

# Newsletter

ChelseaCharms  
Vol. 11 Issue 6 of 6  
November / December 2010  
My Boobs Are  
Immortalized!



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November 1 - 19

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

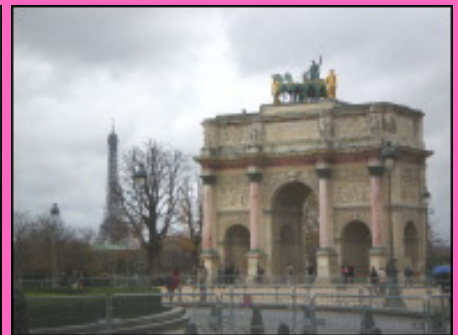
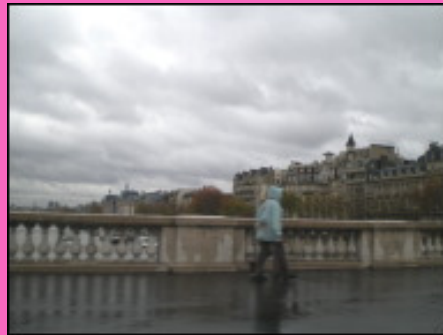
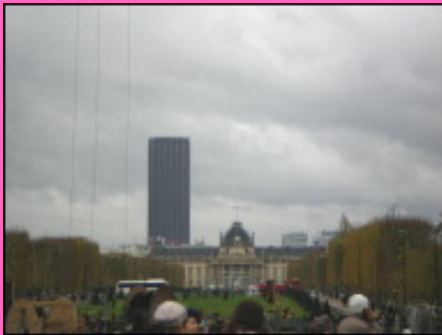
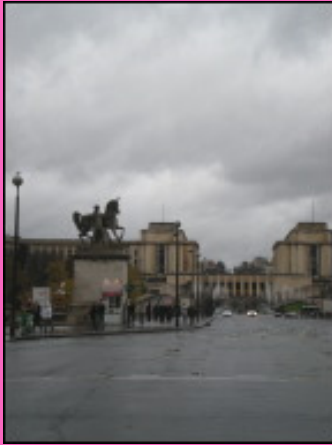
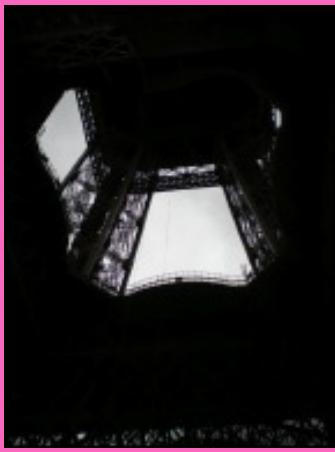
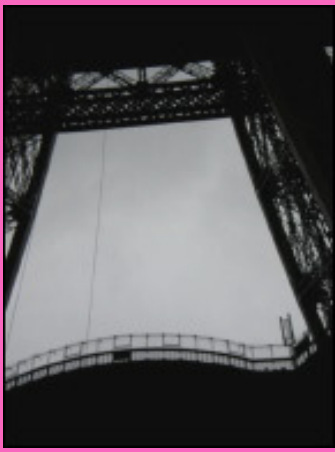
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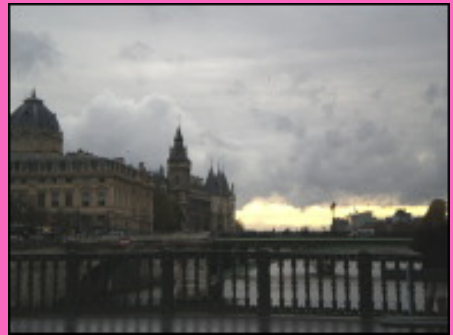
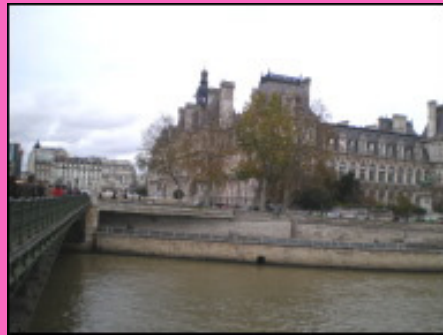
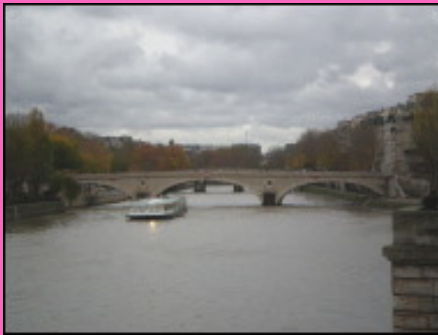
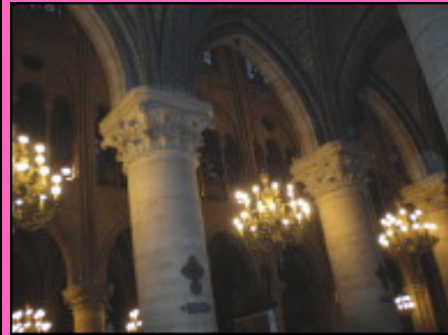
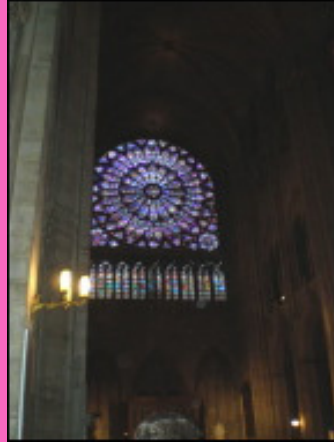
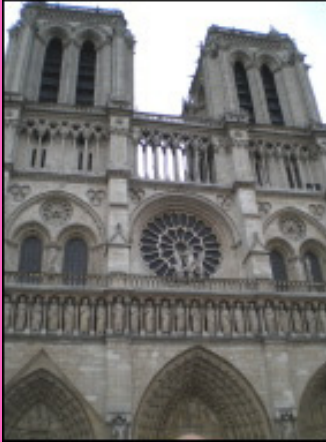
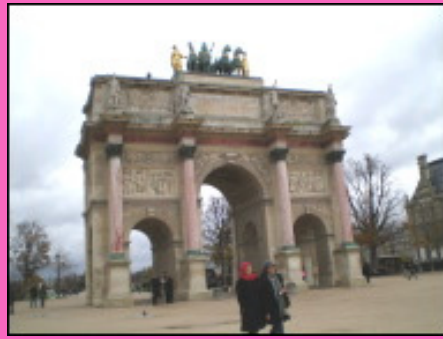
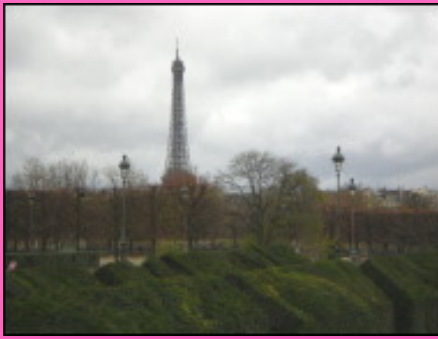
November proved to be a busy month, with a ton of traveling. I kicked it off with a stop in Los Angeles and couldn't help but enjoy the beautiful weather. And that was a good thing because back home the snow may have been holding off, but the cold air had arrived in a big way!



