

A WEEKEND SEMINAR AT THE SARAH SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC ARTS

By Carole Jean AND Anon



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I married a wealthy young divorcee and was given the vice-presidency of her family firm as a wedding present. I really couldn't do the work, but my father-in-law, the President, didn't fire me. He assigned my responsibilities to the controller.

I had a large private office, a stacked private secretary and nothing to do. To make things worse, I couldn't even sneak out early because every employee from top to bottom punched the time clock. It wasn't long before my secretary and I were spending much of the time screwing in my office. We were safe from discovery because the room could be securely locked and no one could see what was going on inside.

However, gossip quickly led to the belief by everyone in the company that I was spending my entire day playing sex games with my secretary, and it was true.

Without our knowledge a camera was hidden in my office. A week later my father-in-law Otto invited my wife Nancy and me to dinner. Neither of us knew what we were going to see when we sat down for an after dinner drink and a video.

I was surprised and Nancy was shocked when the tape started.



When the show ended, Otto said, "David, I'll explain what is going to happen. I've audited your travel vouchers and found Xeroxed duplicate receipts more often than real ones. There will be no discussion. You are to either take your punishments, or face criminal charges. You'll keep your job, but will be given real work. For half of each day you'll work on the line with the women. Furthermore, you will wear women's under garments including a full bra."



“What!”

“Don’t interrupt. Nancy will dress you daily in bra, panties and pantyhose. Is that alright with you, Nancy?”

“That’s the least this bastard deserves for cheating on me with that whore!”

“But dear --”

“Shut up!” she said, “Before I tell daddy that I want you in jail instead.”

“Each morning the guard at the plant will undo your fly and confirm that you are wearing your panties. He will also undo your shirt to check out your bra. Then he will announce what you are wearing to the entire plant over the loudspeaker. Something like, ‘Richard is wearing a pink bra and pink panties with blue flowers today’.”



“On Saturday and Sunday you will serve eight hours each day as a maid in your home, under your wife’s personal supervision. You will need some training, so I’ve arranged for you to attend a weekend’s seminar at Sarah’s School of Domestic Arts. You’ll be flying to Chicago early tomorrow where you will be met by a school representative. The school requires that you arrive in certain underwear so let’s dress you and pack.”

He reached behind the sofa and pulled out a large number of boxes and a very lady-like suitcase. “Take off your clothes.”

I was very embarrassed to have to strip in front of them, and I was more than a little surprised with the great pleasure Nancy showed when putting a padded bra on me. Otto took a pair of fancy lace panties out of one of the boxes. “For now he will wear these.”



Nancy put them on me and then added a slip. Then they proceeded to pack the bag. First with two bras, two garter belts, two slips and an assortment of panties. Then they pulled out a frilly nightgown and robe and held them up to me to check the size. Before they put in a pair of slippers, low heeled work shoes, and three-inch pumps, I had to try on each pair. I was shaky on the heels so they made me walk up and down the room several times as they laughed. The finishing touches included a dozen pair of hose, a razor, a toothbrush, and an assortment of makeup.

“It’s late and Richard has to catch an early plane, so it’s beddy-bye time.” Otto said and led me to the guest bedroom. There, sitting on the bed, was a baby doll nightie. “Richard, strip, and put these on. My wife, much to my embarrassment, helped me on with the baby-doll. Then Otto made me lay face up on the bed, and handcuffed me to the headboard while Nancy laughed gaily.



In the morning Nancy released my handcuffs, took off my baby doll and gave me a bubble bath. After she dried and powdered me, she told me to shave and helped me dress. When I had the women's underwear on again, she looked at me and said, "I'll have to pin that slip up so that you can put on your trousers."



She pinned up my slip, helped me into garter belt and hose and allowed me to put on a suit, shirt, tie and shoes but no socks. I felt sure everyone would know how I was dressed underneath.

Off we went to the airport. "You'll leave on your women's underwear," Otto said. "On the plane you'll read this novel written for teen-age girls. When you return home Monday you can tell us the story. When you arrive at O'Hare, go to gate B24. Stay there until someone from the school meets you. While you wait, you'll read a copy of the Ladies Home Journal. They'll use that to identify you. "

When we reached the airport, Nancy handed me a pair of falsies, and said, "Put these in your bra, honey."



