

Newsletter

ChelseaCharms



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March/ April 2010
Me and my melons stranded in UK

March 1 - 16

There is a link at the bottom to a zip file containing all images from this newsletter

The beginning of March had me busy with photo shoots, photo shoots and more photo shoots. If tits could get tired, no one would be more exhausted than my two cuddly pillows, Itsy and Bitsy. In between shoots, I skipped off to Orange County for some dances, but raced right back for more shooting.





March 17 - 21



Next up was a gig at Baby Dolls in Dayton, Ohio. I was so excited! The club was pretty small, but filled to the max with wonderful people. Tim, Aaron and Joe took great care of me during my stay. The girls were absolute sweethearts! On Friday morning I had a call-in radio show with Dent on 103.9. I had met him the night before and he was a pretty fun guy. I guess you have to be with a name like Dent.



March 22 - 31

I had a quick day home to drop off my show costumes and then headed right back to the airport for a trip to San Francisco for dances. But it didn't end there, I then made my way across the country to Washington D.C. and Boston as well.



April 1 - 22



Everyone's favorite time of the year, TAX time! I was cramming last minute to get all my stuff in order for the tax man in time for my appointment. I was so much more behind than usual, but I got it done in the nick of time! Having your own company is a lot of paperwork! But I like to do it all myself because I hear the horror stories of shady accountants messing things up or forgetting things and then the client is left holding the bag! Once that was out of the way I was totally pumped to be heading to London again. I was so busy there, but managed to free up some time to visit with my good friend, T. I made it in smoothly enough and later that night we went out to a great Italian restaurant for dinner. We had so much fun! I think we were the last ones to leave. We had some drinks and just got all caught up with one another. The weather was beautiful the whole time. Things were going great until April 15th when while having my breakfast in the restaurant, I noticed the news on the "tele" discussing a volcano in Iceland that was causing flights to be canceled in Ireland. So, after breakfast I went back to my room, turned on the



news and saw even more coverage. I immediately checked my flight status, which said "on time" so, off I went to the airport. Upon arriving I was handed a sheet of paper saying that all flights were canceled. I had to leave the airport as it would be closing soon, and I'd have to call a number to rebook my flight. I got on the phone to check back into my hotel, but others had beat me to it, and it was now sold out. So I made plans at another hotel and headed over to Kensington. Once in my room I got online right away to check my flight, and they had already rebooked me for the following day. As I got settled into the new room, I got an email from another friend who also was stuck in London, so we made plans to meet up for dinner. We had a great time and a lot of wine! It was great! While at dinner, he received a text that his new flight was canceled. I was sure then, that mine would be also. Sure enough, when I stumbled to my room later, there was an email waiting for me telling me I was rebooked again for Sunday, two days later. Ok, so I'm going to be here awhile. Now what? So I got right to emailing to let everyone know I was still there and available to meet for some fun, so it worked out. I was hoping to hit the theater with my friend T, but he had come down with the flu unfortunately. I did stay pretty busy with added dances, but I did make time for some more fun. A couple of my long-time fans were kind enough to escort me out for some shopping. They were kind of like my own little entourage which is great to have for my protection and to find my way around. As the days went on, I kept watching the news and it really wasn't looking good for me getting home on Sunday either. And I didn't, I was rebooked AGAIN, for Wednesday, three more days! The weather continued to be absolutely awesome, and sunny, with no signs of ash clouds anywhere! I wondered if they were overreacting



a bit. Since I was still in London, I had to cancel my plans for some trips back in the states including everybody in Chicago. Every day the news kept saying that London airports should be open the following day and each day, I'd check the news, and the airport website, and it just wasn't happening. Tuesday night came, and I was wondering if I was going to be able to make it home the next day. I got an email from a friend in the states. He said that Fox News had just reported that the London airports were now open! Yes! I wasted little time and went to check the tele and the websites, but nobody in London knew anything about it even though the U.S. did . . . weird. So off I went to dinner at a neat little Thai place I had found, and when I came back, finally there was the announcement that Heathrow was open! I still made sure to check several times in the morning before heading to the airport. I went early, expecting it to be chaos with desperate travelers, but it went just fine even though it was certainly full of a lot of very relieved flyers, some with very interesting stories of being stranded. No complaints here about being stuck in London! I love being there I just wish I would have planned for it.

April 23 - 30

Well, I finally made it home, and had a few days before taking off again. I found it a little ironic, practically right when I got home I had just been notified by Marc Quinn, that his sculpture he had done of me was completed and would be on display in London starting May 6! I guess it's my fault for not letting him know I was in town. I would have loved to have been able to stop in and see it while I was there. I certainly had the time! He sent me a bunch of photos and it looks incredible! Truly amazing to see yourself in marble (even if I wasn't at my full size). This man is such a talented human being! I feel so lucky that he chose me! Just think in 1,000 years or something like that people will look at it and say 'WOW' or 'what made her go so big' or maybe even better yet, boobs my size will be commonplace in the culture and they'll say, 'so that's how it all started.'



A big boog hug to all, Chelsea Charms

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