I was very anxious for my next trip because it was of the international variety again, but even more exciting was the fact that I was going to Paris for the first time! I was only going to be there a few days before taking the train to London. I wasn't long in each city, but better than nothing! As soon as landing in Paris, I was immediately recognized by someone in the baggage claim area. It turned out he and I share a mutual friend. He came up and asked, "Are you Chelsea? You have to be, I'm a friend of Colin's." Quite a surprise! But pleasant to have someone to share the really long wait for my bags with. My first day in Paris, I went right to work and went pretty much non-stop for the first two days. I couldn't believe how many new friends I made! On my third day I got out a little bit to see the sites: the Eiffel Tower, Louvre, Notre Dame, the Champs Élysées, and found lots of time to just plain wander.



I knew I would enjoy Paris, but was unprepared for how much I would be taken with the beautiful city. I had amazing food, and did some shopping and really enjoyed the super nice people of Paris. I wish I had a few weeks there to take it all in.



Next time, I will certainly stay there longer and hopefully next time the sun might peek out. While there I had received an email from some friends back home, saying that Minnesota had just been blasted with 10 inches of snow!

I took the Eurostar train from Paris to London, which went amazingly smooth. I was prepared to be nervous and put off by the fact that I'd be traveling under the ocean, since I'm a bit claustrophobic. I made sure I brought a lot to do to distract myself, but in the end, I didn't need it at all – it was surprisingly comfortable. Arriving in London I was met with so much sunshine along with plenty of fans. It was like they knew the moment of my arrival! But all were courteous and helpful too! Again, I got right to work meeting up with everybody as soon

as I got settled. I was so excited for this trip! I had made plans with the artist, Marc Quinn, who had made my incredible sculpture. I had just missed the viewing the last time I was in London and there was no way I was going to miss it again! I met with Marc and his assistants, Jane and Juanita, at his studio. He noticed my obvious anticipation and immediately led me to the gallery where it was on display. He was very excited to see my initial reaction. There "I" was right in the center (surrounded by some other amazing works). It is very hard to put into



words exactly how it feels to look at yourself in white marble! I was aware, obviously, of the sculpture and had even seen the photos he sent, but it's something all together different to be there viewing it in person. I couldn't help circling myself, looking it over at all angles. I instinctively began to reach out and caught myself, and asked Marc if I