I did. She looked at my chest and giggled. The damn things stood out so far that they were obvious even under my coat. I squirmed around trying to find a way to sit that would hide them, but they were so big that there was no way. I would have to take them out of my bra as soon as they left me at the airport or they would cause me terrible embarrassment.

“You will wear these until you get to O’Hare, then mail them back to yourself at the office in this envelope,” Nancy said. The envelope was addressed to Miss Richard Harris.

“Don’t get any foolish ideas about taking them out before you get to Chicago,” Otto said. “You’ll be watched. If you remove them, you’ll be wearing a dress to work for a month.”

I got on the plane with the damn falsies still in place. When the stewardess came to ask what I wanted to drink. She took a long look at my swelling chest. Much to my embarrassment she smiled, knowingly.



She must have talked to other passengers, because many of them walked by my seat slowly and stared at my chest.

The bathroom at O'Hare finally provided a good place to unload my bra.



I waited gate B24 for about an hour. A young lady finally stood in front of me and said, “Are you a Sarah student.”

I admitted that I was.

“I’m Miss Brown from the school. Put your hands on the wall.” She ran her hands over my body first feeling the outline of my bra and then checking where my garter belt connected to my hose.



Then she had me put my hands behind my back, snapped handcuffs on them, placed a pink nylon raincoat over my shoulders, picked up my suitcase and said, "Follow me."

I was amazed that I could be frisked and handcuffed in the middle a busy airport and nobody objected. My girlish raincoat did get some stares and snickers, however.



When we reached her station wagon, I stood by the front door while Miss Brown put my bag in the back. Instead of opening the door when she returned, however, she opened my coat, unzipped my fly and lowered my pants!

“What are you doing!” I pulled at the cuffs and looked around the parking lot, terrified to be so exposed. Several people were staring at me!

She ignored my protests, left my pants down and unbuttoned my shirt. I was frantic to cover my feminine underwear, but all of my squirming and objections came to nothing. She seemed to be moving slowly on purpose as she took a chocolate bar out of her bag, unwrapped it, and placed half inside each of my bra cups. She left my shirt unbuttoned with my bra showing. Only then did she open the car door and help me in.



There were other men in lingerie already in the car. They also had their shirts open and pants down. Once I was inside and seated, Miss Brown went around to the driver's seat. The car slid silently off to the suburbs.

Sarah School was in a large old mansion, and they had more than doubled its size by adding a three story wing on the back. I later found out that they had also built a huge double basement under most of the yard. The sub-basement had all the qualities, equipment and utility of an ancient dungeon.

The car stopped in front and, with a little help from Miss. Brown, seven handcuffed students got out. Our pants still down we stumbled inside into a big parlor where we joined other new students already seated in a circle.

"Everyone is here. I'll tell Miss Sarah," Miss Brown said.

Four other women walked around, placing a large box in front of each student. The box in front of me had 'Ruth' on the top.



