included), who needed reminding that Holly Myami was back where she belonged.

On a stage in front of the crowd.....

I performed like a Pima Donna.

Graham filmed like a Spielberg.

By closing time we'd collected enough vids & stills to make a full length feature.

Obs, this time he was fully 'geared up' & made a far better job than our impromptu attempt the previous year.

Sunday night was pleasant.

Our hotel was literally right on the seafront at Weston & less than 100 yards from the venue.

After the gig we changed then took a wander up the prom.

We found a 'Brewers Fayre' kind of chain restaurant & grabbed a quiet(ish) meal (at a fraction of the cost of London).

I was wearing a nice yellow swing skirt with petticoats & a shaped black top. I'd broken out one of my now signature 50's Rockabilly 4 inch clincher belts & felt really at one with the world.

I realised that doing normal things like walking about Weston on a Bank holiday evening, was becoming as important to me as the big fireworks I'd let go 2 years previously when I came out.

The reality of the evolution was settling down nicely.

Small things like a couple with their kids also walking about, asked us to take family selfie of them. It's the acceptance that's now as important as those huge strides forward were then.

Monday was always going to WOW day.

Monday was going to be what Weston remembered me for.

I had attempted to cover a smaller version of Stars that's staged in December, the previous year but both me & Graham had fallen ill, so had to miss out.

The biggest disappointment was that I'd been determined to get my own back on the 'Staring Alien' then.

I'd bought a complete, full-length Snow White outfit with all the accessories including Black wig, Red hair bow & even a theatrical prop apple...

It had to come out & on Bank Holiday Monday 2019, Weston super Mare witnessed a 6ft 4 Snow White walk from the hotel to the venue.....

Ha.....

Yup, the traffic slowed down to look.
The prom walkers slowed down to look,
There was even the odd Seagull having a peep.

Halfway through the day there was a Cosplayers parade outside the venue.
Not being one to miss the chance for yet more Press attention I chanced my arm...

Yes, they spotted me.
Yes they separated me from the crowd to take pics.
Yes I lapped up every minute of it.

The Cosplayers were getting a bit used to me now, if a tad confused.
One even struck up the courage to speak....

"Snow White, Nice"

"Thanks" says I

"You've done the nails well"

Didn't have the time to try & explain that I'd been wearing them to work all the previous week...

Last Thought :-

As I'm writing this, I've used my diary of tweets from this time period in an effort to try & recall how I was feeling.

It's not that I'm that senile, but as the rest of the year goes on you'll realise that there has just been Sooooo much going on, I need to clarify,

I can't stress enough how important this weekend was going to be to me.

2 years previously I had been a gibbering wreck with a mountain to climb & no shoes to do it in.

Something I tweeted once I'd got back home from that gig went like this.

Shows what 24 months can do...

When I was still 'in the closet', I used to dream of being able to go out driving in the car, dressed.

"But they'll all see me, in the car, dressed in a skirt" I used to worry.

Tonight, on the M5, a 6ft 4 Snow White was spotted doing battle with the Beemers in a C1...

How things have moved on...

Part 70

September 2019

*I'm really not sure how it happened
I opened my mouth & someone else's voice came out...*

Jenny has been a follower of my shows on Skyhigh since I've been on the station. She rarely misses one & is always supportive. Her hubby (Alex) is the drummer for a band called 'The Lampeleys' who'd I'd met in my former life. They live not too far from Weston & we were able to meet up at the Stars gig.

Nice...

Jenny was chatting away & just happened to mention that she was having a party at her local social club in October to celebrate both her birthday & 5th wedding anniversary. She said that the 'Lads' (Alex's band) were playing, but she really needed another act to open the evening up...

You know that bit in the horror films where the sweet innocent young girl opens her mouth to speak, but the devil's voice comes out? From seemingly nowhere I heard this stranger say "ooh, do you want me to do a set"?

"Could you?" She answers...
"Yes, no problem" says Behelsibub ...