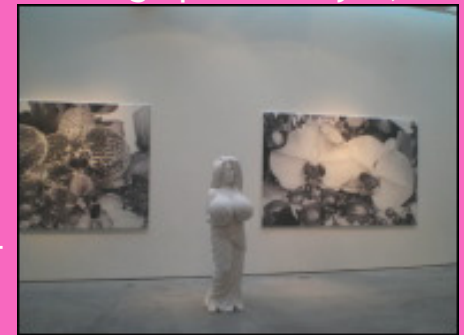
could touch. Weird to be fondling yourself! My boobs looked huge! They looked, I couldn't help, but think about the fact that they were only around 6 or 7K when I posed. Can you imagine if they were at the 12K I reached last August? How amazing marble feels! He was very excited that I enjoyed the sculpture so much. I couldn't help thinking about all the marble



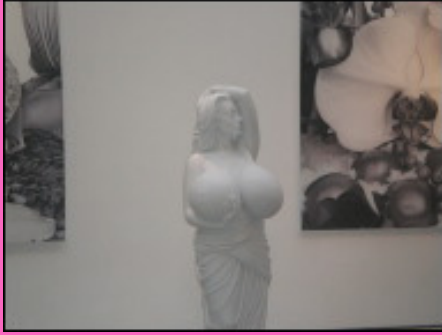
statues I had just seen at the Louvre which were thousands of years old, and then to see me in the same stone, looking just as immortal. I love being a boob Goddess! We spent quite awhile with it looking it over and



he was so patient while answering all my questions. I wandered a bit around the entire facility enjoying his very eclectic range of works and commented on some huge painted eyes, the size of walls. They were so large that you could see the colors and designs in the irises. He told me that was a new series of works he was doing and asked if he could take some photos of my eyes to possibly use. Of course! He took photo after photo 2-3 inches from my eyes. I was seeing spots forever! He was getting frustrated because



my eyes wouldn't stay the same color, in one light they'd be green and in another blue. My eyes have always been that way. They're green, but look blue in certain lighting and if I'm wearing blue colors. Who knows if he'll use it but he's a pretty incredible guy and his talent is amazing. After visiting with him some more, I went to visit the British Museum, which of

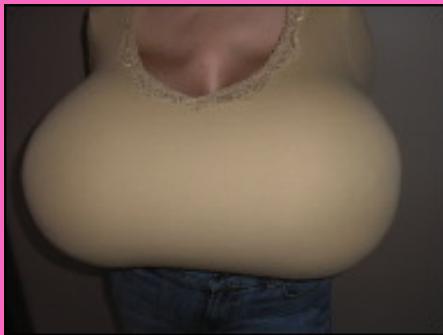


course is also amazing! After that, I did a bit of shopping in the area until I was recognized on the street. They were a bit aggressive so I quickly grabbed a cab, as I was alone at that time, and didn't want to be put in a vulnerable spot. I did make plans to visit my friends T and Azziz, at Azziz' restaurant. I had an amazing meal and a few drinks before the restaurant closed. Then we took out the champagne and kicked back with the wait staff. There I was with a Brit, a Moroccan, Serbian, and Latvian. I

sat there thinking 'what a collection of people!' We had a fabulous late night sharing stories and laughing up a storm!



## November 20 - December 31



Back at home, I had a quick week in Chicago before Thanksgiving. I spent the holiday with family and friends and my mother made it in from Wisconsin which made it wonderful because this year has been especially tough for everybody with some incredibly challenging illnesses in the family. We were giving more thanks

than ever before for all the time we shared together and the hope for more to come.



After the holiday, I was city skipping all over the U.S. before my Christmas break. Stops included: San Francisco, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Boston, Miami and Orlando. Racking up those frequent flier miles indeed! Upon getting home Dec 10, I was fortunate to beat out yet another big blizzard. It began on Friday afternoon, and by the next morning we had a couple feet of snow. I have a very long driveway, so I had to call my plow guy right away to get on the list. He called Saturday night to tell me he had tried to get to me, but my road wasn't plowed yet and there were plows going into the ditch everywhere (private plows can't plow on streets). Since I'm out in the middle of nowhere, my road wasn't going to be cleared right away. He told me to give him a call when my road was plowed and then he'd get out to me. Problem was I can't see my street from my house, so I had to call a neighbor and he promised to let me know when the road was cleared. Finally a day and a half later I got the call and just prior to my next trip, my plow guy finished my driveway! Whew! That was close!



Christmas came, and like usual, I had plenty of family to see! I capped it off with a wonderful New Year's Eve with a guy I took to a swingers' party! He had no idea! It was a total surprise. It must have been my outfit because we didn't last long at the dance party and were back in our room about 30 seconds after midnight. We were both so into it that my top was already off before we even closed the door. Happy New Year!

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*Lots of love and big tit dreams, Chelsea Charms*

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