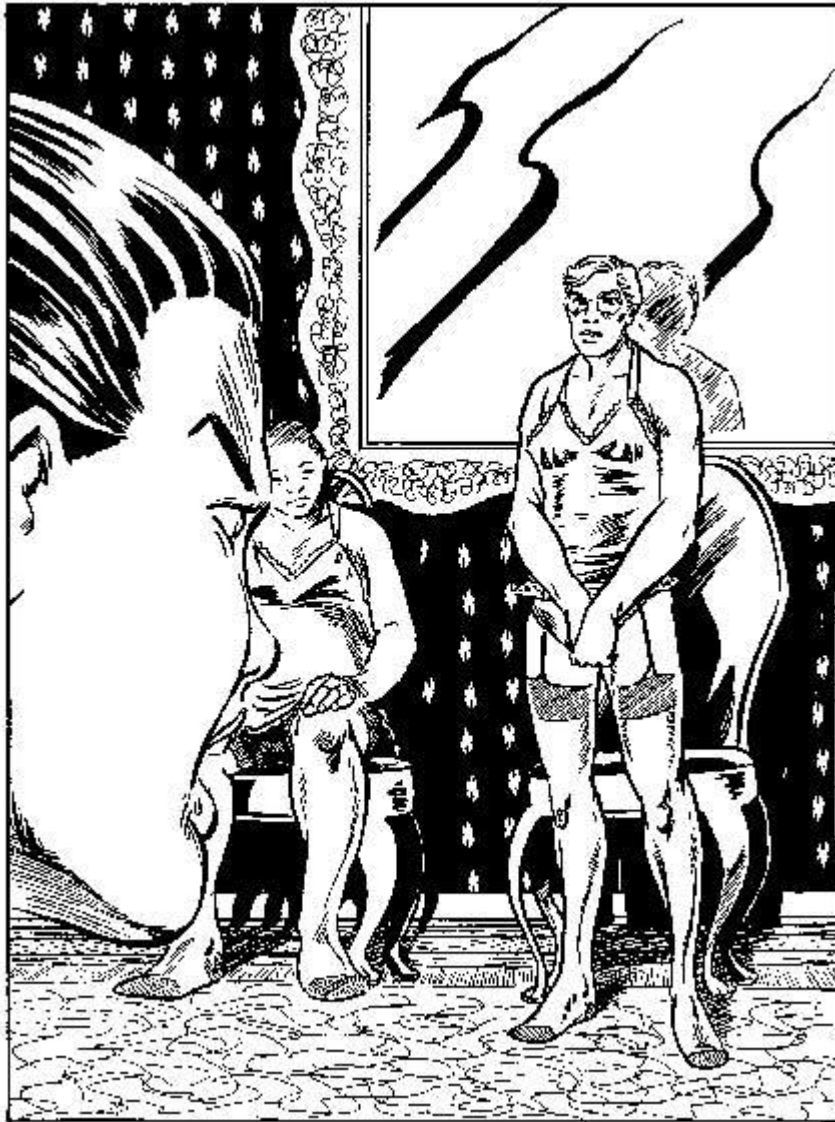
My handcuffs were removed and one of the women said, "Students, take off all of your male clothing and put it in your box." Once they were in the box I started to undo the safety pins that reduced the length of my slip but one of the women stopped me. With the others, I sat down in my chair, wearing only a bra, slip, garter belt, panties and stockings with the chocolate still melting inside my bra.

We sat there for about five minutes in silence, then Miss. Sarah came out, introduced herself and said that we would spend the next hour getting acquainted.

"We will start with you Ruth." It didn't click. Miss Sarah pointed at me, and said, "That's you! We will tattoo it on your arm if I need to remind you again." I quickly stood up, my panties in full view below my pinned up slip.

“Tell us all why you are here and what you will be doing when you return home. When finished, shut up and sit down.”

I was embarrassed beyond words, but I told them about my secretary, my stealing and the fact that I was going to always wear women’s underwear and that I was to be a ‘maid’ on the weekends.



‘Mary’ was next to speak. He had had sex with his twelve year old niece. She had wanted to do it and he couldn’t resist. As his punishment he was to spend the next several years serving as the maid and plaything to this same niece. He was to wear a French maid’s uniform at home and in public. He would be humiliated almost beyond endurance, but the alternative was a long prison sentence and a lifetime of being registered as a pervert.



‘Betty’ had been caught stealing women’s clothes from a store. When his wife found out that he had stolen them for a girlfriend, she decided that he should wear them himself. His alternative was divorce and a jail term for grand larceny. After he had worn the clothes for a day he thought that his punishment was over, but his wife had hired a photographer who secretly made a record of his day in dresses and lingerie. Now he was facing divorce, jail and public exposure as a cross dresser. The only alternative his wife offered him was to take a job as a stock girl in a large boutique where seven clerks were being paid to make his life a female hell.