And that, gang, is how I got myself into the biggest whirlwind scenario I've managed to drop myself into so far...

After I finished looking around for the perpetrator of 'putting words into my mouth', I gave it some thought & came up with 'Well it won't be too much of a stretch. I used to do a party-night format to some of my stage gigs, back in the day'.

Further thoughts paralleled with the fact that I still had my Westfield Ovation guitar and after all...
Back on stage, as a muso..
In a club..
In front of people..
What could possibly go wrong..

The 1st disaster happened very quickly.
I dug out my stock of music tabs & backing tracks from a long lost back-up disk, only to be reminded that although I'd done this before....
It was as a bloke....

All the songs were guy songs...damn..

Now time-wise, I had just over 6 weeks to completely re-invent myself as a Trans Woman stage performer. No pressure there then..

I decided that Country Girl was the way to go (Tammy Wynette, Dolly Parton, Billie Jo etc.)...

I got the music together & started to rehearse.

Now just under 4 years of not having played a guitar of any kind hadn't left my poor hands in a muso-friendly state.

1st job was to loose the girly nails off my left hand in order to be able to shape the chords. Then the guitar had to be serviced & re-strung.

Then I realised the limitations of what was effectively a cheap instrument were showing through soundwise.

So some gear shopping was needed, Amp, Speaker, Effects unit.....

Ah, Music Stand....

Ah Capo to facilitate the pitching up of the songs so I didn't sound quite as much like a bricklayer at Karaoke.....

Safe to say, the fails were coming in thick & fast...

& the time was ticking down & down...

At 2 weeks to go, I further decided that I needed to finish the set off on some up-tempo songs to dovetail in with the Lampeleys following me onto the stage.

That meant new backing tracks.

My original format of Midi tracks weren't working due to various technical issues like the whole format was great 20 years ago when I 1st used them, but woefully out of date now. So I had to revert to MP3 tracks....

Ah that meant using a laptop to play them out on (at least I had a redundant one gathering dust)..... that meant getting a suitable stand to put it on for stage use.....

With less than a week to go, I was still finalising the technical issues & still attempting daily rehearsals of the complete set....

Yup, I was stressed.

Yup, I was Grouchy

Yup, everyone around me copped for the Diva routine.....

Who in hell thought that this was a good idea.....

Last Thought :-

I'm really astounded (as I re-read all this), that at the age I am, I can still put myself into these situations.

There seems to be something inside me at the mo, that completely overlooks my obvious limitations & just tries to convince me that the things I could achieve when I was 21 are still feasible now.

I know I said I was going to re-live the whole of my life all over again....
But please, not to to squash the whole damn thing into 6 months.
At this point I was convinced that I was never going to get to that gig.
But I did....
The trouble with that is..... It only makes me bolder in the future...

Part 71

October 2019

So we get down to Highbridge & attempted to find Highbridge Social Club... Safe to say that I'm not a happy girl & the whole reason for doing this (personal advancement & to have a good time) were long forgotten.

As my day job involves looking for addresses, finding for the venue shouldn't have thrown up the problem that it did.
Yup, stress levels rocketing again.

The day hadn't started well, got to Graham's dressed in the sweet pink outfit that I'd worn to Malvern Pride (different crowd so an acceptable choice) & promptly fallen flat on my back reloading the gear from Hollybug into Graham's car. Allied to the fact that we had to divert to a music shop in Gloucester on the way, to replace the Capo that'd broken while rehearsing the previous night.

Lucifer, I'll get you for this....

Once in the club, I proceeded to set up the gear & do a soundcheck. I knew that once that was out of the way, I could un-hinge & start to get my head around the gig itself.

I made sure I got some piccies taken as I was trying the gear out to post straight away to the Socials
Aaaaand....

It was at that point that it hit me.
All the stresses of the previous 6 weeks, all the heartaches, problems & issues poured out at that very point...

