

My Debut En Femme.

It was September 28th, 2005 and about 9pm. I, Rosaliy Lynne, was about to make my mark on the world for the first time. Nicely dressed, purse over my shoulder, I stepped out of my apartment and drove to Zingers, a local bar some maybe 15 minutes from my place. I was very much excited about the experience. True I was alone but perhaps it was best that way. I arrived and parked out in the back lot and went in to the bar, sat down and waited. Looking around I noticed the bartender was a man and the bartender I had met the previous evening was apparently going off shift. The bartender approached me and asked, "what'll it be little lady?" Oh be still my heart. Even if he read me as a CD, he had called me a little lady. My first acceptance as a woman. With no hesitation I ordered a whisky sour. As the girl from the previous night returned to the bar before leaving, I greeted her by name. The look she returned was at once quizzical and comical. Clearly she did NOT recognize me and wondered that I knew her name. She passed that off as an imponderable and went her way. A while later my drink was served and the bartender asked my name. It was the first time I had given it and the use of my name would validate the person I appeared to be. For the briefest moment there was silence between us and then I spoke my name. When he then addressed me by it, I was truly in heaven. To hear that name and know it was applied to me. It was truly the high point of that night. Rosaliy Lynne was now a real public person. Big deal you say? You bet it was.

After that I started going out at least once a week, usually alone, and listening to the music, nursing a single drink and watching the other people. There were gays of course, cross dressers, straight people, singles, couples and groups. I would stay an hour or two and then go home. I still had to work the next day so I clearly could not stay out all night but I was out – and as Rosaliy. Since I did not really know anyone else I kept to myself. This seemed to be the best thing to do generally.

I finally did meet up with my cd friend. I knew she was supposed to be there that night we finally connected, but was only vaguely sure what she would look like. Still she didn't know what I looked like so I had the advantage. After that we would meet there at night. We also went to a few other local places of interest. I got more comfortable going out en femme and more confident in my appearance and conduct as well.

One night, my cd friend, Gwen, introduced me to members of a group she was part of and I started visiting with them as well. Later I started going to meetings and eventually joined as we had a lot in common and it gave me another place where I really did belong. It seemed fitting that I joined the group after all as I had taken on the job of editor of the Newsletter.

Halloween that year was interesting. I celebrated 3 days of Halloween at Zingers and I was an entirely different appearing woman each night. October 31st that year I was a Renaissance Queen and entered the costume contest. I lost to a woman who had bits of moldy music sheets pinned to her dress. She looked like a dead musician and when asked what she was she replied that she was 'decomposing'.

She won and deservedly so. Witty and original, hers was clearly the best costume there that night. Second prize went to Marilyn Monroe.

In the meantime, I also developed a business card for Rosaliy, a trans-gender ID card, and made many new friends. In the following year, 2006, I had a girl friend visit for 9 days from California. Together we attended DLV – Diva Las Vegas. I met her, en femme of course, at the local bus station. I had on an entirely new outfit that I had saved just for this meeting. New hair, and a button under my dress which flashed a red led so she would be able to identify me. We had dinner at Marie Callendar's on the way back to my place. The next day we went to the Outlet Mall where I discovered Icings by Claire. A kewl jewelry store. While I was looking at earrings, my friend Lizanne, found clip on adapters for pierced earrings. I found a pair of lovely wind chime earrings which I purchased. I also bought several packages of the clip in adapters. At the food court, while we were eating, I put my wind chimes on the adapters and changed my earrings. Even though I had to work some of the time, we had a wonderful nine days together and it was somewhat reluctantly that I took her back to the bus stop, again en femme, for her return trip to California.