‘Paulette’, while his wife was away on business, had made his three year old daughter go without diapers for two weeks in an attempt to toilet train her. Every time she wet or messed herself, he spanked her. Only upon his wife’s return, had he understood that his daughter’s difficulty was largely ‘organic’, and that she was not yet physically ready for toilet training. The daughter needed hospital care, and Paulette’s wife had offered him the choice of criminal prosecution for child abuse or attendance at the weekend seminar. After the seminar he would have to wear diapers and rubber panties 24-hours a day (and to use them) till their daughter was successfully toilet trained, which the doctor now said might be ten to fifteen years. His lawyer said the trial would ruin him, and that he would probably go to jail for as much as a year.



‘Kathy’ had tried to blackmail the young maid in his house into becoming his mistress. He threatened to report her to immigration if she didn’t become his occasional bed partner.

The maid was sharp enough to report the threat to his wife who laid plans to catch him in the act. So, when he went for his first sex-date in the maid’s room, his wife was waiting in the closet. After he had violently stripped the maid and finished undressing himself, his wife stepped out of the closet with a pistol, and the maid took a pair of handcuffs from under her pillow. “So, you want to sleep in the maid’s room?”

Three days later, he found himself on the plane to Miss. Sarah’s. Upon his return, he would find a cage built in a corner of the maid’s room. There he would sleep on nights his wife didn’t want him.

Everyday when returning home from the office, he would go straight to the maid’s room where she would redress him.

He was not to wear male clothing in the house and he would wear a bra and panties under his suit at the office. He would also have polished nails, pierced ears and femininely shaped eyebrows that would be difficult for him to explain to his co-workers.

‘Kathy’ was to spend the majority of his time at home doing the work of a maid. And almost every night the maid would lock him into his cage. He would indeed sleep in the maid’s room.



‘Shirley’ had attempted to force his nine-year-old nephew into homosexual acts. The child’s mother had caught him just in time.

His wife then found files on his computer full of the most horribly degenerate stories and pictures of young boys.

A family council decided that putting him into jail wouldn't do him any good. It would only reinforce his homosexuality, and the publicity of the trial might do great harm to the family's reputation and business.

Instead, they sentenced him to spend the rest of his life as a girl. He would be dressed and forced to act as a nine year old and would progress very slowly to be a young teen, but he would never be allowed to dress as an adult woman.

He was a bookkeeper for the family business, so his office was moved into the house, next to a very cute little room. He would spend his non-working hours in that room playing with dolls under the supervision of whatever female teenager they hired to act as his baby-sitter.



Next on the agenda was the division of the class into 'A' and 'B' sections. Miss. Sarah had all us 'girls' with chocolate in our bras move out into the open part of the room. We were told

we were 'A' section. Then she invited each of the other 'girls', the members of 'B' section, to pick one of us.

Before I knew what was happening, one of the women raised my slip over my head and held my arms. A man in girl's underwear came up to me, slid my right bra cup down and began licking the chocolate off my breast.



It was a startling and uncomfortable sensation. I was all man but I could feel my nipple hardening and there was a stirring in my groin that I fought to resist.

When the B's had finished their licking. We A's were led to the far end of the first floor. Miss Red took me to a room with the man named Mary. My suitcase was already on the bed.

It was a very effeminate dormitory room. Everything was female to the ultimate. It was a

warm pink with a yellow rug. The curtains and bed spread were ruffled pink and white. The furniture consisted of two vanity tables, two bureaus, a double desk and two beds.

She told us to strip, put our soiled clothes in individually marked laundry bags in the closet, to bathe and shave in the nearby powder room. We were to shave not only our faces, but our legs and underarms as well.

The powder room offered no privacy. It was one large pink room, with a pink rug over two thirds of it with a long vanity table with sinks. The chairs in front of the vanity table blended well with the room, they were pink. The other third of the room had pink ceramic tile, three showers, four sunken bathtubs and some toilet stools without dividers. I ran water into one of the tubs, grabbed my razor and began the task of shaving.



When Mary and I returned to our room, we found clothes on the bed and instructions telling us to put them on and to be in the dining room by nine. I felt extremely silly and could not look at Mary as we dressed. I put on the bra (it was padded), garter belt, hose, and pettipants. Next I donned a slip and red high-heeled shoes. The pink rayon blouse and the red wool skirt both were monogrammed 'Sarah School'.