I sat at one of the club tables & looked at the picture on my phone of me.
On a stage.
With a guitar in my hand & burst into tears...
Proper outward sobbing tears.
This was the point that all the built-up tension took it's moment to escape.
Publicly.

Everyone in the room at that time turned to look at this huge lump of a girl sobbing seemingly for no reason (They probably thought that Graham had slapped me for being a Diva)...
They didn't know then (as I suppose they never will), what I'd gone through to get to that point.
It wasn't just all the preps for the gig. It was the achievement in getting that far in my life.

Graham kicked into 'Solid & Reliable' mode & suggested we go find the hotel &

book in.....

That's why Graham's Graham..

For this occasion I'd just booked a Travelodge. We knew it was only for 1 night, so no frills were required.

We got there & as normal I march up to the reception desk & announce who I am (after a Summer like we've had, this is now becoming commonplace).

Yes, the receptionist did the double take thing but we got our keys, finalised the bill & got to the room.

The outfit I'd chosen to do the gig in wasn't outrageous.

Just like in August, I've got set ideas in the difference between work & Prides.

It had to be remembered that this was Jenny's party & I was just there effectively as a muso.

Her gig, her platform.

A plain red swing skirt, red top & black clincher belt were chosen to be noticeable, but not OTT. Also the colour would pick up well on the cameras.

As an aside, I knew that this was the last occasion we be filming on multiple cameras as Graham, like a twonk, had dropped the new DSLR & broken it beyond repair. The camera shop had loaned him another, but by now they were looking to get their unit back.

We arrived back at the club, & settled in waiting for the off. Poor Jenny, by now was as stressed as I had been for the last week, so we all set in to trying to calm her down.

My gig time arrived & as if I'd never been away, I calmly got up, went to the stage grabbed my guitar & went for it....

Just like that time when I'd come out at work, the people of Highbridge were bemused, but kind.

No one threw beer bottles.

No one walked up & unplugged the amp.

No one (to use a well known entertainer scenario) paid me off (& trust me, in my early days on stage, I'd suffered all of those),

Just the disaster of a broken string mid-set (I'd put very light gauge strings on to rehearse with & forgotten to change them for stageable, thrashable replacements) went to let the whole thing down.

After the applause (yes, really) had died down, & the headliners had gone on, I could, at last, step back and ponder on what must be, so far the biggest step-forward I'd made to that point.

Pictures were taken, vids were videoed songs were recorded. Yet more evidence for the 'End of Year Film' that I was planning to celebrate my monumental 2019.

Safe to say, job done.....

What's next?

Last Thought :-

The euphoria of the gig at the club was great.

The people of Highbridge were accepting (as much as I'd hoped for).

It was the following morning, in the hotel breakfast room, that I had my demonstration of the fact that the nasties are just around the corner.

So we go down quite early & the usual mix of Travelodge weekenders are already in place.

The guy at the 'wait here to be seated' desk appeared (did the double take),

"have you prepaid for breakfast"?

It being a cheapie hotel, this was extra.

"Yes" I defiantly answer.

"I can't seem to find your name on the list"

"Hunni, there's only 1 of me" I think.

He shouts over to check with the reception desk

"No definitely not down here"..

It was only when I all but threw the payment receipt at him from where I'd paid the day before when we checked in, he grudgingly showed us to a table.

"Ah that'll be bash the Tranny then" I said in a voice just loud enough for the rest of the room to hear, after all, he'd made sure they'd heard what had just gone on....

Part 72

November/ December 2019

Having got what was perhaps the most manic season of events in living memory (which in my befuddled mind is never much more than a year), out of the way, it was time to knuckle back down to work, if only to try & replenish the coffers for the queens ransom I've seemingly spent on hotels & partying.

Haven't done a tally up yet (too scared to), but I bet we could have found our way over to a very nice Caribbean island for what I've spent on manky British hotels & hostelryes...

Although they probably don't have the amount of photographers to hand...

Holly Myami you media tart....
Stop it...