At 8:55, Mary and I entered the dining room. There were eight large tables with a nametag at each place. I found the one that said Ruth, and sat down. By nine, all the seats were filled with students, who were all dressed alike, and their teachers.

Seated at each table were five students and one of the women. Each table was served by two students whose uniforms differed from the one I was wearing. They wore short pink dresses that buttoned up the back and blue aprons.

The waitresses at our table were named 'Molly' and 'Susan'. They had their names and a 'C' embroidered on both their uniforms and their aprons.



At the head of my table sat Miss Red, who spent most of the mealtime explaining the school to us. She said that with the exception of Miss Sarah, all the names of the staff were symbolic. The vice principals were in charge of discipline and counseling, and obviously, Miss Strong's main function was discipline, while Miss Wise's main function was counseling.

The four teachers' specialties were: Miss Red taught biology and hygiene; Miss Brown taught home care; Miss Blue taught clothes' care (sewing, knitting, laundry, etc.); and Miss Green taught cooking. The eighth woman on the staff was in charge of the records. She also had responsibility for preparing the school manuals. She was called Miss Book. The staff was dressed alike in baby blue suits.

Miss Red explained that school teaching hours would be a mixture of discipline and classes. Her advice was to be polite, prompt, and quiet. In answer to a question, she told us that the group 'C' students were enrolled at Sarah School full time and that we should obey them as we would a teacher.

At the end of the meal, Miss Sarah spoke to the group and gave us a combination welcome speech and lecture on the school's philosophy. Basically it was that every man should be made to understand women and should learn to serve them. The school's mission was to teach males how to respect and assist their female masters.

Finally she dismissed us for bed. We filed out, followed by the two vice principals, Miss Red, Miss Brown, and some of the full-time students who had served us.

Miss Strong directed us to use the powder room. We returned and the women watched us remove our clothing in the hallway. It was very embarrassing to undress down to my bra and panties in front of them.

I entered my room, hung up my clothes and put on the nightgown that was waiting for me on my bed. One of the women gave Mary and me each a booklet, 'What the Well Disciplined Male Should Know'. She told us that the lights would go out soon, and we better finish the booklet quickly. A full time student then said, "I'm Barbie, I'll be here to help you in the morning, goodnight." She kissed us each and left.



I read the booklet, almost finishing it by the time the lights went out. My roommate, Mary, didn't read as much.

When Barbie woke Mary and me, he told us to bath and to shave our bodies and beards.

When we returned our clothes were laid out on our beds. We put on padded bras, garter belts, and stockings (but no panties), then a slip, and our uniforms which were similar to those worn by the waitresses the evening before. They were short pink dresses that buttoned up the back with a red apron. Mary had to help me close the buttons and I helped him with his. The outfit was completed with red high-heels.

Barbie returned and inspected us. Then he directed us to our vanities and said, "Sit down and put on your lipstick and do your nails, boys."

He helped us with these unfamiliar feminine tasks. I hated to see myself in the mirror with my bright red lips.

All of the A's gathered in the kitchen. Miss. Green put us to work fixing breakfast and setting tables. The full time students corrected our mistakes. We served breakfast to a dining room full of students and teachers. I had the assignment of refilling the coffeepots and serving dishes for the waitresses.



I was grateful for this task. I dreaded the thought of trying to serve the tables wearing high heels. Once the students were finished eating, the dining room was partially cleaned and we group A's were able to eat our own breakfasts.

We went to our first class. Miss Blue covered the principles of knitting. In a half-hour we learned the basics. She handed us each a knitting bag containing pink yarn and needles. Then she reminded us that we were not wearing panties and stated that we wouldn't be wearing them until we had successfully knitted a pair. She told us to begin and walked around

helping. As class drew to a close, many of us had a good start. Miss Blue assured us that if we carried our knitting with us and used all of our spare moments, we could be wearing panties by dinner.