In other news I was able to do a bit of family stuff.
Pretty rare since I haven't got much.

My long lost cousin who lives in Australia (1 of only 2 family members I have left) had embarked on a bit of a European tour as part of her "I've retired now & am going to enjoy life" ethic.

Obviously UK was on the itinerary (their branch of the family had left this country in the 60's for Aus as part of the government funded scheme of the time) so she could visit different links to her family.

We all originate from South Wales so it seemed fitting that Jacqueline & I meet up around there.

Even though we communicate through FB we haven't met since I've been out, so there was loads of catching up to do.

We arranged to meet at the hotel she was at in Newport, on a Sunday afternoon which allowed an idea to crop up in my head to do some ghost laying (or is that slaying)...

I was going to take a long drawn out route on the way down that went past as many of the places I've ever lived in within the area, but as me.

My family moved around quite a bit when I was young so there was a lot to cover.

As route planning is part of my job, knocking up the details didn't take long.

I set off reasonably early on the Sunday and as I got to each of the houses that I'd lived in, did the selfie thing.

I also covered the schools & other buildings that had been significant back then. Even shot off a couple of pics of the Hospital where I was born. It's now part of the prestigious Celtic Manor Resort...

Even they knew I was destined for better things..
Having got around most of the Welsh stuff & the seed is now firmly planted for this year to take forays to as many as the other area I've ever lived in.

Holly on a mission....

Work threw up a quirky little twist recently.

As Y'all are aware, since I've had my CPC I've driven a variety of different vehicles.

From D1 (18 seater) minibuses through to C1 (over 3.5 Tonne) trucks.

Before I started with SMH & before I moved down to Worcester, I used to drive 7.5 Tonne lorries as my job since my licence covered up to that category. That was 12 ½ years ago now & I'd sort of forgotten about the Truckie kind of lifestyle in favour of far more comfy cars etc.

A run cropped up that needed a few 7.5's moved down to Kent. I got one of these due to my CPC & it was all set up for the next day.

That evening that damn Lucifer visited me again..

Now Truckie types are a particularly 'Blokey' lot. They don't take too well to anything (or anyone) that doesn't fit in with their narrow way of looking at things.

Which is why the next day saw me clambering up into the cab of a brand new 69 plate 7.5 Tonne Box-Truck lorry in my Summer short skirt & 4 inch heels.

Now I didn't really need to pull into the Truckstop at Clacket Lane services. The truck didn't need fuel & for once I didn't particularly need the loo. But pull in I did.

I parked up with all the other trucks & slithered out of the cab attempting not to flash my knickers to the world. It's what happened next that I believe they're still talking about today over tea & sarnies.

This girl, all 6ft 6 of her, walked proudly across the yard, head held high & a mile of leg showing, bringing every single moving truck to a halt. Them what were leaving, stopped and looked. Them what were arriving, stopped and stared. Them what were shunting, stopped & couldn't believe what they saw.

In 1 fell swoop I brought the entire truckstop to a grinding halt. Then, to compound matters, I did it all again on my way back to my truck. My profound sympathies go to the poor speechless driver of the truck next to mine when I thrust a phone into his hand with a "Would you mind taking a piccy of me sweetheart? I haven't been in one of these in years" ..

That's why for the last month or so the profile pic on my socials is a full length shot of me proudly standing in front of a shiny new lorry, surrounded by the most bewildered truck drivers in southern England.

So there you are gang.
Holly's 2019 in a nutshell (If a nutshell can be 12 parts long).

It hasn't been a bad year.....

More Soon (Probably next year).....

Part 73

Epilogue

1st Jan 2020

It's 7.30 in the morning.
It's still pitch dark outside.
I haven't slept well.
I knew I wouldn't as I knew what I had to do today.
I knew what I had to write.
Yes, I stayed up to see the New Year in, but was in bed by 12.20.