At noon, she sent us to our rooms. Another full time student was waiting for us. He was wearing a leather bra and panties and black fishnet hose. I could swear his breasts were real. He helped us change into a leather bra that laced in the back, a leather skirt with a four-inch waistband, and a hood that kept our mouths completely shut but left our eyes and noses free.

He led us downstairs and through several rooms equipped with devises that looked like they belonged in a dungeon. We A's were gathered together in one large room where we were bent over wooden horses. The full time students secured our arms and legs and raised our dresses. As soon as we were all in place, they took springy rods and began to spank us. The room was full of our bawling as the spanking really hurt.



Finally we were released, helped back to our rooms and told to undress and shower. Barbie stuck his head into the powder room and said, “work-learn outfits next and hurry lunch is served in fifteen minutes. First freshen your lipstick”

I sat at my vanity and used care painting my lips. One of the ‘girls’ had been punished severely for having lipstick on his teeth. Lunch was prepared and served by Group B.

At two o’clock we filed out of the dining room and back into classroom four where Miss Red spent the better part of two hours lecturing to us about hygiene and female anatomy.

She taught the correct names of the parts of the female body and about such things as menstrual flow. We also learned about good grooming and make-up. A small roulette wheel with twenty slots helped choose the persons who would be ‘volunteers’ for each of many demonstrations. I had the privilege of being one of the first to go forward. I lifted my skirt and was shown how to wear a sanitary napkin. I wore it the rest of the hour with the help of a belt.



During the hour we all did such chores as tweezing our eyebrows and applying false eyelashes. I took advantage of the time to finish knitting my panties. The class ended with a test of 100 questions that were based on class discussions, and the book about the obedient male we were supposed to have read the previous night. The full time students came in to grade the papers and give us a spanking, one stroke for each wrong answer. Happily, I got the highest score, and it would have been better if I hadn't misspelled two words pertaining to the female anatomy. Mary received over 40 strokes and was in tears and bawling by the time they were finished with him.

We went back to our room and put on our leather suits. The walk down the stairs to the basement in high heels was all the more difficult knowing that another spanking would follow. Afterwards, we were taken back to our rooms and changed into our work-learn dresses again for dinner.

In the evening, we all went to a classroom where we watched two films that had been made by the full-time students. The first, 'A Little Girl Dresses Herself', was about how a little girl about five years old should dress herself. What made it unusual was that a thirty-year-old man portrayed the girl.



The second film, 'Playing with Dolls', told how and why girls play with dolls. Once again, adult males played the parts of the girls. After the films, which lasted about an hour, we were told to return to our rooms and prepare for bed.

Barbie sent us to the powder room. We returned, undressed, put away our clothes, and put on our nightgowns. He kissed us goodnight and turned off the lights. Sleep came quickly, for it had been a very busy and strange day.

We were both already awake Sunday morning when Barbie came in and said, "Time to get up. Go bath, shave and do your makeup."

Upon returning to the room, we found our work-learn outfits laid out with fresh padded bras, garter belts, stockings and panties. Mary decided not to wear a bra. I told him I was sure he wouldn't get away with it.

"I'm not going to wear it. The damn thing hurts."

We didn't even get into the dining room before Miss Red stopped Mary and took him away.

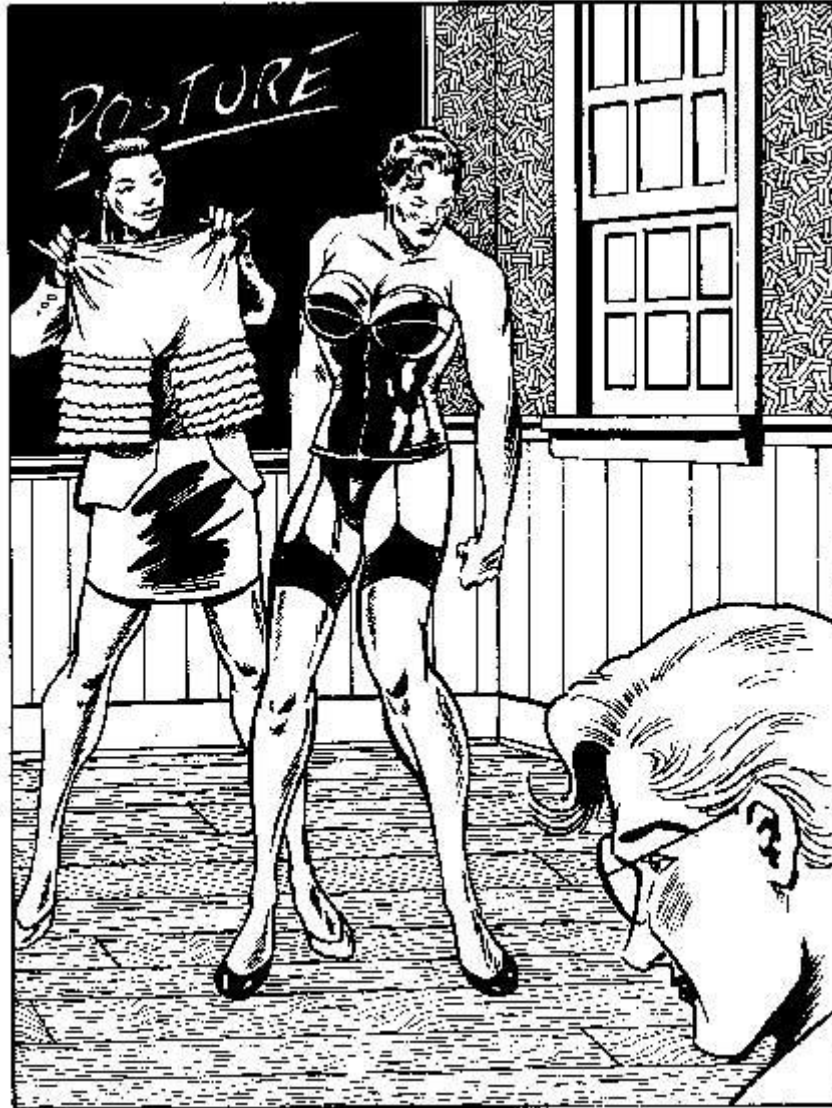
As soon as breakfast was served, Miss Sarah tapped a glass to get our attention. She had two of the full time students strip Mary reducing him to his panties and hose and showing everyone that he wore no bra.

"Mary couldn't be bothered to put on her brassiere," Miss Sarah said. "I will make it easier for her." She then glued a huge pair of falsies to his chest.

Miss Strong produced a corset and tightly laced Mary into it. She secured the laces with a padlock.

"Mary will remain laced into this corset until he returned home," Miss Sarah said.

Miss Strong attached stockings to Mary's garters. I had to smile when she gave him old fashioned pink pantaloons.



The ruffles pantaloons reached several inches below his knees. Then she had him put his slip and work-learn dress back on.

Group B proceeded with serving breakfast. As we left the dining room, I asked Mary, “How does that corset feel?”

“I can hardly breath. Can you loosen it?”

“They locked it. Even if I could get it loose, I would just get both of us in more trouble. I warned you to put on your bra.”

Sewing was our next lesson. The well-lit room had twenty sewing areas, each with a worktable, and sewing machine. During the two hour class, we all learned the basics of sewing, both with needle and thread and with machine.

“You boys won’t have time to make yourselves anything to wear since you will be with us

for such a short time,” Miss Blue said. “However, you can sew a row of lace by hand onto your nylon panties tonight after dinner.”

The teachers at Sarah School had their subjects down pat and knew how to introduce them to their students quickly. I wondered how much more the full-time students learned?

At noon we went to the kitchen. We set the tables, prepared soup and sandwiches, and put them and fruit cocktail on each table with coffee and milk. Groups B and C ate while we served them. By 1:30 the meal was finished and we had cleaned the dining room and kitchen.

We were taken back to the basement. This time, instead of receiving a spanking, Miss Blue gave us a lecture on the principles of clothes care. She taught us how to wash ladies intimate garments and gave a brief demonstration of how to iron properly.