As with a lot of my life (no, probably all of my life at the mo), this missive was planned from the outset.
What seems like a rambling collection of hype & drivel is actually a structured piece on my 2019.

Obviously my year hasn't just consisted of going out & partying,
I've gone to work,
I've gone to the bathroom,
I've gone to the shops, but I suspect that you gang really aren't interested in these aspects of my life.

From the very 1st part of what was back then, Holly's Blog, I intended it to highlight advancement in me being Holly.
From the very 1st "can I get away with clear nail varnish right through to crying at a picture of me on stage in a swing skirt & a guitar.
It's all been about the up's & downs.

Now reading back (yet again) I get the feeling (as will you gang) that 2019 has been nothing but fairytale highs.
Generally that's been the case & as everyone looks for in their own lives, I'm hoping for the same or better for the new year.
Unfortunately, it's already got it's work cut out.

On Sunday 25th November Graham walked out on me, without any real explanation.
1 hour before I was due to go on air & 1 week before I was due to go on stage again at Stars of Time December Edition.

That was a few weeks ago as I now write this, but I've still not really got to the bottom of any real reason why.

Now let me clarify a few things at this point.
We weren't married.
We weren't in a 'Structured' relationship in any generally accepted way, but we'd dropped onto a kind of '2 older people just getting along' kind of thing.

The sort of thing that happens when people have been married for a long time. It was a pleasant situation & it helped us both see a bit more of life.

We'd started off as work colleagues years ago in the radio biz, gravitated into friends, then went through into good friends & finally dropped into just being us.

Graham was the 1st person I ever came out out to, & as you've read in these pages, he was instrumental in bringing Holly out to the world.

Latterly, if I think about it, he was starting to display strangish quirks.

There's a few instances where we were out together, I'd look around & he'd wandered off somewhere.

Even though at the beginning he seemed to relish the challenge & notoriety of being seen with me (in all my big-ness) this was seemingly becoming more of an issue.

I'm only guessing at a this because with a lack of any real reason I've got to try & work it out for myself.

Did someone say something to him at some point on one of the many occasions we were out somewhere "what you doing with that freak" or something?
I'll never know.

When we were travelling back from Jenny's party, I vaguely remember him mentioning then about that being the last event of the year even though we both knew that December Stars was in the diary.

Again thinking more, Highbridge did seem to mark a change in how he was with me.

The incident in the dining room?

I'll never know.

All I know is that mid afternoon on Sunday 25th we were in the middle of a convo about different stuff & he blurted out that he wouldn't be coming down t Stars.

There was almost a panic in his voice as he said this & he blamed it on some weak excuse about having to get his neighbour's Christmas Decs down out of the loft. I flipped out & slammed the phone down & that was that.

Now being as volatile as I can be, we've argued on the phone before.

Usually one or other of us will pick it back up a bit later & just launch into "Oi you, stop being a twat" & we just carry on.

This time he didn't & I couldn't.

I sensed the finality in his demeanour.

Yes I went on air that day.

Yes I went down to Weston the following week.

Yes I made sure one of the Radio Station guys shot off a few minutes of video on my phone of me on stage just so I could drop it in as the final piece of the video.

As you can imagine the Christmas break has been strange for me. Being on my own has given me plenty (probably too much) thinking time. As with all the other knock-backs that have kicked me in the teeth throughout my life, I know I have to carry on. I've already been through too much to be beaten now (although if you'd been inside my head at about 4.30 this morning you'd have seen a much darker train of thought).

I've already started (yet again – so many starts...) to try & turn things around to catch a different tack. I've re-joined up with the Worcester Pride gang. It'll probably do me good to put my feet back down on the ground a bit more. To connect with my local LGBT crowd a bit more. I've also made my mind up to spend a bit more time with the lovely peeps from Out2gether. They do Stirling work amongst the community & probably would benefit from some help.

So there you are gang.
That really has been Holly's 2019.
Best described as a Roller-coaster of a year....
Now, let's see if we can get it into the water-splash in 2020.....