After the lecture, we went on a tour of the school’s laundry. We saw the full-time students hard at work. In one area they were using huge washers and dryers to clean dresses and tablecloths. In another, they were working over hand tubs cleaning lingerie. We each spent some time helping them sort and hang up the intimate apparel to dry.

We returned upstairs to a classroom and spent a half hour on a quick review of the previous five classes, and the introduction of a set of manuals on various subjects. These were prepared by the Sarah School faculty to help us once we returned to the world outside. The manuals were prepared in such a way as to fit into a three-ring notebook. As the class drew to a close, we were each given a specially prepared notebook for the manuals. Each notebook had a laminated cover with a candid photograph of the student at work in one of his classes. Mine had a picture of me holding my newly knitted panties for the class to see.



The class was dismissed and we were returned to our rooms, changed into our leather uniforms and were taken to the sub-basement chambers.

We were told that we would experience an hour of discipline. This was given to each in relation to his over-all weekend performance. I really think that I received the lightest punishment of any. One of the full time students led me to a treadmill and cuffed my hands behind me. He attached clips to my nipples and metal bars inside my leather panties on each butt cheek. There were wires running from them to the treadmill controls. He told me to walk at least five miles during the next hour. I began to walk, not easy in six inch heels. I started walking slowly and felt a current of electricity on my chest and rear. That was enough to cause me to walk faster.



It was one of the longest hours of my life. When it ended, we were led back to our rooms, took a much-needed bath, and put on our informal uniforms.

The evening meal concluded with a farewell by Miss Sarah to the weekend students and to one of the full-time students who was just about to leave. She made the usual school speech about spirit, and said she hoped we would remember what we had learned. She invited us to return as full-time students, or for one of the special graduate seminars. It was an amazingly ordinary speech considering what she had put us through.

Following dinner, we were taken back to our rooms where we found the locked boxes with our male clothes.

Barbie told Mary and me to remove our heels, blouse and skirt. I helped Mary with his shoes as he found it very difficult to bend over in his corset.

Soon we were reduced to our underwear. In my case it was a bra, garter belt, hose, panties

and slip and in Mary's the same but with his corset substituting for the bra.

Barbie then opened the boxes and let us put our male clothing on over our feminine underwear.



I was not offered any way to remove my nail polish or lipstick. I was certain that they would cause me embarrassment, but at least I would be able to rub off the lipstick at least as soon as I was away from the school.

Barbie checked my suitcase to see that it contained all my belongings and gifts of the weekend, then he sealed it with packing straps. Once again, my wrists were handcuffed behind my back and I was ushered out to the waiting cars with the other weekend students.

At the airport the teachers took our handcuffs off. We stood in the busy airport, a large circle

of lipsticked men, as the ladies gave us each our ticket home, our suitcase, a large purse. We were each also given a sealed envelope. Mine was addressed to Otto.

“The note includes a report on your performance at the school and information regarding what you are wearing and the contents of your purse. It also includes information regarding our full time program in the event that you are to be returned to us. The person who sent you here is expecting to receive that envelope unopened. By the way, if you have any ideas about removing your lipstick or nail polish before you get home, forget about it. The note says that you are wearing them and has suggestions for punishments if you return home without them on.”

I walked into the airport and went through security without a hitch. However, I did get some sly grins from people who saw my cherry red lips, brightly painted nails and feminine purse. I felt as if they could see through my shirt and pants to the feminine clothing below, but that must have been just nerves.

When I got to the gate, there was less than half an hour before take-off. I quickly checked in and boarded the plane. Once on board, I looked into my purse. In addition to the novel I had read in the airport waiting room on Friday, the purse contained what one would expect to find in a purse: two Kotex, a compact, some bobby pins and a wallet. In addition there were a pair of pink panties embroidered ‘Sarah School Graduate’. I had hoped that there would be a lipstick so that I could remove mine at least for the flight so I would not again be a source of amusement for my fellow passengers, but no such luck.



I checked the wallet. It contained just a penny (I suppose for luck) and several items of identification, all using 'Ruth' as my first name, but otherwise correct. I took an extra deep breath as we took off. I was more worried than ever about what was waiting for me at home.

The End